

ROAD SIGNS

Been a long day on the highway and a lifetime on the road
There are lonely miles behind me and this rig is gettin' old
Hey I found some love last evening 'fore this Tulsa-Phoenix run

I've gotta say, I almost stayed
Road signs say, she's the one

Her shift at Big Wheel diner is a dance that's hard and fast
Her eyes have lines suggesting that her youth is somewhat past
But the smile I saw this morning was the California sun

I've gotta say, I almost stayed
Road signs say, she's the one

Now its, been some time since I have felt compelled to say
I'd rather hang around than go my lonesome way
But now it's feelin' like my roamin' may be done

Cause today, I almost stayed
Road signs say, she's the one

Well its tons of steel I'm haulin' but this hope's the heavy load
And I can still feel last night callin' and my heart has left the road
When I reach my destination in the southwest desert sun

I'll turn away, head back her way
Road signs say, she's the one

I'll turn away, head back her way
Road signs say, she's the one

© 2015 ASCAP Music: M. Laureanno; Lyrics: Roy Champagne & M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocals and acoustic guitar

Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

Frank Laureanno: bass

Tom Duval: electric guitar

DUST BOWL

An old road running through a dust bowl
Drove all night to seek the day
In a dust bowl headin' down an old road
All those dry spells feel the same

Texas leaning on the throttle
Hot days on the line can change a man
Demons at the bottom of a bottle
Trouble for these poor tired hands

Moonlight and Oklahoma moonshine
Lead this old dog astray
Cheap wine and a never ending pipeline
I served my time till today

But a short note from you Rosealina
Delivered hope an Ozark spring can bring
Tulsa, where I know I'll hold ya
I believe we still have songs left to sing

That pipeline cuts across the state line
Tween what I've been and what I long
It's a fine line drawn upon the fault line
Tween what is right and what is wrong

But a short note from you Rosealina
Delivered hope an Ozark spring can bring
Tulsa, where I know I'll hold ya
I believe we still have songs left to sing

An old road running from a dust bowl
Drove all night to find this day

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M. Laureanno: vocals and acoustic guitar

Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

Frank Laureanno: bass

Tom Duval: electric guitar

THE FIELD

Alongside a country road a tired mailbox leans
A Coldwell Banker sign staked in the lawn
Queen Anne's Lace is knee high above the weeds
Where once there lay a quiet family farm

In '62 the old John Deere was nearly new
The barn was proud, the corn stood tall
But the field we grew for that harvest moon
Was sold off with the barn wood last fall

Papa drove the furrows, sowed his daddy's field
Mama sold cut flowers from the yard
We kids swept the coop and spread the chicken feed
While the swallows dove and swooped around the barn

But the winds blew dry when the debt came due
And papa's death the final straw
And the field we grew for that harvest moon
Well the dozer moved the ground last fall

They'll clear the trees, leave just a few
Build box houses wall to wall
And the field we grew for that harvest moon
Well the swallows flew away last fall

c 2015 ASCAP Music: M. Laureanno; Lyrics: Roy Champagne & M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar and harmonica

Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

Frank Laureanno: bass

Tom Duval: electric guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: fiddle

LET IT RIDE

Eighteen to one his horse just crossed the finish line
Next race a sure bet, he wagers one more time
Let it ride, let it ride

One more advance and he's bout' maxed out for the day
He spins away and says "To win, ya gotta play"
Let it ride, let it ride

A streetlight moth drawn into the game
That jackpot by the door pulls him near
The hole grows deeper but he feels he's not to blame
Just needs a break and he'll be clear

He's won some hearts along his neon back-lit trip
He swore each time it was enough to make him quit
Let it ride, let it ride

Truth be known his true love came before
Buffet lines and electric siren songs
She played his love on another gaming floor
She won his heart then moved on

Hopeful schemes are watchin' wheels go round and round
Broken dreams are tumblin' through this damn town
Let it ride, let it ride
Let it ride ..

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M. Laureanno: vocals and acoustic guitar
Tom Laureanno: cajon drum
Frank Laureanno: bass
Tom Duval: acoustic lead guitar

MARIA

Two Hail Marys, one Our Father
Stained glass secret, silhouette of power
Disinfection, holy water
Host of ghosts swallowed every hour
But she'll intercede, say a prayer for me

CHORUS: Maria
Lady at the gate
Take us in the back way
How his head shakes, Maria

Blue Madonna, handmaiden
In the cloak the hallowed weanling
In Constantinople on their sails
No cross deserter, she prevails
But she'll intercede, say a prayer for me

- CHORUS -

May I kiss your feet ?
Ah did you wink ?
You play so hard to get

Mama Mia, Avo
Rosary beads rattle soft and low
The temple veil's fallen down
Can't go to father, fear the son
But she'll intercede, say a prayer for me

- CHORUS -

Two Hail Marys, one Our Father

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M. Laureanno: vocals and acoustic guitar

Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

Frank Laureanno: bass

SWEETER THAN ANY VALENTINE

Oh my love February's cold enough
Let's kiss and make up, come-hither
Take off the gloves, I'll release the doves
Tell cupid to load up his quiver

There's no sin in being a little broken
Our poem is better off without the rhyme
Forgiven is the state of grace we leave in
Sweeter than any valentine

Let's confess we're a work in progress
Always hitting our thumb with a hammer
The awkwardness of sweeping up the mess
What the hell, we clean up well, there is laughter

CHORUS

We've been blessed with a gift of golden trust
It is our covenant forever
Your hand in mine till the end of time
When you squeeze it that way I surrender

CHORUS

Oh my love I'll release the doves
Tell cupid to load up his quiver

© 2015 ASCAP Music & Lyrics: M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal and acoustic guitar
Tom Laureanno: cajon drum and harmony
Frank Laureanno: bass and harmony
Cathy Clasper-Torch: fiddle

TELL ME YOU DON'T LOVE ME

You still wear the ring I gave you long ago
If that emerald could sing
It'd say why you chose to go
Half a size too big, always slippin' off
Now tell me you don't love me

You still keep the notes and the cards I sent to your door
Those torn envelopes are bookmarks in your drawer
Placed between the bills, waiting for your touch
Now tell me you don't love me

You still have it framed on your bedroom wall
That pen and ink named, *Block Island in the Fall*
Beneath the bluffs, we made September blush
Now tell me you don't love me

Beneath the bluffs, we made September blush
Now tell me you don't love me

© 2015 ASCAP Music and Lyrics: M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar, cello & viola

THE DOG YOU LEFT AT HOME

I'm the dog you left at home
It's lonely here when you're gone
But don't ya worry, I'll make due
I'll find somethin' here .. to chew

There's your wife's high heeled shoes
The kid's homework, the Daily News
I'm a miracle with a paw
Yes I made that hole in the floor

Cuz it's my way to say, "I love you"
To bark, whine and howl
And leave behind a pile of ... clues

You think I'll make no more noise
So ya humor me with some toys
Stuffed animals, hot diggity-dog!
But after I tear their heads off, I'm bored

Cuz it's my way to say, "I miss you"
To bark, whine and howl
And leave behind a surprise or two

You know that I'm your best friend
I have you cleaning up again
I keep you fit, that's what I do
But I'm so dog-gone tired training you
Yeh I'm so dog-gone tired training you

© 2015 ASCAP Music & Lyrics: M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocals, acoustic guitar and harmonica

Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

Frank Laureanno: bass

Tom Duval: electric guitar

NO ONE WILL EVER FILL YOUR SHOES

You handed down to me your drafting set
Scripto pencil, compass and tee square
Your high school blue prints from 1954
With tracing paper I drew your lines once more
It wasn't easy to copy you, I didn't have a clue
How hard it'd be you step into your shoes

You rose at six and worked till six each day
Never called in sick, pulled twice your weight
I remember the smell of the mill on your clothes
You cut the stress with a pack of Marlboros
All the while you paid your dues, I never knew
What it was like to live in your shoes

I wanted to be a draftsman like you
Wear a tie and sit high on a stool
You could've said, "Son don't be like me"
Instead you took me to see you in the factory
It changed my point of view, I stayed in school
You saved me from working in your shoes

Now you lay mother's pills on a tray
You pay the bills and make sure she's ok
You love to laugh and talk and you can't stop
That's how you exercise your heart
Everyday it's so damn true
I get more and more like you
No one will ever fill your shoes
No one will ever fill your shoes

c 2015 ASCAP Music & Lyrics: M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar and harmonica

Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

Frank Laureanno: bass

HEAVE AWAY

In the Seamen's Bethel
In eighteen forty-two
He said a prayer for his vessel
For the men in the crew

Manuel was a seaman
He couldn't write or read
But he learned some English from the greenhand
Who sang the chantey

CHORUS: Heave away, heave away for the oil and the bone
 Heave away, heave away for the rum and the women back home

From the port of New Bedford
All the way to Zanzibar
Manuel taught the greenhand
The rope, the rigging and the spar

How to row, how to sail
To tie a knot, tight and strong
In return the greenhand
Played his old accordion

- CHORUS -

A hundred feet above the deck
The lookout cried, "Thar she blows!"
Manuel and the greenhand
Side by side began to row

Eighteen men against the odds
A fifty ton leviathan
Just one line in the captain's log
The whale killed the greenhand

- CHORUS -

In the Seamen's Bethel
In eighteen forty-two
He said a prayer for his vessel
For the greenhand he knew

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M. Laureanno: vocals, acoustic guitar and accordion

Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

Frank Laureanno: bass

DRINK DEEP (as you grow old)

She wore a laced wedding dress
Fragile as baby's breath
He wore her name on his arm
Beneath his Navy blue uniform
While he fought in the Coral Sea
She lost the first baby
Drink deep as you grow old
All the love that you can hold

In her victory garden
Watching her seedlings
Reaching for the light of spring
Free, green, the opening
He came home a different man
They never talked about it again
Drink deep as you grow old
All the love that you can hold

She braid the girls' hair
Ironed their ribbons, taught 'em their prayers
He saved their baby shoes
And all the letters they wrote home too
Summers sweetened their time
Ripened grapes on the vine
Drink deep as you grow old
All the love that you can hold

She lays out his pills
She cleans up his spills
He can't remember her name
But it's love at first sight when he sees her again
Summer sweetened their time
Ripened grapes on the vine
Drink deep as you grow old
All the love that you can hold
Drink deep as you grow old
All the love that you can hold

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M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar, bass, cello and viola