

A WOMAN AFTER MY OWN HEART

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

I ain't pressin' you for no quick answers
Or promises I know that you can't keep
Don't wanna hear your side of failed romances
No keepin' tabs on you and where you sleep
I have learned of late to be discreet

I know your heart can't race any faster
But I'm not sellin' dreams beyond your means
So let's not say it'll last forever after
We won't shoot for stars that we can't reach
Let's build this union by our daily deeds

I am looking for A Woman After My own Heart
I am searchin' for my female counterpart
The kind who's likely to give my motor a quick kick-start
I am lookin' for A Woman After My Own Heart

I'm not toyin' with your tender heartstrings
I'm only tryin' to be up front with you
Got a formula guaranteed to make your heart sing
Your kiss says yes, your mind says no can do
Are you frightened I might never follow through?

'cause I am lookin' for A Woman After My Own Heart
You can fool yourself; it's your love you can't outsmart
So don't you quit on me, we both have come this far
And I've been lookin' for A Woman After My Own Heart

While incantations, love sensations, excitations keep on ringing in your heart
Your reservations, hesitations, and frustrations seem to make it awfully hard
Let affirmations, love fixations, my persuasions help you draw the
Ace of Hearts, come on play that card

I know you got no faith in the future
But I can sense your love is good to go
Now we can call it off if that's what suits you
If it ain't workin' both of us will know
Love takes two hearts played in stereo

I am lookin' for A Woman After My Own Heart
I feel your hurt so there's no need to drop your guard
Don't fear the fire we both know that we will spark
I'm just lookin' for A Woman After My Own Heart
I am lookin' for a woman, I'm in the market for a woman, said I am
lookin' for A Woman After My Own Heart

ARIZONA

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Ken Rose © 2003

I dream about you walkin' barefoot in the sand
The softness of your skin, your face between my hands
Every airport looks the same, got a ticket in my hand
This beat-up guitar's all I need, don't expect you to understand

I follow the road to my destiny
Sometimes I wonder why
But baby don't cry

Arizona, this time the road leads home
To see your Cheyenne eyes
Under painted, desert skies
Arizona, for those nights you slept alone
I'll make love to you wrapped in your buckskin blues
Arizona, Arizona, Arizona

With Phoenix in my rearview
I look across the plain
Those thunder clouds are rollin' in
The wind cries out your name

Stopped to drink some water
At those sacred Indian wells
I felt your hot breath on my neck
And the magic of your spells

I wanna know all your secrets
As I hold you here in bed
I want inside your head

Arizona, forget about the past
It's here and now, just you and me
let's make the moment last
Arizona, I love you, this I swear
So shake my red bandana from your silky jet-black hair, Arizona

Rap Part:

This Medicine Wheel's turnin' round and round
And this Harley knows how to cover ground
And you wanna know, will I stick around?
These years I wear like a crown of thorns
Like this black leather jacket, my soul's been torn
Though a Gypsy's heart can't be wrong
Sometimes I wish I was never born

Instrumental:

Arizona, as the Eagle flies
Let's face it I can't stay forever
So no more long goodbyes
Arizona, until we meet again
vaya con dios my love, just one last kiss 'til then

BLUE DÉJÀ VU

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2008

Here comes the light of dawn, I'm feelin' so forlorn
Can't find a way to get over you
I wake and call your name, though we've been so estranged
I feel the heat of our first rendezvous
You are the Opium; with me it's all or none
You're my crush, my total fix, without you babe, I'm so deep sixed
Here in my Blue Déjà vu, Here in my deep Blue Déjà vu

I see two silhouettes, a lover's dance duet
I'm lost in my own smoky reverie
I play old moody songs; I'm restless all night long
Spellbound within my secret fantasy
I was your ingénue; your pretty baby blue
Your image fills my dream montage, then dissolves in a mist mirage
Here in my Blue Déjà vu, here in my deep Blue Déjà vu

Somewhere in a perfect world, I'd be your nocturnal girl
Where phantasmagoric dreams come true
A private berth to have my way with you
You'd be my intimate innamorato
Incendiary lover in a tropical grotto
Love on cue 24/7, I'd be your coquette, your little piece of heaven

Was I just too naïve, a naked easy read
Another victim of those bedroom eyes
At night I just daydream, my mind relives the scene
I lie in silence and just agonize
My heart will die of want, so let's end this love détente
I languish here in the afterglow, drowning in this vertigo
Here in my Blue Déjà vu, here in my deep Blue Deja vu
Here in my Blue Deja vu

CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ROCK AND ROLL

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2005

(Ballad of Corinne & Junah)

Speedin' in a PT Cruiser, near the Carroll County Line
Smashed on French Sauvignon Blanc, hearin' a familiar siren
But they lost those troopers in a blueberry patch, two of 'em high as a kite
'cept Corinne and Junah had other ideas, they ain't ready to call it a night
They're fumblin' in the back seat, workin' to get his Garrison belt undone, their passions
overrun
Breathless in the moment, tangled bodies playin' some one on one, they're about to suc-
cumb
They were tryin' like hell to get it on, but sometimes you're just too far-gone
It was anticlimactic if the truth be told,
Though he came up short, she said it's Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll,
Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll

In the interest of fostering competition, he dragged her to a topless bar
Corrine was fumin', can you blame her; she said, who do you think you are?
She sat in that car cursing him out; he said you sure you won't come along?
Inside Brandy, a Sugar Shack doll, was swayin' in a latex thong
He figured this private dancer 'id be everything Corinne was not, she was over the top
She told him he was handsome and whispered baby you're so hot, let me see what you
got
Before he knew it she was in his face, close up and personal for just a taste
Then she jumped back and swung around her stripper pole
She said it ain't the real thing, but it's Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For
Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll

Instrumental:

They took the highway due northwest, and finally hit the Vegas strip
Junah went through his money in a flash, playin' only hundred dollar chips
Corinne learned somethin' from Brandy after all; and bought a pink micro mini skirt
Junah lost count while countin' cards, and damn near lost his shirt
But they booked themselves the grand suite, with an ice bucket and bottle of Absolut, and
a bowl of Kiwi fruit
They slipped into that hot tub, naked save for them saddle stitched cowboy boots, in a
pair of birthday suits
From the booze they felt fuzzy and warm, but it dulled their senses and they couldn't per-
form
A well known side effect of alcohol, it could've been Nirvana it was Close Enough For
Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close
Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll

DRESS BLUES

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2005

Momma we demolished a Sunni house of prayer tonight
It was a religious experience; and one hell of a firefight
Byzantine Mosques rife with violence and insurgency
Once taught Cuneiform Writing and Astronomy

In this blistering heat we come here like Attila the Hun
In a mirage dust devils turn into sirens in the sun
They cry out, on whose authority have you the license to kill?
'We are soldiers of fortune what matter whose blood we spill'

The Royal Saudis are festooned like Muslim Shiite Sheiks
In a Paris disco you won't know 'em in their mod Armani Chic
Where Sultans and Caliphs used to wine and dine
The Mujahideen plots Jihad against the imperialist swine

Western Crusaders defile the holy lands to the East
'til their coffers are stuffed and the pipeline's been fleeced
To the infidel's diplomats who's palms have been greased
I salute you from this graveyard of your own brave deceased

Momma's gonna bury me in my new Dress Blues
In smart pressed pants and spit shined shoes
Momma gonna bury me in these new Dress Blues
This mission hatched in hell is born to lose
Got a bad case of these red, white and blues

From the Tigris and Euphrates and The Hanging Gardens of Babylon
To the terrorists holed-up in the catacombs of Islam
Sleeper cells draft blueprints for their homemade dirty bombs
Anthrax and Smallpox scarin' all the soccer moms

The Ayatollah fans the fires of fanaticism in Tehran
While Bin Laden's in a safe house in the caves of Pakistan
Opium's dealt for guns by the warlords in Afghanistan
Words on the walls of Baghdad, to remind us of Vietnam!

See the Humvee blown apart by a roadside land mine
Smart bombs breed orphans in the ruins of Palestine
The souls of dead suicide bombers rise with God speed
Once in heaven a hundred virgins to serve their masculine need

Sinbad flies a magic carpet in a flack smoked filled sky
Blue-eyed blond girls are sold in Bahrain and Dubai
The US can't disguise its blunt familiar stamp
This war's good for nothin'; there ain't no Geni in Alladin's Lamp

Momma's gonna bury me in my new Dress Blues
In snow white gloves and spit shined shoes
Momma gonna bury me in these new Dress Blues
This bloodletting's a river just watch it ooze
Got a bad taste for these red, white and blues

DRESS BLUES (PAGE -2)

'Incoming, Incoming' / 'soldier we gotta take that building out! But Captain there's women and children in that building, / kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out' / 'effective range 200 yards sir, fire at will soldier'!

Military mongrels plan the theater of war
While the dead line the streets; but who's keepin' score
Black marketers sell plutonium and nuclear know-how
Remember, Nostradamus saw an apocalypse now

Heed ye the warnings from the ghost of Ho Chi Minh
These guerillas mean business; you can't phone this one in
So what a Stealth bomber flies over hostile desert lands
In the end, Arab sands shall return to Arab hands

A grunt is but canon fodder for the Joint Chiefs back home
A centurion for a Caesar who's livin' large back in Rome
The Pentagon is mute but if you force 'em they'll reply
'Soldier it's not yours to wonder why; it's yours to do or die'

On a house-to-house search, I kicked open a door;
Someone inside tossed a grenade; I had to smother it on the floor
'Look out'! 'Live grenade'! 'Hit the deck'!

Momma I ain't goin' to heaven, I'm marchin' straight through these fiery gates to hell
I'll get used to breathin' in these stygian ethers; I think I'll bunk here for a long, long spell

Now there's an epitaph on a tombstone of a dead Bengal Lancer: it reads:
WAR IS NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, THE ANSWER!

Momma gonna bury me in my new Dress Blues
In smart pressed pants and spit shined shoes
Momma gonna bury me in these new Dress Blues
I hate to be the bearer of bad news
I'm comin' home in a box draped in red, white and blue

From the snake charmers and thieves in the markets of Marrakesh
To a precision bombing on a wedding party and the smell of burnt flesh
The US can flex her muscles and bully her way around
Iran sticks her nose in it, you watch she's goin' down

But might don't make right, think of the cost in blood and tears
Stickin' it to the Middle East's set us back a thousand years
So let's call a spade a spade, and fess up like a man
Say goodbye to the Kasbah and catch the last caravan

HANK'S LAST SHOT

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

The pallbearers were solemn and performed their grim task
The coroner had found painkillers and small silver flask
Hank Williams had died in just twenty-nine years
His powder blue Fleetwood stripped of all souvenirs

His mother'd been sobbing and well that she might
Him dyin' first, somehow it ain't right
As they filed by his coffin, to bid him goodbye
The men swallowed hard but just had to cry

His life was no cake walk, though he'd say so what
With a devil may care look, he'd down a stiff shot
His marriage had failed him for all it begot
He never heard Fate whisper; "that was your last shot"
Hank's Last Shot

Thine eyes will see the glory behind the grand golden gates
You'll be seated in the front row, the greatest of country greats
You'll be robed in white raiment, softer than fleece
Your tortured soul finally finding everlasting peace

At the Grand Ole Opry, he'd brought down the house
Playin' seven encores, did his dad real proud
Those oak rafters echoed with them hillbilly songs
That night young Hank Williams couldn't do any wrong

Now if anyone should ask, you can say I'm a big fan
Yes cheers to the Shakespeare of the blue-collar man
A honky-tonk tunesmith writin' hits on demand
In that casket bound for heaven's one hell of a man

His journey would end 'neath this granite headstone
Yes he'll lie here in Montgomery in the earth he called home
But his songs will out live him; yes they shall survive
His prophetic words, I'll Never Get Out Of This World Alive

His boy left behind, no more than a tot
But even Hank couldn't predict, his last parting shot
Took a swig and some pills so his back pains might stop
The concoction proved fatal, it would be his last shot
Hank's Last Shot

Now as best anyone can tell, Hiram King Williams died sometime between New Year's Eve 1952 and New Year's Day 1953 in the back seat of his Cadillac somewhere between Knoxville, Tn. & Oak Hill, W. Va.

Thine eyes will see the glory behind the grand golden gates
You'll be seated in the front row Hank, the greatest of country greats
You'll be robed in white raiment, softer than fleece
Your tortured soul finally finding everlasting peace
Your tortured soul finally finding everlasting peace

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE KING

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

There was music in the air, in Memphis that night
I'm not sure how many takes; it took 'em to get it right
They'd unleashed their soul's rhythm; and it was anything but polite
Those cats rocked like proud Peacocks, in a world of black 'n' white

The sound was a bit country, crossed with the blues of the South
It had precious little airplay, and hardly any word of mouth
But America had Elvis, its first singin'-bad-boy-roustabout
What Sun Records began to whisper, the world would soon shout

Hearin' that playback echo, gave 'em all the goose bumps
They'd finally crossed the threshold, and man were they ever pumped
And God that guy, he could sing

Now I stand here In The Shadows Of The King
I am standin' In The Shadows Of The King

In the twinkling of an eye, came the birth of rock 'n' roll
With its side-burned poster boy, every female's centerfold
A sex symbol for the ages, and starring in King Creole
All his RCA records gone platinum, and certified gold

He had a guitar case jammed with desire, and some eighteen carat gold dreams
Elvis went the distance for the rest of us, so that the music would be redeemed

He was my everything
Now I stand here In The Shadows Of The King
Yes I am standin' In The Shadows Of The King

But I've found myself and my heart beats to its own special drum
I've searched my soul high and low and found my own place here in the sun
I made a pledge for the rest of my life, to be the best that I could become

Now I'm 2000 miles from Graceland, in the footlights of center stage
In this Las Vegas casino's dazzling and mirrored gilded cage
As the past rushes in on me here where Elvis was all the rage
Yes, somehow I still feel anxious and just a little bit upstaged

But God give me the drive to fulfill my own true destiny
'Cause the greatest singer that ever lived is lookin' down and he's rootin' for me, I know he is

Of Thee I sing
Yes I stand here In The Shadows Of The King
I am standin' In The Shadows Of The King
The world's undisputed Rock 'n' Roll King

I am standing, In The Shadows Of The King
Long Live The King!

JIMBO'S DREAM

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

Jim had a bright future, in corporate high finance
His life laid out before him, with nothin' left to chance
A retirement package filled, with all the usual perks
A platinum parachute, you name it; the works
But sittin' in a board room, settin' corporate goals
Makin' budgets and projections, ain't food for hungry souls
But for once Jim had the good sense to take his heart's advice
He bought himself a Time Share, and one way to paradise

Now he sails the high seas and the isles of the Caribbean
Walks on sun kissed beaches, that nature keeps pristine
With some half naked ladies, and a box of Dramamine
Welcome, all aboard Jimbo's Dream, all aboard Jimbo's Dream
Jimbo's Dream

He's the skipper of a schooner, under wind stretched canvas sails
A Bloody Mary to start each day, he swears it never fails
He rents an ocean mansion now, with a private deep-sea dock
Has some user-friendly women come by, hey, why not?
Had a marriage that ended up, in a contentious divorce
He's just happy now to hold the helm, and keep a steady course

So if you've got it in your mind to break that dull routine
Come on down join the party, the place to be, and be seen
If you're not afraid of switchin' horses in midstream
Welcome, all aboard Jimbo's Dream, all aboard Jimbo's Dream

The day's awash with blue skies, feel the equatorial sun
Nights so clear you can count the stars, and name every one
(lighten up a little, life's supposed to be more fun) (Instrumental)

If you'd like a Gran Marnier Souffle with heavy cream
Jet Blue says they'll fly you down, to Jim's floatin' canteen
If you're starved for good times, well that's a real big plus
Now maybe there's a bit of Jim in everyone of us
So to all the undisciplined, decadent and obscene
Welcome, all aboard Jimbo's Dream
All aboard Jimbo's Dream, come on, all Aboard Jimbo's Dream

LAST TRAIN TO FREDERICKSBURG

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Rob Martin © 2003 Appel-Martin

Look at you, you can't stop cryin', if it didn't hurt, I'd be lyin'
but the band's playin' songs to make a young man proud
now darlin' you know I owe ya, for all the nights in Shenendoah
this war will be over before the summer's gone, so I gotta get on

and board the Last Train To Fredericksburg
this 'Johnny Reb's' off to war
I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg
conductor yells out, all aboard!

train's movin' out of the station, a last kiss of sweet persuasion
please keep our bed warm 'til I'm home again
is it true, it's a young man's duty, to risk love not to mention your beauty
providence seems to hold out so much more my love, goodbye for now my love

'cause I'm on The Last Train To Fredericksburg
the sun's gonna shine on the South
I'm on The Last Train To Fredericksburg
we'll give 'em hell, gonna be a rout

at Gettysburg, they passed the word
six thousand killed maybe more
the Blue and Gray, went at it today
and got a whole lot more than they bargained for

I'm lyin' on some surgeon's table, the nurse spoke as soft as sable
'the bullet's lodged somewhere near his heart, doctor what do you think of his chances?'
shakes his head and slowly answers, 'he'll be gone before the day is done'
she helped write my last love letter, I could see it so upset her
but don't cry for me, I'm finally goin' home, to my Virginia home

I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg
she'll place a wreath now and then
I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg
God knows I loved her 'til the end
I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg
Dixie, another son gave all
I'm on the Last Train To Fredericksburg
how many more must you call?

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON (THE NASCAR SONG)

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2005

The midwife cried out it's a boy; it's a boy
As a next generation racer was born
His mother said he looked like his father some
As she rocked him on that beastly hot summer morn
Growin' up he'd watch his daddy race stock cars
On those red Carolina clay tracks
His dad ran 100-proof out of Wilkesboro
Earnin' just enough to put clothes on their backs
Now Junior'd be raised in the shadow his father'd cast
Pigheaded like his dad and always talkin' trash; livin' life hard and fast
That kid had a lust, an all-consuming need
It was checkered flag or bust; that was his creed
Like Father, Like Son; he was hell bent for leather and could trade paint with the best of 'em;
Like Father, Like Son; Like Father, Like Son

They'd shoot the breeze for hours about engine torque
And modifyin' flat Ford V-8's
Everything in that garage was hand custom built
There was a lot ridin' on it all, and sponsor money at stake
His dad made the cut at Daytona
But he qualified by the skin of his teeth
While Junior lapped the field and broke all them records
His younger brother scratched his head in sheer disbelief
For Junior it'd been some kinda grand banner year
With the next 500 miles bein' the final frontier, only fate could interfere
His pit crew rolled him out in his black and tan Catalina
He was new to Daytona, no stranger to the arena
Like Father Like Son, signin' autographs for the fans, he ain't forgot where he came from;
Like Father Like Son, Like Father Like Son

Now the traffic crawled along all the state roads and I-65
Security checked bags as the crowds arrived
In the sky single engine planes trailed advertising banners
Hospitality suites served artichoke dip and crab cake platters

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM ANNOUNCER

Ladies & Gentlemen welcome to Daytona International Speedway
The home of the Daytona 500. Gentleman, start your engines; let's go racing!

The green flag had dropped in a halo of blue smoke
Junior led the field; but knew his father was goin' for broke
The old man gave 'em everything he left it all out on the track
But he was spinnin' his wheels today in hopin' for a comeback
Then Junior changed gears and made a fateful decision
To let his father take the lead; and then he'd protect his position
His spotter on the roof yelled out, "watch out for number six!"
He was 'drafin' to hitch a ride, up to his old dirty tricks
Junior managed to block every move of this hotshot cowboy
But this kid was no pushover and his Camaro no toy
They saw the white flag wavin' to signal the final lap
Then that young gun rammed him hard; and you heard somethin' crack
All you saw was this cartwheelin' race car turned fireball
He might've survived the burns, but he spun out into a wall
Now his father won the race, not aware of what it cost
There'd be no Victory Lane party, once he realized what he'd lost
The firemen pried the door open just as he'd arrived
When he pulled him from that wreck he was barely alive
Now don't you whisper a word my son, daddy knows darn well what you done; it's taken these years for me to hold you
this near;
Don't you go and spoil it all and leave me, you hear; hush don't you even try and talk
But Junior slipped away as he rocked him back and forth

Now as tragic as life can be, you get through 'cause you have to
But Layin' Junior to rest was the hardest thing he'd ever had to do

For some the mourning period lasts 'til the very next race
Why already Junior's kid brother's been talkin' 'bout drivin' in his place

Like Father, Like Son; a chip off the old block another Nascar top gun, Like Father, Like Son; Like Father, Like Son

MUSIC IS MY MISTRESS

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Rob Martin © 2003

My guitar and me cast a shadow, across the living room floor
Before I toy with this six string, I better go close her door
I try not to wake her up, 'cause my needs are not hers
I lower my voice to a whisper, whenever I hear her stir, and

I'm in my own world now, I've lost all sense of time
It was dark when I started; now it's sun coming through the blind,
'cause

Music Is My Mistress, she comes to me at night
In a passion dance of melody, my infidelity comes to light
Music Is My Mistress, she's my nocturnal suite
She strokes my fretboard knowingly, her seduction is complete

She wakes and finds me still writing, she knows I can't break away
She won't interrupt the rapture, but I hear her and turn to say
Don't you know you're the centerpiece, of our own little universe
I'll be along in a minute, but I continue to write this verse, and

You know I can't stop now, not after all this time
I'm writin' words to a chorus, looking for a clever rhyme, 'cause

Music Is My Mistress, but I love you for who you are
Three hearts in three part harmony, a musical ménage a trois
Music Is My Mistress, my rhapsody in blue
But I wonder if you realize, my song's are all for you

Musical Interlude:

So no matter what the odds, my heart is never wrong
I'm in this thing forever; it's all about the song

Music Is My Mistress, it's a love affair for life
But you are my first lady, the reason that I write
Music Is My Mistress, she sings into my soul
I am only half a man; it's you that makes me whole

NOBLE WOMAN (REDEEMED BY THE LOVE OF)

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Rob Martin © 2003 Appel-Martin

It's taken me, more years than I care to say
I've learned to trust your gentle ways
your voice, a sound my heart obeys
if I've learned anything, it's that I have faith in you
'cause I've been redeemed by the love of A Noble Woman
an
my life remains, forever changed, because of you, I
promise you

I'm lookin' back, I wonder how I got this far
but now I know, just who you are
simply put, you're my shining star
and I have leaned on a heart, that beats for me
yes I've been redeemed by the love of A Noble Woman
you're number one, second to none, my everything

Bridge: Sometimes I feel it just won't last
so many ghosts from my past
but here's to you, for one so true

So patiently, you taught me love would turn the key
my yesterdays wouldn't follow me
my love, you are, you'll always be
I may be a fool but not for lovin' you
'cause I have been redeemed by the love of A Noble
Woman
yes I have been redeemed by the love of A Noble Woman
an
your aim was true, somehow you knew, thank God for
you
I've been renewed by A Noble Woman

PINK COTTON CANDY

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2003

The arc lights lit the old fairgrounds; that Ferris wheel turns round and round
I hear the roller-coaster screams, here in my candied apple dreams

You and me on a Tilt-A-Whirl, I wouldn't have missed it for the world
Your face in a make-up case of inlaid pearl
Kewpie Dolls in a row, a Devil Dog, a Hojo and Pink Cotton Candy

But knowin' how we grew apart, even if we had a heart to heart
Could we start again, would it be like then?
The past was such a piece of cake, with the future there's so much at stake
Yesterday's like a long lost friend, how could a love like that just end on us?

We seized the moment seized the night, well nothin' ever felt so right
Wrapped in passion's breathless joy, a tender girl, a lover boy

The wonder years of our youth, those Bumper Cars, hey what a goof
You and me in that cramped photo booth
To all those summer county fairs, to Elvis and the Jordinares, and Pink Cotton Candy

Did I really miss my chance, over words we'd had at the dance
What did I know, it took time to grow
Now you say you're afraid to start, well try tellin' that to a broken heart
But maybe it's not yet too late, 'cause baby I know I still have faith, in us

Thought our love was long past gone, seems it's been buildin' all along
two hearts like ours just can't be wrong

Huddled up in a Cuddle Up, remember honey how we couldn't get enough, we stuffed
ourselves on that fluffy stuff
All these years have not erased, the old familiar taste
of Pink Cotton Candy
Now before this memory slips, let me kiss the sugar off those lips
of Pink Cotton Candy

POP GOES THE SUPERSTAR

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

Momma's on her bedspread, starin' at the boob tube
Said to me come, look and see
There's a new boy band tryin' to dance and do a lip synch
Star struck wannabes
Well momma I play rock 'n' roll for love, so I won't change a note
I ain't rehearsed these years for this, so hand me that remote
Yet who's to blame, well I don't know, yes it seems so lame
Just pass an audition on one of these cookie cutter star search shows & then it's,
Pop Goes The Superstar, hey, a few days practice and there you are
Pop Goes The Superstar,
You'll have the babes in a stretch and a heat packin' personal bodyguard
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar

Me and my band mates recordin' in the basement; momma says to, turn it down
Then an A&R rep came round to see us said; hey man, that ain't the sound
While I keep cryin' about sellin' out, another pop teen diva is born
Used to be you could tell a guitarist's chops by how his fret board been worn
Now who's to blame, well I don't know, is it all that fame
I'm surfin' channels but there it is, another star search show & so it's
Pop Goes The Superstar, well we just keep a rockin', but no cigar
Pop Goes The Superstar, it's a kiddie revolution, an adolescent idol maker's coup d'etat
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar

Now here come the suits, and the bean counters with their widget men
With streamlined quarterly earning reports and dressed in Ralph Lauren
With copycat mentalities they're all lookin' for a trend
Where artists used to call the shots, it's nuts but now it's them

So pluggin' our music's gonna be tough, 'cause we ain't got no clout
But we'll keep a rockin' and do it for love, let the rest of 'em figure it out
So who's to blame, well now I know, it's a ratings game
And when in doubt for somethin' new they'll be another star search show & then it's Pop Goes The
Superstar
Be the flavor of the month, be the Grand Pooh Bah
Pop Goes The Superstar, if you missed a show momma's taped 'em all on the VCR

Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh
Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh
Momma shoot me down if I get like that, ah ah huh

Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar,
Pop Goes The Superstar, Pop Goes The Superstar, There you go

PRUDENCE, WHERE'D YOU EVER GET THAT NAME?

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

Prudence, Where'd You Ever Get That Name? Prudence how'd you ever get that name? Is there an outside chance, of ever getting' inside your game

You got the hots and I got the need
I love you more than Adam loved Eve
Why break a heart and watch it bleed?
You want me to beg for it and say 'pretty please,' 'pretty please'?'
Your struttin' on bars, blowin' all the pop a tops
Full pink lips, hair like Goldilocks
No holds barred, pullin' out all the stops
A Hard toned body, from keeping up all of them love chops, love chops

With an hourglass body as smooth as honey
If I tried I couldn't get, more payin' money
A navel diamond in the middle of your tummy
Your love kitty workin' like the Energizer Bunny

Prudence, Where'd You Ever Get That Name? Prudence how'd you ever get that name? If your daddy ever knew, he'd say Prudence have I taught you no shame

You turned out to be a real hell on heels
Sprayed on jeans keep a spinnin' my wheels
In a lace bustier it's hard to conceal
Rub yourself against me, I'll tell you how it feels, feels good

Prudence that name of yours two-faced
Victorian-like but you ain't straight-laced
A come-on-look that says, come on to my place'
A sin to see a body like that go to waste, WASTE NOT WANT NOT

Prudence, Where'd You Ever Get That Name? Prudence how'd you ever get that name?

It's one thing for a man, but Prudence you got sex on the brain
Yes you do

RU UP 2 IT?

Words and Music: Mike Appel © 2004

Some girls think they'll get by on their looks,
others like voyeurs readin' romance books
What I know about love, I learned on the job,
now is there somethin' for me beneath your cool façade?
United States Marines need a few good men,
me I need a woman who can do it again
'cause I can't get enough of it, but RU UP 2 IT?

Some girls insist on wearin panty hose,
while other girls hardly wear any clothes
If you're the kind of woman's got all the right stuff,
I dare you to flaunt it and call my bluff
So if you wanna find out if you're up to speed/if you wanna own a
piece of me, I got the deed; 'cause I can't get enough of it, but RU UP
2 IT?

Instrumental:

Some girls are like Eve before the fall,
others in the backseat give it their all
Love like mine it don't come too cheap, the price to you,
one night of lost sleep
Let me ask you straight are you up to the task, 'cause baby yours truly
ain't afraid to ask, 'cause I can't get enough of it, but RU UP 2 IT?

If there're any girls out there that still got doubts, take it from me I'm
gonna wear you out, 'cause I can't get enough of it, RU UP 2 IT?

Can you keep up with me baby, Can you keep it up baby?
You're getting' the hang of it now; I can see that, that's it baby
You got it now, fine tune it for me, that should do it,
Easy does it, oh love's the aphrodisiac, you can use all the tools at your
disposal baby, see it I care, that's it baby ride with me,
that's it, surely is

(SHE HAD) NOTHIN' ON BUT THE RADIO

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2003

Me and the boys were playin' pocket billiards
Rackin' them up and tryin' to take some shots
When all of a sudden this girl just blew right by us
She'd been drinkin' a mixture of brandy and apricots, there she goes

Before we realized, she had us mesmerized
This wild and spirited flasher, jumped the bar with a ghetto blaster
Amidst the catcalls and the laughter

Cause she had Nothin' On But The Radio
Those twin speakers pumpin' out music over all those cheers
She had Nothin' On But The Radio
It's the first time in history not a single man touched a beer/now that's the truth

This bartender was no stranger to confrontation
But a Mexican standoff was not what he had in mind
Apparently this was not a matter for negotiation
She made her point, you didn't get it; you had to be blind

She hissed, he tried to growl; bartender threw in the towel
Shrugged his shoulders and said ok, who are we to stand in nature's way
Let's give it up boys, now what do you say

'Cause She had Nothin' On But The Radio
That little boom box was her only bit of privacy, yes it was
She had Nothin' On But The Radio
She was a woman possessed in the throes of ecstasy/all right

When the cops came in they encountered quite a reception
Sixteen men deep at the bar wouldn't budge
Now the law was quite clear, so they couldn't make this an exception
As for me and the boys, who are we to judge?

Everybody was screamin' for more, come on, come on; just another encore
Saturday night, sweet bird of youth, she brought the house down and raised
the roof, I swear it's the truth and I'm the livin' proof

She had Nothin' On But The Radio
She had a body that matched her psychological profile
She had Nothin' On But The Radio
All efforts to bring her down, just proved to be futile

SHE MAY FORGIVE, SHE DON'T FORGET

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2005

She looks out her window reflecting long and hard
The growing pains of love have left their tiny little scars
She thinks she's gotten over it, and hopes the hurts will heal
She's poised to try her hand once more; she wants a love for real;
Now matter how she prods herself, there's things she won't reveal

Her mind is almost over it; the heart is not so sure
That lover really messed her up, now love's the only cure
She knows she'll have to take it slow; after all that she's endured
And though it only happens now and then, she remembers how and when,
years ago she lost it and, she'd get so upset
She May Forgive, She Don't Forget
She May Forgive, She Don't Forget

She'll have to find the strength somehow, to make a brand new start
But she conjures up the past again, and then she falls apart
With fragile feelings still on edge, she's scared to drop her guard
She's hopin' she can find once more, the love that she was searchin' for,
She wants to open up that door; but she ain't quite there yet
She May Forgive, She Don't Forget
She May Forgive, She Don't Forget

She'll play it all by intuition, she's got to trust herself
To yield in love with her suspicions, is such a livin' hell
Someone's out there somewhere; yes, she believes in fate
And though she's got her doubts sometimes, deep down she knows it's
never too late

Instrumental:

The long ordeal is ending; she feels she'll be ok
She's on the road to love again; her heart has paved the way
The trauma's all but over now; it's time to make her play
She feels that she can get it right, it looks like there's an end in sight, and
though her heart has seen the light, she harbors some regret
She May Forgive, She Don't Forget
She May Forgive, She Don't Forget

SHE PAINTS, I WRITE (JODY'S SONG)

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

The hedgerow's in bloom, this time in June
As we traipse to the beach
The sea rolls in calm, in all its charm
A perfection of peace, with the chaotic world just safely out of reach
Her canvas and stand's, stuck in the sand
She begins to unwind
She sketches things out; then just fleshes it out
From designs in her mind, intuitive sparks dance on subconscious
Ley-lines,
The craft is all hers but its source is divine, as

She Paints her colors like stars and stripe streamers
She Paints as the wind toys with her hair
She Paints for the innocent and wide-eyed dreamers, while I Write

She's finding her space, at her own pace
With a Dutch Master's touch
From inner landscapes, it begins to take shape,
Through the strokes of her brush

A picture's worth, a thousand words
Isn't that what they say?
Her Impressionist greens, mixed in water-colored dreams
Spoken like a true Monet
Though she's new to it and still tryin' to find her own way
She's a renaissance woman and her gift's in full play, as

She Paints her palette a blaze now in fuchsia,
She Paints and renders it all by feel
She Paints her artistic fires to infuse her, while I Write

She loses herself in a place somewhere just out of time
Her abstract symmetrical patterns seem to walk such a fine line.

For the vanguard of the art scene in Chelsea it was nothin' more than a well-disguised hard sell
You could hear the gallery owner pontificating about the virtues of Minimalism for the sake of his rich clientele.
Now you can see the literati and glitterati cuein' up after working up the courage to bid Andy Warhol a final fond farewell.

With a true artist's call, for the wonder of it all
And far, far from the crowd
Her inner voice speaks; ever gently then peaks
As she paints right out loud
The perfectionist in her says it'll never be complete, well say what you want but it's your masterpiece, and

She Paints from visions deep in her mind's eye
She Paints on a backdrop of clouds and blue sky
She Paints from some kinetic impulse inside, while I write

She Paints the pageant of life all in rainbows
She Paints in spite of the pragmatic world
She Paints from an interior Louvre draped in Van Goghs, while I Write

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2005

Duke Kahanamoku

The Huna Code secrets from the land of MU, Were vested in the heart of Duke Kahanamoku
Waikiki, Oahu was the place of his birth, Swam like a sea lion; baptized by the surf

He fashioned him a Koa board that started it all, He stood on that surfboard before he could crawl
With his ancestors in his ears dronin' their chants, He won the 100 meter freestyle; Olympic champ

He's the king of the Queens Break
Prince of the pipelines
With the Duke it was make or break
And whatever his soul divined

Now he's The Chairman of the Board
He's The Chairman of the Board, yeh, eh
He could walk on water, ride a 30' foot swell
He could surf the line of balance 'tween heaven and hell
He's The Chairman of the Board

Fast Forward now to 1963, The Rendezvous Ballroom was the home of the craze
Every surfer on the lookout for the ultimate wave
Dick Dale played a bitchin' Leo Fender guitar , The Ventures rocked 'Perfidia', with a Strat's Wang Bar

They'd show up in their woodies on Hermosa Beach, Like ducks to water gone to practice what they preach
Dewey Weber was a ripper and the best damn slasher, Mickey 'Da Cat' the surfin' Malibu master

Boardin' down the waves
In the glory of their youth
From cradle to the grave
Sworn Disciples of the Duke

He's The Chairman of the Board,
He's The Chairman of the Board, yeh eh
He could walk on water, ride a 30' foot swell
He could surf the line of balance 'tween heaven and hell
He's The Chairman of the Board

Fireknife dancers writhe in rhythmic law, Hear the crying winds whisper on a desolate shore
Sharkskin drums pierce the shadows and the light, The ghosts of Diamond Head shriek his name at night
Sunrise, sundown on Sunset Beach Those endless summer dreams seem so out of reach (instrumental)

Nowadays it's different they took it up a notch, The Duke won't take less no not on his watch
They can cut back on a wave and hang a riptide, But chargin' down a tidal wave's tsunami suicide

Near the breakers stands the legend his footprints in the sand
His voice callin' out to every woman, every man
'Cause Duke Kahanamoku's still looking for recruits
So grab your surfboards and designer wet suits

And join The Chairman of the Board
He's The Chairman of the Board, Yeh
He could walk on water, ride a 30' foot swell
He could surf the line of balance, 'tween heaven and hell
He's The Chairman of the Board

Ha 'alele Koa Wa, a Koa Kanaka'
"The canoe has departed, leaving the warriors behind"

THE COYOTE HOTEL (SIERRA'S SONG)

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

On a dingy street in Sonora, the coyote greets the signora
In pesos she pays, then gives him his way, hey that's life on the border
The coyote had painted this vision; it was all she had ever envisioned
With marble bathtubs and plush lobby rugs, Sierra had made her decision
She's willin' to work like a pack mule, in the onion fields of Yuma
Eight dollars a day, is all that they pay, her dreams a mirage that consumes her
So she trails close behind the Coyote, who'd been dealin' some local peyote
He roughed her up bad, but he was all she had, she knew he was no Don Quixote
With scorpions crawlin', she keeps on haulin' across this scrub cactus hell
Hell, if she's lucky by dawn, if nothin' goes wrong, she'll check in to The Coyote Hotel

Texas-Mex songs fill the night air, broken by the light of a night flare
With a worn out backpack, she froze in her tracks
And prayed God forbid it would end there
The coyote ran off and just left her, but he triggered a motion detector
Someone radioed a head, to a watchtower shed
And now no one's there to protect her

But they danced all night at a black tie and cowboy boot ball
She danced all night; in a chandeliered catering hall
Oh how she imagined it all

Black Hawks droned in the night skies, just a little ways off as the crow flies
they're use to the drill, and up for the kill, she doubted she'd live to see sunrise
Quad-runners trolled near the checkpoints, and searched out the Rio Grande waters
Latinos themselves, in jobs that paid well, hey man they're just followin' orders

But this was the moment she'd lived for; she'd fly on the wings of a Condor,
And though she felt faint, she summoned her strength
and ran for all she was good for

In a full-length gown, she waltzed round and round, Grand visions of The High Chaparral
She'd been tricked by a con artist , Who coats lies with stardust
Like the splendors of The Coyote Hotel

A high-powered scope rifle found her, Placed a few warnin' shots around her
When she didn't stop, he squeezed a last shot From a distance he knew that he'd
downed her

She crawled the last yards, in front of the guards
And swore she heard the concierge say; 'welcome mademoiselle'
She drew her last breath; it was all she had left
On the mud floor of The Coyote Hotel

On a dinghy street in Sonora, a coyote greets a signora.....
El espiritu de Sierra vuela/ en las alas de un condor/ hacia el alto rancho/ en el cielo
Sierra's spirit flies on the wings of a condor to that High Chaparral in the sky

THE DELTA OF HER HEART

Words and Music: Mike Appel © 2004

Never once complained to me, so why did she feel the need to leave
Was I full of myself, now it's all gone to hell, sayonara, farewell
She'd swamp me in organic love, a heart as soft as a river's mud
My life was intact, now it's all out of whack, how do I get her back?
She'd jotted down a short handwritten note
I know you need your space is what she wrote
But with a tail wind at my back though she has got a day's head start
I'm closin' in on The Delta of Her Heart,
down the bayous to The Delta of Her Heart

The world outside's a tragedy, she's the only one gave a damn for me
No I didn't see, thought I had to be free, I was all about me
But I'm not about to say goodbye, cross my heart and hope to die
I'm gonna patch it up, true love's good enough, when the goin' gets tough
When she needed me I wasn't there, and she knew I had this little side af-
fair
But in matters of the heart she had raised it to an art
And so I'm driftin' to The Delta of Her Heart,
to the Gulf Stream and The Delta of Her Heart

She was like the salt of the earth, it was me that caused all of the hurt, I
never meant her no harm, so I can not accept the fact that she is gone
I was too busy runnin' around, and she didn't want to tie me down
It was bound to go wrong, but I can justify my weakness,
'cause I know my love is strong

Instrumental:

It's me that ran the perfect love a ground,
if ever there was a fool I'd take the crown
But rest assured the love in me will reach its watermark
On the levees in The Delta of Her Heart
I'll ride the high tide to The Delta of Her Heart
And I'll take shelter in The Delta of Her Heart

THE HARP WITHIN

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2003

Lookin' back, on my life, it all becomes so clear
Livin' fast, and livin' loud, 's a wonder I could hear
Just before, I hit the ground; somethin' broke my fall
Some noble voice, like heaven's own, I swear I heard it call
It was such a pure sound, so genuine, I heard The Harp
Within
My heart and soul now sing in unison, I heard The Harp
Within

The harm I've done, to those I love, still causes discontent
Never thought they'd suffer too, that wasn't my intent
On the brink and out of sync; I barely heard its song
A simple code, that echoes true, and sorts out right from
wrong
Its melody had touched me, like a sacred hymn,
when I heard The Harp Within
It sung as softly as a violin, the golden Harp Within

Lead Voice: This inner sounding board, where all the truths
are stored, set me on the path once more/ Thanks to this
old friend, I was my self again, and let my trapped spirit soar

Counterpoint Background Vocals: Felt the weight lift, saw life's
open door, crossed the threshold; and let my trapped spirit
soar

(instrumental interlude for the String Harp):

Burned through years, just killin' time; 's perhaps my great-
est sin
(but) A wiser man, with lesson's learned,
moves on from what he's been
Its melody had touched me, like a sacred hymn,
when I heard The Harp Within
Renewed again my life could now begin, I heard The Harp
Within

THE REAL THING

Music: Rob Martin / Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2008

Purest gold is to beauty as copper is to strength
Now somewhere there's an alchemist, who must have gone to
great lengths
'Cause he turned these fair two elements into a woman fit for a
king
I know that I'm a richer man for everything you bring
and baby, oh baby, you're The Real Thing

I've been known to stargaze some, take mind shuttles to the moon
I'm brought back down to earth each time that you walk in the
room
I'd go the extra mile for you, sail 'round Saturn's rings
And though I've chased some fleeting dreams, I'm grounded by
one thing
and baby, oh baby, you're The Real Thing

This common faith we share, weaves the fabric of our souls
the promise echoes still, in the words 'to have and hold'
our tapestry from the cold

'Til I learned to trust myself, I wore this grand façade
You always saw right through it, for you I dropped my guard
There are sacred signs of the zodiac, there's an equinox of spring
There's a muse that writes through poet's hearts, for a time and
then takes wing
There's a canopy of stars above, yet there's one greater thing
and baby, oh baby, you're The Real Thing
yeh baby, oh baby, you're The Real Thing

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Rob Martin © 2003

As the Earth moves, feel the ground swell
rock all nations, with love's vibrations

see the world shine through a newborn's eyes
drive the gears and let us all arise, so

come on turn The Wheel Of Life, pitch in now the time is ripe
round and round the planet goes, so it grows
yes, let's turn The Wheel Of Life, inside we are all alike
we can share this common ground, look around, it's comin' down

love the children, there's the future
a new beginning, that keeps on giving

man must seek and find his timeless dream,
and keep his true path forever green, so

come on turn The Wheel Of Life, with all your strength and all your might
everyone must hear the call, one and all
yes, let's turn The Wheel Of Life, each of us a spoke of light
we must find a way to bond, arm in arm, and carry on

for this is mankind's greatest quest,
until he's climbed the mountain he'll not rest, so

come on turn The Wheel of Life, may your heart and soul unite
try and reach that distant star, it's not far
yes, let's turn The Wheel Of Life, love's a God given right
stand up for humanity, you and me

come on turn The Wheel Of Life, with all your strength and all your might
everyone must hear the call, one and all, standin' tall
yes, let's turn The Wheel Of Life, each of us a spoke of light
we must find a way to bond, arm in arm, and carry on

come on turn The Wheel Of Life
yes, let's turn The Wheel Of Life
we must turn The Wheel Of Life...

THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD GO I

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

Sowing wild oats in the heart of my youth
Almost killed myself just for a goof
Drinkin', carousin' and just markin' time
A vagabond heart that lost its own lifeline

I was so young and unafraid to fall
The sky was the limit, 'til I hit the wall
Livin' each day like it's Mardi Gras
In the end it's no secret how I made it this far
Yes, There But For The Grace Of God Go I
Yes, There But For The Grace Of God Go I

On the road to ruin, I took fate to the brink
You'd have to be me, to know how low you can sink
Bent on wastin' the gift of life
Walked in the shadows, before I saw the light

I was snake bitten, with some kinda dark curse
Then an inner voice said, man; it could've been worse
Livin' on the edge I thought I'd self-destruct
It's a miracle I'm here, but it wasn't all luck
Yes, There But For The Grace Of God Go I
Yes, There But For The Grace Of God Go I

There, in the great beyond, where all is quiet, all is calm
God's angels sing a sacred psalm, their sovereign benediction
feeds my soul

Sittin' here dotin' on my personal dreams
They're takin' forever, least that's how it seems
Sometimes I brood 'bout bein' short changed
But I know that my life has been divinely ordained

This itinerant spirit's finally found its way home
And shall abide with its protector, and never walk alone
I'm a perfect example, that it's never too late
But I had a lot of help, let there be no mistake

Yes, There But For The Grace Of God Go I
Yes, There But For The Grace Of God Go I
There But For The Grace Of God Go I

There But For The Grace Of God Go I

WHEN CHANCE GETS LUCKY

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2003

When Chance Gets Lucky this oil rig's gonna spew black gold
But you're off in Monte Carlo, while my life's still here on hold
Your daddy's rich, he made a life out of bein' shrewd
Your momma had no intention of lettin' you run off with a local dude

I'm here in Oklahoma City, across from the Holiday Inn
Trouble shootin' these oil rocker pumps, thinkin' on what might've been
When all of a sudden somethin' shook the earth, from that hellhole down below
Then a wildcatter's dream shot up and showered us all from head to toe

As far back as I can remember, it was always me and you
But jet set dreamin' I guess, was something you had to go through
And though I'm pullin' up stakes, my roots I know I can never out run
For now let the chips fall where they may, Monte Carlo here I come

When Chance Gets Lucky I'm gonna break this casino bank
Rollin' the dice with money to burn, I got Oklahoma crude to thank
There were diamond-studded guests wall to wall, and I felt like I didn't fit in,
But I was only here for one thing, and baby I was born to win

When you stood atop of those marble stairs, lookin' like Princess Grace
You stared at me like you'd seen a ghost baby, should've seen the look on your face
Without so much as a word you joined me, though we'd been so estranged
I was down to my last stack of chips, but my luck was about to change

We broke the bank, made love all night 'til both our hearts were spent
Your intimate secret places we touched on 'em all again
On the Riviera I'm a transient, back home I'm a native son
America's callin' us angel, Oklahoma here we come

When Chance Gets Lucky you're gonna draw me a scented bath
You aristocratic women seem to know how to ply your craft
I wasn't born with a silver spoon, so would you cut me a little slack?
You said maybe, I took that for a 'yes', and both of us never looked back

WHEN GUITARS WERE KING

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

I played guitar in my lone disheveled room
I struggled some learnin' this 'tuff' Duane Eddy tune
Buddy Holly ruled the airwaves
Though Elvis was The King
Eddie Cochran stormed the house stage
Some girl screamed 'Eddie let me be your plaything'
Back When Guitars Were King, back When Guitars Were King, back
When Guitars Were King

Pop songs went soft and so I just got all depressed
George Harrison changed it all when he cradled that burgundy Gretsch
Clapton used a Crybaby Wha Wha
Keith Richards did his open tunin' thing
Hendrix' rocked the halls of Valhalla
Page held the record for riffs on an E string
Back When Guitars Were King,
back When Guitars Were King, back When Guitars Were King

Instrumental:

Once again it's all gone wrong, this funk's a stranglehold
We gotta dig through this pitch black hole, to strike a mother lode of
untapped gold, but there's a light at the end of this tunnel, that means
there's still hope of findin' our lost rock 'n' roll soul

Saw a Morse code fret board maestro wailin'
I thought I'd seen everything
Someone said hey that's Eddie Van Halen
Now that kid's axe could talk and sing
Back When Guitars Were King
Back When Guitars Were King
Back When Guitars Were King

Robert Johnson, John Lee Hooker, Lightnin' Hopkins, Les Paul, Scotty Moore, Danny Cedrone, Cliff Gallup, James Burton, Link Wray, Speedy West, Merle Travis, Chet Atkins, Joe Maphis, BB King, Mickey "Guitar" Baker, Roy Buchanan, Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins, Bo Diddley, Buddy Holly, Duane Eddy, Nokie Edwards, Dick Dale, Curtis Mayfield, Steve Cropper, Lonnie Mack, George Harrison, Keith Richards, Jimi Hendrix, Jimmy Page, Eric Clapton, Peter Townsend, Eddie Van Halen, Mark Knopfler, Dave Gilmore, John Fogerty, Jeff Beck, Randy Rhodes, Duane Allman, Carlos Santana, Leslie West, Stevie Ray Vaughn, yeh the list just goes on and on

WRAY OF HOPE

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2006

*This song is dedicated to the intensity, balls, originality and presence of Link Wray and his Danelectro Longhorn Guitar.

In my 'modest' Colonial home, was it ever so humble?
Cranked my Strat on a song Link Wray'd called 'Rumble'
You know I saw Link and his Raymen, in Norfolk in '58
He was playin' bent over backwards, all the people went ape

When Link passed away, we lost an old diehard
The Master of the Danelectro Longhorn Guitar
With his black leather jacket, and blisterin' raw sound
Brandishing his axe, simply the best pound for pound

rock posers 'ill hang 'emselves, if ya give 'em enough rope
Link Wray was a Guitar Guru, a High Priest, a Pope
Someone step up to the plate and push the damn envelope
'Cause we're headin' for Armageddon with no Wray Of Hope,
No Wray Of Hope

On the Television stage, of the great American Karaoke
Singers are gasin' up; now it's all pretty hokey
It flies in the face of all the things that I hold dear
It's obvious people see, a lot better than they hear

So I'll raise this tumbler of whisky, and then make a toast
To a dyed-in-the-wool Rocker, who gave up the ghost
He'll shall rise through the ethers, walk among gods
Wreak havoc in the heavens, destroy their Ipods

'rock bands' like designer drugs, but the 'music' ain't dope
Pseudo stars taking bows, make you gag; make you choke
In the garages of America lies the next Masterstroke
Some Guitar Slingin' Stun Gun, a new Wray Of Hope
A new Wray Of Hope

Link Wray appeared to me in a disjointed dream last night
He said that playin' Rock 'n' Roll was some kind a sacred rite
But there's no fire in its belly, Rock's dead, gone or lost
Though head bangers scrub loud and scream 'emselves hoarse

Now mute is the Altar, and Church of Rock 'n' Roll
But The Keepers Of The Flame like sentries on patrol
Lookin' for a Pied Piper, a King Bee for drones
A left-of-center Rocker, to the marrow in his bones

Today's 'music's' on Quaaludes; it's bankrupt, it's broke
It's anemic, hemophiliac, scared to go for the throat
We need an atomic reactor, with a Plutonium Isotope
To nuke the strains of modern rock, hail a New Wray Of Hope
A New Wray Of Hope, A New Wray Of Hope etc.

YOU ARE MY ROCK

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Rob Martin © 2003

Sometimes my hopes just start fadin' away
It's been takin' far too long
I know that you, never gave up on me
Your faith has kept me strong
You could've walked a thousand times; you had your dreams but
fought for mine

Yes, You Are My Rock, my touchstone my wife
Yes, You Are My Rock, my partner for life
You faced all the hard times, with the grace of a saint, with your quiet
strength,
Yes, You Are My Rock

There's times I feel, I'm a lifetime away
I keep prayin' that I'm wrong
False starts I've had, are just wearin' me down,
It's true my heart's been torn
But you don't count the years I've blown, or point to faults I've long
outgrown

Yes, You Are My Rock, you soften the pain
Yes, You Are My Rock, in a world gone insane
You're my firm foundation, when I've had enough; your love still hangs
tough
Cause, You Are My Rock

BRIDGE:

You're my windfall, I know you, gave it all
What would I do, if not for you

Some things I guess are meant to be, two soul mates like you and me

Yes, You Are My Rock, your heart is my home
Yes, You Are My Rock, it's carved here in stone
You are my champion, you raised me above, you did it for love
Yes, You Are My Rock, Yes, You Are My Rock
Yes, You Are My Rock, You Are My Rock