


NEW WAY TO LOVE 4:08
THAT AIN'T LOVE 4:01
IN MY DREAMS 4:30
ONE TOO MANY GIRLFRIENDS 3:55
VARIETY TONIGHT 4:26
SCREAMS AND WHISPERS 3:28
CAN'T GET YOU OUT OF MY HEART 3:34
OVER THE EDGE 3:56
ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN 4:20
TIRED OF GETTIN NOWHERE 4:11



PRODUCED BY KEVIN CROBIN,
 GARY RICHATH, ALAN GRATZER
 AND DAVID DE VORE



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Don Pappas

REO
 SPEEDWAGON



SUPPORT
 LIVE
 DIGITAL MUSIC
 DIGITAL TECHNOLOGY
 BUILT FOR MUSIC

205

Life as We Know It

REO Speedwagon is still:
NEAL DOUGHTY
ALAN GRATZER
GARY RICHRATH
KEVIN CRONIN
BRUCE HALL



**Produced by Kevin Cronin, Gary Richrath,
Alan Gratzner and David DeVore**

Engineer: David DeVore
Assistant Engineer: Julian Stoll

Recorded and Mixed April through
December 1986 at Rumbo Recorders,
Los Angeles
Mastered at Future Disc by Steve Hall
Prepared for Compact Disc by Joe
Gastwirt at Digital Magnetics Studio

**REO Full-Time, All The Time,
Overtime Crew:**

Rick Kelly, Guitar Tech and Equipment
Manager; James "Motor" Merritt,
Drum Tech, Studio Chef; Elizabeth
"Lizard" Frye, Den Mother and Band
Nanny

**John Baruck Management—
John Baruck and Tom Consolo**
Lil Burns, Cerisa Van Slooten and
David Snow

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Back Cover Photography by
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Artwork Coordination and Sleeve by
Dave Snow
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Bill Kaylor
REO Speedwagon Travel Arrange-
ments: Judi Gordon

Special Thanks To:

Tom Kelly, Robin Zander (The best laid

plans), Daryl Dragon, Ron Grinell,
Ross Garfield, Denise Cronin, Brad
Chapman, John Jenks, Billy Steinberg,
Bob Carlisle, Steve Forman, Lon Price,
Mom, Chuck Shapiro, Dave Bloom,
John LeConte, and the folks at Ernst &
Whinney, Jimmy Khougaz, Charley
McKay, Dad, Nancy Cushman, Made-
line Von Ritz, Mick Whalen, Bruce
Gordon, Matt Kohn (F'get about 'er),
Kerry Denny, Norm Pattiz, Dell Furano,
Bob Hamilton, David Cohen, Frank
Randazzo, Heather Irving, Larry
Stessel, Walter Winnick, Ron
McCarrell, Ray Anderson, Al Teller and
our friends at Epic Records, And you

Extra Special Thanks To:

Nancy, Lori, Janis, Micheline, Denise,
Debbie, Janine, Lahni, Bonnie, Eric,
Abe, Chris, Paris, Abby, Lindsay, Ryan,
Vinnie, Sara, Mandy, Ali, Emily, Wesley,
Ashley, Hana, & Sheri

REO Speedwagon Uses:

Ludwig Drums (Thanks to Bill
Ludwig), Ernie Ball Strings (Thanks to
Sterling Ball), Ovation Guitars (Thanks
to Bill Kaman, Dave Bergstrom & Rick
Welden), Zildjian Cymbals (Thanks to
Lenny DiMuzzio), Silver Fox (Thanks to
Al Lemert), Rims, Scholtz R&D (Thanks
to Jeff Dorenfeld), Seymore Duncan
(Thanks to Duffy Hecht)

GBA Teams and Players...Congratulations on a Great Season 1986
*** John Baruck—Commissioner ***

The Slugs:

Rick "Sluggo" Kelly: "Big Fella"
Kevin "Truck" Cronin: Point Guard
David "Tips" DeVore: Power Forward
Tommy "Scoop" Consolo: Reserve Forward
Julian "Fingers" Stoll: Reserve Forward

The Stains:

Alan "Tank" Gratzler: Point Guard
Gary "MX" Richrath: Off. Guard
Motor "B" Merritt: Rookie Center
Bruce "Le Coq" Hall: Power Forward
Eric "Spud" Richrath: Reserve Guard
Lizard "Head Fan"



NEW WAY TO LOVE

Words & Music: Kevin Cronin

Maybe we don't need to share the same
roof, maybe
If you really love me you don't need me
'round for proof, baby
If I go to the desert for some clean dry air

We could have ourselves a long distance
love affair
We'll take it anywhere, a nationwide pair
If living together isn't working out
I'd rather live in Nebraska, than keep
livin' here in doubt
I'll take an alternate route, I'll find a
new way
There are places to go that we've never
dreamed of
We're gonna find a new way to love
We're gonna find a new way to love, find
out what satisfies us
The good old ways just ain't good
enough
We're gonna find a new way to love
Maybe we could learn to like the same
things, maybe
Discover the joy that togetherness
brings, baby
We could share our records, we could see
the same plays
Even plan our vacations for the very
same days
We'll put our lives in phase, livin' in a
happiness haze
Well it may not be easy, but then nothin'
else was
Ask a mountain climber why he does
what he does
He'll tell you just because, I need to find a
new way
Well now we've got a mountain of our
own to rise above

We're gonna find a new way to love
We're gonna find a new way to love, find
out what satisfies us
The good old ways just ain't good
enough
We're gonna find a new way to love
Maybe we don't need to see eye to eye,
maybe
We don't need to vote for the very same
guy, baby
You can move to the left whenever I keep
right
I'm a big bad wolf, you can be Snow
White
I've got a huge appetite, you wanna eat
light
I'm down here beggin' for more
You tell me you've had enough
We gotta find a new way to love
We're gonna find a new way to love, find
out what satisfies us
The good old ways just ain't good
enough
We're gonna find a new way to love
Kevin: Lead & Background Vocal,
Rhythm Guitar (Left Side)
Gary: Lead Guitar, Rhythm Guitar
(Right Side)
Neal: Piano
Bruce: Bass Guitar
Alan: Drums
Lon Price: Tenor Sax
Greg Smith: Baritone & Bass Saxes

Horn Arrangement: Lon Price

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THAT AIN'T LOVE

Words & Music: Kevin Cronin

You tell me what you think I'm feelin'
You know why I do what I do
Why should you listen to a word I'm
sayin'
When it's already so clear to you
You tell me 'bout my bad intentions
You doubt the very things I hold true
I can no longer live with your miscon-
ceptions
Baby all I can say to you, is
That ain't love, I believe you've got the
wrong emotion
That ain't love, at least it doesn't feel like
love to me
As long as I say what you wanna hear
Do what you wanna do, be who you
want me to be
You think that's love, well baby that ain't
love to me
We've got to talk it over sometime
These feelings won't just disappear
I'm just gonna keep telling you what's on
my mind

Even if it's not what you wanna hear
Oooh right now your world and mine are
such different places
Through yours I wander lost and con-
fused
And I feel like I'm speaking in a different
language
And the only words I haven't used
Are that ain't love, I believe you've got
the wrong emotion
That ain't love, at least it doesn't feel like
love to me
As long as I say what you wanna hear
Do what you wanna do, be who you
want me to be
You think that's love, well baby that ain't
love to me
You keep tellin' me
You know a place where your life would
be better
You're makin' plans long-range
But I don't know how you expect to get
there
When you refuse to change
Oooh baby—that ain't love, I believe you
got the wrong emotion
That ain't love, at least it doesn't feel like
love to me
As long as I say what you wanna hear
Do what you wanna do, be who you
want me to be
You think that's love, well baby that ain't
love to me

Kevin: Lead Vocal, Acoustic Guitar
Gary: Lead Guitar
Neal: Synths
Alan: Drums
Bruce: Bass Guitar
Background Vocals: The Honkettes:
Tom Kelly & Bob Carlisle

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IN MY DREAMS

Words & Music: Kevin Cronin &
Tom Kelly

There was a time some time ago
When every sunrise meant a sunny day,
oh a sunny day
But now when the morning light
shines in
It only disturbs the dreamland where
I lay, oh where I lay
I used to thank the lord when I'd wake
For life and love and the golden sky
above me
But now I pray the stars will go on shinin'
You see in my dreams you love me
Daybreak is a joyful time
Just listen to the songbird harmonies, oh
the harmonies
But, I wish the dawn would never come

I wish there was silence in the trees, oh
the trees
If only I could stay asleep
At least I could pretend you're thinkin'
of me
'Cause nighttime is the one time I am
happy
You see in my dreams

We climb and climb and at the top we fly
Let the world go on below us
We are lost in time
And I don't know really what it means
All I know is that you love me
In my dreams

I keep hopin' one day I'll awaken
And somehow she'll be lying by my side
And as I wonder if the dawn is really
breakin'
She touches me and suddenly I'm alive

And, we climb and climb and at the top
we fly
Let the world go on below us
We are lost in time
And I don't know really what it means
All I know is that you love me
In my dreams

Kevin: Lead Vocal & Acoustic Guitar
Gary: Electric Guitars
Neal: Synths
Bruce: Bass Guitar
Alan: Drums
Percussion: Steve Forman

Background Vocals: Tom Kelly,
Bob Carlisle, Kevin

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ONE TOO MANY GIRLFRIENDS

Words & Music: Kevin Cronin

Talkin' 'bout a hot-wired kid who
thought he knew it all
And what he didn't know he didn't need to
Changein' women like tires when their
use wore thin
Retread feelings that's all he knew
He's been runnin' lights for years
Grindin' down those forward gears
He's got a lady in the backseat, lady in
the front seat
Eyes on the road and whispers in
both ears
One too many girlfriends, and too little
feeling left
He better find the one, he's gonna take on
the run
Before it runs him down
He's got far too many choices, he better
make a few of them
He wants to have it all, and wind up
standin' tall

I hope his dream never ends, I guess it
just depends

He's got one too many girlfriends

Well there's so damn much writin' writ-
ten on his walls

I can't imagine that he doesn't read it
Such a loud clear message screaming
through the halls

Keep your advice he don't need it
He's heard of living up to the truth
Thinks it means giving up his youth
He doesn't wanna get a haircut, looking
for a shortcut
He needs a change, he needs more than a
phone booth

One too many girlfriends, and too little
feeling left
He better find the one, he's gonna take on
the run

Before it runs him down
He's got far too many choices, he better
make a few of them

He wants to have it all, and wind up
standin' tall

I hope his dream never ends, I guess it
just depends

He's got one too many girlfriends

Whooooo, there's danger and romance
at every turn

Whooooo, be careful boy that you don't
crash and burn

You're in about as deep as you can get

It's a matter of time before you get wet
I wouldn't be in your shoes on a bet

He's been runnin' lights for years
Grindin' down those forward gears
He's got a lady in the backseat, lady in
the front seat

Eyes on the road and whispers in
both ears

One too many girlfriends, and too little
feeling left
He better find the one, he's gonna take on
the run

Before it runs him down
He's got far too many choices,
He better make himself a few of them
He wants to have it all, and wind up
standin' tall

I hope his dream never ends, I guess it
just depends

He's got one too many girlfriends

One too many girlfriends...look out!

Kevin: Lead Vocal, Rhythm Guitar
(Left Side)

Gary: Lead Guitar, Rhythm Guitar
(Right Side)

Neal: Synths & Organ

Alan: Drums

Bruce: Bass Guitar

Background Vocals: Tom Kelly &
Bob Carlisle

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VARIETY TONIGHT

Words & Music: Neal Doughty

If ever you think you miss the thrill of the
chase

Or just get tired of the same old face
I can be different honey, I can be new
Want someone else, I can be that too

Whoa, gonna make you feel right
Honey if you want it, variety tonight
Whoa, gonna make you feel right
Honey you got it, variety tonight

The faces of love have their smiles and
frowns

And every romance has its ups and
downs

There are cases when love has been less
than sweet

Love without hate is a little like light
without heat

Whoa, gonna make you feel right
Honey if you want it, variety tonight
Whoa, gonna make you feel right
Honey you got it, variety tonight

And the fire will fade if you forget it
'Cause love can't live unless you let it

Whoa, you got to try just a little harder
with the passin' days

You got to find some new ways ow!

Whoa, gonna make you feel right
Honey if you want it, variety tonight
Whoa, gonna make you feel right
Honey you got it, variety tonight

Neal: Synths

Bruce: Bass Guitar

Alan: Drums

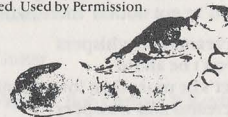
Gary: Lead Guitar, Rhythm Guitar
(Right Side)

Kevin: Lead Vocals, Rhythm Guitar
(Left Side)

Background Vocals: Maxine Waters, Julia
Waters, Terry Wood

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SCREAMS AND WHISPERS

Words & Music: Gary Richrath,
Tom Kelly & Billy Steinberg

There's truth in your eyes
Let me hear it from your lips
Your tears say you cry
Let your words be the whip...baby

There's no reason anymore
To live with all the pain

Take this key, unlock the door
Before it makes us both insane
Spill your heart out to me, darlin'
Girl I really need to know
Screams and whispers
Don't be afraid
Let's be more than lovers tonight
Screams and whispers
Let go of the pain
Whatever we uncover we can make it
Make it alright

I know you've been alone
Takin' care of yourself
Girl don't you think it's time
To trust somebody else?

Try just once to let your guard down
You've got nothin' there to hide

Screams and whispers
Don't be afraid
Let's be more than lovers tonight
Screams and whispers
Let go of the pain
Whatever we uncover we can make it
Make it alright

Spill your heart out to me, darlin'
Girl I really need to know

Screams and whispers
Don't be afraid
Let's be more than lovers tonight
Screams and whispers
Let go of the pain

Whatever we uncover we can make it
Make it alright
Screams and whispers
Don't be afraid
Let's be more than lovers tonight
Screams and whispers
Let go of the pain
Whatever we uncover
There'll be screams and whispers tonight

Gary: Lead Guitar
Neal: Synths & Emulator "Sax"
Kevin: Vocals, Acoustic Guitars
Alan: Drums
Bruce: Bass Guitar

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CAN'T GET YOU OUT OF MY HEART

Words & Music: Kevin Cronin, Tom Kelly
& Billy Steinberg

Can't get you out of my heart
Can't get you out of my soul
When I get next to you all I get is out of
control

Can't get you out of my head
I've memorized every word you ever
said

You've been here from the start can't get
you out of my heart

Sometimes I feel like breakin' up with
you
I'm tired of bein' true, tired of bein' blue
Still you're the one I give my best love to
No other girl would do the things to me
you do and I

Can't get you out of my heart
Can't get you out of my soul
When I get next to you all I get is out of
control

Can't get you out of my head
I've memorized every word you ever
said

You've been here from the start can't get
you out of my heart

Sometimes I think I might be better off
free
No strings attached to me yeah that's
how it should be

But just about the time that I get goin'
You read me like a poem you keep me
comin' home and I

Can't get you out of my heart
Can't get you out of my soul
When I get next to you all I get is out of
control

Can't get you out of my head
I've memorized every word you ever
said

You've been here from the start can't get
you out of my heart

I look at you sometimes
I see the woman I love
But I can be so blind
The good times I sometimes lose sight of

Can't get you out of my heart
Can't get you out of my soul
When I get next to you all I get is out of
control

Can't get you out of my head
I've memorized every word you ever
said

You've been here from the start can't get
you out of my heart

Kevin: Lead Vocal, Acoustic Guitars
Gary: Lead Guitar
Neal: Synths
Bruce: Bass Guitar
Alan: Drums
Background Vocals: Bob Carlisle & Kevin

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OVER THE EDGE

Words & Music: Gary Richrath,
Tom Kelly & Billy Steinberg

I had eyes but I could not see

I hurt everybody who believed in me
I had it all but I lost the key...oh-
I saw the world through fogged-up
glasses
Like some Lothario making passes
I showed the world just what an ass is...
oh-

I was over the edge-I was always out of
my head
Trouble in paradise-treadin' on the
thinnest ice
Oh-oh-over the edge-I wouldn't listen
to what anybody said
Cuttin' with a razor blade-spendin'
every cent I made
Over the edge

I dreamed of standin' on my own two
feet
My fists held high and I clenched my
teeth
But I'd wake up to the same old
me...oh-
I was living a lie and you brought
me truth

I was afraid to cry and you taught me to
You stood beside me now I'll stand by
you...oh-

I was over the edge-I was always out of
my head
I wasn't foolin' anyone, playin' with a
loaded gun
Oh-oh-over the edge-I wouldn't listen
to what anybody said

I was numbing all the pain-you showed
me how to feel again
If I had died it would have been a shame
They'd have said "he only had himself to
blame"
You saved my life when you spoke my
name...oh-

I was over the edge-I was always out of
my head
I was numbing all the pain-you showed
me how to feel again
Oh-oh-over the edge-I wouldn't listen
to what anybody said
When you looked me in the eyes you
finally made me recognize

Gary: Lead Guitar, Rhythm Guitar
(Right Side)
Alan: Drums
Neal: Synths & Organ
Bruce: Bass Guitar
Kevin: Vocal, Rhythm Guitar (Left Side)
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ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN

Words & Music: Bruce Hall &
Jeffrey B. Hall

There's a side of you, could bring on
homicide
But livin' in a cell changes my view
Maybe your automobile, could lose its
right front wheel
It happens every day it could be you
Look back over your shoulder
When you think you're alone, you're not
Each noise, every shadow, look out!

Accidents can happen, it's always in the
news
Accidents can happen to you
You read it in the paper, you see it on
the tube
Accidents can happen to you
A little Haitian doll
That looks a lot like you do
A little powdered poison in your tea
Electricity, invisible to see
I'd like to introduce you to Mr. E

A malfunction who would notice
Machines and things get hot
A permanent vacation can be bought
Accidents can happen, it's always in
the news
Accidents can happen to you
You read it in the paper, you see it on
the tube
Accidents can happen to you

Bruce: Lead Vocals, Bass Guitar
Neal: Synths
Alan: Drums

Gary: Lead Guitar, Rhythm Guitars
(Right Side)
Kevin: Rhythm Guitar (Left Side),
Background Vocals

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TIRED OF GETTIN' NOWHERE

Words & Music: Kevin Cronin

I'm tired of gettin' nowhere
Wish I was inspired, but it's just not there
I hope this doesn't last
'Cause I'm tired of gettin' nowhere fast
Woke up this mornin' and went back to
sleep
The sun was pourin' and the rain was
gettin' deep
I don't know what I'm supposed to do
'Cause everywhere I turn I wind up
headin' back to you
I don't know how long I will lay here in
this bed
Staring at the ceiling going crazy in my
head
Got to find some meaning, some kind of
reason to go on
The only one I had was you and now
you're gone

And I'm tired of gettin' nowhere
Wish I was inspired, but it's just not there
I hope this doesn't last
'Cause I'm tired of gettin' nowhere fast
My friends all tell me I should
mellow out
Surely I've got better things to think
about
Must be something I can find to help me
lose these blues
But the only thing that's on my mind is
standin' in your shoes

And I'm tired of gettin' nowhere
Wish I was inspired, but it's just not there
I hope this doesn't last
'Cause I'm tired of gettin' nowhere fast
You'd think by now I'd be
Exactly where I want to be
Got what I need, know what I need to
know
I'm all dressed up but without you
there's nowhere to go

Kevin: Lead Vocal, Rhythm Guitar
(Left Side)

Gary: Lead Guitar, Rhythm Guitar
(Right Side)

Bruce: Bass Guitar

Neal: Synths & Organ

Alan: Drums

Percussion: Steve Forman

Background Vocals: Maxine Waters,
Julia Waters, Terry Wood

World War III Horns:
Lon Price: Soprano & Tenor Saxes
Greg Smith: Baritone Sax
Nick Lane: Trombone
Lee Thornburg: Trumpet
Rick Braun: Trumpet
Paris Cronin: Alto Sax
Horn Arrangement: Lon Price

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