

**Carla Ulbrich The LOUD Album Sampler**

1. **Take Me Out to the Overpriced Ballgame** (parody of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame")

Take me out to the overpriced ballgame  
At the corporate-owned park  
We paid for this place with a local tax  
They should be wearing our names on their backs

But it's suits suits suits in the good seats  
They should all be ashamed  
Cuz it's one, two, three thousand bucks  
And they're not even watching the game

Drag him out on the ball field  
With a torn ACL  
Management says that he'll be alright  
He can't sit out on his bobblehead night

So it's shoot shoot shoot him with cortisone  
If he won't heal then we'll trade  
Yeah it's one, two, three Tommy Johns  
And right back into the game

I went broke at the ballgame  
Forty bucks just to park  
I can't find peanuts or cracker jack  
Just calamari or steak and cognac

With their souvenirs and concessions  
And the rights to the name  
Oh it's milk, bilk every last buck  
From the old ball game

lyrics: Carla Ulbrich and Joe Giacoio  
music: 1908 Jack Norworth and Albert von Tilzer  
vocals, guitar, producer: Carla Ulbrich  
bass, organ, drums, announcer voiceover, engineer: Steve Goodie

2. **Gluten-Free Diet** (parody of "Zoot Suit Riot" by Cherry Poppin' Daddies )

Who's got tons of food allergies  
Can't eat nothing but sticks and leaves  
Hives and gas and swollen hands  
Who's really crabby? Yes I am

Doctor came to say  
Yeah you cannot eat this stuff  
You'd best stay away  
From all those foods you love

Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
Throw away the bread and the beer  
Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
Nothing left to eat in here

Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
Lookin' at the menu in fear  
Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
Haven't had dessert all year  
So crabby!

I picked up a gluten-free pizza then  
Put it in the oven four hundred and ten  
try it yourself and you'll understand  
Serving size: feeds one trash can

Oh I got me some rice cakes  
Suggested by some clown  
They crumbles into flakes  
As I tried to choke them

Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
It's as much fun as you hear  
Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
Watch your social life disappear

I'm on a gluten-free diet  
I'm on a gluten-free diet  
I'm on a gluten-free diet

No Italian  
No tasty cakes  
Hey I would eat it  
But then I'd pay  
No pie-ie-ie-ie  
No pasta nay  
Twizzlers have gluten  
What the %#\$\*

Oh I went to a buffet  
And I took a look around  
Well the broccoli's gluten free  
Oh great gee whiz like wow

Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
What a big pain in the rear  
Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
Seems just a little severe  
Gluten-free diet (diet!)  
Hold the bagel just gimme the schmear

Gluten-free diet (diet!)

You can have an asparagus spear

I'm on a gluten-free diet

I'm on a gluten-free diet

I'm on a gluten-free diet

I think I'm about ready to slap somebody

lyrics and vocal: Carla Ulbrich

piano, bass, guitars, drums, voiceover, producer, engineer: Steve Goodie

voiceover: Jim Aycock

Horn Arrangement: Bryan Cumming

Trumpet: Buddy Burris

Trombone: Bill Huber

Saxophone: Bryan Cumming

music: Steve Perry

included in digital sampler only:

### 3. **Stupefied By Maladies Defying Diagnosis** (parody of "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious")

I've seen a hundred doctors from the worst up to the best

with dozens of appointments and a half a zillion tests

Don't wanna be a whiner and I hate to be a pest

But how can i get better if I can't get any rest?

Stupefied by maladies defying diagnosis

All of this uncertainty is causing me neurosis

What if it's the plague, or something equally atrocious?

Stupefied by maladies defying diagnosis

Um diddle diddle diddle um will I die?

They're puzzled by my symptoms so they say it's in my head

They'll probably keep saying that the day I turn up dead

The doctor's office is the most annoying place I know

If I wanted some attention it's the last place I would go!

Stupefied by maladies defying diagnosis

I've sat here in this waiting room so long I've got thrombosis

I ought to have a medical degree I've earned one by osmosis

Stupefied by maladies defying diagnosis

um diddle diddle diddle um will I die?

um diddle diddle diddle um will I die?

We're clearly getting nowhere so I see it's up to me

I may not be a doctor but I've seen one on TV

I googled all my symptoms and I searched on WebMD

Gave myself six months to live

Then sent the bill to me

Stupefied by maladies defying diagnosis  
How'm I supposed to live with such a horrible prognosis?  
If I were to sue myself would that be symbiosis?  
Stupefied by maladies defying diagnosis  
um diddle diddle diddle um will I die?  
um diddle diddle will I die?

Stupefied by maladies defying diagnosis  
All of this frustration has sent me into psychosis  
If you holler loud enough they'll send men in white coats it's  
Stupefying maddening and still no diagnosis  
Stupefying maddening and still no diagnosis

lyrics, vocal: Carla Ulbrich  
bass, drums, piano, keyboards, percussion, producer, engineer: Steve Goodie  
music: 1964, Sherman Brothers (“Supercalifragilisticexpealidocious”)