

Trailer Park Cowboy

Well, I was raised in a run down trailer park, on the outskirts of San Antone
Times were rough and we barely got by, on the money that my daddy brung home
It weren't no place to raise a kid, with the pushers, and the pimps, and the crime
Momma saved up and brought me a guitar, just to occupy my time
After a while of bending then strings, my fingers stared getting kind of tough
I was playing everyday and playing every night, Lord, I just couldn't get enough
Sitting on the front porch, pickin' it proud, by the time I was ten years old
I was playing country music with rhythm and blues and that Southern rock and roll.

(Chorus)

I'm a trailer park Cowboy, straight shootin' Southern man
Making my living, in the spotlight pickin', with a five-piece country band
Singing them songs 'bout a poor man's life that the rednecks sure enjoy
Really don't sound bad at all for a trailer park cowboy.

Daddy run off when I was just thirteen, I ain't ever seen him again
I guess, he got tired of Momma and me or either she got tired of him
I know my momma done the best she could, just to try to bring me up right
Puttin' food on the table and clothes on my back, had her working both day and night
I'd lie awake and I'd dream sometime, about riding in a limousine
Playing them shows from coast to coast and everywhere in between
I just couldn't take it, I was going crazy, I'd near 'bout had enough
So, I headed on up to Nashville, Tennessee and I turned that guitar up.

(Repeat Chorus)

Now, Momma's in Texas, driving her Lexus, everything's good I guess
No more night mare, living on welfare, worried 'bout the IRS
We got it all together, Lord, it couldn't be better, I hope it don't ever stop
It was kinda hard to take it, I nearly didn't make it, but I'm finally sittin' on the top.

(Chorus)

I'm still a trailer park Cowboy, straight shootin' Southern man
Making my living, in the spotlight pickin', with a five-piece country band
Singing them songs, 'bout a poor man's life, that the Rednecks sure enjoy
Really don't sound bad at all for a trailer park cowboy.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

Grits and Gravy

Well, she's a country girl
And, she looks so cute
In them cutoff jeans
And her cowboy boots
Lord, the way she walks
Ought to be a crime
Turning every head
Breaking hearts like mine.

(Chorus)

She cooks grits and gravy
Drives a four-wheel drive
Got a Southern drawl
That she just can't hide
She's a perfect woman
As far as I can see
She cooks grits and gravy
And she's crazy 'bout me.

Now, when the weekend comes
We just stay at home
Cut off all the lights
And unplug the phone
All the neighbors say
We're an unsocial pair
But, I'm so in love
Son, I just don't care.

(Repeat Chorus)

Well, I work so hard
Just to make her proud
She means everything
Man, there ain't no doubt
She's a Queen of Hearts
I'm a Jack of Spades
Son, it's plain to see
That I've got it made.

(Repeat Chorus)

(Repeat Chorus)

Writer – Johnathan Page East

If I Could Do It Over

Well, I came in 'bout the break of dawn
You still had the porch light on
And in my drunken state of mind
Well, I said some things that weren't so kind
When it comes to words, you know I'm not that good
But, I'd do things different now, baby, if I could.

(Chorus)

Well, I'd turned around, I'd held my tongue
I'd made you see you're the only one
And, I'd loved you like I've never done before
Well, I'd said I'm wrong, I'd said you're right
I'd took your hand and I'd held it tight
And I wouldn't let go 'til the room felt a little less colder
If I could do it over.

Now, there's a honky tonk at the edge of town
And every night that's where I'm found
I soak my mind in the alcohol
But, it don't seem to help at all
I cut loose the only one who ever cared for me
If I could go back now, I'd do things differently.

(Repeat Chorus)

Well, I'd be with you at home
And, I'd take back every word I'd said, that ever came out wrong
If I could do it over, I'd loved a little more
And, I'd done my best to be the man that you're looking for.

(Repeat Chorus)

Writer – Johnathan Page East

That Ole Ford Truck

Daddy bought it new back in '69, said he got a real good deal
I use to sit up in his lap when I was four years old
And, he'd let me take the wheel, we'd drive on down the dirt road
And, Lord I felt so free, when I turned sixteen, it put a tear in my eye
When he gave that truck to me.

(1st Chorus)

And, I'd go riding through town with the windows rolled down and Bocephus on the radio
With a full tank of gas, I was spinning out fast, everywhere I'd go
It's broke down a time or two, and a few times it's been stuck
But, I wouldn't trade nothing in the world for that ole Ford truck.

Tammy Johnson was the Homecoming Queen, back in '98
We used to drive down to the river on Friday night, kick back on my tailgate
Take her racing on the weekends, just to make a little cash
And she'd slide in the middle seat next to me there, with her bare feet on the dash.

(2nd Chorus)

And, I'd go riding through town with the windows rolled down and Tom Petty on the radio
With a full tank of gas, I was spinning out fast, everywhere I'd go
It's broke down a time or two, and a few times it's been stuck
But, I wouldn't trade nothing in this world for that ole Ford truck.

Sometimes, when I'm driving, well, I can and see her now and then
And, I feel that same sweet freedom, just like I'm there again.

(3rd Chorus)

And, I'd go riding through town with the windows rolled down, Lynyrd Skynyrd on the radio
With a full tank of gas, I was spinning out fast, everywhere I go
It's broke down a time or two, and a few times it's been stuck
But, I wouldn't trade nothing in the world for that ole Ford,
Wouldn't trade nothing in the world for that ole Ford,
I'm still riding around in that ole Ford truck.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

One Nation Under God

Well, they took the Ten Commandments from the courtroom
And that's got lots of good folks kinda mad
They want to kill the Golden Rule, take the prayer out of our schools
And do away with all the freedoms that we have
Now, they say we've got to learn to all speak Spanish
And they even want to change the dollar bill
Say we got to show respect, be politically correct
But, I ain't scared to tell 'em how I feel.

(Chorus)

This is one Nation under God
And I'm proud to believe it
If you don't like our Country's ways
You're free to leave it
We got people of all types
Who just love them stars and stripes
It's one nation under God and we won't change.

Yes Sir.

I hear people talking bad 'bout our soldiers
Some ol' liberal who don't believe in war
But, those troops who die for you and me, to keep this country going free
I can tell you, brother, that's worth fighting for
Then I read about some egghead politician
'Coming up with new ideas each day
Some power hungry maniac, whose down with this and down with that
Now, they want to try and take my guns away.

(Repeat Chorus)

We finally got Saddam right where we want him
You can score one up for the good ol' USA
And if you don't like the way, we do things 'round here
You can pack your bags and ride away.

(Repeat Chorus)

It's one Nation under God and we won't change.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

90 Proof Habit

I first started drinking, at sixteen years old
With a bottle of whiskey, my friends and I stole
I opened the door and the devil came in
And a 90 proof habit, became my best friend.

The night clubs and bar rooms turned into my home
'Neath the smoke and the lights, I'd drink all night long
Bottle by bottle, it brought me more pain
And a 90 proof habit just drove me insane.

(Chorus)

Got a 90 proof habit, the Lord knows I love
That old sour mashed whiskey
It runs through my blood
It hurts me so bad, just to wake up each day
With a 90 proof habit that won't go away.

Now, I've hurt some people, Lord, I can't deny
I've held some women and I've said goodbye
Now, the hearts that I broke, back so long ago
Like a 90 proof habit, just won't let me go.

(Repeat Chorus)

It won't be long now, 'til I see my death
I'll die with the poison, there still on my breathe
Write on my tombstone, "A Good Man Gone Bad"
From the 90 proof habit, that he'll always have.

(Repeat Chorus)

Got a 90 proof habit, that won't go away.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

Honky Tonk Woman From Munford

Intro

I met her one night 'neath the bright flashing lights
She was drinking that Budweiser down
Well, I said, "Hey honey, now I've got some money
Let me buy you one more round"
That's how it happened
We both got to laughing
And she pulled me out on the floor
Since we got together
I'm sure feeling better, than I've ever felt before.

(Chorus)

Well, that honky tonk woman from Munford
Beer-drinkin' hell -raisin' queen
With her two-stepping dancing and late night romancing
It makes any country boy's dream
Every time we get together
I can't help but fall right in love
With that honky tonk woman from Munford
Sent straight from Heaven above.

Now, I've never been the kind to give in
To a love that I knew wasn't right
Hell, I've always been single and willing to mingle
With all kind of girls of the night
With a taste for good whiskey
That Jack Daniels picks me up
Every time I'm feeling down
I spent lots of years buzzing without any loving
But, that was all until I found.

(Repeat Chorus)

Yeah, I've met a whole of ladies and I've had a whole lot of fun
But, with all of my living and all of them women
Son, I've never met anyone.

(Repeat Chorus)

Yeah, that honky tonk woman from Munford
The only girl I'll ever love.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

Stranger Off the Street

Well, I drove home from work this evening
The same way I always do
And, on the street there by the motel
Well, I was shocked when I saw you
I felt my heart as it was breaking
I saw you were not alone
And any chance we had together
Well, I knew that it was gone.

(Chorus)

Didn't I treat you like a lady
Didn't I make your life complete
And this is how you go repay me
With some stranger off the street.

I sat there thinking 'bout the reasons
I thought this can't be what it seems
And he put his arm around you
As the red light turned to green
I didn't even try to stop him
I just let you walk on by
But, as I drove on down the highway
I couldn't help but wonder why.

(Repeat Chorus)

This is how you go repay me
With some stranger off the street.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

Liquor is Quicker

In an old smoky bar room
I sat at a table alone
With the sound of the juke box
Playing some sad country song
Well, a waitress walked up
And said, "What can I get you there, friend"
Said "I come to get drunk, tell me just what would you recommend"
She said

(Chorus)

Liquor is quicker
But, I like the taste of the wine
A cold beer can do it
But, it'll take twice the time
Now, I speak the truth
Brother, any old drunk would agree
Liquor is quicker
But, it all does the same now for me.

She started me off with some Jim Beam
And, Lord how it burned
With a glass of tequila
She told me to swallow the worm
Four hours later
I'm still there drinkin' em down
And I just can't quit talkin'
About this new love that I found.

(Repeat Chorus)

Woke up this morning
Passed out on the living room floor
My stomach so full
That I just couldn't take anymore
My head was pounding
And my eyes were hurt by the light
As I remembered the words of that waitress who told me last night
She said

(Repeat Chorus)

Liquor is Quicker
And it sure did a number on me.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

This Ain't The First Time

She left me standing on the front steps
Thinking about the angry words she said
And somehow I wound up in this bar room
With memories still running through my head
Well, there's a juke box in the corner, where I'm standing
There's a lot of songs that sound the way I feel
But the kind of pain that's in my heart, just can't be beat with a steel guitar
It's the kind of pain Merle Haggard just can't kill.

(Chorus)

This ain't the first time love's gone wrong
This ain't the first time I've been down and all alone
No, this ain't the first time I've had to wash away my past
Girl, this ain't the first time and probably ain't the last.

I used to think that we had a future
We talked about it time and time again
And I always tried to give you what you wanted
But now, it seems that all you want is him
And I don't want you to think that you're the first one
Who's made me feel this pain down in my chest
It really comes as no surprise, and I guess it's time I realized
That you're just like all the rest.

(Repeat Chorus)

No, this ain't the first time and probably ain't the last.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

Wanted Man

Yeah, you know it really made me feel like a man
To hold a 38 special in the palm of my hand
Flying down the back roads in an ole Trans Am
It brought the bad side out of me
I was ready for the world and fresh out of high school
I just turned 18, I was nobody's fool
And with my shades pulled down, son, I was looking so cool
Couldn't have been more free
Well, in Jackson, Mississippi I robbed a liquor store
Told the man behind the counter, "Lay down on the floor"
That little stunt was my first offense
I've been running like a stray dog every day since.

(Chorus)

I'm an outlaw, I'm a rebel
I'm as sweet as an angel, and mean as the devil
I wish I could go back and change all the things that I've done
I'm a loner, I'm a maverick
I'm a young desperado with a nasty habit
Of making my living on the road with a smoking gun
See, I'm a wanted man, running out of places to run.

Now, I had to go out and change my name
I ditched that car for a red mustang
And I realized the world would never look the same
As I pulled out on the road
I spent all my money and I needed some more
Down went a few more convenience stores
And as I shot the lock off the register drawer
I wondered how far I'd go
I kept on riding, out into the night
I kept telling myself everything's all right
Just keep on rolling 'til I find a little town
A place to hide out while this all cools down.

(Repeat Chorus)

I was laying low in a south Texas town
Little motel room thought I couldn't be found
And I said a prayer as the rain came down
And the wind began to blow
I was fast asleep in the middle of the night
When the cops came by, and they turned on their lights

When they broke down the door, and they read me my rights
They said, "Come on boy, let's go"
Well, they put me in cuffs and they hauled me off to jail
They took everything I had and threw me in some cell
I guess there's just a limit on how far you can go
But to the day I die everyone's gonna know.

(Repeat Chorus)

Well, I'm a wanted man, running out of places to run.

Writer – Johnathan Page East

High in the Saddle

Ridin' into Macon, Georgia on a Friday afternoon
Got to find some whiskey, Lord, and I got to find it soon
It's been two days and that's just too long
Had me a Southern woman just across that Florida line
I caught her with another man and I didn't waste no time
I hit the highway and I headed out on my own
And ever since I tasted freedom there's no way, now
That I'm ever going home.

(Chorus)

Ridin' high in the saddle and low on time
Getting on down to my last dime
Got a feeling everything's gonna' be ok
Moving quick and stepping light
I be sleeping by day and travel by night
And living my life the cowboy way
Ridin' high in the saddle.

Now, I could use a clean shave and brand new suit of clothes
A home cooked meal would be so good, to me now I suppose
But, if I'm lucky, I'll just find a place to sleep
If I never settle down and find another love
You won't catch me crying 'cause I don't need that stuff
I learned my lesson, now I don't get in too deep
I'd rather die along some back road, in the pouring rain
With the boots still on my feet.

(Repeat Chorus)

It ain't been so easy, people just don't understand
The daily aggravation of a free born rambling man
Now, I can't go back to living, the way I did before
Not everybody loves me, some folks try to put me down
And there's places where they don't want white trash like me hanging 'round
But, I just keep on moving, guess I don't care much, anymore
I'm just living on the highway never knowing what tomorrow holds in store.

(Repeat Chorus)

Writer – Johnathan Page East