

# Unusually Blessed

## Jared Deck

JARED DECK

"17 Miles"

Written by Jared Deck, Jacy Deck, Travis McKinzie,  
Wes Sharon

Arranged by Jared Deck, Travis McKinzie, Brandon Cink,  
Chad Roper, Wes Sharon

Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar, percussion

Travis McKinzie: drums

Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar

Daniel Walker: organ, piano

Fred Hanradt: bass

17 miles from the city that I call home  
Tumbleweeds rolling like car wheels on a gravel road  
My nerves are shaking like the hips of a Rolling Stone  
17 miles from the limits of all I've known

17 years with a rock in my sole  
Moving to the beat of the lines on the road  
Lines on my face, scars on my soul  
17 miles and life to go, my lord  
Oh my lord

17 years of a life I call my own  
My dreams are blowing in the wind of an old dust storm  
No sense in stalling when your ride's sitting up on fours  
17 years and my hands still on the door

17 years with a rock in my sole  
Moving to the beat of the lines on the road  
Lines on my face, scars on my soul  
17 miles and life to go, my lord  
Oh my lord

17 miles to the city that I call home  
Tumbleweeds rolling like car wheels on a gravel road  
Radio plays another song I've heard before  
17 miles and my feet still on the floor

17 years with a rock in my sole  
Moving to the beat of the lines on the road  
Lines on my face, scars on my soul  
17 miles and life to go  
17 miles and life to go, my lord  
I'm coming home

"Grace"

Written by Jared Deck

Arranged by Jared Deck, Travis McKinzie, Chad Roper,

Alan Orebaugh, Wes Sharon

Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar

Travis McKinzie: drums

Luke Mullenix: bass

Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar

Daniel Walker: organ, piano

Cora Gutel: vocals

Wes Sharon: percussion

I have lived with a lot of things  
That I could never live down  
I have made up my own mind  
And I could never let down  
And these decisions have given me  
A better chance in the fight  
I have lived with a lot of things  
That I hope God can make right

I believe in a lot of things  
But I can't believe in it all  
I hear the sermon of my life  
But I can't answer the call  
And this direction is killing me  
But it's all that I can find  
I believe in a lot of things  
But I can't believe in a lie

Yeah, the stone's at your feet  
Yeah, when the pain is discreet

It's a hard fight  
It's a dark night  
When you feel the light fall on your face

I remember the holy land

The place from which I come  
The sweet soil that steadied me  
The river for which I run  
This defection has given me  
Appreciation for home  
I remember the rolling waves  
That placed me where I belong

Yeah, the stone's at your feet  
Yeah, when the pain is discreet

It's a hard fight  
It's a dark night  
When you feel the light fall on your face  
Grace

It's a hard fight  
It's a dark night  
When you feel the light fall on your face  
Grace

"Wrong Side Of The Night"  
Written by Jared Deck  
Arranged by Jared Deck, Chad Roper,  
Luke Mullenix, Wes Sharon  
Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar  
Travis McKinzie: drums  
Luke Mullenix: bass.  
Alan Orebough: electric guitar  
Daniel Walker: organ  
Ryan Engleman: pedal steel

Say my name for future reference  
I need a memory to regret  
As I walk out the door to find what can't be found  
You know I'll always let you down

This road is paved with good intentions  
Well, I intended all along  
To be the man who'd walk beside you through the night  
So I bend toward the light

These tears come running down  
When I think of all the ones I left behind  
These walls come crumbling down

When I give the wrong up for the right  
I've been living for the wrong side of the night

I got kids back home that miss me  
If they remember me at all  
Got a boy who wants to be just like his Pa  
Son, that ain't too much at all

This road is paved with second chances  
And my heart ages by the mile  
But that horizon lies just beyond my sight  
So I bend toward the light

These tears come running down  
When I think of all the ones I left behind  
These walls come crumbling down  
When I give the wrong up for the right  
I've been living for the wrong side of the night

"The American Dream"  
Written by Jared Deck, Wes Sharon  
Arranged by Jared Deck, Travis McKinzie,  
Brandon Cink, Wes Sharon  
Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar  
Travis McKinzie: drums  
Luke Mullenix: bass  
Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar  
Daniel Walker: organ  
Wes Sharon: percussion

Some days are for fighting  
Some days are for peace  
Sometimes, we gotta roll up our sleeves  
We gotta rage against machines  
Freedom in our religion  
Freedom down on our knees  
Freedom down in the soul of a man  
It's a God-given disease

Harder than it seems  
It's the American dream

Two kids and a mortgage  
Three chords and the truth  
Four on the floor and a knock on the door

To wage the sins of our youth  
Send a kid off to college  
Send another to war  
Save the trouble of deciding yourself  
What the hell is this all for

Harder than it seems  
It's the American dream

There ain't no way to keep us down  
If there's a fight, we'll see it through  
We pay our bills  
Pay our dues to the red, white, and blue

Can you hear the revival  
Got no fear for the man  
Can you hear our voices crying out  
For a healing in this great land  
I believe in the worker  
I believe in the dream  
I believe in the future, lord  
But does the future believe in me

Harder than it seems  
It's the American dream

"Fight"  
Written by Jared Deck  
Arranged by Jared Deck, Travis McKinzie,  
Luke Mullenix, Wes Sharon  
Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar  
Travis McKinzie: drums  
Luke Mullenix: bass  
Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar  
Daniel Walker: organ  
Cora Gutel: vocals

You were never one for taking chances  
Who wants risk without reward  
You fell for my lines and silly dances  
Fell even harder on the sword

Love ain't a game, we rise and fall the same

And don't go quiet through the night  
Love ain't a game, we survive and fall the same  
So just hold on to me and fight

I'll stand by you through the ages  
I'll walk tall while you are weak  
There's no story in the pages  
That doesn't end without relief

Love ain't a game, we rise and fall the same  
And don't go quiet through the night  
Love ain't a game, we survive and fall the same  
So just hold on to me and fight

Give your guilt up to the heavens  
Give those smiles you've left to me  
Until the day that glory beckons  
We won't succumb to this disease

Love ain't a game, we rise and fall the same  
And don't go quiet through the night  
Love ain't a game, we survive and fall the same  
So just hold on to me and fight

I would write you a love song  
That I would scream into the night  
Just to feel your heartbeat  
Just to stand with you and fight

"Sweet Breath"  
Written by Jared Deck  
Arranged by Jared Deck, Wes Sharon  
Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar  
Travis McKinzie: drums  
Luke Mullenix: bass  
Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar  
Daniel Walker: organ  
Cora Gutel: vocals

Sweet breath of heaven  
Weak and misshapen  
Loved you a long time ago

Sweet loving woman  
Ruthless and raging

Left you a long time ago  
Left you a long time ago

Won't you walk with me  
Take me by the hand  
I'm gonna find my peace  
Of that promised land  
I'm gonna stake my claim  
Make my name

Sweet taste of tyranny  
Savory and maddening  
Lost you a long time ago  
Lost you a long time ago  
Lost you a long time ago

"Hope, KS"

Written by Jared Deck

Arranged by Jared Deck, Travis McKinzie,  
Brandon Cink, Luke Mullenix, Wes Sharon

Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar

Travis McKinzie: drums, vocals

Luke Mullenix: bass

Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar

Daniel Walker: organ

Cora Gutel: vocals

Jacy Deck: vocals

Wes Sharon: percussion

We would rise like the tide in the heat of the night  
I coulda swore we were living on love  
Wild and ripe, she was born on the fourth of July  
Even scorned, we were living on love

It was a race for the prize on a Saturday night  
But we just couldn't foresee what would happen

She was soft and sweet like Dickinson wheat  
I coulda swore we were living on love  
I used to swoon to the beat of her tip-tapping feet  
Even poor, we were living on love

It was a race for the prize on a Saturday night  
But we just couldn't foresee what would happen

As a man of eighteen, I was destined to dream  
I coulda swore we were living on love  
Going forth pristine I was headed northeast  
Even then, we were living on love

It was a race for the prize on a Saturday night  
But we just couldn't foresee what would happen

It was a sign of the times on that Wichita line  
But we just couldn't compare to what would  
We were green to the seams and, yet, diving in wet  
But we just couldn't prepare for what would  
It was the end of the line for a father and bride  
It's too late to say a prayer for what just happened

"Wait For You"

Written by Jared Deck, Wes Sharon  
Arranged by Jared Deck, Travis McKinzie,  
Brandon Cink, Chad Roper, Wes Sharon  
Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar  
Travis McKinzie: drums  
Luke Mullenix: bass  
Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar  
Daniel Walker: organ, piano  
Ryan Engleman: pedal steel

Drinking Heaven Hill, singing nightingale  
Take me back to that night  
When you were seventeen, I was headed east  
We'd meet on down the pike  
With a sigh of belief, made a promise we couldn't keep

Driving south to see how your mom got clean  
I got lost on the track  
When you were twenty-one, I was run and gun  
Thought we'd never get back  
With a sigh of regret, made a promise we'd forget

I'd still wait for  
I'd still wait for  
I'd still wait for you

Thought you'd found the one to give you life and love  
I never once crossed your mind  
When you were twenty-five, I was flying high

Thought we'd left this behind  
With a sigh of relief, made a promise we would leave

I'd still wait for  
I'd still wait for  
I'd still wait for you

Dancing to the band, standing hand in hand  
All these thoughts come to life  
Now you're thirty-two, and I stand across from you  
We've met on down the pike  
With a sigh for the truth, made the promise of our youth

I'd still wait for  
I'd still wait for  
I'd still wait for you

"Hell On Wheels"  
Written by Jared Deck, Wes Sharon  
Arranged by Jared Deck, Travis McKinzie,  
Luke Mullenix, Wes Sharon  
Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar  
Travis McKinzie: drums  
Luke Mullenix: bass  
Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar  
Daniel Walker: piano  
Wes Sharon: percussion

She's a backseat believer  
With her heart on the steering wheel  
Driving ninety miles an hour  
With a man on a dead end deal  
Riding shotgun but ain't got the skill  
Three drinks in, she's ready to kill  
Used to be heaven on earth  
Now she's hell on wheels

She was Momma's little cutie  
That Daddy never wanted around  
A Friday night angel  
Dreaming of a homecoming crown  
In her principal's automobile  
Made an awfully convincing appeal  
Used to be heaven on earth

Now she's hell on wheels

All the good girls love to hate her  
All the good boys would love to date her  
Preacher says, girl, you gotta get it straight  
Meet me at the alter, don't hesitate

Little Tommy Dugan talked  
Her into settling down  
So she's wearing his ring  
Putting on a wedding gown  
Then she caught him in an automobile  
With some jailbait cleaning his grill  
Used to be heaven on earth  
Now she's hell on wheels

All the good girls love to hate her  
All the good boys would love to date her  
Preacher says, girl, you gotta get it straight  
Meet me at the alter, don't hesitate

Riding shotgun, but ain't got the skill  
Three drinks in, she's ready to kill  
Used to be heaven on earth  
Now she's hell on wheels

Riding shotgun, but ain't got the skill  
Three drinks in, she's ready to kill  
Used to be heaven on earth  
Now she's hell on wheels

"Unusually Blessed"  
Written by Jared Deck  
Arranged by Jared Deck, Wes Sharon  
Jared Deck: vocals, acoustic guitar  
Travis McKinzie: drums  
Alan Orebaugh: electric guitar  
Daniel Walker: organ, piano  
Ryan Engleman: pedal steel  
Mike "Tic Tac" Byers: drums  
Wes Sharon: bass

In the hills of Oklahoma  
I was born a rugged soul  
By the hand of my father

I was raised a rolling stone  
From the day I lost my mother  
â€˜Til they put me in the ground  
Iâ€™m just a man who never stuck around

You were born in late November  
Your ma and me were proud  
I held you till September  
When the oilfield left town  
From the day I left your mother  
â€˜Til they bury me in dirt  
Iâ€™m just a man whoâ€™s sorry for the hurt

I was born to be a fighter  
I was born to rock and roll  
I was born to take my chances  
Down the long and winding road  
If I was born for you to love me  
Thatâ€™s my greatest success  
Iâ€™m just a man unusually blessed

Today, I got your letter, and a tear rolled down my face  
As I read about your new job and the child along the way  
To a father and a mother, Heaven gives its best reward  
Now Iâ€™m just a man whoâ€™s knocking at the door

I was born to be a fighter  
I was born to rock and roll  
I was born to take my chances  
Down the long and winding road  
If I was born for you to love me  
Thatâ€™s my greatest success  
Iâ€™m just a man unusually blessed

Time can heal, but time can fade away  
And Iâ€™ve got scars to remind me of those days  
So I thank God for the life Iâ€™ve had  
And the time I was given

I was born to be a fighter  
I was born to rock and roll  
I was born to take my chances  
Down the long and winding road  
If I was born for you to love me  
Thatâ€™s my greatest success

I'm just a man unusually blessed

That's my greatest success  
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