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 Iâ€™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 rideâ€™s sitting up on fours
17 years and my handâ€™s 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 Iâ€™ve heard before
17 miles and my footâ€™s 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
Iâ€™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 canâ€™t believe in it all
I hear the sermon of my life
But I canâ€™t answer the call
And this direction is killing me
But itâ€™s all that I can find
I believe in a lot of things
But I canâ€™t believe in a lie

Yeah, the stoneâ€™s at your feet
Yeah, when the pain is discreet

Itâ€™s a hard fight
Itâ€™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 stoneâ€™s at your feet
Yeah, when the pain is discreet

Itâ€™s a hard fight
Itâ€™s a dark night
When you feel the light fall on your face
Grace

Itâ€™s a hard fight
Itâ€™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 Orebaugh: 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 canâ€™t be found
You know Iâ€™ll always let you down

This road is paved with good intentions
Well, I intended all along
To be the man whoâ€™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
Iâ€™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 ainâ€™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
Iâ€™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
Itâ€™s a God-given disease

Harder than it seems
Itâ€™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
Itâ€™s the American dream

There ainâ€™t no way to keep us down
If thereâ€™s a fight, weâ€™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
Itâ€™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 ainâ€™t a game, we rise and fall the same

And donâ€™t go quiet through the night
Love ainâ€™t a game, we survive and fall the same
So just hold on to me and fight

Iâ€™ll stand by you through the ages
Iâ€™ll walk tall while you are weak
Thereâ€™s no story in the pages
That doesnâ€™t end without relief

Love ainâ€™t a game, we rise and fall the same
And donâ€™t go quiet through the night
Love ainâ€™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 youâ€™ve left to me
Until the day that glory beckons
We wonâ€™t succumb to this disease

Love ainâ€™t a game, we rise and fall the same
And donâ€™t go quiet through the night
Love ainâ€™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

Wonâ€™t you walk with me
Take me by the hand
Iâ€™m gonna find my peace
Of that promised land
Iâ€™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 couldnâ€™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 couldnâ€™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 couldnâ€™t foresee what would happen

It was a sign of the times on that Wichita line
But we just couldnâ€™t compare to what would
We were green to the seams and, yet, diving in wet
But we just couldnâ€™t prepare for what would
It was the end of the line for a father and bride
Itâ€™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
Weâ€™d meet on down the pike
With a sigh of belief, made a promise we couldnâ€™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 weâ€™d never get back
With a sigh of regret, made a promise weâ€™d forget

Iâ€™d still wait for
Iâ€™d still wait for
Iâ€™d still wait for you

Thought youâ€™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 weâ€™d left this behind
With a sigh of relief, made a promise we would leave

Iâ€™d still wait for
Iâ€™d still wait for
Iâ€™d still wait for you

Dancing to the band, standing hand in hand
All these thoughts come to life
Now youâ€™re thirty-two, and I stand â€˜cross from you
Weâ€™ve met on down the pike
With a sigh for the truth, made the promise of our youth

Iâ€™d still wait for
Iâ€™d still wait for
Iâ€™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

Sheâ€™s a backseat believer
With her heart on the stearing wheel
Driving ninety miles an hour
With a man on a dead end deal
Riding shotgun but ainâ€™t got the skill
Three drinks in, sheâ€™s ready to kill
Used to be heaven on earth
Now sheâ€™s hell on wheels

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

Now sheâ€™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, donâ€™t hesitate

Little Tommy Dugan talked
Her into settling down
So sheâ€™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 sheâ€™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, donâ€™t hesitate

Riding shotgun, but ainâ€™t got the skill
Three drinks in, sheâ€™s ready to kill
Used to be heaven on earth
Now sheâ€™s hell on wheels

Riding shotgun, but ainâ€™t got the skill
Three drinks in, sheâ€™s ready to kill
Used to be heaven on earth
Now sheâ€™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

Iâ€™m just a man unusually blessed

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