Willie Dixon Said

Tom Cochrane

Junkyard pilot and his sidekick derelict
Blactop, halle bop, microbus news, do you get it?
Dialect comes so slick that you can't predict the news
Water it down like butternut bluesBlack smoke's lightening coming up the trees
Wrap it up nice, put a bow 'round it please
Telly myself again, and again, and again
Get out of this, son, state of mind we're inLike Willie Dixon said
"Got to find me a place to clear my head"
"Halle bop, halle bop", I said
Gonna halle bop me, gonna hail me a cabLike Willie Dixon said
"Got to find me a place to clear my head"
"Halle bop, halle bop", I said
Gonna halle bop me, gonna hail me a cabJustice lies somewhere behind, between
The have nots and the plasticine lies
Black spit twilight holograph scene
Conjured up images of apocalypse steamWords never spoken wait on the lips
On the door step of a woman's millennium hips
Big bang, wash clothes delirium
Nostradamus' impostor and one last runLike Willie Dixon said
"Got to find me a place to clear my head"
"Halle bop, halle bop", I said
Gonna halle bop me, gonna hail me a cabLike Willie Dixon said
"Got to find me a place to clear my head"
"Halle bop, halle bop", I said
Gonna halle bop me, gonna hail me a cabHaze falls away revealing dreams
Like writing a letter to myself it seems
Garage sales, paper trails, e-mails
Junk mail there for the plans that failGod, I miss you, I miss you real bad
The only thing real that I've ever had
"Halle bop, halle bop", I said
Gonna halle bop me, gonna hail me a cabLike Willie Dixon said
"Got to find me a place to clear my head"
"Halle bop, halle bop", I said
Gonna halle bop me, gonna hail me a cabLike Willie Dixon said
"Got to find me a place to clear my head"
"Halle bop, halle bop", I said
Gonna halle bop me, gonna hail me a cab

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