

Lyrics for the album
THE PINK ONE

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1 AFTER LIFE GOES BY

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Every indication is my spiritual foundation is
On permanent vacation on the whole
Tho death be drawing nearer nothing's getting any clearer
When I look into the mirror for my soul
 Tho up to now I've been a cynic and sarcastic to the core
 My gray hairs make me hopeful that there may be something more
 But when my heart starts evoking further scenes beyond my croaking
 My ol' brain just thinks I'm joking like before

CHORUS:

I believe there's nothing after life goes by
I believe it's over when we die die die
Others may be thankful their beliefs are strong
But every night I'm praying that I'm wrong wrong wrong

The trouble with my praying is I find it so dismaying
That no one may hear me saying what I say
I should be a believer in a heavenly receiver
But I'm not sure of that either by the way
 And the problem of believing is, you can't decide you do
 Not like how you decide you want to paint your kitchen blue
 Plus whenever I try kneeling flinging questions toward the ceiling
 I get echos back revealing not a clue

CHORUS

Now some have a fixation on their next reincarnation
And believe we're in rotation here on earth
That right after we expire we're reborn a tubeless tire
Yet I hear myself inquire what's it worth
 For this idea that you return without your body or your mind
 And return without a mem'ry of the life you left behind
 Has my poor cerebrum churning since the gaps within my learning
 Leave exactly what's returning undefined

CHORUS

Now some do think that later we'll be meeting our creator
That ol' prestidigitator in the sky
But if you talk to others we'll be meeting with our mothers
And our dear departed brothers by and by
 If there be any truth to that, I had a dog I can't replace
 And when I call old Hildy she'll come licking at my face
 Oh, it really would be super to rejoin that faithful trooper
 So I'll bring my pooper scooper just in case

CHORUS

Each verse is loosely in the form of this first verse:

Mrs. N: You got the sheep? **Mr. N:** I got the sheep. **Mrs. N:** You got the germs? **Mr. N:** I got the germs.

Mrs. N: You got giraffes? **Mr. N:** I got giraffes. **Mrs. N:** You got the worms? **Mr. N:** I got the worms.

Mrs. N: You got scroichas? **Mr. N:** No. **Mrs. N:** You don't have Scroichas? **Mr. N:** No scroichas.

Mrs. N: Noah! How you gonna populate the world without the canfornikky
Lowing of the scroichahs on the edges of the fens;
The feelers on their flanks, along their wings and up their antlers
Undulating in the chambers of their underwater dens?

Mr. N: What good are they for tho they're fairly easy to attract,
They're hard to catch, they smell like paint & they're reported to be mean?
Besides their being fast and dumb they also are destructive,
Eating fields of purple loostrife and exhuding gasoline.

Mrs. N: Bears; bats; moths; rats? (**Mr. N., to each**) Yes! (**Then, to "Yunchies?"**) No!

Mrs. N: Noah! How you gonna populate the world without the transcendental
Yelping of the yunchies in the caverns off Belize;
The Thinsulated bulges of their oscillating bellies making
Ripples in the undertow below your dungarees?

Mr. N: What good are they for tho they wander glumly to the traps,
They make a mess, they're self important and they're hard to get to know?
Besides their being petulant they roam across the Earth
Digesting boxcars of plutonium and peeing H2O.

Mrs. N: Pigs; voles; flies; moles? (**Mr. N., to each**) Yes! (**Then, to "Patangas?"**) No!

Mrs. N: Noah! How you gonna populate the world without the syncopated
Gurgle of patangas by the locks along the Fox;
The hypersonic flutter of their sub thoracic nubbins
Toward pupation in riparian delphiniums and flox?

Mr. N: What good are they for tho they do adhere to Tanglefoot,
They are unruly, overbearing, and they feel like lumps of snot.
They multiply and devastate the zebra mussle population,
Plus they feed on tse tse flies which bothers me a lot.

Mrs. N: Flugs; voobs; kilsh; kubes; gaduples; piepings? (**Mr. N, to all of these**) No!

Mrs. N: Noah! How you gonna populate the world without the voobs & kubes &
Kilsh & flugs & piepings & gaduples in the trees;
Their symbiotic eloquence while inching up the cambium
Descending pentatonically in groups of twos and threes

Mr. N: What good are they for tho they have their moments,
They do nothing but collectively make oxygen where diesel smoke belongs?
Sporadically ingurgitating PCBs and acid rain,
They live to eat the editors of long and silly songs.

3 LET ME KNOW

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Him: If you ever get tired of the way I wear my hair, • Turn up the tube too loudly or act like a dork
Or slouch on the davenport reading the Onion • Or if you ever get tired of the way I hold my fork,
And squeak it on Fiestaware to and fro, I hope you let me know
If, you ever get tired of my linoleum art • In the garage, or the way I mitigate the blues
By pounding on the wall and screaming, or if you ever • Get annoyed at my collection of elevator shoes
Or my filing my teeth in a sharp little row, I hope you let me know

Him, CHORUS:

Oh but incident'ly y'afta tell me gently • I'm a little mentally bent, consequently,
It could be a nearly fatal blow, but I hope you let me know

Her: If you ever get tired of the way I pop my gum • Or name a new state capital every time I sneeze
Or if you ever get tired of the way I twirl the dog • Or my addiction to Monopoly, or my two CDs
Myron Floren and Don Ho, I hope you let me know

If you ever get tired of my needlepoint pumps, or my • Bong, bong bong bongo drum
Or if you ever get sick of my toe tattoos or how I • Juggle in the car singin' Beedle-Um-Bum,
Or my venus flytraps, Larry and Moe, I hope you'll let me know

(Her: CHORUS)

Him: If you ever get tired of my phenomenal charm or my • Getaway holing up for hours in the attic
Or my thing about the pigeons or my thing about chickadees • Or my carpeted vest or my Fudge-O-Matic
With the two big buttons: fast and slow, I hope you'll let me know

If you ever get tired of my fiddling with the truck or my • Imaginary friend or my ice cream trance
Or my particularly sentimental thing for Da-Glo • Bellbottom wide wale corduroy pants
Or my yodeling in the Honda fortissimo, I hope you'll let me know

(Him: CHORUS)

BRIDGE (Both): If you indiscreetly. didn't say it sweetly • You could 'ave me fetally, pretzeling completely
So If you're not equipped to take it slow • You might just let it go

Her: If y'ever get tired of the way I yak yak yak on my • Looooong telephone calls
Or my suicide kit or my fungal assortment or my • Watercolor studies of strip malls
Or my tarantula lovebirds, Eb and Flo, I hope you'll let me know

Him: If you ever get tired of a quote quote "whim" • Or a wink wink "quirk" or a so-called "kink"

Her: Or if you ever get tired of my emotional flux

Both: And if you don't wanna follow me teetering on the brink
If you ever get tired of a picadillo, I hope you'll let me know

(Both: CHORUS)

Both: Tho, you might just let it go.

4 BIRD BIRD BIRD

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Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

Silo, tractor, barn, plow

Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

Hay field, hay field, hay field

Speed zone, thirty, WalMart

WalMart, WalMart, WalMart

Garden tractor, go cart

Asphalt asphalt, K mart

K mart, K mart, gas pump

Gas pump, gas pump, gas pump

Wendy's drive thru, speed bump

Ponderosa, gas pump

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

House-house, trailer, yard sale

Trailer, trailer, yard sale

Tavern, high school, bike trail

Gas pump, trailer, yard sale

Road construction, eat now

Strip mall, pig farm, sow, sow

Silo, tractor, barn, plow

End construction, cow, cow

Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

Bird, bird, bird, bird, cow, cow

Silo, tractor, barn, plow

Bird, bird bird, bird, cow, cow

Hay field, hay field, hay field

5 FORSYTHIA (aka YOU ARE MY SWEET FORSYTHIA)

L&P Berryman, 2003

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Gardener: *You are my sweet forsythia*
I love to linger with-y-a
You are my pink geranium
I love to kiss your cranium
And goodness knows • You are my rose

Baker: *You are my herb focaccia*
I could just sit and watch-y-a
You are my chocolate nougat flan
With bits of marble marzipan
I can't deny • You're my peach pie

Gardener: *You are my gilded marigold*
With eyes o green and hair o gold
You are my main magnolia
When you're sad I'll consolia
And burn my socks • You are my phlox

Baker: *You are my plum cannoli torte*
And I am happy to report
You are my mocha macaroon
I'd wait for half the afternoon
To tell the gang • You're my meringue

Gardener: *You are the dear wisteria*
I'd follow to Siberia
You are the one japonica
I'd give my best harmonica
And it's a stretch • But you're my vetch

Baker: *You are the butter lemon ring*
I treasure more than anything
And if I may be very blunt
You are my maple berry bunt
And by the way • You're my parfait

Gardener: You are my **boutonnière** of blue
Baker: You are my salt 'n' short'ning too

Gardener: You're my corsage as soft as silk
Baker: My baking soda and my milk

Gardener: My potted flower
Baker: My cup of flour

Both: You are my flour (flower)

6 FAMILY CAR

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1. 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

2. 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**

3. 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 Alpha Romeo **CHORUS**

4. 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
 And some change for the meter **CHORUS**

7 METROPOLITAN SCRUPLES

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Ann McKenzie is troubled. LeRoy Mckenzie's been huntin' deer.
She says I'll bet you my tofu, we won't be dinin' on Bambi here
You better go to the grocery; we'll have tomatoes & whole wheat bread
And while you're there could you get me an aerosol that'll kill bugs dead

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CHORUS:

Snake is swallowin' the swallow's egg
Wolf got the deer by the left hind leg
Spider is suckin' on dragonfly
But I draw the line at mincemeat pie

Metropolitan scruples: Contradictory rules of thumb
So they're a little perplexing; at least we think that there should be some
But there's a mouse in the kitchen & it's been eatin' our pasta too
The little trap is a nightmare but what the heck are we s'posed to do

CHORUS

Howdy do-it-yourselfers! You know your life is a prefab kit
And though the picture looks easy, it's kinda hard to get the hang of it
They give you all of the pieces. You get a package of nails and glue.
But then instead of instructions, you get a little note that goes:
Doodly doo, it's up to you

CHORUS

8 RALPH TO ROSE (aka EVERYBODY'S RALPH TO ROSE)

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Let me introduce my terrier: Rosie is the little dog's name
Comin' from her dog perspective, everybody looks the same
You could be a carefree vagabond, rambling in your raggedy clothes
You could be the queen of England! Everybody's Ralph to Rose

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She goes Ralph Ralph Ralph to everyone; Ralph Ralph Ralph she goes
You could be Ann, or you could be Dan, but everybody's Ralph to Rose

Thinking Rose'd like some company, I brought her home a puppy one night
A large amalgamation called Izzie, approximately twice her height
Rose approached the new dog gingerly, sniffin' at her sizable nose
I introduced the dog as Izzie, but everybody's Ralph to Rose

She goes Ralph Ralph Ralph to Isabel; Ralph Ralph Ralph she goes
She coulda been Mike, she coulda been Spike, but everybody's Ralph to Rose

Now, coincidentally, Isabel has her own vernacular too
And along the lines of Rosie, she has a pseudonym for you
Tho you be Pierre or Pamela; A Mr. or a Miss or a Ms.
A neighbor, or a bug eyed Martian; Everybody's Ruth to Iz

She goes Ruth Ruth Ruth to everyone! Ruth Ruth Ruth she goes
You could be Cher, or Smokey the Bear, or you could be a dog named Rose

As around the world I hesitate, wary of the people in charge
When I think of Iz and Rosie, they never seem to loom so large
The multibillionaire of industry; the powerful political wiz
Is just another Ralph to Rosie, and just another Ruth to Iz

Because Ruth Ruth Ruth goes Isabel; Ralph Ralph, Rose declares
You could be swank and own your own bank; tell it to a dog who cares

9 HOW DO YOU KNOW

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So, how do you know what you do is worthwhile
You crank out your statues with chisel and file
To painters and sculptors your life is sublime
To flying trapezists you're wasting your time
 Wasting your time, wasting your time
 To flying trapezists you're wasting your time

So, one of the flying Wallendas you hire
You learn how to waltz on a telephone wire
And tho you're both sculpting and walking the rope
To lacemaking boxers you're two kinds of dope
 Two kinds of dope, Two kinds of dope
 To lacemaking boxers you're two kinds of dope

So, you learn to box and you prance round the ring
While wearing the shorts you crocheted out of string
To jocks and to knitters you've really got guts
To egg laying zebras with tubas you're nuts
 Tubas you're nuts, tubas you're nuts
 To egg laying zebras with tubas you're nuts

So, you put on PJs with stripes black and white
You flirt with a duck and play polkas all night
The egg laying zebras with tubas approve
To flying trapezists you're still in the groove
 Still in the groove, still in the groove
 To flying trapezists you're still in the groove

But now you're a sculptor in PJs and lace
Boxing while playing the tubular bass
Up on a rope with a zebra named chuck
And everyone's happy but you and the duck
 You and the duck, you and the duck
 Now everyone's happy but you and the duck

It's time that you banish your low self esteem
It's time to find courage to stick to your dream
To turn to your critics and gently explain
How they are all flushing their lives down the drain
 Lives down the drain, lives down the drain
 How they are all flushing their lives down the drain

10 **INSOMNIA**

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Soft warm breeze from the window flowing
Through your room where the lamplight glowing
Bathes your sheets that are clean and cozy
In a glow very nearly rosy

Crawl in bed and you turn the light off
In the hope that you will doze right off
But then sleep's not at all forthcoming
Since your brain can't refrain from humming
Some dumb song, all night long

Half an hour and you're going crazy
You pop up like an April daisy
Every cell singing over to you
Doot doot doot doodle-doot doot doo doo

Search in vain for a lullaby pill
Then make do with a slug of NyQuil
To help you thru the night so boring
When you're up and the world is snoring
Some dumb song, all night long.

So if you wanna sleep 'til morning
You'll thank me for a timely warning
Have a hot cup o' decaf tea now
Clear your mind and repeat with me now

I will not learn a tune like this one (x4)

11 **WINTER** (*aka I DON'T MIND THE WINTER*)

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I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so long
Seems like it's a decade since the crocus croaked
One confounded color in the sky all day
I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so grey

I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so grey
Slush has all the beauty of a chain link fence
Pigeons carry flashlights in the city park
I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so dark

I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so dark
People look like laundry as they tumble home
Prob'ly with regrets about the day they've had
I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so sad

I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so sad
Not a single sound except the clink of tears
Shrinks jump off of buildings as the months unfold
I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so cold

BRIDGE:

Autumn is a melancholy nightmare
Springtime can be soggy and it's way too short
Some do like the summertime, and some do not
I don't mind the summer 'cept it's so hot

I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so cold
Men can die and still sit there and fish all day
I don't mind the winter tho don't get me wrong
I don't mind the winter 'cept it's so long

12 ALPHABET POLKA

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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 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 that 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 s 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 Yesterdays that you have seen me through
Z is for the Zombie who is still in love with you.

CHORUS

13 **MILLION MILES*** (On the jacket and disc we mistakenly called this **MILLION YEARS**)

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If one year 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
Caesar would be ten feet off around the Ides of March
Columbus would be sailing up my metatarsal arch
And my whole life so far is only three 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 in Paris as a microscopic smudge
But when I'm faced with checkout lines that drain my life away
Or indecisive Girl Scout troops obstructing the buffet
I turn to my perspective on how one whole day compares
To one fifth of the width of one of Stephen Hawking's hairs

CHORUS*

**NOTE: This song has changed quite a few times. On this CD, we don't sing the chorus. Also, on the jacket and disc, the song is called "Million Years" by mistake. On our 2019 album, "OK, So Far," we recorded it again, and it has a different third verse and we DO sing the chorus. Also, there is an alternate last verse. This is the one that appears in our songbook:*

But other times I can altho it takes a little while
Reverse it so a second is equivalent to a mile
When Pennsylvania Polka that was just a smudge before
Will stretch out past Milwaukee for a hundred miles or more

14 **AMALGAMATED GIGAWATT MAGOO** ©1999 L&P Berryman

Good evening Mister Miss or Ms, I'll tell you what the issue is
You're paying far too much to light your lights and heat your tea
 However you're in luck today • Deregulation paved the way
 For us to offer you a deal that's very nearly free
We recommend that you ignore the other fifty three or four
Providers who are sending all their lit'rature to you
 We'll take them over soon enuf • So you can disregard their stuff
 And sign up with Amalgamated Gigawatt McGoo

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Perhaps you saw the big brochure that yesterday we mailed to your
Address at home and to your place of business and your church
 Or maybe saw the couple more • We brought to you the day before
 And fastened in a baggie to the fence around your birch
Or saw the ones we sent the school your kid attends and probly you'll
Be finding in the bottom of your case of Mountain Dew
 And wrapped around your marmalade • And stuck beneath your wiper blade
 A flyer from Amalgamated Gigawatt McGoo

We've called you every morning, then at suppertime we've called again
And chatted with your mother and befriended your machine
 Our ads are on the Internet • And sent with every bill you get
 And featured in your paper and your fav'rite magazine
On every single grocery sack, our name appears in red and black
And probly on the radio you've heard our jingle too
 And did you see the airplane come • And tow above the stadium
 The banner of Amalgamated Gigawatt McGoo

Now we'll provide a big rebate for teaching children under eight
The use of daddy's table saw for carving up the roast
 Though during times of peak demand • I'm sure that you will understand
 We'll have to charge you 90 bucks to make a piece of toast
For when it's hot or when it's cold, our cost increases 50 fold
And now deregulation lets us pass it on to you...
 But we'll send you a golfing cap • With lightning rod and rubber flap
 A thank you from Amalgamated Gigawatt McGoo

It isn't hard to calculate that we provide the lowest rate
By filling out the workbook that we e-mailed you today
 For you can use the chart we sent • To see that point oh two percent
 Of six percent your fumigated kilowatts per day
Is boosted by transmission codes in column B for evening loads
But only when the dewpoint measures half your BTU
 By then it should be very clear • You'll save a dollar ten a year
 By going with Amalgamated Gigawatt McGoo

And if you sign with us you'll know where all your precious pennies go
For every monthly bill will have expenditures explained
 Like power station ventilation • Automation, sanitation,
 Generation, valuation, voltage lost and gained
Rate projection, pole inspection, spark detection, board election
Life protection, line connection, donuts for the crew,
 A couple days a month is all • You'll need to analyze the small
 Amount you owe Amalgamated Gigawatt McGoo