

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

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!

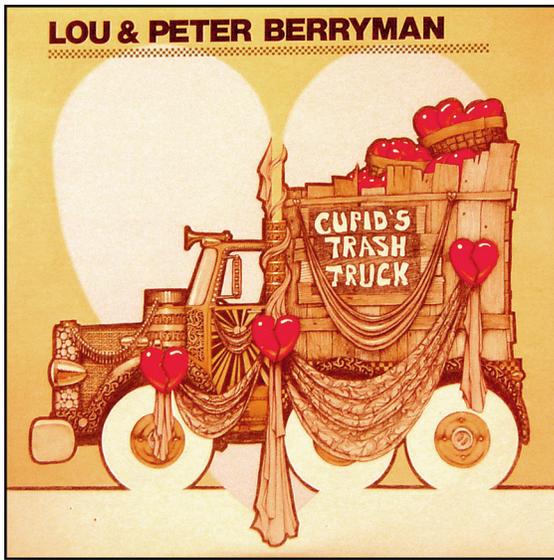
Lou and Peter Berryman
Box 3400
Madison WI 53704

608-257-7750
www.louandpeter.com

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

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

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

© 1981 Mountain Railroad Records, Inc

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

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 tokin' 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 pref'rably
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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

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

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

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

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:

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?