

Here We Go Again lyrics

Words and music by Howie Newman and ©2006 Howie Newman. Chin Music (BMI).

Products on TV

The problems I've had with women could form an endless list and yet I really can't see how those women could resist me. So instead of cryin', I've been tryin' those products on TV. And if I persist some spray or mist will surely work for me

I used after shaves that drew the raves of all the magazines. I tried sexy cars and little cigars and pre-shrunk faded jeans That new toothpaste was an utter waste of my hard earned pay. I tried those shaving creams but the girl of my dreams was still at bay

I tried fancy shirts and double-knit suits with weird designs, French colognes and Princess phones and fine imported wine Diamonds, jewels and power tools, on TV they work all right. I used gums 'n' mints and wheat germ rinse but I'm still alone at night

None of that stuff really works, they must think that we're all jerks. Patience is a virtue but y'know I just can't wait There's plenty of fish out in the sea but I'm running out of bait

Getting Up Brings Me Down

I've done it five times a week for just about 25 years, that's 6500 times
But I just can't get used to getting out of bed before noon, that's a personal hangup of mine
I get hit by those morning rays , I'm in a stupefied hypnotic daze. I'm as unhappy as I can possibly be
My idea of heaven is sleeping till 11 and then taking a nap at 3

'Cause getting up just brings me down. You better heed this warning: Don't go near me in the morning
When I get in to work late, my boss shakes his head and frowns But I tell him, "Getting up brings me down"

It started off in nursery school, I'd always pray for snow so I wouldn't have to break my restful peace
I'd curse at my mother while she wrestled off the covers and threatened to call the police
Now I'm almost 25, very glad to be alive but if I had my way
I wouldn't walk out that door unless my job was 12 to 4, working every other day

I don't care what the people say. I like to spend my time snoozin' away
It's my personal taste, it's my life to waste any way that I want.

I'd do anything for a little more sleep like praise the Lord or counting sheep, I'd get down on my knees
'Cause when I leave that blissful rack, I never stop thinking 'bout going back And catching a few more Zs

Cosmic Garbageman Rag

If you take a trip on a rocket ship some warm September day, all you'd see is garbage messing up our Milky Way
Now scientists are curious folks but you'd think they had enough. They shoot this stuff out into space but no one cleans it up

Loose antennas, floatin' wires, burned out engines, lunar tires – I'm the one who picks it up in my cosmic garbage truck
Solar panels, busted sockets, wayward capsules, retro rockets. The man with the can, I'm your cosmic garbageman

Late next month I'm off to the moon, it's really such a drag. Gotta put all that Apollo crap in a great big plastic bag.
Fill that bag up to the top, use a cable for a tie, toss it back down to earth, watch it burn up in the sky

Being a cosmic garbageman, I really can't complain. It's always nice and quiet and there's never any rain
The pay is good, the hours ain't bad, got a pension plan to boot. I really don't mind the meteorites but it's too far to commute

We're traveling places nowadays beyond man's wildest dreams but no matter where you go in life, someone's gotta clean

A Little Sympathy

I heard you've been around town, knockin' at my door. Tryin' to get in touch with me 'cause that's what friends are for
I'm gonna try and tell you exactly how I feel. You really broke my heart and it ain't completely healed

So go away from me now, I ain't done cryin.' I wanna be your friend but I need more time. Y'know that things ain't been easy
Since you said goodbye so I need a little sympathy and a lot more time

When you said farewell, I thought it was the end. I'd never have to worry 'bout seeing you again
But a friend of mine just called and she told me on the phone that you want to come and see me 'stead of leaving me alone

Please don't get offended by what I have to say. I've just got to tell you that it's easier this way
Y'know it's hard to think about the past and wonder why. But it's harder still to look a disappointment in the eye

Mustang Mania

We don't care what the schedule says, we're gonna go right out and bust some heads
The scouting reports are sure to attest: we're the toughest darn team in the whole Southwest

We're the SMU Mustang men, we're gonna win some games but we won't say when
Our greatest heights are yet to be known. We've got all the coaches worried, even our own

Mustang Mania, it's goin' around all over town. Ol' SMU is starting to roll
Better head down to the Cotton Bowl, Mustang Mania, it's in the air, it's everywhere
If you got the luck and you got the knack, you can be a Mustang Maniac

Ford can throw, Tolbert can fly, Coach Meyer knows how and sometimes why
With our kind of line, look out for the backs and Putt Choate'll stop 'em dead in their tracks

Blasted in the Bleachers

Walkin' down to Jersey Street on a scorching summer day. Heading off to Fenway Park
That's where the Red Sox play. The clock in Kenmore Square says almost 2
We're gonna sit way out in center field and this is what we'll do

Let's go get blasted in the bleachers, act insane. The sun, some beer and all those people
We can even watch the game. I don't need no runs or hits just a six pack of Schlitz. Win or lose, we'll feel the same. It's only a game

The stands are filling up and baby so am I. The batter hits a grounder but I'm flying high
There's a double play, a stolen base, a fastball up and in and the batter he breaks his bat. I'll drink to that

Don't say we ain't good fans. We even clean up our cans. When the seventh-inning stretch comes, we try to stand up
We're always nice and friendly and never throw our cups

The bases are loaded and so am I. There's a screamin' line drive and I can hear it cry
There's a close play out at third and the coach jumps up and down and yells like a spoiled brat. I'll drink to that

One Day on the Gas Line

I called in sick to the office that day, I grabbed my coat and hat, and I was on my way
Took some food and drink, and a good cigar and set out to gas up my car

Those damn old gas lines ain't getting any shorter, this one was backed up a mile and a quarter
I found a spot and pulled in line, and then I took a gander at what was behind

It was a blue Chevy II, one look at her and my heart fell through
I smiled in my mirror and looked up above. From that moment on I knew it was love
I looked back at her and I had this dream: If we could ride together, we could save some gasoline

I waited on line till half past two, read the daily newspaper four times through
I was still in my car at a quarter to nine when a man came out and put up a sign: "No more gasoline today"
I don't take things like that lyin' down so instead of driving back into town, I lit up a smoke and decided to stay
I'd be first on line the very next day

I walked back to her Chevy and said with a smile, "Looks like we're gonna be here for a while.
Would you like to come back to my car and you might even consider spending the night."
Well, she said yes, we had a grand old time. We ordered a pizza and sipped on some wine We drank and talked on into the night. She
fell asleep on my shoulder and I held her tight

I was still on line the very next morn when I was rudely awakened by the blare of a horn. "Get moving pal," the policeman yelled
The station was open, gasoline was on sale. So I filled up my gas tank, I was still a bit drunk.
And I filled an old waterbed I had in the trunk Filled up the ash trays, put some in the spare. I had stars in my eyes and nary a care

I was feeling real good, it was a beautiful day. Then I saw that blue Chevy peeling away
I screamed and I shouted, but she just drove along. Then I said a few things I can't repeat in this song.
My heart had been shattered like a dropped piece of glass, now I think of that girl every time I buy gas
I don't suppose I'll ever see her again. She's left me here to sing in vain