

Daddy Let me Drive

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Words and Music by Alex Whitmore and Dale Marsh

Ch: Daddy let me drive, let me take the wheel
I can sit there on your lap and you can let me steer
You can work the peddles and I'll have a better view
Daddy let me drive I want to drive like you

I'll drive you to the liquor store where you can buy your beer
You don't have to worry dad, you can drink it while I steer
I'll drive you for your cigarettes down at the Get and Go
Then over to that lady's house that momma doesn't know

Ch

Br: I'll drive you to the deer stand, we've been feeding them for months
There's bound to be a bunch of them it'll be an easy hunt
But if you miss your mark dad, we'll still get one or two
Just watch me run 'em down dad, I want to drive like you

Inst

2nd Br: We'll pass cars on the shoulder, pass 'em on the hill
Watch 'em shootin' the finger dad that's always such a thrill
Weaving in and out of traffic keep your lead foot off those brakes
Just watch me get in front of them no matter what it takes
We'll have the cops all chasing us before the day is through
Daddy let me drive, I want to drive like you

Well now I'm all grown up, my son is almost five
Gonna take him out this Sunday, and teach him how to drive
He can steer my truck, and I can work the clutch
I'll teach him to say "up yours buddy" and spit and chew and cuss
We'll have ourselves a big time, but he won't have a clue
He'll say daddy let me drive, I want to drive like you

I just don't look good Naked

By Sheb Wooly and Dick Feller

I stepped out of the shower ..got a good look at myself
Pot belly bald head man I thought it was somebody else
I caught my reflection in the mirror..on the back of the bathroom door
I just don't look good naked anymore

So I'm going upstairs and turn the bedroom mirror to the wall
I hung it there when I was trim and tall
I'd stand there and smile and strut and flex until my arms got sore
But I just don't look good naked anymore

Well I used to go out with the girls..I loved them one and all
Now they don't get very close to me..they're afraid that I might fall

Well I went to the Doctor for my annual medical exam
Stood there in the buff and sudenly he said man....
I said what is it doc some fatal desease..I've just gotta know the score
He said no, you just don't look good naked anymore

Well me and my wife had a dance routine everybody said it was unique
Now it's only when we're back to back that we're dancing cheek to cheek

Well I went to a nude beach for a little seaside fun
Stretched out in my birthday suit soaking up the sun
Somebody yelled hey there's an old white whale washed up on the shore
I guess i just don't look good naked anymore

Yeah my arches fell my chest went to hell and my butts a draggin the floor
I just don't look good naked anymore

Caffeine

By Alex Whitmore and Dale Marsh
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I think I've had too much Caffeine
I think you know just what I mean
My hands are shakin' ears are ringing
Forgotten half the words I'm singin'
My appearance is extreme
I think I've had too much caffeine

Can't go to sleep can't stay awake
Well all my friends think I'm a flake
Just watch me squirming in my seat
My engine's racing but I'm beat
I've learned to hate that evil bean
I think I've had too much caffeine

BR Everybody's getting on my nerves
Well they're shattered like a Garth Brooks guitar
I'm running 90 miles an hour
And I ain't even in my car.....so far

Don't even know why I am here
Can't seem to get my mind in gear
Well people point at me and say
Leave him alone just back away
'Cause he's a coffee drinking fiend
We think he's had too much caffeine

BR Thanks to the devil and Starbucks
I'm broke and just a hollow shell
Juan Valdez must be the kingpin
Of the Columbian drug cartel

So if you want to stay awake
Well here's some advice you ought to take
Go back to bed and get some sleep
Go count your blessings not your sheep
For from that drink you'll never wean
Forever slaved to that caffeine

The Breastman

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Well, I was once a Zygote, but then I grew some feet
I stomped around inside my mom, till my body was complete
On the happy day that I was born, my lips placed on her breast
I thought I was in heaven, I've been a breast man ever since

CH I'm a breast man, I like um big and small
Oh I'm a breast man I think I love um all
And I can tell you every freckle on her bosom in her bra
But the color of her eyes I don't think I can recall

So I grew up and I went to school, but the women looked like girls
They had no chest and at best their breasts were the size of pearls
So I just looked at pictures in Playboy with much zeal
Till my dad took me to HOOters and I saw them things for real

Ch I'm a breast man ok I admit it
I'm a breast man and I like more than a tidbit
They say more than a mouthful is just a freekin waste
But I say I'm not bashful I like big ones in my face

Now one thing that puzzles me is the way those women dress
You'd think they'd want to cover up an anatomy so blessed
But they want you to notice them 'cause they put them on display
But if you start to stare at them they'll slap you in your face

Ch I'm a breast man just like Adam saw Eve
Oh I'm a breast man and I like my face in cleavage
Some guys are bottom feeders, but I think they might be torn
I wonder where their lips were placed the day that they were born

Ch I'm a breast man and I ain't talking turkey
I'm a breast man and I like um firm and perky
And I can tell you every freckle on her bosom in her bra
But the color of her eyes I don't think I can recall

I'm an Idiot

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I'm an idiot...its insidious....it's incessant it's unpleasant it's the only thing obsessing me at all.. About to fall...blow it all...On a pretty little tart skillfull in the art of breaking hearts

It's unbelievable....it's inconceivable...choked full, lot of bull, tryin to pull me into that pit

This is it. I can't quit....I can't quit quit quit

Quit that thinking bout you

Quit that thinking bout you

Quit that thinking bout you all of the time (repeat)

I'm mad... I've been had.... by the oldest trick in the book yeah you made me look and

I was hooked on the glory, listening to your story...

you're killin me...filling me with hopeless ideas.....

Ch

I've got to stop it... just drop it.. mop it up...suck it up...suck it in...again again

I'm hopeless, too focused..oh nohere I go again

Ch

My My My you look so fine...why do you... have to do....all those little things you do to haunt me....you don't want me....you just taunt me...oh no here I go again

Ch

I'm an idiot, I'm in a rut, just a mucked up, male slut, pussy nut, retched idea of a man, oh yes I am

Four Nights Drunk

Traditional

Well I came home the other night so drunk I could not see
There was another horse in the stable where my horse ought to be
So I says to my wife my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me
What's the other horse doing in the stable where my horse ought to be

Ch Well you old fool, you blind fool can't you plainly see
Why that's nothing but a little old milk cow my mama give to me

Well I've traveled this whole world over 10,000 miles or more
But a saddle and a bridle on a milk cow I've never seen before

Well the second night that I came home so drunk I could not see
There was another hat on the hat rack where my hat ought to be
So I says to my wife my pretty little wife, explain this thing to me
What's the other hat doing on the hat rack where my hat ought to be

Ch Well you old fool you blind fool, can't you plainly see
Why that's nothing but a little old tea kettle my mama give to me

Well I've traveled this whole world over 10,000 miles or more
But a J.B. Stetson tea kettle, I've never seen before

Not the third night that I came home so drunk I could not see
There was another pair of pants on the bedpost where my pants ought to be
So I said to my wife, you little piece of trash, explain this thing to me
What's the other pair of pants doing on the bedpost where my pants ought to be

Ch Well you old fool you blind fool, can't you plainly see
Why that's nothing but a little old dishrag my mama give to me

Well I've traveled this whole world over 10,000 miles or more
But cuffs and a zipper on a dishrag, I've never seen before

Well the last night that I came home so drunk I could not see
There's old Kinky Freidman's head on the pillow where my head ought to be
So I said to my wife "is this guy in training for politics?" explain this thing to me
What's Kinky's head doing on the pillow where my head ought to be

Ch Well you old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see
Why that's nothing but a little old watermelon my mama give to me

Well I've traveled this whole world over 10,000 miles or more
But a cigar smoking watermelon, I've never seen before

Ode 'd Laundromat

By Greg Keeler

It was in Muncy Indiana, It was at the Laundromat
When I first laid eyes on the lady fair by the dryer where she sat
Oh her eyes were like Jane Pauley's her hair like Connie Chung
She had the lips of Judy Woodruff and Diane Sawyer's lungs

But she paid me no attention, as I boldly made my move
And I told her just how glad I was that her tide was new improved
But she chose to ignore me I can't tell you of the hurt
When I expressed my wild astonishment at our matching bowling shirts

So be mad to desperation with my eyes both wild and red
I seized her fresh dried underpants and I drew them over my head
Til my hair stuck out of the leg holes and the waist band creased my brow
And I thought for sure this lady fair would pay attention to me now

But she whisked the pants from off my head and stuffed them in her laundry bag
And she quickly trotted out the door ignoring my little gag
Oh you may have my bowling trophies You may have my bowling ball
You may even take my bowling shirts for I'll be needing the none at all

For my days will be cold and lonely all the years til I am dead
For the one who failed to be impressed with her panties on my head

The Opera Singer

Words and music by Alex Whitmore

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I went out the other night
To get a drink and maybe eat a bite
I heard a voice, just like a bell
It was a pretty little opera singer and she sang so well

Ch When she sang high and she sang low
She broke my glass with that Rossini note
She had a voice just like a bell
That pretty little opera singer that sang so well

Vocal by Marti Whitmore

She was short, and she was stout
She had lungs, and she could belt them out
She had a voice that rose and fell
That pretty little opera singer that sang so well

Ch When she sang high and she sang low
She broke my glass with that Rossini note
She had a voice that rose and fell
That pretty little opera singer that sang to well

Vocal by Marti Whitmore

I asked her to marry me
We'd have some kids, maybe two or three
They'll have a voice just like a bell
Like my pretty little opera singer that sings so well

Ch When she sings high and she sings low
And breaks my glass with that Rossini note
She has a voice just like a bell
My pretty little opera singer

Vocal by Marti Whitmore

No Thought Unuttered

Words and music by Alex Whitmore
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Well I knew a guy and he had some problems
He was always in trouble faster than he could solve um
Just as soon as a thought would enter into his head
It was no sooner thought than it was said

He had a good wife until she left him
She said it was his mouth and it never helped him
He was always thinkin' something that was slippin out
Like honey that dress sure makes you look stout

Ch No thought unuttered
There's a smile on his face 'cause his mind is uncluttered
He should have kept his mouth shut, he should have stuttered
But now it's no thought unuttered

I saw him yesterday and he had a black eye
He looked kind of sheepish when I asked him why
He was talking to his buddy when the wife walked in
He said I sure would like to sleep with you again

Ch

So the next time a thought pops into your head
Maybe you should think it better left unsaid
Instead of feedin' fire with words that fan it
You might be better off.....to just can it

Ch

Baby Boomer's Lament

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Words and music by Alex Whitmore

They say you ought to grow old gracefully
And I thought I was doing real great
The only thing wrong that I've found out is there's too many pills to take
You've got pills for health, and pills for sex, and pills for feeling low
I got my laxative mixed up with viagra now I'm coming when I'd rather go

I got my laxative mixed up with viagra and I'm coming when I'd rather go
I'm standing here at attention, with nobody to salute you know
Well my motor's running, my rockets are a firing but I'm still moving slow
I got my laxative mixed up with viagra, now I'm coming when I'd rather go

Inst

Now my sweet thing came home the other night
She had that certain kind of look in her eye
Now I have known her long enough to know I'd better give it a try
So I went to the medicine cabinet to make sure we'd have some fun
I got my laxative mixed up with viagra, now I'm going when I'd rather come

I got my laxative mixed up with viagra, now I'm going when I'd rather come
I'm stuck here in this bathroom, when I'd rather be out there getting some
Well my lady's hot, and now I'm not..you might say I'm on the run
I got my laxative mixed up with viagra, now I'm going when I'd rather come

Inst

Repeat second verse