Travelling Wilburys "Cool Dry Place"

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Well I woke up this morning
The place was such a reck
I couldnt reach the bathroom
Thought I'd better clear the deck
I tried to call the lawyer
And ask him what to do
He referred me to his doctor
Who referred me back to you
And when you checked the manual
You kept in side the case
It said put it in a cool dry place

I drove around the city
Looking for a room
That was high above the water
Where my things could be in tune
There was noone to help me
Nobody even cared
I had to got through hell
To get those things up there
I paid my first subscription
Then I joined the idle race
And they said store it in a cool dry place

I got guitar, basses, amplifiers and drums
Accordions and mandolis and things that sometimes
hum
Cymbals and harmonicas, capos by the score
And lots of things in boxes laying all around the floor

Some places they get mildew
And others get too hot.
Some places are so damp that
Everything you got just rots
All kinds of condensation
Directories of the rain
There's not much compensation
When everythings been stained
Some have sentimental value that
Cannot be erased
Go store it in a cool dry place

We got solids and acoustics And some from flowered board And some are trimmed in leather And some are made with gourds There's organs and trombones And reverbs we can use Lots of dx-7s And old athletic shoes I bought a great big building It took up one whole block I made an inventory Of all the things in stock The place was getting longer I was up all night I used up all my pencils But I went onto spite The blury of my vision The sweat upon my face Ive got to put this stuff away I mustnt leave a trace The landlords breathing down my neck He says it's a disgrace So I said put it in a cool, dry, place

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