



Folk Songs

www.BrickAndMortarBand.com
www.TheHoustonPost.com
www.HouPost.com
(346) 381-9886

"Call Around"

I've got a two dollar bill and some change in my jeans.

I just need a cig.

This store I know sells in singles to go.

Out front is my only gig.

My cardboard sign blew away with time.

I'll find me another prop.

The permanent spotty's on my body.

Are tattoos never forgot.

Oh let me tell you:

A Nickel to Me's a Cold Forty.

For a Dime I'd Break the Law.

A Quarter Will Last One Day or Two.

A Fifty-Cent'er Curbs Withdraw.

A Benjamin Should Roll Up Nicely.

Five Large We'll Gain In Pounds.

A Cold Grand Out Smarts the Pharmacy.

Two Thou Buys the Entire Town.

But a Nickel to Me Is Sound.

Call Around. Call Around.

I've got two stiff pies saved up from last night.

But I'm hungry for a little duck.

The grocery guy cooks swine bovine.

Out the back of his dirty duck truck.

His sign light blinks but it's on the brink.

Thank God, I know he's there.

'Cuz my rumblin' mood is starvin' food.

Bus stop I need fresh air.

Here we go again:

**A Nickel to Me's a Cold Forty.
For a Dime I'd Break the Law.
A Quarter Will Last One Day or Two.
A Fifty-Cent'er Curbs Withdraw.
A Benjamin Should Roll Up Nicely.
Five Large We'll Gain In Pounds.
A Cold Grand Out Smarts the Pharmacy.
Two Thou Buys the Entire Town.
But a Nickel to Me Is Sound.
Call Around. Call Around.**

I try to ignore but I can't take anymore.
This happens every month.
The food gets gored in the fridgradoor.
Not even a slab for my lunch.
The huge sign I seen that God showed me.
Was written in coded-words.
We better translate or hell, needin' God's granted bail.
Don't wanna be stuck here on earth.
Lord forgive us:

**A Nickel to Me's a Cold Forty.
For a Dime I'd Break the Law.
A Quarter Will Last One Day or Two.
A Fifty-Cent'er Curbs Withdraw.
A Benjamin Should Roll Up Nicely.
Five Large We'll Gain In Pounds.
A Cold Grand Out Smarts the Pharmacy.
Two Thou Buys the Entire Town.
But a Nickel to Me Is Sound.
Call Around. Call Around.
But a Nickel to Me Is Sound, Call Around.**

“Built With Handles”

Back in the day the year '45.
There were bombs a droppin',
I was barely alive.
I held onto my helmet,
and grabbed my piece meal tight.
And high tailed it to the front line.
It was a hell of a night.

There was a genuine crisis goin' left or right.
The smokey air was dark but the flickerin' moon light.
Left my eyesight seein' the inevitable fight.
I said prayer just the nick of time.
Then I airlifted flight.

**It Was Built With Handles to Hold On To It.
That Grumman F6F Hellcat/Gannet.
Had Me Hopin' My Dreams,
of Gettin' Out of This Mess.
Would Finally Pass the Test,
Then Clear Off All My Debt.
The Dawn Was Glisten' Off the Pacific Ocean.
My Body Felt Weak from Continuous Motion,
of the Past Seven Days,
Fightin' Like Locomotions,
Down a Runaway Track Comin' Back,
Built With Handles Potion.**

Back the States my eyes upon her.
She was soft and smooth like silk from fur.
Had her hair done tight, her red dress all world.
Lookin' like she had it all incurred.
She's the golden girl.

My friends all told me that she's out of my league.
But my confident mystique had her passion intrigued.
And the final straw drew,
when my words spoke with please.
Now she's wantin' my time to be,
hers for the keep.

**She Was Built With Handles,
I Could Hold On To It.
Like a Grumman F6F Hellcat/Gannet.
She Had Me Hopin' That My Dreams,
of Seein' Her In That Dress.
Was Finally Gonna Fulfill the Quest,
I'll Be In Happiness.
Her Eyes Were Glisten'
from the Pale Moon Lightin'.
My Knees Buckled Weak
As I Glimpsed Her First Sightin'.
As Her Daddy Gave Her to Me,
My Heart Delightin',
Thank God for Weddings and Brides.
Built With Handles Pride.**

Music and Lyrics, May 31st, 10:51pm, 2021:
Peter J. Beauchemin

"Duck Tape"

When I was a kid Legos liked me,
when I got old Jenga scarred.
I always knocked them down and scattered,
before we left for Walmart.

It was my favorite place to shop,
their buildin' tractors were tough.
I wish I still had that whoopin' crane,
the minute you broke up.

**My Life Went Down, My Bills Rose Up.
I Found My Crown, Then Lost My Pup.
I Hoped for the Best, Prepared for the Worst.
Saved a Little Nest Egg, then Bought a Hearse.
It Doesn't Make Sense, I Raised Me Some Cash.
Before It Begins, My Dreams Got Dashed.
'Cuz I False Start, Out of the Race.
Built On Duck Tape.**

I grew as a boy I liked Trans Ams,
the Bandit smoked beauty queens.
He made it look so gosh darn fun,
I wore out all my favorite scenes.

The theater was always the place,
flickin' was a smoke screen.
I fantasy'd his lovin' ride,
when you were gonna leave.

**My Life Went Down, My Bills Rose Up.
I Found My Crown, Then Lost My Pup.
I Hoped for the Best, Prepared for the Worst.
Saved a Little Nest Egg, then Bought a Hearse.
It Doesn't Make Sense, I Raised Me Some Cash.
Before It Begins, My Dreams Got Dashed.
'Cuz I False Start, Out of the Race.
Built On Duck Tape.**

I thought like a man in college,
engineering was my degree.
I hit the town but didn't play around,
had a full charged battery.

I eyed girls on my campus,
thought I was lucky to have you too.
But my building master official,
the second you were threw.

**My Life Went Down, My Bills Rose Up.
I Found My Crown, Then Lost My Pup.
I Hoped for the Best, Prepared for the Worst.
Saved a Little Nest Egg, then Bought a Hearse.
It Doesn't Make Sense, I Raised Me Some Cash.
Before It Begins, My Dreams Got Dashed.
'Cuz I False Start, Out of the Race.
Built On Duck Tape.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Holy Moley Goodbye”

I was standin' on top of a rock,
peerin' out over a canyon they called, “The Grand.”
It was a wide open space, graced by a mile clock,
and wider then my two spreadin' hands.
The journey to arrive, with no map, snacks or fraps,
was one I'll never live down again.
Next time I'm loadin' up my pack, I'm RVin' the track,
with a cooler filled with beer and friends.

**And I'd Say Holey Moley That's Right,
Again I Say Holey Moley What a Sight,
to be Standin' There Above the Open Floor,
of a Purple Majesty's, Beautifully Grandeur-ed.
Holey, and I Really Mean Holey,
Yea Moley, I'm Retainin' It All Slowly.
I Know I Really Wanna Try to Capitalize,
On the Beauty Before My Eyes,
But Then My Wife, Peaks Over the Edge and Says,
“We're Standing Way Too High,”
Holey Moley Goodbye.**

We floated to a land that began,
many lives of family's across the USA.
It's a small little island in the eye of the apple,
where the weak and poor get all the breaks.
For some to be able to call a house a home,
I'm sure's a relief to their veritable mind.
And yet she's known to the citizen, as the model.
This is where they found, what they came here to find.

**And I'd Say Holey Moley That's Right,
Again I Say Holey Moley What a Sight,
I Was Standin' at Freedoms Shore,
a Lifted Lamp Beside the Golden Door.
Holey, and I Really Mean Holey,
Yea Moley, I'm Retainin' It All Slowly.
Her Arm Lifted High the Torch to the Sky,
the Wondrous Beauty Twinkled In My Eyes,
Then My Wife Abruptly Cries,
"It's Already Way Too Late at Night,"
Holey Moley Goodbye.**

We went to the house, owned politically joust,
that rules over the life of our lives.
It's painted white, and has security guys crouched,
surrounded is the perimeter, on each and all sides.
There's a person inside, who models inspiration to be,
representing the people, of this greater land.
Whether you voted yes, or checked the little box no,
you'll have to obey, their varied laws by command.

**And I'd Say Holey Moley That's Right,
Again I Say Holey Moley What a Sight,
I Was Standin' at the Presidential Grail,
a Beacon of Light for the Hungry and Frail.
Holey, and I Really Mean Holey,
Yea Moly, I'm Retainin' It All Slowly.
'Cuz the Home of the Brave, Where Leaders Will Rise,
Forged from Freedom Gained, by Standing Alive,
But All Broke Up, When My Wife Stood and Said,
"You Know Honey, We're Gonna Miss Our Flight,"
Holey Moley Goodbye.**

“Little More Polish”

I can't seem to get my act together.
I sometimes blame it on bad weather.

I'm like a brass water faucet with a tarnished stem.
A tall oak tree with a broken limb.

I can't fake it like I used to 'cuz I'm on my own.
My mom and dad said I can't come home.
I don't drink, I don't smoke and don't move up in life.
'Cuz my credit cards are workin' overtime.
I go wash my truck then get stuck in the mud.
Am I just a dud?

**I Need a Little More Polish.
Less Fiddle More Rock and Roll.
Gonna Try Hypnotics.
They Say That'll Help My Soul.
Pour Me a Strong Tonic,
and Splash It with Some Sweet Country Wine.
I Need a Little More Polish,
Right Now On Me So I Can Shine.**

I talked this talk way back in the day.
I promised myself I'd get up and play.
No matter what cold blocked my vocal chords.
I'd plow them down like a tractor rewards.
'Cuz belief's not really what I'm lacking of.
My talent ratings surely suspicious.
I get a little lit-up in these city lights,
while I'm dressed in my tights.

**I Need a Little More Polish.
Less Fiddle More Rock and Roll.
Gonna Try Hypnotics.
They Say That'll Help My Soul.
Pour Me a Strong Tonic,
and Splash It with Some Sweet Country Wine.
I Need a Little More Polish,
Right Now On Me So I Can Shine.**

I can't seem to get my act together.
I always blame it on bad weather.

My life long dreams are startin' to pass me by.
I'm shotgun ridin' and my seatbelt's tight.
Full out throttled blastin' RPM's.
I'm gonna jump this bridge then do it again.
'Cuz I'm headed for the border of this county line.
Breakin' barriers one last time.
No one can stop me 'cuz I own their will,
"Yeah I'm a Freakin' Thrill!"

**I Got a Lot More Polished.
Hard Fiddle and Twice the Rock and Roll.
I Downed All the Hypnotics.
May They Forever Rest My Soul.
I Drank Strong Ass Tonics,
and Dowsed 'em with Some Hill-Billy Wine.
I Got a Lot More Polished,
Hot Dubbed On Me So Now I Shine.**

One. Two. A One, Two, Three ...

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

“My Sleepin’ Bag”

Sleepin’ Bag, Yea, My Sleepin’ Bag,
My Sleepin’ Bag, Better, Save Me, Save Me.
Yea, My Sleepin’ Bag, Yea, My Sleepin’ Bag,
My Sleepin’ Bag, Better, Save Me.

I woke up in, in the middle of the desert, ooh.
Hopin’, for a little bit of clear weather, oh yea.
Coyote, sniffin’ on my butt crack, ooohoohoh.
Peyote, is gonna take me and I’m never comin’ back,
wow no, oh wow no.

**Yea, My Sleepin’ Bag, Yea, My Sleepin’ Bag,
My Sleepin’ Bag, Better, Save Me, Save Me, Save Me.
Yea, Sleepin’ Bag, My Sleepin’ Bag,
My Sleepin’ Bag, You Better Save Me.**

Cryin’ on, long boy, a lookin’ in me good.
Cliff rock, over there, I’m gonna climb it if I could.
Fire cracker poppin’ in the sky line, eeh-hehe.
Is it civilization over there I’m gonna find.

**I Wanna Tell You Yea,
My Sleepin’ Bag, Yea, My Sleepin’ Bag,
My Sleepin’ Bag, Is Gonna, Save Me, Save Me.
Sleepin’ Bag, Yea, My Sleepin’ Bag,
My Sleepin’ Bag, Better, Save Me.**

Music and Lyrics, 2014: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Prickly Pear Cactus”

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Never Wondered Why.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made Momma Cry.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made a Woman Dry.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made Daddy High.

who who whoo who

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Saved a Man In the Desert.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made a Perch for a Bird.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made a Salamander’s Home.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made My Gnome.

who whoo

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made Momma Cry.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made Daddy High.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made a Boy Weep.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Now I’m Asleep.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ When We’re On the Road.

Prickly Pear Cactus ~ Made My

Music and Lyrics, 2014: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Hawkin'"

Hawkin'... Talkin'... Hawkin'...
Hawkin'... Talkin'... Walkin'...

Hawkin' and a lookin'...
Hawkin', cookin'...

Hawkin', cookin', doin'... come and see...
Hawkin', cookin', doin'... capitol ME...

Hawkin'... Talkin'... Hawkin'...
Hawkin'... Talkin'... Walkin'...

Lookin' for a prey, so we can get somethin' to eat...
And catchin' you some meat, walkin' down the street...

Hawkin'... Talkin'... Hawkin'...
Hawkin'... Talkin'... Gawkin' ...
Gawkin' ... Walkin'... Chalkin'...
Lawkin'... Balkin'... Rockin'...

Hawkin', Balkin', Chalkin', Lawkin',
Dawkin', Hawkin', Sockin'...
Balkin', Lawkin', Balkin', Sockin',
Dawkin', Rockin', Dawkin', Dawkin'...

All... never see... always Gawkin' me...
Hawkin'... on the street... Gawkin', Hawkin' you and me...

Bend over baby...
I want to know your name...
Did your momma write it on your panties...
I can be lame...

Hawkin', Gawkin', Balkin', Lawkin',
Jockin' now...

Chalkin', Lawkin', Balkin', Sockin',
Lawkin' in bow...

Chalkin', Lawkin', Dawkin', Balkin'
on me now...

I never knew you're home by now...

Hawkin'... Balkin'... Walkin'...
Chalkin'... Lawkin'... Chalkin'...

Sulkin', Lawkin', Balkin', Jockin',
Hawkin' on now...
Jockin', Lawkin', Balkin',
I'll see you how...

Chalkin'... ... Walkin'...
Sulkin', Lawkin', Balkin', Sulkin',
bottle oh gow...
Chalkin'... baw Lawkin'...
Hawkin', Slawkin', Dockin', Sockin',
Lockin' `em bow..

Hawkin', Walkin'...
Chalkin', Lawkin'...
Sulkin', Lawkin', Bawkin', Jockin',
lawden du sow...
I never known...
How I began...

Until my momma slapped me on the head,
I said, Balkin', Chalkin', Lawkin',
Balkin', salomély dead...

Chalkin'... Walkin'... Walkin' in there...
Sulkin', Lawkin', Bawkin', Sulkin',
bottle the head...
Chokin'... Loakin'... Boakin'...
Hawkin', Lawkin', Jockin', Balkin',
sole gee zay... ..

My momma told me... Not to be...

Hawkin', Lawkin', Chalkin', Balkin',
sawdle lee be...
Mawkin', Lawkin', Bowké, Seeké,
bottle lee be...
Hawkin', Lawkin', Balkin', Saulkin',
donna lee gee...
Hawkin', Dockin', Saulkin', Balkin',
lawdle we dee...

Hawkin'... Lawkin'... Mawkin'...
Chalkin'... Chalkin, Lawkin, Balkin'...
Hawkin', Lawkin', Balkin', Chalkin',
sawdle lee be...
Hawkin', Balkin', Sulkin', a lot...
down the street...

Music and Lyrics, 2014: Peter J. Beauchemin

Folk Songs



"Open Gate"

I was hunkered down in a fifth wheel,
on the outskirts of Laredo (o o-o-o).

A pour man searchin' for his soul.

I traveled across the border,
on a vacate I couldn't behold,
and now I'm held up in some shabby,
quaint tent pole.

Two feet blind, old wine time.

I know right now it's a no (o no).

But if you change your mind.

**I've Got an Open Gate (a a-a) in Catarina.
Some Might Say I Took a Pointless Fall.
But the Way I See It I'm Not Home.
and There's Many Nights I'll Be Alone.
But My Open Gate Stays Open for Last Call.
I've Got Nothing to Prove at All.**

(in Catarina)

It was rainin' all day in Carrizo Springs,
but it was in the fall (a a-a-a).

The leaves weren't turning brown, the deserts dry.

My horse and me donned an outhouse,
a mirage we mused showed the light,
and now were thirsty drinkin' moonshine,
like watering ice.

Six feet's fine, father times blind.

You never shake your head yes (whoa no).

But if we turn our signs.

**You'll Find an Open Gate (a a-a) in Catarina.
Am I Worthy Enough to Brace Your Fall.
Today I Believe I've Grown,
'Cuz I Know You Won't Be Home Alone.
And Yet My Open Gates Wide Open, for You Girl.
You've Got Some Lovin' to Lose, and My World.**

Solo:

The sun rose slow on Uvalde,
and showed the red dirt of old Mexico (o o-o-o).
There a poor man, tries to build his home.
On this side of the river,
we might placate our troubles are low.
But I promise the wind blows fiercely,
and skies explode.

One, two, three, peekaboo it's me.
As I look in your eyes maybe (e-e-e-e).
But if we become we in love.

**I'm Your Open Gate (a a-a) in Catarina.
Only You and Me, Could Ever Survive This Fall.
Us Together Is Where We'll Call Home,
and Forever and Ever We'll Roam.
We'll Leave the Open Gate, Wide Open On and On.
We've Got Some, Lovin' to Share Before Dawn.
Before the Dawn.
Good Mornin' Honey,
It's Dawn.**

Music and Lyrics, 2018: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Phone Booth Crowd”

Listening to the morning,
glistening rain drops.
Practicing and performing,
the shows mustn't stop.

'Cuz Christmas is coming,
at Santa's workshop.
And I know, if I hold,
on to this cold guitar top.

**They'll Be Lights and Big Cameras,
and Fans Hootin' Loud.
They'll Be Rides In Stretch Limo's,
While Drinkin' Royal Crown.
They'll Be Dancing In the Isles,
to My Up Beatin' Sound.
Until the Lights Reveal All Around.
I Was Playin' for a Phone Booth Crowd.**

I briskly start collecting,
my gear and my change.
Wrapped the cords tight and tied them,
packed them nicely arranged.

As my only fan looks,
and waits patiently trained.
If he only knew, I'm totally new,
at autographing my name.

**They'll Be Lights and Big Cameras,
and Fans Hootin' Loud.
They'll Be Rides In Stretch Limo's,
While Drinkin' Royal Crown.
They'll Be Dancing In the Isles,
to My Up Beatin' Sound.
Until the Lights Reveal All Around.
I Was Playin' for a Phone Booth Crowd.**

The only guy before me,
wanted to buy my tossed spread.
All the shirts, and the cd's,
ball cap for his head.

The cold drink koozies,
he'll sticker his truck bed.
It's a Christmas, so festive us,
I believed what he said.

**And He Said,
They'll Be Lights and Big Cameras,
and the Fans Will Hoot Loud.
You'll Be Ridin' Stretch Limo's,
While Downin' Royal Crowns.
Then You'll Dance Into the Isles,
While Beatin' Up Your Sound.
and the Lights Will Reveal the Turn Around.
You'll Play for No More Phone Booth Crowds.**

“Rose Slow”

It's been a handy day, since the sun came up.
Been at it strait, not pressin' my luck.
I've been dealin' in spades, so I'm struttin' my stuff.
Circlin' nine's, ain't high enough.

And I'm happy to say, I've been dreamin' of us.
I'm in a place, where I can give my love.
I'm feelin' brave, so I'm lookin' above.
Knowin' your name, I play.

**I Rose Slow.
I Went Fast.
Look Out Below.
You Know I'll Never Get Past.
I'll Go Slow.
I'll Make It Last.
I Wanna Love You for Life, With My Rose Slow.
Give You My Rose Slow.**

I've been ridin' this wave, like I'm surfin' my truck.
Spinnin' donuts glazed, sweet pucks.
Your instant charades, has me turtlin' doves.
Tweedle Dee wished, he had it this rough.

And I've made some hay, picturin' us in love.
Your stroke is saved, and I know this because.
I've watched you and craved, this ain't gone enough.
If you behave, you can have it your way.

**I Rose Slow.
I Went Fast.
Look Out Below.
You Know I'll Never Get Past.
I'll Go Slow.
I'll Make It Last.
I Wanna Love You for Life, With My Rose Slow.
Give You My Rose Slow.**

Solo:

As the suns goin' down, my minds like a flood.
If I head out of town, she might call my bluff.
When we're talkin' poker, she's got the nuts.
My security broker, royal strait flush.

Better muck your hand, or feel her touch.
Come on demand, if she thinks it ain't much.
Your huckleberry state, ten paced sittin' duck.
She's wary 'bout your ways, don't fade.

**I Rose Slow.
I Went Fast.
Look Out Below.
You Know I'll Never Get Past.
I'll Go Slow.
I'll Make It Last.
I Wanna Love You for Life, With My Rose Slow.
Give You My Rose Slow.**

Music and Lyrics, May 27th , 2019, 2:49am:
Peter J. Beauchemin

“Stormy Race”

First time I saw a man crawl,
it made me want to run.
He was pullin’ himself up from a ditch,
and the battle had just begun.

We we’re just outside of Nagasaki,
peerin’ up from a rice field.
I was asked to repent by the President,
he gave a prayer and a bible shield.

**The Winds Blew Hard, and the Nights Were Long.
We Were Hummin’ Only Angels Graced.
We Took the Hill, and Jacked the Last Jill.
It Won’t Be Long Before We’re Replaced.
‘Cuz There’s One or Two, More Kids In a Room.
Makin’ Their Last Prayers to Be Saved.
Yes We’re Jocks, Traded Like We’re Stocks,
In a Stormy Race.**

Second time I took a look,
it made me bat my eyes.
My buddy’s machine-triggered-auto-gun,
was poppin’ like the Forth of July.

The hill was a blazin’ and anticipatin’,
I lifted up my gun too.
I cocked the lever, started fingerin’ it better,
then blew away Japan's mushrooms.

**The Winds Blew Hard, and the Nights Were Long.
We Were Hummin' Only Angels Graced.
We Took the Hill, and Jacked the Last Jill.
It Won't Be Long Before We're Replaced.
'Cuz There's One or Two, More Kids In a Room.
Makin' Their Last Prayers to Be Saved.
Yes We're Jocks, Traded Like We're Stocks,
In a Stormy Race.**

Solo:

Third times I guess is a charm,
'cuz my body felt secure.
The entire squad stood the top of tanks,
the stench air smelt manure.

Now the war was won and we rooted on,
the commander over our platoon.
He said, "We did it fast but that's in the past,
so let's go start another real soon!"

Let's Go Y'all!

**The Winds Blew Hard, and the Nights Were Long.
We Were Hummin' Only Angels Graced.
We Took the Hill, and Jacked the Last Jill.
It Won't Be Long Before We're Replaced.
'Cuz There's One or Two, More Kids In a Room.
Makin' Their Last Prayers to Be Saved.
Yes We're Jocks, Traded Like We're Stocks,
I Say We're Jocks, Traded Like We're Stocks,
Yes We're Jocks, Traded Like We're Stocks,
In a Stormy Race.**

"Can You Sing?"

I've been singin' since I was two years old,
almost right out of my mamma's womb.
I'll probably be singin' in the heat and the cold,
or until they lay me in my tomb.

Singin's what I do and singin's really fun,
but I've got to pay on my truck.
So I'm out here singin' for all came undone,
can you share an empty can with a buck?

If you might wanna do it better,
you're welcome to give it a try.
I've got this microphone with no wires,
be my guest my day off will start tonight.

(well can you sing?)

I'm Tryin' to Find You.

(what can you bring?)

Come On Don't Run.

(I still believe)

I Won't Over Look You.

(be just like me)

Sing Some Just for Fun.

(we'll who's to know)

Don't Be Reserved Tonight.

(run the show)

It Should Come Out Naturally.

(we want to know)

Are You Just Posin' Up Before Flight.

(hey don't go)

I Guess That's Your Thing.

(well can you sing?)

Get Up On This Stage, Like Me.

When my teens came a comin' I refused to be told,
many times no doubt not assumed.

Never count me out no matter if you're bold,
in baseball Sunday's a sweepin' broom.

You know I know what I know that I know,
I know just can't ever be bought.

'Cuz you know you ain't got enough cash in your drawer,
much less right here stuffed in your crotch.

If you're believin' you can do it better,
climb the stage and show me the light.

If you need a prop take my guitar,
I salute you son I'm out and takin' flight.

(well can you sing?)

I'm Tryin' to Find You.

(what can you bring?)

Come On Don't Run.

(I still believe)

I Won't Over Look You.

(be just like me)

Sing Some Just for Fun.

(we'll who's to know)

Don't Be Reserved Tonight.

(run the show)

It Should Come Out Naturally.

(we want to know)

Are You Just Posin' Up Before Flight.

(hey don't go)

I Guess That's Your Thing.

(well can you sing?)

Get Up On This Stage, Like Me.

Now I'm on my own and runnin' my own show,
payin' all my bills from consumed.
Everything I'm buyin' comes from my rawhide,
and I hope soon one day to be groomed.

And when I find her gonna wine and diner,
but tonight I'm just here to get paid.
So please tip the waitresses and the bar tenders,
and spare another buck for band mates.

Now don't forget I invited you up on stage,
if you're a singer I'm takin' lessons tonight.
The entire band will sing along with you.
I'm leavin' early, if I can find my ride.

(well can you sing?)

I'm Tryin' to Find You.

(what can you bring?)

Come On Don't Run.

(I still believe)

I Won't Over Look You.

(be just like me)

Sing Some Just for Fun.

(we'll who's to know)

Don't Be Reserved Tonight.

(run the show)

It Should Come Out Naturally.

(we want to know)

Are You Just Posin' Up Before Flight.

(hey don't go)

I Guess That's Your Thing.

(well can you sing?)

Get Up On This Stage, Like Me.

“Serious Contender”

My name's not relevant today,
and my buddy asked, (was it okay?).
He made a point, that his ain't either by a long shot,
plus a lap, (and a half?).

We both have phones no important calls,
just viewin' texts sayin', (we're at the mall).
But we're nice and warn the comin' dance,
at your local shack, (dragged pea patch?).

A viral storms a brewin', (Harvey wide),
and don't you be misconstruin', (this chime).
Be ready, be alert, it's not all red dirt, (it rhymes),
mixin' it up at closin' time.

**We're Serving Country Notice Tonight,
With a Side of Sweet Humble Pie.
There Ain't a Star Tourin' Date,
We're Worried Tryin' to Remember.**

(you better get limber).

**'Cuz We're the Only Band In Here Plugged,
Wifin' Waitresses Servin' You All Buds.
Don't Listen Now You've Been Served Notice,
from a Serious Contender.**

(now don't you go and timber).

I don't wanna bore you so listen up,
my buddy asked me, (where's a dancin' club?).

I said where we're playin' tonight,
and the party after, (at my pad?). Oh hell yea.

So now we want to know where you live,
let me get those driveway digits, (555 I'm alive).

Now plan on seeing us all callin',
the linin' dance, prance, (no fadin' fad?),
like a buddin' romance.

Here come the cyclones a spinin', (take shelter).
This ain't trainin' no beginnin', (human nature).
Be loaded, be assured, (help spread the word),
it's our future, (gain up in stature).

Oh go and tweet your bird,
we're joinin' in, and gettin' gritty showin'.

**We're Serving Country Notice Tonight,
With a Side of Sweet Humble Pie.
There Ain't a Star Tourin' Date,
We're Worried Tryin' to Remember.**

(return to the sender).

**'Cuz We're the Only Band In Here Plugged,
Wifin' Waitresses Servin' You All Buds.
Don't Listen Now You've Been Served Notice,
from a Serious Contender.**

(I'm playin' all your fenders).

Now, I might have stirred up something,
I can't handle,
or maybe this just might be too big for me?
I'm actually gonna leave it up for you,
to decide tonight.

Am I really a Serious Contender?

How about I do something right now,
to enhance the image you have of me?
Here, let me get up on top, of this speaker cabinet,
so you can really see me getting' down.

Come on everyone,
get up on your feet and dance with me?

**We're Serving Country Notice Tonight,
With a Side of Sweet Humble Pie.
There Ain't a Star Tourin' Date,
We're Worried Tryin' to Remember.**

(their just pretenders).

**'Cuz We're the Only Band In Here Plugged,
Wifin' Waitresses Servin' You All Buds.
Don't Listen Now You've Been Served Notice,
from a Serious Contender.**

(contact your lenders).

**Don't Look Down You've Been Served Notice,
from a Serious Contender.**

(he's puttin' out them cinders).

**I Don't Know How,
You've Been Served Notice,
from a Serious Contender.**

(we love our members).

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

Folk Set List

Call Around
Built With Handles
Duck Tape
Holy Moley Goodbye
Little More Polish
My Sleepin' Bag
Prickly Pear Cactus
Hawkin'
Open Gate
Phone Booth Crowd
Rose Slow
Stormy Race
Can You Sing?
Serious Contender