

Lyrics for the CD

# What, *AGAIN?!?*

by Lou and Peter Berryman

Recorded in 1993

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

- 1 Squalor
- 2 Alice Hotel
- 3 Play It Again
- 4 Classified Rag
- 5 Crab Canape
- 6 Do You Think It's Gonna Rain
- 7 Naked & Nude
- 8 A Chat With Your Mother
- 9 When Did We Have Sauerkraut
- 10 It's Better Than That
- 11 John Ed Hammet
- 12 The February March
- 13 April May
- 14 Your State's Name Here
- 15 Why Am I Painting The Living Room

**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  
peter@louandpeter.com

# 1 SQUALOR

©1980 Lou & Peter Berryman

In the squalor of her awful little shack she sat  
With her grungy cat and her parakeet  
With rats a-runnin' 'round the size of caribou  
Playing peek-a-boo with her filthy feet

Eating donuts with a spoon and drinking Ovaltine  
Through a scum of green floating leisurely  
In a coffee cup of plastic from the Sally Ann  
Shaking in her hand, out of misery

**CHORUS:** And it's all because she didn't eat her vegetables (X3) As a kid  
Or maybe didn't chew 'em properly, If she did

Her brother slept behind the shack without a bed  
With his battered head resting on his knee  
As the roaches and the traffic sang a lullaby  
The water pipes would sigh a little harmony

With the stogies he had found wrapped up in cellophane  
To keep out the rain when the night was through  
He would stumble down the alley pickin' junk sometimes  
Or try to beg for dimes on the avenue. **(Chorus)**

Her mother as a seamstress never brought in much  
'Cause she'd lost her touch in a codeine haze  
Now she staggers in a stupor through the city streets  
Wrapped in ratty sheets from her sewing days

Her crazy little face is hidden in the shade  
Of a hat she made from a cardboard box  
The hair beneath her hat is so in need of care  
It doesn't look like hair it looks like dirty socks. **(Chorus)**

Her uncle'd come to see her in his tattered clothes  
With a runny nose and a pint of wine  
And a bucket full of bullheads he had caught that day  
On Monona Bay with a handheld line

She would spread a little blanket on the apple crate  
Where they always ate when they had the food  
They would eat & they would drink & when the grub was gone  
They would carry on if they were in the mood. **(Chorus)**

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 2 ALICE HOTEL

©1980 by L&P Berryman

In the Pacific Northwest • Jobs weren't easy to find  
But we weren't lookin' that hard anyway therefore • Usually we didn't mind  
When we were flat broke, we'd try • Developin' somethin' to sell  
So we could walk down the hill & get drunk in the • Bar at the Alice Hotel

Alice Hotel are you  
Still such a sleazy dive  
Crawlin' with bums like us  
How do you stay alive  
Maybe the same way we did, scratchin'

I was a waitress, seamstress • Harpsichord builder & clerk  
Once I applied for a job with a zoomie\* who • Thought about nothin' but work  
(He) Said it's a hard job, low pay • I said I guess it'll do  
(But)All things considered I'd rather be elsewhere • Than workin' for peanuts for you

Peanuts for you, too, boss  
Are you still workin' cheap  
Havin' a wife and kids  
How do you make ends meet  
Maybe the same way we did, scratchin'

When I would resign, they'd say • You didn't give it a try  
They'd say you can't just go quittin' your job on a • Whim & expect to get by  
I'd say just watch me, watch me • I work to live and that's it  
Whenever I get up the money to coast for a • Couple of weeks then I quit

Then I'd quit for months  
But that was way back when  
And I'm thinkin' now  
How can I coast again  
Maybe the same way we did, scratchin'

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

### 3 **PLAY IT AGAIN**

©1980 L&P Berryman

PETER:

I hate to hear  
A song that doesn't have much to say  
And it's a shame  
That it's more popular every day  
It may be short  
But when you think it's gonna end  
They go & repeat & repeat & repeat the thing  
Again & again & again

LOU:

Play it again  
I love that song  
Isn't it nice?  
It's not too long.  
Sing it again, & when you think it's gonna end  
Croon the tune  
Again & again & again & again & again

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

#### 4 CLASSIFIED RAG

©1982 Lou & Peter Berryman

I had someone who left on the run  
Who said that my setup was too much fun  
I was so sad, I spent what I had  
On a bottle of gin and a classified ad:

PETER:

Fat man, 55, hardly keeps himself alive  
Drinks smokes curses snores, doesn't like the out of doors  
Wants a woman just like me, even more so preferably  
Overfed and unrefined, matrimony not in mind

CHORUS (PETER)

Answer this ad, I'm feelin' so bad  
I don't have the confidence that I once had  
I don't have the cash, I don't have the car  
I don't have you whoever you are

LOU:

Fat gal, 54, doesn't have it anymore  
Drinks curses snores & smokes, not too good at tellin' jokes  
Wants a man who's let it go, doesn't have a dime to blow  
Loves to sit up way too late & watch his woman dissipate.

CHORUS (LOU)

Answer this ad, I'm feelin' so bad  
I don't have the confidence that I once had  
I don't have the cash, I don't have the car  
I don't have you whoever you are

PETER:

Joe Blow

LOU:

Jane Doe

BOTH:

Placin' this ad on the go  
I want all the world to see, I found someone just like me  
Doesn't care 'bout gainin' weight, cannot keep that checkbook straight  
If you need someone that bad, you can always place an ad.

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 5 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...**

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

## 6 DO YOU THINK IT'S GONNA RAIN?

©1980 L&P Berryman

Do you think it's gonna rain?  
(No, I don't think so.)

Oh no, I doubt it, probably not.  
No I don't think it's gonna rain  
Do you think so Harv?  
No, he agrees, no rain.

That's a very nice chair.  
(Yes, it sure is.)

Thank you, oh thank you, yes it is  
Yes they're on sale by Shopko now  
You remember Harv?  
Yes, he agrees, nice chair.

Do you watch Lou Grant?  
(No, we miss MASH)

Oh no, it's off now, so is MASH  
We miss Lou Grant but mostly MASH  
Don't we miss MASH Harv?  
Yes, he agrees, miss MASH

Are the coals ready yet?  
(They're getting white)

Let's see, I think so, not quite yet  
They've got to turn a little white  
Are they white yet Harv?  
No, he agrees, not yet.

Do you have your garden in?  
(It's very dry)

Oh yes, well mostly, it's so dry  
We've got to water every night  
Don't we have to Harv?  
Yes, he agrees, it's dry.

Do you buy Sta-Puf?  
(No, we use Bounce)

Oh no, not usually, we get Bounce  
We get Sta-Puf when there's no Bounce  
Don't we get Bounce Harv?  
Yes, he agrees, it's Bounce

Do you eat out much?  
(Sometimes we do)

Sometimes, by Wendy's, and last week  
By Ponderosa family night  
You remember Harv?  
No, he's asleep. Hey Harv.

Do you go to church?  
(Oh wake up Harv, wake up!)

Of course, we're Lutheran, wake up Harv  
Oh yes our pastor's really good  
Can't you get up Harv  
The coals are done, wake up.

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

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

## 7 **NAKED & NUDE**

©1982 L&P Berryman

The last time I saw you was the first time I kissed you  
& I've got to admit my darling, since then I haven't missed you  
There was something that evening that put me in the mood  
I was in the kitchen and you were in the nude

CHORUS:

Oh you were naked, naked & nude  
I could tell just by lookin', your clothes had been removed  
No clothing, no clothes  
No clothing, no clothes

Since our introduction eleven months ago  
Our relationship was neutral, and didn't seem to grow  
Conversation was infrequent, though I saw you every day  
Behavior was Platonic, until you dressed that way (CHORUS)

Someday we'll make arrangements to trip down memory lane  
To resurrect that evening that I hope was not in vain  
Fate will be our master, who knows what will occur  
I'll meet you in the kitchen; come as you were. (CHORUS)

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

## 8 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)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 9 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  
'Spouse I thought it'd come in handy and you never really know

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 10 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 than that

We have a chocolate éclair 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

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 11 JOHN ED HAMMET

©1986 L&P Berryman

John Ed Hammet felt good about everything  
Nothing he had done had gone wrong that day  
Sun wasn't shining but for John it was a blessing  
'Cause he really liked the weather when the sky was grey  
Dropped a plate of waffles on the floor of the kitchen  
But he didn't like eatin' in the morning anyway  
John Ed Hammett felt good about everything  
And nothing he had done had gone wrong that day

CHORUS:

Every now & then / I lose track again  
Pour a cup o' tea / Make John sing to me

Moth so pretty when it's flyin' by so ugly when it's in the drink  
Hair so pretty when it's on the head so ugly when it's in the sink  
Jam so pretty when it's on the bread so ugly when it's on the tie  
Moth so ugly when it's in the drink so pretty when it's flyin' by

John Ed Hammett was happier'n he'd ever been  
Whatever he'd attempted it had turned out right  
Knocked out cold by a mugger in an alleyway  
But that's okay with Johnny 'cause he didn't like to fight  
Went into a coma lasted almost up to suppertime  
But Johnny didn't mind because he couldn't sleep at night  
John Ed Hammett was happier'n he'd ever been  
Whatever he'd attempted it had turned out right. (CHORUS)

Smoke so good from a barbecue so bad from a Chevrolet  
Oil so good when it's in the car so bad when it's in the bay  
Hole so good in a donut shop so bad in a wood canoe  
Smoke so bad from a Chevrolet so good from a barbecue

John Ed Hammett had an attitude of gratitude  
& fortune seemed to smile on him wherever Johnny went  
A 747 hit his humble hacienda  
Savin' Johnny from the sorrow of another month of rent  
He moved in with his lover and her cabin caught afire  
But they'd always had the fantasy of livin' in a tent  
John Ed Hammett had an attitude of gratitude  
& fortune seemed to smile on him wherever Johnny went. (CHORUS)

Music wrong in a shopping mall, so right in a cabaret  
Bomb so wrong in a foreign sub, (*sarcastically*):so right in the USA  
Brown leaves wrong in the summertime, so right when it comes to fall  
Music right in a cabaret, so wrong in a shopping mall CHORUS

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 12 FEBRUARY MARCH

©1985 L&P Berryman

### *Part A:*

Today was awful cold to say the least  
And then the sun slipped out of sight  
It ain't a fit night out for man or beast  
We're gonna make our move tonight

We'll pick the mothballs off the uniform  
We'll get the white shirt stiff with starch  
We'll get the polish for the flugelhorn  
And do the February March

We'll do an old man winter-ectomy  
We'll march him right on out of town  
We're gonna hang Jack Frost in effigy  
For bringin' mother nature down

And in the air that dulls like Novacaine  
We're gonna crack I have a hunch  
We'll throw the fishbowl through the thermopane  
And have the outside in for lunch

### *Part B:*

And when we look outta the window tomorrow  
It better be brighter than ever before  
There better be birdies and bees and the leaves on the trees  
And they better be awfully green

I wanna see all of the icicles offa the bicycles  
All on the way to the shore  
& I wanna see lovers removin' their parkas & provin'  
There love if you know what I mean

I tell you we're all gettin' weary of little Siberia  
Jeepers enough is enough  
I tell you uh-huh I'm okay when it's 80 in May  
But uh-uh when it's zero and dark

There better be manifestations of summer vacations  
A-movin me offa my duff  
I wanna see rivers unfrozen, the bud of a rose  
And a summery day in the park

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

13 **APRIL MAY** ©1987

L&P Berryman

The February sun it didn't turn the lawn to mud but April May  
The warmer wind of March it didn't bloom a single bud but April May  
There are little lumps of February down behind the bed  
Winter wasn't wonderland like everybody said  
March it didn't melt away the blizzard in my head but April May

Winter didn't let you get romantic on the ground but April May  
It also didn't show you where the dogs have been around but April May  
Winter never saw me somersaulting down a hill  
Taking plastic off a window or a burger off a grill  
It never saw me skinny dip and prob'ly never will but April May

BRIDGE:

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

Winter never saw me meditating on a stump but April May  
It never saw me start my Chevrolet without a jump but April May  
Winter never saw me disregard a heating bill  
Tremble as the IRS was circling for the kill  
Packin' all my things an' buying tickets to Brazil but April May

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 14 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)

### (CHORUS)

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

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

### (CHORUS)

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

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

## 15 WHY AM I PAINTING THE LIVING ROOM? (aka LIVING ROOM)

©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

*Her:* 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?

*Him:* 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?

*Her:* A pinhead evangelist pays for his sin  
With a five dollar fine for a black collar crime  
Kinpins 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

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

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

*Her:* 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

*Both:* (Chorus)

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

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)