

Lyrics for the CD

# House Concert

Lou & Peter Berryman, year 2000

Words by Peter, Music by Lou

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Thank you!!

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This recording and others, plus other information, at:

**LOUANDPETER.COM**

Voice One: Plain Text  
 Voice Two: *Italic*  
 Both voices: Underline

**TALKIN' AT THE SAME TIME**  
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You say the two'v you've tried to ride a horse apiece around the grounds and all you have to show for it's a horse shoe  
*And that the two'v you've nude canoed 'n read in bed 'n flown to Rome and nothin' drives you nuts the way it used to*  
 Well now the news for you's we've seen between a pair a way to save the day that neither takes an hour nor a thin dime  
*And if the two'v you've the urge to merge pizzazz n' jazz n' razzmatazz, learn to turn to Tallkin' at the same time*

D'j'ever see a brighter lightning or a louder thunder • Rain, rain, rain all night  
 How bout the hail, the hail, the hail, it musta hailed for half an hour • The ground was nearly white  
 Well all the thunder and the hail it really scared the pooches • Scared them thru and thru  
 The dogs were really going crazy they were really goin' nuts 'til • Sometime after 2

*Raining, it was, raining • Thunder man it thundered and it rumbled like a freight train  
 Hail and rain and lightning • Oh the hail the hail was intermingled with the hard rain  
 Hail as big as golf balls • It was really noisy and the dogs were going crazy  
 Those poor dogs freak out in thunderstorms • Oh we musta been awake until three*

No doubt the two'v you've improved a few'v the normal formal ways to form a phrase to raise the level of yer heart t'hearts  
*As when the two'v you've clowned around & found your mood renewed upon 1 ending up a sentence that the other starts*  
 But if the two'v you've yelled 'r spelled 'r rapped 'r tapped a code 'r signed 'r whined 'r made a pun 'r done a pantomime  
*Or if the two'v you've spoken broken French or chat in Latin you can learn to turn to talkin' at the same time*

Well poor Lou Ann it seems Lou Ann is in another crisis • I hope she's okay  
 Her luck is bad it seems she has a few catastrophes a week • Or more like every day  
 Now was it Tuesday, that she called me, was it only Tuesday • She couldn't catch her breath  
 She said her stove blew up, her stove blew up and nearly burned the house down • she was scared to death

*Poor Lou Ann, poor Lou Ann • that Lou Ann is always in a crisis if you ask me  
 Bad luck she has bad luck • Poor Lou Ann's in crisis every month or maybe weekly  
 Tuesday yes just Tuesday • Calling in a panic from her doctor's office downtown  
 Poor Lou Ann, her entire stove blew up • Oh my god she nearly burned the house down*

Bridge (both voices):

Frogs all croak together, in the noisy bog • Dogs all know it's best to bark with at least one more dog  
 Cows all do their mooing, simultaneously • Ducks don't wait their turn to quack so why oh why should we?

I'm sure the two'v you've reclined behind the blinds 'n locked the door before to rest or best of all to see some TV  
*& there the two'v you've unwound around the tube a tad and had a half carafe o' wine to find you're growing hungry*  
 When you decide to call for pizza after laughter at the fridge about your jar of moldy chutney and your brown lime  
*Well if the two'v you've the wherewithal to crawl to phones you each can reach, dontcha turn to talkin' at the same time*

Hello hello, is this the pizza pit we'd like a pizza • Olives, double cheese  
 And put some pepperoni, pepperoni, definitely pepperoni, thin crust, thin crust, please  
 I think some Pepsi, diet Pepsi, either coke or Pepsi • Coke would be okay  
 Now wait now don't hang up now don't hang up, I didn't give the • street yet, oh dear what'd I say

*Hi, we'd like, a pizza • Double cheese and olives, no anchovies, pepperoni  
 Sausage, no, not sausage • Well I guess a little sausage maybe, and some Pepsi  
 Root beer, too, some root beer • Either that or Pepsi, and a couple sticks of cheese bread  
 Don't hang up, no don't, oops, they hung up • Gosh I hope it wasn't something I said*

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Bought some broccoli in a bag  
It was bad and me gag  
Smelled so much I thought I'd die  
Now I'm largely broccoli shy

I don't even go on walks  
Trees all look like broccoli stalks  
Sit inside in my old robe  
A godforsaken brocclophobe

Used to be a broccoli freak  
I subscribed to Broccoli Week  
Used to purchase broccoli stock  
I collected bric a broc

I would stop at Broccoli King  
One big stalk with everything  
Now I sit in my old robe  
A godforsaken brocclophobe

They used to call me Mr. Fun  
I'd bring florettes for everyone  
"Put aside that whiskey sour  
"Here I am it's broccoli hour"

Had all that I'd ever want  
A brocclophoric bon vivant  
Now I sit in my old robe  
A godforsaken brocclophobe

How I miss the good old days  
Of my brocclocentric ways  
Singing hymns of broccoli  
Broc of Ages cleft for me

Now my life is turning sour  
Now I live on cauliflower  
Now I sit in my old robe  
A godforsaken brocclophobe

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Thanksgiving day Uncle Dave was our guest  
 Who reads the Progressive which makes him depressed  
 We asked Uncle Dave if he'd like to say grace  
 A dark desolation crept over his face  
     Thanks he began as he gazed at his knife  
     To poor Mr. Turkey for living his life  
     All crowded and cramped in a great metal shed  
     Where life was a drag then they cut off his head

**UNCLE DAVE'S GRACE**

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Thanks he went on for the grapes in my wine  
 Picked by sick women of seventy nine  
 Scrambling all morning for bunch after bunch  
 Then brushing the pesticide off of their lunch  
     Thanks for the stuffing all heaped on my fork  
     Shiny with sausage descended from pork  
     I think of the trucks full of pigs that I see  
     And can't help imagine what they think of me

Continuing, I'd like to thank if you please  
 Our salad bowl hacked out of tropical trees  
 And for this mahogany table and chair  
 We thank all the jungles that used to be there  
     For cream in our coffee and milk in our mugs  
     We thank all the cows full of hormones and drugs  
     Whose calves are removed at a very young age  
     And force-fed as veal in a minuscule cage

Oh thanks for the furnace that heats up these rooms  
 And thanks for the rich fossil fuel it consumes  
 Corrupting the atmosphere ounce after ounce  
 But we're warm and toasty and that is what counts  
     I'm grateful he said for these clothes on my back  
     Lovely and comfy and cheap off the rack  
     Fashioned in warehouses noisy and cold  
     In China by seamstresses seven years old

And thanks for my silverware setting that shines  
 In memory of miners who died in the mines  
 Worn down by the shoveling of tailings in piles  
 Whose runoff destroys all the rivers for miles  
     We thank the reactors for our chandelier  
     Although the plutonium won't disappear  
     For hundreds of decades it still will be there  
     But a few more Chernobyls and who's gonna care

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Sighed Uncle Dave though there's more to be told  
 The wine's getting warm and the bird's getting cold  
 And with that he sat down as he mumbled again  
 Thank you for everything, amen  
     We felt so guilty when he was all through  
     It seemed there was one of two things we could do  
     Live without food in the nude in a cave  
     Or next year have someone say grace besides Dave

They say my squint is Gramma Farley's, Whose is Yours  
They say my cough is Uncle Charley's, Whose is Yours  
They say my sneeze is Auntie Rosie's and my limp is Uncle Josie's  
So I mosey like he moseys, Whose is Yours

**WHOSE IS YOURS?**  
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They say my squeaky voice is mommy's, Whose is Yours  
They say my temper's Uncle Tommy's, Whose is Yours  
They say i got my fear of cola from my Grampa's Aunt Viola  
Plus she gave me her shnozola. Whose is Yours

Now if your family members are bizarre  
It doesn't help to flee them in your car  
For when your shadow's very clear or your reflection's in your beer  
Or when you look into your mirror, there they are

They say my shakes are Gramma Johnson's, Whose are Yours  
They say my house is 1st Wisconsin's, Whose is Yours  
They say i got my fear of flying from my Uncle Darryl's dying  
Breaking his umbrella trying, Whose is Yours

They say my molars have a history, Whose are Yours  
But my bicuspid's are a mystery, Whose are Yours  
My father sold his fleet of Kaisers and he flushed his tranquilizers  
But he gave me his incisors, Whose are Yours

Now if you have adopted all your kin  
And don't know where your DNA has been  
Well rest assured that down a side road where the lawns are brown & unmowed  
There's a whole entire zip code with your chin

They say my twitch is Uncle Urban's, Whose is Yours  
They say that so's my love of bourbons, Whose is Yours  
They say he gave me his psychosis and genetic halitosis  
But i gave myself cirrhosis, Whose is Yours

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They say my sneer is Aunt O'Casey's Whose is yours  
They say my jokes are George and Gracie's, Whose are Yours  
They say I got the fam'ly panics and my car is my mechanic's  
And my future's the Titanic's, Whose is Yours

My skinny legs are Grand papa's, it's true  
My beady eyes I got from Grampa too  
But if they ever try to chart me to find whose may every part be  
They'll no doubt find out, my heart belongs to you  
They'll no doubt find out, my heart belongs to you

Upon a main branch, above my brain stem  
There sings a Jerdane bird, you may have heard of him  
He goes jerdane (x11), and that's the Jerdane Bird  
Who sings a single word

Above the Jerdane Bird, 'za bird who lives to talk  
Known as the Chowtwa Hawk, the chatty Chowtwa Hawk  
He warns me chowtwa (x11) that's the Chowtwa Hawk  
A bird who lives to talk

Beside the Chowtwa hawk, 'za bird who needs to speak  
Known as the Airfulbeak, the mighty Airfulbeak  
Who warns me airfulbeak airfulbeak (x11) ah the Airfulbeak  
A bird who needs to speak

But it's the Dupsha Dove, who has the final say  
And to the other birds, proceeds to sing away  
She tells them dupsha (x11), how I dearly love  
The little Dupsha dove

And when the Dupsha Dove, has had the final word  
She brings the Thinbrea Bird, to join the Thoutbrea Bird  
They whisper thinbrea-thoutbrea (x5.5), how I dearly love  
The little Dupsha Dove

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**PERSEIDS**

©1995 L&P Berryman

<p><i>CHORUS:</i>          From Persee ersee ersee ersee erseus          They radi adi adi adi adiate          Too many many many many meteors          To estim estim estim estim estimate</p>
---

We'll count em ount em ount em ount em ount em all  
 We'll clap & yell & wave & jump & run about  
 Provided ided ided ided ided it's  
 Not cloudy oudy oudy oudy oudy out

*CHORUS*

We'll sneak a neak a neak a neak a neak a kiss  
 It's so romo romo romantic out of doors  
 I hope we ope we ope we ope we ope we don't  
 For get to watch the meet the meet the meteors

*CHORUS*

Oh, how they ow they ow they ow they gleam and glow  
 How fast they ast they ast they ast they ast they are  
 Who cares oo cares oo cares oo cares oowhere they go  
 So longs they dont they dont they dont they hit the car

*CHORUS, ending with:*

To anno anno anno anno annotate  
 To calcul alcu alcu alcu alculate  
 To contem ontem ontem ontem ontemplate  
 To correl orrel orrel orrel orrelate

To dedic edic edic edic edicate  
 To duplic uplic uplic uplic uplicate  
 To illus illus illus illus illustrate  
 To integ integ integ integ integrate

To isol isol isol isol isolate  
 To numer umer umer umer umerate  
 To simul imul imul imul imulate  
 To valid alid alid alid alidate

To celeb eleb elebrate

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--

Went down to the Kwik Trip on a Thursday after dinner.  
Picked up a pair o' Twinkies 'n a cup o' cocoa  
Took my place in line and noticed over top the tabloids  
You could see all our reflections in the window

Track 7

**OLDERN' EVERYBODY**  
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Now you would not describe me as a people watching person  
And I'm not often one to stick my neck out  
But if someone'd put a gun to me and forced my estimation  
(I'd say I was) Older'n everybody, older'n everybody, older'n everybody at the checkout

So feeling antiquated, I arrived at a decision  
To act a few years younger for an hour  
Drove down to the tavern where my roots'd been firmly planted  
When my years of boozing were in flower

Drove in back to park and found the landscape unbecoming  
The winos in the alley made me shudder  
I'm glad I turned my life around but hadn't thought of this part  
(Where I'd be) Older'n everybody, older'n everybody, older'n everybody in the gutter

I drove off in the moonlight to my fav'rite cemetery  
For tho I'm well aware, I'm no spring chicken  
Reading all the gravestones often brightens my perspective  
After all, they're dead, and I'm still kickin'

Now I should have been glad that I could hike that hilly acre  
I wasn't even really breathin' that hard  
But when I read the dates I had the awful realization  
That I was older'n everybody, older'n everybody, older'n everybody in the boneyard

A little voice remarked that I could use a short vacation.  
That seemed like a reasonable suggestion  
So I drove off thru the night and found a motel near Milwaukee  
The desk clerk looked me over 'n posed a question.

He asked if I was old enough to take the senior discount  
'Cause old boys stay for less at Howard Johnson  
I said, "If I don't get the discount sonny, no one gets the discount  
"(Because I'm) Older'n everybody, older'n everybody, older'n everybody in Wisconsin

Now this ol' bird is older'n all the nighthawks in Chicago  
Older'n every buzzard playing bingo  
Older than the turkey in almost every turkey dinner  
Older'n every snowbird in Orlando

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And tho I may be younger than the glaciers and the ocean  
Younger than the limestone and the granite  
And tho I may be younger than those Twinkies on the dashboard  
(I think I'm) Older'n everybody, older'n everybody, older'n everybody on the planet

**ACME FORGETTING SERVICE**

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Do you lie awake at night afraid and upset  
Hounded by something you would rather forget  
And you can't shake it off whatever you do  
Give us a call, and we'll forget it for you

If you've a mem'ry that is causing you pain  
By going round and round and round in your brain  
And you're a wreck because you can't sleep at all  
Put your pajamas on and give us a call

*CHORUS:*

If your past is making you nervous  
And you don't know what to do  
Call the acme forgetting service:  
1-800-something-222

Once every evening we delete all our files  
Our post-it notes are in incredible piles  
There's only disappearing ink in our pens  
And all our pencils they erase at both ends

If there's a song you can't get out of your head  
There's always suicide, but call us instead  
We will forget it which will free up your brain  
Then we'll replace it with this lovely refrain:

*CHORUS*

Our politician package goes pretty fast  
In which we work on both your future and past  
For one small fee we'll disremember for you  
Your indiscretions and your promises too

These days the democrats they need us for sure  
And libertarians to deal with the poor  
But those republicans they haven't called yet  
They have no conscience, they don't have to forget

*CHORUS*

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**WEIRDER THAN SUNLIGHT**

or

**LOVE IS THE WEIRDEST OF ALL**

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1 I know that the moon's been dissected  
They've mapped every fissure and crater  
And what they don't know at the moment  
they'll find it out sooner or later

And I know it's right there on the web page  
where the moon'll be Tuesday at midnight  
But I don't think they'll ever convince me  
That moonlight's not weirder than sunlight

CHORUS: You learn from two pines when they whisper  
You learn from two loons when they call  
That the best things in life are peculiar  
And love is the weirdest of all

2 There are books on dynamics of water  
They've exhausted the physics of floating  
Personal flotation pillows  
Have taken the risk out of boating

You can build a canoe in a weekend  
Out of fiberglass birch bark and caulking  
But I don't think they'll ever convince me  
Canoeing's not weirder than walking

CHORUS

3 Of all of the things we've invented  
From indelible ink to elastic  
I would say without batting an eyelash  
That nothing is stranger than plastic

And the oddest of all are the posies  
That seem perfectly real 'til you feel one  
But I don't think they'll ever convince me  
That a plastic one's weird as a real one

CHORUS

4 Though we know our gardenias in Latin  
This corsage is no less of a mystery  
And the moon remains very peculiar  
Despite all the Apollos through history

So tonight when we woo on the river  
It's okay that we know our canoeing  
Nonetheless, when it comes down to wooing  
I'm glad we don't know what we're doing

CHORUS

*NOTE: The eight lines below, in the box, were in our original version. We took them out for this recording, thinking the song was too long. But we've changed our minds again, and now perform the song with these lines kept in. It is recorded with these lines on our double CD, released in 2004, called Love is the Weirdest of All. These lines follow the eight lines of verse 3, and are followed by a chorus as are the others:*

They have synthesized half of the hormones  
They have numbered the nerves and synapses  
They know how desire is triggered  
And why one's resistance collapses

They know romance is bioelectric  
And the body is one big appliance  
But I don't think they'll ever convince me  
That necking's not weirder than science

CHORUS

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So there's SIXTY FIVE miles to go, to get to my sweet prairie flower  
The speed limit's now SIXTY FIVE; It should take me exactly an hour  
Only SIXTY FIVE miles to go, but when 10 miles further I drive  
I notice with dread there's a sign up ahead saying Speed zone, slow down, FIFTY FIVE

So there's FIFTY FIVE miles to go, to get to my sweet prairie flower  
The speed limit's now FIFTY FIVE; It should take me exactly an hour  
Only FIFTY FIVE miles to go, but when 10 miles further I drive  
I notice with dread there's a sign up ahead saying Speed zone, slow down, FORTY FIVE

*(And so forth, until you reach TWENTY FIVE. Then this last verse:)*

Oh I cannot go on this-a-way, I complain to myself in the mirror  
I keep driving further and further. But I don't seem to get any nearer  
So I'll rent me a room at this motel. And you can come visit some day  
The view's not so hot and the bed is a cot, but it's only an hour away

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**COCKROACH CHRISTMAS**

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What's on a cockroach Christmas list?  
Cracks in the plaster walls  
Greasy formica, toast on the floor  
Six legged overalls

Three pairs of ice skates, three pairs of boots  
Three pairs of light brown socks  
Tiny vacations throughout the year  
Deep in the Bran Flakes box

*CHORUS:*

Crumble a cookie, leave out the bread  
Turn out the light because  
Down by the floor where cockroaches live  
You are the Santa Claus

What's on a cockroach Xmas list?  
Never to be alone.  
Someone to hold in all of their arms.  
Someone to call their own

Someone to give their feelers a feel.  
Someone to brush their legs  
Dark assignations under the fridge  
n'Somewhere to lay their eggs

*CHORUS*

What's on a cockroach Xmas list?  
The answer to all their prayers  
A nuclear war has taken its toll  
And all of the world is theirs

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All of the crackers, all of the jam.  
Never the need to hide.  
No more the rolled up Newsweek of doom.  
No more insecticide

*CHORUS*

**BIG DEAD BIRD**  
©1984 L&P Berryman

The liquor stores are empty, the car won't start  
The Christmas decorations are fallin' apart  
The temperature is droppin', the sky is gray  
Gonna have a big dead bird for dinner, on Christmas Day

Papa's nerves get frazzled, & wearin' thin  
Mama in her wisdom gets drunk on gin  
The kids go build a roadblock, for Santa's sleigh  
Gonna have a big dead bird for dinner, on Christmas Day

Smelly Uncle Charlie, he brings his wife  
The one he calls Fartblossom and chases with a knife  
Grampa and his mistress, they come to stay  
Gonna have a big dead bird for dinner, on Christmas Day

Christmas Eve at midnight, gonna have a little snack  
Gramma's apple strudel that's burned & black  
Daddy's home made ice cream that tastes like clay  
Gonna have a big dead bird for dinner on Christmas Day

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Chapter one my lunch begun I chewed my food and wrote  
Chapter two my salad thru I ate my morning coat  
Chapter three I drank some tea and then I ate the cup  
Chapter four inhaled the door and threw the hinges up

Chapter five I downed a chive and half a beef burgoo  
Chapter six I had to fix a bowl o' cola stew  
Chapter seven cracked eleven eggs and ate the yokes  
Chapter eight I licked the plate and sucked a case o' cokes

Chapter nine I had some wine and as my body shook  
Chapter ten I ate my pen and polished off the book  
In all our hides a book resides they say, and I allow  
There wasn't one when I'd begun but there's one in me now

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*CHORUS:*

Who am I, who am I, I don't even know  
Who I was, who I was, just a month ago  
Who am I, who am I I think I wish I knew  
By the way, by the way, who the hell are you

Have I always seen the shovels rolling down the lane  
The serviette with antlers and the rabbits in the rain  
The turtles on my mattress and the windows in the stairs  
The faces made of bubbles and the green expanding squares

The angel on my sea of laundry bobbing like a cork  
The fingers on my hands that hang like pickles made of pork  
The locomotives in the lobby switching to & fro  
Pulling cars of Dobermans drooling in the snow

*CHORUS*

Have I always heard a duckling coughing in the hall  
The rattle of my elbows and the scratching in the wall  
The rasping sound of telescopes decaying in the hills  
And Walter Cronkite's echo in a field of daffodils • CH.

Have I always heard the leather melting on the floor  
The dripping of the glaciers in the bottom of my drawer  
The groaning of the sidewalk from the surging of the worms  
The ticking sound of vengeance from 100,000 germs.

*CHORUS*

Have I always smelled the metal in a piece of meat  
The smokiness of sugar in the middle of the street  
Electric clouds of boyhood in a sour bowl of cream  
The dampness of perdition in a single puff of steam

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Have I always felt the grain of gristle in my knees  
The greasiness of plastic and the hairiness of cheese  
The temporary nature of the boniness of crows  
The pickiness of paper in the corners of my clothes

*CHORUS*

**WONDERFUL MADISON**  
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She wears her lakes like a diamond tiara  
Her necklace is known as the mighty Yahara  
Around her the beltline is draped like a garland  
And brings in commuters from way past McFarland

*CHORUS:*

Oh Wonderful Madison mother of cities  
Queen of all Dairyland, waiting for me  
Wonderful Madison, jewel of Wisconsin  
With more than one high school and cable TV

*CHORUS*

Hard working mother you lion of business  
From Shopko to Oscar's and all through the Isthmus  
But if getting a job doesn't seem to be prudent  
You can take out a loan and return as a student

*CHORUS*

When fat men with briefcases grab her attentions  
She knows that they want her to host their conventions  
Where bankers and shriners with laptop computers  
Buy cheese for their wives on their way out to Hooters

*CHORUS*

Sweet mother Madison full of compassion  
A liberal community after a fashion  
You don't have to worry if you do annoy her  
'Cause for every person there's more than one lawyer

*CHORUS*

Stand on the shoreline of town as you enter  
Stand and admire the convention center  
See how it hangs off the shore like a goiter  
But don't stand there long, it's illegal to loiter

*CHORUS*

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**CHEESE & BEER & SNOW**  
**or**  
**THIRTY DEGREES**  
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Lunch & cheese & dinner & cheese  
Fall & cheese & winter & cheese  
Chips & cheese & jerky & cheese  
Nuts & cheese & turkey & cheese  
Cheese with pies & peppers & peas  
Snow & beer & cheese

Cheese & snow & hockey & snow  
Cows & snow Milwaukee & snow  
Boots & snow & dripping & snow  
Ice & snow & slipping & snow  
Wind & snow, a car that won't go  
Beer & cheese & snow

Snow & beer & bowling & beer  
Golf & beer & trolling & beer  
School & beer & sledding & beer  
Love & beer & (a) wedding & beer  
Cold beer here, getcher beer here  
Cheese & snow & beer

Slush & ale & Monterey jack  
Flakes & brie & a cheap six pack  
Drifts & curds & a head of good suds  
Cheese whiz ice & couple of Buds  
All keeps well at thirty degrees  
Snow & beer & cheese

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I was in my rocket cruisin' out around Aldebaran when I heard somethin' pop  
I nursed it to a nearby asteroid askin' if they didn't have an all night rocket shop  
They led me to a four leg five head thing in overalls who claimed he was the best around  
He said you got a reemal skadeever in your plapper, I can tell, the way it sounds  
Go have a cuppa koltag, a slice of Ooba Delight  
Rent yourself a hole to go to sleep in; it's prob'ly gonna take all night

I had almost got my thurdahg off my nammichemmi when I heard a scratchy voice  
Sayin' I'm Anema Chiptap your vedegadaiva for the night, you have no choice  
Into my compartment crawled that slimy little creature like a turtle five feet tall  
She repeated twice so gently please remove your Zolameesh & hang it on the wall  
We had a cuppa koltag a slice of Ooba Delight  
I knew pretty soon I'd have to face it; you can't eat Ooba all night

Twenty hours later I began to get impatient for the first sign of daylight  
Suddenly it struck me I had neglected to determine the duration of a night  
I asked Anema Chiptap my vedegadeva when Aldebaran would rise again  
She said the way you calculate your time it should be seven hundred years or so my friend  
We had a cuppa koltag a slice of Ooba Delight  
I even took a shot of skofless to help me through the night

That was long ago before we bought a little mukka in a crater by the sea  
I got a little job dingatching sinkatelma even though out here the koltag's free  
We raised a couple fiplop somsi bushes puttin' out a little skofless now & then  
If I ever get my ship back I don't wanna leave but if I do I'll come again  
We'll have a cuppa koltag a slice of Ooba delight  
I'll snuggle with Anema and maybe spend the night

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We take the show to Minnesota  
We take the show to Monterey  
We fly to Boston on a plane and we drive to Portland Maine  
And we gig along the way

Track 18  
**MADISON, WISCONSIN**  
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And at the end of each performance  
We blow the audience a kiss  
And when following the show, they come up to say hello  
Seems it always leads to this:

*CHORUS:* So how's ol' Madison WI; Is that Paul Soglin still the mayor  
And is Rennebohm's expanding; 's the Club de Wash still there  
I used to sit out on the terrace and watch my grade point disappear  
For the life of me I don't know how i wound up here

Now I can see us in the future  
We take a boat to Bengal Bay  
And from Calcutta on a train to the Himalayan chain  
Takes at least another day

We hike for weeks among the foothills  
It feels like 700 miles  
We ask a sherpa could you please help us carry all our cheese  
And he turns around and smiles

*CHORUS*

We leave Mount Everest behind us  
We hop a steamer tramp to Perth  
Old Australia seems to me, 'sfar away as you can be  
and remain upon the Earth

But in our Bucky Badger derbies  
As we survey the billibong  
We think we're really off the map 'til a local sees the cap  
And diggery-does a little song

*CHORUS*

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We leave Australia in a rocket  
We hit the moon and take a walk  
The craters all are full of guys with enormous buggy eyes  
And they all begin to talk

It sounds like Hey gadeng vadaieda  
Oh yah gadeng vadeida hey  
But we realize pretty soon, they mean welcome to the moon  
Have a beer & by the way

*CHORUS*