

SAN ANTONIO WOMAN LYRIC BOOKLET

San Antonio Woman by Kent Finlay & JAM

Kent and I would meet halfway between his home near San Marcos, Texas and mine in Marble Falls, at an old hand-set bowling alley in Blanco with an old fashioned Southern cafe in the front. This was one of the first we wrote together back in the 1900's but it lay on the shelf collecting dust. After he lost his third bout with cancer I realized I should put it on the album, which I dedicate to his memory. He was a mentor to many, George Strait, Randy Rogers, Bruce Robison, Terri Hendrix, Todd Snider, and many more.

San Antonio woman
Walk with me beside the rio
Mi corazón es tuyo
The moon is big and bright
San Antonio woman
Snuggle closer to me
I love the way you love me
You always do me right
There's mischief in your Spanish eyes
And music in the air
We'll dance until the flowers fall
From your long black hair
San Antonio woman
San Antonio woman
Let's make our own fiesta
Esta noche es nuestra
As the mariachi plays
San Antonio woman
Let the night surround you
I'll wrap my arms around you
Let your worries fade away

You Were That Oak by JAM

So I used to perform every week at a place in my hometown called the Jammin' House. The owner would have me and my compadre Mike Blakely share only our original songs. After his unexpected passing his younger sister shared the most amazing family story, his eulogy, at our local Methodist church. It was about a huge oak on their family property that was suddenly missing, she ended her story by telling her brother "You were that oak to me." I feel the same way about my grandfathers, the three of them. You see I was also close to my stepfather's father, as well as my natural grandfathers. John Dyer has produced a video to help promote the song and the album: <http://www.dyerphotography.com/>.

The live oak past the old red barn
Grew stronger through the drought
Roots so deep and branches
Reaching higher toward the clouds
I spent most every summer there
When I was out of school
Beneath its shade I learned to love
The strength I saw in you.

You Were That Oak (cont.)

You were that oak to me. You were that oak to me
I could almost touch the setting sun
When you pushed me on the swing
You made of barnyard wood and rope
No you didn't waste a thing
From that limb I watched you work
What you would do--what you would give
You weren't one to quote the book
It was how you chose to live
You were that oak to me. You were that oak to me
Oh, then lightning struck one day
Our tears couldn't save that tree
No, things never were the same
It also took a part of me
Today we're gathered dressed in black
At the church where we would go
They asked me if I'd say some words
About the man I'd known
I told them all about an oak
Just past the old red barn
How there's an empty space
An empty place inside my heart
You were that oak to me. You were that oak to me

This Is America (I've Got Your Six) by JAM

I've met and I know soldiers returning from recent battlefields who are battling their inner demons. We want them to know they don't have to do that alone. Here's link to [video](https://youtu.be/z6Zb_JWZPsg): https://youtu.be/z6Zb_JWZPsg. You'll love the background vocals by Drew Womack, the former lead singer for Sons of the Desert who did the backing vocals on "I Hope You Dance." We hope the song will bring healing to those who are in need of it.

This is America. And soldier I just wanted you to know
You're not alone as you feel the pain of every single blow
Now you've come home
I know that there are wounds that some can't see
This is America. I'm HERE for you like you were **there** for me.
I've got your six, (this is America)
I've got your back
Through every inner conflict
AS the wheels come off the tracks
I've got your six, (this is America)
And I've got your back
This is America. I'm a soldier and yes I know your pain
I'm a veteran and I'm sitting at your six o'clock today
This is your family
the black, the brown, the red, the white, the blue.
This is America.
Like you you were THERE for me I'm **here** for you.

Everything I Never Knew I Wanted by JAM & Blakely

My wife and I had just watched When Fools Rush In with Salma Hayek and Matthew Perry. Salma's character of Mexican descent was courted by Matthew's character of Anglo persuasion and she was bring him over to Mama's house to meet Papa, and her Mexican brothers. Later in the film, as she tried to push him away because of their vast differences he replied to her, "You're everything I never knew I wanted." The similarities to my wife and me were quite obvious.

She speaks with her hands
She hears with her eyes
She sees with her heart
She laughs as she cries
She sings like the sun
She shines like a song
A familiar refrain I never knew all along
She's everything I never knew I wanted (harmonies)
The missing part I never knew I needed (harmonies)
She's perfection--she's a mess (ooos)
And nothing less than everything (harmonies)
She's everything I never knew I wanted (harmonies)
A race in the sand
A dance in the rain
The snow in the fall
A splash of Champagne
She rhymes like sea
And flows like a verse
She's Shakespeare to me
And love unrehearsed
And she feels the same, the way I do (harmony underlined)
She feels the same, the way I do (harmony underlined)
I can't believe she loves me too. (harmony underlined)

Still No Rain in Texas By Roger Grider & JAM

Believe it or not, this is a co-write from my previous Kickstarter campaign where one of my rewards offered the opportunity to co-write a song for me. The song was inspired by the drought that struck Texas a few years ago, comparing the woman's lack of fulfillment to the farmland's lack of rain.

Tail lights fading out of sight on a dusty Texas road
Leave me with a heavy heart and such a heavy load
I said I wouldn't fight this fight--I wouldn't wage this war
You're really leaving me this time-- ain't like it was before
I feel some raindrops on my cheek
but there ain't no rain in sight
No there's still no rain in Texas tonight.
Still no rain Still no rain
There's clouds beyond the mesa where your lights fade into black
I don't see it raining; don't believe you're coming back
I guess you're like our farmland you were desperate for the rain
I guess I'm like the empty clouds that do nothing for your pain
No these are teardrops on my cheek; it's clear I've lost the fight
There's still no rain in Texas tonight.
Still no rain Still no rain Still no rain in Texas.

Still No Rain in Texas (cont.)

What I wouldn't do to hear the tapping on the roof
What I wouldn't do to feel my shoulders next to you
The big old bed is too much so I take the easy chair
Outside the wind is taunting me so I say a little prayer
I pray the clouds do something as I turn out the lights
There's still no rain in Texas tonight.
Still no rain Still no rain Still no rain in Texas.

I Dare You by JAM & Yvonna Martinez

After our first real date I arrogantly told my future wife not to fall for me. She responded, "Well I dare you not to fall in love with me." Yes, we're still married!

I said don't fall for me it won't last forever
Just hold me close and keep your heart free
Then she smiled and said without any doubt
I'll be fine just wait and see
But I dare you not to fall in love with me
She said don't tell me who I can love
I'll love you if it's meant to be
But I dare you not to fall in love with me
A month went by & I could not forget her
Her hope filled green eyes kept haunting me
And every night her voice called out
In every restless dream
I dare you not to fall in love with me
She said don't tell me who I can love
I'll love you if it's meant to be
But I dare you not to fall in love with me
She said don't tell me who I can love
I'll love you if it's meant to be
But I dare you not to fall in love with me
No don't tell me who I can love
I'll love you if it's meant to be
But I dare you; yes I dare you
Oohh I dare you not to fall in love with me
I double dare you not to fall in love with me

'Til I'm Feelin' Well! By JAM

Like many musicians, many blues-singers before me, music is my therapy. Lyrics boldly state that I will play my music until I'm feeling well. You'll love the blues fiddle and guitars.

I'm gonna cry, I'm gonna moan, just might repeat myself
I'm gonna moan and cry, just might repeat myself
No pills, no booze! Gonna sing 'til I'm feelin' well.
I'm feelin' strong, I'm doing good, no more sinkin' spells
I'm getting good and strong, no more sinkin' spells
I'll make a joyful noise, Lordy, 'til I'm feelin' well.
I'm gonna pick, I'm gonna play, these ol' blues all to hell
I'm gonna play and pick, this ol' blues all to hell
No crack or jack! Gonna play 'til I'm feelin' well.
I'm feelin' strong, I'm doing good, no more sinkin' spells
I'm getting good and strong, no more sinkin' spells
I'll make a joyful noise, Lordy, 'til I'm feelin' well.

Everything Tastes Better With Beer

by JAM & Keith MacDonnell

This is the second song born out of my previous Kickstarter campaign and even before the album has been release it's already become an often requested number at my live shows.

Now that I can't drink beer because of the gluten it contains I really miss the cold ones, especially with a plate of enchiladas!

Have you ever noticed every city large or small
Has at least one local dish that's loved by one and all...

I've done years of research (and the evidence is clear)

Everything tastes better with beer

In Austin it's the barbecue with an ice cold Shiner Bock
The famous Boston baked beans; Sam Adams makes 'em talk
Birmingham's fried chicken tastes great with Straight To Ale

In Buffalo the chicken wings and the Flying Bison Pale

I've done years of research (in cities far and near)

Everything tastes better with beer

The tingling taste of Yuengling & a good 'ol Philly cheesesteak
In Baltimore a Natty Boh will enhance the taste of crab cakes

A slice or two of deep dish and Chicago's Old Style Pils

A Miller with Milwaukee's brats will surely cure your ills.

I've done years of research (still grinning ear to ear)

Everything tastes better with beer

Don't worry I won't name you every city, dish or brew

But I'll dang sure have a taco & a cold Lone Star with you!

I've done years of research (and the evidence is clear)

Everything tastes better (this song goes well with beer!)

Everything tastes better (even beer goes well with beer!)

Everything tastes better with beer

Cry-In-Your-Beer Country Song

By JAM and Ande Rasmussen

An old cowboy gave me a request in Kerrville, Texas, west of San Antonio, many years ago to play an honest to goodness cry-in-your-beer country song instead of the modern junk he was hearing on the radio. This song is that story.

The band was on fire; we didn't miss a lick

We had 'em on the dance floor; we played hit after hit

When a solitary cowboy looking sad and heartbroke

Walked intently to the bandstand with a paper napkin note

He was straight from the jobsite; you could tell by his shirt

He carried himself proudly, but you could sense he'd been hurt

With his hat over heart in a simple act of kindness

He tipped the band a dollar and then he gave me this request

Play an honest to goodness cry-in-your-beer country song

One bluer than bluest blues for a fool who's been wronged

One that would make hank proud

Please turn the steel up loud

Play an honest to goodness cry-in-your-beer country song

So I counted off a slow one; every player played his part

As the steel cried so sadly we played "Cold, Cold, Heart"

Then the solitary cowboy raised the bottle in his hand

Wiped a teardrop from his eyes and tipped his old hat to the

band

Cry-In-Your-Beer Country Song (cont.)

In my weathered guitar case

I still carry that old cowboys paper napkin note

And if I need some inspiration

I reread those words he wrote

So if I'm ever going through the motions

Or thinking I should quit

I think about what that old cowboy from San Antonio Texas

And play an honest country song like I mean it.

An Early Thursday Morning By JAM

My sisters have been after me to record this song since I first wrote it in 1983 during my college days at Southwest Texas State University, now called Texas State. I had been up writing songs, instead of studying, so late one Wednesday night this it became an early Thursday morning. A robin sat near me in the mall so he I and I wrote this song together. It was the among the first songs that I wrote that became regularly requested by my friends at the Catholic Student Union and at my shows with Sergio Campos, Raul Ramon, and Amy Whatshername?

One early Thursday morning

Only birds about me singing

The small town working men were passing by

I was caught up in my strumming

So I didn't see him coming

A whistling feathered friend who sat near by

I think he liked my picking

And I know I linked his singing

So the two of us composed a lullaby

Me and a Robin singing harmony

He sang the lead and I joined in

We were singing oohh oohh

We love these dawn lit mornings

When the life about is glowing

And the small town working men are passing by

When the early sun is rising

It paints a red and orange horizon

The small fish ponds reflect like mirrored glas

We sang one final chorus

To the world that was before us

My whistling feathered friend soon fluttered past

Me and a Robin singing harmony

He sang the lead and I joined in

We were singing:

Goodbye good night you've sure been good to me

Good morning sunshine shining down on me

El Paso by Marty Robbins

This song I dedicate to my mother who bought the family a great sounding Motorola Hi-Fi, made of beautiful wood and great electronics--for 15 bucks I recall. In the storage compartment were many great works on vinyl including music by Marty Robbins. I became a fan instantly. Thanks mom!

El Paso (cont.)

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso
I fell in love with a Mexican girl.
Nighttime would find me in Rose's Cantina,
Music would play and Felina would whirl.
Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina,
Wicked and evil while casting a spell.
My love was strong for this Mexican maiden,
I was in love, but in vain I could tell.
CH: One night a wild young cowboy came in,
Wild as the West Texas wind...
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing,
With wicked Felina, the girl that I love. So in anger...
I challenged his right for the love of this maiden;
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore.
My challenge was answered, less than a heartbeat
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.
Just for a moment I stood there in silence,
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done.
Many thoughts ran through my mind as I stood there;
I had but one chance and that was to run.
Out through the back door of Rose's I ran,
Out where the horses were tied...
I caught a good one; he looked like he could run,
Up on his back and away I did ride. Just as fast as
I could from the West Texas town of El Paso,
Out thru the badlands of New Mexico.
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless;
Everything's gone in life nothing is left.
It's been so long since I've seen young maiden
My love is stronger than my fear of death.
I saddled up and away I did go,
Riding alone in the dark...
Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me,
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart
And as last here I am on the hill overlooking El Paso,
I can see Rose's Cantina below.
My love is strong and it pushes me onward,
Down off the hill to Felina I go.
Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys,
Off to my left ride a dozen or more.
Shouting and shooting; I can't let them catch me,
I've got to make it to Rose's back door.
Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel
A deep burning pain in my side...
It's getting harder to stay in the saddle.
I'm getting weary, unable to ride.
But my love for Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen;
Though I am weary, I can't stop to rest.
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle,
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.
From out of nowhere, Felina has found me,
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for,
One little kiss and Felina goodbye.

If You Like That Sort of Thing by JAM & Blakely

As I was pulling into the entry of my longtime co-writer's ranch I was impressed by a huge century plant was blooming along the dirt road that led to the farmhouse. I saw bluebonnets, paintbrush, daisies, fire wheels, and even cactus blooming in abundance. As I reached the porch of Mike Blakely's ranch house where he was hosting a songwriters retreat I asked him how he put up with all of it. He said, "It's all right if you like that sort of thing." I said, "I do," and we wrote this song.

Does the sunset make my day?
With the girl I love best
With my arm around her waist
On the hilltop looking west
Do I like the southern breeze?
And the song the bobwhite sings
Tell you kindly it's all right
If you like that sort of thing
Do I like these wild hues?
On the canvas grassy green
Fire wheels and bluebell blues
Daisies making such a scene
Surrounded by the prickly pear
See it all from our porch swing
Tell you kindly it's alright
If you like that sort of thing
And I do! And I do!
As much as poets love the Spring
Yes it's true! Yes it's true!
I truly love that sort of thing.
A cold one leaning on the plow?
Underneath the Texas sun
Sweat still dripping on the brow
When the planting day is done
Seeds we sow with our own hands
With a joy that farming brings
Tell you, kindly, it's alright
If you like that sort of thing.
What about a gentle rain?
Tapping on the farmhouse roof
The morning doves upon the plain
Who bid the whippoorwill adieu.
The windmill whistling right along
Sparrow passing with a zing
Tell you, kindly, it's alright
If you like that sort of thing

Before I Could Even Learn Her Name by JAM

This is a fantasy born out of several scenarios, the first being how I was smitten by a lovely young woman who left before I could even learn her name. I set it in New Orleans, but I had yet to go there at the time. The second was being a festival of 1000 wines in Eisenstadt, Austria where I went with two Austrian school teachers when I was just out of college.

I fell in love in New Orleans
before I could even learn her name
when I saw her dancing on the street
without any fear of the falling rain
The tears of the sun or caressing her face
but her pleasure could not hide her pain
Je beau amour au Mardi Gras
Before I could even learn her name
The raindrops had dampened herself dress
but they could not wash away her smile
and her truthful eyes could not conceal
she hadn't loved in quite a while
through the artists in malls and the carnival stalls
I helplessly trailed like a child
Je beau amour au Mardi Gras
before I could even learn her name
The echoes of her laughter haunt me still
A slave to memories against my will
I hear her whisper softly this is what was meant to be
before I could even learn her name
I was awakened by the sun
expecting to find her by my side
but all I could see where the sleeping streets
my vision had vanished with the night
and the rain had stopped falling so I started calling
but to whom I did not know her name
Je beau amour au Mardi Gras
before I could even learn her name

I Will Rise. I Will Rise. by Ande Rasmussen & JAM

inspired by the poem [MAYA ANGELOU: "Still I Rise"](#)

Song dedicated to Ryan, Aubrie, Falon & Mariah

This last song, I dedicate to the four children I helped my wife raise, not mine biologically, but certainly mine in every other way. I want them to know and believe that they don't have to be defined by any of their hardships.

I will rise. I will rise.

Like the dust floating high

In the the warm desert skies

I will rise. I will rise!

And when I get knocked down even though it will hurt

I will get off the ground of the dry desert dirt

I'll stand up so tall with my feet on the land

I won't let the fall define who I am

And then I'll start to walk with the sun in my face

And the breeze at my back to a much higher place

Yes I'll meet this test with hope in my eyes

As Maya said best, "But still, like dust, I'll rise"