

Lyrics for the CD

# SOME KINDA FUNNY

by Lou and Peter Berryman

Recorded in 1998

All songs © L&P Berryman  
Words by Peter, Music by Lou

- 1 Odd Man Out
- 2 Glorious Prediction
- 3 History of Language
- 4 Aunt Emily
- 5 Good News Everybody
- 6 Do You Believe In Me
- 7 Maiden Voyage
- 8 The Stuff Song
- 9 The Unfulfilled Sneeze
- 10 Heard About the Heat
- 11 Goodnight Everybody
- 12 Poet In Love
- 13 Red Kimono
- 14 You Blot Out the Future

**CLICK ON  
SONG TITLE TO  
GO TO PAGE,  
or scroll down.**

Lou and Peter Berryman  
Box 3400  
Madison WI 53704

LOUANDPETER.COM

[lou@louandpeter.com](mailto:lou@louandpeter.com)  
[peter@louandpeter.com](mailto:peter@louandpeter.com)

## 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, Salvador  
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, champagne, 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"...*

**BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS**

## 2 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)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

### 3 THE HISTORY OF LANGUAGE (or THE LANGUAGE OF HISTORY)

© L&P Berryman, 1996

It seems a thousand years ago we sat beside the sea  
My darling dear, the picnic lunch, the Labrador and me  
I think the breeze was softer then, the ocean deeper blue  
The birds were more abundant and the sun was brighter too  
    So anyway as we relaxed and nursed a glass of wine  
    A gal came up and told us she was nearly ninety nine  
    She asked if she could have a sip to clear her weary head  
    And so she did and when she did she closed her eyes and said

It fifty score of years appears betwixt today and yore  
When then my fair with noon repast and hound were by the shore  
I did perceive the clime refined, and the bounding main  
As gay the wren so bright the orb that forced the eye to strain  
    And there content we passed a while on vintage did we dine  
    When then upon a whim was borne a lass of ninety nine  
    Who bid halloo & did propose could she partake of sips  
    Which thereupon resulted in a story from her lips

Hit sims a tousand yars hae goon besan thy zee vee parks  
Mine viancée thy noonday meal mit hound o mine vut barks  
Thy zephyr zoom caress thy mug the vasser blue galore  
The tweets hae hooms in ever tree oon zun vas ever more  
    Zo anyhoo, ve zits vay doon who tipples bay the zun  
    Den cooms thereto ein eider babe vat zeems a hundred vun  
    She spaitch to plead could hay hay gulp fedora hook to claim  
    Mit all hae warsh thay noggin then thou peeper shuts explain

A oo oo uhk a plop a plop a biggy biggy pool  
Mine (smack-smack-smack) a crunchy crunch a (woof-woof-woof) a drool  
Da (whzz-whzz) dribble droppa ploosh a davey jones  
Ta (whistle whistle) oo uh doo duh bleach da beach o bones  
    A-oonce a-oonce a-oonce a-(slurp) a oonce a (hic) a booze  
    A oo oo uhk a thumpa thumpa ooba dooba shoes  
    A oo daboo dabump a (slurp) a oonce a (hic) to wah  
    Na lumpa lumpa oo oo uhk ee blah, dee blah, dee blah

[\*\*BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS\*\*](#)

#### 4 **AUNT EMILY**

©1997 L&P Berryman

1. Songbirds at night didn't let out a peep  
Fishes were silent way down in the deep  
The cows were all quiet and so were the sheep  
'Til my dear Aunt Emily sang in her sleep (she sang...)

CHORUS: Oh la la la, Figaro, fa mi re do  
You are my sunshine, the valley so low  
Over the river, and rosin the bow (she sang)  
Oh la la la, Figaro, fa mi re do

2. The windows were open that evening in June  
The chipmunks and bears heard Aunt Emily croon  
They perked up their ears and they followed the tune  
Surrounding our house by the light of the moon (they heard...)

(CHORUS)

3. They climbed in our windows and danced on our chairs  
While munching our pretzels and sucking our pears  
In time Uncle Walter came running downstairs  
And that's when he got into waltzing with bears (to the...)

(CHORUS)

4. My Aunt hasn't done it since I don't know when  
Though Uncle still dances with bears now and then  
They waltz to the radio down in the den (she sang...)

(CHORUS)

*NOTE: **Aunt Emily** was written as a sequel to the popular song **Waltzing With Bears**, which was in turn based on a poem by Dr. Seuss called **My Uncle Terwilliger Waltzes With Bears**.*

**BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS**

## 5 GOOD NEWS EVERYBODY ©1998 L&P Berryman

I doubt I really got it right 'cause it was pretty late at night  
But on the news I could have sworn I heard them say  
All the armies of the nations of the world went on vacations  
After throwing all their bombs and guns away  
    Though it really is a myst'ry now's the only time in hist'ry  
    That there's not a single war upon the Earth  
    It appears they made a study proving battle fields are muddy  
    And the laundry bill was more than it was worth

All the CEO's agreed that they are paid too much indeed and  
Gave their sal'ries to the poor to pay the rent  
Now with everybody fed and in a warm and comfy bed they  
Find that crime is down by 95%  
    Now that crime is so diminished all the jails that aren't finished  
    They're converting into restaurants and shops  
    Seems that everyone's all right except for eve'ry friday night there  
    Is a benefit for prison guards and cops

They have come to the conclusion that a certain kind of fusion  
Can occur within fermented plum puree  
Soon the tankers won't be needed when the countryside is heated  
By a case of grandma's autumn '93.  
    As a side effect they're finding that tornadoes are unwinding  
    Into blankets that are softer than velour  
    Which are floating up and mending where the ozone hole was rending  
    Thusly rendering the warnings premature

In the news the legislature kicked its homophobic nature and  
Will now allow a marriage if you're gay  
Also congress has decided that our coverage be provided  
And declared we're all insured as of today  
    If that doesn't all surpise you we are happy to advise you  
    There's a proclamation here that prob'ly will  
    Unimpeded procreation leads to overpopulation  
    Says the Pope in his reversal on the pill

BRIDGE: We'll begin right after this from Exxon  
    Giving solar panels out for free  
    And a proclamation from Monsanto  
    All-organic farming is the key

In our feature we're announcing exercising causes bouncing  
And that bouncing causes damage to the brain  
And a daily glass of brandy & a box of chocolate candy  
is the regimen they found you should maintain  
    Also television viewing is deceptively renewing  
    And diminishes the chances of a stroke  
    Plus a crabby disposition helps your physical condition  
    And is even more effective if you smoke

**BACK TO TABLE OF  
CONTENTS**

## 6 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 freaks 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

**[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)**

## 7 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 spouse it was (ulp), d'ya spouse 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)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)



## 8 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

**BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS**

## 9 THE UNFULFILLED SNEEZE

©1995 L&P Berryman

Her breath was draw in little puffs of air  
Her eyes were closed, she tossed her auburn hair  
Her head was back her lips were parted some  
To pass the sneeze that never was to come

The breeze was high & ragweed was in bloom  
Angora cats & pepper filled the room  
But as we reached to cover up our tea  
She lost the sneeze that never was to be

So gone our youth, like hairdos in the rain  
And gone our friends, like marbles down the drain  
But sadder still, for once we did have these  
The unfulfilled anticipated sneeze

Like flakes of snow, no sneezes are the same  
So gone for good the sneeze that never came  
For we may sneeze and we may sneeze again  
But never once, that sneeze we started then

Our chance to say Gesundheit passed away  
And no one knew exactly what to say  
Til someone spoke and said we should recall  
That now and then it happens to us all

Somewhere upon a dim and distant star  
There is a home for close but no cigar  
For trains just missed for lovers nearly pleased  
And now, a sneeze, regretablely unsneezed.

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 10 HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE HEAT (aka HEARD ABOUT THE HEAT)

©1996 L&P Berryman

According to the cheesy pamphlet  
Wisconsin is the place to see  
Before you call a bed and bratwurst  
A question has occurred to me

You've heard about the polka masses  
You've heard about the crap we eat  
You've heard about the Dells no doubt  
But have you heard about the heat?

CHORUS: Have you heard about the heat, dryin up the rain  
Softening the cheese, softenin the brain  
Boilin the beer, spoilin' the meat  
Yah Hey have youheard about the heat

You've heard about the mizrable winters  
Where they're fishin on the frozen lakes  
You've heard about the jumper cables  
Snakin round the block like snakes

You've heard about the towering snowdrifts  
65, 70 feet  
You've heard about the cold no doubt  
But have you heard about the heat? (CHORUS)

You've heard about the ornery skeeters  
They'll perforate a pair of jeans  
You've heard about the deadly deer tick  
Climbin' up your LL Beans

'Fyer gonna sit around the campfire  
You better take a bath in Deet  
You've heard about the bugs no doubt  
But have you heard about the heat (CHORUS)

You've heard about the crime-free cities  
You've heard about the virgin trees  
Your've heard about the pure clean rivers  
Ripplin' in the hot June breeze

You've heard of how the friendly drivers  
Stop & let you cross the street  
Surprise surprise they're all damn lies  
'Cept the part about the heat (CHORUS)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 11 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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

**BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS**

## 12 POET IN LOVE

©1997 L&P Berryman

In the poolhall of your eyeball with a quarter on the cornea  
An eyelash as a cuestick and a teardrop as a drink  
From the shadow of your eyelid I emerge exhuding visine  
and I size up inconclusively the danger of a wink

As I strut the conjunctiva lining up a combination  
Squeaking chalk and chewing BlackJack I'm completely torn apart  
When a devastating twinkle has me knocked into the pupil  
As the iris closes in around my palpitating heart

CHORUS: Lock up your pencils it's a poet in love  
Lock up your pencils it's a poet in love  
Lock up your pencils it's a poet in love  
Lock up your pencils

In the cocktail of your laughter incognito in a wetsuit  
I'm a kamakazi papparazi sinking thru the gin  
As the situation darkens in the oil of your olive  
I recalculate my f-stop on the greyscale of your chin

Since my focus on your visage as i tumble toward the coaster  
Grows unstable thru the heartthrob of your lipstick on the rim  
I consider in my rapture to unstrap my apparatus  
And ascend into your grin altho i doubt that I can swim

(CHORUS) *then* BRIDGE: Go find your sharpener and pull out the plug  
Sweep your ticonderogas under the rug  
Flush your thesaurus like a dangerous drug  
It's a poet in love, it's a poet in love

Down the purple viyl purse or is it handbag of your future  
I'm spelunking in the darkness from a piton in the latch  
Toward a glow that may be nothing but a flashlight on the blink  
Tho I'm predicting it's a flame from I assume our perfect match

As I pratfall on the compact of your kismet and it opens  
There is light enough to tell that we are both reflected back  
If I only had some paper I would write this vision down  
And tack it up if I could only find a pencil and a tack

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

### 13 **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

**[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)**

## 14 YOU BLOT OUT THE FUTURE

©1996 L&P Berryman

Soon's I hear the 'larm clock • My thoughts rush on ahead  
My mind is eating corn flakes • (while) My body's is still in bed  
I hardly taste my coffee • 'ZI think the plan the whole day thru  
But when I kiss you darlin • I think of kissin you

'Cause you blot out the future  
You ease my churning brain  
You blot out the future  
Like hay sops up the rain

CHORUS: You hold me in the present  
You make it last and last  
'Cause you blot out the future  
Like gin blots out the past

My mind is on my toothbrush • 'ZI fiddle with my comb  
And as i drive to work dear • My thoughts are driving home  
I plan the 'ntire evenin' • As in the drive I turn  
But when I kiss you darlin • The TV Guide can burn

'Cause you blot out the future  
You keep me here today  
You blot out the future  
Like hair sops up the spray  
(CHORUS)

BRIDGE: The future's big's a truck stop. (Tho) 'tisin't quite as bright  
The past is like a Motel 6. (on) a dark and rainy night  
The present aint a toaster. It ain't a sticky bun  
But when i kiss you darlin. It's a WalMart in the sun

I lie awake and wonder • 'zThere money in my stars  
The truck aint even paid for • And now it needs new tars  
I'll take it out tomorrow • And get some tires at Sears  
but when i kiss you darlin • tomorrow disappears

'Cause you blot out the future  
When my poor spirit flags  
You blot out the future  
Like bread sops up m'eggs  
(CHORUS)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)