



**FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE**  
sky full of holes

1. the summer place
2. richie and ruben
3. acela
4. someone's gonna break your heart
5. action hero
6. a dip in the ocean
7. cold comfort flowers
8. a road song
9. workingman's hands
10. hate to see you like this
11. radio bar
12. firelight waltz
13. cemetery guns

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"

Produced by Chris Collingwood and Adam Schlesinger  
Engineered by Geoff Sanoff  
Additional engineering by Arjun Agerwala, Rudyard Lee Cullers and Brian Young  
Assistant engineers: Mike Nesci, Adam Tilzer, Atsuo Matsumoto  
Recorded at Stratosphere Sound, NYC  
Additional recording at Camp Workaround, Northampton, MA

Mixed by John Holbrook at The Den, Stuyvesant, NY  
Mastered by George Marino at Sterling Sound, NYC

all songs written by Collingwood/Schlesinger  
© 2011 Monkey Demon Music (BMI)/Vaguely Familiar Music (ASCAP)

Cover photo: Lori Nix  
Band photos: Violeta Alvarez

Management: Jonathan Daniel and Jon Lullo for Crush Management **CRUSH**  
Legal: Josh Grier, Sloss Eckhouse LawCo  
Booking: Mitch Okrmin, MOB Agency; Mike Dewdney, ITB (International)  
Press: Ken Weinstein, Big Hassle

Thanks: Rie Fujiwara, Barbara H, David H, Anne and Bill Jameson, Katie, Sadie, and Claire, Sophie Smith, Paul Steinberg and Chloe and Ian Young.

We are grateful to Gretsch Guitars, Matchless Amplifiers, Pearl Drums, Vic Firth, Sabian, Latin Percussion, Dean Markley Strings, and Blue Microphones.

[www.fountainsofwayne.com](http://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

