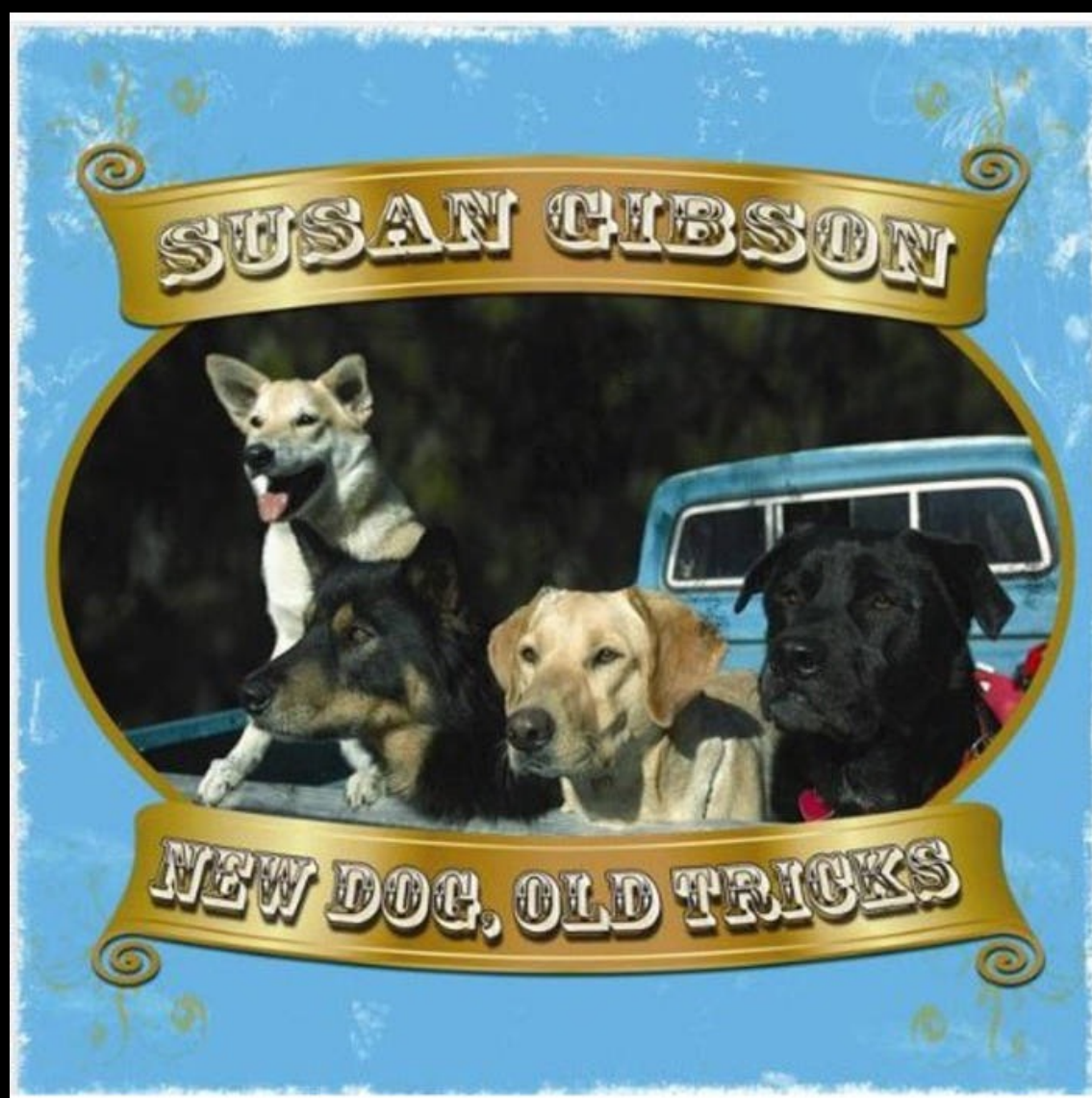


SUSAN GIBSON NEW DOG, OLD TRICKS



1. Start Over 03:06
2. Baby Teeth 04:12
3. Cloud 9 04:08
4. 2 Hometowns 03:48
5. My Best Feature 03:07
6. Miles City 06:05
7. Last of His Kind 05:59
8. Gatesville 04:28
9. The Last Word 03:56
10. What'd I Ever Worry About Before I Met You 03:45
11. Perfect World 02:44
12. Ahead of Time 03:56
13. Walls Come Down 03:58
14. You Came Along 04:50
15. Jezable's Lament 02:39

Start Over

Crashing through the wall
After a long hard fall
The smoke from my demise
Won't cloud my blue skies

Start Over

Start out in Westlico
On an Indian dirtbike
All the way to Mexico
By way of Massachusetts Turnpike

Start Over

I Start ...before it's over

I fell in love
Outside of Denver like a Boulder
When the bottom dropped out
I got an angel on my shoulder

Now I fell outta love
In a black Cadillac
I did a stunt man roll
With the devil on my back

Start Over

I start....& then It's over

You gotta stop for gasoline
Keep your face and windshield clean
I'm a little short on cash
Plastic Jesus in my dash

Start Over

I start ...until it's over

Baby Teeth

You're such a silly girl, & such a wise old woman
You think you can fix this world with rubber bands and bubblegum
You're going to see it all in your high top tennis shoes
Days when you're in the pink & day's in your skinned up blues
Sometimes it hurts to grow, sometimes it's such a relief
When you gotta give up what you got to get what you need.....those are
just your babyteeth

You've got some big blue eyes & they don't miss a thing
You're known for you smart mouth and a smile like butterfly wings
You gotta way with words, you got your song & dance
You could wear your party dress, you could wear your camouflage pants

You've got a heart of Gold. It shines just like a sunny day. Save a little bit for
yourself, don't give it all away.
Sometimes it hurts to grow; sometimes it's such a relief
When you gotta give up what you got to get what you need.....those are
just your baby teeth

You're the queen of all you see, you rule on high from a beanbag chair.
No flower on the wall, you got the dirt and the flowers right in your hair.

Sometimes it hurts to grow; sometimes it's such a relief
When you gotta give up what you got to get what you need.
Sometimes you gotta wiggle it loose, sometimes it gets knocked clean out
Making room for a brand new tooth in that little bitty hole in your mouth
Those are just your baby teeth
Your baby teeth
Your baby teeth

Cloud 9

I'm not too sure about falling in love
But I might have stumbled onto something
Maybe I just needed a little shove
& the promise of a softer landing

it's my battle cry, "I need more space"
& I felt you closing in
there's room to spare in your embrace
& shelter from the bitter wind

not long ago I could take it or leave it
a lifelong love, I couldn't conceive it

but I'm not gonna give you up, not for one minute
if I'm going to be in love, I want you in it
& I'm not keeping track of time, making tracks for the county line
I know I'm falling, I prefer to call it cloud 9

I've tried real hard to keep my balance
I swore I'd be the last to go down
There's been close calls & still I've managed
To catch myself before I hit the ground

No safety nets, no helmets no protection
Nothing to come between me and your affection

but I'm not gonna give you up, not for one minute
if I'm going to be in love, I want you in it
& I'm not keeping track of time, making tracks for the county line
I know I'm falling, I prefer to call it cloud 9

Feelin' like I finally set my burdens down
My hands are free to keep me circling about the ground
No heavy hearts, we float along just like a feather
Or take my hand, at least we can go down together

but I'm not gonna give you up, not for one minute
if I'm going to be in love, I want you in it
& I'm not keeping track of time, making tracks for the county line
I know I'm falling, I prefer to call it cloud 9

Two Hometowns

Gas up the pickup
This ain't no stickup
If anyone asks I'll be heading up north
If they try to find me
I'll see them behind me
& lose them when I change my course

Follow the road sign
To the right of the yellow line
My town looks good in my rearview mirror
Follow directions to my destination
I gotta get outta here
Never get anywhere running from something
& nothing is something I spose
Never get anywhere running away from the ghost

3 hours into nowhere
wind dancing in my hair
keeps my mind occupied
Close calls with road kill
18 wheels on steep hills
the 2 lane ain't no place to hide

I don't need no road map
I'll find my own way back
I know the landmarks by heart
I'll just keep driving
The road keeps on winding
Between my two hometowns so far apart

Back & Forth I'm going home
Never get anywhere running from something
& nothing is something I spose
Never get anywhere running away from the ghost

My Best Feature

(Susan Gibson, McKenna Thomason, Pie-eyed Groobee Music, BMI, Bug Music)

I've got pretty blue eyes or so that's what they tell me
I don't even need all that shit they try to sell me on the TV
My legs are long enough they can keep me on the ground
My feet are kinda big but they keep me walking round

My arms are strong enough, they can carry heavy things
My voice is stronger, I can lift your weight when I sing
Sometimes I use my head, sometimes I'm halfway smart
Take a look at this big old butt, you know I got a big old heart

My best feature

My best feature is

My best feature

You know I can't cook clean or sew.

I can't treat you like a woman could

But I can make a pair of cutoff shorts or make your ramen noodles taste so good

I'd go the extra mile for you, there's nothing I wouldn't do to make you smile

We'd make the best of it, laughing all the while.

My best feature

My best feature is

My best feature

My best feature's all the things I am

My best feature's all the things I'm not

Don't wait around for me to give it up

My best feature is what you've already got

My best feature

My best feature is

My best feature

Miles City

I'm on my way to miles city
To see my youngest son
He got into some trouble there
Now there's not much that can be done
I'm not sure when I'll get the chance
To see him one more time
But we'll do this time together, baby
& meet somewhere down the line

That boy could throw a rock & he'd hit trouble in the head
Nothing ever comes from nothing

One day out of 365
To see him once a year & think I've known him all his life
If I could do it all again I'd change some things I'm sure
Take the time to keep my baby clean
To keep my baby pure

We moved out of the city
To a cleaner neighborhood
You can take the boy out of the gang
But the gang in him still stood
I'm not sure why he thinks he has to fight
Or what he's fighting for
But there's nothing inside this young mother that can unlock those iron steel bar
doors

One day out of 365
To see him once a year & think I've known him all his life
If I could do it all again I'd change some things I'm sure
Take the time to keep my baby clean

Last of His Kind

(Susan Gibson, Pie-Eyed Groobee Music, BMI, Bug Music)

He's a young man at 56
He's learned to sing
I say you can teach an old dog new tricks
Cuz youth is lingering

His hands are strong but have a feather touch
He's got work under his nails
He can hold a babe in his embrace
& throws the switch on the rails

he's one of a kind standing out in a crowd
a man of his mind and a breed of the proud
now he's the last of his kind the last of his name

He's got lines etched around his eyes
They are roads his feet have not touched
Paths of tears in sadness and joy
He's my only, my only, my only

he's one of a kind standing out in a crowd
a man of his mind and a breed of the proud
now he's the last of his kind the last of his name

He goes to find his family
Their name is etched in stone
Coming to rest in a single place
But he is not alone

he's one of a kind standing out in a crowd
a man of his mind and a breed of the proud
now he's the last of his kind the last of his name

Gatesville

(Susan Gibson, Pie-Eyed Groobee Music, BMI, Bug Music)

Gatesville, sleepy town

3 beauty shops and a burial ground

we all want to look our best when they put us down

In Gatesville

Gatesville, 11 miles

Maybe we could rest for just a little while

But I'm not sure that we could make it out alive

In Gatesville

I'm sure she must have made plenty of plans

She had the right idea she met the wrong man

With every new candle she made the same old wish

But she traded it in for a satellite dish

In Gatesville

Gatesville, nice enough folks

When I stop for coffee and a pack of smokes

They may not like us but they laugh at our jokes

In Gatesville

2 husbands later & working on her third

she begs you not to listen to the stories you've heard

she goes to work before the sun & gets home after dark

but at least she got a corner lot in the nicest trailer park

in Gatesville

The last Word

I'm losing sleep. You're sleeping soundly
My sorrow stays afloat while yours is drowning
I'm real pissed off but you don't know it
Cuz I'm too soft to even show it

There there, don't you cry
Comforting the jerk who seemed to be a nice guy
Put my arms around you tell you that's ok
At least until the whiskey carries you away

You're on the couch, I'm in the bed
Making up a list of the things I wished that I had said
I should be making up with you instead
But the whiskey seem to get you just before I did

There there, that's alright
But I think you oughtta know that you're in for a fight
I smooth the wrinkles try to soothe your brain
At least until the whiskey carries you away again

Go ahead and begin
Go ahead and dig in
Or you'll pass out before I get the last word in

It's 5 am, I'm still awake
I come marching in, impersonating an earthquake
I'm a hurricane, baby, better look me in the eye
You could weather this storm or you could run & hide

Bottoms up so you can drink it down
Grab onto that cork so maybe you won't drown
Your ship in a bottle has finally come in
At least until the whiskey carries you away again

What did I ever worry about before I met you?

I keep thinking that you're still here
Kinda like a cross between a hope and a fear
Kinda like an ache that I've gotten used to
What'd I ever worry bout before I met you?

You're a permanent resident on my mind
That's why I'm having trouble finding
A little headroom to think things through
Ooooooo

Baby can't you see the trouble we're in
Feels like a needle getting under my skin
All alone together wondering what to do
What did I ever worry about before I met you?

Worry is such a hard habit to break
Nothing like the ice where we like to skate
One of these days we're going to both fall through
You're the darkest pool I ever jumped into

Baby can't you see the trouble we're in
Not like a drug like a vitamin
A little everyday won't make you immune
What did I ever worry about before I met you?

I like the way it feels when you're close to me
But that's not love, it's geography
There's nothing in this world that we can't do
If I worry 'bout me like a I worry 'bout you

Perfect World

I got home just after midnight, It'd been a long long day
i know I keep odd hours but I'm in it for the low pay
it's noble, so noble just doing what I love
I'm mobile, it's no trouble...it fits me like a glove.
I may not know it yet, I'm in a perfect world

I got the best set of problems of all the folks I know
I'd like to stay and live it up but I got another show
It's tragic, so tragic, that we can't stick around
But magic and a little gas money gonna get us to the next town
I may not know it yet, I'm in a perfect world

Wouldn't it be great if all the bad guys dressed in black?
So we could see them comin' & we could watch our backs
Wouldn't it be great if every oyster made a pearl
I may not know it yet, I'm in a perfect world

I can't afford to pay my taxes, I take it as a good sign
It means I'm making money I just wish that it would stay mine
I'm not needy or greedy, I just don't think it's right
That uncle sam oughtta give a damn about the silly songs that I write
I may not know it yet, but I'm in a perfect world

Wouldn't it be great if all the bad guys dressed in black?
So we could see them comin' & we could watch our backs
Wouldn't it be great if every oyster made a pearl
I may not know it yet, I'm in a perfect world

I got home just after midnight... It'd been a long long day!!!!

Ahead of Time

(Susan Gibson, Pie-Eyed Groobee Music, BMI, Bug)

Spent a half a tank of gas on this conversation
Still hasn't gotten us anywhere
20 miles outside of town & feeling my frustration
you wanted to clear the air

call me crazy call me insane
maybe I'm lazy I don't want to do this all over again
the phone is ringing off the wall, trying to make amends
I didn't return your call, the 8th deadly sin
As I'm going straight to hell I can hear myself laughing

Call me silly, call me a goof
I heard of things like this but I don't need living proof

You go your way & I'll go mine It's a big, big world...I'm sure we'll both do fine
You used to scold me when I used that line
I just saw it coming ahead of time

It's been about a month or 10 since I saw you last
I wonder where the time has gone
Maybe that's what we were chasing down that old country road
20 miles outside of town.

Call me selfish, call me a creep
I guess I lost ya, now I ain't losing sleep

You go your way & I'll go mine
It's a big, big world...I'm sure we'll both do fine

Walls Come Down

27 days & still no word
what am I supposed to think
you're leaving me to draw my own conclusions
& I'm running out of ink

we've made arrangements and we've set dates
& we've broken everyone
tryin like hell to avoid our fates
like the moon avoids the sun

I would answer if you would knock
I wouldn't leave you hanging around
& I would listen if you would talk
cuz baby that's the sweetest sound
hearing those walls come down

I kept on thinking we were right on track
We were moving up the ranks
It's hard enough to hit a moving target
& it's tougher when you're shooting blanks

I keep on buggin you to let you know
I won't bug you anymore
With every phone call another brick in the stonewall
& I cannot find the door

I would answer if you would knock
I wouldn't leave you hanging around
& I would listen if you would talk
cuz baby that's the sweetest sound
hearing those walls come down

I would answer if you would knock

You Came Along

You came along, a traveling salesman
You knocked on my door until I let you in
There was no telling I don't want what you're selling
But you insisted I'm happy again

I said I'm too busy I'm too important
I don't have time to be playing these games
You said you don't look that busy you said daylight is burning
& wasting it is such a shame

you came along & you had the remedy
something to help me get over my blues
in sunshine & snakeoil, blue fades to yellow
I'm lucky that you came along

You spread out your trinkets, baubles & toys
Shiney & sparkling, the pockets of little boys
& I never knew these were things that I needed
I'm lucky that you came along

You came along & all of my planning
Flew out the window & migrated south
& just like the wind, you know when I can't see you
I still feel you hanging around

& maybe tomorrow, maybe next week
red rover, come over, we'll play hide & seek
& I'm making promises I've got to keep
ever since you came along
only cuz you came along
just because you came along

When you're dead

When you're dead you're not sick
When you're dead you're not angry
When you're dead you're not hungry, not lonely or sad
When you're dead you're not homesick
When you're dead you're not restless
When you're dead you're not missin things you never had
When you're dead you're not dyin'
When you're dead you're not cryin'
When you're dead you're not tryin' to pay off your bills
When you're dead you're not spoke ill of and you're not broken willed
When you're dead you don't care you were never fulfilled

Some folks believe in a glorious end
They'll be made whole and see loved ones again
I hope its true but up until then
This ain't goodbye, it's just "I'll see you friend"

Cause when you're dead you're not fighting
When you're dead you're not fussin
When you're dead you're not rushing cause you're not running late
When you're dead you're not Muslim
When you're dead you're not Christian
When you're dead you're not different because of your faith

We're gonna miss you hanging around
You're free from the gravity that held you down
You're not just in Heaven somewhere in the fog
Congratulations you lucky dog