

Songwriters' Lament

& Other Stuff by Woody Muller

Aurora Borealis
Just a Buck Store Cowboy
Just You and Me
Kinda Karaoke
Melodious Odious Carbuncle Song
Mental Block
Ode to Cheese
Over and Out
Prison on a Train
Statute of Limitations
Underneath the Bus
What's the Use?

Parody Lyrics:

A Man Needs a Scooter
Every Chicken Has Bones
Lazy
Love is a Nose
Principal's Office Blues

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Aurora Borealis

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Aurora Borealis, your lamps are shining bright
I can't forget the friends I met upon that fateful night

We rolled out the map
and I explored the polar caps

I'm pretty sure they weren't made of ice ...

chorus

Aurora Borealis, what a fascinating sight
Your shimmering coronas
were fountains of delight

Aurora Borealis

We headed to the palace,

And I first laid eyes upon your northern lights.

I love your aureole like a hippie loves granola,
A thirsty man who has in hand 2 cans of Coca-Cola

The beautiful detail
that lies behind the veil

Makes me a happy epicure with Gorgonzola

chorus

Your halo-ing magnetosphere so stunning it's alarmin'
I was *Mr. Whipple* and you were so *Charmin*

You helped me set my course

When my compass pointed north

We didn't even have to use the Garmin....

Buck Store Cowboy ©2010 Woody Muller

G I'm just a buck store cowboy,

A I only found the hat

D Never would have bought me a Stetson

Bet your spurs on **G** that

G One fine windy morning,

A I'm lying on my bed

D It must have blowed in through the window

Landed on my head. ... 'cause

I'm just a buck store cowboy, I only found these boots

By a holster, And this Colt, Sir,

Barely even shoots

I must have been walking barefoot

Out among the cattle

And there they be, Size 13-D

Settin' by a saddle....

But I'm just a buck store cowboy, I only found the horse

On a fine day it's running stray

On the golfin' course

I lassoed him and brought him in

What else could I do?

Of course I kept him; Can't exactly... Put him in the zoo.

But I'm just a buck store cowboy,

I only found this buckle

It was just an accident, I must have fallen off that fence

Onto a bucking bronco

After that it all went black,

But after I awoke

Found this buckle on my belt,

Says I won the rodeo... *but*

G I'm just a buck store cowboy, **A** I only found the hat

D Must have blowed in through window

Landed on my **G** head.

Just You and Me ©2010 Woody Muller

Well girl you know I love you for your mind,
You're beautiful, and tender, and you're kind.

 You're full of witty banter,
 You laugh at all my jokes,
You even get along with both my folks.

You've got a decent job / career,
 yet still find time for me
I like your friends and they like me ...

And even though all this is so,

There's nothing that's better

Than you and me

Some whipping cream

And a couple of feathers ...

Just us, a little cream, and some feathers.

Chorus: You and me some whipping cream

 Some feathers from a bird

 Is all that it would take for us

 To reach for the absurd

 You and me and whipping cream

 And maybe if we hurry

 We'll hit the store before they close

 For maraschino cherries.....

Repeat verse

Kinda Karaoke ©2010 Woody Muller

Singing other people's songs,
They call it "*doing covers*"
Thousand folks sing, just the same thing,
Sound like all the others
Just because some record player
Doesn't play the notes
Doesn't make the whole affair
less kind-a Kar-e-oke

Chorus 1:

Cover songs are kinda karaoke
Starts with words and music in a jar
Sing it really fast, or sing it pokey
Someone else's song on your guitar.

If I had my druthers,
There would be never be no covers
To me it's like exploitin' orphans;
Even songs have mothers.
You can sing 'em happily
or sing 'em as a sad lament
Somber as they wander in
from someone else's instrument.

Chorus 2:

Cover songs are kinda karaoke
Sing sophisticated, sing it hokey
Sing it the bass, or sing soprano.
Someone else's song on your piano.

I like my music like my sin: It's best if it's original
I like it live and not replayed From analog or digital
Sing 'em from a paper, or a laser or a chip,
All I see is Blackbeard sailing someone else's ship.

The Melodious Odious Carbuncle Song

©2009 Woody Muller

I You're jamming with friends, Got nothin to play

IV You're out of ideas, Got **I** nothing to say

IV *For a really good time,*

*you can **I** never go wrong*

*With the **II** Melodious Carbuncle **V** song.*

I Odious Carbuncle, spreading contagion

IV Getting infectious, it's **I** sweeping the nation

IV *For a really good time,*

*you can **I** never go wrong*

*With the **V** Melodious Odious Carbuncle **I** song*

Odious carbuncle dance is so simple

Hands on your head, and squeeze like a pimple

et cetera

Wiggle your carbuncle, covered in oil

Heat it on up to a simmering boil

et cetera

Odious Carbuncle, startin' to fester

Showed it to my girl, really impressed her

et cetera

Odious Carbuncle, hard to explain it

Probably best to just lance it and drain it

et cetera

Mental Block

©2009 Woody Muller

I try to write songs but I'm doing it wrong
I wish I could figure a shortcut
I guess I could steal some other guy's deal
But I want to keep the copyright court shut.
I stay up all night trying to write
But all that comes out of me's vapor
With nothing adorning my table by morning,
But a pile of crumpled paper.

chorus:

I've got a mental block, It's solid as a rock
From the top of my hat to the bottom of my sock
My train of thought is tied to the dock
I've got a mental block.

Sometimes I write stuff, but there's never enough
To fill an entire paragraph.
My brainstorm's a drizzle, and that you can chisel
On my tombstone as my epitaph.
If only this fool had paid attention in school
I might have learned how to use language
But as it turns out I'm only about
As eloquent as a ham sandwich.

Repeat chorus

Ode to Cheese

©2010 Woody Muller

C How do I love thee? Shall **Am** I compare
Thee **C** to a summer's **G** Camem-**C**-bert?

C Shakespeare knew **Am** what counts is these:
C Wine and women, **G** song and **C** cheese.

chorus 1: **Am** Love was in the **C** 'frigerator
G Found it on the **C** dairy shelf
Am Greatest gift from **C** our creator
G Love you more than cheese **C** itself.

I was young and all alone,
Drowned my sorrow in provolone.
You savec me from my squalor,
With love holey as Emmenthaler.

Chorus 2: Ever firm yet also melting
Stronger than a brick of Stilton.
Milk and cream were Heaven-sent;
In their time will they ferment.

Come age with me as time wears on
Gratefully like Parmesan
Gracefully against the hurdles
Growing stronger as we curdle.

Repeat cho 1: Love was in the 'frigerator
Found it on the dairy shelf
Greatest gift from our creator
Love you more than cheese itself.

Over and Out

© 2010 *Woody Muller*

**Went walking in the world today
Smelled the smell of fresh cut hay
The clouds striped in that special way
The birds began to sing.
I was counting the sticks on the picket fences
Taking the world in with all of my senses
When suddenly my body tenses
As I hear my cell phone ring.**

Chorus:

**RING -- I'm at point X Y Z
RING -- 40 minutes to the A & P
RING -- Thanks so much for calling me
RING -- What was I thinking about?
RING -- Yeah I'll be there by nine
RING -- Hold: __ someone's on the other line
RING -- What happened to all my time?
RING -- I'm over and out.**

**Warmth of the sun was hitting all the right places
The world was full of smiling faces
Mother Nature's beauty graces
All that Autumn brings.
The air was fragrant, fresh, and clear
Took a leaf for a souvenir
Wondering why God put me here
When I heard my cell phone ring.**

chorus

**Went walking in the world today, Smelled the smell of fresh cut hay
The clouds puffed in that special way, The birds began to sing.
I was counting the sticks on the picket fences
Taking the world in with all of my senses,
***When I decided that "si - LENCE - is
Golden" I turned the damn thing off.*****

Prison on a Train ©2010 Woody Muller

The forty-eight state prisons had objections:
(*Won't*) keep the worst ones they incarcerate,
(*So*) the Federal Department of Corrections,
Has built a jail that moves from state to state.

A rolling penitentiary for the worst ones,
Incorrigibly violent and deranged,
And here I find myself one of the first ones
Locked up aboard a prison on a train.

I'm in a prison on a train
With outlaws and the criminal insane
I shot a man in Vegas
To relieve him of his wages
And now I'm in a prison on a train.

Sometimes the train goes slow, sometimes it rushes
It shakes and rolls and rattles all the time
And I get motion sickness, I get nauseous,
So dizzy I can't even walk the line.

We're passin' Folsom Prison, it ain't movin'
(*As*) my prison train rolls down to San Antoine,
The thought of **settin' still** in there is soothin'
I wouldn't move that jail an inch from home.

I played with guns, yes, I ignored my mother
Now I'm in prison rolling down the track
This song is through; but I will write another
(*If*) this prison train should ever have a wreck.

The Statute of Limitations ©2010 Woody Muller

I've accomplished a bunch in the last few months
You might say it's extracurricular
But I hesitate to elaborate
'Cause for now I can't state the particulars.
Me and the boys got a lot of new toys
Though there never seems to be enough.
And I'd tell you the tale, but I'm whistling past the jail
'Til the statute of limitations is up.

Seven years goes by in the blink of an eye
In most any jurisdiction
And the tales I can tell you after that spell
May propel a best-selling non-fiction.
Me and my friends, we'd never offend
And anyone says different is a liar
'Cause there's reasonable doubt. And I'll tell you all about it
When the statute of limitations expires.

Now don't be alarmed, 'cause no one was harmed
At least not that we know of.
We never got caught, we concocted a plot
You could knock out a TV show of.
Me and the fellows are now much more mellow
In fact, you might say we're in clover.
I'll open up my diary and answer your inquiry
Once the statute of limitations is over.

It didn't require an arsonist's fire,
A Colt, Smith-Wesson, or Gatling
I know that some people might deem it illegal
But it wasn't immoral or fattening.
Me and the guys may swat a few flies,
But no one can call us corrupt,
We was just having fun, and it can't be undone
Once the statute of limitations is up.

Now don't say a word, but the whole thing occurred
Right under everyone's noses.
Nobody squealed, and our lips remain sealed
'Til that seven-year window closes.
If they found our prints on the evidence
The case would be open and shut,
But we got away with it, and I'll tell you how we did it
Once the statute of limitations is up.

Underneath the Bus

©2010 Woody Muller

One day you're sitting pretty, riding on the bus.
Next day you're underneath it looking up.
Reminds me of my marriage, checking out the undercarriage.
This thing could use another set of struts.

It's not so bad here underneath,
I've got a bug stuck in my teeth,
Asphalt's surface scratchin' up my tush ...

By the time we get to Hartsel, I'll be right below the axle,
And I'm dodging wheels so that I won't get crushed.
Got a view of the transmission, and I'm sniffin' the emissions
As I slide along here underneath the bus.

Wish I had a dollar, or even just a quarter
For every time I've struck that shock absorber
Crossing Colorado, gliding like a sled
Never realized the clay here was so red.

They're prob'ly right above me
Six-pack on my empty seat
Wondrin' if I'm down here hangin' on...

If I promise not to soil it, they might let me ride the toilet.
And I'll stay in there the whole time if I must.
And I wish had some pliers, there's a bolt loose by the tires
As I slide along here underneath the bus.

The highway seems to never end, it scrapes away my nether end
I wish I was in luggage with my bags.
We ride along from dusk til dawn; it's hard to keep my trousers on
To the rhythm of the muffler's zig and zag.

Suffering abrasion 'Til we reach our destination.
This mode of transportation is a DRAG!

In the early morning hours, that pavement really scours ... me
It shines up spots I'd rather not discuss.
When we get to Buena Vista, I will be a human blister
As I slide along here underneath the bus.

By the time we hit Crystola, I'll look like I have ebola
And I'm pretty sure I'm gonna need a truss.
By the time we reach Fluorescent, I'll need anti-depressants
As I slide along here underneath the bus.

What's the Use? ©2010 Woody Muller

I had no sooner put pen to computer
To try to develop a lyric
Hoping to write on the meaning of life
In a manner that's somewhat satiric
Trying to be pithy, it suddenly hit me
A thunderbolt cast down from Zeus ... *that*
All the good songs have already been written
So tell me, my friend, what's the use?

Tragic young lovers are already covered
Their broken hearts long laid to rest.
Coal mines that cave-in, souls that need savin'
And legends about the old West.
Tales about trains are falling like rain
From steam engine to the caboose. ..*see,*
All the good songs have already been written
I ask you, my friend, what's the use?

I'm learnin' my lesson, it's pretty depressin'
I'm born 50 years too late
All the good tunes, other guys beat me to'em
Bein' born on an earlier date
This morning I got-up, and started to knot-up
Computer wires into a noose ... *'cause*
All the good songs have already been written
I tell you, my friend, what's the use?

A Man Needs a Scooter

parody lyrics ©2009 W. Muller (apologies to Neil Young{A Man Needs a Maid})

Bb F C G Bb Dm *(falsetto) my voice is changing in so many ways ... (down octave)*

Dm C My life is changing in so many ways
Bb F I can't afford to buy gas any more
Dm C I get a gallon here, a gallon there
Bb Dm Like a beggar going from door to door.

Dm C I was thinking maybe I'd get a scooter,
Bb F Maybe find someone to trade for my computer,
Dm Am7 Just something to get me to shopping and work,
Bb Dm Without turning my wallet into a neuter.

Dm C Bb A scooter
Dm7 A man needs a scooter.
G F Em7
Dm C Bb Dm A scooter
G F Em7 F C

Am G F Em7 Dm7 its hard to fill my tank
Am G F Em7 Dm7 GaddC D Bb F without another bank, withdrawal

C G Bb F When I saw THREE I thought "that's quite a fee"
C G Bb F Now I see FOUR, I'm feeling pretty sore.
C G Bb Dm When will I see TWO again?

Dm C A long time ago when I was just a pup
Bb F Two bucks fifty would fill my Beetle up
Dm Am7 Now it barely moves the needle ... (and the damage done)
Bb Dm Brother, can you spare a cup?

Dm C Bb A scooter
Dm7 A man needs a scooter.
G F Dm7
Gm Dm Em Em7 A scooter
C G Bb Dm When will I see TWO again?

Every Chicken Has Bones

apologies: *Every Rose Has its Thorn (Poison)* parody lyrics ©2010 Woody Muller

G Cadd9 D

I used to romance girls by singing my favorite songs,
But lately I wrote one or two that doesn't quite belong.

'Cause if you want a little *tush*

You gotta sing a little *mush*

Even though it seems so very wrong.

chorus:

Every chicken has bones

Every cherry has a stone

Every singer has a sappy song

Every chicken has bones

Every singer has a song that's *oh* so sickly sweet,
That's just what it takes to *get a woman indiscreet**

'Cause if you want to get 'em horny

You gotta sing a song that's corny

Even though it seems like a deceit

chorus

(* or ... get a girl between the sheets)

bridge: **Em D C G**

And every time I sing it

Makes me want to go regurgitate

But I swallow hard and do it;

It's the price I pay to *find a mate**. (* or ... get laid)

Every singer has a song that's so Velveeta-cheesy
Each time I play one of mine, makes my stomach queasy

Unless you want to do without

Sometimes you got to sell out.

A love song makes a woman get so easy...

chorus

LAZY

parody words: ©2009 Woody Muller

(with apologies to Crazy author Willie Nelson)

C C F F Fmaj7 Em7 Dm7 G7
[intro]

C C A7 A7 Dm Dm(#7) Dm7 Dm7
Lazy, I'm lazy for not doing laundry

G7 G7 G7 G7 C C#dim7 Dm7
G7
I'm lazy, for never doing my chores

C C A7 A7 Dm Dm(#7) Dm7 Dm7
Why should I go out and work for my money

G7 G7 G7 G7 C F C C7
When I can just borrow some of yours.

F F F F C C C7 C7
Worry, why do I let myself worry?

D7 D7 D7 D7 G7 Dm7 G7 G7
Wond'ring what in the world should I do? (for a
living)

C C A7 A7 Dm Dm(#7) Dm7 Dm7
Lazy, won't even practice my guitar

Fmaj7 Em7 Dm7 Cmaj7
I do as I wish and that don't include dishes,

Dm7 G7 C
And my stimulus check's overdue.

Love is a Nose

parody lyrics ©2010 Woody Muller

Love is a nose but you better not pick it
In front of a redhead, blonde, or brunette
A handful of snot and you know you blew it
You lose your love with bad etiquette.

Chorus:

I want a little Eskimo kiss.
I want to touch your proboscis.
You got a nozzle that I can't resist.
Let's nuzzle noses now.
(Nuzzle noses now now.)

I want to go where the North Wind blows
Way up by the Eskimos
We'll dance a reel and maybe a jig too
Cut me some ice and I'll fix your igloo.

Chorus

Principal's Office Blues

*apologies to Johnny Cash
yet another Folsom parody; words by Woody Muller ©2009*

I hear the bell a-ringin', It's recess time again
I ain't seen the playground since I don't know when.
I'm sittin' in detention, on my sore behind,
They're gonna make me stay 'til, I learn to walk the line.

When I was a baby, my momma told me *"Sonny,
Don't be mean to kids at school,
and don't steal their lunch money."*
But I teased a kindergartener, just to see him upset.
When I hear them children playin', I need a cigarette.

There's prob'ly kids a-hangin' from them monkey bars,
They're prob'ly playing dodge ball, or throwin' rocks at cars
But I'm carving *"I'll be a good boy"*
Into the top of his desk,
Tried to explain my explanation; He said I'm just a pest.

If I got out of this office, if they let me out to play,
I'd load me up my backpack, and wander far away.
Far from books and homework,
That's where I want to be
And I'd that lonely recess bell wring the blues out of me.