Where 45 Ends

E. Marie Aldrich-Creasy
I DO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY
Dear Santa
Pool Hall
Bam! Bam! Bam!
Ten Minutes
No End
The Message
Devine Power
A Letter Home
All Turned Around
All the Time, Anytime
ALL THAT
3, 6, 9
TIME TAUGHT ME
A GIFT TO SHARE
A CROSS
AGING GRACEFULLY...
DREAMS
CHosen
Carvin' On
BURIED TREASURE
BO BIRLEY
Big Ol Cat
DVD
FORGIVE YOURSELF
FUNNY HOW LIFE SPINS
GAZING OUT A WINDOW
Getting Older
I Haven't A Clue
FIRST CLUE
DRIFTWOOD
JEFF
OUR DEAR LINDA
HEADED TO TEXAS
GOD'S CRYSTAL LIGHT
GIVE ME
HAVE YA' EVER BEEN SCARED
I'M HAPPY
HE LOVES ME
Hey Ya'll, Do You Know Paul
1-45 ENDS WHERE THE SUNRISE BEGINS
GETTING TOGETHER
BE CAREFUL
AUNT FLO
ANN
HE'S FAIR
HEY DUDE
LETS ROCK
TICK TOCK
THE RACE
UNTIL THE RACE IS WON
USE TO BE NUMBER 6
WERE READY
JOEY
Drivin' That'A Way
BLESS NASCAR
GO FAST
Kayle
THE BUZZ
I'M FOUND
I ALWAYS LOVED YOU
I AM SO HAPPY
I AM THANKFUL
I DID TOO QUIT
I KNEW IT WAS DONE
I LOVE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME
I NEED A JOB
I SIGNED
I WANNA
SOMETHING ABOUT NASCAR
NASCAR SURVIVOR
# 3
SMELL OF BURNING RUBBER
ANY RACE, ANY WHERE
RACIN'... IS WHAT I LIVE FOR
WHO WON
THE LUCK IN A RAINBOW
THE RACES
THE MERRY-GO ROUND BROKE
THE TRUTH
TURN LEFT DUMMIES
PLUM FULL OF SKILL
WRECKIN'..... THATS Racin'
NASCAR JUNKIE
UNWIND YOUR HEART FROM YOUR MIND
UNWANTED
TOO YOUNG
TOO MUCH
TOMORROW'S YESTERDAY
TODAY IT DOESN'T MATTER
TO HEAR HIM TELL HIS STORY
THROUGHT IT ALL
THEY JUST DON'T SEE HIM
THREAD
THE VIEW FROM THE DECK
OUR FRIEND
Johnny's Grin
THE TAILGATE PARTY IS ON
THE SCAM
YO BITCH
YOU'RE SENSELESS
YESTERDAY'S TODAY AND TOMORROW
Youth
WE ARE ONE
HAUNTS
IF
I WANNA GO Racin
I WANT SOME
THOMAS
IF ONLY I WERE A LITTLE GIRL TODAY
THE JACKET
WE LAUGH ... WE JOKE
CLOTHESPINS
DREAMS COMING TRUE
I Refuse
MY MEMORY, MY FACE
CRAWL THROUGH
MY FRIEND
MARIE’S POOP DECK CLOCK
LOVE DOES EXIST
NO GRAVITY
Where Did The Fairytale Magic Go
GOD COULD
When There’s Just Enough
WHAT A FRIEND
WHAT’S NEXT
LIFE’S NO MYSTERY
WAY BACK
THE MUSIC OF WATER
MY PILLOW
YOU
IF YOU DON’T WANNA
YOU DO GET REWARDED
IT’S HARD
IT’S ALMOST TIME
YOU LIE
MY SISTER MY FRIEND
LETTER FROM HEAVEN
LET’S GET UP AND GO
IN THE NAME
YOU ARDELLA
IN A COCOON
YOU CHANGE
WHEN THE CALLS COME
LOST IN THE SIGHT OF THE SEA
YEAH THAT’S 1983
Who’s Listenin’
NASCAR RACE
MY SON
YOU CHOOSE
I’LL TRY
NOW YOU’RE GROWN
OH THAT
NOT YET
NO ONE
NO EXCUSE
LITTLE MISSY
LOVE HAS COME MY WAY
SHORT THOUGHTS
STOP IT, QUIT IT
SOMEBETWHERE IN THE MIDDLE
SECRETLY SOMEWHERE
SOMETIMES YA GOTTA ASK
SOMETIMES
MY HEART WON'T LISTEN
SHEET SPLITTEN'
RUTHIE
ROAD TRIP
BROOMSTICK
REGRET
NOT JUST YOUNG
RACHEL
QUIT IT
ASK, JUST ASK
The View I Never Take For Granted
PLEASE WAKE UP
PART OF MY PAST
YOU KNEW
OVER MY SHOULDER
SURGERY
DEJA VU
REGRETS
YOU DON'T KNOW ME
HAS IT WENT TOO FAR
STRENGTH
THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU
LOST IN MY MEMORY
WHERE I CAME FROM
THAT KIND OF GUY
TAKE A MINUTE
I'M GONNA
M.S.
OMIGOSH!
YOU FIGURE IT OUT
ONE, TWO, FOUR OR MORE
LIKE AN OLD SHIRT
OK
OH YEAH HE LOVES ME
RICH ON FRIDAY
PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICH
OH THAT
LIKE MAGIC
I CATCH MY BREATH
THROUGH LIFE
I'M THINKING
Talledaga
Guilty
SHOW TIME
Richard Petty
STEVE
Long Ago
YOU & I
HAVING FUN
DON'T BE SCARED
What to say
17
RILEY
I WANT TO I DON'T WANT TO
BETTER THAN THAT
IT WAS NUMBER 8
WATCHING THE CHASE
BACK OF THE TRUCK
WHERE IT BEGAN
Treason
ALONE AGAIN BULLSHIT!
NINE BLOCKS
NUTS
GAME
LAW OBEYING
IS IT DRUGS
UNDER THE BUG
THE INTIMIDATOR
BUMPER CHASIN'
CHANGE
INSANE
BED TIME
HUM!
FIRST TIME
DIFFERENT LOVE
US
BELIEVE
SO HELP ME SEE
RUN
ANOTHER TRAGIC DAY
BITE MY TONGUE
A SOLID HUG
TWISTED SICK
Mede pause
EVERYBODY
ANNOYED
HE'S
Little Quotes
Too Young
CAUGHT
CREASY
Mermaid
TEARS
WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL YOU SHARE
WHEN THERES PEOPLE
MAKE A TOAST
CAGED
BUTTERFLY BRAIN
IN OUR AMERICA
FROM THE BACK
I BELIEVE
Voices
Music Man
THE BEACH
IN MY MIND
The Poop Deck
Good Morning
Short Quotes
YOU KNOW
THE KEYS
MERMAID SONG
Burnin Palm Tree
Look
Salt Water Cowboy
Mexican Pearl
Moore’s
Saltwater Cowgirl
Farrah
Controversial Song
MOMMA
SENSE
FOURTH OF JULY
NOT OK
Country In Music
Little Things
DOWN HOME SALTWATER COUNTRY
DOPE NOPE
STEPPIN OUT THE DOOR
NOT AGAIN
TALL & STRONG
NO FACE
Lessons Learned
HAVE FUN
OPINIONS
Thoughts
PICTURES
Gidget Gadget
GOD
BROKEN WING
MEANT TO UNDERSTAND
I JUST WANT TO KNOW
I WANT TO SAY
ACHIEVE
AMEN
ME & YOU
A FOOL
IKE from 30th and Seawall
I DO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY

More than just one someone
Believes my words are good
   Even beautiful . . .
A stranger from far and near
Sat down to listen . . . to hear
   Something I had to say
What I’d written and hidden away
The shoe boxes are empty
   And the closet is clean
It’s time now for everyone
To interpret what it means
I have some stories to tell
   Some words to write
I may burn the candle all night
Dear Santa

Santa I’m eight years old
This Christmas my wish is
A job for my mom
A bike for my brother Tom
And a doll for my sister Mary, who really is quite contrary
Santa I hope you have some cookies before you go!
I pray to share a warm Christmas dinner with my family
And watch the falling snow
Pool Hall

We all wanna win
Win the jackpot, win the lottery, win it all!
But for now, how about last call
It’s late, time to go home
We’re not in Louisiana, or in Rome
Last calls at ten minutes till two
Then at fifteen minutes after two, it’s good bye
to you, me and the rest of the crew
The next day we wake up wanting to win
It all starts again until we hear “Last Call”
Last game in the pool hall
Bam! Bam! Bam!

I like, yeah I like what I see
when you are look’in at me
Bam! I find you so pretty
Bam! I want to touch, touch you
Bam! Your hand, your hair, your leg, your face, Bam!
I wanta kiss kiss your lips, squeeze your hips
Rub your back, climb in the sack
Bam! Bam! Bam!

Its all so brand new, these feeling I have for you
They are the real deal
Bam!
I’m gonna make it count
It’ll all add up, while I’m fill’in your cup, With the best of me
Creating our own history
Bam! Bam! Bam!
Ten Minutes

Do you have 10 minutes
10 minutes to fall in love
60 seconds is a long time
When the car behind you at the traffic light is honking and the light just changed
Less then a minute and someone is upset because they are in a hurry
Maybe to get nowhere! But they don’t have 10 minutes to spare
So do you have 10 minutes
10 minutes to fall in love
60 seconds is a long time when your waiting for water to boil
or watching a plant grow in soil
So do you have 10 minutes
60 seconds is a long time for a diver that’s down, in need of air
Or a hunter with one bullet to spare and a choice to make
60 seconds is a long time when you are waiting for a new born to take that first breath
60 seconds is a long time, watching a fire destroy a home
In 10 minutes I could hold your hand, kiss your cheek, look into your eyes and express my soul to you
Just 10 minutes will leave us asking for 10 minutes more
I promise you that
I’m not some sly cat I’m real
I’m true, right now and forever it’s all about you
If you have 10 minutes to fall in love
60 seconds is a long time because
10 seconds after I saw you, I was curious
25 second after impressed,
60 seconds after I met you, I was in love
So yeah, I have 10 minutes to fall in love,
for the rest of my life with you
10 minutes from now till the end of time, I believe that is true
No End

When the fairytale is real, the end is a bad deal
A loosing hand, So sad, like tears dropped into the sand
Soon washed away with the tide
Left with a broken heart to hide
Feeling worse than if someone had lied
Starting a future with no plan
Knowing I’m strong, I can
Still, I’d rather make a new deal, keep the fairytale real
Like a winning hand, the best piece of land
Or just looking into the sky, to breath,
Count to 10 and remember why
Santa Clause and the Easter bunny do exist
Forever and always, remembering beyond it all, Love with persist
And the fairytale will continue on and on, for everyone knows,
with a true friend, there is no end
Still I heard my friend say
I’ve been partying 9 days this week
Because the way I woke up today, I feel like I missed one
Duh! I thought there was only 8 days a week
I said Right! Right! Right!
You must of missed two, you know it’s true
Even God rested on the 7th day
So please slow down, I need you to hang around,
So I can ask you . . .
Do monkeys really swing through the jungle without making a sound?
Duh!!! That’s a stupid question, we both know
Our friends and family are checking out way to often
and way to fast
So give it your all and stay!
Even God rested on the 7th day
That’s all I gotta say
So read between the lines, my words are like twisting vines
Because I care, Yes! I love you my friend
That’s the message I want to send
Devine Power

One woman for one man
That was the plan
Together hand in hand
To walk through life on a foundation built to last
Creating a future, soon only to recall the past
With the gift of children to love and raise
To teach to think for themselves
Hoping they too!
Believe one woman for one man is the best plan
Then life will continue becoming brand new, again and again
For the cycle begins within
The ultimate gift is creating a life
A son, a father, a daughter, a mother, a wife
Knowing the power plus two, is what it takes to carry on
and enjoy the night fall as well as the dawn
Because the power is divine, life is like
a fruit filled, twisting, turning wine
A Letter Home

Hi Mom and Dad
I’m not sure yet why
Jesus came to get me
But don’t be scared for me
I’m okay
Jesus introduced me to his father
And He’s wonderful
He’s everything unbelievable
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and everything magic
God won’t let anything bad happen to me
It’s pretty here
There are lots of flowers and stars
Rainbows and waterfalls
And beautiful music
Everyone is real nice
I’ve met some of your old friends
And my grandparents too
I just want you to know I’m okay
I’m watching you now
So don’t cry
You’ll probably never understand
Why Jesus brought me to God
Until you join us one day
Then all your questions
Will be answered
The reason, the plan
Until then, I want you to walk through life
Hand in hand
Knowing one day we will all walk
On the beach and play in the sand
Cuz ya’ have to know, I’m saving a place for both of you in Heaven
Where we’ll be together again, forever, not just a moment or two
Mommie and Daddy and Me
Your precious lil’ Jennifer Lee
All Turned Around

A lost fourteen now turned around to forty-one
Seems I have everything I wanted then
But it took me until now
Day to Day
To find my way
Week by week
To continue to seek
Month to month
Strong and weak
Year to year
And none without a tear
Now it seems
The years drift by so fast
Soon becoming nothing more than the past
Leaving only our memories to be released
As if the current of time has increased
All the Time, Anytime

You can be whoever you want to be
But you can’t stop loving me
It doesn’t work that way, it never has
   All the time
You can go anywhere, anytime
But you won’t forget about me
   Cuz I’m in your heart
   I’m in your mind
   All the time, anytime!
ALL THAT

It isn’t always all that
But when it is, it is the best
The best seats in the stadium
The best steak in town
The best jukebox around
So even if isn’t always all that all the time
Sometimes when it is, it is the best
The best sunrise
The best cup of coffee
The best surprise
So just because it isn’t always all that
Now and then when it is, it is the best
The best romance
The best puppy
The best chance
So even if it isn’t always, all that
Sometimes it is
All that and more
Watching the waves
Making up a stupid rhyme
Like 3, 6, 9
The dolphins and sunshine are mine
Having another daydream about;
An evening cup of coffee with a little Bailey’s
Or maybe now a few glasses of warm wine
Until reality sets in, how it was all wrong,
But oh so right, the memories have never let go
In my mind, I make new ones time after time
And like magic 3,6,9
The dolphins and sunshine are mine
Seeing a carnival show, all the lights,
That sparkle and glow
Hearing the sounds reminds me of Grandma
And the county fair with her wares to share
And once again
Like magic 3,6,9
The dolphins and sunshine are mine
TIME TAUGHT ME

I use to sing with the radio
To a song about 24 and so much more
Now I find I’m 44 and I’ve opened
More than one door
Still singing with the radio
Up until the last five years
I’ve lived alone in a paradise
Now I share my sunrises and my sunsets
Holdin’ hands, walking in the sand
It’s like life had it planned
The special, the real, the whole deal
A buried treasure wasn’t the key,
Not to my heart, by making me crazy
Was it part of some sad, sadistic game
Or was playing with my heart and mind
So much fun, you couldn’t resist
I was so young and confused
But I was in love!
With Love
Not necessarily you
Time taught me
This is true
A GIFT TO SHARE

The days pass by so fast
In the end our favorite is
The one that will last
I saw a double rainbow
When riding my bike
I was with a friend
Riding her new Schwinn
We both saw it!
It was a real double rainbow
From heaven above
Sent to us all in love
Full of bright colors
A double arch in the sky
For everyone . . .
Not just for you or I
Two Beautiful rainbows
For a moment in time
Magical . . .
Like a county fair
A gift to share
A CROSS

We are all given a cross to carry
And a path to walk
None we are given
Can ever compare
With the heavy cross
Or the uphill path
Our Savior walked, stumbled, and crawled
Only to be hung on that cross to die
So remember
Whatever you are given
There is still hope
And there will always be love
As long as faith remains part of your will
He does exist
And your journey through life
Won’t be all uphill
So carry your cross
And try not to complain
Remember, everyone has their own cross to carry
The healthy, the sick, the rich
The poor, the needy and the greedy
Cuz it takes all kinds to make the world go around
If not, I think we’d all fall off
And there would be no gravity
Or something important like that
The only reasons
are as simple as the changing of the seasons
From Spring to Summer
And Fall to Winter
AGING GRACEFULLY . . .

In no way am I . . .
The best that’s ever been

Nor do I . . .
Claim to know it all

Still I’ve been known . . .
To keep a secret or two
You know . . . just getting through
Maybe . . .
One was about you . . .

I’m older now
And I’m not sure . . .
Sometimes . . .
My memories aren’t to clear

When I remember somethings . . .

Moments that were precious and few
About you . . .
DREAMS

Walk on the beach
   Barefoot
Wish on a star
Your dreams aren't that
   Far, far away
Maybe tomorrow
   Perhaps today
They'll drift in on a cloud
   That's full from within
Or wash in on a wave
   With the answers
To the questions not yet asked
   Your dreams aren't that
   Far, far away
Maybe tomorrow
   Perhaps today
CHosen
The reason some angels
Are chosen we may
Never understand
As we try to believe
   Somehow
   Someway
God has a plan
Precious and young
   So Young
Just as our dreams have begun
   Filled with tomorrow’s
   Of our little one
Now full of thoughts of what might have been
   With your first tooth
   That cut your gum
   With your first word
   We never heard
   With your first step
   We won’t get to coax
   With your first day of school
   With your learning to ride a bike
   With you singing your ABC’s
Birthday parties and Christmas
Now are, part of a history with no past
   With memories we imagine
   As we try to believe
      Somehow
      Someway
God has a plan
Carryin’ On

It’s no wonder I’m getting old
Just like my grandparents,
Parents and aunts and uncles
As our children have children
Named after who, really you
   Carry on
It’s no wonder I’m getting old
I’m still shucking corn
Making corn fritters
My Grandma taught me how
   and they’re good!
So I’m carryin’ on
And there’s a guy
   That’s my age
Wearing sweats pants and a nice Hawaiian shirt
   Thinks he’s styling
And looks good
   Just carrin’ on
The things I see in the neighborhood
   Amaze me
Still Today
Always trying to remember yesterday
   Carrin’ on
BURIED TREASURE

You’re sitting right here!
Less than 3 feet away and I feel so alone
Like there are miles between us
And I’m losing my best friend
There’s nothing I can do
To get through to you
You deal in silence with whatever it is
You don’t share your feeling
You box’em up and keep them hidden away
Like some buried treasure
BO BIRLEY

Because of the things you said
I understand completely
I’m not your friends
You think I’m cheap
And a Fin’ bitch
You think what . . . . !
Oh really . . .
Go on think what you may . . .
I woke up . . .
Happy . . .
Secure . . .
And safe today
How about you . . .
Is the same true . . .
Did you wake up . . .
Happy . . .
Secure . . .
And safe today?
Big Ol Cat

Like a big ol’ cat

I wanna rub on you anytime

And have you rub on me all the time

Your touch . . . It feeds me so much

My hunger is fed

When I feel your touch

You’re the one . . .

The only one . . .

I want to feel that with

Like a big ol’ cat

You’re the master

I wanna rub on you anytime

And have you rub on me all the time
They say we’re old because we remember drive-in movies
Never imagined DVD
Back when life was about you and me
Fishing at the river, playing Frisbee at the park
8—Track & Nascar on Sundays 1968-1972
Life was about me & you!
Back when?
Popcorn and coke you brought to the show
In a brown paper bag, cuz’ you couldn’t afford the concession stand prices
We didn’t really know what a computer was
Just that it was big, really big
We thought our family was doing great when we got a private phone line
And no longer had a party line
Now the cell phone generation considers us old
They like our old jeans
We decorate with patches and design of Flower Power, Love & Peace
Those jeans are like the buried treasure of our time, our teens
When life was all about you and I
And the beauty in the sky
They say we’re old
Because we remember the drive-in movies
And all DVD stood for was David, Victor, Daniel
FORGIVE YOURSELF

Jesus has forgiven you, you must forgive yourself
That’s the only way you can go on and live a fulfilled life
Learn from your mistakes and carry on
  Don’t deny your beliefs
  Don’t turn your back on Christ
He will always forgive your worst sin
So do what you must to let him in
  Believe
  Believe in Him
  He is our Savior
  Our Salvation
  Our reason to be
  Be, you and me
Jesus is the son of God
Given to us all as a brother
One from the virgin mother
Jesus has forgiven you, you must forgiven yourself
Blessed are those who believe in Jesus
Do you know Him in your heart
Does He have a special part
Where you find the comfort of something real
  You cannot see but you can feel
  Feel deep in your soul
Does He have that special part
Have you given it to Him for always to keep even when you sleep
Jesus
Do you, Do you know Him in your heart
  The Son of God
  Our teacher, Our Friend
Where we find Love has no end
Do you, Do you know him
FUNNY HOW LIFE SPINS

Grandma did make us learn
    All kinds of stuff
I’m so thankful we had her
Oh WOW I’m getting sentimental . . .
The holidays and all . . .
Pulling taffy and laughing in the kitchen
    We were young
    Wishing we were older
    Now we’re simply older
Wishing we were younger . . .
    Funny how life spins
    Thank God Grandma
    Did make us learn
To cook, to clean, to grow
All Kinds of stuff and to sew
Oh Wow she was the best
    Don’t Ya know
    Cuz . . .
She was your Grandma too
GAZING OUT A WINDOW

I always dreamt
I’d be Cinderella, Snow White or maybe Heidi
She was real and so was the love little girls dream of
Those things that exist
When they are big girls
Gazing out a window
Accompanied by a fabulous daydream
A prince,
A gallant ride
Not on a house of course
In a shiny convertible or a fine Harley
Getting Older

How old are you
Eight and a half
Wow . . .
You’re getting older all the time
When do the halves not matter
I’m forty now but remember eight
When I was eight and a half, fifteen and a half
And seventeen and a half
I guess yeah it maybe was cuz
I’m not almost or half anything
Not now . . . not today
Maybe nah!
Not maybe
I was for sure when I was young
I Haven’t A Clue

Truly, I haven’t a clue
I know now, at least I think I do
Or else I just wanna believe
It was all for me
Over 21 years of history
Yet I haven’t got a clue
Or comprehended it
Still somehow I knew it all, after the fact
Now what do I do?
Nothing and silence has worked for a long time
Tears—the decisions oh, so long ago!
Nothing we can do now!
I know, I know, that it is so
Still that’s so far fetched
It doesn’t make any sense to me
But somewhere in my mind, I know,
I know that it is so
The concept is so big; I can’t get a grip on it
Let alone put my arms around it
All the time!
FIRST CLUE

That should have been my first clue

You left with me and she was with you

And I thought what?

Maybe we had a chance

For a little romance

A real close dance

One or Two at least

You left with me and she was with you

Who’s foolin who?
DRIFTWOOD

I must of turned into driftwood

I use ta’ could

Do all that

I use ta’ could

Drink all night and work the next day

I use ta’ could

Plan it all and organize everything by myself

I use ta’ could

Cook huge meals for the bar parties

I use ta’ could

Ride my bike 20 miles a day

I use ta’ could
JEFF

Honestly, I haven’t known him long. Still, I knew Jeff Duay. I remember just three weeks ago tomorrow, Jeff’s sincere hug and him telling me he loved me. We were all broken due to the loss of our friend Linda. Still, Jeff was happy too. He was about to marry the love of his life Red, after seventeen years of life together.

Now we are here again, to send Jeff off on his final journey. With all our love, hoping to keep him safe. Jeff never failed to tell people he cared about them, that he loved them. You knew that was true. He was real, and he only spoke the truth. Jeff’s hugs and smiles will be missed, along with his kiss. We all know that Jeff was a kisser!

If anyone had a problem, Jeff Duay was the first one to ask “How can I help”. Jeff Duay was “one of a kind”. I’m very thankful that I met him, and knew him as a friend. My life was blessed by this! I will always appreciate that, and remember Jeff Duay with a smile and much gratitude. For he stepped into my life for a while.

In memory of Jeff Duay, Let us pray for all the brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, bikers, and drivers, and the broken hearted survivors.

AMEN
OUR DEAR LINDA

I’m not sure exactly what I want to say, but my heart knows there’s something I need to say. So I’ll just let my pen begin . . . .

On April 17th Linda stopped by to see me that afternoon. It had been four months since I’ve seen her. She was catching me up on her life. She told me that she moved off the island, ‘I was shocked’. It sounded to me like she was trying to justify that move. I know that she honestly never wanted to leave the Island. She loved it here! Linda told me that the 30-40 minute drive was good for her, it wasn’t bad. She was afraid she was going to hate it. She had rented an office in town, like a safety net, with an extra room, so if anything went wrong she would have a safe place to go. I asked myself “Why didn’t I see the signs?” knowing that she is gone I recall our last visit.

I know Linda loved her son ‘Shad’, she called him her “Shadow” and told stories about him often and her granddaughter’ Kielly’ who lived in Washington.

Linda’s sister ‘Kathy’, Linda and myself road bikes on the seawall, which is a wonderful memory.

Linda had a successful business, a new Mitzubishi that she was so proud of. A couple of dogs I knew “Roxy and Coco’.

As I ask myself, “why, why, why”. I remember Christmas Eve 2004, actually Christmas morning it was snowing! Linda rubbed her hands together, picked up her feet one at a time, over and over, giggled that “giggle”, said “SNOW, SNOW, SNOW! It’s snowing in Galveston!” and then she said “I’m from Washington State, I know about snow!” Linda made a snowman on the deck. It was the first one made and the smallest. We froze it and kept it until New Years Eve, 2005.

Linda was so full of life, happy, ready for whatever was thrown at her. She was determined to do good at anything she attempted.

Linda was my friend. We went to Europe in September 2003. We had a wonderful time. She met my Dad and his wife Gill. She said my Dad was over the top.

Linda will often be missed and remembered with Thanks for the opportunity to have known her. All of us have memories of who our Dear Linda was. Please share them and cherish them!
HEADED TO TEXAS

In a old blue van, looking for water and sand

Loaded down with tools of our trade

Going to where the money is made

Our work speaks for itself

What we don’t know, we will learn

We will get it right, make it look tight

Just what do you need or want done

Bam and I will, we can

Now that we are on the Gulf of Mexico

Everyday’s a thrill

Swimming in the salt water

Walking on the beach in Galveston

A new chapter of life has begun

That includes plenty of work and lots of fun

In or out of the sun, our old blue van provides shelter

From the rain, the night, the sun

We are blessed, I must confess!

We are in Texas!!!
GOD’S CRYSTAL LIGHT

Beautiful rainbows

Captured by a crystal

From a ray of sunshine

So pretty to dance

To hold a prance

Colors bright and true

Absolutely beautiful

Rainbows

From the sky

God’s crystal light

For you and I
GIVE ME

Give me . . .
Something small

Or give me . . .
Something big

Or walk away
And give me nothing at all

But if that’s the case
Why did you call?

Just to talk . . . Okay
I’ll give you that

Now what . . .
Lives have changed . . .

Things are different
I have peace, happiness

And

A strong, gentle love
Aren’t you happy for me

Can’t you set me free?
HAVE YA’ EVER BEEN SCARED

Have Ya’ ever been scared

Really scared

Not just a little bit

A whole lot

Like jump Back

And hold your breath

And get wide eyed

Scared speechless

Scared wet

Really scared

I’m scared you’ll walk out the door

And never look back

When I start being such

A

Bitch

Are you scared?
I’M HAPPY

Don’t put your hands on me

I’m a married woman

And I love my husband

He’s the only man

That’s welcome

To come that close to me

Are you blind?

Can’t you see

I’m happy

I have everything

That means anything

In this life we live

As a woman I have the choice of

Whose affection I choose

And you lose

I choose my husband

And only my husband

Since eighteen months before we wed

That’s all that has to be said
HE LOVES ME

He loves to watch
Me write . . .
To see my hand dance across the page
Until my pen pauses and brain takes over
And I get a far away look in my eye
After I read what I’ve just written
Until the pen begins
To write it all down again
Then after scribbling
And writing
And more writing
I will stop
And ask him to listen
He loves to listen
He loves to hear
What my mind created . . .
Through my pen
They are words
Thoughts
I need to release
Only to capture and keep
So they don’t disappear
Like a good night sleep
He loves to watch . . .
Me write
He loves to hear
What my mind
Created through my pen
He loves me
Hey Ya’ll, Do You Know Paul

Hey ya’ll, do you know Paul

Short, skinny, fat or tall

He don’t care, he likes em all,

The ladies, the girls, the woman

He’ll always say hello and asks

How are you today?

He’ll let you know you’re lookin’ good

Hey ya’ll, do you know Paul

And

Oh yeah, he’ll pass out his charm

With the ladies and work like a dog on the farm

He’s a man

Who lives life the best he can

Even though life dealt him a shitty hand

He’s a party animal and gentlemen

And a true friend

You just know, if you know Paul
I-45 ENDS WHERE THE SUNRISE BEGINS

I-45 ends where the sunrise begins

Even though it runs north and South

Its stops at the Gulf of Mexico

Where the sunrise is beautiful

With its changing colors of flame

Yeah, some mornings you’ll see

Fire in the sky

Over the Gulf of Mexico

I-45 ends where the sunrise begins
GETTING TOGETHER

It's all about birthdays

Friends and family

Crawfish boils

Holiday meals

Getting to party

Enjoying each other’s company

Building memories to cherish

It’s all about

Friends and family

Crawfish boils

Holiday meals

And birthdays

Yes sir, it’s all about

What it’s all about

All the time!
BE CAREFUL

Be careful where you place your trust
Sooner or later we all become
Ashes to ashes
And dust to dust
Creating history
Walking many different paths
Running so fast through others
Trying our best to beat the end
So be careful
Where you place your trust
Cuz’, bad habits and lust
Are all sins
Of some sort
Still, they are a must
After all, we are only humans of the flesh
Be careful where you place your trust
AUNT FLO

A good sign, her Aunt Flo is on the way
Because she don’t give a shit what she says, when she starts
Rattling off tough stuff
Not a thought given
Not a minute
No nothing
Another good sign, Aunt Flo is on her way
Like clock work, it’s a monthly visit
Just like a relative that shows up unexpectedly at times
And stays way too long other times
So Aunt Flo
Is something the girl’s know
All too well
Still after years, she’s not really known at all
Just when you get her visits figured out
They change
Best of all, they eventually stop
Ann was the 1st
1st Mate on the Poop Deck matches
She was a girl from Wisconsin
Who came to Galveston
And went to work at the Poop Deck
Where she met her 1st husband
Dennis
Eventually married him
Had two children
Ann had a catering service
She was a great bartender
Who worked at the Baja
The last several years
If Ann could, she probably tell us
Well no one could have imagined
I was gonna take off so quick
But hey you guys, I’m alright.
Ya know how they say this place is better
Than you could ever dream
Well it’s true . . . still I’m gonna miss all of you
God is so much more than any of us
Can possibly imagine
And His Son . . . Wow!
He is the nicest man I’ve ever met
We all know doing what I’ve been doing
For a living . . . I’ve met a few (men that is)
Don’t worry about me being alone
I’ve already seen a few of our old friends
And some of the family
I’ve missed for so long
I never wanted anyone to have
To take care of me . . .
When I got old
Or if I got sick
So . . . . don’t be sad . . .
When those two angels came to me
All of the sudden . . .
I was ready to go
I know I left a lot
For some of you to deal with
That couldn't be helped
And Joe Between you and me . . .
Ya’ know...Soul Mates... Forever
HE’S FAIR

He’ll never give you more
Than you can bear
Even when it doesn’t seem like it
He’s more than fair
This you must understand
That’s part of living
Here on earth
I believe
Do you?
There’s a greater power
That really does care
That created it all in six days
Leaving one to spare
Never giving you more
Than you can bear
HEY DUDE

Hey dude, what ya’ mean?
Hey dude, I find that so rude
After all, I have bumps on my chest
Like the rest of the ladies
So, hey dude, that is rude
When you’re speaking to me

For I was taught to always address the ladies, Miss or Mrs.
And the men Mr.
Because that’s respect
Tell it to the bank
Use it like a check
Respect
Cuz’ I am not a dude,
I am not your momma
And I’m offended by “Yo Chick”
And most likely won’t stop to look or shop
LETS ROCK

It’s Nascar racing, the Party’s on Lets Rock!

Someone’s gonna win a Ridgeway clock

There is a special Grandmother-Grandfather clock

For whoever takes the checkered Flag at Martinsville
Me! I’d settle for a hotdog while I watch the race

Cuz’ I want to see who gets 1st place,

And wins the clock

Cuz’ it’s Nascar racing, the party’s on.

Let’s Rock!

We know someone’s gonna win a Martinsville Ridgeway clock

Made right here in Virginia

Tick Tock

The race is on “Lets Rock”

250 miles, 500 laps

Betting on a driver is like a game of craps

Winning more than a clock

When they take the checkers flag

Tick Tock, Lets Rock
TICK TOCK

Jimmy Johnson in 2009 won his fourth clock

Go Jimmy—Go!

Tick Tock

Your on Top

Running hard, Running Fast

Not just Martinsville, to win

That Ridgeway Clock

He’ll race to win at any track

Jimmy’s gonna race that’s a fact

Does his best to stay out of the back

The back, the back of the pack

Tick Tock

Jimmy won his fourth clock

When he was the first to cross the finish line

On 3-29

Go Jimmy Go!
THE RACE

You best be keeping score
Here comes that 24
Racking up the points
Headed to the chase
Cuz’, that boy Jeff can race
The Intimidator said so,
Not that long ago
So you best be keeping score
Here comes that 24
Damn near blowing off the #99 door
Racking up the points, there he goes
Getting 5 more
Taking the lead
Cuz’, It’s all about speed
So you best be keeping score
Here comes that 24
Giving us all just a little bit more, more, more
What we came here for
To see the race, and
Who makes the chase
UNTIL THE RACE IS WON

The pit Crew needs to listen to the Crew Chief
That’s why he’s the man
With the plan to get it done
Until the race is won
The driver needs to listen
To the crew chief
That’s why he’s the man
With the plan
To get it done
Until the race is won
USE TO BE NUMBER 6

I saw it on TV
Hanging out at my favorite bar
Mark Martin, Is a proud racing man
He drove that Viarga car to the front
Took the checkered flag
And didn’t really brag
He earned everything he got
Behind the wheel, He’s Hot!
A fast, fast racing man
That Mark Martin
Is proud, a wheel racing man
He drove that Viarga car
To the front
Like a shooting star
I saw it on TV
Hanging out at my favorite bar
WERE READY

Are you ready?
Ready to go?
Racing in Daytona
It’s the Shoot out!!!
Eight days,
Before the Daytona 500
Were Ready!
Are you ready, ready to go racing?
From Daytona to Homestead
All season long, on the road or
Sitting at home with a cold beer
Listening to a machine answer the phone
Because it’s Daytona International Speedway
Once Lake Lloyd, I want to tell ’em all
Remember, no bump drafting in the corners
Like momma would
I see them racing four wide
Look at that
190 plus, WOW
What a rush
JOEY

18 Driving #20
All I have to say is your only 18
But your not green
So bring it on Joey Lagano
We're watching you
Racing is something you got
Home Depot know's your hot
Joey Lagano, known as 'Sliced Bread'
Hey, that's what the announcer said
Bring it on Joey!
Drivin’ That’A Way

When it comes to Nascar

Watch out this year

Go fast is all the race fans want to hear

Watching ‘um rubbin’ paint

Ain’t it great

When you see a little bump drafting on the straight away

I bet the driver

Hears the crew chief say

Your gonna win drivin that’a way
BLESS NASCAR

God bless America
Thanks to the brave
We are free
To kick back and enjoy
Sunday “The Race”
God bless Nascar
All the drivers and their crews
Caution the don’ts
And green flag the do’s
The Daytona 500 has begun
We’re in for lap after lap of fun
Nothin’ but adrenaline
It just wasn’t done
Rain won, the Daytona 500
He was in front
He got the checkered flag
The other 100 laps are part of history
That never happens
God bless Nascar
GO FAST

You better know it’s on
Like Donkey Kong
Just wait, before long
When you hear the most famous words in motor sports
“Gentlemen, start your engines!”
Then from the green flag
To the checkered
Ya’ better know it’s on
Like Donkey Kong
Just wait, before long
There’s a lead change
A blow out
They’re all going so damn fast
Look at that, someone’s out of gas
Being at the race, is a blast
And a whole bunch of go fast
Kayle

All because he keeps going
Kayle lead 500 laps in 1973
In Bristol Tennessee
At the speedway run-in three wide
Side by side
At 100 miles a hour plus
Around and around
With the pedal down
I can hear the announcer is into the race
He says after that last wreck
My driver is still safe
Headed for first place
When it’s all over
He’ll be in the chase
After 500 laps in Bristol Tennessee
At the Speedway
All because he keep going
Kayle led 500 laps in 1973
In Bristol Tennessee
THE BUZZ

Not just for the race
Headed to the track
Tickets in hand at the gate
We’re not here just to get a t-shirt or a coozie
We all know Nascar’s the best that ever was
I’m going racin’ for the buzz
Just cuz’ I can
Have a tailgate party, inside or outside the track
I got beer!
More than one case
Tickets in hand at the gate
Let’s watch the race
Look at that, going nearly 200 miles an hour
It looks like they’re swapping paint on the turns
You smell rubber and fuel as it burns
Nascar’s the best that ever was
I’m not going just for the race
I’m going for the buzz
I’m not lost
Like I was
On telephone Road . . .
So many years ago
It’s Okay . . . Now
Where do you get the nerve
To play with my mind
A web that never was permanent ink
Simply washes off
The eyes are windows to the soul
And Yes . . .
Beautiful they are . . .
Like the red head said
When I read between the lines
I hear you telling me
A minute . . . small piece of truth . . .
Than as fast as it flashes
In my head you change
And begin the game again
No longer lost on Telephone road
Just confused on the Gulf of Mexico
I ALWAYS LOVED YOU

You thought I stopped loving you
But all those years, you were wrong
With age, you’ve become strong
Putting yourself in a shell
To protect yourself from love
You learned so young, it hurts
Love that is
The purpose . . . the plan
When you were young . . . I wondered
How . . . How would I feed you
How . . . How would I teach you
How, How would I do something so important . . . . right
It kept me up at night
Answers came with prayer
I thought were fair
All our tomorrows can now be shared
With lots and lots of laughter and love
And children gifts from above
I AM SO HAPPY

I feel like a lil’ kid at Christmas
And the biggest present under the tree is mine
I know bigger is not always better
However, this year it is
I know it is
I feel like a kid
At the candy Store
For the first time I can have anything I want
I AM THANKFUL

It's early on this October day
I’m so thankful
For the life I live
My husband
My home
My job
Oh . . . yeah,
It’s a wonderful day
I woke up this morning
With the man I love
I DID TOO QUIT

Oh yeah, and another thing
I quit smoking over four years ago
I just haven’t figured out how to stop
I’m gonna beat it one day
. . . Soon
They are everything
Temptation
Oh yeah
Furthermore, we all
Know about temptation
I thought I had it beat
I thought I won
But
I lit up, again
So I lost
With a financial
And a physical cost
I KNEW IT WAS DONE

I knew it was done for a long time
I just hung in there until I knew it was finished
And now that it is
I can breathe,
I can see
I can hear
I can feel good and not bad
Just because I’m feeling good!

So for a long time
I knew it was done
I just hung in there until I knew it was finished

Then one day
I smelled the coffee!
I smelled the flowers!
I smelled,
I breathed the air!
I smelled
I breathed
I saw
I heard a beautiful bird!
And I knew what had been done for a long time
Was now finished
I was finally me
Without you
Simply free
I LOVE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME

I love that part
With all my heart
The one where you look at me
Like I’m the prettiest thing
You've ever seen

Baby, do you know
Do you know
What I mean
When I tell you
You fulfilled my every dream
Dream
Dream
Dream
I NEED A JOB

I need a job
I need some dollars
I’ll scrub your toilet
I’ll mop your floors
Just give me a job
So I can earn my keep
Cuz’ I’m not cheap
I’m just down on my luck
And I need a job
So I can earn my keep
And Have a safe place to sleep
And maybe somethin’ to eat
Do you have some work for me
I’m still fairly strong
Please tell me you want me to come along
Cuz’ you have a job and it pays
A hot meal and a safe place to sleep
I earn my keep
Like I said I’m not cheap
You now know
I signed the papers so long ago
Now I must explain
With no explanation
Other than youth and fear
I hope and pray
Life was good for you
That's all I had to give you
So long ago was life
So you could live and be someone
And more,
Now I hear
Oh yeah I hear
Your fine
Because I signed
I WANNA

I wanna be
Your reason
Your why
Your everything
Not your
Responsibility
Not your job
Not your obligation
I wanna see the look in your eye
That says you’re amazed by me
How much you love me
I wanna feel the love in your touch
That says you’re enchanted by me
I wanna hear the tone in your voice
That trembles my physical being
I wanna again, like I did then
I saw
I felt
I heard
All those things from you when I became
Your reason
Your why
Your everything
I wanna do it again
Today
Tomorrow
Always and forever
WHEN IT COMES TO NASCAR

When it comes to Nascar
Who’s your favorite driver
No, it’s not like ice cream with 3 flavors
It’s Nascar
And there’s 43 drivers
So, who’s your favorite
Kyle Busch, Tony Stewart, Jr.,
Jimmy Johnson, Jeff Gordon
Who, Nah
Not the ‘Cat in the Hat’ Jack Rouch
He built the engines
I asked, who’s your favorite driver
Bobby Labonte, Robby Gordon,
Matt Kenseth, Kurt Bush, Kevin Harvick, Carl Edwards
Who, nah
Not Chad Crouse
He’s a crew chief for Hendricks Motor Sports
I asked, who’s your favorite driver
Now I know
You don’t know
When it comes to NASCAR
So let me tell you
Awesome Bill Elliott
Was known as Million Dollar Man
From Dawsonville Georgia
His brother Ernie was a crew chief
He built the engines,
Awesome Bill from Dawsonville won
Now you know something about
NASCAR!
NASCAR SURVIVOR

Us! Nascar racing fans are proud
I tell you, there’s a party going on in the in-field
The music’s loud!
There’s one hell of a crowd
Our heart beats sore when we hear those engines roar
Flags are flying
Number
3, 24, 48, 8
Now Number
88
Yeah us! Nascar racing fans are proud
Not just our music is loud
We are too
Loud and proud
Pulling for our favorite driver
To win, win, win the race
Not just be a survivor
My three favorite things are Nascar
A friendly bar
And the sound of a David Grisom guitar!
Those race cars are fast and loud
That DGT guitar is the same when fingers race up and down on the strings
Like a race car going round and round
Fast, then faster and faster still
You can hear the want to
You can feel the will to win
To be the best number one
David Grisom got it done
But, when it comes to Nascar
There’s another chance
Another race
Some other place
To find a friendly bar
Listen to a Grisom guitar
And watch a lot of Nascar
SMELL OF BURNING RUBBER

I wanna sing

That’s my thing

Then I went to a Nascar race

And found a new passion

A special place

In my heart where I love to see

Cars crashing

The smell of burning rubber
   And gas

And watching them go so fast

It got me at the get-go

I’m hooked

99’s my Number

The Carl Edwards back-flip

Used to be like # 20

Tony Stewarts fence climbing

It’s all timing

That’s why racing is so much fun

Whoever get’s the checkered

Is the one who won
And

That makes me wanna sing

That’s my thing
ANY RACE, ANY WHERE

Kyle Busch has 16 wins
Between the Truck Series
   The Nationwide
   And the Spirit Cup
This season alone
He’s a NASCAR rocket ship
His pit crew is equipped
To keep him aired up
   Gassed up
And on the lead lap
   Any race
   Any where
Kyle Busch could win
On the road course
A restrictor plate track
   Or a oval track
   He’s Hot!
   He’s real fast!
He’s got racin’ on his brain
   So . . . .
Get out of his lane
   Or wreck
You may take the blame
   Any race
   Any where
Kyle Busch could win
Real fast he’s got
   He’s hot
Racin’ is in his brain
   With 16 wins
   Already
Between the Truck series
   The Nationwide
   And the Spirit cup
This season alone
It’s only August 12th, 2008
We have 3 more months to go
I gotta say one more time
   Any race
Any where
Kyle Busch could win
Real fast he’s got
He’s hot
Racin’ is in his brain
So Get out of his lane
Racin’ . . . Is What I Live For

That’s what I’m talking about
I live for that
When the green flag drops
And it’s on
Like Donkey Kong
Around and around
The smell in the air
The sound
Someone will crash
Have a blow out
Run outta gas
At the worst possible time
And I’ll be there to see
Gordon might whine
Just a little
Jr might laugh
Tony might show his temper
Carl might show his ass
Kyle and Jimmy might keep on racing
Never losing the draft
Working it
So you’ll have a big ole grin on your face
When your driver takes the win
That’s what I’m talking about
I live for that
WHO WON

Yeah! That’s what I’m talking about
Being a Nascar season ticket holder
I gotta scream when there’s a wreck in turn four
And they start swapping paint
I scream
Yeah! That’s what I’m talking about
If I could bottle that I’d be rich
Like Richard Childress
He owns three Nascar teams
We all remember # 3
The Big E
He drove for Childress
Made that man a lot of money
Dale Earnhardt himself
Or like
The King
Richard Petty
Seven time champion
Yeah! That’s what I’m talking about
Slowin’ down, heading onto pit road
I’m impressed and amazed
As I watch the pit crew
And all they do in a matter of seconds
WOW
Everyone is amped
Including me
Like going full throttle
Right up to the end
We have so much fun
We’re not sure who won
Yeah! That’s what I’m talking about
THE LUCK IN A RAINBOW

The luck in the rainbow
People want to believe
That’s how a con artist survives
All God thinks we’ve got coming
To us is love
Yet in order to receive
You have to give
God doesn’t get even
He gives patience
And understanding
To all
God is good
The brighter side
The luck in a rainbow
On a rainy day
God gives us what we deserve
In our everyday blessings
Which we should all be thankful for
For we are blessed
People want to believe
That’s how a con artist survives
All God thinks we’ve got coming
To us is love
Yet in order to receive
You have to give
To honestly see the luck in the rainbow
THE RACES

Sundays when I hear
“Gentlemen start your engines”
And I hear those motors thunder by me at 190 mph
Or more in broad daylight
My high beams come on
When forty-three cars at the
Talladega Super Speedway
Are racing for the checkered flag
In April or October
188 laps around the track
500 miles at unbelievable speed
In broad daylight
My high beams come on

February in Daytona
First race of the season
Granddaddy to them all
Racing for the checkered flag

November in Phoenix
110,000 strong
Watchin’ them racing
For the checkered flag

Yeah
In broad daylight
My high beams come on
THE MERRY-GO ROUND BROKE

The merry-go round broke
It no longer goes around
And long ago quit making a sound
But like most everything, it can be fixed
  Sound is not hard
  It just takes a little will
    Ya know,
      like want to
    Even though it quit going around
      That’s no problem
Everyone knows what ever goes around, comes around
  The merry-go-round can be fixed
THE TRUTH

If I said all things I wanna' say
No one would ever look at me the same way
If they heard how I felt
   Me
   Myself
   And I
Who knows why
Mother Nature
God himself
   Or Eve
For eating that apple
TURN LEFT DUMMIES

I wanna’ go to the
Texas Motor Speedway
Home of the “Turn Left Dummies”
A family of friends
That party because they love racin’
Knowing the hangovers their facin’
They play hard all weekend long
No one can tell them they’re wrong
They drink their hangovers away Saturday
Then again on Sunday
Cuz’ after qualifying Friday
It’s bound to set in
It’s all about that Sunday Win!
At Texas Motor Speedway
For the ‘Turn Left Dummies’
Not to mention the beer
The Barbeque
The championship
Your favorite number
The attitude
But don’t you dare be rude
We’re racin’ for three days
We pray
We believe in God
And we party
Like the ‘Turn Left Dummies’
At the Texas Motor Speedway
Full of old fashion fun
All day in the sun
Makes ya’ wonder if
You got a hold of Dorothy’s shoes
Could they take you to the in-field party
Instead of Kansas
Or if you could find a magic wand
Attached to a fairy princess
That could make dreams come true
By sprinkling a little magic dust
All around the track like an unwritten must
Making sure we see the race on Sunday
NO RAIN
It’s all about going fast
Getting the checkered flag
Winning the pot
Getting paid off in the parking lot
Where the transportable bar
Just for tips is up and running
For the ‘Turn Left Dummies’
At Texas Motor Speedway
PLUM FULL OF SKILL

Who’s to say that ain’t real
The way Nascar makes you feel
Breathless . . . Overwhelmed . . .
All in a matter of seconds
With a lead change . . . Or a wreck
The sound of twisting metal
And squealing tires
On or off the track
Out in the middle of it all
Hoping your driver escapes
The hazards that await
Caution’s out with four laps to go
We’re all on the edge of our seats
Don’t ya know
Who’s to say that it ain’t real
The way Nascar makes you feel
Racin’ is kinda like gambling
When you’re hot and when you’re not
It’s a crap shoot, who’s gonna’ win
Pick your number, place your bet
And pray your driver doesn’t wreck
Who’s to say that ain’t real
The way Nascar makes you feel
From the green to the checkered
The thrill and the disappointment reverse
Again and Again
You’re disappointed or thrilled
It’s Nascar
Fourty-three drivers that are plum full of skill
All with the want to as well as the will
WRECKIN’ . . . THATS RACIN’

Wreckin’ . . . That’s racin’, is what I say
The Big E’s a legend, our favorite #3
   All in black
   Coming from the back
   The back of the pack
Like at Talladega, he went from 17th to 1st in three laps
He finally got his Daytona win in 1999?
   We lost him there, not then!
   It wasn’t fair but that’s racin’
   And wreckin’
Nascar fans are the Family of friends
   That care
   We bow are heads in prayer
   Before we hear
   “Gentleman start your engines”
All of us remembering Darrell Waltrip saying
   “Boogity!, Boogity!, Boogity!, Let’s go racing boys!”
As we ask God to be there
   And to take care of everyone
   Drivers, crew and fans
Let the day go off without a hitch
   So we don’t have to look back
And say “Damn! That was a bitch!
   Wreckin, that’s racin!’
   Is what I say
Big E’s a legend our favorite #3
   All in black
   Coming from the back
   Back of the pack
   We’ll never forget him
The way he drove, the man he was
And how he accomplished his goal
Who’d a thought, we’ve all seen worse
   It was just the wall
   Dale Earnhardt’s final call
That shocked the Nascar world
   Reminding us all to pray
   Cuz’ wreckin, that’s racin’
   I think Big E, Number 3
Would agree with me
Wreckin’ that’s racin’
   Is what I say
NASCAR JUNKIE

I’m a Nascar junkie
If there ever was one
Going from track to track
All season long
Just to get a hotdog in Martinsville
Or see a hottie in California on the speedway
Yeah! Right, Where are you at?
I’m a Nascar junkie
That’s gotta get a Nascar fix
Sunday afternoon by six
Unless it’s a night race
Then I patiently hurry-up and wait
Like a horse coming out of the gate
I’m a Nascar junkie
I’m gonna see thirty-seven races this season
From Daytona International Speedway to
California, then Vegas
Twenty-eight races later I’ll be at
Talladega Super Speedway in Alabama
Then in November I’ll finish the season out at
Homestead, Miami Speedway
I’m a Nascar junkie
If ever there was one
I gotta have my Nascar fix
Sunday afternoon by six
UNWIND YOUR HEART
FROM YOUR MIND

When ya’ gotta unwind
Your heart from your mind
That gets twisted and turned
Through out life you’ve learned

Over and Over
Time and Time again
That’s just the way it is
My friend

When ya’ gotta unwind
Your heart from your mind
And leave some of the memories behind
UNWANTED

She just wants a parent to love her
A parent . . . she’s been in and out of foster homes
Since four years old
Ten years of childhood with no place to call
Her home
Waiting for love
Oh, what a sad story, I heard on the news today
I hope for her life will soon be okay
TOO YOUNG

We started young
Both still in school
So who’s the bigger fool
When we drink
We get drunk
We don’t know
Where the stop button is
Now I’ve gone on too long
It’s inevitable
Something goes wrong
Oh my! In public no less
You said and did things
And so did I
We should be ashamed
Ashamed of ourselves
And our behavior
The things we said
The way we said them
I’m embarrassed!
How about you
Now truly
Who’s the bigger fool
When alcohol was our fuel
We started young . . .
Both in school
TOO MUCH

Dreaming too much
Too soon
Too fast
We’ve all been given
The sun
The moon
And the stars
That’s real
And we know there are seahorses
So why not magic
Mermaids
And fairies
Witches and warlocks
Talking animals
And leprechauns
At the end of every rainbow
Waiting with a pot of gold
Like the stories we’ve been told
And ourselves have told
Dreaming too much
Too soon
Too fast
We’ve all been given
The sun
The moon
And the stars
That’s real
TOMORROW’S YESTERDAY

I’d give to you
The sky
The sun
The moon
The twinkling stars
And a planet named Mars
If they were mine to give away
So be thankful
For tomorrow’s yesterdays
Here and Now
Today
I’d give to you
The mountains
The Beach
Swimming fish
And your most special wish
If they were mine to give
So very thankful
For tomorrows yesterday
Here and now
Today
TODAY IT DOESN’T MATTER

I can’t remember the first name you told me was yours
Now I wonder are you Donnie, Ben, Harold, Eric, or Doty
Or someone else today
Like Mike, Mark or Matthew
Cuz yesterday I thought I knew it was you
You, who tripped me up and made me stumble
Only to realize, I can’t remember the first name you told me was yours
Sam, Bill, Ron or John
Now today it doesn’t matter, when I wonder why it did for so long
From the beginning it was wrong
That goes on and on
Not remembering the first name you told me was yours
Now when I wonder, I shake my head
Square my shoulders and stand tall
And carry on
For I know today it doesn’t matter
TO HEAR HIM TELL HIS STORY

He has more than a lot
  A shopping cart
  His home
  A trash can
  His gold mine

He’s a happy man
To hear him tell his story
To spend a day in his shoes
Would be so frightening
To those of us who never really had nothing
Oh . . . we thought we did

But I had
Didn’t you have
A warm clean bed
To sleep in
A nice hot supper
On the table to eat
And a family to share it with
Thankful
And not just on Thanksgiving
That’s more that a lot

Now a shopping cart is his home
A trash can is his gold mine
He’s a happy man
To hear him tell his story
He has more than a lot
THROUGHT IT ALL

Hindsight 20/20
You realize this is true
When all the years
And all the tears
And all the dumb shit ya’ do
Flashes inside your head
Echoing with all you’ve heard and said
You’d think by now
You could get it right
Without a battle or a fight
Hindsight 20/20
You realize this is true
When from your mistakes
You can’t sleep at night
That’s when you see
Clearly
All the years
And all the tears
And all the dumb shit ya’ do
Flashes inside your head
Echoing with all you’ve heard and said
THEY JUST DON’T SEE HIM

Why do we love the ones we do
Everyone has another opinion
   A different view
They just don’t see him
   Like you do
Ten years from now
They’ll all be amazed
At how together we will
   Gracefully age
THREAD

Between a mother and a child
The cord must be cut
But the thread never breaks
Like tangled yarn at times
When you as a parent haven’t got a clue
Like monofilament, clear and strong, no tangles
With you on one side and that big ol’ fish on the other
Its picture perfect and all so clear
Between a mother and her child
The thread never breaks
Even after years apart
That thread can mend a broken heart
Written by Esther Marie and Ron Thamm
THE VIEW FROM THE DECK

Twenty years serving drinks and cold beer
To the passengers on board the Poop Deck
At the edge of the Gulf of Mexico
With the juke box playing good ol’ music
And a little new
You just can’t beat the view
Especially when the waters blue
Or on a moonlit night
The shimmer and shine off the water
It’s breath taking, soothing and relaxing
Enjoy the view
Day or Night
It’s perfect
It’s right
Looking out over the water
The beach and the seawall
You can see it all
Winter
Spring
Summer and
Fall
OUR FRIEND

Sherri, Sherri, Sherri
You didn’t get to choose this
And we all know that
None of us are mad at you
But each and everyone one is sad
We all have our personal whys and reasons
And you know them all now
Because even though you are gone
You’re with each of us always
From now till forever
We will miss you
Especially your Johnny
Just know, we will do our best to make him smile
We all know how much you loved his smile
Sherri, Sherri, Sherri,
God bless and God speed
Johnny’s Grin

In April Johnny took his own life
Eight months earlier, he buried his Wife
I miss him, but I miss her more
God escorted her through that door
Johnny, he chose to be a coward and he committed
The ultimate sin
In the end, so no one can win
or ever again, see Johnny’s grin
THE TAILGATE PARTY IS ON

We’re going racin with Nextel
Cuz it’s Nascar racin
Boogity, Boogity
Let’s pray and salute our flag
Pledge allegiance and have a great three days
See them qualify
The Busch run’s on Saturday
And Nextel Nascar on Sunday
Oh Yeah! We’re gonna play
Probably drink too much
Eat too much junk
And good ol’ southern BBQ
And not sleep near enough
Just to realize year after year
Age makes it tuff
Tuff to be a Nascar buff
THE SCAM

I ought to scream
I ought to yell
I’ve stumbled
I’ve fell
Fell more times
Than I can tell
Trying to catch a dream
Running so fast down
An ice cold stream
That freezes and brakes
Along with all the people
That are phonies and Fakes
Stupid decisions made
In sorrow and pain
End with only your loss
And someone else’s gain
Eagerness and excitement
Building a mountain of hope
 Comes crumbling down around
Leaving you wishing
You’d just said nope
Blinded by these things
You cannot see
How real something’s can truly be
I ought to scream
I ought to yell
Now the authorities
I must tell
Everyone else knew
I was so stupid
So easy
So in love
Yeah
He wasn’t true
He wasn’t real
YO BITCH

Get out of the ditch . . . Bitch!

You’re running with a loser
A thief

You know and you still let her go
With you

Oh no!

Alone’s a better place to stay
Honesty is all that matters
Tomorrow and Today

Don’t you see yet!
There is no better way

So get out of the ditch . . . Bitch!

You’re running with a loser
A thief

You know and you still let her go
With you

Oh no!
YOU’RE SENSELESS

I’d already put trust and faith in you
    I believed in you
Your talent and your ability
    And over and over again
You disappointed me with
    Your attitude and actions
But I kept believing
Seems more trouble always follows you
    Than anyone else I have known
You don’t follow even the judge’s orders
    I was there in court with you
    So why would I
    Should I sign my name
For what drugs . . . Oh! No not me!
So sad, when that’s more important
Than a sandwich and some soup
    Or personal hygiene items
    We use daily or monthly
    Perfume, clothes or a home
So sad, when your car is impounded
    Towed and ticked more in one year
Than I’ve ever known of, with anyone else
So I’m not your friend because
    I wouldn’t
    Well, I didn’t and I won’t
    Ever not for drugs
    So I understand
    I am not nor was I
    Ever your friend
    That my dear hurts
Because you were my friend
I wanted that friendship to make a difference for us
    For you as well as me
    Oh well
    You’re senseless
YESTERDAY’S TODAY AND TOMORROW

People wanna believe
The words of a friend
   New or old
   Believe in them
   Have faith in truth
From their lips to our ears

People wanna care
About a friend
With whom they choose to share
   Feelings and things
   No strings
   Just share
   Just care

Losing faith when in truth
   We find only lies
Followed with Simply
   A welcome, Good-bye
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow

For somewhere in the dust
   Went the reason to try
   To mend
Yesterday, today, tomorrow
For an untruthful friend
There’s no time to spend
Youth
With youth ya learn a hard truth about what's real
Outside the package
The rest of the deal
The way your heart feels
Starting at youth
In Texas drinking vodka and vermouth
Ya see
Ya hear
Ya feel
Something real
Like peanut-butter and jelly
Toast and butter
Milk and honey
Not something rotten and smelly
It's pure and simple
Like the rain and the snow
The color black and the color white
And all the fire in the candlelight
With youth ya learn a hard truth about what's real
WE ARE ONE

It’s not supposed to be hard
To deal with the after facts
   After the fact
   Ya gotta look back

Like a old fashioned Smack
   Right on the ass
   To get your attention
So you would understand
   Right and wrong
   Safe and harmful
   Oh what’s wrong
   With spanking

What’s wrong with pledging alliance to the flag
   We are one nation
   Under God
We do want our children
   To be better
   Than we were

We want more for them
   An easier life
   A softer path to walk
   After the fact

   Cuz’
Right now America is under attack
HAUNTS

I’m not so sure

I believe what I’ve just seen

How did we get here

Now that you’re just a dream

Lost in my memory

Nothing is really final

Or completely over

With the exception of Death
IF
If you need to add
Or take away
From anything I said
It’s ok by me
If it makes more sense
That way
And it’s still all good
Then you already have a recipe
In your head
As well as your heart just like you should if?
I WANNA GO RACIN

Hey, I was havin’ a drink with some friends and

I started to write

Here it is

I wanna

I wanna go racin

I want it all

Nascar is where it’s all at

That’s what I know

Cuz’ racin’ is somewhere everyone loves to go

Anytime, anywhere there’s a race

I wanna play

I wanna have a Talegate party

Drink some beer and eat some BBQ

I wanna hear the thunder

I wanna smell the rubber burnin’

I wanna scream and yell with excitement and enthusiasm

Until Dale Jr. wins and gets the checkered flag again

I wanna go racin’
I WANT SOME

I want some Ahh!
I want some Yum! Yum!
I want some Oh My!

Do ya know, know what
I mean

I want some Ahh!
I crave it!
I need it!
I want it!
I gotta, gotta have it

The hot that we create
Yeah! Yum! Yum!
I want some Ahh!
I want some Yum! Yum!
THOMAS

Thomas the sailor, the biker, my friend
And I are living a dream
Seeking the truth
Hoping the dream never ends
And reality isn’t ever to real, to deal
To deal with all the bad or sad,
That turns a happy dream into I got to deal,
With the dumb stuff that’s real
Like one of the seasons,
No purpose, no reason
Then life makes you laugh
When you see a cat chasing a rainbow
Only to realize your living a dream
Seeking the truth with about as much hope as the cat has
For catching the rainbow
He never gives up
He does it day after day
Living a dream
Like Thomas the sailor, the biker
My friend
Partying at the Poop Deck when he’s on land
Thinking and drinking
Living a dream, seeking the truth
Trying to find that pot of gold
With someone to hold
At the end of the rainbow
IF ONLY I WERE A LITTLE GIRL TODAY

Today I wanna put all the big girl troubles away
I just wanna be a little girl today
I don’t wanna wear a dress
I wanna go to a playground
And see-saw with a friend and swing, swing high until the chain jerks
I wanna run fast and jump far
I wanna climb the monkey bars
I wanna be a little girl today
I wanna put all the big girl troubles away
I wanna be a little girl today
Let’s take a bike ride to the closest dairy queen
Get a sundae, “Strawberry please”
No whip cream and no nuts
Just strawberries and ice cream
Thank you much
I wanna be a little girl today
I wanna put all the big girl troubles away
I wanna help my mom make cookies
Chocolate chip with extra chips!
Maybe even some nuts, just in one batch though
Cuz’ they hurt grandpa’s mouth
I wanna eat warm cookies and drink cold milk
And be a little girl today
With no responsibility, no deadline to meet, no bills to pay
In a world where everything’s gonna be OK
If only I were a little girl today
THE JACKET

The jacket is yours
In the pocket there was a tissue
   I used and threw away
And a blue Bic lighter
   I used and threw away
When it ran out of gas
The fire just didn’t last
That was nearly a year ago

   Now the jacket
I’ve kept in the cedar chest
   I’ll give back to you
Still I must confess
   I honestly don’t remember
The name you called yourself
And the face won’t ever be exactly the same
   As long as your playing your game
You’ll stay in my hall of fame
   Covered in rust
On a shelf full of dust
   Along with our love filled lust

   Like some ol’ buried treasure once found
Only to be thrown out into the deep blue water
   To land on the bottom of the sea
Along with all reality
   Because back in the real world
I know there is no magical place called Hidden Valley
   And no such thing as a quiet bike rally
WE LAUGH . . . WE JOKE

We are three . . . not two
We are a crew
We are a team
Or so it should seem
The things said
Are more often than not
Worthless gossip we spread
Rattled off the top of our head
We all work together
So let’s not get lost
In the static with each other
Things said off the cuff
Is sometimes pretty tuff stuff
The ears sometimes hear
What sounds like hate filled word’s
Hardening the heart with fear
Left wishing someone would
Fly away with the birds and disappear
We laugh . . . we joke
Make fun of and poke at
Ya’ understand it’s not meant to hurt anyone
It’s just part of We laugh . . . we joke
CLOTHESPINS

Their clothespins don't stay on the line
They’re not made of the same cloth as you and I
When the wind blows they fly free
Only to come crashing to the ground
Barely making a sound
DREAMS COMING TRUE

Champagne and chocolate covered strawberries
Contracts signed, dreams
Coming true
Baby steps, skinned knees and elbows
From here who knows
After champagne and chocolate covered strawberries
Contracts signed, and dreams
Coming true
Where will this go
Who’s to know?
I Refuse

Me, yeah me
I refuse, refuse
To buy
To ask for or bum
Another cigarette

Me, yeah me
I refuse, refuse
To inhale that tobacco
Of any kind
Pipes, Cigars, Cigarettes

Me, yeah me
I refuse, refuse
To smell like
I’m dirty or haven’t bathed
Me, yeah me
I refuse, refuse
What do you mean?
Who is this?
We are in the age of caller Id
Yeah, you know
Still you click off and erase
My memory, my face
That six weeks was nineteen years ago
It has always held a flame
Of something special in my heart
From the very beginning
You asked, how’d I get so smart
So what do you mean?
Who is this?
CRAWL THROUGH

I met the old lady
She didn’t live in a shoe
When I asked if she had a room
She asked me if I could crawl through a broom?
If ya show me how, I’ll try! Was my reply
Followed with, I’m pretty handy at a lot of different things
I could probably fix that clock, so the bell rings
The old woman said “help me move some of this stuff”
I have the broom, we’ll need some room, this might be ruff
Then I held the broom in my hands, picked up my right leg and put it around my arm and over the handle on to the ground
Then I put the broom over my head and down my back and never let go!
Then picked up my other foot and put it down on the ground
Still holding the broom now upside down
Then the old woman said crawl back thru
And I’m sure I’ll find a room for you.
For that is something I’ve only seen a very few do
I’m sure someone that dandy is bound to be handy
MY FRIEND

She’s just a little girl and a full grown woman
She’s seeing a different side of herself
She’s in a comfortable yet combatable situation
Sharing a conversation of intelligence
Not just listening to a pie eyed drunk
Tell a bold face lie
She hopes and prays
She’s here to stay

Looking at a future that’s brighter
Starting now with a reason
A why and a how
The simple things of everyday life
Are no longer out of reach
The closer she gets to the beach
She’s just a little girl and a full grown woman
Wrapped up in one
Who likes to laugh and have fun
And lay out in the sun
Enjoying a cold one occasionally
Being thankful of life
Counting her blessing
Beaming with pride from the inside
For she no longer feels she needs to run and hide
For the first time in years she feels alive
Ready to fight for her right to survive
No longer afraid she’ll shatter or break if she should bend
This little girl, This woman, I call my friend
MARIE’S POOP DECK CLOCK

Now after twenty-one years of partying at where she thinks

Is the coolest bar on the island

She wants more

Like she was a kid and only had to study to get a good score

Oh Yeah! She wants more

More peanut butter than you gave her before

She’s seen more than a few waves roll onto shore

Wearing a Dixie cap on her head and a pair of shorts

Flip flops with a lipstick smile on her face

To welcome you to her place

Cuz’ Captain Ardella and Admiral Frank likes it like that

Now the Poop Deck clock

Frank gave it to Marie when she was only 1st mate

Now twenty-one years later, she’s the skipper.
LOVE DOES EXIST

There was no keeping score

Nit-picky things didn’t matter before

Or even exist

Now they’re becoming part of a growing list

For two people so much alike

In the way they think

It ought’a figure

Together they are completely right

So just close that door

Quit keepin’ score

Pay attention to what matters and more

Because love does exist

With family and friends

Just to begin the list
NO GRAVITY

Hey lady
If we were all the same
There would be no gravity
Won’t you join me please
We’re all spinning around
We all have an attitude
Like quick
It makes us who we are
So, no mam, I wasn’t being rude
I’m telling ya
If we were all the same
There would be no gravity
And we would fall off
The earth, not the wagon
So I’ll have another drink
Wont ya’ join me please
Cuz’
If we were all the same
There would be no gravity
Hey there, this ain’t your neck of the woods
Your not real sure how to fit in
I believe
If we were all the same
There would be no gravity
But I know everything will be ok
Just be yourself and say what
You want to say
This is America, it’s OK
Where Did The Fairytale Magic Go

Where did the fairytale magic go?

The sparks in our eyes

Were once those of joy

Happy so happy

Now the sparks are so full of anger,

So much anger

Now it’s all about tit for tat

And you can’t have that

Where did the fairytale magic go?

When did it turn into black, black magic?

No longer fairytale magic

The fantasy has turned

Turned around and flipped upside down

Into a nightmare that’s happening while I’m wide awake

During day life

Finding myself no longer wanting to be

Your wife,

Cuz’ our fairytale magic

Has turned into an all too real nightmare

In broad daylight
Written for Amie
GOD COULD

When things end up the way they should

Ya gotta believe

It was because God could

Yeah, God could

Make it happen

The way it should

Remembering

The plan did come together

And the baby was born

And there was life

The day started when the sun rose

The grass grows

When the moon is high in the sky

We pray when we lay down to sleep

Remembering why things end up the way they should

Ya gotta believe

It was because God could
When There’s Just Enough

Life is good in the neighborhood
With a little time to spare
Just enough now and then
Will prove you care
Life is good in the neighborhood
With a friend like a circle
No beginning, no end, just a friend
Life is good in the neighborhood
With the children outside
Playing in the yard, on the swing
Such a simple thing
Means there’s more than enough
Love left in life, that’s good
To make up our neighborhood
WHAT A FRIEND

I’ve been there for you
And you sit on your ass
And ridicule me
Like I’m yesterday’s leftovers
To be tossed in the trash
How many times will I let you hurt my heart!
Before I refuse to let you have a part
Because of the things you said
I understand now, completely
I’m not your friend
You were so mine
My friend . . . . I wrote to you
Sent you money
Held you when you cried
Felt the pain and suffering of such a seriously hard loss
And shared it all with you and your family
If you’d just get a job
Get rid of Bob
Get a little pride
And self esteem
Go out and accomplish a dream
You’d feel so much better about yourself
And you wouldn’t have to
Put your friends down
To make yourself feel good
Or drink so much beer
Or throw so many fits
Your life is what you make it
Nothing more, nothing less
So get your own address
WHAT’S NEXT

What’s next?
Another hurdle to jump
Another mountain to climb
Another day
Not the same as yesterday
Unless you yourself let it be that way

So! Run the race
Jump the hurdle
Put on your boots and climb that mountain
Create a better yesterday
So it’s not just the same
Unless you yourself let it be that way

What’s next
Is another day
We pray
LIFE’S NO MYSTERY

On the beach
There is nowhere like the beach
Where your dreams are all within your reach
The blue water and the blue sky
Are reason enough to get up and try
And create a why
Where the sand and the sea are free
Forever for you and me
Don’t you see!
The rest is all history
No longer a hidden mystery
Here on the beach
Where your dreams are all
Within reach
WAY BACK

Way back is twenty years ago or more
Way, way back is forty years ago or more
And way, way, way back is sixty years ago or more
Isn’t it
I’m not ready to see why God picked me
I’m glad to know he thinks my life is worth a go
THE MUSIC OF WATER

The sun sparkles on the water
    As the waves come in
What you see, sounds like music
    The waves crashing on shore
At times like a lions roar
Or sometimes soft and demure
    As a kitten’s gentle purr.
MY PILLOW

We all know wannabes
Are like Koala bears in fairytales
This is my dream
How could you understand
What I mean
Cuz’ when I catch my buzz
I’m ready for my pillow
YOU

Deceit, Dishonesty
Is what you’re about
Back stabbin’ and dissin’ me
You’ll have to find someone else to fool
With those games you learned in grade school
Cuz’ I find then rather rude and cruel
Back stabbin’, and dissin’ me
Deceit, Dishonesty
Is what you’re about
Makes me wanna shout
Realizing I was your fool
And truly you are cruel
IF YOU DON’T WANNA
If you don’t wanna read what I wrote
Then don’t
Don’t read one word
If it’s too hard to understand
Put the book back on the shelf
And concentrate on something else
YOU DO GET REWARDED

Patience and persistence
Are rewarded with success
Ya’ gotta’ choose your dream
Ya’ gotta sacrifice here and there
To make both sides meet in the middle
Because patience and persistence
Are rewarded with success
IT’S HARD

Arguing and fighting
Over every simple thing
Dinner . . .
You don’t like what we’re having
Running off
Skipping school
We don’t ask much
You rebel at our thoughts
Our touch
You know right from wrong
This adolescent thing seems to take so long
As a parent, I’m mad and disappointed
Again today
Refusing to let it lead me astray
IT’S ALMOST TIME

I been thinking
About the man in the red suit
Who’s always winking
It’s almost time
For the light to sparkle
For the snow to fall
And the church bells to chime
Yeah! It’s almost time
For Christmas
YOU LIE

Okay, I have listened to you lie on the phone
Standing next to me
About me!
I’ve seen you do and say some things
That make’s me question my instincts
Anyway, you flat out lied Saturday night
Sick, maybe from drinking
If at all
This bar has been my life
Since you were five years old
And I’m not stupid
And this is not my first rodeo
Or windy day at the beach
I gave up my shift for you
You didn’t want to have to dance
Oh that’s crazy
Losing out on the best night
For a lie
No more
I still like you
I hate that you lie and you drink so much
Please don’t let life cost you
A part of yourself
MY SISTER MY FRIEND

Even if it’s only now and then
Until the end my friend
A sister, yes I guess
Because I understand
It didn’t work
You meant for it to
But you were totally wore out
Your time had been tapped
For everyone else but you
Like the last drink in the keg
So a sister, Yes!
I’d expect nothing less
From a friend
That’s what we truly are
From the beginning to the end
Simply a sister, a friend
With understanding
Forgiveness
Compassion
Thoughtfulness
Gratitude
And thanks all wrapped up into
The one and only you
My sister, my friend
From the beginning until the end
Even if it’s only now and then
LETTER FROM HEAVEN

Hey Mom,

I never thought it was gonna happen like this. I didn’t know for sure . . . None of us do really . . . But Hey! I’m Okay

Jesus came to get me . . . He’s cool! He even knows some good jokes and has the baddest Harley I’ve ever seen. He even let me drive it. I took it for a spin and it handles like a dream!

God . . . Now he’s all that, yeah! He’s the bomb. Ya know? He’s about it all, everything!

Wow, this place here is great! It’s laid back and happening too. It’s content, comfortable, safe and all that good stuff.

Don’t worry or stress if I could I’d send my address. Tell Laura and Dean I said to be strong for you and I love them both. Don’t forget to tell Catarina she’s special and loved very much. I’m sure they all, all ready know and my wife please try to have a good life. Take care of the kids, and look after the dog. Now you’s guys don’t sit around like a bump on a log. Ladies make yourselves up! Everyone smile your best smile. When you remember me cuz life will feel better after a while. I love you Mom and I’m gonna miss you’s guys

PS: Gramma Pecor, Grandpa Reed and Gramma Aldrich all say hi
LET’S GET UP AND GO

It’s a get up and go day
And I wanna stay home
Just hanging around the house
Not get dressed
Till almost noon
To look at pictures
To ponder on the smallest or stupidest things
Oh ya know
It’s a get up and go day
And I wanna stay home
Enjoy my coffee
The mornin’ sunrise
Watching the world come alive
Remembering for a moment
What it’s like to live
To share, to give
It was probably a get up and go day then
And I wanted to stay home
To color a picture, to ponder on the smallest or stupidest things
Oh you know
Get up and go
IN THE NAME

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost

I pray for all the children who need a home

A warm meal to eat

A safe place to sleep

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost

I pray for all the old

Who need to depend on their young to care for their needs

Like planting a garden and pulling weeds

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost

I pray for all the weak

Who are afraid to believe

Or even conceive

Moses was on that mountain

Where the commandments were written in stone

And somewhere the seas were parted

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost
YOU ARDELLA

It’s been nearly fifteen years since
You told me good-bye
Because you were going to die
I said no
You said it was your time to go
There was no fixing things this time
You held my hand and asked me to
Keep your dream dreaming for you
To keep your ship sailing
Now it’s been so long
And still sometimes I get it wrong
I try my best
To make them all feel like a guest
And make you proud
And keep our passengers from
Getting thirsty, vulgar or too loud
Whenever they come aboard
To visit and listen to some good music on our juke box
As they check out the Gulf of Mexico
Enjoying a cold one
And maybe catching some sun on the deck
Before the nighttime comes
Sampling different rums
Keeping your ship sailing
And your dream dreaming
Now it’s been nearly twenty years
Since our goodbye
And still for you
I continue to be true, true to
You Ar’Della and the Poop Deck
IN A COCOON

In a cocoon
Wrapped up
And protected from the world
What’s real and right outside your window
You’ve spent nearly twenty-one years
Trying to figure it out
Now as I listen, I know
It’s time to fly
But I’m not sure I know how
But, Oh my yes
I am ready to try
From A to Z
I wonder
Is it all about me?
In a cocoon
Wrapped up
And protected from the world
YOU CHANGE

Faster than a simple exchange
You change
With an exchange
You change
With an exchange of words
You change
With an exchange of money
You change

How can you be so different
So quickly
So totally opposite
From the happy fun you
To the, I’m gonna kill something
Get out of my way
Bitch you become
Stay away! I don’t want me some
NO MORE

You flip like a coin from heads to tails
Where’s the luck
Some play with their last buck
Hoping for a change
A change
With no exchange
WHEN THE CALLS COME

It’s nice to have someone give a shit

So you feel like

The full moon on the water

Shimmering, shining

Bright and true

I’m glad it’s you

When the calls come

Just because

Just because you care

About me

Just because

You’re special

And it’s nice

To have someone

To give a shit about

That’s true

I’m glad it’s you
LOST IN THE SIGHT OF THE SEA

Lost in the sight of the sea

I live on the seawall

I've seen it all

From street girl’s answerin’ traffic calls

To families, weddings, the frizz-bee dude

Babies in strollers, fisherman

Bicycles and surfers

Yeah, they all come to the edge of the sea

And somehow feel free

Free to feel

Free!!

To be lost in the sight of the sea
YEAH THAT’S 1983

Lost at twenty-two
Way back in Cheyenne
It was a one night stand
A Harley Davidson
And a handle bar mustache
Now
Nearly forty-two
When I hear Kenny Rogers sing
About twenty-two years ago
I was way back in Cheyenne
It was a one night stand
A Harley Davidson
And a handle bar mustache
The music was too loud
The hurricane ready
To go 'round
The lights were on
And we had sound
Yeah
That’s the walk
Yeah
That’s the eyes
Yeah
That’s the way
Back in Cheyenne frontier days
Walking through life in a haze
Who’s Listenin’

When I have to say something
About nothing
Why don’t you listen?
You want me to pay attention
When you have to say something
About nothing
So I listen . . . Sometimes
Ok, so that’s fair
We both know we honestly care
We care about each other
We care about tomorrow
We care to continue to share
Share our life together
Share our time together
Even though sometimes
When we both have something
To say about nothing
We don’t listen
To each other
NASCAR RACE

When you see something’s that are backwards
And ya know that’s just not right
Nah, that aint right
No matter how you look at it
But lookie here, I been to state fairs, world fairs
A few rodeos and a couple concerts
I’ve been to London, England
And seen the wind mill’s in Holland
I’ve even got lost in Amsterdam
Been to several Mardi Gras
And never
Nope I promise
I aint never seen
Nope, never seen a gathering
Like the ones I’ve seen for a Nascar race
That’s right, Nascar
Yeah, that’s right Nascar
Cuz anyway you look at racecar even spelled backwards
It is still racecar
Yeah, that’s right
Yeah, that’s so right
MY SON

Oh wow, now
I’ve met my son

He’s handsome

He’s polite

He’s smart

He’s a gentleman

Oh wow, now
I’ve meet my son

Twenty-four years later
I know nothing is perfect
But better is best

He’s handsome

He’s polite

He’s smart

He’s a gentleman
Wow, he’s my son
What a great job his parents have done
YOU CHOOSE

I hear you don’t want anything to do with me
And would never come here again
Cuz’ I wouldn’t help you
You weren’t sick
You were in your own trouble
Not my fault
Not my responsibility
I went with you to court in June
You didn’t follow the judge’s ruling
You talked about leaving lots of times
I wasn’t signing my name to anything
If that means I’m not your friend
You are so wrong
But you lose because of the things you choose
You say I’m never satisfied
I don’t wanna be too greedy
To demanding  
Or to selfish
So I’ll try not to be
Cuz’, I wanna be
Your first thought in the morning
On your mind all day
And your last thought at night
I don’t wanna be
What you don’t want
I wanna be
Just what you want
And exactly what you need
You say I’m never satisfied
I don’t wanna be too greedy
To demanding  
Or to selfish
So I’ll try not to be
NOW YOU’RE GROWN

I’m just missin’ you
You’re on my mind
Life is moving so fast
For you now
You’re grown
Wondering now . . .
Where did you find all those hours
To waste on the phone
Somehow it’s true
There’s not enough hours in the day
To solve everyone’s problems
And make them go away
The shuffle of life has you running in circles it seems
Lost in today
Little by little
Losing sight of your dreams
With so many others to please
You must slow down
And take time to breath
Or before you finish
You may just leave
Repeating history for the third time
And that my dear would be such a sad rhyme
OH THAT

Oh that! I remember we were at
Frontier days in Cheyenne Wyoming
I swear there was no one else there
   Just You and I
The look in your eye,
   Like a teddy bear
Made me stop, to say hello
Now, I don’t even remember your name
   It was just a game
Of darts and balloons

Oh that! I remember we were at
Road side carnivals, County fairs and Rodeos
   In Houston, Pasadena,
   Victoria, Conroe and Midland Texas!

When I stopped to say hello
You made me feel like I might win
   More than just a teddy bear
Even now I do remember your name
   I wonder was it just a game
Of darts and broken hearts

Oh that! I remember we were at
A road side carnival In Rock Springs Wyoming
   Long ago
Maybe you know
I don’t even remember if I said hello
   I was young
Out having fun
Not a worry, not a care
Nor’ the slightest interest, in winning a teddy bear
So !! Ya’ just never know
   Except it’s the same
   Another name
   Another game

Oh that! I remember we were at
A county fair
I felt like I’d won a live
Blue eyed teddy bear
The flame of somethin’ special was in the air!
    Only two can share
Oh that! I remember we were at
NOT YET

None of us have earned our wings
Or know why some people say such bad things
It’s so confusing or is there soul confessing
Sometimes I’m sure they just saw
Or heard it differently
You were there
You always are
So did you see it the way I did
Just because you care
Or are you being real and completely fair
Like I have to ask
Duh! That’s a no brainer
Some people say such good things
It’s so refreshing
I’m sure in time
I’ll earn and get
What I don’t have
Not yet
NO ONE

No one ever said it quite like that
No one ever touched my heart the way that you have
As if you’ve taken it out of my chest
To cradle it and protect it
I’ve never known a feeling like that
It’s all brand new
It has me crazy with ideas of what I should do
Cuz’ no!
No one,
No!
No one
Has ever said it quite like that
No it’s a fact of today and yesterday
No one has held my heart like that
And it has me crazy
Asking myself what should I do
It’s all so new
NO EXCUSE

Drinkin’, drinkin’, drinkin’
Today, tomorrow, yesterday
You said
I said
What?
You said
I said
What?

They all said it’s true
I was a shit-head to you
It’s too late to cry
Apologize again
I’ll try
Believe me please
It’s not a lie

Drinkin’, drinkin’, drinkin’
Was the one and only reason why
I said and did all that dumb stuff
Like a Sunday morning white
Patient leather scuff
It was dumb stuff
I apologize
LITTLE MISSY

Miss High and Mighty

Miss Sassy and Rude

If you think teenage years are hard on you

Look at what you are putting your Mom and Dad thru

Just Cuz’ they are not together

Doesn’t mean they don’t love you

Miss High and Mighty

Miss Sassy and Rude

Once sweet and innocent

Curious and mischievous

The terrible two’s

Onward to tying shoes

Everything your Mom and Dad do to raise you

Little Missy

High and Mighty

Sassy and Rude
LOVE HAS COME MY WAY

Yeah, I have what I need
And what I want, I’ve acquired
Love has come my way
So like some ol’ song
That’s been changed
I finally have what I need
What I want and love with a wedding band
It’s just part of life’s plan
To walk through life hand in hand
So it is possible to get
What ya need
What ya want
And love sweet love
True and sincere
True and sincere
SHORT THOUGHTS

CHASE YOUR DREAMS
Chase your dreams
Until you catch the one you want
Because life is a dream
If your livin’ it

THE EARTH
The earth is a patchwork quilt
From the sky looking down
You’re my prince
You’re my king
You’re my everything

I THOUGHT
I thought you knew everything
Yeah I did too
But that was about twenty years ago

HURT THAT BAD
No amount of feel good
Should ever have to hurt that bad

LET’S ALWAYS DREAM
Let’s always dream our dreams
Hope for hope
Never give up
Never quit
Let’s always

FLOWER’S FREEDOM
It’s the flowers right to have freedom
Whether to be wild
Or groomed
It’s a flower’s freedom
STOP IT, QUIT IT

I’m too young to do it

Or I’m too old to get away with it

If I do, do it

So I guess I won’t

I won’t do it now

I won’t do it later

But I won’t stop thinking about it ever

Nope not ever

Cuz’ I believe it is important

Always

So stop it, Quit it

Or go for it

And just do it

Whenever it is right
SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE

I’m an old woman
To the twenty year olds
And a young lady
To the sixty year olds
Floating in the middle
Education is important
So learn all you can
Practice what you learn
Teach others and carry on
Just getting through
Somewhere in the middle
SECRETLY SOMEWHERE

The moment was real
It was special and true
Secretly somewhere
In time for me and you
SOMETIMES YA GOTTA ASK

Who raised those?
They are not the ones their Grandmother rose
Or even close to it
Because Grandma well, she knew everything
How to be right, how to be real!

To earn your keep and get peaceful sleep
Grandma knew if you paid attention to the golden rule
You’d do a whole lot better in school

Grandma knew if you were hungry and wanted to eat
To make sure there was enough for everyone to eat
Grandma knew how to appreciate
A job well done

And make any ol’ chore fun
Grandma knew how to properly set a table
As she told stories of Cane and Able

Grandma knew how to sew cloths to live in
Grandma knew how to cook and not just stew
There was so much more that she could do
Grandma knew if you had a job to do
Do it right the first time
Give it your all!
Nobody wants to do the same job twice

Grandma knew how to can tomatoes and make jelly and jam
We pulled taffy, too!

Grandma she was cool!!
Grandma was more precious than a jewel
And Grandma knew

Yeah! Grandma knew
SOMETIMES
Sometimes your tongue cuts like a razor blade

Sharp and quick, so slick

Sometimes the words you say

Hurt in the worst way

Worse than being slammed into the wall

By not looking, chasing the kids ball

Sometimes the words you say

Have me thinking about going away
MY HEART WON’T LISTEN

I wanna feel the real in your touch

My head knows better but my heart won’t listen

Having nightmare’s in broad daylight

Real, safe and true

Lost in life before you!
SHEET SPLITTEN’

What’s up!
Is it time to split the sheet’s
When we’re calling each other names
When we lose our tone in front of our friends
  Who cares is the attitude
  Why we don’t try
  What happened to you and I
  Instead of nice
We are continuously rude to each other
  Still you’re a great guy
  In all our friends eye
  And I am a wonderful gal
  Who has more than one life pal
  Together . . . You and I
  Have become toxic somehow
And everyone knows that’s deadly
  So what’s up is
  It’s time to split the sheets
  Maybe just maybe in time
  We’ll be friends again
  We both know the road
  We were on was a dead end
  We took a wrong turn
    Or two
  And we can’t find the way back
Cuz’ we can’t let go of all the bullshit
We threw and went through
  Yeah . . . Me and You
  Now that it’s gone
  It’s just goodbye
RUTHIE

Ruthie lived ten years longer
Than medical science said she would
She woke up with a positive attitude
And a good spirit everyday
She always had a helpful hand to lend
She worried about others
If they had eaten or had what they needed
She partied with the best of us
And the worst
Enjoying the spirits of liquor, wine and beer
She would do her best to convince anyone
And everyone to take care of themselves
She was soft spoken
Until she had a point to get across
Then she would be heard
Ruthie was gentle, good and kind
I’m sure she now is in heaven helping
The good Lord accomplish whatever He needed her for
God rest her soul
ROAD TRIP

It was winter quarters
A Harley Davidson t-shirt
And a pair of light blue jeans
You even said you liked it
A little white top
Pink heart buttons
I wasn’t offended at all
By your touch
It was welcomed
So much
BROOMSTICK

Ride someone else’s broomstick
This one’s all mine tonight
I am gonna dance and twirl
And around the room I’ll swirl
Riding my broomstick
My broomstick tonight
REGRET

Your silence screams at me
Your tears that don’t fall are drowning me
I believed, I wanted to believe
That your feel’s for me
Were the same as mine for you
Now I know that isn’t true
With all we’ve been through
I thought I had a friend for life soon after we met
Now there’s nothing left except sorrow and regret
Lots of it, tons of it
NOT JUST YOUNG

Stupid . . . Youth
Nah . . . Not just young
Just stupid
Littering
Lazy . . . Young
Not completing what they’ve begun
Stubborn . . . Young
Nah . . . Not just young
Always wanting more
When they already have enough
Afraid someone else might
Get more than you
Boo Hoo
RACHEL

You're a sassy, sarcastic smart mouth
And you're disrespectful to your mother
Now girl listen, you're twenty-two
    Not fifty-five
This is my home

Do Not!

Bring strangers to my home ever
That's my choice not yours
    I'd pretty much prefer
You not come around
    If you can’t be pleasant
You are so very pretty
Why are you such a smart-mouth
    I just can’t understand
Still, I'll tell you
It makes you so ugly
I know that’s not your plan
    Ugly yet
Your attitude
    Is rather rude
You look at me
Like you can believe, I’ve been where you are
    Honey
It wasn’t as easy for me as it is for you
    So unless
You intend on getting old
    Alone!
With not even one friend to phone
You better back up and change your tone
QUIT IT

Stop it, don’t do it anymore
It’s against the law
It could cost our license
Then you wouldn’t have a favorite place to go
You’re smart enough to know
The things that can cost so much
Aren’t worth it
So quit it!
ASK, JUST ASK

Ask, just ask the question
Cuz’ I got plans for you and I
And they start with
Whatever it takes to keep you happy
Cuz’ I got a plan
That doesn’t include a mockingbird
But a diamond ring isn’t out of the question
If you got plans for you and I
Ask
Just ask the question
The View I Never Take For Granted

The view I never take for granted
What I see is peaceful and happy
For hours at a time
I just watch the waves
As my mind wanders onto many things
Some special
Some happy
Some with thanks
And a few regrets
Looking behind me
To who and where I’ve been
It’s all okay
PLEASE WAKE UP

You sleep so deep
Waking up is so hard for you

From dreamland
To the real world

Takes a minute or two
Three or four

I’m not sure, it’s a long way
From dreamland

Where you love to be
To the real world

Where people cause pain
And drive their neighbors insane
You sleep so deep

Waking up is so hard for you
You stumble
You shake
You look so confused

Dreamland over the real world
Is what you choose

In the morning when there’s school
And we all must hurry

Sit down!

Refuel!
PART OF MY PAST

Oh I’ve been hurt
And things won’t ever feel
The way they did
Before I heard some of the stuff you said
I don’t want to take anything from anyone
So carry on
Just remember
I’m not the enemy
Nor’ am I your friend
Just an acquaintance
This last year and an half
Has proved to me
To be a part of my past
YOU KNEW

Oh my mind

The journeys it takes me

On the memories in time

Was it really as peaceful

As I remember?

It had to be special for me to remember

So many little details

Twenty years ago

I didn’t have a clue

But

You knew
OVER MY SHOULDER

Over my shoulder

On my lap

There's love

Real true sincere

Forever stuff

There's rainbow's, colored like magic

Dancing on the wall

If you touch me

Will I break?

Will I crumble in pieces and fall apart

Or will I be strong and hold onto my heart

Hold, Hold

Onto my heart

Or will the power

The love

Let it begin to really start

Real true sincere

Forever stuff
SURGERY

That’s the only way to fix it

Well, that’s better than not being able to fix it

The diagnosis could have been

Worse!

Life threatening!

Still, that’s not much consolation

With surgery to face

Another doctor

Another place

You just want the pain to erase

Morphine!

Vicodin!

All the rest don’t take away

The pain
DE’JA VU

Someone’s knocking on my door

I did this all once before

Now it’s time to know for sure

I want what it takes

To pull in the money with rakes

Sitting by the ocean

Remembering the Great Lakes
REGRETS

Wish I’d never done it

Couldn’t believe I did it

But that was years ago

Now added up to age

It’s come to me as a

Welcome change
YOU DON’T KNOW ME

You don’t know me

No! You don’t know me at all

Now that I have heard you make that call

The one that says

I’m that bad

Oh! Now it’s you who’s really sad

And always has been sad

And

A little to bad

To be a true friend

Now this has finally come to an end
HAS IT WENT TOO FAR

Has it went too far
Have I said too much
The tears roll out of my eyes

WOW

Back up!
Get back!
On track!
Am I wrong?
Probably I don’t remember after pizza
And only bits and pieces
Of before
STRENGTH

Building a history

After a year

There is no fear

Building a history

There’s no mystery

To our history

Together we will be stronger

And live longer
THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU

The first time I saw you

You took my breath away

Twenty years later

I’m still stoppin’ in my tracks

When I hear your voice

Or by chance

See your handsome face
LOST IN MY MEMORY

I'm not so sure I believe what
I've just seen
How did we get here
Now that you're just a dream
Lost in my memory
With the exception of death
Nothing is really final
Or completely over
WHERE I CAME FROM

Where I came from
  Was tuff
  Yet so simple
  So real
  So right
  It was true
The way I felt for you
THESE FIFTEEN YEARS

These fifteen years
I knew my destiny was
Happiness
And
Fulfillment
I just didn’t have a clue
It wouldn’t be with you
Happy in the morning
Happy in the afternoon
Happy in the evening
And
Extremely happy at night
When his arms are around me
Holding me tight
Oh yeah
That’s all I need at night
I AM ALIVE

I can smell of the air
I can see out the window
Some things I shall never
Forget to take
Advantage of
Now I choose to hear
I no longer plug my ear
JUST DRINKING

Just drinking cold beer
There’s no Brokeback Mountain stuff
Going on here
We’re just racin’
Hopin’ our favorite driver
Has no fear!
PEACEFUL DREAMS

If I could, I’d pull them out of the sky
And give them to you
Like the Heavens
The Stars
And
The Moon
In your very own bedroom
As you fall asleep into
Peaceful dreams
Where the world is like cartoons
And no one screams
Oh the safe
Safe place of
Peaceful dreams
I’d pull them out of the sky
And give them to you
Like the Heavens
The Stars
And
The Moon
STORIES

Why do you listen
There’s no proof
Cuz’ I wasn’t there
This just ain’t fair
I’ve heard stories
Stories
About us all
Some so small
Some so tall
Tall tales about us all
Cuz’ I wasn’t there
This just aint fair
Whispers going through town
With the latest gossip to spread
Keeping all the rumors fed
Why do you listen
There’s no proof
Cuz I wasn’t there
I’ve heard stories
Stories
About us all
Some so small
Some so tall
Tall tales about us all
Why do you listen
There’s no proof
Cuz’ I wasn’t there
This just ain’t fair
THE DEAL

The whole deal
The one that was real
Maybe it was like a sitcom
Sometimes
But on all
The important stuff
It held steady and true
Plenty tough
I gave you both a family
Anyway
I’m rattling on
Some sentimental journey
I’m gonna go now
I love you
I love you
Kisses and hugs
THAT KIND OF GUY

Do ya’ love what you do
Are you good at what you do
Do ya’ wake up ready
Ready
For a new day
Sunshine or rain
Windy or calm
Do ya’ smile and nod
Or wave and say hello
During your day of work
Or play
Do ya’
Are you that kinda guy
TAKE A MINUTE

The view I never take for granted
What I see is peaceful
And happy for hours at a time
I just watch the waves
As my mind wonders
Into many things
Some special
Some sad
Some happy
Some with thanks
Some with a few regrets
Looking behind me to who
And where I’ve been
It’s all okay
Now that the waves keep rolling in
I remember a friend
Maybe I’ll call or drop a line
Maybe share a glass of wine
That would be the best
And oh, so fine
I’m gonna be that someday
I’m gonna do that one day
I’m gonna get old before my time
Just like everyone else
The knowledge I have now
And the youth I had then
Oh
How many times have we
Heard that
Said that
I’m gonna
Gonna
Gonna
I am
Older
Not much
Wiser
But
I am going to someday
One day
I’m gonna
M.S.

I gotta ask sometimes
Who the hell is the Bitch in my body?
This M.S.
I tell ya
I didn’t have a clue
Now sometimes I do
They know more today
Please! Dear Lord
Teach them how
To make it go away!
OMIGOSH!

It’s happening over night
From twenty-four to forty-two
Like flipping a coin
Eighteen years
Again has past
That first eighteen seemed to take so much longer
Than the last eighteen
In the spring when the world
Becomes brand new
With fresh leaves
Am I the only one who can see
I will accomplish this dream
I’ve had since I was knee high
It seems
I always wanted to
Do something
Be somebody
Go somewhere
Ya’ know be noticed
For something good
Something small
Something big
I was twenty-four when I started this job
I’m forty-two now
With a Super Bowl bleep
In “2003”
Twenty-four news put me on TV
Raiders and Buccaneers
Omigosh!
NO NOTHING

I’ve been working

Too hard!
Too long!

Not to have a mate

I come home and can’t wake you up

For
A kiss!
A hug!
Nothing!

I’m so tired of nothing

I have to have MORE

I’ve worked
Way too hard
Way too long

To end up with nothing

No loving!
No hugging!
No kissing!
No nothing!
IT’S A PRETTY PLACE

There’s an island in the Gulf of Mexico
With a nine and a half mile seawall on the coast
What an awesome view of the water and waves
Bikini’s and thong’s in the sea
Having fun
Young and old
Enjoying the wall
Bikes, rollerblades and a few fancy skaters
Neat people and street people
Something about the water attracts ’em all
To this island somewhere near Texas
In the Gulf of Mexico
Surrounded by dikes
And serviced by ferry’s
It’s pretty here
YOU FIGURE IT OUT

Yeah I’m angry
Upset about it all
I’ll try not to say that stuff anymore
I don’t mean
And
I know it as you slam the door
I want to take it all back
Scared again
What’s next?
Questioning?
Am I doing this to you?
Oh I’m so confused
So you figure it out
ONE, TWO, FOUR OR MORE

One, two four or more
Cuz’ #3 is part of racin’ history
	#3 is a legend
Now we are gathering up for a good time
	In our house shoe’s
Drinking beer and eating BBQ
	One, two, four or more
Cuz’ #3 is a legend and part of Nascar history
	It’s one, two, four or more
When you go see Nascar racin’ now
	Anytime, anywhere
One, two, four or more
# 3 a legend part of racin history
LIKE AN OLD SHIRT

I'm real comfortable with you
Like an old shirt
I have all the time in the world
Like an old watch
Should our love
Ever falter
It can be mended
OK

I was so stupid
Foolish
Told lies
Made up stories
Tried to be something I wasn’t
I was being bad
Now I look back and wonder
How you ever forgave me
And how you still love me and respect me
I’m not so sure I know now I’m older
Still nearly as stupid
And sometimes as foolish
With no reason to lie
Or make up stories
I am what I am
And that’s
Ok
OH YEAH HE LOVES ME

He’s jealous enough
I know he loves me
But he’s not too jealous
He’s gentle enough
I know he means what he says
When he says he loves me
Cuz’ he’s strong enough
To be my everything
And loving him is easy
It comes natural
True and strong
And I’m jealous
Enough and gentle enough
He knows I love him too
RICH ON FRIDAY

He's just a good ol' boy
Who doesn't have any money
    But who cares
He works all week
And is a rich man on Friday
Getting through Saturday
Then it is back to paying attention
    Being responsible
And getting through until Friday
    Doing it all again
Cuz, he's just a good ol' boy
Who has a few good friend's
    So a lucky man
Who doesn't have any money till Friday
    Is what he is
He's just a good ol' boy
    A lucky man
Who doesn't think about what if
If it happens, he'll get through
He'll do what he has to do
    To make the pieces fit
    In the puzzle of life
Never thinking twice about what if
Cuz, he's a good ol' boy
    A lucky man
    Rich on Friday
PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICH

That’s a peanut butter and jelly sandwich

With chocolate icing

And you want me to eat that

The stuff you try to feed me is unbelievable

I comprehend that lie

So back up girl and give this another try

So give me the peanut butter and jelly

And skip the chocolate icing

Because I can choke down the truth

Like a martini without Vermouth
OH THAT

Oh that! I remember we were at
Frontier days in Cheyenne Wyoming
I swear there was no one else there
   Just You and I
The look in your eye,
   Like a teddy bear
Made me stop, to say hello
Now, I don’t even remember your name
   It was just a game
Of darts and balloons
Oh that! I remember we were at
Road side carnivals, County fairs and Rodeos
   In Houston, Pasadena,
   Victoria, Conroe and Midland Texas!
When I stopped to say hello
You made me feel like I might win
   More than just a teddy bear
Now that I do remember your name
   I wonder was it just a game
Of darts and broken hearts

Oh that! I remember we were at
A road side carnival In Rock Springs Wyoming
   Long ago
   Maybe you know
I don’t even remember if I said hello
   I was young
   Out having fun
   Not a worry, not a care
Nor’ the slightest interest, in winning a teddy bear
   So !!
Ya’ just never know
   Except it’s the same
   Another name
   Another game

Oh that! I remember we were at
A county fair
   I felt like I’d won a live
Blue eyed teddy bear
The flame of somethin’ special was in the air!
Only two can share
Oh that! I remember we were at
LIKE MAGIC
The waves from the Gulf of Mexico

Come to the shore

Disappearing before they touch land

Like a magicians rabbit gets lost in a hat

It’s planned things we notice

Things we see

Aren’t always about you and me

Still together our pleasure

Has no measure

As time continuously goes by we cherish

Our commitment

Never questioning why
I CATCH MY BREATH

I catch my breath when I see you
You’re always on my mind
Since so long ago
My mind plays games
Or is it all real and I just can’t accept the concept
Enough to believe
It truly is possible, it’s so big
So very much from the beginning
Only I never really saw that
I was catching my breath looking at you
Not what surrounds you
It was you
Your walk, your talk, your touch
I was wearing little pink heart button’s on a white scoop neck
Half shirt with a square knot at the waist
Never would I have figures you’d like the Harley t-shirt
But winter quarters, Houston town and I found out
Oh yeah, I did
This girl from that lil’ town
In Wisconsin where the blue devils play high school football
And theirs farmer’s with dairy cows
Not rancher’s, Like in Texas
With acres of land for their herd to roam
THROUGH LIFE

Why are you feeling bad

It isn’t really heavy, your load!

God gave you an easy road

You have your arms and your legs

Your Mom and Dad

Why are you feeling bad

You have the blessing of a family

To cherish, to hold

God gave you a talent worth a ton of gold

You have your senses, all five

You are alive!

Why are you feeling bad

You have the right to make the decision

You have the ability to make it right

God gave you enough in life to weed

And all you need, to get through
I’M THINKING

What was I thinking

You know I was drinking

You said, I did what?

I said What?

What was I thinking

You know I was drinking

What was I thinking

In a drunkin’ frame of mind

To a stranger, I was a bit too kind

Oh my! What was I thinking

You know I was drinking

When I said my best friend was a punk

We know I was drinking

So what was I thinking

I wasn’t thinking. I was drinking
Talledaga

Talledaga’s been going on since 1969

I gotta tell ya

If ya don’t have fun at that race

It’s your fault, not mine

The adrenaline kicks in

When you hear those engines fire up

You feel the ground move under your feet

You smell burning rubber in the air all around

Ya just can’t beat the sound

The adrenaline kicks in long before the win

Talledaga going on since 1969
Guilty

It could be anything

That sets up the beginning of the end

When innocent looks guilty

When you chose to help a friend

And you must explain yourself to someone else

Because you had a ear to lend

When innocent looks guilty

It could be anything

That sets up the beginning of the end
SHOW TIME

Gunsmoke, Green Acres, Mayberry, Andy Taylor

Barney Fife, Opie and Aunt Bea

Are all part of our history

We learned kindness, respect, honor and pride

All in a thirty minute show

Something in life we all need to know

For an hour every Sunday night was Walt Disney

After football

The family sat around

Ate popcorn and watched a picture show
Richard Petty

Richard Petty known as the King

The King of racing

Yeah! He was something to watch on the track

He put an a heck of a show

The way he drove comin to the front

Do you remember when!

So does the rest of the Nascar world

Richard Petty, The King of racing

Yeah! He was something to watch on the track
STEVE

If you understand the relationship we had

You knew losing Steve didn’t make me sad

But I feel bad, for those of you

Who knew the Good Guy!

The Friend! The Man! Steve was

I’m sad for those of you who loved him

I know you’ll miss him

He was a happy spirit

The life of the party

If he liked you, he’d do anything to help you

And if he didn’t like you

He still did his best to help

If he knew you needed something

I know he had a heart he chose not to show it

To me

But my best friend Ruthie and His best friend Traci saw it

And knew a man so many loved

God bless and God speed

You got to know you are missed Steve
Long Ago

A cat has nine lives they say

In three of eighty-four

Twenty-five years ago, Somewhere in Conroe

You finally showed up in wrinkled brown pants

Because I wouldn’t dance with a cowboy

In a red neck bar

In the middle of town that wasn’t too far

I couldn’t, I wouldn’t

Now I suspect you know it wasn’t wise to play

With my heart!

NO surprise!

Because I was, I am real!

And you were only a make believe deal

So long ago In Conroe

I didn’t understand the game

Or even know the rules
YOU & I

Together we survived the last nine years

We both know the last nine months have not been a picnic

But I’m not ready to give up

Nor will I ever be

You and I from now till eternity

It’s how it’s going to be

We think a like

For the most part

We realized from the start we are both good from the inside

Together we are better than good

That’s where the best of us come’s from

Together nine years, nine months, nine weeks, nine days and nine minutes

I’m yours and your mine
HAVING FUN

At times I remember I had a wicked tongue
Growing up so fast when I was young
I was in the woods being cool
Standing around in a group of friends
Joking all of us, twelve or fourteen, and we were smoking
I was only fifteen the first time I ever got drunk
That was thirty-two years ago, like a slam dunk
Now I realize how fast time goes
And how quickly things happen
Music has gone from Rockin-roll to Raping
And country’s not real country anymore
Phone call conversations are now in IM or a text
To continue communication
Now we can only remember
Growing up so fast
When we were young
Having fun
DON’T BE SCARED

You’re looking real good
   It’s true
   I need too
   I want too
Scratch and sniff all over you
   Yum! Yum! I want some
   Scratch and sniff
   Just to get a wiff
   Don’t be scared
   Yum! Yum! I want some
   Please let me, get a whiff
Off your very own scratch and sniff
   When you smell good just for me it seems
I feel like I have my very own scratch and sniff
   You’re looking real good, it’s true
   I need to
I want to scratch and sniff all over you
You look like Yum! Yum! I want some
   Don’t be scared to feel—feel real
What to say

If you spend four to six hours a day
Two or three months a year—anywhere
You’ll be getting to know the real people
The girls that come to work everyday
Just to make a buck; they laugh, they smile
And put a new perspective on each day
They listen to what you want to say
Or got to say—or need to say
It’s not just a payday
It’s life, the hard way
Those girls are your bartenders
And waitress’ everywhere
It ain’t over, the fat lady didn’t sing yet
That time they rolled the dice
And only took two tires
A crawfish like you ain’t ever seen
On that last caution
Almost red beans and rice
Look at that number 17
Came in on the green
Slowing down that fast machine
To fix it, make it right
Like tight
RILEY

Riley
Let’s try this again!
Your dad was the second doctor to tell me I was pregnant.
I didn’t want or need another child, I already had a daughter
I was only twenty years old, not married!
Oh! I wasn’t the one.
I made a decision that day to give you away
I loved you somehow enough to let you go
I was young, I was scared
I’m sorry I wasn’t more
I’m glad you had a Mom and Dad!
I WANT TO I DON’T WANT TO

No where at all is
Lost somewhere between I don’t want to
To go, there’s gonna be girls
To all of a sudden I want to go
There’s gonna be girls
I tell ya no where at all is lost somewhere between
I don’t want to, I just can’t dance
To I want to, I’ll learn to dance
Just maybe with a star or get lucky enough to
Drive a fast car
In my dreams right !!!
I find myself
Lost somewhere between
I don’t want to and I want to
Only to find I’m no where at all
“Do run Do run” was on the radio
It was 1975, My sister and I were in the car going nowhere
and it was so far. But she could drive, she turned up the radio and I said
“Hey Dizzy I can write a song better than that”. She said “do it”!
So I want you to know, it only took me thirty-four years to get it done.
I needed someone to help me, my co-writer (Mr. Ron Thamm) did.
But hey sis, I am a song writer registered with BMI. The songs Ron and I
Wrote are all about fast and forty-three cars that run real fast side by side
It’s a lot of fun being a Nascar Junkie listening to the cd “Nascar Junkie” by
The Crew Chief’s. In 2009 no longer 1975 it’s thirty-four years later, now
my dream has come true. You said do it, eventually I did! I think it’s better
than better than that.
Number 8 was your number
Now eight years married
Ron and I wrote “Nascar Junkie”
Doors are going to open
It all went so fast
The middle of August till the Middle of December
Like when we fell in love
Back in 1998 ten years ago
I remember I still have the glow
I know when we are 88-98 we’ll be in the shade.
Hearing the music we made
Because number 8 was your number
WATCHING THE CHASE

I say they gotta be swappin paint
Their racing so close, there going so fast
Oh my! There’s a crash!
Yeah, my guy got away
He wasn’t part of that one
Not today Not yet anyway
Its racing I swear now
Jeff and Robbie Gordon are swappin paint and there’s
Micheal Waltrip getting him some, some, some
Of that getting it going fast another lap
Around the track the fans all talkin a lot of smack
Everyone still intact, No lead change, No cautions out
Listen that’s not all racin about
With a little bump draft from the back
For a second your drivers the king of the track
He’s swappin paint with the best
You feel your heartbeat in your chest
Like a drummers base
When you realize you just watching the chase
BACK OF THE TRUCK

In the back of an old bread truck, in 1972
I snuck into a race at Talledaga with you
I got hooked, like a junkie
I can’t get enough of Nascar racing or Nascar stuff
T-shirts, caps, cozies, ticket stubs
I’m not sneeking in
In the back of an old bread truck anymore
It’s 2009 there’s 72 X 2 Talledaga ticket stubs
In my mommas you wanna see
I can show you
WHERE IT BEGAN

On an island in the Gulf of Mexico I found my world
On the corner of 30th and Seawall
I was only twenty-four
I heard the song and knew there was so much more
Now years later almost twenty-four
Nearly half of my life
I realized I’ve been blessed with the beach
Were dreams are within reach
A little over nine years ago
I became a wife
Now I’m no longer alone
I’m sharing my life with Dennis, my husband, my best friend
January 2010 makes twenty-four years ago
It all began for me
Right here on the beach
Treason

Disloyalty to country “act of betrayal”

Pirate Arrrr is guilty of treason
She tried to take the ship
From the captain
She lied, but couldn’t arrange a mutiny
She was too busy with herself and her finger nails
Not worried about the others and the water she left them to bail
Then the admiral took on to the wheel and we set sail
Leaving pirate Arrrr on the shore
The reason, TREASON!
ALONE AGAIN BULLSHIT!

You left again, no hug, no kiss
I didn’t order you a pizza! You’re a grown man!
I had no desire to eat at ten thirty o’ clock
You got drunk, and weren’t very nice to me
I hope you had a really bad hangover
ALL DAY!
I do love you
But my feelings are hurt
Again
I feel so unimportant sometimes
And I don’t feel like I’m good enough for what
I’m not sure
You accused me of wanting to go
Next door cuz there was someone I wanted to see over there
HEY!
I’m a married woman and my husband is who I most want to be with
He is my best friend
You forget that sometimes, I guess!
I’ve never tried to make you feel, there’s anything next door
I need or want more than you
We need each other and my Job, But that’s about it!
NINE BLOCKS

We will still be able to raise our drink and make an toast
Ike came real, real close
The Poop Deck is only nine blocks
From where the Balinesse use to be
That monster Ike, Devored that ball room
Gamblien joint—Built in 1923
All that’s left is memories, History and a ZZ top song
Now nine blocks from where the Balinesse use to be
Where the elite meet in bare feet for the last thirty-six years
On the Gulf of Mexico at the Poop Deck since September 1972
It survived hurricane Ike!
Trying to get back open is harder than learning to ride a bike
But we will get there rest assured
NUTS

I’m not sure how to get thru
What I did for you
I did not make the call
I was there even so, after all
I don’t know how to help or make the crazy sane
If it was simple, clean and plain
Long ago someone would of figured out the fix
Or found a bag of magic tricks
To put all the pieces in place and keep them all safe
Away from harm with a built in secret alarm
GAME

To warm them when the ground is shaky and unsure
And raise the hair on their neck with fear
When paying attention is the only direction
In order to play, play the game
And still stay sane
Without the authorities trying to get into your brain
Remembering today, tomorrow and yesterday
Are basically the same
LAW OBEYING

Still fun, fun, fun!
Playing the music, keeping the party alive
We are a crew, not just one
So share the glory and remember
There’s no business like show business
Put your lipstick on, accessories, give it your stamp
Signature or whatever
Classy not trashy, makes more money
So look your best and smile
You’ll meet some friends along the way
Maybe talk down a fight or two
Never forgetting
To do what it takes to impress your captive audience
Day after day, night after night
Pay day, it will all be alright
IS IT DRUGS

For eight months you were part of my life everyday
We laughed and smiled
We enjoyed each other’s company
I was the best boss, the greatest friend
Then with no warning, it all came to an end
Now two weeks later the rumors are flying
You say everyone’s sick and tired of the music I wrote
Duh! You played it every morning!
The one you played got picked for an album
That will be released in October
What made you turn on me
I can’t think of anything I’ve done
Now you’re telling lies, trying to ruin my life
Just for fun
I don’t understand
Your family is afraid it’s drugs
That seems possible or logical
UNDER THE RUG

Ya can’t sweep this one under the rug with a broom
This week I’m gonna have to borrow from Peter to pay Paul
But that’s OK
As long as they’re in the same room
Ya can’t sweep this one under the rug with a broom
This week I’m gonna eat red beans and rice
And wish meat sandwiches for lunch
But that’s ok
As long as there’s meat on the supper table at night
You and I holden each other tight
With the broom up against the wall
And the rug laying flat on the floor
There’s really not anything
Better than that!
And ya can’t sweep that
No you just can’t sweep that under the rug
THE INTIMIDATOR

The Intimidator
Was the best, if not one of the best
That raced
Passin’ in the grass
By no means an easy thing to do
Dale did it cool
At Lowes Motor Speedway and other tracks too
Passin’ in the grass
Keepin’ his foot on the gas
The Intimidator was the best, if not one of the best
That ever raced
I watched him go from 17th to 1st in three laps
At Talledega, Dale did it cool
He had a blast going fast
The Intimidar Dale Earnhardt was the best
If not one of the best that raced
Let’s not forget Davey Allison, Allen Kawicky
And the rest of the men
That belonged mentioning in this song
For the love of racin’
They’re all gone!
BUMPER CHASIN’

It seems like you hear the thunder echo
   In Bristol Tennessee
At that race track nicknamed Thunder Valley
   Ya’ can feel that sound
Flow through your veins
   Along with that, we have the smell
That’s part of it all
   Lap after lap
As they go around and around
   I know it’s insane
But let me explain
   I’m racin’, I’m ready!
To watch the race and see
Who gets the checkered and ends up 1st place
   It’s fun, it’s loud!
Absolutely proud!
   It’s racin’
Bumper chasin’
   It’s all about speed
And takin’ the lead
And only to be the bumper there chasin’
   It’s fun, it’s loud
It’s absolutely proud!
I’m at Bristol Tennessee, the place they call Thunder Valley
   I’m ready, ready to watch the race
And feel and hear the thunder roar
   Lap after lap
And see who gets the checkered
   And ends up 1st place
Oh, that race track called Thunder Valley, in Bristol Tennessee
CHANGE

Unless you choose to change, rearrange your priorities
   And accept your responsibilities
So you can carry on rise at dawn
   And see the sun
Allowing you one more day of fun
   Just looking at the water, listening
To the music, it’s simple, you just gotta choose it
We all crawl before we walk
So leave the crazy talk
To the mentally insane
Because Freedom will be yours again
BED TIME

Never go to bed mad
You get the worst sleep you ever had
And chances are you’ll get up the next day
Real sad
HUM!

I know you know
Anyway
I’m crazy
**FIRST TIME**

The first time you touched me  
I shivered inside silently  
The first time I saw you walking toward me  
I savored the sight for all my eternity  
   Leaving the Himilaya’s  
   Coming toward a hurricane  
   I agree it was a little loud  
   There was no crowd  
   It was the end of the night  
   The first time  
   I saw love’s light
DIFFERENT LOVE

In life we find
We say goodbye to the ones we love
Then we meet someone new
And we say hello
Finding a new love
A special true love
I wanted so bad to love you
I needed you to love me
I found love with you
US

Let’s laugh together
Not laugh at each other
We are simple folk
We love a good joke
There’s a little country in us all
Then we accomplish our own call
BELIEVE

I believe in God
I know love is real
As real as the breakfast meal
Real love, Love real
You know in your heart too
How do you know that
I know it in my heart
Good answer
I do understand how home feels
It feels like where you want to be
Did that offended you
No, I must admit
I wanted you to
Oh Yeah! I wanted you to want me
SO HELP ME SEE

I want you
Why are you so angry
What has gotten you so mad
I need you
So help me see
Inside your head
Inside your heart
Before ours gets torn apart
I love you
your sarcasm
Cuts like a knife
I must remember
I am your wife
We have all three
We want us
We need us
We love each other
Aren’t we lucky
RUN

How could I have known
By the seeds I’ve already sewn
I should have been smarter
Used a little better judgment
To take care of myself
I’m old enough to know
Before I go
So I guess my kicking myself is senseless
Now that I’ve gone and done
Something I thought was going to be fun
That once again turned out
Making me run
ANOTHER TRAGIC DAY

Another tragic day
Coming in, running just a little late
Angry again at someone other than your mate

Where’s the comedy
We are all happy, healthy and free
It started when
You came in black and white

Where’s the color
Wear some make-up
I wanted to shout
Your moods and Attitudes
Carry it out

Stomping your feet and
Slamming the doors
In a place where friends
Meet in bare feet

Hateful and Rude
We all are at times
But oh my, why so cruel!?

It’s all built up over time
The plusses and the minuses
On a real thin line

So hard for me to decide
It was easier to just let it ride
You know as well as I

It was time to say goodbye

Another tragic day
Coming in, running just a little late
Angry again at someone other than your mate
BITE MY TONGUE

I wished I’d kept biting my tongue

I wish I could take back all those things I said

Stop them from echoing in my head

I must have been brain dead

For a moment or two

When I said those horrible things to you

Now I want to run

Now that it’s

Said and done

I feel so terribly bad

Because I hurt the best friend I’ve ever had

And made him feel so very sad

Without a reason

That adds up to anything
A SOLID HUG

I love your solid hugs
They make me feel so loved
  So safe
  So secure
That’s all the same
When you pull me close and hold me tight
  Right up against you
  I feel your breath
Your strength, your sincerity
And those aren’t the same
  Still they are
Are welcome, wanted and needed
  In everyone’s life
  Especially mine
So I want to say thank you
  For the solid hugs
The first kiss on my neck
  Sent shivers down my spine
The second kiss on my neck
  Made me quiver
The third kiss on my neck
  Made me tingle from head to toe
For some reason I just want you to know
How grateful I am for those solid hugs
  That I love to share with you
  They always brighten up
  Or wash away the blue
That sad, cold and lonely feeling
  Because, because
A solid hug takes two
TWISTED SICK

If there is no matter
I know nothing sadder
If there is no way to find
A right in a wrong
Like my friend Angie, from Vidor Texas
I believe left is best, just go left
If there is no matter
I know nothing sadder
If you have to question why
And you just don’t understand
Asking yourself really?
Is this part of some plan?
State to state, I saw beauty
I saw history, I saw no matter
Now I know there’s nothing sadder
And left truly is best, if there is no way to find
A right in a wrong
You pick
Sick or twisted
Or twisted sick
What’s the answer!
Who asked the question?
If there is no matter
I know nothing sadder
Than if
If all right, is not ok
Don’t walk, run the other way
Remember left is best, just go left
When life deals you something
Twisted sick
There is no matter
There is nothing sadder
Mede pause

Hungry or hot
Oh, what a mood
She gets in
If she’s hungry or hot
Tired or rushed
She’s mean and hateful
For a second or two
Then it’s too late
There is silence from disbelief
At the words she just said
EVERYBODY

Everybody’s good at something
That’s why we are all
Who we are
ANNOYED

Annoyed by the slightest thing
Aggravated from beyond control
Oh no! Now she’s losing balance
    Her hand is numb
It’s so hard for her to see
What she’s looking at
It’s happening again
    She is me
HE’S
He’s a Carny
He’s a biker
He’s a cowboy
Oh, he’s everything
That could ever be anything,
It’s taken me so long to see
I must of climbed a tree
Little Quotes

I’m not a voodoo doll
Quit sticking me!

Did you say those things to be mean?
Or do you mean those things you say?

Do I want you to see
Or do I want to see, how
How very bad I can be

Your behavior ought to be taped
So you could see
How foolish you look to me
I feel your anger
And your pain
Throw it all at me
It’s all in vain
I see your beauty
It’s so deep
That’s all of your
Memory I will keep

Wow
A home cooked
Meal for real
No fast food quickie
Meal deal

Like every lil’ boy and lil’ girl should
I loved them the most
To them I shall toast
The best always!
Good luck and God Bless!
Too Young

Having children way too young
    I gave them up
So they could grow up
    with instead of without
Oh, I wanted more for them
    Then what I had
Was that Bad
    The decision was hard
And made me real sad
But I felt I offered the best
    That I could
My signature sealed the deal
    For them to be raised
In a new neighborhood
    To eat with a family
During a meal and the whole smeeal
    To be taught what was bad
And what was good
CAUGHT

Caught on your string
Like a YO YO
At the bottom of the string
Dangling or just walking the dog
Back and forth
Until who knows
Will the YO YO
Come back to the top
Or is it just time to stop
Being caught on your string
Cuz it’s such a foolish thing
CREASY

Names Marie Creasy
Once known as Marie Love O’
Down in Galveston Island
Where the gulf breeze blows
She’s a bartender lady that everybody knows
  She lives in a bar
Called the Poop Deck Club
With her husband Dennis
Not in some old hollow log
Her names Marie Creasy
  Not Marie Love O’
She’s the first Mate
On the vessel
That never sails
Where you see the water and the beach
  While you have a cool drink
And visit with new and old friends
  You meet
Mermaid

She had a little too much fun
With a ship full of sailors
Then she let herself get tattooed
So the mermaid came aboard
Only to get screwed and tattooed
Before she went ashore
Then back to the sea
After her visit to 30th and seawall
Galveston, Aya Galveston
TEARS

I never thought I’d be here after sixteen years
Yeah, I’ve cried a few tears
Gladness and sadness
That’s life
Oh what a wonderful life
Friends and family
And people you admire and adore
Finding so much at the age of twenty-four
Only to realize, I’m forty now
The tears along with the years of life
Have made me who I am
Only to become who I was
WHAT DO YOU THINK
WILL YOU SHARE

Please, can I have some of that
    I want
Want some, some of that
    I want
Want some, some of that
    It's a fact
May I please have some
    I want some of that
Please, momma said, to share
Now show me, show me that you care
    And do the right thing, share
Please, can I have some
    I want some
Yesterday, right now, tomorrow
    It's ok if I want some
It's just an old bottle of rum
    Let's have a drink
What did you think
    Do you want some
Do you care
    Will you share
Some—some of that
WHEN THERES PEOPLE

You gotta ask

For real!

When there’s people all around

And you scream so loud

No one hears a sound

Ya gotta ask, is this real?

Is it a dream?

Or a farfetched scream

Didn’t I just scream

I saw people all around

Still it seems

No one heard a sound

Makes me ask

For real!

Am I about to eat my last meal
MAKE A TOAST

When you can see both
Outside your back door
Magic on the beach
Dream’s within reach
Ride jocks, playing good music
On fun rides
Cool cons, running games
And an electrician, like a magician
Keeping the bright lights on everywhere
So we feel innocent
For a moment
Or perhaps fairytale like
Which is as good as
If not better than
A new bike
Harley preferably
Just as long as you know
When you see your dreams within reach
You gotta believe, there’s magic on the beach
Remember you are luckier than most
So have a drink, make a toast
CAGED

When your hearts been
Locked in a cage
100 or 600 pages later
It’s still the same
A one sided
Love sick game
It’s doesn’t change
Page after page
When your hearts been
Locked in a cage
BUTTERFLY BRAIN

Not me! No, I was never your wife
Still more than half my life
I’ve been loving you
We both know it’s true
After I let you touch me, and I wasn’t offended
Look, six weeks is all it took
To make me crazy, partially insane
Nothing more than a butterfly brain
Now I have to ask, were you just playing a game?
If so, you played it good
Broke my heart, screwed up my head
Leaving me crazy, partially insane
With nothing more than a butterfly brain
Because more than half my life
I’ve been loving you
We both know it’s true
When you touched me, and I wasn’t offended
Other than, you already had a plan
Three daughters and a best friend named
Sam or Lee or Julie or who ever
When you touched me
I wasn’t offended
Other than, I didn’t understand
How I, a single woman
Could hunger for a married man
Now I must confess
I believe, I understand
How Eve ate the apple
Of forbidden fruit
Also why
I’ve loved you more than half my life
Somewhat crazy, partially insane
With nothing more than
A butterfly brain
IN OUR AMERICA

Our soldiers are on foreign soil, for the Twin Tower’s and the oil.
We pray they will survive.
There are tornadoes, earthquakes, floods and hurricanes. So how do we survive?
The warning is sometimes too late.
Now there is Hillary, Obama and McCain running for President, Who will survive?
The vote in November of ’08 in the U.S.A.
Where hope, faith and belief, God willing, will survive from now until the end of time.

In the United States of America where daily we see IN GOD WE TRUST. When we spend our hard earned money to survive. Paying taxes, the continuous rising price of gas, as well as groceries(milk, meat, rice and such).
Sometimes it seems to be a bit much, just to survive.
Where pride and dignity, along with freedom are flown in the Red, White and Blue for everyone, including you.

Thanks to our soldiers, past and present, that have fought and served to protect us and our freedom. In our America, so we survive as a NATION UNDER GOD
Once written in our PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE.
Taught to us, our parents, grandparents and great grandparents there was nothing to discuss. Unless! It was about a gold rush in the black hills or the blooming daffodils.

In our America, full of beauty, protected by our armed forces unity and their sworn responsibility to the constitution. All of us now wondering, why we never went to court over the disaster in New York. Why our girls, boys, men and woman are gone, for a payback that is taking way to long. For our America, that is strong. But we need GOD, where LIBERTY and JUSTICE, are for ALL. So as a nation, we won’t fall!

Written By E. Marie Aldrich-Creasy
Poop Deck
30th and Seawall
Galveston, Texas
May 30th 2008 copy written
FROM THE BACK

It’s a fact
Hurricane Ike came from the back
Twelve to sixteen hours before land fall was predicted
Ike came from the other side
Leaving nowhere to hide
On the Island the storm
Flooded the Strand
All the buildings and all the land
Like a river, Galveston Island’s contents
Rushed toward the sea
The night hurricane Ike blew
He drown a lot of history
The rain, the ocean, the wind
It’s a fact hurricane Ike
Came from the back
I BELIEVE

Today I believe
I would have found
Something wrong with it
if I would of
Had lobster in melted butter
Today I believe
I could have lost something
That wasn’t mine
If I broke that connection
Or refused to pay attention
Today I should have
I believe
Today
Voices

Don’t blame me
Are you hearing voices
You say, you don’t understand
Oh me! Oh my
I did not take your island life
You didn’t tie up the boat
And you drifted out to sea
And forgot all about reality
Don’t blame me
For a problem you created
With your choices
Are you hearing voices
Music Man

He knows it takes a special kinda’ woman
To stay with a music man
He’s always on the road with his five piece band
He’s on stage flirtin’
Saturday morning, he’s generally hurtin’
From all the drinkin’ the night before
He says it’s from the gig
He swears he only had one swig
With no roadies,
She knows moving all the equipment is a chore
But to him, it doesn’t matter
When he hears the crowd roar,
Screaming!
More, more, more!
He’s always going away
So his fans can hear him play
In his mind he knows
It takes a special kinda’ woman
To stay with a music man
He’s on the stage singing
Hours before the church bells are ringing
Then he’s tearin’ down the show
Packin’ up the truck, ready to go
He knows trying to pay for that little piece of land
Is gonna take all he’s got and all he can
It takes a special kinda’ woman, and the good Lords helping hand
To continue being a music man

Written by, Esther Marie and Cowboy Ronnie
THE BEACH

I remember
Galveston, oh Galveston
Do you remember me
I don’t know
I hear the locals say it ain’t right
It’ll never be the same after 9:13 and hurricane Ike
The day before was long
But nothing like the night
The Balinese is gone
There since 1923, out over the sea
“Frank Sinatra played there
And ZZ Top sang about that place
Does anyone know?
Did Glen Cambell ever sing
Galveston, oh Galveston
At the Balinese
I saw Shake Russel there in 1986
I was with you
Do you remember me from years ago, over twenty-three
I just don’t know if I remember you
I remember Galveston, oh Galveston
Whenever I cross the cause way
I’m Feeling young
Soon I’m on the beach in the sun
Having so much fun
Galveston, oh Galveston
Do you remember me
Yes, I remember you
It makes me proud to see
You coming back to life after 9:13 and hurricane Ike
Ya cleaned the trash up off the streets
You put the sand back on the beach
You had Dickens on the Strand and
The Lone Star Bike Rally too
Then Mardi Gras came right on time, In 2009
Galveston, Oh Galveston
We remember that song
Glen sang way back when
Now, six months after Ike
I wonder if I’ll see Sylvia or her mother
Walking barefoot on the beach
With a Rhinestone Cowboy,
The waves splashing on their feet
As they find treasures
Sand dollars, seahorses and sea shells
Special things to keep
I remember, do you remember
Galveston, Oh Galveston Written by Esther Marie and Cowboy Ronnie
IN MY MIND

Lost somewhere in time
My pen was too far away
I lost whatever it was
   I had to say
   In my mind
Now it’s just lost somewhere in time
My pen now on the paper writes
   About what I don’t know
   Writes to writes
That in itself is pretty tight
   And you know I’m right
The Poop Deck

Is the best bar in town
Look how long it’s been around in Galveston
Ardella opened the Poop Deck in 1972
All the sailors knew, there was no place with a better view
According to Webster’s definition, the Poop Deck
Is a partial deck, above the main after-deck
On any sea going vessel
But to us, the Poop Deck is
Where the elite meet in bare-feet
We party, play pool and listen to good music
At the Poop Deck
It’s the best bar in town
Look how long it’s been around
Successful for thirty-seven years
On the Gulf of Mexico
When Ardella referred to the good in life
She said” It’s up town Mary Ann!”
As she often did, when she referred to my apartment
Now I’ve spent half my life here
I’ve been on vacation, more than a time or two
And this place, by far, has the best view
If you’ve never been, you haven’t got a clue!
The Poop Deck, is the best bar in town
Look how long it’s been around
There’s another Poop Deck in California—on the beach
I’ve been given a picture
I hear there is a Poop Deck in Forth worth Texas
Near the stock yards
I know somewhere in the Bahamas,
There’s a fancy restaurant called
The Poop Deck
And down in Galveston where the gulf breeze blows
It seems everyone knows Marie
Where the Poop Deck has history
Starting with ArDella, Marie and people hanging out
Where the elite meet in bare-feet
While they sit and think
Enjoying a drink or two
As well as the view
Just doing what they do
This my friend is true
At the Poop Deck
The best bar in town
With the best view a round
Good Morning

Good morning America, I’m watching you
  And doing what I do
Writing, it was May 2nd 2008
  When I wrote “In our America”
You said nothing on your show that day
  Not that I heard anyway
About the soldiers, in that foreign country
  I may be wrong but if I see a replay
    I could get corrected
  I have been wrong before
I was writing, that morning like this morning
  I had something to say
Today I’m ANGRY, I have MS
  I hurt! There isn’t a cure
I was told nearly twenty years ago in Galveston, TX
That I had something the doctors couldn’t fix
  I asked what I had to do
And until November of last year (2008)
  I didn’t take prescribed medicine
I think of Dr. Shiess often. She was my Neurologist at UTMB
  I wonder if she is still around, I’d like to see her again
I told her she couldn’t tell me I had something she couldn’t fix
  Her expression changed when she told me I had MS.
    She said “I’ll show you your MRI results”
    That seems like a long time ago
This time for three and half, nearly four years
Life has been difficult for me and for Dennis, my husband
  I did what the doctor said
I exercised, I walked stairs, I rode a bike
I got up to nearly twenty miles a day, sometimes more
  And that was so enjoyable on the nine and half mile seawall
Especially at sunrise in the summer, before it got too hot to ride
A few years ago my balance got so bad I had to quit riding
I maybe, should’ve quit long before, because of my vision
I was in my early twenties when I started to lose my sight
Jay Hodges, hit me on the stairs of the Poop Deck
  In August or September of 1986
    I never could see right after that
So I went to TSO and saw Kevin Katz, he couldn’t figure it out,
But he knew it wasn't from the blow to the head
It was in October of 1986, He sent me to UTMB to see
Dr. Sheiss a Neurologist
Not one, Not two, Not three, for sure

The Love from an animal or a child is unconditional
No matter what you do or don’t do

How much does a ticket cost?
I want to ride the ride
The Himmilaya, the hurricane or the merry go round
Or the Bumper cars
Bumping into each other on the run
I remember it was fun

If we were all fishes or wishes
We’d swim in the sea

I didn’t have a plan
When I bought that ship in Cheyenne
The light changed colors
And the blue was bright
You know it looked right
I found something to enjoy at night

At an Oh MY God point in my life
You tore a hole in my heart,
threw it around and then turned it upside down
And threw it into that burning ring of fire
Where the flames went higher, filled with desire

I heard someone say it went full circle
You ask what does that mean?
It’s pretty clear to me
You are no longer parted
It’s all back to where it started

When the in-laws are not that close
or that nice
Sometimes I swear their outlaws
Nothing like a child’s friend called Robin Hood
They are causing more harm than good
YOU KNOW

Don’t bitch
About something you can’t change, Rearrange
Make everything sound better
Just write a letter
You know, don’t bitch
About something you can’t change, rearrange
You know those feelings inside your head
That get into your heart
Piece by piece tearing you a part
Don’t bitch
About something you can’t change, rearrange
THE KEYS

That hurt like a son of a gun
When I cut the tip of my thumb
While it was healing
There was this apple I was peeling
When I cut my thumb, again and nearly hit the ceiling
Let me tell ya it was nothing fun
It hurt like a son of a gun
The blood, I saw it spurt
Soon I went out for a run
Soakin’ up some sun
The apple I salted
And we ate it
With some cheese
Now I just need to know
Where did I loose my keys
MERMAID SONG

The day I met me, a mermaid
   No one believes
Cuz, earlier I’d been drinkin at every bar
   On the beach
   I gotta tell ya
Her hair was red and her tail was green
She had the prettiest eyes that I ever did see
   She swam to me
   Straight out of the sea
   Right up to my dingy
   I told her what it was like
   To walk on the beach
   And she told me how it was
   To swim under the sea
But we knew together, we could not be
   My mermaid, My mermaid
   With your bright red hair
   And pretty green eyes
   Oh where, Oh where can you be
   When I sit on the beach
   And look out to see
   I think of
   My mermaid, My mermaid
And I want her to know she’s on my mind
   As I watch the ships going by
   Thinking about the day I met her and
   She swam up to me
   Flippin her tail straight out of the sea
   Right there next to my dingy
   I thought my eyes were
   Playing tricks on me
No one believes the day I met me a mermaid

By Esther Marie & Cowboy Ronnie
Burnin Palm Tree

It’s was four thirty in the morning
A palm tree was burning
I thought it was a cross
I stopped cuz that ain’t right
Ended up putting out that tree
Helping out the fire Department
Then I sang—a lil’ George with “I’m the fireman”
Remember it was four—thirty AM
I was driving home from the Dutch Kettle
A palm tree was burning
I got offered a job putting out fires
Earlier, I met Randy Rogers
At the Dutch Kettle
He’s got a couple CD’s out
These people at the Dutch Kettle heard us
Both play and my breakfast was bought for me
He walked out with his rolex on his arm
And had to come back and pay his bill
I never thought at four-thirty AM
I’d be putting out a burning palm tree
After singing for my coffee

By Esther Marie & Cowboy Ronnie
Look

When I see a piece of history, happening right in front of me
On the gulf near the sea, where the birds eat free
I don’t just read the book
I read it every day, so often it makes me say Look!
I gotta ask, are you really gonna get something to eat
If I give you some money?
Or drugs that don’t let you think
Or do you just want a drink?
After that I gotta say “Look right here”
I got a cold beer, it’s on ice
Hey Bud, I like that!
If ya gotta think twice
Maybe you really do want to get something to eat
Now I gotta say
Look straight up, “He’s there, he’s everywhere”
Then I’ll say Listen
I’m in need of some help
If it’s no trouble
I promise it will earn you a double
And I don’t make promises that I can’t keep
Don’t look down
Look up, there’s angels all around
They’ll help if you ask
When your body runs out of gas
And I see a piece of history
I gotta say “Look!”
Read the book
Look! In the mirror
Who do you see
Ask yourself, is that the person you want to be?
On the gulf near the sea
Where the birds eat free
Did you listen to me—it’s simple!
I’ll give you a double for your trouble
Look up! Don’t look down!
Turn around
Look!
Read the book
And I’ll see a piece of history
Happening right in front of me
Salt Water Cowboy

I’m sitting on the seawall
Watching the tide roll in
With the gulf breeze blowing threw my hair
And the sun on my skin
I see shrimp boats and sail boats
Out on the Gulf of Mexico
Funny thing is, I’d rather be doing a show
Cuz’ I’m a salt water cowboy
I live by the sea
I’ll be riding my sea horse
Across the waves on the beach
I can Lasso a sting ray right out of the Galveston bay
Cuz’ I’m a saltwater cowboy
That’s how I’ll stay
I want you to know—long ago
I named my guitar Ellie May
And I still don’t eat oysters in the month of May,
I’m sitting on the sidewalk
Downtown at The Crow with Diane
Watching the people walking by hand and hand
Remember December and Dickens on the strand
Everyone was dressed up, down town, in Galveston
Where I’m a salt water cowboy
I live by the sea
I ride a sea horse
And I can lasso a stingray and right out of the Galveston bay
Cuz’ I’m a salt water cowboy
And that’s how I’ll stay
I want you to know, long ago
I named my guitar Ellie May
And I still don’t eat oysters in the month of May
I’m sitting at the Poop Deck
Ending a Beautiful day
Enjoying the view on the seawall and out over the Gulf
The sun on my face
When it goes down
I’ll be sitting right there at the bar
Where the Elite meet in bare-feet
Playing my guitar
I’m the salt water cowboy
I ride a sea horse
and I can lasso a string ray right out of the Galveston bay
I want you to know—long ago
I named my guitar Ellie May
And I still don’t eat oysters in May
Cuz’ I’m a saltwater cowboy
And that’s how I’ll stay

“Ending”

Written By
Esther Maire and Ronnie Watts(Cowboy Ronnie, (The Salt Water Cowboy)
Mexican Pearl

We found our girl, she’s a Mexican Pearl
She’s got an education
She could make real money
But she work’s at the Poop Deck
To make play money
She likes baby pink and harley black
She’s sweet and precious, ruff and tuff
She’s Rachael, our Rachael
Yeah Huh!
She’ll try to get you to drink a Red Headed Slut
Shut up!
It’s Rachael, she’s nice
Exacaree!
But if it don’t set right with her
She’ll go off and not think twice
Ya gotta know, that girl really is nice
She’s got an education
She could make real money
But she works at the Poop Deck to make play money
Dressed in her baby pink and harley black
She’s no box of rocks on a wet road in Georgia
She’s our girl, our Mexican Pearl
Straight from the Gulf of Mexico
Moore’s

I know we’re almost there
We just went through Pasadena on 45
Were headed south down to the coast
Going over the causeway
After another long hard day
I’m gonna finish up my chores
Buying some fresh seafood from Moore’s
I’m coming down 61st street
Picking up some shrimp
I’m gonna say hi to Ray and Laura
They always treat me right
I see them so often I feel like we’re tight
They are friends of mine I really like
And it’s almost crawfish time
I gotta see if they might, yeah, maybe have some
Of them there mudbugs and I’ll boil them up instead
Or maybe I’ll get some red fish to fry
Moore’s might, yeah! Maybe have some either
Crawfish for tonight or red fish
Ray and Laura always treat me right
I see them so often, I feel like were tight
They are friends of mine I really like
There seafood is fresh
I’m so happy they are open once again
Everyday, nine and half month after hurricane Ike
On 61st street this time, next to KFC
They are selling out of a trailer now
Rent was just too high, trying to get by, at the last place
I’m sure glad their back in business
Because when it comes to shrimp or seafood
I want some of Moore’s
and we’re on 61st street now, almost there
Saltwater Cowgirl

Did you know?
A saltwater cowgirl rides a dolphin
All night and all day
And she’s just like me, she don’t eat oysters
In the month of May
She doesn’t have a guitar
Named Ellie May
She has a harp she named Stingray
We’ll hear her play
On a calm moon lit night
She’ll be the only star in sight
The water will shimmer and shine
Just the way I like
I’ll think about my saltwater cowgirl
And my mermaid
They are, oh so fine
Both on my mind, like an old nursery rhyme
I’ll swim under the sea with my pretty mermaid
Or I’ll ride a seahorse
Next to my saltwater cowgirl
Riding her dolphin
Playing her Stingray
I’ll be playing Ellie May
Wanting to lasso my saltwater cowgirl
Right off that dolphin
She rides through the waves out in the bay
Along with her harp she calls Stingray

By Esther Marie and Elizabeth Kyle (saltwater Cow girl, artist)
Farrah

Farrah was over the moon
I still remember that red bathing suit
Standing in the Kmart store
I bet I stared at it an hour or more
It ended up on my closet door
Then we had to say goodbye
Way too soon on that day in June
To a girl that was over the moon
We all lost a Hubba! Hubba!
From Corpus Christie, Texas, a HOTTIE! (*then whistle*)
I just know Farrah was a Saltwater Cowgirl
Did you ever see her in a pair of jean’s
Hubba! Hubba! Hush!
On the beach or on the street
In the Texas heat
She was a hottie (*ssss*) in a red swim Suit
(whistle a Hubba, Hubba)
The world knew this,
There were posters sold everywhere
To boys, young men and some elderly too
I had one, Did You?
Mine was in my bedroom on the closet door
There was one on the wall in Uncle John’s garage
My friend Tom had one in his locker at school
Hubba! Hubba! Hush
That’s all true
And that’s when I understood
Girls rule!
Farrah was over the moon
She had something we all wanted
Now we all know—we generally want
What we can’t have
That’s still true today
As well as yesterday
It’s just another unwritten law
Farrah was our Hubba! Hubba! A Hottie! (*whistle*)
One of Charles Angels
She just had to be a Saltwater Cowgirl
After all, she was from Corpus Christie, Texas
Did you ever see her in a pair of jean’s
I still remember that Red bathing suit
Standing in the Kmart store
I bet I stared at it for an hour or more
It ended up on my closet door
I said my goodbyes this June
And that was way too soon
Hew Heifner knew even at fifty or sixty-two
Farrah was a Hubba! Hubba! A Hottie! (Whistle)
Written By Esther Marie and Cowboy Ronnie
Controversial Song

How did they hijack the rainbow?
This saltwater cowboy wants to know
It is a promise from God never to flood the earth
And Noah saw the rainbow first!
Thinking back, I believe that
Hijack took place in the 80’s or 90’s
I just don’t recall
When all the lifestyle changes did occur
It was out in the open, Mainstream
Hollywood don’t ask, don’t tell
In your army neighborhood
I still believe God made Eve for Adam, Not Steve!
I remember Sunday School, they taught us
about Jesus and the Golden Rule
About Noah and the two by two, side by side
Each with a mate to repopulate
You know a chicken, a roster, a heifer, a bull
Until the ark was full
Several days and then some after the rain stopped
The dove brought back an olive leaf
That was many, many years ago
Now this saltwater cowboy wants to know
How did they hijack the rainbow?
My little girl asked me
To put a rainbow sticker on my truck
What do I tell her? TUFF LUCK!
When I remember the song, Judy Garland sang
And all about Merle Haggard’s rainbow stew
Now I think it’s a shame
I have to explain to my kids
The rainbow just doesn’t mean what it use to
And what they say it means now in 2009
I think it’s a crime
I, myself, just don’t understand
Cuz! I never thought it was part of the plan
This saltwater cowboy just wants to know
How did they hijack the rainbow?
I swear I’m gonna take it back
It’ll be another rainbow hijack
I’ll give it to all the boys, girls
And the leprechaun too
With a pot of gold
Like the story’s told
This salt water cowboy’s here to say
Let’s take our rainbow back
It’s God’s promise to the world
So I want to know
How did they hijack the rainbow?
This must be what you call population control
God said repopulate the earth
I’m living life the way God said
In my heart and in my head
I pray before I eat or go to bed
So this saltwater cowboy wants to know
How did they hijack the rainbow
I want to be heard
I’m gonna spread the word
MOMMA

Momma bought me my first guitar
I played half the day and half the night
When momma asked me
"Son, what do you want"?
I’d say momma I want to be a Saltwater Cowboy
Momma I want a maid to wash my cloths and make my bed
A cook to keep me fed
I’d say momma I want to sing
On that circle of wood
In Nashville Tennessee
At the Grand Ol’ Opry
I’d say momma I want to open up for George Straight
One Day!
Look at all the records he made
And how many times he got the number one
Momma that’s my goal as your son
I learned long ago the guitar is not a toy
Now I’m a saltwater cowboy
After years of practice
Thanks to you
I play the guitar the way I do and I sing a little too
Momma I dedicate this song to you
It’s your son saying “Thank You Momma”
“I Love You”
SENSE

When little Laura Engill’s explained it
    It made a lot of sense
Lessons learned in life
    The more you love
The more you hurt
Believe in God and you’re
    Sure to be alright
Through even though the wind of a hurricane
    Late at night
Remember Ike covered the gulf
He was damn near as big as Texas
    He roared louder than
A lion, when he came a shore
Ike came from the back
    Like a sneak attack—But
We knew the tv said it was true
There was a big bad one coming for me and you
The news said certain death to anyone who stayed
    If it would of, it could of
Hit us like Roll Over Pass
We would of lost each other
    And all we love
When little Laura Engill’s explained
    It made real life, story book sense
FOURTH OF JULY

We’ll sing for sand-dollars
  It’s the best pay
Nothing beats the sunshine on the bay
  And hanging out all day
Then at night we play
Hoping a few treasures comes our way
Tomorrow we’ll be sitting on the beach
  With a drink in our hand
  Talking about the band
Watching the waves crash onto the land
  Washing away a little more sand
  No watches, No clocks
Were saltwater cowboys
  We tell time by the sun
Cuz when it goes down
  The night has begun
Everyone’s having fun
Were playing at the Poop Deck
  Fire work’s poppin
On the Fourth of July
Singing the Stars Spangle Banner
Even the people walking by sang along
That night that feeling was strong
We all felt the American bond
Those fireworks were like a magic wand
  That sparkled in the night
  For a moment it felt like
  The whole world was right
So we’ll continue to sing for sand dollars
  It’s the best of pay
  Hoping a few treasures come our way

Written By Esther Marie and Cowboy Ronnie
NOT OK

Trying to unwind
I find myself holding the Bible
Open to Genesis 9
Reading how God’s Promise is sealed
With the gift of a beautiful Rainbow
Reading how God wanted us all to repopulate earth
Continue to give birth
So how can I accept this lifestyle you choose!
When I still believe you must of hit your head
And got a bruise, Cuz to me!
It’s just not ok
NO ONE IS BORN THAT WAY
And I wasn’t born yesterday
I promise this, It’s True!
I don’t have the patient’s of Jobe
Or wear a purple robe
I’m country, I believe
The way I believe
You can’t change my mind
I’ve heard of your kind
I think it's a crime
Unnatural
Against Gods Will
I’m country long before
After and Until
Judgement Day comes my way
And everyone reads my last will
I was taught what I believe
Whys that so hard to conceive
We all know
GOD made Eve for Adam
Not Steve
Country In Music

Let’s put the country back in country music
   Right Now
Let’s put God back in our country
   Somehow

   It ain’t too late to turn it around
   With Hope, Faith and Belief
   And some country sound

   What’s coming out of Nashville today
   Comes from LA
And that old true country sound isn’t around

   Hank would roll over
   Patsy and Loretta Too

   I say Houston’s the new Nashville now
   Let the cowboys take a bow

   Plain and Simple
   When they hear music
   They dance around
   Tap their feet and slap their knee

   That’s country

Written by Esther Marie and Cowboy Ronnie
Little Things

I like to do things for you
Like I did when you were little
Tell stories and teach you
To take a piece of wood and widdle
And how to play a fiddle

Grandpa taught me years ago
When we used a rake and hoe
How to plant a straight row
Along with a whole lot of
What I know

Grandma taught my sister
Your, Aunt Naomi
How to glue macaroni on cardboard
Make’s something called art
Aunt Naomi is really smart, she’s a teacher
She went to school—A long time
She practices the Golden rule

Me, I generally looked away
Makes me wonder
Who’s the bigger fool!
Now that we’re all out of school

I still like to do things
I did for you
When you were little
I remember
Dad and the boys made a batch of peanut brittle
Soon calling Mom away from the sewing machine
Not the computer for help
No! Not ever the computer
She could sew silk as well as leather
And she liked to do things for me when I was little
Some days we would just piddle
DOWN HOME SALTWATER COUNTRY

Little Boys, Big Boys
And
Saltwater Cowboys
Want to play
Ride seahorses out in the bay
After a long hard day
A Saltwater cowboy will play some good Ol’ music
You know that has that way back sound
The one where Grandpa starts
Tappin’ his foot, and slappin’ his knee
That sound, that country sound
That makes everybody dance around
Like the country folk did back when
They listened to Lorretta Lynn on the radio
Went to the picture show on Saturday night
Listen to that steel guitar
That’s the sound of a smoke filled bar
Or a down home Texas, back yard BBQ
Where you see real true country
Everyone gets a chance to steal the show
Don’t you know!
Make the people dance
Or sneak off and share a little romance
Aunt Joyleen will be tappin’ her tambourine
Uncle Joe will blow in a bottle
He found layin’ on the ground
Wow! What a sound
Mr. Lee will click some spoons on his knee
For everyone to hear and most to see
We call that down home saltwater country
You mind your manners
It doesn’t matter if you bottle or breast feed
You always listen to what Ma said
Or Pa took you to the wood shed
No Ifs! No Ands! No Buts! About it
That’s Down Home Saltwater Country
The place I call home
So what if I was born in Rome
For over twenty-five years I’ve partied
At the Astro-Dome
I saw a few concerts there
George Straight is great
    So is ZZ Top
    Hold up. Stop!
    I’ve been to the rodeo
    More than once
    Rode a carnival ride
With the one I love by my side
When we left the mid-way, the night was all but done
    So I headed back to the coast
    Down interstate 45
    Cuz’ Galveston’s not too far to drive
    Not from Houston anyhow
    Everyone knows once you hit that causeway
    In your mind, it’s like bells chime
    And soon you find you’re on island time
    Little Girls Big Girls
    Little Boys Big Boys
    Saltwater Cowgirls and Saltwater Cowboys
    Want to play
    Today just like Yesterday
    And ride a seahorse out in the bay
After a long hard day, at home, at work, at school
That’s how down home Saltwater Cowboys rule
They wear shirts that match and their very own hat
DOPE NOPE

If your gonna play the game
Get in it to win it
Compete, throw a king rope
Don’t do dope
It makes you incomplete, goofy, impaired
You know, not right
Then the bands not tight
And we don’t sound right
The way we would’a, could’a, should’a
Don’t you know at your age
Dope, will get you locked in a cage
Throw a king rope
Lasso something worth something not nothing
Cuz’ nothin’ is just air
And it’s not fair to the rest of the guys
That would’a, could’a, should’a sounded good
All through the neighborhood
So don’t do dope
Throw a king rope
STEPPIN OUT THE DOOR

There’s not a honky-tonk in Texas
That can hold her when she’s out on that dance floor
There’s not a honky-tonk in Texas that can hold her
Cuz she two stepped right out the door
Well I met her in a Honky-Tonk in Dallas
She had on some tight fittin’ jeans
When she came walkin’ past me
I asked her to dance
The band was playing her favorite song
Keith Whitley
Now she’s dancing with me
The night seemed to last forever
The memory so clear in my mind
A feeling came over me
I was holding an angel on the dance floor
And that angel was holding me
I held her close to me and she followed my lead
Soon “Amarillo by morning” was playing
I couldn’t believe what my heart was saying
There’s not a honky-tonk in Texas that can tame her
When she two step’s out on that dance floor
Lord know’s what I did wrong on that dance floor
Cuz’ when we got home
She threw a fit and was gone, it didn’t take long
I guess I won’t see her anymore
That’s for sure
Look out! I’m goin’ back out
I need some of that—there, two step cure
A chance to make a woman purr
Cuz’ she two stepped right out my door
Lord knows what I did wrong
Standing in line to pay for the stuff we bought
At the grocery store
I still don’t understand, why we fought
I didn’t do anything wrong
I just forgot to get you a Ding Dong
Honey, I’m gonna ask you once more
Won’t you please two step right back in the door
NOT AGAIN

The doctor asked
How was I dealing with the heat?
Staying in the AC!
I said
Cuz’ The bitch is in my pocket
And she gets out a little too often
Especially when she gets hot
My Mother and My Husband see her the most
The Ugly
Selfish
Rude
Just plain sarcastic person I become
When I get to hot!
TALL & STRONG

She’s Tall and Strong
Close, so close to the edge of land
Looking at the water and the sand
Did you hear—Do you care
About the girl who got lost at the county fair
Or the lady that just came in to dry her hair
One in the same, she has angels on her side
With each kiss they left a freckle behind
The name has always been Marie
She’s been told she’s nothing more than a bitch
By the warlock named Love
That chose her to reign as the Gulf Witch
Now when she screams, Oh weeee!!!
You know there’s a party down in Galveston
Where the gulf breeze blows
She wears a sailor hat
She’s the black cat at the Poop Deck club
A ship on shore, Pub
Where the Elite meet in their bare-feet
It seems she finally has it all
Standing proud, Standing tall
Back up and give her some room
Hey there she goes crawling through a broom
NO FACE

They were doing unnatural things
When I read ‘Sodom and Gamora’
All it tells me is God didn’t agree
With the “I was born that way” analogy
He destroyed that place called Sodom
He called it a disgrace
That’s when pride and dignity went over the rainbow
No one has a face
I still believe a man should hold a woman at night
Then God will shine his light
The next day when we get lost
And need to find our way
All we have to do is pray
Lessons Learned

I remember how to say thank you
Do you say thank you
Didn’t your momma teach you?
Mine did, my brothers, sisters and me
Along with Thank you we learned
Your Welcome!
So we could say it when we meant it
Didn’t You! Grandpa and Pa said
Manners will help to get you fed
And don’t ever wet the bed
HAVE FUN

She’s gonna go get a pedicure
Sit up in that massage chair
She’s gonna go buy a new pair of shoes
Dance away her blues
She’s gonna have too much to drink
Tell me more than once how to think
She’s gonna be my girl tonight
She’ll hold me tight, dance away the blues
All bad news
I’ll be the one she’ll choose
OPINIONS

To each their own
I don’t wear a purple robe
I’m not their judge
But I am in-titled to my opinion
Everyone has one
Just like an a . . . .
It hasn’t changed
I believe what I was taught as a kid
The manners we used and the chores we did
I’m not trying to be rude
More than once I got booed
But that’s ok by me
I want the world to see
What this saltwater cowgirl believes
It’s all about what God said, in that Great Book
Grandma had one
In the morning she read to us
Until we caught the school bus
Then at night Grandma would read to us again
Trying to drill it in our head
“We’d sleep better”, she said
And everyday we’d get fed
If we believed in what God said
It was simple then and still is today
Sometimes I want to ask
Did you lose your brain
Or are you insane
Thoughts

My heart is with the Lord
That protects me when I sleep
In the bed there’s too much in my head
That has to be said
My heart is hollow with clarity and
That’s somehow is a mystery
When I remember our history
PICTURES

I have pictures that says that ain’t me in that mirror!
I’m singing the blues in red tennis shoes and white Bobbie socks
On the beach where it seems all my dreams are within reach
    It was so long ago, don’t you know
    Somewhere in the neighborhood
    If love found a way to happen, it would
Now the reflection in the mirror is a weathered picture
    Of days gone by
Gidget Gadget

Keith’s a fisherman
And that’s all he cares about
He’s got a gidget gadget on his hip
That he made
He says it’s for fishing
When he catches that tarpen
With that spider hitch he made with his gidget gadget
He’s thirty five feet from land
There’s nothing planned
He rides a Boston Whaler
A boat called little Tunnie
With the gidget gadget on his hip
In a leather case he made himself
He uses that gidget gadget
For cutting lines and making knots
That’s what started me writing this song
My co-writer left a message like a sing along
About Keith’s gadget gadget
A fishing pole and a watering hole
Today, Tomorrow, just like Yesterday
I’ll walk away, I won’t argue
Or care what they say
I’m your child
You’ll show me the way
I know that’s true
Somehow you always do
Show me with beauty
You air brush the morning sky with brilliant colors you create
That everyone tries to recreate
You cover the night sky
With planets and stars so high
Blinking and Twinkling
Letting us know you’re the reason why
Life is ours, even after our final goodbye
Because I believe God
You are everything that is anything
I’m your child, we all know
My younger days were wild
Thanks to you, my life is now a little more mild
God you’ve held me when I prayed
You’ve touched me so often
With your breath in the cool autumn air
You know I could feel you there
One spring day I recall, you kissed me with a warm rain drop
That fell from heaven on to my check
Lord, my knees are weak
But I won’t complain
That would be totally insane
You’ve given me all I am
And all I can be
So God! I’ll walk away, I won’t argue
Or care what they say
I’m your child
You’ll show me the way
Today, tomorrow, just like you did Yesterday

Written by Esther Marie & Linda Ochoa
BROKEN WING

She's like a broken winged bird, wounded
   In need of a nest
   A safe place to rest
She's alone in the world
   By her own choice,
   She listens to the Lord's voice
She wants to put God back in our country right now
She's a broken bird that needs to be heard
She wants to put the G back in gospel,
   The G back in God
   Oh My! Oh Me! Gee
   Blessed are we
   Believe
   It's easy to conceive
   You'll find yourself in need of love
   All over again
   Something brand new
Soon left wondering why you're feeling the way you do
   Like a broken winged bird, wounded
   Unable to fly without God by your side
MEANT TO UNDERSTAND

  Healing hands are praying hands
    Making future plans
    Seven days is all it took
    I read it in the Book

  That said, God made it all in six days
Rested on the seventh day, is the way the stories told
  It’s been changed a lot it’s pretty old
I believe healing hands are praying hands
  They will fix a heart that hurts
  And will somehow mend a broken heart
    I know when I’m in need

  God will send a friend that has a helping hand to lend, Amen!
I’ll stop, I’ll listen, I’ll laugh, I’ll look to the heavens, I’ll read the good Book

  Full of the greatest stories that have ever been told
I’ve heard them since I was little, not very old
    Not very old at all
    Unlike the book we all recall
    And that’s how I know

  Healing hands are praying hands
  They can take away the gloom
Open your heart and give it room
    To breath life, to weep
    To be overcome with joy

  Healing hands are praying hands
  They will show you the path to walk
    A place there is no clock
    It’s all part of a perfect plan
We are not meant to understand
I JUST WANT TO KNOW

Do you know Elmer
The guy from the radio
I met at the Crow
He’s a DJ, He has a firm handshake
He’s not a phony or a fake
He has a wife that’s a bartender at
Bobbies House of Spirit’s
On the Strand
Where great musician’s Jam
And Lynn’s drum’s are all set up
For him to play and anyone who he say’s it’s ok
I hear Elmer can make a kitten roar and a lion purr!
He answers yes mam! and No sir!
He’s solid good to the core
Never out to even a score
Looky here, Elmer just walked in the door
Now you’ll meet Elmer
You’ll see he’s nothing like glue, it’s true!
He’s human like you
He’s not a fudd or a dudd
He’s luck, Elmer Luck
The Dj, We hear on the radio
Playing music for us all
Near the coast, Elmer’s always an additional host
To a saltwater down home Texas barbeque
Where and when we hear good music
We Thank the Lord, raise our beer and make a toast
To Dianne and Bobbie on the Strand
Or Elmer the DJ on the radio, I met at the Crow
Do you know Elmer? He’ll tell a joke on the air
They are all pretty tame, some are a little lame
Just like tit’s, none are the same
A joke is different if you change the name
But Elmer play’s some real good music we’ve all heard before
And never mind hearing at least once or twice more
I WANT TO SAY

God, I want to say
Thank you for the sunshine, the water, the sand
The rolling hills, the mountains, the land
Thank you Lord for all that I am
Because of you I’ve felt a love
That is true
Just for me
Coming from you now and then
Lord I want to say
Thank you
For all my blessing’s you’ve graced me with
The family and friends
The paths, the roads, the many, many bends
That taught me to remember you, along with my friends
So God, Thank You
For the cool autumn breeze and the beautiful colors
You turn the trees and Thank you God for me
And the love you’ve shown me all my life
Even thou that bee really did sting
And that fire really did burn
And that broken bone really did hurt like, Oh well
I don’t know what I would of did if it hadn’t been for you
When I closed my eyes and prayed
So God I want to say Thank You
For all that you do,
When I open my eyes, I can see
And I can also smell, hear, taste, and feel
These are the gift’s you’ve given me
And I know they are real
Thank You Lord!
Thank You Jesus!
Thank You!
Because I want to say
Thank You God!
ACHIEVE

Achieve what you believe
Believe what you achieve
The Lords wish is sealed with a rain drop kiss
I’ll have you know I read “Foot Prints in the Sand”
And I believe it’s true
There’s so many times
I didn’t know what to do
And God carried me through
Onto something new
I’ve seen the post card
With the crucifix shell
Jesus on the cross
All it is, is a hard head’s skull
Or catfishes or bullheads
Then I remembered, I read about
The basket’s of fish
That came from only two
They were plentiful
The bread was too
I’m sure there was wine
And good times were had with Jesus
Our Savior
By our side
I’ve given my heart to the Lord
Because I believe what I must achieve
Is the Lord’s wish sealed with a raindrop kiss
AMEN

I won’t walk without Jesus
I won’t talk without Jesus
I won’t live my life without him anymore
Through the good times, and the bad
He’s all I ever had
He’s the one who never turned his back on me
I thank you Jesus, Fisher of men
Thank You Jesus
Again and again
Amen
You shed your blood for this world of sin
So I could be born again
Amen
I can always talk to you
I know you’ll listen
Ya always do
Like I know the sky is blue
I know a lie is a lie
And the truth is true
Thank you Jesus
Fisher of men
Thank you Jesus
You walked on water
You turned water into wine
You healed the sick
Gave sight to the blind
You showed us the way, the way of the lord
As if it were a warrior’s sword
Jesus carried the cross up that hill
And that was the Lords will
It still makes me cry
For three days his son had to die

Written by Esther Marie and Ronnie Watts
ME & YOU

She was born in 1962
No one knew by 1982
She’d have a four year old
And a new born too
That’s how her cards were dealt
With all the emotions as a teenager she felt
Now two fathers, two children later
She’s twenty years young with a daughter and a son
Just like that teddy bear I’m aware
Once or twice she’s gonna blink
And she’ll be teaching her grandchildren how to wink
I know it’s true, I’m there
How about you
She was born in 1962
At sixteen she thought she knew
But she knows now, she didn’t have a clue
That along with all those broken fences
There are consequences
For spur of the moment actions
Making up life’s big and little fractions
To create a hole, a circle of Love
With the want to and will from above
It all started long before 1962
And Me and You
A FOOL
You think your cool with your home
Grown tool but you are just a fool
You had that cheap whore on the bathroom floor
In some crowded bar
News travels fast and far
You best start wishing on a star
But hold up
Wait, it’s too late
You’re no longer my mate
No need to hesitate
You think you’re cool
But you’re just a fool
Because you had some cash
And you still ran your truck out of gas
Hooked up with some trash
News travels fast and far
There’s always more than one bar
With a fool that will play by my rules
Faithful, honest and true it’s all the same
With a man you don’t need to train
He understands no need to explain
Faithfully I’ll stand by my man
Side by Side like the plan
To my readers
Now the second book is done. You can see, if you read to the end and you’re my friend. I’m onto a new page in life “song writing” wow. It’s fun writing with someone. Hope you’ll enjoy this book “Where 45 ends”, as well as the first book “Wild Flower Freedom” and thank you all for reading. Most of all I want to thank God for giving me the gift of writing.
Esther Marie Aldrich Creasy
IKE from 30th and Seawall

My Journal of Ike

Nearly one year after Ike I remember, I wrote it down and I now know we were part on the 20% of Galveston that wasn’t under water.

I was with the man I love when Hurricane Ike came in on Galveston’s Seawall. Ike had already flooded the Strand. The way it came from the other side of the island, where there was no Seawall. The water rushed through the streets, and business’s, and homes; sending everything rushing through the streets. Bottles of wine and liquor were floating. It started here at 30th and Seawall. Hours later with the water crashing onto the wall, and a little water and trash on the sidewalk. Then the water and the trash went onto the road. Once the parking lane was covered with debris. Those of us still on the deck laughed as we watched the rats running; looking desperately for a place to survive Hurricane Ike. None of us realizing they (the rats) had enough sense to seek safe shelter. Someone came in and said, “Hooters is now officially topless”, and someone yelled, “let’s go there!” As another person replied, “The roof is gone you idiot. There is a hurricane in the gulf!”

We heard that Becka and Boomer got life-flighted off the 91st Street fishing, pier they are safe. I saw Forest. He, Jackie and the boys are all fine! They are at the San Luis Hotel. They can’t even go out to the west end of the island where they live. I don’t know about Ray, Laura evacuated. Elke and Bill are ok, but their house flooded. Franks house got destroyed. The pool table and bed are gone, it’s all in the bayou, I presume! The curtains are all ripped and torn, blowing in the wind like a horror movie. No glass that isn’t broken left in any windowpane, there’s standing water in the living room. A painting of Ardella was lying in the water (I found one thing that can be saved). I felt I was blessed again, I thanked God. Both Frank’s truck and the Mermaid’s (Maelenas) car drown at the San Luis. They couldn’t park them high enough, because of all the security, law and rescue personal that were there for the islander’s.

So if you survived hurricane Ike and still have your bike ride, ride and ride some more. There is nowhere to go but from here to there and back again. At least you have the wind in your hair. The seawall is fairly clear of debris. It’s broke pretty bad in some places, be careful! There is no electricity, no water, no gas. So what do you do to survive and pass the time? Read a book, play a game of card’s, shot some dice, write a letter and let someone who cares, know you are ok.

It’s Monday, Ike came in Friday afternoon, and Saturday morning. It is a disaster! Today, amongst all the rubble, I watched the butterflies fly like they were dancing on air and haven’t a care. I knew it was God’s sign that everything will be fine. I had a peanut butter sandwich 2 days in a row. My belly wasn’t empty you know. Today I had a hand full of pecans and a Carmel or two and that is true.

Yesterday we picked up water, ice and military rations. That gave me another perspective, and made me realize a little more of what our soldier’s endure, to secure our freedom. I must stop to thank them (the soldier’s), the National Guard and the Salvation Army. Which I try to remember to do daily, did you know some of them are related to me as well as you! That is true! I’m so grateful, aren’t you grateful? For them, we are the reason why they get up, go on, and continue to try. Now we all have to look out for each other and lend a helping hand. Consider everyone a sister, or a brother, just remember the island lost a lot more than a little sand.

Some folks lost their homes as well as their land. The ocean came on shore crashing and bashing. Claiming part of this island as its own, stealing a lot of the sand. The wind with such force blew far, very far inland.

Now the aftermath of Ike has set in. Those of us still here are determined to stay, alive and well! As he shook his head in disbelief and shock, I heard Frank say “I’ve been here for over eighty years, it’s the worst I’ve ever seen.” His home was destroyed, everything blown away, washed away, broken and shattered. There is nothing left until you really look, then oh my, you see something’s special Ike never really took. Like his watch the Mermaid (Maelenas) found (a Texas Long Horn 2005 National Championship) that was still ticking.

I realize here at 30th and Seawall, we are across the street. Only seven to nine blocks away from where Hooters, Murdock’s and the Balinese once stood. Now bits and pieces of them all have been blown into my front yard (the bars parking lot), along with trash and debris from all over the island. I realize it could have been me, nothing but history. I am blessed, I’m still here with the man I love. Thank the Lord, Amen!

Now I begin Tuesday, nothing has changed. I got my bowl, soap, glass, tooth brush, washcloth and water. I
proceeded to take a bath as best I could. Thank God! I have all that to do. I’m not sure what I’ll eat today, but I know at 4:30 the Salvation Army will feed me! Last night I had rice and stew; it was my first warm meal in four days. Thank you Jesus!

I said nothing changed and that’s not true, there’s a wonderful north breeze, it is cool and feels like Fall is in the air. I’m not even missing the AC today. Once again, I feel God is making our journey more bearable. In my heart I know he is with us all. I believe in him. He will help us all get through yesterday, tomorrow and today! Think positive, be nice and polite, respectful, and don’t forget your manners. We are all in this together. It’s not just a select few that don’t have a clue. So don’t argue, join together. Together, we will figure it out and do what we have to do. To survive and rebuild what the storm took away.

For over twenty years I’ve never left for a storm. Now I’ve questioned myself, my reasons for staying, my safety, my sanity. The water was rising, the winds were getting stronger. For ten hours I didn’t look out, I stayed cocooned in one room; On the seawall on the east end of the Poop Deck. Hey duh, I know Crazy! Bonkers! No lie, I was scared!

Friday, September 12th, we waited for Ike at the deck, and then I closed at 4 pm. It was time for everyone to go and take care of their loved ones and themselves.

Saturday, September 13th, at 12 am, Ike was barreling down on Galveston Island. The apartment shook. Do you remember the motel beds that you put a quarter in, to make then vibrate. Well that night early into the morning, I slept in a 75 cent bed that was free and scary! It was vibrating and everything was shaking including my husband Dennis and me. Both the dog (Sweet Pea) and cat (Miss Kitty) seemed undisturbed. The animals must of known, they always do, that it was going to be alright. We all made it through the night, safe and dry.

A man just saw me through the window and offered me a plate of food. A full dinner he just got at 45th and Seawall, from the Salvation Army. He had two meals. I’m sure he carried them all that way for someone he loved and himself. I’m reminded again how blessed we are that people want to share! Also there are people that honestly care.

Its Wednesday September 17th now, last night Dave called just about dark and said they have water downtown, we could come get a shower. That was a kind offer we thank him. I heard Marci left and went to San Antonio; she caught her boyfriend smoking crack. Nothing to stay for after that, the house got flooded and there is nothing there, no reason to stay. Charlie came by last night; he said he sent his family onto San Antonio so his wife and kids had water, electric and food (She said it was a nightmare in San Antonio). There was Rape and stealing in the shelter! I don’t have to worry about Ruthie, she’s gone to her sisters up by Dallas (She’s ok!). Her home in La Marque flooded, until the back side of the hurricane came in, all the neighbors thought they made it. Then they got hit with the backside of Ike, in came the flood covering everything in mud.

It is 8.20 am on Wednesday we all have water again. It’s a trickle of water, but it is water out of the faucet. I got too excited too fast! The waters gone again! Oh the destruction and devastation that is out our front door. I must remember, we are blessed and I knew everything will come in time. And we are all lucky to be alive.

Elke explained how to make the M.R.E. (military ration’s) hot and ready to eat. I’m nearly blind because of MS and I just didn’t understand the directions well, because of my vision. The Salvation Army served cold spaghetti, a cookie and a bag of skittles (Wow, the skittles were good). I guess I wasn’t hungry enough yet, to eat the spaghetti cold and a dry cookie. I may be wishing I had before this is all over. And life resumes to normal. This (a hurricane) will teach you to take nothing for granted, and be thankful for the smallest of things.

I must admit, Glenda crossed my mind today, as well as yesterday. I hope and pray her and Ben are fine, Frankie too her cockatoo. I wonder about Linda and Linda Sue. if they are ok? I heard from Alois, Linda Marie and the Little Mexican, her Chihuahua are ok. She lost her cat in the flood. I still haven’t heard about Paul. Paulie and Dianna, they live downtown. Church St. I believe.

Just now the water came back, just a trickle. I did want to do the dirty dishes we have, not many mine. You and I wanted to change the sheets. I’m looking forward to a shower. I watered my plants and once again God talked to me. Telling me everything will be all right. There was a beautiful red hibiscus blossom in the last plant I could get water to and it is only the fifth or sixth day after the storm.

September 12th and September 13th 2008, Galveston Island and the Houston area were hit with a natural disaster. They lost power, water, homes, vehicles and so much more. Still we have reason to hope. Last night Hooters was giving away wings in front of the San Luis Hotel. Hot and Mild! Free! We were giving Bill and Elke a ride, and Bill just happened to see the Hooters truck in front of the Shriners Hall. Oh how that thrilled me. I don’t think I ever
enjoyed wings as much as I did last night.

This afternoon Frank and the Mermaid came by, Frank was pushing the Mermaid in a wheel chair. We took them to the house to get the money out of the safe, it was still there. The rest of the things were gone. Like I have said before, still scattered in the yard are some clothes and a few things that are broken, some torn. Now! I've had a shower, it was wonderful. Cold, but wonderful.

It is Thursday, September 19th last night I ate green beans, chicken and fruit cocktail. I’ve been going through my photo albums just to take out pictures, for people that lost everything. They say that a picture says a thousand words.

Mickey stopped by today while walking his dog. He and Melisa are fine. Nykie and Kym brought me MRE’s and hugs. It was nice to see them. They got on the island because they knew a fireman. No one’s allowed on the island without credentials. Well wishes are felt from near and far.

The water is shut off again! Dawn said Cheryl’s cats, are fine. They were at the house. Cheryl’s home survived! It is missing a few shingles, nobiggie. Then Dawn went off to get a bottle of wine. Angie has gone to New Orleans to be with Thomas. April finally called back, she’s ok. I was on the phone with Ron when she called. Ron said he went to see a friend during the storm. His home in Pearland fared pretty good. He lost a deck I believe!

It’s the 20th Friday morning. I heard from Ray last night, he’s ok. He road Ike out on 55th with friends. The power trucks have been all over for two days now. Dennis keeps seeing Georgia plates on the electric trucks. Thank you! Thank you very much to everyone for helping us with our needs. I believe Dennis and I had angel’s watching over us and keeping us safe. As I write the names, there are more than a few that held us and kept us safe from harm. It was as if we were wrapped in their wings we got through the storm safe. Thanks to the angels that protested us.

Miss Ardella Marie, Our Lord, the 1st mate Ann, Mary Scott, Clean Corners Linda, Sherry, Tax man Johnny, Geno, (In the House) Diver Jeff, Jess, Sprinkler Steve, Boots, Grandma, JR, Uncle Matt, Uncle John, Uncle Bill, Aunt Naomi, Uncle Choppy the list goes on. I’m sure Mr. and Mrs. Creasy were there too, protecting their son Dennis. As well as their daughter in law Me, Marie!

It’s Friday the 20th of September. Dennis brought home warm chili and corn (A strange combination) but it was good. My belly is full. I thank God, again. His blessings are so often. We must not forget what as a child we just knew. God is with you! He has the whole world in his hands, and our journey is all God’s plan.

It’s Saturday the 21th, we took a ride last night, Oh my, what a disaster! Some of the roads are passable now and no longer wet. Homes of friends are destroyed, hollow. Dave, Shannon and Carol; Oh Lord help them recover. They lost everything! (FYI they did receive their insurance check but guess what it bounced!) Sometimes I do believe I’m still in hurricane shock.

The last two days I’ve seen something in the gulf that is now on shore. Dennis said it’s a chair upside down. No one is allowed on the south side of the Seawall. The police and beach patrol are keeping people off the beach, and off the rocks for their safety, as well as possible contamination.

ABC News interviewed me again early last night. They did before the storm. Several people called the bar and told me to get out now! Leave the island! and did I know it was certain death for anyone who stayed on Galveston Island. It’s what I was told over and over again. I haven’t heard of anyone who lost their life yet, but I’m sure I will. This was a really bad storm. Dennis and I are blessed. The after math is questionable. I haven’t spent this much time with myself in forever. I’m ready to be among people again, eat real homemade food, play a juke box. Yeah, I’m ready!

Saturday, Saturday, Saturday. Sam, I haven’t heard from you since Tuesday. You were in the path of Ike, in Pasadena. My cousin Jeanine felt Ike in Fairfield TX and lost some shingles off her house. That’s more than a couple hour’s away. You were only forty-five miles away. Sam! Are you ok???? Donella, are you and Rudy safe????? Last night on our ride, I saw plywood that said, “Take a hike Ike”. Well he didn’t, he skipped, hopped and jumped all over south-east Texas!! Now we all have the aftermath to deal with. Believe me that’s no myth, It’s the hard cold facts after a hurricane attacks!

Now it’s Sunday morning, Elke and Bill are coming to get me at 8am. We are going to breakfast at HEB (A real cup of coffee). Eight days into this hurricane, we’ve survived. Oh how it teaches you to take nothing for granted. The smallest things are appreciated so very much. No one showed up. I haven’t seen Elke, No coffee today (makes me sad). No breakfast, that’s ok, I had a peanut butter sandwich. Dennis bought fresh bread yesterday. I’m alright.

I thank the Lord because the sun was shining on me this morning for forty-five minutes, while I waited outside
and it wasn’t too hot. EB and Allie, I’ve thought of both of you often. Are you ok? I’ll just hope I see you soon.
Dennis just told me he did see EB. Elke and Bill brought us dinner tonight. They said there was no breakfast or
coffee today at HEB. We heard Lurch was life flighted on a black hawk helicopter with fifty-nine other people and a
lion (real lion) out of a church or school on Port Bolivar. They are all on a greyhound bus heading somewhere in
Texas by San Antonio.

Its Monday, the 22nd of September. Benny brought coffee this morning—OH how wonderful!

It’s Tuesday morning, Benny brought coffee again, Yeah! I wish I could clean up our lot. I’m not walking well
enough, or able to stand long enough to try and do something. Five years ago I could of had this all cleaned up. But
due to MS, I’m frustrated, I want too, I’m just not able to. When we finally did start cleaning up the lot, a lady saw
us as we were working and stopped to offer us a case of water. She said she had extra and wanted to share.

Tomorrow April and Angie will be back, yeah, company and help. I never knew days and nights could be so long.
When everything is ok, they rush by so quickly.

I saw a man walk by today, he looked so sad. It was hard for him to walk; he was carrying a couple of plates of
food. One for himself and the other one for someone he loves I assume. I’m a good eight or nine blocks away from
the Salvation Army truck. So God bless him and I wish him luck. That is the second time a stranger offered me food
since the storm, that I felt was for themselves and someone they loved.

I cried the other night while I sat in the truck, and listened to the people pray before they were served supper,
dinner. I don’t remember which one it was. The love and kind gentle feeling I felt was over whelming as we prayed.
Finally, I heard from Sam the 23rd. Wow the 24th Wednesday, Benny brought coffee again.

For more than a week before the storm, I planned a trip to Lake Charles, if possible I hope to go. A good meal and
a hot shower sound’s so wonderful. So if (there’s that big little word) if April and Angie get back it’s on! We’re
gone for a trip, an overnighter, just to see real life. Hurricane shock is all I can say. I need to get away. In order to
open back up, the health department says we need electricity and we have to get rid of the debris. Now it’s nearly
one year after hurricane Ike. We again, thank you, everyone. Galveston is grateful to all that helped us recover.

August 30th, 2009, two weeks before the one year anniversary of hurricane Ike. Our angel’s were here again
protecting us. A tornado blew in on 29h and Seawall right outside our back door! It destroyed Dolphin World, our
neighbors next door, the clothing and gift shop. It knocked a house off its blocks on the next street, Lord knows
what else. All I can say is we just had another close call! Thank the Lord, after Ike last year and the tornado this year
in 2009, we are still all four of us just fine.

Written By: The Poet E Marie Aldrich Creasy
The Songwriter Esther Marie
I was born in Rome, New York on Griffis Air Force Base. I have two sisters, and three brothers. I’m a mother of two, and grandmother of four. I’m a woman now, no longer a little girl. I still feel like I’m not as good as I should be. I drink coffee in the morning and my mind wonders when the words start to rhyme. I sit and think, sometimes I write it down. Then capturing the moment even if no one is around. I share my writing with my musical co-writer’s Ron Thamm and Cowboy Ronnie. I’ve finished a second musical cd, as well as my second book. Now working on my third book of poetry and musical cd. I’ve tended bar for 30 years. I live on Galveston Island with my husband Dennis, and our pets. Sweet Peas the dog, and Miss Kitty the cat. We married in 2000 and had a fairytale wedding and are very happy together. I’m forty-eight years old and I live across the road from the beach since January 1986 and I love the life.

I hope you enjoy this book as well as I enjoyed writing it. Life is full of words and thoughts. I wanted to share mine with you.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where 45 Ends</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copyright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I DO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Santa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pool Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bam! Bam! Bam!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten Minutes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Message</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devine Power</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Letter Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Turned Around</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All the Time, Anytime</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALL THAT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3, 6, 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIME TAUGHT ME</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A GIFT TO SHARE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A CROSS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AGING GRACEFULLY . .</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DREAMS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHOSEN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carryin’ On</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BURIED TREASURE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BO BIRLEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Ol Cat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DVD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FORGIVE YOURSELF</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FUNNY HOW LIFE SPINS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GAZING OUT A WINDOW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Getting Older</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Haven’t A Clue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIRST CLUE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DRIFTWOOD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JEFF</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OUR DEAR LINDA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HEADED TO TEXAS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOD’S CRYSTAL LIGHT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GIVE ME</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAVE YA’ EVER BEEN SCARED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’M HAPPY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HE LOVES ME</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hey Ya’ll, Do You Know Paul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I-45 ENDS WHERE THE SUNRISE BEGINS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GETTING TOGETHER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BE CAREFUL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AUNT FLO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HE’S FAIR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HEY DUDE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LETS ROCK</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TICK TOCK
THE RACE
UNTIL THE RACE IS WON
USE TO BE NUMBER 6
WERE READY
JOEY
Drivin’ That’A Way
BLESS NASCAR
GO FAST
Kayle
THE BUZZ
I'M FOUND
I ALWAYS LOVED YOU
I AM SO HAPPY
I AM THANKFUL
I DID TOO QUIT
I KNEW IT WAS DONE
I LOVE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME
I NEED A JOB
I SIGNED
I WANNA
SOMETHING ABOUT NASCAR
NASCAR SURVIVOR
# 3
SMELL OF BURNING RUBBER
ANY RACE, ANY WHERE
RACIN’ . . . IS WHAT I LIVE FOR
WHO WON
THE LUCK IN A RAINBOW
THE RACES
THE MERRY-GO ROUND BROKE
THE TRUTH
TURN LEFT DUMMIES
PLUM FULL OF SKILL
WRECKIN’ . . . THATS RACIN’
NASCAR JUNKIE
UNWIND YOUR HEART FROM YOUR MIND
UNWANTED
TOO YOUNG
TOO MUCH
TOMORROW’S YESTERDAY
TODAY IT DOESN’T MATTER
TO HEAR HIM TELL HIS STORY
THROUGHT IT ALL
THEY JUST DON’T SEE HIM
THREAD
THE VIEW FROM THE DECK
OUR FRIEND
Johnny’s Grin
THE TAILGATE PARTY IS ON
THE SCAM
YO BITCH
YOU’RE SENSELESS
YESTERDAY’S TODAY AND TOMORROW
Youth
WE ARE ONE
HAUNTS
IF
I WANNA GO RACING
I WANT SOME
THOMAS
IF ONLY I WERE A LITTLE GIRL TODAY
THE JACKET
WE LAUGH... WE JOKE
CLOTHESPINS
DREAMS COMING TRUE
I Refuse
MY MEMORY, MY FACE
CRAWL THROUGH
MY FRIEND
MARIE’S POOP DECK CLOCK
LOVE DOES EXIST
NO GRAVITY
Where Did The Fairytale Magic Go
GOD COULD
When There’s Just Enough
WHAT A FRIEND
WHAT’S NEXT
LIFE’S NO MYSTERY
WAY BACK
THE MUSIC OF WATER
MY PILLOW
YOU
IF YOU DON’T WANNA
YOU DO GET REWARDED
IT’S HARD
IT’S ALMOST TIME
YOU LIE
MY SISTER MY FRIEND
LETTER FROM HEAVEN
LET’S GET UP AND GO
IN THE NAME
YOU ARDELLA
IN A COCOON
YOU CHANGE
WHEN THE CALLS COME
LOST IN THE SIGHT OF THE SEA
YEAH THAT’S 1983
Who’s Listin’
NASCAR RACE
MY SON
YOU CHOOSE
I’LL TRY
NOW YOU’RE GROWN
OH THAT
NOT YET
NO ONE
NO EXCUSE
LITTLE MISSY
LOVE HAS COME MY WAY
SHORT THOUGHTS
STOP IT, QUIT IT
SOMEBODY IN THE MIDDLE
SECRETLY SOMEWHERE
SOMETIMES YA GOTTA ASK
SOMETIMES
MY HEART WON'T LISTEN
SHEET SPLITTEN'
RUTHIE
ROAD TRIP
BROOMSTICK
REGRET
NOT JUST YOUNG
RACHEL
QUIT IT
ASK, JUST ASK
The View I Never Take For Granted
PLEASE WAKE UP
PART OF MY PAST
YOU KNEW
OVER MY SHOULDER
SURGERY
DEJA VU
REGRETS
YOU DON'T KNOW ME
HAS IT WENT TOO FAR
STRENGTH
THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU
LOST IN MY MEMORY
WHERE I CAME FROM
THREE FIFTEEN YEARS
I AM ALIVE
JUST DRINKING
PEACEFUL DREAMS
STORIES
THE DEAL
THAT KIND OF GUY
TAKE A MINUTE
I'M GONNA
M.S.
OMIGOSH!
NO NOTHING
IT'S A PRETTY PLACE
YOU Figure It OUT
ONE, TWO, FOUR OR MORE
LIKE AN OLD SHIRT
OK
OH YEAH HE LOVES ME
RICH ON FRIDAY
PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICH
OH THAT
LIKE MAGIC
I CATCH MY BREATH
THROUGH LIFE
I'M THINKING
Talledaga
Guilty
SHOW TIME
Richard Petty
STEVE
Long Ago
YOU & I
HAVING FUN
DON'T BE SCARED
What to say
17
RILEY
I WANT TO I DON'T WANT TO
BETTER THAN THAT
IT WAS NUMBER 8
WATCHING THE CHASE
BACK OF THE TRUCK
WHERE IT BEGAN
Treason
ALONE AGAIN BULLSHIT!
NINE BLOCKS
NUTS
GAME
LAW OBEYING
IS IT DRUGS
UNDER THE RUG
THE INTIMIDATOR
BUMPER CHASIN'
CHANGE
INSANE
BED TIME
HUM!
FIRST TIME
DIFFERENT LOVE
US
BELIEVE
SO HELP ME SEE
RUN
ANOTHER TRAGIC DAY
BITE MY TONGUE
A SOLID HUG
TWISTED SICK
Mede pause
EVERYBODY
ANNOYED
HE'S
Little Quotes
Too Young
CAUGHT
CREASY
Mermaid
TEARS
WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL YOU SHARE
WHEN THERES PEOPLE
MAKE A TOAST
CAGED
BUTTERFLY BRAIN
IN OUR AMERICA
FROM THE BACK
I BELIEVE
Voices
Music Man
THE BEACH
IN MY MIND
The Poop Deck
Good Morning
Short Quotes
YOU KNOW
THE KEYS
MERMAID SONG
Burnin Palm Tree
Look
Salt Water Cowboy
Mexican Pearl
Moore’s
Saltwater Cowgirl
Farrah
Controversial Song
MOMMA
SENSE
FOURTH OF JULY
NOT OK
Country In Music
Little Things
DOWN HOME SALTWATER COUNTRY
DOPE NOPE
STEPPIN OUT THE DOOR
NOT AGAIN
TALL & STRONG
NO FACE
Lessons Learned
HAVE FUN
OPINIONS
Thoughts
PICTURES
Gidget Gadget
GOD
BROKEN WING
MEANT TO UNDERSTAND
I JUST WANT TO KNOW
I WANT TO SAY
ACHIEVE
AMEN
ME & YOU
A FOOL
IKE from 30th and Seawall