

Lyrics for the CD  
**Some Days**

L & P Berryman, louandpeter.com

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*Typos, misspellings, and glitches by Zondo*

Seasons greetings everyone we hope this Christmas letter  
 Finds you eager to appreciate the high points of our year  
 'Mong other things the tip broke off the smaller blade of Gary's  
 Texas pocket knife but still it is a handy souvenir

**CHRISTMAS LETTER**  
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Matter-o'-fact it's better now for driving little screws  
 Besides the longer blade is still intact so everything is fine  
 Joanie took an afternoon from work to dust her cookbooks  
 And arrange them alphabetically from apple blintz to wine  
 Joan with cookbooks, picture A.

She also found the height adjustment on her upright vacuum  
 Must have fixed itself somehow because it works again okay  
 What surprises Gary is the light still works without  
 He's ever changed the bulb so far as he remembers anyway  
 We had the lump on Trav'ler's leg removed for those who don't  
 Know Trav'ler she's our dog turns out the lump was nothing more than fat  
 She and little Sputzy she's our other dog are fine  
 Although poor Trav'ler limps a bit but she seems comf't'ble with that  
 Trav'ler's stitches, picture B.

Joanie got the fuzz balls off that one one plum colored sweater  
 Back in April that she bought the day we got our purple Mac  
 Also Gary found some sets of colored vinyl rings you use  
 To code your keys like we use green for front and red for back  
 Plus, you may remember that last year our water softener  
 Was on the blink well this year it has ground right to a stop  
 Last year Gary fixed it by replacing that one rotor deal  
 That goes down from the program wheel that's driven from the top  
 Joanie mowing, picture C.

Trouble was the water stream diverter job that didn't move  
 To speak of cause the shaft was sheared and wouldn't turn at all  
 We knew something must be wrong when we went thru just one  
 Half bag of salt in six whole months from early spring to early fall  
 That was last year this year it's we're going through way too  
 Much salt we called up Sears but you know Sears their service is the worst  
 The only thing we know's that rotor isn't broke again  
 It must be something else 'cause you can bet that Gary checked that first  
 Gary fishing, picture D.

Joanie found a way to drive to WalMart without making any  
 Left hand turns you know how hard those left hand turns can be  
 There's a couple blocks she has to loop around to do it but  
 It's worth it for convenience being nearly hassle-free

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She may design a booklet made for left-hand-turn-aphobics  
 Having maps on which the left hand turn alternatives are shown  
 Aside from that there's nothing really happened we can think of  
 Oh and Gary has the job he's had for years and so does Joan  
 Sputz and Trav'ler, picture E. Happy New Year, J. and G.

Track 2

## **THE VULTURE**

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A scroungy old bird is the vulture  
And corpses are all he will eat  
He looks like a dork  
But his beak is his fork  
And his dining room table's the street  
His dining room table's the street

His ears are as sharp as his toenails  
He listens to us in our bed  
'Nif I don't make noise  
Like a gym full of boys  
He will think we're deliciously dead  
He will think we're deliciously dead

He'll yank our butts out through the window  
A vulture can yank very hard  
The neighbors will say  
That they watched with dismay  
As he scattered our teeth in the yard  
As he scattered our teeth in the yard

He'll suck out our eyeballs like olives  
And spit the lids out in the dirt  
He'll pluck at our hearts  
For the tenderest parts  
And reserve our pink lungs for dessert  
And reserve our pink lungs for dessert

Reporters will side with the vulture  
In lurid sensational terms  
They'll say for the crows  
He left somebody's nose'  
And a little behind for the worms  
And a little behind for the worms

But fine if my snoring upsets you  
I'll go out and sleep on the lawn  
When the vultures arrive  
They will know I'm alive  
And I'll move back inside when you're gone  
I'll move back inside when you're gone

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Track 3

**SOME DAYS**

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All my pile, in a books, on the floor  
All my stack, in a mail, by the door  
I can't keys ever find anymore  
I work, have to hitch, hike to may

Some days, every seem things out, of place  
In a one horse open sleigh

Why I dogs, like to so, many keep  
Why do they, like to bed, on my leap  
Either I, have to couch, on the sleep  
Or dogs, in bed, with the climb

Some days, every seem things out of place  
In the good ol' summertime

All night long, how I did, wake a lay  
My true love, walked a snit, in away  
I should go, spend a beach, at the day  
For to stick, my sand, in the head

Some days, every seem things out of place  
And the old grey goose is dead

I'm so low, that I'm back, on my flat  
I, I need think to shrink with a chat  
All day yester I hands on my sat  
Just to leave that wine in the cork

Some days, every seem things out of place  
On the sidewalks of New York

*(Instrumental)*

With a banjo on my knee

Some days life is a park in the stroll  
Some days life is a punch full o' bowl  
But some days there's a bowl in the hole  
And the punch runs pants down the right

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Some days, every seem things out of place  
So Good night Irene good night

## Track 4

### HOMELESSNESS

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I never dreamed I'd ever be  
Without a home to comfort me  
'Til a friend of mine this very spring  
Lost his whole house and everything  
    So now I know that life is strange  
    That all is luck and luck can change.  
    And don't forget, it's sad but true  
    Next time around it could be you

One runaway truck, one slip in the muck  
One stretch of bad luck: Homelessness  
One family feud, one litigious old prude  
One long bad mood: Homelessness  
    One toaster too hot, one investment that's not  
    One tiny blood clot: Homelessness  
    One decision on gin, one paycheck too thin  
    One dumb night of sin: Homelessness

My poor old pal is on the street  
It's extra sad cause he's so sweet  
But even if he were a creep  
The lug should have a place to sleep  
    So anyway it's really true  
    Next time around, it could be you  
    And when you say, how could that be?  
    It could be worse: It could be me

One letter too strong, one adventure gone wrong  
One sick leave too long: Homelessness  
One knock on the door, one slippery floor  
One nuclear war: Homelessness  
    One slip of the pen, one downsizing trend  
    One backstopping friend: Homelessness  
    One identity thief, one flaky belief  
    One slice of bad beef: Homelessness

Once I did agree with you  
That fiscal plans make dreams come true  
Now I know that that was nuts  
That fate is king and fate's a putz  
    For now I'd say that you'd be smart  
    To squirrel away a shopping cart  
    And if they ever change your locks  
    Mi cardboard box, su cardboard box

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Track 5

**HAVING BEEN DONE**

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I used to exist upon sugary slop  
On Zingers and Snickers and gas station pop  
Fig Newtons for brunch, and pound cake for lunch  
But there came a time when I made myself stop

I've kept my resolve against unhealthy food  
And though I feel righteous and look better nude  
There would be less pride, in Twizzlers denied  
Without a good wad of them having been chewed

I used to love gin cause it went down so nice  
My triple martini straight up with a slice  
I'd chug it and buy, a few more, more dry  
And now I chug nothing but decaf on ice

But though the ol' schooner of gin has been sunk  
And left me here stranded as dry as a monk  
There would be less pride, in gimlets denied  
Without a large pond of them having been drunk

And I smelled like hayfields a-fire, and yet  
I'd light my next smoke on my last cigarette  
As three packs a day, for years charred the way  
To a nightmare of quitting I'll never forget

& though I breathe easy since they've been rebuffed  
The last one so long ago having been snuffed  
There would be less pride, in Camels denied  
Without a big barn of them having been puffed

And now here again lest I sing out a lung  
The sense of relief when I do hold my tongue  
Would not be so strong, when stopping the song  
Without a good bit of it having been sung

Still sometimes I lie on the sofa withdrawn  
And wonder where all the excitement has gone  
But though I'm bereft, there's one thrill that's left  
So lie with me darlin', lie down with me, darlin'  
Oh lie with me darlin" 'cause NASCAR is on

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Track 6

**ACCORDION TO ZITHER**

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A is for grandma's accordion lamps  
B is the banjo where she keeps her stamps  
C is the cello she stenciled with stars  
D is her dulcimer holding cigars

E's her euphonium punchbowl with spout  
F is her fiddle filleted like a trout  
G is her glockenspiel screwed to the wall  
H is her harp on a plinth in the hall

I is her Irish pipes over the bar  
J is her jumbo guitar as armoire  
K's her kazoo, a dispenser for tums  
L is her lute filled with miniature mums

M's mandolin holds her bobbers and lures  
N's nickelodeon stores her brochures  
O is her oboe as hatrack deluxe  
P's her piano, a coop for her ducks

Q is her Quilt made from bagpipers' bags  
R's her recorder, a pole for her flags  
S is her saxophone bumbershoot stand  
T is her trumpet, an ashtray with sand

U is her uke decoupage and ignored  
V's her viola as bulletin board  
W's whistle's impaled on a nail  
X is her xylophone used to sort mail

Y's the yodello that only she sees  
Z is the zither, now slicing her cheese  
If gramps were alive he would say she's a nut  
But he's in the den with a clock in his butt

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Track 7

**DEM DEER**

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Hope you don't mind  
when an old man sings  
Helps me to keep my mind on t'ings  
So when I go where the  
Animals thrive  
I sing dis song on the treacherous drive

Chorus (sing twice)

Dem deer dey're here, den dey're dere  
Dey're here, dey're dere  
Dey're everywhere

At dawn in fields  
And coniferous groves  
Bucks and does come alive in droves  
Just when you think that the  
Coast is clear  
There in the road is a whitetail deer

Chorus (sing twice)

In venison-land  
As the day goes by  
Deer lay low when the sun is high  
Sun goes down and the  
Night draws near  
Twilite brings out the whitetail deer

Chorus (sing twice)

Bucks bed down  
Where de tall grass grows  
Fawns dey doze  
Where the doe does doze  
Dose does doze dere  
Dose does doze here  
And dose are de  
Habits of de whitetail deer

Chorus (sing twice)

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*NOTE: The chorus is to be sung as a round.*

Track 8

**ELDERLYVILLE**

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Are they kicking you out of your home?  
Are they letting you go at the mill?  
We'll rent you a shed, complete with a be  
Welcome to Elderlyville

We've a hut with a ramp and a desk and a lamp  
And a bargain collapsable cot  
A mahogany plank for your oxygen tank  
& a plate & a pan & a pot

There's a hook for your wig by the print of a pig  
Shooting pool on the wall by the door  
& for grandchildren note they can sleep on your coat  
After flopping it flat on the floor

When taxes have taken their toll  
your financial future is nil  
N'you wake up at dawn & your pension is gone  
Welcome to Elderlyville  
Oh, welcome to Elderlyville

We've a granary bin out o' plywood and tin  
With a couch & a sink & a trunk  
And a shelf with a box for your dwindling stocks  
& a broom & a bowl & a bunk

There's a bag for your beans & your AARP magazines  
& a seasoning rack for your pills  
With a nail underneath for a set of your teeth  
By a bulletin board for your bills

When what you bring in every week  
Is less than the price of a pill  
So you have to pick between hungry and sick  
Welcome to Elderlyville  
Oh welcome to Elderlyville

We've a volkswagen bus with a Macintosh plus  
And a cord that runs out thru a hole  
Over blocks of cement included in rent  
With a place for the plug on a pole

There's a tub for your duds with a hole for the suds  
& a drain running down to the ditch  
While the hatch is improved w/the engine removed  
As a hutch for your hooch by the hitch

When the library closes at five  
And the air has acquired a chill  
And your camper's been sold & the gutter is cold  
Welcome to Elderlyville  
Oh, welcome to Elderlyville

Bridge:

We'll pop for a snappy toupee  
A jug of insufferable booze  
And a newsletter too that's delivered to you  
With the wretched retirement news

In a chalky chartreuse we've a tiny caboose  
From the end of a carnival train  
Or a popsicle van with a chemical can  
& a catch for a crutch or a cane

With an overhead light that's a welcoming sight  
On the shadowy side of maturity  
Where y'don't have a lot, but y'wouldn't have squat  
il you didn't have Social Security

When everything's fallen apart  
They say that you're over the hill  
Come and see us, we'll pay for the bus  
Get off at Elderlyville  
Oh, welcome to Elderlyville

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Track 9

**LEXICAL DUDE**

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My mother used to tell me I'm a woman with brains  
So why'd I leave my number with illiterate swains?  
I never got a jingle that wasn't semi-lingual  
I became resigned to being permanently single

But that's before I lost it for my lexical dude  
Seldom has a nerd been so Unchastely pursued  
I call him my professor, but I've been the agressor  
Ever since his dictionary opened on my dresser

He doesn't know a jeweler and he doesn't know jewels  
He couldn't build a sandwich if provided with tools  
He isn't much for glamour, can barely work a hammer  
But oh he makes me quiver when he diagrams my grammar

If I desire his eye and he's engrossed in a book  
First I shake the shimmy and if he doesn't look  
I challenge him to scrabble and whisper techno babble  
Or best of all accentuate an incorrect syllable

I offer him a kiss for every word and its use  
Now I can discern between obtuse and abstruse  
Didactic and didactive, reflective and refractive  
The future perfect passive and the future perfect active

Since it makes me worry when I hear someone say  
That which draws you first at last will drive you away  
I maximize flirtation, providing motivation  
To drop the magnum opus for some heavy punctuation

I challenge him to conjugate his passion for me  
He rattles off amo amas amat my sweet pea  
He needn't buy me satin or fly me to Manhattan  
As long as he can smooch in french and pillow talk in latin

We've never been to China but I really don't care  
We've read about Australia but we've never been there  
Tho not exactly global, our honeymoon was mobilee  
We spent it in a bookmobile behind a barnes and noble

Through all the years I learned from every book on his shelf  
And incident'ly taught the bloke a little myself  
Exuding turpitude, I've kept him in the mood  
And been the beneficiary, of the whole vocabulary  
Of my legendary very lexical dude

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Track 10

**BUT I'M DOWN**

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My life's complete. I've enough to eat.  
Have a little green house on Buggy Street,  
But I'm down. Should not be, but I'm down.  
I know darn well that I  
Have no right to grow overly blue,  
But I do.

Have a lucky star, a vcr  
Pretty good shoes and a running car  
But I'm down. Should not be, but I'm down.  
My gal says that it  
Isn't fair 'cause when I get blue,  
She does too.

Have a rack of shirts, a Packer hat,  
Pretty good shoes (did I say that?)  
But I'm down. Should not be, but I'm down.  
Started out with a tiny patch of midnight blue,  
But it grew.

Have a comfy chair, curly hair,  
DSL, Fiestaware  
But I'm down. Should not be, but I'm down.  
I'm ashamed to say that I'm warm and healthy, sad and blue,  
But it's true

Saw a homeless dude interviewed,  
Unshampooed, with dumpster food,  
But he's up. Should not be but he's up.  
I do declare; made me feel worse that I feel blue,  
Wouldn't you?

Have a sweetie pie, a new silk tie  
I wrack my brain and I don't know why  
But i'm down. Should not be, but I'm down.  
Lied and told my dog I wasn't really blue,  
But he knew.

Take Lexapro, Nortriptyline,  
Fluvoximine, Paroxetine  
But I'm down. Should not be but I'm down.  
And also now I watch TV with a pink and blue  
Kangaroo.

Some purple too.  
I watch TV with a pink and blue kangaroo.

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Track 11

**BEST LAID PLANS**

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I am your breakfast of prune juice or grapefruit  
I am your carrots or SlimFast for lunch  
I am your tofu or broccoli for dinner  
I am your midnight of heath toffee crunch  
I am your exercise bike in the basement  
I am the seat that's designed for your rear  
I am the handlebars capped with good grippers  
I am the box it's been in for a year

*Chorus:* Even the Best Laid Plans  
Suddenly slip through your hands  
To the trash of old cans and old Chevrolet vans  
And old Best Laid Plans

I am the movie romantic and sexy  
I am the drive-in where she wants to go  
I am the backrest that tilts horizontal  
I am the nephew she brings to the show  
I am the dates that she makes for museums  
I am the knowledge she shows of ballet  
I am the limo she calls for the opera  
I'm the 3 stooges you quote on the way --*Chorus*

I am the seedling in 1790  
I am the sapling in 18 oh 4  
I am the shade tree of 19 oh 7  
I am the brown paper bag on the floor  
I am the gard'ner who planted it gently  
I am the farmer who spared the young tree  
I am the town that grew kindly around it  
I'm the MacDonald's where it used to be --*Chorus*

I am a vote for the lib'ral contender  
I am the victory nearly in sight  
I am the touch screen in place of the ballot  
I am the software that leans to the right  
I am the hoards of progressive new voters  
I am the closest election we've had  
I'm the majority gone democratic  
I'm the electoral college: too bad --*Chorus*

I am the joy of arising in morning  
The aroma of cinnamon bread  
I am the train you catch right as it's leaving  
I am the trousers you left on the bed  
I am the lottery won when you're twenty  
I am the heartthrob you're planning to wed  
I am the bountiful earth at your service  
I am the meteor aimed at your head --*Chorus*

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## Track 12

### **SOME BIRDS**

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Some birds can run as fast as dogs  
I don't do anything  
Some birds build homes in hollow logs  
I don't do anything

The loons can dive into the deep  
And seagulls fly when they're asleep  
While some birds ride the backs of sheep  
And others learn to sing

I am a pigeon on a wire  
Above an underpass  
I will be here when I retire  
Above an underpass

As you go driving to and fro  
You see us everywhere you go  
Unless we're nesting down below  
Amidst the broken glass

Some birds are merely passing through  
I don't go anywhere  
Some birds fly clear down to Peru  
I don't go anywhere

The mallards migrate every year  
And though I watch them disappear  
I doubt they even know I'm here  
But I don't really care

Though I know nothing, so to speak  
I know this underpass  
As well's the top of my own beak  
I know this underpass

I have it etched into my brain  
I know the cracks that hold the rain  
I know where breezes blow the grain  
Into a tuft of grass

If you lived here you would be lost  
But It's where I belong  
I may inhale your old exhaust  
But it's where I belong

And though I may not be a duck  
I do feel grateful for my luck  
Not being stuck behind a truck  
Writing a pigeon song

Not being stuck behind a truck  
Writing a pigeon song

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Track 13

**DUST THE PIANO**

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I grew up a child of gentle parents  
I don't think I ever heard 'em yell  
But they were not immune to agitation  
They kept it to themselves, but we could tell

When they were upset, pa would shampoo the Dodge  
And mama would dust the piano  
He'd tidy the basement and sweep the garage  
And mama would dust the piano  
    You knew there was tension when papa would mop  
    He'd re-wax the bannister bottom to top  
    No one rebuffed like my frustrated poppa  
    While mama would dust the piano

When they were upset, pa would refold his ties  
While mama would dust the piano  
He regrouped his jackets by color and size  
While mama would dust the piano  
    He polished his cufflinks until they would gleam  
    He pressed all his pants to a razor sharp seam  
    No one could steam like my papa could steam  
    While my mama would dust the piano

When they were upset pa would vacuum the rugs  
And mama would dust the piano  
He'd pull out the swatter and bushwhack the bugs  
When mama would dust the piano  
    He'd sweep any spider webs down with a broom  
    He'd fumigate flies with a spray can of doom  
    And no one could fume like my papa could fume  
    While my mama would dust the piano

It's not that we children would have to go hide  
When mama would dust the piano  
Or scream our heads off and go running outside  
When mama would dust the piano  
    And though papa never went over the edge  
    You'd no more make fun of him clipping the hedge  
    Than come between mom and her rag and her pledge  
    When my mama would dust the piano.

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Track 14

**WAUBESA STREET**

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My dog izzie walks with me down what was the railroad track  
Past where Pasqual's used to be  
Near what once was Ray-o-Vac  
While the Sons of Norway meet to eat  
And the planes fly down Waubesa street

Tucker Vacuums come and gone East End bar was quick to fade  
Durline Scales is movin on (but) Badger Radiator Stayed  
Where the Sons of Norway meet to eat  
And the planes fly down Waubesa street

Kohl's big food store moved away but I think I'll stay right here  
Near what once was Bev's Cafe n drive for groceries twice a year  
While the Sons of Norway meet to eat  
And the planes fly down Waubesa street

(Spoken:)

*I live on Division St, in that grid of eight streets bracketed by Winnebago and Waubesa. Going EAST on LaFollette, they are: Winnebago • Division • Dunning • Jackson • Ohio • Talmadge • Corry • Waubesa*

*I could never remember the order of those streets, and came up with a mnemonic device using the first letters: W,D,D,J, O,T,C,W and used them to start words in this memorable sentence:*

***Why Does Dr. Jekyll Own Two Complete Wardrobes?***

The winter sun is inching down  
Peach and powder blue the snow  
Time to turn old Iz around past Corry, Talmadge, O-hi-o  
While the Sons of Norway meet to eat  
And the planes fly down Waubesa street

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## HOUSEHOLD FLUIDS

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I had our well water tested  
It looked a little blue-green  
I wasn't home when they called me  
But here's what was on my machine

We found Weed-B-gone, tidy bowl, Mop-n-glo  
Bubble bath, Calydryl, Photo-Flo  
Roof cement, Coppertone, Sweet-n-low  
WD-40 and Crest

PhisoHex, Liquitex, bakers clay  
Listerine, Lanosheen, Limeaway  
Ten-thirty oil, Cashmere Bouquet  
Wood primer, Drano and zest

Then I ate clams and felt clammy  
Is there weird stuff in the sea?  
I asked an expert my question  
He left a message for me

We found paint stripper, paint thinner, DDT  
Paraffin, brake fluid, MSG  
Iodine, oleo, LSD  
Antabuse, Prozac and Pam

Superglue, Lemon Pledge, gasoline  
Airplane dope, Easy-off, Dramamine  
Turpentine, papier mache, chlorine  
Cheez-Whiz and Lock-Ez and Spam

Shortly I went to the doctor  
He stuck a needle in deep  
After reviewing the bloodwork  
He left this after the beep

We found spraywax, varnish, formaldehyde  
Desonex, Mitchum, insecticide  
Aspartame, naphthalene, cyanide  
BGH putty and chalk

Beano, Rustoleum, Elmer's glue  
Nair, Grecian Formula, Selsun Blue  
Lithium, Valium, flea shampoo  
D-Con, Drambouie and caulk

He said to move to an island  
To see what a cleaner life brings  
I booked a barge for tahiti  
And packed up a few of my things

Like Epoxy, propranolol, Warfarin  
Urethane, Fix-a-flat, Ritalin  
Udder balm, Unguentine, Anacin  
Pepper spray, Mace, and Visine

Saddle soap, Silvercreme, acetone  
Deep Woods Off, tractor paint, Methadone  
And to be sane I will leave my phone  
And the ol' answering machine

But I think I'll take cases of water to drink  
YES, I'll take cases of water to drink

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Track 16

**WE DON'T DO IT**

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We can plan building a huge cabin  
So roomy you can drive through it  
We can plan building a log mansion  
But if we don't do it, we don't do it

We can try tilling a large garden  
Raise rhubarb like your dad grew it  
We can try gard'ning twelve acres  
But if we don't do it, we don't do it

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| CHORUS: Let the dog out, push the toast down<br>Dump the coffee grounds in the coffee bin<br>Fill the reservoir, flick the button on,<br>When the toast pops up let the dog in |
|--|

There's a home brew'ry we can order  
To make lager like your friends brew it  
Make 80 cases before breakfast  
But if we don't do it we don't do it

We can buy someday a beech bonanza  
The jets'd scatter when we flew it  
We could fly to Idaho and buzz Boise  
But if we don't do it we don't do it --*Chorus*

There's a home CATscan, an observatory  
A wood car kit, you can just glue it  
We could learn sanskrit and raise llamas  
But if we don't do it, we don't do it

Will they care in China send paparazzi  
Will it hit the papers, will they misconstrue it  
No the one outcome in the BIG picture  
If we don't do it, 's we don't do it --*Chorus*

Will our friends titter and point fingers  
And say snidely that you-&-I blew it  
No i promise they won't notice  
If we say screw and don't do it

Now if I wanna and if you wanna  
It's not unlikely that we'll get to it  
So i'm not sayin that we won't do it  
But if we don't do it we don't do it --*Chorus*

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