

RIGHT BY ME
by MARJORIE THOMPSON

Don't Look Back

She went in to a restaurant,
the time was half past eight
She made a reservation
so they didn't have to wait
By the time the waiter served them
and retrieved the dinner plate
The tainted spice had done its job
and sealed his mortal fate

Oh oh oh

Take your last breath deep and slow,
Take your number, One last ride,
Good luck to you on the other side
Just go go go.

He picked her up at 6 pm
she was ready for that date
Her hair was high, her neckline low
On her feet she wore the bait
She was dressed to kill and he thought
he knew how the night would culminate
But those spike heel shoes would
pierce him through before the clock
struck eight.

Oh oh oh

Take your last breath deep and slow,
Take your number, One last ride,
Good luck to you on the other side
Just go go go.

He rang the bell, she turned the knob,
she met him at the gate
He held a bright arrangement,
one he'd helped create
There was baby's breath and roses,
but the foxglove lay in wait
By the time he dialed the rescue
it was already much too late

Oh oh oh

Take your last breath deep and slow,
count your blessings don't look back
Where you're going you won't have to
pack
Just go go go.

America the New
When the pastures were
filled with plenty
And the fields were ripe with grain
There was hope in California
That stretched across to Maine
When home was of the brave
And land was of the free
Anthems of allegiance rang
Through halls of liberty

Those were the days
when the good life came
To anyone who tried
Those were the days
when the world was small
And god was on our side
Bless the new America,
confident and wise
Congratulations on how
far you've come
hard to recognize.

When the suffocating grip
of reactionary myth hadn't
sapped the future of prosperity
When social was a word instead of
homeland, that described security
When liberal signified a compassionate
heart and responsibility to lend a hand
Now the tyranny of power and greed
are tearing up the land.

We thought we had it good in our
black and white world of fear
encrusted fences
when the politics of greed
did not run wild,
and paralyze our senses
When faith did not demand
the abdication of our mind,
and the smoke of rhetoric hadn't
rendered the nation
hypnotized and blind.

Those were the days
when the good life came
To anyone who tried
Those were the days
when the world was small
And god was on our side.

Bless the new America,
eloquent and wise
Turn of the phrase twist of the machine,
all secrets, no surprise.

Bless the new America
tolerant and wise
Suffers the differences
Celebrates the small
Land where hope will rise.

Eat Right By Me

Honey you seem hungry
You look so weak and pale
You ain't had enough to eat
You're lookin' thin as a rail
Oh ba-by
You're gonna eat right by me.

Well baby I'm gonna feed you
Make you some home cooked food
Serve it up so spicy
Put you in a real good mood
Oh ba-by
You're gonna eat right by me.

I'll feed you so well
I'll feed you so fine
You'll be so happy I'll call you mine,
ba-by gonna eat right by me.

Oh, honey I'll peel your banana
Darlin I'll pour your juice
Pick them peaches press them grapes
Don't want your clothes hangin'
there so loose.

So come on
Sit in my kitchen
Sit in that old easy chair,
I'll fix you somethin' nice and hot
Tender sweet and rare
Oh ba-by
You're gonna eat right by me.

Well I'm in no mood for laundry
Ain't gonna iron no sheets
Well you know I don't do windows,
But I don't mind grillin' you meat
Oh ba-by
You're gonna eat right by me.

So, baby, I'll cook your sausage
Sizzlin' from the pan
Pour your honey, fry those eggs,
Make you feel like a man
Oh ba-by
You're gonna eat right (ba-by)
You're gonna eat right (ba-by)
You're gonna eat right by me.

Watch the North Wind Rise
Up in the morning watch
the north wind rise
Bringin' fire down from the skies
Hey, we got a long way to go
So keep on lovin' and make it slow

chorus:
We're goin' home
Won't be long
Hear my song
Bout lovin' you ain't never done no
wrong

Well, night time falls like the crack of
doom
Fillin' the sky with a shinin' moon
Silver siren has got to please
Well, fuel me with lovin' down in my
knees

chorus:
Well, babe be mine one more time
Run your hand up and down my spine
If you say its time to go
Take some time for just one more

Well, up in the morning watch
the north wind rise
Bringin' fire down from the skies
Hey, we got a long way to go
So keep on lovin' and make it slow

chorus:
Well, babe be mine one more time
Run your hand down my spine
If you say we've got to go
Take some time for just one more
Well, babe be mine one more time
Run your hand down my spine
If you say we've got to go
Take some time for just one more

Come to the River

Come to the River
Come to the River
Bring your rod and bait
Dial him up and get the big man
on the line,
see if he can change your fate
I don't know but I've been told,
souls are in the lost and found
Waiting for redemption,
sweet redemption
Faith to wrap your arms around

Come on to the river,
lay your burden down

Well the lord will find you,
the lord will find you
People say that Jesus charms
They say the mighty savior
will wrap himself around you
Rock you in his lovin arms
He'll open up your doubting eyes,
truth will fall on your deaf ears
you'll drink the wine of salvation,
sweet salvation
light the dark -
And dry your tears
Come on to the River, see what's
waiting there.

Well they say he loves you,
Jesus loves you,
I don't think that much is true,
Well I don't know but I suspect
He don't love me
but he might love you
Look upon the water
See what you see there
Shining from the surface,
a smiling reflection
The answer to your loving prayer
Come on to the River,
see who really cares.

Well if you Come to the River
Searchinh for a mighty hand
To find you in the darkness
in the Darkness
Take you to the promised land
Give the man my best regard
He won't ask you why
They'll be no questions
by the banks of the river
When Jesus laughs and waves goodbye
Come on to the River,
lay your burden down
Come on to the River,
lay your burden down

Ernie and Grace

Was a Friday in July
The sun was bearing down
The summer night was fallin
And the moon was rising high.

I was sitting in a parking lot
pickin my guitar
A man appeared before me

at the doorway to the bar
Said his name, leaned up close
kissed me so polite
invited me to have a smoke
when darkness draped the night
He came direct from Tennessee
But here he had no home
There was freedom
In a life he lived alone.

There was some story he could tell
Said he'd just returned from hell
Leaned a bit and nearly fell
Then he smiled up and wished me
well-
-Oh there but for fortune
Luck goes rollin by
there but for the grace of god
or whoever knows why.

Wild eyes burned about his cheeks
Long hair brushed his ears
he mentioned that they'd sent him
up
for seventeen long years
I looked all on his countenance
Looked upon his face
Looked upon the path that led him
Back here from disgrace.

He said his name, a whisper
It was nothing, he assured was
nothing like a life undone by devils,
blood and war
The cross he bore were memories
etched deep into his face
I'm Ernie he said, you must be
Grace.

There was some story he could tell
Said he'd just returned from hell
Leaned a bit and nearly fell
Then he smiled up and wished me
well
-Oh there but for fortune
luck goes rollin by
there but for the grace of god
or whoever knows why.

How to Be

Tent of my emotions,
Tent upon my fears
I close my weary eyes
Cover up my ears
I'm watching you, watchin me

But I just don't know
How to Be.

The cover of my heart
Flies tattered at my feet
my shield of sensibility
Exposes every beat
I'm watching you, watchin me
But I just don't know
How to Be.

Worn of sense
Shorn of pride
Heart has no safe place to hide
I still wonder
Deep And true
Watching me, watching you
Open to the elements,
pelted by the rain
I don't know what time it is
I don't know my name
I'm watching you, watchin me
But I just don't know
How to Be.

Dead or Alive

She was standing in a parking lot
of a Morgantown hotel
Stinging from his one last kiss,
and waving him farewell.

She watched him gun the engine,
she watched him turn the wheel.
No one but he could ever know,
the ache her heart did feel.

He drove that big old pick up truck
into the winding lanes Cincinnati,
Louisville and on the country plains.
He drove that big old highway
His eyes began to close
The lack of sleep took over,
and he began to doze.

As night descended on him
the blackness cloaked the road,
The stars they flickered brightly
but his poor eyes were closed.

But fortune shone upon him,
he was destined to survive,
he woke up doin' 75,
not sure if he was Dead or Alive.

Well, the moral of this story
it is strange but right,

If the girl that loves you
loves you true,
she'll love you through the night
So when you're driving down that
highway, dozin' at the wheel
Remember as you're driftin round,
the love you left was real.

Dignity

Dignity is what I lack
Just keep comin
Comin back
Exposed and splayed,
and quite fileted
Humiliation right on track
Gets ya when you're comin
Gets ya when you go
Gets ya when your guard is down,
no matter what you know.

Comin back, comin back
I just keep comin back
Pride is not the answer here
Pain of love, love to bear
Self respect is circumspect
Have nothing left to fear
Gets ya when you're comin
Gets ya when you go
Gets ya when your guard is down,
no matter what you know.

Comin back, comin back
I just keep comin back

Devotion is a strong force
An overwhelming notion
And all the pain I can't contain
This thing is set in motion
Comin back, comin back
I just keep comin back
Intact, Intact, I just keep comin.

Light of Day

Sitting in the barroom
Perched up on a chair
I must be invisible
And the barman he can't hear
Trying to place an order
wave my arms around
But no one here can see me
And I can't make a sound.

Oh its dark
I can't stay
I surely lost my way
I've been groping through

the long night
Trying to find the light of day.

Well I stepped up to this counter
Pounded down my fist
Get someone's attention
Put my name down on some list.
But still, nobody sees me
I'll walk right out the door
And there's no trace of footprints
where I stood upon that floor.

Oh this cafe of life
Prices are fair
Choices and selections
Everything is there
Options and decisions
Wise ones and absurd
So hold your lamp and shout on
If you want to be heard.

Weather Report

Sitting in the barroom
Perched up on a chair
I must be invisible
And the barman he can't hear
Trying to place an order
wave my arms around
But no one here can see me
And i can't make a sound.

When the sun is shinin
When the moon is high
When the warm wind rises
And clouds go rollin by

Just turn out that flashlight
Put out that lamp
The weather round here is always
Warm, dark and damp
Oh you don't have to check
that weather report
The forecast's still the same.

Well you might have a question
Oh you might want to know why
But you don't have to wonder
You don't hardly have to try.

Well baby if you want to
You can turn on that radio
Check that old newspaper
It don't have what you want to know
Well honey if you find it strange
Have trouble understanding
It's a simple plain solution

Its really not demanding
So think about this message
Just sit and contemplate
When a woman wants her real man
Oh baby don't be late.

When the sun is shinin
When the moon is high
When the warm wind rises
And clouds go rollin by

Just turn out that flashlight
Put out that lamp
The weather round here is always
Warm, dark and damp
Oh you don't have to check
that weather report
The forecast's still the same.

Life of Me

I tender my heart
you wrap it safe
In a cage of wire bound
Tie it fast and guard it
Keep it safe and sound
In a cage of wire bound

You have been my gardener
You have been my tree
You have been my rock of ages
You have been the life of me.

I offered you my vision
Offered my sight
In a cage of wire bound
Offered my attention
Respect and tenderness
In a cage of wire bound

If the lord can do anything, anything he
wished
Can he make a rock that lasts forever,
One he cannot lift?
My rock of ages
Ooh ooh, my rock of ages.

Shine on, shooting star
I catch you in the night
In a cage of wire bound
You have been my constellation
My pattern glowing bright
In a cage of wire bound

If the lord can make anything,
hope and peace and joy
Can he make a rock that lasts forever,

One he can't destroy?
My rock of ages
Ooh ooh, my rock of ages.
You can always pass me the blues.

So if you're sittin round, feeling low
Tryin hard not to let it show
I will take your burden, Hold that load
Carry it way on down the road
Well, maybe you just can't believe
That you really didn't have to grieve
Oh baby, yes baby, its true
You can always pass me the Blues.

When I'm Sixty-Four

When I get older losing my hair,
Many years from now.
Will you still be sending me a valentine
Birthday greetings bottle of wine.
If I'd been out till quarter to three
Would you lock the door,
Will you still need me,
will you still feed me,
When I'm sixty-four.

You'll be older too,
And if you say the word,
I could stay with you.

I could be handy, mending a fuse
When your lights have gone.
You can knit a sweater by the fireside
Sunday mornings go for a ride,

Doing the garden, digging the weeds,
Who could ask for more.
Will you still need me,
will you still feed me,
When I'm sixty-four.

Every summer we can rent a cottage,
In the Isle of Wight, if it's not too dear
We shall scrimp and save
Grandchildren on your knee
Vera ,Chuck & Dave

Send me a postcard, drop me a line,
Stating point of view
Indicate precisely what you
mean to say
Yours sincerely, wasting away

Give me your answer, fill in a form
Mine for evermore
Will you still need me,

will you still feed me,
When I'm sixty-four.