

“Havin’ a Ball!”

It’s a whole new ballgame.
(warm it up now)
Houston... (hey Houston)
Astros... (yeah we’re havin’ a ball)

Flyin’ ‘round first like a one way street.
Slidin’ into second we try to never get beat.
We’ll be hittin’ fly balls over the left field wall.
Chalkin’ up the runs to help opponents all fall.

‘Cuz we’re the Houston Astros.
Always a good time, while rainin’ or sunshine.
(we’ll be) Movin’, fast because,
the bandwagon’s pined, better get in line.

We’ve Got Your One Way Tickets,
(you’re) **Goin’ All Year Long.**
Sittin’ In the Same Seats,
(you’ll be) **Havin’ a Ball.**
No Matter What the Scoreboard,
Says On the Wall.
You’ll Be Partyin’ Out On Crawford,
Always Havin’ a Ball.

(dig it in now)
Takin’ three pitches balls 1, 2, 3.
Then hittin’ opposite field,
buntin’, stealin’ for leads.
Fine tunin’ players playin’,
the Houston Astros way.
Fightin’ ‘til the last pitch crosses home plate.

‘Cuz we’re the Houston Astros.
Fightin’ for our name, this city’s deservin’.
We’ll be provin’, it fast because,
we’re protectin’ the plate,
like this “Golden Game”.

We’ve Got Your, One Way Tickets,
(you’re) **Goin’ All Year Long.**
Sittin’ In the Same Seats,
(you’ll be) **Havin’ a Ball.**
No Matter What the Scoreboard,
Says On the Wall.
You’ll Be Partyin’ Out On Crawford,
Always Havin’ a Ball.

(inning stretch now)
Houston... (hey Houston)
Astros... (yeah we’re havin’ a ball)
Houston... Astros...

Bob, Aspromonte, Rader, Wynn and Staub,
J.R., Cruz, Enos, Cesar, Niekro and Thon,
Doran, Davis, Dierker, Ashby, Smith,
Sambito and Scott.
Yeah, Biggio, Bagwell and all others not forgot.

‘Cuz we’re the Houston Astros.
We know who we once were.
Tt’s time to move forward.
We’re the future, still with the past love.
Line the downtown walks
and end the parade at city hall.

We’ve Got Your, One Way Tickets,
(you’re) **Goin’ All Year Long.**
Sittin’ In the Same Seats,
(you’ll be) **Havin’ a Ball.**

No Matter What the Scoreboard,
Says On the Wall.
You’ll Be Partyin’ Out On Crawford,
Always Havin’ a Ball.
So Come Reserve Your Tickets,
Priced Fair for You All.
Every Seat in the Park,
You Know Can Catch a Fly Ball.
It’s Fun for the Family, (‘cuz it’s fun)
Plan to Bring One and All.
‘Cuz Your Houston Astros,
Always Havin’ a Ball.
Never Miss a Game... “Play Ball!”

Music and Lyrics, 9/27/2012:
Peter J. Beauchemin

“Be On Top”

If you want to be what dreams are made of.
Then believe and make up your mind.
Build around the future and always love.
Never worry ‘bout what’s left behind.

Go for it all keep heading for the stars.
Just flash that million dollar smile.
Dream big this town will never hold you.
You own your style
and tame all gone wild, so be.

(on top) **Oh, Life’s About Livin’.**
(never stop) **Makin’ Brand New Starts,**
You’re Always.
(on top) **Take Less Then Givin’.**
(never stop) **Shootin’ from the Heart.**

Look around this world is made of.
So many people doin’ different things.
Always ride on the road that goes above.
Recharge your engine
with the fortune it brings.

You have it there in the palm of your hand.
A twist of fate,
you’re a chameleon of one kind.
Make your mark you own what you go thru.
Step in time then make up your mind, to be.

(on top) **If You Keep On Believin’.**
(you’ll, never stop) **Bein’ All You Can Be,**
You’re Always.
(on top) **You’ll Forever Be Winnin’.**
(if you, never stop) **Holdin’ Your Dreams.**

Solo:

To Be. (on top)
Yeah Your Life’s About Livin’.
(never stop) **Dancin’ One More Step,**
You’re Always.
(on top) **Just Take Less Then Givin’.**
(never stop) **Won’t Let You Ever Forget.**
To Be. (on top)
You’re Movin’ Straight Ahead Now.
(never stop) **Strivin’ for Your Goals,**
You’re Always.
(on top) **Put the Past Behind You.**
(never stop) **Don’t You Turn Back Now.**
Be On Top.

Music and Lyrics, 1990: Peter J. Beauchemin

“I Can’t Find My Ride”

Well I can’t find my ride.

I looked high. I looked low.
I looked in and out of control.
I looked up. I looked down.
I looked on my way to the lost and found.

It was here. Then it was gone.
For days on end I knew somethin’s wrong.
I can’t win. I just lose.
‘Cuz my ride was jacked
and here’s my only clue.

Yeah, It’s Mean and Lean and Dirty Red.
It’s Got a Supped Up Motor
with a Sturdy Bed.
It’s a Four By Four Sittin’ Way Up High.
Its Chassis Loaded with Brand New Tires.
It Has a Top Fuel Tank
Full of Nitrous Gas.
When the Pedals to the Medal
It’ll Kick Your Ass.
It’s Got the Looks that Kill
Yet Humbled Pie.
The Problem Is, “I Can’t Find My Ride”.

I looked in. I looked out.
Well, I’m as dumb as dirt and I leave no doubt.
‘Cuz I’m near. Yet so far.
I’ve been walkin’ these streets
‘cuz I’ve got no car.

Started left. Took it right.
I would ask the cops but I drank all night.
Guess I get, all deserved.
Another hard knock story
and a lesson learned.

Yeah, It’s Mean and Lean and Dirty Red.
It’s Got a Supped Up Motor
with a Sturdy Bed.
It’s a Four By Four Sittin’ Way Up High.
Its Chassis Loaded with Brand New Tires.
It Has a Top Fuel Tank
Full of Nitrous Gas.
When the Pedals to the Medal
It’ll Kick Your Ass.
It’s Got the Looks that Kill
Yet Humbled Pie.
The Problem Is, “I Can’t Find My Ride”.

Oh, help me please.
If you’ve got a lead.
I would love to see.
Oh, come on now, I’m down on my knees.

‘Cuz I love this ride.
It’s my only prize.
And I want it dead or alive.
Oh, bring it to me, or I’ll never survive.

Solo:

Yeah, It’s Mean and Lean and Dirty Red.
It’s Got a Supped Up Motor
with a Sturdy Bed.
It’s a Four By Four Sittin’ Way Up High.
Its Chassis Loaded with Brand New Tires.

It Has a Top Fuel Tank Full of Nitrous Gas.
When the Pedals to the Medal
It’ll Kick Your Ass.
It’s Got the Looks that Kill
Yet Humbled Pie.
The Problem Is, “I Can’t Find My Ride”.

Awe man. Was that my ride?

Music and Lyrics, 2010: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Run With Me”

Looking out my window
I see the pourin’ rain.
And memories of you and I
come back to help me again.

We were young and innocent
we could have had it all.
Together we built a world of dreams
together we watched them fall.

I want to start all over.
Come on baby, let’s go away.
Forget the past, we’ll make it last.
Don’t say no, just say you’ll go.

(run with me) **and Never Look Back.**
I Don’t Want To Stand On My Own.
(don’t wanna stand on my,
take my hand) **and Never Let It Go.**
‘Cuz I Can’t Make It Alone.
(I can’t make it alone)

I’ve tried so hard to forget you
believe me baby it’s true.
But every time I look for love
I come straight back to you.

This time we’ll start all over.
Come on baby, lets go away.
Forget the past, we’ll make it last.
Don’t say no, just say you’ll go.

(run with me) **we’ll Make New Tracks.**
The Road Will Be Our New Home.
(the road will be our new,
take my heart) **and Love It as Your Own.**
Baby, You’re My Only Hope.
(you’re my only hope)

I don’t know where were going.
But, baby we can take it slow.
Take some time, we’ll do just fine.
Don’t say no, just say you’ll go.

Solo:

(run with me) **and Never Look Back.**
I Don’t Want to Stand On My Own.
(don’t wanna stand on my,
take my hand) **and Never Let It Go.**
‘Cuz I Can’t Make It Alone.
(I can’t make it alone)

(run with me) **we’ll Make New Tracks.**
The Road Will Be Our New Home.
(the road will be our new,
take my heart) **and Love It as Your Own.**
Baby, You’re My Only Hope.
(you’re my only)

(run with me) **Take My Hand.**
(don’t let go) **‘Cuz I Can’t Make It Alone.**
(run with me) **Baby Run With Me.**
Run With Me. Take My Heart.
(take my, it’s your own)
You’ve Got to Run With Me.
Run With Me. You’re My Only Hope.
(you’re my only hope)

Music and Lyrics, 1991: Peter J. Beauchemin

“Grand Prize”

She’s a little older.
Yet she’s cute and really young.
Kind of like a full moon when it’s,
goin’ down on the mornin’ sun.

She has a really, really bad side.
And a goody girl personification.
Walks a really, really, really fine line.
Crisscrosses on all your sensations.

(she is the grand prize)
She is the One and Only.
(she owns the night life)
Leaves All Hearts Hopin’ Yet Lonely.
(don’t wait for her eyes)
to Come a Gazin’ at You.
(‘cuz she’s the grand prize
so, kneel down, like we do)

She was born an only child.
From a virgin, immaculate conception.
Danced and played but never got really wild.
Portrayed a queen like perception.

Then she ‘came a woman and a diva.
Turned on her charm and made you a believer.
Webbed a net then spun you to her kinky ways.
Gave you a bone and now you’re a retriever.

(she is the grand prize)
Blue Ribbon with a Ten Foot Trophy.
(always has a good time)
Strings Together a Unique Motif.
(she is the right size)
Voluptuously Curved
and Seen On You-Tube.
(she is the grand prize
so kneel down like we do)

She brings the world together.
Hand wave creates the weather.
Her stand quiets the crowds.
Turns and walks, “Bow Down, Right Now”.

(she is the grand prize)
Number 1 On All the Top 40 Charts.
(she is a fast ride)
Burns Rubbers Like a Drag Race On Start.
(she is a best buy)

Stock Rises Like a Hot Pair of Gold Shoes.
(she is the grand prize
so kneel down like we do)

Yeah! Kneel Down! Bahando! Bahando!
Bow down now.
She's the, "Grand Prize".

Music and Lyrics, 2010: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Love Drive"

Well, you can lead a horse to a pool.
But you can't make him drink
then who's the fool.
You can build yourself a golden bridge.
Upon solid ground which never gives.

If you believe in your heart.
Keep promises made from the start.
The long run always shortens the cut.
No control, "Fate's Your Luck".

(one more) **Holy Night.**
(two steps) **To Gain Your Sight.**
(three sides) **To the Answers in Life.**
But Four More to Get It Right.

A wise man once told me,
"Follow your heart to never be deceived".
But is your heart truly the guide.
I've heard some say faith is the for sure ride.

Divide your heart by two.
You'll have half of one that's never true.
But if by chance two hearts entwine.
They'll become, "One of a Kind".

(one more) **Holy Night.**
(two steps) **To Gain Your Sight.**
(three sides) **To the Answers in Life.**
But Four More to Get It Right.
Love Drive. Love Drive. Yeah.

Solo:

A clear window is always seen thru.
But, paint it black the reflection is you.
And are you the one you think you know.
Your inner secrets are all there to show.

To the other side which hides no turn.
Face your fears and be not concerned.
What's done is done your soul to keep.
Be as it may, "Lay Fast to Sleep".

(one more) **Holy Night.**
(two steps) **To Gain Your Sight.**
(three sides) **To the Answers in Life.**
But Four More to Get It Right.
(one more) **Holy Night.**
(two steps) **To Gain Your Sight.**
(three sides) **To the Answers in Life.**
But Four More to Get It Right.
Love Drive. Love Drive.
Love Drive. Love Drive.
Love Drive.

Music and Lyrics, 2011: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Mercedes-Lindz"

One. two.. one. two.. three... let's go.

Let me to tell you a story
`bout a girl I know.
She's a real go getter
like's to rock and roll.
She'll be dancin' on your doorstep
takin' all of your gold.
Better pull it to the shoulder
`cuz she's out of control.

(mercedes-lindz) **Flyin' On By.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Touchin' the Sky.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Slidin' the Curves.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Bustin' Your Nerves.**

Gonna steer `round the corner
goin' full speed blast.
Smashin' all your little dreams
with a sharp hook bash.
Better heed this simple warnin'
keep a lookin' back.
'Cuz I guarantee she's comin'
and it's gonna be fast.

(mercedes-lindz) **Blackin' Your Eye.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Knock Out Your Lights.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Pain's All She Serves.**
(mercedes-lindz) **She Knows You Deserve.**

Solo:

Now, I've tried to tell politely
how she comes on quick.
So don't you start your whinin'
when she burns your candle stick.
'Cuz no fuse in this nation
is long enough to trick.
If this girl's comin' for you
better floor it out to sick.

(mercedes-lindz) **Flyin' On By.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Touchin' the Sky.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Slidin' the Curves.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Bustin' Your Nerves.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Blackin' Your Eye.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Knock Out Your Lights.**
(mercedes-lindz) **Pain's All She Serves.**
(mercedes-lindz) **She Knows You Deserve.**
Mercedes-Lindz.

Music and Lyrics, 2007: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Sundress"

Blue jeans are nice when they fit just right.
That mini-skirt will live-in up your night.
(oh, and yours too)
A pair of pure silk stockings with a cowboy hat.
Will surely make the boys all get in a fight.
(ok, ya'll have it out)

But there's something about
the way you whisper and shout.
With your hair tossed up all in a mess.
(how's this look?).

Yeah there's no doubt about it
you really do wow us.
When you show up in that cute sundress.
(okay boys).

All Day and Every Night.
The Thought of You,
Just Keeps My Mind Right.
'Cuz When I Know,
You're Really Gonna Show.
My Heart Starts Racin',
and I Keep On Pacin'.
That Little Sundress,
Just Makes Me Explode.

Sandals or flops high heels or high tops.
A pair of ten'ies 'll help you go really fast.
(you better not be).
Not that you need runnin' no I don't think that.
It's just a caution `cuz you look like a blast.
(if you only knew).

With your sassy pony-tail
and you're done up nails.
A boy could get lost in distress.
(oh, sit right here).
Until you turn the corner
he'll revive at the coroners.
'Cuz your itty bitty hot sundress.
(round two).

All Day and Every Night.
The Thought of You,
Just Keeps My Mind Right.
'Cuz When I Know,
You're Really Gonna Show.
My Heart Starts Racin',
and I Keep On Pacin'.
That Little Sundress,
Just Makes Me Explode.
(get up and go).

Solo:

Sun tan lotion just causin' a commotion.
Looks like you've got the right shade of dark.
(do I?)
With your stripe thin-lines and precision behind.
I'm sure we'll make it just don't stick it in park.
(butt I can)

'Cuz I know what would happen
and it wouldn't be us nappin'.
Your code name would be sung as the best.
(hallelujah)
Like the real Mona Lisa
you'll immortalize in pictures.
'Cuz you own the cat walk in that sundress.
(nine lives).

All Day and Every Night.
The Thought of You,
Just Keeps My Mind Right.
'Cuz When I Know,
You're Really Gonna Show.
My Heart Starts Racin',
and I Keep On Pacin'.

All Day and Every Night.
The Thought of You,
Just Keeps My Mind Right.
'Cuz When I Know,
You're Really Gonna Show.
My Heart Starts Racin',
and I Keep On Pacin'.
That Little Sundress,
Just Makes Me Explode.
(hey, lock that door).

Music and Lyrics, 2011: Peter J. Beauchemin

"My Internet Honey"

I surfed a girl, her name was JoAnne.
I emailed, "Let's do lunch.
I'm a singer in a Rock and Roll Band?"
She answered frankly,
with precisely written words.
"You better be romantic,
or you're kicked to the curb!"

I saddled-up, and brought my very best game.
Pitched high and low,
but all I got was her (1st) name.
The real McCoy, a true diamond in the rough.
Call of the wild, she is sent from up-above.

(`cuz, I'm his Internet Honey) **Well, Maybe?**
(never want his money) **Whole Savings.**
(lookin' for adventure) **Escapade.**
(a mighty fine inventor) **Home-Made.**
(I never need attention) **Quite a Lot.**
(but I forgot to mention) **She's a Fox.**
(my wit and charm is cunnin') **Really Fast.**
(`cuz, I'm his Internet Honey) **What a Blast.**

She wrote and said,
"You're refreshing, like a beer. Hick-Up".
I thought, "Yeah I taste great,
but less fillings not in here".
She smirked a grin, and threw quick one-liner.
"Is monogamy your plan,
`cuz I don't sleep with two-timers".

Holy-Moly, she teaches strict lessons.
Not counter-fit, her path is destined.
Her heart and soul,
blend together like they're one.
Her full Monty, is hotter than the sun.

(`cuz I'm his Internet Honey) **Today.**
(never am the dummy) **No Way.**
(my love is like a carousel) **Bright Lights.**
(combined with a parasail) **Great Heights.**
(a tip of my soft hand) **Her Highness.**
(hysteria's my screaming fans) **World's Finest.**
(rainy days are always sunny)
Sunny and Bright.
(`cuz I'm his Internet Honey) **Yeah, Right?**

I started out on Yahoo.
Then, I tried Match.
And, too far for me was Lovers2.
'Cuz, that's in the UK and I'm never attached.

So, I swam with Plenty of Fish.
And, then added some Chemistry.
The Cougar Women was a perfect fit.
But, it made me feel like
someone was gonna eat me.

So, I thought.

Adult Friend Finder would be okay.
But, it converted to the Christian Mingles.
Then, I tried the Millionaire Mate.
But, they said my pockets
didn't have enough jingle.

So, that led me to Cupid's Lair.
But, that was just creepy.
Then, the Dirty Encounters raised my mom's hair.
So, I promised her I'd take it easy.

Then.

Great Expectations really wasn't great.
And, implanted, was Natural Friends.
And, I bet Green Singles and Veggie Date.
Will have problems,
with their users being hooked on "Depends".

And, I know you know, `cuz everyone knows.
Internet dating is the wave of the land.
And, I believe that just goes to show.
That, "My Internet Honey", is in total command.

(`cuz I'm his Internet Honey)
Yeah, She'll Go All Night.
(delicious like a Sunday) **Yay, Just One Bite.**
(ridin' up my Broadway)
Well, There's No Chance.
(servin' up a heart ache) **Last Dance.**
(I know about my callin') **Uses Morse Code.**
(don't ever think I'm fallin') **Hey, Love Knows.**
(I'm really quite funny) **But, Then Again.**
(`cuz I'm his Internet Honey) **Amen.**

Music and Lyrics, 2004: Peter J. Beauchemin

"Major Minor" (instrumental)

Music, 1987: Peter J. Beauchemin and
Mike McCain

12 String Acoustic Guitar, many Electric Guitars,
Bass Guitar, Drums:
Peter J. Beauchemin

Male Vocals, Many Rhythm Guitars and several
Guitar Solos: **Scott Johnson**

Female Vocals: **Heather Gasaway**

Many Guitar Solos: **Errol Iscel** (h.S. band mate)

Keyboards: **Doug Courtney** (R.I.P. ~ I know I
always told you to keep your crazy ideas out of
my music, but, when I started re-mixing again
after you passed, I realized your crazy made my
songs exciting, so, I inserted them all, every note
I could find "from you" was mixed as loud as they
could go, being fair, we finally made it bro, thx.)