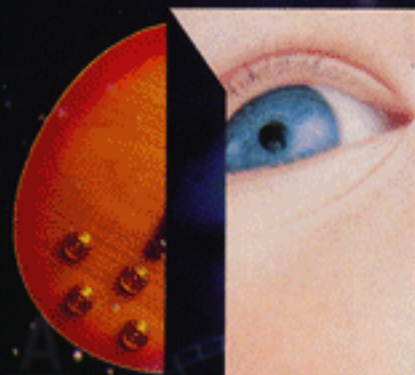


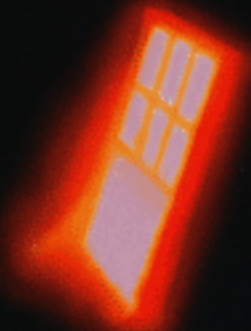
BOB SEGER

& THE SILVER BULLET BAND



IT'S A MYSTERY

CDP 0777 7 99774 2 0



RITE OF PASSAGE

*Written and Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by David Cole
at New River Studios Ft. Lauderdale, FL
Mixed by David Cole
at Woodland Digital Studios Nashville, TN*

*Bob Seger - lead vocals, guitar, synth,
drum programming, bass guitar
Alto Reed - sax solo
Tim Mitchell - guitar solo
Laura Creamer, Shaun Murphy, Rosemary
Butler, Danny Gerard - background vocals*

It's the age of reason
for the anarchist
It's a change of venue
for the lobbyist
It's a dream of justice
buried in the grist

It's a secret briefing
based on need to know
It's a condescending rationale
from command control
Feel the sense of wonder
at the overthrow

It's a rite of passage
through a hurricane
Through a rolling thunder
through a screaming rain
Hear the shriek of Abel
hear the cry of Cain

And Abraham will take his son
Five billion years from now
the cruelty will be done

Make a destination
Of the greater truth
Make 'em hang their heads
and eat their words
When you find the proof
This is all you're given
It's your only move

It's a rite of passage

for the everyman
To a higher ground
To a brighter light
To a promised land
You can feel the power
Of the master's hand

It's a rite of passage

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LOCK AND LOAD

*Written by Bob Seger, Craig Frost, Tim Mitchell
Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by David Cole
at Woodland Digital Studios Nashville, TN
Mixed by Shelly Yakus at A&M Studios Los
Angeles, CA*

*Bob Seger - lead vocals
Chris Campbell - bass
Alto Reed - baritone saxophone
Craig Frost - keyboard
Tim Mitchell - guitar
Eddie Byers - drums
Laura Creamer, Shaun Murphy, Rosemary
Butler, Luther Waters - background vocals*

Well I wish I had a nickel for every
time I fell
and blamed somebody else
I'd give a ton of money to the
ones I've hurt
and I'd still be sittin' pretty well
I've spent years losin' touch of
what's right and what's real
caught up in these missions of
my own
And you're tellin' me you think
I've done so damn well
While we're sittin' here a
thousand miles from home
There's a hole in your wisdom, a
hole in your sky
Two holes in your head where the
light's supposed to get by

Time to lock and load

Time to get control
Time to search the soul
And start again

So many times I've seen chances
disappear
I hesitate and watch them slip
away

Like the time I fail to spend with
the ones I love
And it's gone as sure as yesterday
All these users and fakers, big
time takers
Manipulating everyone they see
I get caught up in their schemes
and their useless dreams
And the only one I have to blame
is me
I get turned 'round and twisted,
pulled left and right
I can see where I'm goin', but I
can't see the light

Time to lock and load
Come in from the cold
Take a different road
And start again

I can sit here, in the back half of
my life
And wonder when the other shoe
will fall
Or I can stand up, point myself
home
And see if I've learned anything
at all
Anything at all

Mediocrity's easy, the good
things take time
The great need commitment,
right down the line

Time to lock and load
Come in from the cold
Pay these debts I owe

And start again

I felt so strong
As I walked on

I've been down this road
I've seen things get old
Time to get control
And start it all again

There was rhythm
And there was order
There was a balance
There was a flow

Time to lock and load
Time to get control
Time to search the soul
And start again

There was patience
Indulgence
There was a power
I could not know

I've been down this road
I've seen things get old
Stand up, get bold
And start again

And I felt it all made sense
The innocence
The permanence

Time to lock and load

I took my young son
to the river
I held his hand out
to feel the rain

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BY THE RIVER

Written and Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded and Mixed by David Cole
at Conway Studios Los Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocals, acoustic guitar
Alto Reed - sax solo
Roy Bittan - piano
Bob Glaub - bass
Michael Thompson - guitar
Jeffery (C.J.) Vanston - keyboard
Harry Stinson - drums
Laura Creamer, Rosemary Butler, Julie Waters,
Donny Gerrard - background vocals

I was walkin'
by the river
I held my hand out
to feel the rain

MANHATTAN

Written and Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by David Cole
at Conway Studios Los Angeles, CA
Mixed by Shelly Yakus
at A&M Studios Los Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocals
Roy Bittan - piano
Bob Glaub - bass
Michael Thompson - guitar
Jeffery (C.J.) Vanston - keyboard
Harry Stinson - drums

Just a light rain
Almost a sun shower
Makin' all things
shine again

Shakey Davey's got a twelve
gauge in his hand
It's sawed off to the limit
He's got a vague plan
There's this liquor store on
Madison
There's another one down on
Washington square
He's pretty sure no one's ever

And I felt like I belonged

seen him
Down around there

The first one's birdshot
the next four are double aught
buck

The last one's a slug
Just for good luck
He's got his works in his pocket
He wants to score as soon as he's
done

He can't wait to get straight
to get long gone

He puts on his long coat
scribbles off a short note
Sits himself down and waits for
the sun to go down

It's right around midnight
and there's still too damn many
people on this street
He's walked all the way from
Battery Park
he's got sweaty hands and
burnin' feet

He's desperate for a fix
His body's screamin' "Get me
high"

He bursts through the door
and lets one fly

Sunrise in the park
and Davey's cold as stone
He got some bad merchandise
and he was all alone
Two more unsolved mysteries
a lot of paper pushed around
Most folks are just wakin' up
in this great big town

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I WONDER

Written and Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by David Cole
at Conway Studios Los Angeles, CA
Mixed by Shelly Yakus at A&M Studios Los
Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocals
Roy Bittan - piano
Bob Glaub - bass
Michael Thompson - guitar
Jeffery (C.J.) Vanston - synth
Harry Stinson - drums
Laura Creamer, Rosemary Butler, Julie Waters,
Donny Gerrard - background vocals

My old friend Sirius
is riding high tonight
Shinin' down so bright
on the harbor lights
I wonder I wonder

Who are these strangers on the
street
seekin' out the heat
with their eyes cast down
millin' around
I wonder I wonder
I wonder sometimes I wonder

There's a last boat comin' in
ghosting on the wind
The moon across the bay
lighting his way
I wonder it makes me wonder

What's it like out there tonight
far from the city lights
Are your dreams the same
I wonder it makes me wonder
I wonder it makes me wonder

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IT'S A MYSTERY

Written and Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by Shelly Yakus
at Woodland Digital Studios Nashville, TN
Mixed by David Cole at Conway Studios Los
Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocal, rhythm guitar
Chris Campbell - bass
Alto Reed - saxophone
Craig Frost - synth
Tim Mitchell - rhythm guitar and guitar solos
Kenny Aronoff - drums
Scott Crogo - bang drum
Laura Creamer, Shaun Murphy, Donny Gerrard,
Oren Waters - background vocals

It's A Mystery
How the heart beats
How the sun shines
How our eyes meet

It's A Mystery
It's a wonder
How we keep from
Sinking under

It's A Mystery

All the nonsense
Set before us
Recorded to shock us
But it bores us

All the ennu
All the replays
All the rewrites
All the "can't says"

It's A Mystery

Electron guns fire images
They end in interstellar space
Within the year

And through it all
We dance and starve and
Burn and clear

It's A Mystery
How they con us
How they sneak it
They're upon us

All the anchors
With their helmets
Getting ratings
With their zealots

All the pundits
All the salesmen
Selling snake oil
To the nation

All the specials
Every rerun
All the penguins
Getting well-done

It's A Mystery

It's A Mystery
How the heart beats
How the sun shines
How our eyes meet

It's A Mystery
It's a wonder
How we ever
Find each other

It's A Mystery

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REVISIONISM STREET

Written by Bob Seger, Craig Frost, Tim Mitchell
Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by David Cole
at Woodland Digital Studios Nashville, TN
Mixed by Ed Cherney
at Conway Studios Los Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocals
Chris Campbell - bass
Alto Reed - baritone saxophone
Craig Frost - electric piano, drum programming
Tim Mitchell - guitar
Billy Payne - synthesizer
Samuel Clayton - maracas
Thomas Roddy - maracas

I saw them standing on a corner
Bathed in ordinary light
They turned away and started
walkin'

And faded off into the night
Some years ago they were in
fashion
Tonight they couldn't get a seat
They've got themselves a brand
new history
From Revisionism Street
Written on Revisionism Street

The years of sacrifice and
struggle
The arc of stardom's natural
course

The inevitable decline
The wolves waiting at the door
"Let's dig up something really
nasty"

"Let's get some clay around their
feet"

"No ones memory is sacred
'round here
On Revisionism Street"

"We'll never be in the arena"
"Hey, we'll never have to
compete"
"We'll never write a classic novel"

"And we'll never have to be
discreet!"

Alfred Hitchcock, Isaac Newton
Elvis Presley, Captain Bligh
They're heroic or pathetic
Depending on which book you
buy
Charles Dickens, Jackie Gleason
Burn 'em all, turn up the heat
If there's no truth, use innuendo
This is Revisionism Street

"Let's find ourselves some old
acquaintance"
"Let's see what they have to say"
"Some disgruntled ex-employee"
"Prestol Payday!"

A tree falls in the forest
A million copies go to print
Some parasitic little feeder
Sits back and makes a mint
Somewhere a baby's softly
sleeping
It's innocence complete
Unaware they're workin' late
tonight
On Revisionism Street

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GOLDEN BOY

Written and Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by David Cole
at South Beach Studios Miami, FL
Mixed by David Cole at Woodland Digital
Studios Nashville, TN

Bob Seger - lead vocals, acoustic guitar, synth,
drum programming

Golden boy
take your place
among the stars

Light your fire
cast your glow
near and far

Mother's eyes
warm you when you sleep

There's a tree
by a brook
in the glade

There's a wave
off a cape
making way

Galaxies
rush away from you

I'll be there
in the wind
in your sails

Through the clouds
Through the fog
Through the gales

I'll be there
golden boy for you

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I CAN'T SAVE YOU ANGELENE

Written and Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded and Mixed by David Cole
at Conway Studios Los Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocals, piano
Tim Mitchell - guitar
Russ Kunkel - drums
Bob Gloub - bass
Laura Creamer, Shaun Murphy, Rosemary
Butler, Donny Gerard - background vocals

I was a rolling stone
but now I've come back home

I've given up that trail
I feel no need to fail
So take your midnight runs
I'm hangin' up the guns
I can't save you Angelene

This endless party scene
This weekend warriors dream
It's gotten stale for me
It doesn't set me free
You want a kindred soul
Someone to say let's go
I can't save you Angelene

You may find yourself out
somewhere babe
Talkin' loud tellin' lies
Temptation's gonna get you girl
No surprise no surprise

I wanna get from here
I wanna get myself clear
I want the warm sun over me
Enter a guilty plea
Ah babe just walk away from me
I can't save you Angelene

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16 SHELLS FROM A 30-6

Written by Tom Waits
Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by Thom Panunzio
at A&M Studios Los Angeles, CA
Mixed by David Cole
at Conway Studios Los Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocals
Rick Vito - slide guitar
Fred Tackett - guitar
Richard Hayward - drums
Buell Neidlinger - bass
Gary Mallober - brush snare
Rudy Richman - percussion
George Bohannon - trombone

Plugged 16 shells from a thirty-
aught-six
And the black crow flew through
A hole in the sky
And I spent all my buttons on an
old pack mule
And I made me a ladder from a
pawm shop marimba
And I leaned it up against a
dandelion tree
Leaned it up against a dandelion
tree
Leaned it up against a dandelion
tree

Well I cooked them feathers on
the iron spit
And I filled me a sachel full of old
pig corn
And I beat me a Billy from an old
french horn
And I kicked that mule to the top
of the tree
Kicked that mule to the top of the
tree
Blew me a hole 'bout the size of a
kickdrum
And I cut me a switch from a long
branch elbow

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-
aught-six
Whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-
aught-six

Well I slept in the holler of a dry
creek bed
And I tore out the buckets from a
red corvette
Tore out the buckets from a red
corvette
Lionel, Dave and the butcher
made three

You got to meet me by the
knuckles of the skinny bone
tree
With the strings of a washburn
Stretched like a clothesline
You know me and that mule
scrambled right through the
hole
Me and that mule scrambled right
through the hole

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-
aught-six
Whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-
aught-six

Now I hold him prisoner in a
washburn jail
And I strapped it on the back of
my old kick mule
Strapped it on the back of my old
kick mule
Bang on the strings just to drive
him crazy
And I strum it loud just to rattle
his cage
Strum it loud just to rattle his
cage
Strum it loud just to rattle his
cage
Strum it loud just to rattle his
cage

I'm gonna whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-
aught-six
Whittle you into kindlin'
Black crow 16 shells from a thirty-
aught-six

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WEST OF THE MOON

Written and Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded and Mixed by David Cole
at Conway Studios Los Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocals, piano
Russ Kunkel - drums
Bob Glaub - bass
Michael Thompson - guitar
Jeffery (C.J.) Vanson - synth

Out on those trails
Out 'neath that sky
Rivers of old
Still rushing by

Eagles still soar
White mountains loom
Down in those valleys
West of the Moon

West of the stars
Far from the chase
Far from the crowds
Far from the pace

Horses run free
Winter comes soon
Out by those mountains
West of the Moon

And everywhere
Everywhere
Wild things are free
Free in the wind and the sun

Everywhere
Everywhere
As it should be
Left on their own while they run

Out by those mountains
West of the Moon

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HANDS IN THE AIR

Written by Bob Seger, Craig Frost, Tim Mitchell
Produced by Bob Seger
Recorded by David Cole
at Woodland Digital Studios Nashville, TN
Mixed by Shelly Yakus at A&M Studios Los Angeles, CA

Bob Seger - lead vocals
Chris Campbell - bass
Alto Reed - saxophone
Craig Frost - keyboard, drum programming
Tim Mitchell - guitars
Thomas Roddy - maracas

I've seen two time losers running
everywhere
Shouting and screamin', "I was
never there!"
With their hands in the air
Hands in the air

I've seen bad news messengers
avoiding kings
Cheating spouses twisting their
rings
With their hands in the air
Oooh, got their hands in the air

As guilty as the wind out on the
sea
Affecting who we are and who
we'll be

There's a desperation, a real
despair
Even the good people are starting
to declare
"I've got my hands in the air!"
"Ah my hands are in the air!"

They're surrendering, they're
giving in
They'll do anything not to go
through this again
They've got their hands in the air
Ooh, their hands in the air

And they're sinking in the
quicksand like a stone
Broken to the marrow of the
bone, oh

The dealers are dividing up their
tips
The gamblers, they're all cashin'
in their chips

There's a man in the middle of a
parking lot
Wondering which way he should
go
There's a star on the horizon
Sinking low, low

All you death wish addicts, you
corrupters of truth
You killers of the spirit, you
marauders of youth
Get your hands in the air
I want to see your hands in the
air

If you're selling these lies, these
impossible dreams
You can keep on washin' but
you'll never get clean
Get your hands in the air
Let me see your hands in the air

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George Bohannon appears courtesy of Geobo Records
Oren Waters appears courtesy of Waterwheel Records
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Richard Hayward appears courtesy of Zoo Entertainment
Billy Payne appears courtesy of Zoo Entertainment
Shaun Murphy appears courtesy of Zoo Entertainment
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