

Lyrics for the CD
THE UNIVERSE: 14 EXAMPLES
by Lou & Peter Berryman, 2007

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Track 1: **BLANK-BLANKER**

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Hello everybody, I'm so glad you came
My name's unimportant but *blank* is my name
Now let me explain my profession pour vous
For I'm a *blank-blanker* and that's what I do

My father himself never let me forget
He didn't approve of *blank-blankers* he met
He spoke of alternatives I should pursue
Now I'm a *blank-blanker* and that's what I do

My mother confided with devilish joy
"Son, I almost married a *blank-blanker's* boy
& that's why *blank-blankers* upset you-know-who"
Now I'm a *blank blanker* and that's what I do

My grampa did live on a *blank-blanker's* pay
When *blank-blankers* weren't respected they say
He ended up homeless in Kalamazoo
Now I'm a *blank-blanker* and that's what I do

(Job example: *Folk Singer*)

The men they are jealous and tease me a lot
The women pursue me and say that I'm hot
You really need help if you think that's all true
For I'm a *Folk Singer* and that's what I do

My calico kitty's a *Folk Singer's* cat
My turquoise chapeau is a *Folk Singer's* hat
Each one of my boots is a folksinger'sshoe
'Cause I'm a *Folk Singer* and that's what I do

(Job example: *Top Duster*)

I go to top duster conventions and such
I do enjoy schmoozing and keeping in touch
And sometimes I write for **Top Duster's Review**
'Cause I'm a *Top Duster* and that's what I do

There's nothing as long as a top duster's day
At night I'm exhausted, what more can I say
I lie in the tub and I read the shampoo
For I'm a *Top Duster* and that's what I do

(Job example: *Roll Spindler*)

Oh I can keep up with the *Roll Spindler* blokes
I know prob'ly hundreds of *Roll Spindler* jokes
I did learn the handshake and got the tattoo
For I'm a *Roll Spindler* and that's what I do

If things were reversed and if you would be me
You'd be a *Roll Spindler* cuz that's who you'd be
For you would be me then and I would be you
And I'm a *Roll Spindler* cause that's what I do

(Job example: *Stump Grinder*)

It didn't take long for to find me a wife
For such is the lure of a *Stump Grinder's* life
As matter of fact I have had quite a slew
For I'm a *Stump Grinder* and that's what I do

My wife said the chairs are all broken sweetheart
The sofa has done come completely apart
I said "Oh my goodness; I'd go get the glue
But i'm a *Stump Grinder* and that's what I do."

(Back to *Blank Blanker*)

Now just like most jobs in the country these days
There could be improvement in one or two ways
There's no health insurance for me and my crew
But I'm a *Blank Blanker* and that's what I do

Now WalMart does *Blank Blanking* who woulda
thunk
I'm getting a passport and packing my trunk
They outsource *Blank Blanking* to France & Peru
And I'm a *Blank Blanker* and that's what I do

Track 2: **TWO LITTLE BIRDS?**

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Two songbirds, all week long
Tried to write a brand new song
It was hard, it was fun
(but) So far this is all they've done

Two little birds. No. Two little wrens.
No. Two big ducks. No. Two mud hens
No. Two love birds. Ya! Side by side.
Come to a door just one bird wide

Problems? Think ya got problems?
Looka these poor birds.

No. Two little bats, single file,
OR, two fruit bats, Bob and Lyle.
No. Two old bats, needing sleep
Yeah! Come to a cave just one bat deep.

Problems? Think ya got problems?
Looka these poor bats

No. Two little snails, slide to a stop.
One on the bottom, one on top.
Snail one says: "Me oh my,
That snail door's just one snail high"

Problems? Think ya got problems?
Looka these poor snails

No. One field mouse, & one church mouse,
Lived in sin in a chipmunk house.
Squirrels complained, the city phoned;
Seems their house is chipmunk zoned.

Problems? Think ya got problems?
Lookat these poor mice

No. Two ladybugs, side by side,
Pass thru a door, two bugs wide.
Meet their friend, turn about,
Three bugs wide they can't get out.

Problems? Think ya got problems?
Looka these poor bugs

Or, one pachyderm, missed the train
Had to take an old jet plane.
Plane was late; the movie stunk,
Then they went & lost his trunk.

Problems? Think ya got problems?
Looka this pachyderm

Two songbirds, all week long,
Tried to write a brand new song.
It was hard; it was fun,
(but) So far this is all they've done

Problems? Think ya got problems?
Lookat these poor birds
Problems? Think ya got problems?
Lookat these dumb words

Track 3. DOES YOUR DOG AGONIZE?

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Does your dog agonize
And do you empathize
Do his dreams wallow in
The dog he could have been

Does he eye doggie girls
And whine when spotting squirrels
But then apologize
Does your dog agonize

And if you ask him hey
Have you been good today
Does he avert 'is eyes
Does your dog agonize

Does he think maybe you
Should find him things to do
Like maybe blow your wad
On the iditerod

Does he ask of your cat
Why can't I be like that
So full of confidence
A pet of consequence

Then feels ashamed that he
Can't independently
Learn to self actualize
Does your dog agonize

And does that reinforce
His core of deep remorse
Tho he's fine otherwise
Does your dog agonize

BRIDGE: Some say that maybe we
Anthropomorphically
Project our own regrets
On unsuspecting pets

Did your dog write the book
About the hang-dog look
Does his tail droop and drag
Then give one feeble wag

I spose it may be true
It's really me who's blue
I don't tell my dog tho
It makes him worry so

Does your dog agonize
And do you empathize
Do his dreams wallow in
The dog he could have been

And if you ask him hay
Have you been good today
Does he avert 'is eyes
Does your dog agonize

Track 4.

**ARTISTE
INTERRUPTED**

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I've started so many there's painting's I've st-- you know
Sketched on the out-- on the back of an envel-- I've
Doodled the lay-- the perspe-- or the outline or
Thought of a p-- or a theme in the car,
But I haven't got any, you know nothing's fin--
Nothing really compl-- you know, pages of --
And I've gone thru whole sch--, you know, schools of Impresh-- you know
Realism, Dada, something bizarre

But it's all in my -- I can't come to a c--
I can't settle on: "Oh yes acrylic is chic
Because oil is passe" --but I really like oil
Cause oil is -- then there's Photoshop tho?
Am I Rembrandt and chiarosc-- or Vermeer?
Or Klimt or Modigli-- Matisse or abstract?
is it Mad Magaz---? is it R. Crumb or Disney? Is
Disney the k--? but then how 'bout van Gogh?

There's noth-- I can't fin-- it's my mind-- is decisions
I can't make, you know, so I here I s-- man, it's like,
What-- it's inersh-- my momentum is-- oh if I
Ever got go-- I could, or maybe not -- so
What am I do-- is there something the mat--
I can't finish a sent-- I can't fi-- I can't read,
Oh my God, I try reading, it's what did I just? This is
Cra-- I'm in-- oh it's my focus is shot

Now what was I? Oh, then it's, "Maybe ceramics" or
Woodcarv-- or concrete or silk sc-- you know,
Am I craft fairs or gallery? Flea market? eBay? Or
What demographic? Did I just say that?
Is it wearable art, like design-- you know, beading
Retro like macra-- like tie-dye, like sandcast
Or leatherwork -- no, not leather, but vinyl
A vinyl dashiki, a jack-- or a hat?

So I go thru this morn-- you know, noon and at mid--
For week after w--- and for year af-- my God and I
Somet-- I gotta, -- it's breaktime -- it's crazy
Come on take a va-- take it eas-- you know, slow
So I Lie on the-- oh, what's on channel fifteen?
Or, no, three is --, oh well it's twen-- or it's two
I can't stand it, I'll go for a walk or a dr--
Oh my bike is-- but anyway, where would I go?

So I put on my sh-- now that shirt is faded
I think I'll-- but what's wrong with faded, it's f--
My jeans are, well nothing to, they're all I own, so I
Made a decis-- but then back to the shirt
I think first I should eat, food is something I usu'ly
Cereal, cheeri-- or shred-- or a sandwich
A sand-- like a tuna, or then-- or some sherbet
There's one thing I finish and that is dessert

Track 5: **WALKING WITH ROGET**

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I ambled and I shambled and I scrambled some too
I swaggered and I staggered and I trampled it's true
I resolutely strode the sod
And did enjoy the prominade
Except for trudges that I trod without you

So dare I say I love ya, you're the text of my trek
for nearly every step of the way
without you dear thesaurus, I'm a rambling wreck
With no one here to help me but the odd cliché

I slithered like a lizard and I flounced like a flea
I waded and I waddled from point a to point b
It's been a treat to tromp the swamp
When a there's a sloshing in the stomp
But it's a slog without you romping with me

I often have to wonder when I ambulate late
How lonely must a vagabond seem
To locomote alone without a moseying mate
But little do they know that we're a 2-chum team

With you within my fanny pack I traipsed and I tripped
I sauntered and skeddadled and I skiddid and skipped
I pussyfooted and I clumped
I tippytoed and I gallumped
and you were there to pad my rump when I slipped

I'm often asked the question if I lost my roget
Do I think i'd be something I'd miss
I have to say that prob'ly I would stroll okay
altho with no thesaurus it would sound like this:

I'd walk and walk and walk and walk and walk down the block
I'd walk and walk and walk and walk like someone in shock
And after walking to the store
I'd walk on in and walk the floor
Until they got my new thesaurus in stock

So dare I say I love ya, you're the text of my trek
for nearly every step of the way
without you dear thesaurus, I'm a rambling wreck
With no one there to help me but the odd cliché

the banal snip, the rundown quip
the threadbare blurb, the shopworn verb
the trite aside, the old bromide,
the haggared prose, the gilded rose,
the timeworn rap, the same old crap,
the phrase passe, the odd cliché

Track 6: CHANTEY FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

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A chantey from the british isles
Is lovely to be sure
But often in the voyage across
The words become obscure

For now and then a phrase appears
As clear as clear can be
Though by and large it's gibberish
It still appeals to me

You'll pay a narf a penny boys
And scatter yar the nub
For all the twine as many boys
As alien from the grub

You'll have a plank in sutton girls
Or arf a plank in two
You'll sharv an 'evvy sister blokes
When no one planks for you

You'll sharv an 'evvy sister blokes
An skip 'er o'er the crest
For no one's kin has kissed her blokes
Nor put er to the test

You'll stare agape for bongin, birds
An watch the squall for nought
For all's been stung for longin birds
An ayke's been ever caught

You'll bane the graph in collin jerk
An brone the barmy lamp
For all's in how it's fallen jerk
An arf me darlin's damp

You'll arf the ope and soaper gal
An tape an slap the bride
For tone were tune a moper gal
And how the bugger died

You'll fan the fish an mitten jim
You'll farm the mitten rule
For arf the toon is bitten jim
That sends im back to school

You'll watch im larn an poke em dear
An poke em noight an day
For all has gone to stroke em dear
For them as goin gray

You'll ogle yonder bender guy
Or maybe nail the floor
And all your nights depending guy
On how you sharg the door

You'll saw the trunk a notion babe
An set the stone to sand
You'll know the rise of ocean babe
And arf the rose of land

You'll ache in shin and schlemmer sol
And lumber long the quay
Like frankenstein on demerol
For arf the bloody day

The katydid's the dinner, love
The golden digger pokes
And lays is eggs within 'er, love
And there the katy croaks

You'll see it's all by god ya stooge,
An you will take the rap
It's all a baleful subterfuge
An arf a pail of crap

It's arf a pail of crap ya lunks
An arf the glangin din
And i'd kick off altho ya lunks
The other arf is gin

Track 7: **KETCHUP WASN'T RED**

© 2007 Lou & Peter Berryman

Kids when I was younger. Cars were made of glass.
Didn't have brakes or dashboards. Didn't have wheels or throttles.
Kept them in the icebox. People called them bottles.
They came full of milk; I still call them bottles.

We used lotsa ketchup. Ketchup wasn't red.
Didn't have tomato. It was made of egg yolks.
Vinegar and oil. People called it mayonnaise.
Tasted pretty good. Least it did to some folks.

Shoes were made of cotton. Either that or wool.
They had sleeves and collars. Didn't have heels or laces.
Wore a white one Sunday. Wore it with a bowtie.
People called them shirts; they still do in places.

Clocks were long and rubber. Didn't keep good time.
Kept them in the garden. Coiled 'em up to store 'em.
Hooked them to the faucet. People called 'em hoses.
Didn't use 'em much. Didn't have much time for 'em.

Pens had heavy handles. Had no place for ink.
Had no clip for pockets. Rarely used for writing.
Had a scoop on one end. People called 'em shovels.
Did not make good gifts. Not all that exciting.

Kids when I was younger. Nothing was the same.
Pluto was a planet . I should write a memoir.
I should write an essay. Where'd I put my shovel.
Things were dif'rent then. I wanna say they still are.

Track 8: **LIVE MUSIC**

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Banjo dolls and bongo blokes
Aging crooning cattlepokes
Squeezebox gals and geetar guys
We're so glad you patronize

Our live music. Live music.

Thank you all for coming out
Keeping us in sauerkraut
You should be so very proud
Now go tell the iPod crowd

That live music
Won't let you down
An' there's live music
All over town

Tell 'em all live music lacks
(is)Overdubs and multitracks
With no earphone in your ear
What you see is what you hear,

It's live music. Live music.

Big mistake and little gaff
Flub and blooper, awkward laugh
Squawking reed and broken strings
Heaven's in the stupid things

An' live music
Won't let you down
An' there's live music
All over town

Tell 'em you've had all their doubts
Is there parking thereabouts
Does your bolo look too square
Will your latest ex be there

For live music. Live music.

Traffic's dicey, gas is steep,
The cover charge is not that cheap
Place is weird and hard to find
Make's you nearly change your mind

About live music
Won't let you down
An' there's live music
All over town

Tell 'em when they have a date
And the repartee is not that great
Confidence has been destroyed
's Nice when something fills the void

Like live music. Live music.

Later when they stumble out
They'll have stuff to talk about
They can dissect every riff
Love it, hate it, what's the diff

That live music,
Won't let you down
An' there's live music
All over town

Ipod, YouTube mp3,
CD, cell phone, DVD
Lots of ways to listen now
None of it's the same somehow

As live music. Live music.

Earbuds give your ears a treat, but
When it's live it's more complete
Every synapse digs the scene
Toes to nose and in between

Oh, live music,
Won't let you down
An' there's live music
All over town

Track 9: **THANK YOU**

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It's as if never, since time began,
Had there ever been a single flake of snow
None had never fallen anywhere,
Far away or long ago
 Until one evening, the first time ever,
 In all the world the snow is coming down
 Falling there, thru the winter air,
 To a snowy layer, on the ground

That's the way I feel, about this tie
Like there, has never been, a tie before
So wide, so very nice
And green, with purple dice
It's a big surprise, to these jaded eyes,
One can buy such ties, any more

I feel the same way, altho for me,
It's like snowy days are all I'd ever seen
Robins didn't have a thing to say.
Frozen fields were never green.
 All of a sudden, like a pinyata,
 The weather breaks with springtime number one
 Honeybees, buzz the blooming trees,
 Full of chickadees, in the sun

This, dustbuster plus, does that for me
It's light, it's ultra sleek, it's guaranteed
Thank you, it's very cute
Rechargeable to boot,
Heaven help the fools, who get pretty jewels,
Not the cleaning tools that they need

I've a confession. It's not from me.
Truth is that Dustbuster Plus it's from my mom
Well my god what a coincidence,
The tie is from my brother Tom
 Oh it's from Tom. She thinks I don't dust
 Wonder why he wants me glowing in the dark
 Well it's so bizarre, who they think we are,
 And they're both so far, off the mark

Now here, this is from me. Oh thank you so
And here, this is from me. What can I say?
Pink socks, with purple tops!
The mop to end all mops!
It's like night is done, there's a rising sun,
Where there wasn't one, 'til today

Track 10: UPS & DOWNS

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I dread my lows my lousy lows and don't know when they'll come
Or why they stay or go away or where they're coming from
I love my ups my lovely ups I grab em when they're here
'cuz pretty soon like Brigadoon
(voooooot) they disappear

Sometimes I grouse and find my house as welcome as a cough
It groans and creaks and drips and leaks and leans obliquely off
The sid-ng's old, the basement's cold, the yard's in disrepair
The lot's a lump the shack's a dump and I am in despair

But later on the pallor's gone and all is up to snuff
The floors are sound and all around the walls are straight enough
The oven works, the coffee perks, my stuff all seems to fit
But cross my heart the strangest part is nothing's changed a bit

Sometimes I pass the looking glass 'n'it shows me to be green
I hate my neck my hair's a wreck I look depraved and mean
My meager lips are apple pips that roll around my chin
And if my eyes are summer skies a storm is blowing in

But when I check in half a sec, not having changed a thing
My dreamy eyes are worldly wise and clear's a diamond ring
My nose is straight my wig is great and fits me like a glove
My molars mesh my skin is fresh it looks like I'm in love

Sometimes I roam beyond my home and all has gone to seed
The multitudes of babes and dudes are overcome with greed
I wince at shrubs in plastic tubs on porches never used
In smog so thick the woods are sick and everyone's confused

A moment flies I blink my eyes and everything's aglow
The sparkling seas of maple trees are bobbing to and fro
Festooned in vines with flowing lines Matisse could have engraved
While boys and girls and happy squirrels make Disney look depraved

Now by the way I have to say when I was but a sprout
that I was told when I grew old my moods'd level out
But now I'm grey and I can say that THAT was all a joke
It's UP 'n down 'n UP 'n down 'n UP until you croak

Track 11: **SOME DAYS JINGLE**

©2005 Lou & Peter Berryman

To whom it may concern
Our names are Peter and Lou
Hello and how do you do
In case you missed the event

We made a new CD
Back in the fall of oh five
To prove we still were alive
To some extent

It has an alphabet song
Just over two minutes long
With the peculiar demise
Of grampapa

It features downsizing trends
And also backstabbing friends
And things like teeth in the yard
Oh tra la la

It can be yours to keep
And it won't cost you the moon
Less than a dollar a tune
Less than a pair o' cheap shoes

And we'll still sign it too
We'll sign it Peter and Lou
Or Cher and Mr. Magoo
You get to choose

It covers NASCAR and bugs
And christmas letters and drugs
It mentions hayfields afire
And dad's garage

There is a crush on a nerd
And a carnivorous bird
There are coniferous trees
And decoupage

We picked the name: Some Days
The songs were new and unknown
I guess they still are unknown
But we did write em somehow

And we should prob'ly add
This tune did not make the cut
So they're all there except what
We're singing now

But there are songs of romance
And of misplacing your pants
And even walking the dogs
And flocks o' ducks

It tells of bags of cement
Of unpaid mortgage and rent
All that and nuclear war
For fifteen bucks

The thing is still for sale
We'll ship one off to your mom
From lou and peter dot com
Or you can give us a call

We made a new CD
And now we've done it again
It's what we do now and then
God help us all

Track 12: **WE DIDN'T HAVE A BLIZZARD**

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We didn't have a blizzard, or catch a new disease
We didn't blow the car up, or lose the maple trees
I didn't break a femur, or sneeze in the souffle
But I am glad it's done, this was a stupid stupid day

The penguins are in trouble, they're running out of snow
There's children starving somewhere, I know I know I know
And I'm a lucky princess, in every single way
But I can't help myself this was a stupid stupid day

I lie down on the sofa, to ponder the abyss
I watch my brain envision, another week of this
"You may be here a leap-year," I hear my sofa say
And that's the best half hour of my stupid stupid day

I've done the stupid dishes, I've read my stupid book
I've made my stupid children help my stupid husband cook
You know I'm only kidding; it's not as I portray
I never do the dishes on a stupid stupid day

I glance at the paper, I squint at my TV
I'm probably misreading, but here's what I see
Blah, Blah, Blah, Blah
And that's an overstatement, it seems to me

The dying sun is sinking like a little burning boat
The lumpy moon is rising like a meatball in my throat
The stupid day is ending; I think I'll be all right
If I can only make it through the stupid stupid night

Track 13: **MADISON SKYLINE**

©2006 Lou & Peter Berryman

We roll thru Chicago all grey and forlorn
And into Wisconsin by cattle and corn
When on the horizon a welcoming sight
Consumes us with joy and our hearts with delight

Like beakonless lighthouses all in a queue
A quartet of breadsticks for titans to chew
A masonry Stonehenge of ominous girth
Calliope pipes of the carousel earth

CHORUS:

So grand in the morning; majestic at noon
At night, in a league with the stars & the moon
The skyline of Madison beckoning me
I pine for the smokestacks of MG&E

Like great cigar doobies for giants to toke
Like brickwork stalagmites, or silos of smoke
Like molars protruding from dinosaur gums
Like four giant fingers without any thumbs

Like tines of a pitchfork for Paul Bunyon's hay
Like four felt tip markers and all of them grey
Like four mighty tentpoles that prop up the void
Like symbols that may have meant something to Freud

CHORUS

Like oversize bedposts out cruising for beds
Like necks of giraffes without bodies or heads
Like masts of a ship that has sunk in the gloom
Or more like Titanic's four funnels of doom

The Tower of London is something to see
The Tower of Eiffel's the pride of Paree
But I would not trade them on any account
For one single chimney at Main Street and Blount

CHORUS

Track 14: **WHEN THE WORLD SEEMS**

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When the world seems at peace
As the sun warms the day
And the birds, sing
While all your cares, dissolve away

When you feel calm
And only joy is your domain
And love is in the air
Then you'll know you're insane

When your hair seems in place
And your friends all are well
And the birds, sing
Around the door, of your motel

When you say, wow,
This N.A. wine, it kills the pain
And love is in the air
Then you'll know you're insane

Yesterday, was a calamity Last night, went down the drain Today is a catastrophe So so far, you're sane
--

(but) When your skin seems to glow
And your charm pays the bills
And the birds sing
And you're okay, without your pills

When the world news
Gives you a thrill you can't explain
And love is in the air
Then you'll know you're in, love
...is in the air, then you'll know you're in, love
...is in the air, then you'll know you're insane