

“My Memories”

by Joyce Brookshire, © Gaskill Street Music BMI

You can buy this old house if you want to,  
It's already seen better days  
And I can't afford the taxes anymore,  
So I guess I'll be moving away  
You've already bought out my neighbors,  
My good friends and my family  
As soon as I sell, I'll be going as well,  
but I'll be leaving with my memories.

*Chorus*

My memories  
Of the old neighborhood  
Of love and laughter and everything good  
Momma's fried chicken,  
And my lovers' eyes,  
The church on the corner, and trolley car rides,  
Playing hooky in the graveyard,  
Climbing gnarly old trees,  
These are the memories, I'll be taking with me.

You can have that old chair in the corner,  
And the swing out under the tree,  
The stand in the hall, the clock on the wall,  
They no longer matter to me,  
You can tell all your friends I left easy,  
And you watched as I crossed the street,  
And you heard me say as I wandered away,  
Thank you, Lord, for my memories.

*Chorus*

“Sitting Up With Johnny”

by Joyce Brookshire, © Gaskill Street Music BMI

Johnny was the only boy I ever loved

Started back when we were both 14

I'd read him the poetry and songs I wrote

He'd tell me about his hopes and dreams

I tagged along behind him when he said I could

I would have stayed right with him 'til the end

But even though I loved him with my heart and soul

Johnny only loved me for a friend

I sat up with him the night his son was born

The night his wife walked out, I held his hand

And when his brother Billy died, he cried 'til dawn

While I stood by to help him understand

*Chorus*

Now I'm sitting up with Johnny one more time

20 years of memories are running through my mind

And I don't know if my heart can stand the pain

I'm sitting up with Johnny once again

The years went swiftly by and Johnny found new love

And I went on the road to sing my songs

And though we never had the chance to meet again

My heart belonged to Johnny right or wrong

I was in Virginia when I got the news

They said that Johnny died at home alone

And in the note he left behind, he wrote my name

Said he sure had missed me since I'd gone

*Chorus*

If I had only been there when the sun went down

I know I could have helped him to the light

But Johnny never realized what I had known

Without me he just couldn't face the night

*Alt Chorus*

Now I'm sitting up with Johnny one more time

Tomorrow he'll be sleeping beneath the Georgia pines

And I don't know if my heart can stand the pain

I'm sitting up with Johnny once again

I'm sitting up with Johnny one more time.

“God Bless the Homeless”

by Joyce Brookshire, © Gaskill Street Music BMI

You see them in the doorways  
In the corners of your town  
Looking for a place  
To lay their weary bodies down  
Their fingers blue, and their faces red  
From the cold, the wind, and rain  
How they wish that they could find a home again

*Chorus*

God bless the homeless, whoever they may be  
No one needs to stand alone in times like these  
Give them shelter from the storm  
Give them love to keep them warm  
God bless the homeless  
There by for the grace of God go you and me

You know it must be lonely  
On the outside looking in  
Never knowing where you'll go  
Only where you've been  
With empty hands and broken hearts  
Shadows passing in the light  
Wondering how they'll make it through the night

*Chorus*

“Ronald Reagan” by Joyce Brookshire

(alternate lyrics to the tune of “Prince Charming” by Joyce Brookshire, © Gaskill Street Music BMI)

*Chorus 1*

[Go ‘way Ronald Reagan  
We don’t want you hangin’ round] x2  
You don’t care about the poor folks,  
You’re rich man’s Uncle Sam.

My mama told me long ago  
When I was at her knee  
There was a man up in the White House  
Who really cared for me  
He put food on our table  
Let my mom work regularly  
Now you wanna go & take away  
Her Social Security

*Chorus 2*

[Hit the road, Ronald Reagan,  
Go on back to Hollywood.] x2  
You’re just a B-grade actor  
We know you ain’t no good.

You compare yourself to FDR  
and you quote JFK  
My god, if they could hear you,  
They’d turn over in their graves.  
You think you’ve got the public fooled  
But hear me when I say,  
We know you’re just a figurehead  
for the low down CIA.

*Chorus 1*