

Mikey The Messick's Revelation

Mike Ethan Messick

Boxcars: the wicked, the wounded, the brave ones, the strays. The sixteen stringed monster, the seven-piece drums. The preachers, the teachers, the servants, the bums. There's flat cars, there's cold cars, there's freight cars and such, and you figured as much... You know smoke, you know steam. You know grace, you know dirt, you know hurt, you know dreams. But snap back to reality. Those that are first will be last and get passed. Wild-hair on the bald and the sword beat to plow. The seed turn to stem and hang out on that limb... This boxcar's a locomotive now! Lead on!

Living the Dream

Ben Morris

Sky has not fallen yet
Everything as it seems
Ain't raining hundred dollar bills
I'm still living the dream

Everything I own smells like smoke
But I don't strike a match at all
Second-hand, treat me like a joke
The butt of living the dream

Sing my song in another dump
Ain't a good gig, sure ain't a favor
Swallow my pride, swallow this lump
Guess I'll do it 'til I'm not able

Restless sleep on a couch in a random place
No pillow for a man of means
Feeling home is few and far between
The price of living this dream

At ease monsters, pick-me ups
My tickin' heart, a tickin' bomb
Beat of the road, beat of my blood
I'm beat, I'm living the dream

Stand in line just to pay your dues
Make every song you write a happy sing-a-long too
But there's a nightmare coming to satisfy you
Sing the blues, I sing you the dream

Sing my song in another dump
Ain't a good gig, sure ain't a favor
Swallow my pride, swallow this lump
Guess I'll try til I'm not able

Sky has not fallen yet
Everything as it seems
Ain't raining hundred dollar bills
I'm still living the dream

Sure ain't raining Ben Franklins down on me
But I am living the dream

Blue Skies

Ben Morris

Standing tall all alone with the pain
Head in the clouds closer to rain
First the pride, then the fall

Wiser the way to weather the storm
With help from a friend a man's reborn
What a friend we have- I am moved

Blue skies
From here on out
Cleared the air, cleared the doubt
Blue skies
From here on in
No repeating mistakes again
Gotta live with the man I am, I am

It's true that a light does more good in the dark
But be in with the night be out with your spark
Gotta shine your light, see it through

It'd good to be fair but don't ever sell out
'Cause if you're too open-minded your brains fall out
Been there too and it left a bruise

Blue skies
From here on out
Cleared the air, cleared the doubt
Blue skies
From here on in
No repeating mistakes again
Gotta live with the man I am
Comes a time when you just say when
Say when

Throw your hands up
Give it all up
Throw your head back
And just say when
Come back home
Come back home to

(Repeat Chorus)

Sweet Thing

Ben Morris

Sweet as the song inside you
In just a minute or two
She lifts you up

Dark as the night without moon
She will come over you
Swallow you up

Like a nametag you wear
Or the cross that you bear
She's the tale of two to me
My Sweet Thing

I suppose with highs and lows like that
Nobody knows
What she gives
Will it be breath?
Or will she be the death of Me?
My Sweet Thing

Real as the prayer you whisper
There to fill the empty void
She gives you hope

But fierce as the rainstorm's fury
She will drive you inside
'Cause she's wanting more...

To be the reason that you live
But a man like me can't give
Enough to part the sea
For Sweet Thing

I suppose with highs and lows like that
Nobody knows
What she gives
Will it be breath?
Or will she be the death of Me?
My Sweet Thing

My Sweet Thing.

Let You Let Me Be (LOUD)

Ben Morris

Once I had a thought, I let it go
Twice I had the thought I guess I let it show
'Cause it's pulling you here in the way of harm
Hide and seek, babe, you're getting pretty warm
Temperature's rising, feel I'm almost caught
Yet you still don't know just what you've got
'Cause spending time with a guy like me
Will either break your heart or set you free

Chorus:

You don't wanna chase what you don't want to catch
Watch what you wish- you're holding a match
When you play with fire you play for keeps
Leave me alone or I might not let you let me be

You...

There's something about you
Something about the way
I'm into the games you play

Me...

I'm running on empty
Running low on gas and I just can't pass
This chance to let you know

Chorus

I don't mind you hanging round
I don't mind you talking out of turn
But there's just one thing to fear
It's when you look back and you don't see me in your rear-view mirror

Care For You

Ben Morris

I wish I didn't have to go
But I know it's what we need
We can't say we didn't try
But I gotta stop the bleed

You really want to doubt the words I say
You say that you'll be fine without me
And I hope that's true
I will always care for you

I care about you
I care because I want to

You tell me that the ends are all the same
'Cause you've been busy coming in, selling air to my brain
I will always care for you

We've come too far too fast to not get hurt
Love's a word I don't toss around so I won't
I will always care for you
I will always care for you
I will always care for you

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Mike Ethan Messick & Ben Morris

Hangin' in the window, salvation with strings
Ain't no Stratocaster but it's sea foam green
Ain't too much of a rebel to remember my daddy's advice
Pawnbroker's offer, it ain't always fair
If it's something you need don't let 'em know that you care
If it comes from the pawnshop don't ever pay 'em full price

CHORUS:

Down to seventy-five ... down to seventy-five
I ain't ever been rich, but I'm the best negotiator alive
She's gonna rev like a motor, rock like a champ
When I plug her in to my secondhand amp
They was askin' for 100 but I got 'em down to 75

Well I got the heart, I just ain't got the gift
I been working all day on that Rolling Stones riff
I can't get no satisfaction, I might if I give it my all
I been kicked outta school, fired from jobs
I'm too proud to borrow too friendly to rob
Too loud for the neighbors pounding on the opposite wall

CHORUS

I got it honest, I just got it cheap
And the folks next door ain't getting' no sleep
I turn it one notch higher when they tell me to turn it down...DOWN...DOWN...

CHORUS

They was askin' for 100 but I got 'em down to 75

What She Don't Know

Bucky Bachmeyer and Ben Morris

What she don't know
Won't kill her
It might drive me insane
All the secrets and shame
What I put on the shelf
What I keep to myself

Hold it all in
Again and again
Bring it all down on me
No truth, can't be free
It's a hard thing to know
What she don't know

Chorus:
Go on tellin' lies
But I won't be saying goodbye
To the best thing that's ever happened to me
No, what she don't know
Won't kill her
But it might be the death of me

What she don't know
She probably never will
It's a blessing and a curse
And for better or worse
This steep uphill climb
Going out of my mind

Will keep me with her
'Cause I can't be all alone
I'd rather hat what I've done
And be the only one
To live with this hurt
I can't do that to her

Chorus

Headlights

Jon Dittfurth & Mike Ethan Messick

One hand on the wheel, one on the dial
I drive down the highway trying to smile
But song after song just brings on the tears
From Memories past of them lost, forsaken years

I tried and I tried, I searched my heart
Finally realized so I made another start
I was suited best out on the open road
Me and my guitar and this '78 Ford

CHORUS:

I could lose my way, lose my mind
Find myself in these little white lines
And realize I've been wasting my life
I could drive this truck from coast to coast
And still not find what I need the most
But I'll keep searching, in the headlights

I never could wander too far from the stage
So I learned to survive by the songs that I played
One night buys my whiskey, and another my gas
Strangers walk away changed with a song from my past

CHORUS

Motel lights flicker night after night
18 wheels rumble as they fly by
but sleepless nights, they're just a part of the game
That pushes these engines that scream out your name

CHORUS

Tag:

One night buys my whiskey, and another my gas
May you walk away changed with a song from my past

Pretty

Ben Morris & Jayme Ivison

She tears a copy of a list of what she's been looking for
From right below a scripture on the fridgerator door
And it makes her feel pretty inside

Paints a gorgeous picture with colors in her dreams
No need to settle, holding out for what she needs
That will make her feel pretty inside

She's always heard that pretty is as pretty does
But that can drive a girl crazy when she's waiting on the one
They've always told her, you gotta look before you leap
But she'll hold her breath, get a running start, when it's time to leave her feet...

Puts on her best dress, going out in style
She's looking good and her pulse is on fire
And it makes her fell pretty inside

Girl don't you give up- you'll find your Mr. Right
When you least expect it- the love you're looking for is blind
Might be sitting beside you in the park, or the friend you call when you fall apart
Just might be the one you never thought could be

And it makes her feel pretty
And it makes her feel so pretty
And it makes her feel like the prettiest girl in the whole wide world, inside...

Puts on her white dress, going out in style
She's looking good, and her pulse is on fire...

Silence and Duct Tape

Ben Morris

Silence is golden
Duct tape's silver
We don't let it rest
It's how we hold it together

We talked 'til we're blue
And today was rough for us
I'm glad that we know
It's nothing but fuss

We make so much noise believing we're right
That we get to the bottom, where bark has it's bite
We fight tooth and nail, like rubber and glue
But we bounce back so easy, one more reason I stick with you

Duct tape's silver
But your silence is golden
I can see that you're thinkin'
From the clothes that you're not folding

Disagree to Agree
It's backwards but it's not wrong
At the end of the day
We fight just to get along

We make so much noise believing we're right
That we get to the bottom, where bark has it's bite
We fight tooth and nail, like rubber and glue
But we bounce back so easy, one more reason I stick
To my guns, shoot from hip
That's what we're about
Loose lips sink ships
But we lay it all out
We fight tooth and nail, like rubber and glue
But we bounce back so easy, one more reason I stick with you

You
I'm with you

Fine China

Ben Morris

All was fine, far as I could tell
Thought everything was going well
Just like China, we were fine
And it served me well on the inside
When I sat it high on the shelf

It worked for eyes so sore
It always worked for me
But my eyes are open more
With the china on the floor

Fallin' off onto the ground
Like London Bridge, in pieces now
Never knew I had a place for the cracked and broken down
What was one has broke in two
Now, I just want more
Fine china on the floor

I believe the whole thing's far from over
We're no past the point- return, return
And yes I believe that the good just might be closer
I accept this mess I've known
Well you were sitting high
But you let yourself go

Somewhere it all became a bore
Sitting pretty was just no place to be
Funny things the heart implores
And now the china's on the floor

Fallin' off onto the ground
Like London Bridge, in pieces now
Never knew I had a place for the cracked and broken down inside of me
What was one has broke in two
Now, I just want more
Fine china on the floor

A Little Bit More

Ben Morris and Eric Fisher

I wish you'd act like you miss me a little bit more
A little bit more

I wish you'd act like you miss me a little bit more
A little bit more

Void of all expression, your cheeks aren't dressed with tears
Your crying eyes are naked, they bare the truth, my fears

I want you to smile but I wish that I could too a little bit more
A little bit more

It hurts too much to say it, it's harder when I do
"I want you to be happy", but the words just don't sound true

Make believe you care

Make believe a lie

A little bit more

A little bit more

I'm not a fan of drama, but act as if it's real
Pretend just for a minute, no matter what you feel
Imagine we're not through, and the truth that you reveal
Is that you can't live without me and that you love me still

I wish you'd act like you miss me a little bit more
A little bit more

I wish you'd act like you miss me a little bit more
A little bit more

I wish you'd act like you miss me a little bit more

Untitled Part VII

Coby Tate, Ben Morris, & Jayme Ivison

Four dirty white walls
One window, no blinds
Room where I lay
Spinning inside my head
But I'm alright

Good morning Mr. Time Clock
Monday through Friday
I tell you goodbye
Then I move on my way
Nothing more, nothing more

I'm happy this way
I like what I've found
No borrowed time
Living in my town

I know you'd like me
Home every night
Before all the good is gone
Nothing good can come
After midnight

Four clean white office walls
Used to screen my calls
Out to bust my balding head of ideas
But now I'm on wheels

I'm happy this way
I like what I've found
No borrowed time
Livin' town to town

I won't borrow time

Four dirty white walls
One window, no blinds
Out way past midnight
I know you like me
I'm alright, I'm alright

I won't borrow time