

Lyrics for the CD

Yah Hey

L&P Berryman, louandpeter.com

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*Thirty Degrees *also called* Cheese & Beer & Snow

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Typos, misspellings, and glitches by Zondo

TRACK 1

SESQUICENTENNIAL MINUTE

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Wisconsin: The genesis

The molten Formica core of Wisconsin solidified 250 million years ago near Brillion and was carved by early Swedish, Danish, and standoffish settlers into a four story diorama commemorating Houdini, Liberace, Vince Lombardi and Edna Ferber frying walleye on a snow shovel.

Meanwhile, primordial phlegm mixed with indigenous Leinie and Mukwa, out of which emerged the elusive burrowing amphibians dubbed survivalists who eventually fossilized into a glittering band of Posse Comitatusite up by Highway 26.

Soon thereafter, Nicolet, with his younger brother Nickel B, discovered Door County while sailing in search of a Land's End outlet, unfortunately pretzeling prematurely in Egg Harbor of a fish boil.

A century later, Merriweather Lewis and Kimberly Clark cleared the entire Hurley main drag in just under six years, living on Lunchables, Leinenkeugel, lutefisk and filleted fingerlings from the Flambeau flowage.

Lewis and Clark continued south with the Voyageurs, dragging a nine man khaki duck dingy full of zebra mussels, Dutch elm beetles, deer ticks, and purple loosestrife to trade with the natives for hodag jerky and finger Jello.

Eventually they founded the Fox cities, naming them after Columbus's ships, the Neenah, Menasha, and Santa Maria, adjacent to Wisconsin's only Hawaiian settlement, Kau Kauna, which can be loosely translated as "empty dog track."

Continuing toward Illinois, in search of the fountain of youth or, as it's called in Wisconsin, the bubbler of youth, they realized they had overshot the border when their guides began stopping every few miles to throw forty cents into the bushes.

They returned in 1848, just in time to see Wisconsin gain statehood, which is like neighborhood but with rest areas and a lottery.

Harley Davidson was our first governor, and boxing was king, with Fighting Bob LaFollette defending his crown against the Menard's Guy.

Time for a leftover millennial 2000 fun Wisconsin fact: If the zeros in 2000 were subtracted from the O's in Oconomowoc, you would be left with Omro.

In closing, we should be proud that the state flour is Pillsbury Presifted, state motto is "I Can Quit Whenever I Want," state shield is an Illinois plate, state opera is Aida Brat, the State symbol is the plywood bent over garden hinder.

TRACK 2

PACK UP A PICNIC

© 1986 L&P Berryman.

Make the bed, fix the car, feed the dog, make the calls
Clean the sink, pay the rent, wax the floor, wash the walls
Polish the boots, water the grass, fillet the fish, letter to home

Style the hair, launder the clothes, comb out the brush, boil the comb
Pick up a policy, put up the cucumber, paint on the patio, careful of drips
Instead I think I'll have a drink & kiss you on the lips

Chorus:

Pack up a picnic, pick up a kayak
Take a boat ride out along the shores of Waunakee
& if you say so, we'll let the boat go
Hold each other's hands & drift completely out to sea

Buy the rose, rent the suit, call the Fess, make the date
Shine the shoes, trim the beard, cut the hair, don't be late
Manicure nails, think of the speech, suck the Cloret, dial the cab

Dine in the dark, smile a lot, mumble your love, pick up the tab
Thinkina later & thankin the waiter & thankin the cabby & leavin the tips
Instead I think I'll have a drink & kiss you on the lips.

Chorus

Graduate, jog a lot, know the mayor, read the news
Smoke the pot, have the kids, know your art, dig the blues
Go to a shrink, cook on a grill, purchase a home, get into Zen

Get into law, social unrest, have an affair, do it again
Sponsor a party where everyone's standing with Perrier water & vegetable dips
Instead I think I'll have a drink & kiss you on the lips.

Chorus

TRACK 3

WHO PUT THE SIGH I N SIBERIA

©1986 L&P Berryman.

Siberian winter is not very nice
Just like Wisconsin we fish through the ice
Only one difference we can't afford hooks
We're using to snag them the sharpest of looks

Chorus: Who? Who? Who put the sigh in Siberia?

The cream is as thin as the cloth of our coats
In dribbles of milk from our government goats
Who live hypothermically grazing for moss
In weather that's nearly as cold as LaCrosse.

Chorus

Here is unpleasant but what can we say
We could have been living in U.S. of A.
They tell us political dissidents there
Are banished to live by their wits in Eau Claire.

Chorus

We bring home our vodka in big frozen chunk
We huddle with comrades and lick ourselves drunk
We talk of the coldest of winds from the west
The one that we call the Wisconsin Express.

Chorus

To drinking of vodka is hard to say nyet
In Russia we call this Wisconsin roulette
Our Comrade Crosscountryski croaked in his cot
Now he is buried in communist plot.

Chorus

While shopping at Pinko's we talk & we laugh
While standing in line for a day and a half
We're buying for children some crayons today
But we can't decide between brindle and gray. (

Chorus

TRACK 4

DR. OTTO'S ROCKET SHIP

©1980 L&P Berryman.

From Mukwanago to Potosi they could see it in the sky
In Oconomowoc & Wausau you could hear the people cry
Come out come out it's not too late to see the thing go by
You've never seen the likes of Dr. Otto on the fly

Chorus:

Doctor O, Doctor O, fly me up to Mars
I wanna learn what Martians drink & when they close the bars
Why should I be payin' cabs & smashin' up my cars
When Dr. Otto's Rocket Ship can take me to the stars

Dr. Otto found it on a farm in Tomahawk
He patched it up & buffed it up & filled the cracks with caulk
You would think he's crazy if you listened to the talk
But now it flies so good that Otto never has to walk.

Chorus

The folks from Neenah-Menasha and the folks from Sturgeon Bay
Have seen it like the folks from Boscobel to Muscodah
Some of the folks who have seen it don't believe it anyway
But up in the air, Otto don't care what other people say.

Chorus

Some of the people in Chippewa Falls they haven't seen it yet
Some of the people that have they won't admit it you can bet
They all think it's an illusion in the county of Calumet
But you & I know, it's Doctor O, a helluva space cadet

Chorus

TRACK 5

UP IN WISCONSIN

©1980 L&P Berryman.

If you're coming up from Boulder
With your skis upon your shoulder
They are stupid to be bringing
Wisconsin's flatter than my singing

If you're gonna spend your yule here
Or you plan to stay a school year
It's a lovely place you've chosen
If you like your hinder frozen

Chorus:

Up in Wisconsin, up in Wisconsin
The weather isn't very nice
Up in Wisconsin, up in Wisconsin
They gotta fish right thru the ice

If you hate the taste of booze
Better bring your runnin' shoes
Better sneak around discreetly
Or maybe stay away completely

If you're moving to Wisconsin
And your wife is on the wagon
I feel it's only fair to warn her
There's a bar on every corner.

Chorus

You needn't be sophisticated
In Wisconsin it's outdated
With our beer and with our crackers
We sit down and watch the Packers

If you bring your suntan lotion
To go romping in the ocean
You'll have to swim at Howard Johnson
There are no oceans in Wisconsin.

Chorus

TRACK 6

OH WONDERFUL MADISON

©1982 (New lyrics ©2002) L&P Berryman

She wears her lakes like a diamond tiara
Her necklace is known as the mighty Yahara
Around her the beltline is draped like a garland
And brings in commuters from way past McFarland

Chorus: Oh Wonderful Madison mother of cities Queen of all Dairyland, waiting for me Wonderful Madison, jewel of Wisconsin With more than one high school and cable TV
--

Hard working mother you lion of business
From Shopko to Oscar's and all through the Isthmus
But if getting a job doesn't seem to be prudent
You can take out a loan and return as a student.

Chorus

When fat men with briefcases grab her attentions
She knows that they want her to host their conventions
Where bankers and Shriners make heavy decisions
Like should they see Deep Throat or go out to Visions.

(2002 update:)

*When fat men with briefcases grab her attentions
She knows that they want her to host their conventions
Where bankers and shriners with laptop computers
Buy cheese for their wives on their way out to Hooters.*

Chorus

Sweet mother Madison full of compassion
A liberal community after a fashion
You don't have to worry if you do annoy her
'Cause for every person there's more than one lawyer.

Chorus

Stand on the shoreline of town as you enter
Stand and admire the convention center
See how it hangs off the shore like a goiter
But don't stand there long, it's illegal to loiter
(Or, more recently: Stand there a while, now it's legal to loiter)

Chorus

TRACK 7

FORWARD HEY (Commissioned by the Wisconsin Dept of Tourism & Wisconsin Public Television)
©1986 L&P Berryman

Wisconsin's officially know as the land which is home of the home of the kringle and panfishes
If you don't like 'em there's always cheese sandwiches and for dessert we have cranberry cake
Once you find out we are known for our skipping & jumping and trolling and Christmas tree snipping
You'll prob'ly decide that we're really not flipping but all of the loons aren't out on the lake

Chorus: Oh hey, look at that! There's a fish on a hat! And we'd like to treat everyone here to a cow souvenir. There's a loon! There's a deer! There's a guy with a beer! There's the moon in the top of the trees, and it's still made of cheese!

The beauty encourages creative urges when artistic passion and nature converges
And out of the studio soon it emerges the world's biggest muskie of paper maché
Wisconsin is proud of its wide open spaces; its barrels of beer and its butter in cases
Its 20 foot mooses with fiberglass faces, and THE biggest cows in the U S of A

Chorus

There's fast food & slow food & some in the middle. There's quiche on the menu & fish on the griddle
If you don't enjoy overeating a little, you're still gonna find that it's hard to say nix
There's fondues of cheese & there's dogs made of corn & there's drive-ins built prob'ly before you
were born
And they'll take back your tray when you lean on the horn; it's like watching a rerun of Route 66.

Chorus

At night in Wisconsin when you want a rest, you can stay where they honor your every request
You can nap in your boat with your chin on your chest, and recline in a fancy hotel when you're done
There's plenty of places to park your RV's and cavort with the campers all night or all season
Or follow the folks who camp out in the trees'n are sometimes intense if you'll pardon the pun.

Chorus

Waupaca Waupun Wauwautosa, Verona Kewaunee Pewaukee Poi Sippi Sarona
Mukwonago Antigo Neenah Monona, Menasha Menomonie Lily Eau Claire
Ashwaubenon Aniwa Manawa Milton, Dakota Kaukauna Lac Court Orielles Wilton
Glen Beulah Glen Flora Fort Atkinson Chilton, Excelsior Pelican Pardeeville Blair.

Chorus

Wherever you look there's a lake to be trolling, a trail to be hiking, a beach to be strolling
And likely as not there's a place to go bowling nearby that sells sausage and bait on the side
With a basket of snacks and the windows rolled down on a shadowy road through a magical town
It's as good to be lost as it is to be found, where an afternoon drive is a carnival ride.

Chorus.

TRACK 8

SQUIRRELLY VALLEY 2-STEP

©1980 L&P Berryman

Me'n my gal went up to Kaukauna
Up by Kimberly & Darboy too
She said honey don't look so funny
That Squirrely Valley gotta grow on you
 I said thanks but no thanks baby
 I'd rather have warts & a coated tongue
 She said honey the way I figger
 You might be dumb but you're not that dumb ("Oh yah I am")

Chorus:

Oh yah hey, in Squirrely Valley
They talk so funny, they get so lazy
Oh yah hey, get me a beer once
As long as you're up yet, I'm goin' crazy

I said honey I've lived here too
& I watched TV 'til my eyes turned green
While Dad's on the river with his Pocket Fisherman
& Mom's in the kitchen with her Salad Queen
 I've waited for the snow to fall to shovel
 & I've waited for the grass to grow to mow
 She said dummy don't be so silly
 It might be slow but it's not that slow ("Oh yah it is.")

Chorus

She said honey would you rather see hippies
In psychedelic shacks full of cocaine
With marijuana lawns and multicolored beads
And the welfare checks comin' down like rain
 Beatniks too in the center of town
 Like worms in a basket of rotten fruit
 I said facetious is the word for that
 You think you're cute but you're not that cute ("Oh yah she was.")

Chorus

I said remember on a Saturday night
All there was to do was to park that car
The boy sayin' honey I love you truly
The girl sayin' buddy don't go too far
 He sayin' sweetie let's go on down
 Lie by the river and drink a little juice
 She sayin' buddy don't get too kinky
 I might be loose but I'm not that loose ("Oh yah she was.")

Chorus

TRACK 9

PONIATOWSKI

©1986 L&P Berryman

(Poniatowski WI is located about a mile from where
90° west longitude meets 45° north latitude.)

Exactly half the way from the equator to the pole
A quarter of the way around the planet as a whole
It's very hard to find it on a map of county roads
Ridiculously easy on a four inch globe

Chorus:

Poniatowski, Poniatowski, everybody, Poniatowski

Magellan's men said Captain have we gotten very far
We're writing to our mothers just to tell 'em where we are
The Captain said our longitude is fifty on the dot
I don't know where we are but I can tell you where we're not.

Chorus

A quarter of the way from top to bottom of our earth
A quarter of the way around the planet of our birth
Speaking cartographically it's not extreme to say
It's the most important 'towski in the USA.

Chorus

What is on the tip of every schoolkid's tongue
What I mean of course besides a wad of gum
The name of a location every grownup knows
Of a church, a couple taverns, and a school that's closed.

Chorus

I asked an old cartographer where he would rather be
He mumbled there's a place that's always fascinated me
I'll prob'ly mispronounce it he admitted with a sigh
It's P-O-N-I-A-T-O "duBULLYU" S-K-I.

Chorus

TRACK 10

WEYAUWEGA MOON

@1988 L&P Berryman

That night, walkin' in the moonlight
On the tree farm, bumpin' into your arm
You'n me'n your dog, can't you hear the tree frog

That night, temperature jus' right
Breezy from the southwest, sway the little lovenest
Maybe we were dreaming, but I can see the whole thing

Chorus

Kiki, walk with me, up by Weyauwega soon
I'm a fan of the man in the Weyauwega moon
When he shines through the pines on our Weyauwega farm
Yeah when he's in the trees, won't you please take my arm

That night, mighta got a bug bite
Walkin' down the long lane, coulda had a late rain
Or the way the world turns, we coulda got moonburns

But no, not a mosquito
Didn't rain one bit, I couldn't believe it
Everything just so, where did that night go?

Chorus

Rising, early that morning
We had got a good seat, on the shady side of Main Street
Watchin' the parade first, then a bite o' bratwurst

A big chug, from a souvenir mug
& later in the evening, I know we thought of something
Soon the way the time flies, we're walkin' in the moonrise.

Chorus

TRACK 11

FEBRUARY MARCH

©1985 L&P Berryman

Part A:

Today was awful cold to say the least
And then the sun slipped out of sight
It ain't a fit night out for man or beast
We're gonna make our move tonight

We'll pick the mothballs off the uniform
We'll get the white shirt stiff with starch
We'll get the polish for the flugelhorn
And do the February March

We'll do an old man winter-ectomy
We'll march him right on out of town
We're gonna hang Jack Frost in effigy
For bringin' mother nature down

And in the air that dulls like Novacaine
We're gonna crack I have a hunch
We'll throw the fishbowl through the thermopane
And have the outside in for lunch

Part B:

And when we look outta the window tomorrow
It better be brighter than ever before
There better be birdies and bees and the leaves on the trees
And they better be awfully green

I wanna see all of the icicles offa the bicycles
All on the way to the shore
& I wanna see lovers removin' their parkas & provin'
There love if you know what I mean

I tell you we're all gettin' weary of little Siberia
Jeepers enough is enough
I tell you uh-huh I'm okay when it's 80 in May
But uh-uh when it's zero and dark

There better be manifestations of summer vacations
A-movin me offa my duff
I wanna see rivers unfrozen, the bud of a rose
And a summery day in the park

TRACK 12

THE BIGGEST COW

©1986 L&P Berryman (Melody, loosely: Bill Grogan's Goat)

The biggest cow • I ever seen
Was over by • Prairie du Chien

Go take a peek • But if you do
When she says moo • You better moo

That ain't quite right • She don't say moo
Since she been here • It's somethin' new

Since she been up • Wisconsin way
She don't say moo • She says moo hey

I grabbed her horns • Climbed on her back
& rode her to • Prairie du Sac

Which din't take long • Cause when we's through
She'd only took • One step or two

With her head in • Prairie du Chien
She gives her milk • Down by Racine

So there the farms • Are full of joy
But there is fear • In Illinois

TRACK 13

MADISON, WISCONSIN

©2000 L&P Berryman

We take the show to Minnesota/ We take the show to Monterey
We fly to Boston on a plane / And we drive to Portland Maine
And we gig along the way

And at the end of each performance / We blow the audience a kiss
And when following the show, they come up to say hello,
Seems it always leads to this:

Chorus: So how's ol' Madison Wisconsin / Is that Paul Soglin still the mayor And is Rennebohms expanding / The Club de Wash still there I used to sit out on the terrace / And watch my grade point disappear For the life of me I don't know / How i wound up here

Now I can see us in the future /we take a boat to Bengal Bay
and from Calcutta on a train/To the himalayan chain
Takes at least another day

We hike for weeks among the foothills/ It feels like 700 miles
We ask a sherpa could you please / Help us carry all our cheese
And he turns around and smiles:

Chorus

We leave Mount Everest behind us / We hop a steamer tramp to Perth
Old Australia seems to me/ 's far away as you can be
And remain upon the Earth

But in our Bucky Badger derbies/ as we survey the billibong
We think we're really off the map / 'Til a local sees the cap
And diggery does a little song:

Chorus

We leave Australia in a rocket / We hit the moon and take a walk
The craters all are full of guys / With enormous buggy eyes
And they all begin to talk

It sounds like Hey gadeng vadaieda oh yah gadeng vadeida hey,
But we realize pretty soon, They mean welcome to the moon,
Have a beer and by the way:

Chorus

TRACK 14

THIRTY DEGREES

Also known as

CHEESE and BEER and SNOW

© 2000 L&P Berryman

Lunch and CHEESE and dinner and CHEESE

Fall and CHEESE and winter and CHEESE

Chips and CHEESE and jerky and CHEESE

Nuts and CHEESE and turkey and CHEESE

Cheese with pies and peppers and peas

SNOW AND BEER AND CHEESE

Cheese and SNOW and hockey and SNOW

Cows and SNOW Milwaukee and SNOW

Boots and SNOW and dripping and SNOW

Ice and SNOW and slipping and SNOW

Wind and SNOW, a car that won't go

BEER AND CHEESE AND SNOW

Snow and BEER and bowling and BEER

Golf and BEER and trolling and BEER

School and BEER and sledding and BEER

Love and BEER and (a) wedding and BEER

Cold beer here, getcher beer here

CHEESE AND SNOW AND BEER

Slush and ALE and Monterey JACK

Flakes and BRIE and a cheap six PACK

Drifts and curds and a head of good suds

Cheese whiz ICE and couple of BUDS

All keeps well at thirty degrees

SNOW AND BEER AND CHEESE

LIMBURGER BALLAD (Page 1 of 2)

©2001 L&P Berryman

Come gather 'round people & turn up the tube & we'll tell you a marvelous tale
Of medical hunches, restorative lunches and rural deliveries of mail
Romantically comic, heartbreakingly tragic, it's really not either of these
But thoroughly true and a pinnacle too in the hist'ry of Limburger Cheese

In the Iowa village they call Independence a farmer named Kaiser took sick
The year '35 had been slow to arrive and the snow fell unusually thick
The rare diagnosis by Dr. McGready was chronic dyspeptic unease
Prognosis was fine if the farmer would dine on a smidgen of Limburger Cheese.

Now Limburger cheese was the jewel of Wisconsin the pride of the town of Monroe
And poor Mr. Kaiser lived over in Iowa, too far to ski thru the snow
He posted a plea to the cheesemakers urgently begging them gentlemen please
Here's one and a quarter, express me an order of curative Limburger cheese

When Mr. Ralph Wenger, the company manager, heard of the farmer's travail
He made sure a block of their strongest concoction went out in the afternoon mail
(But) a sensitive Iowa mailman declared as he sniffed it and fell to his knees
I never delivers what gives me the shivers especially Limburger cheese

And when independence's postmaster W. Miller was brought up to date
He said tho my sense is olfact'ry offenses are reas'nably ripe for debate
It seems this particular fragrance is sidelining one of my best employees
Altho I've smelled worse, my employees come first, I'm returning this Limburger Cheese

Now little Monroe had a postmaster too who'd step into the fray now & then
J. Burkhardt felt strongly the cheese had been wrongly returned & he mailed it again
But first he took pains to rewrap it in foil & in cardboard too sturdy to squeeze
& passing appraisal, both postal and nasal, away went thee Limburger cheese

But when it came home to Monroe once again & took Postmaster Burkhardt aback
Instead of completely accepting defeat he developed a two pronged attack
He mumbled I'll send it to Washington then if the Postmaster General agrees
With approval attached we'll rewrap and dispatch for the third time the Limburger Cheese

(Continued next page)

LIMBURGER BALLAD, Page 2 of 2

& Meanwhile post haste he composed an epistle to Postmaster Miller that read:
Yours truly proposes a contest of noses to bring this whole thing to a head
I'll sublet a centrally located hall and I'll personally pay all the fees
I'll spring for the brew and the bakery too and I'll pop for the Limburger Cheese

I'm confident Postmaster Burkhardt went on tho you shrink at our product's bouquet
I know you will savor its bountiful flavor and fling your embargo away
For once you do try it you'll never deny it a passage to your addressees
And came the reply, I'm a reasonable guy, I will sample your Limburger Cheese

Two thirty PM on the ninth day of March in Dubuque at the Julien Hotel
If you couldn't see you could find parlor B on the mezzanine level by smell
Where cameras were raised & reporters were poised for a test of their best journalese
Expecting a thriller as Burkhardt served Miller a sandwich of Limburger cheese

Most ev'ryone present was holding their breath watching Miller prepare to consume
Including the guests who'd been holding their breaths ever since they'd come into the room
He managed a nibble & then took a bite & as crumbs tumbled down his chemise
The whole room went wild when the Postmaster smiled & requested more Limburger Cheese

When word of this great vindication arrived in Monroe on the following day
& then the day after to cheering and laughter the Postmaster General's okay
The village went mad & demanded a plan to revive one of those jamborees
So popular here full of bratwurst and beer & a float for Miss Limburger Cheese

& So ends our tale but tho sagas like this are the stuff of a newspaper's dreams
Assuming it's true the cheese finally went thru there is more to the story it seems
For if there's an ironic twist at the end of this tale that began with disease
It's a postman made ill & a farmer made well by the same piece of Limburger Cheese

TRACK 16

HAVE YOU 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 abou 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)

TRACK 17

GILDA GRAY

©1988 L&P Berryman

You don't suppose she changed her name to Gilda, do ya
The young Michalska girl from Cudahy
She'd introduce herself as Maryanna to ya
You don't suppose that she is Gilda Gray

Is she the one who went with Sophie Tucker, lately
To introduce the shimmy to the world
Is she the one whose fame has been increasing greatly
Since she has become a Ziegfeld girl

I hear that Gilda Gray is in a brand new talkie
She sings a song and shimmies in the show
If it ain't a turkey it'll play Milwaukee
We'll get a gang together and we'll go

You do suppose she looks the way she used to, doncha
We better not sit very far away
You'll go crazy if it's Maryanna, won'tcha?
You don't suppose she's really Gilda Gray

BRIDGE:

You don't suppose she talks about Wisconsin, do ya
About the winter wind and how it blows right through ya
She never buttoned up the way her mother told her
Had to learn to shimmy as the night got colder

We should get together and compose a letter
That's the sort of thing she might enjoy
How I wish we could have come to know her better
Before she hopped the train for Illinois

She had taken us about as far's we could go
Things were different then in Cudahy
The dance that was the end of Maryanna's floorshow
May have been the start of Gilda Gray

(Repeat BRIDGE)

TRACK 18

PFLAUM ROAD

©1989, 1993 L&P Berryman

Have some business / With UPS
Have a large load / I'm goin out to Pflaum Rd.
On the address / Does UPS
Need a zip code / I'm goin out to Pflaum Rd.

Chorus:

Goin out to Pflaum Road
Pflaum Pflaum Pflaum Road
Need a zip code *(Or corresponding line from most recent verse)*
I'm goin out to Pflaum Road

If I'm not broke / If I don't croak
If it's not snowed / I'm goin out to Pflaum Road
Think my car died / On the wrong side
If it's not towed / I'm goin out to Pflaum Road

On our way we / stop for coffee
Pie a la mode / I'm goin out to Pflaum Road
Have some Cheetos / Soft shell tacos
I may explode / Goin out to Pflaum road

*(Spoken part about the big cheese and butter warehouse fire in
Madison in May of 1993)*

When the building / started burning
How the sky glowed / Goin out to Pflaum Road
And the gutter / Ran with butter
And the cheese flowed / All the way to Pflaum Road