

## Gettin' By Alright

Came in last night about a half past three  
No one was waitin' up and there to love on me  
I sat down on the couch and I turned the t.v. on  
Watched Andy Griffith and I cried 'til the break of dawn.

*(Chorus)*

I'm gettin' by alright, I'm doin' well  
Things are lookin' up, as far as I can tell  
I've had some hard knocks, but I got back up  
I'm gettin' by alright, yeah girl I'm hangin' tough.

My friends all warned me, boy you're gonna wind up dead  
The boss man wonders just what's running through my head  
But I don't mind what all the people got to say  
Still got this old guitar to chase my blues away.  
And honey.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

I've felt the bad end of a love that's fell apart  
Seen the ruin of so many broken hearts  
God only knows all the destruction I've been through  
But it ain't nothing compared to you  
So don't look back on what you've gone and left behind  
You might get to missin' these ol' lovin' arms of mine  
The clouds have parted I can finally see things clear  
I'll be happy girl no matter what you hear.  
Baby,

*(Repeat Chorus)*

I'm gettin' by alright, girl I'm hangin' tough.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

# Louisiana Girl

## *Intro*

Well, I know a girl way down in Louisiana  
Lives on the river where the catfish bite  
She goes ridin' out in a Pero  
Huntin' alligator on a Louisiana night.

Lips are as warm as a bottle full of hot sauce  
Got more lovin' than a man can take  
She goes dancin' out in the Bayou  
Shakin' and shiverin' like a rattle snake.

## *(Chorus)*

Well, I'd swim across the river where the water gets deep  
Where the snakes and the crawfish bittin' at my feet  
Wrestle me the meanest alligator in the world  
Just to get my arms 'round that Louisiana girl.

She goes fishin' right off her back porch  
Sittin' with a coon dog lookin' so fine  
Brown hair blowin' out in the sunlight  
Cut off britches and a jar of shine.

I tear out, long about sundown  
Pick her up at seven and she climbs on in  
She slides up, sittin' there beside me  
Smilin' like a gator, with that Louisiana grin.

## *(Repeat Chorus)*

I'm headed out now ridin' through the Bayou  
Gonna' see the girl that I love so well  
If I don't come back, you'll know what happened  
If the swamp don't get me, her love sure will.

## *(Repeat Chorus)*

I gotta get my arms 'round that Louisiana girl.

Aw, just sit tight baby. I'm on my way.  
Ain't nothing gonna stop me.  
I ain't scared of no alligator.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## **Mountain Train**

Late at night I listen as it rolls on down the line  
The sound of that old mountain train I've heard 1,000 times  
Well, its whistle's like a dagger cuttin' through that summer breeze  
And its engine's like the voice of God that brings me to my knees  
Well, I used to sit and watch it as it headed down the track  
I'd wonder what it's haulin' and when it's comin' back  
Livin' in them backwoods, nearly every day's the same  
And there ain't much to see, except that danged ol' mountain train.

*(Chorus)*

Mountain train I can hear you as you roll on through my mind  
I wish you'd take my troubles here and haul 'em far behind  
The sounds you bellow out are both so lonesome and so cold  
Makes me wish I had someone just lying here to hold.

There's a gal up on that mountain pretty as the breath of spring  
I saved up a half a year to buy that girl a ring  
But she found herself another man who rode in on the train  
And I knew life for me up there would never be the same.  
Well I found them out one evening it was several miles from home  
Walkin' on that dusty trail, just standin' there alone  
So I pulled out my rifle before they ever said a word  
And the sound of that ol' whistle was the last thing that they heard.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Well, they found me on that mountain there and they put me away  
Now I sit here in this prison waitin' for my judgment day  
And every night I listen as I hear it closin' in  
The sound of that ol' mountain train I'll never see again.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Sweet Country Lovin'

That full moon is shining bright  
Sure looks like the perfect night  
To throw a saddle on that ol' mare  
And ride down to the creek  
You can put them blue jeans on  
And I'll sing you a country song  
'Bout a heart that's always true  
And a love so deep  
Watch the saw grass start to sway and let the whole world float away.

*(Chorus)*

Out passed the woods on a blanket in the holler  
Underneath the stars way down by the water  
We'll build a little fire just to watch it burn  
And sit right there 'til dawn  
Kick your boots off, darlin' just lay back  
Listen to that freight train coming 'round that old track

Girl, I tell you, there ain't nothing  
Like that sweet country lovin'.

Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Than layin' here with you beside me  
Wrapped up there in your arms  
Like I ain't got a care  
We'll fall asleep while the hound dogs bark  
Fire flies dancin' off in the dark  
And the smell of sweet magnolia blooms  
Fillin' up that summer air  
Boy, to tell the truth, I just want to stay with you.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Boy, I tell you, there ain't nothing  
Like this sweet country lovin'

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Girl, I tell you, there ain't nothing  
Like this sweet country lovin'  
Sweet country lovin'

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## Hangin' By a Thread

## **Backslidin' Country Boy**

Ol' Billy T. Walker was a curios man  
And everybody knew it was so  
Lived way down cross the Choctaw River  
Where decent folks don't go  
Well he didn't go to town and he didn't go to church  
And he didn't do anything  
But he'd pull out the fiddle when the sun'd go down  
And he'd begin to sing.

*(Chorus)*

He'd say Lord, this old world's gonna' kill me  
But I ain't changin' far as I can see  
But I hope there's a place somewhere in Heaven up above  
For a backslidin' country boy like me.

Well he'd run off a batch of fine moonshine  
I'd help him jar it up  
Stuff it all down in a cardboard box  
And haul it in a flatbed truck.

We'd ride up to Beuland County  
Just tryin' to make a sell  
Tearin' down them old back roads  
With the law hot on our tail.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Now it's been several years gone by since Billy's passed away  
They buried him in them same woods out where he used to stay  
And I don't know for sure, but well, I'll go out on a limb and say  
Heaven hold a special place for a country boy like him.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Yes a, backslidin' country boy like me.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## **Miss Amelia**

Hey Miss Amelia from down in Amarillo  
All the truckers say that woman she's a site  
And if this rig don't let me down, I'll be ridin' into town  
And seein' Miss Amelia there tonight.

*(Chorus)*

I don't care how many miles I got to ride  
I got to have that woman right there by my side  
Now I'm shiftin' gears and ridin' like the wind  
Just to see Amelia once again.

Hey Miss Amelia she got legs that'll kill you  
Eyes that can steal your heart and spin your head around  
When I hit that Texas line, she goes running through my mind  
And just like that, I'm Amarillo bound.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Hey Miss Amelia, I got to hold you one more time  
I can feel your body layin' next to mine  
And I know you must be feelin' me as well  
When I kiss you Miss Amelia, I can tell.

Hey Miss Amelia from down in Amarillo  
All the truckers say that woman she's a site  
And if this rig don't let me down, I'll be ridin' into town  
And seein' Miss Amelia there tonight.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Yeah, I'm shiftin' gears and ridin' like the wind  
Just to see Amelia once again.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## **Ramblin' Bone**

Well I was born out past the railroad track  
Struck out one evening and I ain't been back  
This ol' highway has been my home  
Lord knows I got a ramblin' bone.

People tell me I'm a different breed  
'Cause this old guitar is all I need  
I leave 'em cryin' with a sad old song  
Son I was born with a ramblin' bone  
Yeah, I was born with a ramblin' bone.

*(Chorus)*

Ridin' high and rollin' with the wind  
Call me crazy but I won't be back again  
I'm just a gypsy honey, I'm a rolling stone  
I'm born to ride this highway, I got a ramblin' bone.

I found Heaven on a lost highway  
She made it hard, but I just couldn't stay  
I loved her so, but I had to roll on  
Now I'm on the road with a ramblin' bone.

Blue skies and blacktop are all I know  
I make my home everywhere I go  
Faith in the good Lord to keep me strong  
I guess I'll die with a ramblin' bone  
I'll probably die with a ramblin' bone.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**



## **Shady Town**

Well a stranger came to Shady Town  
'Bout the time the sun was coming down  
With a 45 hung on his waist  
And a knife in his boot there just in case, just in case  
Well he stepped inside them swingin' doors  
And he strolled across the hardwood floor  
He drank himself some whisky down  
Said where's my girl from Shady Town, Shady Town.

She walked up and she just smiled  
Said I haven't seen you in quite a while  
He said I haven't been around  
But I've come to take you from Shady Town, Shady Town  
Well she couldn't say no to all his charm  
And as they fell into each other's arms  
The night got cold and the sky turned blue  
And they even danced a song or two, a song or two.

Then another man came walkin' by  
With a jealous look there in his eye  
Said she's my gal and I'm her man  
And I'll shoot you down right where you stand, right where you stand  
Well the stranger didn't flinch a bit  
If it's a fight you want, that's what you'll get  
And I'll be happy to abide  
And the two cowboys just stepped outside, right outside.

Well, the stranger pulled his gun out quick  
Before he fired a shot, well he was hit  
She ran to him as he fell down  
And the stranger died in Shady Town.

Well a stranger came to Shady Town  
'Bout the time the sun was coming down  
With a 45 hung on his waist  
And a knife in his boot there just in case.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## **That's Just Country**

Thirty miles from Talladega back in the spring of '84  
Momma raised us by the Good Book and kept a 12 gauge by the door  
People said that she was crazy, livin' out there on the farm  
Had a spit cup on the dashboard and Bear Bryant tattooed on her arm.

### *(Chorus 1)*

That's just country like the dogwoods and the pine trees growin' wild  
Like a red dirt on a little barefoot child, it's kinda funny  
That's just country, like the fiddles in the music that we love  
Like the reckless streak that running through our blood  
That's just country.

Daddy got up every morning, headed straight out to the field  
Workin' hard to make a dollar when times were tough and life was real  
Then he'd come home in the evening, an aching back and a troubled mind  
Watch the sun fade in the west sky, sinkin' down beneath the pines.

### *(Repeat Chorus 1)*

Grandma made us cathead biscuits, ham and chicken, always fried  
Sop it up with red eye gravy, a stick of butter on the side  
Then I'd pull out that old guitar, bend some strings and pick a tune  
Play a little mountain music, beneath an Alabama moon.

### *(Chorus 2)*

That's just country, like a freight train just a rollin' down the track  
Like them dusty boots and faded old straw hats, it's kinda funny  
That's just country, like turnip greens and momma's homemade pie  
Well I reckon I'll be downhome 'til I die  
That's just country.

### *(Repeat Chorus 1)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

## When This Soldier Comes Back Home

Well he was barely old enough at the liquor store  
But they gave him a gun and they sent him to war  
Never really said what he was fightin' for  
As he headed out to Vietnam  
So he wrote out a letter and he sent right it back home  
Said I'm coming back soon girl it won't be long  
I may be right and I may be wrong  
But I hope you'll understand.

*(Chorus)*

Said hey now darlin' don't you worry 'bout me  
It won't be long and we'll all be free  
Won't you tie a yellow ribbon 'round the old oak tree  
When this soldier comes back home.

Well he was walkin' through the field with a couple of guys  
When a sniper come out and took 'em by surprise  
Shot his best friend right between the eyes  
Man he couldn't sleep a wink at night  
Back in the states it was really a drag  
They was burnin' their bras, they was burnin' the flag  
Gettin' draft cards and packin' their bags  
So they wouldn't have to go and fight.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Well they got word that their job was done  
So they packed their bags and hung up their guns  
Took on airplane ride toward the rising sun  
Couldn't wait to get back home  
They got back with the GI blues  
A couple bad scars and a few tattoos  
Feelin' forgotten and just a little bit used  
Wonderin' if they might have been wrong.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Won't you tie a yellow ribbon 'round the old oak tree  
When this soldier comes back home.

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**

# **Gravity Hill**

*Intro*

*(Chorus)*

We used to sit up on Gravity Hill  
Drink a few cold ones and we'd get our fill  
Stare at the town lights that glowed in the dark  
That's where she first stole my heart  
Up on Gravity Hill there where we used to park.

She was 18 and I just turned 20  
We were lookin' for action, but couldn't find any  
So we took a ride down an old gravel road  
Stared at the stars in the sky  
She'd slide up beside me and I'd hold her tight  
And I'd put on some music to make the mood right  
And lovin' came easy there after a while  
We'd watch that old train rollin' by.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Well, I remember the night that the Sherriff came 'round  
Made us walk a straight line and we both fell down  
Got us for possession and he hauled us in  
And she called her momma from jail  
We went out the next night when we'd been set free  
And we carved our initials in that ol' oak tree  
Sat on my tailgate, with her hand in mine  
Yeah, I still remember that well.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

Every now and again on a clear summer night  
I'll hop in that same truck that I use to drive  
Park on the hill there and I'll crack a beer  
I swear it's almost like she's here.

*(Repeat Chorus)*

**Writer – Johnathan Page East**