

**Just The Other Day
Jr Gone Wild**

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Date: Sat, 16 Sep 1995 18:22:30 -0600 (MDT)
From: Adele McDonald {COE-CRD}
Subject: crd for Jr. Gone Wild

Just the Other Day
written by Mike McDonald, Jr. Gone Wild, Pull the Goalie album

G
You could hardly call it sublime,
Em
but it was a pretty good time
C
She was resplendent in her fashion,
D
although she lacked that certain passion
G
And I was such a keener
Em
for the lifestyle that had weaned her
C
It was such a different scene
D
And we tried to grow up mean
G **Em**
And I met her in Alberta but I never uttered a word of
C **D**
The feelings that I had even when I felt real bad
G **Em**
Cuz things were so contrary teenage years are scary
C **D**
Experience was nil and I see her still
G **Em**
In the bars and the libraries and the wars and bowls of cherries
C **D**
And the poetry of ages and the rosemaries and the sages
G **Em**
And the wheat and wind and dirges,through the prairies and the urges
C **D**
And the clumsiness of youth and the wisdom of the truth

- chorus -

 C D
And I was thinking just the other day
 G Em C
Was it fun, was it dumb, was it right?
 C D G
Guess I ll get a case of beer looks like I m gonna be up all night

It was neat and almost forgotten quite like Johnny Rotten
All the punkers drank their fill and they puked on the windowsill
Of a blurry unwritten future while splitting all the sutures
Of a past tattooed with pain impossible to explain

And it took about forty full moons and a hundred thousand sad tunes
And a million barricades and a bad version of purple haze
To lift the rusty visor of the jaded knight inside her
so she could see the starting gun and then her life went on the run

- chorus -

I tried to stay behind her but the slipstream was a side winder
And I tripped on an ideal and my heart burned and peeled
So I collected my resources and I ate about seven courses
Of a dozen bad mistakes and served on silver plates

And she lived happily ever after and I got lost in the laughter
Emitted by the stream of an adolescent dream
And I wound up in the alley where the broken hearts would rally
Against a world of hurt although we ate it for desert

And so I lost her in Alberta and since then I never heard of
her vision or her light or her blindness or her night
Me I m parallel with danger now that she s become a stranger
I gotta laugh when it hits the surface...thank God the past can t find a
purchase....

- chorus -

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