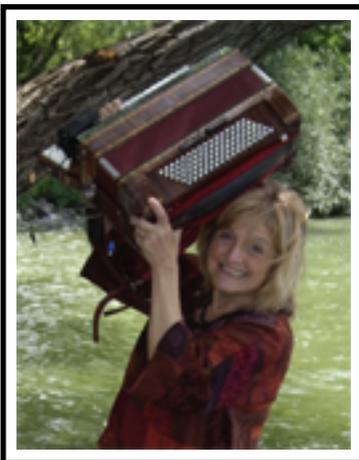


Complete lyrics for the CD
ROCKY FRONTIER
Lou & Peter Berryman
Recorded summer 2011

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All lyrics
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as dated

All sorts of information at
LOUANDPETER.COM

Box 3400, Madison WI 53704
608-257-7750



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

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

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

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

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

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

BRIDGE:

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

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

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

VOICE ONE, Plain text
VOICE TWO, *Italic*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(BOTH SING:)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BRIDGE:

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

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

WHY?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. Do you feel that the manmade world is a vacuum
Suckin' away your strength
When the FAQ for your new cell phone's a full
52 chapters in length

'Nif you'da been a Jersey grazin' in the shade
You'da taken it easy indeed
'Cause a cow needs nothin' but food, a field
A little bull and somethin' to read.

CHORUS:

Though sometimes it's so nice to have a
Little electric light in the hall, by the phone
And sometimes it's so nice to have a
Television at night when you're all, all alone
Although the old electric blanket's, fine I guess
Don't you sometimes feel that we should, retrogress

2. But you know down deep that a minimal life'll never
Set the human heart on fire
To make a pegboard hook for every tool you buy
'D take a good size mountain of wire

'Nif you'da been a little red ant on the other hand
Nothin' woulda been so hard
'Cause an ant needs nothin' but a hill, a hole,
A little uncle and a library card.

3. Do ya ever get the feelin' on the freeway home
When the last three lanes converge
That if you clench your teeth until your gums turn blue
You can't negotiate one more merge

You'd never have to worry 'bout changin' lanes
If you'da been a little white tail doe
'Cause a doe needs nothin' but leaves & trees,
A couple bucks and a book o' Thoreau.

1.

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

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

2.

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

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

3.

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

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

4.

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

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

5.

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

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

BRIDGE:

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

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

6.

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

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

1.

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

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

2.

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

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

3.

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

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

4.

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

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

5.

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

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

1.

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

CHORUS:

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Happy new year, happy new new year year
Do the new year can-can
Enjoy the sandman; don't fear the cat scan

Happy new year, happy new new year year
Cough up the co-pay
Nearly here another year of
Payday, mayday, sick day, snow day

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

Happy new year, happy new new year year
Do the new year rehab
Pay up the bar tab; tear down the meth lab

Happy new year, happy new new year year
Pour out the brandy
Nearly here another year of
Green tea, coffee, Pepsi, candy

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

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

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

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

Happy new year happy new new year year
Here's to the big clock,
Bring on the ticktock, don't touch the hemlock

Happy new year happy new new year year
Hip hip, hooray hey
Nearly here another year of
Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday

Friday Saturday Sunday Monday

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

Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday
Friday

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INTRO:

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

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

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

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

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

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

BRIDGE:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

CODA:

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

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

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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