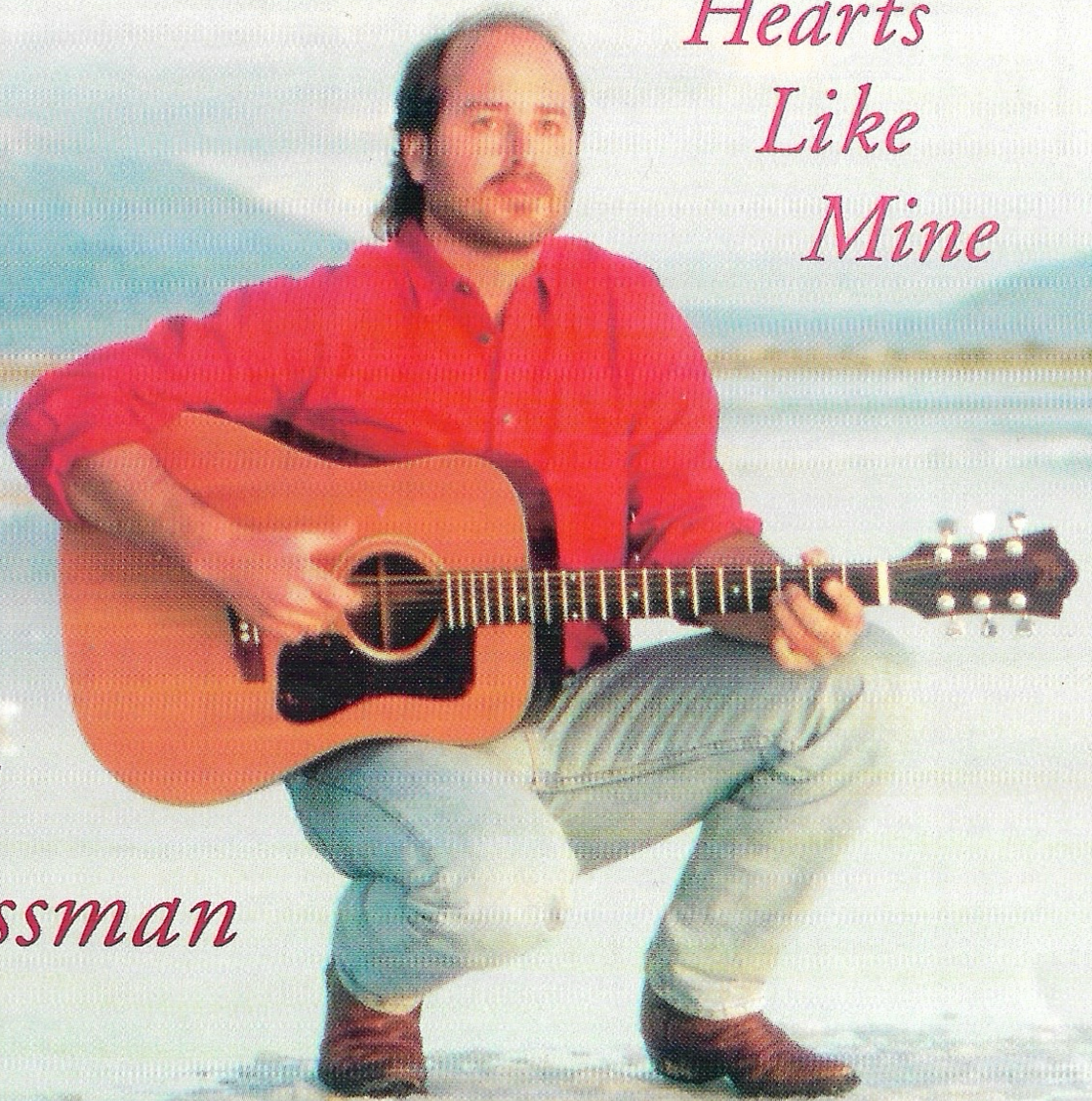


*Hearts
Like
Mine*



*Judd
Grossman*

Credits

All songs written, arranged and performed
by Judd Grossman
except "Come In My Friend" which was written by
my father, Burton Grossman

Recorded and mixed at L.A. East Studios
by Glen Neibaur

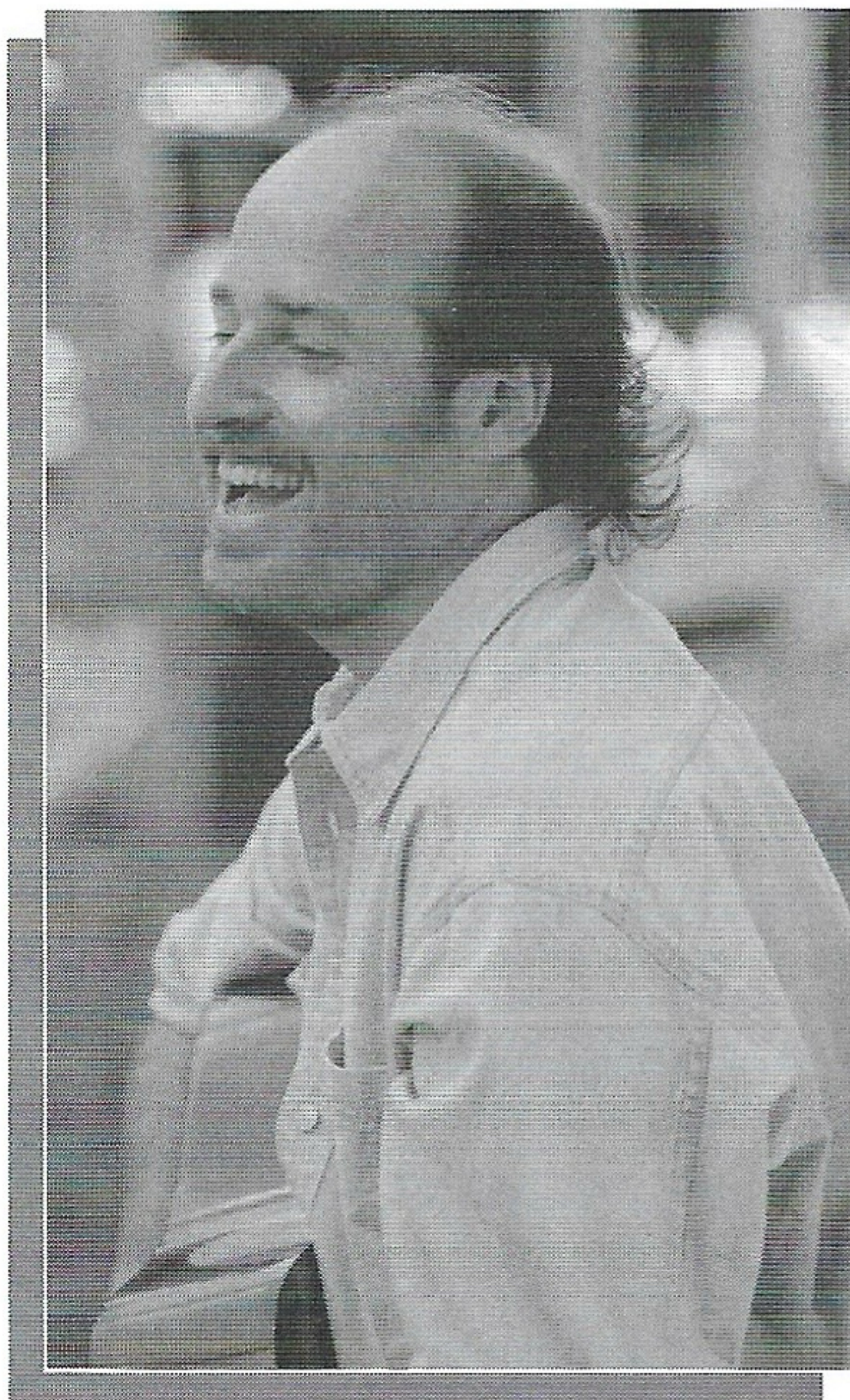
Premastered by Jeff Isaac

Photos by Mark Kidman

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ADD

Real Love

Time out from the big game,
the blimp's flyin' over me.
Put in my call to the fast lane,
guess I'll just wait and see.
Calling out to a million worlds.
There must be a million girls.
Cut me down so easily.
Lift me up just so I can see...
that there's real love.
The kind that makes you feel
like your swimming in a tidal wave.
Talkin' about real love.
Terrify me with real love.
I put in a call.
I put in a second line,
because I can't find the time to relate.
Put in the call, 'cause it's your life.
Breathe your sweet all around me.
Pull that thing that you can't see.
Read me my rights in a hurry.
Blink a thousand degrees.
Burn me down like a house on fire.
Spin me 'round like a no-good liar.
Put in my call to the message machine.
Tie me up and treat me mean...
with that real love.
The kind that makes you feel
like your swimming in a tidal wave.
Talkin' about real love.
Terrify me.
Terrify me with real love.

Crime Of The Century

I once had me a woman,
She wasn't bad. she wasn't bad.
Then she left me alone and so blue,
What can I do, What can I do?
She was my woman.
Now she's got another man.
But you know that I do the best I can.
I do the best I can.
Sometimes this town it seems so small.
I know 'em all. I know 'em all.
Now there's ghosts

and demons everywhere.
This isn't fair. This isn't fair,
I thought that this was my town.
Now everything has turned around.
But you know that I do the best I can.
I do the best I can.
Crime of the century.
I'm telling you the truth.
Crime of the century,
and I ain't got no proof.
When I learned about love,
I learn about pain.
Blues fall like rain. They fall like rain.
To love and lose is beyond our control,
Cuts to the soul. Cuts to the soul.
Time is the great healer,
also the great stealer,
but you know that I do the best I can.
I do the best I can.
Crime of the century
I wouldn't tell you no lie.
Crime of the century
Everybody cry...

And I Pray

I step out into the winter
in this cattle ranchin' town.
I can see my feet a'movin',
but I cannot hear the sound.
There's a snowy wind a'blowin'
fading everything to white,
so I start my thoughts a'hummin'
just to keep myself in sight,
and I pray, yes, I pray.
And I pray that I will
make it good someday.
I came all the way from Jackson,
just to play this Holiday Inn,
for some old man on a bar stool
chain smokin' and drinkin' gin,
and as he drifts into the mirror
through the bottles and the beer
there's a silence clingin' to him,
and I wonder if he hears...

when I pray, yes, I pray.
when I pray that I will
make it good someday.
There's a sense that I am missing.
Leaves me lonesome and alone.
Is there something I've forgotten
on the road away from home?
Headed out of here tomorrow
in the company of my fears
with the shouting of my visions,
and the whispering of my tears.
There's a storm cloud a'brewin'
any fool could plainly see,
but surrounded by my silence
it couldn't mean less to me...
though I pray, yes, I pray.
I pray that I will
make it good someday.

Poor Man's Heart

You've got a smooth operator.
You've got a hand on the phone.
I know that sooner or later
the bells are gonna ring,
and the cows are gonna
sing us on home.
When I get you alone.
You've got a torch that'll
kindle and melt
this poor man's heart of stone.
We've got a war of attrition.
We've got a fire in the hole.
We're gonna jockey for position
with lots of ammunition,
ambition burnin' out of control.
When I get you alone.
You've got a torch that'll
kindle and melt
this poor man's heart of stone.
Honey, don't be shy.
Honey, I'm your guy
for a trip into the honey zone.
You've got a torch that'll
kindle and melt
this poor man's heart of stone.

Continued

We've got some volcanic action
out where the buffalos roam.
Some indiscreet satisfaction,
insatiable attraction.
The weatherman is callin' for moan.
When I get you alone.

You've got a torch that'll
kindle and melt
this poor man's heart of stone.

Honey, don't be shy.
Honey, I'm your guy
for a trip into the honey zone.
You've got a torch that'll
kindle and melt
this poor man's heart of stone.

One Way World

It's a one way world.
It's a one way world.
I'm a wrong way wonder
please don't be
a do not enter girl.

Caught in the lines in the sky.
Caught in the lines in the sky.
And now I'm fallin' like an angel,
caught by the nape of my neck
on a line.

Then I see your reflection
from the corner of my eye,
and I call to your heart...

Turn your light on.
Turn your light on.
Turn your light on and come to me.

In an open field
on a grassy plain
in the cool, dark air
I call your name.
And you touch my hand,
but it's not the same
as when we flew
'neath the stars alone.

It's a one way world.
It's a one way world.
I'm a wrong way wonder.
Please don't be
a do not enter girl.

Looking for the lines in the sky.
Looking for the lines in the sky.
And now I'm cryin' like a baby
for the life I had
in the sky.

Is it my imagination
wreaking havoc on me?
Shall I call to the world?

Turn your light on.
Turn your light on.
Turn your light on and rescue me.

Wish On You

You've got it made,
got it made in the shade.
You've got it made,
got it made in the shade
like an oak tree
dressed in a panty raid.

You're in like Flint
at the Franklin Mint.
You're in like Flint
at the Franklin Mint
rainin' from the pages
of my Parade.

I want to be
where you are.
You got too good,
and you've gone too far.
You rule the world
like a falling star.
I want to wish on you.

You're on cloud nine
with a fishin' line.
You're on cloud nine
with a fishin' line.
Why don't you reel me in?

You've got a smile
like a nursery rhyme
for my sweet dreamy mind
when you tuck me in
and send me on my way.

You've got eyes
like a sunny day
when you shine my cares away.
We'll hold hands

and walk the Miracle Mile.
You're home free
like a shopping spree.
You're home free
like a shopping spree
in the candy store of ecstasy.

I want to be
where you are.
You got too good,
and you've gone too far.
You rule the world
like a falling star.
I want to wish on you.

I'm Not Through

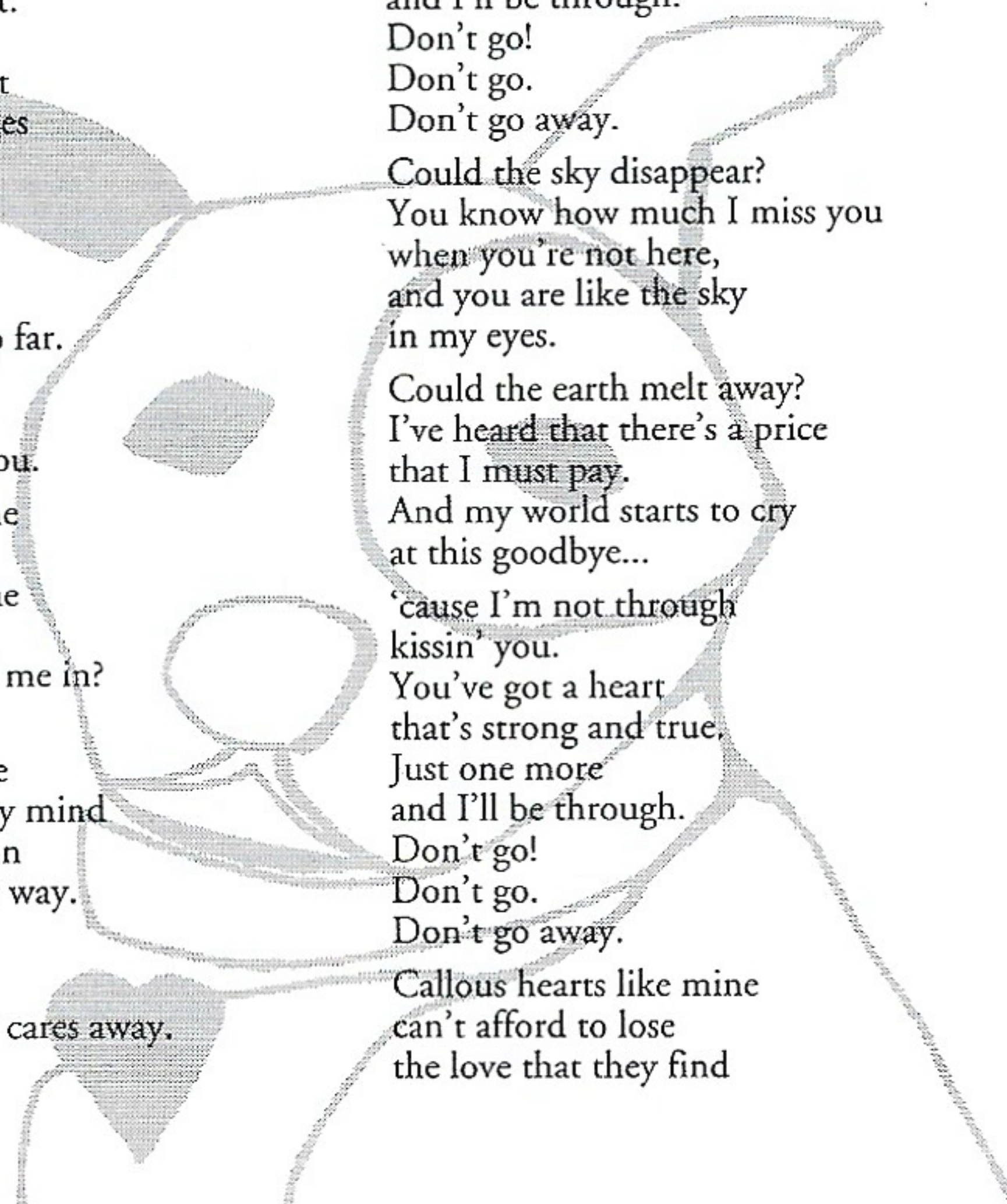
I'm not through
kissin' you.
You've got a heart
that's strong and true.
Just one more,
and I'll be through.
Don't go!
Don't go.
Don't go away.

Could the sky disappear?
You know how much I miss you
when you're not here,
and you are like the sky
in my eyes.

Could the earth melt away?
I've heard that there's a price
that I must pay.
And my world starts to cry
at this goodbye...

'cause I'm not through
kissin' you.
You've got a heart
that's strong and true.
Just one more
and I'll be through.
Don't go!
Don't go.
Don't go away.

Callous hearts like mine
can't afford to lose
the love that they find



in all this rain,
all this rain.

Could these be the last days?
Now that we have come all this way.
And I've no regrets,
only that...

I'm not through
kissin' you.
You've got a heart
that's strong and true.
Just one more
and I'll be through.
Don't go!
Don't go.
Don't go away.

Every Day

Every day
it's a long highway.
Every night
you make me feel all right.
Hold me close,
'cause I'm a working man,
and I need somebody
that'll understand.

Runnin' down this lonesome road.
Tickin' off the miles.
Can't help thinkin'
'bout when I get home
to you,
and your tender smile.

Every day
it's a long highway.
Every night
you make me feel all right.
Hold me close,
'cause I'm a workin' man,
and I need somebody
that'll understand.

Today I knocked on every door;
Talked in every ear.
Now I'm headed home
to just one more.
Say the words
that I long to hear...

"Every day
it's a long highway.
Every night
I'll make you feel all right.
I'll hold you close,
'cause your a workin' man,
and you need somebody
that'll understand."

Meet me at the doorway.
Take my hand in yours;
say how lonesome you've been
for me.
Hold me in your arms
with a river of love.
Wash away my chains'
and set me free.

Every day
it's a long highway.
Every night
you make me feel all right.
Hold me close,
'cause I'm a workin' man,
and I need somebody
that'll understand.

I'm So Grateful

Thank you for the world,
raining down
and filling me so completely.
Thank you for the life,
rushing in
and dreaming me so sweetly,
so sweetly.

I rise up
with the air,
breathing
streams of love,
and I'm so grateful.

When I want to find my
dream again,
I just look to the sky.

When I want to find my
soul again,
I just let it fly,
let it sail right on by.
my heart and my soul...

Thank you for the world,
raining down
and filling me so completely.
Thank you for the life,
rushing in
and dreaming me so sweetly,
so sweetly.

I fall down
on my knees.
Love's
underground
and I'm so grateful.

When I want to find my
heart again,
I just look around.

When I want to find my
sun again,
I just let it go down;
It'll come around.
my heart and my soul...

Thank you for the world,
raining down
and filling me so completely.
Thank you for the life,
rushing in
and dreaming me so sweetly,
so sweetly.

Buried In The Dust

Bought my farm,
and I bought it well,
and I work real hard...
can't you tell?
Well, I took my lumps,
and I chopped 'em up,
and now I'm afraid
that I'm buried in the dust.

I'm buried in the dust,
and I'm looking for the light.
I've got a cloud on my left
and a crowd on my right.
Just like the big hotel
where the people stay,
I'm buried in the dust,
and I won't go away.

I got a big John Deer
with a stereo,
and the fog lights on,
floatin' down this row.
I've got a world inside
so far below,
but my toothy white grin
is all that shows...

'cause I'm buried in the dust,
and I'm looking for a light.
I've got a cloud on my left
and a crowd on my right.
Just like the big hotel
where the people stay,
I'm buried in the dust,
and I won't go away.

Well, you can cross me out
with your lonely stick.
I'm in a world of trouble,
and the dust is too thick.
There's a century
in a single inch
blowin' out across the valley.

You can call me up,
and you'll find me there
in my big ordeal
and all that dirty brown air.
I'm gonna fly my flag
from the mountain high,
but there's a funny wet trail
down my cheek when I cry.

'Cause I'm buried in the dust,
and I'm looking for the light.
I've got a cloud on my left
and a crowd on my right.
Just like the big hotel
where the people stay,
I'm buried in the dust,
and I won't go away.

Greedy

You could open Fort Knox
and take out all the gold.
And bring it to me
by the tractor trailer load.
Pile them yellow bricks
outside of my front door.

And then go on out
and try to find some more.

That's alright,
I'm doin' fine.
It's not what I had in mind.
All those things they come and go.
But I'm not a saint, you know...
I'm greedy for your love.

Build a movie star mansion
just for me.
And fill it up top to bottom
with luxury.

Build a hard stone wall
around my estate.
And hire the Terminator
to guard my gate.

Great big houses
and acres of land
my heart does not demand.
All those things they come and go.
But I'm not a saint, you know...
I'm greedy for your love.

Greedy for your love.
It's the only kind of treasure
that I just can't get enough of.
Greedy for your love.

You can crown me king
and fire the president.
and make him pay back
every single dollar he spent.
You could get rid of Congress
'cause they bother me.
So that I could rule
the whole world by decree.

Before I light my first fire,
I think I'll just retire.
All those things they come and go.
But I'm not a saint, you know...
I'm greedy for you love.

Come In My Friend

Come in my friend.
It's nice to see you
Come in my friend
and welcome home.
Come in my friend

and give the reasons
you decided you should roam
Come in my friend
and meet the people
who have longed for your return.
Come in my friend
and tell us everything you've learned.

Come in my friend
and light the fire.
I'll clear the dishes from the sink.
Turn on the music
a little higher,

hey, and do you want a drink?
Come in my friend,
oh, please don't stand there
like a stranger at the door.

Come in my friend
and be my friend and nothing more,
if nothing more.

If nothing more
except to have
things just the way they were before,
when every day was full of promise
fresh and new.
One thing's for sure,
since you've been gone,
I've learned what you were lookin' for,
a chance to be alone
and just be you.

And so my friend,
it's time to leave.
Oh, I hate to say goodbye.
Thank you for this brief reprieve.
Why, I think I'm gonna cry.
I know my friend you think of me
as just a stop along the way,
but, oh, my friend,
my dear, dear friend,
please stay.

by Burton Grossman

You Call Me

You call me.
I hear the sound.
You call me.
I look your way,
all the way to you.

Clouds part
'tween my heart and yours,
bigger than the blue.
Baseball, marks on the wall
how tall is this child?
You call me.
I hear your voice.
You call me.
I'd forgotten you.
You were special to me.
Build a chain
one link at a time
to you,
so far.
Brand new in '42,
eight pounds,
six ounces.
I gaze through the pane.
Standing outside in the rain.
There's a room full of people like you.
But I can't focus my eyes.
It's worse than being blind.
Every one meant the world to me.
You call me.
I turn away.
You call me.
I close my eyes,
brush away the sound.
I dreamed
I had lived somewhere
before.
Now I can't remember how.

On The Run

I've got a big bad bubble
livin' in my head.
It might be red, white, and blue,
or it might be red.
They're comin' to get me
gonna shoot me down.
That's why I hide my troubles
in lonely town.
I'm on the run,
on the run
from the thought police.

Will they hold me hostage?
Will they set me free,
watch me squirm around
until they pounce on me?
Will they come in broad daylight
knockin' down my door?
Will they whisper in the darkness
'till I can't take no more?

I've got a baby blister burnin'
on the back of my neck,
and I'm prayin' to the sky
nobody's seen it yet.
That's why I hold my head crooked,
twisted to the side,
but that look in my eyes,
you know I just can't hide.

I'm on the run,
on the run from the thought police.

Will they write me down wrong?
Will they take my hand,
and lead me like a baby
to the promised land?
I'm gonna jump in the river.
Gonna swim or drown.
Gonna look at the lightnin'
'till the sun goes down.

I'm on the run, on the run
from the thought police.

There's a walkin' man walkin'
on Cayuga lake,
and he holds the whole world up
every step he takes.
If politics is a religion
and truth is a sin,
you better start runnin'
'cause they're comin' for him.

I'm on the run,
on the run
from the thought
police.

These Are The Good Days

On the horizon
the armies assemble.
I hear their drums
tapping soft on the sky.

Your own private Armageddon
gathers near by.

And I'll sing you a love song
from my heart to yours
as the waves stop their crashin'
on the shore.

These are the good days
with that light in your eyes.
The heart tries so many ways
to drop out of time.

Can't stop this rock
from a' turnin'
like a wheel in a chain
in a wheel.

Everything now is alright...

And you sing me a lullaby
from your heart to mine
as the pendulum falls
out of line.

These are the good days
with that light in your eyes.
The heart tries so many ways
to drop out of time.

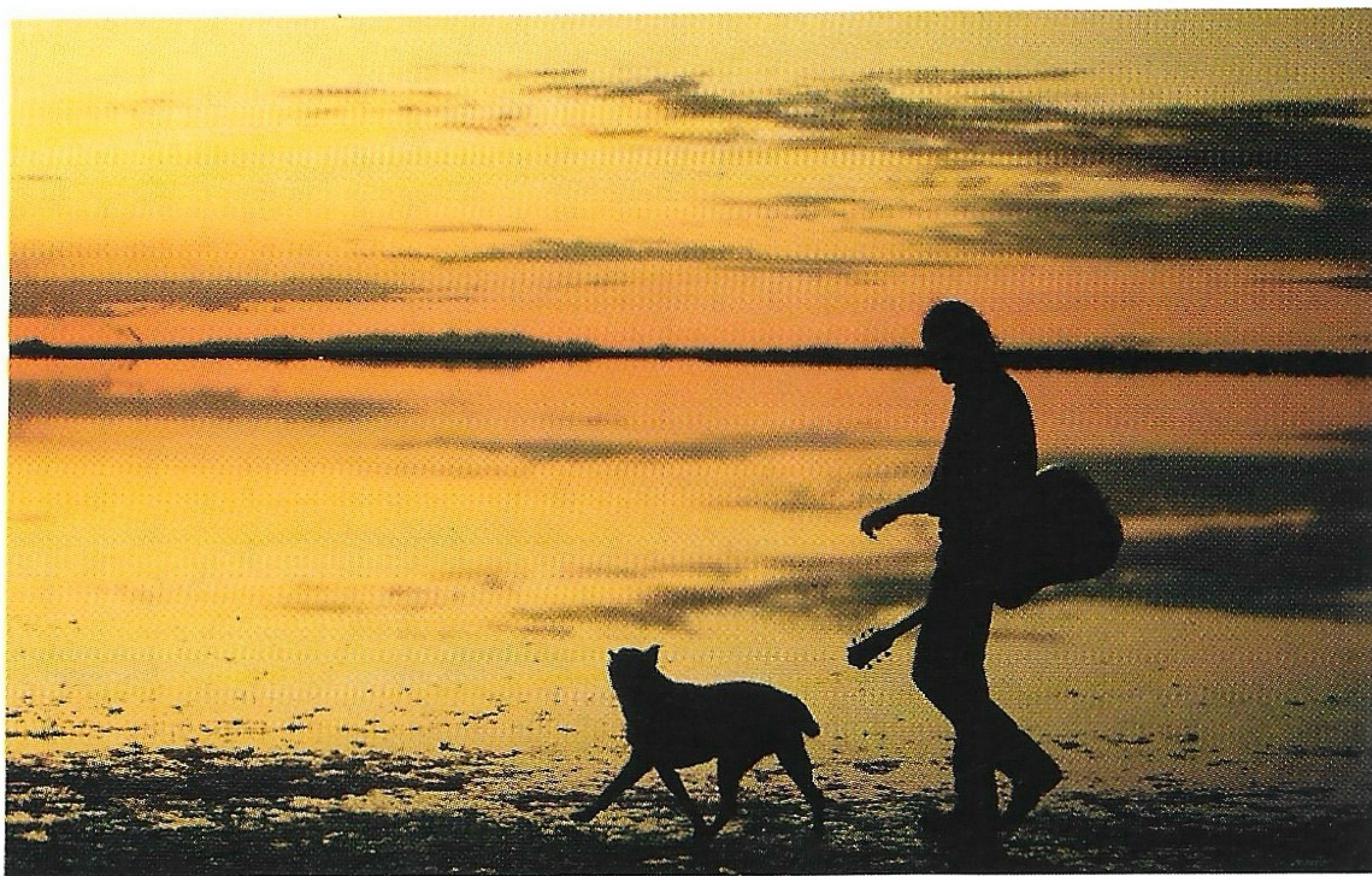
And the world,
it waits like a forest.

And the eagle
is still in the air.

And the old man
who minds
the hourglass
is sleepin' somewhere.

And nobody's watchin'
as two thieves pass by.
We'll walk together,
you and I.

These are the good days
with that light in your eyes.
The warmth of the sun stays
as we drop out of time.



dedicated to Charlie



- | | | | | | |
|---|----------------------|------|----|-------------------------|------|
| 1 | Real Love | 3:14 | 9 | I'm So Grateful | 3:45 |
| 2 | Crime Of The Century | 4:10 | 10 | Buried In The Dust | 3:02 |
| 3 | And I Pray | 3:20 | 11 | Greedy | 2:53 |
| 4 | Poor Man's Heart | 2:59 | 12 | Come In My Friend | 2:36 |
| 5 | One Way World | 3:50 | 13 | You Call Me | 3:34 |
| 6 | Wish On You | 2:30 | 14 | On The Run | 1:57 |
| 7 | I'm Not Through | 3:47 | 15 | These Are The Good Days | 3:27 |
| 8 | Every Day | 1:59 | | | |

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Judd Grossman

Hearts Like Mine

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ADD

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CD-2

CD-2



16 Charlie : 07

15 These Are

14 On The Run 1:57

13 You Call Me 3:34

12 Come In My Friend 2:36

11 Greedy 2:53

10 Buried In The Dust 3:02

9 I'm So Grateful 3:45

8 Every Day 1:59

7 I'm Not Through 3:47

6 Wish On You 2:30

5 One Way World 3:50

4 And I Pray 3:20

3 Crime Of The Century 4:10

2 Real Love 3:14

1 Poor Man's Heart 2:59