

In this document:

THE FEBRUARY MARCH

Lyrics and LP info

And this explanation, about our 2012 LP to CD project.

Over the years, we've had a number of requests for digital versions of our first five recordings, released on vinyl from 1980 through 1988. We cringe sometimes when we hear these old performances, but decided to be brave about it and succumb to the suggestions of certain of our diehard fans. Quite a few of the songs from these LPs have been released on various subsequent CDs -- particularly on our 1993 CD called What, Again -- but always as new performances; never as mechanical copies of the LP recordings. This is a digital copy of the original recording.

The master digitization was performed on April 3, 2012, by:

LP to CD, a division of
Audio-Restorations
5779 Desoto Dr.
Santa Rosa CA 95409
www.lptocd.com

This CD-r was manufactured locally from these masters. We don't anticipate any technical glitches, but if you DO have a problem, you needn't return the item. Just let us know and we'll either replace it or send you a refund. This is true of all our recordings.

Thank you!

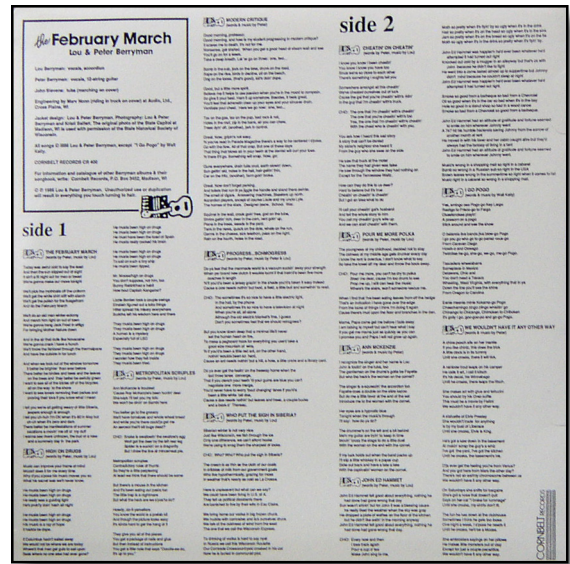
Lou and Peter Berryman
Box 3400
Madison WI 53704

608-257-7750
www.louandpeter.com

The Recordings:

1980 (No Relation)
1981 Cupid's Trash Truck
1984 So Comfortable
1986 the February March (This one)
1988 Your State's Name Here

Album info and lyrics are on the following pages.



THE FEBRUARY MARCH

Our fourth LP, recorded in 1986. On the back:

The FEBRUARY MARCH
Lou & Peter Berryman

(The lyrics are printed on the back of the LP jacket.
Here are the song titles. Lyrics on following pages).

SIDE ONE

- 1 The February March
- 2 High on Drugs
- 3 Metropolitan Scruples
- 4 Modern Critique
- 5 Progress Schmogress
- 6 Who Put the Sigh in Siberia

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TO GO TO
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scroll down.

SIDE TWO

- 7 Cheatin' on Cheatin'
- 8 Pour Me More Polka
- 9 Ann McKenzie
- 10 John Ed Hammet
- 11 I Go Pogo (by Walt Kelly)
- 12 We Wouldn't Have it Any Other Way

Lou Berryman: vocals, accordion
Peter Berryman: vocals, 12-string guitar
John Stevens: tuba (marching on cover)
Engineering by Marv Nonn (riding in truck on cover)
at Audio, Ltd., Cross Plains, WI

Jacket Design: Lou & Peter Berryman. Photography: Lou & Peter Berryman and Kristi Seifert. The original photo of the State Capitol at Madison WI is used with permission of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

All ©L&P Berryman, except "I Go Pogo" © Walt Kelly.

Cornbelt Records CR 400

For information and catalogue of other Berryman albums & their songbook, write: Cornbelt Records, Box 3452, (now Box 3400) Madison WI 53704.

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2012 Notes

1. Sometime in the 90's, the post office changed our PO Box no. from 3452 to 3400. Go figure.
2. This is our only recording with a song written by someone else on it: I Go Pogo by Walt Kelly.

1. the FEBRUARY MARCH ©1985 L&P Berryman

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

And when we look outta the window tomorrow
It better be brighter than ever before
There better be birdies & bees & 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'
Their 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

2. HIGH ON DRUGS ©1986 L&P Berryman

Music can improve your frame of mind
Mozart does it for me every time
Why d'you s'pose his music moves you so
What his secret was we'll never know

He musta been high on drugs
He musta been high on drugs
He really was a guiding light
He's prob'ly doin' hash all night

He musta been high on drugs (x2)
His music is a ray of hope
It hadda be dope

If Columbus hadn't sailed away
We would not be where we are today
Where'd that man get guts to sail upon
Seas where no one else had ever gone

He musta been high on drugs (x2)
He musta been the toast of Spain
He musta really cooked his brain

He musta been high on drugs (x2)
To sail on such a tiny ship
He hadda be ripped

Mr. Moose?
You don't suppose, not him too.
Bunny Rabbit? Had a Habit!
How 'bout Captain Kangaroo?

Lizzie Borden took a couple swings
Einstein figured out a lotta things
Hitler spread his misery everywhere
Buddha left his wisdom here & there

They musta been high on drugs (x2)
A human is a mystery--
Especially full of LSD

They musta been high on drugs (x2)
I wonder how they felt inside--
They musta been fried

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3. METROPOLITAN SCRUPLES ©1986 L&P Berryman

Ann McKenzie is troubled
LeRoy McKenzie's been huntin' deer
She says I'll bet you my tofu
We won't be dinin' on Bambi here
 You better go to the grocery
 We'll have tomatoes & whole wheat bread
 & while you're there could you get me
 An aerosol that'll kill bugs dead

CHORUS:

Snake is swallowin' the swallow's egg
Wolf got the deer by the left rear leg
Spider is a-suckin' on the dragonfly
But I draw the line at mincemeat pie

Metropolitan scruples
Contradictory rules of thumb
So they're a little perplexing
At least we think that there should be some
 But there's a mouse in the kitchen
 & it's been eatin' our pasta too
 The little trap is a nightmare
 But what the heck are we s'posta do. **CHO.**

Howdy do-it-yourselfers
You know your life is a prefab kit
& though the picture looks easy
It's kinda hard to get the hang of it
 They give you all of the pieces
 You get a package of nails & glue
 But instead of instructions
 You get a little note that says
 "Doodly doo, it's up to you" **CHO.**

4. MODERN CRITIQUE ©1984 L&P Berryman

Good morning, Professor.
*Good morning & how is my student progressing in
Modern Critique?*
It scares me to death. It's not for me.
Nonsense, get started.
*When you get a good head of steam wait & see
You'll go on for a week.*
Take a deep breath. Let 'er go on three: one, two...

Bomb in the sub, jock on the take, drunk on the road,
Rape on the rise, birds in decline, oil on the beach
Dog on the loose. *That's good.*
Kids doin' dope. *Good.*

*But a little more spirit.
Believe me it helps to use passion when you're in a
Mood to complain
So give it your best. Ham it up somehow.
Besides it feels great.
You'll feel that adrenalin clear up your eyes & your
sinuses drain.
Ventilate your chest. Here we go now: one, two...*

Tax on the gas, tax on the pop, bad rock & roll,
Holes in the roof, zip in the bank, air you can chew
Trees dyin' off. *Another!* Jerk in control. *Great!*
*Now gripin's not easy
& you've read in Parade Magazine there's a way to
be grounded I 'spose
Go with the flow, all of that crap.
But one of these days,
That thing that blows air in your teeth at the dentist
Will curl up your toes
& there it will go. Something will snap. Now, go:*

Guns everywhere drain fulla crud earth slowin' down
Sun gettin' old, noise in the hall, hair gettin' thin
Car on the fritz. *Another.* Farm goin' broke. *Great.*

*Now don't forget parking,
And toilets that run 'til you jiggle the handle and
Stand there awhile
The smell of cigars. Answering machines.
Skeeters up north.
Accordion players except of course Louie
And my Uncle Lyle.
The homes of the stars. Designer jeans. School, war*

Squirrel in the wall, crook goin' free, god on the tube
Shrink gettin' rich, deer in the corn, rent goin' up
Plane in the trees, weed in the yard

Now don't forget parking
And toilets that run 'til you jiggle the handle and
Stand there awhile
The smell of cigars. Answering machines.
Skeeters up north.
Accordion players except for yours truly
And his Uncle Lyle.
The homes of the stars, designer jeans
School, war

Tank in the news quack on the dole whale on the run
Germs in the cheese sick telethon, pass on the right,
And then, there's
Rain on the fourth, holes in the road,
And, then, there's school, war...

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5. PROGRESS SCHMOGRESS ©1986 L&P Berryman

Do you feel that the manmade world is a vacuum
Suckin' away your strength
When the FAQ for your new cell phone's a full
52 chapters in length

'Nif you'da been a Jersey grazin' in the shade
You'da taken it easy indeed
'Cause a cow needs nothin' but food, a field
A little bull and somethin' to read.

CHORUS:

Though sometimes it's so nice to have a
Little electric light in the hall, by the phone
And sometimes it's so nice to have a
Television at night when you're all, all alone
Although the old electric blanket's, fine I guess
Don't you sometimes feel that we should, retrogress

But you know down deep that a minimal life'll never
Set the human heart on fire
To make a pegboard hook for every tool you buy
'd take a good size mountain of wire

'Nif you'da been a little red ant on the other hand
Nothin' woulda been so hard
'Cause an ant needs nothin' but a hill, a hole,
A little uncle and a library card. **CHORUS**

Do ya ever get the feelin' on the freeway home
When the last three lanes converge
That if you clench your teeth until your gums turn blue
You can't negotiate one more merge

You'd never have to worry 'bout changin' lanes
If you'da been a little white tail doe
'Cause a doe needs nothin' but leaves & trees,
A couple bucks and a book o' Thoreau. **CHORUS**

6. WHO PUT THE SIGH IN SIBERIA

©1984 L&P Berryman

The cream is as thin as the cloth of our coats
In dribbles of milk from our government goats
Who live hypothermically grazing for moss
In weather that's nearly as cold as LaCrosse

CHORUS:

Who? Who? Who put the sigh
In Siberia?

Here is unpleasant but what can we say
We could have been living in U.S. of A.
They tell us political dissidents there
Are banished to live by their wits in Eau Claire

CHORUS

We bring home our vodka in big frozen chunk
We huddle with comrades and lick ourselves drunk
We talk of the coldest of winds from the west
The one that we call the Wisconsin Express.

CHORUS

To drinking of vodka is hard to say nyet
In Russia we call this Wisconsin roulette
Our Comrade Crosscountryski croaked in his cot
Now he is buried in communist plot

CHORUS

While shopping at PINKOS we talk & we laugh
While standing in line for a day and a half
We're buying for children some crayons today
But we can't decide between brindle and gray

CHORUS

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7. **CHEATIN' ON CHEATIN'** ©1986 L&P Berryman

I know you know I been cheatin'
You know I know you have too
Since we're so close to each other
There's somethin' I oughta tell you

Somewhere amongst all this cheatin'
We cheated ourselves outta luck
'Cause the gal that you're cheatin' with's ridin'
In the guy that I'm cheatin' with's truck

CHORUS:

The one that I'm cheatin' with's cheatin'
The one that you're cheatin' with's too
Yes, the one that I'm cheatin' with's cheatin'
With the cheat who is cheatin' with you

You ask how I heard this sad story
A story that can't be denied
My sister's neighbor she heard it
From the guy who she sees on the side
He saw that truck at the motel
The name they had given was false
He saw through the window they had nothin' on
Except for the Tennessee waltz.

CHORUS

How can they do this to us dear
Hard to believe but it's true
Cheatin' on cheatin' is cheatin'
But I got an idea what to do

I'll call your cheatin' gal's husband
& tell the whole story to him
You look my cheatin' guy's wife up
& we can start cheatin' with them.

CHORUS

8. **POUR ME MORE POLKA** ©1982 L&P Berryman

The youngness of my childhood decided not to stay
The oldness of my middle age gets drunker every day
I know the rent is overdue I don't know what to say
So take the towel off my dear & throw the book away

CHORUS:

Pour me more, you can't be dry to polka
Steer me dear, 'cause I'm too drunk to see
Prop me up, I still can hear the music
Where's the stairs, won't someone rescue me

When I find that I am eating leaves from off the hedge
That's an indication I have gone over the edge
From the looks of things I think I'm doing it again
'Cause there's mud upon th floor & branches in th den.

Mama Papa come get me before I fade away
I am talking to myself but can't hear what I say
If you get me Mama just as quickly as you can
I promise you & Papa I will not grow up again.

9. **ANN McKENZIE** ©1988

I recognize the singer 'cause her name is Lou
John is tootin' on the tuba too
The gentleman on the drums 's gotta be Fayette
But who the heck's the woman on the cor(o)net?

The singer is a-squeezin' the accordion too
Fayette does a double on the slide kazoo
But do me a little favor at the end of the set
Introduce me to the woman on the cor(o)net

The drummer's on the left and the bass behind
Me'n my guitar 'r' tryin' to keep in time
Movin' cross the stage to do a little duet
With the woman on the end with the cor(o)net

Her eyes are a hypnotic blue
Tonight when the music's through I'll say
How do you do

If my luck holds out when the band packs up
I'll slip a little whiskey in a paper cup
Sidle out back and have a tet-a-tet
With the captivatin' woman on the cor(o)net

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10. **JOHN ED HAMMET** ©1984 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
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, 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

11. **I GO POGO** by Walt Kelley

*This is the only song we've ever recorded that we did not write.
We have been unable to locate the copyright holder. Until
we have permission, we can't print the lyrics. Sorry!*

12. **WE WOULDN'T HAVE IT**

ANY OTHER WAY ©1986 L&P Berryman

A china pooch sits on her mantle
If you like chintz, this does the trick
A little clock is in his tummy
Until she croaks, there it will tick

A rainbow trout leaps on his camper
He calls it art, I call it kitsch
It's his decal, his Winnebago
Until he croaks, there leaps the fitsch

She makes art with glue and fettucini
You should try his Oreo souffle
This must be a movie by Fellini
We wouldn't have it any other way

A statuette of Elvis Presley
She wouldn't trade for anything
Is by my bust of Liberace
Until she croaks, Elvis is king

He's got a saw down in the basement
At making scrap, the guy's a whiz
I've got the yard, I've got the kitchen
Until he croaks, the basement's his

D'ja ever get the feeling you're from Venus
& you got here from Mars the other day
There's not an Earthly chromosome be-
tween us
We wouldn't have it any other way

On Saturdays she sniffs for bargains
She's got a nose that doesn't quit
Says on her car "I brake for rummage"
Until she croaks, my shirts don't fit

The fun he has down at the clubhouse
Sometimes I think he gets too loose
One night a week, I 'spose he needs it
Until he croaks, he'll be a moose

She embroiders sayings on her pillows
He makes little monsters out of clay
Except for just a couple peccadillos
We wouldn't have it any other way
We wouldn't have it any other way

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