

## A Little on the Redneck Side

Well, I come from the South, I'm a rolling stone  
The woods of Alabama is where I call my home  
I'm a country boy and I don't belong  
Among the bright lights of L. A.  
Got a pick-up truck with a straight pipe sound  
Come Friday night, I ride through town  
Got the radio up and windows rolled down  
All the women they look my way.

*(Chorus)*

'Cause I'm a fun loving, beer chugging, reckless kind that don't take nothing  
Put me down, we can sure enough step outside  
I like Jim Beam and John Wayne, us good ole boys we're all the same  
With a big hell yeah and a whole lot of American pride  
Just a little on the Redneck side.

Weekend comes, I've got a steel guitar  
Blaring out loud from a roadhouse bar  
So put a dollar in that ole tip jar  
And play another country song  
We got late night women and ole pool halls  
Cigar smoke and barroom brawls  
And with them deer heads up on the wall  
Honey, that's what I call home.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Faded jeans and a flannel shirt  
Carhartt boots caked up in dirt  
Living fast and living free  
Don't give a damn what you think of me.  
Ah yeah..

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Yeah, just a little on the redneck side.

Just a little on the redneck side.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Halfway to Mexico

I came home from work and I walked through the door  
Found another man's clothes laid out on my floor, and I just snapped  
You tried to explain and I didn't care  
I just packed my bags and got the hell out of there, and never looked back  
With tears in my eyes and a load on my mind  
I hit the road, left the heartache behind  
Picking up speed, with the wheel in my hand  
Bound for the Border, just as hard as I can.

### *(Chorus)*

I'm halfway to Mexico, got a Spanish song on the radio  
I'm taking back life with every turn, lost every fear and left all concern  
Like a tumble weed blowing through the midnight wind  
I don't know when I'll be coming back again  
Got a few more thoughts and a hundred miles to go  
I'm halfway to Mexico.

Maybe, I'll get a job at a Mexican bar  
Drink shots of Tequila, while I play my guitar, all night long  
Buy a sombrero, get a tattoo  
I'll do what I can to forget about you and I'll move on  
Work on my tan, maybe start a new life  
A young Senorita would make a good wife  
It won't be long now and I'll be all right  
I'm making my way as I drive through the night.

### *(Repeat Chorus)*

There's a town down on the Border, where the cowboys stay  
Where time moves slow and memories fade away.

### *(Repeat Chorus)*

I'm halfway to Mexico.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## One Horse Town

Another small town Friday night, hangin' down town smokin' Marlboro Lights  
And, yelling at the girls when they ride by  
There goes a couple of friends of mine, in a beat up Dodge, with some homemade wine  
There ain't too much them boys won't try  
So pull out the speakers, crank up the sound  
Here come the cops yelling turn that down  
Says they ain't gonna tell us again  
But, everybody here wants to have a little fun  
Make a little noise while the night's still young  
And they ain't no rules that we can't bend.

*(Chorus)*

In a one horse town, there ain't much change  
Every day is just the same old thing  
That's the only place that I call home  
You won't find no city lights, just dusty roads and four-wheel drives  
And the nights are hot as the days are long  
Now, I can't say I've been around, but I'm proud to come, from a one horse town.

Now, Ricky done had one too many, trying to find trouble  
But he can't find any 'round here  
It happens every time  
Willie walks out from the Texaco, says if you ain't pumping gas, you got to go  
So we all take it to the county line  
Out in the woods and down by the creek, got pickup trucks, cars and jeeps  
'Neath the full moon sky  
With the wind blowing through your hair, got a case of Bud and an old lawn chair  
Just watching the world go by.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

When you're sixteen it can sure be tough  
You think this old town ain't near big enough  
But, you'll find out no matter where you roam  
Well, there ain't no place that feels like home.

Ah, yeah.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Soon as the Tequila Kicks In

You swore when you left me  
You wasn't ever coming back  
Well, I just rolled my eyes  
And, sat around and watched you pack  
But, Honey now I must admit  
You've been awful hard to forget  
Well, it's been three weeks  
And I still got you on my mind.

*(Chorus)*

Just as soon, as the Tequila kicks in  
I'll be out there on the floor  
Dancin' to my favorite song and yellin' out for more  
I'll be the life of the party, there ain't no doubt  
I'm gonna' catch my, second wind  
Just as soon, as the Tequila kicks in.

Yeah, I spent a few nights crying  
And, waiting up by the phone  
Staring at your picture  
Hoping you'd be coming home  
Then it really dawned on me  
This ole boy had finally been set free  
And, I found a brand new way  
To spend up my sweet time

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Lord, knows it ain't easy  
Yeah, it's gonna take some time  
To drink down every memory  
With a little salt and lime.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

I'll be the life of the party, there ain't no doubt  
I'm gonna' catch my second wind  
Just as soon, as the Tequila kicks in.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Half the Man He Was

He grew up in the hollow, barefoot and running free  
Gave four years to his country, at the age of 23  
He came back from the army, a little wiser than before  
Guess, he learned to love life, a little more  
Bought himself a farmhouse, and a little piece of land  
Traded in that ole gray mule, for my grandma's wedding band  
He raised up a family, the best that he knew how  
With calloused hands, he'd walk behind the plow.  
He'd say

*(Chorus)*

"You can't get to Heaven, in some fancy foreign car  
'Cause it ain't what you got down here, that makes you what you are  
Keep a Bible by your bedside, don't let it gather dust"  
And, I pray to God that someday, I can be half the man he was.

He never seemed to worry, about the things he couldn't change  
He'd talk about his grandkids and when it was gonna' rain  
Living off the farmland, just like his dad before  
To tell the truth, son, who could ask for more.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

He used to sit out on the front porch, in the early morning light  
Staring at them dusty fields, he prayed for every night  
He'd think about his family, and the man he'd come to be  
He'd say, the best things in life are always free.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Once in a Blue Moon

I hardly ever talk about you  
Seldom do you cross my mind  
When people ask me, how I'm holding up  
Well, I just smile and say I'm fine  
It's not too often I get lonely  
Got more friends than I can count  
Well, I'm the life of every party  
Seems like I'm always going out.

*(Chorus)*

Once in a blue moon, I think about you  
And all the memories start to flood my mind again  
Tears fill my brown eyes and pretty soon I realize  
The best thing I had, was the love I had back then  
And my heart breaks, every time  
Lord, it's always the same old tune  
Well, I go crazy, once in a blue moon.

Now, Darling don't you worry about me  
'Cause I got everything I need  
I keep a bottle in the bedroom  
By a stack of Christmas cards, I hardly ever read  
I took you clothes out of the closet  
I took your picture off my wall  
Time has healed most of the heartache  
And I can barely feel the pain at all.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Well, I don't sit up in the evening  
And I don't ever walk the floor  
Hardly ever find a reason  
To feel this heartache anymore.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

I still go crazy, once in a blue moon.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Why I Do The Things I Do

Monday morning the alarm clock rings, about the break of dawn  
Ten minutes I'm out the door, moving right along  
Well, eight hours of sucking up sure gets mighty old  
When I come home, my little boy's waiting with a fishing pole  
My wife said, "We missed you"  
That's why I do the things I do.

Lately, this old truck I drive, it's been stalling some  
And I just can't afford right now to buy another one  
Maybe, I'll break even in this world someday  
'Til then there's mouths to feed and bills to pay  
And dreams that won't come true  
That's why I do the things I do.

*(Chorus)*

That's why I work and that's why I pray  
That's why get up every day  
That's the only reason I'm still standing here  
That's why I laugh, that's why I love  
That's why I thank the Lord above  
For giving me the things that I hold dear  
Son, I'm living proof  
That's why I do the things I do.

Well, there was a time when I lived dangerously  
And I let the devil take control of me  
I swore I'd never go back to that life again  
Well, I can't help but think sometimes, what might have been  
The hell that I went through  
That's why I do the things I do.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Heaven knows I'd never change it  
Still there's times I can't believe  
That when it comes down to forever  
Girl, you're the only thing I need.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Monday morning the alarm clock rings about the break of dawn  
Ten minutes I'm out the door, moving right along.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Riding Shotgun With Me

*(Chorus)*

Baby, what'd you say, we hit a two lane blacktop  
And take it down a country road  
It's a real good day to go out for a ride  
And, maybe listen to the radio  
Got a full tank of gas in my '83 Camaro  
And, I never have felt so free  
Aw, baby, what'd you say, you go flyin' down the highway  
Riding shotgun with me.

Been working all week for the city, girl, I sure could use a break  
I know a spot in the backwoods and some dirt roads we can take  
There's a place way back on the creek bank  
Where the young folks go to park  
Why you ought to see the way the stars light up  
When the sky gets nice and dark.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Got my guitar in the back seat, got a cooler in my trunk  
We can sit beneath them cypress trees while we watch the sun come up  
Running down this back road, I got one arm on the wheel  
Climb on in beside me girl, and we'll make them old tires squeal.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Now, your Daddy swears I'm crazy and you Momma says the same  
But, I think this ole Chevrolet is the only one to blame.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Aw, baby, what'd you say, you go flyin' down the highway  
Riding shotgun with me.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**



## Melissa

Now, people say she was always wild, even in her younger days  
Spent many a night in the backseat of a car  
I guess she never quiet grew out of the hell she used to raise  
But, Lord, these days I think it's gone too far  
I met her in a bar room, somewhere down in New Orleans  
Sippin' whiskey straight out of the jug  
She was the sweetest thing I thought I'd ever seen  
Lord, it didn't take long to fall in love  
Now, I'd done about anything to keep her by my side  
But, nothing I could give that girl, could keep her satisfied.

*(Chorus)*

Ah, Melissa, can't you see now what you've done  
You can't even look me in the eye  
Now, it's been real and God knows it's been fun  
Goodbye, Melissa, goodbye.

I got myself a steady job and we tried to settle down  
I was saving up to buy that diamond ring  
But, she just couldn't stay out of them honky tonks downtown  
Guess that domestic life just never was her thing  
She found a man just a little bit better than the one she had back home  
Left a letter by the bedroom dresser, took my truck and she was gone.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

I guess seeing me tonight, may come as a surprise  
I can see the thoughts race through your mind  
There's no need to worry girl, go ahead and dry your eyes  
And everything will be just fine  
There's no use to go on, about the things you put me through  
It wouldn't change you anyway; guess there's nothing I can do.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Honky Tonk My Blues Away

All week long I've been working at the factory  
Think it's 'bout time that I got set free  
There's a little girl working down at the pool hall  
All week long she's been waiting on me  
I'm sick and tired of this stiff blue collar  
I'm fed up with the boss man, too  
I've come down with the Friday fever  
There's only one thing that will do.

*(Chorus)*

So turn up the jukebox, break out the whiskey  
We'll knock'em back while the fiddles play  
Tonight, I'm putting all my cares behind me  
Gonna' honky tonk my blues away.

Every morning I'm up before the sunrise  
Working hard just to make my pay  
Looking forward to my Friday paycheck  
Son, I wish it come everyday  
'Cause Lord knows I was born for a good time  
I got that neon in my blood  
Late nights and honky tonk angels  
That's the only life I love.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Got my hand on a log neck bottle  
Got my arm around a sweet young thing  
Just as long as the shots keep coming  
You won't hear me complain.  
Aw yeah.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Cheaha Mountain

Well, I was born on Cheaha Mountain  
On a cold November day  
Out past the creek where the land's so steep  
And the snakes and the bobcats stay  
Where the snakes and the bobcats stay.

Now my daddy made corn liquor  
And the town folk knew him well  
For the six-gun that he carried  
And the whiskey he would sell  
Oh, the whiskey he would sell.

*(Chorus)*

And, Lord I love those rocky hills  
That's the only life I know  
You can look straight down on the quiet town  
And the city lights below  
Lawd, the city lights below.

Now, when, I die you can lay me down  
On the land where I come from  
And won't you say a prayer as you leave me there  
Beneath that setting sun  
Now, beneath that setting sun.

Well, I was born on Cheaha Mountain  
On a cold November day  
Out past the creek where the land's so steep  
And the snakes and the bobcats stay  
Where the snakes and the bobcats stay.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## A Little Rock N' Roll

Well, the band takes the stage and the people start to scream  
The bass, it gets to thumping and the guitars ring  
The drummer starts jamming and knocking all around  
The crowd goes wild as the lights come down  
I said, honey, listen to the music play  
You know, a little rock 'n' roll it sure goes a long, long way.

Well, that sweet country music is all good and fine  
When you rosin up the fiddles and the guitars crying  
Ain't nothing in this world like a honky tonk sound  
But, every now and then you got to break it on down  
I said, honey, ah, tell me what I say  
You know, a little rock 'n' roll it sure goes a long, long way.  
Ah, go on now.

You can pick it how you want it, you can pick it how you choose  
Play it with some soul or play it with some blues  
Pick it out of tune or pick it off key  
Anyway you do it, is fine by me  
I said, honey, I don't care what the old folks say  
A little rock 'n' roll it sure goes a long, long way.

Well, I'm tired of this rap and I'm sick of this pop  
It just don't shake and it sure don't rock  
I need to find something, that's got a little feel  
When the music gets to going, you can't sit still  
I said, honey, listen to the guitars play  
A little rock 'n' roll it sure goes a long, long way  
One more time.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**