



**JOHN ALLAIRE**  
& the Campistas  
**Thank You Waitress**  
**Song Lyrics**

### **Punkrocktown**

Words & Music by John Allaire

Hey buddy can you tell me how to find the Chelsea Hotel  
I gotta get my picture taken where Sid and Nancy fell  
Back alleys in New York City, not exactly where we've been  
If we can hook up with Jesse Malin, he'd show us the scene

And I dream and I dream and I dream that you Christina are here  
with me

Cab fare's about 15 dollars gotta get to Rockaway Beach  
I hear that's where Johnny and Joey would occasionally meet

I'll fall down in Punkrocktown, I've landed on my feet  
I'll fall down in Punkrocktown, if you'll be here with me

I need a ticket to Austin, Texas they say that is more my scene  
But I prefer it north of the border where the spruce comes in blue  
and green

Hey buddy can you tell me where the Underground used to be  
All I see is this switching station and my name carved on a tree  
I fell asleep beside that tree, I fell asleep beside that tree, I fell  
asleep



### **Thank You Waitress**

Words and music by John Allaire

She's been down this road before  
Locksmith comes again to change the latches on the door  
She swears this time he won't be back for more  
She has trouble letting go  
Next chapter in her book is the same as the one before  
Word for word just like the one before

Thank you waitress pour and sell  
They really like her face as far as she can tell

She says music helps her pass the time  
Plays accordion in a band from up the line  
A tiny group they like to call Adeline  
And they say, And they say

When she works the night shift her best fried feeds her fish  
She falls in love three times a day then she makes a wish  
She tosses pennies into a salad dish  
And they say, and they say

She won't be here forever, or so it seems  
Just 'til she's discovered, yeah in her dreams  
Cuz New York City's where she wants to be

She has trouble letting go



### Cut 'n Dried

Words and music by John Allaire



I ain't gonna be the one to break the rules  
I ain't gonna be the one to get knocked down, to get knocked down  
I ain't gonna be the one to tow the line  
I ain't gonna be the one to wear that crown, to wear that crown

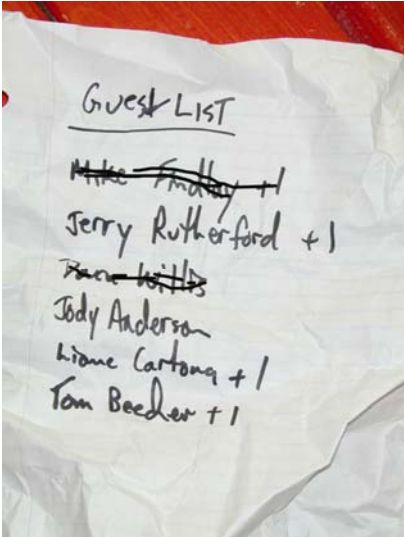
Cuz I've been show the golden pathway then been led astray  
Maybe you told the truth but I think you lied  
I ain't gonna be the one to play my cards  
I ain't gonna be the one who'se cut 'n dried

I ain't gonna be the one to pay the toll  
I ain't gonna be the one flat on my back, flat on my back  
I ain't gonna be the one on movin' day  
I ain't gonna be the one who has to pack, who has to pack

I ain't gonna be the one to take the fall  
I ain't gonna be the one to say it first, that'd be the worst

## Shut Your Mouth

Words and music by John Allaire



By the time we get to Boston we'll be on our own  
You'll be looking pretty hip dear in other people's clothes

Everybody get together

Cuz if you keep on talking on and don't start walking this deal will be  
headed south

We'd all be better off if you lost the silly grin and shut your mouth

So everybody stick your nose up, we'll be just like them  
Don't you worry 'bout advice dear, we'll be just like them

Take the time to read the program, see if we're on the list  
Turn the tables on the doorman, can't you see we're pissed

## Nothing is Free

Words and music by John Allaire

Walkin' back home from having 6 or 7, hey little kitty don't you follow me  
I'm slippin' on the ice behind the 7-11, hey there kitty don't you walk on me

Like to seize the day but it seems I've lost my way  
And nothing is free, and it's not what you see

Punching my card for the early shift, hey there missy don't you talk to me  
My feet are still achin' from the bus I missed  
Hey there missy don't you walk with me

Like to seize the day but it seems I've lost my way  
And nothing is free, add on the GST

Life on a treadmill that's been set too fast  
Maybe you'll come in last or maybe you'll fly  
Here in my gumshoes I'll keep up the pace  
Maybe I'll lose the race but at least I'll try

Open up the door to the same ol' faces, hey there Tommy won't you set me up  
Same ol' jokes and the same ol' chasers, hey there Tommy tell me when to stop

Like to seize the day but it seems I've lost my way  
And nothing is free, except for me



## Count the Rings

Words and music by John Allaire



I ain't quite as fast as I used to be,  
I ain't gonna jump the fence just to see  
And it hurts when I sit in one position too long  
Gotta keep moving gotta try and just hold on

You can cut me in half and you can count the rings  
I've been chopped before, it only kinda stings  
You can cut me in half I got an axe to grind  
You can yank my chain, you can peel my rind  
You can cut me in half and you can count the rings  
I've been chopped before, it only kinda stings  
You can cut me in half I got an axe to grind

I ain't quite as strong as I used to be  
Late Friday nights are killing me  
And I give what I take and I take what I need  
Like a porch swing in the back and a new CD

You're in the middle, you're in my dreams  
You're in the middle, and you can count the rings

Well I ain't quite as fast as I used to be  
Finding the strength inside is killing me

You're in the middle, you're in my dreams  
You're in the middle, and you can count the rings  
(Get in line)

## Stepping Back from the Canvas

Words and music by John Allaire

She bit it off, she bore the cross Ducking past the deflection, finding ways to change your direction  
It was more than she could chew, there were things she never knew Seeing past the emotion, on the pier but don't  
jump in the ocean

Stepping back from the canvas Identifying the colours you might have missed Stepping back from the canvas  
Broad strokes and a texture in the mist

Move late at night, out of mind out of sight There is life but it's teething, flip the light just to see if it's breathing  
All I need to do is look away, turn my head the other way It was more than she could chew, there were things she  
never knew You want a piece of my life



## Halton Country Inn

Words and music by John Allaire

Got a fifty in my pocket so I won't be told We're gonna juice up the rig and then we'll hit the road  
In a Volkswagon bus with no heat but its got soul  
80 clicks and hour and Jesus on the dash Five more hours and then we can crash  
Gotta keep the motor running when we stop for gas

It's your turn to drive but I won't let you in My patience with the roadie is wearin' thin  
All I brought with me is a bottle of gin But we're gonna get the payoff at the Halton Coutry Inn

Since we won the contest we've been getting all the shows  
Turn around and see where all the money goes  
Hit-making inspiration sure does ebb and flow  
You take the back seat I'll take the wheel I smell gasoline and smoke rubbing on steel  
We got a guarantee they say they closed the deal

There's no street lights and no pavement on the road One gas station and it's boarded up closed  
Get out the map man I think we must be close  
I can see a sign just above the door My back still aches from sleeping on the floor  
There's cars in the parking lot I think I counted four

## Nottinghill

Words and music by John Allaire

The grass is always knee high  
I't the time of the year that he'd rather drink beer than tend to the yard  
I never pass it by  
Sunflowers so tall but the houses are small on the western side

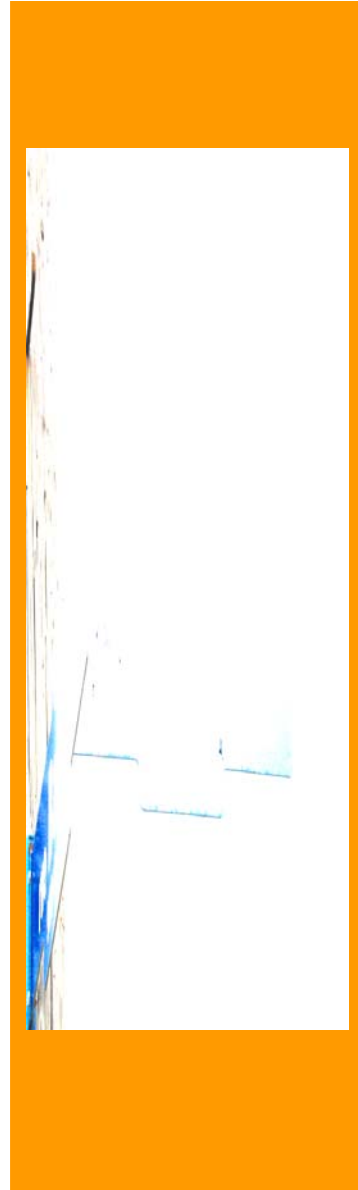
And she still lives there, I just go and stare  
It was '83, she looks the same to me

At the top of the hill  
The kids are gathered around and their ears are pressed down listening for wheels  
on steel  
Always makes the bill  
Cut through Ridgemont Park drinking after dark Just trying to feel

And when I return, there's something new to learn  
I hide behind a tree, I bet her dad still hates me

There's a thing you can't disguise  
Like a girl that you met when your ears were still wet and you're hopelessly shy  
Now the streets are all paved  
And the sound of my boots plays a rhythm that shoots our song right through my  
mind

Take me back to Nottinghill  
I'll meet you at the Post and I will see your ghost as we walk to the mill  
Going back to Nottinghill  
Gonna bring my stick and shoot the ball a bit cuz it feels so real



## Scratch is on the 45

Words and music by John Allaire



Half past one and I'm staring at the screen, I don't have much to say  
Nothing clever anyway  
Wrapped in cellophane sitting in the Keys you cling to every word  
Such a silly price to pay

No No No the scratch is on the 45  
No No No I think I'm dead and you're alive  
I place the needle down, same verse goes round and round  
And this time I have to believe

Pick up a guitar that's missing strings to write a song for you  
The place is too damn cold to play  
I come to strike a song that has no bridge, two islands far apart  
Don't really care about it anyway

Gotta take that record off  
It's meaning has been somehow lost

Half past two and I'm lying on the floor, just thinking of the bed I made  
Don't want to be here anymore

## Mexico

Words and music by John Allaire

I sit with my baby on a white sand beach Wondering if forever is within our  
reach down in Mexico Where the sun and the moon melt together like a haunting  
ghost You're such a southern vision one I can't compare  
Skin golden brown corn rows in your hair down in Mexico  
Where the sounds in the cantina are the same from year to year

But the man he means no harm, pouring tequila, telling tales  
As he shows you his side arm

I watch the ferry coming from Cozumel The sun sets early in the winter I guess  
it's time to go Down the dirt roads holding hands and casting shadows swaying to  
and fro

I take a breath I smell the must, I see the headlights in the dust  
In the dust, in the dust



## Pick up the Slack

Words and music by John Allaire

20 years ago I might have taken it another way  
20 years ago I might have seen the colours in shades of grey  
But today it's a different story, today I'll take it back  
So if you can't make the grade well I'll pick up the slack

Blow the lid off the whole routine come and kick out the jams  
Find some poetry in the things I made with these two hands  
Today it's a different story, I've slipped between the cracks  
But don't worry about a thing cuz I'll pick up the slack

The things you said I took from you, you don't ever want 'em back  
The least I can do for you is I'll pick up the slack



## For Me

Words and music by John Allaire

I can see the blue horizon I can see the ships I know they're  
For me, for me  
If you see the things I'm seeing, quickly look away because they're  
For me, for me

Every time you tell me that you want to see life through my eyes  
I will close my lids I will turn my thoughts to mundane lies

Try to complicate the colour schemes, try to rearrange those moments  
For me, for me  
Through a microscopic dusty lens, you will find they're simple and they're  
For me, for me

I can hear a higher psalm  
The lights are dim and only I can see

I can see the true horizon, I can smell the salty air it's  
For me, for me  
If you see the things I'm seeing  
Tie the blindfold tighter cuz they're  
For me, for me

