

Man On The Mend

Ben Morris

Always figured
I'd sleep when I'm dead
Put that shovel down
Ain't the time to dig my bed

Since the day that I was born
I've been a man on the mend
You may not like my chances
But I'm telling you this ain't the end

Chorus:

I set this pace
I was built for grind
Fall forward when I fall
Seize the day- it's mine
While you're keeping up
I'll be keeping time
The longer that I live
The more I stay alive

I'll let others tell my story
But they've never held the reins
Too much power in the blood-
Ain't no quit inside these veins

Thoughts on a walk
In the path of righteousness
Forget the facts forged by fear
I've always walked on faith

Chorus

Before they lay me in the ground
There's work while I'm awake
The dust will settle before I do
And the Lord my soul to take

I set this pace
I was built for grind
Fall forward when I fall
Seize the day- it's mine
Life is keeping up
I'm keeping mine
The longer that I live
The more I stay alive

Nothing To Fear But Love Itself

Coby Tate/Ben Morris

Afraid to see
It killing me
Dying of fright
I'm lookin' away
But it comes my way
It makes it's play
Brings me down

Cassius Clay
Stung like the bee
Fly Butterflies
But even he'd agree
What's come over me
Would fight Ali
And take him down

Sir Isaac came
With not one but three
Irrefutable
Laws of gravity
But even he
Can't explain to me
How a human heart
Could fall so free
Yet call to me
And frighten me
And be all for me
Falling down

I'm lookin' away
When it comes my way
But it's here to stay
Brings me down

Hay Fever

Ben Morris

I got 40 rolls of hay
That's not all
I got 40 rolls of hay
And that's not all
I got 40 rolls of hay
That's not all- but what the 'hey'
I got now cows to eat the hay
But that's not all

I got a fiddler in the band- he's my friend
I got a fiddler in the band
And he's my friend
I got a fiddler in the band
Til we get to drinkin then
Got no fiddler in the band
And one less friend

The cars all look the same
Along the train
The cars all look the same
There on the train
Well the cars all look the same
And it's driving me insane
And they're talkin' to my brain
Leave me alone

I got a brand new straw hat
Upon my head
I got brand new strew hat
It's on my head
New straw hat up on my head
It keeps my face from turning red
Think I'll wear it til I'm dead
Up on my head

The Whiskey made me mean
That's why I quit
Whiskey made me mean
That's a-why I quit
Well, the whiskey made me quit
But now vodka gives me fits
And now the vodka makes me mean
Leave me alone

I got 40 rolls of hay
That's not all
I got 40 rolls of hay
That's not all
I got 40 bails of hay
That's not all- it's all for nay
I got now cows and I BURNED the hay
And now that's all that I don't got...

"Hey", I said "Hay"
I said Hay, Hay
Hay, Hay, Hay, Hay, everywhere I look there's hay!
I got 40 rolls of hay and that's not all...

Happy Birthday

Ben Morris

Another year has come and gone
But this one takes the cake
Blow out the candles
But not a wish for nothin' more
I like the way things are right now

Chorus:

It's a great day indeed
Happy Birthday to me
A smile I will not waste
Over things I can't change
All this good surrounding me
Is catching up with me
It's a great day indeed
Happy birthday to me

They say the world is spinning straight to hell
And we're livin' in hard times
But this depression
Ain't as big as how I feel
Today I come alive again

Chorus

All this bruising will leave you black and blue
But the scars you carry- do not let them carry you

It's a great day indeed
Happy Birthday to me
A smile I will not waste
Over things I can't change
All this good surrounding me
Is catching up with me
It's a great day indeed
Happy birthday to me

It's a great day indeed
Happy birthday to me

Come Closer

Bucky Bachmeyer/Ben Morris

Sittin' alone outside
Under your window wide

Puttin on quite a show
And yet you don't even know

It ain't the wind that shakes the trees
An animal that rustles leaves
Whether there's no one around
You're always safe and sound
You're always safe and sound

Guardian of our fate
A flower that's worth the wait

Almost can see it grow
Press it against my nose

If Romeo had never met
Or crossed his star with Juliet's
We'd know it by a different name
But this rose would smell the same
This rose would smell the same

Apartment 202
The scent of a new shampoo
No glass separating you
Tonight there's a better view

The shadows dance, the floor boards creak
A heart beats faster, stomachs weak
Am I in your thoughts or by your bed
Your closet or your head?
You closet or your head?

If Romeo had never met
Or crossed his star with Juliet's
We'd know it by a different name
But this rose would smell the same
This rose would smell the same

Tradition

Bucky Bachmeyer

It's only a dream until you make it
It's only genuine until you fake it
It's only a promise til you forsake it
It's only tradition until you break it

You'll only have your money, until you spend it
It's gonna stay broke until you mend it
It's full-speed straight ahead until you bend it
It's only tradition til you end it

It'll always be a record until you top it
You can't burst a bubble if you don't pop it
It's gonna be an issue until you drop it
It's only tradition til you stop it

When the world comes calling on you will you run and hide?
Or try the same things that the men before you tried?
Can you be the hero that everybody needs?
Or will you fall down upon your knees?

It's gonna feel loose until you fit it
It's only a strike until you hit it
It's only confusing but once you get it
It's only tradition til you quit it

It's only innocence until you take it
It'll only stay asleep until you wake it
It's only untested until you shake it
It's only tradition til you break it

When the world comes calling on you will you run and hide?
Or try the same things that the men before you tried?
Can you be the hero that everybody needs?
Or will you fall down upon your knees?

It won't be called success if you can't taste it
It's only lost until you've placed it
Its only fear until you've faced it
It's only tradition til you waste it
It's only tradition until you break it

Chicago

Coby Tate/Ben Morris

I'm comin' into town ridin' wheels of fire
I've been up all week, but you know I never tire
Only sleep with one eye closed and one hand on my gun
You tell me don't come home, but I ain't the kind to run
We're too good for 'em babe, better than the bunch
I've got a fightin' chance, and you've got a hunch

Don't come to Chicago, Johnny
I think they're watching me
Baby don't come to Chicago
I know you will take care of me

Doesn't matter where you've been, where you're goin' matters more
Chicago here I come! Better hope they bar the door!
I can't walk out on love, after all that we've been through
I love this city and the smell, fast cars and whiskey too!
They ain't tough or smart or fast enough to hold me very long
Yet still you sing to me like the bird that's in the song

Don't come to Chicago, Johnny
I think they're watching me
Baby don't come to Chicago
I know you will take care of me

I don't work with crystal balls or people I don't know
Even if my time is up, not a chance I'm letting go
Never let nobody down and I won't be starting now
Let's die the way we live, let's not drag it out
Gonna take a ride with you and go anywhere we choose
Together in this town with nothing left to lose

Don't come to Chicago, Johnny
I think they're watching me
Baby don't come to Chicago
I know you will take care of me

John Wilkes Phone Booth

Ben Morris

Abraham, Abraham Lincoln- just a piece of copper now
Cast aside, in the well he's sinkin', wishin' as he's falling down

They won't take him in the payphone
He ain't nothin' to the coke machine
Jimmy Crack Corn and he still cares
You can kill a man but not a dream

Count the cost- is it worth keeping?
Ain't nothing worth having's free
When the reaper comes a-creepin'
Are you holding what you really need?
You can't take it with you when you go
And where you're going it might burn anyways
Don't let the last check you write be hot
Cash out and let 'em keep the change

He's tall, so tall, but you can't tell it
Scuffed and worn from the wear
In God We Trust, so firm, so well, he
Still believes he has a prayer

They've nicked & dined him half to death
But he's bigger than a mustard seed
It's a quarter if you call someone who cares
It's cheaper if you just believe

Count the cost- is it worth keeping?
Ain't nothing worth having's free
When the reaper comes a-creepin'
Are you holding all you really need?
You can't take it with you when you go
And where you're going it might burn anyways
Don't let the last check you write be hot
Cash out and let 'em keep the change

Make change, make cents
Make a difference
Before the hearse hauls you away
You won't pay much
If you pay attention
You only get to keep
What you give away

Count the cost- is it worth keeping?
Ain't nothing worth having's free
When the reaper comes a-creepin'
He won't get a red cent from me!
You can't take it with you when you go and where you're going it might burn anyways
Don't let the last check you write be hot
Cash out and let 'em keep the change

Nosey

Bucky Bachmeyer

I ain't noseay, but I've got a nose
And I
Got a feelin I know how the story goes
And I
Done some thinking and ive spent some time
And I
Wanna know whats been weighin on your mind
Cause
My hands are shakin and my palms are cold
But I
Got to know that there's more to hold
Than a
Empty house and day to day affair
So please
When I open the door I hope youre there

Empty space can fill a room but so can gasoline

I gotta say whats been on my mind
And I
Cant keep wastin so much precious time
When you
Come and go as pretty as you please
You know it
Cuts my soul and drops me to my knees
When the
Days are short and the nights are long
I can't
Help but think that something's wrong
And if
You won't tell me, you won't even share
I wonder
When I open the door will you be there

Too much love can take your breath but so can cellophane

What's the deal, tell me whats the time?
Will you
Come clean or will I have to find
That
You've been out walkin, stepping on my toes
I said
I ain't noseay but ive got a nose
So now
Who walks clean and who cleans the mess
And
Who'll be looking for a new address
And
Just in case you still are unaware
When I
Open the door I hope that you're not there

Empty space can fill a room but so can gasoline
Too much love can take your breath but so can cellophane

Old Black Buick

Jon Dittfurth

There's an old black buick granny used to drive
When I was a kid, maybe 4 or 5
She'd drive that tank to the grocery store
With the windows down, us grandkids in tow
If I was real good she'd buy a cola for me
I'd sit there and drink it in the front seat
Of that

Chorus:

Old Black Buick (old black buick)
Old Black Buick (old black buick)
That Old Black Buick's still running around in my mind

When I turned 16 I couldn't wait
For my own set of wheels to drive my dates
One day daddy said "It's your turn to drive"
Threw me the keys & I went for a ride
That big black boat was real good to me
I had a lot of fun in the back seat
Of that

Chorus

Late one night headed down a back road
Racin' round the corner I lost control
When I came-to there was nothing but lights
I'll never forget that fateful night
'Cause as the ambulance drove away with me
Through the back window, wrapped around a tree
Was that

Chorus

My Own

Ben Morris

Underrated, vinyl Willie
Sunflower seeds and rock-a-billy
Stumbling over conversations, birds and bees
Famous people always tend to go in threes

Crawfish boils, bar-b-q dinners
Banjos in songs, pickers and grinners
I will never bend my strings the way they do
But I'm content to be the lesser of the two

When I get down or aggravated
Surround myself with small vacations
Take comfort in the things that feel as real as home
Roll up my sleeves, put my hands in the dirt
Pepper my life with the salt of the earth
I'm proud I don't make it on my own

Bright eyed nephew seems caffeinated
A four-year-old, super-elated
A brand new toy can make a little person prance
Just cause we're older doesn't mean we shouldn't dance

Talks of Texas and my grandparents
Write my song- try not to waste it
Stand on your coffee table shout it in my boots
Every ounce that is my heart and soul and roots

When I get down or aggravated
Surround myself with small vacations
Take comfort in the things that feel as real as home
Roll up my sleeves, put my hands in the dirt
Pepper my life with the salt of the earth
I'm proud I don't make it on my own

My wife and Jesus- two favorite people
I made a promise under a steeple
I don't believe in ever taking off a ring
Forever's never gonna be a short-term thing

But when I get down or aggravated
Surround myself with small vacations
Take comfort in the things that feel as real as home
Roll up them sleeves and put my hands in the dirt
Pepper my life with the salt of the earth
I'm proud- I sure use a lot of help
I'm proud- it's coming from somewhere else
I'm proud- I don't make it on my own

Walls

Ben Morris

I took all the reasons that I have the blues
Smashed them in the dirt under my walkin' shoes
Breakin' down the walls

I stood up 7 times after fallin' down 6
Skipped down to their stomping grounds & I put in my licks
Breakin' down the walls
Of the ones who built it all

Where there was a noose around my neck now there's just a scar
The rope snapped when I pushed back, no more feathers and tar
Breakin' down the walls
Of the ones who built it all
Standin' 10 feet tall

The man tried to get me down, told me to let it go
But I will bring the fight to him. Tonight it ends in blows
Breakin' down the walls
Of the ones who built it all
Standin' 10 feet tall
Breakin' down their walls

Think for yourself, don't blink
Think for yourself, don't blink
And don't forget, don't take their medicine

Carlos Ray

Ben Morris

Won't die by the blade, can't die by the gun
Will never turn tail, won't ever up and run
In a moment of truth, only one man is for us
The greatest human alive, the man, the myth, Chuck Norris

Some call him master, the dojo of doom
The sensei of senses, the lowerer of boom
With a bouquet of ugly, the world's baddest florist
Plant your face into the soil, sign the card in blood, Chuck Norris

It's said his teardrops cure cancer, but never has he cried
A thousand men have tried to take him and two thousand more have died
Ghandi was a libra, Malcolm X was born a Taurus
But he wasn't born a 'Pisces' he was born the month of Norris

A roundhouse kick, a blow to the chin
Only room for one in his judo-cobra den
Broke the jaw of Paris Hilton- he just couldn't find her gorgeous
But he allowed her to survive, the merciful Chuck Norris

According to the legend, there's a third fist in his beard
He used it once on Jacko and to the end he acted weird
He sets the flow and tempo, he writes the verse and chorus
It usually sounds like this, "I'm Chuck Norris, Chuck, Chuck Norris"

A poorly worded question brings a poorly worded end
A boy once asked 'what's up Chuck?' and the vomit did him in
Off the practical joker, and he knows just what the score is
Just part of the fun of living in the twisted world of Norris

His casualties are many: Fabio and Mr. T
Macauley Culkin, Vin Diesel, Sigourney Weaver and Jet Li
He killed them all for sport, or he figured that they bore us
We go along to get along, never question one Chuck Norris

A roundhouse kick, decides your fate
Chuck does not sleep. Chuck Norris waits.
He can hear the sound if a tree falls in the forest
Even when no one's around, you're still in luck with Norris

In a moment of truth, only one man is for us
The greatest human alive, the man, the myth, Chuck Norris

Carlos Ray (continued)

Ben Morris

The kill count keeps on growing, Dan Akroyd, Gary Sinise
Michael Bolton, Tony Blair, and Latifah she's the Queen
Ted Danson, Uma Thurman, the last Tyrannosaurus
He's singing while they're dying "I'm Chuck Norris, Chuck, Chuck Norris"

Jodie Foster, Barry Bonds, the entire cast of 'Blossom'
And Whitney Houston too, he prefers his Dolly Parton
Scottie Pippen, Alan Greenspan (not dead he's just the sorest)
Chuck spent all his cash in Vegas- just a normal night for Norris

Richard Simmons, Kevin Bacon, Ocho Cinco and caffeine
Whoopi Goldberg, Leno, Sisqo and Verne Troyer (Mini-Me)
VHS, electric toothbrush, slingshots, and Clinton Portis
Deleted by the hands of the man that is Chuck Norris

Bob Vila, Jordan Minor, the macarena and fifteen
He said the number's boring like the English Mr. Bean
Edward James Olmos, Ethan Messick, his own favorite black licorice
He even hurts himself, but can't feel the pain- he's Norris

Goldie Hawn, Kevin Costner, Evi & Randy Quaid...
He decided he was hungry- ate the fridge of Rachel Ray
And then he washed it down with Axl Rose and Wee Bear's porridge
An 'Appetite for Destruction' is a just an appetizer to Chuck Norris

Jeff Goldblum, Elijah Wood, and Emilio Estevez
On one Christmas gone awry they wore matching sweater vests
Lou Diamond Phillips, Madonna and her kid- the one named Lourdes
How much wood would a woodchuck chuk if a woodchuck could chuk like Norris?

Pete Rose, Carrot Top, Jose Canseco, Tara Reid
George Costanza, Adolph Hitler, O.J. Simpson, Jonny Deets
Judge Judy, Hasselhoff, Saved By the Bell's Screech & Zach Morris
So many've fallen victim to the man, the myth, the Norris

Eric Estrada, John Stamos, and Weird Al Yankovic
Meat Loaf, Don Johnson, Lance Bass, and Alan Thicke
Catherine Zeta-Jones, Sandra Bullock, Kate Gosslin, & Al Gore is
Tryin' to save the ozone, but the ozone's owned by Norris...