

Lyrics to the original songs from Three Cool Cats

Deer Lake Road words and music by Ben Hassenger © 2017 Mid Mitten Music

Long ago when we were kids
We'd drive north to the Mackinac bridge
Cross that span and pay our toll
Keep heading west to Deer Lake Road

Everything was different up there
The crisp smell of pine in the fresh air
The roads were red from the iron ore
Never worried about locking the door

My grandparents lived up on the hill
Just down the river from the old sawmill
A fine little house sturdy and warm
Kept us sheltered from the winter storms

Things seemed so simple then
I'll never see those days again
Life gets complicated when you're old
I wish I was back on Deer Lake Road

My grandma made the best pasties around
Sang in the choir at the church downtown
Grandpa fixed motors for the
Road Commission
Sold worms and minnows to the
Deer Lake fishermen

Behind the house was always parked
That old Chevy truck that never did start
Grab that wheel with both my hands
Take a trip to far-off lands

On that Flexible Flyer we did glide
It was our chilly magic carpet ride
Straight down the hill and into the trees
Covered with snow from our heads to our feet

Things seemed so simple then . . .

Then Grandpa got the cancer lost an eye
Shot himself in the barn and died
Grandma, she carried on
But nothing was the same after he'd gone

I get a tear in my eye, a lump in my throat
Thinking 'bout fishing in that old wood boat
The time has come and gone so fast
I wish we could have made it last

Things seemed so simple then . . .

Fishin' Hole words and music by Pat Malloy © 2017 Mid Mitten Music

Let's go down to the fishin' hole,
Got good bait and two fishin' poles
Let's go down, it's a sunny day
Leave the laundry, leave the mail,
Take my wife and the fishin' pail
Let's go down it's a sunny day

Bluegills bitin', song bird flyin' our way
Bullfrog croakin' as we soak in the day

You and I like to go,
To our favorite fishin' hole
Down on the Looking Glass outside of town
Sky of blue water clear,
All our worries disappear
Down on the Looking Glass outside of town

Bluegills bitin', song bird flyin' our way
Bull frog croakin',
Warm wind blowin' our way

What I like to do, go fishin' with you
What I like to do, go fishin' with you

Fish all day to the night,
Long as we have fish that bite
Let's go down, it's a sunny day
Little ones let them go,
You got to leave some fish in the fishin' hole
Let's go down, it's a sunny day

Uke and Me words and music by Ben Hassenger © 2017 Mid Mitten Music

Uke and me, inseparable
Happy, undeniable
Uke and me
I'm over the moon
In love with you

Four strings, dark mahogany
Notes ring, endless possibilities
Uke and me
We're gonna go places
Together

I never thought
That I could ever make
Music so fine
But the minute
I cradled you in my arms
I knew that you were mine

Uke and me, inseparable
Happy, undeniable
Uke and me
We're gonna go places
Together

Moth and the Flame words by Maria Van Atta and Ben Hassenger, music by Ben Hassenger
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The flame is flickering drawing him near
Flickering no sign of fear
Flitting 'round the candlelight
Youthful joy in his reckless flight

Oh so close he revolves
Beckoning the flame it calls

The flame is flickering
With every beat of his wings
Flickering a siren song it sings
He ignores the risk of the burn
The fever grows with each twist and turn

So consumed by his desire
Blinded by the light
He flies in to the fire
The flame is flickering with the pain he copes
Flickering he can't lose hope
What doesn't kill makes you strong
Force of will wins out before long

It's not a dream her love is true
He fans the fire that he will dive into

The flame is flickering drawing him near
Flickering nothing to fear

The flame is flickering . . .

Angelina words and music by Pat Malloy © 2017 Mid Mitten Music

The last time I saw her face
We danced to a mariachi band
Her red dress was blowing
Her black hair was flowing in the wind
I asked "Angelina,
Do you ever think of tomorrow?"
She said "Don't worry about me,
I'm destiny's child for a while."

The first time I held her hand,
We walked through the city
Danger around us
Fell into the darkness completely
Angelina, I want to walk with you forever

When you are near,
Everything's clear for awhile

I fell in love
I would never own
It's hard movin' on walking alone

As the years travel by
Will, I remember?
The red dress, the black hair,
The smell of the festival air
Angelina, your memory is fading gently
Your smile and your face, the touch of your
hand in the city
Oh Angelina, oh Angelina

Shoes words and music by Pat Malloy © 2009 Rude Man's Music

When you walk through town
You command the Avenue
Bachelors and boys have eyes for you
Oh me oh my, your wardrobe is fine
I know a way we could intertwine

I want to be your shoes, mile after mile
Step by step, smile by smile
I want to be your heel cup
Honey you could tie me up
I want to be, I want to be your shoes

When you walk into a room
You command attention
Bachelors and boys have intentions
Oh no not me, I'm not that kind
I know a way to tiptoe into your mind

I want to be your shoes, mile after mile
Step by step, smile by smile
I want to be your Soul Man
Honey you know I can
I want to be, I want to be your shoe

Mile after mile
Step by step, smile by smile
I want to be your Soul Man
Honey you know I can
I want to be, I want to be your shoes
Be your shoes
Mmmm . . . shoes

Sometimes When It's Raining words and music by Ben Hassenger © 2017 Mid Mitten Music
Inspired by a blog post written by Kat George <http://tcat.tc/ZtoNWs>

Sometimes, when it's raining
I can't help but think about you
Are you still the one I knew?
Is it raining where you are too?

Sometimes, when it's raining
I'm kissing you again
Like I remember when
It's been so long since then

When the lightning'd strike we'd lie in bed
And pull the covers over our heads
Hold each other like we'd never let go
Thunder crack and we'd collapse
And fall back on the sheets and laugh
But that was such a long long time ago

Sometimes, when it's raining
I listen to those songs
How you'd sing along
Even if the words were wrong

Sometimes, when it's raining
And the skies are grey
There are things I need to say
But you're so far away

I wonder if you think of me
And all the things we used to be
Have those moments faded to black?
It would be easier if there was no past
If we could have made the feeling last
But we're past the point of turning back.

Sometimes, when it's raining
I run outside in all my clothes
Look for the rainbows
Sometimes when it's raining . . .

I'll Be Your Home words and music by Ben Hassenger © 2017 Mid Mitten Music

When the devil's breath
Makes you run
When you have to leave
Before the waters come
When the dark clouds roll
Above your head
I've got your back
I've got your bed

I'll be your strength
I'll be your peace
I'll be your heart
Your memories
I'll be the place
You come back to when you roam
The lights are on, I'll be your home

When you're down and out
When you're on the street
When your head is bowed
And those hills are so steep
You can rest
Your soul inside
I'll be here
I won't deny

I'll be your strength . . .

You can be the queen
You can be the king
You can have it all
And lose everything
But within these walls
We'll keep the blues away
Safe at home
It will be okay

I'll be your strength . . .