

SOUTHSIDE NIGHTS

Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*I live out on the North of town
People out there always put me down
They get mad 'cause I sleep all day
And every night I go out to play*

*I don't care what they say
I head on South and get away*

CHORUS:

*In those Southside nights
Those Southside nights
They fuel the flames
That warms my soul*

*I hear them talking behind my back
Making fun of my pink Cadillac
Every night when I take it out
I drive though town heading South*

*I cross the tracks and go real slow
Then hit the gas and let her go*

CHORUS

*Heading North through the night
The sun's coming up on my right
The radio plays an old-time song
As that Caddy just purrs along*

*I can't wait 'til the sun goes down
To feel the breeze on the South of town*

CHORUS

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TWO HEARTS ON THE RUN
Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*Exit forty-seven off of Delsea Drive
Leaving all my troubles leave that nine to five*

*I'll pick you up at your front door
We'll head on down to the Jersey Shore
A pack of smokes and a tank of gas
There's nothing left to hold us back*

CHORUS

*We're two hearts on the run
Two hearts on the run
We'll meet the morning sun, having some fun
Two hearts on the run*

*All those crazy dreams that we once knew
They're in the air we'll make them come true*

*There's nothing out there that we can't do
Our late night passion will see us through
Just have the faith it'll be all right
Together Honey, we'll own the night*

CHORUS

*The passing cars seem to fly right by
We'll chase the moon in the open sky
Hearts racing like a run-away train
We got the fire running in our veins*

CHORUS

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BULLET HOLES IN THE EXIT SIGNS
Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*His parents they were oh so cool
In the 60s when they went to school
With long hair and rocking songs
They protest what they thought was wrong*

*He was born in eighty-one
And was raised as an only son
They taught him never to conform
To question all the social norms*

CHORUS:

*They're so proud he's a rebel's son
To carry on like they have done
And just like them he'll find away
To stand up to what his parents say*

*His 13th birthday finally came
He saw the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame
To see old rebels idolized
The ones his grandpa so despised*

*At sixteen he could drive a car
His parents bought him a new guitar
To play real loud and be real bad
Just like the records his parents had*

CHORUS

*He took that six string and he traded it
For a forty-four and a box of clips
Driving around just wasting time
Shooting holes in exit signs*

BRIDGE:

*Bullet holes in the exit signs
Marks of a rebel left behind
Bullet holes defy the cars
Replacing the sounds of loud guitars*

*The wind blows through those bullet holes
And for a moment he's in control
The radio plays and the singer sings
To him those words don't mean a thing*

CHORUS

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ME AND SOCRATES

Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

Me and Socrates

*We argued all the time
He was always asking questions
Trying to pick my mind
Searching for the truth
He tried to change the world
Me, I didn't care
I just wanted to meet girls
No matter what I'd say
He'd always disagree
But we were fun at parties
Me and Socrates*

Me and Socrates

*We were drinking late one night
When the cops came busting
And read old Soc's his rights
They said what he was teaching
Corrupted the youth of Rome
He taught the kids to think
And sent them all back home
The parents, they got mad
The kids were in a daze
Tradition became suspect
As they doubted the old ways*

Me and Socrates

*We were standing in the rain
Laughing at the judge
When the verdict finally came
Condemned to drink Hemlock
It never got him mad
I said, "Mix it with some Kool-Aid
It may not taste that bad
We then debated flavors
Cherry, Lemon-Lime
Me and Socrates
We argued all the time*

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WHEATTOWN

Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*Jimmy Lane was a dreamer at sixteen
Playing ball for the Wheattown High School team
He dreamed of playing ball his whole life
He never thought about a family or a wife*

*Young Jimmy Lane, he seemed to have it all
Going to college, a girlfriend and playing ball
When his girl had a son who carried his last name
Down in Wheattown was a wedding for Jim Lane*

Chorus:

*Dreams live on the hearts of men
Their sons grow old and their hair grows thin
They do what's right and stand their ground
Or so it goes, in Wheattown*

*In a factory in the heart of the promise land
Jim got a job where he works with his hands
With a family and a house to support
His hard work never leaves him short*

*Every morning he's up at the crack of dawn
He goes to work but his dreams are all but gone
He smiles and tells his wife, 'I'm okay"
But the gleam in his eyes has slowly faded away*

Chorus

*The years have taken a toll on Jim Lane
His callused hands ache from the daily strain
He sees his son and how he has grown
Playing ball with dreams of his own*

*Every night Jim lays awake in bed
The days of his life racing through his head
When morning comes he'll hear that whistle sound
As another day starts up down in Wheattown*

Chorus

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PORCH LIGHT

Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*Sleeping out 'neath that old pear tree
We were just kids, my brother and me
With a radio and some candy bars
We were having fun camping in the yard
The wind kicked up and that old tent shook
I got scared, so I went to look
When I peaked outside my fears were gone
'Cause my Dad had left the porch light on*

CHORUS:

*That porch light shines all night long
It marks a home when it's on
Glowing strong from dusk 'til dawn
That porch light shines all night long*

*I left for college on a Saturday
I packed my car and went on my way
Just a boy I was young and lean
A bit naive and full of dreams
As I drove away I was all alone
But I always knew I could go back home
No matter how long I'd been gone
I knew they'd leave that porch light on*

CHORUS

*It's been years since I've moved away
I got a wife with a son on the way
Working all day to make ends meet
I don't drive that much down my old street
I've been blessed with the seeds I've sown
It's made our house into a home
And every night when the day is gone
I always turn that porch light on*

CHORUS

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SPARK IN THE NIGHT

Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*The sentence had been set, the Inquisition finally won
Still Galileo whispered, "The Earth goes around the Sun"
They used all his thoughts to build up their case
But they couldn't take the smile off of Galileo's face*

Chorus:

A spark in the night can set the world on fire
A spark in the night it burns just like desire
It can happen pretty quick, in the blink of an eye
A spark in the night can light up the sky

*Down at Kittyhawk the winds were blowing strong
Orville and Wilbur knew their design couldn't be wrong
They took their machine and turned it to the wind
Twelve seconds later a new era would begin*

Chorus

*Extremes push the limits past good men's most
It happened in the desert at Los Alamos
The matter that they split made a brand new gun
Behind the glass they stood in shock at what they had done*

Chorus

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THE CORNER OF OAK AND MAIN
Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*Joe Davis was my best friend, to us life was a game
We'd hang out with the boys, on the corner of Oak and Main
We'd laugh and play together, all the good times that we had
He was like my only brother, who stuck with me through the bad*

*Graduation day arrived here, it kick the wind up in our sails
Two young boys who were dreamers, we had the world by the tail
On that day Joey left home, out alone in the world
He left behind his family, his best friend and his girl*

CHORUS:

*Does he know where he's going
Or what he hopes to find
When he wakes up with a grin
And wonders where he's been
Or what he's left behind*

*I got a job down at the factory, sweating through the long hard day
Soon after I got married, now my second's on the way
I play ball in the evenings, go bowling with my friends
It's hard to raise a family, living for the long weekends*

*Though we haven't talked ten years, I still get postcards from old Joe
Saying what all he was doing and where he planned to go
When I pass the old school yard, on the corner of Oak and Main
I wonder if I'd gone with Joe, how my life would have changed*

CHORUS:

*Do I know where I'm going
Or what I hope to find
When I wake up with a grin
And wonder where I've been
Or what I left behind*

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REVOLUTION ON THE CORNER OF EIGHTH AND VINE
Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*Down on the corner of Eighth and Vine
Beneath a low-rent pool hall sign
Four guys meet and pass the time*

*Shooting pool as the sun drifts on down
They complain 'bout the world around
It's a Friday, in a small small town*

Chorus:
*There's revolution in the air tonight
Revolution 'neath a pool table light
Revolution on the corner of Eighth and Vine*

*Small change and another game begins
They talk of where they've been
Of their loses and their wins*

*They see all the changes going on
How tradition is all but gone
The radio plays a forgotten song*

Chorus

*They stop and order some more beer
The night has lost its cheer
'Cause they all know they're all stuck here*

*"Last Call," the bartender softly speaks
The night's finally reach its peak
The world will wait 'til next week*

Chorus
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A PART OF ME

Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*Crying for the first time, crying out in pain
A boy is born in the world passing on the family name
It was on a summers day, my Dad received a son
He stood real proud 'cause he had a boy
He can call his flesh and blood*

CHORUS

*It's family, it's a part of me, It's passed on down the line
All the pains and all the gains, Stay with you 'til the end of time
With every breath and every step, I carry on his name
Where ever I go, I'll always know
His blood's running in my veins*

*It's 6 a.m. on a Monday, I'm sleeping in my bed
My dad gets up and goes to work, there's five days still ahead
"I won't be home for supper," He says to his lonely wife
He's paying the price and doing his time
For his boy to have a better life*

CHORUS

*I know what he was thinking, I know how he must've felt
To see the future come alive, must've been something else
My Dad wasn't there in person, by then he was already gone
When I held my son for the first time
I knew my name would carry on*

CHORUS

*It's family, it's a part of me, It's passed on down the line
All the pains and all the gains, Stay with you 'til the end of time
With every breath and every step, My boy carry's on my name
Where ever he goes, I'll always know
My blood's running in his veins*

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THE LONG WAY HOME

Words & Music by Joe Chinnici, BMI

*You look so fine with your hair pulled back
And I really like your new tattoo
Let's go someplace where they got some soul
I don't care as long as I'm with you*

*The traffic's slow but the night's still young
And there's no special place to go
When the shadows fade we'll still have fun
We'll take the highway and we'll go real slow*

CHORUS:

*We'll take the long way home tonight
I got a full tank of gas and the moon's so bright
We'll chase our dreams so hold on tight
We'll take the long way home tonight*

*Driving all night on that lonely road
You make me feel like a wanted man
Don't turn me in I don't want to go back
Tonight we're gonna make our stand*

*The broken white lines don't seem to end
As we pass all the cars and trucks
The radio keeps the night alive
So we'll never have to take short-cuts*

CHORUS

*When the sun cuts through the midnight air
And there's no special place to roam
We'll let the wind cool our skin
And take the long way going home*

CHORUS

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JOE SUSPECT'S TALE: Part I

The scene of the crime was a garbage-filled alley in back of the Chili Pepper Saloon. It was a hot, muggy night and the body laying in the alley was covered with more than sweat. The victim? The victim was "Slick" Merdock, a sleaze-bag agent who books bands in any hole-in-the-wall dump he can find. Of course, tonight his percentage of bookings was going towards a gravestone. The cause of death: a slug from a 38. In his pockets was a key to a bus locker, and 68 bucks.

Detective Jeff Hasty was assigned the case. As an 18 year veteran, he's seen it all. He's worked in every department on the force and has only three friends--Rowdy the police K-9, a cousin who lives in Delaware and his partner Mark Yates.

Officer Yates was questioning Big Al, the bartender of the Chili Pepper Saloon. Yates was getting nowhere fast when he noticed the list of bands scheduled to play the club. Just then Big Al let out a laugh and said, "This list is nothin, I got different bands coming through here all the time! Who knows who I'll have here tomorrow?" Officer Yates confiscated the list anyway.

The only other person who may have seen anything was Ginger, Merdock's girlfriend. Ginger was the kind of dame that could make a priest give up the church at Christmas. She had long blonde hair, cleavage a blind man would notice and a pair of gams that went all the way to the floor. Her story was simple. She was waiting in Merdock's car that was parked out back; while Slick was inside the Chili Pepper trying to get his percentage from the band. He was inside for about 20 minutes, when he stepped out back in the alley. According to Ginger, there were other men in the alley with Slick that night.

Back at the station, Yates showed the list of bands scheduled to play at the Chili Pepper to Detective Hasty. Hasty recognized a few of the names and had Yates pull the files on these guys; some of them had rap-sheets as long as your arm. Within 12 hours of the crime Detective Hasty and Officer Yates came up with a list of joe suspects.

A dragnet of the city brought in a few of them. The list of names read like a who's who of musicians: Jersey Joe, Torch, Doctor Effects, Iron Jim....the list goes on and on.

The boys were all thrown into holding cell "B". No one said much, Joe made a comment about wanting to be behind bars that served drinks...no one laughed. I guess the boys weren't in the best of spirits.

At seven A.M. the next morning, they brought the boys in for a line-up. The cops were hoping Ginger would be able to identify who was in the alley with Slick the night of the murder. Ginger had problems making any positive IDs. She said it was dark that night--duh--and that all she really saw were some shadows and heard some voices. To bad for Detective Hasty, he had to let the suspects go, but he knew they'd meet again.