

# Love Is Blind

Words & Music ©2011

by Alfred Johnson

and Pete McCabe

Verse 1: Some have said love will always find a way  
I'm so tired of waiting  
And I've read that those without a heart clearly on display  
can be trouble locating  
I was out of touch—unsteady with no crutch  
And so afraid to fall when I found the key  
And that was when I first discovered love was cursed  
With its own disability

Chorus 1: So when people say that love is blind  
In my mind it isn't hard to see  
What else would take it all this time findin' me?  
If love's out there, it best get crackin'  
I just can't stand to wait no more  
I need to hear that white cane tappin' at my door

Verse 2: It's my belief that even an unlucky guy  
Can get it together  
I'm at peace at least to recognize the reason why  
It's been taking forever  
The happiness I seek looks for me down every street  
But its gonna need my help or it just might fail  
The numbers on my wall ain't any help at all  
So I'll rewrite my address in Braille

Chorus 2: When people say that love is blind  
I'm not inclined to disagree  
I finally understand that kind of mystery  
I'll get out there and make this happen  
If I open up my heart real wide  
I'm bound to hear that white cane tappin' outside

**Love Is Blind** (continued)

Bridge: Love's been out there stalking me  
But inhibited, it exhibited limited progress  
No, it never quite caught up to me  
Delayed behind shades and a seeing eye dog–

Chorus 3: Yes, love is blind  
That's true, as far as any fool can see  
What else would take it all this time to get to me?  
I'm guaranteed to make this thing happen  
I've opened up my heart so wide  
I swear I hear a white cane tappin'–

Coda: I hear a white cane tappin'  
Listen to that white cane tappin'  
There's a white cane tappin' outside  
Love is blind  
I don't mind  
'Cause in time  
I'll find mine

# Ice Age

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

- Verse 1: Many hundred thousand years ago  
The earth was under the reign of the dinosaurs  
Soon the glaciers crept o'er the land  
It could be fate was setting the stage  
For Man  
Mighty kingdoms come and go  
The noble reptile race had vanished in the snow  
How could they prepare for the Ice Age?  
There was nothing they could do  
But keep cool  
And surrender all to the Ice Age
- Verse 2: The city steams and screams in the snow  
There must be some way to buy our way out of here  
Maybe we should call the president  
Or just throw ourselves one last party  
Then forget about it  
Willy's had those dreams again  
Grandma feels a chill as he asks her again  
How do you prepare for the Ice Age?  
There is nothing you can do  
But keep cool  
And surrender all to the Ice Age
- Coda: There is nothing we can do  
But keep cool  
And surrender all to the Ice Age

# Ghosts From Your Past

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

Verse 1: Just when your life has slowed down  
And things are dull but they're easy  
And you almost think you've found a way to be alone  
Without being lonely  
Then do you find yourself sitting in a strange room  
Looking a long lost lover in the eye  
And thinking change comes too fast?  
Is it then that you feel haunted by  
Ghosts from your past?

Verse 2: Can nothing that's started be done?  
Must we lose hold of reason?  
How this almost makes you wonder why  
These people love you after you leave them  
Then do you find yourself reaching for a soft hand  
Letting it pull you deep into a dream?  
And has it come time at last  
To forget your fears and answer to  
Ghosts from your past?

# Drawers

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

In our bedroom there's a chest of drawers  
 We share it equally  
 With one side set aside for her and the other side for me  
 So imagine my dismay when she opened up *my* drawer  
 And launched into a tirade in her fiercest female roar  
 "A drawer is where you put your clothes  
 As every *normal* person knows  
 This other junk," she said, "has got to go!"  
 I said, "Let's get something straight, my dear  
 My private archive stays right here!"  
 Now, men, I wouldn't recommend you do what I have done  
 But I set her down and justified each item one by one

I'll admit those old suspenders have surrendered their elastic  
 But I still may use that circa 1960 prophylactic  
 There's a snapshot of me posing in my full Cub Scout regalia  
 And under that, some vintage hippie drug paraphernalia  
 All that stuff I've crammed in there has got a special meaning  
 Don't throw it all away to satisfy your need for cleaning

I'm fine with shining up the kitchen  
 I'll pitch in sweeping floors  
 But, men, don't ever let your woman get into your drawers  
 Never ever let your woman get into your drawers

I've got a Cary Grant obituary lookin' just like me  
 An 8-track tape that taught me we all got to be free  
 Birthday cards and get well cards and playing cards, no joker  
 Books on Greek philosophy and how to win at poker  
 An urn that holds the ashes of my guinea pig Alfredo  
 A classic meatball sandwich topped with sweet heirloom tomato

continued →

A man owes so much to his wife  
In his life she's opened doors  
But, men, don't ever let your woman get into your drawers  
Never ever let your woman get into your drawers

If necessary, you might get a dead bolt installed  
Consider electrified barbed wire  
You must first be inspired before the problem's solved  
Try gettin' into *her* drawers instead  
My best advice is try to understand what's in her head

# The Mystery

Words & Music ©2011  
by Pete McCabe  
and Natascha Corrigan

Verse 1. I know there must be a simple explanation  
To the mystery of how I lost you  
But I confess I haven't got a clue  
I try thinking logically and find no revelation  
My mind just goes in circles through the dark  
And though it's all in vain  
I'll trace the changes in your heart

Chorus: This obsession with our history  
Has brought unhappiness to all involved  
And the mystery of how I lost you  
May never be solved

Verse 2. It's harder than it seems to draw even one conclusion  
When chasing down a very cold case  
Investigating pain I can't erase  
My search for you in dreams has led to no solution  
If only you could step out of the past  
Then we could be together forever at last

Bridge: The scene of the crime  
Was a place filled with sunlight  
Music and wine  
And the two of us held love so dear  
How could we ever let it disappear?

(Chorus)

Coda: The mystery of how I lost you  
Will never be solved

# Bee's Knees

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

- Verse 1: You can be Clara Bow and I'll go Valentino  
To the masquerade ball  
While they play croquet, we can slip away  
Climb the garden wall  
Kiss and listen to the bee's knees  
Wah-wobble in the breeze
- Verse 2: Do you hear how the cat's meow and the ukulele  
Croon a moonlight foxtrot?  
See shooting stars and the planet Mars  
From the ideal spot  
Kiss and listen to the bee's knees  
Wah-wobble in the breeze
- Bridge: We'll float the houseboat  
On the looking glass lagoon  
Snuggle up in a racoon coat  
And pretend we're on our honeymoon  
If Lucky Lindy could fly the way he did  
Then maybe with the love that's in me  
We could fly as high, but oh-  
Oh, you kid!
- Coda: While they play croquet, we can slip away  
Climb the garden wall  
Kiss and listen to the bee's knees  
Wah-wobble in the breeze  
Kiss and listen to the bee's knees  
Wah-wobble in the breeze  
Wobble in the breeze!

# Girl/Horse

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

She leaned her elbows on the fence  
And with her tale, she idly swatted flies  
And I don't know why, but I wasn't much surprised  
"Can you tell me when the bus comes by?"  
She said she didn't know, would I buy her a rootbeer?  
And I knew she asked that of every boy that ever waited there  
She wasn't very pretty and she seemed a little dumb  
And I wondered where she ever got  
That ratty old pink sweater from  
And I've been there several times since then  
And she's gone

"Do you eat real food or just hay?"  
And when she didn't say and tried to fake a laugh  
I knew that something was wrong—

"My brother's in a carnival up north  
And I would like to set him free  
I will pay you well if you will bring my brother back to me"  
"You haven't got a penny. You know that as well as I  
Here's my bus"  
And I left without saying goodbye  
And I've been there several times since then  
And she's gone

# Cakewalkin' Recluses

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

- Verse 1: In this wicked world and wicked, wicked nation  
 With its gross injustice, murder and starvation  
 There's a wondrous new non-profit organization  
 It's Pete McCabe (Yes, it's me! Yes, it's me!)  
 And his happy crusade (Yes siree! Yes siree!)  
 Believe me, you can rely on anyone who says  
 "We are Pete McCabe and his Cakewalkin' Recluses"
- Bridge: Yes, Pete and his Recluses  
 Know you've suffered such abuses  
 We love the poor inflicted people of our time  
 Our specialists will serve you  
 We all think that you deserve to  
 Take advantage of our service  
 And it doesn't cost a dime  
 No, it doesn't cost a dime—ahh
- Verse 2: We will take you from the gutter and revive you  
 We'll give you love and some respect  
 At least we strive to  
 And if you die, we send a card to those who survive you  
 It's a world of hate (Yes, we grope! Yes, we grope!)  
 But it's not yet too late (There's still hope! There's still hope)  
 So you can rely on anyone who says  
 "We are Pete McCabe and his Cakewalkin'..."  
 "We are Pete McCabe and his Cakewalkin' Recluses"
- Coda: Hey Betty Crocker, make a chocolate lava cake for heaven's sake  
 And Sara Lee adapt a recipe for cherries jubilee  
 And bake it in a coffee cake just like your mother used to make  
 Of Savoy Truffle let's partake  
 A fun one is a nice glass onion tucked inside a carrot cake

continued →

**Cake Walkin' Recluses** (continued)

Yeah, yeah, yeah! Ooh-  
We are Pete McCabe and his Cakewalkin' Recluses  
We take no excuses  
We know what the truth is:  
Obey Pete McCabe

# For Sandy Denny

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

Verse 1: I've been standing here just outside your so-called pearly gate  
Alone at the complaint desk  
I guess this is where I wait  
They say that the Big Man has kindly found some time  
To address the cause of my distress  
And clarify an alibi to a not-so-perfect crime  
I know you can hear me  
So I'll state my case clearly

Verse 2: There once was a singer  
A strong young woman in her prime  
Whose voice you calmly smothered  
Long before her rightful time  
You take pride in the nightingale  
And the song that's sung from whale to whale  
But next to her, these noble sounds inevitably pale

Bridge: I'm not the only one who found his soul warmed by her fire  
A world of peace and happiness—  
I would have guessed that's what you desire  
And yet, this voice that brought us joy and sometimes brought us tears  
You chose to silence after little more than thirty years

Coda: I don't think you realize the damage you have done  
Your mysterious ways escape me  
You know that you can take me  
But no, you took the one who sang so sweetly  
And felt so deeply  
And now has disappeared completely  
There's just a record of her voice  
And so I protest your choice  
And your mysterious ways  
And I'll miss her for the rest of my days

# The Animals at Stan's

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

- Verse 1: Some people may have a dog or a cat  
 The flee circus man owns a gymnastic gnat  
 A vampire's pet bat...A scientist's pet rat  
 Yes, we all need our animals to make us feel good  
 There's no denying that
- Verse 2: At Stan's house I swear you'll meet mahogany apes  
 A cherry wood rhino that matches the drapes  
 An elegant crow with beak made of teak  
 And maple marsupials are ever so chic  
 The animals at Stan's are made of wood  
 Oh, yeah. I'd live there if I could
- Bridge: Stan saws the paws. He chisels the whiskers  
 He nails all the scales and carves all the tails  
 But they don't dare attack him,  
 'Cause Stan just might shellack 'em  
 No, he'd never slay 'em. He'd rather just inlay 'em  
 It's easy to see, he only wants to display 'em  
 The animals at Stan's are made of wood  
 Oh, yeah. I'd live there if I could
- Verse 3: Poplar pachyderms parade with tales linked  
 While dodos of walnut are all but extinct  
 Knotty pine tigers roar in their savagery  
 Meek pecan fawns join the menagerie  
 The animals at Stan's are made of wood  
 Oh, yeah. I'd live there if I could
- Coda: And all of us who've come to know the man  
 Who made them all by hand  
 Oh, we've really got it good!

# His Sadness as a Child

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

Peter, Peter Pumpkin Eater  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her  
Put her in a pumpkin shell  
And there he kept her very well

He remembers the surprise he had as a boy  
When his mitten caught a snowflake  
And he tucked it away in his coat as a toy  
And when he looked there later on  
It was gone

And when he'd play hide and seek  
He'd find the perfect hiding place  
And making sure to hide his face  
He'd keep his head down low and wouldn't peek  
And after a very long and very quiet wait  
Of feeling all alone  
He'd come slowly crawling out to find the game was over  
It had gotten late  
And all the kids had gone home

Yesterday he met someone with a pretty, snowflake face  
And he felt he'd found another hiding place  
And in his newfound joy  
He stopped and remembered  
As she smiled  
The awkward little boy  
His sadness as a child

# Fast Tune

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

Verse 1: I need a fast tune, a very fast tune  
To really wake us up from sneaky sleepytime  
A short and sweet song  
I'll get the beat wrong if I dare to slow it down  
And I may even flub a rhyme

Verse 2: So here's a fast tune, a next-to-last tune  
Or maybe next-to-next-to-last  
It should be over very soon  
So take a listen  
Before you're missin'  
The extraordinary ending to a very fast tune

# Goodbye, Old Junker

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

Verse 1: The junk man is headin' out sometime today  
 He promised me fifty if the engine will start  
 But what can I get for this broken down heart  
 And who do I call to haul it away?  
 I remember a time when the steering was true  
 With the wind in your hair  
 We would drive down the coast  
 This car may be ready to give up the ghost  
 But I'll always be haunted by memories of you

Chorus: The best brakes a man ever had can wear down  
 And the ride of his life, leave him stranded downtown  
 Goodbye, old junker  
 I'll get home somehow  
 But goodbye, sweet woman—  
 I can't say that now

Verse 2: I go back to the time it was shiny and new  
 You seemed so impressed at the drive in that night  
 Your kisses were warm, cherry red felt so right  
 When you left me, I redid the paint job in blue  
 That was so long ago, now my eyes overflow  
 Like an old radiator all tore up inside  
 When the headlights have gone and the battery's died  
 My love for you lives on like you'll never know

(chorus)

Coda: My guess is you're driving a foreign sedan  
 That's owned by some very successful young man  
 If you see me someday with my thumb in the air  
 Who knows you might stop

continued →

**Goodbye, Old Junker** (continued)

Just to say you still care

The best brakes a man ever had can wear down  
And the ride of his life, leave him stranded downtown  
A new set of wheels could take me from here  
Now it's goodbye, sweet woman  
Farewell, my dear  
And goodbye, old junker

# Homeward

Words & Music ©2011

Pete McCabe

- Verse 1: The answer to your question in this case  
I think you know  
Don't you see, without you is a place  
I'll never go?  
Even underneath another sun  
On a strange new world, someone could hold me  
Then again, like gravity  
Your tender voice will call me homeward
- Verse 2: So when you ask if you were meant for me  
I think you Know  
I want you for at least infinity  
Let's take it slow  
When travelling beyond the speed of love  
Focus on the stars above you  
And I think you'll see on reentry  
Our hearts will speak their own words
- Verse 3: I hope this clears up any mystery  
Still on your mind  
I swear we share a greater history  
Than all worlds combined  
Even on a planet such as this  
That has gone so far amiss  
We could save it with a kiss
- Coda: Let's set aside our doubts  
And block the questions out  
Together we can chart a course homeward  
Let's listen to our hearts  
And together we will chart a course homeward  
Homeward