



ain't it hard?

ain't it hard?

used to be even (now so odd)

DIY

ain't got long

weak (come wind blow)

spit on my grave (come wind blow)

six songs written, performed, & recorded by
A.S. Coomer in 2023

nod yer heads

ain't it hard?

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I keep vampire teeth in my front pocket
Cos you always liked it when I's sharp
And I learned how to beat on this ol' guitar
So I can make a home in the backbeat of yer heart

I dyed all my hair jet black
Borrowed a Misfits shirt & never gave it back
And I learned to love the Grateful Dead
And I laid with you in yer big brass bed
But you put my love in a wet paper sack

And it's hard & it's hard
Ain't it hard?
To sing a song so sad & so blue
Pining away with the memory of you

I keep jack-o-lanterns burning on my front porch
Feeding these bad habits & smoking like a torch
And there were things you taught me
I never should have learned
I tried cooking with your fire
And the whole kitchen burned

And it's hard & it's hard
Ain't it hard?
To sing a song so sad & so blue
Pining away with the memory of you

Don't this road look rough and hard?
Glinting glass and shining shards
Don't this road stretch on and on?
Next cool breeze and I'm gone

And it's hard & it's hard

Ain't it hard?

To sing a song so sad & so blue

Pining away with the memory of you

And it's hard & it's hard

Ain't it hard?

To sing a song so sad & so blue

Pining away with the memory of you

used to be even (now so odd)

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The man said
You can sleep
When you're dead
Clover honey
You can drip it
In my eyes

It's a sweepstakes
That you'll never win
A golden ticket
To a burned down town

Turn me
Round on my head
Spirit ditch dreaming
On an applebed

Blades grow
Between my toes
I gotta run, dear
I have to go

And you wasted
All yer days
On being afraid
On being afraid
And all the rest of yer days
Are getting away
They're getting away

"Don't try"
You'll get crushed by the sky

Magnetic black clouds
Seek rust-ridden heart

I'm spent soil
Yer a prize-winning rose
My shadowed garden
Needs sun to grow

And you wasted
All yer days
On being afraid
On being afraid
And all the rest of them days
Are getting away
They're getting away
And you wasted
All yer days
On being afraid
On being afraid
And all the rest of yer days
Are getting away
They're getting away

DIY

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He got a heart like a fever
He'll burn you down
Stack you up like kindling
He burnt 'em all down

But don't forget
Who you were

You gotta watch out for the darkness
It's all around
You can't just walk out with not shoes on
With all this blood on the ground

But don't forget
Who they were

You live your life
Until the livings all gone
You fight for more days
But the night has come
You'd pray but you know that line went dead
&, besides, you'd rather do it yourself

They say we're all the same people
I can't believe that's the truth
When I see so many dying
Well, that's the living proof

But don't forget
Who they were

ain't got long

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Baby's on the front porch shucking that corn
Shucking that corn
Baby's on the front porch shucking that corn
So early in the morning

Well, I been in the back patch pulling them weeds
A-picking them weeds
A-tugging them weeds
I been in the back patch pulling them weeds
That noontime sun sure burns hot

Bobtail cat with eyes that gleam
Flashing green
Fierce and mean
Bobtail cat with eyes that gleam
Leaves only feathers

That long dark night with its wicked breeze
Wicked Breeze
That long dark night with its wicked breeze
Cleaves down to the marrow

I'll sing you a song but I ain't got long
Ain't got long, Ain't got long
I'll sing you a song but I ain't got long
So long it's been good to know yuh

weak (come wind blow)

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On the lamb again
Eating pork-
Rinds & tater tots
Every sip is a shot

i say goodbye to my former selves
Put them bad books back on the shelf
Steel up this sadsack heart
Weak from the start
Weak from the start, Lord
Weak from the start
Trouble comes & grows & grows
And I've been weak from the start

Come wind blow
The way I feel?
Come wind blow

Blackouts & what-you-dids
Stacked up like bills
Shouldn't have been out drinking
On all them pills
On them pills, Lord
I've been on them pills
Just went out for a little ride
Found a fistful of pills

Come wind blow
The way I feel?
Come wind blow

spit on my grave (that mighty nolin)

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Always keep that devil in yer heart
Always keep that devil in yer heart
When the rain's a-howling
And the wind won't seem to quit
Won't you please?
Keep that devil in yer heart

Won't you bring them black clouds along
Won't you bring them black clouds along
That spiteful sun, well,
He had his chance to shine
Won't you bring them black clouds along?

Don't forget to spit on my grave
Don't forget to spit on my grave
When I finally find an ending
And escape this wretched plane
Don't forget to spit on my grave
That mighty Nolin



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