



SUNDAY AFTERNOON

words and music Michael Johnathon
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Lovers ... weekend time just me and you
all alone ... together on a Sunday Afternoon

Sweetheart
it's me and thee and my fireplace
and your pretty face
together on a Sunday Afternoon

Gray skies, autumn leaves tumble down
Do I love to hold your hand
on the couch and talk awhile

Like lovers
with my best friend this autumn day
every day ... together on a Sunday Afternoon

Gray skies, autumn leaves tumble down
Do I love to hold your hand
on the couch and talk awhile

Lovers ... weekend time just me and you
together on a Sunday Afternoon
together on a Sunday Afternoon

GUN

words and music Michael Johnathon

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Don't point that gun
Don't point that gun
that aint the piece that causes peace
 Don't point that gun

Don't aim at me
Don't aim at me
Finally set yourself free
 Don't aim at me

I don't believe what I see
Hot tempered world aiming their gun right at me

Tell everyone put down your gun
that ain't the piece that causes peace
 Put down that gun

I'm not your friend
I'm not your friend
I'm not your lover I'm just your brother
 But I'm not your friend

I don't believe what I see
Hot tempered world aiming their gun right at me

Tell everyone put down your gun
that ain't the piece that causes peace
 Put down that gun

Don't point that gun
Don't point that gun
that aint the piece that causes peace
 Don't point that gun





AUTUMN SONG

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Autumn song
October morn'
is Falling Gently my dear

Maple leaves
depart the tree
Falling Gently my dear

Sing to me ... softly
Speak to me ... patiently

Words can be
like Autumn leaves
Falling Gently my dear

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Sing to me ... softly
Speak to me ... patiently

Words can be
like Autumn leaves
Falling Gently my dear

HIPPY LUV

words and music Michael Johnathon

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I'm a hippy from New Hampshire
I live on a farm in Vermont
I grow peaches and ice cream
I grow anything that I want

I sing every morning at sunrise
plow my garden true
I play my fiddle at sunset
and spend my nights with you

And I do ... believe in Rainbows
And I do ... believe in Hippy Hippy Luv

I split my wood in the summer
and play my banjo in the fall
I wait all year for the autumn
It's my favorite season of all

My woodsove glows in November
as winter comes around
Flannel shirts and workboots
are the favorite clothes I own

And I do ... believe in Rainbows
And I do ... believe in Hippy Hippy Luv

I'm a hippy from New Hampshire
I live on a farm in Vermont
I grow peaches and ice cream
I can grow anything that I want



LITTLE MAGGIE

traditional/arr and adapted by Michael Johnathon
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Oh yonder stands Little Maggie
with a dram glass in her hand
drinkin' away her troubles
by courting another man

How can I ever stand it
to see those two blue eyes
shining in the moonlight
like diamonds in the sky

Last time I saw Little Maggie
she was sitting by the banks of the sea
with a 44 'round her bosom
and a banjo on her knee

Lay down your last gold dollar
lay down your watch and chain
Little Maggie's gonna dance for daddy
listen to that banjo ring

Oh yonder stands Little Maggie
with a dram glass in her hand
drinkin' away her troubles
and courting another man



NOTE: a “dram” glass is a small glass used to drink whiskey, sort of a fancy shot glass.

SUNRISE

words and music Michael Johnathon

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There's something very wrong with this world
there's something very wrong with this world
 an air of discontent like I've never seen before
 what's with all these people why can't they get along
 there's something wrong with this world

There's something strange going on
There's something very strange going on
 I sense a lot of danger from people I don't know
 dark clouds of anger wherever now you go
 There's something strange going on

It wasn't very long ago
It wasn't very long ago
 People knew their neighbors, and watched each other's homes
 neighbors are now strangers we don't want to know
 But It wasn't very long ago

I believe people need
 The love and hope that comes with peace
 Now the Dream seems out of reach
 'cause there's something wrong with this world

INSTRUMENTAL

There's a sunrise coming our way
a paradise coming our way
 I believe that evil is not here to stay
 Love and human kindness is a much better way
 There's a sunrise coming our way
 There's a Paradise coming our way



RAINBOW WIFE

words and music Michael Johnathon

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My Baby's Blue and I dont know why
My Baby's Blue and I dont know why
She's changing colors like the evening sky

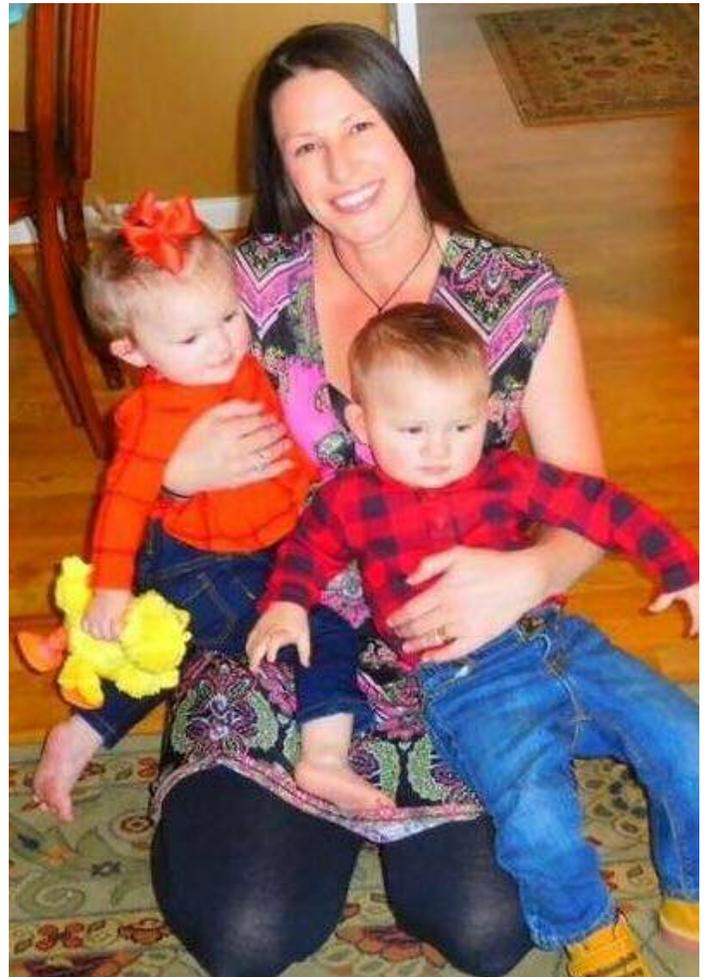
My Baby's Eyes are jealous Green
My Baby's Eyes are turning jealous Green
But they're the bluest green I've ever seen

**There's a Rainbow In my life, tonight
It's my Multi-Colored Wife ...**

My Sweet Baby sho' is mean
My Sweet Baby is turnin' mean
she's the sweetest little mean I've ever seen

**There's a Rainbow In my life, tonight
It's my Multi-Colored Wife ...**

Lawd her eyes are fiery Red
Now her eyes turned fiery red
don't know why
well it must be something I said.



PRAY

words and music Michael Johnathon with Don Rigsby
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In the morning when I rise
and greet the day with weary eyes
 It's gonna be a long long day
 I'm still tired from yesterday
 and I don't know what to do
 I'm depending now on you
 Understand me when I say
 I'm too tired to pray

We all travel down this road
everybody comes and goes
 Every story sounds the same
 we work so hard and left with change
 I know love can see us through
 especially when it's from you
 but I've got nothing left to say
 I'm too tired to Pray

Look at all those night time stars
shining brightly from afar
 I know this day is finally through
 I've done all that I can do
 I hope I've done my best
 heaven knows I need my rest
 Forgive me when I say
 I'm too tired to Pray



SONGFARMER'S FRONT PORCH ROCKIN' CHAIR RAG

Banjo instrumental; original and traditional music Michael Johnathon
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PAMPER CREEK

words and music Michael Johnathon

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I really love my mountain home
I love right where I am
I like the rustic beauty
of this peaceful mountain land.
But in fairness to these mountains
There's a story I must speak
About a man named Solomon Cornett
I call this the the tails of Pamper Creek

See, Solomon had a big homestead
A house and two big barns
A couple of skinny mares
And some cows out on his farm
He lived out in Pike County, Kentucky
Right off highway 23
But his story I must tell you
And his lesson you should keep

Solomon had a reputation
For a swinging, carefree life
He was known to take a lover
And he was known to take a wife, or two
One year he kept ten women
And wives, he took twelve in all
And for having these 22 woman
He ended up with children, wall to wall

Solomon had so many woman
He had so many wives
He had so many younguns
The boy wished he had nine lives
He was slaving night and day
For food and bills to pay
He had 22 naggin' ladies
And 48 screaming babes

One day, one of the ladies came and said
Sol, I love you dear
But problems I have you should know about
And troubles you should hear
Tired ol' Solomon struggled to his feet
And walked over to this dame
He said "Woman, I'll surely listen to you
But first tell me your name"



She said "Sol, I looked around me and counted
22 women you did take
And keeping us ladies occupied
Are the 48 youngins you helped make
Now, all of us are lovin' woman
Sharing one man we don't mind
But scrubbing all those diapers, man
Is a pain in our behind!"

Solomon wondered over this problem
It was a puzzlement, true, indeed
For diapers were a-plenty
as a matter of fact diapers was all you could see.
48 livin younguns
used 10 diapers each
it not only caused the ladies work
it cost Sol a fortune in Bleach.

So he called a meeting quick like
And said "Dear ladies, true
This problem has come to my attention.
And I sympathize with you.
So, I beg for you to listen.
For a solution I did find
To solve you of this workload caused
By 48 little behinds.

To help you thru this toil and work
A new invention we will buy
They're placit, taped together britches
Called Pampers we will try.
Well, the ladies screamed aloud with joy
For this new invention their man had found
Just think, you could use a diaper once
And then throw it on the ground

Well ... them babies went thru Pampers
Faster than a horse'll go thru hay.
48 little bitt-butts went thru
500 Pampers a day
They had no place to put them
That's over 3,500 a week
So, they piled em up, and loaded up the truck
And dumped them in the creek

In 1977, a flood did hit our town,
It covered over Pike County
Buddy it covered the counties all around
The Big Sandy River up and swelled its banks
And spilled out its very side
It picked up all Solomon's diapers
And brung them along for the ride

The waters came so mean and fast
It caused trouble for everyone
But when we saw that mountain of Pampers comin,
Buddy the whole town up and run.
Those Pampers splattered into everything
As they flooded from town to town
One fella yelled "this sure looks real bad,
But they'll fertilize the ground!"

Well, that flood of '77
always comes to mind
Whenever I pass the Big Sandy
and Pampers I do find.
For, to this very day,
you can tell where the high waters have been
Cause those Pampers are still hanging
From every single tree limb

Yes, the moral of this story
The moral of Pamper Creek
The lesson that old Solomon learned
Is the lesson I now speak
If you think you're such a hot lover
Then hear me out my friend
Lovin' ladies makes Pampers
they're gonna get you in the end

