

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

This Side of the Dirt

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP)

VERSE 1

Dust to dust
Breath to breath
We're all makin' our way
From birth to death
Moment to moment
Step by step
Each makin' the most
Of our time that's left

CHORUS

On this side of the dirt
We can tell we're alive because we hurt
Ah, but things could be much worse
Than sleepin' on this side of the dirt

VERSE 2

Some journey long
Others get cut short
None of it's fair
In this contact sport
Oh, we all have scars
Outside and in
They prove we've been livin'
Show where we've been

[CHORUS]

BRIDGE

I won't be staying long
I'm just passing through
But whatever time I've got
I'd love to spend with you

FINAL CHORUS:

On this side of the dirt
With you I'm alive, don't feel no hurt
I'd be the loneliest man on earth
Without you on this side of the dirt
Without you on this side of the dirt

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

The Maker's Mark

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP)

VERSE 1

There's a rundown house of worship
Right by the railroad track
Where we soak up the Books of Jim Beam
And of Johnny Walker Black
Our preacher tends the altar
With whiskey on his breath
He serves our congregation
As we "pray" ourselves to death.

CHORUS 1

If you're looking for redemption
Or forgiveness in a glass
Or running from what's chasing you
From way back in your past
If your battered soul is weary
From battles of the heart
Then come join us saints and sinners
At the Church of the Maker's Mark

VERSE 2

Our services are usually packed
Except on Sunday morn'
When us pilgrims are revivin'
From our revival the night before
Our choir is a jukebox
Singing hymns of love and loss,
As the spirits pass among us,
We each carry our own cross

CHORUS 2

If you're looking for redemption
Or forgiveness in a glass
Or running from what's chasing you
From way back in your past
If your battered soul is weary
From battles of the heart
There's deliverance in a bottle
At the Church of the Maker's Mark

BRIDGE

We're all in search of answers from above
So, welcome, friend, you'll fit right in
Sit down, drink up the love.

CHORUS 3

If you're looking for redemption
Or forgiveness in a glass
Or running from what's chasing you
From way back in your past
If your battered soul is weary
From battles of the heart
Then grab yourself a swivel pew
'Cause the truth here is one hundred proof
At the Church of the Maker's Mark
The Maker's Mark
The Maker's Mark

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

Borrowed Time

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Dan Navarro (BMI)
Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP) / Jodada Music (BMI)

VERSE 1

Time stops for no one
A ruthless ragin' river runnin' fast
We try with all our might to hold on for dear life,
And hope to God that we can make it last

CHORUS

You can't buy it, you can't sell it
You can't own it, you can't give it
You can't hold it, you just live it
We're living on borrowed time
On borrowed time

VERSE 2

Time has one direction
A freight train rollin' full speed down the track
We climb on when we're born and ride until we're gone
Gotta one-way ticket, we ain't coming back

[CHORUS]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

BRIDGE

Time is running out and we don't know where it ends
Nothin' we can do to get it back again

[CHORUS]

CODA

Backing vocals: Na-na-na's

Lead singer:

On a ragin' river, on borrowed time
Don't stop for no one, on borrowed time
On a freight train rollin', on borrowed time
We gotta one-way ticket,
Honey, we ain't comin' back
On borrowed time
On borrowed time
On borrowed time
On borrowed time

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

Memories

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP)

VERSE 1

Some are made of gossamer, like silken angel wings
Some are made of broken glass, and other painful things
Some are fond, some are not, they live with us each day
Live to tell our story, so we won't fade away

VERSE 2

Some are picture-perfect, like our newborn daughter's eyes
Some are filled with sadness, like the day that Momma died
Others feel just like a dream, like the night that we first met
These are very special – ones I won't forget

CHORUS 1

Some come by the bushel, they'll pack your closet full
Some fly by like comets, free of earthly pull
Some are sent from Heaven, blessings I recall
'Cause a life lived without mem'ries, ain't no life at all

VERSE 3

I know you think that I forgot, the girl you used to be
All the magic, all the laughter, circlin' you and me,
There ain't nothin' I forgot, you're still that girl I see,
Dancing in the moonlight graceful and carefree

CHORUS 2

Some come by the bushel, they'll pack your closet full
Some fly by like comets, free of earthly pull
Some are gifts from Heaven, sent to help us through
But of all my precious mem'ries, my finest one is you
My finest one is you.

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

She Dreams in Music

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Dan Navarro (BMI)
Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP) / Jodada Music (BMI)

VERSE 1

When the load is heavy
And it's draggin' me down
When I can't find my heading
Too lost to be found
She leads me out of the darkness
Calms my troubled mind
With the magic and innocent wonder
Alive in her eyes

CHORUS

She dreams in music
She dances in laughter
Glides on the wings of a dove
She skips through the rain to the
sun that comes after,
And lights up my world with her love

VERSE 2

Yeah, I've known trouble,
And trouble's known me
My constant companion
'Til she set me free
With a peace and a grace beyond measure
And the kindest, most gentle of hands,
She's a mystical treasure
Who made me a better man

[CHORUS]

[Instrumental CHORUS]

BRIDGE

Oh, she sees things that I cannot see
Oh, I don't know, what it is that she sees in me

[CHORUS x2]

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

RAIN

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Phil Madeira (BMI)
Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP) / Nashville Minute (BMI)

VERSE 1

Dusty old tractor sits still in a field
Dusty old farmer sits still at its wheel
Looks up to the heavens, drops fall from a cloud
He laughs at himself for cursing the drought

CHORUS

That's why God made the
Rain – it's love pouring down
Rain, kissing the ground
Rain, when hope can't be found
That's why God made the rain

VERSE 2

A battered young woman in a broken-down home
Prays for the courage to strike out on her own
Scarred with terrible memories of unbearable days
She cries: "I need some healin' to wash 'em away!"

[CHORUS]

[INSTRUMENTAL CHORUS]

BRIDGE

Talkin' 'bout cracked earth
Talkin' 'bout heartache
Just like rain on red dirt
We could use a little break
Talkin' 'bout the dreams we sow
On a parched acre
All we can do is trust the Rainmaker!

FINAL CHORUS

That's why God made the
Rain – it's love pouring down
Rain, kissing the ground
Rain, when hope can't be found
That's why God made the rain
That's why God made the rain

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

Hey, St. Peter

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP)

VERSE 1

Hey, St. Peter, we lost a good one today
Just want you to know
He'll be headin' your way
Left us too damn fast
That's all I've got to say
Hey, St. Peter, we lost a good one today

VERSE 2

Hey, St. Peter, please make room for him
He was no president, no rich man or king
But he salted the earth, he was my best friend,
Hey, St. Peter, please let my friend in

[Instrumental Verse]

CHORUS

Open the arms of Heaven
Let him gaze on his Maker's face
Let love rush in to cradle him in amazing grace

Verse 3

Hey, St. Peter, when I stand at your gate
Will you open it wide, 'cause I ain't no saint?
Though sometimes I believe I'm God's only mistake
I hope my friends might pray

CHORUS

Open the arms of Heaven
Let him gaze on his Maker's face
Let love rush in to cradle him in amazing grace

CODA

Hey St. Peter, I'm God's one big mistake
But my friends might pray, "Please don't turn him away"
Yeah, they'd laugh, and they'd cry, and they'd say,
"We lost a good one today"

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

Painter of Songs

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP)

VERSE 1

I ain't no Picasso, ain't no Michelangelo
But there's lots to visualize inside my portfolio
With a notebook for my canvas and a pencil for my brush
Do-re-me's become my colors
when I give these keys a touch

CHORUS 1

Let me conjure up a picture
from places we've all been
With love and words that whisper
let me draw you in
Let me paint your tears and laughter
your heart burstin' at its seams
I'll try my best to capture
your hopes and all your dreams
And every love that's helped to make you strong
I'm a painter of songs

VERSE 2

I will sing from city sidewalks, or in a smokey, dim-lit bar
And if I do my job just right, I could be singing in your car
As I reach across the distance, from out behind this mic
Sending images on airwaves, that I paint for you tonight

CHORUS 2

Let me conjure up a picture
from places we've all been
With love and words that whisper
let me draw you in
Let me paint your tears and laughter
your heart burstin' at its seams
I'll try my best to capture
your hopes and all your dreams
And every love that's helped to make you strong
I'm a painter of ... (to Bridge)

BRIDGE

Pictures that you'll never find
In the Louvre, they're not that kind,
'Cause words, they just hang in air

CHORUS 3

Let me conjure up a picture
from places we've all been
With love and words that whisper
let me draw you in
Let me paint your tears and laughter
your heart burstin' at its seams
I'll try my best to capture
your hopes and all your dreams
And every love that's helped to make you strong

CODA

The ones that you got right or you got wrong,
I love painting these songs
I'm a painter of songs

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

Next Time

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP)

VERSE 1

Gonna give up swearin' and these God damn cigarettes
Pray a little more, sin a little less
Take the road less traveled, less winding, more true
These are just a few things that I'll do
Next time
Next time

VERSE 2

Won't be such a handful, I'll dial things back a bit
More a man of truth, less a hypocrite
I will spend my time tending fences I must mend
Lord knows I could be a better friend
Next time

CHORUS

Next time I'll do better, just you wait you'll see
A wiser man reborn again and living differently
Next time will be the first time
That we don't say goodbye
Two simple words we tell ourselves:
"Next time"
"Next time"

BRIDGE (INSTRUMENTAL)

VERSE 3

If I could do things over, there's choices I would trade
Deeds that I would take back, words I wouldn't say
With the benefit of hist'ry and second chance hindsight
I would try like hell to get "us" right
Next time

FINAL CHORUS

Next time I'll do better, next time you will see
A wiser man who's born again and loves you differently
Next time will be the first time
That we don't say goodbye
Two simple words we tell ourselves:
One simply perfect lie,
Next time
Next time
Next time

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT

ROBERT DALE KLEIN

Thank You

© Robert Dale Klein (ASCAP) / Donna Britton Bukevycz (ASCAP)
Big Cyrus Music (ASCAP) / Mountain Row Music (ASCAP)

VERSE 1

Life is not forever, it has no guaranty
But it starts with hope and opportunity
We are only guests in a temporary home
Passing through an hourglass of sand
Trying to live as best we can

VERSE 2

Wish we had another morning, another chance to laugh
To share a silly story, a favorite photograph
Flipping through our pages of precious memories
Happy, bittersweet, and sad, but
Grateful for the love we had

CHORUS 1

Thank you for my blessings, I count them everyday
Tomorrow's not for certain, so I'll cherish life today
Live it like you lived it, as if each day were my last
Thank you for the time we had
Thank you for the time we had

BRIDGE

Step by step we move
From grief to gratitude

CHORUS 2

Thank you for my blessings, I count them everyday
Tomorrow's not for certain, so I'll cherish life today
Live it like you lived it, as if each day were my last
Thank you for the time we had
Thank you for the time we had
Thank you for the time we had
Thank you for the time we had
Thank you for the time we had

THIS SIDE OF THE DIRT