

Tape Deck

Jack Johnson

From my tape deck there's a recklessness
Inflections of the world we want
All my friends, my rusty truck
Were just specs of love, directionless
Well call this band just what we want
We can change the name from month to month
Four guitars and zero drums
We sounded folk but we wanted to be punk
In a world post punk My friend had an old guitar
He took some lessons, didn't get very far
An Ibanez with one knob stuck
Said you can have that thing for fifty bucks
Loren got a bass but he got no amp
We borrowed Skill's, we never gave it back
Luke was just learning how to strum
But since he was the worst
We made him play the drums You may find in the palm
Of your hand theres a flame
As it burns, as it climbs
As it turns to a blaze
Well this flame, it wont last
Here it comes, hold it close
Because this blaze can be fast
Set it free now there it goes Luke's mom said that after school
We could rehearse in the living room
But that sure didn't last too long
Guess she didn't know we played Fugazi songs
Play these songs in the talent show
And all of the girls will be in the front row
But in the end we just chickened out
Because we can't sing, we can only shout
Only shhhhhhh.

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