

Anthology of Good Rockin' Tonite Songs
EARLY GRT

All *GRT* songs were written by Ryzanna and Nick Sheeboom; however, lyrics to a couple songs were contributed by Molly “Two Moons” Malloy. 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”.

All ratings are based on the ChartBusters Fab Forty according to the following legend.

- * Top Forty
- ** Top Twenty
- *** Top Ten
- \$ #1

R&B – Rhythm and Blues
C&W – Country and Western
G – Gospel
P – Pop
Blank – Pop

Good Rockin’ Tonight (Released by Sable Records, June 22, 1971)

1. **The Stalker** *** (P, R&B)
2. **Nick and Ryzanna** **
3. **So What’s Left?** *** (P, \$ C&W)
4. **Hey, Bikini Girl**
5. **Some Nerve** *
6. **New Blues (You Done Me Wrong)** ** (\$ R&B)
7. **Can’t Trust You At All** *** (P, R&B)
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)

(Chorus)

*She's out on the street.
She's prowlin' all around.
(da-da-da-da-dan!)
That girl's a stalker.
She's searchin' to be found.
(da-da-da-dan!)
She lost all her lovers
To this one or that.
(da-da-da-da-dan!)
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-dan!)
They may have tried it once,
But they never tried it twice.
(da-da-da-dan!)*

*Stay away from her, my friend,
If you value your own life.
(da-da-da-da-dan!)
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-dan!)
Cuz if you stay here, Mann.*

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

*She's a handsome lookin' woman,
When you meet her at first sight.
(da-da-da-da-dan!)
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-dan!)
But once she's got you, Buddy,
She'll be treatin' you like dirt.
(da-da-da-dan!)*

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

Chorus (without drum roll)

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

So watch Out! Chorus

*(Da- da-da-da-dan! Da-da-da-da-
dan! Da-da-da-da-dan-Dan-da-dan!
Dan-da-dan! Dan-da-da-dan! da-da-
dan! da-da-dan!) - symbols*

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

Here's a little story, a slice of Americana
About a couple of teens, name of Nick and Ryzanna.

They met and fell in love in September, sixty-nine,

But their stars crossed and pulled them apart for quite some time.

Still, they knew they had something that would not fade away.

They 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 that he was bad for little Ry.

He was a Rock'n'Roll Rebel, with a rep, a bad guy.

Ry never knew why Nicky stayed away. She knew she loved him, thought he felt the same way.

Still she knew they had something that would not fade away.

They had true love for each other, which exists to this day.

Yeah, a love for real that fadeth not away.

Twas almost a year before Nick would love li'l Ry.

He came to her 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 twirl.

Now they knew they had something that would not fade away.

They had true love for each other, which exists to this day.

Yeah, a love for real that fadeth not away.

Three months later, Nicky eloped with l'l Ry.

Still seniors in high school, they took off to fly.

But now subject to rumors, they were objects of scorn,

Scoffers wondered when their baby'd be born.

No matter, they had something that would not fade away.

They had true love for each other, which exists to this day.

Yeah, a love for real that fadeth not away.

Two months later, Ry's parents gave their consent

To let Nick marry Ry, in a large church event.

Once branded outcasts, considered not nice,

These kids proved themselves better by marryin' twice.

Cuz they knew they had something that would not fade away.

They had true love for each other. It 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 today.

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

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.*

Hey, Bikini Girl (Nick and Ry, August 25, 1970 – on vacation in Clear Lake, IA, inspired by the words of a four year old boy named Brett who befriended Nick and Ryz'n on the beach at the 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,
Why doncha walk this way?*

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

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

*No! No! bikini girl,
Why are you kissin' him?
Hey bikini girl,
We could go for a swim.*

*Oh, there goes my bikini girl,
Strollin' down the beach.
She's with some other guy now.
She's outta my reach.*

*Hey bikini girl,
That's all right. You know, that's OK.
cuz here comes
Another 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 for 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,
Claim'd we'd sing a 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 do. 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 shot me your serves.
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 for the cure.
Yes, ya do. You know it too!*

*And then I found out,
What you were all about. Yes I did.
How he 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 8th 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, stabb ' me in my back all 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.*

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

Can't Trust You At All (or Goin' Steady Blues, September 1, 1969 – Little Nick at home; became a hit for its comedic effect due to the way Nick impersonated the three different voices in the song)

*“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 onto your shirt?
Looks like lipstick, you devil,
You lowdown, cheatin’ flirt.”*

*“Oh, no my Honey, My Baby,
You know you got me all 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.”*

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

*Towel under my head, a blanket on the beach,
Watchin' babes strollin by. Beer's within reach.*

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

*Hot sand under my heel, little breeze off the ocean.
Check out two o'clock. Ummm, gotta notion.*

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

*From behind my shades, I see 'em, keep comin' on.
Thinkin' I ought to snag one, before the sun is gone.*

(a guy said)

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

(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' by
Should be, at least, one who'd like to please me.*

(Bridge)

(I thought)

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

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

(a guy said)

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

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

(I thought)

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

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

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

(And then we sang)
*Hey! Be cool Mann. Don't disturb the summer haze.
Lay it down. Lay it back. Soak up summer daze.*

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 soo-ong.
Remembered you baby,
When you came along.*

*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 it 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 all of us, yes
everyone.
The One Who loves all of us, yes
everyone.*

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

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! \$ (P, R&B)**
2. **First Day Back**
3. **Ryz'n Eyes**
4. **Dear One *****
5. **Little Mau! ****
6. **Road Trip ***
7. **D.C. Dip ***
8. **Two Cousins Down**
9. **Her Swish and Her Sway *****
10. **Some Times *****

Bang! Bang! Bang! (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
Tthey'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*

First Day Back (by Little Nick, September 17, 1969, at home written in stages)

*Was the first day back, yeah.
Got on the wrong track, unh-hunh.
Mann! She looks like a star.
I said she'd go far.*

*I said "Ms. Teacher,
You lovely she-creature,"
But then, she took down my name
And mocked me in shame.*

*(Chorus)
Yeah, all because I opened my mouth
And I stuck my foot in.
She said, she'd jump down my throat,
If I did it again.*

*Ooooh! Now this foxy lady!
Has colored me shady,
Her frosty, cold will
Really shot me a chill.*

*Her frigid blue eyes
Belied a petite hourglass size
But I drove her nuts
Til she hated my guts.*

(Chorus)

*Was the first day back, yeah
Got on the wrong track.
And ever since then,
She's on me no end.*

*Can do nothing to please her
All I can do, is insult and tease her
Only the rest of the class
Calls me an ass*

(Chorus)

(written May 12, 1970, at home)

Yeah, that was just the first day,

*But now, it's lasted 'til May.
Third periods, we fight
Over who's wrong and who's right.*

(Chorus)

*We've fought so long and
Both been right and both wrong.
That I no longer see
What she first meant to me.
(or What had once passed for star
quality?)*

*She won't give me a break
Not for decency's sake
And whatever she dishes out
Then I turn about*

(Chorus)

*I've never understood
How she could look so good,
Be the best I've seen
Yet, treat me spiteful and mean.*

*She's aptly named all right,
Comes to class geared up to fight.
Her real name's Severe.
She's a real horse's rear.*

(Chorus)

*(written June 18, 1970 at Pocomoke
H.S.)*

*Guess what? At the end of the year,
I spoke privately with Mrs. Severe.
We apologized, made up and kissed
Cuz neither one could resist.*

*Now that's it.
Class dismissed!*

Ryz'n Eyes (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
smile.*

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

*Almond shaped eyes flick from hazel to
green,
With long sweeping brows and 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, I drowned in
their pool,
Refresh my soul there, where it makes
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, July 16, 1970, at the Ryan's home, after taking Ryz'n to the hospital)

(My-y-y Dear, My Dea-earrest One)

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

*Dear One,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, De-ear One,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, my dear, dea-earrest one,
Ple-ease 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-o 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-hon,
You have no-thing to fear,
No-oooh-oooh-ooo-oooh, please don't fear.*

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

*Hey, little Mau, 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 Mau!*

*Hey, little Mau, 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 Mau!*

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

*Well, Little Mau, 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 Mau!*

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

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

*Well now, they've climbed up on my back again,
My parents. Ya know, I just can't win.
They're on me so much, that I think that I'll flip.
You know what I 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.
He suggested I leave all this fuss and congestion.
My mom's parents too, hopped onto her ship.
My Uncle said, "Son, you need a road trip!"
He said, "Yeah Son, you need a road trip!"*

*My girlfriend and me had had a big fight.
Cuz I was 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, 'Boy, 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, you know, they called him Rip.
He said, we, all three, should take a road trip.
Yeah, he said, we, all three, should take a road trip.*

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

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

*Got a new dance now called the DC 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 DC 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 DC dippin'.
Yep, no drugs needed to ride this ship.
Just a beat and the music, then do the Dip.*

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

Repeat all

The Zipp Boys (Little Nick Dec. 7, 1969, at the Andrews Officer's Club from a request of Mrs. Billy Zipponski, who thought the DC Dip would make a catchy jingle for her husband's used car business in Harlow Heights, known as the ZIPP Brothers. Nick rewrote the lyrics during a break and gave them to Mrs. Zipponski. Two months later, after the jingle became a local sensation and had boosted car sales to record heights, she persuaded her husband to write GRT a check for \$500 for the song. After that, Little Nick convinced the other band members to record their songs.)

Zipp in and Zipp out. Drive out zippin'.

*Want a used car now? Call the brothers ZIPP.
Don't take no chances, hop a ZIPP ship.
Ain't like Ourisman's or them heaps down at Pyle's.
You can't miss with ZIPP, drive them for miles.*

*Come in, see the ZIPP Boys and hurry
Take a test drive, there's no need to worry.
Don't waste time, come on in today.
New or used models--have it your way.*

*See their wide selection, all models and makes
They'll be happy to show you how little it takes.
There's no pressure, just eagerness to please
A visit to ZIPPS is like a soft breeze.*

*So come see the ZIPPS here in Harlow Heights.
You can drive in by day or even by night.
We're open from seven in the morning 'til ten p.m.
Stoppin' in with the Zipp's, is like seein' a friend.*

*Used or new,
The ZIPP Boys have the car for YOU!*

*Come in trippin', Baby. You'll trip out ZIPPin'.
Do some ZIPP boys zippin' and you'll be flippin'.
Dip into ZIPPS and trip out ZIPPin'.
ZIPP in, ZIPP out. Then drive 'round ZIPPin'.*

*Yes, used or new,
The ZIPP Boys have the car for YOU!*

Two Cousins Down (Little Nick, August 28, 1969, backed up on the IN turnpike, due to a bad accident)

*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. It won't be shaped,
Not by presidents or politicians,
Not by judges or magicians.*

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

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

*The other cousin joined up--a marine.
Blown up on a land mine, he was only a teen.
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 and 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,
Not by presidents or politicians,
Not by judges or magicians.*

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

*Well, I was watchin', was just the other day,
I watched her walkin', watched her swish and her sway.
Ya know, it wasn't her fault, that she moved that-a-way.
No, that's how God made her, with her swish and her sway.*

*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, I mean, she was full grown,
But she was still just a teen, who had never been flown.*

*Well, I was watchin', was just the other day,
I watched her walkin', watched her swish and her sway.
Ya know, it wasn't her fault, that she moved that-a-way.
No, that's how God made her, with her swish and her sway.*

*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 I gave her a whirl.
And now whaddaya think? Yeah, I made her my girl.*

*Well, I was watchin', was just the other day,
I watched her walkin', watched her swish and her sway.
Ya know, it wasn't her fault, that she moved that-a-way.
No, that's how God made her, with her swish and her sway.*

*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? Then 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, with her swish and her sway.*

Some Times (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 past.*

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

*But sometimes, jealous prejudice 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, it depends on what you choose.
But sometimes, They 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 *** (P, **R&B)
2. **Well, Now, Then, There (or Me and James Dean)**
3. **Short Week \$**
4. **Silver Right ****
5. **Change What's In Your Head ***
6. **You Too Good for Me *** (P, R&B)**
7. **Sure To Last *****
8. **Baby Strong ****
9. **So Lovely Tonight * (Novelty Song)**
10. **On My Songs * (\$, C&W)**

So Tough (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, he got mad, told us to run,
After practice, when we were done.
Some guys were ticked, seven 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 our gum,
Played ball and started havin' some fun.*

*Oh-oh, yea-eah, we chew-ewed our gum,
Started playin' good ball, had us big fun.
Began to win, became a tough team to beat.
Because with 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.*

Well, Now, Then, There (or Me and James Dean) (Little Nick, Sept. 30, 1969. at home, anniversary of James Dean's death)

*Was laid up in bed, I was just thirteen, School and all that crap they were
With nothin' to do and nothin to dream. taught
Lonely and sick, had lost all my steam. To search for themselves, what it is that
That's when I met the legend called they sought.
Dean.*

*Turned on the tube, flipped channels around. There was something about the way he acted
Saw Pancho and Cisco, and Bozo the Clown. That was honest and clean--nothing didactic.
'Bout to give up, switch it off, read a book, He was me, but I wasn't he, except in a dream.
Flipped one more dial--ooh, take a look! James Dean! His problems were mine, but HE was*

Hey! Check out that cat up there on the screen. (Refrain)

*Mann, that guy is me! Or could be me, in Watchin' that flick was a slap in the
a dream. face.
Who was he? I just had to know. It woke me up, shook me up, set a new
Who was this cat on today's "Early pace.
Show?" Watchin' him, couldn't tell the kid from
the act.*

*(Refrain) Watched all that he did and took it for
"Well, now, then, there." Is that what he fact.
said?*

*A beautiful kid! Later, learned he was I sat up in sick bed and took time to
dead. pause.
Died in a tragic crash, a grisly scene. Down deep, I guess, we all rebel without
But for me now, he lives and breathes in cause.
my dream. I saw him again and came to understand
That "Man has a choice" and "that
choice that makes him a man."*

I watched the whole flick without taking a break.

*How this cat and this chick came to (Refrain)
forsake And that's the story of me and James
Dean.*

Short Week (That Started Off Long) (Little Nick, September 10, 1970, at home during the first week back at school)

*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 disagreed: 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, see? 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 Nick, July 25, 1970, on vacation, Kill Devil Hills, NC)

*Silver pools on a sultry night
Reflect silver love in our hearts so
bright.
Watchin' you thru silv'ry half
moonlight,
Makes everything seem silver in my
sight.
It's silver right.*

*You went dippin', silver dippin'
And you were laughin', while I lay
On the bank in a cast,
Watchin' you as you play.*

*Gazin' upon you--a nymph in the
water,
Tryin' to forget that 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 appeared 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 holy sight.*

*When He created you
It "was very good" indeed.
Now you shine like silver here
Before 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 your long
hair
On to me, as I agreed,
Your pledge of troth, and love to
share.*

*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 silver half moonlight.
We gave ourselves each other
And stayed throughout the night.*

(Added October 25, 1970, at Ocean City,
MD)

*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.*

*Silver pools on a sultry summer's
night
Shone silver love from our hearts of light.
Watchin' you thru silv'ry
moonbright,
Made everything seem silver in my
sight.
And silver still, it is, still silver right.*

Change What's in Your Head (Little Nick, set to tune of **Locomotion**—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.
Yeah, 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, ever before-ore.
He got me to think
What was truly the score-ore.*

*He said you get only
One lover, no more.
Said ya can't go around
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--ver.
Before the next time that
You start to lo-ove her.*

*Because in God's plan,
Find the one and marry.
Before you may score,
Or else you're 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 lea-ead*

*Yeah I've found the girl
That I love best
And, so far,
I'm passin' the 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 nes-est
Yeah, we're together
Forever ble-ess'd*

*Cuz that priest,
He pledged us in trust,
Yeah, he's the one
You know, 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 and after his pact with Don Leipzig concerning Ryz'n)

*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 the 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 tohtuah, Daahlin'
Cuz I can't have you my-ah way.*

*So tis a bettah thing I do, My Deah,
Than I ebah done afoah.
So 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
Dat 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
Dat I see you everyday.
It's more like torture, Darlin'
Cuz, I can't have you my-ah 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 (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 to take without being mean.
We learned what it was, to laugh and to love.
We learned of all the 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. That's 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 your 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're 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 (Little Nick, June 2, 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.
Yeah, she came on to me 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,
She was some ahead of me,
And swore to help me 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 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 her love 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.
She lasted but 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 then 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 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.*

*Only one way to forget that day
When she shipped 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 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 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?
Your 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.*

On My Songs (Nick, April 7, 1972, on liberty to decide about going to Viet Nam, written and recorded as a joke for a country and western-loving sidekick from Camp LeJeune)— topped the country charts in Christmas 1973.)

You know--

*ummm, umm, umm
And try to be brave.*

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

*(Bridge)
Now i love my wife!
And i love my kids! (If I had any)
And they'd love me, too (I hope)
In spite of all I did.*

*I've got criers
And i've got sighers
I've even got no-goood, low-down
Yankee liars!*

*But i like my songs
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
Is the one that i write next.*

*No, i can't string.
And I can't sing,
Words, 'cept in that same, flat-toned
ring.*

*Yeah, I got clunkers
And i got skunkers
i even got some downright straight,
loony tune flunkers.*

*(Bridge)
Now i could go on
Writin' more of this so-ong
But it won't be lo-o-on-ong
'Til supper is on.*

*But i keep tryin'
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.*

Lest We Forget (released by Halo Records, May 23, 1974. One of the two top charters was pre-recorded by *GRT* with Little Nick. The other was Ryz'n's soulful cover of the late Little Willie John's original rendition of "Need your Love So Bad." However, none of these tunes cracked the Pop Top Ten.)

1. **Lest We Forget ***
2. **Time Will Tell ***
3. **Pinch My Cheek**
4. **My Husband, Mine**
5. **The Way That I Am**
6. **Sam's Cay ***
7. **That Light Meant "Go" ****
8. **I Am Missing You**
9. **His Plan (**G)**
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)

*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.*

*You've tied a yellow ribbon round the old oak tree?
You hope these boys will 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, 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, like 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 the 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 so much 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 too 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 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 (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, 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 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)*

Sam's Cay (by Nick and Ry, December 28, 1970, Sam's Cay, St. John's, Virgin Islands, calypso beat)

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

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

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

*Dere's no one to bodda you
It don't matta 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' at Sam's Cay.*

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

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

*Me 'n' Ry stay four nigh, stay 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 or stay
Yes, stay and play at Sammy's
Cay.
Have huge fun at Sam's Cay.*

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

*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.
You wound up underhand and let 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, 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 just her tongue and just her 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 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 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.
Lookin' 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
And my acne'd skin was anything but 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,
And 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, now partners for life.
But our happiness lasted a short while,
When you left me 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.
Living 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.
He'll bring you home and reunite our love.*

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

His Plan (written by Ryz'n with an assist from Nick, July 31, 1971, Greensboro, NC, on the road with the band.)

*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)

Little Willie John---**Need Your Love So Bad** (covered legally by Ryz'n during Spring Break, 1974 at her insistence and published 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 [woman] man, I need ... your love so bad

