



Vol.#2

**Heavy
Metal
Songs**

www.BrickAndMortarBand.com

www.TheHoustonPost.com

www.HouPost.com

(346) 381-9886

“Do It Up Right”

Oh you, you know what I like,
with you there is no need to hide.
And you, always takin' in stride.
Yeah you know how to make it feel right.

Oh you, oh you, you are my bad girl.
You know just what to do, while givin' the world.
Yeah, less teasin' more pleasin', showin' a good time,
You never need a reason, sweet lips on mine.

So why don't you come over here,
and teach me how you share.
Come on over tonight.

**And Do It Up Right, Down On the Side.
Oh, Do It Up Right, We'll Have a Good Time.
Yeah Do It Up Right, Hot Rodin' Your Ride.
Oh, Do It Up Right, Tonight.**

Oh you, you know what to say,
with you there is no need to play.
And you, take it day by day.
Yeah you know even kill is the way.

`Cuz you, oh you, you are the one girl.
You're always comin' through, givin' the world.
Girl, no flip flop or droppin', Arrivin' on your time,
You'll never be stoppin', Givin' the dime.

So why don't you come over here?
And teach me how you share,
Come on over tonight,

**And Do It Up Right,
Down On the Side,
We'll Do It Up Right,
We'll Have a Good Time.
Just Do It Up Right,
Hot Rodin' Your Ride,
Oh, Do It Up Right,
Tonight.**

Solo:

Now why don't you come over here?
And teach me how you share,
Come on over tonight,

**And Do It Up Right,
Down On the Side,
Just Do It Up Right,
We'll Have a Good Time.
By Doin' It Right,
Hot Rodin' Your Ride,
We Did It Up Right,
Tonight.**

Music and Lyrics, 1989: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Dr. B”

The night begins alone,
as the wind churns and moans.

Your dark unbridled fear,
lures your steps to be near.

A creaking of a door,
entices you for more.

You draw the curtains by hand,
out Appears a Hallowed Man.

He pulls out from his robe,
a scalpel covered in blood.

Then he points you to your room,
where you wait you think to be doomed.

Goin' under the knife, you'll give your life,
waiting on someone else's strife.

Livin' under the gun, a mother's son,
donors must die or you never begun.

**Then Dr. B Comes Save You,
He Knows That God Has Made You.
No He'll Never Ever Forsake You,
Won't Let Anyone Try To Break You.
He's A Man, Who Understands,
God's Grand Plan!**

You cannot put a price,
on any humans life.
What are we to cost,
an entire family's loss.
Broken down our will,
but donors giving still.
A sad and pointless day,
ends in Hip, Hip, Hooray.

'Cuz he calls himself a simple B,
but we all know he sets us free.
His special touch unlocks us all,
a life full of production calls.

Goin' out on the town, just messin' around,
nothing can ever bring you down.
Out havin' fun, a father's son,
you know your world has just begun.

**'Cuz Dr. B Has Saved You,
Knows That God Is Always There For You.
He Prays No One Will Forsake You,
Teaches Never Let Anyone Break You.
'Cuz Every Human, Should Understand,
God's Grand Plan!**

Solo:

Forward your life thru time,
find any reason or rhyme.
Is there a true calling,
or are we just falling?
Some say to blindly trust fate,
and then others simply don't wait.
Try to focus in with your mind,
to capture the key and then own time.

You'll have the answers all for free,
learn the profit world is full of greed.
As they line their pockets, the corruptions tall,
take the corner office, by conquering all.

Then bring them down, by wearing the crown,
and saving all lives from town to town.
Each day begins, the truth will win,
you are the one it comes from within.

**You're Dr. B We Have Faith In You,
God Always Knew What You Could Do.
Just Believe Your Heart Is True,
The World Awaits So Make Them New
All Humans, Will Understand,
So Raise Your Hands.
Oh Yeah, Dr. B, Dr. B!
Oh Yeah, Dr., Dr. B!**

Music and Lyrics, 2008: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Rocky Mountain Woman”

This girl, now:

**She’s a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Boulder Tough Yet Soft Enough,
to Make Your Heart Start Skippin’,
and Your Feet Keep a Trippin’.
She’s a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Her Four Seasons Will Make Sure,
You’re Good and Done.**

Snow blows over and drifts real soft,
as light as a wind blown cloud.
It’s a cold spring day, the 2nd of May,
and the wind starts whisperin’ a sound.

Calling out for all those around,
to come and join the crowds.
We’re gonna party down,
and laugh like we’re, “Home-Bound”,
then conquer the peaks and be crowned.

**She’s a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Boulder Tough, Yet Soft Enough,
to Make Your Heart Stop Beatin’,
and Your Words Keep Repeatin’.
She’s a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Her Four Seasons Will Make Sure,
You're Good and Done.**

As the people goodbye,
and the northern lights,
fill the sky upon wishin' stars.
What's on all our minds,
is the damn good time,
this natural girl has after dark.

Not that the day is a boring charade,
it's just the fire she lights in the night.
Sets flames a blaze she's a,
"Flat-Irons-Home-Made",
goes down like an eagle in flight.

**She's a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Boulder Tough Yet Soft Enough,
to Make Your Heart Pump Faster,
You'll Never Out Last Her.
She's a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Her Four Seasons Will Make Sure,
You're Good and Done.**

Solo:

Orange and blue, yeah through and through,
like a best friend she's by their side.
Loyal to the end,
every man hopes to be, "Locked-In",
girls dream to coincide.

**She's a Rocky Mountain Woman,
Now Come On.
Boulder Tough, Yet Soft Enough.
She's a Rocky Mountain Woman,
Everyone Get Up.**

**She's Old Enough, Yet Awfully Tough,
to Have Your Heart Always Poundin',
and Your Thoughts Always Roundin'.
She's a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Her Four Seasons Will Make Sure,
You're Good and Done.**

**She's a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Yeah She's Boulder Tough,
and Quite Soft Enough,
to Make Your Dreams Start Fullfillin',
and Your Jeans Always Willin'.
She's a Rocky Mountain Woman.
Her Four Seasons Will Make Sure,
You're Good and Done.**

She's a Rocky, Mountain, Woman.

Music and Lyrics, 2011: Peter J. Beauchemin





“KO-rey”

Long legs, golden hair.
Freezin’ boys stiff with her elegant stare.
Like a, wild cat, in the night.
Prowlin’ you out then bringin’ a fight.

**She’s Gonna ~ KO-rey.
No Doubt Baby She’ll Blow Your Mind.
She’s Gonna ~ KO-rey.
Knockin’ You Out With Those Baby Blue Eyes.**

She’s like a firecracker, dynamite.
Lightin’ your fuse then watchin’ the sites.
You’re goin’ down in flames, burn to dust.
Be on your way if all you want is lust.

**She’s Gonna ~ KO-rey.
No Doubt Baby She’s One of a Kind.
She’s Gonna ~ KO-rey.
Knockin’ You Out Boy Right On Time.
She’s Gonna ~ KO.**

Solo:

Quick wit, sharp sense.
No flip floppin’ or ridin’ the fence.
She’s got no, time to play, silly games.
All she wants to know is,
“What’s Your Last Name?”

**She's Gonna ~ KO-rey.
No Doubt Baby She'll Blow Your Mind.
She's Gonna ~ KO-rey.
Knockin' You Out With Those Baby Blue Eyes.
She's Gonna ~ KO-rey.
No Doubt Baby She's One of a Kind.
She's Gonna ~ KO-rey.
Knockin' You Out Boy Right On Time.
She's Gonna ~ KO.**

Music and Lyrics, 2007: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Route Runners”

Walkin’ in the ditch, just like a little bitch,
route runners, route runners.
They were gonna go to jail, their life’s a livin’ hell,
route runners, route runners.

But Pete stepped up, and showed some class.
Mama pointed her finger,
“son, I’m gonna kick your freakin’ ass!”

**They Were Route Runners.
Just Like Dumb and Dumber.**
(route runners)

**They Were Route Runners.
Just Like Dumb and Dumber.**
(route runners)

**They Were Route Runners.
Just Like Dumb and Dumber.**
(route runners)

**Never Seen Someone Go Down in Flames,
Without Even Knowing Their Name.**

Dealin’ out the weed, there’s no guarantees,
route runners, route runners.
They think they’ll get ahead, but sleep on concrete beds,
route runners, route runners.

But Pete would lead, them to the promise land.
Until the runners started runnin’,
“they screwed up the freakin’ plan!”

**They Were Route Runners.
Just Like Dumb and Dumber.**

(route runners)

**They Were Route Runners.
Just Like Dumb and Dumber.**

(route runners)

**They Were Route Runners.
Just Like Dumb and Dumber.**

(route runners)

**Never Seen Someone Go Down in Flames,
Without Even Knowing Their Name.**

Solo:

Crawlin' in the sewer,
smellin' like cow manure,
they're skimpers never do'ers,
not the winners always losers.
But low and behold, look who's here,
out of the darkness, and into the clear,
a beacon of light, bright blinding all fear,
yeah Peter's gonna save their year.

They Were Route Runners.
Just Like Dumb and Dumber.
They Were Route Runners.
They Were Hidin' Out Just a Wastin' Time,
Until Pete Opened Up Their Minds.

They finally understood,
they're up to nothin' good,
route runners, route runners.
Pete held up their hands,
taught them to be a man,
route runners, route runners.

Now they thank Pete today,
tell him he's their friend.
There's only one thing left,
"and that's to take a freakin' stand!"

**They Were Route Runners.
Now They're One in Numbers.**
(route runners)

**They Were Route Runners.
Now They're One in Numbers.**
(route runners)

**They Were Route Runners.
Now They're One in Numbers.**
(route runners)

**Always Be the One Who Lights the Flame,
On the World We Call Our Stage.
"Route Runners"**

Music and Lyrics, 2014: Peter J. Beauchemin

“The Lost World”

There's a place in the center of another world.
With visions of the future and the past.
Passing time reflections of reality.
From hidden shadows seekers are out cast.

It is here beware if you are traveling.
As a sudden icy wind begins to blow.
Through the barrier of time which bonds the universe.
It's a strange unknown to no one you will know.

Fire burning bright.
Scorching flames, hotter than the night.
Exciter in me delight.
Be the same, the same as I was the night.

I came into this horrid dream.
No vision quest did I seek.
But once upon it you just cannot leave.
Because no mercy here can be guaranteed.

I see the future flowing down the stream.
I cannot catch it even though it seems.
Like I'm beside it sewed into one seam.
Altogether in to reality.

Open, your eyes tonight.
Come and, look what's inside.
Don't bend, or change your sight.
Because this, is distinct ably fortified.

I know this cannot be a fantasy.
Because dreams like this, a mind cannot conceive.
But who's to know or who's to believe.
Because in this world nothings reality.

Lets find the future and turn it into the past.
Win or lose we cannot be outcast.
First or second or even in the last.
We will endure it no matter what the task.

Will be, to find the key.
To open, to look and see.
Our need, in future seeds.
And learn, what is our destiny.

Solo:

When you finally, find your opening.
Take it aggressively.
Never take anything for granted.

Then run until your dreams are fulfilled.
Don't look behind you just go for the kill.
Fast and furious spin like a drill.
Explode intensify this dream is for real.

You hear the footsteps coming up from behind.
You turn your power all the way to grind.
Don't stop to think or look for a sign.
Just go until you can't go any,
faster, faster your name is disaster.
Thrasher, thrasher, basha, basha, basher.
Clasher, clasher, smasha, smasha, smasher.
Rip away.

Take no prisoners.
Devour any intruders.
No cowards just sinners.
Entice them with a lour.

Then grab your grip. Don't let it slip. Never quit.
Don't change your mind.
Don't hesitate. Just annihilate. And terminate.
Until the end of time.

No one can stop you and nobody will.
Now is the time to move in for the kill.
Death is the only way to get your meal.
So slice its throat and blood will spill.
Cut and dice and rip off its head.
Stab and slice or the one you like instead.
Rip and tear until you know it's dead.
And then you will find yourself in bed.

Asleep and dreaming,
of what might be.
In another time or another place.
Where hidden dreams are seldom ever seen.

Music and Lyrics, 1987: Peter J. Beauchemin

Heavy Metal Vol#2
Set List

Do It Up Right
Dr. B
Rocky Mountain Woman
KO-rey
Route Runners
The Lost World