

Mike's Country Song

You can't have all my time  
cause it's not mine to give  
gotta work eight hours every day  
Then I'll sleep seven more  
fifteen out of twenty-four  
doesn't leave much time for love

Q: Banjo, Vocal  
M: Guitar, Vocal  
J: Bass  
D: Spoons



OK, My Love

You say there is no reason  
for what passes through my brain  
I say it's just the season  
and something to do with rain  
Then I say, "Just ignore me  
cause I'm a little messed up"  
and you say, "OK, my love"

You say life's not exciting  
but I say I disagree  
cause I did a little experiment  
and I let life happen to me  
And you know: nothing happened  
responsibility fell on me  
And you say, "OK, well, we'll see"

You say there's no right season  
to get married in  
I say for some strange reason  
I've always kind of liked the Spring  
So you say we should wait  
until we're married before we screw  
I say OK, darling, it's all up to you  
Then you say, "Just ignore me  
cause I'm a little messed up"  
And I say, "OK, my love"

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Arch-top  
J: Bass  
D: Washboard

I Wanna Forget That You Were Mine

And now it seems that in my room  
the walls have faded  
to a shade of gloom  
I don't know how  
this could be true  
I thought that time had made  
a ghost of you

And I have grieved now  
for two months time  
the last time this happened  
it was more like nine  
I don't want to hurt again for that  
long length of time  
I just want to forget  
that you were mine

I thought that dreams  
would mean escape  
but they hurt just as bad  
as wide awake  
Because you are there  
holding him  
and while I die  
you just sit there and grin

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Bass  
J: Arch-Top  
D: Tide Bottle



Flamin' Hair

The first night of my life  
I got drunk and you're there  
with your flamin' hair  
You're puking in the john  
and you're falling apart  
so I take your hand  
and you take my drunken heart

And I was a sucker for your locks of red  
they got in my eyes  
and started messing with my head

We're falling off of the couch  
and we're falling in love  
and so I pray to God above  
that in the morning it will all be all right  
and this won't last just for one night

But you speak of drugs that I can't believe  
I want to make you stop  
but then, who's life do I lead?

And yet, my concern  
you greeted it with dignity  
I cared for you and you respected me

Our relationship grew with the heat of a rash  
and you still have got my pants  
And of all the things that I know are wrong  
I'm still afraid that the attraction is still strong

And to add to the list  
we were both on the rebound  
but that never stopped us from going to town

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Arch-top  
J: Bass  
Scott Berndt: Traps

(You've Got Me) Rolled Up Your Sleeve

There's a part of me  
that burns for you  
it's a flaming heart heating a stew  
it's a bloody hatchet  
to cleave you in two  
So why don't you set me free?  
You've got me rolled up your sleeve

There's a part of me  
that years for you  
it's a bad actor missing his cue  
it's a Guston painting  
of a big pinkish shoe  
So why don't you set me free?  
You've got me rolled up your sleeve

If there were only two roads  
to walk down  
I would gladly choose yours  
and if there were only  
two rooms to enter  
I would gladly choose your door  
and if there were only  
two bottles to drink from  
I would gladly  
take a pull off of yours  
So why don't you set me free?  
You've got me rolled up your sleeve

Q: Guitar, Vocal

Jon; Kristine; Craig and Eric Ching; Tom Spartz; Jeff Moonska-Records; Jeff's folks; the Flynns; Amy; Danny; Cousint Lonny; Sarah, KL, Rene, Kelly, and Pam (Quillan's one-and-only Honky-Tonk Angel), without whom most of these songs would neither have been written nor performed; Kate Norris; Mom and the Bear; Grandfolks; Marvelous & Alice; John Cleveland; Marcus & the Bad Cousin; Anne; all of Dan's parents; the Hed dungeon crew: Wee-Del, Rocker, and Chainsaw; Linda Monick-Isenberg; Paula Sethre; Kurt Nordwall; the shitheads at Rapid Oil Change; the Bird; Eric Bear and Kia from the Fine Line; David Ricker and Rob from the Turf Club; Mike at Cheapo Records; Hollywood, Jacob Sinn, Jefferson Koegeel, Al Brewer, Matt and Page, and the rest of the Drigglers, new and old; Lynn and Nacho; Ali; Tim and Elizabeth Trudeau; Paul Doescumfast, Scott Burnthole, Corey Asmsterson, and Kris Goldenschauer; FW&M: Tony, Joe, Peter and Andy; Mona Boone: John, Dan, Kent and Ryan; Ken and Barb; the Slettehaughs and the Valdez; family members and friends that have passed away: Mike's Father, Phil Spartz, John Gunderson, Mike Griffin, and Bill Kralick: may they rest in peace

thank you.



Thanks go to:

Accident Clearinghouse is:

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All songs written and ©1996:  
Accident Clearinghouse except  
"What Was Your Name  
in the States?" Traditional  
with additional Lyrics by AC

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The Simple-Hearted  
Sounds of  
**Accident  
Clearinghouse**

Featuring 19 All-New Country-and-Western Hits:

- The Road Is Rocky
- First Dance
- Drive Away
- High Mileage
- Calendar Year
- I Gotta Forget
- I Got Friends
- Flamin' Hair
- Count Me Out
- Mike's Country Song
- OK, My Love
- Different Life
- Big City Trouble
- (You Got Me) Rolled Up Your Sleeve
- Never To Rise
- 4AM In January
- The Night That Daddy Got His Gun
- What Was Your Name In The States?
- I Wanna Forget That You Were Mine

Volume I Saginaw Sweetheart

Calendar Year

First Dance

The Road Is Rocky

Drive Away

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High Mileage

What Was Your Name In The States?

4AM In January

Different Life

I Got Friends

Never To Rise

I Gotta Forget

The Night That Daddy Got His Gun

And he's waiting there on that island  
and those are tears he's crying  
for a wife he can't reach  
cause salvation is half concentration  
and three-fourths perspiration  
and her name is Penelope

He knows there's no hoping to reach through the air  
and to find that his hand  
has landed on something bare

So now he's singing somewhat untimely  
"Hook, line, and tie me to the counter of the bar"  
But while he's sinking into his drinking  
he's dreaming and thinking about riding in his car

He's driving and driving  
to find the end of the road  
even though he's not sure  
that's somewhere he wants to go

There's no use in complaining  
he knows the reasons why  
Fate is a fickle mistress  
and now she's passing him by

They say Jesus looks after drunks and babies  
so he's thinking maybe He'll come and find me here  
But while he's sinking into his drinking  
the Savior is thinking "Buy that man a beer"

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Banjo  
J: Bass  
D: Washboard

Sitting in the sun I want to  
smell you, want to smell you  
but it's cold outside  
and I don't have gasoline  
You are far away  
in a place where it's warm  
Sure we've never met  
but I know our love is real

Don't lead me on  
because I get hurt easy

Panties 'round your knees is  
how I see you, how I see you  
I've got no clothes  
to call my own so with you  
I'm always bare  
is that a physical condition  
or just a state of mind?  
I don't know, I'm not sure  
and with you I don't care

I trust in you  
please trust in me  
I can see the future  
please take that first dance  
with me

I'm scared  
please take my hand  
give me a chance  
give me that first dance

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Mandolin  
J: Bass  
D: Washboard



Leaving behind the bright city lights  
the country's where I go  
I've got to find some peace of mind  
so I turn down a lonesome dirt road  
And when the moon is full  
and the whiskey runs dry  
a man can tell a lot by  
the road that he drives  
they say to him  
"Son, this is the path you will fly  
until you choose to choose  
or until you choose to die"

Trying to find an answer to my pain  
I know what I have to do  
got to close the door  
and look inside  
got to find something  
called the truth  
And I know the road is rocky  
I know cause my feet are bare  
I wish that I didn't have to hurt  
but sometimes you got to hurt  
to find that you're there

And I know the light is shining  
I know cause my chest is bare  
It reflects off of my pale skin  
bounces around in the dark  
to find the answers there

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Arch-top  
J: Bass  
D: Washboard

If it's just your heart talking to me  
I think you'd better spit that muffle free  
cause everything you say  
comes out way too strong  
and I think I'm getting it all wrong

If it's just your tongue trying to explain  
I think you'd better quit  
cause its causing us more pain  
Time came along and drove us apart  
and now there's nothing we can do  
about this change of heart

But I could drive my problems away  
and not live to see another day  
so why don't you just let me be  
in this bottle I picked out just for me

If it's just your brain licking your wounds  
I know how you feel  
cause I've got them too  
But I know how to deal  
with all the pain and fear  
I just anesthetize it all with beer

If it's just your heart trying to speak  
it's hard to hear  
cause we're feeling so weak  
We gave our hearts to each other  
and now I ask for what  
so we could throw them in the dust

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Mandolin  
J: Bass  
D: Tide Bottle

Sitting in my room  
watching the TV  
Waiting in my room  
for something to grab me  
La-dee-da-dee-da  
La-dee-da-dee-da

Sitting in my room  
with the covers pulled up o'er me  
I got my bottle close  
cause my baby done left me  
If this is what love's all about  
Count me out



Sitting in my room  
with the covers pulled up o'er me  
There are monsters in my room  
and they're waiting to grab me  
If this is what life's all about  
Count me out

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Arch-top  
J: Bass  
D: Spoons

Green eyes, red hair  
don't you, don't you dare  
go break my heart again, not again  
But if you shoot up  
I swear that would be enough  
to crack the crank-case  
on my personal engine

Small life, big dreams  
living beyond your means  
it's enough to break you, especially  
after all the shit you been through  
But if you give up  
I swear that would be enough  
to make me hate you  
because life isn't win or lose

Jeff plays Farrar on the stereo  
I wonder how far I would go  
It's a sad song and I think of you  
these feelings after date number two

Green eyes, red hair  
don't you, don't you dare  
go break my heart again, not again

And this has been  
the strangest week of my life

One girl leaves me then I meet you  
Life's done a number all over you  
and your years they are high mileage  
but I think I have some answers for you

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Bass  
J: Mandolin  
D: Tide Bottle

What was your name in the states?  
Was it Johnson or Thompson or Bates?  
Did you murder your wife  
then fly for your life?  
Say what was your name in the states?

What did you do to her?  
Was it something like bloody murder?  
Was it something you can bet  
you'll always regret?  
Say what did you do to her?

What did you do with her corpse?  
Did you feed it to your horse?  
Was it on hallowed ground  
or an alley in town?  
Say what did you do with her corpse?

Can you hear the sirens growing near?  
Can you hear them  
with your murderous ear?  
I think you'd better run  
in your three-quarter ton  
Say can you hear the sirens growing near?

Can you hear the sirens growing near?  
I think you'd better run from here  
before I hand them your life  
for my sister your wife  
Say can you hear the sirens growing near?

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Banjo  
J: Bass  
D: Washboard

She went to the bathroom  
and I crawled out the door  
I left a note on her pillow  
"Thank you  
but I can't take any more"

Now sometimes  
when we meet on the street  
we pretend to be friends  
I don't know  
maybe she still means it  
but it makes me  
nauseous just the same  
because that night that she  
went into the bathroom  
I didn't want a fuck  
but when she offered  
my confused head her body  
I forgot all about love

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Bass  
J: Mandolin  
D: Tide Bottle



Now you come from  
a different life than I  
but I know how to deal  
without getting high  
cause chemicals will smile  
and offer up their hand  
they'll take away your pain  
and take you to the Promised Land

But Love ain't something  
you can run from  
there's nowhere  
you can ever hope to hide

It's not a game for winners  
it's not a game for losers  
it's not a game

Now I am running with the Devil  
we're in a foot-race  
to see who claims your soul  
now I want to offer you all of my love  
but the Devil wants to put you  
in his Hell-hole

But Love ain't something  
you can count on  
in the sense that  
it's a concept you can't pin down  
You can't rope it in with a promise  
cause it lives all around every town

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Arch-top  
J: Bass  
D: Washboard

It's a hard life but I drink  
I'd feel all right  
if I could just learn to play solos  
and I got friends  
who say that we'll be rock-stars  
if we can just wait awhile

And I know it'll be a long time

And Jeff was there  
the day that Dave's dad died  
and he was with me  
when Christina dumped me

And I know that it's just bad luck

I've got friends  
who say life's not picturesque  
if you're not dressed for it

And I got friends  
who say that they'll stick by me  
and they're still here  
watching my color TV  
and that sweater  
is still in the corner  
from that party  
two months ago

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Bass, Vocal  
J: Banjo  
D: Washboard

If you want to go down  
in the North Woods the waves do pound  
And if you don't want to be found  
the waves will swallow you like the ground

And never to rise  
the world will never see your eyes  
and never to be seen the world will never  
know the strength of dreams

What can't be seen  
the world will oft times label it obscene  
But what is in your heart  
don't worry child  
because that is not a part

But never to be heard  
now "silence" becomes the only word  
and never to be known  
there's a part of you you've got to show

Trying to be understood  
ain't off as easy as it should  
But if you persevere  
there are one or two maybe who can hear

So never be afraid  
and your reward will be duly paid  
and never to run  
you've got to face, dear, the rising sun

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Arch-top  
J: Bass  
D: Tide Bottle



Woke up this morning  
to a brand new life  
and I was surprised, I was surprised  
So I choked down some cereal  
and I missed your light  
but I won't cry, cause I can't cry

So pass the bong: I need a hit  
I gotta forget shit

I got no one to play for  
except my boys  
and that's not OK, that's not OK  
I got nothing to look forward to  
not even divorce  
oh, what a rotten day  
what a rotten day

So don't bogart the joint:  
I need a hit  
I gotta forget shit

I stuffed all our memories  
in a cardboard box  
and my glass is tall, my glass is tall  
I found all these things  
that I forgot  
and I want them all  
Lord, I want them all

So pass the pipe: I need a hit  
I gotta forget shit

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Banjo  
J: Bass  
D: Tide Bottle

The night that my sister got raped Daddy got his gun  
there were three boys to kill but he only got one  
The police man came and took my dad away  
said, "Sir, from the gallows you will sway"

So Daddy went to court said, "What about my girl?"  
The judge said, "Sir, that don't justify murder  
Besides, she was drunk and in my opinion  
probably asked for what was done"

So I pray and I pray and I pray and I pray  
that the Devil takes those boys away

So the Judge went ahead  
and sentenced my Dad to death  
while those two living boys just got a slap on the wrist  
And my sister cried because they'd go free  
while Daddy died and her life was scarred  
by those boys three

When Daddy hung the dead boys Pa he came up to me  
said, "Son, do you still love your murdering pappy?"  
I looked him in the eye and I said,  
"Sir, do you still love your boys what raped my sister?"

And I pray and I pray and I pray and I pray  
that Jesus takes my Dad away

Their crimes are unpunished, those boys are still loose  
while it should have been their necks  
what broke in that noose  
And my sister was only fourteen years young  
the night that daddy got his gun

Q: Guitar, Vocal  
M: Banjo, Vocal  
J: Bass  
D: Washboard