



DAVE MATTHEWS
BAND

UNDER THE TABLE
AND DREAMING

The

Best of What's Around Hey my

friend It seems your eyes are troubled Care

to share your time with me Would you say you're

feeling low and so A good idea would be to get it off your

mind See, you and me Have a better time than most can dream

Have it better than the best So can pull on through Whatever tears at us

Whatever holds us down And if nothing can be done We'll make the best of

what's around Turns out not where but who you're with That really matters And

hurts not much when you're around And if you hold on tight To what you think is

your thing You may find you're missing all the rest Well she run up into the light sur-

prised Her arms are open Her mind's eye is Seeing things from a Better side than most can

dream On a clearer road I feel Oh you could say she's safe Whatever tears at her Whatever

holds her down And if nothing can be done She'll make the best of what's around Turns out not

where but what you think That really matters We'll make the best of what's around What Would

You Say Up and down the puppies' hair Fleas and ticks jump everywhere 'Cause of original sin

Down the hill fell Jack and Jill And you came tumbling after 'Cause of original sin Rip away the tears

Drink a hope to happy years And you may find A lifetime's passed you by What would you say Don't

drop the big one If you a monkey on a string Don't cut my lifeline If you a doggie on a chain Don't bite

the mailman What would you say I was there when the bear Ate his head, thought it was a candy

Everyone goes in the end Knock knock on the door Who's it for, there's nobody in here Look in the mir-

ror my friend I don't understand at best And cannot speak for all the rest The morning rise a lifetime's

passed me by Every dog has its day every day has its way Of being forgotten - Mom it's my birthday

What would you say Satellite Satellite in my eyes Like a diamond in the sky How I wonder Satellite

strung from the moon And the world your balloon Peeping Tom for the mother station Winter's cold

spring erases And the calm away by the storm is chased Everything good needs replacing Look up, look

down all around, hey satellite Satellite headlines read Someone's secrets you've seen Eyes and ears have

been Satellite dish in my yard Tell me more, tell me more Who's the king of your satellite castle?

Winter's cold spring erases Rest high above the cloud; no restriction Television we bounce 'round the

world And while I spend these hours five senses reeling I laugh about this weatherman's satellite eyes

Rhyme & Reason Oh well oh well so here we stand But we stand for nothing My heart calls to me

in my sleep How can I turn to it 'Cause I'm all locked up in this Dark place - And I do not know

I'm as good as dead My head aches - Warped and tied up I need to kill this pain My head won't

leave my head alone And I don't believe it will Until I'm dead and gone My head won't leave

my head alone And I don't believe it will Until I'm six feet under ground How long I'm

tied up My mind in knots - My stomach reels In concern for what I might do or What

I've done It's got me living in fear Well I know these voices must Be my soul I've had

enough I've had enough of being alone I've got no place to go Six feet under In

my grave Lying wired and shut and quiet in my grave Leave me here Leave

it to me to waste here So young and here I am again Talking to myself

A T.V. blares Oh man Oh how I wish I didn't smoke Or drink to

reason with my head But sometimes this thick confusion

Grows until I cannot bear it all Needle to the vein

Needle to the vein Take this needle from

my vein my friend I said In

my

grave Lying, Lying, cold in my grave The reason - My reason Take my head off this terror The fearing won't come back I can't see My mind's all wiped clean The needle Make my great escape I seem caught in time My head leaves me behind Body fall cold And I see heaven

Typical Situation inspired by "a prayer in the Pentagon" by Robert Dederick

Ten fingers we have each Nine planets around the sun repeat

Eight ball is the last if you triumphant be Seven oceans pummel the shores of the sea

It's a typical situation In these typical times Too many choices

Everybody's happy

Everybody's free We'll

keep the big door open

Everyone'll come

around Why are you different

Why are you that way

If you don't get in line

We'll lock you away

It all comes down to nothing

Six senses feeling Five around a sense of self

Four seasons turn on and turn off

I can see Three corners from this corner

Two is a perfect number But one Everybody's happy

Everybody's free We'll keep the big door open

And everyone'll come around Why are you different Why are you that way

If you don't step in line We'll lock you away It's a typical situation

In these typical times We can't do a thing about it Dancing Nancies Could I have been A parking lot attendant Could I have been A millionaire in

Bel Air Could I have been Lost somewhere in Paris Could I have been Your little brother Could I have been Anyone other than me Could I have been, oh Anyone other than me Could I have been Anyone other than me Could I have been Anyone He stands touch his hair his shoes untied Tongue gaping stare

Could I have been a magnet for money? Could I have been anyone other than me? Twenty three I'm so tired

of life Such a shame to throw it all away

The images grow darker still

Could I have been anyone other than me? Then I

Look up at the sky My mouth

is open wide, lick and taste

What's the use in wor-

rying, what's the use in hur-

rying Turn, turn we

almost become

dizzy I am who I am

who I am well who am

I Requesting some enlighten-

ment Could I have been anyone

other than me? And then I'll Sing

and dance I'll play for you tonight

The thrill of it all Dark clouds may hang on

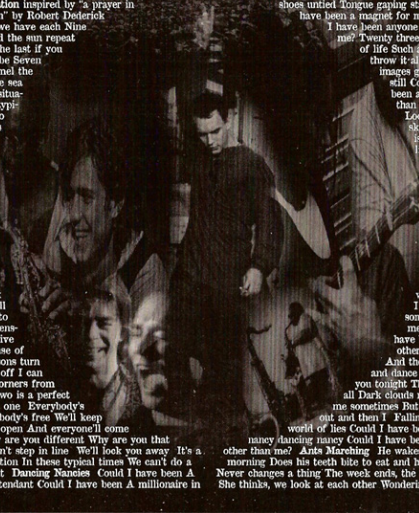
me sometimes But I'll work it out and then I

Falling out of a world of lies Could I have been dancing

nancy dancing nancy Could I have been anyone other than me? Ants Marching

He wakes up in the morning Does his teeth bite to eat and he's rolling Never changes a thing The week ends, the week begins

She thinks, we look at each other Wondering what the



other is thinking But we never say a thing And these crimes between us grow deeper Take these chances Place them in a box until a quieter time Lights down, you up and die Goes to visit his mommy She feeds him well his concerns he forgets them And remembers being small Playing under the table and dreaming Driving along this highway All these cars and upon the side-walk People in every direction

No words exchanged, no time to exchange when All the little ants are marching Red and black antennae waving They all do it the same They all do it the same way Candyman tempting the thoughts of a Sweet tooth tortured by weight loss Program cutting the corners Loose end, loose end cut cut On the fence, not to offend Cut cut cut cut Take these chances Place them in a box until a quieter time Lights down, you up and die Lights down, you up and die Lover Lay Down Spring sweet rhythm dance in my head Slip into my lover's hands Kiss me won't you kiss me now And sleep I would inside your mouth Don't be us too shy Knowing it's no big surprise That I will wait for you I will wait for no one but you Oh please lover lay down Spend this time with me Together share this smile Lover lay down Spend this time with me Walk with me, walk with you Hold my hand your hands So

much we have dreamed And you were so much younger Hard to explain that we are stronger A million reasons life to deny Let's toss them away See you and me we Lay down look see She and he By my lover's side Together share this smile Each other's tears to cry

Together share this smile Lover lay down Oh please Oh please Please lover lay down

Oh please lover lay down And you weep Lover lay down Cause it's over Lover lay down Say love, say love, say love, say love, say love

Could I love you Could you love me Darling it's All the same 'Til we dance away Chasing me all around

Leading me all around Leading me all around in circles

Say... Jimi Thing

Lately I've been feeling low A remedy is what

I'm seeking I take a taste of what's below

Come away to something better What I want is what I've not got

But what I need is all around me Reaching searching never stop And I'll say... If you could keep

me floating just for a while 'Til I get to the end of this tunnel...mommy

If you could keep me floating just for a while I'll get back to you Sometimes a Jimi Thing slides my way and keeps me swingin' I'd like to show you what's inside I shouldn't care if you do or don't like it Brother chaos rule all about Sometimes I walk there Well yes, God knows, sometimes I take a bus

there

Shouldn't care I shouldn't care

bereaved as I'm feeling The day is gone

I'm on my back Staring up at the ceiling I take a

drink sit back relax Smoke my mind make me feel Better

for a small time What I want is what I've not got And what I

need is all around me Reaching searching never stop And I'll say... If

you could keep me floating just for a while Til I get to the end of this tun-

nel... mommy If you could keep me floating just for a while I'll get back to you

Warehouse See I'm leaving This warehouse frightens me Has me tied up in knots

Can't rest for a moment Soon I'm going I'm slippin' slow away Hoping to find something

better than I've got inside of here The warehouse slips away Hey reckless mind Don't

throw away your playful beginnings You and I will fumble around in the touches And be sure

to Leave all the lights on So we can see the black cat changing colors And we can walk under

ladders And swim as the tide turns you around and around Hey we have found Becoming one in a

million Slip into the crowd This question I found in the gap in the sidewalk Keep all your sights on

Hey the black cat changing colors And you can walk under ladders And swim as the tide choose to

turn you And here I sit Life goes on, end of tunnel, TV set Spot in the middle Static fade, statistical

bit And soon I'll fade away, I'll fade away This I admit Taste so good, hard to believe an end to it

Smell touch feel How could this rhythm ever quit Bags packed on a plane Hopefully to heaven Shut up

I'm thinking I had a clue now it's gone forever Sitting over these bones You can read in whatever you're

needing to Keep all your sights on Yeah man, the black cat Changing colors When it's not the colors that

matter But that they'll all fade away This I admit Seems so good Hard to believe an end to it Warehouse is

bare Nothing at all inside of it Walls and halls have disappeared They disappear My love I love to stay here

My love I love to stay here In a corner was wondering If a change could be better than this And then I

worry Maybe things won't be better than they have been Here in the warehouse At the warehouse How I

love to stay here At the warehouse Every man and woman Get alive That's our blood down there Seems

poured from the hands of angels But trickle into the ground Leaves the warehouse bare and empty My

heart's numbered beat Still echo in this empty room Fear wells in me But nothing seems enough to

defend So I am going away Pay For What You Get Work ourselves, fingers to the bone Suck the mar-

row, drain my soul Pay your dues, and your debts Pay your respects, everybody tells you You pay for

what you get You pay for what you get Everybody asks me how she's doing Has she really lost her

mind? I said, I couldn't tell you I've lost mine Words, words, words, have you heard A bird in

hand is much better than, Any number free to wander Fly away... Stay You pay for what you get

You pay for what you get Everybody asks me how she's doing Is she really all she says...

Everybody asks me how she's doing Since she went away I said I couldn't tell you I'm

okay I'm okay Surprise, surprise You pay for what you get You pay for what you get

Everybody asks me how she's doing Has she really lost her... Everybody asks me how

she's doing Since she went away I said I couldn't tell you I'm okay I'm okay I'm

okay How are you? Pay for what you get Pay for what you get...oh... Pay for

what you get Pay for what you get oh... Oh... #34 (For Miguel Valdez)

All Songs Written by David Matthews except "4 34" written by

David Matthews, Leroi Moore, Carter Beauford, and Haines

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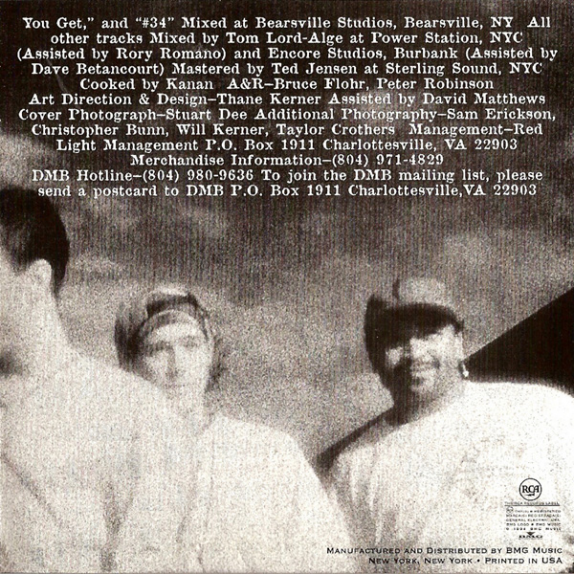
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Dave Matthews Band Carter Beauford—Drums, Percussion, Vocals
Stefan Lessard—Bass David Matthews—Vocals, Left Acoustic Guitar
Leroi Moore—Alto Sax, Soprano Sax, Tenor Sax, Vocals, Flute
Boyd Tinsley—Acoustic Violin, Vocals

Special Guest: Tim Reynolds—Acoustic Guitar Guest Appearance on
"What Would You Say" By John Popper—Harmonica Additional Vocals
on "Dancing Nancies" and "What Would You Say" by John Alagia.
Michael McDonald, Andrew Page, Jeff Thomas Additional Percussion
on "Typical Situation" by Steve Forman John Popper appears cour-
tesy of A & M Records, Inc. Produced by Steve Lillywhite
Engineered by Chris Dickie Assisted by Andrew Page Recorded at
Bearsville Studios, Bearsville, NY "Lover Lay Down," "Pay For What





You Get," and "#34" Mixed at Bearsville Studios, Bearsville, NY All
other tracks Mixed by Tom Lord-Alge at Power Station, NYC
(Assisted by Rory Romano) and Encore Studios, Burbank (Assisted by
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Under The Table And Dreaming

The Best of What's Around* What Would You Say* Satellite*

Rhyme & Reason* Typical Situation* Dancing Nancies*

Ants Marching* Lover Lay Down Jimi Thing* Warehouse*

Pay For What You Get #34

Produced by Steve Lillywhite

*Mixed by Tom Lord-Alge



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THE BEST OF WHAT'S AROUND

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY

SATELLITE

RHYME & REASON

TYPICAL SITUATION

DANCING NANCIES

ANTS MARCHING

LOVER LAY DOWN

JIMI THING

WAREHOUSE

PAY FOR WHAT YOU GET

#34

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