

# Tape Deck

Jack Johnson

From my tape deck there's a recklessness  
Inflections of the world we want  
All my friends, my rusty truck  
We're just specks of love, directionless  
Call this band just what we want  
We can change the name from month to month  
Four guitars and zero drums  
We sounded folk but we wanted to be punk  
In a world post punk

My friend had an old guitar  
He took some lessons didn't get very far  
An Ibanez with one knob stuck  
Said, "You can have that thing for fifty bucks"  
Laura got a bass but it got no amp  
Borrowed skills but never gave it back

Luke is just learning how to strum  
But since he was the worst  
We made him play the drums  
Play the drums

You may find  
In the palm  
Of your hand  
There's a flame  
As it burns  
As it climes  
As it turns  
To a blaze  
Well this flame  
It won't last  
Here it comes  
Hold it close  
Cause this blaze  
Can be fast  
Set it free now there it goes

Luke's mom said that after school  
We could rehearse in the living room  
But that sure didn't last too long  
Guess she didn't know we'd play Fugazi songs  
We played these songs in the talent show  
And all of the girls would be in the front row  
But in the end we just chickened out  
Because we can't sing  
We can only shout  
Only shhhh

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Hold it close  
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Will be fast  
Set it free now there it goes