

# Willie Dixon Said

Tom Cochrane

Junkyard pilot and his sidekick derelict  
Blactop halle bop microbus news do you get it?  
Dialect comes so slick that you can't predict the news  
Water it down like butternut blues

Black smoke's lightening comin' up the trees  
Wrap it up nice put a bow round it please  
Telly myself again and again and again  
Get out of this son - state of mind we're in

Like Willie Dixon said  
got to find me a place, To clear my head  
Halle bop, halle bop I said  
Gonna halle bop me gonna hail me a cab

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Justice lies somewhere behind...between  
The have nots and the plasticine lies  
Black spit twilight holograph scene  
Conjured up images of apocalypse steam

Words never spoken wait on the lips  
On the door step of a woman's millenium hips  
Big bang wash clothes delirium  
Nostradamus' imposter and one last run

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Haze falls away revealing dreams  
Like writing a letter to myself it seems  
Garage sales, paper trails, e-mails  
Junk mail there for the plans that fail

God I miss you, I miss you real bad  
The only thing real that I've ever had  
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