

# *Anthology of Good Rocking Tonite Songs*

## *GRT GRADUATES*

Ryzanna and Nick Sheeboom wrote all GRT songs; however, Molly “Two Moons” Malloy contributed lyrics to a couple songs, as noted below. NOTE: Ryz’n still refuses to permit the publication of “Sweet Pea,” “Hop On,” “It Could Be You,” “Where’s Your Head at Boy?” and “Was a Girl Like You.” However, she did compromise her standards by lifting her ban for the hit “The Sizzle Shake” and her number one smash “Sweet Lovin’ also known as “Turtle Dovin’.” References to the banned tunes are contained in the liner notes under the “Other Songs” segment.

This partition contains the lyrics to the following four *GRT* albums:

**Good Rockin’ is Back Tonight**

**Good Rockin’ Down the Highway of Life**

**Ry’s Reply**

**Good Gospel Rockin’ Tonight**

Each album contains at least ten songs. *GRT* covered eight songs from other artists and those tunes have been credited to their composers and lyricists.

**Good Rockin' Is Back Tonight** (Released under the RyzNick label, September 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1975 (Nick's 22<sup>nd</sup> birthday))

- 1. Li'l Mau Tripped Out**
- 2. Ryz'n Shine**
- 3. Float Your Boat**
- 4. The Voice of Choice**
- 5. I Can't Recall**
- 6. What Good Does It Do?**
- 7. Lust For Love**
- 8. I Like the Way**
- 9. Of Marriage and Love**
- 10. Sweet Lovin' (a.k.a. Turtle Dovin')**

**L'il Mau Tripped Out** (By Little Nick, July 4<sup>th</sup> 1970, pre-dawn, sleeping in the Bonnie in Rehobeth Beach, Delaware)

*Now Li'l Mau trips me less than  
Mary Jane.*

*She's been so cute bein' reet  
That she's drivin' me insane.*

*Me and Mau used to play, used to  
have some fun*

*Now we can't meet  
Until Mary Jane is done.*

*Don't be surprised if he looks in  
your eyes  
And says coldly, 'Babe! You gotta  
go.'*

*And whether Mau's high or she's  
just fallin' fast.*

*Not sure that I can trust her  
Be her first one or her last?*

*Cuz now it's her pot that calls the  
shot*

*If the cops don't bust her  
Then it's a bummer that she's got*

*Gotta say I saw it comin'  
Then Mau up and moved away  
While I kept right on drummin'*

*Such a shame that Mau can't see  
Or tell night time from the day  
Or Mary Jane from me*

*Refrain*

*Let all this be a lesson  
For young girls who would dress in  
Sweet Mary Jane's clothes  
Cuz only reet Mary Jane knows  
While you will only be guessin'  
What you did at your last, sweet, reet  
smokin' session*

*So when you're done trippin', like  
Mau,  
When you're bummed out and feelin'  
low,  
Seekin' your boyfriend's blessin'  
When you start cryin' and confessin'*

**Ryz'n Shine** (July 20, 1970, at home)

*There's a girl who moves so fi-ine.  
She's the one call'd Ryz'n Shi-ine.  
What's so great is she don't know  
When she walks, that she's a show.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey! Ryz'n Shine!*

*She's so cute. She's still in shcoo-ool.  
And she don't fake bein' coo-ool.  
She's so sweet, sports such a glow,  
Ties her hair with a yellow bow.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey! Ryz'n Shine!*

*Bouncin' round in that Poor Boy  
shir-irt.  
Wigglin' down in her mini skir-irt,  
But she's so pure, she don't flirt,  
She don't dish no dirt.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey! Ryz'n fine!*

*Eyes so bright and lips so re-ed,  
She loves me, that's what she sai-aid.  
I'm a real lucky guy,  
Cuz with me, she ain't shy.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey! Ryz'n mine!*

*She's the kind, when she walks by-y.  
She turns the heads of every gu-uy.  
I know when she smiles so free,  
Her sweet lovin's saved for me.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey! Ryz'n Shine*

*Hey, hey, hey, hey! Ryz'n Shine!  
Hey, hey, hey, hey! Ryz'n fine!  
Hey, hey, hey, hey! Ryz'n mine!  
She's Ryz'n mine, all the time!  
Shine, shine, shine, Ryz'n mine!*

**Float Your Boat** (by Dixie, San Diego, May 28, 1974, after leaving Lori Lei to play ball on the mainland) \*\*\* (could be country)

*Out on my own, got no more home.  
Yes, I'm all alone.  
Go where I choose, got nothin' to  
loose,  
But she's all gone.*

*She said whatever floats your boat,  
Go it alone. If that turns you on.  
But forget about me. It's no longer  
we.  
This was her song.*

*(Chorus)  
Whatever floats your boat!  
Whatever floats your boat!  
Yeah, that's what she said.  
Whatever floats your boat,  
That's all she wrote!  
And then she fled.*

*So now that I'm free, I'm single you  
see.  
Yeah, I'm all alone.  
Do what I please, blow with the  
breeze,*

*Got no one to phone.*

*I had it made. Should I have stayed?  
Well, maybe I should.  
But now it's too late. I've lost my  
mate.  
And so, it's no good.*

*Chorus*

*Well, here in L.A., I waste all my  
day,  
Just thinkin' of her.  
Why did I leave, only to grieve?  
Mann, I thought I was sure.*

*There's no goin' back. I'm on a new track.  
Have to keep movin' on out.  
She don't want me now, no way, no  
how,  
Of that, there's no doubt.*

*cuz she wrote - Chorus X 3*

**The Voice of Choice** (by Dixie, at Smokey Joe's Café, Roanoke, VA, June 17, 1975) \*\*

*Sometimes deep within,  
I get a funny feelin'  
That starts me to kneelin'  
And keeps me from sin.*

*I don't know why.  
But it always seems to scare me,  
Though It never speaks unfairly  
It's really kind of shy.*

*(Chorus)*

*I've come to learn, this Voice  
Gives me pause to stop and think.  
Though I may lose my poise  
It never seems to shrink.  
It just ain't makin' noise.  
And if you heed Its pleas,  
This silent Voice of Choice  
Will give you rest for your soul  
And even inner peace.  
It's the Voice of Choice!*

*Was I insane?  
To even listen to that question?  
Too ashamed to ever mention  
That it was always the same.*

***What . . . about . . . your wife?***  
*Those were the words that were spoken.  
And though my memory's broken,  
They cut me like a knife.*

*Chorus*

*Yes, that's what I heard.  
But I sometimes failed to listen  
Kept on lovin', kept on missin',  
Failing to observe.*

*Then I learned of her--  
That I had a wife to call my own.  
That I need never be alone  
And then I was sure. Chorus*

**I Can't Recall** (Dixie, at home in Crest Hill, MD, June 20, 1975—heavy R&B tones)

*I can't remember, what it was like.  
Were we together and did we fight?  
I'm gropin' around, seekin' a clue.  
I need to know, Baby, was it me or is it you?*

*(Chorus)*

*When did it happen? Lord, I can't recall.  
When did I make you? When did I fall?*

*Been goin' 'round with my head in a sling.  
You tell me Honey that you're wearin' my ring.  
They all tell me the same. They say that it's true.  
They say you're the one. They say that it's you.*

*(Chorus)*

*The other night, you did your best  
In the motel. I got no rest.  
You tried to sway me with all your charms.  
And there was love in your luscious arms.*

*(Chorus)*

*And now, you tell me that I'm the one.  
Next you'll say, "Hey, look at our son."  
"Look at him Hon, he looks just like you.  
Now come on home Hon, like you're s'pposed to."*

*(Chorus)*



**WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?** (by Dixie, NYC, July 9, 1975, as he was recovering in his hotel room from a mugging on the subway -- fast paced, heavy blues) \*\*\*

*What good does it do?  
What good does it do?  
What good does it do?  
Heyyyyyyyyy Heyyyyy!  
What good does it do?*

*Went back home again  
Went back home again  
Ya know it ain't no sin  
To go back home again.  
Ya know it ain't no sin.*

*Tried to be a good son.  
Tried to be a good son.  
Tried to be a good son,  
But I ain't the one,  
No I ain't the one,  
To be the good son.*

*So what good does it do?  
What good does it do?  
What good does it do?  
Heyyyyyyyyy Heyyyyy!  
What good does it do?*

*Worked for my brother,  
Worked for my brother  
Could've joined another,  
But worked for my brother,  
Now i feel smother'd.*

*Got back with my wife,  
Got back with my wife.  
Got back with my wife,  
Tried to start a new life  
Back home with my wife.  
(Yeah, start a new life.)*

*But what good does it do?  
What good does it do?  
What good does it do?  
Heyyyyyyyyy Heyyyyy!  
What good does it do?*

*We had strain and strife.  
We had strain and strife.  
We had strain and strife,  
Bein' back with my wife  
Livin' the new-old life.  
(Yeah, that new-old life.)*

*So I hit the road.  
So I hit the road.  
So I hit the road,  
Totin' my load  
Out on the road.*

*(Now,)  
Don't know where to head,  
Don't know where to head.  
Don't know where to head,  
Don't know where I'll bed  
Just as soon be dead.  
(Think I'd rather be dead.)*

*But HEY!*

*What good would it do?  
What good would it do?  
What good would it do?  
Heyyyyyyyyy Heyyyyy!  
Would croakin' really help me or  
Would it even help you?*

*Now tell me straight, what frig-gin' good does en-ny of it real-ly do? Hunh?*

**Lust for Love** (music by Dixie, lyrics by Ryz'n, Dayflower Studio, Washington, DC, July 23, 2003) \*\*

*Lus-tah! Lov-ah!  
Which a one will it be-ee?*

*I Say! You May!  
Set my Love-Lust free.*

*It's not Lu-ust, no, no, no, no, no, no-o  
Babe, can't you see-ee?  
It's only Lo-ove, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh-o,  
Between you and me-ee.*

*Lo-vah! Lus-tah!  
Which a one will it be-ee?*

*I Say! You May!  
Set my Love-Lust free.*

*It's my love for you, you see?  
Not my lust, that's drivin' mee-ee.*

*Lo-vah! Lus-tah!*

*Which a one will it be-ee?  
I say! You may!  
Set my Love-Lust free-ee.*

*You lovin' me-e-e. Me lovin' you-u-u.  
You know that's the best thing that we do-oo.  
So good! Yeah! So long! Yeah!  
You lovin' me all right and oh so strong*

*All Night! Yeah! All Right! Yeah!  
It's my love for you that wrote this song.*

*Lus-tah! Lo-vah!  
Which a one will it be-ee?*

*I Say! You May!  
Set my Love-Lust free-ee.*

*Ya see, it ain't lu-ust.  
No, it's just that I mu-ust.  
I want you for who you are.  
I want you, yeah! To love you, Yeah!  
And only you, I don't want no star-ar.*

*It's my love for you, see-ee?  
Not my lust, drivin' mee-ee.*

*Lo-vah! Lus-tah!  
Which a one will it be-ee?*

*I Say! You May!  
Set my Love-Lust free-ee.*

*Lo-vah! Lus-tah!  
Which a one will it be-ee?*

**I Like the Way** (By Dixie, July 24, 1975, RG Motor Inn, Crest Hill Heights, MD, after viewing an old Astaire/Rogers flick on the late night tube. Written as a tribute to the famed dancers and the celebrated composer George Gershwin)

*I like the taste of your sweet lips  
I like the way you wear your hair  
I like the way you move your hips  
And the way you don't give airs*

*I like the catch in your warm voice  
I like your cute, white-toothed grin  
I like the way you keep your poise  
And the way your waist curves in*

*But of all these many likes  
You know, they're only parts of you  
And it's their sum that strikes  
Me, more than any one of them can do*

*I like the way you purse your smile  
I like the way you like to play  
I like your taste in clothes and style  
I like the way you humbly pray*

*I like the way you pause to speak  
I like the way you love to love  
I like the way you are so meek*

*And I like the things that you think of.*

*But of all those many likes  
You know, they're only parts of you  
And it's their sum that strikes  
Me, more than any one can do*

*I like the straight way you sit  
I even like the way you stand  
I like you every bit  
And want to love you all I can.*

*I love your sharp, bright eyes at night  
I love your lovely light smile by day  
I like your wholesome, shining light  
I like you in each and every way*

*But of all those many likes  
You know, they're only parts of you  
And it's their sum that strikes  
Me, more than any one can do  
Yes, more than any one else can do*

**Of Marriage and Love** (a duet by Nicky and Ry during a phone call, July 30, 1975)

*Hey Nicky?  
Yes, Ry*

*Why can't you love me  
Like I want to be loved?*

*Cuz I lack wings  
And you want doves*

*Will you meet my needs  
Without a fight?*

*Who says your needs  
Are always right?*

*But Nicky?  
Yes, Ry*

*I'm screamin' inside  
To be loved by you  
Your silence is deafening  
What can I do?*

*Just love me like  
You say you used to  
Without getting jealous  
Over no matter who*

*But Nicky, I'm lost inside,  
I'm barely making it.  
My path of least resistance*

*Won't quell your fits*

*Ry, what does the Lord say  
That you should do?  
You believe in Him--  
That His Word is True*

*Yes, the Lord lives inside  
To help and advise  
To give wisdom and love  
And silence my cries*

*He brought us together  
Not to live separate, apart  
Or to be torn asunder  
But to live as two in one heart*

*(Together )  
So that's what He says  
That we should do  
We must love one another,  
And trust His Word to be true*

*In matters as these,  
Such as marriage and love  
He wants to please us  
With whom we dream of*

*(Repeat)*

**Sweet Lovin' (a.k.a. Lovin' Turtle Dovin' -** by Nick after he met SFC Sarah 'Baby' Smithson, December 5, 1969, while performing at the Bolling AFB, NCO club. Ryz'n initially refused to record this one also, but changed her tune to make this bawdy ditty a #1 smash hit, after she performed it live, out of spite, with her own lyrics at Mr. Rowdy's Loft: (See beneath original lyrics.) By 1995, Ryz'n, again, preferred not to perform the song at all.)

*Playin' a club when she caught my eye  
Shakin' what she's got, wanna give her a try  
She's got the figure all the boys go for  
Cuz she's got a lot and she likes to show more.*

*Turns on her engine, Mann! Feel it roar  
It shimmies and shakes, blasts off and soars  
Your stick's in her hand, when she's uh shiftin' gear  
Whoa, have mercy, it's so sweet to be here!*

*Bridge*

*Just a look from her and they come a runnin'  
Just a smile from her and they come a gunnin'  
Just a wink from her and they start a funnin'  
Just a trick from her--they're one and dunnin'*

*Show ya, show ya, show ya, sweet lovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Show ya, show ya, show ya, turtle-dovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!*

*Watch her up there, watch her shakin and shovin'  
She's the one, she's the one, gives ya sweet lovin'  
Watch her up there, watch her shakin and shovin'  
She's the one, she's the one, lovin' turtle dovin'*

*Bridge back*

*With the face of a goddess, a body that's blessed  
She's earthy and bawdy, a temptress no less.  
Packed so tight in that towel call'd a dress  
She is absolutely, positively--THE very best!  
(Hey! She's no more, no less)*

*In her every move, shakes a bowl full of jello  
And her bulgin' bust quakes, soft as a pillow  
The girl ain't ashamed to give you her pleasure  
To help and guide you to her sweet treasure*

*Bridge*

*Just a look from her and they come a runnin'  
Just a touch from her and they come a gunnin'  
Just a tongue from her and they start a tonguein''  
Just a trick from her, they're one and dunnin'*

*Show ya, show ya, show ya, sweet lovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Show ya, show ya, show ya, turtle-dovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!*

*Watch her up there, watch her shakin and shovin'  
She's the one, she's the one, gives ya sweet lovin'  
Watch her up there, watch her shakin and shovin'  
She's the one, she's the one, lovin' turtle dovin'*

*Show ya, show ya, show ya, sweet lovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
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Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!*

*Watch her up there, watch her shakin and shovin'  
She's the one, she's the one, gives ya sweet lovin'  
Watch her up there, watch her shakin and shovin'  
She's the one, she's the one, lovin' turtle dovin'*

(And this is the way Ry sang it, on July 1, 1975, in Mr. Rowdy's Loft under the influence of crystal meth, when she was so angry with Nick she would have done anything to get his attention and even the score between them. )

*Playin' a club when I caught his eye  
Shakin' what I got, wanna give him a try  
I've got the figure all the boys go for  
Cuz I got a lot and I like to show more.*

*Turn on my engine, Mann. Feel me roar  
I shimmy and shake, blast off and soar  
Your stick in my hand, I'm, uh, shiftin' gear  
Whoa, have mercy, it's so sweet to be here!*

*Bridge  
Just a look from me and they come a runnin'  
Just a smile from me and they come a gunnin'  
Just a wink from me and they start a funnin'  
Just a trick from me--they're one and dunnin'*

*Show ya, show ya, show ya, sweet lovin' ev-e-ry time!*

*Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Show ya, show ya, show ya, turtle-dovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!*

*Watch me up here, watch me shakin and shovin'  
I'm the one, the one, who gives ya sweet lovin'  
Watch me up here, watch me shakin and shovin'  
I'm the one, I'm the one, lovin' turtle dovin'*

*Bridge  
With the face of a goddess, a body that's blessed  
I'm earthy and bawdy, a temptress no less. Yeah!  
Packed so tight in this towel call'd a dress  
I am absolutely, positively--THE very best!  
(Hey! No more, no less!)*

*In my every move, shakes a bowl full of jello  
And my bulgin' bust quakes, soft as a pillow  
No, I ain't ashamed to give you sweet pleasure  
Or help and guide you to my sweet treasure*

*Bridge  
Just a look from me and they come a runnin'  
Just a touch from me and they come a gunnin'  
Just a tongue from me and they start a tonguein''  
Just a trick from me, they're one and dunnin'*

*Show ya, show ya, show ya, sweet lovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Show ya, show ya, show ya, turtle-dovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!*

*Watch me up here, watch me shakin and shovin'  
I'm the one, I'm the one to give ya sweet lovin'  
Watch me up here, watch me shakin and shovin'  
I'm the one, I'm the one, lovin' turtle dovin'*

*Show ya, show ya, show ya, sweet lovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Show ya, show ya, show ya, turtle-dovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!*

*Yeah-  
Watch me up here, watch me shakin and shovin'  
I'm the one, I'm the one to give ya sweet lovin'  
Watch me up here, watch me shakin and shovin'*

*I'm the one, I'm the one, lovin' turtle dovin'  
I'm the one, I'm the one to give ya sweet lovin'  
I'm the one, I'm the one, lovin' turtle dovin'  
I'm the one, I'm the one to give ya sweet lovin'*

*Show ya, show ya, show ya, sweet lovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Show ya, show ya, show ya, turtle-dovin' ev-e-ry time!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom!  
Ba-da-da-da-dup-boom! Ba-da-da-da-dup-BOOM!!!*

**Good Rockin' Down the Highway of Life** (Released under the RyzNick label, May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1976, widely acclaimed and considered by many to be GRT's best album. Certainly, it was their biggest-selling LP. During a time when Disco attracted coiffed dancers and heavy rock attracted long-haired tokers, GRT defied both trends to turn back the clock to the fun-loving classic R&R roots of old Rock'N'Roll. Six songs made the top ten and two more the top twenty.)

- 1. Hair on Fire**
- 2. All the Way Home**
- 3. Run and Jump Blues**
- 4. Thumbin' It Now Again**
- 5. Annie Series (A tribute to Hank Ballard and the Midnighters)**
- 6. Another Sometimes**
- 7. Two Heads are Better than One**
- 8. Hard on My Heart**
- 9. Don't Look Back**
- 10. The Sizzle Shake**

**Hair on Fire** (Dixie, October, 1974, Buena Park, CA) \*\*

*Slipped out of Vegas,  
'Bout two in the morn,  
Seeking the Angels to be reborn.  
Out in the desert, I let her unwind  
Cool night breeze, but I didn't mind.*

*Had seventy horses under my seat  
When I let 'em all run,  
I couldn't be beat.  
Bent low on my suped up Honda seven-five-oh cut off the road,  
Passin' all cars,  
Flyin' beneath the bright desert stars.*

*(Chorus)  
Had a need for speed,  
Cuz my hair was on fire  
From torchin' that highway.  
Don't call me no liar.  
The cops were my witness,  
Cuz I beat their best.  
They come after me hard,  
but I gave 'em no rest.*

*Cold cash in my boots  
From my Las Vegas wins  
Liked to ride her hard,  
Then ride her again.  
The speedometer maxed,  
Yeah no tellin' how fast  
I flew, and my seven-five-oh  
Had plenty of gas.*

*Chorus*

*Bakersfield, Mann, it was just a blur  
Yet I roused more coppers,  
That's for sure.  
But their luck was as bad as the last.  
Left 'em chokin' my dust,  
As I flew past.*

*At the state line,  
Ya know they were waitin'.  
Left them stewin' and strafin'.  
Dodgin' cactus and weed,  
Runnin' down snakes,  
But my seven-five-oh,  
She had what it takes.*

*Chorus*

*My customized Honda, my seven-five-oh,  
She brought me home safe  
With all of my dough.  
Yeah, like to go back to Vegas some day,  
Like to go back  
With my little Honda and play.*

*Can't go back there though,  
Spent all of my money  
On this cute li'l chick  
Who called me "Honey."  
Then the man came,  
Took my Honda back, too.  
Now I'm hitchin' alone.  
Tell me, what can I do?*

*Chorus*

**All the Way Home** (Dixie, July 30, 1975, PG Motor Inn, Crest Hill Heights, MD)

*(Chorus)*

*I've traveled around all over the place,  
Makin' my way through this human race.  
I've been tired and hungry and left all alone,  
But the Lord He stuck by me  
And brought me back home.*

*Two years ago, I'd been left for dead,  
Til' they pulled a bullet from the back  
of my head.  
No one knew if I'd live or die  
He alone knew and Only He knows why.*

*Then I awoke wonderin' just who I am  
Was this my beginning or maybe my end?  
Had to learn from nothin' all over again.  
Had to learn how to heal, learn how to mend.*

*(Chorus)*

*They taught me how to take care of myself,  
How to read the Good Book upon the shelf.  
They taught me a lot of practical things,  
But they didn't teach me what good lovin'  
brings.*

*Without my recall, the Corps didn't want me  
The Corps couldn't afford that luxury.  
Took my medical discharge from the U.S.  
Marine Corps.  
I said, "Hey, what about the Viet Nam War?  
Why can't you tell me what all we fought for?"*

*(Chorus)*

*So I roamed the Islands and I played some ball.  
Then I moved to the Mainland early that Fall.  
Took up with a widow woman and her two kids.  
I found myself a home. Yeah, that's what I did.*

*Got a scholarship offer to play ball, go to school.  
So I played, loved my new family and all was cool.  
Then her husband came home. Like me, an M-I-A.  
He was my old war buddy, come home to stay.*

*(Chorus)*

*Well, I left her and them, cuz he needed them, too.  
A paralyzed vet, needed them much more than I do.  
I was left out again, just out on my own.  
But he gave me some clues to point me towards home.*

*I biked back east and found my true wife.  
We tried but failed to start a new life.  
Things looked bad and I was about to give in  
When God led me back to her good lovin' again.*

*(Chorus)*

**Run and Jump Blues** (By Dixie/Nick July 26?, after he and Ry had made it back together)

Got a sweet little Honey, she likes the Run and Jump Blues  
Got a sweet little Honey, she likes the Run and Jump Blues  
And when she calls for me, I hurry right along and run and jump, too.

Yeah, I gotta sweet little Mama, she got drive enough for two  
Yeah, I gotta sweet little Mama, she got drive enough for two (yes she do)  
And when I hear her call, I best run and jump—and do my “Honey do.”

Bridge (syncopated)

Well now I can't, well now I can't, well now I can't, can't keep goin' on like thi-  
i-iss.

You know I can't, you know I can't, you know I can't, can't keep goin' on like th-  
i-iss.

And if I tarry lo-ong, I'm afraid I'll lose My Little Miss, My Little Miss and her  
sweet kiss and her sweet kiss.

Bridge back

Yes, I got the Run and Jump Blues, and I'm in an awful fix  
Yes, I got the Run and Jump Blues, and I'm in an awful fix  
So what am I to do-o? Slow her motor dow-own, 'til her gear shift sticks.

Have to turn the tables on these funnin' Run and Jump Blues.  
Have to turn the tables on these funnin' Run and Jump Blues  
Cuz if I don't do it soo-oon, I'll run and jump clean outta dese two shoes.  
(and be yesterday's news, too)

Bridge (syncopated)

Well now I can't, well now I can't, well now I can't, can't keep goin' on like thi-  
i-iss.

You know I can't, you know I can't, you know I can't, can't keep goin' on like th-  
i-iss.

And if I tarry lo-ong, I'm afraid I'll lose My Little Miss, My Little Miss and her  
sweet kiss, and her sweet kiss and her sweet kiss and her sweet kiss ... (fade out)

**Thumbin' It Now Again** (Dixie, June 22, 1975, on the road, Eastern VA-Suffolk, VA Bus Terminal)

*Caught a ride for a mile down that highway.  
Got turned out, had to hitch again.  
Gotta shine, gotta smile, goin' my way?  
Got my thumb out for my next friend.*

*(Chorus)*

*I'm thumbin' it now again.  
My feet sure could use a friend.  
Yeah!*

*Picked up by a family Chicano.  
Sat in back with their three small kids.  
They were dirty; we shared a banana.  
But they're happy in what they did.*

*Chorus*

*Now they dropped me off at the next town  
Where I tried to find my way.  
Had to hoof it back out of downtown,  
Thumb it back out to the highway,*

*Chorus*

*Spied a Caddy, Fat Mama, Big Daddy.  
They passed me by at the speed of sound.  
Mama spied me, checked her lock and her baggy.  
Mann, she left me wearin' a frown.*

*Chorus*

*Life on the road sure is funny, I know it.  
Cuz you never know what's in store.  
Come along, come with me and we'll go it  
From the east to the western shore.*

*Chorus (3x)*

The "Annie" Series Tribute

**Work with Me Annie** (Recorded by Hank Ballard and the Midnighters, January 14, 1954 and released the following month )

Work with me, Annie  
(a-um, a-um, a-um, a-um)  
Work with me, Annie  
Ooo-wee!  
Work with me, Annie  
Work with me, Annie

Work with me, Ann-ie-e  
Let's get it while the gettin' is good

(So good, so good, so good, so good)

Annie, please don't cheat  
(va-oom, va-oom, va-oom, va-oom)  
Give me all my meat (ooo!)  
Ooo-hoo-wee  
So good to me

Work with me Ann-ie-e  
Now, let's get it while the gettin' is good

(So good, so good, so good, so good)

A-ooo, my-ooo  
My-ooo-ooo-wee  
Annie, oh how you thrill me  
Make my head go round and round  
And all my love come dow-ow-own  
(Ooo!)

Work with me, Annie  
(a-um, a-um, a-um, a-um)  
Work with me, Annie

Don't be 'shamed  
To work with me, Annie  
Call my name  
Work with me, Annie

A-work with me, Ann-ie-e  
Let's get it while the gettin' is good

(So good, so good, so good, so good)

So Good!

(guitar & instrumental)

Oh, our hot lips kissing  
(a-um, a-um, a-um, a-um)  
Girl, I'll beg mercy  
Oh, hugging and more teasing  
Don't want no freezing

A-work with me, Ann-ie-e  
Let's get it while the gettin' is good

(So good, so good, so good, so good)

Ooo-ooo  
Umm-mmm-mmm  
Ooo-ooo-ooo

FADES

Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo.

**Annie Had a Baby** (Recorded by Hank Ballard and the Midnighters, sequel to  
“Work With ME Annie”

Chorus

Annie had a baby, can't work no more  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
Annie had a baby, can't work no more  
Every time she start to working  
She has to stop to walk the baby 'cross the floor

She had to walk with the baby  
Instead of me  
Talk to the baby  
Instead of me  
Sing to the baby  
Instead of me  
Cling to the baby  
Instead of me  
Now I know I know Annie understood  
That's what's happens when the game gets good  
Whooo!  
[chorus]  
Saxophone instrumental  
Repeat all

**Moons Refrain** recorded as **Another Sometimes** (music by Dixie, lyrics by Moons July 9-10, 1975,  
Tilford Plaza Hotel, New York, NY)

*(Refrain)*

*Sometimes I love you like a mother.  
Sometimes I love you like a wife.  
For sure, I love you like no other  
You'll find for the rest of your life.  
And sometimes I'll love you like a friend.  
And sometimes I'll love ya like a whore.  
But Baby, I'll love you even when  
I know I can't have you any more.*

*You know that I like to party.  
Yeah, you know I like to have my fun.  
Just ply me with Coke and Bacardi,  
And I'll be your true and ever lovin' one.*

*We'll romance hard like we party  
And party close like we dance.  
We'll get down and rock on hearty.  
Take a once in a lifetime chance.*

*You know that I live to love you.  
I don't mind sayin' that is true.  
And I'm not here to rise above you.  
I only pray that you'll want me, too.*

*(Refrain)*

**Two heads Are Better Than One** (by Dixie, July 2, 1975, Clairton, MD) \*

*Been gone too long.  
I knew right from wrong,  
But I just can't get back home.*

*Been around the world.  
Seen all kinds o' girls  
And I still can't help but roam. (just a bit)*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
Two heads are better than one.*

*She said I got two heads.  
She won't come to bed.  
Yeah, that is what she said.*

*She said I lost my mind.  
Said she'll leave me behind.  
For her, I might as well be dead.*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
Two heads are better than one.*

*We got into a fight.  
We broke up last night.  
She walked out on me again.*

*Well, that's the last time.  
She'll be so unkind.*

*That's the last I'll call her friend.*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
Two heads are better than one.*

*She claims I lost control,  
Lost my very soul.  
But I'm just bein' me ( ya see?)*

*Truth is, my mem'ry's gone.  
I'm tryin' hard to belong.  
I've been framed Baby, please trust me.*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
Two heads are better than one.*

*Now, you've heard both sides.  
I'll let you decide,  
If you think that I'm to blame.*

*I just can't remember,  
But I won't shake and tremor.  
You can trust me all the same.*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
Two heads are better than one.*

**Hard on My Heart** (July 18, 1975, Bar Harbor, ME, upon leaving Moons behind.  
Dixie felt the lyrics could have come from either of them.)

*Hard on my heart! Oooooooooooooo-  
Hard on my heart! Oooooooooooooo-*

*You've been soft on my soul,  
But you've been hard on my heart  
And now I'm left holdin', holdin'  
Nothin' but cold,  
Nothin' but stone hard cold.*

*I let you in! Oooooooooooooo-  
I let you in! Oooooooooooooo-*

*I let you in, let you under my skin  
And now I pay the price  
For tossin' the dice  
With you, Oooooooooooooo-  
Baby, with you.*

*You're hard on my heart! Oooooooooooooo-  
So hard on my heart! Oooooooooooooo-*

*You've been soft on my soul,  
But you've been hard on my heart  
And now I'm left holdin', holdin'  
Nothin' but cold,  
Nothin' but stone hard cold.*

*But here is the thing.  
Yes, this was more than a fling.  
You were a love,  
That came from above.  
Yet, deep down I knew  
How it'd end for us two.*

*Yes, I knew, and deep down,  
I think ... you knew it, too.  
Didn't you? Oooooooooooooo-  
Didn't you?*

*Cuz, I'm also hard on your heart!  
So hard on your heart! Oooooooooooooo-*

*I've been soft on your soul,  
But I've been hard on your heart  
And now I left you holdin', holdin'  
Nothin' but cold,  
Nothin' but stone hard cold.*

*Hard on your heart! Oooooooooooooo-  
Hard on you heart! Oooooooooooooo*

*Yes, deep down I knew  
And I think you knew it, too.  
Didn't you? Oooooooooooooo-  
Didn't you? Oooooooooooooo-*

**Don't Look Back** (heavy blues, by Nick, Sayre Louisiana, August 25, 1975) \*

*Don't look back, Baby, cuz something might be gainin' on you.  
Don't look back Honey Chile, cuz something might be gainin' on you.  
If ya look back now, Baby, be the last thing you ebah do.*

*Don't tuhn around Honey, you be goin' the wrong way.  
Don't tuhn around Honey, you know you be goin' the wrong way.  
I'm warnin' ya now Baby, so listen up. Heah what I say.*

*We gotta move fo'ward Sweetie, to the settin' sun.  
We gotta keep movin' fo'ward now Honey, to the settin' sun.  
Any other way now Daahlin', we'll come undone.*

*Listen to me ga'l; don't ya give me no sass.  
Listen up woman now; don't ya give me no sass.  
If ya don't listen now, next breath' be our las'.*

*Don't look back Baby, might tuhn into a pillah o' salt.  
Don't look back now Honey, you could tuhn into o' pillah of salt.  
If you tuhn 'round now Baby, be you own damn fault.*

*Don't turn around Honey, you be goin' the wrong way.  
Don't turn around Honey, you know you be goin' the wrong way.  
I'm warnin' ya now Baby, so listen up. He'ah what I say.*

*Don't look back, Baby, cuz something might be gainin' on you.  
Don't look back Honey Chile, cuz something might be gainin' on you.  
If ya look back now, Baby, may be the last thing you ebah do.*

**The Sizzle Shake** (Written by Little Nick between sets Halloween, 1969, while performing at Mount Blair High School. Inspired by his current girlfriend. Used as Side B to the Zipp Boys jingle, when there was a half hour of session time left; first *GRT R’N’R* tune played on local radio stations, became a regional top ten hit during winter of 1970. However, when the band later signed with Sable Records and, yet later again with Halo Platters. Ryz’n refused to allow the tune to be published nationally due to its lewd nature. After Nick came home from the war, she recanted and even performed it live in the first person.)

*I know a girl, her name is Grace  
She kind o' foxy, and fair of face  
She like to groove, all in one place  
This girl a credit, to her race*

*[some live venues which did not sell  
Pepsi products forced requested  
replacement lyrics for "Mountain Dew"  
like "your drink on you")*

*She just stand, like in one spot  
And jiggle 'round, all that she got  
And you can be sure, she got a lot  
Hey! What it is and what it not*

*HEY WATCH! You gonna STOP, POP  
and FIZZLE!  
That what happen when she do the  
shake and sizzle*

*Chorus*

*She like to dance, hey, she like to shake  
Hey! She like to dance the sizzle shake  
She make you fizzle, make you pop  
And once she start, you sure cain't stop  
HEY WATCH! You gonna STOP, POP  
and FIZZLE!  
That what happen when she do the  
shake and sizzle*

*It's just ...  
Chorus*

*And she dance the shake, yeah, the sizzle  
shake  
Yeah, she dance the shake, the sizzle  
shake  
Watch her shakin', that Grace in  
motion,  
She give a boy, a sizzle notion*

*She got a brace, a solid pair  
She set a pace that hard to bear  
She got pink lips and wavy hair  
And rounded hips, they make you stare*

*HEY WATCH! You gonna STOP, POP  
and FIZZLE!  
That what happen when she do the  
shake and sizzle  
(Repeat verse to fadeout)*

*If you watch, all that she do  
Something come, all over you  
You think it fever, you think it flu  
Or did you jes' spill, your Mountain  
Dew?*

**Ry's Reply** (released by RyzNick May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1977. At Ryz'n's behest, this was the only album released by *GRT*, which did not feature the band's name in the title, though *GRT* did perform all the music. Ryz'n's fame had been compounded by her excellent showing in the Games, her recent autobiography, her ebullient omnipresence on the talk show circuit and the demand for her in Hollywood. She insisted on her own LP to showcase her talents; however, because she was loathe to repeat other *GRT* songs, even her own, she covered three songs for the LP, which she felt reflected her spirit. Ironically, Ry's cover of Brenda Lee's "I'm Sorry" was her peace offering to the band for being so selfish.)

- 1. Ry's Reply**
- 2. All Ready For You**
- 3. Yes, I Do**
- 4. Infatuate, Infuriate**
- 5. My (Ry's) Torment**
- 6. The Shoop Shoop Song (It's in His Kiss)**
- 7. Sign of Life**
- 8. For His Love Conquers All**
- 9. I'm Sorry**
- 10. What the World Needs Now**

**Ry's Reply (to Two Heads Are Better Than One) July ?, 1975, Crest Hill) or You Had Better Just Think Twice \*\*\***

*Ya know, ya make me so mad,  
Cuz ya been so bad.  
Started with that crack about my waist.*

*Then I find you with women,  
Layin' out, goin' swimming  
Now it looks like I'm replaced.*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
You had better just think twice!*

*Now listen up Mistah!  
Ya know I ain't ya sistah.  
I'm the best woman you will find.*

*But I won't be jibed.  
I won't run and hide.  
So you had better change your mind.*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
You had better just think twice!*

*You forgot our past.  
Tain't why I sassed.  
It's the present you've messed up!*

*Ya wanna get back?  
Wanna jump in the sack?  
Then you had better first 'wake up!*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
You had better just think twice!*

*And swear ya won't roam,  
You'll stick close to home.  
Then we can love each other again.*

*Until that time,  
Don't care for no rhyme.  
Just want back my lovin' man.*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
You had better just think twice!*

*Now, you've heard my side.  
I'll let you decide,  
If you think that I'm to blame.*

*I think you'll find.  
I won't be unkind,  
If you keep your heads in rein.  
(Both of 'em, now Nicky)*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
You had better just think twice!*

*I love you so much,  
I miss your sweet touch.  
Come home! And end this wild goose chase.*

*Ya know your heads are nice  
And not just once but twice  
Come on home to your sweet place.*

*Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!  
So please Baby, just think twice!*

*(Fade Out) -. You hear what I'm sayin'  
Boy? Now come back home Nicky. Darn  
it! I ain't foolin' around here, not  
without you, anyway. I'm waitin' on you.  
Ya heah? Your heads are nice, not once  
but twice. Come on home, my Baby. Just  
think twice. Yeow! Yeow! Yeow! Yeow!*

**All Ready For You** (Ryz'n July 13, 1975, Outer Banks, NC, with a Latin, cha-cha-cha tempo))

*I don't know why and I don't know now  
When we'll get together, but I know somehow.  
We've been there once, we may come again,  
Back to the place where we have been.*

*(Chorus)*

*Cuz I'm all--allllll ready for you.  
I'm all ready for your lovin', too.  
I wanna love you all night long,  
Like we used to--all right, no wrong.*

*Yes, we quarreled just the other night  
Please admit we were wrong, not right.  
That's right, I said that I was wrong,  
So come on back home, where you belong.*

*(Chorus)*

*Now I won't make the same mistake.  
Trust me Sweetie, and don't forsake.  
My love for you is what I live for.  
I can give you Honey so much more.*

*(Chorus)*

*Come on Baby, don't stay away.  
Come on home so we can play.  
I can't wait here another minute.  
I need you so, come home, get in it!*

*(Chorus)*

**Yes, I Do** (by Ryz'n, July 25, 1975, at home in Crest Hill, MD)

*Ooooh, didn't realize.  
Did not expect such a big surprise.  
Being with you again,  
After missing you since you know when.*

*Now, i-i-I still can say  
You've been the one, the only one, for al-always  
But I-i-i never dreamed  
The second time could be better than the first had seemed.*

*But it wassssss  
Yes, it wa-a-asssssss  
And I thank you, Baby for all that you do.*

*I thank you. I thank you. I thank you. I thank you,  
My Baby, for all that you do. Oh yeah, yes, I do.*

*Yes, I do-o-o-o-o. Yes, I do-o-o-o-o.  
Yes, I do-o-o-o-o. Yes, I do-o-o-o-o. (Ya know I do.)*

*The first ti-i-ime, was oh so right.  
The mist rose off the ponds that night.  
You and me melted into one.  
Yes, and you and me, could have made a son.*

*But, that wasn't what God had planned.  
He took away my boy and brought you back a man.  
You know, something just wasn't right.  
'Till we returned to the ponds that night.*

*Once again, we made it, like we had back then.  
But more fulfilling now than I recalled when  
Never thought the second time  
Would ever eclipse the first one, in my mind.*

*But it di-i-i-ddddd  
Yes, it di-i-iddddd  
And I thank you, Baby for all that you do.*

*I thank you. I thank you. I thank you. I thank you.  
My Baby, I thank you for all that you do. Oh yeah, yes, I do.  
Yes, I do-o-o-o-o. Yes, I do-o-o-o-o. Yes, I do-o-o-o-o. Yes, I do-o-o-o-o. (Ya  
know I do. Li-li-li-li-li. I do, yes, ya know I do.)*

**Infatuate, Infuriate** (written by Ryz'n at home on Double 'G' Street, July 17, 1975)

*(Chorus)*

*Infatuate, infuriate,  
That's what you make me do.  
Should I validate or sublimate  
My troubled love for you?*

*Nicky, between you and me,  
It's always been that way.  
It's got me so, I can't tell  
The night time from the day.*

*(Chorus)*

*Sometimes, you make me so mad,  
When you let those skirts come near,  
That I could grab your lonely bull  
And make you a lonely steer.*

*That's when you infuriate,  
Fanning jealous flames  
So I reach for a barbiturate.  
And then, I'm not the same.*

*(Chorus)*

*But when you're oh so near  
And I have you all to me.  
Then, I can't get enough of you dear  
And want you all through me.*

*That's when you infatuate  
And you're just too much to take.  
Then I don't hesitate,  
To give me to you for love's sake.*

*(Chorus)*

**Ry's Torment** (By Ryz'n July 17, 1975, at home, contemplating her mistake in sending Nicky off with Moons)

I stared out of my window  
The night, it was black as coal  
I pulled back to see my reflection  
And I looked into my soul.

I saw what I had done to you,  
How I had driven you away.  
I saw how my jealousy had hurt you  
And left me nothing to say.

I wish I could have those moments  
Back from the past once more  
I wish I could wrap myself about you,  
And pull you back, through love's door.

Well, I should have been more attentive  
To all your hopes and needs.  
I should have listened more closely  
And planted sweet lover's seeds.

Refrain  
I knew that you had changed some.  
You know, I wasn't blind,  
But there was nothing to prepare me  
For how the war had wreck'd your mind.

And if you'd come back to me now  
The way you'd left before?  
Would it have made a difference,  
Or been something to ignore?

We had a chance for happiness  
And now, I fear it's gone.  
So now I swim alone in blackness  
Just searching for the dawn.

I had waited so long for you, Darling,  
To finally return to me.  
Then I threw away our reunion  
By forcing you to flee.

I could make you want to stay with me  
If I could see you one more time

Make you want to pray with me  
And hold your heart to mine.

As I peer through the window pane  
The night is blackness still  
And the blackness seeps into my bones  
Drowning out my will.

Refrain

And this is what I pray for  
The hope that keeps me alive  
The thought of your return to me  
Must do, 'til you arrive

A rider comes slowly towards me  
I believe I've seen his form before  
The window fogs from my racing breath  
I stare but I see no more

The rider parks outside my house  
Ambling unsurely to my door  
By the porch light I see him clearly  
It is you, yes I am sure

With tears of hope, I run to meet you  
So nervous, I was churning inside  
I opened the door with trepidation  
But you greeted me like your bride

I knew that you had changed.  
You know, I wasn't blind,  
But there was nothing to prepare me  
For how you returned, so kind.

And so you came back to me  
The way you'd left before  
And yes, it has made a difference,  
One, I won't ignore.

This time I swear I'll love you  
For now and evermore.



**Sign of Life** (by Ryz'n, at home in Crest Hill Heights, June 15, 1975)

*Heard the other day that you might be alive, So we thought we'd warn ya.*

*So I took myself a ride out across the sky,*

*To California, yeah out to California,*

*Just thought I'd warn ya.*

*Touched down, turned around,*

*Looked around,*

*Looked all over L.A. for ya.*

*Yeah, I looked all over for ya,*

*cuz I adore ya.*

*No matter where I looked*

*Or the time I took,*

*I just missed ya, just missed kissin' ya,*

*Just kept missin' ya.*

*(Chorus)*

*But that's alright.*

*I found a sign of life.*

*I'm a hopeful wife.*

*I've got a sign of life.*

*Yeah, I've got your sign of life.*

*The V.A. man said you had amnesia.*

*He told me, cuz I promised*

*That I wouldn't tease ya.*

*See, I only want to please ya,*

*Only want to squeeze ya.*

*Your baseball coach, he pointed*

*Me toward ya.*

*Because he thought I would floor ya,*

*He pointed me toward the shore for ya.*

*Down in Diego, I found your sign was rife*

*Down in Diego I saw the light.*

*Now I've got your sign of life.*

*Chorus*

*Down there, they told me, go on home.*

*He'll be comin' for ya.*

*Yeah, he'll be comin' for ya.*

*You know he left California,*

*Then I flew home, back across the sky*

*And I'm feelin' high.*

*I'm back home now and I'm waitin' for ya,*

*Waitin' for ya, cuz I adore ya.*

*Now I'm hopeful cuz I got your sign of life,*

*Can forget all that strife, be your happy little wife.*

*Cuz I got your sign of life.*

*Chorus*

*Everything's gonna be alright and we'll start our new life.*

*We're gonna start tonight, start a love life rife.*

*Yeah, I've got your sign of life.*

*Chorus*

*Chorus (fade out)*

**For His Love Conquers All** (by Ryz'n, July 27, 1975, RG Motor Inn. Released again six months later for Thanksgiving 1977 in GRT's gospel LP.)

*Praise for the One  
Who fathered the Son  
And devised the plan  
For the Saviour of Man*

*Born of a maid  
Whose love does not fade  
Through passion and grace  
Breathed life to our race*

*Praise Him alone  
For the Love he has sown  
Praise Him today  
For making the Way*

*I fall down on my knees  
Him, humbly to please  
For His love  
Conquers All*

*So we may partake  
Of Life for His sake  
Sharing with Him  
Forever, Life without sin*

*Nothing we say  
Can turn Him away  
Nothing you do  
Will make Him hate you*

*He is worthy of praise  
Through all of our days  
And in our dark night  
We'll rest in His sight*

*I fall down on my knees  
Him, humbly to please  
For His love  
Conquers all*

**I'm Sorry** (Words and music by Dub Albritton and Ronnie Self , recorded by Brenda Lee and Decca Records in 1960. Covered here by Ryz'n to appease the band for her recent conceited attitude and round out *her* album.)

I'm sorry, so sorry  
That I was such a fool  
I didn't know  
Love could be so cruel  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Uh-oh  
Oh, yes

You tell me mistakes  
Are part of being young  
But that don't right  
The wrong that's been done

[Spoken:]  
(I'm sorry) I'm sorry  
(So sorry) So sorry  
Please accept my apology  
But love is blind  
And I was to blind to see  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Uh-oh  
Oh, yes

You tell me mistakes  
Are part of being young  
But that don't right  
The wrong that's been done  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Uh-oh  
Oh, yes

I'm sorry, so sorry  
Please accept my apology  
But love was blind  
And I was too blind to see  
(Sorry)

**What the World Needs Now** (Words and music by Hal David and Burt Bacharach, released April 15, 1965 by Liberty Records. Covered her by Ryz'n because, growing up, it was one of her favorite songs.)

What the world needs now is love, sweet love  
It's the only thing that there's just too little of  
What the world needs now is love, sweet love,  
No not just for some but for everyone.

Lord, we don't need another mountain,  
There are mountains and hillsides enough to climb  
There are oceans and rivers enough to cross,  
Enough to last till the end of time.

What the world needs now is love, sweet love  
It's the only thing that there's just too little of  
What the world needs now is love, sweet love,  
No, not just for some but for everyone.

Lord, we don't need another meadow  
There are cornfields and wheat fields enough to grow  
There are sunbeams and moonbeams enough to shine  
Oh listen, lord, if you want to know.

What the world needs now is love, sweet love  
It's the only thing that there's just too little of  
What the world needs now is love, sweet love,  
No, not just for some but for everyone.

No, not just for some, oh, but just for everyone.

***Good Gospel Rockin' Tonight*** (Released on the RyzNick label on Ryz'n's birthday November 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1977. Ry claimed this was the only GRT album that would survive the Lord's fiery furnace.)

- 1. For His Love Conquers All**
- 2. Then Dark Will Be Light**
- 3. The Voice of Choice**
- 4. Blessed Assurance**
- 5. Life's Highway**
- 6. The Power of Prayer**
- 7. Black Will Be White**
- 8. Amazing Grace**
- 9. His Plan**
- 10. Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing**
- 11. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus**

**For His Love Conquers All** (by Ryz'n, July 27, 1975, RG Motor Inn)

*Praise for the One  
Who fathered the Son  
And devised the plan  
For the Saviour of Man*

*Born of a maid  
Whose love does not fade  
Through passion and grace  
Breathed life to our race*

*Praise Him alone  
For the Love he has sown  
Praise Him today  
For making the Way*

*I fall down on my knees  
Him, humbly to please  
For His love  
Conquers All*

*So we may partake  
Of Life for His sake  
Sharing with Him  
Forever, Life without sin*

*Nothing we say  
Can turn Him away  
Nothing you do  
Will make Him hate you*

*He is worthy of praise  
Through all of our days  
And in our dark night  
We'll rest in His sight*

*I fall down on my knees  
Him, humbly to please  
For His love  
Conquers all*

**Then Dark Will Be Light** (originally composed by Nick after his first conversion, August 22, 1971, while on tour; recalled to him by the Holy Spirit after Nick's second epiphany near Sayre in St. Martin Parish LA, August 22, 1975--in a gospel call and response style, based on the Gospel of Matthew 11:28-30)

*Come unto me (Come unto me)  
All you who labor (All you who labor)  
I'll give you rest (I'll give you rest)  
Rest from your night*

*Take on my yoke (Take on my yoke)  
And learn from me (And learn from me)  
My yoke is easy (My yoke is easy)  
My burden is light*

*Bridge  
You'll find rest for your soul,  
A burden that's light  
And My Light will burn in you  
Yes, dark will burn bright  
You'll find rest for your soul,  
A burden that's light  
And My Light will burn in you,  
Then dark will be light*

*I will live with you (I will live with you)  
And dwell in your sight (And dwell in your sight)  
No reason to worry (No reason to worry)  
No reason to fight*

*For I am your Savior (I am your Savior)  
And I am your Friend (I am your Friend)  
And I will stay with you (I'll stay with you)  
From beginning to end*

*Bridge  
Let my light fill you, again and again  
For I am your Saviour, yes I am your Friend  
I will stay with you, from beginning to end  
Forever and always, our life without end  
And I'll dwell within you,  
By day and by night  
And My Light will burn in you  
Then dark will be light  
And My Light will burn in you  
And dark will be light*

**The Voice of Choice** (by Dixie, at Smokey Joe's Café, Roanoke, VA, June 17, 1975. This song was released successfully on a prior GRT album; however Ryz'n questioned its inclusion on this spiritual album.)

*Sometimes deep within,  
I get a funny feelin'  
That starts me to kneelin'  
And keeps me from sin.*

*I don't know why.  
But it always seems to scare me,  
Though It never speaks unfairly  
It's really kind of shy.*

*(Chorus)  
I've come to learn, this Voice  
Gives me pause to stop and think.  
Though I may lose my poise  
It never seems to shrink.  
It just ain't makin' noise.  
And if you heed Its pleas,  
This silent Voice of Choice  
Will give you rest for your soul  
And even inner peace.  
It's the Voice of Choice!*

*Was I insane?  
To even listen to that question?  
Too ashamed to ever mention  
That it was always the same.*

***What . . . about . . . your wife?**  
Those were the words that were spoken.  
And though my memory's broken,  
They cut me like a knife.*

*(Chorus)  
Yes, that's what I heard.  
But I sometimes failed to listen  
Kept on lovin', kept on missin',  
Failing to observe.  
  
Then I learned of her--  
That I had a wife to call my own.  
That I need never be alone  
And then I was sure. (Chorus)*

**Blessed Assurance** (Classic hymn, words by the blind saint *Fanny Crosby* and music by *Phoebe P. Knapp*, 1873)

*Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
O what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.*

*Refrain:*

*This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long;  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.*

*Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
Angels descending bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.  
(Refrain)*

*Perfect submission, all is at rest;  
I in my Savior am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.  
(Refrain)*

**Life's Highway** (by Nick, October 12, 1971 at M&L Univ. reflecting on his near fatal car accident with Ry)

*Riding down life's highway,  
Curvin' from the Son  
Trying to go my way,  
Steering from the One*

*He bends the road back His way  
And I'm blinded by His Light  
I don't want to go on this way  
So I struggle, buck and fight.*

*Clouds shield me from the Son  
Who I can see once more  
And carry on my selfish run  
As I had done before*

*Riding down life's highway,  
Curvin' from the Son  
Trying to go my way,  
Steering from the One*

*He bends the road back His Way  
And I'm blinded by His Light  
I don't want to go on this way  
So I struggle, buck and fight.*

*Now rising from the sun  
I see the Holy One once more  
Reaching over what I've done  
To help me though His Door*

*Riding down His highway,  
Curvin' to the Son  
Flying on His Way,  
Steering to the One*

*Who wends us to His Way  
And I'm basking in His Light  
And come to know that His Way  
Is the true way, and the right*

**The Power of Prayer** (by Little Nick, July 16, 1970 – Cafritz Memorial Hospital, Washington, DC. This song has a spiritual feel and Ryz'n permitted it on GRT's later gospel album, though she wasn't sure if the lyrics were wholly appropriate)

*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 pale light 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.*

*(Chorus)  
You know the power of prayer  
Is that there's Someone up there  
And, I believe, It'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 towards the  
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.  
I went in a-swimmin' and so I left  
you,  
But you stripped to go a-swimmin',  
too.*

*Chorus*

*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 into the sand,  
Smashing us hard upon the land.*

*Then, as we tried to recover,  
We were smashed again by yet  
another.  
Washed up onto the beach, side by  
side.  
Battered and bruised, I cursed--you  
cried.*

*Chorus*

*Thus ended our brief beach romance.  
But you know, those waves gave both  
of us a fresh chance  
To straighten out our circumstances  
And restore us to our true romances.*

*Now you're with him. And that's OK,  
Because I'm with her, come what  
may.  
As I think back, you know, we did  
right,  
Praying as one, on the beach that  
night.  
And the Lord, well, He helped us do  
what was right.*

*Chorus*

**Black and White** (written by Nick in New Orleans with Jimmy Jax and the band August 19, 1975, based on a recollection before Christmas, 1969, after Nick had some hassles from black airman for his dating “Baby” at Bolling AFB)

Some have a problem, always want to fight.  
Don't want to do what they know is right.  
Claim the difference is like dark versus light.  
But there's no real difference between black and white.

It's only a matter of a color of skin.  
Don't really reflect on what lies within.

We're all human, let's not forget that.  
But we should move forward, forget the past.  
Live on in peace, together at last,  
Black lives with white, the dye has been cast.

There's also a war between women and men  
It's been goin' on since who knows when.  
Why not be smart? Don't go where we've been.  
Love each other and start over again.

It's only a matter of a difference in sex  
It's God's natural system of balances and checks

Funny how it works, if we all just be cool (be cool)  
If we just follow the Lord's golden rule (gold rule)  
Do unto others as you'd have them do to you (to you)  
Share a little love and they'll love you, too (you, too)

But we wait to see, who's the first one to flinch  
And nothin' happens. No one give up an inch.  
Then we get edgy, we pry, poke and pinch.  
Screwin' up what once was a sure, lead pipe cinch.

It's really just a matter of pure, false pride  
Which is why, for us, God's Son has died.

It ain't easy, but the hard part's done.  
For us, the war has truly been won.  
The price was paid by God's own Son  
Who showed us all how to live as one.

**Amazing Grace** (Words: John Newton, *Olney Hymns* (London: W. Oliver, 1779). Exception: the last stanza is by an unknown author; it appeared as early as 1829 in the *Baptist Songster*, by R. Winchell (Wethersfield, Connecticut), as the last stanza of the song “Jerusalem My Happy Home.” Music: *New Britain*, in *Virginia Harmony*, by James P. Carrell and David S. Clayton (Winchester, Virginia: 1831) ).

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His Word my hope secures;  
He will my Shield and Portion be,  
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

**His Plan** (written by Ryz'n with an assist from Nick, July 31, 1971, Greensboro, NC, on the road with the band; first released on the Lest We forget LP.)

*Life is a gift, filled with beauty and hope,  
Quiet strength of purpose and a grace to cope.*

*Innocence is tested; innocence is lost.  
But a plan was provided. He paid the cost.*

*Judged for our deeds, but from sin, we're absolved.  
By His blood shed for us,  
Confess,  
Start fresh,  
With clean, new resolve.*

*Obedience to revelation will test our success,  
But there's ample provision: Just lean on Him, rest.*

*Don't struggle or fight, rather rest in Him, in His Way  
And gain an eternal inheritance that fades not away.*

*(Repeat all)*

**Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing** (*Text: Robert Robinson, 1735-1790*  
*Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second.* Nick's favorite verse is  
the third, for obvious reasons.)

*Come, thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above.  
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, mount of thy redeeming love.*

*Here I raise mine Ebenezer; hither by thy help I'm come;  
and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God;  
he, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood.*

*O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.*

**Jesus, Jesus, Jesus** (by Dixie, November 19, 1971)

*If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
Then I wouldn't curse  
If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
I'd not do any worse*

*If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
Then I'd check my wand'rin' eyes  
If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
Then I would not lie*

*If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
I'd not be so impatient  
If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
I'd not be hell, but heaven-bent*

*If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
I'd even be more kind  
If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
I'd break those ties that bind*

*If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
Then I wouldn't speed  
If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
I'd dare not do the deed*

*If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
Then I would think right  
If I think Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
He'd help me by His Light*

*But I think anything but Jesus  
And screw up left and right  
Then I ask Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,  
To forgive my every blight*

*Then I thank Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
For granting mercy on my plight  
And worship Jesus, Jesus, Jesus  
For being precious in His Sight*