

Courtney Marie Andrews
May Your Kindness Remain

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You're a good woman, and a good friend,
You've got a good heart, even when it's busted and bent
Lipstick and perfume, underground queen,
Wearing loneliness like a costume, for the whole world to see

And if your money runs out, and your good looks fade,
May your kindness remain

Broke on a barstool, throwing your paycheck away,
On overpriced booze, slots, and valet
Fortune might buy you diamonds, all shiny and new,
But it can't buy you happiness, or love that is true

And if your money runs out, and your good looks fade,
May your kindness remain

The richest of people aren't rich with houses, cars, or fame,
No, they're not rich with something that can be bought, or arranged
No, it's kindness that makes them beautiful,
And a kind heart don't cost a dime,
It's a gift that keeps giving, for the rest of your life

And if your money runs out, and your good looks fade,
May your kindness remain

Lift the Lonely from My Heart

I am a lonely woman who loves you,
Lonely I have always been
Many things have found their way between us,
But none more than my loneliness

Waxing, waning, always complaining
Always trying to fix what already works
Pining, mining, for a feeling I'm not finding
Looking to you to tell me what I'm worth

When morning comes, whistling comes the bluebird,
While I try to find the will to wake
My loneliness, it blurs the days together
My loneliness, it pushes you away

Working, cursing, in circles I am searching,
Looking for a cure to lift me up
Trying, lying, just to keep myself smiling
Believing that our love is strong enough

Can you still see the good inside me?
Or do you see a shell of who I was?
The loneliness has grown so much, it shadows
You, the only one I truly love

Coping, hoping, for a way of outgrowing,
These thoughts that keep me in the dark
Minding, finding, always such bad timing,
To learn that only I can ignite the spark,
Only I can lift the lonely from my heart

Two Cold Nights in Buffalo

Stuck in Nickel City, on the tainted side of a coin,
El Niño brought a blizzard, Greyhound brought a boy,
Those yellow city lights accent the gutters and the rats,
Only the cheap motels were open on the wrong side of the tracks

Two cold nights in Buffalo on the way to Syracuse
Outside town all the roads are closed
Gonna wash this rust belt new

A snowy prison out on Main St., heaters hang from the cells
A bum searches for shelter, so cold he dreams of hell,
Is that American dream dying? I hear whispers of each ghost,
Of the wealthy man who once dined in downtown Buffalo

Two cold nights in Buffalo on the way to Syracuse
Outside town all the roads are closed
Gonna wash this rust belt new, gonna wash it new

What happened to the middle class? Mom and pop 5 and dimes?

Soon they'll be knocking it all down to build that high rise
What happened to the good ol' boys throwing dice in the street?
What happened to the neighborhood, and the neighbors you would meet?
What happened to recreation? That old roller skating rink?
What happened to preserving this town's history?

Two cold nights in Buffalo on the way to Syracuse
Outside town all the roads are closed
Gonna wash this rust belt new, gonna wash it new

Rough Around the Edges

Pulled into meet you, windows down,
Duct tape mirrors, exhaust pouring out
Always late, never unwound
When will I learn to shut my mouth?

Guess I'm rough, rough around the edges
Honey, I'm rough, rough around the edges

You find the beauty in simple things,
In desert sunsets and in movie scenes
I see the flaws in all the in-betweens,
The past was cruel and it caught up with me

Guess I'm rough, rough around the edges
Honey, I'm rough, rough around the edges

Curtains closed so I can sleep in late
Nothing on the TV, but it always plays
Dirty dishes, butts in the ashtray
Don't feel like picking up the damn phone today

I'm feeling rough, rough around the edges
Honey, I'm rough, rough around the edges

If I let you down, baby, don't take it to heart
When my mind becomes a question mark
When I want closure, then I get confused
Don't believe in much, but I believe in you

I'm just rough, rough around the edges
Honey, I'm rough, rough around the edges

Border

Twenty miles down a desert road,
If he walked that far, he ain't never comin' home,
Sonoran sun, it never quits,
If you cover your neck, it'll burn your lips,
Thorns in his hair, dust in his teeth,
Coyote man, land of the free,
A water can, land of the free

There is always a reason,
A story to tell,
But you cannot measure a man until
You've been down the deepest well

"And when I get to the land of the brave,
Gonna buy me a hammer and work all day,
Send it all back to the family,
Save a few bucks for that bull canteen,
Stand outside that hardware store,
Don't matter the job they need me for."

There is always a reason,
A story to tell,
But you cannot measure a man until
You've been down the deepest well

Took You Up

Is it the journey or the destination?
Is this love or is this addiction?
If circumstances are meant to be,
What does that say about you and me?
Karaoke on a Monday night,
Television when we want to hide,
Frozen dinners when money's tight,
Makin' love on a laundry pile

Ain't got much, but we got each other,
Not much but love to offer,
I took you up

Good friends, good company,
In every corner of this country
But none of them quite get me,
The way you get me
Long drives through the countryside
Cheap motels, diners, and dives
Calling numbers on the billboard signs,
See who picks up on the other line

Ain't got much, but we got each other,
Not much but love to offer,
I took you up

Lonely even when you're standing there
In so deep, with few words to share
Sometimes love gets you so damn depressed
All you can do is hide from it
But I wouldn't have it any other way,
Wouldn't take the mansions or the getaways,
Wouldn't trade love for a million bucks,
If I have you, then that's enough

Ain't got much, but we got each other,
Not much but love to offer,
I took you up

This House

Lift up on the door, on the old rusted hinge,
The lock might be fickle, it's always been
But it's a sweet old place to keep our memories in
This house ain't much of a house, but it's a home

Empty cans on the counter, and the laundry is never done
The dogs tracked in snow and mud,
For every rose there's a weed, but every weed is welcome
This house ain't much of a house, but it's a home

The faucet might leak,
The staircase might creak,
The heater takes a while to kick in
But there's a whole lot of laughter and love

This house, this house is our home

There's a bed upstairs if you're ever in town,
Or if you need a place to get your feet back on the ground
There's coffee in the cupboard, take any food you want out,
My house, my house is your home

Tucker's buried in the yard,
Under that old oak we carved,
That porch is where you and I first kissed
And there's no shortage of laughter or love,
This house, this house is our home

Kindness of Strangers

How do you break through, when the words don't reach your lips?
In a lump inside your throat, or in a pile of could've beens
All the small talk, and the catch ups, and the empty promises
How do you dive deeper in a shallow river bed?
When the current pulls you further from what you should have said

Getting by on the kindness of strangers

When you're trying to be tender, but instead you come off cold
When your sweetness surrenders to the cruelty of this world
All the small stuff, and the bad luck, when it all becomes too much
How do you find solace in a place so quick to judge?
Do you try and play it cool, or play the part you think they'll want?

Getting by on the kindness of strangers

People come, and people go, and some will make their mark
Like an iron to the bull, a symbol in your heart,
And the ones that stick around are the hardest ones to find,
And if you can't find the closeness, you need the kindness to survive

Getting by on the kindness of strangers

I've Hurt Worse

I like you, honey, and the cool way you laugh
I like you, honey, when I argue, you argue back

I like you, honey, 'cause you don't hold the door
I like you, honey, when I'm fighting to be yours

I like when I have to call you a second time
It keeps me wondering if you are mine
Mother says we love who we think we deserve
But I've hurt worse, I've hurt worse

I like you, honey, even when I'm feeling used,
I like you, honey, you tell lies in the form of truths,
I like you, honey, even when you don't come home,
I like you, honey, being with you is like being alone

I like when I have to call you a second time
It keeps me wondering if you are mine
Mother says we love who we think we deserve
But I've hurt worse, I've hurt worse

I like you, honey, you don't listen to a word I say
I like you, honey, then you interrupt me anyway
I like you, honey, even if you only like yourself,
I like you, honey, for me and you there is no one else

I like when I have to call you a second time
It keeps me wondering if you are mine
Mother says we love who we think we deserve
But I've hurt worse, I've hurt worse

Long Road Back to You

Call me when you get to Austin,
When you're filling up at that Chevron station
Get yourself a coffee, and power through
It's a long, long road back to you

Days pass, and turn into the nights,
Those farms and fields fade into town lights,
Dip into savings, rent yourself a room,
It's a long, long road back to you

Back to you
Back to you
It's a long, long road back to you

Front porch, Luna's humming a tune,
Moon's swinging low, can you see it too?
Clouds are rolling in, soon they'll block the view
It's a long, long road back to you

Ten short of a ticket down to Denver
Borrowed cash and a bank cleared letter
Waiting for this check to come through,
It's a long, long road back to you

Back to you
Back to you
It's a long, long road back to you