# Aren't You a Little Old For This?

Terry "Buffalo" Ware

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

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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

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

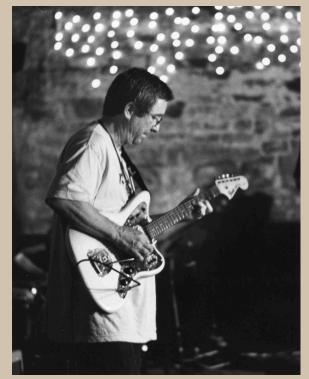
It's gonna be a fine, fine day A fine, fine day

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

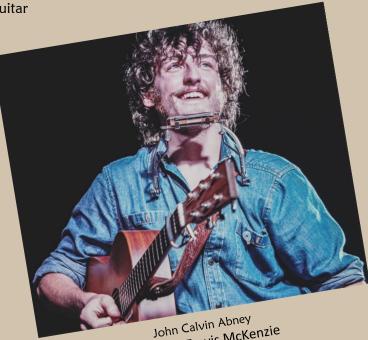
Everything that's been left unsaid You know it never goes away Promises made and then left for dead I still hear them every day Crying tears that never dry No matter how much I pray Never can quit asking why It has to be that way

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



Photo by Rusty Muns



John Calvin Abrey 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



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

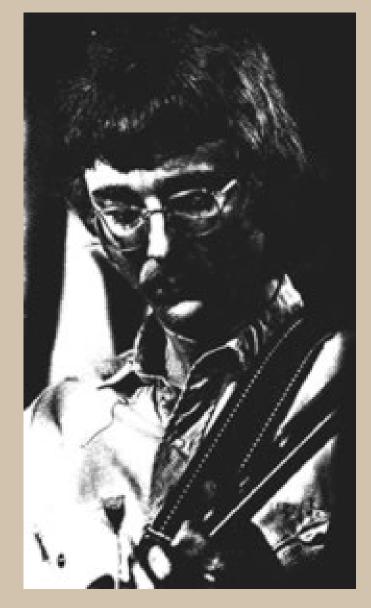
Man, I had it easy I never towed the line Any kind of problem You know, it wasn't mine Anything I wanted At my beck and call Just point my finger To a number on the wall

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



#### 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 lonesomest 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

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

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

