

In this document:

YOUR STATE'S NAME HERE

Lyrics and LP info
And this explanation about our 2012 LP to CD project.

Over the years, we've had a number of requests for digital versions of our first five recordings, released on vinyl from 1980 through 1988. We cringe sometimes when we hear these old performances, but decided to be brave about it and succumb to the suggestions of certain of our diehard fans. Quite a few of the songs from these LPs have been released on various subsequent CDs -- particularly on our 1993 CD called What, Again -- but always as new performances; never as mechanical copies of the LP recordings. This is a digital copy of the original LP.

The master digitization was performed on April 3, 2012, by:

LP to CD, a division of
Audio-Restorations
5779 Desoto Dr.
Santa Rosa CA 95409
www.lptocd.com

This CD-r was manufactured locally from these masters. We don't anticipate any technical glitches, but if you DO have a problem, you needn't return the item. Just let us know and we'll either replace it or send you a refund. This is true of all our recordings.

Thank you!

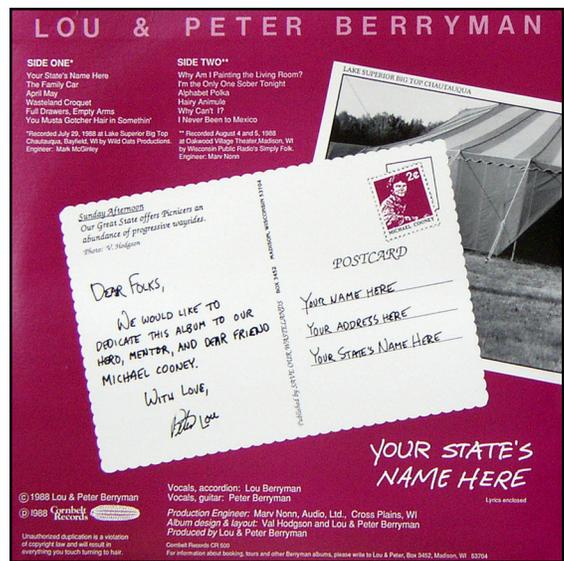
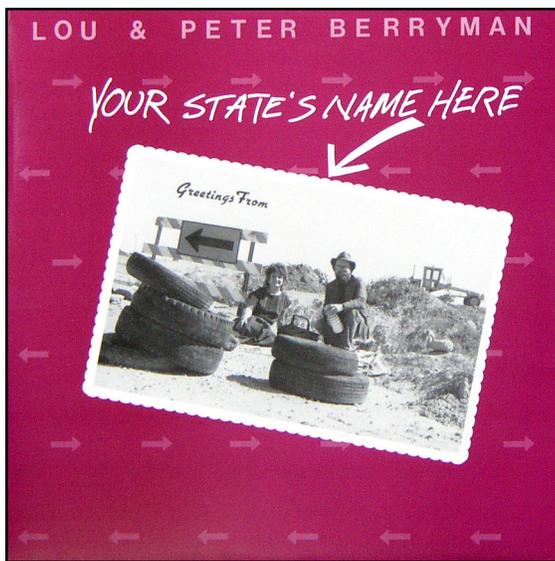
Lou and Peter Berryman
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Madison WI 53704

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The Recordings:

1980 (No Relation)
1981 Cupid's Trash Truck
1984 So Comfortable
1986 the February March
1988 Your State's Name Here (This one)

Album info and lyrics are on the following pages.



YOUR STATE'S NAME HERE

Our fifth LP. Released in 1988. On the back:

SIDE ONE*

- 1 Your State's Name Here
- 2 The Family Car
- 3 No Shirt No Shoes
- 4 April May
- 5 Wasteland Croquet
- 6 Full Drawers Empty Arms
- 7 Musta Gotcher Hair

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SONG TITLE
TO GO TO
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scroll down.

* Recorded July 29, 1988 at Lake Superior Big Top Chautauqua, Bayfield, WI by Wild Oats Productions. Engineer: Mark McGinley

SIDE TWO**

- 8 Why Am I Painting the Living Room
- 9 I'm the Only One Sober Tonight
- 10 Alphabet Polka
- 11 Hairy Animule
- 12 Why Can't I
- 13 I've Never Been to Mexico

** Recorded August 4 and 5, 1988 at Oakwood Village Theater, Madison WI by Wisconsin Public Radio's Simply Folk. Engineer: Marv Nonn

Pretend postcard front: Lake Superior Big Top Chautauqua

Pretend postcard back caption: Sunday Afternoon Our Great State offers Picknicers an abundance of progressive waysides. Photo V. Hodgson

Up the middle: Published by SAVE OUR WASTE- LANDS, Box 3452 3400 Madison Wisconsin 53704

Handwritten: Dear Folks, We would like to dedicate this album to our hero, mentor, and dear friend Michael Cooney. With Love, Peter Lou. Your name here - Your address here - Your State's Name Here

Stamp: 2¢ Michael Cooney

© 1988 Lou & Peter Berryman

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Vocals, accordion: Lou Berryman

Vocals, guitar: Peter Berryman

Production Engineer: Marv Nonn, Audio Ltd., Cross Plains, WI.

Album Design & Layout: Val Hodgson and Lou & Peter Berryman

Cornbelt Records CR 500. For information about booking, tours and other Berryman albums, please write to Lou and Peter, Box 3452 3400, Madison WI 53704.

1. YOUR STATE'S NAME HERE ©1988 L&P 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 indigeonous 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*.

CHORUS

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 & it's there I'll grow old
By the rivers of blue and the arches of gold.

CHORUS

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2. THE FAMILY CAR ©1987 L&P Berryman

Seems like nothing had paid off
Unexpectedly laid off
We'd just been evicted
Our hearts were so heavy

And yet we were thankful
We had half a tankful
And we were all able
To squeeze in the Chevy

CHORUS:

Because when you're down and out
As low as a man can get
Remember the family car's
America's safety net

And there is a place for you
No matter who you are
No one denies your right
To live in your car

My mother said, crying
Are you really trying
You live in a Chevy
Now son, I been thinkin'

If you'd only bother
To work hard like your father
By the time he was your age
He lived in a Lincoln. **CHORUS**

Now the privileged have feelings
Against three foot five ceilings
And prefer the proportions
Of a three story condo

But I bet you that someday
They'll be out in the driveway
Tryin' to jam their jacuzzi
In their Alfa Romeo. **CHORUS**

With a couch on the roof rack
And a dog in the wayback
Three wishes I wish for
To make my life sweeter

Some steam from your thermos
On my cold epidermis
Some change for the better
Some change for the meter **CHORUS**

3. **NO SHIRT NO SHOES** ©1988 L&P Berryman
(Melody: Pop Goes the Weasel)

No Shirt, no shoes, no skivvies at all
The kids are in a quandry
Momma gets a job at the mall
Pop does the laundry

4. **APRIL MAY** ©1987 L&P Berryman

The February sun it didn't
turn the lawn to mud but April May
The warmer wind of March it didn't
bloom a single bud but April May

There are little lumps of February
down behind the bed
Winter wasn't wonderland like
everybody said
March it didn't melt away the
blizzard in my head but April May

Winter didn't let you get ro-
mantic on the ground but April May
It also didn't show you where the
dogs have been around but April May

Winter never saw me somer-
saulting down a hill
Taking plastic off a window or a
burger off a grill
It never saw me skinny dip and
prob'ly never will but April May

BRIDGE:

The salt is off the road an' on the sides of your car
The grass would not be greener if it smoked a cigar
The sap is flowin' upward in the Maple somehow
I'm not the only sap that's in the neighborhood now

Winter never saw me medi-
tating on a stump but April May
It never saw me start my Chevro-
let without a jump but April May

Winter never saw me disre-
gard a heating bill
Tremble as the IRS was
circling for the kill
Packin' all my things an' buying
tickets to Brazil but April May

5. **WASTELAND CROQUET** ©1988 L&P Berryman

A yellow shade, a cardboard bed
A seedy room, a shaven head
Disenfranchised by the sun
Ballpoint tattoo "Born to run"
On the wall it says "today...
Wasteland Croquet."

Out of coffee drinking dregs
In greasy jeans on wiggly legs
Feeling strangely incomplete
Until you're walkin' down the street
Heading for the field of play of
Wasteland croquet

CHORUS:

Your shot. Send me. Good one. Luck.
My shot. Look out. Here goes. Duck.
Heads up. Gangway.
Wasteland Croquet.

Concrete. Asphalt. Train track. Dust.
Tin can. Car door. Gravel. Rust.
That's our fairway.
Wasteland Croquet.

Need a mallet, can't go wrong
A piece of anything four feet long
Strong enough to pop the ball
Carom off a warehouse wall
Pick your favorite shade of grey for
Wasteland Croquet.

Wicket two's an angle shot
A railroad hotel parkin' lot
Wicket three is through the door
Out the window's wicket four
Wicket five's a Chevrolet in
Wasteland Croquet

CHORUS

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6. FULL DRAWERS, EMPTY ARMS

© 1982 L&P Berryman

MALE VOICE:

I don't have luck in love and lord it really hurts
There's no one there for me, but boy I gotta lotta shirts
I've got a heartbreak home; I've got the lovesick blues
I've got an empty bed, but boy I gotta lotta shoes

I've never shared a night. I've never known romance
I've never had a kiss, but boy I gotta lotta pants
It's winter in my heart, and there a cold wind blows
I'm out of luck with love, but I'm sure not outta clothes

FEMALE VOICE:

I don't like your disposition. Honey you're cold as ice
You're just a hack musician, but boy you sure look nice

7. MUSTA GOTCHER HAIR © 1984 L&P Berryman

Oh when you're new in town
And when the twilight comes to Friday
You know you should go down
& try to mingle & mix

But if you want some fun
& you're a little trepidacious
To try and find someone
You'd better think of some tricks

Guys I got a clue for you
Stick your head in Elmer's Glue
Walk up to a girl today
She'll look right at you & say

CHORUS:

You musta gotcher hair in somethin'
You musta gotcher hair in somethin'
Nobody else is gonna love ya like that
You'll hafta settle for me.

Girls it works the same for you
This is all you have to do
Put some sherbet on your curls
Guys'll say to all you girls:

CHORUS

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8, WHY AM I PAINTING THE LIVING ROOM

©1988 L&P Berryman

VOICE 1:

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?

VOICE 2:

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?

VOICE 1:

A pinhead evangelist pays for his sin
With a five dollar fine for a black collar crime
Kingpins 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

VOICE 2:

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

BOTH VOICES:

Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

(Here BOTH VOICES overlap above verses)

VOICE 1:

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 goodlooking living room.

BOTH VOICES:

Why am I painting the living room? (X6)

9. I'M THE ONLY ONE SOBER TONIGHT

©1980 L&P Berryman

Heinie's on the floor & the sound of his snore's
Enough to drown out the Rolling Stones
I go into the kitchen get a little bit o' chicken
& the only thing I find is bones

Hilda's in the can with her head in her hands
& her complexion is a snowy white
The place is full of trash & everybody's smashed
I'm the only one sober tonight

CHORUS:

If you ask why-----He made a resolution
I'm stayin' dry-----To improve his constitution
You'll make me cry----No drinkin' and no smokin'
Oh me oh my-----Me oh my he must be jokin'

Katy's in the corner with a guy who didn't warn her
He'd been drinkin' since the break of day
But she'd been kinda handy with a half a quart o' brandy
So it didn't matter anyway

Arizona Mabel is a-sleepin' on the table
& she didn't bother turnin' out the light
Everybody's draggin' but the kid is on the wagon
I'm the only one sober tonight.

CHORUS

It takes a little copin' when your eyes are wider open
Than a baby birdie waitin' for a worm
When you aren't drunk & when you crawl into your bunk
About the only thing you do is squirm

You start to feelin' crazy & you get a little hazy
'Bout the differences of wrong & right
Tho I know it's kinda risky to be here without my whiskey
I'm the only one sober tonight.

CHORUS

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10. ALPHABET POLKA © 1988 L&P Berryman

Darlin' if we ever don't remember what to do
I wrote down the ABC's of being me an' you
A is for Anxiety the worst that it can get
B is for Bulemia, 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 Hallucinations, 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.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

11. **HAIRY ANIMULE** ©1988 L&P Berryman

Ya got me to the point where I would acquiesce
& take the bandelero off around the shack.

Ya pointed out the folly of my trail behavior
When I dragged my saddle bag into the sack

But when the winds are warmer and the days are longer
And the crocus is a-pokin' through the snow
What's to keep a guy from ridin' a hairy animule
Wherever in the world he wants to go?

Ya taught me how to order up a sarsparilla
When a whiskey was a nat'ral thing to buy
Ya got me off tobaccy & I'm mighty grateful
Though occasionally I feel a need to cry

Here's another question I'm a gonna ask ya
But the answer I don't ever wanna know
What's to keep a guy from ridin' a hairy animule
Wherever in the world he wants to go?

BRIDGE

Suddenly I'm a-washin' out my socks at night
De odor of defeat's around de shack
I'd have to say that settlin' down'll be all right
As long's I got the animule parked out back

Ya traded in my fiddle for a synthesizer
With a cord that's only eighty inches long
Now I gotta find myself a live recepticule
Whenever I be moved to sing a song

Half the time whenever I am near a socket
Well it won't accept a three prong plug
But what's to keep a guy from squeezin' a hairy animule
Whenever in the world he needs a hug.

REPEAT the BRIDGE

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12. **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

INTRO:

I saw the coast of Maine
I hit the skids in old Milwaukee
I went out west by train
When I was just seventeen

I been to Puget Sound
And I was raised in Lou'siana
And though I been around
There's one place I've never seen

VERSES:

I never played in a band, upon the tropical sand
I never saw it in June, the Pan-American moon
Although I sure would like to go,
I never been to Mexico

I never rented for you, a hacienda for two
Full of tequila my dear, or some that Mexican beer
Did I forget or is it so?
I never been to Mexico

I never got out of bed, and stomped a scorpion dead
They say you get pretty ill, because the water can kill
Maybe it can there I don't know
I never been to Mexico

Maybe someday we will fly, out of the Mexican sky
I'll get a taco for two, and a burrito for you
I don't think we'll get there too soon
I hardly ever leave my room

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