

# Mp3 Gregg Standridge Band - Southside Songs And Stories



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A mix of Folk/Rock and 80's college radio with strong songwriting and interesting lyrics. 10 MP3 Songs

FOLK: Folk Pop, ROCK: Folk Rock Details: Gregg Standridge Band Southside Songs and Stories

Information page Southside Songs and Stories is the latest release from Gregg Standridge Band. These ten original cuts tell real life and fictional stories ranging from an Native American running from the U.S.

Cavalry, ( Blue Hat ), to a mariners insane obsession with an unseen monster in a vast lake (Smile Beneath the Waves). The real heart of the recording comes from the introspective stories of Standridge's friends and family. The ballad "Rupert and Jim" pays homage to a pair of grandson's imaginary friends.

"Story" tells of how his father would make up bedtime stories on the spot about what ever the boys wanted to hear. "Devil won't Dance" speaks of fighting personal demons, and the loss of his younger brother. "Do As Your Told' takes a poke at lip syncing and the music business in general. "Plea to Monet" is a beautiful tune that tells of a young lady who lives in a painting. Standridge began playing drums when

he was 14 and switched to mandolin after hearing the album "Every Picture Tells a Story" by Rod Stewart. He then picked up guitar with help from his friend Paul Hendrix. Hendrix showed him the basic chords and how to figure songs out by ear and Standridge began to play in old line country bands and rock bands in South Oklahoma City. He then was granted the opportunity to study music at OCCC and USAO. He finished his formal education by earning a Masters Degree in Guitar Performance at OCU.

After living in Los Angeles for one year Standridge moved back to the greater OKC area and then began writing and performing with the Norman based bands "Inspector 12 and "Doc and the Delivery Boys."

After these 2 projects he began building his teaching studio which he still maintains today through McMichael Music. In 1995 he formed Stick People and recorded "Sticks and Stones" and then in 2002 He

formed the Gregg Standridge Band and released "Dreamhouse." Southside Songs and Stories features these folks and their various instruments of destruction. Gregg Standridge - Guitar / Vocals Wess McMichael - Guitar Steve Tillman - Bass Dean Brown - Drums / Percussion Terry "Buffalo" Ware - Guitar / Mandolin Alan Orebaugh - Guitar Brian Eads - Guitar / Keys Natasha Nottoli - Violin Marisha Erickson - Vocals Engineered and produced by BRIAN EADS at "Three Legged Dog Studios" in Norman, Ok. Song Credits 1.BLUE HAT Gregg - Guitar / Vocals Wess - Guitar and Guitar Solo Brian - Guitar Steve - Bass Dean - Drums Marisha - Backing Vocals 2.FIVE FEET AWAY Gregg - Guitar and Vocals Steve - Bass Dean - Drums Marisha - Backing Vocals 3.DEVIL WONT DANCE Gregg - Guitars and Vocals Terry - Mandolin Dean - Percussion 4.DO AS YOUR TOLD Gregg - Guitar / Vocals and 1st Guitar Solo Terry - Guitar Fills Brian - 2nd Guitar Solo Wess - Guitar thru the Leslie and 3rd Guitar Solo Al - last Guitar Solo Steve - Bass Dean - Drums 5.STORY ( for Dad ) Gregg - Guitars and Vocals Steve - Bass Dean - Drums Marisha - Backing Vocals 6.PLEA TO MONET ( for Sarah ) Gregg - Guitar and Vocals Terry - Mandolin Gregg - One Note Piano Solo (Only took me 20 something takes too! ) 7.HOME ( for Gabe ) Gregg Guitar and Vocals Steve - Bass Natasha - Violin Dean - Drums Marisha - Backing Vocals 8.RUPERT AND JIM ( for Jaron and Gabe ) Gregg / Guitar and Vocals Steve - Bass Natasha - Violin Dean - Drums 9.CIRCUS Gregg - Guitars and Vocals Brian - Keyboards Steve - Bass Dean Drums / Percussion 10.SMILE BENEATH THE WAVES Gregg - Guitar / Keys and Vocals Wess - Amazing Leslie Guitar Solo Steve - Bass Dean - Drums Marisha - Vocals

Lyric Sheet For SOUTHSIDE SONGS and STORIES All songs written by Gregg Standridge

Blue Hat There's dirt trail, slapping on the bottom of my feet. Dirt trail 'neath my feet. I know, I can't take the time to hide myself. Dirt trail, 'neath my feet. There's a red sun, falling down into a mountain side. Red sun falling down. I wish, it would hurry to its darkness. Red sun, falling down. There's some hoof beats, thundering along my red dirt trail, hoof beats on my trail. I wish, they would turn around and let me be. Hoof beats, on my trail. There's a Blue Hat, up ahead along my red dirt trail. Blue Hat on my trail. I know, I will die upon my red dirt trail. Blue Hat, on my trail. Blue Hat on my trail. Five Feet Away White dreams of days gone by, she holds them down, below the ground. Cries like a little girl she never was she hopes to be. Full page and color free, she's waiting there, for all to see. Have ya seen her? On her stage. Take your moments. Five feet away. Tempered by His southernness, he steps into, his violence. screams at a grocery line, the checker waits, to ride the pine. Falls back he laughs them down, they will not take, his thorny crown. Take your fingers. Make your face. Take your moments. Five

feet away. Crazy girl better watch your step, better watch your ways. Take your colors, take your colors, put them on your face. Fearless she holds his stare, his history is lying there. Cries like a little boy, he never was, he'll never be, Each takes the hand of God, as close as they may come to be. Take your fingers, make your face, take your moments, Five feet away. Five feet away. Have you seen her? On her stage. Take your moments. Five feet away. Devil won't Dance Well the devil, he was dancing in my living room till about six a.m. He made me an offer, and when I turned him down he kicked my TV. in. All the cartoon characters fell out on the ground. they were gasping for air, they couldn't speak a sound. so I picked em all up and I threw em back in and then they smiled at me with their silly grins There's a salesman, he was knocking on my window way before the dawn. Had a stack of Bibles, and he told me if I bought one he could probably get me in Said his radar had shown, I was in a tail spin. He was sent to my home, to bail me out again. So I bought me a box and he said thanks, but when I sat down to read all the pages went blank Well my brother, he had a black mark on his back since he was a little boy. And he was graced with kindness, but when the world got mean he refused to understand. And I think that he, was just to good for this world. and a Southside angel sang, and a Chevy backed fired. I think his hotel room was like the key to a door, where the devil won't dance. Do As Your Told I heard a new poet, words like shifting sand. Poured 'em from a bottle, spilt some on his hands. I know I've sinned in words, I'll never live it down. I know someday I'll have Twain's ghost to, slap me around. But I'm getting along, I know the deal. Pretty lights, saxophones and tattoos on your teeth. I never had no money, I never had to be heard. Till I heard the voice of Nashville whispering these words. Ya be a good boy Ya do as your told ya might get to lip sink at the super bowl. Ya be a good boy Ya do as your told ya might get to lip sink at the super bowl. As I slip into a bright red sun these visions fill my head. Hank and Johnnie's words lying on the pavement dead. I bent to pick em up, but they got blown away. Then all the people on the street began to dance and sway. Ya be a good boy Ya do as your told ya might get to lip sink at the super bowl. Ya be a good boy Ya do as your told ya might get to lip sink at the super bowl. Story A man told me stories when my life had but a page. Now he's like a dream I had, a million miles away. Trouble always comes in threes and I've seen it go that way. Threes and six and nines have come and the twelves are on the way. Tell me a story. Make a happy ending, that would be ok. Tell me a story. Take me out of my head, cause the dark is on the way. I went up the dream house and the moon it lit my way. Keyhole staring back at me like a crazy runaway. Picking locks like Goldilocks well the bears have moved away. Take a little hand me

down and wash my sins away. Tell me a story. Make a happy ending, that would be ok. Tell me a story. Take me out of my head, cause the dark is on the way Night time used to be a time when I would dream away. Slipping off with kings and queens in a magic cabaret. Now I sit till three o'clock with a TV. in my way. Thinking 'bout that man, when I used to say. Tell me a story. Make a happy ending, that would be ok. Tell me a story. Take me out of my head, cause the dark is on the way. Plea to Monet Mr. Monet, I have seen your work. Yes its all quite beautiful but... I need your help. Can you paint a door for me. I could walk right through? My girl lives behind your frames, and I can't get through. 'Cause the pretty pretty pictures that she likes to take a walk inside they.. don't need me won't let me walk through. I have seen her, in your garden scenes. Pressing flowers in her books, singing softly. I don't believe she thinks of me, were she hides. I would do most anything, to get inside. 'Cause the pretty pretty pictures that she likes to take a walk inside they.. don't need me, don't see me. No the pretty pretty pictures that she likes to take a walk inside they.. don't need me won't let me walk through. Wait for me, wait for me I hear her sing, wait for me, wait for Home The Illinois she rises hard to meet the rain, swirling like a dancer. I wash my hands and face, rise to meet the day. A window has awoken. I used to think that I might walk away. Just be easier alone. Shadows whispering its all in vane. Then you look that way, you look that way, I know I have a home. Walking through this concrete masquerade. They think they got an answer. I like to feel the ground below my feet. I keep trying to remember. I used to think that I might walk away. Just be easier alone. Shadows whispering its all in vane. Then you look that way, you look that way, I know I have a home. You took my hand and smiled at me I know where I belong. Standing on the banks, we choose our stones with care. Throw them on the water. Laughing as we search for treasure on the shore. I still get filled with wonder. I used to think that I might walk away. Just be easier alone. Shadows whispering its all in vane. Then you look that way, you look that way, I know I have a home. You took my hand and smiled at me I know where I belong. Rupert and Jim Rupert and Jim, took a walk along a little used dirt trail. Looking for the rails, 'cause their work here is just about done. All sunsets fall, in the same general direction. Al train tracks know the way. Jim was the one, who would poor out the groceries on my kitchen floor. Rupert he never was one for trouble. They come and go, like the rain on this flat land I love. Seems like they're gone, more and more. Rupert and Jim didn't have any possessions. They each had a friend, and good friends never forget. Early one morning, they met out on the Red River bridge. Started looking for the tracks. Rupert and Jim, took a walk along a little used dirt trail. Looking for the rails, 'cause

their work here its all done. All sunsets fall, in the same general direction. All train tracks know the way. All train tracks know the way. All train tracks know the way. Circus I live in a circus that's me and you. I like the Peanuts and the cotton candy too. Ill Sing the songs anyway ya want me to. Paint a smile upon my face. Watch the clown keep falling down. I live in the circus that's called me and you. I like the Big Top and I like the midgets too. Ill carry the elephants around if ya want me too. Paint a smile upon my face. Watch the clown keep falling down. Never new a moment when I needed a net. Swing from bar to bar. Landing on a wire. never looking down, never looking down. I fell in the circus that people call me and you. The drummer played real loud as I tumbled down from the blue. Never felt a thing as the ground I fell right through. As my top hat floated down, children shed their tears, mothers stood and wailed, and the husbands looked so strong, and I never once was nervous, as my top hat hit the ground. Smile Beneath the Waves You've punctured all your memories, wrapped em up in heavy, bitter rusted chains. Sailed your little ship in the moonlight, throw em out and watch them sink into the bottom of the lake. Bottom of the lake. Shine in your dismay, smile beneath the waves. The till feels good in your hands, as you point it towards the monsters foaming wake. Lake patrol they've come to stop you. But you'll never let them take you to a better place. To a better place. Shine in your dismay, smile beneath the waves. Righteous you stand in battle pose. Sun glistens off your swords. Enemies swarm your bow but you. You know what's right you know what's true, ya only did what you had to do. See the monster crush your flailing boat. Watch the water swirling round your nervous feet. Lake patrol they make a futile last attempt, as they catch your last true smile, beneath the waves. Smile beneath the waves. Shine in your dismay, smile beneath the waves.

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