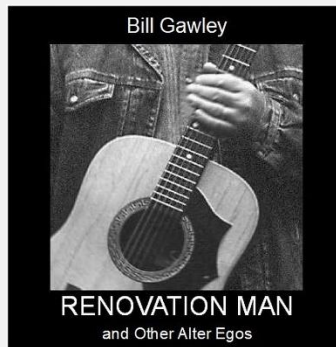


All Lyrics:

Renovation Man and Other Alter Egos



I'm The One ©1998, 2025- Bill Gawley

Chorus:

I'm the one- gonna shout it from the mountain
I'm the one- gonna sing it to the sea,
I'm the one- like thunder in the valley
Gonna shine my light on you if you will shine your light on me.

You say you're looking for something to try to turn your life around,
So you grab a piece of everyone that wanders into town.
But all those smiling faces may soon turn into frowns,
If you can't tell the ones who wish you well from ones who want to drag you down.

You're stuck inside a struggle to have someone to hold near,
And take advice from any angel that whispers in your ear.
Well even Satan was an angel when he started his career,
But with me don't ever fear- cause I'm the one.

I'm the one who will love you when summer sun turns to fall rain,
Even after glowing embers are all that's left of dying flames.
And in good times and in bad times I'll be with you just the same,
I'll be in the evening moonlight and the wind's subtle refrain.
I'll be the face that you look at in the morning when you rise.
I'll be the fire that flashes between two lovers eyes.
I'll be the beacon in the night that always leads you home,
And you'll never be alone, cause I'm the one.

Chorus

I'm the one who has always been and the one who'll always be,
If you call my name I'll answer, so never fear to call on me.
And you'll feel my presence everywhere, in everything you've done,
Gonna shine my light on you, cause I'm the one.

Chorus

Renovation Man ©1996, 2025- Bill Gawley

Proud old lady, sittin' high on a hill; a bit run down but a beauty still.
Gonna take you back to where it all began.
Drain my wallet, work my hands to the bone; to make this happy house a home.
Gonna be your Renovation Man.

Fix the holes in the roof where you can see the sky, exterminate all the wasps and flies.
I'm gonna make you look the best you can.

Tear down that wall, lift up that beam; to make the dwelling of my dreams,
Gonna be your Renovation Man.

Each job starts simple then grows and grows, till you've got less house than you've got holes,
And it's mice, not men that seem to make the plans.
And the world starts not to look the same when you're woozy from polyurethane,
But I'm gonna be your Renovation Man.

And then the well runs dry when I've been just covered with fiberglass and plaster dust,
And there ain't that much that hasn't hit the fan.

Walk with my spacesuit on from room to room to find asbestos, lead, and radon fumes,
But I'm still gonna be your Renovation Man.

Despite your curling shingles, your rotting sills, your sky-high winter heating bills,
Despite your leaning chimney, your sagging porch, your drooping ridge, and then of course...
Despite the weasels and spiders, not to mention the mice,
That share the leaks in the ceiling from the damming of ice,
Well I'm gonna make you look the best you can, cause I'll always be your Renovation Man.

Firefly Waltz ©1997, 2025- Bill Gawley

Well the leaves of September grew golden, and the memories of summer vanished like smoke rings
In the breezes that carry the geese back to their winter home,
And I remember the night of the Fourth of July, walking back up from the river,
With Nature in all of her glory for us alone.

Chorus:

And we danced to the tune of the Firefly Waltz, the fields were as bright as the day.
The stars in the sky met their match, as did the moon on the bay.
And I loved you back then, and I love you right now, and I'll love you when we're old and gray,
And we'll dance to the Firefly Waltz to the end of our days.

Well the days of December grew shorter, and the winds they grew colder, as we huddled so close by the fire,
And we offered our welcome to winter with our tea and scones.
And the snow formed a blanket on the bare trees and ground, as we wait for the days of summer to come round,
And we basked in the warmth of the memory of that night long ago.

Chorus: (when we...)

Well the blossoms of May have come early this year, with the birds and the bees on the wing,
And the robins returned to our window to share the surprise.
And we'll soon feel the touch of the sun once again as we wait for the passing of spring,
To return to our field on the night of the Fourth of July.

Chorus: (And we'll...)

Joe Louis & Muhammad Ali ©1995, 2025- Bill Gawley

When we get together, how the sparks they would fly,
Sun would shine down upon us and the angels would cry.
The music of the spheres, it would pour from the sky, can't you see?

When we'd embrace in the joy that only we'd know,
People'd point and they'd stare and bask in our radiant glow,
One part a relationship, two parts a show, it would be...

Like those legendary match-ups of old that we all wait a lifetime to see finally unfold.
And our ultimate meeting, some say it would be like Joe Louis and Muhammad Ali.

Fate finally brought us together in the same time and place,
For our dance into destiny, in our own state of grace,
Our pasts disappeared with hardly a trace to be seen.

And some call it karma, some say it's kismet, the only question remaining is just how far we'll get
And just how many rounds are in store for you and me, and Joe Louis and Muhammad Ali.

Well the event's finally over, the public agreed,
We've waltzed the squared circle with no referees,
And our best combinations were thrown into the breeze.

And the armchair officials concur, that there's no clear champion, not him or not her...
And we're probably better off we didn't see Joe Louis and Muhammad Ali,
Yes we're probably fortunate we'll never see Joe Louis and Muhammad Ali.

All Night Long ©1995, 2025- Bill Gawley

Two steps forward, three steps back- we danced this one so many times we finally got the knack.
I was dashing in my formal-wear, you were stunning dressed in black-
And the orchestra always seemed to play our song.
And we danced around the room together- All Night Long.

Spinning 'round in circles, doing pirouettes in time- to the melody of our lives together,
We never missed a beat but after a while- The song was over and the dance went out of style,
And our feet got tired way too early, it seems those days were gone
When we could dance around the room together, All Night Long.

Where does the music go when no one's dancing anymore?
When the ballroom's dark & quiet & there's no one on the floor.
And what on earth were all those Arthur Murray lessons for,
If the days of dancing cheek to cheek are over?

Well I've got my old tuxedo, though it's faded and it's tight-
And that pile of records gathered dust but still should sound alright.
So if you'll wear your black evening dress, I'll turn down the lights
And our living room will be the Avalon
And we'll dance the way we used to do it, All Night Long.

100 Miles an Hour ©1995, 2025- Bill Gawley

Jimmy's out driving in his brand new Chevrolet, heading to the coast, looking for a holiday.
Pops a tape in the dash and sings along as it starts to play,
Damned thing got stuck, he hears the same song all the way

Chorus:

Oh Jimmy, don't you think you're going a little too fast this time?
Passing on the right, straddling the broken line.
You're getting kind of tired of the lines you've heard so far,
It's hard to change the tune at 100 miles an hour, it's hard to change the tune at 100 miles an hour.

Jimmy's got a lady, she thinks that he might be Mr. Right,
And Jimmy's thinking 'bout her every single day and night.
Sweet fascination, should he give up without a fight?
Or is he driving down a dark road using just the parking lights?

Chorus:

Oh Jimmy, don't you think you're going a little too fast this time?
Giving it away, signing on the dotted line.
You're getting kind of tired of the lines you've heard so far,
It's hard to change the tune at 100 miles an hour, it's hard to change the tune at 100 miles an hour.

Jimmy says it's pointless to go on for too much more,
He's been driving all night, still don't know what he was looking for.
Pulls off to the roadside, he gets out and he slams the door,
So much easier to find your way when the pedal's not pushed down to the floor.

Chorus:

Oh Jimmy, don't you think you're going a little too fast this time?
Racing down the road, oblivious to all the signs.
You're getting kind of tired of the lines you've used so far,
It's hard to read a map at 100 miles an hour, it's hard to find your way at 100 miles an hour.

Suds ©1981, 2025- Bill Gawley

Well it's raining here in Central City, my wife just ran away; she went to Vegas with my banker just the other day.
And my brother, Dan, is not a man since he came back from Stockholm.
Since my mistress had the overdose I've been feeling all alone.

Now my life was not quite this bad till my mother came to say
She was off to join a cult, and both she & dad were gay.
When my shrink died in the car crash & my kid ran off to sea
I had this feeling that my life was like those stories on TV.

Chorus:

But that's the way your life goes when you live As the World Turns, All My Children try and tell me so.
When you try to play with fire, you're liable to get burned and wind up in the General Hospital.
We spend The Days of Our Lives trying to find our Guiding Light and taking what this cruel world has to give.
But I'm no dope, I'm gonna try and go along with Ryan's Hope, and be thankful I've got just One Life to Live.

Well last week, my great Aunt Tillie committed suicide and left her fortune to her parakeet and cat.
And my next-door neighbor's live-in maid's a hooker on the side,
And her cousin's long-lost husband came to take the baby back.

Then my broker got ambitious and ran away with all my funds,
And his wife had a mental breakdown and ran off to be a nun.
And his brother Mal, the police chief, is getting high on LSD-
I sure wish I had some sponsors so folks could cry along with me!

Chorus

The Elephant Man ©1980, 2025- Bill Gawley

Will anybody listen, can anybody see; that inside this shell I drag around
Someone's struggling to break free.

Like a seabird in a rusty cage, within sight of the sea,
How I long to fly so high again, to fulfill what I can be.

They say beauty's but a word my friend, and it only runs skin deep.
But that brings no comfort when you must roam the town when the rest of the world's asleep.
And the finest girls in London bring me gifts and stay for tea,
And in whispered tones say it's fortunate that their sons are not like me.

When I die I'd like to fly, high above this world, do a graceful ballet in a sky so blue.
And look at all the people for as far as I can see, and say "remember what I used to be-
Look what I can do..."

If I had all the answers, you know where I'd begin
To unleash this man that hides behind this curse of horrid skin.
But I still have my questions, and the biggest one, you see
Is why people just can't find the beauty that hides inside of me.

Fair Wind ©1997, 2025- Bill Gawley

Don't need no ginseng, don't need no herbal tea.
Don't need no good, good, woman to make an honest man of me.
Don't need no Rogaine, no matter what they say,
Just need a fair wind at my back to push me over the hump and help me turn the page.

Don't need to take no Geritol, just need to take some time.
Don't need to take no cruise with Kathie Lee on the Princess Line.
Don't need to take stock in what I've got, you know it's gonna work just fine
With a fair wind at my back to push me over the hump and help me toe the line.

Don't need no proclamations, don't need no lip from you.
Don't need a mandate from the people to tell me what to do.
Don't need no confrontations, don't need to sing the blues
Just need a fair wind at my back to push me over the hump and help me make it through.
Just need a fair wind at my back to push me over the hump and help me make it through.

Delta Mood ©1981, 2025- Bill Gawley

Oh, summers and winters- some hot some warm. Long nights filled with that Louisiana charm
Down in New Orleans, put you in the Delta Mood.
Now everybody's talking about the news that's going 'round- a new blues man just blew into town
He comes from Mobile, Alabama but he'll sing you them delta blues.

When he sings "la, la, la, la, yeah my baby done left me- now my bottle's all I've got"
Sing along with him, it'll put you in the Delta Mood

Now you take Bourbon Betty, and I'll take Sally Ann
And we'll take 'em to the riverside and go for all we can.
We'll be a-drinkin' and a-rollin' 'round in the Delta Mood.
Now take a walk with me down that Royal St., you can hear a dixie band that just can't be beat
They're blowing ragtime, but they can let you slow-dance too.

When they play "la, la, la, la" you'll be dancing in the streets come the Mardi Gras
Tap your foot in time, it'll put you in the Delta Mood.

They say that California is the place that I should be
And that Nashville is a hip town, but I just can't stand the heat.
And New York's got the hustle and the bustle, but it hustled me right off my feet.
So move over Broadway, the hell with you- I'm gonna walk down Bourbon St.

Oh, summers and winters- some hot some warm. Long nights filled with that Louisiana charm
Down in New Orleans, put you in the Delta Mood.
Now sing a song with me and I'll sing one with you,
Down in New Orleans you can never get the blues.
We'll be howlin' like 2 hound dogs in the Mississippi moon.

When we sing "la, la, la, la", yeah I'm goin' down on Friday-
Don't know when I'm coming back.
Going down to New Orleans, gonna put you in the Delta Mood.

Pebbles ©1998, 2025- Bill Gawley

Well a pebble makes a ripple in the water, and the ripple makes a wave in a pool.
And that wave can travel straight across the ocean, and it can drown some crazy fool.
And you've always got a pocket full of pebbles, and you're not afraid to use them- and you do.
And the waves you make will surely break this rock we've built our house upon in two.

Well a tree can fall like thunder in the forest, and it will never make a sound.
And you can't be safe on second base when the lightning crashes down.
And you can wield your axe like lightning, and you're not afraid to use it- and you do.
But the falling trunk and leaves will surely cleave this rock we've built our house upon in two.

They say that love can have the strength of a tornado and that desire is as fierce as a typhoon.
And that family can be stronger than gravity, and even oceans are moved by the moon.
But all the stars in heaven can't stop the feelings that I have for you.
And you know the human heart's the power that starts
To close the gap in the rock that's split in two.
And with the love you send, the crack will mend, and I will build that house again for you.