

Meet Ure Man!

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I Don't Know How To Text

I'm not the sharpest in the tool shed but I'm not the dullest.
Working hard day and night, I live life to the fullest.
Only one little thing I can't wrap my mind around.
A tiny palm-sized box they say spins this world around.
I'm a grown man and I don't know how to text.

I don't know how to text.
I get a little bit mixed up.
I'm a grown man and I don't know how to text.

She told me last night, anytime, just send me a message.
She says I'm fun, says I'm smart, happy-go-lucky from Texas.
She doesn't know that I'm slow with all these new-fangled things.
She can't see I'm in the dark when it comes to just knowing how.
I'm a grown man and I don't know how to text.

Spoken at end: "Can't I just call you ?"

Tractor's Playing Chicken

Well I was driving and daydreaming. Wishing I was seeing.
Something other than the cars in front of me.
Yeah it was slow-go to no-go. I wanted to be home.
Somewhere other than a long drive in front of me.

So I daydream about tractors playing chicken.
Massey and John on the interstate facing off.
I daydream about tractors playing chicken.
* People on the side of the road, just a clapping and a screaming.
Two tractors playing chicken.

*Girls in bikinis just a jumping up and down and a screaming.

Well I was counting mile markers. Wishing I was seeing.
Something other than another one in front of me.
Yeah it was time to pull over. I wanted to be home.
Somewhere other than this long drive in front of me.

Well I was fueling up again. Wishing I was seeing.
Something other than the miles left in front of me.
Yeah it was truck stops and bad food. I wanted to be home.
Somewhere other than the on-ramps in front of me.

What More Do You Want From Me ?

I let you buy your engagement ring. I let you pay for the wedding.

I even let you get my new Chevy. What more do you want from me ?

What more do you want from me ?

I've done all I can to make you happy.

Done it all for you and me.

What more do you want from me ?

I let you buy our trip to Cancun. I let you bring me Margaritas.

I even let you rub me down with sun screen.

What more do you want from me ?

I let you take me on to work. I let you care for me when I'm hurt.

I even let you pay my tab at the bar.

What more do you want from me ?

I let you take the kids to school. I let you pick them up at four.

I even let you get them ready for bed.

What more do you want from me ?

I let you wake me twice on Sunday.

I let you read to me from the good book.

I even let you nudge me in the pew.

What more do you want from me ?

I let you hand me the remote. So I could surf past all your favorites.

I even let you bring me dessert. What more do you want from me ?

Let The Healing Begin

Well it was 15 years ago but it could be 20 or more.
And I wouldn't forget about the folks that day.
I still tear up when I think about it.
All those bright lives lost for.
Lost for nothing better than a madman's crazy ideas.
And as we look back what do we say ?
We only have one answer today.
And it's easy and it's for the friends and the family we pray.

Let the healing begin.
Let the healing go on.
Let the healing be there for all; all who need a friend.
All who need God's hand.

Well I heard everybody say and it was in the news today.
But we see too much of it, too much of it to turn away.
I still tear up as I think about it.
All those young lives lost for.
Lost for nothing better than a high that never stays.
And as we look at it what do we say ?
We only have one answer today.
And it's easy and it's for these young lives we pray.

Well my best friend came to say his wife was diagnosed today.
And I'll never forget the look in his eyes of grey.
I still tear up as I think about it.
All those good lives lost for.
Lost for nothing better than a cure that hasn't been made.
And as we look at it what do we say ?
We only have one answer today.
And it's easy and it's for these good lives we pray.

Stand Up For Yourself

He was the smallest kid living on the block.

Always getting picked on and beaten a lot.

He never thought to fight back. He never thought he could.

He was scared, too afraid of the other boys.

He took the long way home through the woods.

He never wanted to be bruised. He never wanted to lose.

So I told him...

You got to get up and get tough. Stand up for yourself.

Get rough and say enough. Stand up for yourself.

Get mean and get seen. Stand up and give'em hell.

Get up and get tough. And stand up for yourself.

He knew a pretty little girl down the way.

She had blond curly hair and a smile all day.

He never thought to talk to her. He never thought he could.

He was too afraid of what he'd say.

He thought he'd mix up words and she'd laugh away.

He never wanted any other. He never wanted to leave her.

He grew up to be a very great man.

Always solved the problems he had in hand.

He never shied away from work. Always did what he could.

He married that blond down the block.

Always made her happy even when things were tough.

He never thought about looking back. He felt it was just God's plan.

Beer and Whiskey

A hard days work brings a hard days night.
And the aches and pains make me feel so tight.
Need to loosen up. Need to wind down.
Only two real friends I need around.

Beer and whiskey are enough for me.
Throw in a pretty girl and we'll make it three.
Bar keep, keep'em coming cause I'm thirsty.
(Bar keep, keep'em coming and I'll throw you my keys.)
Beer and whiskey are enough for me.

A man needs a woman. Every woman knows that.
And women, they know how to get about.
They need love but when it can't be found.
Only two real friends a woman needs around.

A nice safe place is this nice bar stool.
And all my friends are just as sure.
Need to have some fun. Make loud sounds.
Only two real friends we all need around.

A Farm Dog Named Spot

I grew up on a farm and have fond memories.
The sights and the smells often come back to me.
The days started early and the work was long.
But I always had another who was there with me.

He liked to run the fields in the morning.
Never far from us as we worked.
He brought us a lot of love and never asked a lot.
He was tough. He was loved.
He was a tough old farm dog named Spot.

We came across a hand-painted sign in a yard that said...
Free pups for a family with lots of love.
My daddy told us we'd have to care for him.
We smiled, said we would, and got him into the truck.

He grew fast and strong. Could run like the wind.
On occasion he would swim with us in the pond.
He always seemed to be watching out for us.
And when we were with him nothing ever went wrong.

One evening as the family was all gathered around.
And he was with us on the front porch just lying down.
18 years had come and gone since he made us his own.
And in his sleep he left us with memories of love and home.

America, Our Land

America, I opened the book and I read.
America, the strife, the struggle, and the lives of those that bled.
America, the love of God that began where we all live.
America, the city on the hill, a shining sun.

America, with determination and might we headed west.
America, the canals, the rails, and roads were our first tests.
America, where brother once fought brother in a bloody mess.
America, always doing her very best.

America, two world wars could not tear us apart.
America, we lead and guide the world with our spark.
America, depressions have never held us back for long.
America, open arms and loving hearts.

America, we made it through Korea and Vietnam.
America, everybody's got their civil rights in hand.
America, we made it through the boom and the bust.
America, we know we live in one great land.

America, the good, the bad and everything in-between.
America, not always peaceful but at least we're free.
America, my family, friends and God next to me.
America, where all of us are living the dream.

I Love Women

I love women ! (3) I love'em each and everyone ! I love women !
I love'em night and day ! I love women !

I love short ones, tall ones, all kind of ones.
I love happy ones, sad ones, all kind of ones.
I love nice ones, mean ones, all kind of ones.
I love slow ones, fast ones, all kind of ones.

I love brown ones, blond ones, all kind of ones.
I love rich ones, poor ones, all kind of ones.
I love soft ones, rough ones, all kind of ones.
I love easy ones, hard ones, all kind of ones.

I love quiet ones, loud ones, all kind of ones.
I love pretty ones, ugly ones, all kind of ones.
I love weak ones, strong ones, all kind of ones.
I love smart ones, dumb ones, all kind of ones.

I love red ones, brunette ones, all kind of ones.
I love short ones, tall ones, all kind of ones.
I love wet ones, dry ones, all kind of ones.
I love young ones, old ones, all kind of ones.

Cowboy's Creed

I'm just an old cowboy. I rode the Chisholm Trail.
You would call me a ghost but listen to my tale.
Things have gotten so bad down here and I see your need.
So I've come back to give you the Cowboy's creed.

Now you may think these are hard. Hard things to do.
But if you don't try, you can't change you.
As I rode the dusty trails of life. And made my way.
I lived and learned all these things were true in the Cowboy's Creed

Now you may ask me how. How did you do it in those days.
Well I changed my ways and learned to live up to it.
And any time that I had the need, had troubles in my way.
I just searched my heart and spirit and found the Cowboy's Creed.

You know I died one evening on the way back home.
We crossed the river and had only a days ride more.
In my sleep I crossed over and I awoke to find new friends.
And the words on my stone say, "He lived the Cowboys Creed."

When you open your mouth tell the truth.
Admit it when you make a mistake.
Treat a lady like a lady and never gamble more than you can pay.
Quiet down and listen to the wise.
Teach what you know to be.
Stand tall to a fight and never leave, until it's squared away.

Bad Man

Well they call me a bad man.
Say I don't play a fair hand.
They tell everyone you want to stay away from him.
They say I don't walk a straight line.
Say I'd hang you out to dry.
They tell everyone he turns truth into a damn lie.

They say Ure you're a bad man.
Say I don't deserve a fair hand.
They tell everyone you want to steer way clear of him.
They say my head's in the sand.
Say I need to change the plan.
They tell everyone he's just a low-down, no-good man.

Well they call be a bad man.
Say I hang with the wrong friends.
They tell everyone you want to stay away from him.
They say I need to change my ways.
Say I'm drunk every day.
They tell everyone he'll only lead you astray.

And I'm tired of hearing this talk around town.
And I'm tired of setting the record straight again.
They'd like to hang me from a tree. But you know.
I think I'll hang those bastards instead.

Hankering and Hunkering

I got a hankering and a hunkering for a you and me.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a cool brewsky.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a loving spree.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a you and me.

I got a hankering and a hunkering for a you and me.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a late party.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for old country.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a you and me.

I got a hankering and a hunkering for a you and me.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a tailgate party.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a beer and whiskey.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a you and me.

I got a hankering and a hunkering for a you and me.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a drive-in movie.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a drinking spree.
I got a hankering and a hunkering for a you and me.

I ain't, gots, be no time for fooling around. (3)

Le Two Step

V1: Mon ami de Mirande. Veut danser le two step.
Je lui ai dit, Emile. Rien de plus facile.
Prend ton partenaire et danse le two step.
Un pied après l'autre et vous recommencez.

Cho: And we move around the dance floor. (2)
Et nous faisons le tour de la piste. (2)
Tous les soirs. Doing the two-step.

V2: Mon ami de Craponne. Veut danser le two step.
Je lui ai dit, Cécile. Rien de plus facile.
Prend ton partenaire et danse le two step.
Un pied après l'autre et vous recommencez.

V3: Mon ami de Gramat. Veut danser le two step.
Je lui ai dit, Basile. Rien de plus facile.
Prend ton partenaire et danse le two step.
Un pied après l'autre et vous recommencez.