



FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE
sky full of holes

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Chris Collingwood: lead vocals, guitar, keyboards
Adam Schlesinger: bass, keyboards, guitar, vocals
Jody Porter: guitar, vocals
Brian Young: drums, percussion

with:

Garo Yellin: cello, "Cemetery Guns"
Ronnie Buttacavoli: trumpet, "Radio Bar"

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www.fountainsofwayne.com

the summer place

She's been afraid of the Cuisinart
Since 1977
Now when she opens up the house
Well, she won't set foot in the kitchen

Her brother's dating an architect
They're coming up for the weekend
He never gave her the proper respect
But she still meets the ferry to greet them

Oh at the summer place
We've got the space if you've got the time
And the summer place
Is so far away
It's another state of mind

She ran away back in '78
Just down the beach to the neighbors'
They brought her back after sunset
Her dad said "Don't do me any favors"

Her mom would sit on the patio
She said she needed the sea air
She'd drink a fifth of Seagrams
And then she'd sink down into her deck chair

Oh at the summer place
We've got the space if you've got the time
And the summer place
Is so far away
It's another state of mind

At fifteen
Shoplifting
Was the only game she liked to play
At forty
She's so bored she
Thinks about it then decides to pay
And still she can't help feeling
Those good old days don't seem so far away

Was it just yesterday

She took a handful of mushrooms
That she got from a surfer
She spent the night in the hospital room
So the doctors could observe her

Oh at the summer place
We've got the space you should drop on by
At the summer place
The injuries fade
But the memories last a lifetime

richie and ruben

They opened up a bar called Living Hell
Right from the start it didn't go too well
They didn't have the vibe or quite the right clientele

They bought a velvet rope and the doorman laughed
They got robbed blind by half the waitstaff
Six short weeks and they were forced to sell

Richie and Ruben
Don't know what they're doing
Richie and Ruben
Are both a little out of their minds
Don't give 'em a dime
They'll blow through your dough
Just like they blew through mine

Woah uh uh oh
Woah uh uh oh
Where did the money go?
Where did the money go?

They opened a boutique they called Debris
Together with some kid from F.I.T.
Though later it turned out he never quite got his degree

Eleven hundred bucks for a ripped up shirt
That came pre-stained with bleach and black dirt

Seemed just a little bit too steep to me

Richie and Ruben
Don't know what they're doing
Richie and Ruben
Are both a little out of their minds
Don't give 'em a dime
They'll blow through your dough
Just like they blew through mine

And ever since the seventh grade
They've been saying that we've got it made
And I still haven't gotten paid
Gotten paid at all

Woah uh uh oh
Woah uh uh oh
Where did the money go?

Richie and Ruben
Don't know what they're doing
Richie and Ruben
Are both a little
They're both a little
They're both a little out of their minds

acela

There's a train on a track
Painted silver, blue and black
Heading to Massachusetts
And then it's coming back
And it's entertaining by New Haven
Once you've had yourself a drink or two
Ooh ooh
All alone on the Acela
Tell me baby where the hell are you?

Acela
Ooh ooh
Acela

There's a girl on the train
Leaning on a windowpane
Reading People Magazine
Just to help turn off her brain
And I swear I caught her staring at me
Maybe I've been staring at her too
Ooh ooh
Shot to hell on the Acela
Just as well there's nothing else to do

Acela
Ooh ooh
Acela

When they called All Aboard
You were nowhere to be found
Though you swore, you were sure
You'd come with me out of town
And I looked in all the stores
I looked in Hudson News
Searched for any sign of you
But you had not left any clues
I was so confused
What was I supposed to do?

Now the world is a blur
And the engine starts to purr
And we're flying through Rhode Island
The conductor calls me Sir
For your information it's South Station
At about 11:22
ooh ooh
Got to get the next Acela
Got to make my way back home to you
Got to get the next Acela
Got to get myself back home to you

Acela
Acela

Someone's gonna break your heart

Staring at the sun
With no pants on
How round and rosy
She thinks she knows me
Fighting off a cold
Murdering a campfire song

Spitting in the wind
From out a fast train
Or on a causeway
Trying to catch a bus
Swear I gotta move
Suffering the radio crime

Whistle in the sweet pine trees
The imaginary airport breeze
It flickers and flows
Fans fires in the road
And all we wanna do is go home
Someone's gonna break your heart
One cold gray morning
She sings

Oh whoa oh

Should we take this town
Do we want to
Tear the whole thing down
Paint the rubble all tangerine
Shimmer in the gas main fires

We don't promise and we tell no lies
Learn to paddle when the waters rise
Melancholy comes
Like a robin at your window

So whistle in the sweet pine trees
The imaginary airport breeze
It flickers and flows

Fans fires in the road
And all we wanna do is go home
Someone's gonna break your heart
One cold gray morning
The kids sing

Oh whoa oh

And the traffic goes round and round
Swallowing the road and spitting out clouds
And the spirit she hides
On a damp path of moss and stone
From a fear we are born with and never outgrow
And what else you can keep
Your American cash and smile
And the suits sing

Oh whoa oh

action hero

Sometime after sunset
He is on his hands and knees
He is searching for his keys
At a small Vietnamese place
On East 11th Street

His daughters both at once say
Can we just get going please?
As his wife begins to sneeze
And his son is throwing peas
And eating with his feet

He's an action hero
And he should be fighting crime
Leaping between the buildings
And racing against time
He's an action hero
He's an action hero
In his mind

He drops by Mount Sinai
Where they're running through some tests

And they've taped things to his chest
And they're all doing their best
To make him feel at ease

The doctor says it's really just
An educated guess
I suggest you get some rest
Try to cut back on the stress
Cause I don't like what I see

But the action hero
Swears he feels just fine
He's got to finish saving
The world for all mankind
He's an action hero
He's an action hero
And he's racing against time
He's racing against time

There goes the action hero
He's racing against time

a dip in the ocean

It's you and me on a beach
In 1998
Leaning into the breeze
From the willows
And rhythm and grace are reborn in this place
I'm assured the procedure is painless

The taxicab with no brakes
Around the mountain pass
Keep your head in your hands
If anybody asks
What you mean when you were picking a fight
You were only complimenting the waitress

Give us a room with a mountain view
A tiny cabana by the water
Yeah, by the water
And I got a rental for an hour or two

For a ride up the coast and a dip in the ocean

The waterfront is alight
With citronella flame
Tourists flashing the night
From the grottoes
And gathering now on the heel-worn planks
For a drunken promenade or a mambo

And lovers paddle a boat
On the molten bay
Veering into the reeds
On a ripple
And playing it cool in a bar by the pool
With a Caribbean Kiss Amaretto

Give us a room with a mountain view
A tiny cabana by the water
Yeah, by the water
And I got a rental for an hour or two
For a ride up the coast and a dip in the ocean

Get a load of the light in the trees
And the sweet decay on the maritime breeze
The sun's hitching on a weather balloon
And the heat off the tarmac
Burning a hole in a gold afternoon

Give us a room with a mountain view
A tiny cabana by the water
Yeah, by the water
And I got a rental for an hour or two
And a bottle in a cooler
Maps and a big brown towel
It's a beater but today will do
For a ride up the coast and a dip in the ocean

cold comfort flowers

Peace sign on the window
Japanese car
You will remember the pap on the radio
Big blue policeman says stay where you are
Surrender your Chinese arms

Rock show Romeo
Black and white shoes
Strawberry haircut, in fist-pumping prime
Scrape off the dross, keep what you can use
And leave the weaker ones behind

They step outside to step out slow
In vain trying to find a hole they can't outgrow

They evolve in time
Wind finely on the vine
Climbing toward the spots in the sun
An unwelcome fate
May ferry all away
But cold comfort flowers
Will bloom and decay

Pink clouds, summer sorrow
Oceanside swales
If you don't feel pretty
With your face in the tide
Well, file your complaint in weary detail
And tell the little people you tried

They step outside to step out slow
In vain trying to find a hole they can't outgrow

They evolve in time
Wind finely on the vine
Climbing toward the spots in the sun
An unwelcome fate
May ferry all away
But cold comfort flowers
Will blossom and fade

a road song

We're still in Wisconsin
As far as I know
Today was Green Bay
And tomorrow's Chicago
Wish I was lying
But there isn't much to report
My phone is dying
So I've got to keep it short

I just wanted to say hey
I've been writing you a road song
It's a cliché, but hey
That doesn't make it so wrong
And in between the stops at the Cracker Barrel
And forty movies with Will Ferrell
I need some way to occupy my time
So I'm writing you a road song
I sure hope you don't mind

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh uh-huh

I bought you a light blue
T shirt last night
From some band I couldn't stand
But their logo's alright
Some kid threw a bottle onstage
He had an arm like a pro
I know it's getting late
I guess I should let you go

But did I happen to say hey
I've been writing you a road song
Don't run away cause hey
I promise it won't be too long
I know it's not what you'd call necessary
And I know that I'm no Steve Perry
But even if you roll your eyes and groan
I'm still writing you a road song
That you can call your own

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh uh-huh

workingman's hands

He can knock down the wall
Build it up strong
Set the flagstones in a path

With a nail and a hammer
Barrow and saw
See about the hole in the roof

And the gathered all breathe
A sigh of relief
At completion of a well-laid plan
It's wearing the day long
And breaking the skin
In the palms of the workingman's hands

Let the tool do the work
Pull and don't push
Drag that wagon over the hill

Measure twice and cut once, son
Clear the felled brush
Edge around the gardens and walks

On a shiny John Deere
Will he reappear
With a power drill and a paintbrush
And a chip on his shoulder
As wide as a barn
And as hard as the workingman's hands

Now your Uncle John walked
A mile to school
In a storm and it was uphill both ways
Oh, you save your money for a hole in the ground
A black car and a long wall of roses

And the gathered all breathe
A sigh of relief
At completion of a well-laid plan

It's wearing the day long
And breaking the skin
In the palms of the workingman's hands

Now the old iron gate
Could use some fresh paint

hate to see you like this

Come on girl
You're not even trying
Your place is a mess
And all your plants are dying
You're lying around in those sweatpants
You're staring off into the distance
Come on give me a kiss
I hate to see you like this
I hate to see you like this
Ahh ah ah ah
I hate to see you like this

I don't know
What's going on in your head now
But I think it's time
You got on up out of bed now
Let's get your phone reconnected
Let's get this room disconnected
Come on give me a kiss
I hate to see you like this
I hate to see you like this
Ahh ah ah ah
I hate to see you like this

You know whatever's on your mind
It's gonna work itself out over time
But it's never gonna get much better
If you don't make a little effort
Just a little effort

Come on girl
Let's pull it together
You can't just watch infomercials forever

If you need a hand
Why don't you take mine?
Let's get you out
Into the sunshine
Come on give me a kiss
I hate to see you like this
I hate to see you like this
Ah ah ah ah
I hate to see you like this

radio bar

We used to sit in the corner
Listening to The Joker
They were playing it over and over
Every night at the Radio Bar

Hey Wendy what are you thinking?
Hey Jason you know what I'm drinking
We were sinking lower and lower
Every night at the Radio Bar

Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Every night at the Radio Bar

We got some big things brewing
What does it look like we're doing?
We'll get to 'em sooner or later
Not tonight at the Radio Bar

But if you're ready, willing and able
We can pass out here on a table
Beats sitting home watching cable
Get some rest at the Radio Bar

Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Get some rest at the Radio Bar

I've got to check my messages
Who's got a dime?
At four they lock all the doors
And there's nowhere to go
And we got nothing but time

They put our song in the jukebox
It was a hit with the drunk jocks
Even the guys with the dreadlocks
Sang along at the Radio Bar

One night there was a girl there
For some reason she pulled up her chair
She said why don't we go somewhere
So I passed her her coat
That was all that she wrote
That was it for the Radio Bar

Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh
That was it for the Radio Bar

firelight waltz

All the hard-drinking stiffs
Are asleep on their cots
And fog's in barrels on Totten Pond Road
And the sots who remain
Strike matches and crane
Cause they can't make their way in the dark

It's a hard parlor game
Playing miscues and pratfalls for laughs
From sad sacks and fairweather friends
You don't have to catch on
Lay it out and be gone
There's a calm's been a long time coming

Mary oh Mary go find the light
Take a hit from your whiskey and stumble inside
It's a tune from your childhood and a soft yellow moon
And the firelight is just right for dancing

Like the cruel April air
Plays muse to the hopeless
And the storms coax sunflowers from mossy old hills
May this song find you there
In your embroidered chair
With your afghan and warm Darjeeling

Mary oh Mary go find the light
Take a hit from your whiskey and stumble inside
It's a tune from your childhood and a soft yellow moon
And the firelight is just right for dancing

cemetery guns

Elizabeth
That thundercloud is creeping up the Empire Hill
There's shadows on the overpass
And puddles in the old dirt path

Peoria
Lay silent still in the belly of the overgrown
All quiet on the open plain
Footprints to the family plot

Where evermore will restless sorrow sleep
In a broken heap

Cemetery Guns go bang bang bang
Shooting all the sky full of holes
Twenty-one times in row
For the blue war widow in the gray raincoat
On the green grass down below

Elizabeth
Our fathers came and settled where the ground was flat
Drew water from the Indian wells
Cut timber from the rolling fells

Granddaddy-o
Bled hearth and home for oiling the company gears
No rest for the errant ones
Godspeed their reckless sons

Who evermore play their forefathers' hands
On the foreign sands

Cemetery Guns go bang bang bang
Shooting all the sky full of holes
Twenty-one times in row
For the blue war widow in the gray raincoat
On the green grass down below

