



*Amaury
Faivre*



2020



Amoury Faivre

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Amuse-bouche

- instrumental -

Wrong Girl

Here's the story of a young man, had to leave his hometown
Had to leave his family and friends, had to leave that behind
Packed up his things and clothes, flipped a coin to know where to
Spent the night with his girlfriend, before he hit the road in the gloom

20 miles he'd been walking, when the sun came up
20 more he'd been struggling, before the first highway shop
Asks for a coffee and a breakfast, everything goes too well
And then a man comes in the shop, and he starts to shout like hell

Hey young man, you've been messing with the wrong girl

Pain, when the stone hit the head
Run, through the back door of the shop
20 miles he'd been running, to leave this county behind
Ahead of him was a city, where he had to start a new life...

He found a job in a factory, and a home in a cheap hotel
Did his best to blend in, be a good employee and man
20 years he was still there, but inside he was insane
Always awakened by nightmares, 'cos all this time he'd been...



Sister

Sister, dry your tears
'Cos I know there's something to hold on to
The pain, you're living with
Sure must be a way to live without
And I've known you long enough to see
Something is wrong
That you gotta get rid off
If you wanna live long

And your friends, they tell me 'bout your sorrow
But you don't tell me nothing of it all
And what I feel, it's that it's not your fault
So I ain't gonna judge you or treat you wrong
So now you gotta talk to me about this mess
You're going through
Is that your job your kids your man that's troubling?
As a brother I'm asking you

She said, the eyes full of tears, you know, who causes my fears
But I love him, and I need him, but he's just too hard on me
And I'm stained by devil hands, gotta leave before the end

Sister, how strong you've been
To take your things and take your kids away
And soon enough, I'm gonna pay a visit
Cos I long to see them, now you feel better
I long to see them, more than ever
Because I'm missing my family, and sister



Kinda Girl

Well she's the kinda girl, the one that doesn't stay
She's the kinda girl that's always on the way
She's the kind of girl you meet one day
The other day she's gone away
And when you're on your own she's in your head

These kinda girls, teach you how to live
They guide you up, in spite of your own will
They got never angry nor afraid
A trust in life that never fades away
These girls they live with no one else

Well the one I met, one I can't forget
She came to me, an angel I did not expect
And I fell in love with so much grace
I flew with her and when I fell
I looked up and I saw her fly away

Well now I'm old, I heard she passed away
And I'm waiting for this time they gonna fill my grave
But the only thought I have in mind
Is that selfish hope that she won't find
Too many waiting for her at the gate

And I sing, la la la...

Heart Of Stone

You were always the pretty one
You didn't want nothing but having fun
Guys were always chasing you
Well that was fine you could pick and choose

You didn't think that it could be done
You didn't dream you could fall in love
Then one day this man appears
And you start falling head over heels

All that you wanted was to have a good time
Take their money until the last dime
All that you wanted was to have a good time
Now you think, he's gotta be mine

He takes your money, he pawns your jewels
But you still think that he ain't no fool
Then one day, there's a note on the fridge
Goodbye baby, thanks for all you did

You have a heart of stone, and it's cold as ice
Heart of stone, but it's time to deice
Heart of stone, now they roll the dice
It's time to pay the price

Invité à Danser

Lundi j'croise une fille, elle m'a invité à danser
Au bal de samedi soir, si moi j'peux l'amener
Et mardi j'parle à mon père, de cette fille qu'j'ai rencontrée
J'lui dit j'ai b'soin d'ton aide, de ta voiture et la clef
Y m'dit qu't'as passé l'âge, de commencer à travailler
Après ça tu viens m'voir, t'auras la voiture et la clef

Elle m'a promis une bise, si moi j'peux l'amener
A ce bal de samedi soir, tu vois j'peux pas l'rater
J'ai d'mandé à mon père, si lui peut pas m'aider
Y m'dit trouve-toi un travail, t'auras la voiture et la clef

Y faut qu'j'trouve un travail, et mon père il va m'aider
Et vendredi j'vais l'voir, j'aurai la voiture et la clef
Elle m'a promis une danse, si moi j'peux l'amener
A ce bal de samedi soir, tu vois j'peux pas l'manquer

Mary Mae

Mary Mae, what you do to me
Mary Mae, stop doing that to me
'Cos I can't sleep at night, and the more I try
I think about you and me

Mary Mae, what a funny game you play
Mary Mae, please stop that game you play
And you give me your blinks, you show me your things
I don't know what you mean

Mary Mae, please answer the phone
Mary Mae, please pick up your phone
But you let it ring, just like you don't give
A shit about the one who calls

And if it goes like this I'm a do something
For years you're going to regret
I'll call your dad and tell him about
The men you see behind the bar

Mary Mae, you make a fool of me
I said Mary Mae, please stop that dance with me
Everybody knows, they me 'the horns'
And I can't go through the doors

Mary Mae, quit this game with me
Well Mary Mae, stop being bad to me

Even More

I'm back home in my morning
With my guitar in my hand
My wife and son they're still asleep
And I try to hush as I can
After I've paid for gasoline
And given their share to the band
I lay ashamed of what it gives
Only forty poor dollars in my hand
So I dry my tears and I try to sleep
'Cos my wife's gonna wake up and say
You gotta pay for the groceries

I'm gonna have to beg my friends
Once again to lend me cash
And I'm in luck by the end of the year
If I don't drown in debt
So I dry my tears and I grab my phone
I know my wife's gonna wake up and say
It's your turn to pay the rent

But I hear a voice deep inside of me
It says to hold on to my beliefs
It says it's gonna pay for all the years
Of struggling and having not enough to eat
So I dry my tears and I pray the Lord
Someday she wakes up and I'll say
I'll pay for what we need and even more

Pouring Rain

We're playing outside in the pouring rain
Me and my kid just like old friends
Playing outside in the pouring rain

It's raining like I never saw before
The frogs don't dare to face the storm
Gonna be a daddy day by the fireplace
But as we play my boy's getting mad
He's screaming like he's about to die
I don't know what I did, I sure don't like the face

I ask him why he's being so mean
He says, I wanna shoot the coffee machine
I can see nothing's wrong with the latter
And I see regular glances
To the window to the garden
Ain't no way for me to go down there

You know reason out is impossible
And going outside, inevitable
What a stupid thing to do in November
I say, we go outside we gonna catch a cold
Or even worse mama gonna be scold
But he said, no, I want outside with you

And now the years have past he's become a man
He found himself such a pretty gal
The two of them it's a pair made to last
And I'm sure someday they gonna tell me
About a new one that's on the way
And on the rainy days I'll have him home to play

Best Thing For You

People say don't do this, when obviously you should
People say don't go there, it's so dark in the woods
No one think you're gonna make it, on your own with your own rules
And their advice you're to take it, only way to feel the groove

Are you doing the right thing
Singing the right song
Just dreaming like you should
Are you doing the best thing for you ?

All you see goes through your eyes, and you think out of your brain
Walk on your knees to realize, what you'll see won't be the same
And each breath you take, each step you walk,
Each move you make, they ain't no joke
All these little things you always, be proud of it 'cos they're so true

What you know, what you feel, where you go, and what you seek
What you do and what you say, what you sew is what you get
So there ain't any way you could be mistaken
Ain't got no way to get away, all you gotta do is accept

Watch Her Sleep

- instrumental -

Personnel

Music, lyrics, production, recording, mixing, graphic design
Vocals, hamonicas, guitars, mandolin, banjo, percussions :

Amaury Faivre

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