

Miss Ohio

Oh me oh my oh, look at Miss Ohio
She's a-running around with her rag-top down
She says I want to do right but not right now
Gonna drive to Atlanta and live out this fantasy
Running around with the rag-top down
Yeah I want to do right but not right now

Had your arm around her shoulder, a regimental soldier
An' mamma starts pushing that wedding gown
Yeah you want to do right but not right now
Oh me oh my oh, would ya look at Miss Ohio
She's a-runnin' around with the rag-top down
She says I want to do right but not right now

I know all about it, so you don't have to shout it
I'm gonna straighten it out somehow
Yeah I want to do right but not right now
Oh me oh my oh, look at Miss Ohio
She a-runnin' around with her rag-top down
She says I want to do right , but not right now
Oh I want to do right but not right now

Songwriters: David Todd Rawlings / Gillian Howard Welch

Ain'ta Gonna Grieve

Words by Woody Guthrie, Music by Jeff Tweedy & Jay Bennett

I long to fly away to heaven
Pass beyond that shining door
See my master and my savior
High away to heaven soar

I have made myself my promise
Never again to grieve my lord
I will live his gospel story
Sweetest story ever told

CHORUS:

Ain'ta gonna grieve my lord no more
Ain'ta gonna grieve my lord no more
Ain'ta gonna grieve my lord any more, not any more.

Guess I've lived my life in blindness
I have lived a life of wrong
Now my heart runs full with gladness
Singing out my gospel song

Many a faith's too easy shaken
Many a heart too full of fear
Many an eye is too mistaken
Grievous to my savior dear

Make today this golden promise
Make this vow forever more
Live the story and the glory
Dwell in peace forever more

Make today this one agreement
Change my thoughts from greed to love
Enter soft into my chamber
Pray for light to show me through

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Tell the Truth

Tell the truth to yourself and the rest will fall in place
Tell the truth to yourself and the rest will fall in place
I lied to the doctor
I lied to my lover

I wanna make amends, but where do I start
Tell the truth to yourself and the rest will fall in place
Tell the truth

(I can make my mother, my father, my sister, my brother, my lover, my neighbor, my friends all
happy, Give of myself whatever they ask
But without this single truth it is only emptiness that I cast
A happiness that will not last
(But I'm not here for that for what does happiness help without this single truth given to thyself)
I was the coward
I strangled your heart
I wanna make amends, but where do I start?
Tell the truth to yourself and the rest will fall in place

Source: LyricFind

Songwriters: Scott Avett / Seth Avett

Tell The Truth lyrics © BMG Rights Management

Speed of the Sound of Loneliness

You come home late and you come home early
You come on big when you're feeling small
You come home straight and you come home curly
Sometimes you don't come home at all

So what in the world's come over you?
And what in heaven's name have you done?
You've broken the speed of the sound of loneliness
You're out there running just to be on the run

Well I got a heart that burns with a fever
And I got a worried and a jealous mind
How can a love that'll last forever
Get left so far behind

It's a mighty mean and a dreadful sorrow
It's crossed the evil line today
Well, how can you ask about tomorrow
We ain't got one word to say

Songwriter: John Prine

Speed of the Sound of Loneliness lyrics © Bruised Oranges Music

In My Secret life

In my secret life I saw you this morning
You were moving so fast
Can't seem to loosen my grip on the past
And I miss you so much
There's no one in sight
And we're still making love
In my secret life

I smile when I'm angry, I cheat and I lie
I do what I have to do to get by
But I know what is wrong
And I know what is right
And I'd die for the truth
In my secret life

Hold on, hold on, my brother
My sister, hold on tight
I finally got my orders
I'll be marching through the morning
Marching through the night
Moving cross the borders
Of my secret life

Looked through the paper
Makes you wanna cry
Nobody cares if the people
Live or die
And the dealer wants you thinking
That it's either black or white
Thank God it's not that simple
In my secret life

I bite my lip, I buy what I'm told
From the latest hit
To the wisdom of old
But I'm always alone
And my heart is like ice
And it's crowded and cold
In my secret life

Songwriter: Leonard Cohen / Sharon Robinson
In My Secret Life lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Shame

Okay so I was wrong about my reasons for us fallin' out
Of love I want to fall back in
My life is different now I swear, I know now what it means to care
About somebody other than myself

I know the things I said to you, they were untender and untrue
I'd like to see those things undo
So if you could find it in your heart to give a man a second start
I promise things won't end the same

Shame, boatloads of shame
Day after day, more of the same
Blame (blame), please lift it off
Please take it off, please make it stop

Okay so I have read the mail the stories people often tell
About us that we never knew
But their existence will float away and just like every word they say
And we will hold hands as they fade

I felt so sure of everything
My love to you so well received
And I just strutted 'round your town
Knowing I didn't let you down
The truth be known, the truth be told
My heart was always fairly cold
Posing to be as warm as yours
My way of getting in your world
But now I'm out and I've had time
To look around and think
And sink into another world
That's filled with guilt and overwhelming shame

And everyone they have a heart and when they break and fall apart
And need somebody's helping hand
I used to say just let 'em fall, it wouldn't bother me at all
I couldn't help them, now I can

Songwriters: Cody Votolato / Morgan Henderson / Jordan Blilie / Mark Gajadhar / Whitney
Johnny

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