

Courtney Marie Andrews

On My Page

Woman of Many Colors

I've been around this country in a wagon of Indian quilts.
I've met the ones who've claimed it and I've met the ones who've built.
Of the ones I've met I loved many.
Of the ones I loved, I knew few.
They'd always know I'd be leaving; sooner or later they'd be too.

I'm a woman of many colors.
Yes, my mind is never made.
So I'll travel this land like a canvas until I'm out of paint.

I've worn out my welcome, so I'll leave before the dawn.
If there's one thing this country taught me, it's to leave before you're gone.
Of the ones I've left, I've mourned many.
Of the one I've mourned I call two.
They'd always know I'd break their hearts before they broke my blues.

I'm a woman of many virtues, if you'd only let me grow.
But my spirits been broken in so many ways, my seed you must learn to sew.

I know this town like I built it.
I know which roads will lead to where, and I'll stay and visit as long as these roads know how to take me
somewhere.
Of the places I've been I've kept many in mind, but I've dreamed them all the same.
Of the ones I've dreamed, there's only one place that gave me my name.

I'm a woman of many stories; if you'll listen I'll tell you one.
I've called many places my home little darlin,' but I only come from one.

This Time

Haven't been home in four years, I've forgotten the road that takes me there,
Haven't seen a face like yours in a long time,
Hell, I've seen the hungry on the streets, Hell, I've been the hungry on the streets,
I've seen everything from here, to the midnight.

But I aint' going back this time

I've been holdin' on this lonely blues, just to try and make a buck or two,
Just to try and make enough for a nice bed tonight,
I've met men in every dirty pub, in the corners of every city slum,
I've stayed with the prince of Thailand through the summertime.

But I aint' going back this time

These boots been movin' much to fast, so I think I'll stay and share a glass,
Can I stay with you in your nice bed tonight?
In fact these boots they haven't touched the ground,

Never been taught to stick around, but I think I'll stay and settle down for a while

It Keep Going

When will you come, come to your senses?
Realize it's not only my heart you're breaking
Laugh it off, just to cry inside your kitchen
Locked in for weeks, your friends become your fiction

All we wanted to do was ask you how you've been
The world ain't some object you can turn on and off again
It just keeps going

Remember the nights in the north country
Singing and dancing in the snow
So young and so sad, so happily
Remember those nights if you never decide to show

And you can come around if you feel you've been missing out
Just don't expect things to be the same
'Cause the world it's been moving ever since you went away
But our love for you stays the same,
My friend our love for you doesn't change
It just keeps going

Blue Woman

Winter, he's on our front porch,
Laying down a sheet of snow.
Me, I'm in our big brass bed laying in all my sorrow.

Cause I am a blue woman, and you are my blue man.

Winter, he's got me dreamin' of my first home, the burning southwest.
So I lay here through the quiet morning counting on dreams I can't quite grab, when counting dreams is
all I have.

Cause I am a blue woman, and you are my blue man.

Haven't Seen It

Haven't truly seen you in weeks.
Haven't looked you in the eye, haven't asked you how you've been, haven't left it all out on the table for
it to be taken again.

Do you still think of it that way?
Cause thoughts they'll take shape, then they'll walk their own way, until you don't even know how you
can relate.

So call me out, when I don't love you like you love me.

Haven't gone the long way in quite some time.
I've been acting like a child in all the worst ways,
Never truly hear what it is you have to say.
Do you still want to drive a little longer past midnight?
Laugh like we've forgotten about the time and what it's done to us?

So call me out, when I don't love you like you love me.

500 Nights

Tonight on Asher's porch I swear I heard you laugh like you did when we first met.
I tried to catch your eye, but you're too damn stubborn now let me in.

500 nights spent by your side and I could've spent 500 more.
But this lonely mind, it needs some time,
These lonely dreams need something to work towards.

It's easy to talk about the past, wishing that time was in a frame upon your bookshelf .
I saw you crying in Beau's lap, talking about life as if it was something you could pass or fail.
But it doesn't have to be a test. All the things we did, all the things we said, there's no use dwelling in.
No, it's the whiskey on your breath that's keeping you in a state of remembrance.

500 nights spent by your side
We're living in restless times,
No one wants to be tied to the selflessness of every hour.

500 nights.

Fall City

Fall City in the winter,
At the Raging River Bar.

Shannon she enjoys the company, when the locals start to get a bit too rowdy. She's a mother to anyone
whose dancing with a drink, you got something on your mind, tell mama but the bar closes at three.

We got a breakdown on the highway, and we're holding up a string a trucks, but my old man he'll take
care of us,
He's got a baseball hat to hold up the hood.
He knows a friend of a friend who'll give us a jump if we get stuck.

We never been too good with our money,
Or should I say the money ain't never been good to us.
We'll put a tip jar up at the market, get us half a good tank of gas.
We may not have much but we have something to talk about.
And when the music's playing, this little light of mine it won't ever burn out.
You've got troubles on your mind, sing a tune, and let those troubles out.

Paintings From Michael

I like the one with the sky storm.
The one with the abandoned barn.
I heard you painted in prison, right before they took your brushes away.

Michael, I don't know you but I dream of you sometimes.
To tell you the truth, I don't you did to deserve such hard times.

I'd read to you on Sundays, right before they took your visits away.
I'd kept all the letters you'd send.
The ones about being home again.

Michael, I don't know you but I dream of you sometimes.
To tell the truth I don't know what you did to deserve such hard time.
When you paint the pretty women, do you see them in your cell?
When they take you out for field work, do you hear the city bells?

On My Page

Battle the turnpike, in through the film light, at war with the moon.
Tim sleeps through the FM, lightly dreaming with an ink pen halfway in his hand.
Johnny wakes from the truck buzz, wearily fallin' out of love with seeing anything new.
I feel it too, except all of the time, I'm crying in the rear view.
I ain't someone you want around you.
Often do I use my feelings to paint my mood.
Yeah I get sidetracked.
I ain't someone you can count on to have your back.

At least not the way you'd want me to.

Fell asleep on the drive back with Buggy steering trying to make us laugh to keep us all awake.
In the backseat in a raincoat, lulled by the engine and the shadows always moving to my right.
Do you feel it too?
Like your the only one trying to level with your own blues.
I'm trying to be on your page, but I'm the only one who always tends to feel this way.

If you love me you'll give me a break, won't you?

Left-Handed Angel

Carry my bag ten blocks,
It's August but it feels like the end of the year.
Going to dance with the Scottish broads,
The house band is playing like a jukebox,
Put a quarter in their jar.

You're looking like I should take you home,
Sing you to sleep in your wicker throne,
Left-handed angel, it is time to go.

You're either on, or you're off
You're either with me, or you're not.

I'm sorry I had to wake you up,
My bags are round, I have to catch the next bus.
Your Saturn eyes are tired and wild,
You're waving goodbye like a jovial child; steam in you hair, moon on your mind.

Go back to sleep in your cotton mine, wishful thoughts and a Polish sunrise,
Left-Handed Angel, goodbye.

You're either on, or you're off
You're either with me, or you're not.