

It Must Have Been The Moon (©2005 Greg Loving)

Well it must have been the moon hanging over my shoulder
Whispering in my ear telling that you love me dear, do you
Well it must have been the moon sneaking up behind me
Making me believe I'm the only one you need, do you
Well it must have been the moon

Well it must have been the wine, how else could I explain it
Thinking I'm the one with whom you'd want to run away
Well it must have been the wine soaking down my heartache
Fogging up my head, hearing come instead of go away
It must have been the wine

Well it must have been the moon
And it must have been the wine
I've got to find a reason why
That I'd ever tell myself
Such an elephant of a lie

Well it must have been your eyes, deep as any ocean
Slipping underneath 'til I'm never gonna breathe again
Well it must have been your eyes holding me under
You can live and let me die or wait and let me try again
It must have been your eyes

Well it must have been the wine
And it must have been your eyes
I've got to find a reason why
That I'd ever tell myself
Such an elephant of a lie

Well it must have been the moon

A Cowboy's Work is Never Done (Sonny Bono)

Ride, I used to jump my horse and ride
I had a six gun at my side
I was so handsome, women cried
And I got shot, but I never died

I could play, if I'd do everything he'd say
Girls seem to just get in his way
Those days we weren't considered fun
A cowboy's work is never done

He'd fight crime all the time, he'd always win
Till his mom would break it up and call him in
He was tough, he was hard, but he was kind
And he was loved, 'cause guys like him were hard to find

Ride, I'd like to ride again some day
I think I still know how to play
I play games now, but it's not fun
A cowboy's work is never done

Come and Gone (©2010 Greg Loving)

I don't mind that I'm your little plaything
I don't mind that you don't spend the night
When you sneak off like I got a warrant
At least put down the seat, turn off the light

I don't mind you're not there in the morning
I don't mind my coffee all alone
There's something all about the peace and quiet
Reminds me why I love you come and gone

Come and gone, come and gone
Honey don't I love you come and gone
Come and gone, come and gone
Honey don't I love you come and gone

I don't mind if you're no Casanova
I don't mind if flowers aren't your thing
I don't want a bird that keeps on pecking
I want a bee that dies after the sting

I got a boy who comes to fix the plumbing
I got a boy who comes to mow the lawn
I got a boy who comes to clean the gutters
I can't help I love 'em come and gone

Come and gone, come and gone
Honey don't I love 'em come and gone
Come and gone, come and gone
Honey don't I love 'em come and gone

Jesus, Tarry One More Day (©2004 by Greg Loving)

Long ago among the sycamore
He said he'd never loved a girl before
We held hands along the river shore
Long ago among the sycamore

I looked next to me and he was gone
Checked the clock and it was almost dawn
Washed my face and put the coffee on
I looked next to me and he was gone

CHORUS

Jesus tarry one more day
Give him one more chance to change his ways
He says he loves me but his words are clay
Jesus tarry one more day

I found a number and I dialed the phone
A woman's voice replied she was not home
I did not leave a message at the tone
I found a number and I dialed the phone

CHORUS

I watched the sunlight climb the apple tree
I heard a car door and I heard a key
The front door opened and I felt the breeze
I watched the sunlight climb the apple tree

CHORUS

CHORUS

Side Effect (©Greg Loving 2010)

March broke February's fingers
That crawled up and wrapped around the sun
The flowers poked up through the ground to heaven
To show the Good Lord what He'd gone and done
Mary has been gone now for forever
Forever's just a month or two, I know
But the space between the knowing and the doing
Is a space of ten forevers in a row

CHORUS

Learning is a side effect of wonder
Loving is a side effect of pain
Living is a side effect of dying
Flowers are a side effect of rain

Apples hang on 'til they are defeated
In a tug of war with just a single end
Almost makes me sad to want to eat 'em
But the seeds may have the chance to live again
A hundred years torn off of forever
Is still forever without a speck of rust
A hundred years of blinking, bread and breathing
Is dust to dust for any one of us

CHORUS

And I don't wonder why I wonder
I don't wonder anymore
The wonder of a blade of grass growing
Is all the hope I'm holding anymore

CHORUS

If it Weren't for the Weather (©2007 Greg Loving)

We love each other, that's understood
'Til death do us part, knock on wood
Twenty years behind us, maybe thirty more to go
Kinda makes you shiver, don't you know

CHORUS

If it weren't for the kids, there wouldn't be much new
If it weren't for the groceries, we'd have nothin' to do
If it weren't for the dog, we'd just wither away
If it weren't for the weather, we'd have nothin' to say

I remember in the old days I was quite a sight
I could dance all day, love all night
I had hair on my head, I could see my shoes
Now if it weren't for the TV I'd have nothin' to lose

CHORUS

Twenty years of tryin' to look my best
Now half of me is wrinkled, gravity got the rest
He used to sneak a peek when I'd change my clothes
Now he stares at the wall like his eyes are froze

CHORUS

Lead Break: one verse

Maybe this is heaven, maybe this is hell
Maybe this is the wish at the bottom of a wishing well
Maybe if I'd-a knowed that before I made the throw
I'd-a saved the penny, don't you know

CHORUS

The Picked Her Up On Facebook Slightly Under Eighteen Blues

(©2011 Greg Loving)

I got the picked her up on Facebook slightly under eighteen blues
It sure seemed like she knew what she was doing when she posted
 them pictures in her high heeled shoes
I never once suspected I'd be sharing breakfast with the boys in blue
I got the picked her up on Facebook slightly under eighteen blues

I got the picked her up on Facebook slightly under eighteen blues
I should have been suspicious when she gave me chocolate kisses
 and asked me to a dance at school
Her mama's just jealous 'cause her daughter gets the fellas
 and I turned her down a time or two
I got the picked her up on Facebook slightly under eighteen blues

I just don't know why
Everybody gets so upset
I swear I didn't poke her
At least I didn't poke her yet

I got the picked her up on Facebook slightly under eighteen blues
The judge just shook his finger as he whittled down my twitter
 well that ain't much of nothin' new
But I have to drive five hundred feet around the Junior High
 when I want to buy a bottle of booze
I got the picked her up on Facebook slightly under eighteen blues

Pancho and Lefty (Townes Van Zandt)

Living on the road my friend was gonna keep you free and clean
Now you wear your skin like iron, your breath as hard as kerosene
You weren't your mama's only boy but her favorite one it seems
She began to cry when you said goodbye and sank into your dreams

Pancho was a bandit boys his horse was fast as polished steel
He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to feel
Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico
Nobody heard his dying words, but that's the way it goes

All the Federales say they could have had him any day
They only let him hang around out of kindness I suppose

Lefty he can't sing the blues all night long like he used to
The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty's mouth
The day they laid poor Pancho low Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go there ain't nobody knows

All the Federales say they could have had him any day
They only let him slip away out of kindness I suppose

Poets tell how Pancho fell and Lefty's living in a cheap hotel
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold, so the story ends we're told
Pancho needs your prayers it's true but save a few for Lefty too
He just did what he had to do and now he's growing old

A few gray Federales say they could have had him any day
They only let him go so wrong out of kindness I suppose

A few gray Federales say they could have had him any day
They only let him go so wrong out of kindness I suppose

Wayfaring Stranger (Traditional)

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
While traveling through this world of woe
Yet there's no sickness, toil, or danger
In that bright world to which I go

I'm going there to see my Father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

I know dark clouds will hang 'round me,
I know my way is rough and steep
Yet beautiful fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep

I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

Thirty Five Steps (©2005 Greg Loving)

Thirty five steps to the door of the chamber
Just let me rest in the chair
Mama and Papa said he was a good man
And I was so young and fair

Twenty eight steps to the door of the chamber
Just let me rest in the chair
I bore him six children while he went a-drinkin'
The bruises my burden to bear

Seventeen steps to the door of the chamber
Just let me rest in the chair
Thirty five drops I put in his coffee
One ribbon I put in my hair

Four more steps to the door of the chamber
Just let me rest in the chair
He writhed and he screamed as he clawed at the floorboards
I picked out my best dress to wear

Thirty five steps behind me I've traveled
Just let me rest in the chair
My only regret, he suffered so little
I take my last breath of air

That Night in the Rain (©2009 Greg Loving)

I've been here on this barstool
For as long as I can remember
And it's probably a good thing
That I don't remember much anymore
And on nights like tonight
When the bartender is tending to pour a little heavy
All the moments in my life just sort of fade away
Except for one

CHORUS

That night in the rain
With your arms open wide
That night in the rain
With your smile to the sky

It was a sticky night in Cincinnati
Some singer was singing about something
You hadn't realized yet that you were just passing through
And for me it was a dead end
It started to rain
You could just feel all the shoulders get heavy
You got up and walked outside
Like a bride down the aisle

CHORUS

I couldn't figure out what you were doing
So of course I just sat there
Watching the one moment of pure joy
That I think I've ever seen
I don't even know how long you've been gone
No, that's a lie
And you probably don't even remember
That night in the rain

CHORUS

I've been here on this barstool
For as long as I can remember
And it's probably a good thing
That I don't remember much anymore

Thirteen Inches (©2011 Greg Loving)

CHORUS

There's thirteen inches between us
Any more and I'd go insane
Any less and I'd drag you down with me
Into the depths of my depraved brain
So in the long run best for everyone around
If we just decide to stay right here
Keep your eyes straight ahead, keep your mind to yourself
Thirteen too far, too near

There's a spot on your jeans I keep looking at
To keep from looking at anything else
Ain't it funny how the second hand wiggles a bit
Every time it goes past the twelve
And you're tapping your finger to the radio
And it's a mighty fine finger indeed
I wonder if I followed that finger a bit
Just what it'd grow up to be

CHORUS

The universe flips all the quarters
And calculates down to the dime
It's just a nickel for a bag full of wishes
You get a penny's worth every time

You never know what's going to happen
I like to tell myself every day
But life is pretty damn well predictable
If you're judging from yesterday
I ain't got the guts to come closer
Or the nerve to slither away
So let's settle in and get a little comfortable
Let the universe make a play

CHORUS

The Crows of Père Lachaise (©2011 Greg Loving)

The Champs Élysées is empty
The sun still hides his face
From the sleeping Gypsy beggars
Charity will not erase
I'm headed for the airport
Au revoir, mon cher, Paris
I'm going back with Jezebel
Across the silent sea

And the crows of Père Lachaise
Watch the living watch the dead
Spread their wings and cock their heads
Ignoring useless labor
A wall in front, a wall behind
And in between we finally find
Virtue bound and justice blind
All now equal to their neighbor

I wonder if he stumbled
Walking home from Saint Germain
After one too many bottles
In the greasy August rain
And the eloquence begotten
Of a synapse soaked in Bordeaux
Dribbles down the patient gutter
On the way to Rue Vaneau

And the crows of Père Lachaise
Search the cracks that mosses mend
Call beginnings to an end
Flowers wilted, tokens rotten
When I die I think I'll go
To places where they'll put my bones
In pretty boxes all in rows
So efficiently forgotten