

In this document:

# CUPID'S TRASH TRUCK

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](http://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  
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The Recordings:

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

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**Album info and lyrics are on the following pages.**



# CUPID'S TRASH TRUCK

Our second LP, recorded in 1981. On the back:

LOU & PETER BERRYMAN  
CUPID'S TRASH TRUCK

## ONE

- 1 It's Hip To Be Rich\*
- 2 Classified Rag
- 3 Incommunicado
- 4 Naked & Nude
- 5 Crab Canape\*
- 6 Party at the Prune Farm

## TWO

- 7 Cupid's Trash Truck
- 8 Dr. Otto's Rocket Ship
- 9 Do You Think It's Gonna Rain
- 10 School\*
- 11 Indoorsman's Handbook\*
- 12 Bartime in Duckburg

**CLICK ON SONG  
TITLE TO GO TO  
PAGE, or just  
scroll down.**

Produced by Stephen Powers  
Lou Berryman - accordion and vocals  
Peter Berryman - guitar and vocals  
Sigmund Snopek III - Piano and synthesizer  
Debby Hastings Dowling - bass  
Mitch Gershenfeld - tuba  
Chorus on "rain" - Lisa Davis, Gillian Dale, Lou  
Berryman, Peter Berryman, Stephen Powers and the  
Louettes

Engineered by Marvin Nonn

Recorded at Audio, Ltd.

Cover illustration by Peter Berryman

Photography by Robin Carnes

Design by Mike Tincher, Survival Graphics

Words and Music by Peter Berryman except:

\*Words by Peter Berryman/Music by Lou Berryman

©1981 Lou & Peter Berryman

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3602 Atwood Ave. Madison WI 53714

Also available: Peter & Lou Berryman (No Relation)

Special thanks to Russell and Jane Berryman, Roy  
and Lorraine Noffke, Robin Carnes, Mike Mitchell,  
Rodney Scheel, Gordy Abrams, Kristi Seifert and the  
gang at the Club de Wash.

## 2012 notes:

1. We were going to call this LP "Bartime in  
Duckburg" but were advised that could get us sued  
by Disney, so we didn't. But think of the publicity!

2. Soon after this release, we had to dissolve our ties  
with Mountain Railroad Records and its president,  
Stephen Powers, and, with legal help, reclaim all our  
rights pertaining to this LP. We feel very lucky to  
have learned valuable lessons about the music  
industry at a time when we didn't have that much to  
lose. We have produced our own stuff ever since.

## 1. IT'S HIP TO BE RICH ©1981 L&P Berryman

Hilda with the hippies, back in the sixties  
Covered up her hikkies with a tie died rag  
Felt a little gloomy, related with her roomie  
Got a little zoomie on a nickel bag

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She could hardly handle starin' at a candle  
Puttin' on a sandal seemed to take all day  
So she'd bundle in a bedsheet and wander in her barefeet  
Down along a backstreet token' on a J

But now it's hip to keep your bankbook healthy  
Hilda got a little bit wealthy  
Started on the street with her meat pies  
Now she's got a fast food franchise  
Savin' her nickels and dimes, oh  
Hilda kept up with the times

Acid got to Lulu, she went a little cuckoo  
Got herself a guru on a ten day lease  
He was kinda funny, said to Lulu, honey  
Give me all your money and I'll give you peace

She got herself a mantra, polished up her karma  
Moved onto a farm that overlooked the sea  
Lived on meager rations, worked on her vibrations  
Took a few vacations on LSD

But all her friends they started travelin' first class  
Lulu wasn't one to be bypassed  
She cut a couple inches off her hair  
And started up a boutique somewhere  
Livin' on Porterhouse steaks, oh  
Lulu has got what it takes

Johnnie from Kentucky felt a little lucky  
Hopped into the truck he got from his ol' man  
The thing was awful rusted, went a ways and busted  
Johnnie got disgusted and he stole a van

He painted it with day-glo, changed the license plate so  
He could drive to Frisco and make the scene  
Johnnie in his eyesore, made it to the seashore  
With just enough to pay for gasoline

After driftin' awhile in Frisco  
The whole world turned to disco  
Johnnie saw the writin' on the wall  
With dollar signs in his eyeball  
Started up a disco hall, oh  
Johnnie kept up with 'em all

## 2. CLASSIFIED RAG ©1981 L&P 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:

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

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

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

Joe Blow, Jane Doe  
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.

### CHORUS

### 3. INCOMMUNICADO ©1980 L&P Berryman

#### INTRO:

Take me as I should be honey  
& when you think of me way back when  
You won't get bitter if you consider  
You took me as I should have been  
& I don't take much to sulkin' when a romance goes amiss  
But if you leave me here, think of me dear  
Sittin' home alone like this:

#### VERSES:

Gonna keep my eyes shut, my mouth shut  
Stick my fingers in my ears, plug up my nose  
Put the dog out, put the light out  
Lock the door up, shut the window down  
Get the intravenous system, hook it from my arm  
To a bottle of whiskey 'bout the size of a barn  
Gonna sit there like a stump, incommunicado

Gonna let my ma down, my pa down  
Quit my job, eat like a bird  
Kick my shoes off, pull my socks off  
Burn the radio, burn the TV set  
Sink my automobile, let the thing go down  
Leave all my money just a-lyin' around  
Gonna sit there like a stump, incommunicado

Never get my hair cut, my face washed  
Smell like a skunk, look like a dog  
Gonna oxidize, deteriorate  
Hallucinate, lose weight  
Gonna pine away, attract disease  
The only time you'll hear me's when I cough & sneeze  
Gonna sit there like a stump, incommunicado

Gonna let the maid go, the cook go  
The butler go, the chauffeur go  
Let my lease lapse, cut my yacht loose  
Let my Cessna rust, my sauna rot  
Get ol' Ma Bell to disconnect my phone  
Put a sign on the door sayin' "he ain't home"  
Gonna sit there like a stump, Incommunicado  
Gonna sit there like a stump, Incommunicado

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### 4. NAKED & NUDE ©1981 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

## 5. CRAB CANAPE ©1982 L&P Berryman

### **HER 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

### **HIS 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  
This ain't too bad, this ain't too bad  
Then when we're done, we can have fun  
And touch

## 6. PARTY AT THE PRUNE FARM

Here comes Dr. O, movin' kinda slow, swayin' to & fro  
When he smells likker he moves on quicker  
And he knows jus' where to go  
Hear a little rumble in the southern sky  
It's Cookie in her monoplane flyin' by  
Lands that plane & comes inside  
She can't polka but she can fly

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### **CHORUS:**

Nothin' like a party at the Prune Farm  
They got the kitchen band in the big ol' barn  
Ol' man Prune turns on the charm  
Nothin' like a party at the Prune Farm

There's Purina Chow, I see her comin' now  
Ridin' on her cow  
A little bit wary 'bout leavin' her dairy  
But comin' anyhow  
Here comes coconut where's he been  
With his baby teeth & his fuzzy chin  
Pullin' on a bottle of bootleg gin  
Old man Prune says come on in.

### **CHORUS**

Here comes Cupid too,  
He knows jus' what to do  
Got his eye on you  
He's a deadly aim you're gonna be fair game  
Before that party's through  
Nick the Click he looks kinda cute  
With his camera bag & his leisure suit  
Lookin' around for some shots to shoot  
Lookin' for some shots to drink to boot.

### **CHORUS**

Here comes Broadway Rog  
Looks like a collage  
Got splinters on his Dodge  
Thought he was in first but he was  
In reverse & he drove through his garage  
Here comes Heinie & Hilda on the run  
Heinie's got a sticky little cummerbund  
Hilda's stickin' to it 'til the party's done  
They do a lotta drinkin but they never have fun.

### **CHORUS**

Look out here he comes, fingers and his chums  
Just a bunch o' bums, they wolf their food & pick so rude  
Their noses with their thumbs  
Prurience brought a little portable bunk  
She's out there dancin' with a teenage punk  
Got her husband locked in a steamer trunk  
She's a naughty girl & a crazy drunk.

### **CHORUS**

## 7. CUPID'S TRASH TRUCK ©1980 L&P Berryman

I drive Cupid's Trash Truck but  
I cannot get it started  
You will have to wait awhile you  
Sad and broken hearted

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Broken hearts and salty tears  
Are all that I am hauling  
I can't get this truck to start  
But I can hear you calling

Cookie took a place with a lover she liked  
And she didn't wanna see him scamper; now she's  
Walkin' through the park with a puddle in her heart  
She's got no one to pamper

If you ever have loved and lost  
You know how Cookie's feeling  
Once you're heart's been broken that bad  
It doesn't get around to healing

Cookie made a call to Cupid's Trash Truck  
Company in her sorrow  
I told Cookie take a jigger of gin  
And call me again tomorrow

I didn't have the heart to tell her what  
She would have found out later  
(The) truth is gas has never passed  
Thru this truck's carburetor

## 8. DR. OTTO'S ROCKET SHIP ©1980 L&P Berryman

From Mukwanago to Potosi  
They could see it in the sky  
In Oconomowoc & Wausau  
You could hear the people cry

Come out come out it's not too late  
To see the thing go by  
You've never seen the likes of  
Dr. Otto on the fly

**CHORUS** Doctor O, Doctor O,  
Fly me up to Mars  
I wanna learn what Martians drink  
& when they close the bars  
  
Why should I be payin' cabs  
& smashin' up my cars  
When Dr. Otto's Rocket Ship  
Can take me to the stars

Dr. Otto found it  
On a farm in Tomahawk  
He patched it up & buffed it up  
& filled the cracks with caulk

You would think he's crazy  
If you listened to the talk  
But now it flies so good that  
Otto never has to walk. **CHORUS**

The folks from Neenah-Menasha  
And the folks from Sturgeon Bay  
Have seen it like the folks from  
Boscobel to Muscodah

Some of the folks who have seen it  
Don't believe it anyway  
But up in the air, Otto don't care  
What other people say **CHORUS**

Some of the people in Chippewa Falls  
They haven't seen it yet  
Some of the people that have  
They won't admit it you can bet

They all think it's an illusion  
In the county of Calumet  
But you & I know, it's Doctor O,  
A helluva space cadet. **CHORUS**

9. **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.

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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.

David took my book away & threw it on the floor today  
& up it bounced & hit Renee & she don't like me anyway  
She told teacher it was me that threw the book & broke her knee  
It didn't even hit her knee & David sat there quietly

Teacher said is this your booklet I said yes but David took it  
She said David ain't that crooked I said it's just he don't look it  
Teacher came & grabbed my hair & I said teacher that ain't fair  
She said she don't really care & I just wished I wasn't there

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Some kid I never saw before he slammed my finger in the door  
& asked me if I wanted more & I said gosh my finger's sore  
He said sore you sore at me & I said no just let me be  
He said sure I'll set you free just give me all your milk money

He was awful big & tough so I gave him some dimes & stuff  
& then he said that ain't enough you give me more or I'll get rough  
When I said shit that ain't fair he stuck some kaka in my hair  
& said I smelled like underwear & I just wish I wasn't there

My hair was full of stuff like glue & I forgot my homework too  
& broke the shoelace on my shoe you just don't know what I been through  
I think teacher's after me oh I can't wait 'til Saturdee  
School ain't out 'til after three & all I want's to watch TV

David took the basketball & threw it at me down the hall  
It hit my foot & made me fall & knock my head against the wall  
Teacher sent me to my chair I wish I was a grizzly bear  
I'd grab that David by the hair & make him wish he wasn't there

I forgot to bring my comb & I left my dumb gymsuit home  
I tried to call mom on the phone but all I got's a dial tone  
I don't know what I will do I lost my combination too  
Teacher said what's wrong with you I got your older sister through

She said if you tried well you could do as well's I think you should  
Your big sister did real good, you do just like your sister would  
I said you can spank my rear & you can get my parents here  
& you can tell 'em loud & clear, that I just wish I wasn't here.

I'm sick, I'm not feeling very well  
I think it's flu, yes it's flu, I can tell  
I'm sick, way too sick to go to class  
I don't think I'll get well very fast



## 11. INDOORSMAN'S HANDBOOK ©1980 L&P Berryman

Indoorsmen everywhere listen to me  
I'm writing a book that you might want to see  
Available soon at your favorite store  
On the dangerous game of survival indoors

I'm sure you've all heard of the outdoorsman's guide  
Which is handy to have if you spend time outside  
But if I'm not at home I am inside a bar  
And I'm only outside when I crawl to my car

### CHORUS:

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The Indoorsman's Handbook is perfect in jail  
The Indoorsman's Handbook soon printed in Braille  
The Indoorsman's Handbook will keep you alive  
For the crazy low price of \$14.95

It covers things you ain't thought of before  
Like the seven best angles to stare at the floor  
And to make a room seem like it isn't too small  
You never should walk, you always should crawl

It teaches you how to have fun in the tub  
How to make dinner without any grub  
If you're indoors and you're also alone  
It teaches you how to make love to the phone.

### CHORUS

When you are broke and want something to drink  
It teaches you how to make gin in the sink  
It teaches you how to make friends with the bugs  
And how to go crazy without any drugs

It teaches you how when the law's at the door  
To put on a throw rug and make like the floor  
So indoorsmen everywhere you're not alone  
The handbook will help you feel comfy at home.

### CHORUS

## 12. BARTIME IN DUCKBURG ©1980 L&P Berryman

How you gonna deal with a night like that  
Walk out the back bar door & get squashed flat  
Between a Pabst Beer sign & a no parkin' post  
By the brothers of Casper, the friendly ghost

& if anybody had a pistol we'd be dead tonight  
'Cause the Beagle Boys can't keep it light  
The gravel is deadly & the glass cuts deep  
& Uncle Scrooge McDuck is out lyin' in the street  
How you gonna deal with a night like that  
In Duckburg?

How you gonna deal with a night so mean  
With Goofy operatin' on a quart of Beam  
With Gladstone Gander waitin' for the blood  
& you're smashed in the belly with a six of Bud

& Mickey starts cussin' & Minnie shouts  
& it's pourin' rain & the streetlight's out  
& there's no way home except your own webbed feet  
& all you wanna do is get a good night's sleep  
How you gonna deal with a night so mean  
In Duckburg?

How you gonna deal with a night so bad  
Donald can't remember how to dial a cab  
Daisy's got adrenalin pourin' thru her veins  
& her head's full of gin & her shoes full of rain

& she knows by now that the whole night's shot  
& she breaks into a run thru the parikin' lot  
Cuts across the street toward the Do Duck Inn  
Trips over Scrooge & breaks her chin  
How you gonna deal with a night so bad  
In Duckburg?

How you gonna deal with a night so bleak  
Pinochio so drunk that he can barely speak  
He reaches for his bottle, he takes another belt  
He mumbles well tomorrow I'll seek professional help

He stumbles over Pluto & Pluto starts to bark  
The Beagle Boys are laughin' somewhere in the dark  
& Huey, & Louie, & Dewey are blue  
They're cryin' where's that Unca Donald Duck got to  
How you gonna deal with a night so bleak  
In Duckburg?