

Lyrics for the CD

SOME KINDA FUNNY

by Lou and Peter Berryman

Recorded in 1998

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

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Lou and Peter Berryman
Box 3400
Madison WI 53704

LOUANDPETER.COM

lou@louandpeter.com
peter@louandpeter.com

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,
Staight, flush, full house, 4 of a kind, straight flush
Car theft, robbery, mugging, burglary,
ROMANCE, hijack, arson, larcency, HAIRBRUSH

Alpha, beta, gamma, epsilon,
Delta, zeta, theta, DRACULA, sigma
Aries, Virgo, Leo, Gemini,
Cancer, Taurus, NISSAN, Capricorn, Libra
Monet, Manet, Van Gogh, Salvidor
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

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

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2 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)

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3 THE HISTORY OF LANGUAGE (or THE LANGUAGE OF HISTORY)

© L&P Berryman, 1996

It seems a thousand years ago we sat beside the sea
My darling dear, the picnic lunch, the Labrador and me
I think the breeze was softer then, the ocean deeper blue
The birds were more abundant and the sun was brighter too
 So anyway as we relaxed and nursed a glass of wine
 A gal came up and told us she was nearly ninety nine
 She asked if she could have a sip to clear her weary head
 And so she did and when she did she closed her eyes and said

It fifty score of years appears betwixt today and yore
When then my fair with noon repast and hound were by the shore
I did perceive the clime refined, cyan the bounding main
As gay the wren so bright the orb that force the eye to strain
 And there content we passed a while on vintage did we dine
 When then upon a whim was borne a lass of ninety nine
 Who bid haloo & did propose could she partake of sips
 Which thereupon resulted in a story from her lips

Hit sims a tousant yars hae goon besan thy zee vee parks
Mine viancee thy noonday meal mit hound o mine vut barks
Thy zephyr zoom caress thy mug the vasser blue galore
The tveets hae hooms in ever tree oon zun vas ever more
 Zo anyhoo, ve zits vay doon who tipples bay the zun
 Den cooms thereto ein eider babe vat zeems a hundred vun
 She spaitch to plead could hay hay gulp fedora hook to claim
 Mit all hae warsh thay noggin then thou peeper shuts explain

A oo oo uhk a plop a plop a biggy biggy pool
Mine (smack-smack-smack) a crunchy crunch a (woof-woof-woof) a drool
Da (whzz-whzz) dribble droppa ploosh a davey jones
Ta (whistle whistle) oo uh doo duh bleach da beach o bones
 A-oonce a-oonce a-oonce a-(slurp) a oonce a (hic) a booze
 A oo oo uhk a thumpa thumpa ooba dooba shoes
 A oo daboo dabump a (slurp) a oonce a (hic) to wah
 Na lumpa lumpa oo oo uhk ee blah, dee blah, dee blah

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4 **AUNT EMILY**

©1997 L&P Berryman

1. Songbirds at night didn't let out a peep
Fishes were silent way down in the deep
The cows were all quiet and so were the sheep
'Til my dear Aunt Emily sang in her sleep (she sang...)

CHORUS: Oh la la la, Figaro, fa mi re do
You are my sunshine, the valley so low
Over the river, and rosin the bow (she sang)
Oh la la la, Figaro, fa mi re do

2. The windows were open that evening in June
The chipmunks and bears heard Aunt Emily croon
They perked up their ears and they followed the tune
Surrounding our house by the light of the moon (they heard...)

(CHORUS)

3. They climbed in our windows and danced on our chairs
While munching our pretzels and sucking our pears
In time Uncle Walter came running downstairs
And that's when he got into waltzing with bears (to the...)

(CHORUS)

4. My Aunt hasn't done it since I don't know when
Though Uncle still dances with bears now and then
They waltz to the radio down in the den (she sang...)

(CHORUS)

*NOTE: **Aunt Emily** was written as a sequel to the popular song **Waltzing With Bears**, which was in turn based on a poem by Dr. Seuss called **My Uncle Terwilliger Waltzes With Bears**.*

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5 GOOD NEWS EVERYBODY ©1998 L&P Berryman

I doubt I really got it right 'cause it was pretty late at night
But on the news I could have sworn I heard them say
All the armies of the nations of the world went on vacations
After throwing all their bombs and guns away
 Though it really is a myst'ry now's the only time in hist'ry
 That there's not a single war upon the Earth
 It appears they made a study proving battle fields are muddy
 And the laundry bill was more than it was worth

All the CEO's agreed that they are paid too much indeed and
Gave their sal'ries to the poor to pay the rent
Now with everybody fed and in a warm and comfy bed they
Find that crime is down by 95%
 Now that crime is so diminished all the jails that aren't finished
 They're converting into restaurants and shops
 Seems that everyone's all right except for eve'ry friday night there
 Is a benefit for prison guards and cops

They have come to the conclusion that a certain kind of fusion
Can occur within fermented plum puree
Soon the tankers won't be needed when the countryside is heated
By a case of grandma's autumn '93.
 As a side effect they're finding that tornadoes are unwinding
 Into blankets that are softer than velour
 Which are floating up and mending where the ozone hole was rending
 Thusly rendering the warnings premature

In the news the legislature kicked its homophobic nature and
Will now allow a marriage if you're gay
Also congress has decided that our coverage be provided
And declared we're all insured as of today
 If that doesn't all surprise you we are happy to advise you
 There's a proclamation here that prob'ly will
 Unimpeded procreation leads to overpopulation
 Says the Pope in his reversal on the pill

BRIDGE: We'll begin right after this from Exxon
 Giving solar panels out for free
 And a proclamation from Monsanto
 All-organic farming is the key

In our feature we're announcing exercising causes bouncing
And that bouncing causes damage to the brain
And a daily glass of brandy & a box of chocolate candy
is the regimen they found you should maintain
 Also television viewing is deceptively renewing
 And diminishes the chances of a stroke
 Plus a crabby disposition helps your physical condition
 And is even more effective if you smoke

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6 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 freaks 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

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7 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)

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8 The STUFF SONG

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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

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9 THE UNFULFILLED SNEEZE

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Her breath was draw in little puffs of air
Her eyes were closed, she tossed her auburn hair
Her head was back her lips were parted some
To pass the sneeze that never was to come

The breeze was high & ragweed was in bloom
Angora cats & pepper filled the room
But as we reached to cover up our tea
She lost the sneeze that never was to be

So gone our youth, like hairdos in the rain
And gone our friends, like marbles down the drain
But sadder still, for once we did have these
The unfulfilled anticipated sneeze

Like flakes of snow, no sneezes are the same
So gone for good the sneeze that never came
For we may sneeze and we may sneeze again
But never once, that sneeze we started then

Our chance to say Gesundheit passed away
And no one knew exactly what to say
Til someone spoke and said we should recall
That now and then it happens to us all

Somewhere upon a dim and distant star
There is a home for close but no cigar
For trains just missed for lovers nearly pleased
And now, a sneeze, regretably unsneezed.

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10 **HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE HEAT** (aka **HEARD ABOUT THE HEAT**)

©1996 L&P Berryman

According to the cheesy pamphlet
Wisconsin is the place to see
Before you call a bed and bratwurst
A question has occurred to me

You've heard about the polka masses
You've heard about the crap we eat
You've heard about the Dells no doubt
But have you heard about the heat?

CHORUS: Have you heard about the heat, dryin up the rain
Softening the cheese, softenin the brain
Boilin the beer, spoilin' the meat
Yah Hey have youheard about the heat

You've heard about the mizrable winters
Where they're fishin on the frozen lakes
You've heard about the jumper cables
Snakin round the block like snakes

You've heard about the towering snowdrifts
65, 70 feet
You've heard about the cold no doubt
But have you heard about the heat? (CHORUS)

You've heard about the ornery skeeters
They'll perforate a pair of jeans
You've heard about the deadly deer tick
Climbin' up your LL Beans

'Fyer gonna sit around the campfire
You better take a bath in Deet
You've heard about the bugs no doubt
But have you heard about the heat (CHORUS)

You've heard about the crime-free cities
You've heard about the virgin trees
Your've heard about the pure clean rivers
Ripplin' in the hot June breeze

You've heard of how the friendly drivers
Stop & let you cross the street
Surprise surprise they're all damn lies
'Cept the part about the heat (CHORUS)

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11 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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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12 POET IN LOVE

©1997 L&P Berryman

In the poolhall of your eyeball with a quarter on the cornea
An eyelash as a cuestick and a teardrop as a drink
From the shadow of your eyelid I emerge exhuding visine
and I size up inconclusively the danger of a wink

As I strut the conjunctiva lining up a combination
Squeaking chalk and chewing BlackJack I'm completely torn apart
When a devastating twinkle has me knocked into the pupil
As the iris closes in around my palpitating heart

CHORUS: Lock up your pencils it's a poet in love
Lock up your pencils it's a poet in love
Lock up your pencils it's a poet in love
Lock up your pencils

In the cocktail of your laughter incognito in a wetsuit
I'm a kamakazi papparazi sinking thru the gin
As the situation darkens in the oil of your olive
I recalculate my f-stop on the greyscale of your chin

Since my focus on your visage as i tumble toward the coaster
Grows unstable thru the heartthrob of your lipstick on the rim
I consider in my rapture to unstrap my apparatus
And ascend into your grin altho i doubt that I can swim

(CHORUS) *then* BRIDGE: Go find your sharpener and pull out the plug
Sweep your ticonderogas under the rug
Flush your thesaurus like a dangerous drug
It's a poet in love, it's a poet in love

Down the purple viyl purse or is it handbag of your future
I'm spelunking in the darkness from a piton in the latch
Toward a glow that may be nothing but a flashlight on the blink
Tho I'm predicting it's a flame from I assume our perfect match

As I pratfall on the compact of your kismet and it opens
There is light enough to tell that we are both reflected back
If I only had some paper I would write this vision down
And tack it up if I could only find a pencil and a tack

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13 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

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14 YOU BLOT OUT THE FUTURE

©1996 L&P Berryman

Soon's I hear the 'larm clock • My thoughts rush on ahead
My mind is eating corn flakes • (while) My body's is still in bed
I hardly taste my coffee • 'zI think the plan the whole day thru
But when I kiss you darlin • I think of kissin you

'Cause you blot out the future
You ease my churning brain
You blot out the future
Like hay sops up the rain

CHORUS: You hold me in the present
You make it last and last
'Cause you blot out the future
Like gin blots out the past

My mind is on my toothbrush • 'ZI fiddle with my comb
And as i drive to work dear • My thoughts are driving home
I plan the 'ntire evenin' • As in the drive I turn
But when I kiss you darlin • The TV Guide can burn

'Cause you blot out the future
You keep me here today
You blot out the future
Like hair sops up the spray
(CHORUS)

BRIDGE: The future's big's a truck stop. (Tho) 'tisin't quite as bright
The past is like a Motel 6. (on) a dark and rainy night
The present aint a toaster. It ain't a sticky bun
But when i kiss you darlin. It's a WalMart in the sun

I lie awake and wonder • 'zThere money in my stars
The truck aint even paid for • And now it needs new tars
I'll take it out tomorrow • And get some tires at Sears
but when i kiss you darlin • tomorrow disappears

'Cause you blot out the future
When my poor spirit flags
You blot out the future
Like bread sops up m'eggs
(CHORUS)

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