

Traveling Wilburys "Cool Dry Place"

Visit "[Cool Dry Place](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, I woke up this morning
The place was such a wreck
I couldn't reach the bathroom
Thought I'd better clear the deck

I tried to call the lawyer
And asked him what to do
He referred me to his doctor
Who referred me back to you

And when you checked the manual
You kept inside the case
It said, 'Put it in a cool dry place'

And I drove around the city
Looking for a room
That was high above the water
Where my things could be in tune

There was no one to help me
Nobody even cared
I had to go 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 mandolins
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
Direct results of rain
There's not much compensation
When everything's 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 DX7's
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 on despite

The blurry of my vision
The sweat upon my face
I've got to put this stuff away
I mustn't leave a trace

The landlord's breathing down my neck
He says it's a disgrace
So I said, "Put it in a cool dry place"

Visit [Traveling Wilburys](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.