



**Love
Wrongs**

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

"Coldspring In Friendswood"

Today, is the day, I conjure up some confidence.
'Cuz to win her heart, I'll have to be from the start,
the captain of my battleship.

There's no time to shoot blanks, out from front line tanks,
so let 'em rip and light up the sky.

'Cuz today I'm at war, with a love on the shore,
and my salutin' flag is hoisted to fly.

Reverse down half mast. Raise it up and stand fast.
Wave the breeze and proudly be last.

**It's a Coldspring In Friendswood.
I Need a Double Shot of Liquor Tonight.
And If My Purse Box Gets Empty.
I'll Just Fill It With Jim Beam.
Then Pray to God All Things Turn Right.
It's a Coldspring In Friendswood.
But It's Hot Tonight.**

I asked, to hold her hand,
as she climbed up the stairs.
She was in full bloom, to the ladies room,
and all eyes were tranced in a glare.
'Cuz the sparkle on her jeans, lit up like beams.
Like bright lights to center stage.
Even the young girls, dreamed of livin' her world.
'Cuz she's plastered on every front page.

Then she stood at the top.
Looked down, we all stopped.
In hopes her lips would talk.

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I Need a Double Shot of Liquor Tonight.
And If My Purse Box Gets Empty.
I'll Just Fill It With Jim Beam.
Then Pray to God All Things Turn Right.
It's a Coldspring In Friendswood.
But It's Hot Tonight. But It's Hot Tonight.**

I looked, in her eyes,
then hoped she would give me a wink.
Her twinkle was dim, but I needed a win.
And it'll come true with a peck on my cheek.
'Cuz one kiss can change, all the despair and pain.
I've suffered over the past twenty years.
You know she has the pizzazz,
and swayin' tick-tock's her ass.
It's hypnotizin' has brought me to tears.

Then I washed out my eyes.
And too my surprise.
I heard her say, Goodbye.

**It's a Coldspring In Friendswood.
I Need a Double Shot of Liquor Tonight.
And If My Purse Box Gets Empty.
I'll Just Fill It With Jim Beam.
Then Pray to God All Things Turn Right.
It's a Coldspring In Friendswood.
But It's Hot Tonight. But It's Hot Tonight.
It's a Coldspring In Friendswood, Goodnight.**

“In the Garden with Edith”

I woke up early today, hard coffee cup.
Then I closed my eyes and portrayed,
how to change my luck.

I plead my case again. Verdict in.
Jury deliberated win. Free of sin.
Trail and error to state my case.
Misdemeanor plea deal. Pucker up we're for real.

**I Learned About Love In the Garden with Edith.
She Taught Me How to Hoe,
and I Showed Her Where Snakes Live.
She Shined Me an Apple,
and Dared Me to Take a Bite, to See If I Like.
I Didn't Hesitate,
'Cuz Her Flowers Were Bloomin'.
We Looked Like Meditatin',
Tilled Beds Both a Boomin'.
Then I Polished the Dill Pickles Primed,
'til They Were Ripe.
Pick 'em Off and Eat 'em Tonight.**

I couldn't fight my way, out of a shoe box.
My will was weak and astray,
from the way that she walked.

I need my oxygen. Pump it in.
Deep breaths, in and out again. Between the lips.
Vaccine double shot and booster,
in my arms strong but wide.
Cuddle up by my side.

**I Learned About Love In the Garden with Edith.
She Taught Me How to Hoe,
and I Showed Her Where Snakes Live.
She Shined Me an Apple,
and Dared Me to Take a Bite, to See If I Like.
And I Didn't Hesitate, 'Cuz Her Flowers Were Bloomin'.
We Looked Like Meditatin', Tilled Beds Both a Boomin'.
Then I Polished the Dill Pickles Primed,
'til They Were Ripe.
Pick 'em Off and Eat 'em Tonight.**

"In the Garden with Edith". You'll learn how to cope with,
wakin' up alone, nothin' by your side.
But she'll lure you in, to keep hope alive.
Tonight you'll get a fresh text,
with directions for what she's doin' next.
Then she'll ask you to come and join her concert life.
Pick 'em off and eat 'em.
Pick 'em off and eat 'em.

**I Learned About Love In the Garden with Edith.
She Taught Me How to Hoe,
and I Showed Her Where Snakes Live.
She Shined Me an Apple,
and Dared Me to Take a Bite, to See If I Like.
And I Didn't Hesitate, 'Cuz Her Flowers Were Bloomin'.
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'til They Were Ripe.
Pick 'em Off and Eat 'em Tonight.**

Music and Lyrics, September 9th, 2021, 11:22pm:
Peter J. Beauchemin

“It’s Closin’ Mind”

I’ve always wondered if you think of me,
My many blunders had me doin’ unusual things.

I complain because I strut my stuff,
and then find myself believin’ familiar rings.

There’s no need a waitin’ grab your stuff and lock up,
we’re headed where there’s no where in sight.

‘Cuz if you ain’t never ever found the buzzes saw,
It’ll cut you down like somethin’ ain’t right.

When your out of money, pretend you’re a navy seal.
And when all hope is lost, it turns real.

I Ain’t Anxious, Honey. (I feel fine)

I Ain’t Famous, It’s Coming’.

(my beatin’ hearts not blind)

I Ain’t a Dreamer, Summon.

I Need an Answer, Do You Love Me?

It’s Closin’ Mind.

I Wanna Know When It’s Time.

It’s Closin’ Mind.

Everyday I ponder the thought of you.
Your clothes are always laundered it’s true.
But there’s no deny your cat walk stance.
It’s like a fresh flowered buddin’ daisy romance.

Don’t just be standin’ hop in the truck and let’s buck,
we’ll be speedin’ where speedin’s not luck.
We’ll jump the gully and stick the landin’ at ten.
Then slide flip a spin and haul ass ‘til the end.

If you're color blind use greenbacks,
imagine your in the coast guard.
Start fallin' down then turn up, it burns hard.

I Ain't Anxious, Honey. (I feel fine)

I Ain't Famous, It's Coming'. (my beatin' hearts not blind)

I Ain't a Dreamer, Summon.

I Need an Answer, Do You Love Me?

It's Closin' Mind.

I Wanna Know When It's Time.

It's Closin' Mind.

You might be concludin' I'm not gonna make it,
My fallin' down knocks me clear off of your list.

But try imagine this sway in a unique way,
it might take you to first class bliss.

So come on and get on the bandwagon song,
where every one simply enjoys the ride.

We slow it down and parade thru town,
dance the square in the haystack with me.

If you're homeless needing change,
decide you're commander and chief.
Rise above and give love, dream in belief.

I Ain't Anxious, Honey. (I feel fine)

I Ain't Famous, It's Coming'. (my beatin' hearts not blind)

I Ain't a Dreamer, Summon.

I Need an Answer, Do You Love Me?

It's Closin' Mind.

I Wanna Know When It's Time.

It's Closin' Mind.

“It’s Her Way”

She likes to talk.
She likes to dance.
She likes to flip her hair up smooth,
and give you that come get me glance.

She likes to drink.
She likes to sing.
She likes to hum until you go out of your mind,
then beg for that one little thing, and that’s.

**Her Way of Lightin’ the Fire.
Her Way of Gettin’ It Done.
It’s Her Way of Makin’ the Most,
of the Time We’ve Got So Let’s Have Some Fun.
It’s a Perfect Full Moon Night.
She’s Worth It Don’t Ever Look Away.
She’ll Hypnotize You With Her Hips That Sway.
Go Ahead and Make Her Day.
It’s Her Way.**

She likes to kiss.
She likes to hug.
She likes to soak up in a little hot bathtub,
until you whine as she lives it up.

She likes to smoke.
Then she likes to snack.
She likes to nibble on your ears and neck,
to make sure you wanna come back.
That’s a fact, Jack.

**Her Way of Lightin' the Fire.
Her Way of Gettin' It Done.
It's Her Way of Makin' the Most,
of the Time We've Got So Let's Have Some Fun.
It's a Perfect Full Moon Night.
She's Worth It Don't Ever Look Away.
She'll Hypnotize You With Her Hips That Sway.
Go Ahead and Make Her Day.
It's Her Way.**

Solo:

She likes to sit.
She likes to lay.
She likes to cuddle on your couch all day,
spoonin' 'til you beg her to stay.

She likes to tease.
Then she likes to please.
She likes to strip on down to her birthday sheets.
While you propose down on one knee, indeed.

**It's Her Way of Lightin' the Fire.
Her Way of Gettin' It Done.
It's Her Way of Makin' the Most,
of the Time We've Got So Let's Have Some Fun.
It's a Perfect Full Moon Night.
She's Worth It Don't Ever Look Away.
She'll Hypnotize You With Her Hips That Sway.
Go Ahead and Make Her Day.
It's Her Way.**

Music and Lyrics, May 31st, 2019, 12:24pm:
Peter J. Beauchemin

“My Internet Honey”

I surfed a girl her name was JoAnne!

I emailed, “Let’s do lunch,

I’m a singer in a Rock and Roll Band?”

She answered frankly with precisely written words.

“You better be romantic or you’re kicked to the curb!”

I saddled-up and brought my very best game.

Pitched high and low but all I got was her (1st) name.

The Real McCoy a true diamond in the rough.

Call of the wild she is sent from up-above.

‘Cuz I’m His Internet Honey! (well maybe?)

I Never Want His Money. (whole savings)

I’m Lookin’ for Adventure. (escapade)

A Mighty Fine Inventor. (home-made)

I Never Need Attention. (quite a lot)

But I Forgot to Mention. (she’s a fox)

My Wit and Charm is Cunnin’. (really fast)

‘Cuz I’m His Internet Honey! (what a blast)

She wrote and said,

“You’re refreshing like a beer, hick-up!”

I thought,

“Yeah I taste great, but less fillings not in here!”

She smirked a grin and threw quick one-liner.

“Is monogamy your plan,

‘cuz I don’t sleep with two-timers!”

"Holy Moly", she teaches strict lessons.
Not counter-fit her path is destined.
Her heart and soul blend together like they're one.
Her "Full Monty" is hotter than the sun.

'Cuz I'm His Internet Honey! (today)
Never Am the Dummy. (no way)
My Love is Like a Carousel. (bright lights)
Combined with a Parasail. (great heights)
A Tip of My Soft Hand. (her highness)
Hysteria's My Screaming Fans. (world's finest)
Rainy Days are Always Sunny. (sunny and bright)
'Cuz I'm His Internet Honey! (yeah right?)

I started out on Yahoo,
then I tried Match,
and too far for me was Lovers2,
'cuz that's in the UK and I'm never attached.

So I swam with Plenty of Fish,
and then added some Chemistry,
the Cougar Women was a perfect fit,
but it made me feel like someone was gonna eat me.

So I thought, Adult Friend Finder would be okay,
but it converted to the Christian Mingles,
then I tried the Millionaire Mate,
but they said my pockets didn't have enough jingle.

So that led me to Cupid's Lair,
but that was just creepy,
then the Dirty Encounters raised my mom's hair,
so I promised her I'd take it easy.

Then, Great Expectations really wasn't great,
and implanted was Natural Friends,
and I bet Green Singles and Veggie Date,
will have problems with their users,
being hooked on "Depends".

And I know you know, 'cuz everyone knows,
internet dating is the wave of the land,
and I believe that just goes to show,
that "My Internet Honey" is in total command.

'Cuz I'm His Internet Honey! (yeah she'll go all night)
Delicious Like a Sunday. (hey just one bite)
Ridin' Up My Broadway. (well there's no chance)
Servin' Up a Heart Ache. (last dance)
I Know About My Callin'. (uses Morse code)
Don't Ever Think I'm Fallin'. (yea love knows)
I'm Really Quite Funny. (but then again)
'Cuz I'm His Internet Honey! (amen)

Music and Lyrics, 2004: Peter J. Beauchemin



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“Light Up the Match”

When it all began we ruled the land.
We were surrounded by our family, friends.
They accepted us `cuz they could see the love.
We were a match made from the heavens above.

Then you came undone, unraveled the fun,
then announced, “War Has Begun”.

**You’re So Damn Analytical.
Why Don’t You Just Kick Back and Relax.
You’re Flip Floppin’s Full Whimsical.
We’ve Been Draggin’ `Cuz Your,
Top Speed Panic Attacks,
Are Gas Lightin’ All Political.
We’re Supposed to Be Flirtin’,
Not Spoutin’ Out Blurred Facts.
I’m Drawin’ the Line and This Is Critical,
So Listen Up Girl, You and Me,
“Light Up the Match”.**

In another time we done just fine.
Our differences is what kept us both in line.
Just like our first date we laughed and played.
Two of a kind playin’ a game of charades.
Until you forgot your meds, or ate them like pez,
then proclaimed, “Honey, Simon Says”.

**You're So Damn Analytical.
Why Don't You Just Kick Back and Relax.
You're Flip Floppin's Full Whimsical.
We've Been Draggin' 'Cuz Your,
Top Speed Panic Attacks,
Are Gas Lightin' All Political.
We're Supposed to Be Flirtin',
Not Spoutin' Out Blurred Facts.
I'm Drawin' the Line and This Is Critical,
So Listen Up Girl, You and Me,
"Light Up the Match".**

At the very end we always push send.
We speak our minds then use rhymes to defend.
Then rationalize and circle around our own lives.
To prove its worth is the one golden surprise.

Then we looked in the mirror, realized we're inferior,
together repented, "To Our Deliverer".

**We're So Damn Analytical.
Why Don't We Just Kick Back and Relax.
We're Flip Floppin's Full Whimsical.
We've Been Draggin' 'Cuz Our,
Top Speed Panic Attacks,
Are Gas Lightin' All Political.
We're Supposed to Be Flirtin',
Not Spoutin' Out Blurred Facts.
Let's Draw the Line and This Is Critical,
So Listen Up God, We Together,
"Are a Perfect Match".**

“Never Make This Up”

You're a hard luck to find, I'm livin' borrowed time,
Beginnin' on your road to tomorrow.
Yeah I'm down on my knees, beggin' pretty, pretty please,
I don't wanna live this life full of sorrow.

But what can you do, livin' life misconstrued.
All alone leads the way out to nowhere.
So give me all your signs, and let's live so divine,
Then we'll hit the road and be out there,
We know we can,

**Never Make This Up, This Thing Called Love,
It Derives from Luck, Can't Never Get Enough,
And It Shouldn't Cost a Buck,
But Sometimes Loves Sucks,
So If You're Fallin' In Love, "Believe"
Now We Couldn't Make This Stuff Up, Baby!**

We're a long way from home, and dancin' all alone,
This dirt road's got us caught up in crossfire.
All this Texas tumbleweeds, prickly cactus, you and me,
But the twirl and spin has lost its desire.

So what can we say, both livin' life this way.
Cause and effect has grabbed us up by the horns.
So we make no guarantees, give and take, not enemies,
And like they say every rose has its thorns.
Now you've been warned, we could,

**Never Make This Up, This Thing Called Love,
It Derives from Luck, Can't Never Get Enough,
And It Shouldn't Cost a Buck,
But Sometimes Loves Sucks,
So If You're Fallin' In Love, "Believe"
Now We'd Never Make This Kind of Stuff Up,
Yeah Bet!**

Solo:

Now we can take you by the hand,
to help you understand,
But the time cost will be lost into forever.
'Cuz a heat wave's movin' in,
while the storms are swirlin' winds,
We'll be scattered two apart yeah it matters.
Two be shattered, we could,

**Never Make This Up, This Thing Called Love,
It Derives from Luck, Can't Never Get Enough,
And It Shouldn't Cost a Buck,
But Sometimes Loves Sucks,
So If You're Fallin' In Love, "Believe"
Now We Would Make This Kind of Stuff Up,
Yeah Bet!**

Music and Lyrics, 2013: 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

"The Book"

I can stand in the corner,
lookin' at the way you dance.

Dreamin' of lovin' you,
but I know I don't stand a chance.

'Cuz girl I seen that look in your eyes,
and I know they weren't sparklin' at me.

Some other guy, he caught your eye,
and now I'm standing at your feet, well darlin'.

How'm I Ever Gonna Get a Girl Like You.

There's Nothin' I Can Say or Do.

Well, I Can't Change the Way I Look.

**But It's Not - The Cover - Girl,
It's - The Book.**

I can write you a letter,
But I know it won't change your mind.

'Cuz the way that you felt, about me,
I'll forever ~ never find.

'Cuz girl I seen that empty stare,
Gazin' down at my poor wobbling knees.

You must have been blind, 'cuz I'm hard to find,
Girl my beauty is underneath, baby.

**How'm I Ever Gonna Get a Girl Like You.
There's Nothin' I Can Say or Do.
Well, I Can't Change the Way I Look.
But It's Not - The Cover - Girl,
It's - The Book.**

All I wanted was for you to call me,
Just one time.
I guess we weren't meant to be,
Man and Wife.

**How'm I Ever Gonna Get a Girl Like... You.
There's Nothin' I Can Say or Do.
Well, I Can't Change the Way I Look.
But It's Not - The Cover - Girl,
It's - The Book.
It's - The Book.**

Music and Lyrics, 1995: Peter J. Beauchemin

“What’s Mine Is Mine”

I like to sing six syllable words,
like unappreciated.

‘Cuz it makes me feel like I’m real smart,
until Google defines my relations.

Then I get up and go like a bump on a log,
and it gets me really frustrated.

My desire to call on my mom and dad,
leads them to say, “You’ve Gotta Be Patient!”

I’d Say, I’m Twenty Years Old.

I’ve Been Around a Long-Time.

I’ve Rodeo-ed, I Plant My Own Pines.

I Bait My Hooks, and Get to School On-Time.

So Don’t Lecture Me, About Crossing the Line.

I’m Twenty Years Old, and What’s Mine Is Mine.

I like to dance two steps at a time,
until three is dealt from the dealer.

It’s like a full house flopped on the turn to unwind,
then I win with an ace on the river.

My all in bets are rarely called from the vine,
‘cuz my bluffin’ hearts a deceiver.

And if I bust out flat I get my dad on the line,
then ask of him, “Are You a Giver?”

**He'd Say, You're Twenty Years Old.
You've Been Around a Long-Time.
You've Rodeo-ed,
You Plant Your Own Pines.
You Bait Your Hooks,
and Get to School On-Time.
So Don't Bother Me,
When You're Broke with No Dime.
You're Twenty Years Old,
and What's Mine Is Mine.**

Now don't make things complicated.
'Cuz it only brings pain and frustration.

I'm near the end at the front of the line,
yet I'm still stuck in the middle.
School is out and I'm tested by time,
the days run together like a riddle.

I wrote this score hopin' to hear the sign,
my guitar feels like it's a fiddle.
Today is my day and it's gonna be mine,
but now I see, "I'm Big Yet Little!"

**I'd Say, I'm Twenty Years Old.
I've Been Around a Long-Time.
I've Rodeo-ed, I Plant My Own Pines.
I Bait My Hooks, and Get to School On-Time.
So Don't Lecture Me, About Crossing the Line.
I'm Twenty Years Old, and What's Mine Is Mine.**

Music and Lyrics, June 24th, 2022, 4:18am:
Peter J. Beauchemin

Love Wrongs
Set List

Coldspring In Friendswood
In the Garden with Edith
It's Closin' Mind
It's Her Way
My Internet Honey
Light Up the Match
Never Make This Up
Six Feet's Plenty
The Book
What's Mine Is Mine