

In this document:

# YOUR STATE'S NAME HERE

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 LP.

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

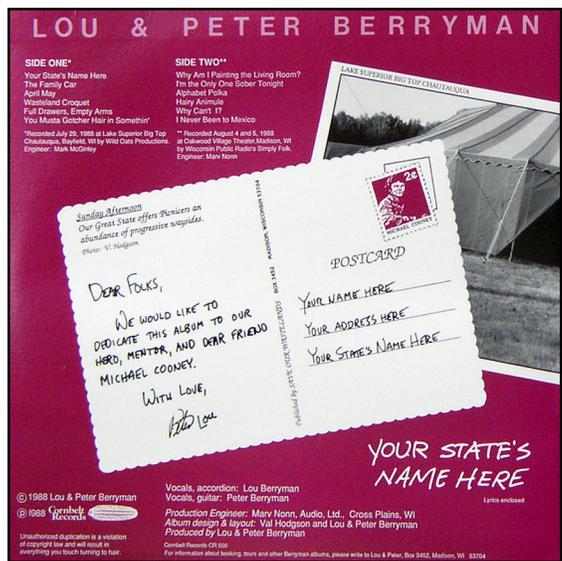
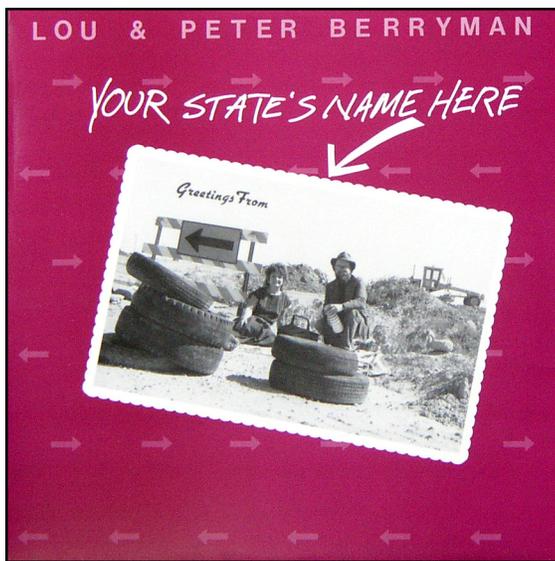
608-257-7750  
[www.louandpeter.com](http://www.louandpeter.com)

The Recordings:

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

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



# YOUR STATE'S NAME HERE

Our fifth LP. Released in 1988. On the back:

## SIDE ONE\*

- 1 Your State's Name Here
- 2 The Family Car
- 3 No Shirt No Shoes
- 4 April May
- 5 Wasteland Croquet
- 6 Full Drawers Empty Arms
- 7 Musta Gotcher Hair

\* Recorded July 29, 1988 at Lake Superior Big Top Chautauqua, Bayfield, WI by Wild Oats Productions. Engineer: Mark McGinley

## SIDE TWO\*\*

- 8 Why Am I Painting the Living Room
- 9 I'm the Only One Sober Tonight
- 10 Alphabet Polka
- 11 Hairy Animule
- 12 Why Can't I
- 13 I've Never Been to Mexico

\*\* Recorded August 4 and 5, 1988 at Oakwood Village Theater, Madison WI by Wisconsin Public Radio's Simply Folk. Engineer: Marv Nonn

Pretend postcard front: Lake Superior Big Top Chautauqua

Pretend postcard back caption: Sunday Afternoon  
Our Great State offers Picknicers an abundance of progressive waysides. Photo V. Hodgson

Up the middle: Published by SAVE OUR WASTE-  
LANDS, Box 3452 3400 Madison Wisconsin 53704

Handwritten: Dear Folks, We would like to dedicate this album to our hero, mentor, and dear friend Michael Cooney. With Love, Peter Lou. Your name here - Your address here - Your State's Name Here

Stamp: 2¢ Michael Cooney

© 1988 Lou & Peter Berryman

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Vocals, accordion: Lou Berryman

Vocals, guitar: Peter Berryman

Production Engineer: Marv Nonn, Audio Ltd., Cross Plains, WI.

Album Design & Layout: Val Hodgson and Lou & Peter Berryman

Cornbelt Records CR 500. For information about booking, tours and other Berryman albums, please write to Lou and Peter, Box 3452 3400, Madison WI 53704.

## 1. YOUR STATE'S NAME HERE ©1988 L&P Berryman

Sometimes when the grass is blown by the breeze  
There's a far away look in the leaves of the trees  
A memory returns, heartbreakingly clear  
Of a place I call home, *your state's name here*

No sky could be deeper, no water so clear  
As back in the meadows of *your state's name here*  
I'm gonna go back, although I don't know when  
There's no other place like *your state's name again*

### CHORUS:

Oh *your state's name here*, oh *again*, what a state  
I have not been back since *a reasonable date*  
Where the asphalt grows soft in July every year  
In the warm summer mornings of *your state's name here*

My grampa would come and turn on the game  
And fall asleep drinking *your local beer's name*  
While grandma would sing in the garden for hours  
To all of *the names of indigeonous flowers*

The songs that she sang were somewhat obscure  
She learned from the local townspeople I'm sure  
The language they use is not very clear  
Like *place a colloquialism right here*.

### CHORUS

I'd love to wake up where *the state songbird* sings  
Where they manufacture *the names of some things*  
Like there on the bumper a sticker so clear  
An I, then a heart, and then *your state's name here*

Whisper it soft, it's a song to my ear  
*Your state's name here, your state's name here*  
It's there I was born & it's there I'll grow old  
By the rivers of blue and the arches of gold.

### CHORUS

## 2. THE FAMILY CAR ©1987 L&P Berryman

Seems like nothing had paid off  
Unexpectedly laid off  
We'd just been evicted  
Our hearts were so heavy

And yet we were thankful  
We had half a tankful  
And we were all able  
To squeeze in the Chevy

### CHORUS:

Because when you're down and out  
As low as a man can get  
Remember the family car's  
America's safety net

And there is a place for you  
No matter who you are  
No one denies your right  
To live in your car

My mother said, crying  
Are you really trying  
You live in a Chevy  
Now son, I been thinkin'

If you'd only bother  
To work hard like your father  
By the time he was your age  
He lived in a Lincoln. **CHORUS**

Now the privileged have feelings  
Against three foot five ceilings  
And prefer the proportions  
Of a three story condo

But I bet you that someday  
They'll be out in the driveway  
Tryin' to jam their jacuzzi  
In their Alfa Romeo. **CHORUS**

With a couch on the roof rack  
And a dog in the wayback  
Three wishes I wish for  
To make my life sweeter

Some steam from your thermos  
On my cold epidermis  
Some change for the better  
Some change for the meter **CHORUS**

3. **NO SHIRT NO SHOES** ©1988 L&P Berryman  
(Melody: Pop Goes the Weasel)

No Shirt, no shoes, no skivvies at all  
The kids are in a quandry  
Momma gets a job at the mall  
Pop does the laundry

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4. **APRIL MAY** ©1987 L&P Berryman

The February sun it didn't  
turn the lawn to mud but April May  
The warmer wind of March it didn't  
bloom a single bud but April May

There are little lumps of February  
down behind the bed  
Winter wasn't wonderland like  
everybody said  
March it didn't melt away the  
blizzard in my head but April May

Winter didn't let you get ro-  
mantic on the ground but April May  
It also didn't show you where the  
dogs have been around but April May

Winter never saw me somer-  
saulting down a hill  
Taking plastic off a window or a  
burger off a grill  
It never saw me skinny dip and  
prob'ly never will but April May

**BRIDGE:**

The salt is off the road an' on the sides of your car  
The grass would not be greener if it smoked a cigar  
The sap is flowin' upward in the Maple somehow  
I'm not the only sap that's in the neighborhood now

Winter never saw me medi-  
tating on a stump but April May  
It never saw me start my Chevro-  
let without a jump but April May

Winter never saw me disre-  
gard a heating bill  
Tremble as the IRS was  
circling for the kill  
Packin' all my things an' buying  
tickets to Brazil but April May

5. **WASTELAND CROQUET** ©1988 L&P Berryman

A yellow shade, a cardboard bed  
A seedy room, a shaven head  
Disenfranchised by the sun  
Ballpoint tattoo "Born to run"  
On the wall it says "today...  
Wasteland Croquet."

Out of coffee drinking dregs  
In greasy jeans on wiggly legs  
Feeling strangely incomplete  
Until you're walkin' down the street  
Heading for the field of play of  
Wasteland croquet

**CHORUS:**

Your shot. Send me. Good one. Luck.  
My shot. Look out. Here goes. Duck.  
Heads up. Gangway.  
Wasteland Croquet.

Concrete. Asphalt. Train track. Dust.  
Tin can. Car door. Gravel. Rust.  
That's our fairway.  
Wasteland Croquet.

Need a mallet, can't go wrong  
A piece of anything four feet long  
Strong enough to pop the ball  
Carom off a warehouse wall  
Pick your favorite shade of grey for  
Wasteland Croquet.

Wicket two's an angle shot  
A railroad hotel parkin' lot  
Wicket three is through the door  
Out the window's wicket four  
Wicket five's a Chevrolet in  
Wasteland Croquet

**CHORUS**

## 6. FULL DRAWERS, EMPTY ARMS

© 1982 L&P Berryman

### **MALE VOICE:**

I don't have luck in love and lord it really hurts  
There's no one there for me, but boy I gotta lotta shirts  
I've got a heartbreak home; I've got the lovesick blues  
I've got an empty bed, but boy I gotta lotta shoes

I've never shared a night. I've never known romance  
I've never had a kiss, but boy I gotta lotta pants  
It's winter in my heart, and there a cold wind blows  
I'm out of luck with love, but I'm sure not outta clothes

### **FEMALE VOICE:**

I don't like your disposition. Honey you're cold as ice  
You're just a hack musician, but boy you sure look nice

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## 7. MUSTA GOTCHER HAIR © 1984 L&P Berryman

Oh when you're new in town  
And when the twilight comes to Friday  
You know you should go down  
& try to mingle & mix

But if you want some fun  
& you're a little trepidacious  
To try and find someone  
You'd better think of some tricks

Guys I got a clue for you  
Stick your head in Elmer's Glue  
Walk up to a girl today  
She'll look right at you & say

### **CHORUS:**

You musta gotcher hair in somethin'  
You musta gotcher hair in somethin'  
Nobody else is gonna love ya like that  
You'll hafta settle for me.

Girls it works the same for you  
This is all you have to do  
Put some sherbet on your curls  
Guys'll say to all you girls:

### **CHORUS**

## 8. WHY AM I PAINTING THE LIVING ROOM

©1988 L&P Berryman

### **VOICE 1:**

Holes in the ozone the size of Brazil  
Barges of trash in the chewable breeze  
Pools of industrial wasteland paté  
Sulfur dioxide dissolving the trees  
Pretty soon it will all end with a boom  
Why am I painting the living room?

### **VOICE 2:**

I have the whole day off  
Cause it's a Saturday  
There is a bluegrass band  
Somewhere along the bay  
Look at the lilacs bloom  
Why am I painting the living room?

### **VOICE 1:**

A pinhead evangelist pays for his sin  
With a five dollar fine for a black collar crime  
Kingpins of industry knowingly nod  
Just like lake Erie they're 12% slime  
They wink at the president too I assume  
And here I am painting the living room

### **VOICE 2:**

I hear the bluebird sing  
Don't let the day go by  
Look at the blossoms blow  
Over the blue blue sky  
All with a wild perfume  
And here I am painting the living room

### **BOTH VOICES:**

Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

*(Here BOTH VOICES overlap above verses)*

### **VOICE 1:**

Ah yes I can see how my tombstone will read  
Here lies someone of exceptional worth  
Though she did not do a lot for her kind  
Or help hold together this crumbling earth  
Here lies a woman they're saying of whom  
Sure had a goodlooking living room.

### **BOTH VOICES:**

Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

## 9. I'M THE ONLY ONE SOBER TONIGHT

©1980 L&P Berryman

Heinie's on the floor & the sound of his snore's  
Enough to drown out the Rolling Stones  
I go into the kitchen get a little bit o' chicken  
& the only thing I find is bones

Hilda's in the can with her head in her hands  
& her complexion is a snowy white  
The place is full of trash & everybody's smashed  
I'm the only one sober tonight

### CHORUS:

If you ask why-----He made a resolution  
I'm stayin' dry-----To improve his constitution  
You'll make me cry----No drinkin' and no smokin'  
Oh me oh my-----Me oh my he must be jokin'

Katy's in the corner with a guy who didn't warn her  
He'd been drinkin' since the break of day  
But she'd been kinda handy with a half a quart o' brandy  
So it didn't matter anyway

Arizona Mabel is a-sleepin' on the table  
& she didn't bother turnin' out the light  
Everybody's draggin' but the kid is on the wagon  
I'm the only one sober tonight.

### CHORUS

It takes a little copin' when your eyes are wider open  
Than a baby birdie waitin' for a worm  
When you aren't drunk & when you crawl into your bunk  
About the only thing you do is squirm

You start to feelin' crazy & you get a little hazy  
'Bout the differences of wrong & right  
Tho I know it's kinda risky to be here without my whiskey  
I'm the only one sober tonight.

### CHORUS

## 10. ALPHABET POLKA © 1988 L&P Berryman

Darlin' if we ever don't remember what to do  
I wrote down the ABC's of being me an' you  
A is for Anxiety the worst that it can get  
B is for Bulemia, we haven't had it yet

C's for Catatonic which is easy on our shoes  
D is for Depression that begins right after news  
E is for Euphoria a hollow kind of glee  
F is for a Phobia, or does it start with P

### CHORUS:

You came in, fell apart,  
Had some lunch, stole my heart  
For five long years we trembled on the sofa  
Now there's no, time for that  
Life's too short, we're too fat  
So let's go out and polka polka polka

G is for the Guilt that comes in fifty gallon drums  
H is for Hallucinations, look out here it comes  
I is for Insanity that no one can explain  
J is for the Jealousy we're feeling for the sane

K is Kleptomania we may as well try that  
L is for Lobotomy so hang on to your hat  
M is for the Madhouse where they're saving us a  
chair  
N is for Neurosis which will prob'ly get us there.

### CHORUS

O is for Obsessions that have brought us to our  
knees  
P is for Psychosis that has turned us into cheese  
Q is for the Quivering that we do every day  
R is for the Relapse that is surely on the way

S is Schizophrenia that comes in awful close  
T is for the Tranquilizers we took by the gross  
U is for the Undertow in every coffee cup  
V is for the Vertigo we got from growing up.

### CHORUS

W's the Worry that we lost the human race  
X is for the Xerox that I'm saving of your face  
Y is for the Yesterday that you have seen me  
through  
Z is for the Zombie who is still in love with you.

### CHORUS

11. **HAIRY ANIMULE** ©1988 L&P Berryman

Ya got me to the point where I would acquiesce  
& take the bandelero off around the shack.

Ya pointed out the folly of my trail behavior  
When I dragged my saddle bag into the sack

But when the winds are warmer and the days are longer  
And the crocus is a-pokin' through the snow  
What's to keep a guy from ridin' a hairy animule  
Wherever in the world he wants to go?

Ya taught me how to order up a sarsparilla  
When a whiskey was a nat'ral thing to buy  
Ya got me off tobaccy & I'm mighty grateful  
Though occasionally I feel a need to cry

Here's another question I'm a gonna ask ya  
But the answer I don't ever wanna know  
What's to keep a guy from ridin' a hairy animule  
Wherever in the world he wants to go?

**BRIDGE**

Suddenly I'm a-washin' out my socks at night  
De odor of defeat's around de shack  
I'd have to say that settlin' down'll be all right  
As long's I got the animule parked out back

Ya traded in my fiddle for a synthesizer  
With a cord that's only eighty inches long  
Now I gotta find myself a live recepticule  
Whenever I be moved to sing a song

Half the time whenever I am near a socket  
Well it won't accept a three prong plug  
But what's to keep a guy from squeezin' a hairy animule  
Whenever in the world he needs a hug.

**REPEAT the BRIDGE**

12. **WHY CAN'T I** ©1988 L&P Berryman

Frank said Mozart, everybody nodded  
Sue said Brahms, everybody beamed  
Dave said Mahler, everybody hollered  
Frank said Bach, everybody screamed  
Sue said Schubert, everybody's cheering  
Dave said Straus, they're jumping up & down  
I said Manilow, Barry Manilow...

Why can't I come up with anything clever?  
I read the New York Times but what's the use  
All my great ideas are little flowers  
& here comes Barry Manilow like a moose  
Why can't I come up with anything clever?  
Why should conversation be so hard  
I say things like "Do you come here often"  
And that is when we're standing in my yard

Frank said jogging, everybody nodded  
Sue said tennis, everybody beamed  
Dave said softball, everybody hollered  
Frank said swimming, everybody screamed  
Sue said cycling, everybody's cheering  
Dave said skiing, they're jumping up & down  
I said bingo, that'n dartball

Why can't I come up with anything clever?  
What if I've used the last thought in my head  
What if you only get ideas 'til 40  
Then either you run for office or drop dead  
I wonder if they offer any courses  
Something like remedial savoir faire  
Or introductory Zen of conversation  
You still can't talk but you don't really care

Frank said Google, everybody nodded • Sue said  
iPod, everybody beamed  
Dave said Firewire, everybody hollered • Frank said  
Broadband, everybody screamed  
Sue said wireless, everybody's cheering  
Dave said RAM, they're jumping up and down  
I said pencil, and good ol' typewriter

That time I was trying to be funny  
Guess my sense of humor's incomplete  
But I'm so tired of trying to be clever  
Never being funny is a treat  
Why can't I come up with anything clever  
All my, all, it's, my, they turn to mush  
Then I go and, you know, can't remember  
m the one who, you know, twitch and blush

**INTRO:**

I saw the coast of Maine  
I hit the skids in old Milwaukee  
I went out west by train  
When I was just seventeen

I been to Puget Sound  
And I was raised in Lou'siana  
And though I been around  
There's one place I've never seen

**VERSES:**

I never played in a band, upon the tropical sand  
I never saw it in June, the Pan-American moon  
Although I sure would like to go,  
I never been to Mexico

I never rented for you, a hacienda for two  
Full of tequila my dear, or some that Mexican beer  
Did I forget or is it so?  
I never been to Mexico

I never got out of bed, and stomped a scorpion dead  
They say you get pretty ill, because the water can kill  
Maybe it can there I don't know  
I never been to Mexico

Maybe someday we will fly, out of the Mexican sky  
I'll get a taco for two, and a burrito for you  
I don't think we'll get there too soon  
I hardly ever leave my room