

Lyrics for the CD

DOUBLE YODEL

by Lou and Peter Berryman

Recorded in 1995

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

- 1 Pushing Spring
- 2 IF (Dueling Paranoias)
- 3 Gadeng Vadoo
- 4 Orange Cocoa Cake
- 5 Science Marches On
- 6 Pair of Geese
- 7 Double Yodel
- 8 Dog of Time
- 9 Mr. Frenkl
- 10 New Listing
- 11 We Strolled on the Beach
- 12 Come to Mind
- 13 Every Week

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

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1 **PUSHING SPRING** (aka **PUSHING SPRING TANGO**)

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INTRO: Timing is a factor, fellas, everywhere you go
 Don't fall for a skier on the first good day of snow
 Don't fall for a dancer when the Bolshoi is in town
 And don't fall for a gardner, Boys, as winter's winding down:

It isn't forty four degrees
There is no green yet in the trees
It may be March but even so, there's still a foot of snow
Tonight it's gonna freeze

What green there is is in her thumb
As her seed catalogs have come
She can take those five below nights, as long as she has Gro-lights
Her life is not so glum

CHORUS: Don't try to tell her she hasta wait for robins to sing
 Don't ever say she's jumping the gun by pushing the spring
 She'll wave a dirty trowel and say so what if i do
 If you had spent your life in Wisconsin, you'd push it too

You could try wooing her with wine
Although you'll have to stand in line
Behind a tuber in a tub; an ornamental shrub
And cuttings off a vine

Don't bring her poems of romance
But know the names of all her plants
Don't buy a diamond to surprise her, but bring some fertilizer
And you may stand a chance (**CHORUS**)

BRIDGE: You may have Donald Trump's dough
 You may have Schwartznegger's arms
 And all of Fred Astaire's charm and a plane
 And a castle in Spain and a Porsche

But you are nothing in her eyes
if you don't photosynthesize
if you have leaves instead of hair, then you may get somewhere
I doubt it otherwise

Don't bother opening your shirt
Unless you're green she doesn't flirt
She will ignore your conversation; her mind's on germination
Her heart is in the dirt (**CHORUS**)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

INTRO: I have called to reassure you I will be there in the morning
Barring unforeseen disaster on the way.
*Let me reassure you too I'll be here waiting all tomorrow
Pending fate's unknown vicissitudes today*

If the rust upon the muffler doesn't eat away a strap
And send a spray of rusty metal everywhere
Ricocheting off the pavement and into the tank of gasoline
Exploding like a rocket I'll be there

*If the broken window latches aren't spotted by a criminal
Who barges in to steal the chandelier
& in passing sees me sleeping & decides he needs a victim
Whereupon he hauls me elsewhere I'll be here*

If I don't decide to stroll the scenic overlook and slip
Upon an apple core and tumble thru the air
And upon the rocks below be dashed to pieces in a godforsaken
Second like a pumpkin I'll be there

*If there aren't any termites excavating the foundation
That has served as their nutrition for a year
Leaving nothing but a powder that allows the floor to crumble
All around me like a cracker I'll be here*

If an overeager trooper doesn't pull the chevy over
And inspect it from the engine to the spare
And detect some marijuana that the guy who owned the car
Before apparently neglected I'll be there

*If the ancient water heater doesn't take off like a missile
And go flying thru the roof and disappear
While leaving gas escaping madly which ignites & burns the termite
Weakened Superstructure probly I'll be here*

BRIDGE (both): **Unless a nuclear facility cracks
Unless a saucer of Venusians attacks
We'll be together by a reasonable hour
And have a glass of milk unless the milk goes sour**

If a passing trucker doesn't flip a cigarette that flies
Into my window setting fire to my hair
Causing me to stop the car and jump into a nearby lake
That's full of water snakes that eat me I'll be there

BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS

*If the cyclone doesn't blow the rotten maple all to bits
And send a branch in thru the basement like a spear
Where I'm pinned down like a butterfly as water from the broken pipe
Comes inching up my mumu I'll be there*

3 GADENG VADOO

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(NOTE: A two-person song. Our intro: "This is a foreign language translation singalong ventriloquism song, with the verses sung by a ventriloquist to his dummy, and the chorus sung by the dummy back to the ventriloquist." We explain this and teach the chorus to the audience at the start.)

CHORUS:

Gee don klee tee <i>I have dry rot</i> Gee don klee tah <i>I have termites</i> Gee don klee ay dee kanee <i>But in my heart</i> Gee don klee dah <i>I have your hand</i>

I aint got soobietah
I have no money
About my boozelah
Around the house
An san so coup de ville
I have no Cadillac
Ow tru dos vindow zill
In the front yard
Shasto shay, shay
But c'est la vie
Nasta da papiay mache
I have my puppet
By moonie clack yakaroo
Hear him sing
Gading Vadoo
Everybody! Sing!

(CHORUS)

I aint got none da feel
I have no lover
Split mit zo maltomeal
To share my cereal
Anzip acetatine
No welding equipment

BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS

An zip dos jumpin jean
No enthusiasm
Shasto shay, shay
But c'est la vie
Off kee das moonlight bay
When my puppet sings
ein gladiola por vous
I am not lonely
Gading Vadoo
Everybody! Sing!

(CHORUS)

I aint got flufferbo
I have no cat
Non rin tin tindalo
I have no dog
Zo gary buzzard off
My bird flew away
Ten dozen glazed aloft
Took my donuts
Shasto shay, shay
But c'est la vie
Keshabin aye croquet
Who needs diversions
Vitshobin maple de glue
When you have a puppet
Gading Vadoo
Everybody! Sing!

(CHORUS)

I aint got lienie case
I have no chairs
About yee toaster base
In the kitchen
Nor toaster base alack
I have no kitchen
los peeper shines 'r' cracked
I broke my glasses
Shasto shay, shay
But c'est la vie
laptop habitue
I have my puppet
Zo readers digesto new
He reads to me
Gading Vadoo.
Everybody! Sing!

(CHORUS)

4 ORANGE COCOA CAKE

©1993 L&P Berryman.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(!) He's in a play tomorrow over at the church (!)
Isn't 'at tomorrow Benjie, Benjie wheredja go Lizzie
Isn't Benjie gonna play a piece-o-pie tomorrow I re-
Member now a pump-kin-pie

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

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

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

BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS

5 SCIENCE MARCHES ON

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The lake dries up and the sun goes down and the rose grows old and dies
The cyclone hits like a wall o bricks and the swelling rivers rise
The wolf's right there with a deadly glare in the lair of the newborn fawn
Draught kills trout and stars burn out but science marches on

*Drive thru catscan, fax on the belt • Modem in a wristwatch, naugahyde pelt
Non fat lard cake, bible on a chip • Parabolic smelloscope, freeze dry dip
Laser eye surgery, fusion in jars • Paperless government driverless cars
CD rom phone book, edible earth • Motherless fatherless petri dish birth*

The eyeballs fail and the backbone bends and the hair's no longer brown
The big ears flap and I need a nap and I think I'll go lie down
I draw the shades as the future fades and the past is nearly gone
Your friends all croak and you're old and broke but science marches on

*DNA tinkertoys, clone pollywog • Hydroponic parsley, virtual dog
HDTV, antigrav skis • Ultrasound tooth brush, teflon trees
Teleport phone booth, cyborg brain • Vertical take off passenger train
Moneyless megamall, microchip checks • Wireless digital cellular sex*

*Ten yer ice cube, time travel shorts • Subatomic pinball, submarine sports
Deep space billboard, smoking vaccine • Sugarless low cal soylent green
Prozac automat, faser in a pen • Light emitting overcoat, sensitive men
Internet fern bar, humanoid squids • 88 gigabyte floptical kids*

*Black hole trash can, moon crater home • Automatic wash cloth, self-propelled comb
Sensor in the brain pan, feelievision set • Flyaway Chevrolet campervan jet
Interactive oleo, la-z-boy shoes • Autofocus windowpane, remedial blues
Self clean condo, astroturf shrub • Flashback epiphany afterlife club*

Flashback epiphany afterlife club

BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS

6 PAIR OF GEESE

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A few hundred years ago
A single young man I know
Was off to the market square
And taking his produce there
 He struggled along the road
 With such of an awkward load
 That when to a gate came he
 No finger was free

CHORUS An arm around a pair of geese
 An arm around a bag of fleece
 A hand to hold an empty pail
 And one to clutch a cottontail

And so at the big latched gate
He only could stand and wait
Til up to the other side
A lovely young lass did stride
 He bid her a fond yah hey
 And worked up the gall to say
 Could you give the gate a pull
 My arms are too full (CHORUS)

She said that would never do
To open the gate for you
For you would a monster be
And try to make love to me
 Oh certainly not he cried
 My arms are both occupied
 I swear to the moon and sun
 It couldn't be done (CHORUS)

She said I can plainly see
How you would make love to me
You'd put down the empty pail
You'd put in the cottontail
 And then on the pail of tin
 For keeping the rabbit in
 You'd put on the bag of fleece
 And I'd hold the geese (CHORUS)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

7 DOUBLE YODEL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Plain text = Cowboy
Italic text = Cowgirl
Underline italic = Both

BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS

8 THE DOG OF TIME

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The dog of time is growling now and leans upon my chest
He whines and howls and paws my face and chews my paisley vest
He barks to wake the dog of death asleep upon the sill
Who hasn't barked an answer yet but soon someday he will

And then the dog of night arrives with all his friends it seems
The dog of peace in limbo and the dog of broken dreams
And from behind the La-Z-Boy the dog of all regret
Appears beside the drowsy dog of overwhelming debt

The Doberman of entropy is drooling in the gloom
And slinking through the vestibule the Weiner Dog of doom
The Labrador of loneliness is looking doubly bleak
The Poodle of depression licks the Pekingese of pique

The Newfoundland of nihilism paces in the hall
The Setter of procrastination leans against a wall
The Terrier of terror and the Rotweiller of rot
Grow skittish while the mutt of life is shedding on the cot

The St Bernard belligerence is trembling in a chair
The Corgi of confusion smells the tension in the air
The mangy Chow of gluttony is hungry for a fight
The Pit Bull of apocalypse is howling in the night

By hook or crook i get em all to settle down a spell
They aren't all asleep but they're unwinding i can tell
I need to settle down myself and think i have a chance
When thru the open window jumps the kitty of romance

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

9 MISTER FRENKL

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Mr. Frenkl's diet, was vegetable free
He looked into nutrition, touralouralee
He put it on his list of: things to do
And then he went out shopping, touralouraloo
 He bought some peas and carrots, and broccoli, kohlrabi
 I do believe by god there's not a vegetable he missed
 They're piled in his freezer, his cupboard, uneaten
 But Mr. Frenkl bought 'em so nutrition's off his list

CHORUS:

Hello Mr. Frenkl, hello Mr. Frenkl, hello anybody, is Mr Frenkl here
We have cauliflower waiting in the semi
But where he wants it piled isn't clear

Mr. Frenkl's front porch, was not okay
Both his legs went thru it, touralouralay
He put it on his list of: things to do
And then he went out shopping, touralouraloo
 He bought a box of box nails, and brackets, and deck screws
 I do believe by god there is no hardware that he missed
 It's piled in his basement, his front yard, unopened
 But Mr. F. bought em so the porch is off his list

(CHORUS, with "treated lumber" instead of "cauliflower")

Fin'ly Mr. Frenkl, saw the truth
He planned a new beginning, touralouraluth
Threw away his list of things to buy
Swore to stop his shopping, touralouralie
 He planned to start tomorrow, to eat right, to fix things,
 But Mr. Frankl croaked and gave our song a different twist
 He should have started last week, last Friday, this morning
 But Mr. Frenkl bought it so tomorrow's off his list.

FINAL CHORUS:

Goodbye Mr. Frenkl, Goodbye Mr. Frenkl, sorry, everybody,
 but no one is to blame
If he had stopped his shopping when he was a youngster,
 he prob'ly woulda bought it just the same.

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

10 **NEW LISTING**

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(Melody based loosely on Run Come See Jerusalem by Joseph Spence)

Consider this a musical classified *(Come drive past, come drive past)*

For a house on the near east side *(It may go, pretty fast)*

Got a LIVING ROOM kitchen and a big den *(Come drive past, come drive past)*

And we're only gonna ask one ten *(It may go, pretty fast)*

Got a BIG OL' WILLOW on the fenceline *(Come drive past, come drive past)*

And we only want ninety nine nine *(It may go, pretty fast)*

Got a G'RAGE with a wonderful big drive *(Come drive past, come drive past)*

And we only want eighty eight five *(It may go, pretty fast)*

Got NEW STORM WINDOWS and storm door *(Come drive past, come drive past)*

And we only want seventy four *(It may go, pretty fast)*

We're THROWING IN THE STOVE and the deep freeze *(Come drive past, come drive past)*

Oh come drive past oh please *(It may go, pretty fast)*

Got a BACK YARD featuring green grass *(Come drive past, come drive past)*

Will trade for a car fulla gas *(It may go, pretty fast)*

I'm TAKIN' DOWN the for sale sign dear *(Come drive past, come drive past)*

Never mind we're stayin' right here *(It won't go, very fast)*

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

11 WE STROLLED ON THE BEACH

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We strolled on the beach
Well not the beach, but on the path down by the lake
There where all the birds
Well not the birds, but all the cars kept us awake

We strolled thru the night
Well not the night, but all the evening as we talked
Then we made sweet love
Well maybe not, at least we held hands as we walked

CHORUS: Sincerely, I love you dearly
Our life is clearly, improving yearly
And if it goes on, the way it has gone
Soon we'll be perfect, or very nearly

We got married then
Well maybe not at least we shared a little place
Where we raised three kids
Well maybe not but we acquired a dog named grace

We both landed jobs
Well maybe not but we would mow lawns and paint walls
We wore fancy clothes
Well maybe not but we were fine in overalls

(CHORUS)

We got two new cars
Well maybe not but we were happy on the bus
We had everything
Well maybe not but that okey doke with us

We drank fine champagne
Well maybe not but then the Koolaid sure was cold
We grew old and died
Well maybe not but it's a fact that we grew old

(CHORUS)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

12 COME TO MIND

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Tomcats come to mind. Why are their feet paws?
Why are their butts tails? Why are their nails claws?
Why are their meals rats? Why are there tomcats?

Pear trees come to mind. Why are their legs roots?
Why are their arms limbs? Why are their tears fruits?
Why are their friends bees? Why are there pear trees?

CHORUS: I don't know. I'm no good with answers.
I get by on mostly two suggestions:
Put the curtain in the tub, when you take a shower
& learn how to live with your questions

Skeeters come to mind. Why are their arms legs?
Why are their meals blood? Why are their kids eggs?
Why are there wings blurs? Why are there skeeters?

Semis come to mind. Why are their eyes lights?
Why are their legs wheels? Why are their days nights?
why are their brains guys? Why are there semis?

(CHORUS)

People come to mind. Why are their claws nails?
Why are their genes pants? Why are their gods males?
Why are their socks wool? Why are there people?

Why are their meals cows? Why are their fields farms?
Why are their beaks lips? Why are their wings arms?
Why are their jails full? Why are there people?

(CHORUS)

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

13 EVERY WEEK

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Every week, you borrow Mary's Chevrolet
Every week, you go and rent a strange P.A,
You gaze at the controls again • And try to look sagacious when
You give the knobs a tweak, every week

Every night, you wear the best that Kmart has
Every night, you wrestle with your image as
You trust your face to Mary Kay • And think about the special way
Your glasses catch the light, every night

Every song, contributes to the repertoire
But every song, will not make you a Nashville star
Especially when your winning smile • Conflicts with lousy playing while
Pronouncing something wrong, every song

Every beer, makes all your stuff sound better, true
But every beer, it's sounding better just to you
Thank god your fans are drunk as well • It makes it hard for them to tell
More lyrics disappear, every beer

Every year, your audience expands somehow
Every year, you get another fan but now
Since you're afraid they won't stay long • If you don't write a brand new song
You write one pretty near, every year

Every show, is magic every now and then
But every show, is also fraught with fear like when
The strap comes off your Epiphone • Which bounces off the speaker cone
And breaks your little toe, every show

Every set, the audience looks hazier
Every set, you think you're going crazy or
The lack of ventilation's why • Your vision has been clouded by
Another cigarette, every set

Every time, I think back to that smoky den
Every time, I think they'll ask us back again
Tho we would not go unrehearsed • And prob'ly would take Prozac first
We'd do it for a dime, one more time
We'd do it for a dime but not every time

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)