

Bill Steele

"A Thousand Songs"

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A THOUSAND SONGS

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Bill Steele

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by Bill Steele

I woke up smelling bacon with a pinecone in my side

I stuck my head out in the morning sun

There was one guy fixing breakfast and twenty singing songs

So I knew that breakfast never would get done

I crawled out of my sleeping bag and picked up my guitar

To start the day with coffee and a song

We'd built a singing city underneath the spreading trees

To join it all you do is sing along

With started in the morning with a hymn to the sun

We sang through lunch and dinner and we've hardly just begun

We'll try to sing a thousand songs before this day is done

And tomorrow there'll be a thousand more

I met a girl down by the fire from a green Missouri farm

She sang a song she said her mother made

She sang about her father and the love he had to give

And I offered her a song of mine in trade

She said she didn't have the time; she had to catch a train

And I feel a little sorry now and then

But when you hear a thousand songs I guess it has to be

There's some that you'll never hear again

A kid came up and said hello and said he knew my name

And he thought my songs were really where it's at

And then he sang a song of his - he said it wasn't much

But I wish that I could write one song like that

They used to say that making songs was only for the few

But we took these old guitars and proved them wrong

For music is a language most anyone can learn
And if you sing then you can write a song
We sang around a lantern when we should have been
in bed
And everybody took a turn or two
Whenever one crawled off to sleep, another took his
place
And everybody brought in something new
I used to think I knew most every song there was to
know
I could sing out any one you cared to call
But now I'd need three lifetimes just to learn what's
going round
And if everybody's got a song, then no one's got em all
recorded by Bill Steele on Garbage
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