

MAN IN ME

The bill collector frowned
Said he heard cheap coins a-rattling
Saw them strung on an abacus in the round
You sour fool I said, that was no cash
That was a tambourine
Shook by some sweet fool,
For the simple sake of the silvery splash.
The autocrat mug goes stiff in the face of any loosey-goosey groove
The attitude of certitude never met a flower it didn't wanna stomp
Keep your cash, save your double-tap
This fleeting flippant hour is barter only
The currency is silliness, stargaze, and joy
You sort out you, I'll sort out me...
...the man in me.

TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU

Sometimes the drummer starts the song, sometimes the drummer sings the song. Good friends, please welcome SEAN IVER

LAY LADY LAY

Don't need to introduce Sean for this one.