

# *Anthology of Good Rocking Tonite Songs*

## *EARLY GRT*

This partition contains the lyrics to *GRT's* first four albums:

**Good Rockin' Tonight**

**More Good Rockin' Tonight**

**Still More Good Rockin' Tonight**

**Lest We Forget**

Each album contains at least ten songs. All *GRT* songs were written by Ryzanna and Nick Sheeboom. Covered songs are credited appropriately.

R&B – Rhythm and Blues

C&W – Country and Western

G – Gospel

RNR – Rock'N'Roll

Default – Rock'N'Roll/POP

*Good Rockin' Tonight* (Released by Sable Records, May 22, 1971)

1. **The Stalker \$ (RNR, R&B)**
2. **What's Left? \* (C&W,1)**
3. **Can't Trust You At All \$ (RNR, R&B)**
4. **Hey, Bikini Girl**
5. **Some Nerve \***
6. **New Blues (You Done Me Wrong) \* (\$ R&B)**
7. **Nick and Ryzanna**
8. **Summer Daze**
9. **What I've Lost**
10. **Dance of the Firefly \***

**The Stalker** (By Little Nick, September 13, 1970, at home—to a funky drum roll after each verse until reach the chorus; Nick and Ry—vocals)

*(Chorus)*  
*She's out on the street.*  
*Prowlin' all around.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*That girl's a stalker.*  
*She's searchin' to be found.*  
*(da-da-da-danh!)*  
*She lost all her lovers*  
*To this one or that.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*Now she's gettin' desp'rate,*  
*Even carryin' a bat!*

*Yeah, she's the one likes*  
*To get up in your face.*  
*Yeah, she's the one wants*  
*To hide you in her place.*

*Chorus (without drum roll)*

*Some have tried to tame her,*  
*Make her pay the price.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*They may have tried it once,*  
*But they never tried it twice.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*

*Stay away from her, my friend,*  
*If you value your own life.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*Cuz once she reels you in,*  
*It means misery and strife.*

*Chorus (without drum roll)*

*Now, if you see her comin',*  
*Better hide out, outta town.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*Cuz if you stay here, Mann.*

*She'll surely hunt you down.*  
*(da-da-da-danh!)*

*She's a handsome lookin' woman,*  
*When you meet her at first sight.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*But I warn you strongly, Buddy*  
*Better treat her like the blight.*

*Cuz - Chorus (without drum roll)*

*She's a mean lovin' lady,*  
*Disguised as a flirt.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*But once she's got you, Buddy,*  
*She'll be treatin' you like dirt.*  
*(da-da-da-danh!)*

*Wach out! She's out huntin'.*  
*Yeah, she's out here tonight.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*She's searchin' for a new chump*  
*To line up in her sights.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*

*Chorus (without drum roll)*

*I tell you this, my friend.*  
*Cuz I know it to be true.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*  
*Ya see I left her Buddy,*  
*Now she's comin' after you.*  
*(da-da-da-da-danh!)*

*So watch Out! Chorus*

*(Da- da-da-da-danh! Da-da-da-da-danh!*  
*Da-da-da-da-danh-danh-da-danh! Dan-da-*  
*danh! Dan-da-da-danh! da-da-danh! da-da-*  
*dan! ... fade out) - symbols*

**So What's Left?** (By Little Nick, July 15, 1970, at the Patio Center, TB, MD—on a challenge from Ramon)

*Two wrongs don't make a right,  
So what's left?  
Let's stop this fight.  
Because three lefts, you know, they do.  
They'll bring me, right on back to you.*

*You know we've been together,  
Through both fair and stormy weather.  
I'm thinkin' we should try once more  
And pick ourselves up, off the floor.*

*Cuz two wrongs don't make a right,  
So what's left?  
Let's stop this fight.  
But three lefts, you know, they do.  
They'll bring me, right on back to you.*

*So what's left, but to forgive  
Each other and to live.  
I hurt ya bad. I know,  
But stop and think before ya go.*

*That two wrongs don't make a right,  
So what's left?  
Let's stop this fight.  
But three lefts, you know, they do.  
They'll bring me right on back to you.*

*Yes, I'm sorry and forgive you.  
Please say, you'll forgive me, too.  
So what's left? Let's try again  
And not remember, where we've been.*

*Ya know, two wrongs don't make a right,  
So what's left?  
Let's stop this fight.  
But three lefts, you know, they do.  
They'll bring me, right on back to you.*

**Can't Trust You At All (or Goin' Steady Blues, September 1, 1969 – By Little Nick at home; became a hit for its comedic effect like The Coasters. Vocals-Nick and Ry)**

*"Say hey, hey now Henry,  
Just where have you been?  
Been lookin' all over for ya,  
See you sneakin' 'round again.*

*"I can't trust you at all.  
Can't let you outta my sight.  
Gotta treat you like a dog.  
Gonna lock you up at night."*

*Henry begged, "Aw no my Baby.  
My love for you is strong.  
Been waitin' for ya, Sugah,  
Been waitin' all night long."*

*"Uh hunh, what's this red stuff  
Right here plaster'd on your shirt?  
Looks like lipstick, you devil,  
You lowdown, cheatin' flirt."*

*"Oh, no my Honey, My Baby,  
You know you got me wrong.  
It's just a little mess up.  
My love for you burns strong."*

*"I can't trust you at all.  
Can't let you outta my sight.  
Gotta treat you like a dog.  
Gonna lock you up at night."*

*"Aw please no, My Sugar,  
My love for you is true.  
The way you look Mamma,  
Could be no one else but you."*

*"All right then Henry,  
I'll give you one more chance.  
But you mess up next time, Buddy,  
And we'll make no more romance."*

*A chick sauntered over  
To Henry, seated on his stool.  
She said, "Hey Henry, My Baby,*

*I'm all ready now. It's cool."*

*Henry's two-timed woman  
Got ang-a-ry and said,  
"All right you little hussy,  
Better scram! Or you'll be dead.*

*"I can't trust you at all, Henry.  
Can't let you outta my sight.  
Gotta treat you like a dog.  
Gonna lock you up at night.*

**Hey, Bikini Girl** (By Nick and Ry, August 25, 1970 – on vacation in Clear Lake, IA, inspired by the words of a four year old boy named Bwett (Brett) who befriended Nick and Ryz'n on the beach at Clear Lake State Park.)

*Hey bikini girl,  
Dancing in the sand.  
Hey bikini girl!  
You're the best one in the land.*

*Hey bikini girl,  
See you wiggle and sway.  
Hey bikini girl,  
Woncha walk this way?*

*Hey bikini girl,  
Bouncin' up and down.  
Hey bikini girl,  
With your skin so brown.*

*Hey bikini girl,  
In the hourglass shape.  
Hey bikini girl,  
You're the best one on the lake.*

*No! Bikini girl,  
Why you kissin' him?  
Hey bikini girl,  
Can't we go for a swim?*

*There goes my bikini girl,  
Strollin' down the beach.  
With another guy now.  
Far from my reach.*

*Hey bikini girl,  
That's all right. You know, that's OK.  
Cuz here comes  
One more bikini girl, wigglin' my way.*

(repeat first four verses)

**Some Nerve** (June 17, 1970, Little Nick at home crying his eyes out over Lena's departure)

*Well, you got some nerve.  
You got some nerve, that's for sure.  
Yeah, you sure got some nerve  
When you took me as your cure.  
Yes, ya do. You know it too!*

*Yeah, when I passed by,  
Then ya asked me to try, yes you did.  
You came onto me strong,  
To sing our new song. Now don't kid.  
Ya know ya did.*

*Well, you sure got some nerve.  
You got some nerve, that's for sure.  
Yeah, you sure got some nerve  
When you took me for your cure.  
Yes, ya did. You know it too!*

*Well, when I looked at you  
I believed you'd be true.  
But you threw me a curve,  
Babe, you sure got some nerve,  
Yes, ya do. You know it too!*

*Then you showed me your curves  
And ya served me your swerves.  
And like a blinded fool,  
I went straight after you  
And I bit. I didn't quit.  
Yes, I did. I must admit!*

*Well, you really got some nerve.  
You got some nerve that's for sure.  
Yeah, you got some nerve  
When you took me as your cure.  
Yes, ya do. You know it too!*

*And then I found out,  
What you were all about. (Yes I did.)  
How your man got you in trouble,  
Then he cut out on the double. (Yeah, he  
fled. Yes he did.)*

*That's what you said!*

*But now that you've heard,  
Since you've gotten the good word,  
Now you're goin' back to him.  
Why? "To repent of your sin?"  
Say what? No, don't say it again.*

*Well, you really got some nerve.  
You got some nerve, that's for sure.  
Yeah, you sure got some nerve  
When you took me for your cure.  
Yes, ya did. You know it, kid!*

*Just say ya did. And leave me bid  
You, Good Riddance! (fade out)  
Get outta here! And don't come back!*

**New Blues or You Done Me Wrong** (Little Nick's first Blues tune – May, 1967 about an 8<sup>th</sup> grade classmate who let him down when he was ill with rheumatic fever)

*You done me wrong, Baby. Da truth is you ain't nebah bin no good!  
You done me wrong, Baby. Da truth is you ain't nebah bin no good!  
You dump me like dat, Woman, den claim you jes' Miss Misunnahstood.*

*Why! You two-timin' Woman! Why'd you go behin' my back?  
Why! You two-timin' Woman! Why'd you go behin' my back?  
You know you got me so mad, Mama. You done made me blow my stack.*

*No, you jes' a no good Woman, no matta how you do or say.  
No, you jes' a no good Woman, no matta how you do or say.  
You jes' a back stabbin' Woman, Baby, stab my back night and day.*

*Aw! You done me wrong Woman. You know you ain't nebah bin no good.  
Naw! You done me wrong Woman. You know you ain't nebah bin no good.  
But you cain't harm me no more, Baby. (No you cain't, you hussy.)  
"Cause you done alll the wrong you could.*

*Repeat all*

*(That's a fack harlot! No more backstabbin', heah today. YEAH! ) -- to closing drum  
and symbol roll.*

**Nick and Ryzanna** (By Little Nick, December 30, 1970, Saint Martin's, on honeymoon)

*Here's a story, a little slice of Americana  
About a couple of teens, name of Nick and Ryzanna.  
Who met and fell in love in September, sixty-nine,  
When crossed stars tore them apart for quite a little time.*

*Still, they...*

*(Chorus)*

*Knew they had something that would not fade away.  
Had true love for each other, which exists to this day.  
Yeah, a love for real that fadeth not away.*

*You see, Nick had been told he was bad for little Ry.  
A Rock'n'Roll Rebel with a rep—a real bad guy.  
Ry never knew why Nicky stayed away.  
She knew she loved him and thought he felt the same way.*

*Still she ... (Chorus)*

*Was almost a year before Nick would love li'l Ry.  
When Ry needed help most, the next Fourth of July.  
Yeah, the bad boy, Nick, saved the good cath'lic girl.  
They made their own fireworks, gave each other a whirl.*

*Now they ... (Chorus)*

*Three months later, Nicky eloped with li'l Ry.  
Still seniors in high school, they took off for the sky.  
Subject to rumors, they became objects of scorn,  
Scoffers wondered when their baby would be born.*

*No matter, they had ... (Chorus)*

*Two months later, Ry's folks gave their consent  
To let Nick marry Ry in a large church event.  
Once branded outcasts, considered not nice,  
They proved themselves better by marryin' twice.*

*Cuz they knew they had something that would not fade away.  
They had true love for each other that exists to this day.*

*Yeah, they knew they had something that would not fade away.  
They had true love for each other. Their love lasts to this day.*

*It's a love for real that fadeth not away.*

**Summer Daze** (Little Nick, July 3, 1970 - during GRT's inaugural O.C. 'tour' with Maureen, Rehobeth, DE)

*Towel beneath my head, blanket on the beach,  
Watchin' babes stroll by. My beer's within reach.*

*(Chorus)*

*Hey! Be cool Mann. Don't disturb the summer haze.  
Lay it down. Lay it back. Soak up summer daze.*

*Hot sand beneath my heels, little breeze off the ocean.  
Check out two o'clock. Umm, gotta notion.*

*(Chorus)*

*From behind my shades, I see 'em, comin' on.  
Thinkin' I should snag one, before the sun's long gone.*

*A guy said ... (Chorus)*

*(Bridge)*

*Yeah, that's the ticket. Just relax and take it easy.  
Just be cool and play it breezy.  
The way these chicks keep strollin' see,  
Will be at least one I know 'd like to please me.*

*(Bridge)*

*I thought ... (Chorus)*

*Chugged on my suds, 'til they were all gone  
Gettin' thirsty, guess it's time to move along.*

*A guy said ... (Chorus)*

*So I closed my eyes to relax and drifted off to sleep.  
When a bikini girl come by, one you know I'd like to keep.*

*I thought ... (Chorus)*

*She bent down quietly to kiss me on the lips.  
Woke me up, shook me up. Then she calmed me with this:*

*She whispered ... (Chorus)  
And then we sang ... (Chorus)*

**What I've Lost and What I've Won** (Nick, pre-dawn, December 13, 1970, at home)

*Heard Stephen Sti -ills  
Strummin' his six strings  
Singin' his so-ong.  
Remembered you baby,  
When you came along.*

*And we've left lust alo-one,  
So it don't enslave us.  
Yes, we've left it alo-one.  
And let the Lord save us.*

*Chorus*

*We got it toge-ether.  
Made it ni-ice.  
And I forgo-ot  
Father V's advice.  
Yeah, I forgot his stern advice  
Forgot not once, but forgot twice.*

*What he told me-ee.  
If you ain't the true one-hon.  
Makin' love with you, Baby  
Ain't suppos'ed to be done.*

*Chorus*

*And when I think of what I've do-one,  
Of what I've lo-ost and what I've wo-on  
Of how I betra-ayed, the Living So-on,  
I must confess and seek the One.  
I must confess and seek the One,  
The One Who loves us all-yes everyone.  
The One Who loves us all- yes everyone.*

*Sure, I still like you-ou,  
Cuz you're so fine.  
But we couldn't sta-ay  
That way-aay, not for time.*

*You've got your li-ife  
And I've got mine.  
Even so-oo, we can still be kind.  
Yes, we can still be kind.*

*Chorus*

*But I belie-eve, we'll be okay,  
Living to lo-ove another day.  
We've found the one-hon  
Who will save us.*

**Dance of the Firefly!** (by Little Nick, July 6, 1970, at home after Nick's second, first date w/Ryz'n)

*Watch 'em flit. Watch 'em fly.  
Watch the dance of the Firefly!  
They fly here. They fly there.  
Give us joy, as we stare.*

*They dance and turn everywhere.  
Havin' fun, without a care.  
They fly by night, not by day.  
Watch 'em now, as they play.*

*FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly!*

*You're with me when day is done.  
Like fireflies, we share some fun.  
We dance here, romance there.  
Show each other that we care.*

*FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly!*

*July sky, on a summer's night,  
We watch amazed, at their light.  
Watch'd your eyes, watch them fly  
Saw the beauty in your eye.*

*FI-re! FI-re! FI-re! FI-re!*

*Yes, it was a warm, soft summer night.*

*Watchin' fireflies by their light.  
Was no moon to dance by  
So we danced, by firefly.*

*There were hundreds out that night  
Flyin' 'round, an awesome sight!  
But one sight, greater than they  
Was watchin' you, watch them play.*

*FI-re! FI-re! FI-re! FI-re!*

*What'd you say? "They're bright orange 'n'  
red  
Flyin' candy sticks," is what you said.  
Remember? I said, I'd write a tune  
About this bug, this bug from June?*

*FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly! FIRE-fly!*

*Now it's done. The song's been written.  
And by your beauty, I've been smitten.  
It all began by firefly light.  
Now it ends, with a skeeter bite!*

*Darn it! (SWAT!) (SWAT!)*

*Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!*

*(SWAT!) Le's Get outta here! (SWAT!)*

*More Good Rockin' Tonight* (Released by Sable Records, November 22, 1971)

1. **Bang! Bang! Bang! 1 (RNR, R&B)**
2. **D.C. Dip**
3. **Ryz'n Eyes**
4. **Dear One \***
5. **Little Mo! \***
6. **Road Trip**
7. **Bonafide 1 (RNR, R&B)**
8. **Two Cousins Down**
9. **Her Swish and Her Sway (a.k.a. That-a-Way) \$**
10. **Some Times \$**

**Bang! Bang! Bang!** (By Little Nick, January 25, 1970, at home after finding Val Vernier and Dave Morris together)

*Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
I been shot dow-own.*

*They struck home, Honey.  
They shot me right down.  
It's all them ruu-mors  
That's been flyin' 'round.*

*Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
I been shot dow-own.*

*They got to me, Ma-ma,  
With all that hot le-ead.  
They shot me down, Baby.  
With what they sai-aid.*

*Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
I been shot dow-own.*

*Yeah, been shot down, Baby,  
New victim's been clai-aimed  
Sorry to say, Honey,  
That he bears my na-ame.*

*Yeah, he bears my name,  
'Cuz we're one in the same.  
B'lieve I've lost this l'il love game.  
Now, ain't that a shame?*

*(Umm, but that's another song ... that  
the Fat Man sang.)*

*Bang, Bang, Ba-ang  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang  
I been shot dow-own*

*Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
I been shot dow-own.*

*They's bullets fly-in'  
Every which a wa-aay  
Not from no gun-hun,  
But from what they say.*

*Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
I been shot dow-own.*

*They say you been cheatin'  
Baby, cheatin' on me-ee.  
And now I find that  
They're right, ya se-ee.  
(Yeah, now I see!)*

*Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang!*

*(Fade out)  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang  
Bang, Bang, Ba-ang  
I been shot dow-own*

**The D.C. Dip** (By Little Nick, Sept. 2, 1969, at home after talking with Ricky the first day of school)

*Got a new dance now called the D.C. DIP  
Come take a chance now, give it a rip.  
Ain't like the Twist or the Watusi.  
The Dip can't miss. Just watch li'l Susie.*

*Bend your right leg, and slide your shoe  
Dip your right shoulder and your knee, too.  
Slide your right foot forward. Jump back with a burst.  
That's all that you do, can't do no worse.*

*Come, do it again with your left side now.  
With the left leg bent, then take a bow.  
Slide back with your left, jump upright. Then repeat.  
Switch the dip for the bow, using opposite feet.*

*That's the D.C. Dip. You can do it all night.  
Dip next with your left side, then with your right.*

*This ain't about drugs. Ain't doin' no trippin'.  
Give drugs a shrug and do some D.C. dippin'.  
Yep, no drugs needed to ride this ship.  
Just a beat and the music, then do the Dip.*

*Do some D.C. dippin'. That's some real trippin'.  
Do some D.C. dippin'. Then you'll be flippin'.  
Do some D.C. dippin'. That's some real trippin'.  
Do some D.C. dippin'. Then you'll be flippin'.*

**Ryz'n Eyes** (By Little Nick, July 26, 1970, Kill Devil Hills NC, 'on vacation')

*Look deep, deep, deep down inside.  
Look into my soul through Ryz'n eyes.*

*Filled with wonder, housing no guile,  
Sensational eyes, shine a sweet, summer's smile.*

*That's my Ryz'n. She's a beautiful child.*

*Almond-shaped eyes flick from hazel to green,  
With long sweeping brows, black lashes supreme.*

*Her eyes are natural, always in style.  
Love when they gaze on me for a while.*

*That's my Ryz'n. She's a beautiful child.*

*Fell into her eyes, yeah and drowned in their pool,  
Refresh'd my soul there, where it made me feel cool.*

*Dashing eyes only hint at her style,  
Sexy but cute, perhaps a bit wild.*

*That's my Ryz'n. She's a beautiful child.  
Oh yeah, Ryz'n eyes keep drivin' me wild.  
Oh yeah, Ryz'n eyes keep makin' me smile.  
Cuz my Ryz'n—she's a beautiful child.*

**Dear One** (By Little Nick to the tune of Santo and Johnny Farino's "Sleep Walk." July 16, 1970, at the Ryan's home, after taking Ryz'n to the hospital with malnutrition.)

*(My, My Dearest One )*

*Dear One,  
Oh-oh-oh-oh my De-ear One,  
Oh-oh-oh-oh my dear, dear-est one,  
It gets darkest before dawn,  
Ye-e-e-esss, dark-est before dawn.*

*Dear One,  
Oh-oh-oh-oh De-ear One,  
Oh-oh-oh-oh my dear, dea-earrest one,  
Please li-sten to me dear,  
Listen my-y-y dear.*

*(Bridge)*

*My Dear One, you know that I love you.  
Yes, I, I love you, so, so much you know.  
And Dear One,  
I give my life for you, just for you.  
Please give your life to me, too.  
(Please Dear One)*

*(Bridge)*

*Dear One,  
Oh-oh-oh-oh my dear one, (my lovely one)  
Oh-oh-oh-oh my dear, my dearest one,  
You have no-thing to-oo-oo fear,  
No-oo-oo-ooo-ooo. Plea-ee-ease don't fear.*

**Little Mo!** (By Little Nick, November 1, 1969, at home, after receiving a letter from Maureen Kilpatrick. To a syncopated, Calypso-Cha-Cha beat—similar to Dee Clark’s ‘Hey, Little Girl’)

*Hey, little Mo, why did you go-o?  
We had such fun, don't you kno-ow?  
I know your dad just hated me,  
Moved you away with your family.  
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey, Little Mo!*

*Hey, little Mo, weren't we haa--py?  
'Til you left me with your paa-py?  
Well, he never did like me.  
Don't care if he did strike me.  
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey, Little Mo!*

*When Little Mo pulled her trig-ger,  
She fell'd me with her fig-gure.  
Hey, Little Mo sure loved me.  
Now she's gone away you see.  
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey, Little Mo!*

*Well, Little Mo, she's been wri-tin'.  
Says she 'n' Pop are figh-tin.  
Says she'll come on back to me,  
Cuz her love runs true to me.  
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey, Little Mo!*

*Little Mo! Hey! Hey! Little Mo.  
Come Back! Hey! Hey! Little Mo.  
Hey Little Mo! Hey! Come back home!  
Yeah come back, Mo! Come back, don't roam!  
Hey! Little Mo!  
Hey! Little Mo!  
(repeat to fade out)*

**Road Trip** (By Little Nick, August 19, 1970 - Clear Lake, IA, upon returning from the Black Hills, SD)

*Well now, they've climbed onto my back again,  
My parents, ya know? I just can't win.  
They're on me so much that I think I'll flip.  
You know what I think? Think I need a road trip.  
Yeah, that's what I think. I need a road trip.*

*My Uncle was there and made the suggestion.  
Suggested I leave all this fuss 'n' congestion.  
My mom's parents too, hopped onto her ship.  
My Uncle said, "Son, you need a road trip!"  
He said, "Yeah, what you need's a road trip!"*

*My girlfriend and me had a big fight.  
When I got too amorous the other night.  
Now she don't want me kissing her lip.  
My Uncle said, "Boy, you need a road trip."  
Yeah, he said, 'Nick, you need a road trip.'*

*But my Uncle's cool. He talked to my girl.  
He convinced her to give me a whirl.  
My Uncle, he's the one, they call Rip.  
Said, we, all three, should take a road trip.  
Yeah, he said, together, we should take a road trip.*

*Jumped in my rag top and we took flight  
To the Black Hills of Dakota, see the sights.  
Took off in my Bonnie, took off with some zip,  
Flew down the highway on our road trip.  
Yeah, all three flew down the highway on our road trip.*

*Well, I tell you friend, my uncle was right.  
Now me and my girlfriend—our future is bright.  
Yeah, she's lovin' me now. Don't give me no lip,  
Cuz we made out fine on our lovin' road trip.  
Yeah, we made out so fine on our lovin' road trip.*

*Now we're together, always laughin' and lovin'  
There's no more of that fightin', no more of that shovin'.  
And I owe it all to my uncle called Rip  
Who suggested we take that awesome road trip.  
Yeah, it was my Uncle Rip who suggested that trip.*

**Bonafide** (By Little Nick, June 14, 1970, when he was grounded two days after his all night celebration with Allena Allenbee, Terri Schieffer, Tammy Mancell, Corinne Carson and DJ)

*Crusin' uptown, after our big win  
Five chicks with me, thinkin''bout sin  
Top down, music loud, blarin' thru the night  
Feelin' really good, feelin' ALL right*

*We're trippin' and flippin' on a far out ride  
Five chicks and me—we're bonafide.*

*Drive into Georgetown, visit The Pall Mall  
After dinner dancin', we're havin' a ball  
Searchin' for romance on a sweet summer's night  
Takin' a chance ta make it all right*

*We're trippin' and flippin' on a far out ride  
Five chicks and me—we're bonafide.*

*Found a place, sneaked my five inside  
Played strip poker but lost when they lied  
Wished one chick'd made me, in that motel room  
But I passed out— woke up, holdin' my broom*

*We were trippin' and flippin' on a far out ride  
Five chicks and me—we bonafide.*

*Heard from each of my fab five chicks  
Why they left me stuck in that fix  
Seems each one had lovin' in mind  
But no one could let the other, be first in my line*

*We were trippin' and flippin' on a far out ride  
Five chicks and me—we bonafide.*

*Repeat chorus three times*

**Two Cousins Down** (By Little Nick, August 28, 1971, while backed up in traffic on the Indiana Turnpike)

*Two cousins down and me yet to go.  
Will be draft day, before ya know.  
There'll be no exemptions. There'll be no escapes.  
This draft's for real. It won't be shaped,  
By presidents or politicians,  
Not by judges, or even magicians.*

*How long has this war been ongoing?  
Since before I was born, the blood's been flowing.  
Now two cousins down and me yet to go,  
Hopin' Uncle Sam'll let me say no.*

*Ya know, one cousin chose not to kill,  
Became a medic to help the ill.  
He was no coward. Joined the Airborne.  
Got shot through the head. Now he's mourn'd.*

*My other cousin joined up as only a teen.  
Blew up on a land mine, but he's one good marine.  
I heard that poor boy lingered a while,  
Before painfully passing his final trial.*

*Now, with two cousins down and me to go,  
It won't be long before I know.  
Will I stay home, safe from death and strife  
Or get shipped out to lose my life?*

*Two cousins down and me to go.  
Will be draft day, before ya know.  
There'll be no exemptions. There'll be no escapes.  
This draft's for real and it won't be shaped,  
By presidents or politicians,  
Not by judges, or even magicians.*

**Her Swish and Her Sway, a.k.a. That-a-Way** (by Little Nick, July 11, 1970, wee hours, at home, after a date with Ryz'n)

*Well, I was watchin' her just the other day,  
Watched her walkin', observed her swish and her sway.  
Ya know it ain't her fault that she moved that-a-way.  
No that's how God made her, cuz she's all natural they say.*

*I don't know if you know exactly what I mean.  
This was no average girl, just makin' the scene.  
I mean she was a woman, see she's full grown,  
But only a teen, who's never been flown.*

*Well, I was watchin', was just the other day,  
Watched her walkin', observed her swish and her sway.  
Ya know, it ain't her fault, that she moved that-a-way.  
No, that's how God made her, cuz she's all natural they say.*

*I told her I drive, and I could teach her to fly.  
Suggested she might jump in my car and give me a try.  
Well, you know she hopped in and gave me a whirl.  
And now don'cha know I made her my girl.*

*Well, I was watchin', was just the other day,  
Watched her walkin', observed her swish and her sway.  
Ya know, it ain't her fault, that she moves that-a-way.  
No, that's how God made her, she's all natural they say.*

*Ya might be jealous of her, but don't be that-a-way.  
I tell ya my secret: I learned how to pray.  
Yeah, that's what I did. I tell you no lie.  
You wanna girl like her? Give prayin' a try.*

*Then, you'll be watchin', like I was, maybe some day.  
You'll watch her walk by', watch her swish and her sway.  
Ya know, it won't be her fault, that she moves that-a-way.  
Cuz that's how God made her—all natural, I pray'd.*

**Some Times** (By Little Nick, June 28, 1970, at home, missing Baby again)

*Sometimes, you lose; sometimes, you win.  
Sometimes, you're out; sometimes, you're in.  
Then, some times, Baby, they're never again.*

*Some times you know were all we shared, Baby.  
And some times they were, because we cared.  
Some times were great, those times we dared.*

*But sometimes, good things don't last.  
Sometimes, others do wrong, trespass.  
Sometimes, couples like us, fade fast.*

*(Bridge)*

*If some times could last forever, Baby,  
Then for all time, we'd be together.  
And black from white, you'd not sever.*

*(Bridge)*

*But sometimes, jealous hatred rules.  
Sometimes, they should go back to school,  
Sometimes, to learn what's right, what's cruel.*

*Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose.  
Most times depend on what you choose.  
But sometimes, others choose for you to loose.*

*Sometimes, you lose, sometimes, you win.  
Sometimes, you're out, sometimes, you're in.  
But our some times, Baby, are never again.*

*Still More Good Rockin' Tonight* (Released by Halo Records, May 24, 1973)

1. **So Tough \***
2. **Heeayy-eayy Ryz'n! 1 (RNR, R&B)**
3. **Short Week \$**
4. **Silver Right \***
5. **Change What's In Your Head**
6. **You Too Good for Me \$ (RNR, R&B)**
7. **Sure To Last \$**
8. **Baby Strong**
9. **So Lovely Tonight (Novelty Song)**
10. **On My Songs (C&W1)**

**So Tough** (By Little Nick, May 27, 1971, at home, after last Pocomoke baseball game against rival Crossover)

*So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-oooh  
Yeah, we're So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough,  
Oh, yes-yes we arah.*

*So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-oooh  
Yeah, we're So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-to-o-o-ough.*

*Playin' ball in the afternoon,  
Playin' ball, jes' singin' a tune. (Baseball)  
We stunk it up and got disgraced  
Got beat up, fell into last place.*

*Coach got mad and told us to run,  
After practice, when we were done.  
Guys were ticked and eight starters quit.  
The team's epitaph, I think, has been writ.*

*So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-oooh  
Yeah, we're So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough,  
Oh, yes-yes we thought we werah.*

*So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-oooh  
Yeah, we're So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-to-o-o-ough.*

*Those who were left, made ourselves run,  
Then we went shoppin' and bought bubble gum.  
Oh-oh-oh, yeah, yeah-e-eah, we chewed bubble gum,  
Played baseball and started havin' some fun.*

*Oh-oh, yea-eah, we chewed, our bubble gum,  
Started playin' good ball, had us big fun.  
Started to win, were a tough team to beat.  
Because chewin' our gum, we had victory sweet.*

*So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-oooh  
Yea-e—ea-eah, we're So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough,  
Oh, yes-yes we arah.*

*So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-oooh  
Yeah, we're So-o-o-oooh-o-o-o-tough, so-o-o-o-to-o-o-ough.*

**Heeayy-eayy Ryz'n!** (By Nick, January 22, 1971, inspired on the night of their one-month anniversary of Nick and Ry's second (church) wedding and the third-month anniversary of their first (state) wedding. To hard-driving, Bo Diddley-style riffs in a call and response motif.)

*(Refrain)*

*Heayyy-eayy Ryz'n! (Heeayy-eayy Ryz'n!)*

*Ohhh-ohh Ryz'n! (Ohhh-ohh Ryz'n!)*

*Heeayy-eay eayy-eeayh Ryz'n! (Heeayy-eeayy-eeayy-eayh Ryz'n!)*

*Ohhh-ohh ohh-ohh Ryz'n! (Ohhh-ohh-ohh-ohh Ryz'n!)*

*Ryz'n shows me what she should  
Cuz she knows me too dang good  
Sweetest gal you ever seen  
Ryz'n's only seventeen*

*Gives me lovin' every night  
All her love—no fuss, no fight  
Loves me right from first to last  
Loves me hard'n'slow, then fast*

*Refrain*

*Ryz'n's special they all say  
Like to watch her walk my way  
When she bounces up and down  
Jell-O on springs all over town*

*Ryz'n's cool with what she do  
Pours her love out on me, too  
Can't keep that girl off of me  
She makes me right and sets me free*

*Refrain*

*Married Ry, not once but twice  
'S why ya know, she treats me nice  
Know her love has got to be true  
For her to do the things she do*

*When it's time to hop in bed  
Ryz'n goes right to my head  
Girl like her is hard to find  
My woman-child is one of a kind*

*Guitar riff extended - Refrain - repeat three times  
Hey! Ryz'n! Yeayy-eayy-eayy-YEAYH! Ry-z'nnn!*

**Short Week (That Started Off Long)** (By Little Nick, September 10, 1970, at home during the first week of his senior year)

*Back to school. Everything's wrong.  
Gotta short week that started off long.*

*At Lunch, got into it with one of the guys.  
When he cracked on me, told some lies.*

*The principal reamed me later that day  
Said I must change to make it 'til May*

*Back to school. Everything's wrong.  
Gotta short week that started off long.*

*Football coach said my hair's too long.  
I said "No:" Hair stayed—I'm gone.*

*Dudes in my band turned down my new song.  
Said they don't need me, said I'm all wrong.*

*Back to school. Everything's wrong.  
Gotta short week that started off long.*

*You know that girl I ain't seen for a while?  
Well now, she's back and doing me vile.*

*And my new girl, the one I thought true?  
She dropped me flat. Now, what should I do?*

*Back to school. Everything's wrong.  
Gotta short week that started off long.*

*Yeah, and it's only THURSDAY! Think I'll sleep in.  
Why go to school, when ya know ya can't win?*

*But my ma won't let me. Ya know she'd flip.  
Dragged me to school, won't let me skip.*

*Back to school. Everything's wrong.  
Gotta short week, that started off long.*

**Silver Right**, (by Little Nick, July 25, 1970, on vacation, Kill Devil Hills, NC)

*Silver pools on a sultry, summer night  
Reflect silver love in our hearts so bright.  
Watchin' you thru silv'ry, misty, half moonlight,  
Makes everything seem silver in my sight.  
Yes, it is silver—silver right.*

*You went dippin', silver, skinny dippin'  
And you swam laughin' while I laid  
On the bank in a cast,  
Watchin' you as you played.*

*Gazin' upon you—a nymph in water,  
Tryin' to forget you're your Daddy's daughter.  
Splashin', divin' and cuttin' like a knife  
Through silver waters, larger than life.*

*We were all alone  
( 'til that otter scared ya out)  
And you—more beautiful than Venus—  
A goddess, without doubt.*

*Your stride from the pond to me  
Was straight, sensual and sweet.  
You hovered right above me,  
Like a sumptuous, silver treat  
(So sweet).*

*Silver drops of liquid  
Fell upon my thighs.  
As you stood over me,  
Starin' in my eyes.*

*Never seen such beauty  
As you displayed that night.  
No Eve was ever better  
Not even in God's righteous—holy sight.*

*When He created you  
It "was very good" indeed.  
Now you shine like silver wine  
Above me, sowin' silver seeds.*

*You told me that you loved me.  
You said I was the one.  
You said there was no other,  
And you hoped to bear our son.*

*Silver drops of water dripped from  
Your breasts and tangled, long, wet hair  
On to me, as I agreed,  
Your pledge of troth—our love to share.*

*A halo formed about your angelic frame  
From moonlight refracted by opaque mist  
A vision of an angel come from Heaven  
To earth, and then ... we kissed*

*The moon shone silver upon your skin,  
Profiled in wondrous silhouette,  
Silver shades of beauty,  
Which I never will forget.*

*How you tumbled down upon me  
In the silvery half moonlight  
To gave ourselves each other  
And stay throughout the night.*

*(Refrain)*

*Silver pools on a sultry summer's night  
Shone silver love from our hearts so light.  
Watchin' you thru silv'ry opaque moon-bright,  
Made everything seem silver in my sight.*

*And silver, still it is—silver right.*

(Ry inserted the following verse before the refrain above, October 25, 1970, at Ocean City, MD, on their first honeymoon, after their marriage by a Justice of the Peace.)

*That silver stand found a love,  
Which has lasted to this day,  
And led us into formal, holy vows  
That bind us, come what may.*

**Change What's in Your Head** (By Little Nick, June 30, 1970, at home)

*Talked to the priest  
And he opened my ey-eyes.  
Told me I'm livin'  
A pack of lie-ies.*

*He said I had to change.  
He said it was true.  
I had to stop thinkin'  
The way that I do.*

*Yeah, yeah. That's what he said.  
You gotta change what's in your hea-ead.*

*Well, I never thought  
About it, never much before.  
He got me to thinkin'  
What was truly the score.*

*He said you get only  
One lover, no more.  
Said ya can't go around  
Always playin' the whore.*

*Yeah, yeah. that's what he said.  
You gotta change what's in your hea-ead*

*He said now  
When you find the only one-hon,  
He said, only then  
Has your lovin' begun-son.*

*That's the one  
For whom your passion is burning  
The one from whom  
There's no shadow of turning.*

*Yeah, yeah. That's what he said.  
You gotta change what's in your hea-ead*

*His final words to me were*

*You think it o-o-ver.  
Before the next time that  
You start to lo-ove her.*

*Because in God's plan,  
You find the one to marry.  
Before you may score,  
Or else you are contrary.*

*Yeah, yeah. That's what he said.  
You gotta change what's in your hea-ead.*

*Well, now I been good and  
Tryin' to hee-eed  
His advice and  
Follow his lee-ead*

*Yeah I've found the girl  
That I love the best  
And, so far,  
I been passin' his test.*

*Yeah, yeah. That's what I said.  
I'm gonna change what's in my hea-ead.*

(Added after Nick and Ryz'n were married)

*Now we're together  
Buildin' our neh-est  
Yeah, we're together  
Forever ble-ess'd*

*Cuz that preacher,  
He pledged us in trust,  
Yeah, he's the one  
The priest who married us.*

*Yeah, yeah. That's what I said.  
Cuz I changed what was in my hea-ead*

**You Too Good For Me** (By Little Nick, Sept 21, 1969, at home on the eve of Nick's sixteenth birthday and shortly after his pact with Don Leipzig concerning Ryz'n. Written here in two versions, phonetically and straight.)

*You too good fo' me, Sweet One.  
You just as puah as you can be.  
You too good fo' me, Sweet One.  
You just as puah as you can be.  
And eb'ryone know it, Sugah.  
You bes' jes' run away from me.*

*You lahk da stahlight, Braight Guahl,  
That shine lahk silbah on the sea.  
You lahk da stahlight, Braight Guahl  
Dat shine lahk silbah on da sea.  
Youah silbah truth shine braightly.  
Yeah, but it bounce raight off o' me.*

*It don't help any Cute One  
Dat I see you eb'ryday.  
It don't help any Cute One  
Dat I see you eb'ryday.  
It moah lahk toh-tuah, Daahlin'  
Cuz I can't have you my-ah way.*

*So tis a bettah thing I do, My Deah,  
Than I ebah done afoah.  
Yeah, tis a bettah thing I do, My Deah,  
Than I ebah done afoah.  
Jes' to leave you 'lone, my L'il One,  
Say goo'bah and close da doah.*

*You're too good for me, Sweet One.  
You're just as pure as you can be.  
You're too good for me, Sweet One.  
You're just as pure as you can be.  
And everyone knows it, Sugar.  
You best just run away from me.*

*You're like the starlight, Bright Girl,  
That shines like silver on the sea.  
You like the starlight, Bright Girl  
That shines like silver on the sea.  
You're silver truth shines braightly.  
Too bad, it reflects right off of me.*

*It don't help any Cute One  
That I see you everyday.  
It don't help any Cute One  
That I see you everyday.  
It's more like torture, Darlin'  
Cuz, I can't have you my own way.*

*So tis a better thing I do, My Dear,  
Than I have ever done before.  
Yes, tis a better thing I do, My Dear,  
Than I have ever done before.  
Just leave you alone, my Little One,  
Say goodbye and close the door.*

**Sure to Last** (By Little Nick August 8, 1969, in route to Clear Lake, IA, reminiscing about Maureen)

*Together, we learned—we were only just teens,  
Learned how to give and take without being mean.  
We learned what it was, to laugh and to love.  
We learned of all those things we'd been dreamin' of.*

*Honey, you were the first. Sure hope you ain't the last.  
Gotta move forward now, but can't forget our past.  
Cuz we made memories that will stand ever fast.  
We made memories, Baby, that are sure to last.*

*Guess we were quite an odd pair to see.  
Pair of midgets— is what they said about you and me.  
Maybe they were right, but we had our desires  
Whatever we had girl, it sure stoked our fires.*

*Honey, you were the first. Sure hope you ain't the last.  
Gotta move forward now, but can't forget our past.  
Cuz we made memories that will stand ever fast.  
We made memories, Baby, that are sure to last.*

*Guess we got too hot for your Mom and Dad  
When they caught us together, Mann they were mad.  
Well after that time, alone—your Dad never left us.  
And then, he packed up and moved you to Texas.*

*Honey, you were the first. Sure hope you ain't the last.  
Gotta move forward now, but can't forget our past.  
Cuz we made memories that will stand ever fast.  
We made memories, Baby, that are sure to last.*

*We tried to stay cool. Yeah, we tried not to cry.  
But we both broke down when we said goodbye.  
Now you're gone and I'm wonderin' what I should do.  
And, I guess, like me, you may be wonderin', too.*

*Honey, you were the first. Sure hope you ain't the last.  
Gotta move forward now, but won't forget our past.  
Cuz we made memories that will stand ever fast.  
We made memories, Baby, that are sure to last.*

**Baby, Strong** (By Little Nick, June 3, 1970, at home night before the state championship)

*Met her in an Air Force club,  
Where I was playin', singin' my song.  
She was a dark-skinned beauty,  
Who came on strong.  
She came on fast and strong.*

*Said she liked my style,  
The way I moved upon the stage.  
Said I was sexy and sweet  
Overlooked my teen age.  
She came on strong,  
And stayed so long.*

*I was just sixteen, not even a man.  
Some ahead of me,  
She swore to help as best she can.  
And she came on strong,  
Helped me stay long.*

*Never knew a babe like her  
Who partied strong all night.  
Who danced and played  
And made romance  
Until the morning light.  
She loved me strong,  
Loved me all right, not wrong.*

*Baby had a smile  
That lit up the whole place.  
Her laughter was infectious;  
And brightened up my face.  
Baby loved me strong,  
And it's my love for her  
That wrote this song.*

*Her red lips were full  
And sweet like cherries.  
Her hips were broad and*

*Swung like Mary's.  
Baby loved me strong.  
Though she lasted only so long.*

*Baby was something else all right.  
She taught me things I didn't know,  
Where to squeeze and how to please her.  
And when she left, I felt so low--  
Without my bronze-skinned treasure.  
She'd helped me to sing my song.  
But when she left me, it all went wrong.*

*We were an embarrassment, you see,  
To those in high authority.  
Because, back then, ebony and ivory  
Could not play so lovingly.  
She loved me strong,  
Loved me right, not wrong.*

*We had four months, maybe more,  
Before she shipped out to another shore.  
Had thought our time, like her build,  
Was meant to last, and be love-fill'd.  
But now, my life with her is shattered.  
And I'm left reeling, feeling beaten, battered  
She loved me strong,  
Now she's gone, too long-gone.*

*Only one way to forget that day  
When she shipped out for good.  
Need to find a new love,  
A cute, sweet, gentle dove  
Who can party and make love,  
Like my Baby could.*

*Baby loved me strong,  
So long, my Baby Strong.*

**So Lovely Tonight** (May 21, 1971 – Nick, at home, alone, loaded and mad at Ryz'n over their fight just before the prom)

*The prom's tonight Honey-Honey and you're lookin' so good.  
Yeah it's tonight, Baby-Baby. And you look like you should,  
Like heaven's loveliest angels, like I knew that you would.*

*Like radiant angels, yes. How lovely the sight!  
Two of heaven's own, and it's brightest of lights.  
You've never looked better, than you two look tonight.*

*Well, you're all right, such a beautiful sight,  
So lovely tonight. Yes, you're so right, so lovely tonight.*

*With your hair of green and your eyes bright red  
And I'm only talkin' 'bout that cute left head.  
Don't mean to slight your right head at all--  
The blue one, the true one, who answers my call.*

*With two sets of lips, both pairs so yellow,  
How can I resist--no lipstick? That's mellow.  
But hey, Honey-Honey, you know what is best?  
Those three braless breasts, bouncin' under your dress.*

*Yeah, it's those three grands tetons  
You both share that bring me undone.  
Make me turn upright and top off your fun.*

*The prom's tonight Honey-Honey and you both look so good.  
Yeah it's tonight Baby-Baby. And you look like you should,  
Like heaven's loveliest angels, like I knew that you would.*

*Like radiant angels, yes. What a pure, lovely sight!  
Two of heaven's own, maybe it's brightest of lights.  
You've never looked better Dear-Dear, than you look tonight.*

*Well, you're all right, such a beautiful sight,  
So lovely tonight. Yes, you're so right, so lovely tonight.*

*(Repeat all)*

**On My Songs** (By Nick, April 7, 1972, on liberty, trying to decide about volunteering to go on a clandestine to Viet Nam. Written and recorded as a joke for a Country & Western loving sidekick from Camp LeJeune)—topped the country charts in Christmas 1973.)

*You know--*

*And try to be brave.*

*i got blues ones*

*(Bridge)*

*i got news ones*

*Now i love my wife!*

*i got special, just from me to you's ones.*

*And i love my kids! (If I had any)*

*And they'd love me, too (I hope)*

*I've got criers*

*In spite of all I did.*

*And i've got sighers*

*I've even got no-good, low-down*

*But i like my songs*

*Yankee liars!*

*Ya know I can't go wro-o-n-ong*

*When I'm writiin' a song.*

*But the one i like the best--*

*Umm, ummm, umm*

*No, i can't string.*

*Is the one that i write next.*

*And I can't sing,*

*Words, 'cept in that same, flat-toned ring.*

*Yeah, I got clunkers*

*And i got skunkers*

*(Bridge)*

*i even got some downright straight,*

*Now i could go on*

*Loony tune flunkers.*

*Writin' more of this so-ong*

*But it won't be lon-ong*

*But i keep tryin'*

*'Til supper is on.*

*And i keep lyin'*

*But still, ya know, no one is buyin'?*

*Ummm, ummm, umm*

*Smells good, I'm gone.*

*So i guess i'll have ta take them to my*

*Grave— ummm, umm, umm*

***Lest We Forget*** (Released by Halo Records, May 23, 1974. Two of the three Top Twenty hits and four of these tunes overall were pre-recorded by *GRT* with Little Nick, before he had left for Nam. Another Top Twenty song was Ryz'n's plaintive cover of the late Little Willie John's original rendition of "Need your Love So Bad," which closely resembled Peter Green and *Fleetwood Mac's* 1969 soulful cover. However, for the first time, none of these *GRT* tunes cracked the Pop Top Ten, causing Halo Platters to disassociate from the Band, dropping their option.)

- 1. Lest We Forget**
- 2. Time Will Tell**
- 3. Pinch My Cheek**
- 4. My Husband, Mine**
- 5. The Way That I Am**
- 6. Sammy's Cay**
- 7. That Light Meant "Go" \***
- 8. I Am Missing You**
- 9. The Power of Prayer \***
- 10. Need Your Love So Bad \$ (\$ R&B)**

**Lest We Forget** (By Ryz'n on Nick's birthday, September 22, 1973, M&L Univ., Concord, VA, while he was listed as M.I.A.)

*Do you remember our boys in Viet Nam?  
Did you know some haven't yet come home?  
Missing or in prison, they're lost and all alone.  
Please don't abandon them now to be on their own.*

*Are you enjoying your liberties?  
Your purple mountains' majesties,  
That range from sea to shining sea?*

*How about driving your car,  
Or maybe just following your star?  
Ever think, just how lucky you are?*

*We can enjoy those sights.  
We can enjoy those rights.  
Because there were some who paid the price.  
Yes, they were those who served, who sacrificed.*

*Lest we forget now who they are,  
Restore our boys to their families  
Lest we forget their fight in that awful war.  
Let's bring them all home to you and me.*

*Tied a yellow ribbon round the old oak tree?  
Hope these boys'll make it back soon, make it back free?  
Well, that's nice, but it's not nearly enough.  
No, you gotta drop to your knees; you gotta get tough.*

*Pray the Good Lord will hear your prayer.  
Pray He'll bring our boys home to breathe free air.  
Speak out, write your congressman or call.  
You must get involved, you gotta stand tall.*

*Yes, let them know that you care.  
Let them know that you know  
Our boys are still there.*

*Lest we forget now who they are,  
Restore our boys to their families  
Lest we forget their fight in that war  
Let's bring them all home to you and to me.*

**Time Will Tell** (by Nick and Ry, October 24, 1970, honeymoon after eloping, Jose's place in the Surf's Well, Ocean City)

*People say we ain't gonna make it.  
They say, there's no way, unless we fake it.  
But time will tell.  
Yes, yes, yes, time will tell.*

*They all say we're too young to marry,  
That we have lots of time to play and tarry.  
But time will tell.  
Yes, yes, yes, time will tell.*

*You know they're just jealous of our love, Honey.  
Can't stand to see us smilin', so bright and so sunny.  
Yeah Baby, they wish they had, what we have got:  
A love so pure, so sure, which they have not.*

*But time will tell.  
You know it well, yes, yes, time will tell.*

*Yes, time will tell and you know why?  
Our steadfast love just won't die.  
It's bound to last, you know.  
The dye's been cast and so,  
Time's our best friend and strong ally.*

*But time will tell.  
Yes, yes, yes, time will tell.  
But time will tell.  
You know it well, Honey. Time will tell.*

*And as years roll by, when it's just you and I  
Loving each other until we die,  
We'll recall all the scoffers  
Who thought to make us better offers  
Wonderin' why they let such good lovin' pass them by.*

*But time will tell.  
Yes, yes, yes, time will tell.  
But time will tell.  
You know it well, honey. Time will tell.*

**Pinch My Cheek** (by Ryz'n at home, November, 22, 1970, one month elopement wedding anniversary)

*I just have ta pinch my cheek. (Pinch my cheek)  
Make sure that I'm not weak. (I'm not weak)  
Knowing that you lovah me so, (lovah me so)  
And that you'll nevah, nevah let me go. (oh no, oh no)*

*(Chorus)  
Oh baby, I just can't believe  
The way that you lovah me.  
Oh yes, it's true, it's true!  
And you know that I lovah you, too. (Love you, too)*

*Gee, it's taken so long (oh so long)  
For you to learn of my song. (Learn my song)  
But now that it's done, (now it's done)  
Gee, we're having such fun. (Havin' fun)*

*Chorus*

*And what I like best, yes, (I like best)  
Out of all the rest. (All the rest)  
You know, I gotta pinch myself. (Pinch myself)  
Make sure that I am well. (I am well)*

*Chorus*

*(Substitute "How much . . ." for "The way . . .")*

*I just keep pinchin' my cheek, (pinch my cheek)  
Checkin' if I pass'd my peak. (pass'd my peak)  
Cuz I'm wearin' your ring. (Wear your ring)  
Got no other cares, no, not one thing. (Not one thing)*

*Chorus*

*(Substitute "How much . . ." for "The way . . .")*

**My Husband, Mine** (By Ryz'n, December 28, 1970, on honeymoon at Sam's Cay)

*You make me feel so good. You know I can't get e-no-o-ugh.  
Your precious lovin' saves me, when times get to-o-ugh.*

*And I know that you love me, cuz your lovin's so pur-ure.  
And when I was ill, Honey, your lovin' gave me the cur-ure.*

*And so I am flyin'. Yea-ea-eah, flyin', all of the ti-ime. (Unh-hunh, that's right.)  
Cuz you've got me high. Yes, you do, my husband, my husband, mi-ine.*

*Before I met you, I was lookin', just hopin' to try-y. (Yes, I was.)  
But you came along, loved me and taught me to fly-y. (To soar, honey.)*

*Now, i'm so happy. Sweetie, you know that it's yo-u-u. (Oh, yeah!)  
Fills me with pride to know, I make you happy, to-o-o. (Yes, it does.)*

*And so I am flyin.' Yea-ea-eah, flyin', all of the ti-ime. (So high!)  
Cuz you've got me high. Yes, you do, my husband, my husband, mi-ine.*

*Our future's so bright, you know that I see it shi-ine. (Oh, yeah!)  
Our future together, it's so tight- entwined. (Just me'n'you, honey)*

*It doesn't matter, wherever we g-o-o, whatever we d-o-o. (Oh, no.)  
Just as long, baby, as it's me and, baby, it's yo-u-u. (That's right!)*

*And so I'm flyin.' Ye-ea-eah, I'm flyin' all of the ti-ime. (So high!)  
Cuz you've got me high. Yes, you do, my husband, my husband, mi-ine.*

**The Way That I Am** (By Little Nick, July 11, 1970, at home, after a date with Ryz'n)

*Well I'm tryin' so hard to change myself.  
I'm tryin' real hard to be somebody else.  
It ain't easy. No, it's hard to do.  
But I know I can change with help from you.  
Yeah, I know I could do it with help from you.*

*Yeah, with help from you,  
I know I could change, the way that I am.  
Me and you, Baby, could get me outta this jam.*

*My problem lies deep down in my soul.  
It stems from inside or so I've been told.  
Yes, deep within. That's where it's hidden.  
It's really a soul problem, honest, no kiddin'.  
Please understand, only your lovin' hand,  
Can change the way that I am.*

*Now don't get me wrong. Don't misunderstand.  
I've been tryin' to fix the way that I am.  
Been tryin' hard, but not as hard as I can.  
No, not as hard as I can.  
That's why I need your help, to change the way that I am.*

*With a girl like you, a girl who's so fine,  
I could change, Baby, if you wouldn't mind.  
I know I could change, could stop all my tryin',  
If you'd come with me, if you'd be so ki-ind.  
Yes I would. It's understood.  
I could become good, like I know that I should.*

*Well, I know it ain't fair. I know it ain't just.  
To lay all this on you, but I'm countin' on us.  
You see I'm countin' on us, just as hard as I can.  
Hopin' together, we'll make me a changed man.*

*Together, we'll do it. I know that we can.  
Lovin' each other can change the way that I am.  
You and me together, Honey, I know that we can,  
Change the way that I am.*

*Know that we can, change the way that I am. (Repeat thru fade out)*

**Sammy's Cay** (By Nick and Ry, December 28, 1970, Sammy's Cay, St. John's, Virgin Islands, calypso beat. Nick sung this ditty pronouncing 'Cay' as 'Key' and in a joking manner rhyming all the other words with 'Key'.)

*Come! Celebrate, today!  
Come have fun at Sammy's Cay  
Mon, have wild fun. Laugh and play.  
Yes, have sweet fun at Sammy's Cay*

*Dez place iss like magic, paradize.  
You tink so too, I surmize.  
Have wild fun. Laugh and play.  
Have sweet fun at Sammy's Cay.*

*Dere white beach and warm sun, too.  
Plenty sea sport for me and you.  
Have wild fun. Laugh and play.  
Have sweet fun at Sammy's Cay.*

*Water, crystal clear, deep blue.  
Feel free to swim in nude.  
Swim un buff. Laugh and play.  
Have wild fun at Sammy's Cay.*

*Watch porpoise swim, jump and play  
Meet no shark here, not today.  
No shark live here. No shark play.  
Have safe fun at Sammy's Cay*

*Day iss sunny, warm and bright.  
Night iss clear and mild, just right.  
Just right to play night or day.  
Have all time fun at Sammy's Cay.*

*Dere's no one to bodda you  
Make no difference what you do*

*Don't matta how you play.  
Have big fun your own way.*

*Good place to kiss and spoon.  
Great place to honeymoon.  
Honeymoon by the bay  
Have fun lovin' Sammy's Cay.*

*Yes, jes' like fust Ad-um, Eve  
You come here, nevah leave.  
Nevah leave once you stay.  
Have fun always in Sammy's Cay.*

*When you stay at Sammy's Cay  
You have great fun your own way.  
Love and play your own way.  
Have much fun at Sammy's Cay.*

*Sammy's Cay, St. John, Virgin Isle,  
Fly sou'east a few mile  
Fly south where you can play.  
Come have fun at Sammy's Cay.*

*Me 'n' Ry stay four nigh, four day  
We laugh, make love on Sammy's Cay  
Yes, make love both night and day.  
Have sizzle fun on Sammy's Cay.*

*If you get doon Sammy's way,  
You may wish to stop in and stay  
Yes, stay and play at Sammy's Cay.  
Have huge fun at Sammy's Cay.*

**That Light Meant “GO,” When It Turned Red** (by Nick, May 30, 1971, Crest Hill)

*It was a late May day at school year's end.  
You found your husband  
Kissin' your best friend.  
Just celebratin' our home win,  
But that old, jealous anger  
Came callin' again.*

*That light went on inside your head.  
That light meant “GO” when it turned red.  
Yeah, there was fire behind your eyes,  
With no holdin' back, no room for ties.  
You came on strong, came on to score,  
No holdin' back, not any more.*

*Softball in hand,  
You confronted them, like a man.  
Wound up underhand and let it fly--  
You missed him, but caught her thigh.  
Sorry for your bad toss, you explained,  
It had been for him, not her, you'd aimed.*

*That light went on inside her head.  
That light meant “GO” when it turned red.  
Yeah, there was fire behind her eyes,  
With no holdin' back, no room for ties.  
The one you hurt came on strong, came on to score,  
No holdin' back, not any more.*

*She had lived right next door and been  
Not only your neighbor but your best friend.  
Now, in pain, she struck back,  
Without a ball, without a bat.  
She struck back hard to hurt you worse,  
Using only tongue and verse.*

*That light went on inside her head.  
That light meant “GO” when it turned red.  
Yeah, there was fire behind her eyes,  
With no holdin' back, no room for ties.  
She came on strong, came on to score,  
No holdin' back, not any more.*

*She told how she had, had your man,  
Before you wore his wedding band.*

*In graphic detail, she explained  
While others listened to your shame.  
Your ex-best friend just kept on talkin',  
Suggestin' you should start on walkin',  
Leave him to her, she'd pinch hit for you  
And do for him what you'd fail'd to do.*

*That light went on inside your head.  
That light meant "GO" when it turned red.  
Yeah, there was fire behind your eyes,  
With no holdin' back, no room for ties.  
You came on strong, came on to score,  
No holdin' back, not any more.*

*Sixty feet away,  
You told her that would be OK.  
With ball in hand, you sneered, "Hit this!"  
And fired a strike that sailed and kissed  
Off the ground and did not miss.  
Your ex-best friend dropped down in pain.  
Unable to walk, she hobbled off, lame.*

*Now it was your man's turn to unwind.  
Askin' if you'd lost your mind,  
Claimin' there was no need to be so unkind.  
Then you smacked him hard upon his cheek.  
He turned the other to be meek.*

*But that light went on inside his head.  
That light meant "GO" when it turned red.  
Yeah, there was fire, behind his eyes,  
With no holdin' back, no room for ties.  
He came on strong, came on to score,  
No holdin' back, not any more.*

*He hauled you off to the back of your car  
To prove you, alone, could drive him far.  
For him, no other was near as great.  
No one else matter'd; no other mate.*

*Then, that light went on in both your heads.  
That light meant "GO" when it turned red.  
Yeah, there was fire behind your eyes,  
With no holdin' back, no room for ties.  
You both came on strong, came on to score,  
No holdin' back, not any more.*

**I Am Missing You** (by Ryz'n, December 22, 1973 (3rd church wedding anniversary), at home, Crest Hill, MD)

*I remember when I first saw you my dear.  
It was homeroom, our sophomore year.  
You were wearin' a baggy suit.  
Actin' like an Elvis, look-alike recruit.*

*I was scared and far too shy  
To talk to you or meet your eye.  
I was chubby with dull, limp hair  
My acne'd skin was far from fair.*

*Then, I was missing you.  
Missing what I knew you'd do,  
If you would only notice me.  
If only I could make you see.*

*A whole year passed us by,  
Before you first made me cry.  
Then after our first date,  
You pushed me off as just a friend,  
Said we wouldn't-couldn't date again.*

*All throughout that year,  
You helped me as a friend would, Dear.  
You helped me drop my excess weight,  
Helped me, made me, look first rate.*

*Then, I was missing you.  
Missing what I knew you'd do,  
If you would only notice me.  
If only I could make you see.*

*But all of that yearning disappeared,*

*Over the summer, before next year.  
You came to love me for what I am  
And I came to be, more than  
Just your friend.*

*That Fall we united as man and wife,  
Married, yes, partners for life.  
Our happiness lasted just a while,  
When you left for the Corps, another trial.*

*Now, I am missing you,  
Missing what I knew you'd do,  
If you would only notice me.  
If only I could make you see.*

*Come home safely, My Darling.  
Please come home to me.  
I've been waiting, waiting so patiently.  
I'm so lonely, so lonesome  
Without you, My Dear.  
Life without you is my greatest fear.*

*I trust God will bring you home.  
I trust He doesn't want us to be alone.  
I place my faith in God above.  
To bring you home, reunite our love.*

*But now, I am missing you.  
Missing what I knew you'd do,  
If you would only notice me.  
If only I could make you see.*

**The Power of Prayer** (by Little Nick, July 16, 1970 – Cafritz Memorial Hospital, Washington, DC. This song has a spiritual feel; written about his experience with Allena at the beach July 4<sup>th</sup>, after the police roused Li'l Mo's beach resort home.)

*Kneeling down on the sand,  
Side by side, hand in hand.  
We prayed on the beach late that night,  
Both of us pray'd by pale starlight.*

*That paved a golden street  
Across the ocean to our feet,  
Where we asked God to help us two.  
Asked Him to help both me and you.*

*You know the power of prayer  
Is that there's Someone up there  
And, you know I believe,  
He's Someone Who cares.*

*We asked Him to help you get straight  
With your man, before too late,  
And to give to me the lovely Ryz'n,  
While we worshipped a new horizon.*

*Then, later that night after the rescue,  
Again, on the beach, it was just we two.  
We sat, smoked, talked and played,  
Beginning to forget what we had prayed.*

*I decided to swim, so I stripped.  
Needed to cool off and take a dip.  
Went in a-swimmin' and so left you,  
But you stripped to come in—a-swimmin', too.*

*You know the power of prayer  
Is that there's Someone up there  
And, you know I believe,  
He's Someone Who cares.*

*As we swam together and played  
We began to forget what we had prayed.  
Began to forget those vows we'd made.  
Thoughts of our true loves began to fade.*

*Then, just as we decided to make,  
What would have been a huge mistake,  
A great wave drove us in upon the sand,  
Smashing us hard into the land.*

*Sputtering, we tried to recover,  
And were smashed again by yet another.  
Washed up onto the beach, side by side.  
Battered and bruised, I cursed—you cried.*

*You know the power of prayer  
Is that there's Someone up there  
And, you know I believe,  
He's Someone Who cares.*

*Thus ended our brief beach romance.  
The waves giving us a second chance  
To straighten out our circumstances,  
Restore us to our true romances.*

*Now you're with him. And that's okay,  
Because I'm with her, come what may.  
As I think back, you know we did right,  
To pray as one, on the beach that night.*

*The Lord helped what we couldn't do  
Showed us the straight way and the true  
To resist wrong and commit right,  
Beneath the golden, pale starlight*

*You know the power of prayer  
Is that there's Someone up there  
And, you know I believe,  
He's Someone Who cares.*

**Need Your Love So Bad** (by Little Willie John. Covered by Ryz'n during Spring Break, 1974, and released on the "Lest We Forget" LP. One of Little Nick's favorites, he often performed the number during live performances. )

*Need someone's hand to lead me through the night  
I need someone's arms to hold and squeeze me tight  
Now, when the night begins, whoa, I'm at an end  
Because I need ... your love so bad*

*I need some lips to feel next to mine  
Need someone to stand up - to stand up and tell me when I'm lyin'  
And when the lights are low - and it's time to go  
That's when I need ... your love so bad*

*So why don't you give it up, Baby and bring it home to me  
or write it on a piece of paper, Honey - so it can be read to me  
Tell me that you love me - and stop drivin' me mad  
Whoa, because I - I need your love so bad*

*Need a soft voice - just to talk to me at night  
Don't want you to worry, Baby  
I know we can make everything alright  
Listen to my plea, Baby, come on bring it home to me  
Cuz I need ... your love so bad  
Baby, I need, I need - a [man], I need ... your love so bad*

Ratings are based on the ChartBusters Top Twenty according to the following legend.

\* Top Twenty

\$ Top Ten

1 #1