

## The Stanfields - Vanguard of the Young and Reckless Lyrics

### Dagger Woods

Out in the woods not long ago, outside a town ten miles or so  
Man and wife and two small babies camping in a glade  
on an Indian Summer getaway, a weekend full of rest and play  
tuckered out from their full day, now sitting 'round a fire  
but lurking in the shadows was a demon with a big ol' set of eyes  
and an appetite for souls like these, feeding time tonite  
They never heard it coming  
They never saw it coming  
They were never seen or heard from again

### *Chorus*

The Hidey-Hinder, by the gates of Hades,  
overcame Daddy and took the Mama and babies  
The Hidey-Hinder done took 'em good  
back to its lair, deep in Dagger Woods

The tale goes back hundreds of years, through the countless days and hours  
when the golden plow first broke the land, folks started disappearing  
the locals swear beyond a doubt, it came over on the first slowboat  
the bloodthirsty monster they call the Hidey-Hinder  
an old world apparition hitched a ride to the new world in disguise  
supernatural baggage in the hold from a hard life left behind  
if they knew what they was bringin', I sure would not be singin'  
'bout people never seen or heard again

### *Chorus*

The Hidey-Hinder, of the old world nations,  
has reigned in terror for seven generations  
Oh Hidey-Hinder, I wish I could  
prove you exist, deep in Dagger Woods

Now let's go back to the present day, to a prison far the other way  
to a broken lonely man, that lonely man is me  
I told the judge what I'm telling you, said "such a thing cannot be true"  
he locked me up for murder and threw away the key  
He said the only monster that he's seen sits right before his eyes  
he stared me down, shook his head and condemed me as a sick man telling lies

I shoulda seen it comin'  
shoulda known that it was comin'  
now I'll never see the light of day again

*Chorus*

Oh Hidey-Hinder, of the million maybes  
I know to be true, my Jilly and my babies  
Oh Hidey-Hinder, ya done took 'em good  
Away from me, deep in Dagger Woods

Thats where I should be, in Dagger Woods  
Hanging from a tree, in Dagger Woods  
For all the world to see, in Dagger Woods  
Back with my family, in Dagger Woods

**The Dirtiest Drunk (in the History of Liquor)**

I knew a fella back in 1998, wasn't real bright but he had alot of nerve  
drank like a fish and he had a special place in the bottom of the learning curve  
He had ten bills when he left his parents house, frothin' at the mouth and a'shootin  
from the hip  
He giv'er for a week and recovered for a day, counted change with a busted lip

The Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk in the History of Liquor  
The Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk in the History of Liquor

He had enough left to buy some cream to settle all the itchin' where the sun don't shine  
He looked like a 50 pound sack of potatoes, all hungover in the foodbank line

The Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk in the History of Liquor  
The Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk in the History of Liquor

Doin' lines on the dash of mama's Silverado with a piss-stained, rolled up drinking fine  
the keys are in the truck, and the truck's the harbour, with a Colt 45 and daddy's  
moonshine

The Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk in the History of Liquor  
The Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk in the History of Liquor  
The Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk in the History of Liquor  
The Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk, Dirtiest Drunk in the History of Liquor

## Ship to Shore

See the world in technicolor, see what you can do  
Five and niner fiddlesticks to tango echo two  
miles away from wastin' at the local five-and-dime  
to wishing you were somewhere else to help to pass the time  
armed to the teeth and underneath a relentless foreign sun  
armed to the teeth and underneath a relentless foreign sun

Riots, blood, sand and mud was all I got to see  
in Kandahar, El Salvador, Belfast and Barbary  
I went mad in Stalingrad and I shivered to the bone  
so I danced a jig in Ladysmith and wished that I was home  
armed to the teeth and underneath a relentless foreign sun  
armed to the teeth and underneath a relentless foreign sun

### *Chorus*

Just another lowly victim in the struggle for hearts and minds  
To the finest sons and daughters in the struggle of their life  
Guns and pipers, ship to shore  
off to fight a rich man's war  
like our fathers did before

*(instrumental)*

### *Chorus*

Just another lowly victim in the struggle for hearts and minds  
To the finest sons and daughters in the struggle of their life  
Guns and pipers, ship to shore  
off to fight a rich man's war  
like our fathers did before  
Guns and pipers, ship to shore  
off to fight a rich man's war  
like our fathers did before  
Guns and pipers, ship to shore  
ship to shore, ship to shore.

## Antics

Everyone knows me, the local inside joke  
I was once the life of the party  
pills, liquor and smoke  
It makes a fella stop and wonder "how much did I lose?"  
in the dying breath of the party  
a part of me died too

The demons, the devils, and the ghosts of rock and roll  
The *vanguard of the young and reckless*  
left town long ago  
They say I need to sober up and lay low for a while  
They say "the knucklehead is a classic case  
of hopeless self denial".

### *Chorus*

Tellin' the same old stories  
scared of getting old.  
Tellin' the same old stories  
scared of getting old.

Now I'm old and decrepid, and miss the golden days  
a fleeting thing that passed me by  
somewhere in the haze  
I should try to raise a garden, vote and volunteer  
or get a motorbike and a line of credit  
and get the hell out of here

### *Chorus*

But I'm telling the same old stories  
scared of getting old  
livin' the same old stories  
scared of getting old  
stuck in the same old stories  
scared of getting old

**Footsteps in Sand (words and music by Jonny Stevens - arranged by The Stanfields)**

You dont hold your head  
like you did before  
You've been travelling for miles  
only to find another door

*Chorus*

Like footsteps made in sand  
disappearing in this land  
dreaming's a lost cause when you're down here

Your hair, it stands on end  
and your will, it starts to bend  
that's exactly what they see  
in the end, what's left is dreams

I got a pocket full of overdue bills  
I got a notion for my own cheap thrills  
I'll take my time, it will be alright  
well, if you walk with me tonight

I heard a song on the radio  
It wont move you like you want  
whatcha gonna do  
when your heroes are all gone?

*Chorus*

Like footsteps made in sand  
disappearing in this land  
dreaming's a lost cause when you're down here  
when you're down here  
when you're down here  
oh when you're down here

## **Jimmy No More**

Jimmy went for wood and the crows got him  
the crows got him, the crows got him  
Jimmy went for wood and the crows got him  
the crows got him good

Jimmy went for water the crows got him  
the crows got him, the crows got him  
Jimmy went for water and the crows got him  
the crows got him good

### *Chorus*

He went for the wood, he went for the water  
he went to the pub for the town drunk's daughter  
a kick and a thud, a puddle of blood  
no you won't see Jimmy no more  
no you won't see Jimmy no more

Jimmy went to war and the krauts got him  
the krauts got him, the krauts got him  
Jimmy went to war and the krauts got him  
the krauts got him good

Jimmy went to sea and the pirates got him  
the pirates got him, the pirates got him  
Jimmy went to sea and the pirates got him  
the pirates got him good

### *Chorus*

Well he went to war, he went to sea  
he buried his metal by the old oak tree  
with his heart in the east, but his arse in the west  
no you won't see Jimmy no more  
no you won't see Jimmy no more

Jimmy had a pair but the river got him  
the river got him, the river got him  
Jimmy had a pair but the river got him  
the river got him good

Jimmy met the gun that finally got him  
that finally got him, that finally got him  
Jimmy met the gun that finally got him  
that finally got him good

*Chorus*

Well he fell for the pair and went for the gun  
he pumped three slugs at the sheriff's son  
if you're gonna be dumb then you better be tough  
no you won't see Jimmy no more

**Don't Make Me Walk Away**

Well I've seen you around, I know who you are  
I saw ya once on the street and twice at this bar  
I'll buy ya a drink, something with a lime  
I'll tell ya my story if you got the time

I had a woman three months ago  
she tore me a new one and burned all my clothes  
now I sleep on sofas in the homes of my friends  
I'll never go through this again

*Chorus*

So don't make me, don't make me walk away  
You're tryin' to cut me down to size  
actin' all cute with your big blue eyes  
girl I got my own surprise for you  
oh yes I do

Now here's how it will go, if we became a pair  
the first few weeks we'd be on fire in our underwear  
but then eventually, we'd stay in every night  
order food and watch long movies so we wouldn't have to fight

*Chorus*

So don't make me, don't make me walk away  
You're tryin' to cut me down to size  
actin' all cute with your big blue eyes  
girl I got my own surprise for you  
oh yes I do

(instrumental)

*Chorus*

So don't make me, don't make me walk away  
You're tryin' to cut me down to size  
actin' all cute with your big blue eyes  
girl I got my own surprise for you  
oh yes I do

**Ghost of the Eastern Seaboard**

Ships in the night on a Tangier shore  
flashing signals back and forth  
old hands on the smuggler's run  
Mexican drugs and American guns

The pay is better than jiggin' a line  
or wasting away in a deep coal mine  
a regular guy getting what he can  
a 21st century unemployed man

*Chorus*

Even though they'll never catch me  
they never have and they never will  
I'm the ghost on the eastern seaboard  
living the life, getting my fill.

I wish my daddy could see me now  
he withered away at the furrow and plough  
he hoped for his boy like every man does  
to become the man he never was

My brother called me from the city today  
told me his boy was blown away  
the shiretown is overrun  
with Mexican drugs and American guns

*Chorus*

Even though they'll never catch me  
they never have and they never will  
I'm the ghost of the eastern seaboard  
blood on my hands, riddled with guilt.



## **Crocodile Tears**

Violets are blue and roses are red  
I want you to leave and I mean what I said  
the jury's verdict is in and you crossed the line  
Spare me the drama and your crocodile tears  
cocaine, vodka and a half dozen beers  
is no excuse for the way you acted last night.

### *Chorus*

So go pack your bags  
I'm not listening to you cry  
There is no next time or another try  
So go pack your bags  
and find somewhere else to cry  
this is the last time that I'll say goodbye.

You bitch and complain as a means to an end  
You dont like my mama and you hate all my friends  
Well honey, I got news for you, the feeling is shared  
They say true love is golden, but bruises are black  
you think that you are but you ain't coming back  
you're walking a cold lonely road and you ain't prepared

### *Chorus*

So go pack your bags  
I'm not listening to you cry  
There is no next time or another try  
So go pack your bags  
and find somewhere else to cry  
this is the last time that I'll say goodbye.

Here is a quarter, call someone who cares  
or believes that I accidentally fell down the stairs  
or the phone book that knocked me out cold just fell off the shelf  
Well I have a good job, and I don't look too bad  
and there are plenty of women who would be more than glad  
to keep me from sitting around feeling bad for myself

### *Chorus (repeat x2)*

So go pack your bags  
I'm not listening to you cry  
There is no next time or another try  
So go pack your bags

and find somewhere else to cry  
this is the last time that I'll say goodbye.

### **Moneychangers**

Once I only drank on days that ended in a Y  
cruisin' on the boozin roads, a pilgrim for the rye  
Now I still have a drink or two, it's all I can afford  
since the moneychangers built their temples higher than the lord's

Average Joe, pimp ass ho, decked out in the bling  
there ain't nothing wrong with a little hiphop but product positioning  
has ripped the heart out of the art and turned it to a trend  
watch the moneychangers rub their hands and reap the dividends

Chairman Mao's long march is done in fancy limosines  
they traded in for a golden cow and a magic bag of beans  
Listen closely, hear the laughter echo down the halls  
of the moneychangers temples built higher than the walls

Don't just blame the USA, don't just blame the USA  
Anne Coulter's silk lingere has fallen to the floor  
the right wing fundamentals, the left wing cause du jour  
watch the moneychangers build their temples higher than before

Don't just blame the USA