

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

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

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:

Three White Spanish Horses Lyric Booklet

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

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

Engineers: JAM • John M. Greenberg • Ely Smith • Rex Paul Schnelle • Chris Latham

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



Thank you patrons:

Jan H. Morris • Barbara Bend • John & Carolyn McGrew • Bob & Diana Linder • Ken & Karen Blake • John Chalmers • Craig & Marsha Hildreth • Charlie & Mata Cox • Dr. Brooks & Marian Blake • Bob & Marilyn Robbins • Robert & Diana Linder • Dr. David Weber • Dean & Marcella Smith • Brandon & Angela Smith • Bill & Elise Reid • Allen's Boots • DR Strings • Willis-Smith Inspections • Hill Country National Bank

www.johnarthurmartinez.net

Bookings: info@johnarthurmartinez.net

International bookings: info@is-music.ch

PO Box 268

Marble Falls, TX 78654

Copyright 2022 by JAM Records, all rights reserved.

Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws