

BACK CATALOG LYRICS

Amanda French

Two Cents

Today I went down to the market to buy
Your roast beef and string beans and turkey pot pie
I was a gambling girl rollin sky-high
Now I'm a working woman with a ramblin guy

Been crazy about you since the first day we met
You played on my heartstrings, I played hard to get
You bought me a diamond and a new TV set
Smelling like roses and credit card debt

You drink your four-dollar drinks, you smoke your three-buck smokes
You put your two cents in, and you're flat busted broke

You're a good-looking boy, you're such a sweet-talking wreck
Like Jesus in jail, calling heaven collect
And when it's time to go home, you've come to expect
That you'll pick up your coat and I'll pick up the check

You drink your four-dollar drinks, you smoke your three-buck smokes
You put your two cents in, and I'm flat busted broke

Oh, my mama always told me you were barely half-grown,
But then you'd walk in, and I'd hang up the phone.
Feels like I got nothing to call my own
Cause I want your love, and you just want a loan.

There's a jackpot in the winter wind
There's a springtime fortune to spend
There's a big iron kettle near the rainbow's bend
But I don't know if I've got the means to the end

Well, I'm packing my bags and fueling the car
I'm takin the cat--and your guitar
I may not get rich, or even get far
But honey at least I won't be where you are

I'll drink my four-dollar drinks, I'll smoke my three-buck smokes
I'll put my two cents in till I'm flat busted broke

I'll drink my four-dollar drinks, I'll smoke my three-buck smokes
I'll put my two cents in till I'm flat busted broke

Chasin Tail

When I was a little girl
Big brown eyes and shining curls
They told me all the boys'd be just
Standing in line

Now that I'm a woman grown
Nobody to call my own
I tell you that all I do is
Spend most of my time

Chasin tail
You gotta get to work to get you somethin male
Sometimes it helps to act all sweet and frail
When you're chasin tail

I once had a man I loved
Thought that we were hand in glove
Until one day he wrote to say it was
Just no use

Well, I cried till my eyes were sore
And then I went and cried some more
And then I quit, and then I lit out
On the loose

Chasin tail
Step aside and let me through, I'm hot on the trail
All that heartache stuff is getting stale
I'd rather go chasin tail

Hey there, handsome, what's your sign?
Tell me yours, I'll show you mine
Them jeans you're wearin just ain't fair
You sure look fine

My grandma just turned ninety-three
And on that day she said to me,
"My shoulders ache, my hipbones break, and my
Chair has wheels."

Then my grandma said, "Honey child,
I was young, and I was wild
I ain't young now, but anyhow I'm
Kickin up my heels

Chasin tail
A Chairman of the Board or maybe a Chippendale.
What's the matter, sugar? You look kinda pale.
I suggest you go chasin tail."

Chasin tail
Don't accept no substitutes for the Holy Grail
You could stay at home and paint your fingernails
Or you could go chasin tail

Let's all go chasin tail

Sally Ann's Daddy

I had a baby girl when I was just seventeen oh I was
Gonna join the Special Forces fight with the Marines but now I'm
Tryin hard just to keep my head above the ground
Takin care of my Sally Ann when her mama's not around I've got to

Keep her in the kitchen and keep an eye on her
Keep her out of trouble till her mama gets home
Keep her in the kitchen and don't let her wander
Keep her out of trouble till her mama gets home

Somethin's wrong with this playpen
Sally Ann climbed out again
Honey baby can't you see
Daddy just can't set you free

Her mama's got a job workin for a big department store and now she's
Makin so much money that I don't work anymore I'm singin
Rock-a-bye (except the part about the breakin bough)
Takin care of my Sally Ann the best that I know how I've got to

Keep her in the kitchen and keep an eye on her
Keep her out of trouble till her mama gets home
Keep her in the kitchen and don't let her wander
Keep her out of trouble till her mama gets home

Honey don't you eat that dirt
And don't go far you might get hurt
Honey baby don't you know
Daddy just can't let you go

Well now my Sally's gettin all grown up she's almost seventeen she's pretty
As a wildwood flower—and she's datin a Marine she tells me
Daddy don't you fuss I promise I won't misbehave
But I'll take care of my Sally Ann until I'm in my grave I've got to

Keep her in the kitchen and keep an eye on her
Keep her out of trouble till her mama gets home
Keep her in the kitchen and don't let her wander
Keep her out of trouble till her mama gets home

Keep her in the kitchen and keep an eye on her
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Route 20

Whenever I travel Route 20, I see
all the same pretty hills out the window.
"8 miles to Scottsville" the road sign'll say;
it ain't tellin me nothin I don't know.

And there I go again,
drivin down a highway to a place I been before,
And there I'll stay again;
I never get a very long way from home.

Soup on the stove and a dog by the door,
and Bill Monroe playin his music.
Comforting kisses and comforting lies,
till I don't want to know what the truth is.

And there I go again,
hangin on to someone I believe I'm leavin free,
and there he goes again;
he says there's nothin to keep him at home.

I still go out drinkin on Saturday nights;
I still sleep till noon every Sunday.
We sinners move slowly or stay where we are;
saints do their livin the hard way.

And there I go again--
standin in a rainstorm, watchin lightning in the sky,
and there's that thunder again:
it's gettin closer and closer to home.

And there I go again,
dreamin of salvation; Lord, I think I'd like to go
there . . . but then again,
heaven is such a long way from home.
Oh, heaven is such a long way from home.

Sweet Young Thing

Gingham ruffles and calico
And a sampler to sew
Little princess was getting restless
But where could she go

Sweet young thing
Crying over the falling leaves
Sweet young thing
Won't spare a sigh in a year

She broke her heart for a blue-eyed man
Who left her behind
A dozen others have gone since then
And now she don't really mind

Sweet young thing
Crying over the falling leaves
Sweet young thing
Won't spare a sigh in a year

She was everyone's angel
She was always so good
She'll never make that mistake again
She wishes she could

[BREAK]

Sweet young thing
Crying over the falling leaves
Sweet young thing
Won't spare a sigh in a year

Aspens gamble their gold away
Sugar maples bleed dry
Bonfires will burn their fill
She will weep and know why

Sweet, sweet young thing
Sweet young thing
Sweet young thing
It's you that you're grieving for

Sweet young thing
It's you that you're grieving for

Strangely Silent

He was a man, he was only a man, he was only a heartbeat away.
Early I wooed him and vowed to be true to him, and he did not say me nay.
Music and laughter resounded thereafter, and we two were merry awhile.
Then came a season when no word could please him nor any diversion beguile.

"You are strangely silent, my love, are you fretted by clamorous fray?
Ah, then come and lie down, rest entwined with me soundlessly until the coming of day."

How can I tell why I loved him so well, more than any fair fellow before?
His way of talking, as bold as a mockingbird, ready was I to adore.
Still, it was bliss just to lie near him listening, oh, to the beat of his heart.
Did it betoken the love he had spoken or sorrow he would not impart?

"You are strangely silent, my love, and your blue eyes have darkened to gray.
Why so pensive in spring, tell me, where is the sting in the birdsong and blossom of May?"

Then, on an evening as quiet as grieving and warm as a passion confined,
I said, "You hurt me with such distant courtesy; can you not tell me your mind?
Love, shall you never awake from this reverie? Why is your heart all enclosed?"
He lay beside me, but would not confide in me. Hastily then I arose:

"Still so strangely silent, my love—I am angry, and care not to stay.
Ah, then, leave you I will, two or three days until you have cast all your silence away."

We were parted a week;
then at last he did speak:

"You were bright and lovely, you loved me, and I was contented to stay.
In December, I learned my true love has returned.
I'm sorry.
What else can I say?"

You are strangely silent, my love, are you fretted by clamorous fray?
Ah, then come and lie down, rest entwined with me soundlessly until the coming of day--
Until the coming of day.
Until the coming of day.

Get In Line

VERSE

Dm Dm C G Dm Dm C G

CHORUS

Dm Dm G G C#dim C#dim

I went out one night
I had a chip on one shoulder and the other was cold
And then some guy comes up and says,
“Baby, how are you doin?” I said, “Better than you, my friend.”

I pushed through the crowd
And I said, “Hit me, bartender, give me something to bend my brain.”
Then some guy walks up and says,
“Well, baby, you think that I could buy you that drink?”
And I said

Get in line
Get in line

I climbed up my stairs
Into an empty apartment where I sat in the dark
And then some guy calls up and says,
“Hey, can I buy you some dinner?” I said, “Baby, what’s in it for me?”

And I was walkin down my street
And I was thinkin about my desire and doubt
And then this bright red car pulls over
And the driver says “I’d be glad to give you a ride,”
And I said

Get in line
Get in line

I put on my stockings
And some fancy perfume, some guy comes into the room
And he says, “Oh, my goodness, baby,
Lord you’re lookin so fine, I feel so happy you’re mine,”

And then he looks into my eyes, he says,
“I love you so much, I love to feel your sweet touch in the night,”
I crooked my finger,
I said, “Come over here,” I put my lips to his ear,
And I said

Get in line
Oh, honey, get in line

I went out last night
I saw a man on the stage and he could play like an angel
So I sidled up and said,
“Hey darlin, I like your style, could I be with you awhile?”
And he said

Ha.
What’d he say? He said,
Get in line
Get in line get in line get in line get in line get in line . . .

There’s a line and it forms on the right, get in line
Get in line
Get in line

Wait your turn, take your place at the back of the line
Get in line
Get in line

Get in line

Mountain (I Have A Mountain All to Myself)

I have a mountain all to myself
Ain't gonna share it with nobody else
I have a mountain all to myself

Sit on the top in a rockin chair
Rock all day in my underwear
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care

Make my bed in the columbine
Comb my hair with a kudzu vine
Wash my brain in raspberry wine

Eight hundred forty-one heart-shaped leaves
Keep the catalpa company
Like the sun and the moon and me makes three

Come September the hollerin blow
Come December the silent snow
Well, that can't chase me back down below

Cause I have a mountain all to myself
Ain't gonna share it with nobody else
I have a mountain all to myself

Young Gun

He lined up a hundred bottles, and he blew em all to dust.
And then he joined an outlaw band.
He told his sister, "Don't you worry about me.
I might rob and murder some, but I won't ever lie or cheat."

He had himself a high old time hidin out with all the boys.
It was all for all, and all for fun.
They stuck up the mail train, and they hijacked the stage.
They stared the danger down, they said, "We'll see your bet and raise."

Potshots at wanted posters on a Sunday afternoon,
spittin and whistlin in the wind.
Pleasure as usual on the liberty side of town--
then he pulled the trigger back, and saw a woman hit the ground.

Young gun, look what you done, you put a bullet in her back.
She was standin on the street with a postcard in her hand.
You don't know how it happened--somehow you must've missed your aim.
You'll put your Colt revolver up, and then you'll make your getaway . . .
make your getaway.

It ain't the kind of thing you build a reputation on.
It ain't an antihero's deed.
Conscience and consequences don't trouble a Jesse James;
you gotta make em disappear if you want to make your name.

Young gun, look what you done, you put a bullet in her back.
She was standin on the street with a postcard in her hand.
No one knows what happened; it wasn't in the *Epitaph*.
Nobody wrote the story up, nobody took a photograph . . .
took a photograph.

What you gonna do with your soul?
What you gonna do with your soul?
What you gonna do with your soul?

Strange beds, and achin heads, and another damn saloon
all along the western road.
Jackrabbits run away, leavin nothin but dust behind.
He gets a girl to stroke his hair and tell him, "Everything is fine."

Young gun, look what you done, you put a bullet in her back.
She was standin on the street with a postcard in her hand.
It didn't have to happen, but there was nothin you could do.
You think about her now and then, and maybe someone thinks of you . . .
someone thinks of you.

Busy Bee

You gotta hang your cotton panties on the clothin line;
you gotta take the curtains down, put up venetian blinds;
you gotta spray the kitchen counters with 409:
you got everythin under control.

You gotta get the peanut butter off the Chinese rug;
you gotta check around the garden for potato bugs;
you gotta wipe your daughter's tears away and give her a hug:
you got everythin under control.

You gotta save and then recycle all the paper sacks;
you gotta purty up the Honda with some Turtle Wax;
you gotta pay the bills and (oh my god) the income tax:
you got everythin under control.

You gotta buy a birthday present for your cousin Gail;
you gotta raise your children right and keep em out of jail;
you gotta read a bunch of freakin electronic mail:
you got everythin under control.

You gotta watch the Weather Channel and the evenin news;
you gotta read the editorials and interviews;
you gotta keep an open mind and keep away the blues:
you got everythin under control.

You gotta figure out a way to keep your figure slim;
you do the Sugarbuster diet, and you go to the gym;
and when your man gets outta line, you gotta bust on him--
he's so hard to keep under control!

Well, you're a busy busy busy busy busy bee;
you got a handle on adult responsibility;
and maybe now and then you wish that you could just get free,
but you're keepin that under control.

You know that no one will remember when you're old and gray,
and every little thing you did is gonna slip away;
but don't you worry bout it, darlin, cause at least for today
you had everythin under control.
You had everythin under control.
You had everythin under control.
You had everythin under control.

Shotgun

CHORUS / VERSE

E E E E
E E E E
A7 A7 A7 A7
E E E E
G G D D7 E E E E

BRIDGE

A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 E E E E
A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 E E E E
G G D D7 E E E E

INTRO (CHORUS -- banjo / mandolin)

CHORUS

I
I
I've got a gun
I've got a gun
I've got an auto-loading Model 1100 Remington

VERSE

When I was a tiny little boy
I said Mama I don't want a toy
I want a gun
A real gun
I want an auto-loading Model 1100 Remington

VERSE

She said Honey baby child of mine
Don't you know that shootin is a crime
And it's a sin
That gun's a sin
I said Well Mama if it is I'll go to hell with one big grin

BREAK (CHORUS -- banjo)

VERSE

Daddy said when I was seventeen
This boy needs that beautiful machine
He needs a gun
I'll buy that gun
He wouldn't even buy me alcohol till I turned twenty-one

VERSE

When I'm feelin miserable and low
I pick up my Remington and go
Out in the woods

The Carolina woods

You take your aim and hit your target and you feel just like you should

BRIDGE

I can almost hear that shotgun blast

I can almost taste that shotgun blast

Good guns good whiskeys and good women never knock you on your ass (cause they all got less recoil!)

BREAK (CHORUS -- banjo)

VERSE

Last night I came home from huntin squirrel

Caught some stranger messin with my girl

Well who are you

Who the fuck are you

Well who are you and who am I and what am I about to do

BRIDGE

I can almost hear that shotgun blast

I can almost taste that shotgun blast

So if you want to get to heaven then you better start prayin fast

So if you want to get to heaven then you better start prayin

CHORUS

I

I

I've got a gun

I've got a gun

I've got an auto-loading Model 1100 Remington

I've got an auto-loading Model 1100 Remington

I've got an auto-loading Model 1100 Remington

Will You

You seem like a decent guy
And I guess you caught my eye
Lately I've been thinking
Guess I'm always thinking

Only things that keep me here
Are my friends, my job, and fear
I'm so scared of leaving
But I think I'm leaving

Will you will you will you
Will you will you will you
Will you run away with me

Could be everywhere's the same
Sad, uncomfortable, and tame
But it's probably better
To hope for something better

Guess I'd like to try my luck
We could take your pickup truck
Fly it down the highways
Why else would there be highways

Will you will you will you
Will you will you will you
Will you run away with me

I've got money in my purse
You and I could both do worse
You don't really know me
But you could get to know me

So why not come on with me
Look for someone else to be
We could just be lovers
Or maybe fellow sufferers

Will you will you will you
Will you will you will you
Will you run away with me

Will you will you will you
Will you will you will you
Will you run away with me

Jed and Stacy's Wedding Day

I remember years ago
We took some time to go
And celebrate
Jed and Stacy's wedding day
The seventeenth of May
2008
And we gathered in one place
And the room was full of grace

We all wore our party gear
And it was just as clear
As black and white
The bride and groom made quite a pair
No better anywhere
Oh, it was right
It was right as it could be
What a happy memory

BREAK

The band was playing Beatles songs
The couple sang along
As man and wife
Then they took a honeymoon
And we said, "See you soon!
Enjoy your life!"
And they kept their spirits high
As the years went streaming by . . .

Jed and Stacy always knew
Just how to make it through
When songs were sad
They always made it better
And never ever
Made it bad

START PLAYING HEY JUDE