

SUSAN GIBSON CHIN UP



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ANYTHING TO KEEP FROM CRYING

I've been on the verge of tears
For the better part of a year
I can't seem to catch my breath
Trying to make myself grieve
Is an emotional dry heave
If only I could laugh myself to death

I try to get ahold of my self
I'm even checking into self help
My smile is half a stiff upper lip
I've got a lump in my throat
Call a white collar or a white coat
Someone to help me get a grip

I've tried the truth and I've tried lyin'
I've tried not to look you in the eye
I've tried to trust you, I've tried spying
Anything to keep from cryin'

I'm pacing back & forth
Wearing wagon ruts in the floor
Tell myself I'm staying on track
I'm tearing up and it's blurring my focus
I'm convinced it's hocus pocus
A smoke & mirror's act

I've tried the truth and I've tried lyin'
I've tried not to look you in the eye
I've tried to trust you,
I've tried spying
Anything to keep from cryin'

I could rent a tragedy &
I could laugh at all the people like me
fall asleep with my television on
Maybe I could find a new pill
Get my prescription filled
I'm looking for a new addiction
Anything to keep from crying.....

CHRISTMAS IN HOUSTON

Get outta Houston by Christmas
It's at the top of her wishlist
Cuz her family is coming to town
Wouldn't wanna get caught with her pants hanging down

Keeping secrets and keeping score
I don't see her around here that much anymore
What's she been doing with her time
She's been serving as though she's committed a crime

She is tired of cat & mouse
She is tired of playing house
She don't need a new job, she don't need a new man
She's just trying to do the best that she can
On her way out of town, she'll go quietly

A couple years of school under her belt
Didn't teach her to play with the hand she'd been dealt
Out with the old in with the new
A fresh deck of cards, another round or two

She is tired of cat & mouse
She is tired of playing house
She don't need a new job, she don't need a new man
She's just trying to do the best that she can
On her way out of town, she'll go quietly

You could call her a gun for hire
She's got plenty of ammo & she's ready to fire
She starts wars, she keeps the peace
She could be the bad guy she could be the police

She is tired of cat & mouse
She is tired of playing house
She don't need a new job, she don't need a new man
She's just trying to do the best that she can
She is tired of playing ball
She is tired of being tired at all
She is tired, she is tired, she is so sick and tired S
he would ask for some help but it's never free
On her way out of town, she'll go quietly

SHAPE I'M IN

Most people think that I'm drowning
I'm off the deep end splashing around
Maybe that's just the way I swim
That's the kinda shape I'm in

So you throw me a rope I think you're trying to tie me down
Or did you feed me a line just so you could reel me in
So you could throw me back again
Would you hurry up and throw me back again

Even water jumps from a comfortable cloud
For crying out loud, for crying out loud
For just a moment of individuality
Til it hits the ground and washes out to sea.

100 times I have fallen from grace,
it has never been a graceful fall
And all the while I thought it was a swan dive
Turns out it was a cannonball

I wanna work without a net but I don't want to hit the ground
so I'm flapping both my arms, You think I'm trying to flag you down
you know a net is a trap, it's a body bag
when you're trying to swim around

Even water jumps from a comfortable cloud
For crying out loud, for crying out loud
For just a moment of individuality
Til it hits the ground and washes out to sea.

Some folks are into giving ultimatums
Either you love 'em or you hate 'em
But I like the shades of grey
It reminds me of a rainy day
Kinda like today

Even water jumps from a comfortable cloud
For crying out loud, for crying out loud
For just a moment of individuality
Til it hits the ground and washes out to sea.

TROPHY GIRL

Mount my head on the wall
Take my hand and break my back
You don't think that it's wrong
To show me off just to see them react

I sit high on your shelf
Gathering dust and losing myself
You call them over to see
I stand up straighter when they look at me

Trust me trophy girl
I won't give you away
But I've got to have something to show
For the games that we play
Dusty trophy girl Someday again you'll shine
There's a clock next to you counting the hours
Biding your time
For now you are mine

You got me locked in a tower
Close your eyes I'll sing you to sleep
Then slip out in the quiet hours
No one knows of the prisoners you keep

Trust me trophy girl
I won't give you away
But I've got to have something to show
For the games that we play
Dusty trophy girl
Someday again you'll shine
There's a clock next to you counting the hours
Biding your time
For now you are mine

CLUMSY HANDS

There's a gal out in ol' West Texas
She don't believe in spells she don't believe in hexes
Try as she might she can't explain what's come over her
She runs into things she trips over her shoes
She's got a funny story for every scrape & every bruise
& she knew that there'd be trouble finding a man to give his heart to her
she met a handy man and he lived down south
she leaned in to give a kiss, accidentally hit him in the mouth
she chipped his tooth and gave him a fat lip
she said 'I guess I thought this would be more romantic,
I didn't mean to hurt you, it's just my clumsy antics'
But he wore her smile & did not care about the chip

Put your heart in these clumsy hands
I'll be careful but you got to understand
I have a tendency to break so many things
Left 'em laying around where I knew they should not have been
Sometimes I fall down but I'll get up again
& keep your heart in these clumsy hands

Now this handy man he traveled with his tools
You gotta be prepared it was his only rule
& when he met this gal he knew he'd have to make a few repairs

A roll of duct tape and a socket wrench,
he's used 'em plenty when he's in a pinch
And he handled that clumsy girl with everloving care

Put your heart in these clumsy hands
I'll be careful but you got to understand
I have a tendency to break so many things
Left 'em laying around where I knew they should not have been
Sometimes I fall down but I'll get up again
& keep your heart in these clumsy hands

Now every love story's got to have a good end
& some rules you break and some rules you bend
& this handyman tried like hell to put the ending off
I guess she broke his heart just one time too many
He looked for his tape and found that he did not have any
He headed south he headed south he headed south

Put your heart in these clumsy hands
I'll be careful but you got to understand
I have a tendency to break so many things
Left 'em laying around where I knew they should not have been
Sometimes I fall down but I'll get up again
& keep your heart in these clumsy hands

EVERYWHERE I GO

I am a tourist seven days a week
I don't mind the traffic & I got a gypsy streak
You can't be the prodigal son
if you never come back home
But I hope you're thinking of me everywhere I go

Now I never have the money to ever hang around
But I always got the money if you want to blow this town
The only souvenirs will be the dust from the road
And I'll never shake it off me everywhere I go

We could take the interstate
We could take the scenic drive
Like a fish moving up stream
Keep moving just to stay alive
No time to take the shortcut
It's a long and winding road
& I'm thankful that it's out there
everywhere I go

I am a tourist seven days a week
I don't mind the traffic
& I got a gypsy streak
You can't be the prodigal son
if you never come back home
But I hope you're thinking of me
everywhere I go

IF I'D THOUGHT

If I'd have thought what I'd had said
wouda hurt you so bad
those word's would never left my head
I told the truth and I got caught.
Where in the world would I be now
if I'd a thought?

You asked me what. & I told you what.
Remember that you asked for it
& then you said I took a cheap shot
You give me grief and I said thanks a lot.
Never wouda turned out this way
if I'da thought

I thought that I could smooth it over with a little eloquence
I don't think that the worst is over til we're handed our consequences
Don't you know they get expensive

More than I bargained for, that's what I got.
& all the while you're selling out
I bought and bought and bought and bought
I tried to strike while the iron's hot.
I wasn't kicking you while you're down
if only I'd have thought.

I thought that I could smooth it over with a little eloquence
I don't' think that the worst is over til we're handed our consequences
Don't you know they get expensive

EXCUSES, EXCUSES

La da da da

Excuses excuses what's the matter with me

Why does it seem I invite you

It's no use it's no use in coming around

Now that I've found one good reason

Now I know there are many things that I should do

Write a letter to you , I could wash a dish or two

& I give myself deadlines, they pass me right by

oh how time flies oh it flies

& I find myself wondering when I will change

I keep waiting around til that god given day

Until then my time just keeps slipping away

La da da da

Now I need a decision, which way to go

Do I bask in the glow or head out heel and toe

& I'm too good at wishing on pennies and on stars

it keeps me from taking some action

& I find myself wondering when I will change

I keep waiting around til that god given day

Until then my time just keeps slipping away

La da da da

Excuses, Excuses what's the matter with me?

La da da da

SOURPUSS

Look at you you sourpuss you don't leave home without your frown
You even got the matching set when you wear it with your furrowed brow
Save your smile for company. You wouldn't want to wear it out
Like a Mr roger's potato head you take off the smile you put on a pout

Boy oh boy that's quite a scowl when you get home from work
Kick the dog you make her howl all because of some other jerks
& when the going gets a little rougher
it's only fair that we all suffer

we could hold a contest, you could win first place
for the one who could keep the meanest mad look written on his face
you'd go down in history written up in all the books
as the one who spent the most time practicing his world famous dirty looks

Boy oh boy that's quite a scowl when you get home from work
Kick the dog you make her howl all because of some other jerks
& when the going gets a little rougher
it's only fair that we all suffer

I'd give you a happy thought if I thought you could take it
Even if you're not really mad I think you just like to fake it
Let's see that Cheshire grin lets see those pearly whites
Catch more flies with honey baby it'll keep you outta fights.
But you like to fight

DO YOU

I'm sorry that I kept you waiting
Both sides of my brain debating
I come to you now with my head in my hands
I've got an idea I've got big plans
Won't you take another chance
Give me another one too
That's why I waited on a slow dance
So I could hang on to you
Do you?

What's this world coming to?
Oh, it's making me realize that I need you
I want my freedom but it don't come cheap
I want your love and a good night's sleep
Can't you hold me in your arms
Just til the end of this song
That's why I waited on a slow one
Cuz they last a little longer
Do you?

Oh, I knew when I said it I was digging a hole
I just didn't know that the tape was rolling
You try to forgive but you can't forget
Giving so much that you're living in debt
You can't rewind & I can't erase
but I can kiss those tears
right off of your face
do you

ONE ROLLERSKATE

I found a postcard that I meant to send you
From a time when I missed you when we were apart
I liked to miss you cuz at least then I had you
Now this tattered postcard is all that's left of my heart

I found a roller skate we got at the yard sale
You got the left one cuz I took the right
And in the right moments we were a matched pair
But nothing's as useless as one roller skate

And I wonder what happened, what made it so hard
To find a mailbox and mail your postcard
I sure am sorry, but it's just too late
Nothing's as useless as one roller skate
Nothings as worthless as one rollerskate

I found a T-shirt you loaned to my sister
The last time we all did some work in the yard
And I wonder the would-haves and the could-haves and should-haves
If only I'd mailed that old postcard

I found a picture of both of us smiling
Taken way back when you had short hair
Your hair's past your shoulders now love
& I don't remember if I'd seen us smiling, both of us smiling since that picture there

And I wonder what happened, what made it so hard
To find a mailbox and mail your postcard
I sure am sorry, but it's just too late
Nothing's as useless as one roller skate
Nothings as worthless as one roller skate

TAKE YOU WITH ME

The mail's been piling up for the last two weeks
Give away two dollars for every dollar I keep
I can't even find my ends let alone make them meet
Heading out the door again on four hours sleep

I know you are waiting on my return
Anticipating all the lessons I have learned
Dreaming about it having money to burn
Maybe someday baby it'll be our turn

I'd do it all for you
Ain't nothing that I would not do
I'd do it all for you
Everything I got to do
If I could do it all again
I'd take you with me when I go

I pull in the driveway walk through that gate
Came home a day early, but it was too damn late
The house it feels so empty that's the one thing I hate
The note on the table said you could not wait

I'd do it all for you
Ain't nothing that I would not do
I'd do it all for you
Everything I got to do
If I could do it all again
I'd take you with me when I go

84 FORD GOODTIMES

I wanna get out on the road
It doesn't have to be the right road
I'd drive for miles and miles and miles in any direction
I like the feeling of the wheel in my hands
And taking off with no particular plans
Waiting til I get over that hill to find a radio staion

I wanna get out on the road
It doesn't have to be a straight road
I don't mind all the weaving and the winding in a room with a rear view
I like the sound of gravel in my wheels
And the howling of the hounds at my heels
Once I'm outta range, outta danger, no reason to fear you

I can't wait to hit the city limits of this town
Cuz after that the sky is the limit
At least til we break down....the road

I wanna get out on the road
You can leave all your luggage just to lighten the load
It's not the destination, but the journey that I'll treasure best
I don't have to be going nowhere
But I'll send you a post card when I get there
I'm heading north or south or east or west

I can't wait to hit the city limits of this town
Cuz after that the sky is the limit
At least til we break down....the road