

Mother Hips "Chum"

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They were playing the reels of old dreams in the back
room last night.

You were there along with the ghosts of one hundred
summer nights.

You were playing them backwards to see if the codes
were alright

and they didn't say much and that's just what you
thought they not might.

Everybody smiles for the camera and I think that's kind
of strange.

Nostalgia and your albums, they cannot record the
strain.

Goodnight memory, lay down.

I don't want to hang around tonight.

My mama got mad 'cause I frowned in the photograph
and that's too bad.

It's better to lose a few beans from your bag that to
have no bag for your beans

I don't even know who I'm singing this to, but I know it's
kind of strange.

I've got a very clear picture in my head but I feel like
I'm painting in the rain.

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