

Jason



Hmm... Naked Under All These Clothes



Moon

Naked Under All These Clothes

Released 1996

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Ryan's Song
Circa 1991
Written By Jason Moon

A Flowage night, I feel all right.
What a beautiful day to die.

The stars are falling, from my eyes.
Lord I didn't want to have to cry.

(Chorus)
***Yeah me and Ryan I guess we got a little too high.
And he was a friend of mine.***

You lived your life, just a little too fast.
Yeah, but he never hurt no one.

It's four in the morning; it's time to go home.
We's just trying to have some fun.

(Chorus)

I's thinking about, a friend I lost.
I was trying to understand.

From Mrs. May, to Sweet Baby James.
And just like Every Grain of Sand.

(Chorus)

Someday soon, I can't say when.
Yeah we will meet again.

And all I got, that I want to say.
Is that you will always be my friend.

(Chorus) x2

UW Zero Blues 95'

1995

Written By Jason Moon

Well I can't live on \$4.25 an hour.
You don't have a voice if you don't have political power.
And my hall janitor made \$15.00 in less than a half-hour.
For picking up someone's dirty laundry out of the shower.

(Chorus)

I got those UW Zero Blues.

And I can't live on 480 dollars worth of points.
Eating at some over inflated burger joint.
With the full time staff, they're working for the PFM.
But a student makes three times less then them.

(Chorus)

Well I pay nearly \$5000.00 a year.
And I could join a fraternity and learn how to pour beer.
And I don't want grade "D" but edible meat.
If it makes you sick, what good is "all you can eat"?

(Chorus)

Well it's been twenty years since the day I was born.
But till I'm a junior, I'll be stuck in these f**king dorms.
I shut my door to the campus police officer.
He broke it down because he said he smelt fabric softener.

(Chorus)

Well its 2am the CA's knocking at my door.
Me and my woman we was sleeping on the floor.
Now the staff at Clemens Hall a bunch of f**king pricks
And I'm sitting in court on an 18.06-30

(Chorus)

Nikos Gyros campus security takes another bite.
Somewhere a student is afraid to walk home at night.
Well you got a bitch now you got something to say.
You get on the phone and you call up the OSA.
And tell them, I got those UW Oh my god I think I'm getting ripped off blues.

Me & Janis

1992

Written By Jason Moon

We got enough food to feed the whole world,
Still on the streets there's a stomachs a churn.
In your own homeland and in my own hometown.
Lord, it ain't easy to feel proud.

The people are crying the streets are on fire.
We got a million unemployed all full of desire.
Children are crying, no shoes on their feet.
When a cardboard box is a mansion in the streets.

(Chorus)

*But what can I do, but sing a song.
Saying brother and brother, let's get along.
Cause I am to you what you are to me can't you see.
It's me and Janis and Bobby McGee,
She's having Southern and I'm having tea.
She said with a smile, "Boy can't you see?"
If you ain't doing nothing, lord you ain't free.*

And you sit and watch it all on your TV,
An image so frightening that you can't believe.
In this land of America home of the free,
That so many people could be in need.

And you say to yourself, "But what can I do?"
Well friend just remember that it all starts with you.
United we stand, divided we'll fall.
In apathy we die, in ignorance we crawl. We crawl...

(Chorus)

(Chorus) (brother and sisters...)

*It's me and Janis and Bobby McGee,
She's having Southern and I'm having tea.
She said with a smile, "Boy can't you see?"
If you ain't doing nothing, lord you ain't free.*

Me & Janis

Chords

1992

Written By Jason Moon

G/B	Csus2	Gsus2/A	G	D9/E	Gmaj7/B	Dadd4/A
---3---	---3---	---3---	---3---	---2---	---2---	---2---
---0---	---3---	---3---	---3---	---3---	---3---	---3---
---0---	---0---	---0---	---0---	---2---	---0---	---0---
---0---	---0---	---0---	---0---	---0---	---x---	---x---
---2---	---3---	---0---	---2---	---3---	---2---	---0---
---x---	---x---	---x---	---3---	---0---	---x---	---x---

G **Em** **C** **G**
We got enough food to feed the whole world,

G **Em** **C** **D**
Still on the streets there's a stomachs a churn.

G **Em** **C** **G**
In your own homeland and in my own hometown.

G **Em** **C** **D D1 D2 D3** **D D1 D2 D3**
Lord, it ain't easy to feel proud.

(Chorus)

C **G/B** **D** **G**
But what can I do, but sing a song.

C **G/B** **D** **G**
Saying brother and brother, let's get along.

C **G/B** **D** **G** **Cadd9** **D** **D9/E** **Gmaj7/B** **Dadd4/A**
Cause I am to you what you are to me can't you see...

Csus2 **G/B** **Gsus2/A** **G**
It's me and Janis and Bobby McGee,

Csus2 **G/B** **Gsus2/A** **G**
She's having Southern and I'm having tea.

Csus2 **G/B** **Gsus2/A** **G**
She said with a smile, "Boy can't you see?"

Csus2 **G/B** **Gsus2/A** **G**
If you ain't doing nothing, lord you ain't free.

My Back Porch
Circa 1991
Written by Jason Moon

Come join me on my back porch?
Said won't you come join me on my back porch?
You can sing and dance without a care.
You'll fall in love with everybody there.
On my back porch, in my mind.

Well there's Jimmie, Janis, and Jim too.
They sit around all day sniffing glue and writing tunes.
Janis sings and Jimmie plays guitar.
And Jim hasn't crawled out from under the bed so far.
On my back porch, in my mind.

Elvis sleeps in my rocking chair.
Leaves his Blue Suede Shoes laying everywhere.
He eats all he wants and he never gains a pound.
Claims he's been with every woman that there is around.
On my back porch, in my mind.

John F. Kennedy drives his car.
Someone stole his spark plugs and he ain't a getting far.
Hears a gun shot from over there.
Its just Bobby playing with firecrackers and he don't care.
On my back porch, in my mind.

Jerry spends his time making teddy bears.
And Kurt Colbain changed the color of his hair.
Nixon cries out, "well I ain't no crook."
And nobody gives him a second look.
On my back porch, in my mind.

On Sundays, Martin comes down to preach,
Malcolm and Medgar sit around and watch him teach.
No, there ain't no color, you don't see no race.
All you see is a smiling face.
On my back porch, in my mind.

(Repeat first verse)

You Can Fly If You Want To

1992

Written by Jason Moon

Mr. Memory can't you see?
What this world has done to me.
I'm bending down on my knees,
Wishing somebody somewhere would set me free.

And we all want what is right.
We're all looking for that light shining bright.
But, it ain't nowhere to be found,
I should know I've looked around for it, lord I've looked around.

(Chorus)

*So you can fly if you want to,
And you can try if you care,
And you can cry if you need to,
But I won't cause I've already been there.*

Dreams they will come and go.
Leave you stone faced flat out in the cold.
You wake up you ain't got nothing to show,
For where you've been and what you've done, and your lives just begun.

Pain it wears a golden ring.
Thinking about it makes my ears ring.
And nothing helps me but the song I sing.
So I sing it loud, and I sing it proud.

(Chorus)

Back and forth, we all pretend.
To walk alone, without a friend.
But who will be there in the end?
To comfort me, to make me see, to set me free?

And I have to wonder why.
For all the reasons I have tried.
To over come what I couldn't hide.
Don't you dare cry for me on the day I die.

(Chorus) x2

Cause I've already been there

You Can Fly If You Want To

1992

Written by Jason Moon

C9 G D

Mr. Memory cant you see?

C9 G D

What this world has done to me.

C9 G D

I'm bending down on my knees,

D C9 G

Wishing somebody somewhere would set me free.

(Chorus)

D G

So you can fly if you want to,

D G

And you can try if you care,

D G

And you can cry if you need to,

C9 G D

But I won't cause I've already been there.

TV Song
Circa 1994
Written by Jason Moon

You got your brand new, big screen TV.
Set up in the living room for every one to see.
Larger than life, or so it seems.
You got “picture in picture” don’t miss nothing in-between.
Now mom and dad, they don’t talk much anymore.
They sit around on the living room floor.
Staring into our brand new TV.

They came today, to take the old 8-track away.
And brought in our new home stereo.
Last time the phone rang, was yesterday.
I wonder if the sun came out today.
Now brother and sister we don’t fight much anymore.
We sit around on the living room floor.
Staring into our brand new TV.

They came today, to install the switch.
On our brand new thirty-two satellite dish.
TV from England, TV from Spain,
I got some much damn TV that it’s driving me insane.
Now our whole family, we don’t talk much anymore.
We sit around on the living room floor.
Staring into our brand new TV.

Cook up some popcorn, turn down the lights.
Cause there’s nothing else to do on a Saturday night.
All the news we need is brought right to our door.
It’s a wonder that we even have to think anymore.
I got no reason why I should go outside.
107 channels where I can run and hide.
Staring into my brand new TV.

Advice I’ve learned, that you can keep.
Sitting in that easy chair makes your mind fall asleep.
Someday you’ll wake up, and wonder why.
Cause you realize a lifetime has passed you by.
All those zombies out there in “TV Land”
Live their life through the controller in their hand.
You go turn of your brand new TV.

TV Song
Chords
Circa 1994
Written by Jason Moon

C F G C
You got your brand new, big screen TV.

C F G F C
Set up in the living room for every one to see.

C F G C
Larger than life, or so it seems.

C F G F C
You got "picture in picture" don't miss nothing in-between.

F C G C
Now mom and dad, they don't talk much anymore.

F C G C
They sit around on the living room floor.

G F C
Staring into our brand new TV.

Mrs. May
Circa 1992
Written by Jason Moon

Mrs. May was driving, drinking a beer, doing 65 oh yeah.
Rolling down that highway, listening to James Taylor's: "Sweet Baby James."
Oh, it was snowing down some icy night; sickles hanging of the front of the car.
Street signs flashing in her eyes, what kind of person wishes on a falling star?

(Chorus)

Oh Mrs. May did you have to hit that tree?

Oh Mrs. May you didn't have to die.

Well I went to her funeral the other day, and there was lots of friendly people there.
One guy was talking about running for office; the other one said he'd never met her
anywhere.
Trying not to cry, standing with a tear in my eye, wishing I could kiss her one last time
before she died.
But it's too late, and we were born too soon, life is shit, and who cares anyway.

(Chorus)

Well I know I shouldn't think about it anymore, what's the use, you say she's gone for
good.
Memories fade my mind, Saturday morning cartoons used to tape them, watch them in
the afternoon.
Chasing each other around the shopping mall, shooting basketball on a summer's eve day.
We never had much money babe, but what we had was so much more.

(Chorus)

Now I don't really believe in god, but I still think she's somewhere in heaven.
She's probably complaining about the weather or something like that.
I don't know if I'll ever see her again, she didn't believe in reincarnation or infinity.
She always liked to listen to me play my guitar, spend all my money, and drive her car.

(Chorus)

Mrs. May
Chords
Circa 1992
Written by Jason Moon

E/9 (9th Fret)	E/7 (7th Fret)
---0---	---5---
---3---	---3---
---0---	---0---
---4---	---4---
---5---	---5---
---x---	---x---

E **E\9** **E\7** **E**
Mrs. May was driving, drinking a beer, doing 65 oh yeah.

E **E\9** **E\7** **E**
Rolling down that highway, listening to James Taylor's: "Sweet Baby James."

E **E\9** **E\7** **E**
Oh, it was snowing down some icy night; sickles hanging of the front of the car.

E **E\9** **E\7** **E**
Street signs flashing in her eyes, what kind of person wishes on a falling star?

(Chorus)

E\9 **E\7** **E\9**
Oh Mrs. May did you have to hit that tree?

E\9 **E\7** **E**
Oh Mrs. May you didn't have to die.

American Dream
circa 1991
Written by Jason Moon

Heading down from Baton-Rogue, it took a Trail of Tears to keep him alive.
He lives up there because the rent is low; he's got a wife, two kids, and a 9 to 5.
He works all day just to get by, smiles with a grin, and says, "everything is fine."
Only problem is its 42 more years till he can retire and die.

(Chorus)

*So don't you sell me, no don't you sell me, don't you sell me that American dream.
Don't you sell me, no you can't sell me, cause I ain't buying that American dream.*

Said he should have joined the army, gone to college on the GI Bill.
Says you read a lot of books there, TS Elliot, and you learn how to kill.
Called his momma, wiped the tears from her eyes, said, "I'm going to help America make
a stand."
He used to say, "It takes a lot of balls shoot the enemy, but it takes a lot more to be a
man."

(Chorus)

Sometimes when he gets home from work, you know he likes to drink a beer or two.
Smokes two and a half packs of Lucky Strikes a day, he's trying to quit but it's the best
he can do.
Sometimes when he gets drunk he hits his kids, sometimes when he gets drunk he hits his
wife.
Blowing the smoke out of the bathroom window, looked at me smiled and said, "hey,
that's life, all right."

(Chorus)

American Dream

Chords

circa 1991

Written by Jason Moon

Intro

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E|-0-----1-----0-----1---1-----0-----0---|
B|-1-----1-----1-----0---1---0---1-----0---1---|
G|-0-----0-2-----0---2-----0-0---2-2h2---0-----2h2---0---|
D|-2--0h2---3---0h2---2---0h2---0---3-----2---3-----2---|
A|-3-3-----3-----0-0---3-----2-----3-----3---|
E|-X-----3-----X-----X---|
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D **C** **G** **D**
Heading down from Baton-Rogue, it took a Trail of Tears to keep him alive.

D **C** **G** **D**
He lives up there because the rent is low; he's got a wife, two kids, and a 9 to 5.

D **C** **G** **D**
He works all day just to get by, smiles with a grin, and says, "Everything is fine."

D **C** **G** **D**
Only problem is its 42 more years till he can retire and die.

(Chorus)

D **C** **G** **D**
So don't you sell me, no don't you sell me, don't you sell me that American dream.

D **C** **G** **D**
Don't you sell me, no you can't sell me, cause I ain't buying that American dream.

If I Thought You'd Go

Circa 1993

Written by Jason Moon

Well the days, they keep on getting longer.
I wake up and wonder where I am.
I'd turn the light on if I could find it.
I'd ask you if I thought you cared.

And I don't believe in love.
I got no faith in pain.
You got nothing on me about heartache.
Cause to me its all one in the same.

(Chorus)

*So now I'm out here on this road once again.
And I only wish I had a friend,
To carry me when I'm down.
And I'd take you with me if I thought you'd go.*

Stumble round try and find some clothes to wear.
Put on a warm face for my friends.
Is this the same song I sung yesterday?
Or just a memory going to fade away?

And I don't believe in anything.
And I don't believe in you.
I've lost my faith in living.
Sometimes that's all you got left to do.

(Chorus)

I shake the cobwebs down from inside my head,
Its only ten o'clock and I'm wishing I was back in bed.
And I cast my shadow on the doorway,
Sayings thank the lord the sun came out today.

(Chorus)

Yes I'd take you with me if I thought you'd go.

If I Thought You'd Go

Chords

Circa 1993

Written by Jason Moon

C **G** **F**
Well the days, they keep on getting longer.

C **G** **F**
I wake up and wonder where I am.

C **G** **F**
I'd turn the light on if I could find it.

C **G** **F**
I'd ask you if I thought you cared.

(Chorus)

F **G**
So now I'm out here on this road once again.

F **G**
And I only wish I had a friend,

C **G** **F**
To carry me when I'm down.

C **G** **F** **G** **C**
And I'd take you with me if I thought you'd go.

Lame
Circa 1992
Written by Jason Moon

Well we couldn't score a sack so I bought us some alch...
Alcohol.
And then we went to my brother's house and took all the shit.
To my house and then my parents came home.

(Chorus)
That's fucking lame,
That's really lame.
"L" "M" "A" Lame.

Well I woke up this morning at twelve o'clock.
I'm late for work I probably lost my job.
I think I drank a little bit too much last night.
If I had a wake and bake, I'd make it feel all right.

(Chorus)

Well my head still hurts from the night before.
But the bands coming over got to do it some more.
I really didn't want to drink that much.
We got two bottles of Jose, and I threw up.

(Chorus)

We'll I'm sitting in school trying to fall asleep.
I started to snore, why are you looking at me.
I have no idea what class I'm supposed to be in.
We'll go in the parking lot, snort another line, and do detention again.

(Chorus)

This is such a grim bag and it's so full of seeds.
He says he caught a buzz but it didn't faze me.
Fifty-five dollars is twelve hours of work.
I got scammed, that's just the way it works.

(Chorus)

Well we scored a grim bag so we bought some more alch...
Alcohol.
And then we went to my brother's house and took all the drugs.
To my house and then my parents came home.

(Chorus)

Lame
Chords
Circa 1992
Written by Jason Moon

C G F G
Well we couldn't score a sack so I bought us some alch...

C G F G
Alcohol.

C G F G
And then we went to my brother's house and took all the shit.

C G F G
To my house and then my parents came home.

(Chorus)

C G F G
That's f**king lame,

C G F G
That's really lame.

C G F F# G
"L" "M" "A" Lame.

I Wouldn't Mind Dying Now

Circa 1994

Written by Jason Moon

How did it feel when he was inside you?
Did he make you feel the way you'd like me to?
Did you close your eyes? Did you think of me?
While I was sitting at home with you in my dreams.
And all my worlds come crashing down.
Old memories are back in town.
***And I wouldn't mind dying now,
No I wouldn't mind dying now.***

Did you hold his hands? Did you call my name?
And when I'm with you is it all the same?
Did he make you smile and set your soul free?
Did he show you things I could never see?
With a pain I've never felt before.
My heart got caught, you slammed the door.
(Chorus)

Is he in your dreams in places I should be?
Did it hurt at all when you lied to me?
Will he come again like a gust of wind?
Will I hear the lines, "Oh he's just a friend?"
What would you do, if the tables were turned?
What good is love, if your heart is burned?
(Chorus)

(Refrain)

**I guess someday I'll get used to it.
A faded memory I will never forget.**

Did you hold him tight and make him understand?
Did you tell him he was your only man?
Did he show you things I'd forgotten to?
Did you say the words, "I love you?"
Tell me was it worth it all?
Like days of old, I will take the fall.
(Chorus)

I Could Run Away

circa 1993

Written by Jason Moon

The world it ain't perfect it was never meant to be.
There was a time I could open my eyes and still not see.
Time flew by my open window, wishing that the wind would carry me away.
I really ain't that much to look at, but I got a whole lot to say.
Hey, hey, well I could run away.

**I know this little spot right in the back of my mind.
Sitting out on My Back Porch and everything is fine.**

People try to tell me, all about this and that.
I ain't got no time to waist, wondering where it's at.
I just take it as it comes and take it as it goes, seasons will change and no one knows.
If I had anything warm to wear lord knows it would not snow.
But I could run away. Yeah I could run away.

**I know this little spot right in the back of my mind.
Hanging out with Mrs. May and everything is fine.**

Dreams will turn to memories and your memories to pain.
Your crazy if you look in the mirror and think nothings changed.
Well you can't walk, if you can't crawl, and you can't stand until you fall.
I'd love to give you a reason to believe in me, but I forgot them all.
But I could run away. Yeah I could run away.

**I know this little spot right in the back of my mind.
Contemplate the American Dream and everything is fine.**

Love is just a word that some lonely person said.
While they were walking along with their head in their hands thinking they were better
off dead.

And it can take a life to find and then it's gone in a flash.
When you're dying on your knees saying, "I can relate to that."
Well you could run away. Yeah you could run away.

**I know this little spot right in the back of my mind.
Singing I Wouldn't Mind Dying Now and everything is fine.**

**I could run away, yeah could run away.
I could run away, I could run away.**

