

Track Number 8

Sun Kil Moon

I crossed the highways like I did as a child
On my way to the movies, I pet cats and smile
I walk the back alleys, their John Steinback calm
Fake trees, lemon trees, tall shady palms
Big empty churches, old antique stores
Peeling Victorians that used to house whores
I take the back streets back to my digs
And look up at skies like I did as a kid

My bedroom, I'd look out and dream
Of a life close to what I'm living
A traveling singer who plays good guitar
At outdoor festivals, theatres and bars
And I got a nice girl, she's beautiful too
We're destined to be this, I know to be true
Sure there were others, but nothing this nice
She set the bait and I took the bite
The streets of Martinez, I love them so
I walk around thinking the sun's always low
The cats of Martinez, I love them so
I feed them at night, they run off and go

Four kitty cats, gave them their names
Monster Fluff, Half Fluff, No Fluff and Sammy
They're the highlights of my songwriting days
They're happy to see me, we sit and we play
These are some words I wrote down last night
I've beat 'em to death and I can't get 'em right
Songwriting's lonely, songwriting hurts
A relentless itch and bed bug curse

Songwriting costs, it doesn't come free
Ask Eliot Smith, ask Richie Lee
Ask Mark Linkous, ask Shannon Hoon
To get up on stage and sing you a tune
This business is troubling, a big nagging cyst
You get on this plane and I'll sit at your desk
And I'll leave at eight and be home by five
Call me from Warsaw if you have time

Ever wonder why there aren't more
Then ten songs on most albums?
Because it's a chore
To write half a dozen, some guys lay back
And rest on their laurels
Like lazy old hacks
Well I wrote this one
And I know it ain't great
Will probably sequence it
Track number eight
And pick up some water at 7-11
On my way to a mastering session

The streets of Martinez, I love them so
I walk out the door and the sun always flow
The cats of Martinez, I love them so
They help me forget my songwriting woes