

NOTHING FOR GRANTED

Words and music by Bob Stanhope and Roy Ellingsen

Wanna bet a sure thing, never took a chance.
If I don't like my options, I'll find another dance.
Selling this, selling that, which one's really true?
What you gonna tell me to make me buy from you?
Don't twist my arm, bend my ear
I took nothing for granted.

Nothing for granted, don't need nobody else.
Nothing for granted, wanna do things by myself.
Leave me alone, I take nothing for granted.

So I bet upon my sure thing, thought I wouldn't fail.
Working all the angles, only losers go to jail.
Stealing this, stealing that, how did I get caught?
Never saw it coming 'til I met one can't be bought.
Then they locked me up I lost it all
'Cause I took something for granted.

Something for granted, thumbed my nose at what was true.
Something for granted, forced the change my point of view.
I'm so alone, I need something for granted.

Now I'm doing nothing ev'ry day.
For the first time I chose to pray.
Locked up wasn't my intention
But that's how God got my attention.

Nothing for granted, gonna turn my life around.
Nothing for granted, I'm now on solid ground.
When I get out of here, I'll take nothing for granted.

LIFE ON HOLD

Words & music by Bob Stanhope and Roy Ellingsen

Ever wonder 'bout that feeling
That you get when things go wrong.
After all that time and effort
Makes you wonder what's going on.
Feeling something's missing
Makes my blood run cold.
'Til I find a new direction

My life is on hold.
Life on hold. Life on hold.

Before I get in trouble
Better take some time to pray.
To check my motivation
So I don't lose my way.
Kneeling really lis'ning.
Doing what's been told.
'Til I lose impatience
My life is on hold.

The lesson will last as long as it takes to learn.

EVERYBODY GETS THE BLUES

Words & music by Roy Ellingsen and Bob Stanhope

Layoffs coming Friday, afraid she is on the list.
Despite all her friends there, she thinks she'll never be missed.
Please show her some mercy, she feels she's been abused.
Can we lend her a hand? 'Cause everybody gets the blues.

Bad news from the doctor, didn't say he was fine.
Told him 'bout his problem, chills up and down his spine.
Please show him some mercy, before he gets confused.
Let him know he's not alone here, 'cause everybody gets the blues.

So much need, so many problems, seems everywhere you go.
See what's put before you. When you see it, you will know.
Gotta learn to show some mercy, walk in someone else's shoes.
Can we stand and take some action? 'Cause everybody gets the blues.

Can we stand and take some action? 'Cause everybody gets the blues.

AS LONG AS I REMEMBER YOU

Words & music by Bob Stanhope and Roy Ellingsen

If we remember what really matters, we wouldn't do this at all.
'Cause it can only make us sadder, to lose good times we once recalled.
We don't have the time, fighting over yours and mine.
Nothing in life is guaranteed.
When all we love is lost, no matter what the cost.
I'll still have everything I need.

As long as I remember You, As long as I remember You.
But even when it's gone, your love will still go on
Even when I can't remember You.

I still remember when we married, a rainy day in early fall.
All the hopes we carried, to a house that soon became too small.
Kids came way to fast, the money didn't always last
But we were together every day.
Moves for jobs and different homes, kids now with families of their own
Wouldn't have had it any other way.

Now as I'm lying here, His presence seems so near
As my mind begins to fade.
Don't let your heart be sad, I've loved the life we've had.
We don't need to be afraid.

LOST AND FOUND

Words and music by Bob Stanhope & Roy Ellingsen

I'd been confused, which way to turn.
Needed help to see, what I had to learn. ('Bout how the water)

The water come out the sky, food come out the ground.

Please don't let me.
World just go round and round.
'Cause my savior rescued me (from the)
Lost and found, lost and found.

Now seems plain to me, there's more than meets the eye.
Who's in control here? Did you ever realize (who makes)

Lost and found, battleground. How it seems to us.
You gotta choose, so you can't lose. The choice is very serious.

THE LADDER

Words & music by Bob Stanhope

A 60 hour work week, she can do it standing on her head.
I want a million 'fore I'm 30 is all she's ever said.
She's a velvet steamroller you better got out her way.
If I could talk to her a minute here's what I'd want to say.

There's one thing I'm sure of from the day you're born
To the day they put you in the ground.
It's that the people you meet on the way up the ladder
Are the ones you meet coming back down.
Back down, back down.
Are the ones you meet coming back down.

He made it to the Majors breaking records with his bat.
Then he got caught on a drug test then, boy, that was that.
Next his knees went bad and pretty soon he was through.
Now he's a limping reminder that the saying's true.

Every generation makes the same old mistake.
Every generation with the same old heartbreak.
Did we ever have enough that we didn't want more?
Well, did we?
Climbing, climbing, yeah on the ladder.
Climbing, climbing, yeah on the ladder.

WEARING HIM DOWN

Words & music by Bob Stanhope

He sees us on Sunday morning.
He thinks we're wasting our time.
Year 'round in all kinds of weather
He don't see the reason or rhyme.
What is it we do here or other churches in town?
Something makes him wonder are we wearing him down?

Collecting clothes for the homeless.
We love the refugee.
Deliver food to the hungry.
Different from the ones on TV.
Does what we do seem consistent ounce to ounce pound to pound?
Maybe there is something to us if we're wearing him down.

People are watching each and ev'ry day
How our black and white fits in...to a world that's gray.

So if we've got his attention
What are we gonna do?
Someone's got to make a connection
And pray that somehow we break through.
Might not happen the first time or even the 13th go 'round
But God's wants us to keep at it 'cause He's wearing him down.

EVEN JESUS GOTTS THE BLUES

Words & music by Bob Stanhope

Man of sorrow, don't you know it's true.
Man of sorrows, all the things we put Him through.
Don't you think even Jesus gots the blues.

Betrayed and rejected by someone He well knew.
Betrayed and rejected what did Judas choose?
Don't you think even Jesus gots the blues.

Arrested, the disciples just withdrew.
Arrested, not a single charge was true.
Don't you think even Jesus gots the blues.

Condemned Him, 'cause the crowd wanted them to.
Condemned Him, put up a sign saying King of the Jews.
Don't you think even Jesus gots the blues.

IF THEY KNEW ME

Words & music by Bob Stanhope

He's a well-regarded man in the city.
Name's in the paper every day.
Men wanna be him, women want to be with him.
Still he's afraid it'll all slip away.

If they knew me.
If they knew me.
If they knew me they might take it all away.

He says I don't think I deserve it.
How well do I use all what I got.
'Cause I got so damn much, I can appear so generous.
How long before they find I'm not?

He's heard that folks have called him blessed.
That's fine, but where did it come from?
Still in his heart's that still small voice
And listening he can make a choice.
'Cause the Giver's calling out to everyone.

"If they knew Me.
If they knew Me.
If they knew Me, I would give them even more."

I OWE IT ALL TO YOU

Words & music by Bob Stanhope

There were choices I had to make.
There were times to give and times to take.
But in every case and in every place
I owe it all to You.

Just a dreamer with no place to go.
Because of the things I did not know.
But then Your truth hit home and I am no more alone.
I owe it all to You.

There were times I can recall
The handwriting on the wall.
There were times I wandered alone in the dark.
But the times that I pulled through
Were the times I was pulled by You
And not the times I thought I was so smart.

Now I know You're with me every day.
Yet there still are those times I want my own way.
But I'm trusting in Your grace 'til I can see you face to face.
I owe it all to You.

GONNA WRITE A LETTER

Words & music by Bob Stanhope

Gonna write a letter to my way much younger self.
Saying hey boy listen up better listen up or else.
Your years will go much better if you learn from what I say.
You'll have less defeat and failure if you do things the right way.
What is that you ask, pay attention here it is.
You better take good notes 'cause there's gonna be a quiz.

Gonna write a letter to this way much younger guy.
Saying truth is so much easier than when you live a lie.
That way you won't be keeping track of what you said to who and when.
And you won't have to go back and parse your words again.
No need to cover tracks with bluff and attitude.
Do just what I say and you'll never get the blues.

Gotta tell you something from the heart.
We're too soon old too late smart.
Growing old's inevitable, growing up is optional.
Still gotta take time to work on the other part.

Gonna write a letter to this way much younger man.
Take all the time I need to tell him all I can.
I hope he takes me serious and copies all my stuff.
'cause a word to the wise is s'posed to be enough.
I'm only doing this so your life will go much better.
Sitting down now I'm gonna write a letter.

SELF-INFLICTED BLUES

Words & music by Bob Stanhope

Everywhere he went, there's a cigar clamped in his mouth.
People waved at the air, begged him to put it out.
Now with his lungs filled with ooze, he got the self-inflicted blues.

Always sure of himself, never shy 'bout speaking his mind.
Put fingers in our ears, try to block him out sometimes.
Now he sits alone with his views, got the self-inflicted blues.

The trouble we make is the trouble we get.
How come we ain't figured that out as of yet?
The reason we can't find the one who's at fault
'Cause we're filling our own wounds up with salt.
Now if you're looking at me as if that's news
Com'on man you got the self-inflicted blues.

Haven't studied the past, don't care about that stuff.
16 years in school, that ought to be enough.
Not following the news, you'll get the self-inflicted blues.

Now there's that Book on the shelf, you ever look inside?
Yeah I know it's big, but it'll save your life.
'Cause if you don't know the Good News, you'll get the self-inflicted blues.

SUNDAY'S COMING

Words & music by Bob Stanhope

Tommy got laid off today.
Only got two weeks of severance pay.
Worrying about what he will do
Praying, Lord, won't you help me through.
Knowing that there's gonna be a way.

Sunday's coming, things will be made right.
Sunday's coming and it could be tonight.
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
This old world's gonna turn to rust.
Sunday's coming we be walking in the night.

Betty always tells the truth
Though there's other ways she could choose.
Though she don't want to hurt no one
And there's many times it ain't no fun.
She knows that in the end she can't lose.

You know, there's times we make a mistake.
Expecting fairness here today.
While I'll admit that I don't know what life's about.
I'm trusting God to sort it out.

MORE TO DO

Words & music by Bob Stanhope and Roy Ellingsen

As a child my world was small, hadn't seen that much at all.
Took some time before I knew, I was given something I can do.

Come and See, together we can travel prayerfully.
Come and see, what the Spirit put inside of me.

(Because there's) more to do. (Help me Lord) more to do.
(You've equipped me) more to do. More to do.

Now everybody else, can discover for them self.
Which gift has been placed in you, you were given something you can do.

Using what's He's given you, helping those put next you.
Get to it.

Living in His grand design, we only have a little time.
We can trust Him to help us get through it.