



## Songs from **Fletcher Clark**

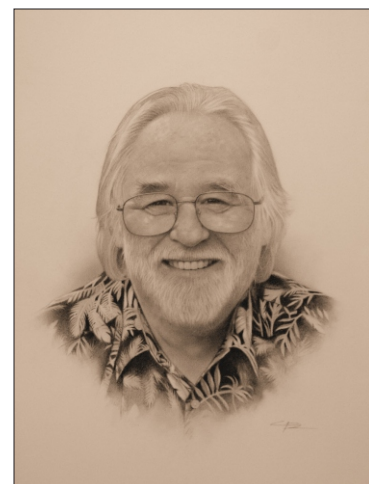
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<b><i>Lyrics only . . . . .</i></b>	<b>19-30</b>

**All songs by Fletcher Clark**  
**©2018, Flécha3 Music Publishing (ASCAP)**

**CD Produced & Recorded by Fletcher Clark**  
**Flécha3 Music (Lockhart, TX)**



**Portrait by C. P. Vaughn**  
**Cover Art by Guy Juke**



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# Sleepy Parade

# Cartoon March $\text{♩}=104$

Jack Jacobs &amp; Fletcher Clark

1. First you sell me on the A -

mer - i - can Dream. —

And then you tell me that thing's are not what they seem. —

2. I got lots of school - in'. I got a Mas - ter's de - gree.

3. Mark - in' Mark - in' my time card. The clock keeps tick - in' a - way.

4. I'm tired I'm tired of wait - in' I'm tired of stand - in' in line.

Who — who am I fool - in'?

I'm work - in', I'm work - in' so hard

Ex - as - per - at - ing! —

That stuff means no - thin' to me. — I'm just a sol - dier in the

for such a small chunk of pay. —

When am I gon - na get mine. —

sleep - y pa - fade. — Seems I've been march - in' for years. —

I should be rest - in' by a tree in the shade but I hear the beat of a dif -

I see my con - fi - dence be - gin - ning to fade

I won't be sat - is - fied 'til I got it made —

fer - ent drum — in my ear. —

# Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy!

Driving ♩ = 140

Fletcher Clark

1. Dis - tract - ed driv - ing drives me cra - zy!

2. Just keep your eyes on the road. Now, don't be tex - ting to your  
see them reach - ing for a beer. I see them chomp - ing on a

3. A mo - ther slap - ping at the kids. A fel - low reach - ing in the

ma - ma, and don't be yak - king on the phone. Dis - tract - ed driv - ing drives me  
bur - ger, and put - ting ketch - up on their fries.  
back seat. A smok - er snuf - fing out his butts.

cra - zy! Just keep your hands on the wheel.  
They're slurp - ing cof - fee from a mug.  
Some - one who left his blink - er on.

Now, don't be put - ting on your make - up,  
I see them dunk - ing with their dough - nuts,  
A la - dy fum - bling for a C - D.

and don't be primp - ing with your hair.  
and then they're run - ning yel - low lights.  
And some - one squab - bling with his wife.

Don't be driv - ing home from the dent - ist. Don't be pop - ping Perk - a -  
Don't ig - nore that full stop - ping school bus. Don't im - pede that am - bu -  
Some - one's cruis - ing slow in the left lane, so I'm pass - ing on the

dan. Rub - ber - neck - ing pass - ing that pile - up,  
lance. Don't be post - ing pic - tures on Face - book..  
right. Some - one's lost and read - ing a map book..

now you're talk - ing with your hands.  
Don't be steer - ing with your knees.  
Now he's check - ing G - P - S!

*D.C. al fine*

# Cup of Hope for a Fool

Fletcher Clark

Easily ♩ = 100

A A<sup>m</sup>6 E C<sup>#</sup>7 F<sup>#</sup>7 C7 B7 E B7 E  
 Pass-in' by your door-  
 - step, saw your lamp - light glow. Sort of feel - in'  
 E C<sup>#</sup>7 F<sup>#</sup>7 F<sup>#</sup>m7 B7 E  
 down and out, feel-in' sad - ly low. Thought of our dis-cus -  
 G<sup>#</sup>7 C<sup>#</sup>m G<sup>#</sup>7 C<sup>#</sup>m E7/B A A<sup>m</sup>6  
 - sions, thought of times at school. Won-dered if you  
 E C<sup>#</sup>7 F<sup>#</sup>7 C7 B7 E D<sup>#</sup>7 G<sup>#</sup>m D<sup>#</sup>7 G<sup>#</sup>m D<sup>#</sup>7  
 just might spare a cup of hope for a fool. Once I had a fam - ily,  
 Once I had a fu - ture,  
 G<sup>#</sup>m D<sup>#</sup>7 G<sup>#</sup>m C<sup>#</sup>7 F<sup>#</sup>m C<sup>#</sup>7 F<sup>#</sup>m  
 drove them all a - way. All my friends have left me,  
 threw it all a way. All my dreams have left me,  
 F<sup>#</sup>9 F<sup>#</sup>m7 B7 E G<sup>#</sup>7  
 'cept for you, you stayed. Took a chance by stop-pin'.  
 'cept for one, you stayed. Took a chance you'd lis - ten.  
 C<sup>#</sup>m G<sup>#</sup>7 C<sup>#</sup>m E7/B A A<sup>m</sup>6 E C<sup>#</sup>7  
 Would-n't break no rule. Took a chance you just might spare a  
 Damn the ri - di - cule! Took a chance you just might spare a  
 1. F<sup>#</sup>7 C7 B7 E D<sup>#</sup>7 2. E E7/B A A<sup>m</sup>6 E C<sup>#</sup>7  
 cup of hope for a fool. Just the thing for my de-spair  
 cup of hope for a fool.  
 F<sup>#</sup>7 C7 B7 E D<sup>#</sup>6 E6  
 a cup of hope for a fool.

# How Long Have You Waited

Fletcher Clark

Western Swing ♩=100

1. How  
2.

long have you wait-ed to leave me? How long have you wait - ed to  
When did it first cross your  
go? Did you wait un - til I left the barn door o - pen to  
mind? Was it on that night\_ when I came home drunk\_ and  
hop on your horse\_ and blow? Why did you car-pe this di - em  
snuck up on you from be - hind? Why seize on this op - por-tu-ni-ty  
to act\_ so\_ tru - ly just - i - fied? How long have you  
to right-eous - ly, in - dig-nant - ly\_ act?  
wait-ed to leave me, dar-lin', while tak - in' me for a ride? You're  
Too long and that's a fact.  
like that gal who found a fro - zen snake, and nursed it back to health lest it  
died. She was bit - ten by the un - grate - ful crea - ture who said, "You  
knew I was a snake when you brought me in - side. 2. How  
I re - mem-ber your sur - prise when you dis -  
cov-ered that pick-in' and sing-in' was my life. I had to have a

sta - ble oc - cu - pa - tion — be - fore you could con - sid - er be - in' my wife.

— 3. How long have you wait-ed to leave me? How long have you wait-ed to

split? Did you quiet - ly wait for that right mo - ment to say ba - by

this is it? Why did you kiss me then leave me?

Just what thrill — did you get? How long have you wait-ed to leave me,

dar - lin', from the first day that we met, I bet, from the first day that we

met! I bet, from the first day that we met!

G 6 F 6 E 7 A 7 D 7

G 6 A 7 D 7

G 6 C C#dim G 6 F 6 E 7 A 7

D 7 G 6 A 7

D 7 B 7 C C#dim G 6/D F 6

E 7 F 7 E 7 A 7 D 7

G 6 F 7 E 7 A 7 D 7 G 6 G 7 C 6 C#dim7

G E 7 A 7 D 7 G

# Old Times Ain't No More

with a beat ♩ = 120

Fletcher Clark

1. Went and built a big su - per-high-way right out-side my door.  
 2. Used to dip a drink from the buck - et, nev - er seemed a chore.  
 3. Dropped a race track out in the coun - try. Brought the en - gines' roar.

Cot - ton used to grow out my way.  
 Now we drink chlo - rine from fau - cet.  
 Now the rich folks come from the ci - ty.

Cot - ton - field ain't no more, Used to get near  
 Well - wa - ter ain't no more, Used to know near  
 Coun - try peace ain't no more, What's the use of

all that I need - ed. at a Mom - and - Pop store.  
 all of the neigh - bors. Nev - er locked the door.  
 ma - kin' a dol - lar if your heart stays poor.

Now they sell me cheap goods from Chi - na. Mom - and - Pop ain't no more,  
 Now the cat's cooped up in the par - lor. Neigh - bor - hood ain't no more,  
 Ain't it time to stand up and hol - ler, "Mon - ey time ain't no more,

no more. Mom - and - Pop ain't no more. Old times ain't no  
 no more. Neigh - bor - hood ain't no more.  
 no more. Mon - ey time ain't no more."

more, no more. Old times ain't no more. That don't mean that to -  
 mor - row don't come, just old times ain't no more, no more.

1. Old times ain't no more. 2. Old times ain't no more, no more.  
 Old times ain't no more.

# Sweet Cajun Queen

for Marcy

Fletcher Clark

Mamou waltz (♩ = 160)

1. When first I saw her  
2. (Mais,) as we stepped out

so long a - go, her face there shone out from the crowd. I could not  
on to the floor, the *tit - fer* was tink - ling a - long. We stayed and

hear the name that she spoke, the mu - sic was sim - ply too loud. Then  
swayed with no thought or care; the mu - sic just played on and on. And

3. And

when the band had ta - ken a break, I shy - ly then asked her once  
though the fid - dler drew gent - ly his bow, my steps were all stum - bles and  
from that night, that fine *fais do - do*, I found there the love of my

more what was that name I'd soon come to love, the  
halts. No crowd, no room, they all went a - way. We  
life. That *Grand Ma - mou Waltz* still fresh in my ears, the

name I would come to a - dore. Come dance, *ma cher - ie*, *Ma - mou, mais*  
danced to that *Grand Ma - mou Waltz*.  
waltz I still dance with my wife.

*oui*. Three steps and then rest in be - tween. Come waltz with me, a two-step in

three. I'll dance with my love - ly Jo - lene, a waltz with my sweet ca - jun

queen. 1. 2. 3. 4.

# Watch Out for the Boogey Man

Fletcher Clark

Slow drag (♩=108)

1. Watch out for the boo-gey man.  
*instrumental refrain following interlude*

He gon-na get you if he can. Watch out for the boo-gey man, he  
 just might boog-ie with you. —

2. Late at night when the bed-bugs bite, — and  
 Mourn-ful plaint from a pass ing haint who  
 (BOO!) things go bump all a - round. — Pull your spread all a - bout your head, and  
 sounds so sul - len and blue. — Noi - ses made by a shad - ow shade, who

ne - ver make a sound. —  
 might say, "BOO!" to you. —

*instrumental interlude*

# Woulda, Coulda, Shoulda

Fletcher Clark

Bouncy Zydeco (♩ = 120)

1. Would-a, could - a, should-a: got-ta be my song.

Would-a, could-a, should-a, sing it all day long. Would-a, could-a,

should-a: where did I go wrong. Would-a, could-a, should-a,

since she's been gone. 1. Late at night when I'm feel - in' a -  
2. Took the rent, spent the mon ey on  
3. Stayed out late, nev - er both-ered to

lone, think back when left you sit - tin' at home.  
booze. Bet my car on a hand I'd lose.  
call. Wrote my name on an - oth - er gal's wall.

Wast - ed all on a honk y- tonk life. Weren't no  
Sassed her Ma, brought the wo - man to tears. Tossed her  
Sold your coat just to buy a gold tooth. Sold my

way for to treat a good wife. Would-a, could-a,  
Pa for a coup - le of beers.  
soul, nev-er told you no truth.

Oh, if I could on ly do it dif-f'rent. Oh, if I could have just one more

chance. Oh, if I could on - ly learn the les-son.

Oh, if I could have just one more dance. Would-a, could-a,

**D.S. al Fine**

# Ghosts of Love

Fletcher Clark

Easy Rhumba (♩=132)

1. The ghosts of love sur-round me,  
2. (These) shades of wont en-twine me,  
their whisp-pers ev-'ry-where. I sense them through the si-lence,  
and leave my heart a-gape, with ten-drills that con-fiine me,  
and yet there's no one there. 2. These These mem-o-ries that haunt  
a web I can't es-cape. me, like ban-shees in my ear, screech, be-rate, and taunt me,  
more than I can bear. 3. I know they are but spec-ters,  
and yet they ling-er on. I'll know not peace, nor feel re-lease,  
un-til their spell is gone. The ghosts of love will haunt me,  
un-til the love is gone. un-til the love is gone.  
un-til the love is

# Life's an Adventure with You

Fletcher Clark

Gently (♩=96)

C Maj7 A 7(#5) A b7(#5) G 7 C Maj7 A 7(b9) A b7(#5) G 7

C Maj7 E ∅ A 7 D m7 A b7(#5) G 7 G #dim

1. Life's an ad-ven-ture with you, — al - ways some thin' new. — There's a  
 2. won - d'rin' what to do. — It's a

A m A m/G F # ∅ F m6 C Maj7/E A m7 E m7 A 7

dance, then a song, a right, then a wrong. I ne - ver know just what to do. —  
 hit or a miss, — a slap or a kiss, — I ne - ver have har-bored a clue. —

D m7 A b7(#5) G 7sus4 G 7 C Maj7 E ∅ A 7

Life's an ad-ven-ture with you. — Wor ryin' 'bout how to be - have, —  
 Liv - in' at your beck and call, —

D m7 A b7(#5) G 7 G #dim A m A m/G

fret - tin' 'bout be - in' your slave. — There's a gift, then a theft, a  
 wait - in' just down - the hall. — I'm a verb then a noun, an

F # ∅ F m6 C Maj7/E A m7 E m7 A 7

right, then a left. — My, my, what you put me through. —  
 up then a down. I can't seem to pass re - view. —

D m7 G 7 C D m7 G 7 E m7 A 7

life's an ad-ven-ture with you. — Life's an ad-ven-ture, Life's — an ad-ven-ture, life's

D m7 G 7 C

— an ad - ven - ture with you.

# Where Were You?

Fletcher Clark

*rubato*

In-to each man's life come mile-stones he can look back to. \_\_\_\_ At each

fork in the road you de-cide and choose a-new. \_\_\_\_ To the left or to the right?

*a tempo*

**with a drive** (♩ = 132) Through the day or through the night? \_\_\_\_ I

know a-bout me, my friend, but where were you? \_\_\_\_

1. Where were you, my friend, when we all stood up for e-qual rights?  
 2. when we all \_\_\_\_ marched the coun-try to war? \_\_\_\_  
 3. when the few \_\_\_\_ fell de-plet-ed-ly ill? \_\_\_\_  
 4. when the chil-dren just \_\_\_\_ seemd to go mad? \_\_\_\_  
 5. when the Good \_\_\_\_ Lord de-liv-ered your soul? \_\_\_\_  
 6. (Will you) stand by me when the life- light is leav-ing my eyes? \_\_\_\_

There were flam-ing cros-ses \_\_\_\_  
 And it was-n't quite clear \_\_\_\_ what it  
 There were some \_\_\_\_ folks said \_\_\_\_ it was  
 If the shoot-ings were'nt here, \_\_\_\_ well, it  
 And he of-fered you \_\_\_\_ His \_\_\_\_  
 And the Lord \_\_\_\_ a-bove \_\_\_\_ beck-ons

burn-ing in the fier-y nights. \_\_\_\_ Were you  
 was \_\_\_\_ we were fight-ing for. \_\_\_\_ Did you  
 simp-ly just a mat-ter of will. \_\_\_\_ Did you  
 did-n't seem to be \_\_\_\_ so bad. \_\_\_\_ Would you  
 ev-er-lov-ing hand \_\_\_\_ to hold. \_\_\_\_ Did you  
 to me for my soul \_\_\_\_ to rise. \_\_\_\_ Will you

white or were you black? \_\_\_\_ Did you fin-al-ly learn to hate \_\_\_\_  
 stay or did you go? \_\_\_\_ Did you stand \_\_\_\_ right up and just \_\_\_\_  
 sec-ret-ly re-joice? \_\_\_\_ Did you think \_\_\_\_ they real-ly had \_\_\_\_  
 spoil all of his fun \_\_\_\_ if you went \_\_\_\_ and took a-way \_\_\_\_  
 stand out in the light? \_\_\_\_ Did you cow-ard-ly hide your faith \_\_\_\_  
 be there at my side? \_\_\_\_ Will you be there to save me from \_\_\_\_

## Where Were You?

—right back? Where were you, my friend, when we all stood up for e - qual rights?  
 — say no? when we all \_\_\_\_\_ marched the coun - try to war?  
 — a choice? when the few \_\_\_\_\_ fell de - plet - ed - ly ill?  
 — his gun? when the chil - dren just \_\_\_\_\_ seemed to go mad.  
 — from sight? when the Good \_\_\_\_\_ Lord de - liv - ered your soul?  
 — my pride? Will you be my friend when the light- - life is leav - ing my eyes?

*Fine* *D.S. al Fine*

*(fine)* 2-5. Where were you  
 6. Will you

# Keep on Smilin'

Fletcher Clark

With a Bounce (♩ = 126)

1. Now when I first o - pen up my eyes, — and I need  
 2. (And as I) reach for my cof - fee cup — I need

know that it's the break of dawn, — how can I see the way  
 all the help that I can get. — I'm gon - na play the cards

— for me — and the path I'm head - ed on? — And so I  
 I'm dealt, nev - er wor - ryin' 'bout the bet. — I know the

let odds go of my dis - guise — as I hit my — knees to pray.  
 will be with the house — when the time comes for me — to pay.

— I'm gon - na keep on smil - in' 'til I bright - en up a cloud - y day. —  
 — So I just keep on smil - in' 'til it bright - ens up a cloud - y day. —

2. And as I The world will nev - er  
 And though your world won't

go just as I say, — but there's a High - er  
 be just as you say, — but there's a High - er

Power for me — to guide my steps on the way. — And ev - en  
 Power for you to guide your steps on the way. — Now I don't

though I am feel - in' blue, — gon - na find the ver - y next right  
 care that you're feel - in' blue, — take a stab — at the next right

## Keep on Smilin'

thing to do. I'm gon-na keep on smil-in' 'til I bright-en up a cloud-y day.  
 thing to do. You got to

— keep on, — keep

— on smil in'. Got to keep on, — keep — on try in'. Got to

keep on, — pray - in' for a bright-er day. —

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, with lyrics 'thing to do. I'm gon-na keep on smil-in' 'til I bright-en up a cloud-y day.' and 'thing to do. You got to'. The second staff contains the melody for the second line, with lyrics 'keep on, — keep'. The third staff contains the melody for the third line, with lyrics '— on smil in'. Got to keep on, — keep — on try in'. Got to'. The fourth staff contains the melody for the fourth line, with lyrics 'keep on, — pray - in' for a bright-er day. —'. The score includes various chords (G7, F, Dm, Gm7, C7, Bb) and a repeat sign with a first and second ending.



## **SLEEPY PARADE**

by Jack Jacobs & Fletcher Clark, May 10, 1978

First you sell me on the American Dream.  
And then you tell me that things are not what they seem.  
I - - got lots of schoolin'. I got a Masters degree.  
Who - - who am I foolin'? That stuff did nothin' for me.

I'm just a soldier in the SLEEPY PARADE.  
Seems I've been marchin' for years.  
I should be restin' by a tree in the shade, but  
I hear the beat of a different drum in my ear.

Markin' my, markin' my time card – the clock keeps tickin' away.  
I'm workin', I'm workin' so hard for such a small chunk of pay.

I'm just a soldier in the SLEEPY PARADE.  
Seems I've been marchin' for years.  
I see my confidence beginnin' to fade, but  
I hear the beat of a different drum in my ear.

I'm tired of, I'm tired of waitin'. I'm tired of standin' in line.  
Ex-as-per-at-in'! When am I gonna get mine?

I'm just a soldier in the SLEEPY PARADE.  
Seems I've been marchin' for years and years.  
I won't be satisfied 'til I got it made, but  
I hear the beat of a different drum in my ear.

(tacit) It's an American Dream.  
(tacit) It's an American Dream.  
(tacit) It's an American Dream.  
(tacit) It's an American Dream.

## **DISTRACTED DRIVING DRIVES ME CRAZY!**

by Fletcher Clark, April 30, 2013

Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy! Just keep your eyes on the road.  
Now, don't be texting to your mama, and don't be yakking on the phone.  
Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy! Just keep your hands on the wheel.  
Now, don't be putting on your makeup, and don't be primping with your hair.

Don't be driving home from the dentist.  
Don't be popping Percadan.  
Rubbernecking passing that pile-up,  
Now you're talking with your hands.

Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy! I see them reaching for a beer.  
I see them chomping on a burger, and putting ketchup on their fries.  
Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy! They're slurping coffee from a mug.  
I see them dunking with their doughnuts, and then they're running yellow lights.

Don't ignore that full-stopping school bus.  
Don't impede that ambulance.  
Don't be posting pictures on Facebook.  
Don't be steering with your knees.

Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy! A mother slapping at the kids.  
A fellow reaching in the back seat. A smoker snuffing out his butts.  
Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy! Someone who left his blinker on.  
A lady fumbling for a CD. And someone squabbling with his wife.

Someone's cruising slow in the left lane.  
So I'm passing on the right.  
Someone's lost and reading a map book.  
Now he's checking GPS.

Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy! Just keep your eyes on the road.  
Now, don't be texting to your mama, and don't be yakking on the phone.  
Distracted Driving Drives Me Crazy!

## **CUP OF HOPE**

by Fletcher Clark, May 29, 2013

Passin' by your doorstep,  
Saw your lamplight glow.  
Sort of feelin' down and out,  
Feelin' sadly low.

Thought of our discussions,  
Thought of times at school.  
Wondered if you just might spare  
A CUP OF HOPE FOR A FOOL.

Once I had a family -  
Drove them all away.  
All my friends have left me -  
'Cept for you – you stayed.

Took a chance by stoppin'.  
Wouldn't break no rule.  
Took a chance you just might spare  
A CUP OF HOPE FOR A FOOL.

Once I had a future -  
Threw it all away.  
All my dreams have left me -  
'Cept for one – you stayed.

Took a chance you 'd listen.  
Damn the ridicule!  
Took a chance you just might spare  
A CUP OF HOPE FOR A FOOL.  
Just the thing for my despair -  
A CUP OF HOPE FOR A FOOL.

## HOW LONG HAVE YOU WAITED?

by Fletcher Clark, September 11, 1998

HOW LONG HAVE YOU WAITED to leave me?  
HOW LONG HAVE YOU WAITED to go?  
Did you wait until I left the barn door open  
To hop on your horse and blow?  
Why did you *carpe* this *diem*,  
To feel so truly justified?  
HOW LONG HAVE YOU WAITED to leave me, darling,  
While takin' me for a ride?

You're like that gal who found a frozen snake,  
And nursed it back to health lest it died.  
She was bitten by the ungrateful creature who said,  
"You knew I was a snake when you brought me inside."

HOW LONG HAVE YOU WAITED to leave me?  
When did it first cross your mind?  
Was it on that night that I came home drunk,  
And snuck up on you from behind?  
Why seize on this opportunity  
To righteously, indignantly act?  
HOW LONG HAVE YOU WAITED to leave me, darling?  
Too long, and that's a fact.

I remember your surprise when you discovered  
That pickin' and singin' was my life.  
I had to have a stable occupation  
Before you would consider bein' my wife.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU WAITED to leave me?  
How long have you waited to split?  
Did you quietly wait for that right moment  
To say, "Baby, this is it!"  
Why did you kiss me then leave me?  
Just what thrill did you get?  
HOW LONG HAVE YOU WAITED to leave me, darling?  
From the first day that we met, I bet.  
From the first day that we met.

## OLD TIMES AIN'T NO MORE

by Fletcher Clark, September 14, 2012

Went and built a big super highway right outside my door.  
Cotton used to grow out my way. Cottonfields ain't no more.  
Used to get near all that I needed at a Mom-and-Pop store.  
Now they sell me cheap goods from China. Mom-and-Pop ain't no more, no more.  
Mom-and-Pop ain't no more.

*refrain*

OLD TIMES AIN'T NO MORE, no more.  
OLD TIMES AIN'T NO MORE.  
That don't mean that tomorrow don't come,  
Just OLD TIMES AIN'T NO MORE, no more.  
OLD TIMES AIN'T NO MORE.

Used to dip a drink from the bucket, never seemed a chore.  
Now we drink chlorine from the faucet. Well-water ain't no more.  
Used to know each one of the neighbors. Never locked the door.  
Now the cat's cooped up in the parlor. Neighborhood ain't no more, no more.  
Neighborhood ain't no more.

*refrain*

Dropped a race track out in the country, brought the engines' roar.  
Now the rich folks come for a weekend. Country peace ain't no more.  
What's the use of makin' a dollar, when your heart stays poor.  
Ain't it time to stand up and holler, "Money time ain't no more, no more!"  
"Money time ain't no more!"

*refrain*

## SWEET CAJUN QUEEN

by Fletcher Clark, October 24, 2014

When first I saw her so long ago, her face shown out from the crowd.  
I could not hear the name that she spoke, the music was simply too loud.  
Then when the band had taken a break, I shyly asked her once more:  
What was the name I'd soon come to love, the name I would come to adore?

### *refrain*

Come dance, *ma cherie*, Mamou, *mais oui*.  
Three steps and then rest in between.  
Come waltz with me, a two-step in three.  
I'll dance with my lovely Jolene,  
A waltz with my SWEET CAJUN QUEEN.

*Mais*, as we stepped out on to the floor, the titfer was tinkling along.  
We stayed and swayed with no thought or care; the music just played on and on.  
And though the fiddler drew gently his bow, my steps were all stumbles and halts.  
No crowd, no room, they all went away. We danced to that "Grand Mamou  
Waltz".

### *refrain*

And from that night, that fine *fais do do*, I found the love of my life.  
That Grand Mamou Waltz still fresh in my ears, the waltz I still dance with my wife.

### *refrain*

## WATCH OUT FOR THE BOOGEYMAN

by Fletcher Clark, March 15, 2013

*refrain*

WATCH OUT FOR THE BOOGEYMAN.

He gonna get you if he can.

WATCH OUT FOR THE BOOGEYMAN.

He just might boogie with you.

Late at night when the bed bugs bite,  
When things go bump all around,  
Pull your spread all about your head,  
And never make a sound.

*refrain*

Mournful plaint from a passing haint,  
Who sounds so sullen and blue.  
Noises made by a shadow shade,  
Who might say, "Boo!" to you

*refrain*

In your mind are the fears you find  
That lock your courage away.  
In your heart is your better part,  
So you can boldly say:

*refrain*

## WOULDA, COULDA, SHOULDA

by Fletcher Clark, May 1, 2014

### *refrain*

WOULDA, COULDA, SHOULDA: got to be my song.  
WOULDA, COULDA, SHOULDA: sing it all day long.  
WOULDA, COULDA, SHOULDA: where did I go wrong?  
WOULDA, COULDA, SHOULDA: since she been gone.

Late at night when I'm feelin' alone,  
Think back when I left her sittin' at home.  
Wastin' time on a honky-tonk life.  
Weren't now way for to treat a good wife.

### *refrain*

Took the rent, spent the money on booze.  
Bet my car on a hand I'd lose.  
Sassed her Ma, brought the woman to tears.  
Trashed her Pa for a couple of beers.

### *refrain*

Stayin' out late, never bothered to call.  
Wrote my name on another gal's wall.  
Sold her coat just buy a gold tooth.  
Sold my soul. Never told her no truth.  
  
Oh, if I could only done it diff'rent.  
Oh, if I could have just one more chance.  
Oh, if I could learn just one more lesson.  
Oh, if I could have just one more dance.

### *refrain*

## **THE GHOSTS OF LOVE**

by Fletcher Clark, December 10, 2002

The GHOSTS OF LOVE surround me,  
Their whispers everywhere.  
I sense them in the silence,  
And yet there's no one there.

These shades of wont entwine me,  
And leave my heart agape,  
With tendrils that confine me -  
A web I can't escape.

The memories that haunt me  
Like banshees in my ear,  
Screech, berate and taunt me  
More than I can bear.

I know they are but specters,  
And yet they linger on.  
I'll know not peace, nor feel release,  
Until their spell is gone.  
The GHOSTS OF LOVE will haunt me  
Until the love is gone.

## **LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE WITH YOU**

by Fletcher Clark, January 22, 2003

LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE WITH YOU.

There's always somethin' new.

There's a dance, then a song,

A right, then a wrong.

I never know what to do.

LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE WITH YOU.

Worryin' 'bout how to behave.

Frettin' 'bout bein' a slave.

There's a gift, then a theft,

A right, then a left.

My, my, what you put me through.

LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE WITH YOU.

Livin' at your beck and call,

Your boy's just down the hall.

I'm a verb, then a noun,

An up, then a down.

I can't seem to pass your review.

LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE WITH YOU.

## **WHERE WERE YOU?**

by Fletcher Clark, September 4, 1999

Into each man's path come milestones he can look back to.  
At each fork in the road, he must decide and choose anew.  
To the left or to the right? Through the day or through the night?  
I know about me, my friend, but WHERE WERE YOU?

WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when we all stood up for equal rights?  
There were flaming crosses burning in the fiery nights.  
Were you white or were you black? Did you finally learn to hate right back?  
WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when we all stood up for equal rights?

WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when we all marched the country to war?  
And it wasn't quite clear what it was we were fighting for.  
Did you stay or did you go? Did you stand right up and just say no?  
WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when we all marched the country to war?

WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when the few fell depletedly ill?  
There were some folks said it was simply just a matter of will.  
Did you secretly rejoice? Did you think they had a choice?  
WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when the few fell depletedly ill?

WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when the children just seemed to go mad?  
If the shootings weren't here, well, it didn't really seem so bad.  
Did you think you'd spoil his fun if we took away his gun?  
WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when the children just seemed to go mad?

WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when the Good Lord delivered your soul?  
And he offered you his ever-loving hand to hold.  
Did you stand out in the light? Did you cowardly keep your faith from sight?  
WHERE WERE YOU, my friend, when the Good Lord delivered your soul?

Will you stand by me while the life-light is leavin' my eyes?  
And the Lord above beckons to me for my soul to rise.  
Will you be there at my side? Will you save me from my pride?  
Will you be my friend when the life-light is leavin' my eyes?

## **KEEP ON SMILIN'**

by Fletcher Clark, September 14, 2016

Now when first I open up my eyes, and I know that it's the break of dawn.  
How can I see the way for me, and the path I'm headed on?  
And so I let go of my disguise, as I hit my knees to pray,  
I'm gonna KEEP ON SMILIN' 'til I brighten up a cloudy day.

And as I reach for my coffee cup, I need all the help that I can get.  
I'm gonna play the cards I'm dealt, never worryin' 'bout the bet.  
I know the odds will be with the house, when the time comes for me to pay.  
So I just KEEP ON SMILIN' 'til it brightens up a cloudy day.

The world will never go just as I say  
But there is Someone up above to guide my steps on the way.

And even though I'm feelin' blue, gonna find the very next right thing to do.  
I'm gonna KEEP ON SMILIN' 'til I brighten up a cloudy day.

And though your world won't be just as you say,  
There's Someone higher up above to guide your steps on the way.

Now I don't care if you're feelin' blue, take a stab at the next right thing to do.  
You got to KEEP ON SMILIN' 'til you brighten up a cloudy day.

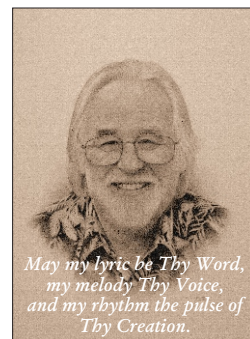
Yes, I don't care if you're feelin' blue, make a stab at the next right thing to do.  
You got to keep on, KEEP ON SMILIN'  
Keep on, keep on tryin'  
Keep on, prayin' for a brighter day.



# Fletcher Clark

songwriter ~ performer ~ producer ~ engineer

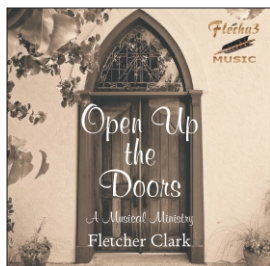
Characterized as *old school Austin troubadour* by music writer Ronnie Narmour, Fletcher's songwriting is influenced by the Texas singer-songwriters for whom he has been sideman or producer, as well as by his love of jazz, Broadway, Tin Pan Alley, blues, R&B, rock, folk, bluegrass, C&W, latin, etc. He is also influenced by his long-time involvement with the Kerrville Folk Festival. In the 1970's, his Texas show band, **Balcones Fault**, brought all these musics together for scores of sold-out shows at Austin's legendary Armadillo World Headquarters (for which he was VP of Marketing).



The broad range of Fletcher's songs is presented with superlative instrumental and vocal skills. He recurrently appears at select listening rooms, house concerts and festivals, connecting personally with his enthusiastic audiences. Residing in Lockhart, Texas, just south of Austin, Fletcher produces and hosts the highly successful series **Evenings with the Songwriter** (EveningsWithSongwriter.com) at the historic Dr. Eugene Clark Library.



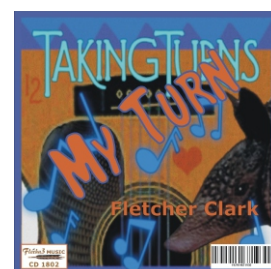
In 2010, Fletcher brought Armadillo Records and Armadillo Music (ASCAP) back to life by recording Hank & Shaidri Alrich for their critically acclaimed CD **Carry Me Home**. Then Fletcher produced **TAKING TURNS** for Armadillo Records, a collection of twelve of his original songs recorded by twelve different artists and ensembles, using Austin's best session players, engineers, and studios. As a showroom for his songwriting and producing skills, Executive Producer Hank Alrich said, "There's just not been another project like Fletcher Clark's **TAKING TURNS**. *That's Austin music!*"



In 2014, Fletcher released **Open Up the Doors** on his label Flécha3 Music, twelve songs from his Personal Hymnal which form the core of his musical ministry. The songbook and CD are both available online. He presents these and other songs of faith (as well as his complete Folk Mass) to select congregations and audiences. For historical societies, museums and libraries, together with his colleague historian/author Donaly Brice, he performs **SONGS OF SUSANNA** (based on his epic ballad *There Must Be a Good Man in Texas* about Texas heroine Susanna Dickinson, *Messenger of the Alamo*) and **Runaway Scrape** (the saga of the fleeing Texian citizenry before the advancing army of Santa Anna). These and other songs of Texas are recorded on this 2016 release.



After repeated requests from friends and fans, in 2018 he released **MY TURN**, a sequel collection of performances of his songs produced and recorded by him. He continues to write, compose, and record for music lovers, churches, libraries, museums, and classrooms, with several additional collection soon to be available as recordings and songbooks.



In addition to special appearances for church and historical audiences, Fletcher regularly appears at select venues, listening rooms, festivals and house concerts. He performs solo or with sidemen, depending on event/venue. He also offers and participates in songwriter/audio workshops & song swaps.



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11/1/18