

# Terry "Buffalo" Ware



## Aren't You a Little Old For This?

### Terry "Buffalo" Ware

1. Fine, Fine Day 3:00
2. Over My Shoulder 3:19
3. I Won't Be No Fool 3:10
4. Pick Up Sticks 3:25
5. The Deal Is Done 2:50
6. Hot Shot, Cold Bones 3:00
7. Late December 5:48

Tracks 2, 7, 8, 13 written by Terry Ware

Tracks 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12 written by Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge

Track 14 written by Woody Guthrie

Tracks 2, 7, 8, 13 OkieMotion Music (ASCAP)

Tracks 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12 OkieMotion Music (ASCAP) and Fish Head Soup (BMI)

Track 14 Ludlow Music, Inc. (BMI)

Produced by Terry Ware

Recorded between 2010 and 2017 at Buffarama and The Mousetrap, Norman OK

Mixed and Mastered by Carl Amburn

### Aren't You a Little Old for This?

8. Laura 3:33
9. Going Down the Other Side 3:30
10. Coming Out of Nowhere 3:28
11. Television 3:45
12. Price to Pay 2:48
13. The Call (for Curtis) 4:31
14. When the Curfew Blows 4:09

Artwork by Steve Crossett

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## ***Fine, Fine Day***

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

Tumble in the sunshine  
Let a wild wind show the way  
And when the clouds come rolling in  
Cry up to the rain  
Don't waste your time  
Looking for a perfect rhyme

It's gonna be a fine, fine day  
A fine, fine day

Trust your first reaction  
Sit back and let it spin  
You'll find satisfaction  
Just let it all begin  
Don't waste your time  
Looking for some sign

It's gonna be a fine, fine day  
A fine, fine day

Tumble in the sunshine  
Let a wild wind show the way  
And when the clouds come rollin' in  
Cry up to the rain  
Don't waste your time  
Looking for a perfect rhyme  
Or looking for some sign

It's gonna be a fine, fine day  
A fine, fine day  
It's gonna be a fine, fine day  
A fine, fine day  
It's gonna be a fine, fine day  
A fine, fine day

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, slide guitar, claps

Michael McCarty: drums

Marlin Butcher: bass

Gregg Standridge: guitar

T.Z. Wright: organ

Mary Reynolds: backing vocal

Louise Goldberg: backing vocal



Terry "Buffalo" Ware  
Photo by Tom Lee



Mary Reynolds

Louise Goldberg



## ***Over My Shoulder***

(Terry Ware)

Every day I'm looking over my shoulder  
I see a shadow long and true  
Every day it gets a little bit older  
But that's really nothing new  
All the things we've left behind  
Gathering dust and turning grey  
All the things that used to sparkle and shine  
Now fade away

Everything that's been left unsaid  
You know it never goes away  
Promises made and then left for dead  
I still hear them every day  
Crying tears that never dry  
No matter how much I pray  
Never can quit asking why  
It has to be that way

Every now and then it seems  
Clouds part and light breaks through  
And shines down on broken dreams  
To heal the scars with love and truth  
Words come and words may go  
They leave a shadow night or day  
But words of love will never die  
Or fade away

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, slide guitar

Michael McCarty: drums

Marlin Butcher: bass

T.Z. Wright: organ

John Calvin Abney: backing vocal



Marlin Butcher  
Photo by Rusty Muns



John Calvin Abney  
Photo by Travis McKenzie

## ***I Won't Be No Fool***

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

I heard you late last night  
Talking in my dreams  
Saying things  
I've heard once or twice  
What you tried to give me  
I might think I need  
Your sugar's sweet  
But it's not very nice

I'll always want to follow  
All your cruel and twisted rules  
You know I will  
But I won't be no fool

You're always right behind me  
I can feel your wicked breath  
Looking for a place  
To leave a stain  
Whispers in the midnight air  
I turn and feel your icy stare  
Trying to find a way  
Into a vein

I'll always want to follow  
All your cruel and twisted rules  
You know I will  
But I won't be no fool

I stumbled in the darkness  
While you laughed  
And had your fun  
You never thought that I would find the light  
But the battered road I traveled  
Wound its way into the dawn  
That rescued me  
From your hateful sight

I'll always want to follow  
All your cruel and twisted rules  
You know I will  
But I won't be no fool

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitar, slide guitar, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums



Photo by Vicki Farmer



Michael McCarty  
Photo by Rusty Muns



## **Pick Up Sticks**

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

We weathered storms  
We laughed in the midnight breeze  
That highway was worn  
Long before there was you or me  
We took every corner  
Took them hard and fast  
Living every hour  
Like it was gonna be the last

We hung every note  
And let them ring all night  
And every word we wrote  
Always put up a fight  
Time was something  
That never left a doubt  
But it was nothing  
We couldn't do without

Pick up sticks  
Put 'em in a pile  
Set 'em on fire  
Watch them burn a while  
A bag of tricks  
Nothing we wouldn't try  
And every quick fix  
Left us high and dry

We chased our own tales  
Made them up as we went along  
We flew off the rails  
And we did it for a song  
Money was something  
We could never figure out  
But it was nothing  
We couldn't do without

Pick up sticks  
Put 'em in a pile  
Set 'em on fire  
Watch them burn a while  
A bag of tricks  
Nothing we wouldn't try  
And every quick fix  
Left us high and dry

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums  
Gregg Standridge: background vocal  
T.Z. Wright: electric piano



Gregg Standridge  
Photo by Ray Wyssmann



T.Z. Wright  
Photo by Rusty Muns

## ***The Deal Is Done***

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

Every day you're out on a limb  
The future's unclear and the past is dim  
Every day it's the same old thing  
But you're never gonna see it if you're grabbing at the ring

I've heard it said that time can stand still  
But I've never seen it happen so I doubt that it will  
There's really nothing to it, it's simple and plain  
But you're never gonna see it if you're playing their game

Can't undo what's already been done  
Can't un-spin what's already been spun  
Everything there is, is under the sun  
When the deal goes down  
The deal is done

Now where did they hide that pot of gold  
It's getting kinda late, it's getting kinda cold  
You keep on looking, looking hard and long  
But you're never gonna find it 'cause it's already gone

Can't undo what's already been done  
Can't un-spin what's already been spun  
Everything there is, is under the sun  
When the deal goes down  
The deal is done

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums  
T.Z. Wright: organ  
Kierston White: backing vocal



Photo by Vicki Farmer



Kierston White  
Photo by Doug Hill

## ***Hot Shot, Cold Bones***

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

Hey, don't you know  
Who I think I used to be  
The used to call me, Hot Shot  
I never lacked for company  
All the pretty girls  
Whispered my name  
I was the one  
Who was fanning all their flames

Man, I had it easy  
I never towed the line  
Any kind of problem  
You know, it wasn't mine  
Anything I wanted  
At my beck and call  
Just point my finger  
To a number on the wall

Yeah, I was the winner every time  
Never thought that I'd get down to my last dime  
Never saw the storm that was hiding in the sky  
And my cold bones won't tell me why

Hey, don't you know  
Who I think I used to be  
They used to call me, Hot Shot  
And will for all eternity  
The wind howls at night  
It screams my name  
It's my only company  
It's all that remains

Yeah, I was the winner every time  
Never thought that I'd get down to my last dime  
Never saw the storm that was hiding in the sky  
And my cold bones won't tell me why  
My cold bones won't tell me why  
My cold bones won't tell me why

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, slide guitar, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums  
Gregg Standridge: guitar  
T.Z. Wright: electric piano



## ***Late December***

(Terry Ware)

This fly  
Won't leave me alone  
This fly  
Is everywhere I go  
Late December  
It isn't right  
No way no fly  
Should be in flight

This grass  
Should not be green  
These trees  
Should not have leaves  
Late December  
It isn't right  
No way the sun  
Should be this bright

Feel it all  
Spinning faster  
Hear the call  
Of disaster

These men  
Think that I'm their slave  
These men  
Want me in my grave  
Late December  
It isn't right  
No way these men  
Are gonna win this fight

Feel it all  
Spinning faster  
Hear the call  
Of disaster

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocals, guitar, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums





**Laura**  
(Terry Ware)

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: guitars, bass



Photo by Vicki Farmer

## ***Going Down the Other Side***

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

When midnight calls the restless  
It calls me out by name  
But the darkness and the shadows  
Won't hide me from the rain  
Every step's a second guess  
Every turn I take is blind  
Leaves my destination  
Someplace I can never find

Looking 'neath the sacred sky  
Pushing up the mountain  
Hard into the light  
Wondering what it is I'll find  
Going down the other side

Treasure all around me  
I could never spend  
My gold was good for nothing  
Made it harder to pretend  
My hopes could not be trusted  
My dreams led me astray  
On a path of broken pieces  
That were left along the way

Looking 'neath the sacred sky  
Pushing up the mountain  
Hard into the light  
Wondering what it is I'll find  
Going down the other side

The memories of our fathers  
Carried by the wind  
Above the broken land  
That they thought would never mend  
Now, walking with a dusty ghost  
Along this road of stone  
I feel his breath beside me  
I hear the howl and moan

Looking 'neath the sacred sky  
Pushing up the mountain  
Hard into the light  
Wondering what it is I'll find  
Going down the other side

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, slide guitar, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums  
Gregg Standridge: guitar



## ***Coming Out of Nowhere***

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

Coming out of nowhere  
At least it seems that way  
Making dates, spinning plates

I do it every day  
Never look behind me  
There's nothing there to see  
If you want to find me  
You know right where I'll be

Every day is another turn  
Down one more road we've never seen  
Every mile is a lesson learned  
And life is what happens in between

Coming out of nowhere  
It happens all the time  
You don't see it, then you do  
It all falls in line  
Don't try and think about it  
It's trouble when you do  
And if you ever doubt it  
It'll get the best of you

Don't be fooled by the gold in the stone  
It doesn't sparkle for long  
Look around, you'll see that you're not alone  
And life keeps coming out of nowhere

Every day is another turn  
Down one more road we've never seen  
Every mile is a lesson learned  
And life is what happens in between

Don't be fooled by the gold in the stone  
It doesn't sparkle for long  
Look around, you'll see that you're not alone  
And life keeps coming out of nowhere

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums, percussion  
T.Z. Wright: organ  
Susan Herndon: backing vocal



Photo by John Claeys



Susan Herndon  
Photo by Vicki Farmer



## **Television**

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

You say you never do it  
And you really like telling me you never do  
I do it all the time  
And I really don't care if you know I do

Television, tv, the tube  
Sometimes I even watch it in the nude  
Television, the tube, tv  
I love it  
It loves me

The remote control is my best friend  
Does everything that I ask it to do  
I'm a bitchin' channel surfer shooting the curl  
On that satellite signal flying 'round the world.

Television, tv, the tube  
I'm gonna keep watching it in spite of you  
Television, the tube, tv  
I love it  
It loves me

Flat screen hanging on the wall  
It's the fairest of them all  
The people on the screen, they agree with me  
Pixels and dots set me free

Television, tv, the tube  
Turn of the lights, bathe in the hue  
Television, the tube, tv  
I love it  
It loves me

Television  
TV  
The tube  
Newton Minnow got nothing on me

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums, percussion



Screen shot by Vicki Farmer

## ***Price to Pay***

(Terry Ware and Gregg Standridge)

A slip of the hand  
A slip of the mind  
You saw your best chance  
Turn on a dime  
You felt like your flame  
Was gonna burn all night  
And that stuff that you hid  
Was gonna stay out of sight

Look the other way  
While it's drifting by  
It could all disappear  
In the blink of an eye  
We've seen it before  
The edge of a knife  
Water 'neath the bridge  
Getting dirty and high

You can leave it behind  
Still you've got a price to pay  
When it all unwinds  
Still you've got to find your way  
You've got a filthy little habit  
You feed it every day  
A hole in your heart  
It never goes away  
A pocket full of nothing  
Still you've got a price to pay

A slip of the tongue  
You lost your shine  
You take a step back  
You draw another line  
Any way out  
Is getting hard to find  
You're running out of space  
And running out of time

You can leave it behind  
Still you've got a price to pay  
When it all unwinds  
Still you've got to find your way  
You've got a filthy little habit  
You feed it every day  
A hole in your heart  
It never goes away  
A pocket full of nothing  
Still you've got a price to pay



Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums  
T.Z. Wright: organ  
Kierston White: backing vocal

## ***The Call (for Curtis)***

(Terry Ware)

He saw it in the corner  
When he walked in the room  
Some kind of loner looking for a friend  
It'd been a long time  
Since anybody paid it mind  
A lonely vagabond just like him  
He could hear it calling  
Through the silence that they shared  
Stirred by the spirits of the midnight air

The spirits were strong  
They pulled him into the glow  
The call rang clear  
And it begged him to go

The spell was cast  
It couldn't be undone  
He knew it would last the rest of his days  
A million miles  
A million smiles  
Feeding the dream along the way

The spirits were strong  
They pulled him into the glow  
The call rang clear  
And it begged him to go

The magic of a dark blue night  
Let him know "it's all right"

That dusty friend never left his side  
And the diesels were humming  
They wouldn't stop for nothing  
Didn't need a ticket for the ride

The spirits were strong  
They pulled him into the glow  
The call rang clear  
It never let him go

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars  
Michael McCarty: drums, congas  
Marlin Butcher: bass  
Gregg Standridge: guitar  
T.Z. Wright: organ  
Mary Reynolds: backing vocal, vocal arrangement  
Louise Goldberg: backing vocal





## ***When the Curfew Blows***

(Woody Guthrie)

Oh the loneliest sound, boys  
I ever heard sound boys  
On the stroke of midnight  
Hear the curfew blow

My body will hang, boys  
On the hangman's rope, boys  
On the gallows pole, boys  
When the curfew blows

Hear the curfew blowing  
Hear the curfew blowing  
In the cold dark midnight  
Hear the curfew blow

The sheriff's men, boys  
Are on my trail, boys  
In the midnight wind, boys  
Hear the curfew blow

And when they catch me  
My body will hang, boys  
On the gallows pole, boys  
When the curfew blows

Hear the curfew blowing  
Hear the curfew blowing  
In the cold dark midnight  
Hear the curfew blow

The loneliest sound, boys  
I ever heard sound boys  
On the stroke of midnight  
Hear the curfew blow

My body will hang, boys  
On the hangman's rope, boys  
On the gallows pole, boys  
When the curfew blows

Hear the curfew blowing  
Hear the curfew blowing  
In the cold dark midnight  
Hear the curfew blow

Terry "Buffalo" Ware: vocal, guitars, bass  
Michael McCarty: drums  
Gregg Standridge: backing vocal

