

The Album

1. Fair-Skinned Brunette
2. How Do You Like Your Eggs
3. She's a Baptist and a Communist
4. The Displaced Man
5. Whiskey Kisses
6. I Fell in Love with Emmylou
7. Do You Like to Slow Dance?
8. Brownsville Tonight
9. Redhead from Detroit
10. Is Today Monday?
11. No Songs About Mamas or Trains
12. Bougainvillea Blues

Fair-Skinned Brunette

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

There is a fair-skinned brunette. She plants in the spring
She wears a big hat to keep her cheeks soft

Her shoulders get red in the Halifax sun
She appears in my dreams when angels carry me off

She hangs her jeans on her hips
And sheets on the line
That fair-skinned brunette
With the porcelain shine

There is a fair-skinned brunette who curses in French
She winked at me once from an old white Corvette

I showed her the stars and she cried at Orion
We poured Tullamore and sang some Tammy Wynette

She hangs her jeans on her hips
And sheets on the line
That fair-skinned brunette
With the porcelain shine

There is a fair-skinned brunette who finds malachite stones
Blends her own paints with kaolin clay

She flashes her temper - oh she flashes that temper - at squirrels in her garden
I rub down her scars when the light breaks each day

She hangs her jeans on her hips
And sheets on the line
That fair-skinned brunette
With the porcelain shine
Fair-skinned brunette
With the porcelain shine

How Do You Like Your Eggs?

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

I don't care if you believe in God
I don't care if you like cats or dogs
I don't care how you raise your boys
And I don't care about my toys

I don't care if you shave your legs
All I wanna know is how do you like your eggs

Benedict or quiche
Pickled, poached or fried
On a biscuit with some cheese
Scrambled, baked or Shirred

How do you like your eggs
How do you like your eggs
How do you like your eggs
On Sunday morning.

I'll shop for window treatments
I take you to the mall
You can pick out kitchen counter tops
Cause I don't care at all
I don't care at all

I don't care if you shave your legs
All I wanna know is how do you like your eggs

Benedict or quiche
Pickled, poached or fried
On a biscuit with some cheese
Scrambled, baked or Shirred

How do you like your eggs
How do you like your eggs
How do you like your eggs
On Sunday morning.

How do you like your eggs
How do you like your eggs
How do you like your eggs
On Sunday morning.
Sunday Morning.
Sunday Morning.

She's a Baptist and a Communist

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

She's the feminist I want to kiss
A Baptist and a Communist

She's got immunity from powers that be
Winks at the sheriff, he pretends he doesn't see

Keeps her bullets with her Bible
Doesn't shave above her knee

Wears a scarf she stole from Newport
And a ring from Galilee

She's a Baptist and a Communist
Shot her man when he raised his fist

She's the feminist I want to kiss
A Baptist and a Communist
A Baptist and a Communist

She's got a happy face but under those bangs
Her mind is always working to facilitate some change

Organizing hotel maids
Marching for a living wage

By the jail she kneels and whispers
Oh, God please calm my rage

She's a Baptist and a Communist
Shot her man when he raised his fist
She's the feminist I want to kiss
A Baptist and a Communist
A Baptist and a Communist

A Baptist and a Communist
A Baptist and a Communist

The Displaced Man

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

Too old to please the pretty girls, too young to take the needle.
I'm stacking time with Crestor, and a heart that's growing feeble.

A schoolkid took my picture, now it hangs in a museum.
The people stop and shake their heads. I stare back like I see 'em.

Green tea and green label,
keep my mind alert, my liver stable.
Doing less than I am able.
I've become The Displaced Man.
I've become The Displaced Man.

I understand Professor Seagull, and I shook Joe Mitchell's hand.
The girl I loved, I never told her. Now I never can.

I dreamed of San Francisco but wound up in Millbrae.
I used to want a book deal, but now there's nothing left to say.

I've mostly made my peace, don't wonder too much why.
But I still dream of Gimghoul Road, and Pilgrim's Progress makes me cry.

Green tea and green label,
keep my mind alert, my liver stable.
Doing less than I am able.
I've become The Displaced Man.
I've become The Displaced Man.

I've mostly made my peace, don't wonder too much why.
But I still dream of Gimghoul Road, and Pilgrim's Progress makes me cry.

Green tea and green label,
keep my mind alert, my liver stable.
Doing less than I know I am able.
I've become The Displaced Man.
I've become The Displaced Man.

Whiskey Kisses

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

I rubbed a magic lamp
and then I danced around the fire.
Turns out the genie was an angry drunk
whose license had expired.

He yelled at me in Gaelic
and then screwed up all my wishes.
But he left behind this bonnie sprite
who wakes me up with whiskey kisses.
She flies in through the window
and wakes me up with whiskey kisses.
Whiskey kisses.

Even though she spills the Lagavulin.
and she busted up three blenders.
But she bakes fresh pecan sandies.
Well let's forgive this first offender.

Yeah,
Because she wakes me up with whiskey kisses.
Because she wakes me up with whiskey kisses.

She clogs the sink with squoze out limes.
She burns the toast and spills red wine.

She wrecked my car and killed my plants.
She spends my money and lets in ants.

But let's forgive this first offender.
Yeah, let's forgive this first offender.

Because she wakes me up with whiskey kisses.
You know she wakes me up with whiskey kisses.
Yeah, she wakes me up with whiskey kisses.

Wakes me up
Wakes me up
She wakes me up ...

I Fell in Love With Emmylou

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

I became a country DJ
Learned the songs of Willie and Merle
Worshiped at the Church of Hank
Then I heard the Red Dirt Girl

I fell in love with Emmylou
I don't know what to do
Can't tell my wife, but I cannot tell a lie
I fell in love with Emmylou

I became a country DJ
Learned the sounds of Lester and Earl
Found a home in the Church of Hank
Then I heard the Red Dirt Girl

I fell in love with Emmylou
I don't know what to do
Can't tell my wife, but I cannot tell a lie
I fell in love with Emmylou

Grievous angel haunts my sleep
Shows me the devil and the deep blue sea
I fell in love with Emmylou
And now I don't know what to do

(strings)

From the hour of darkest night
I hear her voice on the whippoorwill
She never called me by my name
And I know she never will

Guess things just happen this way
That doesn't dry my tears
Guitar town, and Dublin blues
It's a hard life all these years

I fell in love with Emmylou
I don't know what to do
Can't tell my wife, but I cannot tell a lie
I don't know what to do
I fell in love with Emmylou

Do You Like to Slow Dance?

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

On the Redneck Riviera,
just before ... before the sunrise.
I hook my thumb into your belt loop,
Oh, I'm lost ... I get lost inside your sad eyes.

I feel the earth wobble,
smell the low tide receding.
Your hair damp from tequila,
my sunrise ballerina.

Do you like to slow dance?
Would you like to slow dance?
Do you want to slow dance?
With me?

Do you like to slow dance?
Do you want to slow dance?
Would you like to slow dance?
With me?

Oyster shells for the dance floor.
Nola memories erased.
Your skin seasoned by the salt air.
My brain dizzy ... dizzy from the taste.

Do you like to slow dance?
Would you like to slow dance?
Do you want to slow dance?
With me?

When the planet bobs and weaves,
just before the sun comes up.
Thunder rolls in before true love,
When the biscuits are too damn hot to touch.

Do you like to slow dance?
Would you like to slow dance?
Do you want to slow dance?
With me?

Do you like to slow dance?
Do you want to slow dance?
Would you like to slow dance?
With me?

Brownsville Tonight

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

Buenos noches, mi amigo, have you seen my friend?
Have you seen the pretty girl who taught me how to sin?

Eyes from Matamoros, lips as sweet as whipping cream.
Met her by the old Cortez, down on Jackson Street.

Brillante like the Southern Cross, reflecting Holy light.
You know we're leaving for Havana, on a chartered plane tonight.

How many stars in Boca del Rio? How many stars in old New Orleans?
How many stars in Nuevo Laredo? How many stars in Sweetwater Springs?

How many stars can fit in the sky?
How many stars in Brownsville tonight?
How many stars in Brownsville tonight?

Buenos noches, mi amigo, have you seen my friend?
Have you seen the pretty girl who taught me how to sin?

Empties line the Pearlwood bar, a blind man shoots tequila.
The tourists leave in taxicabs, tweaked out by the dealers.

Mexican topaz, she shimmers in the night.
You know her skin is so electric that it emanates white light.

How many stars in Boca del Rio? How many stars in old New Orleans?
How many stars in Nuevo Laredo? How many stars in Sweetwater Springs?

How many stars can fit in the sky?
How many stars can fit in the sky?
How many stars can fit in the sky?
How many stars in Brownsville tonight?
How many stars in Brownsville tonight?

Redhead from Detroit

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

The redhead from Detroit,
she became a Georgia Peach.
Now she shakes her ass
to an Allman Brothers beat.

She left the Motor City,
where she never did belong.
Now she's in Savannah,
on the right side of the wrong.

The redhead from Detroit.
Redhead, readhead.
The redhead from Detroit.
Now she's hanging out with Southern boys.

She winks at all the silly boys,
full of hope and fear.
She runs on gin and juice
and Sunday morning beer.

She dreams about that big old boat
she knows she'll never own.
She likes to grow Sea Island peas
and she's glad she lives alone.

The redhead from Detroit.
Redhead, readhead.
The redhead from Detroit.
Now she's hanging out with Southern boys.

Her car won't start, tip money's gone.
Weeds in the garden, she's on the right side of the wrong.

At night she works the Dew Drop Inn,
lifting wallets from the rubes.
She's Midnight Rider in spiked heels,
fighting with the moon.

She's a readhead from Detroit,
but she became a Georgia Peach.
Now she shakes her ass
to an Allman Brothers beat.

Lyrics for Lassie James Songbook Vol. I

[Home](#) | [Fair-Skinned Brunette with the Porcelain Shine](#) | [Wisdom House Books \(johnbarebooks.com\)](#)

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She left the Motor City,
where she never did belong.
Now she's in Savannah,
on the right side of the wrong.

The redhead from Detroit.
Redhead, readhead.
The redhead from Detroit.
Now she's hanging out with Southern boys.

The redhead from Detroit.
Oh, she's a redhead, readhead.
The redhead from Detroit.
You know she's hanging out with Southern boys.

Is Today Monday

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

My calendar's torn, and my mind's feeling worn.
And I've lost all track of time.
Slept on the floor. I shouldn't do that no more.
And I gotta stop doing those lines.

It could be my birthday, more likely my worst day.
I have no idea under the sun.
I got newspapers here, stacked up by the beer.
I need to find the newest one.

Is today Monday, or could it be Sunday.
I really don't know how to find out.
I get drunk and get sober, then do it all over.
The days and the nights are all swirling about.
Is today Sunday, or could it be Monday.
I really don't know how I can tell.
I get drunk and get sober, then do it all over.
It can be heaven, or it can be hell.

My left fell asleep, little pains in my feet.
And I drooled all over my face.
The tape desk is on, cause I DJ'd 'till dawn.
Broken glass all over my place.
One buddy left for L-A. Oh, why did I stay?
I've love to see the left side.
There were broken men here, lots of egos and beer,
Lucky no one died.

Is today Monday, or could it be Sunday.
I really don't know how to find out.
Am I drunk now or sober? Is the week over?
The days and the nights are still jumbled about.
Maybe it's Sunday. But it feels more like Monday.
Where's a newspaper with a date that will tell.
The heartache is coming, and it hurts like hell.

No Songs About Mamas or Trains

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

In her infidelity
She demands
fidelity
She does not cheat on the one she cheated with

She wears a name tag day by day
But on the nights she needs to stray
She wears Dior and buys into the myth

She buys into the myth
Sets the rules for the game
No kissing her lips
No songs about mamas or trains
... songs about mamas or trains

No songs about mamas or trains
No sermons from pilgrims, no Hank Williams refrains
Give her Etta and Elmore and everything James
But no songs about mamas or trains.

She stays out on the town
Til the pain lets go and drowns
in the sounds of 2120
or anything but Townes
anything but Townes

For hanging in her closet
With Pueblo Waltz running through the weave
Is the barroom dress, frayed and grayed
She wears pouring those shots and carryin those sevens on her sleeves

But tonight Loretta is dancing with the myth
Locked in a lonely game
No touching her lips
No songs about mamas or trains

So no songs about mamas or trains
No sermons from pilgrims, no Hank Williams refrains
Give her Chess, and give her the Staxx and all those Motown names
But no songs about mamas or trains.
... mamas or trains

Bougainvillea Blues

By Don Dixon & John Bare © 2018

Why buy when you can rent? Why rent when you can steal?
Don't bother me with interest rates. Just show me my next meal.

Out here on the vineyard, with my patent leather shoes
Turn the TV off. I've got the Bougainvillea Blues.

And gas lines are for suckers. Credit lines are crimes.
Mermaids have no hemlines, and I take my bath in wine.

Out here on the vineyard, there's no way I can lose.
The mailman don't deliver. I've got the Bougainvillea Blues.

Four quarters make a dollar. Ten dollars make a day.
Grilled cheese is a liar's meal, and Dylan sings okay.
Whooo...

Oh, out here on the vineyard, we dance to Peggy Sue.
I can't find my keys. I've got the Bougainvillea Blues.

Don't drive to Nova Scotia. Teach me some semaphore.
Always pass the butter. And never slam the door.

Out here on the vineyard, the hummingbird make rules.
Jack and Jill fell down the hill, I've got the Bougainvillea Blues.

We surfed with Linda Ronstadt. I cooked for Raquel Welch.
Those tattoos never turn out right, and memories just melt.

Out here on the vineyard, with my patent leather shoes
Turn on the radio. I've got the Bougainvillea Blues.

Out here on the vineyard, with my patent leather shoes
Turn on the radio. I've got the Bougainvillea Blues.
I've got the Bougainvillea Blues.
I've got the Bougainvillea Blues.