Lyrics for the CD

LOVE is the WEIRDEST of ALL

by Lou and Peter Berryman

LOUANDPETER.COM

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IF YOU HAVE PROBLEMS WITH THIS FILE, PLEASE LET ME KNOW. Thanks!

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Typos, misspellings, and glitches by Zondo

Disc 1, Track 1

ODD MAN OUT
© 1998 L&P Berryman

If your lover won't come over and when you call they're 'bout as warm as an ice cube
And your deck of cards is lost and it's raining and there's nothing good on the boob tube
Here's a game you play alone and you never have to leave the warmth of your armchair
It's your job to try and figure out which word in each grouping doesn't belong there:

Harpo, Ringo, Zorro, Julio,
Zeppo, Chico, STUCCO, Mario, Groucho
Mercury, Venus, Earth-Mars-Jupiter,
Saturn, Neptune, PET WORLD, Uranus, Pluto*
1 pair, 2 pair, MAYONNAISE, 3 of a kind,
Staight, flush, full house, 4 of a kind, straight flush
Car theft, robbery, mugging, burglary,
ROMANCE, hijack, arson, larcency, HAIRBRUSH

Alpha, beta, gamma, epsilon,
Delta, zeta, theta, DRACULA, sigma
Aries, Virgo, Leo, Gemini,
Cancer, Taurus, NISSAN, Capricorn, Libra
Monet, Manet, Van Gogh, Salvidor
Dali, SNEEZY, Cezanne, Delacroix, Renoir
Earthquake, typhoon, mudslide, hurricane,
ROMANCE, blizzard, firestorm, tidal wave, NUT BAR

Sister, brother, father, son-in-law,
Uncle, nephew, cousin, DOUBLE-U, daughter
Whisky, vodka, champaigne, creme de menthe,
Brandy, ouzo, Pernod, muscatel, WATER
Southeast, northwest, northeast, north by northwest,
Due north, due east, DREW BARRYMORE, due south
Headache, earache, heartburn, stomach flu,
ROMANCE, toothache, sore throat, muscle ache, BIG MOUTH

Freon, Neon, Xenon, OREGON / Cotton, Rayon, Orlon, ALANON
Phone-ring earring gold-ring SLOBBERING / Hardees Wendy's RABIES Burger-King

Toaster, freezer, washer, opener,
Blender, mixer, ANGER, vegetable steamer
Hipbone, heel bone, tailbone, fibula,
Cheekbone, jawbone,TROMBONE, scapula, femur
Desk lamp, flashlight, lantern, photoflood,
Headlight, dome light, night light, CELLULITE, sun lamp
Puzzler, baffler, cypher, cryptogram,
ROMANCE, riddle, mystery, question mark, OFF RAMP

**Since Pluto is no longer a planet, sometimes we just leave out "pet world"...*

Disc 1, Track 2

CRAB CANAPE
© 1982 L&P Berryman

(Lou's 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

(Peter's 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

Dis ain't too bad, dis ain't too bad
Dis ain't too bad! Then when we're done,
We can have fun and touch

NOTE: This song really needs to be listened to to figure out who sings what where...

Disc 1, Track 3

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

Disc 1, Track 4

DOUBLE YODEL
©1995 L&P Berryman

I was once a lonesome cowboy ask my cattle
I was once a cowgirl incomplete and blue
Til the roundup when we came to share a saddle
Now we do all of the things that sidekicks do

Plus not only does romancing go with dancing
On the chaparral without a chaperone
But additionally it seems to be enhancing
All the thousand things we used to do alone

Like when I sneeze I have a guy to say gesundheit
Changing a fuse I found a gal to hold the flashlight
Out of all these the one that made my pleasure total
Is that I found I had a pal to help me yodel

chorus: Yo del a day ee tee oh
Yo del ay ee tee oh oo
We yodel along the trail all day
Yo del ay ee yo del ay ee
Yo del ay dee yo del ay dee
In a easy double vocal yodel way

Saturday night when we confuse the Palomino
Takin the long romantic way to the casino
Riding along we share a jug of amoretto
And after I sing a bit of bass I sing falsetto

Chorus

Lucky are we to have each other for assistance
For when the locals hear us yodel in the distance
And when they say that yokel's vocal cords are supple
They'd be surprised to find the yokel is a couple

Chorus

NOTE: Chorus is sung by two people alternating the low and high parts. You really have to hear the song to figure out how this works.

Disc 1, Track 5

ORANGE COCOA CAKE
©1993 L&P Berryman.

Hello Joanie this is me (!)
Say I found that recipe for
Orange cocoa cake so Joanie
Get a pencil quick because can
You believe i'm by myself (!)
Al's at work the kids are out they're
Playing house all three of them they're
All out on the deck

One half cup unsweetened cocoa
One half cup of boiling water
Quarter cup of butter and a
Quarter cup of short'ning two cups
Sugar one eighth teaspoon salt (!)
Teaspoon of vanilla, one and
One half teaspoons baking soda
Scuze me just a sec

Dave, dear, i'm right over here
Would you like some crackers and baloney
Are you having fun? don't get too much sun.
Please excuse me, while I talk to Joanie

Two eggs Joanie David David
Crackers dear not malted milk balls
In the cupboard Joanie one cup
Buttermilk or sour milk (!)
One and three fourths cups unsifted
Ring baloney in the fridge, un-
Sifted general purpose David
Did you really check

One and three fourths cups unsifted
General purpose flour Joanie
Therel finally got it out (!)
Okay David malted milk balls
Only five though three fourths teaspoon
Grated orange peel a quarter
Teaspoon orange extract uh-oh
Scuze me just a sec

Liz, Ben, i'm here in the den
Would you like some crackers and baloney
Are you having fun? Don't get too much sun
Please excuse me, while I talk to Joanie

Joanie one more eighth teaspoon of
Lizzie what's the matter dear
Baking soda Joanie Lizzie
Don't hit Benjie that's uncalled for
That's okay Ben Joanie three more
Tablespoons of buttermilk or
Sour milk oh come here Liz (!)
What's that on your neck

Now don't worry Liz it's only
One real tiny tick (!) someone
David go and get the tweezers
Joanie maybe in the bathroom
Joanie maybe we should Ben don't
Cry have one more malted milk ball
Lizzie mom'll be right there but
Scuze me just a sec

Really gotta go Joan, see about a tick, we're
Gonna have a party with the neighborhood kids then
Lizzie has to go to an appointment at 11an' I'm
Takin Benjie too because we have to buy a costume

(!) He's in a play tomorrow over at the church (!)
Isnt 'at tomorrow Benjie, Benjie wheredja go Lizzie
Isnt Benjie gonna play a piece-o-pie tomorrow I re-
Member now a pump-kin-pie

Lizzie can't go, there's a party in the park for alla
People with pets, well you know she gotta go to that n
Daddy gonna take her and the kitty in the Chevy after
That we have to reconnoiter over at the Big Boy

(!) I gotta go Joan, by the way djaever recon-
Sider gettin married havin children of your own (!)
Turn the television down yr mothers on the telephone
Call you back Joan, toodaloo

NOTE: The exclamation points in parenthesis indicate where you should take a breath.

Disc 1, Track 6

The STUFF SONG
1998 L&P Berryman

I had always considered my habits austere
Cause i don't have a boat or a big chandelier
But then recently something became very clear
When I found myself building another new shelf

I'm no antiquer with hundreds of lamps
And I'm not a philatelist tho I have stamps
Nor am I a numismatist such as my gramps
But I run a museum in spite of myself

Ties for example I've dozens of those
I have ties that are thin and go down to your toes
And a couple so wide you don't need any clothes
And so thick they will cushion your fall if you faint

Ties that are new and a few from my youth
And a wool one I wore on a whim in Duluth
And a doozy i bought in a mall in a booth
And a few i invented with glitter and paint

Leftover paint for the ceiling and floor
I have paint for old wood that was painted before
I have paint i forget what it's for anymore
And a color for only where nobody looks

Red for the car that i drove as a teen
And a can of a hideous lemony green
And a hundred percent of the shades in between
With instructions on painting in handyman books

Books in the cupboard & books overhead
and a shelf of quotations from guys who are dead
a collection of classics i never have read
and an unopened book about keeping in shape

Waterproof books about building a yacht
And the story of spam which I read & forgot
A debunking of Ripley's Believe It Or Not
And a hist'ry of myst'ry and Dickens on tape

Tape I have some that is stronger than glue
And electrical tape in both yellow & blue
I have tape for the pool or to patch a canoe
Even tho I don't own a canoe or a pool

Tape for my car that's reflective and red
I have tape for the trunks of my trees in the shed
I have leftover tape from a gash in my head
I have tape you apply with a packaging tool

Tools i have lying around everywhere
Like a pump for replacing the air in a spare
And a circular saw and a carpenter square
And a fairly elaborate socket array

Hammers and planes and a ratcheting wrench
And a workbench of drills and a drilling extension
That fits in a rack on tha back of the bench
Over lithium grease in an aerosol spray

Spray for my hair i have cream for my face
I have dandruff shampoo with an apricot base
I have bottles of aloe all over the place
And a case of deoderant germicide soap

Now while I rinse couldn't somebody quick
Give a person perspective on what makes 'im tick
Tell me why in a world full of hungry and sick
I need herbal emollient and soap on a rope

I'm ashamed to admit I have too many socks
And infusers and shovels and pencils and clocks
And enough pairs of glasses to fill a shoe box
And fedoras and paper clips up the wazoo

Sorting it all into bins would be wise
But I ran out of rubbermaid boxes that size
And for labels i don't have the office supplies
So it looks like i have some more shopping to do

It looks like i have some more shopping to do

Disc 1, Track 7

HANDYMAN
©1990 L&P Berryman

He goes for a walk, he comes back with caulk, and a gallon o' roofin' tar
A leveling rule, a spackling tool, spark plugs for the car
A pair of pliers, speaker wires, an oil draining pan
Well I know that I, could do it but why, when I fell for my handyman

Well he's gonna lay a floor o' parkay just as soon as he finds the time
He's gonna install a light in the hall, a doorbell like a chime
How he chooses all my fuses I don't understand
I know that I could, I probably should, but I fell for my handyman

He sanded the sink, epoxied it pink, it's exactly the shade I like
He got the TV adjusted for me, gonna fix my bike
Grease & oil it, move the toilet, according to my plan
It used to take dough, to get it just so til I fell for my handyman

His carpenter square & dust in his hair oh my heart has begun to melt
The paint he can scrape the measuring tape clipped right to his belt
Here's a pipe wrench there's the workbench where it all began
A lamp on the blink a smile & a wink & I fell for my handyman

I know he's sincere cause either he's here or he's out at the lumberyard
& I have a hunch when I make him lunch, he works twice as hard
Main attraction, satisfaction, says so on his van
My doors they all close, my lawnmower mows,
Since I fell for my Handyman

Disc 1, Track 8

DOWN BY THE BOATHOUSE

©1989 Lou & Peter Berryman

I dreamed we went walking one Sunday at three
A barmaid, a hooker, an old man and me
Down by the boathouse we played a few games
Most without rules and some without names

Soon we were joined by a nun on a horse
Who immediately got in the action of course
With gadgets from Mexico wrapped up in rags
Discretely delivered in brown paper bags

With oils from faraway corners of France
And leather attachments on strangely made pants
With cameras with timers recording the scene
We managed to romp till eleven fifteen

When the old man stood up and said "I've had enough"
He wiped off his whiskers and packed up his stuff
He said "Please forgive me, it's hard on my heart"
We stood in the doorway and watched him depart

The barmaid retreated in swirls of remorse
The nun cried "My goodness!" and climbed on her horse
The hooker said "Thank you" and gave me the bill
I was alone and the boathouse was still

I dreamed we went walking one Sunday at three
A barmaid, a hooker, an old man and me
Down by the boathouse we played a few games
Most without rules and some without names

Disc 1, Track 9

FORGET ME NOT
©1990 Lou & Peter Berryman

When the whatchacallums blossom by the back porch
And the bluish purple whoozis do the same
And the bird with yellow on it sings a number
My mind drifts back to lovely whats-her-name

The puffy nimbo-something clouds are floating
High above the hoosiewhatsis tree
And the bushes with the purple jobs are blooming
By those forget-me-nots I love to see

On the Monday or the Tuesday that I met her
We had pasta full of cheese, what is it called
When we stopped at the Cafe something-or-other
Where our Dodge or was it Studebaker stalled

We danced some kind of dance I can't remember
As they played what was the name of that old song
I recall i gave her wine or was it candy
And I brought a few forget-me-nots along

I almost can remember what she looks like
Her elbow on the gizmo of the chair
Pinning up the doodad of her dickey
And snapping the doohickey in her hair

Well I gave her a fancy thing of flowers
I asked her if she'd share my driveway too
If my memory serves me she was cordial
But whispered these forget-me-nots'll do

Well I should look her up one of these summers
I believe she moved to Boise or Madrid
So that we could lie again by what's that river
And do some of the things I think we did

She broke my heart or was it vice-versa
Well one of us was sad as we could be
I sent her some forget-me-nots in parting
Or did she send forget-me-nots to me?

Disc 1, Track 10

ACME FORGETTING SERVICE
©2000 Lou & Peter Berryman

D'you lie awake at night afraid and upset
Hounded by something you would rather forget
And you can't shake it off whatever you do
Give us a call, and we'll forget it for you
    If there's a mem'ry that is causing you pain
    By going round and round and round in your brain
    And you're a wreck because you can't sleep at all
    Put your pajamas on and give us a call

CHORUS:
For if your past is making you nervous
And you don't know what to do
Call the Acme Forgetting Service
ONE-EIGHT-HUNDRED-SOMETHING!-TWO-TWO-TWO

Once every evening we delete all our files
Our Post-It notes are in incredible piles
There's only disappearing ink in our pens
And all our pencils they erase at both ends
    If there's a song you can't get out of your head
    There's always suicide, but call us instead
    We will forget it which will free up your brain
    Then we'll replace it with this lovely refrain

Our politician package goes pretty fast
In which we work on both your future and past
For one small fee we'll disremember for you
Your indiscretions and your promises too
    These days the Democrats they need us for sure
    And Libertarians to deal with the poor*
    But those Republicans they haven't called yet
    They have no conscience, they don't have to forget

*This line changes sometimes. For the last few years we've been singing:

These days the Democrats call now and then
Tryin' to forget that it could happen again..."

Disc 1, Track 11

GLORIOUS PREDICTION
©1996 Lou & Peter Berryman

From the shower we heard strangers ring our doorbell twice,
We were dripping when they told us of their view
How the lion will be lyin' with the little mice
When the glorious prediction comes true

So we asked them as we dried off what they really mean
Vicious pumas will they settle for fondue
Will the bullfrog stick his tongue out for a lima bean
When the glorious prediction comes true

Chorus:
When the glorious prediction comes true
When the glorious prediction comes true
Will it be as good for me as it will be for you
When the glorious prediction comes true

Will there be less TV football 'fyou don't like football
Will there be more TV football if you do
'N if you're not sure if you like it will there be some football
When the glorious prediction comes true

Will the lovers who once dumped you for the hell of it
Will they mention since they left you they've been blue
Brokenhearted, suicidal, also celibate
When the glorious prediction comes true

Chorus

Will the tenants have their landlords let em stay for free
Will the landlords have their rent paid when it's due
Will this somehow not be seen as a discrepancy
When the glorious prediction comes true

Will there be nothing parasitic on your Chia pet
No accordion playing people 'cept for Lou
No more strangers ringing doorbells when you're dripping wet
When the glorious prediction comes true

Chorus

Disc 1, Track 12

ALPHABET POLKA
©1988 Lou & Peter Berryman

Darlin' if we ever don't remember what to do
I wrote down the A-B-C's of being me an' you
A is for Anxiety the worst that it can get
B is for Bulimia, 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 Hallucination, 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.

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.

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.

Disc 1, Track 13

LOVE IS THE WEIRDEST OF ALL
Also k nown as
WEIRDER THAN SUNLIGHT
©2000 Lou & Peter Berryman

I know that the moon's been dissected
They've mapped every fissure and crater
And what they don't know at the moment
They'll find it out sooner or later

And I know it's right there on the web page
Where the moon'll be Tuesday at midnight
But I don't think they'll ever convince me
That moonlight's not weirder than sunlight

CHORUS:
You learn from two pines when they whisper
You learn from two loons when they call
That the best things in life are peculiar
And love is the weirdest of all

There are books on dynamics of water
They've exhausted the physics of floating
Personal flotation pillows
Have taken the risk out of boating

You can build a canoe in a weekend
Out of fiberglass, birch bark and caulking
But I don't think they'll ever convince me
Canoeing's not weirder than walking

Chorus

Of all of the things we've invented
From indelible ink to elastic
I would say without batting an eyelash
That nothing is stranger than plastic

And the oddest of all are the posies
That seem perfectly real till you feel one
But I don't think they'll ever convince me
That a plastic one's weird as a real one

Chorus

They have synthesized half of the hormones
And have numbered the nerves and synapses
They know how desire is triggered
And why one's resistance collapses

They know romance is bioelectric
And the body is one big appliance
But I don't think they'll ever convince me
That necking's not weirder than science

Chorus

Though we know our gardenias in Latin
This corsage is no less of a myst'ry
And the moon remains very peculiar
Despite all the Apollos thru history

So tonight when we woo on the river
It's okay that we know our canoeing
Nonetheless when it comes down to wooing
I'm glad we don't know what we're doing

Chorus

Disc 2, Track 1

WHY AM I PAINTING THE LIVING ROOM?
©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

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?

> 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?

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

> 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

CHORUS:
Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

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 good-looking living room

Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

NOTE: This song really needs to be listened to to figure out who sings what where...

Disc 2, Track 2
TALKIN' AT THE SAME TIME
© 2000 Lou & Peter Berryman

You say the two'v you've tried to ride a horse apiece a-
Round the grounds and all you have to show for it's a horse shoe
    And that the two'v you've nude canoed 'n read in bed 'n
    Flown to Rome and nothin' drives you nuts the way it used to
Well now the news for you's we've seen between a pair a way to
Save the day that neither takes an hour nor a thin dime
    Now if the two'v you've the urge to merge pizzaz n' jazz n' razzmatazz
    Learn to turn to talkin' at the same time

Well d'j ever see a brighter lightning or a louder thunder
Rain, rain, rain all l night
How bout the hail, the hail, the hail, it musta hailed for half an hour
The ground was nearly white
Well all the thunder and the hail it really scared the pooches
Scared them thru and thru
The dogs were really goin' crazy they were really goin' nuts
'Til sometime after two

NOTE: This is a two person song. When we sing it, Peter sings the lines that are IN-DENTED here, and Lou sings the rest. But you really have to hear this song to know how it is interwoven.

    Raining, it was, raining
    Thunder, man it rumbled and it thundered like a freight train
    Hail and rain and lightning
    Oh the hail the hail was intermingled with the hard rain
    Hail as big as golf balls
    It was really noisy and the dogs were going crazy
    Those poor dogs freak out in thunderstorms
    Oh we musta been awake until three

No doubt the two'v you'v improved a few'v the normal formal
Ways to form a phrase to raise the level of your heart to hearts
    As when the two'v you'v clowned around and found your mood
    Renewed upon one....
...upon one ending up a sentence that the other starts
But if the two'v you've spelled, or yelled, or rapped, or tapped a code
Or signed, or whined, or made a pun, or done a pantomime
    Or if the two'v you'v spoken broken French or chat in Latin
    You can learn to turn to talkin' at the same time

Well poor Lou Anne it seems Lou Anne is in another crisis
I hope she's okay
Her luck is bad it seems she has a few catastrophes a week
Or more like every day
Now was it Tuesday, that she called me, was it only Tuesday

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE >>>>

...TALKIN' AT THE SAME TIME

(Continued from previous page)

She couldn't catch her breath
She said her stove blew up, her stove blew up and nearly burned the house down
She was scared to death

Poor Lou Anne, poor Lou Anne
That Lou Anne is always in a crisis if you ask me
Bad luck she has bad luck
Poor Lou Anne's in crisis every month or maybe weekly
Tuesday yes just Tuesday
Calling in a panic from her doctors office downtown
Poor Lou Anne, her entire stove blew up
Oh my God she nearly burned the house down

BRIDGE (both voices)
Frogs all croak together, in the noisy bog
Dogs all know it's best to bark with at least one more dog
Cows all do their mooing, simultaneously
Ducks don't wait their turn to quack so why oh why should we?

I'm sure the two'v you'v reclined behind the blinds 'n locked the door before
To rest or best of all to see some TV
And there the two'v you'v unwound around the tube a tad and had a half
Carafe o' wine to find you're growing hungry
When you decide to call for pizza after laughter at the fridge about your
Jar of moldy chutney and your brown lime
Well if the two'v you've the wherewithal to crawl to phones you each can reach
Dontcha turn to talkin' at the same time

Hello hello, is this the pizza pit we'd like a pizza
Olives, double cheese
And put some pepperoni, pepperoni, definitely pepperoni,
Thin crust, thin crust, please
i'd like some pepsi, diet pepsi, either coke or pepsi,
Coke would be okay
Now wait now don't hang up now don't hang up, I didn't give the street yet
Oh dear what'd I say

Hi, we'd like, a pizza
Double cheese and olives, no anchovies, pepperoni
Sausage, no, not sausage,
Well I guess a little sausage maybe, and some pepsi
Root beer, too, some root beer
Either that or pepsi, and a couple sticks of cheese bread
Don't hang up, no don't, oops
They hung up. Gosh I hope it wasn't something I said

Disc 2, Track 3

WHEN DID WE HAVE SAUERKRAUT?
©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

Come on in and have a chair, today's the day I clean the fridge
But we can talk while it's defrosting pardon all the mess
How you been, I just got back from Elgin, Illinois myself
For me the charm of traveling is fading I confess
Could you grab the pot of water on the stove so I can stick it
In the freezer, this is so archaic don't you think?
This one last ice cube tray won't come unstuck, it's kinda welded
To some broccoli, God I think it's broccoli, why's this broccoli pink?

How about the onion dip you think it's any good or should we
Toss it to the dog it looks okay but I dunno
And by the way I stopped off at the Belvedere Oasis
Which is such a pretty name for such an ugly place to go
They shove those puffy sandwiches in sacks like so much garbage
And their shakes are largely lather but I bought one anyhow
Look at this it's sauerkraut, now when did we have sauerkraut?
Whatever this stuff was it sure is sauerkraut by now

Comin' back I heard a show 'bout ..Ah-ppenheimer...OH-ppenheimer...whatsis name
And how they made the bomb to prove a point
They didn't even know if it would start a chain reaction that would
Move into the atmosphere and vaporize the joint
Could you dump this ice out in the bathtub can you dig it?
Here we're dumpin' out the ice to make some room to make some more
Howd'ja like a chicken that came over with Columbus well I've got one here
Don't mention it dear that's what friends are for

Remember, back in grammar school they used to have those drills where they would
Make you crawl beneath your desk for when the bomb would come
The hell with those evacuation routes and all those shelters
I just bought myself a desk you know I'm really not that dumb
These carrots were a little more excited when I bought 'em, Lord
And here's a slice of bread looks like a twenty dollar bill
Here's a thing of Tupperware that's full of marijuana
If this stuff improves with age it's prob'ly good enough to kill

Don't you ever wonder what became of all the activists like us
Who tried to make a little noise about the war
They musta got absorbed into the general flow of balderdash
And no one seems to pay 'em much attention anymore
Someday if I get it all together in my life I may
Go buy a new refrigerator this one's got to go
Why would anybody keep a yam as long as I do
'Spose I thought it'd come in handy and you never really know

Disc 2, Track 4

A CHAT WITH YOUR MOTHER
(Also known as A Chat With Your Mom,
and often called The F-Word Song)
©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

Oh the pirates in their fetid galleons, daggers in their skivvies
With infected tattooed fingers on a blunderbuss or two
Signs of scurvy in their eyes and only mermaids on their minds
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

CHORUS:
We sit down to have a chat
It's F-word this and F-word that
I can't control how you young people talk to one another
But I don't want to hear you use that F-word with your mother

There are lumberjacks from Kodiak vacationing in Anchorage
Enchanted with their pine tar soup and Caribou shampoo
With seven weeks of back pay in their aromatic woolens
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

Chorus

There are militant survivalists with Gucci bandoleros
Taking tacky khaki walkie talkies to the rendezvous
Trading all the latest armor-piercing ammo information
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

Chorus

There are jocks who think that God himself is drooling in the bleachers
In a cold November downpour with a belly full of brew
Whose entire grasp of heaven has a lot to do with football
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

Chorus

There's unsavory musicians with their filthy pinko lyrics
Who destroy the social fabric and enjoy it when they do
With their groupies and addictions and their poor heartbroken parents
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

Chorus

Disc 2, Track 5

IT'S BETTER THAN THAT
©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

I got a flash for you kids who think adults are lucky
Own their own cars and everything's just ducky
Goin' to bed whenever they want to
If that's what you think I got a flash for you

It's better than that
Take Saturday and multiply it
Times 54, add 30 more
It's better that that

We have a chocolate eclair about as big as your head
Way before noon before we get out of bed
We do the things you're not allowed to do
Then we do things you haven't thought of too

Hang on to your hat
Hang on to your baloney sandwich
Take 50 grand, to Disneyland
It's better than that

And If you think that our days are extra warm and sunny
A pile of toys a pocketful of money
With no one to fear because we're big and tall
We're never in school because we know it all

It's better than that
More comfy than a secret hideout
By quite a bit, just think of it
It's better than that

And if you think we're not smothered like the Beav and Wally
And if we wanna horse, we get a horse, by golly
And if we wanna play we get to play with food,
And if we wanna run we run with scissors, NUDE

It's better than that
It's finer than a fast bicycle
A 20 speed velocipede
It's better than that

Take 50 Grand to Disneyland
It’s better than that

Disc 2, Track 6

RED KIMONO
©1998 Lou & Peter Berryman

With sun on the Aspidistra, with news on the Motorola
I picked up my red kimono, from the chair
With breakfast a little nearer, I gazed in the bureau mirror
Anxious as to who I'd see there

It coulda been Oprah, coulda been Elvis, coulda been Eva Gabor
Coulda been Kerouac, coulda been Balzac, or Mister Kashudak, next door
It coulda been Billy, (my cousin in Philly), or Waylon or Willie, or Robert E. Lee
The Mona Lisa, or Mother Teresa, but it happened to be me

I went down to feed the Budgie, and plug in the Mr. Coffee
And fumble inconsequently with my hair
While peeling an avocado, I peeked out the kitchen window
Anxious as to what I'd see there

It coulda been Cleveland, it coulda been Sweden, it coulda been Mercury or Spain
Coulda been Burnaby, British Columbia, coulda been Muncie or Maine
The Mall of America,or Buenaventura, or Montevideo Boulevard
Coulda been Omaha, coulda been Panama, but it looked like our yard

Where standing among the clover, my darling along with Rover,
Was watching the sun go over, like a blur
With wonder and admiration, I gazed at the situation,
Perplexed at how lucky we were

We coulda been isotopes, we coulda been cantaloupes, we coulda been hat racks or dice
We coulda been semaphores, we coulda been dinosaurs, we coulda been cough drops, or lice
We coulda been roadmaps, a bucket of mousetraps, a couple of big shoes, on a bus
We coulda been dipsticks, or lavender lipsticks, but we happened to be us

BRIDGE:
That night I had nightmares my life was remade
And the universe all rearranged
In the morning I gingerly opened my eyes
Afraid that the world may have changed

I rose from my hibernation to check out the situation,
And soon my exhilaration filled the air
With sun on the aspidistra, with news on the Motorola
I picked up my red kimono, from the chair

Disc 2, Track 7

OH AGNES
©1989 Lou & Peter Berryman

Agnes you wanted to get out of Norway
We fell in love and we landed in Maine
I went off my way and you went off your way
Me on the bottle and you on the train

CHORUS:
Oh Agnes, oh Norway, it's quarter to seven
Yogurt is all that this poor boy can eat
Take me back into your arms for minute
I'm drunk as a skunk and I'm dead on my feet

Agnes I dreamed that the trip would be easy
Too bad a dream goes the way that it does
Strolls on the deck and a little parcheesi
Are fine in themselves but that's all that there was

The captain all morning would stare at the ceiling
The whites of his eyes were as green as the sea
Agnes was worried and I had the feeling
The same thing would happen to Agnes and me.

The ship was a dingy old freighter from Oslo
Agnes and I had just turned twenty three
Now I am older and Agnes is also
The ship is in dry dock in Sioux St. Marie

My lefse is moldy, my Agnes is elsewhere
My heart's been in Norway since I don't know when
I know by the sticky old sides of my armchair
I never will book on this passage again

Disc 2, Track 8

MAIDEN VOYAGE
©1998 Lou & Peter Berryman

With a picture of mom and a bottle of pop
In my youth I did cruise the Bahamas
I brought my new pumps and my seersucker frock
But I spent the whole voyage in pajamas

My togs and my rackets I never unpacked
And the same with my Coppertone lotion
But the 100's of Dramamine tablets I brought
Were soon in the (ulp) in the ocean

CHORUS:
Be careful my daughter, for life is a voyage
And time is the ocean you're sailing
The trick is in keeping your eyes to the side
While your head is (ulp) over the railing

Up from a trough we would lurch to a crest
And slip down the slope to a valley
To the odor of diesel and seaweed and fish
And grease from the (ulp) from the galley

The captain was living on parboiled squid
And inquired if I'd like to try it
I said thanks but I'm (ulp) i'm on a (ulp)
Thanks but I'm (ulp) on a diet *CHORUS*

The dandies would pencil epistles that read
When this cruise was over they'd miss me
So why wouldn't they (ulp) why wouldn't they (ulp)
Why wouldn't they (ulp) they kiss me?

They all said they'd like to but something's come up
I'm not sure exactly what that meant
D'ya spose it was (ulp), d'ya spose it was(ulp)
D'ya suppose (ulp) it (ulp) was my accent *CHORUS*

But then I caught sight of your father at last
He was green as the threatening sky was
And I knew in my heart he was my kind of guy
For he was as queasy as I was

It isn't the brand of the coffee you drink
But whom you are sharing the cup with
For it matters not much what you're holding inside
But (ulp) whom you (ulp) bring it up with *CHORUS*

Disc 2, Track 9

DO YOU BELIEVE IN ME? ©1996 Lou & Peter Berryman

Do you think Santa Claus on a long November night
When Rudolf cracks a hoof and the elves are breaking down with a
Bottle of bourbon open on the toy line
D'you think he calls me up
Not when the chance is slim that I believe in him
No he'll call Christmas freaks with ten foot plastic trees
And one big statuette, floodlit and turning slowly
Shimmering like a red potato pancake
Of Santa Claus himself
That's who he'll ask with glee: Do you believe in me?

And old Count Dracula, on those long summer eves
When twilight lingers on, and the man has shared the day with a
Rubbermaid array of under bed bins
D'you think he leaps at me
Upset cause I insist that he does not exist
No he'll jump vampire fans who never dangle arms
Too far beside their beds, and nightly wake up screaming
Fumbling with a hammer and a tent stake
Since they believe in him
He'll suck their scapula to prove he's Dracula

And that poor tooth fairy, when she's all out of dimes
And her truck's full of teeth and she hears nine more children
Wiggling on their molars in the suburbs
D'you think she picks that time
To ask why I prefer to not believe in her
No she calls five year olds who hoard their baby teeth
Like little traveler's checks that they put underneath their
Pillow and then they whisper with a new lisp
"Tooth fairy pleathe come thoon"
That's who she asks you see: Do you believe in me?

So when your boss is mean and your begonia dies
And your best friend buys guns and your new couch comes off and
Litters about a mile of the freeway
You should not pick this time
To have your mom appraise the way you live these days
No you should march right in and call yours truly up
Who hangs on every word and will go: "...unh-unh, uh-huh, unh-unh,
Certainly and of course not..."
Enthusiastically.
So soon's this line is free go make a call to me.

Disc 2, Track 10

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU LIKE MY SHIRT
©1992 Lou & Peter Berryman

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

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

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

If I were in a space suit, an hour from the shuttle,
It'd be okay from there
If I were with the Packers in Cleveland in a huddle,
It'd be okay from there
If I had influenza, without my decongestant, and we were in a cyclone dear
And I could keep a clothespin affixed to my proboscis,
It'd be okay 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 okay to him
To a hermit in the desert, wit' absolutely nuttin'
It'd taste okay to him
If I'd been in a coma for half a generation, dining intravenously
& you had lied a little, and said my shirt was lovely,
It'd taste okay to me.

NOTE: A two-voice song. Peter sings the INDENTED lines, Lou sings the rest.

Disc 2, Track 11

THE SPECULATOR
©1992 Lou & Peter Berryman

We’re never ever bored when we’re ridin' in the Ford
Cause we have a Speculator on the dash
It doesn't pay the bills or assist you up the hills
And it isn’t gonna save you if you crash

But when you pass a dairy now and then
You 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 it's a shop with a grinder and 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 th mule when it’s time to go to school
And 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 spiels
And 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 Speculator's 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 carburetor fire
Burning insulation off a wire
I think a chunka rust coulda twisted in a gust
And be rubbin’ on the rubber of the tire

When you’re on the plains in the Colorado rains
Or you’re drivin' to Bemidgi in the snow
When you’re headed north from Chicago on the Fourth
And a Winnebago’s holding up the show

Conversation god almighty 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

Is 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 serviette 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 you're 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
And 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 having babies
Though the odds are in your favor he’s a prick

NOTE: We sing this as a two-person song, tho we have heard it performed as a solo.

Disc 2, Track 12

BIRD BIRD BIRD
©2003 Lou & Peter Berryman

Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow
Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow
Silo, tractor, barn, plow
Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

Hay field, hay field, hay field
Hay field, hay field, hay field
Hay field, hay field, hay field
Hay field, hay field, hay field

Speed zone, thirty, Walmart
Walmart, Walmart, Walmart
Garden tractor, go cart
Asphalt asphalt, Kmart

Kmart, Kmart, gas pump
Gas pump, gas pump, gas pump
Wendy's Drive Thru, speed bump
Ponderosa, gas pump

Duplex, duplex, driveway
Duplex, duplex, driveway
Duplex, duplex, driveway
Duplex, duplex, driveway

House, house, bar, cafe, church
Funeral parlor, school, church
Old Milwaukee, fried perch
Tavern, tavern, bar, church

Empty storefront, plywood
Plywood, plywood, plywood
Out of business for good
Relocated, plywood

Hotel, courthouse, dead shrub
Dead tree, dead grass, dead shrub
Discount liquor, strip club
Empty building, dead shrub

House, house, trailer, yard sale
Trailer, trailer, yard sale
Tavern, high school, bike trail
Gas pump, trailer, yard sale

Road construction, EAT NOW
Strip mall, pig farm, sow, sow
Silo, tractor, barn, plow
End construction, cow, cow

Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow
Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow
Silo, tractor, barn, plow
Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

Hay field, hay field, hay field
Hay field, hay field, hay field
Hay field, hay field, hay field
Hay field, hay field, hay field

Disc 2, Track 14

MADISON, WISCONSIN
©2000 Lou & Peter Berryman

We take the show to Minnesota, we take the show to Monterey
We fly to Boston on a plane and we drive to Portland, Maine
And we gig along the way

And at the end of each performance we blow the audience a kiss
And when following the show they come up to say hello,
Seems it always leads to this:

CHORUS:
So how's ol' Madison, Wisconsin, is that Paul Soglin still the mayor
And is Rennebohm's expanding, the Club de Wash still there?
I used to sit out on the terrace and watch my grade point disappear
For the life of me I don't know how I wound up here

Now I can see us in the future, we take a boat to Bengal Bay
From Calcutta on a train to the Himalayan chain
Takes at least another day

We hike for weeks among the foothills, it feels like 700 miles
We ask a Sherpa, could you please help us carry all our cheese?
And he turns around and smiles:

We leave Mount Everest behind us, we hop a steamer tramp to Perth
Old Australia seems to me's far away as you can be
And remain upon the Earth

But in our Bucky Badger derbies as we survey the billabong
We think we're really off the map till a local sees the cap
And didgery-does a little song:

We leave Australia in a rocket, we hit the moon and take a walk
The craters all are full of guys with enormous buggy eyes
And they all begin to talk

It sounds like "hey gadeng vadaieda oh yah gadeng vadeida hey"
But we realize pretty soon, they mean 'welcome to the moon,
Have a beer and by the way':

Disc 2, Track 14

GOODNIGHT EVERYBODY
©1998 Lou & Peter Berryman

When the raindrops tumble through the dark night air
It's so hard to remember that the moon's still there
Though the clouds may diminish by the dawn somehow
In the sky high above them that ol' moon shines now

Where a jet plane twinkles in the starry sky
And it's hard to imagine there are folks that high
Eating nuts and peering through the atmosphere
Trying hard to imagine there are folks down here

CHORUS:
So good night everybody and good night all things
We will sleep close together till the 'larm clock rings
We may range from the ocean to the end of space
But in time's estimation we're in one small place

There are friends by the ocean oh so far away
Whom I left in the evening of a bygone day
I will go back to see them once again I vow
But what gives me the shivers is they're there right now

I won't feel that I'm going till I start to pack
I won't feel that I've been there till the slides come back
And when we stand together by the deep blue sea
I will not quite believe that it is really me

Though the flights to the moon have been in some decline
I remember the eagle back in sixty nine
That they walked on the moon is not as wild somehow
As the fact there are footprints on the moon right now

And we all go exploring in our separate ways
We take off on vacation by ourselves for days
But we're always together and we're home at last
On the spot where the future meets the dear old past

Disc 2, Track 15

YOUR STATE'S NAME HERE
©1988 Lou & Peter 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 gramma would sing in the garden for hours
To all of (the names of indigenous 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)

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 and it's there I'll grow old
By the rivers of blue and the arches of gold.

NOTE: This is definitely a two-person (or at least two-voice) song.
The second voice sings the parts in parentheses.