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I Ain't In It for the Money

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I got no money in my pocket
But it ain't for lack of tryin'
I got a sterling reputation
And a beat to rock the nation
And a million schemes
But I've lately grown to wonder
Why what I'm sellin' they ain't buyin'
And they tell me not to knock it
Though there's no money in my pocket
I'm livin' my dreams

I ain't in it for the money
I ain't in it for the money
I ain't in it for the money
Cuz there ain't no money in it

I know it's kinda funny
That I got in it for the money
I saw those diamonds roll like pebbles
And old farts that dress as rebels
And the sex and fame
So I set out to make a killin'
Be like Bruce or Mick or Dylan
I was sure that I'd be swimmin'
In champagne and easy women
Known by just one name

I ain't in it for the money
I ain't in it for the money
I ain't in it for the money
Cuz there ain't no money in it

I've got reviews so complimentary that I had to
have 'em framed
I've been cited, nearly knighted, critically
acclaimed
I've been hailed as a god by influential magazines
They all say my work is priceless, now I know
what it means

I've been hiding from my landlord for the last
eleven years

I've eaten so much ramen that it's coming out my
ears
I've been hailed as a prophet by presidents and
queens
They say they don't know how to thank me, now
I know what it means

And I'm too young to go to Branson
And too old to be an Idol
And I'd have to be much quicker
With the Demerol and liquor
To impersonate the King
So sometimes I count my blessings
But I'm mostly suicidal
I know it's more than just a rumor
That God has a sense of humor
But does he have to be such a wiseass about
everything?

I ain't in it for the money
I ain't in it for the money
I ain't in it for the money
Cuz there ain't no money in it



Salvation

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On the morning after the Rapture
The damned will shop for groceries
And they'll brave the walls of hellfire
To get to the ATM
And the blessed will wake in horror
Their cupboards bereft of coffee
And if they want to shop for groceries
They're gonna have to shop with them

On the morning after the Rapture
The blessed will don their sandals
And beg the damned for the worldly possessions
That they gave away
And the damned will twirl their car keys
Facing an eternity of torture
Grateful for the gift of this late model
Chevrolet

Salvation
We screwed it up again
It's comin'
But we clearly don't know when

On the morning after the Rapture
The damned will play some football
And when they score the winning touchdown
They'll know that God was on their side
And the blessed will be called for holding
And they'll botch their two-minute offense
And their final desperate field goal will sail
Five feet wide

Salvation
We screwed it up again
It's comin'
Oh Lord it's comin'
Oh Lord it's comin'
But we clearly don't know when

At Starbuck's you'll be waitin'
Behind the spawn of Satan
And the playgrounds will be jammed
With the children of the damned
Your virtue will be tested

On the tiniest of trips
Stalled behind the minivans of the Apocalypse

On the morning after the Rapture
The damned will grab their sunscreen
And bask beneath the brimstone
And just unwind
But the blessed will be less protected
It's a little warmer than they expected
They shouldn't have neglected
The forecast for the left behind

And the neighbor down the lane
The one who likes to yank your chain
The one who used to betcha
That God was gonna getcha
His dandelions are growin'
And his mailbox is overflowin'
And he hasn't mowed his lawn
And you wonder where he's gone

Salvation
We screwed it up again
It's comin'
Oh Lord it's comin'
Oh Lord it's comin'
But we'll be damned if we know when



Crimes Against the Blues

For crimes against the blues

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Ain't never met the Devil
Ain't never shook his hand
Ain't never met my maker
Or made my final stand
Ain't never gone down to the crossroads
With its panoramic views
Yes I'm wanted, yes I'm wanted
For crimes against the blues

Ain't never woke up in the mornin'
Without a penny to my name
Ain't never climbed out of the gutter
To find the streets all look the same
Ain't never walked the line
Ain't never paid my dues
Yes I'm wanted, yes I'm wanted
For crimes against the blues

I ain't whinin'
I got my silver linin'
Ain't even trying to save my skin
Just hunt me down and run me in

Ain't never hurt my woman
Ain't never done her wrong
Ain't never drowned my sorrows
In whiskey strong
Ain't never walked a mile
In anybody's shoes
Yes I'm wanted, yes I'm wanted
For crimes against the blues

Got no sorrow
Can't wait for tomorrow
Ain't even trying to save my skin
Just hunt me down and run me in

Cuz I ain't gonna pledge my life to Jesus
In my darkest hour
Ain't gonna plug no double dealer
For a poker hand gone sour
I ain't sayin' that I'm guilty
You can hear it how you choose
Yes I'm wanted, yes I'm wanted



I Wanna Be Your Henchman

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I was an aimless brute
Just a fist with feet
Dragging my knuckles down the avenue
I had my pile of loot
I had enough to eat
But I lacked a higher purpose till I learned of you
I needed discipline and insight and a guiding hand
A savior to convey me to the promised land

You were hiding out
In your fortress lair
A brilliant bolt of lightning branded in your hair
You had your missiles aimed
You made your ransom call
Demanding several billion dollars or you'd kill
them all
I felt my universe expanding at your victims' plight
Like seeing color after years of life in black and
white

I wanna be your henchman
I wanna be your right hand man
I wanna serve the cause of evil any way I can
I don't ask why
You're breeding manatees to fly
If you need a flunky standing by
I'm your guy

I got an upper bunk
A retirement plan
A front row seat as you berate an underling
A jet black turtleneck
The company van
And a super secret lightning shaped decoder ring
You tell me when to sleep and whom to trust and
what to drink
It doesn't benefit your enterprise to let me think

I wanna be your henchman
I wanna be your right hand man
I wanna chortle as you execute your master plan
I don't ask why

You're trying to grow an extra eye
If you need a flunky standing by
I'm your guy

There's nothing sexual about it
It's a he man sort of thing
I need to taste the tang of victory
That only crime can bring
But without the raw ambition
And the boiling indignation
And the madman's sense of mission
I'm just a hornet's angry sting

So I wanna be your henchman
I wanna be your right hand man
I wanna serve the cause of evil any way I can
I don't ask why
You send your missiles through the sky
To follow paths your foes can trace
Back through the emptiness of space
And they'll send Superman or Thor
And you won't have a fortress anymore
And as you straddle the debris
Revise your plans a slight degree
You'll need a henchman standing by
And I'm your guy



Wagon

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I been thirsty for you
So I'm drinking again
And my liver don't like it one bit
But you seem to turn up every time I've decided
to quit

You might bubble right out of your bottle
Offer some friendly advice
Pour me a gallon when a finger or two would
suffice

I'm in trouble, seeing double
You and your twin
You might be quicker than liquor
But I can't let you win
They said not to woo you
The people who knew you back then
My spirit's been saggin'
Since I fell off your wagon
Again

There are women who think of me fondly
And women demanding my head
And women who've told me they think about
women instead
But at the end of the day
I pissed it away
One sip of you and I was wrecked
And I can't seem to throttle my love of that bottle
Lost all my willpower and my self-respect

The heat of your smile and the taste of your skin
You're quicker than liquor but I can't let you win
They all saw right through you
The people who knew you back then
My hopes have been flaggin'
Since I fell off your wagon
Again

They tell me one day at a time
But I'm down to the minute
You say this is love
But I know when I'm in it

There's a brown paper bag

With your picture inside
And I slump on the subway and stare
Strangers walk by and I don't even know that
they're there
And the winos that sleep on the corner
It seems that they all know my name
One look in my eye and they can tell that we're
feeling the same

'Cause my dreams have been crushed and my
days have been draggin'
My hopes have been hushed and my courage is
flaggin'
They said she'd go right through you
The drunkards who knew you back then
I've been lost, I've been lushed
Since I fell off your wagon
Again



Shlomo the Dreidel Shark

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It was the second night of Hanukkah
A bleak and dark December
And the temple basement opened
For the yearly youth group dance
There were pleats and there were dimples
And huge Sephardic pimples
And Shlomo in his horn rims
And his fiendish games of chance

He was modest, he was gracious
Never pushy or pugnacious
And the way he read his Torah
Well, a rabbi's heart would melt
But beware all ye who enter
Cuz this pride of Rockville Center's
Got a dozen ways to separate
A boy from all his gelt

Oy vey
Guess this just ain't your day
You were boys and now you're men
So feed the pot and spin again
You'll probably lose your yamulke
And I'm pretty sure you'll find
Wherever Shlomo shleps his dreidel
The gelt ain't far behind

They say they found him in the cradle
With his fist around a dreidel
And with each successive Hanukkah
His reputation spread
They say he's on a secret mission
He's a Maccabee magician
That it was supposed to spin for one day
But it spun for eight instead

Oy vey
Guess this just ain't your day
You were boys and now you're men
So feed the pot and spin again
You'll probably lose your yamulke
And I'm pretty sure you'll find

Wherever Shlomo shleps his dreidel
The gelt ain't far behind

Each Hanukkah he preys
On future docs and CPAs
From one end of Lawn Guyland to the other
Some say that compensation
Is his only motivation
But others think he's trying to please his mother

The DJ's cut the power
We've reached the witching hour
When the limos turn to pumpkins
And the drivers turn to mice
And those boys with empty pockets
Their eyes sunk in their sockets
Who should have tried their luck in Vegas
Or on a friendly game of dice

Oy vey
Guess this just ain't your day
You were boys and now you're men
So feed the pot and spin again
You'll probably lose your yamulke
And I'm pretty sure you'll find
Wherever Shlomo shleps his dreidel
The gelt ain't far be-

Oy vey
Guess this just ain't your day
You were boys and now you're men
So feed the pot and spin again
You'll probably lose your yamulke
And I'm pretty sure you'll find
Wherever Shlomo shleps his dreidel
The gelt ain't far behind



The Handyman's Waltz

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The sink was backing up
I didn't wanna call the plumber
So I turned on the wet vac
And shoved it down the drain
I managed to dodge the hairball it dislodged
And it unflushed the toilet
And I inhaled some methane
And it sucked up some sewage
But it worked just the same

Three parts McGyver
One part Magoo
The world is my toolbox, it's true
I've managed to solve all the problems I've found
With whatever's been lying around

The window's stuck again
The butter didn't fix it
And I came across some fireworks
And a match to light a flame
I was worried 'bout the glass but I was sure we'd
have to blast
And it dislodged the caulking
And it singed all the curtains
And I punctured an eardrum
But it worked just the same

Three parts McGyver
One part Magoo
The world is my toolbox, it's true
I've managed to solve all the problems I've found
With whatever's been lying around

Paint the house with a hairbrush
Pick your teeth with an airbrush
Use a penknife for outpatient surgery
Trim the lawn, shim the door
Clip your toenails and more
With the gadgets that breed
In the silverware drawer

"Your car is leaking oil"
Says my idiot mechanic
"Timing belt and alternator

Pay me now or pay me later"
But when the body gets a nick, a little spackle
does the trick
And I duct-taped the seatbelts
And it starts with a paperclip
And it grinds and it smokes and it's the butt of
cruel jokes
And it used to be a hardtop
But it runs just the same

Three parts McGyver
One part Magoo
The world is my toolbox, it's true
I've managed to solve all the problems I've found
With whatever's been lying around
Yes, I've managed to solve all the problems I've
found
With whatever's been lying -
Spilled milk, no sense crying -
Mop it up with whatever's
Been lying around



I Wanna Write Me a Bad Song

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I wanna write me a bad song
One with pointless contradictions
A bad song
That lacks the strength of its convictions
A bad song
One that dribbles off the pen
And I never wanna think about again

I wanna write me some bad words
Words both cloying and confusing
Bad words
Ones the illiterates are using
Bad words
Words that were never meant to rhyme
And I've singled out for torture one more time

I've tried to steer my song career down a less
demanding course
But the lure of imperfection is unsatisfying stuff
And even mediocrity ain't all that it's cracked up
to be
Perhaps I've not descended far enough

I wanna write me a bad song
One that drags in every verse
A bad song
In which the choruses are worse
A bad song
Where the bridge is just a loss
One you'd rather dynamite than drive across

I wanna write me a bad tune
One that limps where it should sore
And reminds you of the way
Your nostrils whistle when you snore
A bad tune
With licks that no one else will quote
And I'd rather not admit to having wrote

I've tried to steer my song career down a less
demanding course
But the lure of imperfection is unsatisfying stuff

And even mediocrity ain't all that it's cracked up
to be
Perhaps I've not descended far enough

I wanna write me a bad song
In which I plagiarize and pine
Where the worst parts aren't dignified
And the best parts aren't mine
One that reassures its enemies and disappoints its
friends
And leaves an oily substance when it ends

A bad song
One both boring and blase
Where the hero gets what's coming
And the villain saves the day
One that points a bony finger and sings
Important things to say
About the whales you need to rescue
And the dogs you have to spay
As you fidget in your seat
And feel your life ebbing away

I wanna write me a bad song (2x)



Not Quite the Truth

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When I told you
My boss has this illness
That causes vivid hallucinations
Of people stealing the pencils
And making ill-advised comments
To the company chairman
About his daughter's appearance
It was not quite the truth

When I told you
That last year's reunion
Was held out in Hawaii
On that really big island
And the first night's entertainment
Was taking compromising pictures
With a half-naked woman
It was not quite the truth

I'm a terrible liar
But I just keep on lyin'
Leaping into the fire
From the pan where I'm fryin'
I could say it's a side effect
Of botched anesthesia
When they pulled out my wisdom tooth
But you've probably guessed
That it's not quite the truth

When I told you
That I won a raffle
From the bank on the corner
For a plasma television
And not five minutes later
I met a desperate young orphan
Who needed four thousand dollars
It was not quite the truth

When I said that I'd shovel the drivewal
I meant after it melts
When I told you that I'd get a job
I meant somebody else
When I told you I can't remember what I told you
When I told you that I didn't write this song
When I told you to ignore what I told you

When I told you what I told you was wrong

(solo)

I'm a terrible liar
But I just keep on lyin'
Leaping into the fire
From the pan where I'm fryin'
I could say I'm a spy
With a license to lie
Recruited when I was a youth
But you've probably guessed
It's not quite the truth



The Great Indoors

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Since I was young I've had an adversarial
relationship with plants
Give me a scythe or a pair of shears
Or an axe or a chain saw or a machete
There are whispers in the trees about the
blackness of my thumb
Grim Reaper in more ways than one
As the clippings shrivel in the garden where they
grew
With their dying breath whisper
"What did we ever do to you?"

Mother Nature's calling, asking if I can come out
to play
Bust out of this prison, it hurts to see you cooped
up this way
With reality television and three squares a day
But I am the king of my thermostat
Halogen sun at my fingertips
Rubber duckies sailing my bathtub seas
And beach blankets laid out beneath my electric
breeze

We stood at the lip of Bryce Canyon and stared
deep into the past
A museum of stone, sanitized for our protection
We've seen signs that warn of bears if we venture
off the path
We've been three feet from buffalo in our
automobile
We've seen cuddly little creatures at the edge of
the wood
Who'd eat you if they could

Mother Nature's calling, asking if I can come out
to play
Bust out of this prison, it hurts to see you cooped
up this way
With just the dust bunnies for company the
whole damn day
But I roam the plains on my rocking steed
Plush cattle graze on my Astroturf
Rubber duckies sailing my bathtub seas
And beach blankets laid out beneath my electric

breeze

Three AM, and we're awakened by the lightning
The night sky flickers like a drive in movie screen
Thousands of years ago our ancestors ran for
their caves
And worshiped the god that split the night and
felled the trees
And you and I listen to the rolls of thunder pass
Safe behind our glass

Mother Nature's calling, asking if I can come out
to play
Bust out of this prison, with its round-the-clock
institutional gray
Don't have to be this way
But I am the king of my thermostat
Halogen sun at my fingertips
Rubber duckies sailing my bathtub seas
And beach blankets laid out beneath my electric
breeze
Beneath my electric breeze



The Songs that Write Me

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The songs that write me
Have taken very careful notes
They're fed up with all the Holden Caulfields
And their callow observations
They see me as some sort of prophet
Diogenes in his quest for truth
Philosophy's answer to Superman
Stepping out of his intellectual phone booth

But what the songs that write me can't see
Is their own lack of substance and gravity
Topics come and topics go
But the songs that write me
Have to write what they know

The songs that write me
Drew me in pencil as a younger man
No crayon for our precocious sage
Such wisdom and insight at an early age
But their savior's just this boy with a snarky
streak
And a good right wrist, and a thesaurus
A knack for staying in time and a taste for internal
rhyme
And a hook as he approaches the chorus

But the songs that write me can't see
They're obsessed with their own place in history
Decades come and decades go
But the songs that write me
Have to write what they know

I asked the songs that write me
To try to mitigate my flaws
Damn the philosophy, what I really need
Is to be more engaging, more outgoing in a crowd
I could stand for a touch of panache, elan, joie de
vivre
The power to enchant and cast a spell
Sometimes I ask the songs that write me to trade
places with
The songs that wrote Cole Porter or Jacques Brel

But the songs that write me aren't free

They're a mirror that stares straight back at me
People come and people go
But the songs that write me
Have to write what they know

