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title to go to
that page, or
scroll down.*

OK, SO FAR...

RECORDED WINTER 2018/2019.

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BERRYMAN, SESAC, AS DATED.

LOU:
MELODIES, ACCORDION, AND
VOCALS.
PETER:
LYRICS, GUITAR, AND VOCALS.
BOTH:
ENGINEERING, GRAPHICS, BUSINESS,
COFFEE, ETC.

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1. THE BOOMERS ARE RISING AGAIN ©2017 L & P Berryman

Arise you Old-Timers and velcro your shoes
Come crone and old codger there's no time to lose
Old fogey and duffer and biddy and grouch
Come gramma and grampa get up off of the couch, ('cause...)

All choruses are like this one, with only the one line changing as indicated.

Chorus: The boomers are rising again
The boomers are rising again
OUR BONES ARE SUGGESTING WE OUGHT TO BE RESTING, (BUT)
The boomers are rising again

We'll stagger and thump thru the land of the free
Like ogres we'll trudge toward the powers that be
They'll see us approach and recoil in dismay
(as) The Geezer Apocalypse shuffles their way (and...)
Chorus, with: OUR BUNIONS ARE WISHING WE'D STOP AND GO FISHING (BUT...)

We'll oil up the wheelchair and polish the cane
And ready our speech for a world gone insane
We'll dust off our signs from the marches of yore
Oh yes we have signs; we have done this before, (and...)
Chorus, with: OUR TENDONS ARE WHINING WE SHOULD BE RECLINING, (BUT...)

We'll strap on our oxygen, pack up our meds,
And hop on a bus to the land of the feds
They'll stop and take heed when we lurch off the bus
Cause most of the bastards are geezers like us, (and...)
Chorus, with: OUR BLISTERS ARE PLEADING WE SHOULD BE HOME READING (BUT...)

Tho we may be wielding a menacing crutch
We're mostly non vi'lent I'll tell you that much
But they should beware as we're catching our breath
That given the chance we can bore them to death, (and...)
Chorus, with: OUR KIDS ARE SUPPOSING WE'D RATHER BE DOZING (BUT...)

And if we're too feeble to flop out of bed
And seek a less physical protest instead
We still have our fountain pens all full of ink
And cursing in cursive looks good don't you think? (and...)
Chorus, with: THESE CONFOUNDED MARCHES ARE HARD ON THE ARCHES (BUT...)

When death clips the wings of old buzzards like me
The geezer apocalypse has a plan B
For when the grim reaper slows down our attack
The Zombie Apocalypse picks up the slack (and...)
Chorus, with: OH BURY ME UPRIGHT AND LEAVE ME A FLASHLIGHT ('CAUSE...)

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2. **HIERONYMUS OR SALVADOR** ©2017 L & P Berryman

When you're shaken to the core: Hieronymus or Salvador
When your soul is frail and sore: Hieronymus or Salvador
When you feel you're all a-lone, stranded in the twilight zone
It's high time to google for Hieronymus or Salvador

Man is strung on strings of harp while burning turtle turns on spear
Fish-face pukes a string of bells and coins explode from rich man's rear
Village burns in dead of night as blue guy reads to spoonbill monk
Woman swoons from groping twigs while peacock pouch re-fuels a drunk

Oh gosh, Hieronymus Bosch • Oh gosh, Hieronymus Bosch

Crutches prop a floppy mask by butterfiles for sails on ships
Floodlight shines from high heel shoe near davenport of Mae West lips
Jacket sags with bureau drawers as men emerge from Earthlike eggs
Watches flop on horselike tarp near elephants with sticklike legs

Oh golly, Salvador Dali • Oh golly, Salvador Dali

When your troubles disappear, spend an evening with Vermeer
When your worries drift away, spend the day with Claude Monet
But when there is little doubt that you're finally freaking out
Seek out one who's freaked before, Hieronymus or Salvador

Hollow corpse wears bagpipe hat by suit of armor chewed by skink
Man rides nude on platform sled while smaller skaters crack the rink
Lovers lurk in oyster shell as bluebird watches upside down
Bodies bob in murky pool and mill wheel turns in burning town

Oh gosh, Hieronymus Bosch • Oh gosh, Hieronymus Bosch

Tigers leap from fish's mouth at nude with fruit by buzzing bee
Torso forms a nose and mouth as eyeball clock says half past three
Egg in hand becomes a man as atoms form a floating face
Goldfish swims in mannikin toward Voltaire in the marketplace

Oh golly, Dali • oh Golly, Salvador Dali

When you're lying on the floor: Hieronymus or Salvador
When you can't take any more: Hieronymus or Salvador
When you're wounded in the heart, hold the healing hand of art
Go online and Google for Hieronymus or Salvador

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3. **INERTIA** © 2017 L & P Berryman

I need...it's not...I'm just...I'm just...inertia.
The bed...so warm...I'm stuck...like glue...inertia.
Once up...and dressed...could be...I'd gain...momentum.
But oh...the shoe...the shirt...the shoe...inertia.

The dog...needs food...the bird...needs food...inertia.
Okay...okay...my legs...like lead...inertia.
Sit up...stand up...one step...one more...momentum.
Feed dog...feed bird...go back...to bed...inertia.

I need...a cup...of joe...or two...inertia.
Grind beans...oh god...too hard...not me...inertia.
Maybe...some tea...won't take...as much...momentum.
Where's Jeeves...ha ha...no Jeeves...no tea...inertia.

My book...too long...the web...no thanks...inertia.
I'd have...no life...without...TV...inertia
One day...in hope...I named...my dog...Momentum.
No doubt...If she...named me...I'd be...Intertia

I'll dust...I'll sweep...make bed...I swear...I'll vacuum
Email...wash clothes...write book...make bed...paint bedroom
End war...save whales...learn French...cure world...of sorrow
Mend shirt...clean car...clean house.....tomorrow

It's pills...it's age...it's clouds...it's genes...inertia.
It's flu...the blues...the moon...the fates...inertia.
Where do...my friends...uptown...get their...momentum.
For me...the world...awaits...and waits...inertia.

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4. NATIONAL FAKE MATISSE DAY ©2016 L & P Berryman

It's all about Matisse because his birthday is today
I don't think he'd object to what we're doing by the way
Judging by his paintings, he possessed a sense of fun
it's National Fake Matisse Day, December 31

CHORUS:

But don't, you fear
I doubt, you'll hear
Help! Police!
A fake! Matisse!

He painted very quickly so paint something in a flash
Just disregard perspective and have all the colors clash
Make sure you sign Matisse down at the bottom when you're done
It's National Fake Matisse Day December 31

CHORUS

Vermeer would take too long I think, his paintings too precise
And Rembrandt is too difficult, I tried it once or twice
Disney would come sue your ass the minute you'd begun
It's National Fake Matisse Day December 31

CHORUS

So cut some colored paper and affix it to the wall
It can have a simple theme or no idea at all
Or paint a ring of naked nudes cavorting in the sun
It's nat'nal fake matisse day December 31

CHORUS

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5. **MAZOMANIAN MOON** ©2012 L & P Berryman

I bet I hadn't been away one hour
I felt my whole disposition turn sour
I bet I hadn't been away one week
I had a dream about the Black Earth Creek
 It made me write this homesick tune
 About the big Mazomanian moon

Well my nostalgia tends to drag me down
I miss the old architecture downtown
I miss the color of the autumn leaves
I miss the depot with the big wide eaves
 I wanna see Lake Marion soon
 Reflect the big Mazomanian moon

BRIDGE:

Every night I hear the call
Summer winter spring or fall
Snowy muggy sunny rainy
Mazomanie Mazomanie

Doesn't matter where I am
Pensacola Birmingham
The mountains of the allegheny
Mazomanie Mazomanie

I know the purple of an Oshkosh dawn
I know the green of a Madison lawn
I know the silver of the Shawano Lake
But it's the blues that I can't shake
 When I recall that gold balloon
 That is the big mazomanian moon

REPEAT BRIDGE

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6. **MILLION YEARS** ©2003, 2018 L & P Berryman (*see note, below*)

If one year were one sixteenth of an inch and nothing more
The Big Bang would be fifteen thousand miles from my door
The birth of earth would be almost five thousand miles from here
Four whole thousand miles away the first life would appear

Mountains would begin to form somewhere outside LA
Trilobites would wiggle around 600 miles away
Fish with feet near Omaha would all begin to crawl
While reptiles and coniferous trees would pop out in St. Paul

CHORUS:

I'm surprised that I register at all
On a scale with a ratio so small
That a mile from my Madison, Wisconsin bungalow
Is a million years ago

Raptors in downtown Eau Claire would crack out of their shells
Africa would split from South America in the Dells
A block away, we humans would emerge to pass the torch
And all of written hist'ry would begin upon my porch

Caeser would be ten feet off around the Ides of March
Columbus would be sailing up my metatarsal arch
About 9 inches off the '49ers dig for gold
And my whole life so far is only 3 short inches old.

CHORUS

Now sometimes I'm concerned that this device won't go away
To let me now and then observe a day as just a day
For often such a metaphor's impossible to budge
And paints a week of polkas as a microscopic smudge

But when I'm faced with check-out lines that drain my life away
Or indecisive Girl Scouts troops obstructing the buffet
I turn to my perspective on how one whole day compares
To one-fifth of an inch of one of Stephen Hawking's hairs.

CHORUS

NOTE: This song was also on an earlier CD called The Pink One, recorded in 2003. By mistake we called it "MILLION MILES." The lyrics have also been changed somewhat since then.

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7. **I WONDERED** ©2019 L & P Berryman

I wondered what's the point of life
Go and find it, said my wife
Then come back and fill me in
Maybe you should ask the wind

The wind said buddy, I don't know
They just told me blow blow blow
It's all I do all afternoon
Maybe you should ask the moon

The moon said buddy, I don't know
I was told to glow glow glow
'Fyou're confused, well join the crowd
Maybe you should ask a cloud

The cloud said buddy, I don't know
I was told to snow snow snow
If there is more it sure beats me
Maybe you should ask a tree

Tree said buddy, I don't know
They just told me grow grow grow
Far's I know it's all a dream
Why don't you go ask a stream

Stream said buddy, I don't know
They just told me flow flow flow
I am clueless I confess
Maybe Santa Claus could guess

Santa said I do not know
I was told to ho ho ho
I suspect it's up to you
Now go home and think that through

So what's the secret, said my wife
Did you learn the point of life
I said they all said to me
Kiss your wife and watch TV

Kiss your wife and watch TV

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8. **THE DIAGNOSIS** ©2016 L & P Berryman

One of these hit me on Tuesday again
It filled me with unfocused fear
The last one was ten or twelve months ago now
I think it was this time of year

I made an appointment as soon as I could
I went in this morning at eight
I thought that my doctor might know what was wrong
I hoped that it wasn't too late

The darn things destroy me for two or three days
I'm struck with fatigue but can't sleep
I break out in sweats and I sit up all night
With trembling unending and deep

When people find out I get cards in the mail
My friends either visit or call
On Facebook the notifications roll in
Too many to answer them all

But then at the end of the day I'm alone
Alone with my terrible curse
They seem to be hitting more frequently now
And I think my symptoms are worse

So finally this morning my doctor pipes up,
"Well I don't know where to begin
But what you are having are birthdays my friend
Another one could do you in."

She said, "So if too many birthdays mount up
They can be quite risky my dear
But those who have stopped them completely it seems
They've none of them lasted a year"

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9. **PAINTED PAINTINGS** ©2018 L & P Berryman

I have painted paintings all my spectacular life
Etchings of my doberman and sketches of my wife
Great neo-impressionistic paintings of my chair
Triptychs of my childhood and diptychs of my hair
 Not a soul has seen my stuff, but I can not complain
 My work is only hanging in the foyer of my brain

Me with bird and tangerine, Diane on Granville Bridge
Storm on Lake Superior, gardenias on the fridge
Betty Boop as Davy Crockett, rainbow over mud
Sunset on extension cords, Matisse with Elmer Fudd
 No one's ever bought my work but not because it's dull
 It's only on exhibit on the whitewalls of my skull

I have written writings of a hundred thousand words
Paragraphs on parasites, biographies of birds
Shoot'-em-ups and bodice rippers, existential plays
Quasi-auto-biographic steampunk roundelays
 If they'd list on Amazon they'd no doubt be adored
 But everything's in storage on the bookshelf of my gourd

Life Without Linoleum, The Dog With Twenty Cars
Hula Dancing Millionaire, Ben Franklin Goes to Mars
Asthma in amphibians: Do salamanders Cough
Barbra Kangarooarb and the Pie that Tasted Off
 I don't blame the paper, but reviews are hard to find
 Because I'm only published in the pressroom of my mind

Way back in the warehouse on the dark side of my eyes
My works are heaped in towers of an overwhelming size
My talents are unstoppable and stretch from ear to ear
But when they reach my fingers they all strangely disappear
 But nonetheless I know I will proceed to paint and write
 And maybe sculpt a sculpture as I'm drifting off tonight

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10. **SOUP MONTH** ©2017 L & P Berryman

*INTRO: Whether from a saucepan, baked or barbequed
 You'll find it official ev'ry month a food
 Print it on a T-shirt, glaze it on a cup
 Ev 'ry month a food month, you can look it up*

January soup month, sip it for the croup
Bury all the fruit cake, January soup
February meat month, vegan doesn't eat
January soup month, February meat

March a month o' pasta, pass da pasta please
February meat month, March, mac and cheese
April is pecan month, easy on the guts
March is for the noodles, April for the nuts

May is barbecue month, where's the peppermill
April is pecan month, May Weber grill
June is always milk month, drink a bottle now
May is barbecue month, June is from the cow

All July's for berries; bake a berry a pie!
June is for the dairies, berries for July
August is for catfish, catch 'em in the bay
All July's the berries, August is fillet

September is for honey, ragweed full of bees
August is for catfish, September for the sneeze
October is dessert month, choc'late on your shirt
September is for honey, October's for dessert

November's peanut butter. Save a glob for me.
October is dessert month, November PB
Last December's fruitcake. Dig it up and then,
January soup month; here we go again.

*OUTRO: Print it on a T-shirt, glaze it on a cup
 Ev 'ry month a food month, you can look it up*

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11. **SPEAKER STANDS WITH CRANKS** ©2014 L & P Berryman

We are straggling musicians
And our band is getting old
And not one of our recordings
Has gone platinum or gold

But we saved a couple dollars
In our plastic piggy banks
And invested in the luxury
Of speaker stands with cranks (repeat last 2 lines)

Now for years we had to swallow
Many strong narcotic meds
For the pain of machinations
With our speakers on our heads

We would hold our breath and stagger
Toward those eight foot metal shanks
Now we're fine with Ibuprofen
Having speaker stands with cranks (repeat last 2 lines)

We've a squeezebox with a pegleg
To accommodate the weight
We use carts and ramps and dollies
Since our strength is not so great

All too soon we'll need our walkers
And our oxygen in tanks
But right now it is enough that
We have speaker stands with cranks (repeat last 2 lines)

In the geriatric songbook
That we read from on the stage
We use 14 point Helvetica
So we can read the page

And to all these geezer gizmos
We will always give our thanks
But tonight we're mostly grateful
For our speaker stands with cranks (repeat last 2 lines)

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12. **ALL TRAVELED OUT** ©2014 L & P Berryman

I'm sick of the sea said the sailor
On Sunday I'm selling the sloop
I'll sup in more solid surroundings
And sip without spilling my soup

I'll stroll in the soil in my sandals
And sow a few seedlings to sprout
I'm sick of the sea said the sailor
Sincerely, I'm all schoonered out

I'm tired of my truck said the trucker
It's terribly tough on my tail
I'm trashing my trailer tomorrow
And tooting ta-ta to the trail

I'm trying a trade that's less taxing
Like testing of tackle for trout
I'm tired of the truck said the trucker
I tell ya I'm all traveled out

I'm parking my plane said the pilot
And packing my parachute up
I'll put the old Piper to pasture
And plop on the porch with my pup

I'll probably plead for your pity
And pine for propellers and pout
I'm parking my plane said the pilot
I'm pooped and I'm puddle-jumped out

So capping careers of cavorting
The sailor's homesickness did cease
The trucker's now totally tranquil
The pilot is plainly at peace

Flush with the feel of fulfillment
Retired, reluctant to roam
These grandma's are glad to be grounded
Their husbands are happy they're home

(Repeat last 2 lines)

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13. **SUBBER'S DUD** ©2017 L & P BERRYMAN

Were there doe oradge (Were there no orange) • Od all the baples (On all the maples)
Ad other sides that (And other signs that) • Autub's begud (Autumn's begun)
I still would dotice (He still would notice) • The way by doze is (The way his nose is)
The subber's dud (The summer's done) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

Ad if the schoolroobs (And if the schoolrooms) • Were dot id sessiod (Were not in session)
Ad all the childred (And all the children) • Were havig fud (Were having fun)
I still could tell frob (He still could tell from) • By old shdozzola (His old shnozzola)
The subber's dud (The summer's done) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

Cause I'b allergic (Cause he's allergic) • To sobethig bloobig (To something blooming)
Which beads by dostrils (Which means his nostrils) • Are dode to rud (Are known to run)
Deep id a dudgeod (Deep in a dungeon) • By doze'd still doe (His nose would still know)
The subber's dud (The summer's done) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

BRIDGE #1:

It buss be Autub (It must be Autumn) • It buss be Autub (It must be Autumn)
The goldedrod bloobs (The goldenrod blooms) • Upod the hill (Upon the hill)
I'b packig Kleedex (He's packing Kleenex) • I'b sprayig Flodaze (He's spraying Flonase)
I'b dowdig hadfuls (He's downing handfuls) • Of Bedadryll... (Of Benadryl)

So whed the boodbeebes (So when the moonbeams) • Becub robadtic (Become romantic)
Ad whed I call you (And when he calls you) • By huddy bud (His honey bun)
But I'b udsboochig (But he's unsmooching) • To gulp sub air id (To gulp some air in)
The subber's dud (The summer's done) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

BRIDGE #2:

It bus be Autub (It must be Autumn) • It bus be Autub (It must be Autumn)
I wadda sduggle (He wants to snuggle) • Ad you're the wud (And you're the one)
Barry be darlig (Marry him darling) • Dot udtill sprig tho (Not until Spring tho)
I'b such a wreck wed (He's such a wreck when) • The subber's dud (The summer's done)

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14. **A LITTLE WATER** ©2007, 2016 L & P Berryman (*see note, below*)

INTRO: To work toward its full capability
Of saving our water reserves
The Madison Water Utility
Needs help from the people it serves

I have a shower and a long shampoo
I wash the dog and wash the doghouse too
The water empties into Badfish Creek
Making St louie in about a week

The Mississippi takes it south from there
A couple years it could be anywhere
Ten thousand miles from Monona Bay
A little water goes a long way

BRIDGE: Will it come back again? They say so
A million years is such a wait tho
Why not hang on to what we've got, hey
A little water goes a long way

Don't need an ocean for my hair I guess
I'll try to wash it with a teaspoon less
I took a shower with the dog today
A little water goes a long way

A little water goes a long way

NOTE: We were asked to write this song for the Madison Water Utility in 2007. Turns out they didn't use it then, but interest in it was renewed in 2016, the lyrics were updated, and they made and released a Public Service Announcement video of us singing it on the shores of Lake Monona.

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15. **WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?** ©2016 L&P Berryman

Headin' back to Mars we pay the earth a call
T'find if there's a trace of life at all
Signs are positive, although if so
Where'd everybody go?

Let the saucer cool and drive the Rover down
Thru the picturesque Wisconsin town
Hoped we'd see a couple Earthlings tho
Where'd everybody go?

Came across a strip mall. Came across a zoo
S'prized to find that here, there is a Starbucks too
But where's the terrestrial ebb and flow?
Where'd everybody go?

Paper says the day's called Sunday afternoon
We might as well have landed on the nearby moon
Downtown's nothing but a blank tableau
Where'd everybody go?

Sittin' in the rover, wond'rin why we came
Listening to something called a "Packer game"
What's a "Packer game?" I don't know
Where'd everybody go?

Take a final ramble up and down the street
T'nothing but the clomp of our Martian feet
Find a tavern for a good bye beer
Why's everybody here? Why's everybody here?

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16. **YOU CAN ALWAYS PLAY GUITAR** ©2018 L&P Berryman

When you crave a haven but the world is too bizarre
Plus you feel unqualified to wish upon a star
Or you feel rejected and completely disconnected,
Not to mention unprotected, you can always play guitar

Or if not guitar and you're too glum to give a hoot
Plus there is a chipmunk storing chestnuts in your boot
When you're spirit's flagging cause your discount muffler's dragging
And your dinner guest is gagging you can always play the flute

Or if not the flute and your demeanor's Windex blue
Plus you feel you'll never find the oomph to pull you thru
When your heart's in trouble and your booze expenses double
And your dreams have turned to rubble, you can always play kazoo

Or if not kazoo and all the walls are closing in
Plus you don't know where you're bound or even where you've been
When the cookie crumbles and your sweetie trips and tumbles
And your stomach roils and rumbles, you can still play violin

Or if not the fiddle and you're going round the bend
Plus you feel your charmed existence drawing to an end
When your gods are sickly and humanity seems prickly
You should not forget too quickly, that the banjo is your friend

Or if not the banjo and your pals don't get along
Plus you try diplomacy but always get it wrong
When you feel deflated 'cause you're overmedicated
And the pills are overrated, you can always sing a song

Or if you can't sing and feel your passion going numb
Plus you hit a hammer on the hangnail of your thumb
When you feel you're losing all the choices of your choosing
And your therapist is snoozing, you can always beat a drum

Or if not a drum and you are fretful and forlorn
Plus your soul is tattered and your body's old and worn
When your faith is floppy cause your best laid plans were sloppy
And you live in your jalopy you can always blow the horn

If you live in your jalopy you can always blow the horn

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