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AFTERNOONS & COFFEESPOONS

Words and Music by
BRAD ROBERTS

Moderately fast

\[ F \]

\[ Bb/F \]

\[ mf \]

\[ Csus \]

\[ F \]

\[ Csus \]

\[ F \]

What is it that makes me just a little bit
Times

when the day is like a play

May be if I could do a play
Queasy? There's a breeze that Sar - tre. When it seems a play - back, I could change the

makes my breathing not so eas - y. book - burn - ing's in per - fect or - der. test re - sults that I will get back.

I've had my lungs checked out with X rays. I've smelled the I gave my doc - tor my de - scription. I've tried to I've watched the sum - mer even - nings pass by. I've heard the

hos - pi - tal hall - ways. stick to my pre - scriptions. rat - tle in my bron - chi.
Someday I'll have a disappearing hair line.

Someday I'll wear pajamas in the day-

time.
Oh, afternoons will be measured out,
measured out, measured with coffee spoons,

and T. S. Eliot.
Afternoons will be measured out, measured out, measured with

coffee-spoons and T. S. Eliot.
GOD SHUFFLED HIS FEET

Words and Music by BRAD ROBERTS

Moderately
no chord

D  Bm

After seven days,
He was

G  D  A  D

quite tired,
so God said:
"Let there be a

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day just for picnics, with wine and bread.

He gathered up some people he had made, created blankets and laid back in the shade.

“Once there was a people sipped their wine, and what with God there, they asked Him who woke up and what with God there, they asked Him with boy out on their blankets in the
D

testions, like: Do you have to
blue hair. To him it was a
gar den. But God said noth-

Bm

eat or get your hair
joy, un - til he ran
ing. So, some - one asked
cut in out into the

G

Bm

heaven? And if your eye got
warm air. He thought of how his
par don: I'm not quite clear a
poked out in this life,
friends would come to see;
would it be waiting up in
and would they laugh or he
bout what you just spoke.
Was that a parable or a

heaven with your wife?
got some strange disease?

God shuffled His

feet
and glanced around

The

people cleared their throats
and stared right
HERE I STAND BEFORE ME
Words and Music by BRAD ROBERTS

Moderately
Esus            A(ADD2)
My doc - tor told me that
Well, take my fin - gers,

E
it was time for me to have my ___ X ___ - ray. ___
what do fin - gers real - ly mean to ___ me? ___

Film
Of course, I had man - y night - mares ___
Oh, you can eas - i - ly look ___ them up ___

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a-bout the fa-tal day. The room was dark and my
in the dic-tion-ar-y. They call the dig-its or
(D.S.) Harmonica solo

skel-e-ton was float-ing on the wall.
tech-ni-c'ly they're known as the "pha-lan-
ges."

My voice
My joints
My, my,
the

Solo ends
trembles down inside me.

I'm trapped way down

Hey, hey,

way down in my body.

I, I, I, oh, here I stand before me,

but something's out of place here. My mind's eye
is missing from my body.

Well, I know it's there,

but I can't see where.

My bones shine brightly, a map of my whole body.

My vital organs just churn away inside me. Some
they're going to stop this motion,

and I'll be left with...

I can stare and stare,

but I can't see where.
HOW DOES A DUCK KNOW?

Moderately

F5

How come
How do a duck know
what direction

I just smoke
and smoke and smoke and curse
every butt

south is?
spit out?

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And how to tell his wife
All night long I grind my teeth
from all the other ducks?
and wake up when I cough.

You can cut a chicken’s head off,
person pulls a spider’s leg out.
You can put me in an iron lung.

but it will keep on running
and to watch it keep on moving
and I will keep on breathing
and
When every thing seems planned out,

when every thing seems nicely planned out,

well the human race will come and smack your face.
To Coda

How come all my body parts
so nicely fit together?

All my organs doing their jobs, no help from me!

Satan
lives here on grain and earth, rain and air.

You might be dead, but you keep your head.

Repeat and Fade
I THINK I'LL DISAPPEAR NOW

Words and Music by 
BRAD ROBERTS

In a strong four (\(^\frac{3}{4}\))

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warning

is like catching a sniff of te-

quila in the morning. But I'll try, I'll try to keep my food down.

That's quite an aftertaste that you've left now that

you're not around.
You can just
I'll buy a
Well, you can bet that
pretend we're not in the same room.
fast car. I'll drive it fast from here.
I'll forget how it was then:

Well alright, I'll just most
I haven't seen since last year.
all the drives to your farm for the weekend.

You flew by like a summer vacation
and you left me with
It's far, but I like night drives;
it just makes it
But I've seen the swim-suit magazines
and I've smelled te-
T. V. movies and a messy kitchen.

nicer when I do arrive.
quila first thing in the morning.

I think I'll disappear now,

slip out sideways. Just for a while,

but until then,

I'll stay in and sleep late. Ex
cuse me.

Aren't you going to

miss me?

Aren't you going to even say one

thing to me anymore?
 Aren't you going to

miss me?

 Aren't you going to

even say one thing to me anymore?

Your ears are ringing
from me. You aren't going to even say one thing to me anymore, one thing to me anymore.
IN THE DAYS OF THE CAVE MAN

Words and Music by
BRAD ROBERTS

Moderately fast

G#m F#5 B

When you go on camping trips, you're stuck right out in nature.

G#m B/F# E(add2) F#5

Foraging the forests like a primate.

E F# G#m

Using sharpened tools instead of hot plates.

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Your thumb and forefinger
Sometimes when I lie awake,
when I finally get to sleep,
supposed to show you’re not a wild beast.
I hear the rain fall on my tent fly.
I dream in technicolor.

You can hear their noises at night time.
I think of all the insects that are sleeping,
I see creatures come back from the Ice Age;
They don't have to keep a certain bedtime.
and wonder if the animals are dreaming?
alive and being fed inside a zoo cage.

See in the shapes of my body leftover parts from the apes and monkeys.
In the days of the caveman and mammoths and glaciers, bugs and trees were your food then; no pajamas or
mammoths and glaciers, bugs and trees were your food then; no pyjamas or doctors.
Moderately (not too fast)

Words and Music by BRAD ROBERTS

Once there was this kid who
Once there was this girl who
then there was this boy whose

got into an accident and couldn't come to school, but
wouldn't go and change with the girls in the change room. And
parents made him come directly home right after school. And

when he finally came back
when they finally made
when they went to their

church
his hair had turned from black into bright white.
they saw birth marks all over her body.
they shook and lurched all over the church.

Bb

Bb7/Ab

Ab

said that it was from when the cars had smashed
could n't quite explain it. They'd always just

B

B

B

so been gone

hard.

there.

gone

there.

Gm7          Dm7          Gm7          Dm7          Ab(add9)          Bbsus
Mmm mmm mmm mmm. Mmm mmm mmm mmm.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Ab(add9)</th>
<th>Bbsus</th>
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<th>Ab(add9)</th>
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<th>Gm7</th>
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Mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm.

Tu Coda (©)

Gm7          Dm7          Ab(add9)          Bbsus          Ab(add9)          Bbsus
Mmm mmm mmm mmm.

Fm          Eb          Bb          Fm
But both girl and boy were glad that one kid had it
worse than that.

'Cause

CODA

Ab(add9)  Bb sus  Fm

Ab(3r)  Bb  Fm  Eb  Bb

Ab(3r)  Eb  Eb/G

Repeat and Fade
THE PSYCHIC

Words and Music by BRAD ROBERTS

Moderately

A
C
F
A
D
Gsus2

D

G

She knows the
She said her
What does she

future like the palm of your hand.
visions were a bane in her life.
think when she fore-tells a dis-ease?
She knows your past like the lay of the land.

She could not control them, they kept her up nights.

Would she keep it a secret if death stood before me?

The first time she met me, I knew what you're thinking.

What could some cards hold?

She saw right through me, some cards and a cane.

She knew things.

Where is her foothold? Can I escape?
And she said,

"All the years that have come to pass and all the years that shall be

I see here right before me."
Will there be earthquakes and great tidal waves?
Can she see back to the dinosaur days?
How can she foresee just by
squinting at me? And can she see me na-

ked in her mind's eye?

I see here before me.
SWIMMING IN YOUR OCEAN

Words and Music by BRAD ROBERTS

Moderately slow

F(add2)

When I’m sampling from your bosom,
When I kneel before your bounty,
And when you let me taste your fingers,

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sometimes I suffer from distractions like:
I take them like fruit and as I linger, I

Why does God cause things like tornados that come from other my seed will find pure

— does planets chase
— train wrecks?

When I'm swimming in, when I'm swimming in your ocean,
floating aloft on creams
and scented lotion, well,

I can get pretty side tracked.
I hope you understand.
G          Dm7

Bb          D.S. al Coda

CODA       C

I can get pretty side - tracked.

I hope you un - der - stand.

Am          Em
With a heavy back beat

A(add2)  E  B(add4)

Once there were two knights and

A(add2)  Em  C#m

maid-ens.

They'd walk to-

B  C  D  G

gather out in the gardens
in all kinds of weath-er.

The knights al-way-s pes-tered the
knights took the po-lions
knights on-ly laughed at the

maid-ens
glad-ly.
ti-gers;

to love them to-geth-er
They laughed at their vi-sions,
they thought they were vi-sions.

out in the gar-den and they could _
but out-side the gar-den ti-gers __
Out in the gar-den the maid-ens __
watch smelled watched each other.
smelled them together.
watched them together.

The maidens had other plans for the two knights:

they'd give them potions

and make them see dreams and lights.

The
D.S. al Coda

CODA

The

Ah,

but for the two knights.

Am7

G/B

C

F

Am

but for maidens who gave to them

Bb

C

F

Ah,

Bb

F

Bb

dreams and lights.
When I Go Out with Artists

Words and Music by
BRAD ROBERTS

Moderately

D

A

E

D

mf

mf

mf

When I go out with artists,
I was David Byrne,
they talk about language and the cubists and the dadaists and I
I'd go to galleries and not be too concerned. Well, I would
Bm
try
to
catch	heir
mean-
ings
and
keep
up
with
have
a
cup
of
cof-
fee
and
I'd
find
my
sur-

E
all
of
their
mar-
tin-
ls.
round-
ings
quite
a-
mus-
ing.
And
I
don't
know
which
people
would
ask
me
should
be
my
fa-
v'rite

A
which
were
my
fa-
v'rite

E

paint
paint
ings,

A
If
I
could
see,
if
I

D

F#m
could
see,
if
I
could
see
all
the
sym-
bs,
un-
lock
what
they
mean,
Maybe I could, maybe I could, maybe I could meet the artists and get to know them personally.

What if the artists ran the T.V.?
All the ads would be for fine scotch or whisky:
Glenfiddich,

Glenlivet, the whole single malt family.
The artists of the

...
future
will make up new things and

diff'rent nomenclatures. And they'll stand amongst their

pictures and they'll sing and laugh and quote from scriptures. And

when they go home, they'll dream of brilliant paintings.
If I could see, if I could see, if I could see all the symbols, unlock what they mean,

maybe I could, maybe I could, maybe I could meet the artists and get to know them personally.

If I could see, if I could see, if I could
see all the symbols, unlock what they mean, maybe I could, maybe I could, maybe I could meet the artists and get to know them personally.

B G#m D E B