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## **MANGER RANGERS 2022 – B2 – old fireball songs**

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**coffee song**

**going to tallahassee**

*¡ michelada !*

**carmen the kebab girl**

**another train! another train! another train!**

**pretty girl from texas**

**the birds & the bees & the burden**

**road full of crows**



A - - - E - A -  
A E A

i'm a hot cup of coffee, bottomless and deep  
and it's hard to resist me when you're trying not to sleep  
and you're halfway to jersey, and the man you left behind...  
he's haunting your memory, and you've almost lost your mind

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when the hum of the engine and your wheels upon the ground  
and the howl of the night rush in when you roll your window down  
and your head it can't take it, and your eyes begin to drop  
and you hope you can make it to my all-night coffee shop

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in the heat of the moment, it doesn't seem so far  
but you have to remember exactly where you are  
it's a haul, and the next place to rest your heavy load  
is a hundred and fifty miles down the road

---

put your hat on the mantel, and sit down for a sip  
and put your hand on my handle, and press me to your lips  
i got honey and sugar, as much as you can take  
and there's a whole 'nother pot here, for keeping you awake

Am C (repeat many times while laughing)

Am something big's about to happen G  
Am and the sun's about to set... F  
Am brand new babies being born somewhere, G  
Am C glistening and wet; F  
and my feet remember recent rugged rambles Am G  
that a lot of me has been trying to forget... F  
and it's a long long road to tallahassee Am C F G  
and i haven't even started yet. Am C Am C Am C Am C

going  
to  
tallahassee

i've got a pile of maps and legends  
sleeping by my garden gate.

i fill my coffee to the edge these days.

i'm always fifteen minutes late.

and there's someone out there going places, writing down songs,  
in every town, in every city, in every state.

and so i'm going down to tallahassee.

i can hardly wait.

Dm i've got a piece of information.  
Am G i've got a map. i've got a plan.  
F  
G i'm going down to tallahassee  
to find out how this all began.

you always tell me where you're going.

but you never say the route.

catalogs of destinations.

sometimes you whisper. sometimes you shout.

there's a reason all the songs end up just the way they do.

there's a vagueness that leaves little room for doubt.

and so i'm going down to tallahassee.

i'm going to sort this whole thing out.

Am--Am--Am-- F-G Am...

## Michelada

Am en la playa del lago G FG  
Am en la tierra del Zapata G  
Am en el estado de Jalisco G FG  
Am conocí a mi Michelada G Am--Am--Am-- F-G Am  
G Am  
¡aaaaay, Michelada!  
F el sabor me has dado a mi G  
G Am  
¡aaaaay, Michelada!  
F G Am--Am--Am-- F-G...

yo estaba al sur de la frontera  
abandonado por una diablita  
dejado por la pinche g, era  
muy perdido sin seÒorita

¡aaaaay, Michelada!  
geografía hace pared  
¡aaaaay, Michelada!  
ahorita tengo mucha sed

lleguÈ all· del valle  
mi corazon viejo lloraba  
te comprÈ en el lado de la calle  
y me diste lo que necesitaba

¡aaaaay, Michelada!  
embriagadora y refrescante  
¡aaaaay, Michelada!  
tu olor y sabor muy picante

¡aaaaay, Michelada!  
el sabor me has dado a mí  
¡aaaaay, Michelada!  
est's tan lejos de aquí

# *Carmen the Kebab Girl*

C G Am G

*C* *G* *Am* *G*  
You were talking about something

*C* *G* *Am* *G*  
But I couldn't pay attention

*Dm* *Dm* *F* *G*  
Because standing right behind you... right behind you

*C* *G* *Am* *G*  
Was Carmen *Carmen* the Kebab Girl *Carmen*

*C* *G* *Am* *G* *Dm* *C* *G*  
Origin Kebab Kiosk bandanna on her head

*C* *G* *Am* *G*  
Oh, Carmen *Carmen* my kebab girl *Carmen*

*C* *G* *Am* *G* *Dm* *C* *G*  
She said she'd give some to me, but she skipped town instead

But for just a moment fortune found me  
In that far off foreign country  
And just like lightning there before me... right there before me

There was Carmen *Carmen* the Kebab Girl *Carmen*  
She promised the kebab bandanna from her silver hair  
Oh, Carmen *Carmen* my sweet kebab girl *Carmen*  
I came back every afternoon but she was never there.  
she was never there.

*Dm* *F* *G*  
Nothing like the agony to know she'd come and gone

*Dm* *F* *G*  
Turning off of Queen Street to the side road she was on.

*Dm* *F*  
Nothing like another long Brisbane night

*Dm* *F* *G*  
Waking up to a bandannaless dawn.

I keep on hoping as I wander  
She'll be out there and I'll find her  
She abandoned me down under..... she abandoned me down under.  
*Carmen* *Carmen* the Kebab Girl *Carmen*  
She's living in her van from farm to farm and job to job  
Oh, Carmen *Carmen* my sweet kebab girl *Carmen*  
She's out picking fruit and I'm left crying in my Carmenless kebab  
crying in my Carmenless kebab

*Carmen* *Carmen* *Carmen* *Carmen* *Carmen* *Carmen* *Carmen* *Carmen*

Carmen

# Another train! Another train! Another train!

Darkened <sup>Am7</sup> skies in the daytime <sup>Cadd9</sup>  
A <sup>G</sup> storm pours down  
From the heavens <sup>Am7</sup> over unknown fields <sup>Cadd9</sup>  
Past the <sup>Am7</sup> grey towers <sup>G</sup>  
On the outskirts of town  
Waiting for this land to be revealed  
Waiting for that big sun to shine <sup>D</sup>  
Watching for the light at the end of the line <sup>E</sup>  
Another gazing out a moving window, through the pouring rain <sup>E</sup>  
Another train! Another train! Another train! <sup>A</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Starlit skies in the nighttime  
A warm foreign glow  
Over buildings of a strange skyline  
The underbuzz in a busy station  
As the trains come and go  
So many ways the rails can combine  
Waiting for a star to stumble toward  
Watching destinations on the big departure board  
Another postcard from across an ocean, trying to explain  
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Another train! Another train! <sup>E</sup>  
Another bottle in the brain! <sup>E</sup>  
Another beautiful memory <sup>E</sup>  
Another trip, another stain <sup>E</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Coloured lights in the windows  
Down every stony road  
Filled with strange-shaped houses and trees  
Everything in a beat-up backpack  
Shouldering the load  
Through endless unfamiliar corners like these  
Waiting for the smell of the muse  
Watching every peddler for anything to use  
Another dream comes in from Lijiang, another taste  
of wine from Spain  
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Glowing fires in the mountains  
Red heat in the air  
Grey smell of woodsmoke on the wind  
Tired eyes in the mirror  
The same glowing stare  
Burning through the dark till day begins  
Waiting for the world to grab the spark  
Watching all the dying embers smoulder in the dark  
Another memory from New Year's Eve by the Lake in Coeur d'Alene  
Another train! Another train! Another train!

I got the freight train blues. <sup>A</sup>  
Lord, I got 'em in the bottom of my FAWM shoes <sup>E</sup>  
When the whistle blows, I gotta go  
Lord, Lord, don't you know <sup>D</sup>  
Another train! Another train! Another train! <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Muddled thoughts after midnight  
Third night in a row  
Dreams and trains mingle in the haze  
Travelling light  
One more train to go  
The rails combine so many different ways  
Waiting for the next jolt to my eyes  
Watching for the faraway glimmer of the prize  
Another shiny golden link in this ongoing chain  
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Huddled crowds on a platform  
An outbound express  
Temptation, migration, and home  
This time tomorrow  
No way to guess  
All the ways the many birds have flown  
Waiting for the chance to take a ride  
Watching as the past and the future collide  
Another pile of weathered ticket stubs in the busy station of my brain  
Another train! Another train! Another train!

I remember the train heading south out of Bangkok, <sup>E</sup>  
I remember Eddie rode the orphan train, <sup>E</sup>  
I remember the train carrying J. J. Rodgers home. <sup>E</sup>  
Another train! Another train! Another train! <sup>E</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>B</sup> <sup>A</sup>

Scribbled lines/times/~~lines~~ in a notebook  
A song pours down  
From the heavens of the fertile memory fields  
Spilling out from the past  
Travelling with the sound  
Waiting for the story to be revealed  
Waiting for one more receptive ear  
Watching for the pilgrim passerby to appear  
Another 3-chord song in a subway somewhere ~ the same old refrain  
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Another train! Another train! Another train! <sup>G</sup>

# Pretty Girl from Texas



D

Met a man in a Mongol land, morin khuur in tow

D

AG

D

Tell it to the girl from Texas, tell her something she don't know

D

A

G

A

Bm

F#m

Bm

G

Let a little wisdom trickle in from everywhere you go

everywhere you go

G

AD

Pretty girl from San Antonio

Spent a year in a bathysphere awash in the Bering Sea  
All the world a mermaid dream a dark-haired memory  
Bright the moments fleeting image fading slow  
image fading slow

Pretty girl from San Antonio

Traded tales as I rode the rails against a long summer sun  
They were dark and they were dusky and I drank in every one  
Drank in deep and come full circle where the wild headwaters flow  
the wild headwaters flow

Pretty girl from San Antonio

Met a girl in a mongrel world so many years ago  
Ancient starlight in her eyes and groundswells below  
When the freaks roll into town we always stop for a show  
always stop for a show

Pretty girl from San Antonio

*in chapel style...*

                  A  E  
oh, the birds & the bees & the burden  
          Bm  A  
the beer and the wine and the bourbon  
          A  Bm  
the blood and the bile and the burnin'  
          D                  E                  A  
the pollen that pulls us along

honey went south for the winter  
gone with a wave and a smile  
to the warm sands of zihuatanejo  
no honey for me for awhile

oh, the birds & the bees & the burden  
the itchin' and scratchin' and squirmin'  
discomforts that you can't determine  
no recourse but some sad song

long winter nights up in alaska  
sweetness long gone from my tongue  
haunted by snow owls and ravens  
sometimes wishin' i never got stung

oh, the birds & the bees & the burden  
the foxes and vixens and vermin  
shoulda known when the leaves started turnin'  
one day it's all gonna fall

sho nuff, come springtime now all by my lonesome  
little birds they fly north to me  
and they sing, "*Todos hombres y sus hermanos...*"  
they've all tasted my sweet honeybee

oh, the birds & the bees & the burden  
the hugs and the winks and the flirtin'  
the masks and the veils and the curtains  
awaiting the last curtain call

*buzz and chirp solo*

so once again i get this allergic reaction  
but i'm happy just to be alive  
i know there's so many birds of a feather  
i know there's so many bees in a hive

oh, the birds & the bees & the burden  
the truth and the lies and the squirtin'  
whatever ties on your turban  
no recourse but some silly poem

# the birds & the bees & the burden



ornithologists don't make good poets  
entomologists can't explain why  
i've got so many bees in my bonnet  
and i've got so many birds up in my sky

oh, the birds & the bees & the burden  
ed norton, brad pitt, and tyler durden  
you wake up with your whole body hurtin'  
wondering how to get home

*in chapel style*

whoa... the birds & the bees & the burden  
the beer and the wine and the bourbon  
the blood and the bile and the burnin'  
the pollen that carries us home  
the pollen that carries us home  
the pollen... that carries... us home



# Road full of crows

V1 shadows <sup>E</sup>deepen  
north wind blows  
whispered <sup>A</sup>secrets  
road full of <sup>E</sup>crows

old road <sup>B</sup>beckons  
her timeless <sup>G#m</sup>spice  
hard travelin' <sup>A</sup>promised  
promised tales to <sup>B</sup>tell

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V2 old ghosts vanish  
and reappear  
thick in varnish  
thin veneer

far horizons  
hints of dreams  
all or nothing  
is as it seems

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V3 wind in dry grass  
haunts my ear  
whispered secrets  
strain to hear

distant stations  
northern towns  
hints of memories  
still come around

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V4 the face of dreamtime  
raven hair  
eyes like fire-  
flies through the air

a midnight moment  
ten thousand days  
ten thousand miles  
still she stays

whispered <sup>E</sup>secrets  
the north wind knows  
shadows <sup>A</sup>deepen  
road full of <sup>E</sup>crows

shadows <sup>B</sup>deepen  
road full of <sup>A B E</sup>crows