

Lyrics for the CD "Quarter Mile" by Paul Coady

Quarter Mile (P. Coady)

Quarter mile long and flat as can be
Light up the tires, set the horses free
I gotta go, I got the world to see
I'm gonna see it a quarter mile at a time

Got her set up to run on the bottle.
Dump the clutch baby, punch the throttle
I gotta go, I got the world to see
I'm gonna see it a quarter mile at a time

She rumbles and she rattles and
looks real mean.
She burns a little oil and she drinks gasoline.

The sequence is flashin', it's green on the tree.
Got this baby knocked ain't nobody catchin' me.
I gotta go, I got the world to see
I'm gonna see it a quarter mile at a time

Tie The Noose Well (P. Coady)

It happened in a flash
I knew I had a choice
I let it all go by, I never raised my voice

I been runnin'
Been holdin' out hope
The end of my days... be swingin' from a rope

The smell of burnt powder
The singe of skin
I know just how... bad a spot I'm in....

I'd ask for forgiveness
But I'd be a hypocrite
The best I can hope for, is just be quick with it.

Tie the noose well
And slap the horse's flank
As the rope pulls taught... I only got me to thank

The smell of burnt powder
The singe of skin
I know just how... bad a spot I'm in....

The smell of burnt powder
The singe of skin
I know just how... bad a spot I'm in....

Not Gonna Run (P. Coady)

Your kisses are drivin' me crazy
Oh so late at night
In the dawn, your thoughts can get hazy
Oh but girl I'm seein' this right

When you met me girl, you were wary
And I can't say I blame you
Sometimes I play the hard guy
Oh but girl that ain't always true
And I'm not gonna run

I'm not gonna run and tell you lies
I'm not gonna hide from your searchin eyes
I'm not gonna fail, you better realize
I'm not gonna run

Girl just do me one favor
Don't go breakin' my heart
Cause for the first time, I'm gonna finish
Yeah finish what I start

When a smile creeps on your face
Girl you know that's me
Where ever you'll be happy
Yeah that's where I'll be
And I'm not gonna run

I'm not gonna run and tell you lies
I'm not gonna hide from your searchin eyes
I'm not gonna fail, you better realize
I'm not gonna run

Your kisses are drivin' me crazy
Oh so late at night
In the dawn, your thoughts can get hazy
Oh but girl I'm seein' this right

Promised Forever (P. Coady)

I can't sleep and I can't eat
The way things are ain't no big treat
I been workin' I'll work some more
If that don't work I can see the door

I promised forever and that's my goal
We gotta stop diggin' this deep, deep hole

Lookin' forward, baby lookin' back
Don't think we're too far off track
Gettin' older, stuck in our ways
Let's shake it up and see how it plays

I promised forever and so did you
let's get to work girl, it's long overdue

I won't bicker and I won't fight
you gotta go girl, it's your right
I made a promise and so did you
But that ain't nothin' I'd hold you to

I promised forever and that's my goal
We gotta stop diggin' this deep, deep hole

Won't Drink to You (P. Coady)

I can hear the ice rattlin'
in the background, on the phone
just another call
you'll be late gettin' home

You say you're gettin' help
well those 12 steps ain't gettin' through.
You say I'm not a believer
don't pray for me and I won't drink to you, no no
... won't drink to you

The car is park crooked
on the driveway in the morning
there will come a day
it'll come without warning

Somebody's gonna die
might be me and it might be you.
What if it's someone else, someone
innocent honest and true?
... Can you live with that?

Oh I, Oh I can't live with that

Time to take a hard look now,
what goes and what stays.
If we can't move forward, girl,
we just gotta, gotta go away.

It used to be romantic
Now it's just a goddamn shame
somebody's gonna get hurt
and we'll both, yeah both, be to blame

And I, And I, can't live with that

I wake up in the night
to the ringin' of the phone
just another call
you'll be late gettin' home

This Time You Burn (P. Coady)

I remember waitin',
waitin all goddamn night
waitin' for you to show your face,
before the mornin' comes up right

Well I guess you never listened,
yeah I guess you never cared
when you're through burnin' all your bridges
I will not be waiting there.

Well it's time to face the music
yeah and get your lesson learned
if you can't take the heat girl
well I guess this time you burn
this time you burn

Well I gave you every chance girl
gave you the benefit of the doubt
you tore up all your favors and
you burned up all your clout

you played every card girl
you never missed a trick
you're powerless right now
'cause I'm through thinkin with my dick

Well it's time to face the music
yeah and get your lesson learned
if you can't take the heat girl
well I guess this time you burn
this time you burn

Yeah I'll give you one last lesson
one last sermon from the mount
I made sure to change the locks
yeah and close the bank account

You scream that I'm a loser
and girl that just might be true
I'll gladly accept your insult
if it's the last I hear from you

Lyrics for the CD "Quarter Mile" by Paul Coady

Well it's time to face the music
yeah and get your lesson learned
if you can't take the heat girl
well I guess this time you burn
this time you burn

Good Days (P. Coady)

Got me a sweet little girl
growin' up too fast
ain't nothin' I can do about it
gotta make the good days last
gotta make 'em - make the good days last

Boys callin' each and every night
yeah the phone is always ringin'
yeah I know, they look like little twerps
but I know just what they're thinkin'
gotta make 'em - make the good days last

I know it's only natural
but it ain't what I expected
Think I'm gonna need a little more time
but I ain't gonna get it

I sit her down, I say we need to talk
I let her know that I will always trust her
but she knows, she steps outta line
she knows I won't hesitate to bust her
gotta make 'em - make the good days last

I know it's only natural
but it ain't how I planned it
ain't nothin' I can do about it
but part of me just can't stand it

Got me a sweet little girl
growin' up too fast
ain't nothin' I can do about it
gotta make the good days last
gotta make 'em - yeah gotta make 'em
make the good days last

Crash and Burn (P. Coady)

Crash and burn - that's what it's all about
build 'em up and tear 'em right on down

What's the use - the raised nail gets pound down
we argue and debate - there ain't much common
ground

Gotta find my tools and build - yeah gotta build

Dirt under my nails, but I'll damn sure meet your
gaze
this house will stand for more than all our days

No more sorrow, no more hell to pay
why wait for tomorrow, when we can start today

gotta build build build

Sell A Lot of Beer (B Anderson, B Warren, B. Warren)

My name ain't up in lights, but I'm a hero in this
bar

I play four big shows a night, just me and my
guitar
I don't make a lot of money, I don't have a lot of
gear
I don't sell a lot of records, but I sure sell a lot of
beer

If you want to hear Bob Dylan, I'll play Like a
Rolling Stone
If you want to hear Bob Wills I'll play The Rose
of San Antone
I'll even play you Happy Birthday, if it's what
you wanna hear
Cause I don't sell a lot of records, but I sure sell
a lot of beer.

I said, Hey Hey What's your favorite song?
Hey Hey Everybody sing along
We're just one big rowdy family, at least while
we're in here
Cause I don't sell a lot of records, but I sure sell
a lot of beer.

I wake up every Sunday morning' so I can go to
church and pray
But after some of my Saturday nights, it just
don't work out that way
But I think the good lord understands, I'm at that
point in my career
Where I don't sell a lot of records, but I sure sell
a lot of beer.

Lyrics for the CD "Quarter Mile" by Paul Coady

I said, Hey Hey What's your favorite song?
Hey Hey Everybody sing along
We're just one big rowdy family, at least while
we're in here
Cause I don't sell a lot of records, but I sure sell
a lot of beer.

Get Gone, Get Away (P. Coady)

Listen up girl, listen right here
You need to hear this and you need to think clear
You need to go yeah get away
It's a dangerous place to play

You need to think about it all
Yeah this house is gonna fall
Watch out girl, it'll crash on you
You gotta do what you gotta do

Get Out, Get Gone, Girl Get Away

The bruises are showin' it ain't a pretty sight
There ain't much chance this'll turn out right
It's all on you, you make the call
Be outta range when the hammer falls

Get Out, Get Gone, Girl Get Away

Save yourself, save that little girl
Don't bring her up in this fucked up world
It's a cycle and it startin' to spin
I hope you know how deep you're in

Get Out, Get Gone, Girl Get Away

I'll Bring You Home (P. Coady)

There's a place you go, deep inside
and you won't let me in
I bet it's dark and oh so quiet
no place I've ever been

If you go crazy, I'll follow you
I'll bring you home
If you go off the deep end, I'll be right behind
you
you won't be alone
I'll bring you home

Sometimes a meadow, sometimes a minefield
you never know what you'll get
but your mine and I'm yours
and on you I'd place any bet

If you drift off I'll hold the tether
keep you close to the ground

If our world starts to shake I'll hold it together
I'll stick around
I'll bring you home

In the darkness, there shall be light
and we'll see each other clear
if in the twilight you feel lost
reach out I'll be right here

If you forget, I will remind you
I'll keep your memories close at hand
If, with age, we start to tremble
Just hold on we'll make our stand
I'll bring you home

All Songs Written By Paul Coady (Bindweed
Music) © (p) 2009 Paul Coady

Except "Sell A Lot of Beer" Written By Bill
Anderson, Brett Warren & Brad Warren
(Sony/ATV)