

Gilby Clarke

"Wrecking Ball"

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Well now boys, I'm a rollin' stone
That's what I was when I first left home
I took every secret that I'd ever known
And headed for the wall
Like a wrecking ball

Started down on the holy road of sin
Playin' bass under a pseudonym
The days were rough, and it's all quite dim
But my mind cuts through it all
Like a wrecking ball

Oh, just a little deadhead
Who is watching, who is watching
I's just a little deadhead

Fallen daughter on a scholarship
Well, I got tired and let my average slip
Then I's a farmer in the Pogonip
With a weed that I recall
Was like a wrecking ball

I met a lovesick daughter of the San Joaquin
She showed me colors I'd never seen
Drank the bottom out of my canteen
And left me in the fall
Like a wrecking ball

Standin' there, in the morning mist
A Jack & Coke at the end my wrist
Yes, I remember when first we kissed
'Though it was nothing at all
Like a wrecking ball

Hey boys, a little deadhead
Who's watching, who's watching
I's just a little deadhead

With too much trouble for me to shake
Oh, the weather and the blindin' ache
Was ridin' high until the '89 quake

Hit the Santa Cruz Garden Mall
Like a wrecking ball

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