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title to go to  
that page, or  
scroll down.*

## OK, SO FAR...

RECORDED WINTER 2018/2019.

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BERRYMAN, SESAC, AS DATED.

LOU:  
MELODIES, ACCORDION, AND  
VOCALS.  
PETER:  
LYRICS, GUITAR, AND VOCALS.  
BOTH:  
ENGINEERING, GRAPHICS, BUSINESS,  
COFFEE, ETC.

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## 1. THE BOOMERS ARE RISING AGAIN ©2017 L & P Berryman

Arise you Old-Timers and velcro your shoes  
Come crone and old codger there's no time to lose  
Old fogey and duffer and biddy and grouch  
Come gramma and grampa get up off of the couch, ('cause...)

All choruses are like this one, with only the one line changing as indicated.

*Chorus:* The boomers are rising again  
The boomers are rising again  
OUR BONES ARE SUGGESTING WE OUGHT TO BE RESTING, (BUT)  
The boomers are rising again

We'll stagger and thump thru the land of the free  
Like ogres we'll trudge toward the powers that be  
They'll see us approach and recoil in dismay  
(as) The Geezer Apocalypse shuffles their way (and...)

*Chorus, with:* OUR BUNIONS ARE WISHING WE'D STOP AND GO FISHING (BUT...)

We'll oil up the wheelchair and polish the cane  
And ready our speech for a world gone insane  
We'll dust off our signs from the marches of yore  
Oh yes we have signs; we have done this before, (and...)

*Chorus, with:* OUR TENDONS ARE WHINING WE SHOULD BE RECLINING, (BUT...)

We'll strap on our oxygen, pack up our meds,  
And hop on a bus to the land of the feds  
They'll stop and take heed when we lurch off the bus  
Cause most of the bastards are geezers like us, (and...)

*Chorus, with:* OUR BLISTERS ARE PLEADING WE SHOULD BE HOME READING (BUT...)

Tho we may be wielding a menacing crutch  
We're mostly non vi'lent I'll tell you that much  
But they should beware as we're catching our breath  
That given the chance we can bore them to death, (and...)

*Chorus, with:* OUR KIDS ARE SUPPOSING WE'D RATHER BE DOZING (BUT...)

And if we're too feeble to flop out of bed  
And seek a less physical protest instead  
We still have our fountain pens all full of ink  
And cursing in cursive looks good don't you think? (and...)

*Chorus, with:* THESE CONFOUNDED MARCHES ARE HARD ON THE ARCHES (BUT...)

When death clips the wings of old buzzards like me  
The geezer apocalypse has a plan B  
For when the grim reaper slows down our attack  
The Zombie Apocalypse picks up the slack (and...)

*Chorus, with:* OH BURY ME UPRIGHT AND LEAVE ME A FLASHLIGHT ('CAUSE...)

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## 2. **HIERONYMUS OR SALVADOR** ©2017 L & P Berryman

When you're shaken to the core: Hieronymus or Salvador  
When your soul is frail and sore: Hieronymus or Salvador  
When you feel you're all a-lone, stranded in the twilight zone  
It's high time to google for Hieronymus or Salvador

Man is strung on strings of harp while burning turtle turns on spear  
Fish-face pukes a string of bells and coins explode from rich man's rear  
Village burns in dead of night as blue guy reads to spoonbill monk  
Woman swoons from groping twigs while peacock pouch re-fuels a drunk

Oh gosh, Hieronymus Bosch • Oh gosh, Hieronymus Bosch

Crutches prop a floppy mask by butterfiles for sails on ships  
Floodlight shines from high heel shoe near davenport of Mae West lips  
Jacket sags with bureau drawers as men emerge from Earthlike eggs  
Watches flop on horselike tarp near elephants with sticklike legs

Oh golly, Salvador Dali • Oh golly, Salvador Dali

When your troubles disappear, spend an evening with Vermeer  
When your worries drift away, spend the day with Claude Monet  
But when there is little doubt that you're finally freaking out  
Seek out one who's freaked before, Hieronymus or Salvador

Hollow corpse wears bagpipe hat by suit of armor chewed by skink  
Man rides nude on platform sled while smaller skaters crack the rink  
Lovers lurk in oyster shell as bluebird watches upside down  
Bodies bob in murky pool and mill wheel turns in burning town

Oh gosh, Hieronymus Bosch • Oh gosh, Hieronymus Bosch

Tigers leap from fish's mouth at nude with fruit by buzzing bee  
Torso forms a nose and mouth as eyeball clock says half past three  
Egg in hand becomes a man as atoms form a floating face  
Goldfish swims in mannikin toward Voltaire in the marketplace

Oh golly, Dali • oh Golly, Salvador Dali

When you're lying on the floor: Hieronymus or Salvador  
When you can't take any more: Hieronymus or Salvador  
When you're wounded in the heart, hold the healing hand of art  
Go online and Google for Hieronymus or Salvador

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### 3. **INERTIA** © 2017 L & P Berryman

I need...it's not...I'm just...I'm just...inertia.  
The bed...so warm...I'm stuck...like glue...inertia.  
Once up...and dressed...could be...I'd gain...momentum.  
But oh...the shoe...the shirt...the shoe...inertia.

The dog...needs food...the bird...needs food...inertia.  
Okay...okay...my legs...like lead...inertia.  
Sit up...stand up...one step...one more...momentum.  
Feed dog...feed bird...go back...to bed...inertia.

I need...a cup...of joe...or two...inertia.  
Grind beans...oh god...too hard...not me...inertia.  
Maybe...some tea...won't take...as much...momentum.  
Where's Jeeves...ha ha...no Jeeves...no tea...inertia.

My book...too long...the web...no thanks...inertia.  
I'd have...no life...without...TV...inertia  
One day...in hope...I named...my dog...Momentum.  
No doubt...If she...named me...I'd be...Intertia

I'll dust...I'll sweep...make bed...I swear...I'll vacuum  
Email...wash clothes...write book...make bed...paint bedroom  
End war...save whales...learn French...cure world...of sorrow  
Mend shirt...clean car...clean house.....tomorrow

It's pills...it's age...it's clouds...it's genes...inertia.  
It's flu...the blues...the moon...the fates...inertia.  
Where do...my friends...uptown...get their...momentum.  
For me...the world...awaits...and waits...inertia.

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#### 4. NATIONAL FAKE MATISSE DAY ©2016 L & P Berryman

It's all about Matisse because his birthday is today  
I don't think he'd object to what we're doing by the way  
Judging by his paintings, he possessed a sense of fun  
it's National Fake Matisse Day, December 31

*CHORUS:*

But don't, you fear  
I doubt, you'll hear  
Help! Police!  
A fake! Matisse!

He painted very quickly so paint something in a flash  
Just disregard perspective and have all the colors clash  
Make sure you sign Matisse down at the bottom when you're done  
It's National Fake Matisse Day December 31

*CHORUS*

Vermeer would take too long I think, his paintings too precise  
And Rembrandt is too difficult, I tried it once or twice  
Disney would come sue your ass the minute you'd begun  
It's National Fake Matisse Day December 31

*CHORUS*

So cut some colored paper and affix it to the wall  
It can have a simple theme or no idea at all  
Or paint a ring of naked nudes cavorting in the sun  
It's nat'nal fake matisse day December 31

*CHORUS*

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5. **MAZOMANIAN MOON** ©2012 L & P Berryman

I bet I hadn't been away one hour  
I felt my whole disposition turn sour  
I bet I hadn't been away one week  
I had a dream about the Black Earth Creek  
    It made me write this homesick tune  
    About the big Mazomanian moon

Well my nostalgia tends to drag me down  
I miss the old architecture downtown  
I miss the color of the autumn leaves  
I miss the depot with the big wide eaves  
    I wanna see Lake Marion soon  
    Reflect the big Mazomanian moon

*BRIDGE:*

Every night I hear the call  
Summer winter spring or fall  
Snowy muggy sunny rainy  
Mazomanie Mazomanie

Doesn't matter where I am  
Pensacola Birmingham  
The mountains of the allegheny  
Mazomanie Mazomanie

I know the purple of an Oshkosh dawn  
I know the green of a Madison lawn  
I know the silver of the Shawano Lake  
But it's the blues that I can't shake  
    When I recall that gold balloon  
    That is the big mazomanian moon

*REPEAT BRIDGE*

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6. **MILLION YEARS** ©2003, 2018 L & P Berryman (*see note, below*)

If one year were one sixteenth of an inch and nothing more  
The Big Bang would be fifteen thousand miles from my door  
The birth of earth would be almost five thousand miles from here  
Four whole thousand miles away the first life would appear

Mountains would begin to form somewhere outside LA  
Trilobites would wiggle around 600 miles away  
Fish with feet near Omaha would all begin to crawl  
While reptiles and coniferous trees would pop out in St. Paul

*CHORUS:*

I'm surprised that I register at all  
On a scale with a ratio so small  
That a mile from my Madison, Wisconsin bungalow  
Is a million years ago

Raptors in downtown Eau Claire would crack out of their shells  
Africa would split from South America in the Dells  
A block away, we humans would emerge to pass the torch  
And all of written hist'ry would begin upon my porch

Caeser would be ten feet off around the Ides of March  
Columbus would be sailing up my metatarsal arch  
About 9 inches off the '49ers dig for gold  
And my whole life so far is only 3 short inches old.

*CHORUS*

Now sometimes I'm concerned that this device won't go away  
To let me now and then observe a day as just a day  
For often such a metaphor's impossible to budge  
And paints a week of polkas as a microscopic smudge

But when I'm faced with check-out lines that drain my life away  
Or indecisive Girl Scouts troops obstructing the buffet  
I turn to my perspective on how one whole day compares  
To one-fifth of an inch of one of Stephen Hawking's hairs.

*CHORUS*

*NOTE: This song was also on an earlier CD called The Pink One, recorded in 2003. By mistake we called it "MILLION MILES." The lyrics have also been changed somewhat since then.*

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7. **I WONDERED** ©2019 L & P Berryman

I wondered what's the point of life  
Go and find it, said my wife  
Then come back and fill me in  
Maybe you should ask the wind

The wind said buddy, I don't know  
They just told me blow blow blow  
It's all I do all afternoon  
Maybe you should ask the moon

The moon said buddy, I don't know  
I was told to glow glow glow  
'Fyou're confused, well join the crowd  
Maybe you should ask a cloud

The cloud said buddy, I don't know  
I was told to snow snow snow  
If there is more it sure beats me  
Maybe you should ask a tree

Tree said buddy, I don't know  
They just told me grow grow grow  
Far's I know it's all a dream  
Why don't you go ask a stream

Stream said buddy, I don't know  
They just told me flow flow flow  
I am clueless I confess  
Maybe Santa Claus could guess

Santa said I do not know  
I was told to ho ho ho  
I suspect it's up to you  
Now go home and think that through

So what's the secret, said my wife  
Did you learn the point of life  
I said they all said to me  
Kiss your wife and watch TV

Kiss your wife and watch TV

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## 8. **THE DIAGNOSIS** ©2016 L & P Berryman

One of these hit me on Tuesday again  
It filled me with unfocused fear  
The last one was ten or twelve months ago now  
I think it was this time of year

I made an appointment as soon as I could  
I went in this morning at eight  
I thought that my doctor might know what was wrong  
I hoped that it wasn't too late

The darn things destroy me for two or three days  
I'm struck with fatigue but can't sleep  
I break out in sweats and I sit up all night  
With trembling unending and deep

When people find out I get cards in the mail  
My friends either visit or call  
On Facebook the notifications roll in  
Too many to answer them all

But then at the end of the day I'm alone  
Alone with my terrible curse  
They seem to be hitting more frequently now  
And I think my symptoms are worse

So finally this morning my doctor pipes up,  
"Well I don't know where to begin  
But what you are having are birthdays my friend  
Another one could do you in."

She said, "So if too many birthdays mount up  
They can be quite risky my dear  
But those who have stopped them completely it seems  
They've none of them lasted a year"

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## 9. PAINTED PAINTINGS ©2018 L & P Berryman

I have painted paintings all my spectacular life  
Etchings of my doberman and sketches of my wife  
Great neo-impressionistic paintings of my chair  
Triptychs of my childhood and diptychs of my hair  
    Not a soul has seen my stuff, but I can not complain  
    My work is only hanging in the foyer of my brain

Me with bird and tangerine, Diane on Granville Bridge  
Storm on Lake Superior, gardenias on the fridge  
Betty Boop as Davy Crockett, rainbow over mud  
Sunset on extension cords, Matisse with Elmer Fudd  
    No one's ever bought my work but not because it's dull  
    It's only on exhibit on the whitewalls of my skull

I have written writings of a hundred thousand words  
Paragraphs on parasites, biographies of birds  
Shoot'-em-ups and bodice rippers, existential plays  
Quasi-auto-biographic steampunk roundelays  
    If they'd list on Amazon they'd no doubt be adored  
    But everything's in storage on the bookshelf of my gourd

Life Without Linoleum, The Dog With Twenty Cars  
Hula Dancing Millionaire, Ben Franklin Goes to Mars  
Asthma in amphibians: Do salamanders Cough  
Barbra Kangarooarb and the Pie that Tasted Off  
    I don't blame the paper, but reviews are hard to find  
    Because I'm only published in the pressroom of my mind

Way back in the warehouse on the dark side of my eyes  
My works are heaped in towers of an overwhelming size  
My talents are unstoppable and stretch from ear to ear  
But when they reach my fingers they all strangely disappear  
    But nonetheless I know I will proceed to paint and write  
    And maybe sculpt a sculpture as I'm drifting off tonight

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## 10. SOUP MONTH ©2017 L & P Berryman

*INTRO:        Whether from a saucepan, baked or barbequed  
                  You'll find it official ev'ry month a food  
                  Print it on a T-shirt, glaze it on a cup  
                  Ev 'ry month a food month, you can look it up*

January soup month, sip it for the croup  
Bury all the fruit cake, January soup  
February meat month, vegan doesn't eat  
January soup month, February meat

March a month o' pasta, pass da pasta please  
February meat month, March, mac and cheese  
April is pecan month, easy on the guts  
March is for the noodles, April for the nuts

May is barbecue month, where's the peppermill  
April is pecan month, May Weber grill  
June is always milk month, drink a bottle now  
May is barbecue month, June is from the cow

All July's for berries; bake a berry a pie!  
June is for the dairies, berries for July  
August is for catfish, catch 'em in the bay  
All July's the berries, August is fillet

September is for honey, ragweed full of bees  
August is for catfish, September for the sneeze  
October is dessert month, choc'late on your shirt  
September is for honey, October's for dessert

November's peanut butter. Save a glob for me.  
October is dessert month, November PB  
Last December's fruitcake. Dig it up and then,  
January soup month; here we go again.

*OUTRO:        Print it on a T-shirt, glaze it on a cup  
                  Ev 'ry month a food month, you can look it up*

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11. **SPEAKER STANDS WITH CRANKS** ©2014 L & P Berryman

We are straggling musicians  
And our band is getting old  
And not one of our recordings  
Has gone platinum or gold

But we saved a couple dollars  
In our plastic piggy banks  
And invested in the luxury  
Of speaker stands with cranks (repeat last 2 lines)

Now for years we had to swallow  
Many strong narcotic meds  
For the pain of machinations  
With our speakers on our heads

We would hold our breath and stagger  
Toward those eight foot metal shanks  
Now we're fine with Ibuprofen  
Having speaker stands with cranks (repeat last 2 lines)

We've a squeezebox with a pegleg  
To accommodate the weight  
We use carts and ramps and dollies  
Since our strength is not so great

All too soon we'll need our walkers  
And our oxygen in tanks  
But right now it is enough that  
We have speaker stands with cranks (repeat last 2 lines)

In the geriatric songbook  
That we read from on the stage  
We use 14 point Helvetica  
So we can read the page

And to all these geezer gizmos  
We will always give our thanks  
But tonight we're mostly grateful  
For our speaker stands with cranks (repeat last 2 lines)

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12. **ALL TRAVELED OUT** ©2014 L & P Berryman

I'm sick of the sea said the sailor  
On Sunday I'm selling the sloop  
I'll sup in more solid surroundings  
And sip without spilling my soup

I'll stroll in the soil in my sandals  
And sow a few seedlings to sprout  
I'm sick of the sea said the sailor  
Sincerely, I'm all schoonered out

I'm tired of my truck said the trucker  
It's terribly tough on my tail  
I'm trashing my trailer tomorrow  
And tooting ta-ta to the trail

I'm trying a trade that's less taxing  
Like testing of tackle for trout  
I'm tired of the truck said the trucker  
I tell ya I'm all traveled out

I'm parking my plane said the pilot  
And packing my parachute up  
I'll put the old Piper to pasture  
And plop on the porch with my pup

I'll probably plead for your pity  
And pine for propellers and pout  
I'm parking my plane said the pilot  
I'm pooped and I'm puddle-jumped out

So capping careers of cavorting  
The sailor's homesickness did cease  
The trucker's now totally tranquil  
The pilot is plainly at peace

Flush with the feel of fulfillment  
Retired, reluctant to roam  
These grandma's are glad to be grounded  
Their husbands are happy they're home

*(Repeat last 2 lines)*

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### 13. **SUBBER'S DUD** ©2017 L & P BERRYMAN

Were there doe oradge (Were there no orange) • Od all the baples (On all the maples)  
Ad other sides that (And other signs that) • Autub's begud (Autumn's begun)  
I still would dotice (He still would notice) • The way by doze is (The way his nose is)  
The subber's dud (The summer's done) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

Ad if the schoolroobs (And if the schoolrooms) • Were dot id sessiod (Were not in session)  
Ad all the childred (And all the children) • Were havig fud (Were having fun)  
I still could tell frob (He still could tell from) • By old shdozzola (His old shnozzola)  
The subber's dud (The summer's done) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

Cause I'b allergic (Cause he's allergic) • To sobethig bloobig (To something blooming)  
Which beads by dostrils (Which means his nostrils) • Are dode to rud (Are known to run)  
Deep id a dudgeod (Deep in a dungeon) • By doze'd still doe (His nose would still know)  
The subber's dud (The summer's done) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

#### *BRIDGE #1:*

It buss be Autub (It must be Autumn) • It buss be Autub (It must be Autumn)  
The goldedrod bloobs (The goldenrod blooms) • Upod the hill (Upon the hill)  
I'b packig Kleedex (He's packing Kleenex) • I'b sprayig Flodaze (He's spraying Flonase)  
I'b dowdig hadfuls (He's downing handfuls) • Of Bedadryll... (Of Benadryl)

So whed the boodbeebs (So when the moonbeams) • Becub robadtic (Become romantic)  
Ad whed I call you (And when he calls you) • By huddy bud (His honey bun)  
But I'b udsboochig (But he's unsmooching) • To gulp sub air id (To gulp some air in)  
The subber's dud (The summer's done) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

#### *BRIDGE #2:*

It bus be Autub (It must be Autumn) • It bus be Autub (It must be Autumn)  
I wadda sduggle (He wants to snuggle) • Ad you're the wud (And you're the one)  
Barry be darlig (Marry him darling) • Dot udtill sprig tho (Not until Spring tho)  
I'b such a wreck wed (He's such a wreck when) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

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14. **A LITTLE WATER** ©2007, 2016 L & P Berryman (*see note, below*)

**INTRO:** To work toward its full capability  
Of saving our water reserves  
The Madison Water Utility  
Needs help from the people it serves

I have a shower and a long shampoo  
I wash the dog and wash the doghouse too  
The water empties into Badfish Creek  
Making St louie in about a week

The Mississippi takes it south from there  
A couple years it could be anywhere  
Ten thousand miles from Monona Bay  
A little water goes a long way

**BRIDGE:** Will it come back again? They say so  
A million years is such a wait tho  
Why not hang on to what we've got, hey  
A little water goes a long way

Don't need an ocean for my hair I guess  
I'll try to wash it with a teaspoon less  
I took a shower with the dog today  
A little water goes a long way

A little water goes a long way

*NOTE: We were asked to write this song for the Madison Water Utility in 2007. Turns out they didn't use it then, but interest in it was renewed in 2016, the lyrics were updated, and they made and released a Public Service Announcement video of us singing it on the shores of Lake Monona.*

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15. **WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?** ©2016 L&P Berryman

Headin' back to Mars we pay the earth a call  
T'find if there's a trace of life at all  
Signs are positive, although if so  
Where'd everybody go?

Let the saucer cool and drive the Rover down  
Thru the picturesque Wisconsin town  
Hoped we'd see a couple Earthlings tho  
Where'd everybody go?

Came across a strip mall. Came across a zoo  
S'prized to find that here, there is a Starbucks too  
But where's the terrestrial ebb and flow?  
Where'd everybody go?

Paper says the day's called Sunday afternoon  
We might as well have landed on the nearby moon  
Downtown's nothing but a blank tableau  
Where'd everybody go?

Sittin' in the rover, wond'rin why we came  
Listening to something called a "Packer game"  
What's a "Packer game?" I don't know  
Where'd everybody go?

Take a final ramble up and down the street  
T'nothing but the clomp of our Martian feet  
Find a tavern for a good bye beer  
Why's everybody here? Why's everybody here?

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16. **YOU CAN ALWAYS PLAY GUITAR** ©2018 L&P Berryman

When you crave a haven but the world is too bizarre  
Plus you feel unqualified to wish upon a star  
Or you feel rejected and completely disconnected,  
Not to mention unprotected, you can always play guitar

Or if not guitar and you're too glum to give a hoot  
Plus there is a chipmunk storing chestnuts in your boot  
When you're spirit's flagging cause your discount muffler's dragging  
And your dinner guest is gagging you can always play the flute

Or if not the flute and your demeanor's Windex blue  
Plus you feel you'll never find the oomph to pull you thru  
When your heart's in trouble and your booze expenses double  
And your dreams have turned to rubble, you can always play kazoo

Or if not kazoo and all the walls are closing in  
Plus you don't know where you're bound or even where you've been  
When the cookie crumbles and your sweetie trips and tumbles  
And your stomach roils and rumbles, you can still play violin

Or if not the fiddle and you're going round the bend  
Plus you feel your charmed existence drawing to an end  
When your gods are sickly and humanity seems prickly  
You should not forget too quickly, that the banjo is your friend

Or if not the banjo and your pals don't get along  
Plus you try diplomacy but always get it wrong  
When you feel deflated 'cause you're overmedicated  
And the pills are overrated, you can always sing a song

Or if you can't sing and feel your passion going numb  
Plus you hit a hammer on the hangnail of your thumb  
When you feel you're losing all the choices of your choosing  
And your therapist is snoozing, you can always beat a drum

Or if not a drum and you are fretful and forlorn  
Plus your soul is tattered and your body's old and worn  
When your faith is floppy cause your best laid plans were sloppy  
And you live in your jalopy you can always blow the horn

If you live in your jalopy you can always blow the horn

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