

## **Bobs**

### **"Too Cool To Care"**

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Me and Quincy were going out  
Puttin' across the Bay Bridge  
Grinning like a pair of Cheshire cats  
We'd found a six pack in the fridge  
Q's drumming on the dashboard keeping the beat  
I can't figure out how to turn on the heat  
Rain pours in through a missing window  
Wind drifts in through a drafty door  
My cars so old I can see the road  
When I look down -- right through the floor  
My labrador's like an open umbrella  
Stretched out and panting in the back  
We wanna be beatniks on Valencia  
He's like Neal -- I'm like Jack  
I wish that I'd ridden with Kerouac  
So in the tunnel we fade to black  
Too cool, too cool, to care  
We're on a pilgrimage to a cooler day  
To worship at the shrine  
Where fog rolls in and mixes gray  
With rolling bass horns warning ships

And filling all the Frisco nights  
With dreams of other City Lights  
Going to a coffee house in North Beach  
On a misty night with wet streets shining  
I see taxi brakes reflected in the gutter...  
I hear my solos flowing like streams of butter  
I'll be painting pictures with half valve notes  
Notes that melt like Dali watches  
Notes that rain down in molten pools  
Not a hip hop groove, no Kenny G  
It's a smoky reedy breathy sound  
Like Ferlinghetti or Ezra Pound  
Too cool, too cool, to care  
My face is a mask of free association  
I'm wearing heavy black rim glasses  
I've got a butt that dangles from my curling lip  
And a callous from too much snapping  
I got lizard eyes behind sun glasses  
I'm sneaking up on hip in crepe soled shoes  
Or sunning on a rocking Be bop blues  
Aloof and stoic but never weird...  
Q's got a little pointed beard  
A half grown goatee like a clear cut forest  
Sideburns and a Gap pocket T  
Pocketee, pocketee

Cause we belong to those who don't belong  
Rebels in shark skin suits  
With an attitude and perfect hair  
Yeah that's us -- too cool to care  
Too cool, too cool, to care  
Like a subterranean Doctor Sax  
A jazzbo dharma Zen Monk riddle  
I'm blowing choruses to a climax  
In a basement room that smells of mold  
I'm blowing double time bridges like some hyper Trane  
Copping a taste for a strung out lover  
Whining and romantic like Morrissey I'll suffer like a fool  
Like some freeloader Freddie who makes an impression  
Like some Washington Irving at the shooting gallery  
Like some wild eyed child of Walt Whitman  
Rimbaud the poet meets Rambo the killer  
An uptight daddy, a big Kahuna  
Charlie Parker meets Charlie Tuna  
It's an orgy... Of simile and metaphor  
In the rapids of a stream of consciousness  
I'm paddlin' in the kayak of punctuation...  
And all I can say is like...  
Too cool, too cool, to care

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