

## Three White Spanish Horses Lyric Booklet

Produced by JAM, Mixed by Rex Paul Schnelle, Mastered by Jerry Tubb

### Three White Spanish Horses

by JAM & Rick Bussey

Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- Rex Paul Schnelle

Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez

Electric guitars- Rex Paul Schnelle

Banjo- Dennis "Hacksaw" Bottoms

Fiddle- Kurt Baumer

Vocals- John Arthur Martinez,

Background vocals: Rex Paul Schnelle, Mike Blakely,

John M. Greenberg

I took a route less traveled by  
A rolling ranching road  
There were no eighteen wheelers  
There were no heavy loads.  
Where I waded to a weathered man  
In a worn out step side truck  
Made me smile when he waded back  
On the freeway no such such luck  
V.2: I drove through miles of cotton fields  
And white clouds in the sky  
So the white streaks in the distance  
Well they barely caught my eye  
I pulled onto the shoulder  
As the ghosts moved into focus  
Was it my imagination?  
Three cotton colored horses!  
Chorus: Three white Spanish horses  
Across Comanche lands  
Three white Spanish horses  
Untamed with no man's brand  
No bridle and no saddle  
They were running straight for me  
Three white Spanish horses wild and free  
This vision led me to a time  
No cattle guards and fences  
To a land not yet named Texas  
When they first came with the horses  
I could picture open spaces  
Comanche riding bareback  
On the horses they had captured  
Herds of bison still intact  
V.4: It took me to the cotton field  
I worked by Grandpa's side  
It led me to the white horse  
That only he could ride  
Then I saw the weathered man again  
He drove with more conviction  
He pulled a two horse trailer  
I soon understood his mission  
VERSE 5: I heard him holler "Cotton!"  
And the lead horse turned his way  
The younger horses followed  
Into the opened gate  
And he traveled at a horses trot  
Cotton followed still unsaddled  
As they headed to his homestead  
In this land of horse and cattle  
Three white Spanish horses  
Across Comanche lands  
Three white Spanish horses  
I never saw the rancher's brand  
No bridle and no saddle  
They were running straight for me  
Three white Spanish horses wild and free

### These Sacred Lands

by John Arthur Martinez

Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- Mark Epstein

Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez

Percussion- Luiz Coutinho de Souza

Electric guitars- James Mitchell

Nahuatl Flute (tlapitzalli)- Caleb Scott Rojas

Fiddle- Kurt Baumer

Vocals- John Arthur Martinez,

Background vocals: John M. Greenberg, JAM

Listen close; hear the gray wolf speak  
To la luna llena, a Tohono night  
Cactus wren, a bee in her beak  
Watch her feed her young in the morning light  
Feel the spirit at Cathedral Rock  
Where Apache prayed; the white wing's coo  
If you meet the red-tail hawk  
Say your own before the day is through  
You can't begin to understand  
Until you've walked these sacred lands  
Dart like a deer through the red rock seems  
Sage on the wind; sun on your face  
Float like the fish in a Pima stream in  
The coolest creek on the warmest day  
A desert rain smell the creosote  
Or further north; ponderosa pines  
Stop for a spell as the sun sets low  
On Sinagua trails; Colorado skies  
You can't begin to understand  
Until you've walked these sacred lands  
Hear the song the sparrow sings  
In harmony with the river notes  
In aspens near Cococino springs  
Like the Hopi and the Navajo  
Walk the trails of el Gran Cañón  
Like the Hualapais of the Pueblos  
Hide in the shade of a tall piñon  
And let these wonders fill your soul  
You can't begin to understand  
Until you've walked these sacred lands  
No, you will never understand  
Until you've walked these sacred lands

**The Phone Call** by JAM & Jan Grape

Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- Mark Epstein

Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez

Electric guitars- James Mitchell

Piano- Matt Rollings, Fiddle- Kurt Baumer

Vocals- John Arthur Martinez,

Background vocals: Mike Blakely,

John M. Greenberg

You freed me from the falling rain  
When you called me this early Monday morning  
You heard the wind and felt my pain  
Instinctively you knew I was alone  
You brought up our shenanigans  
We reminisced until the sun was shining  
About the crazy things we did for grins  
You kept me talking on the phone  
You freed me from a faithless night  
As you recalled my early stabs at poetry  
Inspired by the Pedernales high  
And Willie's show outside of town  
And the broken gasoline gauge  
The cold night with Amanda in my Chevy  
The day the Allman Brothers took the stage

With Jerry Jeff at Manor Downs

You freed my soul with laughter

When we spoke about the New  
Year's Eve in Nolanville

The awkward ride with your dad

So we could post your bail on New Year's Day

Talk turned to the early Wheel,

Rusty Wier, the Spoke and Armadillo,

Songs we shared, how music heals

How it's all part of every show I play

How do you know just when to call

How do you know I'm in free fall

You freed me with your faithful words

You listened when I chose to

speak more fearlessly

You lifted me with lyrics I first learned

On the old guitar you gave me

Kristofferson still speaks the truth

I still play so many of those melodies

So last night when I felt the blues

The phone call on a stormy Monday saved me.

### Once upon a Pawn Shop Ring

by JAM & Yvonna Martinez

Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- Mark Epstein

Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez

Electric guitars- James Mitchell

Piano- Matt Rollings

Fiddle- Kurt Baumer

Rob's Mandolin- Mike Blakely

Vocals- John Arthur Martinez,

Background vocals: Mike Blakely,

John M. Greenberg

The man behind the counter

Gladly took my fine guitar

He offered two Ben Franklins

As he chewed on his cigar

It was a prize possession

Of rosewood, pearl and string

I hocked my handmade heirloom

For a pawn shop wedding ring

Chorus: Once upon a pawn shop ring

Our love was sworn aloud

The symbol of eternity

From another's broken vow

God can work his miracles

Through every little thing

He works in a strange way

Once upon a pawn shop ring

And on our anniversary

I bought a brand new band

Never worn by any woman

Never sold to any man

She whispered as she opened

The small box from the store,

"Our old pawn shop wedding ring

Still means so much more"

Chorus: Once upon a pawn shop ring

Our love was sworn aloud

The symbol of eternity

From another's broken vow

God can work his miracles

Through every little thing

He works in a strange way

Once upon a pawn shop ring

# Three White Spanish Horses Lyric Booklet

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**Sweet on You** by JAM, Finlay & Blakely

*Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- William Morse*

*Cowbell- Rex Paul Schnelle*

*Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez*

*Electric guitars- Scott Boland, Rex Paul Schnelle,*

*Organ- Rex Paul Schnelle*

*Accordion- Josh Baca, Fiddle- Kurt Baumer*

*Vocals- John Arthur Martinez*

*Background vocals: Mike Blakely,*

*John M. Greenberg*

Honey if your hungry sit down at the table

I've got the oven on high

If you're really' thirsty here's a magic bottle

It'll never run dry

Anything you want I've got

I can fulfill your dreams

If you can stand the fire move a little closer,

If you know what I mean

And If you want some candy baby

I'm sweet on you

Sweeter than the sugar cane

Sweet on you

I got more than plenty; You won't need to worry; I got

tender to burn

I'll show you every spicy recipe--a momma

Wouldn't want you to learn

I know they've always warned you girl

About a boy like me

Temperature's a rising--love is what is cookin'

It's all you'll ever need

And If you want some candy baby

I'm sweet on you

Sweeter than the sugar cane; Sweet on you

And If you want some candy baby

I'm sweet on you

Sweeter than the sugar cane; Sweet on you

I'm an all day sucker for your love

Ain't nothing I won't do

Sweeter than the sugar cane

I'm sweet on you. sweet on you

Sweet on you; sweet on you

## **Port Aransas Standard Time**

*by jam & Yvonna Martinez*

*Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- Ron Flynt*

*Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez*

*Electric guitars- James Mitchell*

*Accordion- Josh Baca, Fiddle- Kurt Baumer*

*Vocals- John Arthur Martinez,*

*Background vocals: Pauline Reese,*

*John M. Greenberg*

It's a walk at morning tide

As you watch the waking rays

Rising higher in the sky

On a lazy Lone Star day

It's a mother and her child

Searching for the perfect shell

One that always brings a smile

As the salty waters swell

*Chorus:* Port Aransas Standard Time

A song waiting to be rhymed

And the melodies you'll hear

(like the dolphins whistling near)

Are so pleasing to the ear

A guitar in perfect tune

With the ocean baritone

The seagulls chuckling cries

(a chorus in the Tarpon sky)

Port Aransas Standard Time

It's an old man shoreline fishing

On the Gulf of Mexico

It's a great blue heron soaring

As another angler trolls

It's dinner caught that very day:

Blackened redfish on the town

A slow drive on the causeway

spirits up Windows down

It's an island education

For the coed undergrads

A mid-semester celebration

But it's so much more than that

It's a weekend riviera

For the working nine to five

It's a perfect margarita

It's where the soul can be revived

## **Take the Time To Love**

*By Alex Harvey & jam*

*Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- Mark Epstein*

*Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez*

*Percussion- Luiz Coutinho de Souza II*

*Electric guitars- James Mitchell, Rex Paul Schnelle,*

*Piano- Matt Rollings,*

*Fiddle- Kurt Baumer, Violin- Keenan Fletcher*

*Vocals- John Arthur Martinez,*

*Background vocals: Mike Blakely, John M.*

*Greenberg, Pauline Reese, Rex Schnelle*

Whatever it might take baby I won't hesitate

Nothing I won't do for you

Don't have a thing to prove

My daddy in his day was settled in his ways

If he were here he'd be the first

To tell you this is true

*Chorus:* Take the time to love

Love the time it takes

Take the time to love

It's a choice you have to make

Mmmm, take the time to love

I still don't understand

Why you wouldn't let it end

You had every reason

Wouldn't blame you if you did

You would not give up on me

What you knew that I could be

You're the living proof of every

word my Daddy said *Repeat Chorus*

## **The Man That I Am**

*by JAM & Vip Viperman*

*Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- Mark Epstein*

*Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez*

*Electric guitars- Will Owen Gage*

*Steel- Lloyd Maines*

*Vocals- John Arthur Martinez,*

*Background vocals: Pauline Reese*

She dreams my dreams

She knows what I know

She sees things in me

That don't even show

When I say I can't

She says, "Yes you can"

She loves the man that I am

*Chorus:* She not only believes in what I can be

My baby loves the man that I am

She loves the man that I am

An honest week's pay

A wife I adore

But living day to day

There had to be more

She said, "let's take a chance

Like we did on romance"

She loves the man that I am *Repeat Chorus:*

Still ain't easy doing what we do

Somehow we will make it all come true

*Repeat Chorus (twice):*

## **A Little More Cowbell Please** by jam with thanks to

*Victoria Fields for the cowbell gift*

*Drums & Cowbell- Walter Cross,*

*Bass- William Morse*

*Acoustic guitar- John Arthur Martinez*

*Electric guitars- James Mitchell,*

*Accordion- Josh Baca,*

*Congas & Cowbell-Luiz Coutinho de Souza II*

*Fiddle- Kurt Baumer,*

*Organ- Rex Paul Schnelle*

*Vocals- John Arthur Martinez,*

*Background vocals: Steve London, Joe Fields, Laura*

*Towers, McCayla Taylor, Tessa Smith, Josh Baca,*

*Kim Carsons, Mike Blakely, John M. Greenberg,*

*Falon Marya, Yvonna Martinez, Mariah Rhoades,*

*Free Untermyer*

It almost felt like Elvis

at the state fair up in Dallas

I was tuning up my guitar

as the sound man hollered at us

Okay let's hear the kick drum;

let me hear you crack the snare

As he moved onto the tom toms

you could feel it moving air

The drummer started groovin';

you could hear the cymbals ringin'

The sound man kept on tweaking

as he shouted one more thing:

A little more cowbell please

(A little more cowbell please)

We've opened up for Yoakum

in the Rio Grande Valley

We've played a show with Elton

we've even done the Opry

There were thousands at the Rendezvous

in a field in southern France

So many sound and light crews,

a few too many soundchecks

We went unplugged when the breakers blew on a stage  
in Pflugerville

We mic'd and beat a plywood case

no need to mic the cowbell

A little more cowbell please

(A little more cowbell please)

A little more cowbell please

(A little more cowbell please)

Drummer won't you set the beat

Bassman hold the bottom down

Let me hear the congas speak

Guitar play the rhythm now

Fiddler make the fiddle sing

Now the cowbell on count of three:

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one, two, three  
Last night with little fanfare  
at the Spring Ho in Lampasas  
Reminiscing 'bout the state fair  
and the engineer from Dallas  
A dude was mixing front of house;  
I could tell he knew his stuff  
But the mix on stage was way too loud  
I didn't hear quite enough  
I need a little more me;  
my guitar is too compressed  
It's my name on the marquis!  
And then I shouted out in jest.  
A little more cowbell please  
(three times)

## I Make Her Laugh

*by jam, Keith MacDonnell & Todd Caudill*  
*Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- William Morse*  
*Acoustic guitar- john Arthur martinez*  
*Electric guitars- Will Owen Gage*  
*Fiddle- Kurt Baumer, Dobro- Lloyd Maines*  
*Vocals- john Arthur martinez,*  
*Background vocals: Rex Paul Schnelle*  
Do you want to know how a guy like me  
Won the heart of the girl in every boy's dream?  
I make her laugh. I make her laugh.  
It's not my good looks like you might believe  
Not my F150 or my money tree  
I make her laugh. I make her laugh  
*Chorus:* I make her laugh  
when she doesn't even feel like smilin'  
I make her laugh  
sometimes when I'm not even trying  
And her laugh is the sweetest music  
the sweetest sound I've ever heard  
And all is right in this crazy world  
When I make her laugh  
I'll make her giggle until she cries  
With my funny faces and my corny lines  
I make her laugh. I make her laugh  
She'll do anything when I tickle her toes  
Gotta love a lover who'll laugh at your jokes  
I make her laugh. I make her laugh  
If you want to know the reason why  
We're still in love after all this time  
*Repeat Chorus*  
And all is right in this crazy, crazy world  
When I make her laugh

## Holding Hands by JAM & Robert Foster

When we first held hands on this old road  
The love was young but love would grow  
The dream I dreamed of me and you  
Through twists and turns, hills and curves,  
the dream came true  
It's holding hands and taking walks  
It's inside jokes and late-night talks  
Day in day out, I understand  
It's all about holding hands  
You brought my son, into this world  
Then another one, and a baby girl  
New bills to pay, young souls to fee  
With our blind Faith, and the love we shared, we  
made ends meet  
We held their hands, they learned to walk

Knock-knock jokes and baby talk  
Day in day out, I understand  
It's all about the holding hands  
And when the devil came with so much pain  
I held your hands we cried and prayed  
The doctors said, it's all they can do  
But you were stronger so much stronger than the devil  
knew  
It's holding hands and taking walks  
It's inside jokes and prayer-filled talks  
Day in day out, I understand  
It's all about the holding hands, the holding hands

## No One by jam

*Drums- Walter Cross, Bass- Ron Flynt*  
*Percussion- Luiz Coutinho de Souza II*  
*Acoustic guitar- john Arthur martinez*  
*Organ- Rex Paul Schnelle*  
*Piano- Matt Rollings*  
*Fiddle- Kurt Baumer*  
*Vocals- john Arthur martinez,*  
*Background vocals: Pauline Reese,*  
*John M. Greenberg*  
Dadada dadada dadadadada  
Dadada dadada dadadadada dada da da  
All of my friends have run off to be married  
All of my friends have run off to be married  
I have no one. No one, only my self  
I have no one  
Always told my friends I don't want to marry  
Always told my friends I don't want to marry  
I fool no one  
No one, only my self. I fool no one  
But in the country lives a girl  
Is she waiting for me  
Dadada dadada dadadadada  
Dadada dadada dadadadada  
dada da da  
Wedding bells ringing begin to annoy me  
Wedding bells ringing begin to annoy me  
I have no one. No one, only my self  
I have no one  
Dadada dadada dadadada  
Dadada dadada dadadadada

## Adios My Friends

*by Keith MacDonnell & JAM*  
*Shalalala Shalalala Shalalala Oooh*  
*Shalalala Shalalala Shalalala Oooh*  
Behind the mic on center stage  
The view has been tremendous  
Compelling smiles on every face  
Spinning boots and dresses  
The waitress takes your empty cans  
You tip her five more dollars  
I hear last call above the din  
Soon the moment will be over  
Let us sing you one last song  
Then adios my friends  
One slow dance before we're gone  
Until we meet again  
Hasta luego y adios my friends  
*Shalalala Shalalala Shalalala Oooh*  
*Shalalala Shalalala Shalalala Oooh*  
I raise my glass to everyone  
You deserve a hand

We can tell you've had your fun  
As much fun as the band  
They've flashed the lights to let us know  
It's time to shut her down  
The fiddle plays the final notes  
Till the next time we're in town  
Let us sing you one last song  
Then adios my friends  
One slow dance before we're gone  
Until we meet again  
Hasta luego y adios my friends  
Hasta luego y adios my friends  
*Shalalala Shalalala Shalalala Oooh*  
*Shalalala Shalalala Shalalala Oooh*  
*Shalalala Shalalala Shalalala Oooh*  
*Shalalala Shalalala Shalalala Oooh*

## Three White Spanish Horses Lyric Booklet

*Produced by JAM, Mixed by Rex Paul Schnelle, Mastered by Jerry Tubb*

Executive Producers: Harry Levine REALTOR (JPAR® Real Estate) • Steve & Merlene London

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Mix Engineer: Rex Paul Schnelle

Mastering Engineer: Jerry Tubb (Terra Nova Mastering)

Cover Painting & Artwork: Randy Rudman

Album & Lyric Booklet Design: Chuck Williams

JAM Bio: Jan Grape

### Thank you family, friends and fans:

Robert & Amber Schmitz • Susan Patten • Tim & Dee Dahlstrom • John & Laura Towers • Keith MacDonnell • Ellen Purcell • Stan & Karalina Venable • Joe McSpadden • Julie Kuusilehto • Jessica Ortiz • Lenora Shope • Ginny Norris • Jessica Ortiz • Terry Ortiz • John & Hortense Gutierrez • Linda Worley • Jim & Jamie Morris • Gregory & Laura Morris • Britton & Kristine Waldron • Kirk & Fay Kinley • Ed Booker • Stuart Jackson • Michael Bielfeldt • Thell Prueitt • Robbi Fish-Lake • Frank Reilly • Victoria R Zafft • Donna Massie • Christa Simmons • Rose Ferrara-Love • Karla Lee • Kelly Mark • Willy Zwahlen • Jeff & Cheryl Key • Christina Holloway • Falon Marya



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