

Lyrics for the CD

What, *AGAIN?!?*

by Lou and Peter Berryman

Recorded in 1993

All songs © L&P Berryman
Words by Peter, Music by Lou

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1 SQUALOR

©1980 Lou & Peter Berryman

In the squalor of her awful little shack she sat
With her grungy cat and her parakeet
With rats a-runnin' 'round the size of caribou
Playing peek-a-boo with her filthy feet

Eating donuts with a spoon and drinking Ovaltine
Through a scum of green floating leisurely
In a coffee cup of plastic from the Sally Ann
Shaking in her hand, out of misery

CHORUS: And it's all because she didn't eat her vegetables (X3) As a kid
Or maybe didn't chew 'em properly, If she did

Her brother slept behind the shack without a bed
With his battered head resting on his knee
As the roaches and the traffic sang a lullaby
The water pipes would sigh a little harmony

With the stogies he had found wrapped up in cellophane
To keep out the rain when the night was through
He would stumble down the alley pickin' junk sometimes
Or try to beg for dimes on the avenue. **(Chorus)**

Her mother as a seamstress never brought in much
'Cause she'd lost her touch in a codeine haze
Now she staggers in a stupor through the city streets
Wrapped in ratty sheets from her sewing days

Her crazy little face is hidden in the shade
Of a hat she made from a cardboard box
The hair beneath her hat is so in need of care
It doesn't look like hair it looks like dirty socks. **(Chorus)**

Her uncle'd come to see her in his tattered clothes
With a runny nose and a pint of wine
And a bucket full of bullheads he had caught that day
On Monona Bay with a handheld line

She would spread a little blanket on the apple crate
Where they always ate when they had the food
They would eat & they would drink & when the grub was gone
They would carry on if they were in the mood. **(Chorus)**

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2 ALICE HOTEL

©1980 by L&P Berryman

In the Pacific Northwest • Jobs weren't easy to find
But we weren't lookin' that hard anyway therefore • Usually we didn't mind
When we were flat broke, we'd try • Developin' somethin' to sell
So we could walk down the hill & get drunk in the • Bar at the Alice Hotel

Alice Hotel are you
Still such a sleazy dive
Crawlin' with bums like us
How do you stay alive
Maybe the same way we did, scratchin'

I was a waitress, seamstress • Harpsichord builder & clerk
Once I applied for a job with a zoomie* who • Thought about nothin' but work
(He) Said it's a hard job, low pay • I said I guess it'll do
(But)All things considered I'd rather be elsewhere • Than workin' for peanuts for you

Peanuts for you, too, boss
Are you still workin' cheap
Havin' a wife and kids
How do you make ends meet
Maybe the same way we did, scratchin'

When I would resign, they'd say • You didn't give it a try
They'd say you can't just go quittin' your job on a • Whim & expect to get by
I'd say just watch me, watch me • I work to live and that's it
Whenever I get up the money to coast for a • Couple of weeks then I quit

Then I'd quit for months
But that was way back when
And I'm thinkin' now
How can I coast again
Maybe the same way we did, scratchin'

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3 **PLAY IT AGAIN**

©1980 L&P Berryman

PETER:

I hate to hear
A song that doesn't have much to say
And it's a shame
That it's more popular every day
It may be short
But when you think it's gonna end
They go & repeat & repeat & repeat the thing
Again & again & again

LOU:

Play it again
I love that song
Isn't it nice?
It's not too long.
Sing it again, & when you think it's gonna end
Croon the tune
Again & again & again & again & again

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4 CLASSIFIED RAG

©1982 Lou & Peter Berryman

I had someone who left on the run
Who said that my setup was too much fun
I was so sad, I spent what I had
On a bottle of gin and a classified ad:

PETER:

Fat man, 55, hardly keeps himself alive
Drinks smokes curses snores, doesn't like the out of doors
Wants a woman just like me, even more so preferably
Overfed and unrefined, matrimony not in mind

CHORUS (PETER)

Answer this ad, I'm feelin' so bad
I don't have the confidence that I once had
I don't have the cash, I don't have the car
I don't have you whoever you are

LOU:

Fat gal, 54, doesn't have it anymore
Drinks curses snores & smokes, not too good at tellin' jokes
Wants a man who's let it go, doesn't have a dime to blow
Loves to sit up way too late & watch his woman dissipate.

CHORUS (LOU)

Answer this ad, I'm feelin' so bad
I don't have the confidence that I once had
I don't have the cash, I don't have the car
I don't have you whoever you are

PETER:

Joe Blow

LOU:

Jane Doe

BOTH:

Placin' this ad on the go
I want all the world to see, I found someone just like me
Doesn't care 'bout gainin' weight, cannot keep that checkbook straight
If you need someone that bad, you can always place an ad.

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5 CRAB CANAPE

© 1982 L&P Berryman

(Lou's part:)

Crab canapé, duck cassoulet,
I bathe in Perrier everyday
Peaches & cream, lobster supreme,
Passion fruit, Port Salud cheese

Filet mignon wrapped in bacon with tea,
Pears jubilee, dry white Chablis
Café au lait, beef consomme,
Freshly dug truffles and peas

Opera at nine, home for some wine,
Just for kicks candlesticks everywhere
Croquet at noon, sometimes in June,
Badminton playing in May

Riding a horse on the beach by the sea,
Teatime at 3, with peppermint tea
Taking a plane to England and Spain
Wining and dining all day

Your place or mine, I've got the time,
I'd like to talk with you privately
You've got nice toes, not a bad nose,
I see you wearing too much

Ah yes my darling this isn't too bad,
Isn't too bad, Isn't too bad
Then when we're done, we can have fun,
sleeping and keeping in touch

(Peter's part:)

Hostess Fruit Pies, gyros & fries to go
Hot dogs for me, I can eat three
Spread with Velveeta cheese

Corn dogs & Sprite, bread if it's white
Ten donut holes, twelve Tootsie Rolls,
A handful of cold canned peas

Poker & dice, whiskey on ice will do
Bugs in the sink, I shouldn't drink,
But now I think I may

Holes in my socks, gin on the rocks
Crash on the lawn, crawl in at dawn,
Soap operas on all day

Your place or mine, I got the time to spare
You got nice toes, not a bad nose
Let's not use clothes too much

Dis ain't too bad, dis ain't too bad
Dis ain't too bad! Then when we're done,
We can have fun and touch

**NOTE: This song really needs to be listened to,
to figure out who sings what where...**

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6 DO YOU THINK IT'S GONNA RAIN?

©1980 L&P Berryman

Do you think it's gonna rain?
(No, I don't think so.)

Oh no, I doubt it, probably not.
No I don't think it's gonna rain
Do you think so Harv?
No, he agrees, no rain.

That's a very nice chair.
(Yes, it sure is.)

Thank you, oh thank you, yes it is
Yes they're on sale by Shopko now
You remember Harv?
Yes, he agrees, nice chair.

Do you watch Lou Grant?
(No, we miss MASH)

Oh no, it's off now, so is MASH
We miss Lou Grant but mostly MASH
Don't we miss MASH Harv?
Yes, he agrees, miss MASH

Are the coals ready yet?
(They're getting white)

Let's see, I think so, not quite yet
They've got to turn a little white
Are they white yet Harv?
No, he agrees, not yet.

Do you have your garden in?
(It's very dry)

Oh yes, well mostly, it's so dry
We've got to water every night
Don't we have to Harv?
Yes, he agrees, it's dry.

Do you buy Sta-Puf?
(No, we use Bounce)

Oh no, not usually, we get Bounce
We get Sta-Puf when there's no Bounce
Don't we get Bounce Harv?
Yes, he agrees, it's Bounce

Do you eat out much?
(Sometimes we do)

Sometimes, by Wendy's, and last week
By Ponderosa family night
You remember Harv?
No, he's asleep. Hey Harv.

Do you go to church?
(Oh wake up Harv, wake up!)

Of course, we're Lutheran, wake up Harv
Oh yes our pastor's really good
Can't you get up Harv
The coals are done, wake up.

**NOTE: This song really needs to be listened to,
to figure out who sings what where...**

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7 **NAKED & NUDE**

©1982 L&P Berryman

The last time I saw you was the first time I kissed you
& I've got to admit my darling, since then I haven't missed you
There was something that evening that put me in the mood
I was in the kitchen and you were in the nude

CHORUS:

Oh you were naked, naked & nude
I could tell just by lookin', your clothes had been removed
No clothing, no clothes
No clothing, no clothes

Since our introduction eleven months ago
Our relationship was neutral, and didn't seem to grow
Conversation was infrequent, though I saw you every day
Behavior was Platonic, until you dressed that way (CHORUS)

Someday we'll make arrangements to trip down memory lane
To resurrect that evening that I hope was not in vain
Fate will be our master, who knows what will occur
I'll meet you in the kitchen; come as you were. (CHORUS)

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8 A CHAT WITH YOUR MOTHER

(Also known as A Chat With Your Mom, and often called The F-Word Song)

©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

Oh the pirates in their fetid galleons, daggers in their skivvies
With infected tattooed fingers on a blunderbuss or two
Signs of scurvy in their eyes and only mermaids on their minds
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

CHORUS:

We sit down to have a chat
It's F-word this and F-word that
I can't control how you young people talk to one another
But I don't want to hear you use that F-word with your mother

There are lumberjacks from Kodiak vacationing in Anchorage
Enchanted with their pine tar soup and Caribou shampoo
With seven weeks of back pay in their aromatic woolens
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

(Chorus)

There are militant survivalists with Gucci bandoleros
Taking tacky khaki walkie talkies to the rendezvous
Trading all the latest armor-piercing ammo information
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

(Chorus)

There are jocks who think that God himself is drooling in the bleachers
In a cold November downpour with a belly full of brew
Whose entire grasp of heaven has a lot to do with football
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

(Chorus)

There's unsavory musicians with their filthy pinko lyrics
Who destroy the social fabric and enjoy it when they do
With their groupies and addictions and their poor heartbroken parents
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

(Chorus)

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9 WHEN DID WE HAVE SAUERKRAUT?

©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

Come on in and have a chair, today's the day I clean the fridge
But we can talk while it's defrosting pardon all the mess
How you been, I just got back from Elgin, Illinois myself
For me the charm of traveling is fading I confess
Could you grab the pot of water on the stove so I can stick it
In the freezer, this is so archaic don't you think?
This one last ice cube tray won't come unstuck, it's kinda welded
To some broccoli, God I think it's broccoli, why's this broccoli pink?

How about the onion dip you think it's any good or should we
Toss it to the dog it looks okay but I dunno
And by the way I stopped off at the Belvedere Oasis
Which is such a pretty name for such an ugly place to go
They shove those puffy sandwiches in sacks like so much garbage
And their shakes are largely lather but I bought one anyhow
Look at this it's sauerkraut, now when did we have sauerkraut?
Whatever this stuff was it sure is sauerkraut by now

Comin' back I heard a show 'bout ..Ah-ppenheimer...OH-ppenheimer...whatsis name
And how they made the bomb to prove a point
They didn't even know if it would start a chain reaction that would
Move into the atmosphere and vaporize the joint
Could you dump this ice out in the bathtub can you dig it?
Here we're dumpin' out the ice to make some room to make some more
Howd'ja like a chicken that came over with Columbus well I've got one here
Don't mention it dear that's what friends are for

Remember, back in grammar school they used to have those drills where they would
Make you crawl beneath your desk for when the bomb would come
The hell with those evacuation routes and all those shelters
I just bought myself a desk you know I'm really not that dumb
These carrots were a little more excited when I bought 'em, Lord
And here's a slice of bread looks like a twenty dollar bill
Here's a thing of Tupperware that's full of marijuana
If this stuff improves with age it's prob'ly good enough to kill

Don't you ever wonder what became of all the activists like us
Who tried to make a little noise about the war
They musta got absorbed into the general flow of balderdash
And no one seems to pay 'em much attention anymore
Someday if I get it all together in my life I may
Go buy a new refrigerator this one's got to go
Why would anybody keep a yam as long as I do
'Spouse I thought it'd come in handy and you never really know

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10 IT'S BETTER THAN THAT

©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

I got a flash for you kids who think adults are lucky
Own their own cars and everything's just ducky
Goin' to bed whenever they want to
If that's what you think I got a flash for you

It's better than that
Take Saturday and multiply it
Times 54, add 30 more
It's better than that

We have a chocolate éclair about as big as your head
Way before noon before we get out of bed
We do the things you're not allowed to do
Then we do things you haven't thought of too

Hang on to your hat
Hang on to your baloney sandwich
Take 50 grand, to Disneyland
It's better than that

And If you think that our days are extra warm and sunny
A pile of toys a pocketful of money
With no one to fear because we're big and tall
We're never in school because we know it all

It's better than that
More comfy than a secret hideout
By quite a bit, just think of it
It's better than that

And if you think we're not smothered like the Beav and Wally
And if we wanna horse, we get a horse, by golly
And if we wanna play we get to play with food,
And if we wanna run we run with scissors, NUDE

It's better than that
It's finer than a fast bicycle
A 20 speed velocipede
It's better than that

Take 50 Grand to Disneyland
It's better than that

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11 JOHN ED HAMMET

©1986 L&P Berryman

John Ed Hammet felt good about everything
Nothing he had done had gone wrong that day
Sun wasn't shining but for John it was a blessing
'Cause he really liked the weather when the sky was grey
Dropped a plate of waffles on the floor of the kitchen
But he didn't like eatin' in the morning anyway
John Ed Hammett felt good about everything
And nothing he had done had gone wrong that day

CHORUS:

Every now & then / I lose track again
Pour a cup o' tea / Make John sing to me

Moth so pretty when it's flyin' by so ugly when it's in the drink
Hair so pretty when it's on the head so ugly when it's in the sink
Jam so pretty when it's on the bread so ugly when it's on the tie
Moth so ugly when it's in the drink so pretty when it's flyin' by

John Ed Hammett was happier'n he'd ever been
Whatever he'd attempted it had turned out right
Knocked out cold by a mugger in an alleyway
But that's okay with Johnny 'cause he didn't like to fight
Went into a coma lasted almost up to suppertime
But Johnny didn't mind because he couldn't sleep at night
John Ed Hammett was happier'n he'd ever been
Whatever he'd attempted it had turned out right. (CHORUS)

Smoke so good from a barbecue so bad from a Chevrolet
Oil so good when it's in the car so bad when it's in the bay
Hole so good in a donut shop so bad in a wood canoe
Smoke so bad from a Chevrolet so good from a barbecue

John Ed Hammett had an attitude of gratitude
& fortune seemed to smile on him wherever Johnny went
A 747 hit his humble hacienda
Savin' Johnny from the sorrow of another month of rent
He moved in with his lover and her cabin caught afire
But they'd always had the fantasy of livin' in a tent
John Ed Hammett had an attitude of gratitude
& fortune seemed to smile on him wherever Johnny went. (CHORUS)

Music wrong in a shopping mall, so right in a cabaret
Bomb so wrong in a foreign sub, (*sarcastically*):so right in the USA
Brown leaves wrong in the summertime, so right when it comes to fall
Music right in a cabaret, so wrong in a shopping mall CHORUS

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12 FEBRUARY MARCH

©1985 L&P Berryman

Part A:

Today was awful cold to say the least
And then the sun slipped out of sight
It ain't a fit night out for man or beast
We're gonna make our move tonight

We'll pick the mothballs off the uniform
We'll get the white shirt stiff with starch
We'll get the polish for the flugelhorn
And do the February March

We'll do an old man winter-ectomy
We'll march him right on out of town
We're gonna hang Jack Frost in effigy
For bringin' mother nature down

And in the air that dulls like Novacaine
We're gonna crack I have a hunch
We'll throw the fishbowl through the thermopane
And have the outside in for lunch

Part B:

And when we look outta the window tomorrow
It better be brighter than ever before
There better be birdies and bees and the leaves on the trees
And they better be awfully green

I wanna see all of the icicles offa the bicycles
All on the way to the shore
& I wanna see lovers removin' their parkas & provin'
There love if you know what I mean

I tell you we're all gettin' weary of little Siberia
Jeepers enough is enough
I tell you uh-huh I'm okay when it's 80 in May
But uh-uh when it's zero and dark

There better be manifestations of summer vacations
A-movin me offa my duff
I wanna see rivers unfrozen, the bud of a rose
And a summery day in the park

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13 **APRIL MAY** ©1987

L&P Berryman

The February sun it didn't turn the lawn to mud but April May
The warmer wind of March it didn't bloom a single bud but April May
There are little lumps of February down behind the bed
Winter wasn't wonderland like everybody said
March it didn't melt away the blizzard in my head but April May

Winter didn't let you get romantic on the ground but April May
It also didn't show you where the dogs have been around but April May
Winter never saw me somersaulting down a hill
Taking plastic off a window or a burger off a grill
It never saw me skinny dip and prob'ly never will but April May

BRIDGE:

The salt is off the road an' on the sides of your car
The grass would not be greener if it smoked a cigar
The sap is flowin' upward in the Maple somehow
I'm not the only sap that's in the neighborhood now

Winter never saw me meditating on a stump but April May
It never saw me start my Chevrolet without a jump but April May
Winter never saw me disregard a heating bill
Tremble as the IRS was circling for the kill
Packin' all my things an' buying tickets to Brazil but April May

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14 YOUR STATE'S NAME HERE

©1988 Lou & Peter Berryman

Sometimes when the grass is blown by the breeze
There's a far away look in the leaves of the trees
A memory returns heartbreakingly clear
Of a place I call home, (your state's name here)

No sky could be deeper, no water so clear
As back in the meadows of (your state's name here)
I'm gonna go back although I don't know when
There's no other place like (your state's name again)

CHORUS:

Oh, (your state's name here), oh, (again) what a state
I have not been back since (a reasonable date)
Where the asphalt grows soft in July every year
In the warm summer mornings of (your state's name here)

My grampa would come and turn on the game
And fall asleep drinking (your local beer's name)
While gramma would sing in the garden for hours
To all of (the names of indigenous flowers)

The songs that she sang were somewhat obscure
She learned from the local townspeople I'm sure
The language they use is not very clear
Like (place a colloquialism right here)

(CHORUS)

I'd love to wake up where (the state songbird) sings
Where they manufacture (the names of some things)
Like there on the bumper, a sticker so clear
An "I", then a heart, and then (your state's name here)

Whisper it soft, it's a song to my ear
(Your state's name here, your state's name here)
It's there I was born and it's there I'll grow old
By the rivers of blue and the arches of gold.

(CHORUS)

*NOTE: This is definitely a two-person (or at least two-voice) song.
The second voice sings the parts in parentheses.*

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15 WHY AM I PAINTING THE LIVING ROOM? (aka LIVING ROOM)

©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

Her: Holes in the ozone the size of Brazil
Barges of trash in the chewable breeze
Pools of industrial wasteland paté
Sulfur dioxide dissolving the trees
Pretty soon it will all end with a boom
Why am I painting the living room?

Him: I have the whole day off
Cause it's a Saturday
There is a bluegrass band
Somewhere along the bay
Look at the lilacs bloom
Why am I painting the living room?

Her: A pinhead evangelist pays for his sin
With a five dollar fine for a black collar crime
Kinpins of industry knowingly nod
Just like Lake Erie they're 12% slime
They wink at the president too I assume
And here I am painting the living room

Him: I hear the bluebird sing
Don't let the day go by
Look at the blossoms blow
Over the blue blue sky
All with a wild perfume
And here I am painting the living room

Both: CHORUS:
Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

Her: Ah yes I can see how my tombstone will read
Here lies someone of exceptional worth
Though she did not do a lot for her kind
Or help hold together this crumbling earth
Here lies a woman they're saying of whom
Sure had a good-looking living room

Both: (Chorus)

NOTE: This song really needs to be listened to to figure out who sings what where...

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