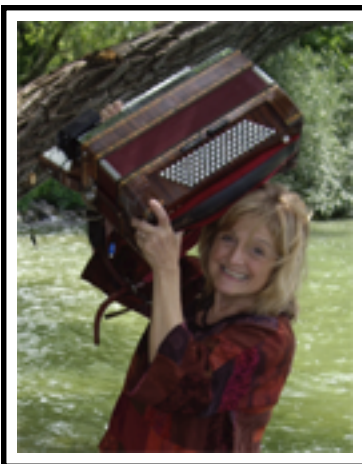


Complete lyrics for the CD  
**ROCKY FRONTIER**  
Lou & Peter Berryman  
Recorded summer 2011

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All lyrics  
© L&P Berryman, SESAC  
as dated

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Box 3400, Madison WI 53704  
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We're Wisconsinites, we don't care if • You have great big purplish mountains  
No gas tax • And factories making steel  
We have beautiful sidewalks • When it rains they're covered with worms  
And we're the Fourth Most Visited State by automobile

We don't care if you have buffalo sausages • Yuk • And cavernous caves • And  
Forty foot squid hauled in with a rod and reel  
We have bowling shoe rental germicide spray • For customer health  
And we're the Fourth Most Visited State by automobile

We don't care if you have oceans • Glorious blue green oily oceans  
Home to the nuclear sub and the blubbery seal  
We have cranberry bogs • And multiple swamps • And pools • And puddles  
And we're the Fourth Most Visited State by automobile

We don't care if you've got fossilized dinosaur knees • And tourist fudge  
In an 18th century mill • With a real mill wheel  
We have bass boats used under two grand • Motor and trailer included  
And we're the Fourth Most Visited State by automobile

We don't care if you have natural bridges and buttes • The Statue of Liberty  
Hollywood • Dollywood • Purebred dogs that heel  
We have M'waukee the 23rd largest city in the USA  
And we're the Fourth Most Visited State by automobile

We don't care if you have theater • We have theater • World class theater  
We have classical dance • And theater too  
We have theater too • But also we can say that we're  
The Fourth Most Visited State by automobile • Can you

*BRIDGE:*

Some folks that are Wisconsin bound • Take one look and turn around  
But that's not really our fault is it? • Plus that counts as one more visit!

We rank tenth in the country for safety • Ninth for apples and eighth for booze • And  
Seventh for trout for your next Friday meal  
We rank sixth in mining zinc • And fifth in Christmas trees  
And we're the Fourth Most Visited State by automobile

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They say most our visitors are en route • From Minnesota to Illinois  
And back • But who cares if they are  
We are Wisconsinians and our confidence comes from knowing that we're  
The Fourth Most Visited State by golly (x3) by car

VOICE ONE, Plain text  
*VOICE TWO, Italic*

Today's another birthday for my pup  
He's 9 years old and if you add those up  
That's 63 dog years of age for Jack  
I doubt we have to decorate the shack

But you bet he gets a treat  
And again he gets phony bone  
And then just Jack and me  
We watch TV

Later on we take a walk  
Go wherever Jack wants to go  
And then I guarantee  
We'll play frisbee

Now, calculations show unless I'm wrong  
A dog year's only 52 days long  
So seven times a year we celebrate  
And birthday number one is April eight

Then the thirtieth of May  
And the twenty first of Ju-ly  
Eleven Sep-tem-ber  
Oh two of No-vem-ber

Then Christmas Eve  
And Valentine's Day of course  
Then it's not long to wait  
Till April eight

*Now that was how it was with Jack before  
But then we met that little dog next door  
So now we have to schedule Josephine  
Whose birthday number one is March 19*

*And then another May ten,  
And another July the first  
Then two-two A-U-G  
And O-C-T one-three*

*Then December on the fourth  
On to January twenty-five  
Then back to start the scene  
On March nineteen  
Then April eight*

*And then another May ten,  
Then the thirtieth of May  
And another July the first  
And the twenty-first of Ju-ly  
Then two-two A-U-G  
Eleven Sep-tem-ber  
And O-C-T one-three  
Oh two of No-vem-ber*

*Then December on the fourth  
Then Christmas Eve  
On to January twenty-five  
And Valentine's Day of course  
Then back to start the scene  
Then it's not long to wait  
On March nineteen • Till April eight*

*(BOTH SING:)*

Everybody gets a treat  
Everybody gets phony bone  
And then two dogs and me  
We watch TV

Later on we'll take a walk  
Me, Jack, and Josephine  
And 14 times a year  
The party's here

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1.  
All of our bedrooms are gilded and burnished  
With every conceivable luxury furnished  
Like Tiffany cauldrons of custom made candy  
And lead crystal snifters of hundred year brandy  
With eiderdown pillows of thousand count satin  
On twelve poster beds with a view of Manhattan  
A soothing and comforting sight, SO  
Why do you people keep asking us,  
How We Can Sleep at Night?

2.  
We've diamonds the size of split peas on our slippers  
And nightshirts of lace with titanium zippers  
Security guards always lurking here somewhere  
And shrinks who descend at the hint of a nightmare  
With calmativie drugs at the snap of a finger  
And classical chamber musicians who linger  
All much to the sandman's delight, SO  
Why do you people keep asking us,  
How We Can Sleep at Night?

3.  
We've micro-environment sensors all sensing  
And solid gold fragrance dispensers dispensing  
By screening rooms fitted with priceless recliners  
Configured by Disney's acoustic designers  
W/ viewing screens bigger than doors of garages  
And usherettes wearing gardenia corsages  
And butlers to turn out the light, SO  
Why do you people keep asking us,  
How We Can Sleep at Night?

4.  
With dreams of our limosine fleets holding steady  
And jets on the tarmac all fueled up and ready  
And hundred foot yachts for our White House connection  
And choppers to whisk us in any direction  
While even our house of accountants relaxes  
They've worked it all out so we barely pay taxes  
The future is peaceful and bright, SO  
Why do you people keep asking us,  
How We Can Sleep at Night?

5.  
We've ten miles of shoreline outside Barcelona  
A horse in the derby, a car at Daytona  
A best-of-show dog at Westminster, they tell us  
A neighbor with two billion dollars who's jealous  
An 18 hole golf course in Scotland that's private  
A golf cart by Bentley with chauffeur to drive it  
We don't mean to be impolite, BUT  
Why do you people keep asking us  
How We Can Sleep at Night?

*BRIDGE:*

If ever our government lay down the sword  
Creating a dip in the Dow  
We might need our nightcaps more liberally poured  
But everything's booming right now

6.  
And thanks to the coming of privatization  
They'll no longer nick us for free education  
We won't have to spring for the old and the lazy  
Or pop for the health of the wretched and crazy  
We're calmer today than we've been thruout history  
So why you would ask us this now is a mystery  
We don't get it try as we might, WHY?  
Why do you people keep asking us,  
How We Can Sleep at Night?

WHY?

Why do you people keep asking us?  
How We Can Sleep at Night?

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1. There's no point in living in the past they say  
Even though there is more of it every day  
I don't talk too much about what I've been thru  
Then again on second thought I probably do

Love confused me way back when, Now Everything Does  
Swimming made me hungry then, Now Everything Does.  
I remember moonlight bay, the way it was  
Used to take my breath away, Now Everything Does

2. I'm not sayin' I'm overwhelmed with future shock  
I'm not sayin' I wish I could reset the clock  
I doubt I would go back one year if I could  
Then again on second thought I probably would

Summer used to go too fast, Now Everything Does  
Cowboys rode out of the past, Now Everything Does  
I recall my first TV the way it was  
Used to look all blurry then, Now Everything Does

3. I'm not sayin' that anything has changed you know  
It's the same ol same ol' only more so though  
And I'm not sayin' that I'm too old to give a damn  
Then again on second thought I usually am

Flashlights needed batteries, Now Everything Does  
Chow mein came from overseas, Now Everything Does  
Bowling had a special shoe, Now Everything Does  
Most things made me think of you, Now Everything Does

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1. 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

2. 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.

3. 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.

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1.

Our niece can teach Vulcan while bobbing your hair  
And peddles her kettle corn down on the square  
A tupperware queen, who is running for mayor  
She's writing a string of historical plays

She weekly delivers the Bowling Gazette  
Does counseling too on reducing your debt  
Now that's quite a lucrative bus'ness and yet,  
You Gotta Do More than one thing nowadays

2.

Our nephew's eighteen and already he knits  
Assembles and markets his beekeeping kits  
In summer he's known for the cucumber splits  
He sells from a cart with his pickle parfaits

He'll clean your garage for a nominal fee  
He'll rig your dishwasher to run your tv  
If you were to ask he'd be quick to agree  
You Gotta Do More than one thing nowadays

3.

If you need a tutor to teach you to toot  
Our uncle's a barber but teaches the flute  
A notary public and psychic to boot  
He'll sell you a coop and a rooster to raise

He'll empty your septic and fill your propane  
Debug a computer and unplug a drain  
If you have a minute he'd love to explain  
You Gotta Do More than one thing nowadays

4.

John Ed is our brother and fixes our car  
And patches our shingles with fiberglass tar  
On Fridays he drums in a band in a bar  
He'll stand on his head in the mud if it pays

He'll find you morels and can lead you to trout  
He brews an acceptably powerful stout  
If you sat him down he'd be quick to point out  
You Gotta Do More than one thing nowadays

5.

And then there's our sister masseusing on call  
Security guarding at night in the mall  
And hauling the shelving that she can install  
That comes with her homemade...  
...organic mayonnaise

To take people birding she gets up at four  
And does all the books at a furniture store  
As she will explain as she flies out the door,  
You Gotta Do More than one thing nowadays

*BRIDGE:*

Our father in law who's a big CEO  
Does insider trading with company dough  
He runs quite a ponzi, and far as we know  
Curates a collection of missing Monets

He's into embezzlement up to his knees  
His company sends all their jobs overseas  
Leaving the rest of us feeling the squeeze  
But You Gotta Do More than one thing nowadays

6.

P: Now me I curl up in a ball in the shed  
L: *While me I spend days eating crackers in bed*  
Our beautiful sanity hangs by a thread  
Undone by the new economic malaise

We mumble invectives and turn off the news  
We lie on our couches and stare at our shoes  
Our friends tell us not to take downers with booze  
But You Gotta Do More than one thing nowadays

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1.

I'm tired of my decisions  
They haven't been too good  
I'm tired of my opinions  
They're so misunderstood

Outside of cups of coffee  
My music and romance  
There's nothing left to live for  
But my new hat from France

2.

I'm through with affectation  
I can't keep up the pace  
my drivers, license, photo  
emotes more than my face

I'm tired of my reflection  
I'm tired of these old pants  
Altho they don't look so bad  
With my new hat from France

3.

I'm done with resolutions  
They're way too dull to keep  
My deepest held convictions  
I find they're not that deep

As for a guard'an angel  
Last time I took a glance  
The only thing above me  
Was my new hat from France

4.

Now, had my wife been callous  
Less able to adjust  
By now I think she'd see me  
As one more thing to dust

But she flew home from Paris  
And carried all the way  
The souvenir we call my  
Nouveau Chapeau Français

5.

I'm tired of my exhaustion  
It nearly wore out  
Now I'm less disappointed  
The new hat helps no doubt

Altho inside the hat brim  
These words I read by chance  
Fabrique, in China (x3)  
Says my new hat from France

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1.

Worm went down to Murfreesboro, minus Mrs. Worm  
Drilled a hole in solid clay and settled down to squirm  
Squiggled out a polka with his tail dipped in the dew  
Settled on the title: "Mrs. Wormy, I Miss You"

*CHORUS:*

Ev'ry Song I Write becomes a love song  
You don't spose that I've been gone for too long  
Every verse is something new  
But ev'ry chorus ends with "you"

2.

Mrs. Mouse made Phoenix in the floorboards of a train  
She could not get Mr. Mouse's image from her brain  
Wrote a tiny rhumba on the shirtsleeve of her blouse  
Called "I Dig The Desert But I Miss You, Mr. Mouse"

3.

Cat went to Antarctica to see the southern lights  
Saw them but they didn't save the long and gloomy nights  
Took up singing ballads but the penguins made a fuss  
Emailed his old Kitty "I'll be Tuesday, on the bus"

4.

I walked to Milwaukee without bringing you along  
Thought that over there I'd find the subject of a song  
Lyrics tumbled out but by the time that I was thru  
What Worm and Cat and Mrs. Mouse discovered, I did too

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1. They say in the news, California's the ticket  
With silver so pure you can scoop it like clay  
Gold nuggets that pop from the ground when you kick it  
I find that a stretch but it is what they say

*CHORUS:*

And some think I'm crazy to freeze in my hovel  
When I could be mining the Rocky Frontier  
Vermont may have snow but it's easi'r to shovel  
And more to the point I am already here

2. My uncle the drunk took a berth on a clipper  
His vision of fortune was never to be  
At week 22 he took drinks with the skipper  
And then disembarked with the ship still at sea

3. My son booked the airship of Rufus M. Porter  
With two hundred dollars he'd made growing yams  
The ad claimed the coast in three days and a quarter  
But all that has flown are his two hundred clams

4. My nephew sailed south on a Panama frigate  
But hiking the isthmus proved too much a chore  
He'll take the canal just as soon as they dig it  
For now he sells sea shells down by the sea shore

5. My niece from Quebec took canals to Lake Erie  
Where she bought a horse and a saddle and reins  
She found by Chicago the trip was too dreary  
And now spends her days teaching French in Des Plaines

6. Now, I may be crazy but I say why bother  
To wear out your bones for a pie in the sky  
There's one thing I learned from my lazy grandfather  
You don't have to go thru such hardship to die

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1. This year was a doozy  
The wolves were at the doors  
The TV's been abysmal  
And then there were the wars  
    Next year could be better  
    Time may prove me right  
    And next year starts tomorrow and  
    Tomorrow starts tonight

Happy new year, happy new new year year  
Do the new year can-can  
Enjoy the sandman; don't fear the cat scan  
  
Happy new year, happy new new year year  
Cough up the co-pay  
Nearly here another year of  
Payday, mayday, sick day, snow day

2. Springtime hit the fogbank  
Couldn't see much at all  
Summer groped in darkness  
And plummeted into fall  
    But thru the gloom of winter  
    Next years lookin' bright  
    And next year starts tomorrow and  
    Tomorrow starts tonight

Happy new year, happy new new year year  
Do the new year rehab  
Pay up the bar tab; tear down the meth lab  
  
Happy new year, happy new new year year  
Pour out the brandy  
Nearly here another year of  
Green tea, coffee, Pepsi, candy

3. If you don't like the kissin'  
That comes on New Year's Eve  
And you don't like the hugging  
But you don't wanna leave  
    You better not stand beside me  
    As they flip off the light  
    When next year starts tomorrow and  
    Tomorrow starts tonight

Happy new year happy new new year year  
Watch out for sneezes  
Steer clear o' breezes, know your diseases

Happy new year happy new new year year  
Buy sanitizer  
Nearly here, another year of  
Eli Lillie, Bayer, Pfizer

4. Groundhog's day's a-comin',  
It's April Fool and then  
You barely stow the snorkel  
It's Halloween again  
    And soon before you know it  
    The whole year's wrapped up tight  
    And next year starts tomorrow and  
    Tomorrow starts tonight

Happy new year happy new new year year  
Here's to the big clock,  
Bring on the ticktock, don't touch the hemlock  
  
Happy new year happy new new year year  
Hip hip, hooray hey  
Nearly here another year of  
Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday

Friday Saturday Sunday Monday

5. Tuesday Wednesday Thursday  
Friday Saturday Sunday  
Monday Tuesday Wednesday  
Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday  
    Monday Tuesday Wednesday  
    Thursday Friday Saturday  
    Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday  
    Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday

Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday  
Friday

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1. On top of a snowdrift when winter's near done  
A small piece of cardboard lies out in the sun  
The air may be cool but the sunbeams are warm  
And in these conditions a sculpture takes form

Right under the cardboard the snow is in shade  
But everywhere else it begins to degrade  
Until what remains is a frozen plateau  
A mesa of slush with a cardboard chapeau

Oh beautiful slush mesa, Harbinger of Spring  
Preview of joy that the season should bring  
Biding the time till the robins will sing  
Oh beautiful slush mesa, Harbinger of Spring

2. While deep in the country there's ice everywhere  
The faintest suggestion of spring's in the air  
And down in the lowland where winter was harsh  
An int'resting spike pokes its head thru the marsh

The skunk cabbage grows to a pretty good size  
While broadcasting pollen on scavenging flies  
Which it has attracted by giving off heat  
And with it the come-hither smell of dead meat

Oh beautiful skunk cabbage, Harbinger of Spring  
Preview of joy that the season should bring  
Biding the time till the robins will sing  
Oh beautiful skunk cabbage, Harbinger of Spring

3. And such is my mem'ry of springtimes of yore  
I don't get outside very much any more  
But even inside there are clues making clear  
That springtime is coming and soon will be here

The ground is still frozen but melting of snow  
Produces a river with nowhere to go  
It soaks my dim basement as cold weather fades  
And down thru the mortar meltwater cascades

Oh beautiful dark waterfall, Harbinger of Spring  
Preview of joy that the season should bring  
Biding the time till the robins will sing  
Oh beautiful dark waterfall, Harbinger of Spring

Oh beautiful slush mesa / ...skunk cabbage / ...dark waterfall, Harbingers of Spring

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*INTRO:*

When I climb into bed at night  
Pull up the sheets, turn out the light  
A thousand weary words appear  
And whisper; whisper in my ear:  
(Then I know, I've got the...)

1. Oklahoma, hematoma  
Ever lovin, pizza oven  
Alameda, sweet potata  
Punch-a-button, good for nuttin  
Fertilizer, none the wiser  
Land o plenty, 'leven twenty blues

2. Carol Doda, Minnesota  
Eisenhower, cauliflower  
Penicillin, Marshal Dillon  
Stegasaurus, Red Lavoris  
Do svidaniya, got some on ya  
Down n dirty, 'leven thirty blues

3. Plug the meter, pumpkin eater  
George & Gracy, wash your facey  
indecision, double vision  
Paper cutter, apple butter  
Flight attendant, co-dependent  
Hamster heaven, twelve eleven blues

4. Date-cher daughter, underwater  
Sarsparilla, green gorilla  
Hoochie koochie, Liberoochi  
Maybe later, dingy freighter  
Guided missile, penny whistle  
Can the laughter, Quarter After Blues

5. Loosiana, green banana  
Metal finder, coffee grinder  
Vacuum cleaner, carabiner  
Rice a Roni, matrimony  
Flora fauna, take a sauna  
Old Milwaukee, two o'clocky blues

*BRIDGE:*

I overloaded something  
in the brain no doubt  
I went 'n' blew the section  
Where it sorts things out  
I musta reached the point  
Where the circuitry melts  
& everything reminds you of  
Everything else

6. Fender bender, legal tender  
Gerrymander, cattle dander  
Pussy willow, armadillo  
Hammer handle, Roman candle  
Apple strudel, angry poodle  
Early warnin', three'n the mornin' blues

7. Tam o shanter, Eddie Cantor  
Thanks a million, park pavillion  
Whazza matter, cookie batter  
Loiter linger, pull a finger  
Alabama, diorama  
Godforsaken, dawn's a breakin' blues

8. Parlez vousy, nothin' newsy  
No jacuzzi, very choosy  
Little Susie, onesy twosy  
Who's a floozy, kangaroozy  
Santa Cruzy, black and bluezy  
What a doozy, never snoozy blues

(to recap, I've got the...)

9. Land o' plenty, 'leven twenty  
Down n dirty, 'leven thirty  
Hamster heaven, twelve eleven  
Can the laughter, quarter after  
Old Milwaukee, two o'clocky  
Early warnin', three'n the mornin'  
Godforsaken, dawn's a broken  
What a doozy, never snoozy blues

1. I've learned that loss, is always part, of Shangri-La  
That snowmen melt, and mufflers rust, and sitcoms die  
But though it has, become routine, to bid ta-ta  
I never dreamed, I'd have to say, Pluto Goodbye

So very small, so very cold, but I don't care  
Too far away, to be seen with, the naked eye  
Though I can not, see my own heart, I know it's there  
I felt it break, when first I heard, Pluto Goodbye

2. So many things, I'd like to shed, are here to stay  
Ten, fifteen pounds, a touch of angst, this ugly tie  
But things I love, and want to keep, they drift away  
Farewell my lap, my pension plan, Pluto Goodbye

There's nothing changed, from when our friend, was number nine  
He still is there, right where he was, up in the sky  
Except that now, it's like he's kicked, out of the shrine  
And must parade, without a fez, Pluto Goodbye

**CHORUS:**

So have you been, kicked off the team, thrown off the bus  
Come have a cry, a piece of pie, a cup o' joe  
Now you're one of us,  
Here at the Friends League of Pluto

3. If you're divorced, if you're defrocked, if you're disbarred  
If they rescind, your DDS, your GED  
You've been Pluto-ed, you're in our league, don't take it hard  
After your name, now you can write, F.L.O.P.

CHORUS

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*NOTE: This was written to congratulate the **Wisconsin Public Radio** folk music program, **Simply Folk**, on their thirtieth anniversary in 2007.*

---

1. A balladeer begins the show  
Emoting with a Tremolo,  
About a poor Lothario,  
Expiring at the Alamo

And then a bit of zydeco  
Along the shore of Bistineau  
A lot of it fortissimo  
A little pianissimo

**CHORUS:**

I bet ya your mustachio  
There's people on the patio  
From Cudahy to Trempeleau  
Crankin up the radio

From Hurley to Mukwonago  
Simply Folk is on you know  
Enhancing everywhere you go  
The Dairyland scenario

2. The shamisen of Tokyo  
The dances of the Eskimo  
Accordions of Mexico  
The rhythms of the Navajo

The ancient songs of Borneo  
The twang of San Antonio  
It's all on Simply Folk you know  
From Fond du Lac to Suamico

3. From parlay vous to do-see-do  
A lotta themes are local though  
In Manawa the rodeo  
The fire up in Peshtigo

The Norsky Nook in Osseo  
The songs of yellow oleo  
The fancy loam of Antigo  
The anti-war imbroglia

**CODA:**

So as we ramble to and fro  
To warble our portfolio  
We pause to say we thank you so  
Wisconsin Public Radio

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1. So the day, fades away, though the evening is young  
We are old, and we're cold, and we're frail  
It was fun, but we're done, and our words mostly sung  
Though we do, have a few, for the trail

*CHORUS:*

Happy Motoring, Happy Motoring, Happy Motoring, bye bye  
Remember you're never alone  
With a canopy of satellites that link from the sky  
To the GPS talking you home

2. If a big, double rig, leaves you plenty of space  
If you float, like a boat, down a stream  
If the cars, like the stars, all progress at your pace  
Stop the jeep, you're asleep, it's a dream

3. Give a yell, to my cell, if it does, come to pass  
That you're stuck, out of luck, broken down  
Give a call, if you stall, 'cause you're all, out of gas  
We can talk, as you walk, back to town

4. Now if you, have a slew, of CDs, in the dash  
You can drown, out the sound, of the cars  
But if not, tell you what, If you're left, with some cash  
Let me then, recommend, one of ours

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