

Wind in My Sails

Sandy Sherman and Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

When I stare at the photographs
Of the way that I used to be
Is that sweet young girlish figure
Just a memory?
But I've finally come to grips now
When a gray hair makes me blue
Since I can't hold back the river of time
I might as well sail through

Chorus:

I've still got some wind in my sails
The open seas of all my dreams are calling me
I'll steer clear where fools will tread
Or I'll steer straight, full steam ahead
While I still got some wind in my sails

I've been through troubled waters
And I've faced the winds of change
Though I've added candles to my cake
That cake still tastes the same
There's a lot of people out there
In the same boat that I know
Hey, there ain't no need for droppin' anchor yet
When there's plenty of miles to go

(Repeat Chorus)

Somewhere between the Blue Lagoon
And on Golden Pond
There's an ocean of happiness
My heart is riding on

(Repeat Chorus)

While I still got some wind in my sails
I'm gonna keep an even keel
With this ol' heart behind the wheel
And the wind in my sails

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Cast a Stone upon the Water

Sandy Sherman and Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

Cast a stone upon the water
See the ripples that it makes
Through a chain of hazy circles
That move across the lake
Every time you touch me
Like that stone you reach so far
Stirring up my emotions
As you move across my heart

Cast a stone upon the water
In a moment it's all gone
No one knows below the surface
What's really going on
Every time our eyes meet
That's how it is with me
You cast your stone with every glance
Yet there's so much you don't see

I wish that love was like a road
That would always lead me home
But right now all I know is
Love is feeling like a stone

That you cast upon the water
Going down real fast
Now that you've set it in motion
There's just no turning back
I wish that I could show you
What I'm really going through
My heart is like that heavy stone
Falling fast for you
My heart is like that heavy stone
Falling fast for you

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In Her Backyard

Sandy Sherman and Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

My sister spent the day with us
I'm glad that she could come
She's been a godmother many times
But never once a mom
She holds my kids close to her heart
And smiles with so much pride
Yet sometimes I can swear I see
A tear she tries to hide

Chorus:

In her backyard there are no seeds that grow
In her backyard there's a garden she won't know
No broken toys, dirty knees,
 swings that decorate the trees
Sometimes it seems the grass ain't as green
In her backyard

Her career has taken off
She's got a busy life
She's been a lover many times
But never once a wife

I guess we all must make a choice
And who's to judge and say
The road we walk is filled with turns
Some turn out different ways

(Repeat Chorus)

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She Don't Date for Fun Anymore

Craig Lackey and Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

Every time a friend of hers gets married
Her smile is getting more rehearsed
And when they throw that bouquet
She always gets there first

She's off to another reception
Hoping a guy will look in her direction
Will he know what she's wishing?
Can he give her what she's missing?

Chorus:

She don't date for fun anymore
It's not a game like it was before
Oh, time is a-slipping away
She's got a list and keeping score
Three strikes and he's out that door
She don't date for fun anymore

She takes out a pen and paper
And thinks about the date she just had
Draws a line down the center
One side's good, the other side's bad

He's losing his hair but he's got some style
Goes to church once in a while
But he talks too much so in her book
Is he worth a second look?

(Repeat Chorus)

All the good men are taken
Or at least it seems that way
And even the ones who are looking
Look at her and say, hey

(Repeat Chorus)

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Long White Gown

Sandy Sherman and Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

When the night is very still
The lighthouse on the hill
Brightens up the sky and chills the air
Though it's been closed down for years
A young woman appears
Or so some folks say they've seen her there

She was a sea captain's wife
When a storm claimed his life
She couldn't bear to live with all the pain
How she died no one knows
But as the strange story goes
Her spirit walks at night and calls his name

Chorus:

In a long white gown
With her black hair hanging down
Echoing a mournful sound
As she moves against the wind
In a long white gown
She's wandering all around
While the fog comes slowly rolling in
She calls to him

She left one baby girl
All alone in the world
Some good people gave the babe a home
They raised that girl with love
Never telling who she was
They thought it best to keep the truth unknown

When the girl became a teen
She heard what folks had seen
The story cut so deep just like a knife
She felt in some crazy way
She would find out some day
That she knew the sea captain's wife

(Repeat Chorus)

You might argue and laugh
That the dead can't come back
And it's best to leave well enough alone
But that girl went there one night
And turned pale from the sight
'Cause that face on the ghost looked like her own

(Repeat Chorus)

Only Heaven Nose

Craig Lackey and Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

I don't know how you do it
but you always make me smile
I'll be so doggone blue and then in awhile
You make me see the funny side of life
Then I'm feeling good and that's kind of nice

You tell me that it isn't very hard to do
Just mix a little yellow with all of my blue
You paint a pretty picture then add the final touch
All those hugs and kisses that I love so much

Chorus:

We go together like apples and cheese
Lox and bagels, Punch and Judy
Jimmy Durante and his "ha-cha-cha" nose
What I'd do without you
Only heaven nose

Our love story would never sell in books
Well, Lombard and Gable, we don't have their looks
What does it matter when we both know it's true
There's no one in the world quite like me and you

(Repeat Chorus)

A banana without its peel is like Nixon without his reel
Is like a pig without his squeal
Is like a fatso without his meal
It's indisputable

(Repeat Chorus)

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I'm a Little Older Now

Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

Don't tell me you're sorry
And you'll make it up somehow
It's water gone under the bridge
And I'm a little older now

You talked nice, the right words
Making a pretty sound
I thought they were promises
But I'm a little older now

Bridge:

I wasn't reading between your lies
The truth was always there
You were telling me in little ways
You really didn't care

You'll find a young lover
Who believes your lies
Someone who was just like me
It's sad but it's no surprise

I wish I could warn her
Convince her somehow
But no one could have told me then
But I'm a little older
I'm a little older
I'm a little older now

(Repeat Bridge)

There's always somebody
You can toss around
But the fool inside my heart
Is a little older now

Yeah, the fool inside my heart
Is a little older
She's a-gettin' bolder
I'm a little older now

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The American Family

Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

He was a man of simple means
A blue collar worker in old blue jeans
He lived in Los Angeles
With three little girls and Annie

He was a printer in a big company
Got lost in the shuffle of bureaucracy
He worked real hard and never complained
And every night he came home to Annie

Oh, Annie packed his lunch every day
And Steve would faithfully bring home his pay
The little girls would want new things
Petticoats, bicycles and ice cream

Chorus:

Oh, the married woman and man
You know, they're doing the best they can
To put food on their table
And give love and security
Oh, the American family

He got a gold watch from the company
And Steve gave them 27 years working honestly
Now their dog is getting fat
The girls are gone and grown, they're all alone

Annie says, "Steve, you know you eat too much"
Then they argue about what they're gonna have for lunch
When he goes out for a walk
Annie calls the girls to have a talk

She says, "I hope I go before your daddy does
I don't know what I'd do without that ornery cuss"
Then he walks back through the door
And there they go again pickin' on each other some more

(Repeat Chorus)

Oh, say can you see?

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Maybe I'll Go There

Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

I wish I was in Houston
Oh, I wish I could be there
Where nobody knows me
And nobody cares
In Houston
Maybe I'll go there

I wish I was in Miami
Oh, I wish I could be there
Catch a fish in the ocean
On a real bright day
In Miami
That's where I'll stay

My baby don't love me anymore
He said he don't need me like before
And when I cried
He closed the door

I wish I was in Mexico
Where Latin men would love to kiss my hand
We'll take a siesta in the afternoon
In Mexico
I'll be there soon
Maybe I'll go there

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Guitar Woman

Barbara Borax and Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

Well, I'm a guitar woman from Memphis, Tennessee
A guitar woman lonely as can be
But I know just what I'm gonna do
Gonna find me a man who can play away the blues
Guitar woman lookin' for a guitar man

Well, I look to the left, I look to the right
I'm a looky-looky-loo, lookin' day and night
And when I find him we won't do no talkin'
Just like the Yellow Pages, our fingers will do the walkin'
Guitar woman lookin' for a guitar man

I'll play it sweet and mellow
He's gonna play it real cool
Oh, my heart'll be kickin' when he does his finger pickin'
And, ooh, ooh, ooh, when we slide into the blues

I don't want a weight lifter with muscles up to there
He could be a Playgirl centerfold but this gal would not care
If you really want to turn me on
Get down, daddy, and play me a Memphis blues song
Guitar woman lookin' for a guitar man
Guitar woman, gonna find me a six-string kind of man
I think I'm in love!

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Hometown Beauty Queen

Jo Anne Kurman-Montana

I was told long ago, when movies were picture shows
There was only one thing to be, the hometown beauty queen
I did what I was told, twirled around in my crown of gold
All the Shriners smiled at me, their hometown beauty queen

Chorus:

Turn it on for the judges, another quarter turn please
Ten points for her charm, but she's a little knock-kneed
Well, she's no Rita Hayworth, but she's as good as we can make
For our local hopeful in the year of '68

So I took my diet pills to make my waistline thinner still
Learned to walk up and down stairs with three books on top of my hair
Did you know that Vaseline is an old trick of beauty queens?
You smear it all over your teeth, you smile great, but you can't speak

(Repeat Chorus)

I was in fightin' shape, living just on protein shakes
With an Ex-Lax or two for lunch, now a girl can't lose too much
Bathing suits and high-heel shoes, wondering who would win or lose
Coming together to meet the best, scared of who was the prettiest

(Repeat Chorus)

I was in the chosen ten, frozen smiles and suckin' in
My hometown's eyes on me, watchin' on their local TV
Only five girls left to win, so we took our final spin
The women's libbers marched and cried, while the men sat and judged our thighs

Chorus:

Turn it on for the cameras, turn it on for Mom and Dad
And for the little girl waitin', to get the winner's autograph
Well, the title you didn't take, Miss America you'll never make
But you'll always be the hometown beauty queen of '68

I was told long ago, when movies were picture shows
There was only one thing to be, my mother's fantasy

Go on now
Be a good girl
Win for me

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