

In Your Arms

by Billy Kemp and Sue Griffiths ©copyright 2019

If I was a bird, I'd sing a song to heaven
If I was a bird, I'd soar across the sea
If I was a bird, I'd fly into your arms, dear
In your arms, I can't imagine where I'd rather be

In your arms, by your side
With you every heartbeat
In your arms, by your side
Is where I'd rather be

If I was a fish I'd, swim across the ocean
If I was a fish, I'd pass up every hook and line
If I was a fish, I'd jump into your arms, dear
In your arms, I can't imagine where I'd rather be

If I was a tree, I'd grow as tall as sunshine
If I was a tree, I'd push my roots to China
If I was a tree, my limbs would reach out for your arms, dear
In your arms, I can't imagine where I'd rather be

I'm A Painter Too

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © 1989

I was standing on a twelve foot ladder
I was painting my neighbor's porch
I had brown paint on my hands and clothes
when my sister passed walking to church
Her son he shouted hey look there's Billy
he's painting the Gallagher's place
I thought you said he was a guitar player
so why's he got that paint on his face
My sister waved her hands and stammered
she didn't know just what to say
So I said I play guitar at night and I paint houses during the day

I'm guitar player but I'm a painter too
Sometimes there's things you have to do
So I'm a painter too

An hour later I was still there painting
when Maryann drove by in her car
She pulled over her friends teased her
they said look there's your rock-n-roll star
I was hurt but she was mad and she said
he's painting for the baby and me
And I'd rather have a lover on a ladder
than a crush on a star on TV
Some day I'm gonna climb down that ladder
and wash my hands off one last time
But until my guitar can pay it's own way
I'll smell like paint and turpentine

I'm guitar player but I'm a painter too
Sometimes there's things you have to do
So I'm a painter too

Is This Called Falling In Love?

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes ©1983

Before tonight came along
Love was just a tale I read
I kept my feet on the ground
And my hat firmly on my head

But then tonight you kissed me
And now I can't find the floor
I don't know where I'm falling
But I want to fall some more

Chorus: Tonight my whole world turned upside down
The walls are spinning 'round and 'round
The ceiling is below and the floor above
Is this called falling in love?

Bridge: I've fallen down a flight of stairs
And from my uncle's maple tree
But I've never falling half as far
As when you're holding me

Until tonight I obeyed
All the laws of gravity
But you've showed me
how to steal a heart
And made an outlaw out of me

Chorus

Janesville

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © 1991

I'm going down to Janesville in the morning
Try to catch a job as a hired hand
I'm going down to Janesville without warning
Some folks say that it's the promised land

This withered town with fields of brown has finally worn me down
My hopes have dried up and they've blown away
Janesville has a river where the water tastes like wine
And they say the sun shines everyday

Well I don't know but I've been told it never does get cold
In Janesville it's springtime all year round
They say the soil is rich just like chocolate in your hands
Drop a seed and the plants jump from the ground

It might be true or untrue but what else can I do
There's nothing left here to be done
If I don't leave tomorrow I might never get away
Lookout Janesville here I come

Springs

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1992

Down in Springs where the colors burst with pride
And fill the empty days
Not like here where colors run and hide
And even the air is grey

Blue is the color of the sky
Gold are the birds as they fly
Blackest night blackest night I've seen
Whitest light whitest light so clean
Down in Springs

Down in Springs where the buds and leaves explode
And sunlight shakes the ground
I will move down that candy colored road
Far from this muted town

Red is the color of the barn
Green are the fields around the farm
Blackest night blackest night I've seen
Whitest light whitest light so clean
Down in Springs

Down in Springs every color can be found
They flicker flame and flash
In my barn the paint goes 'round and 'round
A slippery splish and splash

Yellow is the color of her dress
Pink is the roundness of her breast
Blackest night blackest night I've seen
Whitest light whitest light so clean
Down in Springs

Kings of the Grandstand

by Billy Kemp & Jeni Hankins © copyright 2014

There's a track in my hometown where I misspent my youth
With my brother and my father playing ponies to tell the truth
We'd go down to the paddock to see who was in luck
Then we'd place our bets and hope that it struck

All the colors were a-flying black, gold and pink
Lawyers in the clubhouse cool in the heat
We stood in the sun with tickets in our hand
Up on the bleachers Kings of the Grandstand

Chorus: They're off just look at 'em run
Fingers crossed again
no, there's nothing like a horse
Coming home to win
And there's nothing like the sound
Of the opening of the gate
You're sure to win tomorrow
If you don't win today

Well my mother was kind hearted and had a sense of romance
She kept us in shoes and waited on Lady Chance
To smile on our father to bring him another win
So he'd come home for dinner and make her laugh again

I Wish I Were Back Home (With You Tonight)

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1985

The layoff never seemed to end
soon there was nothing left to spend
With the mortgage late and the baby due
There was nothing else I could do

I took a bus to this desert town
Where they strip the coal right from the ground
They gave me a hardhat and a pack
A rundown trailer in the back

I remember how you looked standing at the bus station
As you bit your lower lip in pure frustration
You handed me a sandwich and a piece of apple pie
There was nothing left to say except goodbye

These boomtown streets are lined with flashing lights
Through these thin walls I hear the neighbor's fight
I close my eyes clutch my pillow tight
I wish I were back home with you tonight

I work all day in the blazing sun
I watch tv when I am done
I count the money that I've earned
And every day till I return

And when I finally come home
We'll never again sleep alone
Gonna sit on the front porch swing with you
Watch our friends walking down the avenue

But till then I gotta work real hard
I gotta forget how many miles away from me you are
I gotta get to sleep now before the morning sun
Gonna grit my teeth and go to work again

These boomtown streets are lined with flashing lights
Through these thin walls I hear the neighbor's fight
I close my eyes clutch my pillow tight
I wish I were back home with you tonight

In Times Like These

by Billy Kemp © copyright 2020

In times like these, best to stay on track
In times like these, ain't no turning back
In times like these, best to lend a hand
On second thought, better to take a stand

But not to close, keep it six feet away
Anything less, you're six feet in a grave
In times like these, it's hard to give a fair shake, but you can
Give a hoot, give a holler, give a damn, give a dollar,
Just don't shoot your neighbor, shoot the breeze
In times like these.

In times like these, no where to hide, no where to run
In times like these, it's under the gun
In times like these, reach out and touch someone
On second thought, better to keep your distance, hon

Hey, hey, hey, the sun is still shining
Hey, hey, hey, ain't no use in whining
Hey, hey, hey, how you doin' over there?
I need somebody to cut my hair.