

PJ Brunson

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Moon Toons®
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P J B R U N S O N

COME HELL
— or —
HIGH WATER

OASIS®
CD DUPLICATION

In March of 1997, the Ohio River overflowed its banks, flooding the entire town of West Point, Kentucky. Hundreds of people lost their homes. But eventually, folks rebuilt or moved on. Come hell or high water, the human spirit survives...

To the band of musical angels who so generously shared their time and talents with us, we thank you. You have given our songs wings...

– PJ & Cotton

BIG ROCKET

Chorus

I'll tie myself to a big rocket
Gonna do it before I get old
Shoot myself over the rainbow
I gotta find that big pot of gold

I ain't got the time to work on this day job
I can't live on minimum wage
I think it's time to write a new story
Open a new book, start a new page

I can't wait no more watching my front door
For Dick and Ed to bring me a check
When I go out I'll carry my cell phone
Why, they can even call me collect

Chorus

I've got a pocket full of lottery tickets
A four-leaf clover inside my shoe
My lucky rabbit's foot hung on my key ring
My time for winning's way overdue

It's time I found my own fame and fortune
Gonna do it, beg, borrow or steal
I hope the Devil's wearing his beeper
I'll call him up, say "Let's make a deal"

Chorus

I ain't got the time to work on this day job
I can't live on minimum wage
I think it's time to write a new story
Open a new book, start a new page

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, lead and harmony vocals
Glen Alexander: Mandolin
David Childers: Melodica
Pamela Dale: Harmony vocals
Donny Fletcher: Percussion
Tom Kubn: Bass
Jack Lawrence: Lead acoustic guitar

PASSION

I watched you throw your suitcase
Into your old Thunderbird
I stood behind the front screen door
And didn't say a word
You drove out of our driveway
Down the road and out of sight
Have I the only empty heart
In an empty home tonight

Chorus

When the passion burns away
There's nothing left but ashes
No promise for another day
There was nothing more that I could do
There was nothing more to say
Nothing that would ever make you
Stay anyway

Our love was once a raging fire
Filled with passion and desire
A flame that burned as hot as steel
One that never would expire
But the flame it slowly dwindled
Until there was not a spark
Just a memory of its former self
Like a shadow in the dark

Chorus

Bridge

Could we have made it different
Found some new fuel for the flame
In another time, another place
Would it still have been the same?

By now you're on the four-lane
Driving fast and heading South
As I pour myself a tall one
And wash the empty from my mouth
Two empty eyes stare back at me
From the mirror, by the light
Have I the only empty heart
In an empty home tonight

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, lead and harmony vocals
Glen Alexander: Fiddle
Pamela Dale: Harmony vocals
Donny Fletcher: Percussion
Danny Guyton: Mandolin
Tom Kubn: Bass

FREE TO CHOOSE

See the lightning, hear the thunder
Smell the early signs of rain
See the darkness rolling over
Reach for freedom, touch the pain
And I feel so like a prisoner
In a cell that has no bars
If I don't lift this burden soon
I'll never reach the stars

Chorus

And I've come upon a crossroad
Where the street signs have no name
Win or lose
I'm free to choose
There's no one else to blame

There are lines out there for crossing
For some would bar my way
And they will test my judgment
I'll have nothing more to say
I'll be clear in my decisions
When I've finally made my mind
And the shoe, it would feel different
If their feet were put in mine

Chorus

Standing at this crossroad
I must listen to my heart
But the sound of other voices
Overshadows every thought
Now this road that I am travelling
I must walk it all alone
No one else can tell me what is right
And what is wrong

Chorus

See the lightning, hear the thunder
Smell the early signs of rain
See the darkness rolling over
Reach for freedom, touch the pain

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, vocals
Glen Alexander: Mandolin
Donny Fletcher: Percussion
Tom Kubn: Bass
Jack Lawrence: Lead acoustic guitar

MAGGIE'S EYES

When Maggie lets her hair down
Really comes as no surprise
That a man could lose his sanity
From just looking in her eyes
Maggie's eyes seem to sing you
A lonesome lullaby

Chorus

And the rain comes 'cross the water
And the wind is in the trees
And the strain of Maggie's lullaby
Is borne upon the breeze

Maggie's eyes can paint a picture
In tones of blue and green
That take him to streams and meadows
In a place he's never seen
And they seem to draw him in
And wrap him in a dream

Chorus

And when Maggie's feeling troubled
As people sometimes can
He holds her in his arms
Till he can make her whole again
It's his plan to forge a bond
Her blues cannot withstand

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, vocals
Glen Alexander: Violin
Donny Fletcher: Rain stick
Robert McClure: Lead acoustic guitar

NIGHT TRAIN

Not far from heaven
And not far from Asheville
In the Blue Ridge Mountains
Among the tall pines
I yearn for my lover
Who's run off for Nashville
He's waiting at the station
For that Southern train line

Chorus

Night train, night train
Go slowly 'round the bend
Roll slower than the whip-poor-wills fly
Hank said it first
Let me say it again
"I'm so lonesome I could cry"

The bees use the flowers
To make their sweet honey
It's a giving and taking
That's not meant to last
Now I've given, and you've taken
My reason for living
When that train leaves the station
It's all in the past

Chorus

Now it's cold in this cabin
As darkness surrounds me
The owls and the crickets
Seem to mock my despair
You're down at the depot
With one suitcase standing
When I next hear the whistle
You'll no longer be there

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, lead and harmony vocals
Glen Alexander: Fiddle
Donny Fletcher: Percussion, train whistle
Danny Guyton: Banjo, mandolin
Tom Kubn: Standup bass
Jack Lawrence: Lead acoustic guitar

CONGAREE

Six kids on a riverbank
Catfishing and skipping stones
It's a poor kid's paradise
A land of Eden all their own
Swimmin' hole in the summertime
Swingin' vine in a tree
There's always something to see and do
Down here on the Congaree

Grandpa sleeping in a rocking chair
Front porch of a four-room shack
Blacktop running through the front yard
A rusted Chrysler in the back
Winds of change haven't blown through here
Since 1963
May be lot longer 'fore they come again
Down here on the Congaree

Papa's in from the fields again
He's got mud up to his knees
You'd think his harvest would feed the world
But the numbers disagree
Forty acres to plant and plow
A thirteen-inch TV
A twenty-year-old Cadillac
That's life on the Congaree

Nine people sittin' down for supper
Cornbread and pinto beans
Fatback fried up nice an' brown
And a plate of collard greens
Rain pounding on a tin roof
Drowns out the voice of poverty
We always seem to make ends meet
Down here on the Congaree

As I lay me down to sleep
I lay my earthly burdens down
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
'Til the morning comes around
That's when I'll get up to see
What lies in store for me
There's always something to see and do

Down here on the Congaree

This ain't no issue of black and white
It's just pure geography
The muddy water is colorblind
Down here on the Congaree

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, vocals
Glen Alexander: Fiddle
Donny Fletcher: Percussion
Tom Kubn: Standup bass
Robert McClure: Lead acoustic guitar

TAKE ME HOME

Silver wings flying o'er heartland
Take me home
As fast as only you can
To the only place
Where my heart is free

Where the pace is slower
Than a summer's day
The southern breeze blows
My blues away
Back with all my friends
I long to be

Chorus

So blow these cobwebs from my brain
Wash them out
Like a gutter in a pouring rain
Take me home big silver plane
Take me home

It seems I've been away so long now
I can barely, barely remember how
The Charlotte skyline looks in the setting sun
I promise you, when you get me there
I'll glue my feet to the Tryon Square
Never more to roam, never more to run

Chorus

In only one more hour as the crow flies
You'll have me back beneath Carolina skies

The prettiest blue I've ever seen
So keep me safe as you take me down
And plant my feet on solid ground
Where I'll be greeted there
By a queen

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, lead and harmony vocals
Pamela Dale: Harmony vocals
Donny Fletcher: Percussion
Danny Guyton: Banjo, mandolin
Tom Kubn: Bass
Jack Lawrence: Lead acoustic guitar





Chorus

And there's a cross in the kitchen that says,
 "Jesus Saves"
 In a home full of memories that we'll take to our graves
 The fields are empty and the wolves are at the door
 The plows are rusty, we don't use them anymore
 Anymore

We raised our children here, and fed our family well
 But now our luck has changed, and all has gone to hell
 This small-time farming has a taste that's bittersweet
 The mortgage overdue, and bills that we can't meet
 We can't meet

Chorus

The truck is almost full, and we'll be leaving soon
 We'll take our clothes, the furniture, and the dishes
 if there's room
 The pictures, books, and all the other things that
 we've packed
 The Farmers Bank can have the rest, we won't be
 coming back
 Not coming back

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, lead and harmony vocals
Glen Alexander: Fiddle
Pamela Dale: Harmony vocals
Donny Fletcher: Percussion
Danny Guyton: Mandolin
Tom Kubn: Bass

EMPTY FIELDS

I can see the evening sky through the peeling
 window frame
 It's dark and cloudy, and it looks like it may rain
 This old tin roof will leak, like it has done for years
 Still it has sheltered us, and all our dreams and fears
 All our fears

This four-room wood frame house is bound to
 feel our pain
 Those dusty fields out back just have to know
 our shame
 All the memories pass my eyes, and I can't
 stop the tears
 It's almost dark, and time for leaving's getting near
 Getting near



COME HELL OR HIGH WATER

Open up an old wound
 Pour in the salt
 It don't take no genius
 To tell it's my own fault
 Wrote myself a letter
 Just to lay the blame
 It was returned to sender
 Everything's the same

I never knew my daddy
 Till he was past his prime
 Whole time I was growing up
 He was doing time
 My mother was no angel
 So I've been told
 She left me on the
 courthouse steps
 When I was six months old
 Chorus

Now I'm down in a valley
 And ice is getting thin
 But come hell or high water
 I'll hit my peak again

I grew up an aimless child
 Never knew a home
 Traveled 'round this great land
 Always alone
 But then you found me
 And you took me in
 But I was just a bit too wild
 And I hit the road again

Chorus

I saw you this morning
 Back in this old town
 I don't think you noticed me
 The rain was coming down
 But I remember sunny skies
 And walking by your side
 Now I live in shades of gray
 Never satisfied

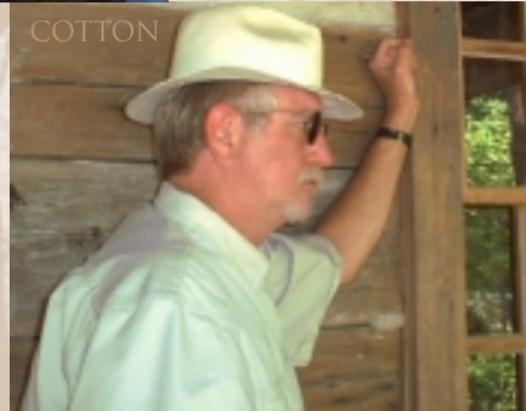


Chorus

Open up an old wound
 Pour in the salt
 It don't take no genius
 To tell it's my own fault
 Sitting in this motel room
 Remembering the scene
 Even when I close my eyes
 I see everything

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, vocals
Glen Alexander: Fiddle
David Childers: Harmonica
Donny Fletcher: Percussion
Tom Kubn: Bass
Robert McClure: Lead acoustic guitar



MARVEL MYSTERY OIL

Grandpa was a technical man
A mechanic by trade
He worked on Buicks and Chevrolets
Outside in the shade
Of a big oak tree in the back of his house
When it rained, he worked in the barn
Some of my fondest memories
Are from granddaddy's farm

Some said he was a genius
The way he made those engines run
But for him it didn't seem like work
Near as much as fun
But he had a secret weapon
When they asked him he just lied
To everyone but his grandson
In me he did confide

Chorus

"It's that Marvel Mystery Oil
Cures the ills of your engine's toils
Ain't many things that work as well
As that Marvel Mystery Oil"

Now he poured it in their crankcase
And he added it to their gas
And it seemed the more he added
The longer they would last
Sometimes I would help him
I handed him his tools
But when they came to get their car
He'd say, "Remember the rules"

Chorus

Grandpa had an old guitar
And I loved to hear him play
He'd play and sing on the front porch
At the end of every day
And as he played he sipped from a tin cup
That was sitting by his side
When I asked him what was in it
This he would reply

Chorus

But that was a long time ago
Many years now he's been gone
But my kids still love the stories
About him and his mountain home
And when I pour myself a shot
The kids all want to know
So I tell them the same story
He told me long ago
I say

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, vocals
Glen Alexander: Fiddle
Donny Fletcher: Percussion
Danny Guyton: Mandolin
Tom Kubn: Bass
Robert McClure: Lead acoustic guitar

TRINITY

Taxi's waiting, my suitcase is packed
A new sun is on the rise
Trembling fingers hold your cigarette
I see the fear in your eyes
You're not happy with the thing I've become
Right now neither am I
Let's find a moment to remember better times
Before we say our good-byes

Chorus

Telegram told me I must be real discreet
Someone will meet me on Washington Street
Repeat

Sante Fe winters are cold, I am told
The mountains are covered with snow
In my heart, winter's already here
And it feels like it's forty below
Others will join me, Oppenheimer and the rest
Many more that I should know
All our knowledge will soon culminate
In the deserts of New Mexico

Chorus

The fourth angel destroys Babylon
With fire that rains from the sky
Innocent people may soon realize this fate
With never a chance to ask why
Please forgive me for the things I must do
It's just my duty, I guess
Let's just remember the good times we've had
Before I am put to the test

Chorus

Telegram told me I must be real discreet
A woman will meet me on Washington Street

PJ Brunson: Acoustic guitar, vocals
Glen Alexander: Mandolin, fiddle
Hunter Kome: Cello
Tom Kubn: Standup bass
Jack Lawrence: Lead acoustic guitar

SAN PEDRO MOON

Sun so hot in the little island town
Fishermen sleep all afternoon
When sun goes down and sand
streets ain't so hot
They dance with the ladies
Down under the moon

Chorus

So won't you dance with me down by the seaside
Underneath the San Pedro moon
Blame it on the rum, blame it on the Belikin
Blame it on the night that will end so soon

Before the sun comes I'll go out in my fishing boat
Throw out my anchor, put my lines down
For grouper, snapper, anything I can catch
To sell to the hotels and cafes in town

Chorus

Big hotels are building on the northern end
Tall white buildings, bright disco bars

With progress go the sleepy little fishing towns
Next they pave the streets, and fill them with cars

Chorus

PJ Brunson: Acoustic Guitar, lead and harmony vocals
Glen Alexander: Mandolin, fiddle
Pamela Dale: Harmony vocals
Donny Fletcher: Percussion, baritone ukulele
Tom Kubn: Bass
Robert McClure: Lead acoustic guitar



SPECIAL THANKS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Glen Alexander
David Childers
Pamela Dale
Donny Fletcher
Danny Guyton
Hunter Kome
Tom Kuhn
Jack Lawrence
Robert McClure

SUPPORTING ROLES

Betty Brunson
Cathryn Brindle
Wally Green
Brian Hartzog
Tracey Hartzog
Jeff Vawter
Linda Whitener
Penelope Wilson

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PJ's cover photo by Michael Simpson
Cotton's photo by Carole Shelton
Studio photos by Cathryn Brindle
Hunter Kome's photo by Billy Fisher
Queen Charlotte and Belikin photos by Jim Brindle
Additional photography by Donny Fletcher

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Mastered by Dave Harris, Studio B, Charlotte, NC
Graphic art designed and produced by Ken Magas of
Ken Magas Design, Inc. and Donny Fletcher

Visit PJ online at www.pjbrunson.com



To our friends and families, thanks for your unfailing interest
and support over the years!

All songs by PJ Brunson & Jim "Cotton" Brindle.