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# **“And the Answer Is ...”**

Hey girl, will you tell me your name?

(and the answer is...) “Well, NO”

Okay now hey girl, is it because you think I am lame?

(and the answer is...) “Well, YES”

Let me ask now hey girl, will you swing from that pole?

(and the answer is...) “What, HELL NO”

Take it easy now hey girl,

do you honor hoes before bros?

(and the answer is...) “Well, YES”

Why does it have to be so complicated?

All this small talk just keeps me frustrated.

Got to wait up in line, then get dissed to the pine.

Why can't we all have a good time?

So now hey girl, do you like what you see?

(and the answer is...) “Well, NO”

I ask now hey girl, is it because you think I'm a dweeb?

(and the answer is...) “Well, YES”

Let me be now hey girl,

what's up under them clothes?

(and the answer is...) “Awe, HELL NO”

Hold on now hey girl,

you think that I'm desperately out of control?

(and your answer is...) “Well, YES”

Why this endless down anticipated?

All this prowlin' is so overrated.

Got to lock up my sights, ignore all the lights.

And just go and have a really good time!

**And the Answer Is...  
What You Want to Make It.  
And It Always Is...  
How You Give and Take It.  
'Cuz the Hurdle Is...  
Never Tryin' to Fake It,  
And the Motto Is...  
"Shake It 'til You Break It!"**

Listen up now hey girl, will you rock like a fool?  
(and the answer is...) "Mmmm, NO"  
Let me ask you now hey girl,  
oh yeah baby do you think I'm a tool?  
(and the answer is...) "Hehehe, YES"  
Come on now hey girl,  
will you get up on this table and dance?  
(and the answer is...) "Wow, HELL NO"  
Get shakin' now hey girl,  
are sure you know that I've got no chance?  
(and your answer is...) "Well, I'M SORRY"

Why does it come on, I'm always bein' berated?  
My confidence's gone, beatin' down and perpetrated.  
Got to search out and find, gather up then unwind.  
And then we'll all have really good times.

**And the Answer Is...  
What You Want to Make It.  
And It Always Is...  
How You Give and Take It.  
'Cuz the Hurdle Is...  
Never Tryin' to Fake It,  
And the Motto Is...  
"Shake It 'til You Break It Baby!"**

Solo:

Okay now hey girl, (whistle) oh are you lookin' at me?

(and the answer is...) "Well, MAYBE"

I say now hey girl, oh honey do you wanna believe?

(and the answer is...) "Well, I WANT TO"

Okay now hey girl, oh do ya babe wanna listen to this?

(and the answer is...) "Ok, I'M LISTENING"

All quiet now say hey girl, may I have just one kiss?

(and the answer is... wait for it... wait for it...) "YES"

Now I get to keep on, cele-freakin-bratin'.

I'll be gettin' it on, all over the-freaky-nation.

Gonna get it tonight, do it up and done right.

So I'm glad we're all havin' good times?

Awe, shake `em all together.

**And the Answer Is...  
What You Want to Make It.  
And It Always Is...  
How You Give and Take It.  
'Cuz the Hurdle Is...  
Never Tryin' to Fake It,  
And the Motto Is...  
"Shake It 'til You Break It, Honey!"**

Music and Lyrics, 2011: Peter J. Beauchemin

# **“Melannie Cruz”**

**Let’s Cruz,  
Down the Boulevard,  
with the Melannie Up,  
and the Bass Pumpin’ Hard.  
Let’s Dance,  
Out On the Hardwood Floor,  
Twerk with Your Booty Up,  
and They’ll Be Comin’ Back for More.**

Now lookie little girl, I know you think your cool.

But daddy don’t like it, when you act a fool.

So take his advice, and cherish it tight.

“Lock” your little body up, and guard it all night.

‘Cuz the itty bitty boys, want the time of their lives.

They’ll say anything, just to hope it sounds right.

Then off come your panties,

should have done as you were told.

So it’s to a boarding school, ‘til your 30 years old.

**Let’s Cruz,  
Down the Boulevard,  
with the Melannie Up,  
and the Bass Pumpin’ Hard.  
Let’s Dance,  
Out On the Hardwood Floor,  
Twerk with Your Booty Up,  
and They’ll Be Comin’ Back for More.**

Now nobody knows, nor nobody cares.  
But we all see seen somethin', as she aged last year.  
There's a unique way, about her blouse and dark hair.  
She looks kind of perky, "Is it fun fan fair?"  
Came out of the middle school, and into the high.  
No fun, no games, no fairy tale rides.  
But her daddy don't like, what she chooses to wear,  
That little tank top, shows too much pair.

**Let's Cruz,  
Down the Boulevard,  
with the Melannie Up,  
and the Bass Pumpin' Hard.  
Let's Dance,  
Out On the Hardwood Floor,  
Twerk with Your Booty Up,  
and They'll Be Comin' Back for More.**

Now do what he says, and you do it right now.  
Don't talk back, walk back, do it somehow.  
'Cuz the word on the street, is you follow the crowd.  
Go make your own path, and always stand your ground.  
Then fight and go scratchin, ' all the way up to the top.  
Climb the golden ladder, each day don't stop.  
'Cuz in the final end, you only have what you do.  
Trademark yourself, and all your dreams 'll come true.

**Let's Cruz,  
Down the Boulevard,  
with the Melannie Up,  
and the Bass Pumpin' Hard.  
Let's Dance,  
Out On the Hardwood Floor,  
Twerk with Your Booty Up,  
and They'll Be Comin' Back for More.**

Now I dig this little story, but it's come to an end.  
So I'm writin' my stance, so it's clear where I stand.  
This pretty little girl's, learned right from her wrong.  
But I'll put it in this stanza, 'cuz she knows it's her song.  
And she'll play it all night, then she'll crank it all day.  
Vote it number one, so it's always here to stay.  
Then the lesson that's taught, will engrain into her mind,  
"She's the Greatest Little Lady, so Brave and Kind"

**Let's Cruz,** (let's all cruz)  
**Down the Boulevard,** (come on)  
**with the Melannie Up,** (get louder)  
**and the Bass Pumpin' Hard.** (oh yeah)  
**Let's Dance,** (let's dance)  
**Out On the Hardwood Floor,** (stomp it, stomp it)  
**Twerk with Your Booty Up,** (oo shake it baby)  
**They'll Be Comin' Back for More.** (hell yeah)  
**Let's Cruz,** (ride it longer baby)  
**Down the Boulevard,** (be callin')  
**with the Melannie Up,** (up to 10)  
**and the Bass Pumpin' Hard.** (you know you wanna)  
**Let's Dance,** (baby shake it)  
**Out On the Hardwood Floor,** (keep it goin')  
**Twerk with Your Booty Up,** (smack it, smack it)  
**and They'll Be Comin' Back for More.** (guaranteed)  
**"Melannie Cruz!"**

Music and Lyrics, 2014: Peter J. Beauchemin

# **“Bush League Player”**

Black and blue, are colors used.  
In a portrait can-vas wonderland.  
You stroked my brush, dipped it in lush.  
Then wiped it clean, and made us look obscene.

So dig way down deep.  
And conjure up the mean.  
Spirit you unleashed.  
You fulminated my beast.

**You're a Bush League Player. You're a Hater.  
You're a Nine to Five, Early Celebrator.  
You're a Quick Fix, You're a Quick Buck.  
You're a Head Over Heals,  
Smother Lover, Down On Luck.  
Faker, You're a Taker. You're a Cryin', Lyin',  
Cheatin' All the Time and Such.  
Rude Bitch, You're a Spell Witch.  
You're a National Traitor.  
Hey You, Bush League Player.**

Wonder who, just came unglued?  
It's I your friend, until the end.  
Remember me, I'm honestly.  
Still standing shocked,  
'cuz my numbers already been blocked.

So now's the right time, to tighten up this rhyme.  
And fan the scorchin' flames.  
'Cuz I know you ain't gonna change.

**You're a Bush League Player. You're a Hater.  
You're a Nine to Five, Early Celebrator.  
You're a Quick Fix, You're a Quick Buck.  
You're Head Over Heals,  
Smother Lover, Down On Luck.  
Faker, You're a Taker. You're a Cryin', Lyin',  
Cheatin' All the Time and Such.  
Rude Bitch, You're a Spell Witch.  
You're a National Traitor.  
Hey You, Bush League Player.**

Solo:

Down in dumps, is where I'm from.  
Been low so long, I feel I don't belong.  
But heed my words, I'll swoop in like birds.  
Then take your worm, and give you a lesson learned.

So know of me now.  
I'm a twisted swirling cloud.  
Hear my throat roar.  
And feel the pierce of my sword.

**You're a Bush League Player. You're a Hater.  
You're a Nine to Five, Early Celebrator.  
You're a Quick Fix, You're a Quick Buck.  
You're a Head Over Heals,  
Smother Lover, Down On Luck.  
Faker, You're a Taker. You're a Cryin', Lyin',  
Cheatin' All the Time and Such.  
Rude Bitch, You're a Spell Witch.  
You're a National Traitor.  
Hey You, Bush League Player.**

Music and Lyrics, May 9th, 11:43pm, 2020:  
Peter J. Beauchemin

# "Chucked"

He's my best friend and I know him really well.  
He likes to drink then he wobbles and he fails.  
He's like a fine wine diner, only missing the refiner,  
so he'll see you when your given him his bail.

**His Name Is Chuck, Rhymes with Duck,  
He Owns a Truck But Lucks Not His.  
He's Once Been Bucked, and Sideways Struck,  
Until His Crutch of a Wife Felt Bliss.  
He's Run Amok, Now He's Chucked,  
Talks the Cluck and Can Pluck a Road Home.  
He Is the Chuck, No He's No Schmuck,  
What the "BLEEP", Just Leave Him Alone.**

He's my buddy and we go muddin' all the time.  
We get stuck and so we sit there smokin' dimes.  
Sure enough out of the blue,  
other truckers all consumed,  
come and free us so we party with this rhyme.

**His Name Is Chuck, Rhymes with Duck,  
He Owns a Truck But Lucks Not His.  
He's Once Been Bucked, and Sideways Struck,  
Until His Crutch of a Wife Felt Bliss.  
He's Run Amok, Now He's Chucked,  
Talks the Cluck and Can Pluck a Road Home.  
He Is the Chuck, No He's No Schmuck,  
What the "BLEEP", Just Leave Him Alone.**

Awe bring it to `em Chuck.

Solo:

Now listen very closely you've been warned.  
There's an unsuspecting calm before the storm.

Then the Chuckmanian devil,  
wrecks his momma's only gavel,  
and he's let loose in the bare like he was born.

**His Name Is Chuck, Rhymes with Duck,  
He Owns a Truck But Lucks Not His.  
He's Once Been Bucked, and Sideways Struck,  
Until His Crutch of a Wife Felt Bliss.  
He's Run Amok, Now He's Chucked,  
Talks the Cluck and Can Pluck a Road Home.  
He Is the Chuck, No He's No Schmuck,  
What the "BLEEP", Just Leave Him Alone.**

**He Is the Chuck, No He's No Schmuck,  
What the "BLEEP", Just Leave Him Alone.  
He Is the Chuck, No He's No Schmuck,  
What the "BLEEP", Just Leave Him Alone.**

**He Is the Chuck, No He's No Schmuck,  
What the "BLEEP", Just Leave Him Alone.  
He Is the Chuck, No He's No Schmuck,  
What the "BLEEP", Just Leave Him Alone.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin

# "Jesse (o hate a)"

Jesse now you owe me,  
\$500 bucks,  
and I'm adding \$50 dollars,  
'cuz you never called me up.

I say you takin' donations,  
was really fuckin' dumb.  
Now your money's buyin' me bitches,  
and I say don't, "GET YA SOME!"

**Oh Jesse, Yeah Jesse, You Really Messed Up.**

(o hate a, o hate a, o hate a – hate a - hate a)

**Oh Jesse, Yeah Jesse, Your Name is Mud.**

(o hate a, o hate a, o hate a – hate a)

Oh, Chuchie trained him wrong;  
he started out as a thug.  
Sellin' coupons for his cash,  
the money was up under the rug.

Dirty dealin' left and right,  
until his boss rang him up,  
Then Jesse cried, "Peter will you train me?"  
He said, "WHAT THE FUCK!"

**Oh Jesse, Yeah Jesse, You Really Messed Up.**

(o hate a, o hate a, o hate a – hate a - hate a)

**Oh Jesse, Yeah Jesse, Your Name is Mud.**

(o hate a, o hate a, o hate a – hate a)

Solo:

Oh, he'll take your last drink,  
and fill it up with some bugs.  
Steal your music CD's and sell 'em off,  
like they're hypnotic drugs.  
He'll go cherry pick the last doors,  
at the end of your block,  
all while screamin' bloody murder,  
I'll tell you, "HE HATES ROCK!"

**Oh Jesse, Yeah Jesse, You Really Messed Up.**

(o hate a, o hate a, o hate a – hate a - hate a)

**Oh Jesse, Yeah Jesse, Your Name is Mud.**

(o hate a, o hate a, o hate a – hate a)

**Oh Jesse** (oh jesse), **Yeah Jesse** (yeah jesse),  
**You Really Fucked Up.**

(o hate a, o hate a, o hate a – hate a - hate a)

**Oh Jesse** (oh jesse), **Yeah Jesse** (yeah jesse),  
**Your Name is Mud.**

(o hate a, o hate a,  
o hate a – hate a – hate a – hate a)

Music and Lyrics, 2014: Peter J. Beauchemin

# **“Six Feet’s Plenty”**

I was diggin’ in the backyard,  
my wife said it’s a good spot for me.  
I asked her what in hell she means,  
she said she’s havin’ party.

My face looked like the Grinch does,  
I shook my head, and drunk a drink from my beer.  
She threw a gang sign with fingers up,  
and wrung small crocodile tears.

Love’s not overrated,  
it really pays to check those tires.  
Field trips only a day away,  
still can scar those who admired.

**Am I Deep Enough, Baby?  
I’ll Keep Diggin’ Up, Gravy.  
And If You’ve Had Enough from Me,  
Six Feet’s Plenty.**

I was riggin’ the water well,  
when my wife scared me to bits.  
She came up from behind real slight,  
took a party popper and blew my grits.

I almost flipped in six feet thin,  
spread my legs wrapped ‘round my rope.  
She said she’d help me get up again,  
offered to pull me up if it wrapped my throat.

Carin's never gonna be enough,  
the bonus happens when all succeed.  
Align the dreams and mobilize the squads,  
there's gonna be a price to be free.

**Am I Deep Enough, Baby?  
I'll Keep Diggin' Up, Gravy.  
And If You've Had Enough from Me,  
Six Feet's Plenty.**

Solo:

I was climbin' the power pole,  
my wife asked if her cable was free.  
I asked her am I a loosey goosey man,  
she said yes and more probably.

I took my wrench and stuck it in the air,  
like I was shootin' up from the middle.  
Just right then electrocution struck in,  
her fingers lit playin' the fiddle.

From the start she showed heart,  
my reward will come after the end.  
I'll see my family and all of their friends,  
I'm a witness to this, begin.

**Am I Deep Enough, Baby?  
I'll Keep Diggin' Up, Gravy.  
And If You've Had Enough from Me,  
Six Feet's Plenty.**

Music and Lyrics, 2017: Peter J. Beauchemin



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# “Missing Ink”

(davey) Hey, what was that? (evan) What?  
(davey) Man, I swear I saw somethin',  
right above that girl's ass...

(evan) Well it could've been a,  
top hat, stop mat, cop rat, or **fat cat**,  
butterfly, firefly, end all, or **one eyed**,  
big snake, earthquake,  
risin' up, for goodness sakes,  
**out of the ashes, in with the masses**,  
hard line, one shine,  
bond of **forever time**,  
cross, skull bones, hell tones,  
or **the all alone**,  
flaus, criss-cross, hot sauce, **dissed loss**,  
or the one and only, missed spelled baloney.

**Where's Your? (missing ink)**  
**I Swear I Saw One On You.**  
**(he must have blinked)**  
**While You Were Down to the Ground,**  
**That Curvin' Ass Well Who Knew,**  
**You Were a (dirty kink),**  
**Paintin' Your Ass Like a Pole Dancin' Voodoo.**  
**I Want Your (missing ink).**  
**I Swear I Saw One On You.**

(evan) No way man, not that girl,  
she's too classy,  
I'd bet my house her ass is not painted!  
(davey) Ok buddy,  
but I guarantee when she bends over,  
that classy ass is gonna,  
transform into a Tramp Stamp.  
Awe, look, here she goes, here she goes,  
Haha, I told you!  
(evan) Butt what was it, what was it?

(davey) I don't know,  
but it could've been a,  
quick pick, tongue lick,  
big prick, or phoenix,  
tombstone, bare bones,  
the one link between us,  
heart shape, mind break,  
doodle take, or surf wake,  
classic old-fashioned, sex with a passion,  
modern time, borrowed time,  
fine line, or dead line,  
all in one, time begun,  
settin' sun, or big gun,  
neck pain, insane,  
player game, all the same,  
dumb mistake,  
letterin' out your mans name.

**Where's Your? (missing ink)  
I Swear I Saw One On You.  
(he must have blinked)  
While You Were Down to the Ground,  
That Curvin' Ass Well Who Knew,  
You Were a (dirty kink),  
Paintin' Your Ass Like a Pole Dancin' Voodoo.  
I Want Your (missing ink).  
I Swear I Saw One On You.**

(davey) Awe man, now that was a good time.  
And I told you that girl was a freak.  
Now what was that she had painted,  
right above her ass?  
I bet it was a freakin' coaster,  
so I could have a place to set my beer!  
(evan) No, no, no, you were just hallucinating man.  
Your mind was just dreamin' about that big 'ol ass.

(evan) With a,  
handle bar, tittie bar, a hard servin' liquor bar,  
hand print, hand spank, I'm pimpin', gettin' hard,  
arrow, sparrow, directions on where to go,  
a jar of molasses, or cheap sunglasses,  
tear drop, beer spot, here hot, fear not,  
better go, let her know, nice and slow, down below,  
big win, turn spin, all in, begin again,  
I know you know faster, beware of disaster.

**Where's Your? (**missing ink**)  
I Swear I Saw One On You.  
(**he must have blinked**)  
While You Were Down to the Ground,  
That Curvin' Ass Well Who Knew,  
You Were a (**dirty kink**),  
Paintin' Your Ass Like a Pole Dancin' Voodoo.  
I Want Your (**missing ink**).  
I Swear I Saw One On You.  
(**he must have blinked**)  
While You Were Down to the Ground,  
That Curvin' Ass Well Who Knew,  
You Were a (**dirty kink**),  
Paintin' Your Ass Like a Pole Dancin' Voodoo.  
I Want Your (**missing ink**).  
I Swear I Saw One On You.**

(evan) Missing INK,  
is it all what's it's cracked up to be?  
Hugh? Is it? Is it?  
Let me know,  
and I'll make sure to keep tabs on `em!  
Oh, your, **Missing INK!**

Solo:

E, D, G, B, – E, G, B, D, – G, E, B, D, – G, B, E, D,  
B, G, D, E, – G, D, E, B, – D, G, B, E, – G, B, E, D.

Music and Lyrics, 2012: Peter J. Beauchemin

# **“Pay Me Some Attention”**

A quick buck. Refined luck.  
I’m better off livin’ together with you.  
‘Cuz you have all amenities,  
I’m never bored with enemies.  
And you’ve got all deliveries that come on cue.

Yea I’ll live in your basement,  
you know that it’s cool.  
I’ll owe you and sign in your guest book tool.  
Then each day I’ll pay you,  
with a favor and a thank you.  
I’ll never leave or doubt ‘cuz your swimmin’ pool.

I’m two steps and frontin’,  
locked and loaded value huntin’.  
My only choice is buntin’,  
for that single so won’t you ...

**Pay Me Some Attention.  
‘Cuz I’ve Got Nothin’ But Squalor Back Home.  
My Plight Is Safely Under Mentioned.  
‘Cuz I Only Take Dollars, No Loans.  
And I Want to Risk My Entire Life Savings.  
And Put It All On Black. I’m Holdin’ Nothin’ Back.  
There’s No Tryst If I’m Tired of the Same Things.  
Yea I’m Good to Go. I’ll Put On In the Show.  
But All I Want to Know from You, Is?  
Will You Pay Some Attention to Me In Cash.**

Five dollars, or ten dollars,  
or better yet a twenty will do.  
Don't need me a fifty, nor a Benjamin to give me.  
'Cuz I've got me a top ten rescuin' crew.

Livin' in my basement, yea it's full.  
They pay me and obey my golden rule.  
Each month I'm collectin', it furthers my agenda.  
I never do without ya 'cuz I ain't no fool.

I'm lockstep and barreled,  
ready for Almighty Pharaoh.  
My only choice has narrowed,  
so tonight you're gonna ...

**Pay Me Some Attention.  
'Cuz I've Got Nothin' But Squalor Back Home.  
My Plight Is Safely Under Mentioned.  
'Cuz I Only Take Dollars, No Loans.  
And I Want to Risk My Entire Life Savings.  
And Put It All On Black. I'm Holdin' Nothin' Back.  
There's No Tryst If I'm Tired of the Same Things.  
Yea I'm Good to Go, I'll Put On In the Show.  
But All I Want to Know from You, Is?  
Will You Pay Some Attention to Me In Cash.**

Solo:

We're two timin' warranty,  
a fool climb disparity.  
The moon shot prosperity,  
has froze all time so ...

**Pay Me Some Attention.**

**'Cuz I've Got Nothin' But Squalor Back Home.  
My Plight Is Safely Under Mentioned.  
'Cuz I Only Take Dollars, No Loans.  
And I Want to Risk My Entire Life Savings.  
And Put It All On Black. I'm Holdin' Nothin' Back.  
There's No Tryst If I'm Tired of the Same Things.  
Yea I'm Good to Go, I'll Put On In the Show.  
But All I Want to Know from You, Is?  
Will You Pay Some Attention to Me In Cash.**

Music and Lyrics, August 11th, 2020, 11:45am:  
Peter J. Beauchemin

# "Snooty Call"

I've got three little groupies,  
cooped up in my house.  
The one and only problem,  
is they never put out.

I can serenade them songs,  
of unconditional love.  
And they'll hold onto their panties sassing,  
"Look the Lord's Above!"

My songs can get them grooving,  
dancing shaking their ass.  
But when we're home alone,  
they excuse, "You're Crass!"

So I concocted a slight,  
and pondered if it would work.  
Then opined, "It's time for laundry,  
so take off all y'all's shirts!"

**It's My Snooty Call.  
Not Like a Booty Mall.  
The Difference Is When I Fall.  
After I Make My Snooty Call.  
I Get Some Bluey Balls.  
From Never Drainin' All.  
'Cuz My Snooty Call.  
It's That Bad, Yee-Haw.**

I've got nine hundred dollars,  
of rent due the first.  
But I pay it on the third,  
and seduce to quench my thirst.

By playing my guitar,  
creating name melodies.  
But they shut me down quick saying,  
"God is all we need!"

The playing games never stop,  
tied fingers on strings.  
Like a yo-yo in their pocket,  
kneeling down wedding rings.

So I mustered up some courage,  
visualized a straight path.  
Then proclaimed,  
"I've got dinner but let's all get in the bath!"

**It's My Snooty Call.  
Not Like a Booty Mall.  
The Difference Is When I Fall.  
After I Make My Snooty Call.  
I Get Some Bluey Balls.  
From Never Drainin' All.  
'Cuz My Snooty Call.  
It's That Bad, Yee-Haw.**

Listen, y'all wanna live in my house,  
and drink all of my beer.

While snacking on my hors d'oeuvres and wine,  
listen up oh, "HONEY DEARS." Can I put it in the rear?

I've got one night of slack,  
loosened up just encase.  
You come around and treat me,  
like the man my mamma raised.

`Cuz if you all decide,  
that tonight's not the night.  
You're all, "Kicked to the Curb,  
with NO-D, That's Right!"

I've been working on my stamina,  
pulling ups all night.  
Thrustin' and a cussin',  
chest pumpin' done right.

My fitness is as good,  
as I donned in my prime.  
To work this chiseled body,  
"It's y'all three at one-time!"

**It's My Snooty Call.  
Not Like a Booty Mall.  
The Difference Is When I Fall.  
After I Make My Snooty Call.  
I Get Some Bluey Balls.  
From Never Drainin' All.  
'Cuz My Snooty Call.  
It's That Bad, Yee-Haw.**

# **“Vigilante Justice”**

They came a knock, knock, knockin',  
at my door.  
Then snuck around the side and kicked a,  
broken board.

Unleashed a latch,  
pried open a crack,  
then twist the deadbolt lock,  
as I fired back.

**Hell Yeah,  
Vigilante Justice (vigilante justice),  
They're Out of Control.  
I'm a Gun Carrying Trusted,  
Yeah Big and Bold.  
'Cuz Vigilante Justice (vigilante justice),  
Is My Standard Motto.  
And Huntin' Down then Bustin',  
Is My Sworn In Goal.**

I kept on call, call, callin',  
to my security Co.  
Told them, “wire me up” and they said,  
you're good to go.

But low and behold,  
the crooks came back later,  
so I gave 'em a freakin' shock,  
from my million volt tazer.

**Oh Yeah,  
Vigilante Justice (vigilante justice),  
They're Out of Control.  
I'm a Gun Carrying Trusted,  
Yeah Big and Bold.  
'Cuz Vigilante Justice (vigilante justice),  
Is My Standard Motto.  
And Huntin' Down then Bustin',  
Is My Sworn In Goal.**

Awe bring `em in now.

Solo:

**Vigilante Justice (vigilante justice).  
Let me hear you all the way in the back now.  
Vigilante Justice (vigilante justice).  
That's it now let's put `em 6 feet under.  
Come On, Vigilante Justice (vigilante justice),  
They're Out of Control.  
I'm a Gun Carrying Trusted,  
Yeah Big and Bold.  
'Cuz Vigilante Justice (vigilante justice),  
Is My Standard Motto.  
And Huntin' Down then Bustin',  
Is My Sworn In Goal.**

Music and Lyrics, 2011: Peter J. Beauchemin

# **"You've Gotta Go"**

This isn't the first time, it won't be the last.  
I caught you cheatin', you say it's the past.  
You've turn a new leaf, you've grown more attached.  
I find it hard to believe, we're a total mismatch.

I like it red and you see all blue.  
We'll never find the middle, so here's what's new.  
Young boy get a clue?

**Well I've Been On, Your Tail All Day.  
Like a Dog, Who Did Not Stay.  
Yeah, I've Sniffed You Out,  
So Here's Your Brand New Song.  
I Named It In Your Honor.  
Babe, I'm Up and Gone.  
I'll Tell You What You Already Know,  
and That's, "You've Gotta Go".  
Yea, You've Gotta Go.**

You ask me to change, but I know who I'm not.  
I am who I am, but encase you forgot.  
I'm not your girl, and never will be again.  
If you can't see it clear, you better go ask a friend.

Who tells it straight, just like it sounds.  
I'm a cute little kitty, and your a cold-blooded hound.  
This ain't the lost and found!

**Well I've Been On, Your Tail All Day.  
Like a Dog, Who Did Not Stay.  
Yeah, I've Sniffed You Out,  
So Here's Your Brand New Song.  
I Named It In Your Honor. Babe, I'm Up and Gone.  
I'll Tell You What You Already Know,  
and That's, "You've Gotta Go".  
Yea, You've Gotta Go. Babe, You've Gotta Go.  
Oh, Please Just Go. Babe, You Up and Go.  
Babe, You've Gotta Go.**

Now that you're gone, I can finally breath.  
I can see my future, and it's clear the ending.  
I'll achieve all my dreams, and success comes a fact.  
I'm standin' on my own, steered on the right track.

But your locomotive, has choo-chooed my mind.  
I think about your engine, charcoal all the time.  
It's made me blind!

**Well I've Been On, Your Tail All Day.  
Like a Dog, Who Did Not Stay.  
Yea I've Sniffed You Out,  
So Here's Your Brand New Song.  
I Named It In Your Honor. Babe, Please Come Home.  
I'll Tell You What You Need to Know,  
and That's, "Please Come Home".  
Yeah, Please Come Home. Babe, Please Come Home.  
Oh, Just Come Home. Babe, I Need You Home.  
Babe, Please Come Home.**

Music and Lyrics, July 4th , 2022, 9:42pm:  
Peter J. Beauchemin

**Haters Gonna Hate**  
**Set List**

**And the Answer Is ...**

**Melannie Cruz**

**Bush League Player**

**Chucked**

**Jesse (o hate a)**

**Six Feet's Plenty**

**Missing Ink**

**Pay Me Some Attention**

**Snooty Call**

**Vigilante Justice**

**You've Gotta Go**