

When You Come to Me

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Oh, the rain is coming down; it's a welcomed changing scene
And the grass has been greener, it's been a while since it's been green
Now it's tapping out a rhythm against a leaded window pane
My mind is dancing through the gray sky to a song without a name

Sometimes I let go and I'm driving down that highway
Between the cedars and the oak trees, in and out of all their shadows
Against a sun that is setting in a fall's crisper breeze
And the future is endless, it seems
That's when you come to me

Now the streets are lined with gold cast from yellow Main Street lights.
All the hustlers and the bustlers have faded with the night.
And a breath of air escapes me -- an old familiar friend
One that left a long, long time ago but still burns deep within.

I guess it hasn't been as easy as I had hoped that it would be
And the wins don't come as often as the many mercy pleas
There're things I could do better, things I better do today
But overall I'm doing okay,
I said overall I'm doing okay.

Doing Well

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Crazy girl, it's been so long,
How've you been? Same old song
Lately you've been on my mind.
I heard you found a brand new place
God, it's good to see your face
These days I'm just passing time

I've been running around on empty
Falling down on my knees
Until I think I'm going to scream
Sleeping around don't suit me
Drinking to drown is too easy
The rearview mirror's full of dreams
Other than that, I guess I'm doing well

Found a stranger, found a friend
Feeling guilty once again
I know the comfort isn't real.
Smoke-filled bars and empty smiles
Been my best friends for too long
Looking for some way to deal with how you make me feel

All these lies we've told, all these dreams we've sold
Now we're left to play these games
There will come a day when I won't feel this way
And I won't remember your name.

Drink (Drink Drink)

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I read a book about a man who could change his mind
With distractions by design, he'd forget things over time
And so I thought about my mind and this matter over you
You flew away into the clouds for a different point of view
You said you needed something new
So I guess this is my cue

To drink, drink, drink a beer down at the tavern
And not think, think, think of where you might be now
And hope, hope, hope there's freedom found in repetition
Maybe lose your memory before I lose my mind.

So far so good, everything has turned on a dime
I hardly think too much about you, except the rest of the time.
And there's no need for you to worry, I'm making it just fine
I keep my head under the clouds, I keep my feet toeing that line
Trying something new each day
It's just a lot more of the same

I know it sounds crazy to do these things again
Over and over to a different end
And I think that you're right, I think that's probably true
That's why I'm on this barstool forgetting about you

Time I Walk Away

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You know I hate the way your eyes look
Right before you break my heart
You don't have to say a thing
And you can tear my world apart.

Another sad song about leaving
Another tired old cliché
About running from your demons
Or "chasing dreams," as you would say.

Take a stand, I'll hold you up with all my might
If darkness overwhelms, I'll be a steady light
If you want to brave a fire-fight I'll go down in flames
But if you want to keep on running it's time I walk away.

Go and search the whole world over
But you'll find it's all the same
'cause people are just people
And not a one of them's to blame.

Blanco County Lights

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A light comes on and I'm out again
at a filling station, put another five dollars on ten
I spend the day slinging paint on broken fences
and race the sunset home before tomorrow starts again.

It's an endless cycle that I'm not much for talking about
But damned if some days -- some days I just can't work it all out.
I'm left filling the spaces inside my head
With all the wrong things done and the right things left unsaid.

I'll let it go tonight
And watch it all fade away into a flickering candle light
Letting go, I'm alright
Saying goodbye to the Blanco County lights

I'm not the best at letting the good things go
This ain't the first night I've spent living in the past, I know
These empty glasses, head pounds like a drum
Not really that comfortable with how comfortable this bar's become

Yeah, it's true, some decisions change everything
And all the ones I didn't make made a mess of me and you
But I've got a really good idea of just who I am
And I've spent too long listening to all the things they've said I've been.

Theodora

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Raised up “right” on the mighty Mississippi,
She left that small town with a big dream at nineteen
Working in an oil patch town on the coast of Texas
She was the prettiest receptionist they’d ever seen

Molded from the red clay kin to the state of Georgia
He walked a mile for every inch of life he gleaned
Flying Douglas planes for an oil man in Texas
He met the prettiest receptionist he’d ever seen

Theodora, have a told you I love you?
I love you more and more, every single day
Theodora, I hope you know I love you.
I love you more than any words could ever say
And I will until my very last day.

Face to face at a church east of the Yazoo River
They made a promise on a clear September day
Hand in hand, wedding bands heading back to Houston
He kept that promise with these words he’d often say

Sixty years go by just as fast as a mighty river
It’s constant, strong and awesome, and still it thrives.
I’m just the wandering son of their first-born daughter
Listening to my granddad tell the stories of our lives.

Still the One

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Heading down an old familiar road
Shifting through the places that we knew, stories we told.
Tonight I'm going out to the square
Knocking back shots, see a lot of really good people there
But it won't be you

I never had a good time
I never had much fun
I never had a night I laughed so hard I swear I'd die -- that you weren't part of
You're still The One.

Everybody knows that you're the one
It goes without saying I don't need to write this song
Today we're driving to the lake
Knocking back beers and all the sun that we can take
But it won't be you

84 Boxes

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84 boxes on the back of a truck
84 boxes to make another buck
84 boxes with a little bit of a luck
We'll get these 84 boxes off the back of the truck

Eighty-thousand pounds of cargo and steel,
Eighteen-hundred pounds of torque at the wheel
Come on driver back the rig into the dock,
We've got a lot of work to do and we're up against the clock

Grab a latch and swing the doors open wide,
Let's take a better look at what we've got inside
From the floor to the ceiling from the wall to the wall
It's a loaded down semi and we've got to move it all

It's a hundred degrees, maybe hotter inside
On the surface of the sun there ain't a place to hide
When the bell tolls three we'll be walking through the flames
It's a hell of a life, just a-tryin' to make a name

We've made our choices and we've made our peace
There's at least a hundred places that we'd rather be
But it's a couple bucks an hour for the hours in the day
Ran a tab with the Devil, now it's time to pay.

Free Will

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Free to do what I want
Free to go where I please
And I'm not gonna love you anymore

I'm free to follow this road
I'm free to go where it leads
And I'm not gonna love you anymore

I won't go back where I've already been
It's too far gone and it's over now
I won't run back to a burning bridge
I won't go back on my own free will

I'm free to be who I am
I'm gonna be a good man
And I'm not gonna love you anymore

I'm free to make a new friend
Gonna smile again
And I'm not gonna love you anymore

When I come to the end of this road
I'll find another or I will make my own.

Joie de Vivre

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There's another sad story on the radio
Another and another, on and on it goes
It might be in my head that it feels this way
But I swear it's getting worse here everyday

I don't know how much time we have in this world,
But I just want to spend it with you.
Through the toil and pain of life in this world,
I just want to spend it with you.

The weather's a-changing, a collapse is on the way
A man can't make a living on the wages he's paid.
The crops are drying up and the debts are stacked high
There's poison in the water, toxic smoke up in the sky.

Now the poor go to the pen' and the rich get apple pie
A pastor makes a million while his members just scrape by
Some schoolyard bully shoves the loneliest kid
Nobody pays much mind, but someday we'll wish we did.

Greenville Avenue

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The wind blows cold tonight down Greenville Avenue

It's warm inside

Under the neon lights, familiar friend or two

I like to hide

It's not the same tonight

Something's not right

Missing you

I raise my glass again to clear my, mind it's won't

But I pretend

Smile raise a toast to friends, I'm so together when your friends walk in.

But it's not the same tonight,

No, something's not right

Missing you

I'm the life of the party but I feel like I'm dying

Tell me what am I supposed to do?

So I fill up on whiskey and pretend I'm not empty

Hiding out on Greenville Avenue

The wind blows cold tonight down Greenville Avenue

It's cold inside.

Under the closing lights I catch a glimpse of you and nothing's fine.

But it's just the same tonight,

Oh and it's never right

I'm missing you and that's all I can do.