

In this document:
(NO RELATION)

**Lyrics and LP info
And this explanation, about our 2012 LP to CD project.**

Over the years, we've had a number of requests for digital versions of our first five recordings, released on vinyl from 1980 through 1988. We cringe sometimes when we hear these old performances, but decided to be brave about it and succumb to the suggestions of certain of our diehard fans. Quite a few of the songs from these LPs have been released on various subsequent CDs -- particularly on our 1993 CD called What, Again -- but always as new performances; never as mechanical copies of the LP recordings. This is a digital copy of the original LP.

The master digitization was performed on April 3, 2012, by:

LP to CD, a division of
Audio-Restorations
5779 Desoto Dr.
Santa Rosa CA 95409
www.lptocd.com

This CD-r was manufactured locally from these masters. We don't anticipate any technical glitches, but if you DO have a problem, you needn't return the item. Just let us know and we'll either replace it or send you a refund. This is true of all our recordings.

Thank you!

Lou and Peter Berryman
Box 3400
Madison WI 53704

608-257-7750
www.louandpeter.com

The Recordings:

1980 (No Relation) (This one)

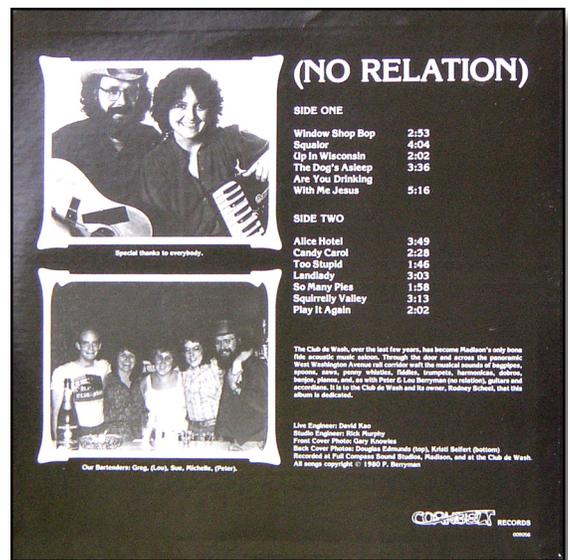
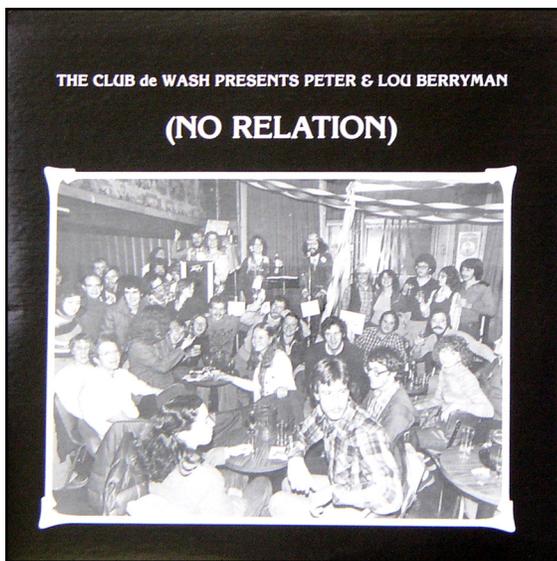
1981 Cupid's Trash Truck

1984 So Comfortable

1986 the February March

1988 Your State's Name Here

Album info and lyrics are on the following pages.



PETER & LOU BERRYMAN (NO RELATION)

Our **FIRST LP**, recorded in 1980. On the front:

The Club de Wash presents Peter & Lou Berryman
(NO RELATION)

On the back:

(NO RELATION)

SIDE ONE

1. Window Shop Bop
2. Squalor
3. Up In Wisconsin
4. The Dog's Asleep
5. Are You Drinking With Me Jesus

SIDE TWO

6. Alice Hotel
7. Candy Carol
8. Too Stupid
9. Landlady
10. So Many Pies
11. Squirrely Valley
12. Play It Again

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SONG TITLE
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PAGE, or just
scroll down.**

The Club de Wash, over the last few years, has become Madison's only bona fide acoustic music saloon. Through the door and across the panoramic West Washington Avenue rail corridor waft the musical sounds of bagpipes, spoons, saws, penny whistles, fiddles, trumpets, harmonicas, dobros, banjos, pianos, and, as with Peter & Lou Berryman (no relation), guitars and accordions. It is to the Club de Wash and its owner, Rodney Scheel, that this album is dedicated.

Top picture caption:

Special thanks to everybody.

Bottom picture caption:

Our bartenders: Greg, (Lou), Sue, Michelle, (Peter).

Live Engineer: David Kao

Studio Engineer: Rick Murphy

Front Cover Photo: Gary Knowles

Back Cover Photos: Douglas Edmunds (top), Kristi Seifert (bottom).

Recorded at Full Compass Sound Studios, Madison, and at the Club de Wash. All songs copyright © P. Berryman
Cornbelt Records 009056

2012 Note: A whole night of music was recorded at the Club, but due to technical difficulties, only Landlady survived. The rest were recorded in the studio.

1. WINDOW SHOP BOP © 1972 L&P Berryman

Do you have such a thing as a diamond ring
For a woman with a dollar fifteen
Or an eight room place where I can wash my face
With a maid to keep it clean

Now an ocean cruise is a trip I could use
To see what I haven't seen
Do ya have such a thing as a diamond ring
For a woman with a dollar fifteen?

CHORUS:

Oh me what'll we buy today
Well dear hamburger whaddya say
Oh no hamburger costs a lot
Oh woaw, we better go window shop.

We're gonna go downtown
When we do we're gonna walk around
When we do we're gonna make a stop
When we do we do the Window Shop Bop.

Will you gimmie black shoes if I shout a good blues
Send shivers up & down your spine
Will you sell me Big Ben for a dollar ten
So I don't lose track of the time

I'll give you all I got for a fifty foot yacht
Better hurry 'fore I change my mind
Will you gimmie black shoes if I shout a good blues
Send shivers up & down your spine

CHORUS

If I bake you a cake will you gimmie a break
And the keys to your Cadillac
I need a lot of space and a fireplace
For when the night gets cold and black

I'll give you one fifteen if I can live like a queen
And I might even scratch your back
If I bake you a cake will you gimmie a break
And the keys to your Cadillac

CHORUS

2. SQUALOR ©1980 L&P 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:

& it's all because she didn't eat her vegetables
it's all because she didn't eat her vegetables
it's all because she didn't eat her vegetables, 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

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3. UP IN WISCONSIN

Lyrics ©1980 L&P Berryman, Melody: Traditional La Cucaracha

If you're coming up from Boulder
With your skis upon your shoulder
They are stupid to be bringing
Wisconsin's flatter than my singing

If you're gonna spend your yule here
Or you plan to stay a school year
It's a lovely place you've chosen
If you like your hinder frozen

CHORUS:

Up in Wisconsin, up in Wisconsin
The weather isn't very nice
Up in Wisconsin, up in Wisconsin
They gotta fish right thru the ice

If you hate the taste of booze
Better bring your runnin' shoes
Better sneak around discreetly
Or maybe stay away completely

If you're moving to Wisconsin
And your wife is on the wagon
I feel it's only fair to warn her
There's a bar on every corner.

CHORUS

You needn't be sophisticated
In Wisconsin it's outdated
With our beer and with our crackers
We sit down and watch the Packers

If you bring your suntan lotion
To go romping in the ocean
You'll have to swim at Howard Johnson
There are no oceans in Wisconsin.

CHORUS

4. THE DOG'S ASLEEP ©1978 L&P Berryman

The dog's asleep, the cat's asleep,
The fish were swimmin' slower they'd be standin' still
The radio's got violins
That play along like they've got lotsa time to kill

The coffee's cold, the beer is warm
The cigarette is smokin' on the countertop
It might be time to settle down
Forget about the night and let the evenin' stop

But when I pull into the drive, oh, and I'm ready to go
And I see your silhouette, and It's movin' slow
It's good to be cozy but dear, please,
don't be snugglin' now
And I'll help you if I can, to wake up somehow

When I come in you say to me
Now honey don't you get your hopes up very high
It's gonna take a little work
To get me feelin' wide awake at all tonight

We settle down upon the couch
And crack a beer and start to talkin' slow at first
In half an hour I see yr eyelids
Droop and know th evenin's gone from bad to worse

Y'gotta be sleepy my dear snooze it on your own time
There are no hard back chairs in here,
And that's a bad sign
Come into the kitchen with me,
We're not too old yet
For a glass of Tanqueray, and a cigarette

The rug is soft the chair is soft
The lamp is low the kid's upstairs in slumberland
In stockin' feet you pad around
From room to room, a bowl of bouillon in your hand

When you go by the dogs and cats
They lift their heads & look & go to sleep again
And as you pass the radio
You hum along dispassionately now & then

You know that I've seen you sometimes,
Movin' at a faster rate
& I hold no grudges dear against your present state
But I'm gonna tuck you in bed, kiss your head,
And sneak down
Point my automobile toward the teeth of town

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5. ARE YOU DRINKING WITH ME JESUS?

©1980 L&P Berryman

Do you nestle by my barstool
Making me so calm within
Have you touched me with your warmness
Or have I touched myself with gin?

CHORUS:

Are you drinking with me Jesus
I can't see you very clear
If you're drinking with me Jesus
Won't you buy a friend a beer

If you're omnipresent Jesus
You don't have to use the phone
If you're always by my side Lord
You need never drink alone.

CHORUS

Do you teeter with me Jesus
On my way home so forlorn
If you think that you feel bad now
Wait until tomorrow morn.

CHORUS

Does your head pound with the masses
As hungover you do rise
What does heaven look like Jesus
Seen thru holy bloodshot eyes?

CHORUS

Should we take a taxi Jesus
Should we try to walk from here
I know you can walk on water
Can you walk on this much beer?

CHORUS

It's awful dark outside at bartime
We have something here that glows
You've a headlight of a halo
I've a tail light of a nose.

CHORUS

6. ALICE HOTEL ©1980 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 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'

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7. **CANDY CAROL** ©1980 L&P Berryman

I'll play sick and you play nurse
Then I'll get well & you'll get worse
I'll play doctor anytime
You show me yours I'll show you mine

Oh Candy Carol
You got me over a root beer barrel
Pour me your love
Like grape Kool-Aid on a white shag rug
Stick to me like dog hair on a jellybean

Spin the bottle is too tame
Why don't we improve the game
When it points to you next time
You show me yours I'll show you mine

I know I'm kinky
But you're as sweet as a Hostess Twinky
Let's get in trouble
Like a bearded man & a bubble gum bubble
Stick to me like dog hair
On a jellybean

When we play post office too
The mail comes to you postage due
It doesn't even cost a dime
You show me yours I'll show you mine

I know when you're here
There's more to chew than Wrigley's Gum dear
Wrap all around me
Like cellophane on sticky candy
Stick to me like dog hair
On a jellybean

8. **TOO STUPID** ©1964 L&P Berryman

I've had enough trouble with men that defeat me
With partners who want nothing short of a victory
I'll find me a man who lives simply and strongly
Too stupid to think so too stupid to wrong me

Too stupid to wanna be cross
Too stupid to wanna be boss
Too stupid to push me around
It's then that I'll know it's a husband I've found\

And we will be married and we will be happy
And pretty soon we will be mammy & pappy
With fighting I'm certain our children won't bother
They probably won't if they're dumb like their father

Too stupid to do what ain't right
Too stupid to know how to fight
Too stupid to wanna be smart
Dumbness will keep us from falling apart

And we will grow older through many a summer
And I will grow wiser and he will grow dumber
And I will thank fortune and I will thank Cupid
For making my hubby so god-awful stupid

Too stupid to get in my hair
Too stupid to have an affair
Too stupid to argue with me
With my dummy hubby it's happy I'll be

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9. **LANDLADY** ©1980 L&P Berryman

You signed your lease I see
Before I let you go, you'd
Better listen to me, there's some
Things you oughta know:

Don't stack shit in the hall.

Don't stack shit in the hall.

Keep it in your closet, or

Lose your deposit. And

One more thing:

No dogs, no cats, no snakes, no bats, no
Kangaroos, no drinkin' booze, no
Marmosets, no cigarettes, and
Keep that fridge defrosted. Oh

Keep that fridge defrosted. Give me the
1st month's rent & the last month's rent,
A cleaning deposit & a damage deposit,
More for th furniture more for th driveway

No parkin' in the street, and
YOU pay for the heat, for the
Lights, for the gas, and cut the grass
Shovel the snow or out you go

Keep them baseboards free o' dust, oh
Keep them baseboards free o' dust
No bookshelves o' bricks & boards, and
No god damn extension cords, and

One more thing:

No overnight guests, no sublets, no
Kinky sex, no waterbeds, don't
Lose your key 'cause I, won't,
Let, you, in!

Take out the garbage once a week
Clean them windows 'til they squeak.

No parties, after ten,
No children, under ten, no
Gatherings, over ten, no
Tacks in the walls no bikes in the halls, &
Lock the doors and mop the floors, and

One, more, thing:

I'm comin' over now & then, with a
White glove, on my hand, gonna
Run it all over your windowsill stovetop
Molding shelving fridgerator

& if I want,
Up, your, Tenant's, hinder.
Be clean as a church and quiet as a mouse
It's your home but it's my house

Rent's due on the thirty-first
Might be steep but could be worse
Break it down & you will see
I'm a reasonable landlady

This is all you have to pay
One thousand eight hundred eighty-two dollars and
Sixty-one cents
Every day

Landlady, I agree
You have a right to keep your eyes on me
But as sure as you're privileged to ring my doorbell
I'm gonna keep my eyes on you as well

One of these days I'll inspect where you stay
I'll be there shortly and here's what I'll say
Hello landlady your tenant is here
To see if you meet with my standards my dear

Landlady, seriously
I wouldn't have pissed on your property
But if I have to listen to that kind of speech
I'll move to Tahiti and sleep on the beach.

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10. **SO MANY PIES** ©1980 L&P Berryman

You got a man for how he thinks
One for what he does
One for how he speaks &
One for what he was
 One for how he squeezes,
 One for how he walks
 One for how he whittles &
 One for how he talks

I'm sure your mama doesn't mean to criticize
When she says
Why you got your fingers in so many pies?

You got a bedroom on the east side
A kitchen in the west
A closet in the country
With a cedar chest
 A room above a laundry
 A room behind a bar
 Nobody knows exactly
 Where the heck you are

How do you answer papa when
He inquires
Why you got your irons in so many fires?

You got an answer for the preacher
An answer for the cook
An answer for a lover if he's
Really shook
 An answer for your child
 An answer for your cats
 An answer for your shrink when he
 Says you're goin' bats

An answer for your sister when she
Calls and whines
Why you got your laundry on so many lines?

You got a system for your breakfast
A system for your car
A system for your drinkin' when
You're caddin' in a bar
 A system for your cleanin'
 A system for your clothes
 A system for demanding what
 Everybody knows

A system for your records when they
Start to skip & ask you
Do ya dip... (x7)

11. **SQUIRRELLY VALLEY 2-STEP**©1980 L&P Berryman

Me'n my gal went up to Kaukauna
Up by Kimberly & Darboy too
She said honey don't look so funny
That Squirrely Valley gotta grow on you

I said thanks but no thanks baby
I'd rather have warts & a coated tongue
She said honey the way I figger
You might be dumb but you're not that dumb

CHORUS:

Oh yah hey, in Squirrely Valley
They talk so funny, they get so lazy
Oh yah hey, get me a beer once
As long as you're up yet, I'm goin' crazy

I said honey I've lived here too
& I watched TV 'til my eyes turned green
While Dad's on the river with his Pocket Fisherman
& Mom's in the kitchen with her Salad Queen

I've waited for the snow to fall to shovel
& I've waited for the grass to grow to mow
She said dummy don't be so silly
It might be slow but it's not that slow
("Oh yah it is.")

CHORUS

She said honey would you rather see hippies
In psychedelic shacks full of cocaine
With marijuana lawns and multicolored beads
And the welfare checks comin' down like rain

Beatniks too in the center of town
Like worms in a basket of rotten fruit
I said facetious is the word for that
You think you're cute but you're not that cute
("Oh yah she was.")

CHORUS

I said remember on a Saturday night
All there was to do was to park that car
The boy sayin' honey I love you truly
The girl sayin' buddy don't go too far

He sayin' sweetie let's go on down
Lie by the river and drink a little juice
She sayin' buddy don't get too kinky
I might be loose but I'm not that loose
("Oh yah she was.")

CHORUS

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12. **PLAY IT AGAIN**

©1980 L&P Berryman

VOICE 1

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

VOICE 2

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

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