

contents

the cars	1978	1
candy-o	1979	15
panorama	1980	31
shake it up	1981	47
beatitude	1982	59
heartbeat city	1984	75
this side of paradise	1986	93
door to door	1987	109
fireball zone	1990	125
quick change world	1993	145

troublizing 1997 165:

nexterday 2005 181

move like this 2011 195

other lyrics 211

freely sing and paradise poems

1968 to 1976 245

prose 257

negative theater 1992 279

senryu 307

I don't think poetry or prose is fictional. All my lyrics come from the prose I write. I just keep books of words and when I feel it's time to write songs, I steal from the prose to write the lyrics. Writing the music is easier than writing the words. I stop writing songs when I run out of lyrics. Each song has a meaning to me, but it usually has a different meaning to others—as it should. When I was a kid in school, I never thought about poetry. I thought a lot about music and art. When I started writing music, that was when it dawned on me, oh yeah, words, I will need some of those. Words can paint pictures in your mind. So lyrics and poetry became important to me. I also loved poetry because you can open the book anywhere and start reading. Going through all the lyrics and prose was a trip for me—and I use the word trip in the acid sense: dreamlike, surreal, and climactic. What I thought and said, peaks and valleys. It's a strange but true way to document a certain time.

RIC OCASEK, 2012

good times roll

let the good times roll
let them knock you around
let the good times roll
let them make you a clown

let them leave you up in the air
let them brush your rock and roll hair
let the good times roll
let the good times roll
let the good times roll

let the stories be told
they can say what they want
let the photos be old
let them show what they want

if the illusion is real
let them give you a ride
if they got thunder appeal

my best friend's girl

you're always dancing down the street
with your suede blue eyes
and every new boy that you meet
he doesn't know the real surprise

here she comes again
when she's dancing 'neath the starry sky
she'll make you flip
here she comes again
when she's dancing 'neath the starry sky
you kinda like the way she dips

she's my best friend's girl
she's my best friend's girl
and she used to be mine

you've got your nuclear boots
and your drip dry glove
and when you bite your lip
it's some reaction to love