

Lyrics for the CD

We Don't Talk About That

L&P Berryman, louandpeter.com

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Typos, misspellings, and glitches by Zondo

I asked my folks the other day what my shrink asked of me
Am I the only nut that hangs upon our family tree
They said you go tell that shrink & anybody else
That we're all sane & you became a nut all by yourself

Track One:
**WE DON'T TALK
ABOUT THAT**
©1992 L&P Berryman

We don't hang our family's dirty laundry in the mall
We don't drag out skeletons & march em down the hall
Tho we don't get better we protect our family pride
Cause we don't tell a soul about amphibious Uncle Clyde

Uncle Clyde hung out with frogs, we don't talk about that
Tried to sing on mossy logs, but we don't talk about that
Practised hard & seldom smoked.
Tried to ribbit when provoked.
Ate a fly & finally croaked, but we don't talk about that

Gramma loved her friends from Mars, but we don't talk about that
Kept them all in pickle jars, but we don't talk about that
She was normal otherwise.
Baked enormous pickle pies.
Says she kept a jar your size, but we don't talk about that

Uncle Bob thinks he's a ghost, but we don't talk about that
Aunt Louise is scared of toast, but we don't talk about that
Great grandfather built this chair.
Did that painting over there.
Wore great grandma's underwear, but we don't talk about that

We don't hang our family's dirty laundry in the mall
We don't drag out skeletons & march em down the hall
Tho we don't get better we get quiet now and then
Cause we don't tell a soul about Aunt Peg & Uncle Ben

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Aunt Peg thinks that she's a hen, but we don't talk about that
Clucks all day to Uncle Ben, but we don't talk about that
He so loves that laugh of Peg's.
Digs her soul & likes her legs.
Says besides he needs the eggs, but we don't talk about that

I don't believe you like my shirt
I don't believe you like my shirt
Careful now the truth can hurt
I don't believe you like my shirt

Track Two:
**I DON'T BELIEVE
YOU LIKE MY SHIRT**
©1992 L&P Berryman

If I were in a cavern, a mile from Chattanooga,
It'd be OK from there
If I were underwater, an hour from Tortuga,
It'd be OK from there
If I were in a blackout, a minute after midnight,
Standing right beside you dear
The moon behind the mountain, & me without a flashlight,
It'd be OK right here

Dontcha like my aftershave
Dontcha like my aftershave
Tell the truth and I'll be brave
Dontcha like my aftershave

If I were in a spacesuit, an hour from the shuttle,
It'd be OK from there
If I were with the Packers in Cleveland in a huddle,
It'd be OK from there
If I had influenza, without my decongestant,
And we were in a cyclone dear
& I could keep a clothespin affixed to my proboscis,
It'd be OK right here

Now I think I made you blue
I cut a piece o'pie for you
Still I think I heard a sigh
Dontcha like my pecan pie

To someone in a famine, who used to be a glutton,
it'd taste OK to him
To a hermit in the desert, wit absolutely nuttin'
It'd taste OK to him
If I'd been in a coma for half a generation,
Dining intravenously
And you had lied a little, and said my shirt was lovely,
It'd taste OK to me.

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A mama fly she laid two eggs and left em on the floor
An arbitrary breeze arose and blew 'em out the door
One landed in a parking lot, the other with a splat
Was blown into the Shangri La of one decaying cat

Track Three:
**HARD WORK AND
PERSEVERANCE**
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Subsequently they were hatched as maggots Dick and Doug
And Dick upon the cat became a fat and healthy bug
But Doug he starved & languished on the asphalt where he fell
One day they met & Doug said, Dick, how do you look so well

CHORUS:

Hard work & perseverance
Grim determination of the soul
I'd say from your appearance
You could use a little self control

A couple yellow pencils tumbled off a pencil truck
One careened across the berm and kerplopped in the muck
Subsequently rescued by a hobo and his troop
He was used to alternately scratch & stir the soup

The other pencil bounced into the Royal limousine
And plunked into the slot that was the cleavage of the queen
His years were spent in splendor, gazing out across the moat
One day he spied his tattered friend and penciled him a note

CHORUS

A couple grapes were lounging, separated from the bunch
A grackle grabbed em both but then she sneezed & dropped her lunch
One fell down the chimney of a winery below
And plopped into the mash that was to be a fine Bordeaux

The other grape had landed on a raisin drying rack
Destined for a Danish in a bar in Fond du Lac
Thru a fluke they ended up upon the same buffet
The raisin said how did you get so fancy s'il vous plait

CHORUS (x2)

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As you play, all your new CDs
Give a thought, to your old LPs
Throw them out, with a cold cold heart
Or transform those LPs into art

CHORUS:

Spray them gold, like the harvest moon
Hang them up, in the living room
Go right now, to where paint is sold
Buy a can, go outside, spray them gold

Heat em up, in an oven warm
When theyre soft, you can change their form
Let them flop, let them bend and then
When they cool they'll get hard once again

CHORUS

Make a clock out of Johnny Cash
Make a lamp out of Monster Mash
Lawrence Welk, done with vinyl corn
On the wall they can all be reborn

CHORUS

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The Braves trounced the Cubbies 11 to seven
While Montreal stomped on St. Louis again
The Phillies were monsters and tore up the Pirates
While New York was annihilated by Houston in ten

Track Five:
HERE'S LOUIE
WITH THE SPORTS
©1992 L&P Berryman

The Red Sox kicked hinder & beat up on Baltimore
Knocking them senseless by seven to one
Texas shot holes in the torso of Cleveland
And left them for the undertaker in the afternoon sun

The Angels were coated with jam by the Tigers
& stretched across anthills of African ants
The Yankees tied rate to the tongues of the twins
And poured wood ticks and tarantulas down the fronts of their pants

The Reds pulled the skin off the Giants on Tuesday
and boiled their brains in a cauldron of lye
The Dodgers descended like napalm on puppies
And left San Diego whimpering and begging to die

The Royals put bombs in the cars of the Blue Jays
And burned down their houses and tortured their wives
Injected their mothers with hot sauce and Drano
And gave them appendectomies with serrated knives

Oakland sandpapered the gums of Seattle
And dug out their eyes with a rusty old spoon
The Brewers put chains on the White Sox's children
And dragged them thru Chicagoland on Sunday at noon.

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I won't crab and whine about the government, I resolve
I won't fight with dad about the president, I resolve
I'll tell mother where I'm living
Change the bedsheets by Thanksgiving
I RESOLVE, TO KEEP A RESOLUTION OR TWO

Track Six:
RESOLUTION #9
©1992 L&P Berryman

I will change the channel every Saturday, I resolve
Always put my overcoat and hat away, I resolve
I will learn some stormy morning
What's a watch and what's a warning
I RESOLVE, TO KEEP A RESOLUTION OR TWO

CHORUS: AS SURE AS COWS CAN FLY,
AND THE MOON IS A PUNCHBOWL FULL OF CHEESE
AS SURE AS RAIN IS DRY
AND THE DOLLARS ARE BLOOMING IN THE TREES
AS SURE AS FISH VOTE; AS SURE AS BRICKS FLOAT
I'LL BE ABLE TO STICK TO, A RESOLUTION LIKE GLUE

One hour every day of my accordion I resolve
Push ups I'll get thrity five or forty in I resolve
Learn Aida in the shower
Eat a lotta cauliflower
I RESOLVE, TO KEEP A RESOLUTION OR TWO

Learn to program Basic on the Macintosh, I resolve
Put my old Oshkosh B'Gosh's in the wash I resolve
(Coach myself in matters fiscal
Learn who's Ebert, who is Siskel)***
I RESOLVE, TO KEEP A RESOLUTION OR TWO

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CHORUS, then:
I'LL BE ABLE TO STICK TO, A RESOLUTION OR TWO
CHORUS

***Note: Since the ending of the Siskel and Ebert show we have been casting about for replacement lines for this. So far we have used two. We wrote the first one soon after the terror-alert color-coding system was dreamed up by Homeland Security people in 2002:

Learn which new disease to dread an'
(the) color code for armageddon

Since then we have used various others, the most recent being:

Learn what's art and what is kitchy
Which one's Scratchy, which one's Itchy

Track Seven:
THE SPECULATOR
©1992 L&P Berryman

We're never ever bored when we're ridin in the ford • Cause we have a Speculator on the dash
It doesnt pay the bills or assist you up the hills • & it isn't gonna save you if you crash
But when you pass a dairy now & then • & find that you are wondering again
What's that little shack by the barn around the back • You can turn the speculator up to ten

Could it be a shed where the farmer keeps a bed • For the guy who comes to help him with the cows
Betcha its a shop with a grinder & a strop • For the day they hafta sharpen up the plows
A shanty for the pluckin' of the duck • Or where they turn the cattle into chuck
Or where they find the mule when it's time to go to school • & the farmer's havin' trouble with the truck

Nothin' really like a jalopy on the pike • With the rattle of the window in the door
With the whining of the wheels and the radio schpiels • & the clatter of the clutter on the floor
Then we hear a chuckle from the hood • Somethin' isn't workin' like it should
We may have to walk but judgin' from the talk • The Speculators workin pretty good

Maybe it's the link from the pedal on the blink • Comin' off enough to wiggle and to clunk
Maybe it's the choke or the heating coil broke • Or there's someone entertaining in the trunk
Maybe its a carburator fire • Burning insulation off a wire
I thinka chunka rust coulda twisted n a gust & be • Rubbin' on the rubber of the tire

When you're on the plains in the Colorado rains • Or you're drivin to Bimidgi in the snow
When you're headed north from Chicago on the fourth • And a Winnebago's holdin up the show
Conversation godalmighty dull • Absolutely nothin' in the skull
You can drive to the equator if you have a speculator • And you flip it on whenever there's a lull

Zat a chip o wood in the middle of the hood • Or a chicken enchilada for an elf
Maybe it's a gob from the chin of Uncle Bob • Who is not a man to keep it to himself
Maybe its a surviette for birds • A glossary of itty bitty words
Maybe its a tuffet where a hurried little muffet • Lost her whey when she was leavin' with the curds

When youre nearly hit by a yuppie little twit • With 'is godforsaken noggin on the phone
Swervin' in your lane goin' ninety in the rain • In a cloud of Amaretto and cologne
You feel the anger in you go to work • Maybe now's the time to go berserk
Before you pop a vessel let the speculator wrestle • With another way of lookin at the jerk

Maybe he's a shrink with a patient on the brink • & he's rushing there while tryin to talk him down
Maybe he's aware there's a toxin in the air • And he's off to warn the people of the town
Someone in the family could be sick • His daughter hit his mother with a brick
His dog has got the rabies or his wife is havin babies • Though the odds are in your favor he's a prick

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The whiter that yr shirty shirt the grimier the grease
The cleaner that yur record is the larger loom police
The glistening yr tet a tet more glaring a faux pas
The heavier yur papa is the lighter seems the ma

Track Eight:
THE GRIMIER THE GREASE
©1992 L&P Berryman

The shinier the Chevrolet more dentier the dents
The wetter is the gullywash the drier feel the tents
The weller are the sycamores more sickly look the oaks
The cleaner is the public face the dirtier the jokes

More baby butt the skin is like fresh fruitier the zit
More pendulous the pendulum the shallower the pit
The emptier your night alone enchantinger your cat
More hatlessness youve shown before more obvious the hat

The rigider the self control the wilder is the binge
The subtler are the chaps & boots more prominent the fringe
The bluer is the firmament the yellower the kite
The shorter that the tempers are the longer is the night

The bigger is the pickup truck the smaller is the head
The lesser does misfortune come the oftener the dread
More seamless is the naugahyde more sinister the slash
The dullers been the local news the hotter is the flash

The celibate yr piety th lecherous yr church
The smoother go yr ambling the bumpier the lurch
The newer is the davenport the brighter glow the puke
The lovelier the countryside the uglier the nuke

The lighter plays the harpsichord the louder plunks the uke
The smaller that the stallion stood the greater grew the duke
The skinnier the pickle jar more corpulent the cuke
The more you think about the mo-o-o-o-n the closer feels dubuque

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What would we be now kids if we were called the insects of the sea
If we were all aquatic arthropods whatever would we be
If we'd gone through a complex larval stage and formed a bony hide
& if we ranged from microscopic size right up to 12 feet wide

Whatever would we be • Answer me anyone
We'd be an old crustacean would we • We'd be a crustacean

What would we be now kids if we had dirty walls of landlord green
If we had fifteen sets of pay TV and one pinball machine
And an arrival and departure board and fifty plastic chairs
A hari krishna guy and two bag ladies picnicking on the stairs

Whatever would we be • Answer me anyone
We'd be an old bus station would we • We'd be a bus station

What would be be now kids if we were yellow, red, white, striped, or pink
And if our fragrance was a lot like cloves, or so some people think
And if our Latin name was *Dianthus Caryophyllus*
And when our blooms were measured they could reach 10 centimeters plus

Whatever would we be • Answer me anyone
We'd be a big carnation would we • We'd be a big carnation

What would we be now kids if we had formed a fellowship of sorts
To save the lobster who would wear a flower stapled to his shorts
And who would crawl beneath the transit center thru the pipes and wires
And who would lie there smelling like a clove, three feet below the tires

We'd be the foundation • To save the crustacean
Wearing a carnation • Under the bus station

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Have some business • With UPS
Have a large load • I'm goin out to Pflaum Rd.

Track Ten:
PFLAUM ROAD
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On the address • Does UPS
Need a zip code • I'm goin out to Pflaum Rd.

CHORUS:

Goin out to Pflaum Road
Pflaum Pflaum Pflaum Road
Need a zip code (*This line changes with each verse*)
I'm goin out to Pflaum Road

If I'm not broken • If I don't croak
If it's not snowed • I'm goin out to Pflaum Road

Think my car died • On the wrong side
If it's not towed • I'm goin out to Pflaum Road

CHORUS (*With "If it's not towed"*)

On our way we • Stop for coffee
Pie a la mode • I'm goin out to Pflaum Road

Have some Cheetos • Soft shell tacos
I may explode • Goin out to Pflaum road

CHORUS (*With "I may explode"*)

(Cheese-and-butter fire spoken part)

When the building • Started burning
How the sky glowed • Goin out to Pflaum Road

And the gutter • Ran with butter
And the cheese flowed • All the way to Pflaum Road

CHORUS (*With "And the cheese flowed"*)

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I'm gonna moo-moo-moo-moo-moo-moo- move to the country
Where the baa-baa-baa-baa-baa-baa- bothers are small
Where the peep-peep-peep-peep-peep-peep-people don't stare much
At the cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-clock on the wall

We'll play croak-croak-croak-croak-croak-croquet in the cornfield
Where the neigh-neigh-neigh-neigh-neigh-neigh-neighbors are plants
Where the trill-trill-trill-trill-trill-trill-trillion insects
Are your oink-oink-oink-oink-oink-oink-oinkle and aunts

BRIDGE A:

Leave the yell-yell-yell-yell-yell-yell-yellow pollution
And the sit-sit-sit-sit-sit-sit-city of gray
Where the rev-rev-rev-rev-rev-rev-reverie's broken
And the bam-bam-bam-bam-bam-bam-bamboozelers play

In the miew-miew-miew-miew-miew-miew-musical breezes
By the coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-cool of the trees
We'll have arf-arf-arf-arf-arf-our favorite mustard
On the quack-quack-quack-quack-quack-quack-cwackers and cheese

BRIDGE B:

Well I don't know if I ever will really do it
Find that ol' patched up ramschackle shack on the stream
But there's nothing says it's wasted time to pursue it
For it's tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet-to each his own dream

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

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Nisswa, Waseca, Wadena, Sebeka,
Wayzata, Zumbota, Moorehead, Minneota,
Ceylon, Ely, Wavery, Sheridan, Shakopee,
Sleepy Eye, Eveleth, Albert Lea

Track Twelve:
CHAPSTICKS
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St. Cloud, St. Clair, St. James, St. Michael,
St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Anthony
New Hope, Newport, New Prague, Now London,
New Ulm, New Brighton and Albany

Osseo, Kokato, Buffalo, Grand Meadow,
Delano, Esko, Pengilly, Montgomery
Rochester, Royalton, Worthington, Corcoran,
Bertha, Bimidji and Harmony

Dellwood, Floodwood, Glenwood, Woodbury, and
Blooming Prairie and Grand Marais
Red Wing, Blackduck, Blue Earth, Browns Valley and
Golden Valley and Silver Bay

Eagle Lake, Elbow Lake, Silver Lake, Prior Lake,
Heron Lake, Sturgeon Lake, Battle Lake, Big Lake,
Lake Crystal, Lake Elmo, Lake City, Lake Benton
Lake Park, Minnesota Lake, White Bear Lake

Duluth, Luverne, Le Seuer, La Crescent,
Cologne, Clarissa, now, who'd we miss?
Goodhue, Goodview, Fairfax, Good Thunder
Belle Plaine, Bellaire, Minneapolis

Brooten and Brainerd and Marble and Maynard,
Edina, Mankato, Lake Wobegon, HA HA HA
Maplewood, Mapleton, Maple Lake, Maple Plain,
Mable Grove, Mable and on and on...

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She is leaning over in a Marlboro box
Licking the hallucinated faces off her socks
Her daily medication is her major meal du jour
She can't remember whether she had taken it for sure

Track Thirteen:
A CONVENTION CENTER
©1992 L&P Berryman

Once she had a husband but he OD'd in the tank
Once she had a duplex but she lost it to the bank
Her body jerks and trembles and her arms are thin as reeds
In our heart of hearts we know exactly what she needs:

A convention center.

A working couple prayed and gave the lottery the rent
God knows how it happened but they didn't win a cent
They shuffle through the bills that lie in seven crunchy piles
Their Ford's about to turn 150,000 miles

They can't afford a college for their son to say the least
Owing 90,000 dollars to a clinic in the east
Their teenage daughter's pregnant with another mouth to feed
In our heart of hearts we know exactly what they need:

A convention center.

And so let us make a vow that we will do what we can do
For the working uninsured who find they can't afford the flu
For the schizophrenic outcast and the chronically depressed
For the homeless and the hapless and the children uncaressed

For the fourteen year old junkies who are living by the gun
For the physically intimidated women on the run
For the frightened and the luckless who are up against the wall
For an increase in their taxes there's an answer for them all:

A convention center.

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Track Fourteen:
CHRISTMAS IN THE SNOW
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The dog is dozing, the stores are closing
I find I'm standing by a laundromat on Christmas in the snow

Where elevators are bringing waiters
Who warm their burgers in the dryers for a starlet on the go

And when she goes on without her clothes on
She flies an open cockpit monoplane through Uncle Scrooge's eye

While from the sidewalk, I hear the sweet talk
That comes from coconuts with baby teeth who love to see her fly

Above on a mattress, the mighty Atlas
He holds his head up with a broken radio antenna wire

Beside the back room, where in a vacuum
A lonely molecule of oxygen is cruising for a fire

While fairly screaming, wake up you're dreaming
And so I pinch myself and find that I have been sleeping on my feet

I look around me I see a foundry
I see a guard dog in the window of a pawnshop down the street

The dog is dozing, the stores are closing
And here I'm standing by a laundromat on Christmas in the snow

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