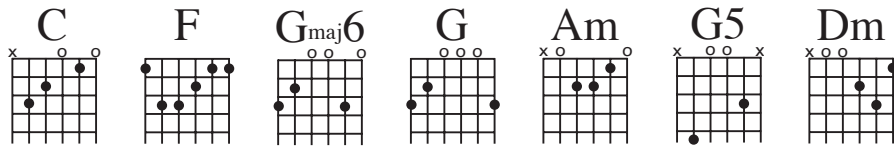


CLEOPATRA

words and music by Danny Schmidt



INTRO: C - F - Gmaj6 - C - G - C . .

C F
She told me that her name was Cleopatra when we met
G F C
And I didn't mind at all though she was lying I suspect
F G
I told her I'm the emperor of all that I survey
F C
"You can call me Alexander" - well, she said that that was great
G C
Going round, this old mobile, going round
G C
It's just as easy talking up as talking down

She told me 'bout her boyfriend who'd proposed in middle school
And stories of her family I could tell she wished were true
It was Christmas in the Catskills and Easter on The Cape
And Mama married money and Daddy by mistake
Going round, this old mobile, going round
It's just as easy talking up as talking down

And I told her 'bout the time I got arrested in the park
For drinkin' after curfew and then for talking smart
And as they drove me to the station house, in cuffs and in conceit
I found a quarter bag of weed that'd been stuffed down in the seat
Going round, this old mobile, going round
It's just as easy talking up as talking down

I told her 'bout that incident with fireworks and doves
And she told me about Somoa and lilikoi and love
And we compared our notes on marketplaces, Brownsville and Bombay
And how the story of your life, it's always yours to trade away
Going round, this old mobile, going round
It's just as easy talking up as talking down

Am C G
 But when things got quiet, she got far
 C G5 Am F G
 And I caught a tiny glimpse of Cleopatra's heart
 Dm C G
 Curled up in candlelight at home
 C G5 Am F G
 Her fingers smelled like cigarettes and another night alone

There comes a time in every barroom night when the light starts getting strange
 And the shadows and the highlights start to cross and start to change
 In the hollow of her cheekbones hid both fantasy and flight
 As she kissed me on the lips and disappeared into the night
 Going round, this old mobile, going round
 It's just as easy talking up as talking down

SONG NOTES:

This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the fourth fret.

This song's very easy to play. It always sounded like a John Prine song to me, with its colloquialisms and its heavy thumb.

There's no part of this song that is based on anything that's ever happened to me in my life, except the part about getting arrested for being in the park after curfew. It was on my 21st birthday, in fact. The only vindicating part of the whole incident was that, as a 21 year old, I didn't have to throw my beer into the bushes when the cop spotlighted us. Instead, I just kept right on sipping it. And that felt pretty good. The four friends with me, of which I was the oldest, all shoved their half-drunk beers in front of me, too. So the cop walked up and there I was drinking five beers and smirking. And I had a laser in my pocket (literally) -- but that's a whole other story. And he arrested me cause I had an outstanding warrant for an unpaid speeding ticket which I had gotten five years earlier, driving 35 MPH in a 30 MPH zone. And it had been on Yom Kippur, driving myself home early from the synagogue, fleeing the forced high holiday services. And I think I never told my parents about the ticket cause then they'd know I left services early . . . and I was never 100% sure if we Jews believed in hell or not . . . but I wasn't gonna risk it. So I ignored the ticket and ended up in jail on my 21st birthday.