

Story of My Life

I like living in the western world
Champagne and California girls
Hundred channels on the tv screen
Air conditioning real estate schemes

Tea time on the Pacific Rim
All is quite, wish I was thin
My dreams never realized
I'm a hack songwriter, but I'm still alive

My life.... my life
Story of my life

I was raised by the Great Lakes
Ohio I had to escape
Always been drawn to the big unknown
Cheap sunglasses and cars two tone

Got married in '84
I have a little girl and a little boy
They look at me and start to laugh
When I say, "Pull my thumb, here's some gas"

My life....My life
Story of my life
My life....my life
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The Brain Police are always after me
Tryin' to control my destiny
By loading me up beyond capacity
Guess I'm stuck with skin and bones
Bad breath and cellular phones
High times got the best of me
High times got the best of me
High times got the best of me

Wickliffe was a post war subdivision town located east of Cleveland and west of nowhere
It was the perfect example of rural America being too close to a large city that eventually consumed it
with acres and acres of little tract houses as far as the eye could see
Even then, all I wanted was a shot and a beer
One day I washed up on the shores of Hollywood
Hollywood... the city of angels and dreams
I went to capitol records to apply for a job as a rock star, but they told me the position had been filled
Even then, all I wanted was a shot and a beer