

ASSORTED CHOCOLATES CD, 2017 by Steve Grimes

1. DON'T TELL LIES

I heard you been talking 'bout the things that I do
You don't pull no punches baby since we're through
You're hitting pretty low with the things you say
Don't matter to you if it's true

You say I'm drinkin' and hangin' with trailer trash
High on the hog, and burnin' cash
And slinkin' around all over town
Livin' it up, then trying to live it down

But don't tell lies about me
Don't tell stories that you know ain't true
Dont tell lies about me
And I won't tell the truth about you

I could tell a few tales about you
Some things that you've done

You know it's sad but true
But I wouldn't want that thing hangin' on my head
Sometimes the truth is better off dead

'Cause if rumors were rubies and gossip was gold
You'd be dripping in jewels
If I had me a dollar for every lie that you told
And all the times I was your fool

You don't know how to leave bad enough alone
You love a tall tale like a dog loves a bone
What we had is over and done
But you aint finished havin' your fun
You want to see how low we can go
But baby I don't want to play no more

Don't tell lies- your funky alibis
Cause when it comes to lies- you win the prize
So a word to the wise - don't tell lies

Bass: Danny M
Drums: Marty Fera

Harmonica: Amos B. Haven
Hammond B3: Ricky Peterson
Electric guitar, vocals: Steve Grimes
Slide guitar, electric lead guitar: Rick Vito
Harmony vocals: Scott Shelton, Steve Grimes

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2. MIND OF ITS OWN

Its all under control
That's what you tell yourself
You'll get your life on a roll
Get your heart up on the shelf
You're on an endless quest
To put lonely to rest
You jump in on a whim
And wish yourself the best

You tend to forget
That you've been here before
You paid the debt, with regret
But still you're back for more

You say "mind over matter"
What were you thinking of?
Even after dreams have shattered
You still can't get enough

'Cause the heart has a mind of its own
Always as stubborn as a stone
You think your common sense
Is a formidable defense
But the heart has a mind of its own

Your memory slips in this tug of war
Passion wins again, you're not even keeping score
Good sense and reason will have their say
But still in the end, you know who'll have its way

And the heart has a mind of its own
Follows its fantasy alone
You think your mind is set
But the fire makes you forget
That the heart has a mind of its own

Logic will tell you where you should not go
But you know so well your good friend Eros runs the show

Wisdom reminds you of skeletons past
But you make no bones that he's an uninvited guest

The bottom line you pretend to know
Love is deaf and blind - I won't say I told you so
You met your match, she left you flying blind
Now you find your chance to quit while you're behind

'Cause your heart's in a bind of its own
Now that your little bird has flown
Time and time again you threw caution to the wind
And your heart ...it's your heart
And your heart has come apart
'Cause your heart had a mind of its own

Electric and 12 string guitars, vocals: Steve Grimes

Electric guitar solo: Sasha Brusin

Bass: Billy Peterson

Drums: Greg Marsh

BG vocals: Scott Shelton, Herb Fernandez

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3. BABY GOT A BUDDHA

First thing this morning I opened one eye

And across the pillow from me

I saw a gleam of sun and her beautiful smile

But there was more I could see

I had the sinking feeling my baby had some company

A different kind of vibe and a new reality

Both eyes open now I clearly see

By the crystal and the candle tree

Big gold belly and a smiling face

I believe he was laughing at me

Looking like a dude who's chewed a lot of food

Nothin' like a bare bellied fat guy to set the mood

Baby got a Buddha, her buddy all through the night

Swami of the nightstand laughin' till the morning light

Now it's not without some gratitude

For my baby's peaceful attitude

But little brother Buddai, it's you or me

He seems so happy, but doesn't he understand that three's a crowd

In the dead of night and all the livelong day he's got something to laugh about

I'll make a private bunk where the monk can sleep at night

I don't care where she puts him just as long as he's out of sight

Baby got a Buddha, she says he brings her peace at night

I know that he's enlightened but I just don't see the light

Mr Luck and Prosperity, you know our privacy's a rarity

Little brother Buddai, it's you or me

Baby got a Buddha, I'm trying hard not to be rude

But since he moved in I can't seem to get the mood

How you 'sposed to pop a chubby

Under the gaze of Baba Tubby

Little brother buddai, it's you or me

Acoustic and electric guitars: Steve Grimes

Bass: Danny M

Drums: Greg Marsh

Dobro: Ken Emerson

Background vocals: Butch Wandfield

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4. HAND BRAKE

She said "the music is hot, they really got a lot of soul

Wouldn't you say?" He said "yeah....."

She said "I love a funky groove, you know it makes me want
to move

I love the way it soothes the blues" He said, "yeah, I know
what you mean"

Then like a cold fog the silence fell

He couldn't make a sound, he couldn't breathe so well

He had the key in the slot, ignition was on

He had his foot on the gas, but something was wrong

He was driving, driving, driving with the hand brake
Like a deer in the road, frozen in the head lights
Tried to think of something clever
But he couldn't find the little lever
And he's driving, driving with the hand brake on

She said "I gotta get out on the floor and shake something
loose, what do you say?"

He said "yeah, I think you should"

She said "it could be good for the gander if it's good for the
goose"

He said "yeah, it'll do you good"

She was a free wheel, a loose caboose S
he had little to gain, and nothing to lose
He saw the green light and he wanted to go
But then he looked in his mirror and his heart said "no, no,
no"

He was driving, driving, driving with the hand brake on
He wanted to burn some rubber, but the chance was gone
He couldn't find the words to say
'Till she was out the door, and gone away

Cause he's driving, driving with the hand brake on

She heard a bit of urgency in the sounds that he uttered
But he pulled up the emergency, and his wheels froze and
his motor sputtered

He was a cautious soul with a guarded heart
Stuck in a hole, looking for a jump start
He wanted to speak, but wasn't up to the task
She knew what it was, she didn't have to ask

He was driving, driving, driving with the hand brake
Dogged by the memory of bad love that he can't shake
She was giving him the green light
But he stalled at the stoplight
Just surviving, driving with the hand brake on

“Uhhhh ... what's all this smoke?

I don't see no fire

Must be some old flame

Somebody's burning desire”.

He's burnin', burnin', burnin', burnin', burnin' out

Electric guitar: Steve Stusser

Drums: Mark Ivester

Bass: Billy Peterson

Backing vocals: Scott Shelton

Acoustic and high-strung guitars, vocals: Steve Grimes

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5. PASE LO QUE PASE

Pase lo que pase Anda con amor

Venga lo que venga Deja el temor

Vocals: Dr Nat

Fretless bass: Danny M

Percussion: Lary Barilleau

Electric guitar solo: Sasha Brusin

Nylon acoustic and electric guitar: Steve Grimes

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6. HODGEPODGE LODGE

Couple years of boredom, I thought I'd flush away the gloom

Get out on the open road and book myself a room

In that little town of nowhere, and take it down a notch

Throw away the suit and digital watch

And catch some R&R down at the Hodgepodge Lodge

I'd been crawlin' through the papers, climbing up the walls

Hiding from the ex and dodging the calls

Trying to stay one step ahead of all the lawyers and frauds

I needed to lose the blues and maybe pour myself a scotch

And see what's cookin' down at the Hodge Podge Lodge

Its a scramble for breakfast, some gumbo for lunch

Bouillabaisse for dinner, you know I shoulda had a hunch

I'd be right at home here with all the ends and odds

The mixed up mish mash down at the Hodgepodge Lodge

I got little to gain and nothin' to lose

But this neck tie noose and white collar blues

I got to shake myself loose from all the cronies and snobs

Leave 'em in the city where the dollar is god
And spend a little time down at the Hodgepodge Lodge

It's a rag tag mixed bag but it suits me to a tee
A zig zag flea bag but it feels like home to me
I can't escape the facts, you know the truth is hard to dodge
I got so much in common with the Hodgepodge Lodge

You can do just as you please

Just as easy as a breeze

One man's Rolls is another man's Dodge

This man's Ritz is the Hodgepodge Lodge

National steel guitar, vocal: Steve Grimes

Slide guitar: Rick Vito

Drums: Marty Fera

Bass: Danny M

Harmony vocals: Lynn Peterson

Crowd vocals: The Hodgepodge Codgers

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7. A DREAM SURREAL

There's a fire on the beach the night is full of shadows
There's a breeze that blows her scent across the sea
There are stars enough to count the times I've missed her
And all the times I wondered what could be

There's a dream that drifts with the sparks from the embers
And the memories so cold begin to stir
I've forgotten more than some men can remember
But I won't forget the nights I spent with her

There's no gold like a Rio sunrise
And no green like the passion vine
There's no rose like my sweet Rosita
And no blue like this heart of mine

And all the things you thought were so real
May not always be just what they seem
They say to be careful what you wish for
But you can't be careful what you dream

When the fire dies the shadows will surrender
I can see her just as clear as the morning star
Estou sonhando?, or am I just a good pretender
And am I destined just to love her from afar?

Drums: Kerry Sofaly

Sax: John Zangrando

Solo guitar: Marcos Amorim

Electric Guitar, vocal: Steve Grimes

Bass: Cliff Collins

Acoustic guitar: Ken Kennell

Percussion: Tato Melgar

Harmony vocal: Scott Shelton

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8. FISH OUT OF LUCK

It's been a long dry spell
You know that money is tight
There's little water in the well
And I ain't feeling just right

I'm down in the mouth, people
Had no silver spoon
Ain't no bout a doubt it
Be at the bottom soon

When you can't even pay it back
I got way too much of nothin'
Not enough of what I lack
There's no light in sight
How would I ever know
If the future's bright

When you're spinning wheels
Stuck in the muck
You need a shove
Nobody gives a yuck
If I had a dollar
I could pass the buck
But it don't stop here
And I'm fish out of luck

I'm a bit out of whack

Just a tad out of sorts
I either take it on the chin
Sometimes I take it in the shorts
Seems like my bottom line
Has got nowhere to fall
I feel just like another
Brick in the wall

You can save every cent of your hard earned money
Watch every dime you spend
But just when you start to make ends meet
They move the ends

You know I need some weed
Or just some greener grass
Can I just put it on the card?
'Cause I'm a little short of cash
Baby you might think
That I'm just blowing smoke
But it might be time to fix it
Cause I sure is broke

And I'm fish out of luck A fish out of water I'm fish out of

luck

Electric guitar, vocal: Steve Grimes

Solo electric guitar: Sasha Brusin

Hammond B3: Ricky Peterson

Bass: Danny M

Drums: Greg Marsh

Backing vocals: Scott Shelton

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9. BAR TOO HIGH

I could bring in the paper, take out the trash

Find a new way to make some easy cash

'Cause the stash in my closet disappeared without a clue

When you carry your stuff I'll hold the door for you

But I don't want to bite off more than I can chew

I'm no Handy Andy - I won't tell you no lie

I don't shoot for the stars, just like to hang where they are

And I never set my bar too high

I might bring you the spare when u lock your keys in the car
Just to show you I care I won't make you walk too far
But I could use a little bread you know, cause I'm in a jam
My ambition is to be everything I am
I got to admit that I'm my biggest fan
So if you're looking for a man who likes to just get by
Well then I might be your kind of guy
If you haven't set your bar too high

“What's too high?”

Like the corn on the fourth of July

“What's too low?”

“Too low” ain't a word I know

Back in school I weren't nobody's fool

I learnt to never never never

Don't ever set my bar too high

Got no interest in chasing unreachable goals

I'm happily hapless, an unsavable soul

I make enough to provide – put beer on the table

Now I don't want to exceed my limitations

Don't want to live up to no high expectations
I'm here to relax just as long as I am able

I'll say it again - it's not my style to do or die

And I never set my bar too high

“What's too high?”

I never set my bar too high

“What's too low?”

Try not to set my bar too high

And from way down here - the counter of the bar's too high

Bsss: Tim Hackbarth

Drums: Kerry Sofaly

Electric and acoustic guitars, vocals: Steve Grimes

Hammond organ: Jerry Kovarsky

Sax: Rock Hendricks

Harmony vocals: Scott Shelton, Herb Fernandez

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10. THE WAY IT IS

There was a time when time was ours
You could make it stand still
You pulled the strings and I'd jump through rings
A puppet at your will
You'd say yes and I couldn't say no
I thought I knew but now I know
I had no right to feel that good
But I finally understood

That two sides of the coin can't see
That which is or will never be
So close and yet so far
Things is just the way they are

Didn't listen to my eyes and ears
Or pay attention to the fears
I was talking like I lost my feet
Walking down on Dreamer Street
We was day and night, night and day
Black and white, no shades of gray
Two dimensions split in half
Like we were living in some photograph

I don't know what I was thinkin' of
Maybe mistook need for love
Tried to curb my appetite
But had to savor every bite

I was love dazed - had a bad case
Lover I didn't want to recover
Took a full dose, and God knows
I never should've ever had another

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11. THE WAY IT IS

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I was love dazed - had a bad case

Lover I didn't want to recover
Took a full dose, and God knows
I never should've ever had another

Left and right, right or wrong
All of my resistance gone
It was easy come but hard to go
The sky above and hell below
Played a hand and bet it all
Took a chance and took a fall
I felt the fever of your touch
Found that fire could cool so much

Well I don't know what I was thinkin' of
But I was down to be a fool for love
So close is still a miss
Things is just the way it is

I was love dazed - had a bad case
Lover I didn't want to recover
Took a full dose, and the devil goes
"Are you ready, are you ready, for another?"

Bass: Chuck Deardorf

Drums: Mark Iverster

Acoustic and electric slide guitar, solo guitar: Joe Caro

Electric guitar, vocal: Steve Grimes

Harmony vocal: Scott Shelton

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12. THAT'S NEWS TO ME

There's a whole lotta hype it's all that you hear
If you experience elections lasting longer than four years
(call your doctor)
It's just a goat rodeo – 'nough to bring you to tears
It'll mess with your mind and play on your fears

There's dung flying, gossip and lying
It's all a reality show
You can make and break the rules
If you got the dough
They're all save-face, political hacks

Who make their case with alternative facts

They call that news, .but it's a bad blues

It ain't nothin', nothin I can use

I cut myself loose and set myself free

'Cause if that's news, that's news to me

A politician, corporatician, it's Oz behind the screen

Impersonator, masquerader, a ghost in the machine

Publicity hound making the rounds on TV

You put lipstick on the pig, it's still a pig to me

There's no denying it's fact defying

They don't wanna see the proof

It don't feed into the greed

They got no need for the truth

There's breaking news, but it's the truth that's being broken

And the spin from Mr Thin Skin is better left unspoken

It's the bad bad political blues

And it's something I can't seem to lose

It's all fact free, and hyperbole

It may be real for you, but fake news to me

Electric guitar, vocals: Steve Grimes

Electric guitar solos: Steve Stusser

Drums: Mark Ivester

Bass: Chuck Deardorf

Organ: Dickie Tilton

Background vocals: Kelly Covington

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13. THE REAL DEAL

Some folks just wait for their ship to come in

Counting on a number in the lottery win

Waiting for McMahon to call

Hope they're going to win it all

And pray that gold will pave their way

Planning on a scam or a genie in a lamp

For life to be a cabaret

Then again there's a man with a different plan
He's Mister DIY, this guy, he's a self made man

Grew up through the cracks

A wind blown seed, of the toughest weed

Went from the bottom to the top

Where he still won't stop

He's a man of a different breed

He's a free wheel - rolls his own way,

As sure as night and day, I'd say, he's the real deal

He's pure bred, he's a tide turner

You'd be lucky my friend to have him in your corner

Got the pedal to the metal and he's full speed ahead

If he can't live it to the hilt, he'd say

"I'd be better off dead"

If you don't call it straight, he won't hesitate

You know he's going to call your bluff

If you tell it like it is, he's a gem of a gent

He's a diamond in the rough

He's got hair of silver, and a heart of gold

All the feats of a lifetime in a song can't be told

He made it to elite, but still don't miss a beat

With the man on the street

He's sometimes tough, but just beneath the gruff

There's the oh so sweet

He's the real deal, he's solid gold

When God made Fred he said, "think I broke the mold"

He's old school, he ain't nobody's fool

He's Fred and that's all that needs to be said

He's Fred, 'nough said, and that's all

Piano: Eric Verlinde

Drums: Mark Ivester

Solo guitar: Sasha Brusin

Acoustic bass: Bruce Phares

Harmony vocals: Pamela Polland

Rhythm guitar, vocal: Steve Grimes

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TWEET ME RIGHT

Google me baby, search me inside out
Google me baby till there ain't no doubt
Don't you want to know what I'm all about

Wiki me honey then do it some more
Wiki me now, then you'll know for sure
I got the kind of love you've been searching for

Why don't you blog me mama, blog me all night long
Blog me baby till I'm too far gone
Keep me logged in honey till the break of dawn

Plug me in, boot me up
Log me in, scroll me down
Queue me up, stream me on
Download me baby 'till my memory's gone

Why don't you browse me baby
Surf me the whole night through
You arouse me baby
When you do me like you do

You got my password honey
You don't need no secret clue

Gigabyte me baby, byte me till it gigahertz
Gigabyte me mama 'till you sound my alerts
Don't you want to know if my hardware works

Tweet me baby you tweet me oh so sweet
Tweet me like a man you knock me off my feet
I won't unfriend you, if you don't delete me

Now if you're just phishing then I'm not your man
Don't give me no cookies - I won't give you no spam
You can be sure that this ain't no scam
Awww baby baby you know how I am

Bass: Tim Hackbarth

Drums: Kerry Soflay

Electric guitar solo: Sasha Brusin

Hammond organ: Jerry Kovarsky

Electric guitar, vocal: Steve Grimes

Sax: Rock Hendricks

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CREDITS

All songs composed and arranged by Steve Grimes except:

Pase Lo Que Pase: music by Steve Grimes, lyrics by Steve
and Mary Anna Grimes

A Dream Surreal, written by Steve Grimes and Stephen
Geyer

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Produced by Steve Grimes and Eric Helmkamp

Engineered by Eric Helmkamp.

Additional engineering by:

Tom Lelli - A'ala Recording;

Lynn Peterson - Lahaina Sound

Homero González and Marcel Fernandez - Robert Lang
Studios in Seattle ,WA,

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Mastered at Independent Mastering, Nashville, TN

Many thanks to all the folks who helped me put this wacky,
disparate gumbo of songs together.

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this album would have never taken flight. A heartfelt mahalo
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(kenkennell.com)

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The Real Deal is dedicated to the amazing life of Fred
Turner

Assorted Chocolates is dedicated to the life and artistry of
Larry Coryell

For more information on these songs and musicians, please
visit: www.grimestunes.com

All acoustic guitars, ukuleles, and mandolins played on this
album were manufactured by Grimes Guitars.

For more information on Grimes guitars and ukuleles, please
visit: www.grimesguitars.com