

I Like the Way It Was

1. **Who Are They To Say** (2.36)

written by Mark Lee

*I wrote **Who Are They To Say** in 1991 when I was “ten-feet tall and bullet proof.” I had received a little attention from some influential people in the music business at the time, and started considering music as a career. My friend, Ross, and I had a failure-is-no-option attitude and on the phone one evening, he said “Who are they to say you can’t be the next big thing?” So I sat down and wrote the song. Then I graduated in 1992 and the reality of making a living set in. Music is now just a hobby, though I always keep my options open.*

Who are they to tell me
Nashville’s just too tough a place.
And if you dare to make it there
It’s a never-ending chase.

To pin down that elusive dream
“Boy, you won’t go far.”
Well, I’d like to tell ‘em to their face,
If I just knew who they are.

Who are they to say.
I’ll make it anyway.
‘Cause with a little help from my friends
I know I’ll find the rainbow’s end.
And who are they to say.

Who are they to tell me
Not to get involved with you.
They say life on the road is just too tough
For one and much less two.

But I know I’ll need you with me
When it’s all said and done.
‘Cause it sure is lonely at the top
When you’re the only one.

Who are they to say.
I’ll make it anyway
‘Cause I’ll have you beside me.
And I know the good Lord will guide me
So who are they to say?

I know they’re just tryin’ to warn me
Of how far I’d have to fall.
But if they can’t say somethin’ nice
Then why say anything at all.

Who are they to say.
I’ll make it anyway.
Cause with a little help from my friends
I know I’ll find the rainbow’s end.
And who are they to say.

Who are they to say.
I’ll make it anyway.
‘Cause with a little help from my friends
I know I’ll find the rainbow’s end.
And who are they to say.

Yeah, with a little help from my friends
I know I’ll find the rainbow’s end.
And who are they to say.

2. I Like the Way It Was (3.45)

written by Brett Jones

The first time I heard Brett Jones sing **I Like the Way It Was** back in 1993 was when my friend Ross and I went to a little café in Nashville. I knew immediately that if I ever made a CD, this would have to be on it. The barn on the front of the CD is Grandpa's old barn (it is still there) and the gate in the photo inside was the gate on the lot in front of the barn. That gate, sadly, is no longer there. I guess you could say "I knew Brett when" because since then he has become a prominent writer in Nashville, penning such hits as "You Gotta Love That" for Neal McCoy, "A Little Past Little Rock" for Lee Ann Womack, and "You Won't Ever Be Lonely" for Andy Griggs.

Remember that old gate at Grandpa's house
The one nailed to an old cross-tie
Weathered and gray it dug the ground
But it swung a million times

Grandma called it an eyesore
So when he passed away
She replaced it with a store-bought one
But it just was not the same

'Cause I like the way it was
Dear to me with all its flaws
Now I hate to see these changes come
'Cause I like the way it was

Passed by the farm yesterday
Seemed so long ago
We milked in that barn twice a day
'til I was eighteen years old

Now the whole place has a fresh coat of paint
New owners fixed it up
But you can't see the grain in the wood anymore
And I don't care for the color much

(No)... I like the way it was
Dear to me with all its flaws
Now I hate to see these changes come
'Cause I like the way it was.

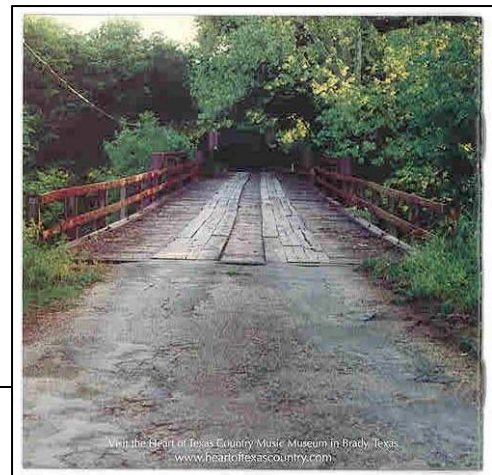
Dad I wish that you could see
Your eyes on your grandson
And just how wise at thirty-five
Your rebel boy's become.

I don't expect this world to be perfect no more
I reckon I've grown up
I just wish now I'd told you then
I like the way it was.

(Yes)... I like the way it was
Dear to me with all its flaws
And I hate to see these changes come
'Cause I like the way it was.

(Yes)... I hate to see these changes come
'Cause I like the way it was.

Irving Music (BMI)



3. Old Cowboy (Arthur's Song) (3.43)

written by Steve Meuth



***Old Cowboy** is the first of four songs on my CD that were penned by Steve Meuth – my good friend, fellow heir to the original settlers of our area, and relative to my wife Lea Ann. He wrote the song about Lea Ann's second cousin, **Arthur Goertz** – shown in the picture at 83! Arthur is a true cowboy and still going strong in 2008 at 85. Unfortunately, we all lost Erlene, a great lady and Arthur's love of many years in 2007 before the CD was published. She had heard the song, however, when Steve sang it at our family and community gatherings over the past few years.*

He wakes up each mornin', reaches for the sky
To get the kinks out of his achin' bones
He loads up the horse, puts the trailer to the flatbed
And whistles for the dogs to jump on

This mornin' his step is a little bit lighter
For his boots barely meet the dirt
'Cause there's a man down the road who's got some cows he can't load
And that's the reason God put him on this earth

Oh, he's just an old cowboy in a modernized world
Dreamin' about yesterday
He dreams of when you could have a smell on your boots
And the dancehall girls would not shy away

Just give him a horse, a rope and some cattle
And mister, get out of his way
Oh, he's just an old cowboy in a modernized world
Dreamin' about yesterday.

Now he could explain that he was born in the wrong age
He dreams of old cattle drives
Sleeping under the stars and a silvery moon
And on his hip he'd wear a Colt .45

Now there's only three things left in this world
That can make that old codger grin
Some of Mrs. Erlene's lovin', a cantankerous bull
And partyin' with family and friends

Oh, he's just an old cowboy in a modernized world
Dreamin' about yesterday
He dreams of when you could have a smell on your boots
And the dancehall girls would not shy away

Just give him a horse, a rope and some cattle
And mister, get out of his way
Oh, he's just an old cowboy in a modernized world
Dreamin' about yesterday.

He wasn't involved in the stock market fall
So don't expect to hear his apology
But if you press him he'll tell you, friend,
What you can do with your Wall Street technology

'Cause the bonds that he loves is with his wife, God, and horse,
And his stocks grow on cubes and hay
He's just an old cowboy in a modernized world
Dreamin' about yesterday.

4. 4 0 3 3 (2.37)

written by George Jones & Earl Montgomery

*My uncle Donald is probably the biggest influence on my music. I grew up hearing him at pickin' and grinnin' gatherings – Donald on guitar, Uncle Royce playing the dobro, and Royce's brother, Jake adding guitar accompaniment. A special treat was when Ed Jones was able to join us with his steel guitar. Uncle Donald has every George Jones album ever produced, and knows all the words, so I definitely wanted to cover one of George's songs. I chose **4 0 3 3** because it happens to be the address of Leon's Country Store shown in the CD brochure. My wife Lea Ann's father, Leon, bought the store in 1969, and it has been in the family since. I also remember dropping by the store with my grandpa when I was young.*



We're the two new people that moved to the middle of the block
And we're the talk of the town and don't you think we're not
For we've got love and happiness, people envy us you see
For we found heaven right here on earth at 4033.

Yes we found what most people are lookin' for
And there's not a lot of money to spend on a real fine car
But it's a window where a bird flies and sings so free
And there's a whole lot of windows in this little house at 4033.

The 4000 block proves what true love can do
Once a lonely place but was sold to me and you

Oh all around the house you can see little children play
And they're not other peoples' kids we're proud to say
They are the symbol of our love for all the world to see
They're part of heaven right here on earth at 4033.

At all hours of the day you can see many people drive by
For a look at the house they think fell from the sky
They say that this place would make them happy as you and me
Now the whole town's tryin' to buy this house at 4033.

The 4000 block proves what true love can do
Once a lonely place but was sold to me and you

Oh all around the house you can see little children play
And they're not other people's kids, we're proud to say
They are the symbol of our love for all the world to see
They're part of heaven right here on earth at 4033.

We're not gonna sell our happy little house at 4033.
Wouldn't take a pretty penny for the love we have at 4033.

5. Legally (*Featuring Leona Williams*) (3:45)
written by Freddie Hart

Legally was suggested by Tracy Pitcox, the founder and originator of the Heart of Texas Museum in Brady, Texas. Tracy is a DJ on KNEL in Brady, as well as founder and MC of both the Llano and Mason Opry's in the towns of the same name. When I started working on my CD, knowing Tracy's love of the old country sound, I agreed to record this song, sound unheard. I was not disappointed. Country legend Freddie Hart wrote a great song and, thanks to Tracy and my producer, Justin Trevino, country singer Leona Williams agreed to join me in a duet. I met Leona at the Llano Opry, and I am grateful to have her lend her wonderful talent to this CD.

Legally, we're married to each other
Legally, we can love or we can fight
There are papers and they can show
We're living by the law
Being legal don't always make it right.

Legally, we live in a house together
Legally, we share a bed at night
We sleep back to back
Our hearts run on two different tracks
Being legal don't always make it right.

Oh, it's not right, for at night, I hear you cryin'
But you know somethin', I've done some cryin' too.
Through heaven's eyes we know it's wrong
Wanting to be in another's arms
Being legal don't always make it right.

Through heaven's eyes we know it's wrong
Wanting to be in another's arms
Being legal don't always make it right.

Being legal don't always make it right.

6. Leave Well Enough Alone (4.17)

written by Mark Lee

Leave Well Enough Alone came to me in 2000 when a friend (I'll leave nameless to protect the guilty) was head-over-heels for a girl who was in an on-again / off-again relationship with another guy. She had been with him for so long that she couldn't quite get herself to break it off. She was "comfortable" with him, which seemed to trump the better relationship she had with my friend. She never realized that if she had left 'well enough alone' with the former, she would have been better off with my friend.

You say you've been with him for what seems like forever
And the love you have suits you well enough for now
But I can see you're much happier when we're together
And if you'll give me a chance, I will show you how.

To . . . Leave well enough alone.
Come on home to the place where you belong.
You'll find more than you've ever dreamed of
Right here in my arms.
But you'll never know the meaning of true love
'Til you leave well enough alone.

You tell me sometimes the bad times are really rough
But the good times always seem to pull you through.
But a sometimes love just shouldn't be "well enough"
I've got a full-time love that I will give to you.

If you . . . Leave well enough alone.
Come on home to the place where you belong.
You'll find more than you've ever dreamed of
Right here in my arms.
But you'll never know the meaning of true love
'Til you leave well enough alone.

I want to show you just how much you mean to me.
But I won't ever get that chance if you never leave.

You'll find more than you've ever dreamed of
Right here in my arms.
But you'll never know the meaning of true love
'Til you leave well enough alone.

Why don't you leave well enough alone.
You've got to leave well enough alone.
Darlin', leave well enough alone.
Just leave well enough alone.

7. Losin' You Was Easy, Gettin' Over You Is Tough (4.34)

written by Herman Goertz

*My brother-in-law, Herman Goertz, wrote **Losin' You Was Easy, Gettin' Over You Is Tough** about a girl he once dated. I really wanted to put one of his songs on the CD, and have always liked this one. Herman had his own band for years, the Roadhouse Dogs, and even though they are no longer together, all of the guys are still around. We get together every now and then to jam – usually at Leon's Country Store. Justin Trevino, the producer of my CD, commented that this is probably his favorite song on the CD. I always knew he had good taste.*

Friends all ask me what went wrong
They say it seems these days I just don't care.
Stoned drunk most all the time
Hell, I seldom even shave or comb my hair.

I always said, "Go on. Just leave".
I guess this time you finally called my bluff.
Losin' you was easy, girl.
Gettin' over you is tough.

Boss man says, "You're late again."
I just look at him and say, "Yeah, I know."
If he wasn't my own brother
I guess I'd've been fired at least a month ago.

I ask him, "Please just bear with me."
I say, "Jim, you know I got it rough."
Losin' you was easy, girl,
Gettin' over you is tough.

I said I didn't need no one
As you packed your bags and
left me all alone.
You must have took me at my word
'Cause you never even
call me on the phone.

I can find someone to hold me tight
But somehow it's never quite enough.
Losin' you was easy, girl,
Gettin' over you is tough.

I said I didn't need no one
As you packed your bags and left me all alone.
You must have took me at my word
'Cause you never even call me on the phone.

I can find someone to hold me tight
But somehow it's never quite enough.
Losin' you was easy, girl,
Gettin' over you is tough.

Losin' you was easy, girl,
Gettin' over you is tough.

8. The Return Of Kaw-liga (3.59)

written by Steve Meuth

When I was looking for songs to put on the CD, I was trying to figure out which Hank cover I wanted to do that hadn't already been covered a dozen times. Steve said he had written a song that continued the saga of Kaw-liga, called **The Return Of Kaw-liga**. After hearing it, I thought the song was amazing and unbelievably creative. And I also thought it was the perfect solution to my Hank cover-tune dilemma. Even though Hank is my favorite, and I like singing his songs, I must admit that I don't usually like hearing them by anybody BUT Hank, including myself. Oh, and the Kaw-liga picture in the CD booklet was taken at our very own Red Rock General Store.

You've all heard the legend of the wooden Indian
With a heart of pine, Kaw-liga was his name.
And the maiden with the braided hair purchased by a millionaire
Loaded up and taken far away.

Well he took her to the swamplands of Louisiana
Hunted up an evil voodoo queen
He said give life to this maiden so she will become my slave
And I will make you rich beyond your dreams

So she smeared the maiden with swamp soil, sprinkled her with gator oil
And suddenly her heart began to beat
But all that she could think of were thoughts of her lost love
And she let out a lonesome mournful scream

(She screamed) Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga

Well it seemed this scream awakened a medicine man of ancient
And he called upon the spirits of the night
And suddenly a pulse did pump and what was once an old pine stump
Then and there Kaw-liga came to life.

He'd broken from his prison; he took a breath of freedom
Oh man, it burned so good there in his chest
Then he heard a sound that pierced the dark like an arrow through his heart
It was his beloved in distress.

(He heard)... Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga

Well no one knows what happened next when the millionaire and the sorceress
Crossed that broken-hearted Indian's path
Some say that they died on the spot from that chieftain's tomahawk
They could not escape Kaw-liga's wrath

Others say he found his love again and they rode bareback on the wind
To the happy hunting grounds to stake their claim
But all I know is in that swamp lie two different piney stumps
And when the wind blows right you can hear them curse the name

(Of)... Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga, Kaw-liga Kaw-liga

9. Where the Beer Is As Cold As Her Heart (3.09)

written by Steve Meuth

Where the Beer Is As Cold As Her Heart, another by Steve Meuth, is a basic cry-in-your-beer, honky-tonk waltz. I told Steve that I needed one more waltz for the CD and he said "here you go". I love the fiddle kick-off by Bobby Flores. I thought the finished song arrangement by all the guys on the CD give the song a very well-packaged sound. It "flows" well.

Well, hello there. Pull up a chair.
Man, it's sure nice to see
A friendly face here in this place.
It's a welcome change of scenery.

Tell me, how you been? What's new, old friend?
Yep, I'm here all alone.
Oh, her? Well she left. She found someone else
And now I call this place home.

Where the jukebox plays of misery and pain
And people breakin' apart.
Where the dim lit bar covers love's scars
And the beer is as cold as her heart.

Closin' time again. Well, goodbye, old friend.
I wish you and yours all the best
And if you find time drop me a line
And send it to this address.

Where the jukebox plays of misery and pain
And people breakin' apart.
Where the dim lit bar covers love's scars
And the beer is as cold as her heart.

And the beer is as cold as her heart.

10. '69 Chevelle (3.11)

written by Steve Meuth

If you have seen the pictures inside the CD booklet, you have undoubtedly seen the picture of the '69 Chevelle. It is a Super Sport 396 with a 325 HP engine and 3-speed automatic transmission. Except for a newer paint job, it is all original with 31,000 original miles. My father-in-law, Leon Goertz, was the second owner and bought the car in the early 80s. It stays in our garage and only comes out for parades or Sunday drives when Lea Ann and I want to enjoy some back road fun. Despite what Steve Meuth wrote in the song, I haven't forgotten why back seats were originally invented.

Hello Mr. DJ, yeah your tunes are fine and your jokes have been a riot
But the reason that I'm callin' is to get in touch with your traffic 'copter pilot
It seems some handsome stranger stole my woman's heart and they headed out
So while you're flyin' 'round I'm hopin' you'll report their route

They're drivin' away with somethin' more dear than life itself.
Hey, he can have my gal but they cannot keep my '69 Chevelle.

I can picture her now with the top down and her hair blowin' freely
And I can see him smirkin' 'cause he thinks he made his getaway completely.
Mr. Traffic 'Copter pilot there's no way you'll miss 'em
'Cause I rubbed her down this mornin', Lord the sunlight makes her glisten

They're drivin' away with somethin' more dear than life itself.
Hey, he can have my gal but they cannot keep my '69 Chevelle.

They're lookin' for a place to stop and make their rendezvous complete
But if I got anything to say, it won't happen in my back seat.

They're drivin' away with somethin' more dear than life itself.
Hey, he can have my gal but they cannot keep my '69 Chevelle.Tag:

My '69 Chevelle
Hot rod, rag top, '69 Chevelle



Lee Ranch Music (BMI)

11. Now That Mama's Gone (4.15)

written by Mark Lee

*I wrote **Now That Mama's Gone** in the spring of 1991. Suffice it to say, it comes from the heart.*

I don't know how to tell you how I feel
It's just too hard to realize this is real.
For a family that was once so strong
How could everything go wrong?
Now I can't figure out where I belong.

I've got some things to sort out in my mind
And I'm sure it's gonna take a lot of time.
So I will live life patiently
And pray some day I'll come to see
Why 'forever' just isn't as long as it used to be.

But Daddy, you know I'll always love you so
And I'll always think of you wherever I go.
And as I travel down this lonely lifelong road
I'll be constantly reminded of our home
That's no longer there now that Mama's gone.

As I lie here tonight, my thoughts return
To the times when the fires of love between you burned.
But with the rains that fell on yesterday
It looks now as if there's just no way
To stop this flood of tears that's here to stay.

But Daddy, you know I'll always love you so.
And I'll always think of you wherever I go.
And as I travel down this lonely lifelong road
I'll be constantly reminded of our home
That's no longer there now that Mama's gone.

And as I travel down this lonely lifelong road
I'll be constantly reminded of our home
That's no longer there now that Mama's gone.

12. The Family Who Prays (Never Shall Part) (2.35)

written by Charlie & Ira Louvin

*I first heard **The Family Who Prays** [with apologies for the instances on the CD cover where it is inadvertently titled *The Family That Prays*] on Austin's KVET Sunday morning gospel show. The version I heard was by Porter Wagoner, backed by The Blackwood Brothers. I knew I wanted a gospel song to be the final song on the album, and this one was perfect. I was going to have my friends' gospel quartet back me on it, but when it looked like coordinating all of us together was going to be a tall order, Justin convinced me to cover the original Louvin Brothers version and he would sing the harmony. I think it worked out well, and after arranging the order of the songs on the CD, it seemed to be the perfect answer to *Now That Mama's Gone*. The picture of the church is our very own Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Rockne where Lea Ann and I were married; and Herman, Steve and I play every Sunday evening along with Patsy Meuth and her mom, Nelda Thompson.*

Satan has parted fathers and mothers
Filling their hearts with his envy and hate
Heading their pathways down to destruction
Leaving their children like orphans to stray

The family who prays will never be parted
Their circle in Heaven unbroken shall stand
God will say "Enter, my good faithful servant".
The family who prays never shall part.

Wars and tornados are taking our loved ones
Leaving us tearful with sad aching heart
But we shall join them over the river
Where the family who prays never shall part.

The family who prays will never be parted
Their circle in heaven unbroken shall stand
God will say "Enter, my good faithful servant."
The family who prays never shall part.

Sony/ATV Acuff Rose Music (BMI)