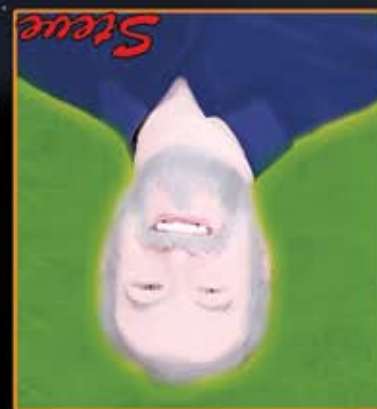
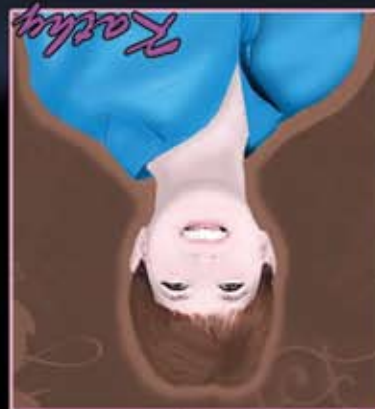


Vocals - Steve Feinstein, Don Hymel, Kathy Feinstein, Mary Lou Hymel
 Guitars - Steve Feinstein and Don Hymel
 Percussion - Kathy Feinstein and Mary Lou Hymel
 Flute on "It Ends, It Begins" - Karen Emerson

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myspace.com/thetimandbobshow

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 Nikki and Chad of PrimaDonna Productions, Inc.,
 Karen Emerson and Bruce Limpus.
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 And, finally, we'd like to thank our families and friends
 and the loyal citizens of Tim and Bob Nation.



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- Raccoon Rumble-seat (3:26)



The Tim and Bob Show



Take It Outside

South Texas Saturday Night

Don't wanna argue; don't wanna fight
We just wanna play some rock 'n roll tonight
Hot day is over; cool night to come
We got some good time music, wanna give you some

You just turn off the road near the live oak stand
When you hear the sounds of a rock 'n roll band
Keep on movin' 'til your worries are all out of sight
'Cause it's a fun lovin', good rockin' South Texas
Saturday night

Bring along the kids, they'll enjoy it too
Bring along your parents; they've been good to you
Bring along your friends to the best place in town
Hear the music comin' up as the sun goes down.

Yeah, it's a fun lovin'; Yeah, it's a good rockin'
Yeah it's a fun lovin'; Yeah it's a good rockin'
Yeah it's a fun lovin', good rockin', fun lovin', good
rockin', fun lovin', good rockin', fun lovin',
Yeah, it's a fun lovin', good rockin'
South Texas Saturday night.

Crazy Love

Artist: Poco

Fast

Annie died again today
We couldn't find another way
In her dreams she runs so fast
But we knew it wouldn't last

Annie loved us all the same
The time had come to pass her name
In her dreams she still ran fast
Annie dreamed about the past

And when she would race for a little while
She had a happy face for a half a mile
And she loved us so with her gentle soul
One glance from her brown eyes and we'd be paralyzed

And when she would race for a little while
She set a steady pace with such grace and style
But her youth had passed, she wound down at last
And we loved her so, so we let her go

Annie died again today
There is nothing left to say
Yes, we knew it wouldn't last
In our dreams she still runs fast
In her dreams she still runs fast

Goodbye girl

It Ends, It Begins

Feel myself falling, I'm falling like rain
Pick myself up, still I'm falling again

Cool, Clear, Clean Rain
Slow, Soft, Still Rain
Just when it ends, it begins

Waiting for someone who's waiting for me
Look in my mirror, there's no one to see

Clear, Clean, Cool Rain
Slow, Still, Soft Rain
Loneliness ends and begins

Sunshine releases the land and the sea
I am revived as the rain falls on me.

Clean, Cool, Clear Rain
Still, Soft, Slow Rain
And as it ends, it begins

Take It Outside

Well, I was just a little mess of a kid
When I first heard the rules of the game
My mama set me up straight and dried my tears
And told me that she was ashamed
"If you're gonna be a big boy and play with the girls,
You'd better learn to fend for yourself
'Cause the sad looking boy, like the sad looking toy,
Is the unwanted one on the shelf. So ..."

Take It Outside; don't you bring it in here
I've tried and I've tried, let me make myself clear:
You can go for a walk; take a bicycle ride;
If you must sing that song, won't you Take It Outside

When I was 25, I was a smooth-talkin' stud,
I was cool; I was slick; I was bad
I told my baby she was one lucky girl,
'Cause a better man could never be had
She told me "Wake up you fool or I'm out that door;
And someday I'll be your best memory.
If you wanna help yourself to the goodies,
You'd better pay attention to me. [Or you can ...]"

Well, now I'm an old dude; I'm losing my hair,
And my own boys have all moved away
But they call up their dad to sing the "Mean Woman Blues"
'Cause their wives are on their cases all day
I tell them, "Wake up you fools or they're out that door,
And you'll never get them back if you whine
And I ain't gonna let you move back in with me,
So you better not waste any more time. [Listen ...]"

Looking Back

Looking back – we can agonize over words
that we can't change
Looking back – at scattered puzzle pieces
we can't rearrange
How we tried to brace ourselves
against the cruel winds that were blowing
But you can't see where you're going
when you're – looking back

Daniel Park lives a quiet life in a quiet house on a quiet
boulevard
He spends his days in a coat and tie in an office where
he's held in high regard
His wife and children smile at him from a picture frame
that sits next to his bed
He turns his light out, shuts his eyes, and thinks of who
he could have been instead

For when Daniel Park shuts his eyes each night
There are memories that swirl around and round
He sees himself as a strong young man
Who would soon brush off the dust of his small town
And spend his life with that pretty girl
Who'd stay with him forever, so she said
And just before he drifts away,
He thinks about the path he took instead

Sweet Music Man

Just like a beacon lights up the shore
Shine down upon us for ever more
Play on forever or as long as you can
Tell us your secrets - sweet music man

First, swing it softly; then, let it moan
Twist it around you and make it your own
Whisper it to us 'til we understand
Show us the magic - sweet music man

Yeah, lift us up
Fly us so high
Bring us back home again
sweet music man

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Let It Be Me
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Light In the Night

Colored light getting close; passing by; fade away
Like the steam rising up on a hot sunny day
Asphalt ribbon below plays a song with no rhyme
Changing dreams; fleeing dawn; beating heart;
double time

I'm driving in darkness – going towards; coming from
I'm chasing the moon – crashing into the Sun
I'll know where I'm going when my travel is done
I am only a lonely light in the night.

Lifting off; heading up; curving out; streaming free
Like a steam driven star in a cloud of debris
Airborne road screaming past setting sun, rising moon
Breaking loose from the Earth like a free-arcing tune

We're floating in darkness – going towards, coming from
We're chasing the moon, yeah, turning into the sun
And we'll know where we've been once our travel is done
We are only a lonely light in the night

Decisions

I don't say much; I do even less
The world slips by me too easily, I guess
The passing of days is but a breeze on my face
I've been told I've dropped out of the human rat race
But there are weighty questions that I ponder each day
I first must decide which guitar I will play

Should I play soft chords for my sunrise delight?
Finger-picking at noon – doesn't that sound just right?
Can I flat-pick in time with the afternoon's song?
And is nightfall the best time for singing along?

I don't know how I wound up this way –
Why money and power don't govern my day
The passing of years is marked by lines on my face
The world's moving faster; I don't try to keep pace
But there's many decisions that I make each day
I first must decide which guitar I will play.

Take It Like a Man

I may not grab your attention
Like a garish billboard sign
But you might want to notice
I'm around from time to time
I might have things to tell you
That could benefit your plan
When I have good advice for you
You need to take it like a man

(Take it like a man) Don't patronize me
(Take it like a man) Don't analyze me
I'm not just some old reference book
perched high upon your shelf
(Take it like a man) Don't idolize me
(Take it like a man) Just realize that
I'm the woman that you need to make
a man out of yourself

Like a cool breeze in the summer
Will refresh your fevered night
When you've lost your way in darkness
I'll be the one to shine the light
I'm the one that was reserved for you
Since time itself began
So when I give my heart and soul to you
You need to take it like a man

So when I offer you my love

.... You need to take it like a man.

Love In 3/4 Time

There is no more yesterday; everything's today
We've become our universe, and we're here to stay
Everything is you
Everything with you
Everything for you and me
Don't know how this happened or how we came to be

Why should we two hesitate? Everything's okay
We broke each and every rule; starting new each day
We create us
Celebrate us
Take us high above
Don't know how this happened but we've found our love

Hands intertwined our hearts so inclined our
Love fits us tight like a glove
Started with nothing and made ourselves something
Love we are something to see

Hands intertwined our [Started with nothing]
Hearts so inclined our [Made ourselves something]
Love fits us tight like a glove [We are something to see]
Tight like a glove, we are something to see

(Some Days) Everything Sounds Like a Song

I met a little girl years ago
She swore she'd never leave – told me so
And then that very day, I watched her walk away
As April turned to May

When I was twenty-one years of age
I planned to slip out of my small town cage
Once I brought to mind what I'd leave behind
I locked myself away

And the jury never did decide if I was right or wrong
Some days everything sounds like a song

In my good times and bad you were there
All my joys and woes were yours to share
But when you called on me, I pretended not to see
And just let you fade away

Soft silent whispers just behind the door
Lights start to dim until there is no more
And I never shed a tear, thanked you or let you hear
What I never tried to say

And the days are getting shorter as I slip and stumble on
Some days everything sounds like a song

Let It Be Me

Artist: The Everly Brothers

Raccoon Rumble-seat

Well, I got my bottle of bootleg gin
Ain't gonna let no depression set in
I'm at the Raccoon Rumble-seat
Flapper Dan Crystal Ball
Let 'em bust down the door, I ain't goin' nowhere at all

You know the skylight is painted a garish red
And it shines upon the battlefield in my head
I'm at the Raccoon Rumble-seat Flapper Dan Crystal Ball
Ain't gonna stop drinking 'til Johnny Walker stops growing
strong

The Nowhere Man; The Fool on the Hill
The Paperback Writer sittin' drinking their fill
They're at the Raccoon Rumble-seat
Flapper Dan Crystal Ball
I saw Michelle doin' it in the road with Bungalo Bill

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except:
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Produced, engineered, mixed, and mastered by Joël Dilleby at Mandala Music Production.
www.mandalamusic.com

except
Let It Be Me
Recorded at Rhapsody Studios, 2006, engineered by Ken Branca.

Take It Outside

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Take It Outside



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