

Mp3 John Paul Sharp - Higher Learning Series: Volume Two - On Second Thought



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A blend of pop, classical, blues, reggae and more in an electronic atmosphere. 13 MP3 Songs POP: with Electronic Production, EASY LISTENING: Cabaret Details: This is the second volume of the music that I have written and recorded while being in college. This is some of my best work to date and I am excited to present it to you. There are so many styles in this album. You get all kinds of things: Blues, Reggae, Fantasy, Piano, Beatz more. Here's the lyrics: Breakfast Blues (for Beth and Me Too): Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp White trash girl Was gettin' plenty rude When she said, "Not mine But Hers tastes real good." Orchidaceous She was with her vocabulary Tell me now What's a lady gotta' do Let us count All the money that we're makin' Before we go ahead and lose our jobs again Let it go, get it gone and give it up up up and lah-dee-da-dee-daow yeah Been so hard Servin' all that breakfast Throw in the towel And have a drink or two The classless crowd Is trying to forget us Just tell us now What's a lady gotta' to do Sit back, relax All the set ups are provided We had our chance And now the day is through Gettin' drunk and tellin' tales and singing songs about the breakfast blues For Beth and me too Happy Hour Happy-Hap-Hap-Hour Happy hashing of all that once was ours And all the time they stole And all the great control they had all over us Should have known those drinks were strong Should have known not to bring them all along Should have seen the double trouble brewing in that buh-buh-bubbly bong And now we're just engaging the throng of toilet water And gettin' rid of all that pain Let it go, get it gone and give it up up up and lah-dee-da-dee-daow yeah And all the plumbing is gone gone gone Where the hell did it go?! And why did it wait for us to get sick like this?! Happy flushing I hope she cleaned her sheets before she went to bed that night Hope she cleaned her sheets Hope she cleaned her sheets, I think Nothin' better Than that Sunday morning drone Do you think that Beth and I can go on home We did our best to

clean up our messes We did our best not to lose our jobs Come on, Sommer! Let us go home! We deserve it! Come Clean Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp Verse One: You've got me putting on some Tori Amos tunes And you haven't said a word Just the slippery sound of silence And the confession of the violence Well, I put it all together Except your point of view But I possibly don't need it Because I might be through with you Chorus: Come clean, come clean Turn on the light Let's see, let's see What you're really like What you've always really wanted but you couldnt ever say it could you? You can't break me From where you/I stand Unless, perhaps, You're not a friend (2nd time: And you keep going on with no end in sight and youre just like whispers in the night) Verse Two: You must be someone real important To be keeping this charade But I was already over it Before the bed was made. Now we reach the point of no return crossroads of truth Now we figure out if I am gonna see you as a red or as a green or maybe a blue Repeat Chorus Bridge: And he said to him, "You have beautiful eyes." Repeat Chorus Dragoness Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp Verse One: Do you believe In mystic things? In times of kings gone by? Trees that cry? Winds that sigh on a full moon's night? Chorus: In one past life I could fly to the highest of highs in the sky I could swim in the deepest of deep oceans And in this light I can only begin to describe what it's like To be living the life of a dragoness Verse Two: I used to be So wild and free I set the streets on fire To inspire Knights for hire in search of me and my scaly feet Repeat Chorus Bridge: Lonely days and boring nights I'd rather take a flight to far off lands Like I used to in the good ole days when dragons were real And you could touch and feel them that was me Repeat Chorus Go Back to Africa Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp As a white man in a white mans world, Ive enjoyed a life of privilege. As a gay man in a straight mans world, I know all about the sacrilege of being me and all the things that being me means. I dont see just how a brother can stand it! But we just try to get through our daily lives And we do the best we can just to withstand it. One day, I met the most beautiful black man. His skin was deliciously like the color of de Niles black sand. Started dating and it went from there, To a point when I became impelled To share the news with all of my friends; Spread the word to all about my brand new man! Then I told this guy I work with -- I should have known That his ole bitch ass wasnt worth it! And when I told him he got all worked up The shit began to fall from there on And he said, You go back to Africa. Once you go black, We dont want you back! And now youre just like trash, Like the rest of them - Those you-know-whats - Those n-i-g-g-e-r-ses! And he said, You go back to Africa. Once you go black, We dont want you back! And now youre just like trash, Like the rest of them - Those you-know-whats - Those

n-i-g-g-e-r-s-es! Hay-o, comma comma come hay-o Whatcha gonna do, Whatcha gonna do My face fell off - I didnt know what to say. I just didnt understand it. So I turned my head and I walked de other way And I didnt reprimand him For being who he was and all de things he said. I walked off and I started getting mad instead. Homogeneous bastards all around me all de time! Homogeneous bastards all-around me all de time! I thought My man is beautiful and black! His soul contains all the things I thought I lacked! After steaming and thinking it thin, Couldnt let my feelings get away from him. I returned and I waited until His attention was mine. I waited it out to speak at just the right time He asked me what I want. Little black-lovin punk! What is it now? he said. Whos sleeping in your bed this time? So I said, You go back to where ever it is -- Whatever place that taught you that terrible shit! But before you go back, I ask that you Go ahead and kiss my little, black-lovin white ass fuck you! Cause if they all went back to Africa Wed have no songs, no soul, no dancing like we have. Weve got more couth and class Than youll ever amass! So you just watch my back as I pass you by! Hay-o, comma comma come hay-o Whatcha gonna do, Whatcha gonna do Iz U Haught Fme: Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp Main Beat by Paul Escalante Verse 1: Well it seems to me that you be knocking What with all the shit you're talking You think you got it Mix and Matchin But I see that itch your scratchin Chorus: Iz you haught f'me Iz you haught Iz you haught f'me What you got Verse 2: You be so sly, you be so high You gonna be the one I take with me tonight We're gonna dance so I can grab your ass to the right to the left to the right to the left Repeat Chorus Now you're just acting like a crazy old cat Verse 3: You feel the heat in me the heat that makes you sweat So I gotta get it goin on so we get undressed tonight. Do you think that would be alright? Repeat Chorus Verse 4: the dance don't stop and we won't stop until the clock say 2 We got more drinks to drink and cheek to cheek a humpety-doo-dah But don't drink fast cuzz I want you to last I want you in my crib and flat on your back Repeat Chorus On Second Thought (I Better Not) Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp Verse One: If I could see me when I just begin to make my mind up Maybe I could stop myself But then again I always wind up Making mountains out of making mountains out of mole hills Making mountains from on high Way up in my palace in the sky. Like a God Verse Two: Take a seat and watch Me ruin a perfectly good friendship Just by shutting off And harboring a paranoid perspective Manifestations are practically my best friends I see no easy resolution Other than an over the top confrontation Chorus: Youd think I had it coming Youd think it not-so-funny I think that I forgot On Second Thought, I better not On Second Thought, I better trot Ooooh, On Second Thought, I better not I like to

play the victim I like to think Im bitchin I think that I forgot On Second Thought, I better not On Second Thought, I better not Ooooh, On Second Thought, I better not Verse Three: Can you feel the wrath Im getting back for no reason By tomorrow night Ill see the light and feel sick to my stomach Ill have screwed it up again Ill have lost another friend And I will do all that I can to keep moving and try to remember Repeat Chorus Straight to Your House: Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp Verse One: I sure could use a break Ive had about as much as I can take And Id give anything To see you again Yes, Id do anything Cause Im your number one fan Its you I want to apprehend Until the end of the line Chorus: If you come back to me I promise I wont just throw it away Ill give it all that I got For just one more shot I got a ticket to a train that goes straight to your house Verse Two: Ten thousand times Ive gone and died Since I reached out and you replied I know you dont know me Like I now know you With all that youve shown to be Now I know what I want to do Calm, collected and cool, Im on the hunt for you Repeat Chorus Bridge: To your house, yeah, yeah, To your house Repeat Chorus The Trouble with Me: Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp Verse 1: If you could stay awhile with me I'd appreciate it 'Cause I've been feeling kinda' down Chorus: The trouble with me, you see, Is that all the time I spent alone I spent it thinking that no one would ever love me And the trouble with that is clearly that I nearly can't relax or get the feeling that I may be loved so true what to do Verse 2: I'm so afraid of all the pain I don't think I can bare it I'm so afraid that you're just fake Repeat Chorus Bridge: For now, I'll just close my eyes Hold your hand in mine And hope for the best You can't ask for much more than that You can't ask for much more than that Verse 3: When things are getting really good I just want to forget it And move on with my lonely life Repeat Chorus Verse 4: This is the last and final time That I'm gonna' say it I think I'm falling for a guy What God Intended: Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp I was chillin in my little haze, then this lady went and then she came and she said, "What ya doin' in that little nook? Whatcha doin' with that little book?" and I said Gettin' fucked up on philosophy. Im gonna' figure out the mystery, the magical form of mind over matter, where nothing really happens anymore. And she said, "You don't need a book to give you that and I'm as sure of that as sure as I shat this morning. Let us break the wind and try to relax! Don't give in to all those high class acts and notions! What you want is how you get your kicks. Without your kicks your life ain't worth a shit and we, as humans, are allowed to heal, and we were born to touch and feel. So then she kissed my face; made it tickle. I felt so out of place; in a pickle. "This is what God intended - gave us wounds so we would tend them." That's what she said and then she belched. (Whew! I mean - Ugh!) 6 a.m. alarm is

ringing at last. Time I spent to dream I spent too fast, my friend. I realize the time and get my ass in gear and figure out a way to pass the test. My old thinking might have gotten the best - yes - my old Dream King might have gotten the best of me and Mary, Mary and I but I'm not like this all the time. Zephyr Music Lyrics by John Paul Sharp Verse One: Word out on the street is Goodbye Today is Better than tomorrow Goodbye I'll see ya Some other time Perhaps when summer's gone I'll be back with bells Verse Two: On, On with the show You know We've tried to Climb out of these windows Before The sun is setting so low The Zephyr blows and blows Calling me to the Verse Three: Western horizon Goodbye It sounds like La, la, la dee dah Goodbye The light will fade once again Perhaps when summer's gone I'll be there with bells On la, la dee dah HmMMM La, la, dee, dah HmMMM

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