

You and Tonight
(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

Sitting in this old bar, strumming on my guitar
Singing for my supper on a Saturday night
There's a blonde down on the last stool, trying hard to stay cool
Her lips are so red her jeans are so tight

Just a little look won't turn me into stone
When I'm through I always go straight home
So I'll keep on trying until I get it right
'Cause nothing matters except you and tonight

This heat just makes me lazy, I'm acting kind of crazy
I pack up my things and put them into my trunk
The bartender looks suspicious, I ain't that superstitious
But I just cut my hair to try to change my luck

Just a little look won't turn me into stone
After all I'm only flesh and bone
So I'll keep on trying until I get it right
Nothing matters except for you and tonight

Just a little look won't turn me into stone
When I'm through I always go straight home
So I'll keep on trying until I get it right
Nothing matters except for you and tonight

Joe Grushecky - Vocals, Guitars
Rick Witkowski - Bass, Percussion
Tony Mora - Drums

I Remember It
(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

I remember watching my Uncle Mike
Combing his hair in the mirror
All the while the records were playing
I was just a little kid standing there
Listening to Jerry Lee Lewis and the Cadillacs
While he greased it all up and he slicked it all back

I remember it I remember it I remember it I remember it all

Every summer my friends and I
Caught a bus down to Kennywood Park
We tried so hard to build up our nerve
To ask a girl to walk in the dark
But it never happened we were too shy
If I told you any different would it be a lie

I remember it I remember it I remember it I remember it all

I remember it all I remember it well
I remember sights and the sounds and smells
I remember the voices and the warm summer days
I remember the songs and how they blew me away

Because I remember it

I remember lying in bed
With my ear to the radio
Dreaming about electric guitars
And all the places that I wanted to go
And of pretty women in Cadillacs
Then I went away to school and I never looked back

I remember it I remember it I remember it I remember it all

Joe Grushecky - Vocals, Guitars
Rick Witkowski - Vocals, Bass, Percussion
Jamie Peck - Organ
Tony Mora - Drums

Fingerprints

(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

Our lives all weave together
Like fabric in a cloth
We all travel down a long highway
Until it's time for us to get off
And who we are and what we'll be
Is shaped by everything we hear and see
By those we meet along the way
Like our lovers our friends and our families
Can't you see
They leave their fingerprints on me

My Dad dropped out of school
To work the mine when he was just a boy
He never had a childhood
Never played sports his family never owned a toy
He'd go down in the mine in the morning
When he came out it was already night
He breathed the coal dust all day long
And in the winter he never saw the light
Can't you see
They leave their fingerprints on me

And I was outside playing baseball
When Daddy would come home from work
And I could hear his old Buick rumbling
And see it coming down the block
Mom was inside peeling potatoes
Frying hot dogs in a pan
And every night at 5 o'clock
Dinner was ready for her man

It's a Crazy World

(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

Rest in peace Jackie O God bless Joe DiMaggio

Fascination on celebrity skin

Well don't count your chickens

Because the fix is in

Download it on the internet

Eliminate the work take away the sweat

Butterflies flying down in old Palm Beach

Someone's gonna get called a thief

Because it's a crazy world

And it's not my fault

Well it's a crazy world

When the guilty don't get caught

And if you take my hand

Well we won't get lost

Well it's a crazy world

But it's the only one we got

The schools in our cities are deserted and dark

But we got enough money to build a new ball park

Become an instant millionaire

Hey don't worry about the people who are hungry here

Don't try to tell me that greed is good

Well just take a look around my neighborhood

It's enough to drive a good man to drink

Turn off the news I don't want to think

It's a crazy world

And it's not my fault

Well it's a crazy world

When the guilty don't get caught

And if you take my hand

Then we won't get lost

It's a crazy world

But it's the only one we got

Lucky Man

(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

She was there to pick me up
When my world came tumbling down
With a smile just a little kiss
She whispered in my ear turned me around
Now she came through for me
Hope that I come through for her

I know she loves me (I'm such a lucky man)
I know she does (I'm such a lucky man)

She deserves a medal
For waiting so patiently
While I was out chasing rainbows
Living on promises hopes and dreams
She stands by me
Hope that I can stand by her

I know she loves me (I'm such a lucky man)
I know she does (I'm such a lucky man)

Joe Grushecky – Vocals, Guitars
Rick Witkowski – Vocals
Tom Belin – Bass
Herman Granati – Vocals, Keyboards
Tony Mora – Drums
B.E. Taylor – Vocals
Donnie Marsico - Vocals

That's All I Want From You
(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

Let me carry your burdens walk down your path
Lie here beside you share a few laughs
And when you're out in desert I'll be your cool drink
It's something to consider it's later than we think

That is all That's all
I want from you

When you're all alone at night I'll be your candle in the dark
When you try to catch a fire I will be your spark
And when you get a little nervous I'll get up and fix some tea
And if you ever need a friend well hell that would be me

That is all That's all
I want from you

I hope you don't mind all those lines in my face
Well heaven knows that I earned them
Just to get to you just to share your space
I crossed those bridges and I burned them

Now life is great life is good
It's been all I hoped it would
And if you see me start to fall
Just give a little whistle little call

That is all That's all
I want from you

Joe Grushecky - Vocal, Acoustic Guitar
Frank Soriano - Acoustic Guitar, Guitar Intro
Tom Belin - Bass
Jamie Peck - Organ
Tony Mora - Drums

I Will Not Let My Spirit Fall
(Joe Grushecky/ Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)
Sometimes I get lost I feel so angry and confused
But I will not let my spirit fall
And lately I've been worried that there's nothing left to lose
And I will not let my spirit fall

I won't let my spirit fall
Won't let it bother me at all
It's time to start to living
It's time to hear the call
And when I have my doubts
I will try to rise above
And I will not let my spirit fall

There's a time for us to laugh
And there's a time for us to cry
There's a time to begin again
There's a time to say goodbye
Well there's a time for celebration
There's a time for us to grieve
There's a time for us to be healed
There's a time for us to believe

And when I have my doubts
I will try to rise above
And I will not let my spirit fall

In the deep heart of the night
When I feel so all alone
Well I will not let my spirit fall
And when I'm out there on the highway
About a million miles from home
Well I will not let my spirit fall

Joe Grushecky - Vocals, Electric Guitars, Lead
Rick Witkowski - Acoustic Guitar, Electric 12-String
Ed Brown - Bass
Herman Granati - Piano
Tony Mora - Drums

Easy Money
(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

Jannie loved to gamble Billy got a brand new gun
Got a rental car in LA made that desert run
Checked into the Sunset Station
Determined to get more then they got
They took a ride down the main drag
All the neon made her hot

Easy Money
You can smell it in the air
Easy Money
Come on and get some if you dare

Billy hit the Blackjack table Jannie loved the slots
She was down to her last dollar when she hit the big jackpot

Easy Money
You can smell it in the air
Easy Money
Come on and get some if you dare

They took a limo to the chapel
The one that said Bon Jovi was married here
She said baby we got enough money
We can honeymoon all year

Easy Money
You can smell it in the air
Easy Money
Come on and get some if you dare

Joe Grushecky – Vocal, Guitar
Rick Witkowski – Electric Dobro

Rainy Day In Pittsburgh
(Joe Grushecky/ Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

It's another rainy day in Pittsburgh
Seems like the sun ain't never gonna shine
I spend my whole life here in Pittsburgh
Right now I feel I'm running out of time
I see the lights reflecting outside on the city streets
I hear the wind blow through the trees

And all my expectations
Come and they may go
All my disappointments
I try hard not to show
But I still love you so

It's another rainy day in Pittsburgh
Seems like we never have any time alone
It sure gets crowded here in Pittsburgh
You and me and two kids in our little home
I hear the music playing somewhere down my street
Tomorrow the sun will shine through the trees

And all my expectations
Come and they may go
All my disappointments
I try hard not to show
But I still love you oh yes I do
But I still love you
I still love you so

Joe Grushecky - Vocal
Rick Witkowski - Guitars, Bass
Jamie Peck - Keyboards
Tony Mora - Drums

Talk is Cheap
(Joe Grushecky & John Grushecky)
(Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

I want something that will last forever
I want something that will always keep
I see your lips moving
But I know that talk is cheap

Don't expect me to be here waiting
I must look like a fool to you
Time after time you keep me hanging
On promises that don't come true

I want something that will last forever
I want something that will always keep
I see your lips moving
But I know talk is cheap

Once upon a time I believed you
Once upon a time I cared
Now every time that I see you
I ask myself what am I doing here

I want something that will last forever
I want something that will always keep
I see your lips moving
But I know talk is cheap

Joe Grushecky - Vocal, Guitar
Rick Witkowski - Guitar, Bass, Percussion
Johnny Grushecky - Drums

**I'll Give You Something to Cry About
(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)**

I was stopped dead in my tracks
I found myself looking back
Wondering about all that might have been
If I'd have had an extra day
Or maybe turned another way
I know regret's the only sin
Well my Daddy said Son it's a big bad world
I can still hear his words

He said I'll give you something to cry about
If you ever give up on your dreams
I'll give you something to cry about
Things are never as bad as they seem

I got to get a grip on myself
And stop worrying about everyone else
Stop trying to be something that I'm not
Hey so what if I don't own a thing
I can laugh I can play I can love baby I can sing
I'm so grateful for what I got
My Daddy said Son it's a wonderful world
And I can still hear his words

He said I'll give you something to cry about
If you ever give up on your dreams
I'll give you something to cry about
Things are never as bad as they seem

Joe Grushecky - Vocal, Guitars
Rick Witkowski - Vocals
Ed Brown - Bass
Herman Granati - Piano
Tony Mora - Drums
Lee Ann Grushecky - Vocals
Jannie Saxon - Vocals

Spanish Blood

(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

Just one kiss and I was lost in the flood
I was drowning so deep in her Spanish blood
Suddenly my world wasn't good enough
I'd give up all that I had for her Spanish blood

The night was hot and I couldn't breathe
The smell of her sweat really got to me
I watched her fall I felt her beneath my hands
And I don't even know who I am

Just one kiss and I was lost in the flood
I was drowning so deep in her Spanish blood
Suddenly my world wasn't good enough
I'd give up all that I had for her Spanish blood

By the Palace of the King down on Princess Street
There's a little café where we'd always meet
She smiled at me and she held my hand
And I don't even know who I am

It was just one kiss and I was lost in the flood
I was drowning so deep in her Spanish blood
Suddenly my world wasn't good enough
I'd give up all that I had for her Spanish blood
I'd give up all that I had for her Spanish blood
And I don't even know who I am
And I don't even know who I am

Joe Grushecky – Vocal, Acoustic Guitars, Electric Guitars, Electric Lead
Rick Ritkowski – Spanish Guitar, Lead and Rhythm
Tom Belin – Bass
Tony Mora - Drums

On the Wall
(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

No one wants to go down in a lost cause
Nobody wants to fight in vain
No one wants to be the one who tells a mother
That her boy won't be coming home again
They were just kids so young so far away from home
Who we asked to give it all
Then one day we pulled out and the whole world watched Saigon fall
Now their names are written
Their names are written
On the wall On the wall

He was stationed in Columbus Georgia
Volunteered for the Airborne Calvary
When word came down in late December
That the outfit was shipping out for overseas
It was right before Christmas and he couldn't get a pass
So he gave his Mom a call
He promised not to take any crazy chances
Then he talked to his little brother about playing football
But now his name is written
His name is written
On the wall On the wall

Mr. Black works as a park ranger
Every night at 10:00 he makes all his rounds
He gathers up all the photos and the flowers
And the memories left on the ground

There was a picture that he will always remember
One that sticks in his mind the most
There were two friends so young and so handsome
So full of life they were drinking a toast
There was a picture of them in their barracks
And they were just laughing and fooling around

There's an I.D. and the date on the back
Ranger Black was curious
So he looked on the wall and then he found

That the names were written
That the names were written
Their names were written
He found their names were written
On the wall
On the wall
On the wall

Joe Grushecky – Vocal, Guitar
Rick Witkowski – Guitar
Bill Toms – Guitar, Mandolin
Ed Brown – Bass
Tony Mora - Drums

Hey Lefty

(Joe Grushecky/Joe Grushecky Music Publishing)

Hey Lefty can you hear me
I wish that I could talk to you now
Hey Lefty are you near me
You know you always made me smile

You got your nickname as a fighter
You were a young man jitterbug king
And although I never told you
You taught me so many things
Like how to be a real man
And how to try and try again
Hey Lefty I'll always remember
How you never gave in

Hey Lefty can you hear me
I wish that I could talk to you now
Hey Lefty are you near me
You know you always made me smile

You found your true love when she was only just sixteen
That was fifty long years gone by
Not for a single moment
Did you ever leave her side
Somewhere you are running
And the wind is blowing through your hair
And when I make that long last journey
I know you'll be waiting there

Hey Lefty can you hear me
I wish that I could talk to you now
Hey Lefty are you near me
You know you always made me smile

Joe Grushecky - Vocal, Acoustic Guitar, Mandolin, Harmonica
Tom Belin - Bass
Herman Granati - Keyboards
Tony Mora - Drums