

Lyrics for the CD  
**LOVE is the WEIRDEST of ALL**

by Lou and Peter Berryman

Recorded in 2002

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IF YOU HAVE PROBLEMS WITH THIS FILE, PLEASE LET ME KNOW. Thanks!

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*Typos, misspellings, and glitches by Zondo*

Disc 1, Track 1

## ODD MAN OUT

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If your lover won't come over and when you call they're 'bout as warm as an ice cube  
And your deck of cards is lost and it's raining and there's nothing good on the boob tube  
Here's a game you play alone and you never have to leave the warmth of your armchair  
It's your job to try and figure out which word in each grouping doesn't belong there:

Harpo, Ringo, Zorro, Julio,  
Zeppo, Chico, STUCCO, Mario, Groucho  
Mercury, Venus, Earth-Mars-Jupiter,  
Saturn, Neptune, PET WORLD, Uranus, Pluto\*  
1 pair, 2 pair, MAYONNAISE, 3 of a kind,  
Straight, flush, full house, 4 of a kind, straight flush  
Car theft, robbery, mugging, burglary,  
ROMANCE, hijack, arson, larceny, HAIRBRUSH

Alpha, beta, gamma, epsilon,  
Delta, zeta, theta, DRACULA, sigma  
Aries, Virgo, Leo, Gemini,  
Cancer, Taurus, NISSAN, Capricorn, Libra  
Monet, Manet, Van Gogh, Salvador  
Dali, SNEEZY, Cezanne, Delacroix, Renoir  
Earthquake, typhoon, mudslide, hurricane,  
ROMANCE, blizzard, firestorm, tidal wave, NUT BAR

Sister, brother, father, son-in-law,  
Uncle, nephew, cousin, DOUBLE-U, daughter  
Whisky, vodka, champagne, creme de menthe,  
Brandy, ouzo, Pernod, muscatel, WATER  
Southeast, northwest, northeast, north by northwest,  
Due north, due east, DREW BARRYMORE, due south  
Headache, earache, heartburn, stomach flu,  
ROMANCE, toothache, sore throat, muscle ache, BIG MOUTH

Freon, Neon, Xenon, OREGON / Cotton, Rayon, Orlon, ALANON  
Phone-ring earring gold-ring SLOBBERING / Hardees Wendy's RABIES Burger-King

Toaster, freezer, washer, opener,  
Blender, mixer, ANGER, vegetable steamer  
Hipbone, heel bone, tailbone, fibula,  
Cheekbone, jawbone, TROMBONE, scapula, femur  
Desk lamp, flashlight, lantern, photoflood,  
Headlight, dome light, night light, CELLULITE, sun lamp  
Puzzler, baffler, cypher, cryptogram,  
ROMANCE, riddle, mystery, question mark, OFF RAMP

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\*Since Pluto is no longer a planet, sometimes we just leave out "pet world"...

Disc 1, Track 2

## 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...

Disc 1, Track 3

## WHY CAN'T I?

©1988 L&P Berryman

Frank said Mozart, everybody nodded; Sue said Brahms, everybody beamed  
Dave said Mahler, everybody hollered; Frank said Bach, everybody screamed  
Sue said Schubert, everybody's cheering  
    Dave said Straus, they're jumping up & down  
    I said Manilow, Barry Manilow...

Why can't I come up with anything clever?  
I read the New York Times but what's the use  
All my great ideas are little flowers  
& here comes Barry Manilow like a moose  
    Why can't I come up with anything clever?  
    Why should conversation be so hard  
    I say things like "do you come here often"  
    And that is when we're standing in my yard

Frank said jogging, everybody nodded • Sue said tennis, everybody beamed  
Dave said softball, everybody hollered • Frank said swimming, everybody screamed  
    Sue said cycling, everybody's cheering  
    Dave said skiing, they're jumping up & down  
    I said bingo, that'n dartball

Why can't I come up with anything clever?  
What if I've used the last thought in my head  
What if you only get ideas 'til 40  
Then either you run for office or drop dead  
    I wonder if they offer any courses  
    Something like remedial savoir faire  
    Or introductory Zen of conversation  
    You still can't talk but you don't really care

Frank said Google, everybody nodded • Sue said iPod, everybody beamed  
Dave said Firewire, everybody hollered • Frank said Broadband, everybody screamed  
    Sue said wireless, everybody's cheering  
    Dave said RAM, they're jumping up and down  
    I said pencil, and good ol' typewriter

That time I was trying to be funny  
Guess my sense of humor's incomplete  
But I'm so tired of trying to be clever  
Never being funny is a treat  
    Why can't I come up with anything clever  
    All my, all, it's, my, they turn to mush  
    Then I go and, you know, can't remember  
    m the one who, you know, twitch and blush

Disc 1, Track 4

## **DOUBLE YODEL**

©1995 L&P Berryman

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

<p>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.</p>
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## 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.

Disc 1, Track 6

**The STUFF SONG**

1998 L&P Berryman

I had always considered my habits austere  
Cause i don't have a boat or a big chandelier  
But then recently something became very clear  
When I found myself building another new shelf

I'm no antiquer with hundreds of lamps  
And I'm not a philatelist tho I have stamps  
Nor am I a numismatist such as my gramps  
But I run a museum in spite of myself

Ties for example I've dozens of those  
I have ties that are thin and go down to your toes  
And a couple so wide you don't need any clothes  
And so thick they will cushion your fall if you faint

Ties that are new and a few from my youth  
And a wool one I wore on a whim in Duluth  
And a doozy i bought in a mall in a booth  
And a few i invented with glitter and paint

Leftover paint for the ceiling and floor  
I have paint for old wood that was painted before  
I have paint i forget what it's for anymore  
And a color for only where nobody looks

Red for the car that i drove as a teen  
And a can of a hideous lemony green  
And a hundred percent of the shades in between  
With instructions on painting in handyman books

Books in the cupboard & books overhead  
and a shelf of quotations from guys who are dead  
a collection of classics i never have read  
and an unopened book about keeping in shape

Waterproof books about building a yacht  
And the story of spam which I read & forgot  
A debunking of Ripley's Believe It Or Not  
And a hist'ry of myst'ry and Dickens on tape

Tape I have some that is stronger than glue  
And electrical tape in both yellow & blue  
I have tape for the pool or to patch a canoe  
Even tho I don't own a canoe or a pool

Tape for my car that's reflective and red  
I have tape for the trunks of my trees in the shed  
I have leftover tape from a gash in my head  
I have tape you apply with a packaging tool

Tools i have lying around everywhere  
Like a pump for replacing the air in a spare  
And a circular saw and a carpenter square  
And a fairly elaborate socket array

Hammers and planes and a ratcheting wrench  
And a workbench of drills and a drilling extension  
That fits in a rack on tha back of the bench  
Over lithium grease in an aerosol spray

Spray for my hair i have cream for my face  
I have dandruff shampoo with an apricot base  
I have bottles of aloe all over the place  
And a case of deoderant germicide soap

Now while I rinse couldn't somebody quick  
Give a person perspective on what makes 'im tick  
Tell me why in a world full of hungry and sick  
I need herbal emollient and soap on a rope

I'm ashamed to admit I have too many socks  
And infusers and shovels and pencils and clocks  
And enough pairs of glasses to fill a shoe box  
And fedoras and paper clips up the wazoo

Sorting it all into bins would be wise  
But I ran out of rubbermaid boxes that size  
And for labels i don't have the office supplies  
So it looks like i have some more shopping to do

It looks like i have some more shopping to do

Disc 1, Track 7

## **HANDYMAN**

©1990 L&P Berryman

He goes for a walk, he comes back with caulk, and a gallon o' roofin' tar  
A leveling rule, a spackling tool, spark plugs for the car  
A pair of pliers, speaker wires, an oil draining pan  
Well I know that I, could do it but why, when I fell for my handyman

Well he's gonna lay a floor o' parkay just as soon as he finds the time  
He's gonna install a light in the hall, a doorbell like a chime  
How he chooses all my fuses I don't understand  
I know that I could, I probably should, but I fell for my handyman

He sanded the sink, epoxied it pink, it's exactly the shade I like  
He got the TV adjusted for me, gonna fix my bike  
Grease & oil it, move the toilet, according to my plan  
It used to take dough, to get it just so til I fell for my handyman

His carpenter square & dust in his hair oh my heart has begun to melt  
The paint he can scrape the measuring tape clipped right to his belt  
Here's a pipe wrench there's the workbench where it all began  
A lamp on the blink a smile & a wink & I fell for my handyman

I know he's sincere cause either he's here or he's out at the lumberyard  
& I have a hunch when I make him lunch, he works twice as hard  
Main attraction, satisfaction, says so on his van  
My doors they all close, my lawnmower mows,  
Since I fell for my Handyman

Disc 1, Track 8

**DOWN BY THE BOATHOUSE**

©1989 Lou & Peter Berryman

I dreamed we went walking one Sunday at three  
A barmaid, a hooker, an old man and me  
Down by the boathouse we played a few games  
Most without rules and some without names

Soon we were joined by a nun on a horse  
Who immediately got in the action of course  
With gadgets from Mexico wrapped up in rags  
Discretely delivered in brown paper bags

With oils from faraway corners of France  
And leather attachments on strangely made pants  
With cameras with timers recording the scene  
We managed to romp till eleven fifteen

When the old man stood up and said "I've had enough"  
He wiped off his whiskers and packed up his stuff  
He said "Please forgive me, it's hard on my heart"  
We stood in the doorway and watched him depart

The barmaid retreated in swirls of remorse  
The nun cried "My goodness!" and climbed on her horse  
The hooker said "Thank you" and gave me the bill  
I was alone and the boathouse was still

I dreamed we went walking one Sunday at three  
A barmaid, a hooker, an old man and me  
Down by the boathouse we played a few games  
Most without rules and some without names

Disc 1, Track 9

**FORGET ME NOT**

©1990 Lou & Peter Berryman

When the whatchacallums blossom by the back porch  
And the bluish purple whoozis do the same  
And the bird with yellow on it sings a number  
My mind drifts back to lovely whats-her-name

The puffy nimbo-something clouds are floating  
High above the hoosiewhatsis tree  
And the bushes with the purple jobs are blooming  
By those forget-me-nots I love to see

On the Monday or the Tuesday that I met her  
We had pasta full of cheese, what is it called  
When we stopped at the Cafe something-or-other  
Where our Dodge or was it Studebaker stalled

We danced some kind of dance I can't remember  
As they played what was the name of that old song  
I recall i gave her wine or was it candy  
And I brought a few forget-me-nots along

I almost can remember what she looks like  
Her elbow on the gizmo of the chair  
Pinning up the doodad of her dickey  
And snapping the doohickey in her hair

Well I gave her a fancy thing of flowers  
I asked her if she'd share my driveway too  
If my memory serves me she was cordial  
But whispered these forget-me-nots'll do

Well I should look her up one of these summers  
I believe she moved to Boise or Madrid  
So that we could lie again by what's that river  
And do some of the things I think we did

She broke my heart or was it vice-versa  
Well one of us was sad as we could be  
I sent her some forget-me-nots in parting  
Or did she send forget-me-nots to me?

Disc 1, Track 10

## **ACME FORGETTING SERVICE**

©2000 Lou & Peter Berryman

D'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 there's 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:

For if your past is making you nervous  
And you don't know what to do  
Call the Acme Forgetting Service  
**ONE-EIGHT-HUNDRED-SOMETHING!-TWO-TWO-TWO**

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

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

\*This line changes sometimes. For the last few years  
we've been singing:

*These days the Democrats call now and then  
Tryin' to forget that it could happen again..."*

Disc 1, Track 11

## GLORIOUS PREDICTION

©1996 Lou & Peter Berryman

From the shower we heard strangers ring our doorbell twice,  
We were dripping when they told us of their view  
How the lion will be lyin' with the little mice  
When the glorious prediction comes true

So we asked them as we dried off what they really mean  
Vicious pumas will they settle for fondue  
Will the bullfrog stick his tongue out for a lima bean  
When the glorious prediction comes true

Chorus:

When the glorious prediction comes true  
When the glorious prediction comes true  
Will it be as good for me as it will be for you  
When the glorious prediction comes true

Will there be less TV football 'fyou don't like football  
Will there be more TV football if you do  
'N if you're not sure if you like it will there be some football  
When the glorious prediction comes true

Will the lovers who once dumped you for the hell of it  
Will they mention since they left you they've been blue  
Brokenhearted, suicidal, also celibate  
When the glorious prediction comes true

Chorus

Will the tenants have their landlords let em stay for free  
Will the landlords have their rent paid when it's due  
Will this somehow not be seen as a discrepancy  
When the glorious prediction comes true

Will there be nothing parasitic on your Chia pet  
No accordion playing people 'cept for Lou  
No more strangers ringing doorbells when you're dripping wet  
When the glorious prediction comes true

Chorus

## Disc 1, Track 12

### ALPHABET POLKA

©1988 Lou & Peter Berryman

Darlin' if we ever don't remember what to do  
I wrote down the A-B-C's of being me an' you  
A is for Anxiety the worst that it can get  
B is for Bulimia, we haven't had it yet

C's for Catatonic which is easy on our shoes  
D is for Depression that begins right after news  
E is for Euphoria a hollow kind of glee  
F is for a Phobia, or does it start with P?

#### CHORUS:

You came in, fell apart, had some lunch, stole my heart  
For five long years we trembled on the sofa  
Now there's no time for that, life's too short, we're too fat  
So let's go out and polka polka polka

G is for the Guilt that comes in fifty gallon drums  
H is for Hallucination, look out here it comes  
I is for Insanity that no one can explain  
J is for the Jealousy we're feeling for the sane

K is Kleptomania we may as well try that  
L is for Lobotomy so hang on to your hat  
M is for the Madhouse where they're saving us a chair  
N is for Neurosis which will prob'ly get us there.

O is for Obsessions that have brought us to our knees  
P is for Psychosis that has turned us into cheese  
Q is for the Quivering that we do every day  
R is for the Relapse that is surely on the way

S is Schizophrenia that comes in awful close  
T is for the Tranquilizers we took by the gross  
U is for the Undertow in every coffee cup  
V is for the Vertigo we got from growing up.

W's the Worry that we lost the human race  
X is for the Xerox that I'm saving of your face  
Y is for the Yesterday that you have seen me through  
Z is for the Zombie who is still in love with you.

**LOVE IS THE WEIRDEST OF ALL**

*Also known as*

**WEIRDER THAN SUNLIGHT**

©2000 Lou & Peter Berryman

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

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

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 till you feel one  
But I don't think they'll ever convince me  
That a plastic one's weird as a real one

Chorus

They have synthesized half of the hormones  
And 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

Though we know our gardenias in Latin  
This corsage is no less of a myst'ry  
And the moon remains very peculiar  
Despite all the Apollos thru 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

Disc 2, Track 1

## **WHY AM I PAINTING THE LIVING ROOM?**

©1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

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?

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?

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

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

CHORUS:

Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

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

Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

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

Disc 2, Track 2

TALKIN' AT THE SAME TIME

© 2000 Lou & Peter Berryman

You say the two've you've tried to ride a horse apiece a-  
Round the grounds and all you have to show for it's a horse shoe  
    And that the two've 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  
    Now if the two've you've the urge to merge pizzaz n' jazz n' razzmatazz  
    Learn to turn to talkin' at the same time

Well d'j ever see a brighter lightning or a louder thunder  
Rain, rain, rain all I 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 goin' crazy they were really goin' nuts  
'Til sometime after two

    Raining, it was, raining  
    Thunder, man it rumbled and it thundered 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've you've improved a few've the normal formal  
Ways to form a phrase to raise the level of your heart to hearts  
    As when the two've you've clowned around and found your mood  
    Renewed upon one....  
...upon one ending up a sentence that the other starts  
But if the two've you've spelled, or yelled, or rapped, or tapped a code  
Or signed, or whined, or made a pun, or done a pantomime  
    Or if the two've you've spoken broken French or chat in Latin  
    You can learn to turn to talkin' at the same time

Well poor Lou Anne it seems Lou Anne 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

*NOTE: This is a two person song. When we sing it, Peter sings the lines that are IN-DENTED here, and Lou sings the rest. But you really have to hear this song to know how it is interwoven.*

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE >>>>

...TALKIN' AT THE SAME TIME

(Continued from previous page)

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 Anne, poor Lou Anne  
That Lou Anne is always in a crisis if you ask me  
Bad luck she has bad luck  
Poor Lou Anne's in crisis every month or maybe weekly  
Tuesday yes just Tuesday  
Calling in a panic from her doctors office downtown  
Poor Lou Anne, 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've you've reclined behind the blinds 'n locked the door before  
To rest or best of all to see some TV  
And there the two've 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've 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'd like 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

Disc 2, Track 3

## **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

Disc 2, Track 4

## **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

Disc 2, Track 5

**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

**RED KIMONO**

©1998 Lou & Peter Berryman

With sun on the Aspidistra, with news on the Motorola  
I picked up my red kimono, from the chair  
With breakfast a little nearer, I gazed in the bureau mirror  
Anxious as to who I'd see there

It coulda been Oprah, coulda been Elvis, coulda been Eva Gabor  
Coulda been Kerouac, coulda been Balzac, or Mister Kashudak, next door  
It coulda been Billy, (my cousin in Philly), or Waylon or Willie, or Robert E. Lee  
The Mona Lisa, or Mother Teresa, but it happened to be me

I went down to feed the Budgie, and plug in the Mr. Coffee  
And fumble inconsequently with my hair  
While peeling an avocado, I peeked out the kitchen window  
Anxious as to what I'd see there

It coulda been Cleveland, it coulda been Sweden, it coulda been Mercury or Spain  
Coulda been Burnaby, British Columbia, coulda been Muncie or Maine  
The Mall of America, or Buenaventura, or Montevideo Boulevard  
Coulda been Omaha, coulda been Panama, but it looked like our yard

Where standing among the clover, my darling along with Rover,  
Was watching the sun go over, like a blur  
With wonder and admiration, I gazed at the situation,  
Perplexed at how lucky we were

We coulda been isotopes, we coulda been cantaloupes, we coulda been hat racks or dice  
We coulda been semaphores, we coulda been dinosaurs, we coulda been cough drops, or lice  
We coulda been roadmaps, a bucket of mousetraps, a couple of big shoes, on a bus  
We coulda been dipsticks, or lavender lipsticks, but we happened to be us

**BRIDGE:**

That night I had nightmares my life was remade  
And the universe all rearranged  
In the morning I gingerly opened my eyes  
Afraid that the world may have changed

I rose from my hibernation to check out the situation,  
And soon my exhilaration filled the air  
With sun on the aspidistra, with news on the Motorola  
I picked up my red kimono, from the chair

Disc 2, Track 7

**OH AGNES**

©1989 Lou & Peter Berryman

Agnes you wanted to get out of Norway  
We fell in love and we landed in Maine  
I went off my way and you went off your way  
Me on the bottle and you on the train

**CHORUS:**

Oh Agnes, oh Norway, it's quarter to seven  
Yogurt is all that this poor boy can eat  
Take me back into your arms for minute  
I'm drunk as a skunk and I'm dead on my feet

Agnes I dreamed that the trip would be easy  
Too bad a dream goes the way that it does  
Strolls on the deck and a little parcheesi  
Are fine in themselves but that's all that there was

The captain all morning would stare at the ceiling  
The whites of his eyes were as green as the sea  
Agnes was worried and I had the feeling  
The same thing would happen to Agnes and me.

The ship was a dingy old freighter from Oslo  
Agnes and I had just turned twenty three  
Now I am older and Agnes is also  
The ship is in dry dock in Sioux St. Marie

My lefse is moldy, my Agnes is elsewhere  
My heart's been in Norway since I don't know when  
I know by the sticky old sides of my armchair  
I never will book on this passage again

Disc 2, Track 8

## MAIDEN VOYAGE

©1998 Lou & Peter Berryman

With a picture of mom and a bottle of pop  
In my youth I did cruise the Bahamas  
I brought my new pumps and my seersucker frock  
But I spent the whole voyage in pajamas

My togs and my rackets I never unpacked  
And the same with my Coppertone lotion  
But the 100's of Dramamine tablets I brought  
Were soon in the (ulp) in the ocean

### CHORUS:

Be careful my daughter, for life is a voyage  
And time is the ocean you're sailing  
The trick is in keeping your eyes to the side  
While your head is (ulp) over the railing

Up from a trough we would lurch to a crest  
And slip down the slope to a valley  
To the odor of diesel and seaweed and fish  
And grease from the (ulp) from the galley

The captain was living on parboiled squid  
And inquired if I'd like to try it  
I said thanks but I'm (ulp) i'm on a (ulp)  
Thanks but I'm (ulp) on a diet *CHORUS*

The dandies would pencil epistles that read  
When this cruise was over they'd miss me  
So why wouldn't they (ulp) why wouldn't they (ulp)  
Why wouldn't they (ulp) they kiss me?

They all said they'd like to but something's come up  
I'm not sure exactly what that meant  
D'ya spose it was (ulp), d'ya spose it was(ulp)  
D'ya suppose (ulp) it (ulp) was my accent *CHORUS*

But then I caught sight of your father at last  
He was green as the threatening sky was  
And I knew in my heart he was my kind of guy  
For he was as queasy as I was

It isn't the brand of the coffee you drink  
But whom you are sharing the cup with  
For it matters not much what you're holding inside  
But (ulp) whom you (ulp) bring it up with *CHORUS*

**DO YOU BELIEVE IN ME?** ©1996 Lou & Peter Berryman

Do you think Santa Claus on a long November night  
When Rudolf cracks a hoof and the elves are breaking down with a  
Bottle of bourbon open on the toy line

D'you think he calls me up

Not when the chance is slim that I believe in him

    No he'll call Christmas freaks with ten foot plastic trees

    And one big statuette, floodlit and turning slowly

    Shimmering like a red potato pancake

    Of Santa Claus himself

    That's who he'll ask with glee: Do you believe in me?

And old Count Dracula, on those long summer eves  
When twilight lingers on, and the man has shared the day with a  
Rubbermaid array of under bed bins

D'you think he leaps at me

Upset cause I insist that he does not exist

    No he'll jump vampire fans who never dangle arms

    Too far beside their beds, and nightly wake up screaming

    Fumbling with a hammer and a tent stake

    Since they believe in him

    He'll suck their scapula to prove he's Dracula

And that poor tooth fairy, when she's all out of dimes  
And her truck's full of teeth and she hears nine more children  
Wiggling on their molars in the suburbs

D'you think she picks that time

To ask why I prefer to not believe in her

    No she calls five year olds who hoard their baby teeth

    Like little traveler's checks that they put underneath their

    Pillow and then they whisper with a new lisp

    "Tooth fairy pleathe come thoon"

    That's who she asks you see: Do you believe in me?

So when your boss is mean and your begonia dies  
And your best friend buys guns and your new couch comes off and  
Litters about a mile of the freeway

You should not pick this time

To have your mom appraise the way you live these days

    No you should march right in and call yours truly up

    Who hangs on every word and will go: "...unh-unh, uh-huh, unh-unh,

    Certainly and of course not..."

    Enthusiastically.

    So soon's this line is free go make a call to me.

Disc 2, Track 10

## **I DON'T BELIEVE YOU LIKE MY SHIRT**

©1992 Lou & Peter Berryman

I don't believe you like my shirt  
I don't believe you like my shirt  
Careful now the truth can hurt  
I don't believe you like my shirt

If I were in a cavern, a mile from Chattanooga,  
It'd be okay from there  
If I were underwater, an hour from Tortuga,  
It'd be okay from there  
If I were in a blackout, a minute after midnight, standing right beside you dear  
The moon behind the mountain, and me without a flashlight,  
It'd be okay right here

Dontcha like my after shave  
Dontcha like my after shave  
Tell the truth and I'll be brave  
Dontcha like my after shave

If I were in a space suit, an hour from the shuttle,  
It'd be okay from there  
If I were with the Packers in Cleveland in a huddle,  
It'd be okay from there  
If I had influenza, without my decongestant, and we were in a cyclone dear  
And I could keep a clothespin affixed to my proboscis,  
It'd be okay right here

Now I think I made you blue  
I cut a piece o'pie for you  
Still I think I heard a sigh  
Dontcha like my pecan pie

To someone in a famine, who used to be a glutton,  
It'd taste okay to him  
To a hermit in the desert, wit' absolutely nuttin'  
It'd taste okay to him  
If I'd been in a coma for half a generation, dining intravenously  
& you had lied a little, and said my shirt was lovely,  
It'd taste okay to me.

*NOTE: A two-voice song. Peter sings the INDENTED lines, Lou sings the rest.*

## THE SPECULATOR

©1992 Lou & Peter Berryman

We're never ever bored when we're ridin' in the Ford  
Cause we have a Speculator on the dash  
It doesn't pay the bills or assist you up the hills  
And it isn't gonna save you if you crash

But when you pass a dairy now and then  
You find that you are wondering again  
What's that little shack by the barn around the back?  
You can turn the speculator up to ten

Could it be a shed where the farmer keeps a bed  
For the guy who comes to help him with the cows  
Betcha it's a shop with a grinder and a strop  
For the day they hafta sharpen up the plows

A shanty for the pluckin' of the duck  
Or where they turn the cattle into chuck  
Or where they find th mule when it's time to go to school  
And the farmer's havin' trouble with the truck

Nothin' really like a jalopy on the pike  
With the rattle of the window in the door  
With the whining of the wheels and the radio spiels  
And the clatter of the clutter on the floor

Then we hear a chuckle from the hood  
Somethin' isn't workin' like it should  
We may have to walk but judgin' from the talk  
The Speculator's workin pretty good

Maybe it's the link from the pedal on the blink  
Comin' off enough to wiggle and to clunk  
Maybe it's the choke or the heating coil broke  
Or there's someone entertaining in the trunk

Maybe its a carburetor fire  
Burning insulation off a wire  
I think a chunka rust coulda twisted in a gust  
And be rubbin' on the rubber of the tire

When you're on the plains in the Colorado rains  
Or you're drivin' to Bemidji in the snow  
When you're headed north from Chicago on the Fourth  
And a Winnebago's holding up the show

Conversation god almighty dull  
Absolutely nothin' in the skull  
You can drive to the equator if you have a Speculator  
And you flip it on whenever there's a lull

Is zat a chip o wood in the middle of the hood  
Or a chicken enchilada for an elf  
Maybe it's a gob from the chin of Uncle Bob  
Who is not a man to keep it to himself

Maybe its a serviette for birds  
A glossary of itty bitty words  
Maybe its a tuffet where a hurried little muffet  
Lost her whey when she was leavin' with the curds

When you're nearly hit by a yuppie little twit  
With 'is godforsaken noggin on the phone  
Swervin' in your lane goin' ninety in the rain  
In a cloud of Amaretto and cologne

You feel the anger in you go to work  
Maybe now's the time to go berserk  
Before you pop a vessel let the speculator wrestle  
With another way of lookin' at the jerk

Maybe he's a shrink with a patient on the brink  
And he's rushing there while tryin' to talk him down  
Maybe he's aware there's a toxin in the air  
And he's off to warn the people of the town

Someone in the family could be sick  
His daughter hit his mother with a brick  
His dog has got the rabies or his wife is having babies  
Though the odds are in your favor he's a prick

---

*NOTE: We sing this as a two-person song, tho we have heard it performed as a solo.*

Disc 2, Track 12

**BIRD BIRD BIRD**

©2003 Lou & Peter Berryman

Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow  
Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow  
Silo, tractor, barn, plow  
Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

House, house, trailer, yard sale  
Trailer, trailer, yard sale  
Tavern, high school, bike trail  
Gas pump, trailer, yard sale

Hay field, hay field, hay field  
Hay field, hay field, hay field  
Hay field, hay field, hay field  
Hay field, hay field, hay field

Road construction, EAT NOW  
Strip mall, pig farm, sow, sow  
Silo, tractor, barn, plow  
End construction, cow, cow

Speed zone, thirty, Walmart  
Walmart, Walmart, Walmart  
Garden tractor, go cart  
Asphalt asphalt, Kmart

Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow  
Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow  
Silo, tractor, barn, plow  
Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

Kmart, Kmart, gas pump  
Gas pump, gas pump, gas pump  
Wendy's Drive Thru, speed bump  
Ponderosa, gas pump

Hay field, hay field, hay field  
Hay field, hay field, hay field  
Hay field, hay field, hay field  
Hay field, hay field, hay field

Duplex, duplex, driveway  
Duplex, duplex, driveway  
Duplex, duplex, driveway  
Duplex, duplex, driveway

House, house, bar, cafe, church  
Funeral parlor, school, church  
Old Milwaukee, fried perch  
Tavern, tavern, bar, church

Empty storefront, plywood  
Plywood, plywood, plywood  
Out of business for good  
Relocated, plywood

Hotel, courthouse, dead shrub  
Dead tree, dead grass, dead shrub  
Discount liquor, strip club  
Empty building, dead shrub

Disc 2, Track 14

## **MADISON, WISCONSIN**

©2000 Lou & Peter Berryman

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

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, Wisconsin, is that Paul Soglin still the mayor  
And is Rennebohm's expanding, 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  
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:

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

But in our Bucky Badger derbies as we survey the billabong  
We think we're really off the map till a local sees the cap  
And didgery-does a little song:

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 and by the way':

Disc 2, Track 14

## **GOODNIGHT EVERYBODY**

©1998 Lou & Peter Berryman

When the raindrops tumble through the dark night air  
It's so hard to remember that the moon's still there  
Though the clouds may diminish by the dawn somehow  
In the sky high above them that ol' moon shines now

Where a jet plane twinkles in the starry sky  
And it's hard to imagine there are folks that high  
Eating nuts and peering through the atmosphere  
Trying hard to imagine there are folks down here

### **CHORUS:**

So good night everybody and good night all things  
We will sleep close together till the 'larm clock rings  
We may range from the ocean to the end of space  
But in time's estimation we're in one small place

There are friends by the ocean oh so far away  
Whom I left in the evening of a bygone day  
I will go back to see them once again I vow  
But what gives me the shivers is they're there right now

I won't feel that I'm going till I start to pack  
I won't feel that I've been there till the slides come back  
And when we stand together by the deep blue sea  
I will not quite believe that it is really me

Though the flights to the moon have been in some decline  
I remember the eagle back in sixty nine  
That they walked on the moon is not as wild somehow  
As the fact there are footprints on the moon right now

And we all go exploring in our separate ways  
We take off on vacation by ourselves for days  
But we're always together and we're home at last  
On the spot where the future meets the dear old past

Disc 2, Track 15

**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 grandma 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)

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.

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