

paper ceilings

discarded cigarettes

my love for you burns with the intensity of a forest fire started by a discarded cigarette / when i saw you from the observation deck i loved you even though i had not met you yet / our love can be seen by satellite / it burns from san diego to tucson / i'll take you out to eat sometime but mostly cause i have a coupon / and it expires next week / but baby don't you ever doubt that / my love for you burns with the intensity of a forest fire started by a discarded cigarette / when i saw you from the observation deck i loved you even though i had not met you yet / when they send in the firefighters / i'll be reduced to glowing embers / my darling please remember that i burned down all these trees for you.

serious song

i wish i could take myself more seriously / i'd hang out in coffee shops reading salinger or something else intellectual like that / and everybody would say / that guy's got it all figured out / that guy knows what he's doing with his life / that guy's gonna have a house and a wife and a dog and a job and a record collection and a full size pool table and a broadband internet connection and season tickets to baseball games and a brand new macbook pro with an incredible retina display / but i don't take myself seriously / i just sit in my room with my guitar and sing bad songs by bands that no one but me can stand / but someday i'll i have it all i figured out / someday i'll know what i'm doing with my life / i might not have a big house or a wife or a dog or a job or a marshall stack amp or a printer that doesn't jam or a facebook page with more than maybe fifteen fans / but even if i never have anything cool at least i'll have this piece of paper that proves i went to school and did okay for myself / but who knows? / maybe i'll have a 6 string bass and a guitar signed by neil young and my own private yacht that i throw crazy punk rock shows on / or not.

thunder road (no, not that one)

i'll be damned if thunder road's not the best song of all time / i'll be damned if it wasn't written for nights just like tonight / and your name's not mary / i don't drive a fifty nine / this night is less than perfect / still everything's alright / and i spent a lot of time just listening to the clash / wishing for a time machine / trying to go back / but 1977 sounds horribly depressing / at least now we've got gaslight and frank turner and against me! / and honestly i'd like fugazi back together / but i've gotta let it be / good bands don't last forever / cause there's more to life than a fender guitar / but i know, i know / six strings can take you far / (whoas and stuff) / i'll be damned if thunder road's not the best song of all time / i'll be damned if it wasn't written for nights just like tonight / and your name's not mary / i don't drive a fifty nine / this night is less than perfect / still everything's alright.

palm muted power chords

i'm just a guy playing palm muted power chords / i'm just a guy singing old songs you've heard before / i'm just a guy and nothing more / i'm just a guy, i'm just a guy / but sometimes i wish i was some other guy / the kind who could play solos, the real rock star type / i would join a band and probably crash the van / but i'm just a guy, i'm just a guy / i wish i had the guts to leave it all behind / to tear up the page / not sign the dotted line / but instead i just sit here and say i'm doing fine / cause i'm just a guy, i'm just a guy / i'm just a guy playing palm muted power chords / i'm just a guy singing old songs you've heard before / i'm just a guy and nothing more / i'm just a guy, i'm just a guy / i'm just a guy playing palm muted power chords / i'm just a guy singing old songs you've heard before / i'm just a guy and nothing more / i'm just a guy, i'm just a guy.

good enough

some people think that i'm not good enough /
and some people think that they're not
good enough / and some people think that
nothing's good enough / but they're wrong /
and i know you think that you're not good
enough / and i know you think that your
friends aren't good enough / and i know you
think that your songs aren't good enough /
but you're wrong / and i know cause
sometimes i think that i'm not good enough /
and sometimes i think that the world's not
good enough / and sometimes i think that
nothing's good enough / but i'm wrong / i'm
wrong.

life is hopeless (and that's okay)

life is truly hopeless / you know you'll never
get your shit together / you were born to be
a failure / forever and ever / and that's okay /
life is truly hopeless / you know we'll never
get our shit together / we were born to be
failures / forever and ever / and that's okay.

billy was a punk (but now he's dead)

there once was a kid named billy / he had a
bright ride bike / he rode it to all the local
punk shows / and when he arrived / he'd
hang out with the bands / and when they'd
play / he'd sing and he'd dance / cause billy
was a punk but now he's dead / a few years
down the road / billy started his own band /
he only knew three chords / but they toured
all across the land / and after all the shows /
they released a seven inch / no one really
liked it / it never left the bargain bin / billy
was a punk but now he's dead / one night
billy was talking to this bassist from chicago
/ they were talking about records / about the
ergs and the bouncing souls / and suddenly
the sky turned all sorts of colors / and out
from the clouds came a u.f.o. / and that
bassist from chicago turned out to be an
alien / he took billy to his planet / never to be
seen again / and when they landed on the
planet / billy was thrown in the zoo in a cage
next to joey ramone / and billy said to joey /
man i thought you were dead / but joey
shook his head and mumbled gabba gabba
no / and on the other side sat a lonely sid
vicious / presumed dead for years but no
one really missed him / he had a beat up
bass but it wasn't plugged in / he played
anarchy in the u.k. for some parents and

their little kids / billy was a punk but now
he's dead / and for the next three years /
billy played shows straight through the night
/ and all the little green hardcore kids just
laughed at the sight / but billy had a plan /
yes billy had a plan / the zookeepers came
in / billy was clearly dead / guitar strings
around his neck / and then everyone bought
his records and loved him / and then
everyone bought his records and loved him /
and they all got tattoos to spread the sad
sad news / that billy was a punk but now
he's dead.

you can't say crap on the radio

you can't say crap on the radio / but they
sure play crap on the radio / kiss enough
asses at the label / focus group that shit / 1
2 3 go! / well if i ever make a radio edit / find
my guitar / yeah go get it / smash it over the
hood of my car / light on fire and bury it in
the park / i'll never sell out / unless i have a
chance cause then i will / you can't say crap
on the radio / but they sure play crap on the
radio / kiss enough asses at the label / focus
group that shit / 1 2 3 go! / if i ever sign a
record deal / these songs, they're all yours
to steal / put this shit on the piratebay / that'll
be the day when you can finally say / man i
used to like that guy / but now i don't / you
can't say crap on the radio / but they sure
play crap on the radio / kiss enough asses at
the label / focus group that shit / 1 2 3 go! /
we never listen to the radio / we just listen to
the paul baribeau / wherever we go / we
never listen to the radio / we just listen to ted
leo / wherever we go / we never listen to the
radio / we just listen to defiance, ohio /
wherever we go / but we can't afford to drive
/ so we don't / capital radio / capital radio /
there's crap on the radio /there's crap on the
radio / you can't say crap on the radio / but
they sure play crap on the radio / kiss
enough asses at the label / focus group that
shit / 1 2 3 go!

credits / contact info

all songs by jesse markway (paper ceilings).
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