

# Colin Everett's Song Lyrics

This collection consists of the lyrics that Colin wrote for songs that he performed from his two 'performing' songbooks.

A number of Colin's songs were parodies on existing lyrics and tunes, but many had melodies and accompaniments that were entirely of his invention. The chords and rhythmic patterns were written in, but we have not yet had the time to 'recover' the tunes, whether from those who heard and remember them, or from videos of his performances. The tunes, together with the chords, will added in at a later date.

Songs in his books for which he did not write the lyrics are not included.

If you have any questions, don't hesitate to ask.

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## Smoking is a wonderful thing

Smoking is a wonderful thing, join with me its pleasures to sing  
Of stained teeth and bad breath, of smelly clothes and early death  
Of fingers brown and lungs black, cancer lurking in every pack.

Cough, cough, cough, cough, cough, cough, cough, cough (between verses)

Smoking makes me feel like a man, smoking makes me feel that I can  
Pilot a plane, drive a fast car, pick up a woman in any bar  
Light up your life, have one more fag, but don't forget, smoking's a drag.

Smoking a cigarette is good for your nerves, helps you relax, gives you reserves  
Keeps you hands busy when you you're under stress, helps you to cope when your life's a mess  
Doesn't cost much one cigarette, if you discount the long-term effect.

Cigars present a special case, they resemble something I stepped in some place  
The smell they leave is similar too, to that which was left stuck to my shoe  
What more can I say, I find it absurd, sucking an object that looks like a turd.  
(Think about it, what do you do, suck on an object that looks just like pooh!)

Then there's the pipe that smoked by old folk, today it's a relic, a bit of a joke  
You fill up the bowl, you suck on the stem, you light it and light it, again and again  
But most of the time you burn holes in your clothes, and once in a while you set fire to your nose.

Recent research gives evidence new, that second-hand smoke is dangerous too  
It seems that spouses sharing houses with smoking amigos have reduced libidos  
So if you care for your loved ones and pets, take care where you smoke those foul cigarettes.

Consider the fate of the patio, a wonderful summer place to go  
Smokers have not taken over this place, forbidden inside they've made it their space  
Instead of an evening of a warm summer air, or dining 'al fresco', it's a smokehouse out there.

Some people like to smoke in the car, in such a small space a little goes far  
(It fills up the car, it makes your eyes smart, there's no escaping the toxins and tar)  
It makes the air blue, it makes your eyes smart, there's no escaping the toxins and tar  
They cycle around, get good and strong, so kids in the car are smoking along.

Canada Health has issues its message, horrible pictures on every package

(The Surgeon General has issued a message, don't inhale inscribed on each package)  
Smoking in public will be banned everywhere, the tobacco companies are all getting scared  
But we need the jobs and the taxes you pay, so please buy the cigarettes but throw them away.

I thought that would be the end of my song and smoking would be extinct ere too long  
But the tobacco companies refuse to give in, they peddle their poison where they think they can  
win

(They target our youth with messages cool, getting hooked while they're still in school)  
Identifying young kids in school, making them think that smoking is cool  
And if that ploy fails, they'll have the last word, selling to poor people in the Third World.

CJE 21/1/86

## My Little Dog

When I was young I had a little dog  
A cute, cuddly, fluffy little dog  
I couldn't get to sleep without my dog  
I couldn't even eat without my dog  
I loved my dog, how I loved that dog

I used to take my dog out every day  
With sticks and bones and balls we used to play  
Then one day my doggy ran away  
Why he ran away he didn't say

I lost my dog, my precious dog

Now everything reminds me of my dog  
Every bark I hear, I hear my dog  
Telephones remind me of my dog  
Lamp posts remind me of my dog  
Fire hydrants remind me of my dog  
Mailmen remind me of my dog  
Newspapers remind me of my dog  
Hot dogs remind me of my dog  
Visitors remind me of my dog  
Other dogs remind me of my dog

But they can't replace my little dog

I don't just want any other dog  
Life is not complete without my dog  
I could talk all night about my dog  
Imagine how I feel without my dog  
Egypt had a God that was a dog  
I never thought I'd be without my dog  
Can you get along without your dog?  
Have you ever been and lost your dog?

I miss my dog, how I miss my dog

I wonder what happened to my dog?

Who is taking care of my dog?  
Maybe he'll come back again, my dog  
What do people do with a lost dog?  
What kind of thief would steal my little dog?  
I hear that in Korea they eat a dog?  
I hope they didn't eat my little dog?  
I hope he's still alive my little dog?  
Is there a dog heaven for a dog?  
Has any one of you lost your dog?  
I wish that he's come back, my little dog?  
I wish I'd had a name tag on my dog  
Do you have a name tag on your dog?

Well, now you see what happened to me  
I didn't have doggy I.D.

CJE

Inspired by Jane Siberry

Play like P. Glass

## Why I Drive an S.U.V.

Why I drive an S.U.V. is to express my personality  
My inner desire to be free, both physically and emotionally  
I have a need to drive at speed or go off the road with some large load  
To race straight up a mountainside or ford some raging river wide

I know my car is high-polluting, but I have to use it for commuting  
I know it handles like a truck, but with four-wheel drive I can't get stuck  
I like to drive to the supermarket, it's the only place I can easily park it  
I know that it tends to guzzle gas, but think, I'm paying lots of tax  
It does 10K to the litre, it's not some rusty, noisy, beater  
I know it takes a lot of space, but I like my car, it's my private place

At 200 lb and 5 ft 8, I'm almost 5% it's weight  
If my S.U.V. were a G.I.C., that's a good return financially  
With 300 HP I'm doing fine, I don't think I'll be left behind  
I hear they tip, some roll over, but I think that was the Ford Explorer  
I like the tailgate for the spare, but I can hardly lift it there  
With a flat the other day, I waited hours for the C.A.A.

When I drive my kid to school, his friends think that I'm really cool  
They like my tires, the big step up, the automated coffee cup  
I like the school but it makes me curse, because it makes me use reverse  
I'm not too sure where my car ends, and so I've had a lot of bends

Riding high makes me feel good, but I can't see much below the hood  
I know I probably block your view, but there's not much that I can do  
In terms of who and what to see, at least you know you can see me  
That in the event of our collision, you'd probably end up in my transmission

I doubt if I would be to blame, but I do think it would be a shame  
That my improved visibility should cause your disability  
It's not my fault your car's too small, it was your choice, you made the call  
I really do not understand why some folks want my car banned

Well, never mind, I think next summer I'll trade my Avenger for a Hummer  
It should be safer driving that, it's what they're using in Iraq!

C.J. Everett



# Firefighters

Do you have to have a penis to be a firefighter?  
Must you be big and heavy, could you be a little lighter?  
Is it just hard wiring, a primal fear that's driving  
Men to challenge fire, protect the ones they sire?

Be a fire fighting guy, never question why

Do I have to watch pornography, with tits, crotch and bum  
Like I did when I was a kid, and hid it from my mum  
Must I go through hazing to prove that I'm a hunk  
Close my eyes, shut my mouth, keep a pin-up by my bunk

To be a fire fighting guy, never question why

Is it evolution's gain that fire is man's domain  
Or some buried remnant of the old reptilian brain?  
Like hauling out your hose and watching as it grows  
Waiting for the rush, as you feel that liquid gush

Be fire fighting guy, never question why

I remember as a young lad, we used to play a game  
We'd take out our penis and with it we would aim  
To see who'd pee the farthest, highest and the most  
From this game, I think it's plain, it's a kind of a sexual boast

To be a fire fighting guy, never question why

Now a girl can't pee like a boy, not when she's standing tall  
She has to squat, on the ground she's got no control  
Boys can put out a fire by pissing on the flames  
A girl would burn her private parts and that would be a shame

Not a fire fighting guy, there's no question why

So if a fire breaks out somewhere, where there is no water  
Send a son, he's the one, please don't send a daughter  
A man's set up to do the job, there is no one righter  
He's got the tool between his legs, he's nature's true fire fighter

That's the reason why, a fire fighter has to be a guy!

C.J. Everett

## Seven U.S. Astronauts

Seven U.S. astronauts die,  
Above us 10 miles in the sky.  
What a show for T.V., instant replay tragedy.  
A nation gasps, the people cry,  
The price goes up for S.D.I,  
But I can't help wondering why  
There's so much fuss about so few  
Where death and suffering are nothing new.

In Philadelphia and L.A.,  
Seven people die every day  
From bullets spewing from the gun  
Of some crazy out having fun  
And seeing red and white and blue,  
His liberty negating you.  
And me, I can't help wondering why  
There's no such fuss about not so few  
Where death and suffering are nothing new.

Around the world 'most any day,  
There's suffering more than we can say,  
An earthquake here, 10,000 die,  
A famine there where mothers cry  
For children's bodies light with death,  
Too weak to take a final breath.  
I wonder if they understand this deadly fire-cracker joke,  
Of a billion dollars up in smoke.

Mr. Reagan prays, to his god on high,  
To save them that he let die.  
If a god exists, and really cares,  
Why would he listen to these prayers.  
Its time we took another tack,  
Reject the minds that have gone slack.  
(Accept that what we see is 'it'  
Forget about this other shit.)  
If god is good when he acts in this way,  
When he's bad we're going to pay.

What's one life worth anyway,  
Your's or mine who can say?  
Its to time to admit it face to face,  
That if there's any hope for the human race,  
We'd better stop listening to the lies  
And start making up our own minds.  
Seven U.S. astronauts die,  
Above us 10 miles in the sky,  
Maybe if we think again  
They will not have died in vain.

## Ode on Obama

Who is this man who is stirring up the crowd?  
He's calm and he's measured, not strident, not loud  
He's black, yet he's white, he's youthful and slight  
He speaks very well, with a voice that is light  
With a tone of intelligence that's sincere and polite  
But with a name like Obama, **and** Hussein **and** Barak  
He's a strange combination in this time of Iraq  
So, what does he stand for, why do we care?  
Why do so many just want to be there?  
He texts to the young, he respects the old  
He speaks for the poor, his language is bold  
He embraces the future, honours the past  
He radiates hope, wants change that will last  
He touches a nation, whose nerves are run raw  
By eight years of Bush, of greed, lies and war  
Enough of the swagger, 'tis time for Obama  
To mend America's soul, and remake it whole

C.J. Everett

20/1/2009

Written before inauguration speech

## **Mountie Song**

We are mounties and we're OK  
We fight crime the Canadian way

We ride up North, we ride down South  
We ride both East and West  
'Cos, being in the saddle is what  
We like the best

Chorus

With tunics bright, we're a colourful sight  
As we uphold the law  
We are polite, we put things right  
Of that you can be sure

Chorus

We persevere, we never rest  
Until we get our man  
We are brave and we are proud  
To be Canadian

Chorus

We like to sing and play guitar  
We make the ladies swoon  
But we never take advantage of  
Any misse's misfortune

Chorus

We stamp out crime, we confiscate  
All that stolen stuff  
We burn the marijuana that we seize  
And never take a puff

Chorus

We've burned barns, used pepper spray  
We've tasers to keep you safe  
And we've made the difference  
Just look at the United States

New Chorus

We are mounties and we're OK  
Let's hear it for the Canadian Way

CJE

November 2000

## **Handy-man, Nowhere Man**

I like to be a handy-man, I like to fix things if I can  
I am happy when I'm a handy man  
There's not much that I won't try, if someone can do it, so can I  
I really like to be a handy man

Tiles and plumbing, decks and drywall, hardwood floors and patio doors

I like to play with power tools, rip up floors  
Tear down walls, I am happy when I'm a renovator  
There's not much that can't be done, if you try to make it fun  
And of course you save a lot of money

Roofs with shingles, kitchens, bathrooms, thermal windows, and fixing up old cars

I prefer to work alone, I've got my radio and my phone  
So I'm never really lonely  
But there are some things I don't do, and some are better done with two  
With a really dandy handy woman



## Lottery

Wouldn't it be fun if you got lucky and won the 6/49 or Super 7

Not a minor prize, but something of some size, a sum to let you buy anything you desire?

Would a million be enough to buy you all the basic stuff, a new house, a fancy car, a million wouldn't go too far, maybe you'd need more like 10—or even 20?

How would you like to be a millionaire, is it your fantasy?

Lots of cash to spare, you could live in Manotick, on the rivièrè, better play it safe and be a multi-millionaire—yeah, yeah, yeah!

Would you keep it quiet, not even celebrate, go to the same job, catch the bus at 8

Play it cool, be discreet, smile and just pretend, make out that nothing's different, not even tell your friends?

Or would you just go wild, spending crazy like a child

Would you make a splash and hand out lots of cash?

How would you like to be a millionaire, is it your fantasy?

Lots of cash to spare, you could live in Paris/France, or the rivièrè, better play it safe and be a multi-millionaire—yeah, yeah, yeah!

Would you stay in Ottawa, maybe 3 months a year, would you park your money abroad or pay your taxes here?

Would you build a monster house and trade in your old spouse?

What about your family, would you treat them generously?

Would the jet-set be for you, lots of trips, an affair or two?

Could you handle the financial stress, would you end up in a mess?

How would you like to be a millionaire, is it your fantasy?

Lots of cash to spare, you could live anywhere, anywhere you care, so would you take a chance, and be a multi-millionaire—yeah, yeah, yeah!

June 28th, 2005

CJE

## Check out the Internet

Would you like to look 20 years younger  
Eat all you want, still get slimmer  
Never exercise, but stay fit? Check out the Internet.

Would you like skin that tighter  
Perfect teeth, straighter and whiter  
Would you like to lose that cellulite? Check out the Internet.

What about breasts - big but perky  
Fix that neck that looks like a turkey  
Lose those wrinkles, have full lips? Check out the Internet.

Do you want to get rich quick?  
There's a new investment trick  
Send your financial stuff and watch you savings take off.

Better orgasms, more and stronger  
Get more pleasure with a penis that's longer  
Drugs to help you keep erect. Find it on the Internet.

Do you need a dream vacation  
A private island called temptation  
A special deal, unique time-share? You just have to get there.

What about a college degree  
Maybe even a PHD?  
No need to study, not one test. Your check will guarantee success.

Do you know you had an aunt with money  
Left a big inheritance in Burundi?  
All you do is pay a finder's fee, to live a life of luxury.

I'm not saying the internet's bad  
It's a great tool but you can be had  
It is seems too good to be true  
It's probably not too good for you - or me.

CJE, August 2005

## New Age Farmers

Fed up with the city, fed up with the traffic  
The rat race and pollution, the driving and commuting  
Come live in the country, be a new age farmer  
You can take it easy, growing marijuana.

You can do it, nothing to it, start out small, play it cool  
Take a chance, with some plants, and man you can have it all.

No need to buy land, anyone's land will do  
So if there's a problem, it doesn't come back to you  
Find some unused space, an unsuspecting neighbour  
Just sprinkle in you seed, you have done your deed.

You can do it, nothing to it, start out small, play it cool  
Take a chance, with some plants, and man you can have it all.

Where do you get the seed? Mail order, B.C. Weed  
You only buy it once, 'cause next year you'll have lots  
Don't go overboard, try out several spots  
Plant you seed in May, then just go away.

You can do it, nothing to it, start out small, play it cool  
Take a chance, with some plants, and man you can have it all.

Don't get too ambitious, don't get in a stew  
You will be rewarded, in a month or two  
Go out on a picnic, pretend you found the stuff  
You're studying wild flowers, you don't intend to puff

You can do it, nothing to it, start out small, play it cool  
Take a chance, with some plants, and man you can have it all.

There may be excess, enough to make some hash  
Now you've got a product, that's worth lots of cash  
Life could not be better, you work two weeks a year  
Never work in winter, just smoke up and drink beer

You can do it, nothing to it, start out small, play it cool

Take a chance, with some plants, and man you can have it all.

There is just one problem, just one little wrinkle  
This easy life's against the law, it's criminally illegal  
Laws are old, they can change, who knows when that may be  
If you get caught, it's not all bad, prison life is free.

Based on "En La Cordillera", Chilean folk song.

## Mary had a baby

Mary had a baby, oh Lord / Mary had a baby, oh Lord  
Mary had a baby, she had a tiny baby / Mary had a baby, oh Lord

Mary had a baby, a boy / Mary had a baby, a boy  
She had him in a manger, the story gets much stranger / Mary had a baby, a boy

They say she was a virgin, oh boy / They say she was a virgin, oh boy  
They say she was a virgin, it wouldn't be the first time / They say she was a virgin, oh boy

Mary had a husband, Joseph / A normal manly husband, Joseph  
Joseph must have wondered, how the girly he married / Could still be a virgin, oh yeah

They called the baby, Jesus, Jesus / Jesus had a brother James  
Was Mary the mother, were there other brothers / What about a sister's name?

So - Mary had a husband, Joseph / Mary had a baby, Jesus  
Jesus had a brother, God was Mary's lover / And Mary was a virgin they say

Jesus grew up troubles, oh yeah / Jesus got in trouble, oh yeah  
He challenged the tradition, for a Jew that was sedition / Jesus got in trouble, oh yeah

Jesus had a woman, oh lord, Jesus may have married, oh lord  
Her name was Mary Magdalen, it's said she pleased a lot of men / Did she bear his children, oh lord?

Jesus had a mission, you bet / Peace and love his vision, you bet  
Not a popular position, he was treated with derision / And he was crucified, oh lord

I wish that he were here today / I'd like to hear what he would say  
To those who take his name in vain, to justify their ev'ry claim / I think this time he'd die of shame

Amen

## Miss Taken

They call me mis-taken, but seldom mis-shapen, mis-inclined to be mis-understood  
I feel mis-used, even abused, often mis-handled in bed

I'm selling for free, don't want you money, just somebody to love me

They say I'm mis-behaving, when I get this craving, mis-directed, that I've gone a-miss  
I feel mis-led, rejected, left for dead, if there is no man for me to love

Give me a break, try a slice of my cake, come, put some fresh cream in my coffee

Is it my mis-fortune, to be mis-represented, a mis-case, a social mis-fit  
Am I so mis-guided, mis-informed, derided, just sitting waiting for my next big hit

I need a man, any man who can treat me right and love me

O tell you that I'm serious, it's nothing mysterious, I've had my fill of lonely mis-ery  
I'm longing for the day, that I'll be swept away, not miss-out on true love's luxury

I'm selling for free, don't want you money, just somebody to love me

## Golden Agers

Here's to Golden Agers, whose life had just begun,  
To go downhill, to fall apart, it's not fun  
The rest of you had best watch out, 'cos your time will come.

I'm a Golden Ager, I've turned 65  
Some good friends didn't make it, I'm lucky to be alive  
It's probably genetic, that I'm still around  
You don't have to be terrific, just above the ground  
I'm told there are advantages, wish I could think of some  
No more job, 10% off, winters in the sun

Here's to Golden Agers, whose life had just begun,  
To go downhill, to fall apart, it's not fun  
The rest of you had best watch out, 'cos your time will come.

Yes, I'm a Golden Ager, so treat me with respect  
I've paid my taxes, done my bit, and I'm not dead yet  
Who knows when my drive will fail, my C.P.U. will crash  
But right now life is good, and I've got the cash  
It's not easy to predict, when you're going to croak  
Unless of course you suicide, and spoil life's little joke

Here's to Golden Agers, whose life had just begun,  
To go downhill, to fall apart, it's not fun  
The rest of you had best watch out, 'cos your time will come.

I'm a Golden Ager, take a look at me  
I don't feel much different from when I was 43  
No matter how I rationalise, no matter what I say  
I'm getting old, I'm on my way, to my final day

Here's to Golden Agers, whose life had just begun,  
To go downhill, to fall apart, it's not fun  
The rest of you had best watch out, 'cos your time will come.

Thank you all for being here, we're here to have some fun  
And in another 20 years, I hope you can still come.

Jan 27, 2005

# Entrepreneur

This is a tale of an entrepreneur, a modern business warrior  
A successful guy, one of the boys, lots of sex and high-tech toys  
Good looking, too, a Tom Cruise type, he had it all, he had the hype  
He started out in a downtown slum, rented by his single mum

He showed no interest in school, kept to himself, played it cool  
He left to work in a hardware store, but it was clear he wanted more  
He got his break in real estate, back when you could speculate  
A modest buy, helped by his mum and so he was a landlord come

By leveraging and renting out, he soon developed financial clout  
But sensing that the boom would crash, he sold up and took the cash

He sat on the sidelines, biding his time, savouring profits, like a fine wine  
He got impatient, could not escape the dot.com craze that was all the rage  
He bought the hype, levered madly, lost perspective, gambled badly  
Until a rapid downward thrust, saw his fortune bite the dust

“From Rags to Riches, Riches to Rags”, I’ll do it again, our hero brags  
The creditors are not so sure, they soon come knocking at his door

Though he’s down, he’s not done, his million dollar house of fun  
Is no long owned by him but some new lover, just moved in  
So the boats and cars and high-tech toys are still around for his joys  
And you see him in the town, in a Ferrari with the top rolled down

But I digress, there is a price to pay for stress, a toll that comes with all this mess  
The strain, the worry, the financial scare, caused him to lose all his hair

Now, without hair you’ve got no swagger, not convinced, think Mick Jagger  
As so this problem did possess and caused our hero to obsess  
He saw a shrink, an analyst, he was un-nerved, he could not rest  
He tried lotions, creams, massage, pills, pilates and dressage

Acupuncture was a pain, and not one hair did he gain  
A friend suggested “Try a Wig” but that did not go down too big  
I’ll get hair, I’ll find a way, I’ll use the Web, try eBay  
He found a guy with hair a plenty, in need of money and only twenty



10 cents a hair, the seller's sum, but twenty thousand bucks his minimum  
Then there were the surgeon's fees and the questions of disease

A contract signed, the blood tests done, the operation took on month  
50K the total fee, unfortunately, no guarantee  
The new hair was a big success, he liked the look, friends were impressed  
But every time he washed his hair, their seemed to be less of it there

In 3 months it had all fallen out, and not another hair did sprout  
The surgeon agree it was a shame, the DNA must be to blame

Instead of wallowing in despair at this expensive loss of hair  
Our hero say a business chance and so his mind began to dance  
Bad DNA!? The question begs: The answer lies between my legs  
Under my arms, on my chest, I guess that you can guess the rest

He the hair transplant redone, this time he saved a tidy sum  
And rejection there was none, he was proud, so was his mum

Our hero's turned his tragedy to a business opportunity  
He's started new company, Autologous Hair Surgery  
He's taken out his patents, perfected the technique  
Another franchise opens in the USA next week

So here's the message to guys out there, struggling with a loss of hair  
Why not have a body buff, and put your hair where you want the stuff  
The head hair that's short a curly, we can help, but do it early  
It's not cheap but it never grows long, you save on haircuts, you can't go wrong

My partner and I give our guarantee, hair in one month or no fee  
Don't delay, act today, only 10 thousand bucks to pay

# I'm a Mountie

I'm a Mountie and I'm okay, I fight crime the Canadian way

I ride up North, I ride due South, I ride both East and West  
'Cos being in the saddle is what I like the best  
With my friend and beaver, we are known world-wide  
Symbols of a country, strong and diversified

I'm a Mountie and I'm okay, I fight crime the Canadian way

With tunic bright, I'm a colourful sight, as I uphold the law  
I am polite, I put things right, of that you can be sure  
I work hard to keep you safe, I do my job with pride  
And I entertain you with my musical ride

I'm a Mountie and I'm okay, I fight crime the Canadian way

I persevere, I never rest, until I get my man  
Je suis sincère, je fais mon job, un vrai Canadien  
J'aime chanter, jouer guitare, it makes the ladies swoon  
But I never take advantage of misses' misfortune

I'm a Mountie and I'm okay, I fight crime the Canadian way

I stamp out crime, I confiscate lots of stolen stuff  
Seize drugs and marijuana, but I never take a puff  
We've burned barns, used pepper spray, we've made a few mistakes  
But we've made the difference, just look at the United States

I'm a Mountie and I'm okay, I fight crime the Canadian way

I'm a Mountie and I'm okay, I can wear a turban, I can be gay

I'm a Mountie and I'm okay, let's hear it for the Canadian way-eh!

## Democratic Society

In a democratic society, we must defend our right to be free  
To decide what is a fair fee  
To charge what the market will bear  
The product we sell is healthcare  
Just because we've a monopoly, don't treat us differently  
Because, we are professionals and we care  
Believe in us, our commitments rare

It must be hard to do their job  
With a government that's trying to rob  
Them of their special right  
To charge us what the hell they like  
To renounce the privileges they earned  
Forget the midnight oil they burned  
At universities where they learned  
To care for the sick and weak  
Gaining their medical sense at our expense

But, they are professionals  
And who are we  
To criticize this medical deity

CJE 27/1/86

## Hold on Tight

Hold on tight to life's ride, as you stumble, slip and slide  
Life is short, so don't delay, too much work, too little play  
Makes you old before your time, have some fun, that's my line  
Don't think it's too late, it's never too late

Marriages that fall apart, motor cars that will not start  
Friends who leave you in the lurch, things they taught to you in church  
Don't let them control your life, go your way, accept some strife  
Don't sell out your soul, don't dig yourself in a hold

Sing your song, your special tune, your show is over much too soon  
Just remember you're unique, you're OK, you're not a freak  
Look around you, understand, don't wait for the promised land  
Don't count on death for paradise, for all you know you may need ice

Give yourself a break, don't leave it too late  
Don't think it's too late, it's never too late

If you're feeling life's too much, call a friend you like to touch  
Who'll understand, who'll hold you tight and help you thru a sleepless night

When you're sad, when you're blue, remember all the things you can do  
Don't despair, keep up the fights, hold on tight, you'll be alright

Hold on tight to life's ride, as you stumble, slip and slide  
Life is short, so don't delay, don't leave it too late

CJE 20/6/86

## More or Less

Would I want you more if there were more of you  
To hold at night to squeeze so tight, to do the things you do?  
Would you take me higher if you gained a pound or two?  
That depends on where and when and what with it you do  
Would I love you still if you gained 300 pounds, and I couldn't get my arms around you?  
Well, I'm not so sure I could handle that much more

(Would you like me less if there were less of me  
To keep you warm in bed at night to satisfy your needs?  
Would you want me less without a chest to rest your head on?  
Would you love me still if I never ate my fill  
And made myself quite ill with crack dieting?  
Don't tell me, I can guess, you don't want me any less)

(Well. I like you more or less just the way you are.  
So don't go up and down on me unless we're making love.  
And listen well, I hope you hear the message that I'm giving.  
Don't be content if you think you were meant to get more than you're getting  
The more you have, you have to lose unless you've learned the lesson.  
So don't confuse the quantity with the quality of living.  
And there's more to happiness, much more to happiness  
Than being happy more or less)

Would you excite me more with implants in your bust?  
Would the sight of all that silicone fill me up with lust?  
With botox in your lips would you be a better kisser?  
Would synthetic buns of steel make my desire bigger?  
Would liposuction here and an extra bit in there make you that much hipper?  
Would you have a better fuck if you had a tummy tuck?

What about me, what can I do to increase your desire?  
If I had more hair, and extra length down there, would it light your wire?  
If my teeth were whiter, would my mouth excite ya, should I try Viagra?  
Would a bicep or 2 and a body tattoo drive you wild, wild, wilder?  
Would you be more orgasmic if I had a penile prosthetic?

So let us see what can we do to make our love much stronger  
There's help at hand with modern tricks to keep your passions longer  
Just because you're old and out of shape you don't have to accept it  
You don't have to work, you don't have to sweat, you don't need the genetics  
With plastic surgery and pharmonochemistry and a healthy line of credit  
You can be free, to live a fantasy, still be horny, even at 103

CJE 28/10/86

## Don't Be Impressed

Don't be impressed by the car that I drive, or the house in which I live  
Don't be impressed by the clothes that I wear, or the parties that I give  
But do be depressed that there are so many people living in poverty  
Do be depressed. but please don't accept that this is the way that things should be

Don't be impressed by a suit and a tie or expensive jewelry  
Don't be impressed by affluence or glamour on T.V.  
Do be depressed by prejudice and hypocrisy.  
Do be depressed, but please don't accept that this is the way things have to be.

Don't be impressed by the old rhetoric from mouths whose time has past  
Don't be impressed by the old politics which onto power still grasps  
Do be depressed by those who depend on might to make them right  
Do be depressed but please don't accept that this is the way it will always be

Don't be impressed by the United States or the U.S.S.R.  
Don't be impressed by a technology driven by the engine of war  
Do be depressed by societies that fear ideas or ignore their poor  
Do be depressed by so much distrust, but please don't accept that this is the way it must be

Do be depressed by the money we spend preparing the world for its end  
But don't tell me that there's no better way to protect my liberty  
Judge for yourselves from the films that you've seen of Hiroshima and Nagasaki  
Is that you want but a million times more, should there be a nuclear war?

What will they judge, those who survive, who don't die instantly?  
Will they be glad to be alive or will it be misery?  
Will they be impressed, those who are left, the liberated ones, the living dead?  
What will they think of the world that they see, will they thank you and me for keeping them free?

So, don't be impressed by the cars people drive or the houses in which they live  
Don't be impressed by the clothes that they wear or the parties that they give  
Do be impressed that the time has come to change the rules of a tired old game  
And accept that if we don't succeed it's all of us who share the blame

CJE 25/7/86

## Ontario Wine

Ontario wine, some people think it's fine, they drink it all the time  
In flavours red and white, with names like Gay and Bright  
And labels that confuse with French a German booze.

Ontario wine, I try from time to time  
Much better than it's been, less taste of kerosene, but really not my scene  
Let me make it clear, I'd rather drink the beer.

Ontario wine, I guess it needs more time  
And much more expertise my palate to appease  
The industry is new, but what are we to do with the present brew?

We could use it on the farm where it can't do much harm  
Mix it with antifreeze, spray it on the trees that have Dutch elm disease  
There must be something we can do with this unpleasant brew.

Please don't get me wrong, don't be offended by my song  
Ontario is fine, a place I love, a place I know in spite of the L.C.B.O.  
A place to stand, a place to grow, but not a place to grow fine wine.

CJE 29/6/87



## Not So Long Ago

Not so long ago, as many of you know, marriage used to last forever  
People married young, just as their folks had done, and always stayed together  
Everyone was sure, what life held in store  
There was never any doubt what they were about  
Nothing to ignore, to question, or explore  
So they never asked for more

The important thing in life was to find a man or wife to marry  
You didn't shop around, almost anyone you found made you happy  
Needs were very strong, children came along  
Families were fine and they took a lot of time  
Women knew their place, to be second in the race  
And they seldom asked for more.

As I look around I see these old structures failing  
Many people hurt, many all along still standing  
Through the wreckage of their life, the unexpected strife  
Trying to adapt to an unfamiliar track. Destruction not so sure

Unlike some time ago, marriage come more slow  
People take their time, they tarry  
Often sleep around, seek some common ground, experiment before they marry  
Needs are no less strong, but they're settled all along  
Families are fine, but now they wait their time  
Women know there place, to be equal in the race of which they're becoming sure

Not everyone takes pleasure in this new-found freedom  
There's talk of gloom and doom and desecration of religion  
But everybody knows that the emperor has no clothes  
There nothing to be feared, just knowledge to be shared  
That we journey we know not where

Many years from now, the answer may be clearer  
The voyage may be long but the destruction nearer  
But for you and me there's just complexity  
No more simplicity - the price of being free is Uncertainty

CJE 23/4/88

## An Anti-Over-The-Hill Birthday Greeting

I am **not** over the hill  
And I hope that I **never** will  
Succumb to the trend to anticipate the end  
Not knowing what bend  
or surprise can arise  
in each life's uncertain journey

I know that life is finite  
I know that one day I might  
Have to accept what we'd like to forget, and yet  
Why focus on what can go wrong  
And hurry the process along  
Ignore ten and three score, go for much more  
Write a symphony, not a swan song

I am not over the hill  
And I hope that I never will  
Succumb to the pressure  
To give up the pleasure  
A life that is lived to the full

CJE 24/3/91

Expanded Version...

You are not over the hill, you've got a lot of living still  
Don't let a wrinkle or two intimidate you  
Drink deep and drink you fill  
Drink deep and drink you fill

You are not over the hill, don't let talk of senility  
Kill you with the notion that you've had your passion  
And your time has come to lie still  
There'll be plenty of time to be still

We know that life is fine, we know that one day  
We might have to accept what we'd like to forget  
But why focus on what can go wrong and worry the process along  
Write you own score, go for much more  
Live a symphony not a pop-song  
Live a symphony not a pop-song

You are not over the hill, and I hope never will succumb  
To the trend to wait for the end  
Not knowing events that still line store  
In each life's uncertain journey  
But why focus on what can go wrong and worry the process along  
Whatever the score, live life with a roar  
It's an opera, not a swan song

You are not over the hill, don't let others tell you how to feel  
Don't give in to the pressure  
To be made to measure  
Or to languish in leisure  
To give up the treasure  
Of a life that is lived to the full

CJE 28/8/92

# Marching Song

## *Intro*

We're RCMP, riding on horses  
We sing as we go, top of our voices  
Hurrah for the Mounties, here come the Mounties  
You call, somebody died, somebody better hide

On through the hale, like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail, we are after you  
Dead or alive, we are out to get you, dead or alive, we are after you  
If you're the OAR, better run, better run, better run away  
Son, you are done, throw your gun, throw your gun away  
Here come the Mounties to get the man they're after now

You cannot hide, we will never rest until you've been tried, we are after you  
We never give in, our motto is "we get out man", we are after you  
If you're the one, don't you run, don't you run away  
Give yourself up, throw your gun, throw your gun away  
Here are the Mounties and Mounties always get their man

CJE 13/12/2000

from "Rose Marie" movie

Repeat the Intro but change the last line:  
We never give up, till we get our man

## What Do You Think You Would Say

What do you think you would say, if it turned out I were gay  
Not in the renaissance way, but in the modern parlay?  
Would you be confused and unsure, would you want to know more?  
Would you still swim in my pool, or would our friendship grow cool?

Cool, cool, cool, froid, froid, froid, ooh, la, la

Would you be happy to meet my man, my lover, my sweet  
Or would you rather (prefer that) I hide the feelings that I have inside?  
What if I wanted to wed, the man that was sharing my bed  
Would you still come to my house and be friends with my spouse?

Spouse, spouse, spouse, oh mon dieu, quel horreur

Do you think sex should be fun and not just for procreation  
So is anal sex "OK", but only if you're not gay?  
What about fellatio, don't forget cunnilingus?  
Better if you're hetero, otherwise there'll be a fuss

Fuss, fuss, fuss, oh me gosses, gosses, gosses, gosses

What if your culture rejects marriages of the same sex  
And you are filled with dismay by weddings lesbian and gay?  
Do as Quebecers do and formal marriage eschew  
Absent yourself from the din, go back to living in sin

Sin, sin, sin, imagine, imagine

Canadian courts have decreed, gay marriage is a done deed  
But in the US of A, President Bush says 'No Way'  
So what is it that so offends about modern social trends  
Is there just one moral line that never changes with time?

Change with time, change, change, change, change, change, change

What if I were to get sick, would you be suspicious (jump to conclusions) quick  
What if it were really AIDs, would you be concerned or afraid?  
Would you still care about me, at least philosophically  
Or would you rather not know and miss my final show?

Show, show, show, si ou non, comme il faut

Well, I'm happy to say that I have always been gay  
Gay in the old fashioned way, a way to be gay that's now fey  
But with the buzz going on, the words for a song came along  
So really you don't have to say, how you'd react to me gay

Gay, gay, gay, on ne sait jamais, ne jamais

## The Saga of 289 Clemow Avenue

It was April 15th when this saga began  
At a house warming party, a start with a bang  
The mood was high, expectation great  
To see what they'd purchased, we just couldn't wait

A house on Clemow, as most of you know  
Was an address of class, proposed by Leo  
They planned to upgrade old-fashioneder's pitch  
Renovate in style, and make themselves rich

That very night the destruction began  
Wine flowed on the carpets, no-one gave a damn  
The colours were awful, green, orange and brown  
Terenya got mad and the curtains ripped down

The work went fast for the first week or two  
Enrique and company were a busy crew  
The garbage piled up in the driveway they shared  
But for such a job, nobody cared

Trips to Toronto, in Ed's faithful old car  
Brought tons of fine marble shipped from afar  
The styles were all chosen from the best magazines  
To create the house of Terenya's dreams

As weeks went by the construction began  
But something was missing, they could not read a plan  
So they painted and painted and painted anew  
To show that there was something that they could do

The deadline passed and work was not done  
Leo and Terena had stopped having fun  
So they rented in Hull, in a townhouse row  
A long, long way from a house on Clemow

Rush hours were spent on the old Mountain Rd.  
Without summer repairs, not designed for the load  
The summer was hot, they tried to stay cool  
Helped by a friend with a swimming pool

Another month passed but the house did not change  
The contractors now playing a hide and seek game  
No bathroom, no kitchen, no closets, no floors  
Just one man repainting a couple of doors

So they told them to quit, to get off their lives  
To stop screwing around and telling them lies  
New contractors were hired at great extra cost  
To redo the work that Enrique had botched

And they returned to the house that had started so well  
But in 3 short months had turned into hell  
They rebuilt their hopes, they coped with the next  
But the worst was to come, who could have guessed

Enrique and Co. in a fit of dysfunction  
Had taken out a lien, a kind of disjunction  
So our friends they were stuck, their mortgage denied  
After all they'd been through, 'Not This!' they cried

So the lawyers came in and due process began  
To find out the truth, to search out the scam  
These questions were weighty, the evidence tough  
But you can get results if you pay enough

A year passed by and the house is a home  
Except that our friends are still paying the loan  
That they were forced to arrange with a friendly bank  
At high interest rates with John Crow to thank

Well, this week they had their judgement day  
It seems they were wronged, they don't have to pay  
So that's why we're here to help raise a cheer  
Congratulations are due from your friends to you



*Epilogue*

If ever you do something like this again  
And want to avoid the expense and the pain  
Remember to check up on even a friend  
Get it right at the start, don't wait till the end

CJE 3/11/89

## February Blues

The snow is falling on a Sunday afternoon  
I guess I really ought to get up soon  
My glass is empty, I can't reach it from here  
I doesn't matter, I'm sure I'm out of beer

My car's not started, for a week or two  
It was that cold snap, the radiator blew  
No winter tyres, my licence just expired  
Thinking about it really makes me tired

My fridge is empty, the store is far away  
Can't make it down there, at least not today  
Fed up with T.V., potato chips and such  
I'm going back to bed, before life gets too much

The house is freezing, the furnace it is old  
The wind is howling, I think I've caught a cold  
I woke this morning, convinced that I was dead  
No need to panic, but I'd better stay in bed

Summer is coming, in a month or two  
I'm looking forward to not having much to do  
I ought to get up and get moving soon  
Or should I play it safe, and stay in bed till June?

CJE 13/1/86

## Time To Play

How do you measure out your time  
What is the rhythm for you rhyme?  
Do you know something that you would like to share?  
Do you want to share, or is there too much to share?

What is the meaning in your life?  
How well do you deal with strife?  
Do you have someone for whom you really care?  
Do you really care? Caring's getting rare

What is the motor that makes you tick?  
How do you manage when you get sick?  
What is the reason that brought you here today?  
Do you want to stay? You don't have to say

Are these things you don't want to talk about?  
Would you prefer to shut them out?

Pull up a chair and take the time  
Open a bottle and pour some wine  
Soon you'll be feeling fine  
Are you feeling fine? Or is it just the wine?

Why are you leaving us this soon?  
Who is the piper for your tune?  
Why don't you play a song that we all know?  
Play before you go. Something sweet and slow

You've got to get less of the work time  
Got to get more of the play time  
Time for the time to time appreciate  
Time for the time won't wait. Don't leave it too late!

## Practising Survival

If you really want to play guitar you have to practise  
Practise, practise, practise each and every day  
No-one ever lost a finger thro' too much practice  
Practise, practise, practise, it's the only way

You can do it, it's been done before  
Play it, play it, play it till your fingers are sore  
You can do it, it's been done before  
Play it, play it, play it till your fingers are sore

If you really want to sing a song you have to feel it  
Feel it, feel it, feel it deep in your heart  
Take a big breath and sing it as if you  
Mean it, mean it, mean it right from the heart

You can do it, it's been done before  
Sing it, sing it, sing it till your throat is raw  
You can do it, it's been done before  
Sing it, sing it, sing it till your throat is raw

If you want to change this world you've got to get active  
Active, active, active, it's the only way  
To stop a nuclear war you've got to speak up  
Speak up, speak up, speak up each and every day

We must do it, the politicians they refuse  
If we wait, and wait for them we're doomed to lose  
We must do it, the politicians they refuse  
If we wait, and wait for them we're doomed to lose

If they ever drop the bomb I'm sure there'll be no future  
Future, future, future that we'd recognize  
So keep the practice, the feeling and the action  
Action, practice and feeling, keep your mind alive

It's up to us, it's a question of survival  
Survival, survival, survival for human kind  
It's up to us, it's a question of survival  
Survival, survival, survival for human kind

CJE 24/1/83

## **Dream, Dream, Dream**

When we were young, just little boys  
We never had many toys  
But what we had, we had time to  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream  
Dream, dream, dream, dream

As we grew up and watched TV  
There were so many things to be  
And that made us dream, that made us dream

We say the uniform, we say the hat  
Scarlet, brown, yellow and black  
And that was our dream, that was our dream come true

### *Bridge*

To ride upon a horse  
A member of the force  
Any time, night or day  
Only trouble is, gee whizz  
We were dreaming our lives away

To get out man, to get the girl  
Made our teenage hormones curl  
Just line the movies, on the big screen, screen  
What a dream, dream

### *Bridge*

To ride upon a horse  
Get the girl of course  
Any time, night or day  
Only trouble is, gee whizz  
We were dreaming our lives away

That was a long time ago, and you can see  
All our boyish dreams have come to be  
We are mounties, members of the RCMP

Proud to be, RCMP  
Always dreamed to be RCMP  
Always knew we'd be RCMP  
Proud to be RCMP

CJE Nov, 2000

## **Xmas Comes But Once a Year**

Xmas comes but once a year, the season to be jolly  
Let us wish you all good cheer, with mistletoe and holly  
Ale and wine and food so fine, eat all that you're able  
Celebrate with song and dance, if you can leave the table

Try the pheasant, try the duck, don't forget the turkey  
Xmas cake, mincepies too, plum pudding and C???

Ale and wine and food so fine, eat all that you're able  
Celebrate with song and dance, if you can leave the table

We wish you all the best of health, on this festive season  
Have yourself a special time, there is no better reason  
Ale and wine and food so fine, eat all that you're able  
Celebrate with song and dance, if you can leave the table



# The Cholesterol Song

There's a fine piece of flesh and it comes from Micky D's  
Tis got 4 patties and its covered with cheese  
Get a large size coke and a large size fries  
Put it on your belly, put it on your thighs

Big Mac burgers gonna be the big death of me  
More large fries, more cokes and Big Macs  
When me heart is failing and me arteries are hardening  
I'm gonna have a stroke, gonna have a heart attack

Hi-diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, Bon, Bon

I'm in the lineup, a Big Mac please  
I starts to choke and I starts to wheeze  
The room goes black and I fall to the floor  
Pretty soon I'm on a stretcher and I'm going out the door

Big Mac.....Diddle, Bon, Bon

The ambulance comes, they stick me in the back  
They say sorry buddy you've had a heart attack  
We'll take you to the hospital, we'll see what we can do  
If you really want to help, take me to the drive thru

Big Mac.....Diddle, Bon, Bon

There's a little leaf lettuce, a whole lot of cheese  
I'll have one with 4 patties please  
He says to me that's a lot of meat  
But I'll give you more since you look so weak

Big Mac.....Diddle, Bon, Bon

They get me in the hospital, I'm lying on my back  
They sure treats you nice when you've had a heart attack  
I'm chewing on a burger and sucking on a coke  
Excuse me docter, have you got a smoke?

Big Mac.....Diddle, Bon, Bon

There's a man in black says to me Hi  
Looks like a priest so I guess I'm gonna die  
Says don't worry, just a triple by-pass  
That went in through your chest and come out through your arse

Big Mac.....Diddle, Bon, Bon

## God Bless

God bless all us Canadians, let nothing us dismay  
As Christmas comes we celebrate, next year we must pay  
The deficit is bigger than Kim Campbell would admit  
And it turns out we're in financial shit

We came here in '66, our first year in the red  
It's been getting worse ever since, was it something we did?  
From that time on we've all been living well beyond our means  
And the country is built on paper dreams, paper dreams  
And the country is built on paper dreams

We've credit cards and insta-banks and American Xpress  
When interest rates went sky high we got into this mess  
Our governments are just as bad, they spend what they don't get  
That is why we are in financial shit, financial shit  
That is why we are in financial shit

Trudeau came and Trudeau went, he was quite a guy  
To make us great, to get his way, he would simply buy  
He left us a society that was fair and just  
Just on the point of going bust, going bust  
Just on the point of going bust

The Tories lasted nine long years, they said they'd fix the debt  
They tried John Crow, a Free Trade Deal, and the G.S.T.  
They failed of course, the debt got worse, and the dust they bit  
And we are in worse financial shit, 'nancial shit  
And we are in worse financial shit

Our dollar used to be worth more than in the U.S.  
But nowadays you're lucky to get 75 cents or less  
And NAFTA's now a certainty in 1994  
Does this mean our economy will soar, will soar  
Or will we the join the rest of the world's poor?

We hope we're not upsetting you at this festive time of year  
Cheer up friends, it's not the end, we've nothing much to fear  
It's just a question of our learning how to live with less  
And we'll still be here to wish you all the best, more or less  
So we wish you the very nearly best

CJE Dec. 1993

To the tune of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen"

## Big Breasts

Why are most men so obsessed, with the female human breast?  
Why do these soft mounds of flesh, fascinate us, make us regress?  
Is it their shape, their graceful curves, that the male brain so disturbs?  
Is it the nipples, pert and round, or the areolae that them surround?  
Could it be tactility, combined with artful symmetry?  
Or is it simply size that counts, coupled with their lift and bounce?

I think that the answer lies, in the development of the eyes  
Human beings are unique; mammals that walk on two feet.  
Not for us life on all fours, sniffing around for sexual spores.  
In adopting an erect position, and a reliance on the sense of vision,  
We displayed our sex for all too see, in your face, and in 3-D.  
Even though it may be hot, there's not too much to see in that hairy spot,  
But naked breasts, big and wild, boded well for the future child.  
Population-wise we're a huge success, likely due to those big breasts.  
Evolutionarily, we are trapped, breasts attract, it's a genetic fact!

May 4, 2010

Something triggered the first line and the rest just followed.  
Reference: The Naked Ape by Desmond Morris

## Born Again Christian(s)

My father was a boozier, my mother a street cruiser  
My sister was a loser, she ended up a mess  
My auntie was a forger, my uncle a bank robber  
My brother's a mass murderer and he's inside for life

They say your family's influence can never be undone  
They say that an unhappy child will not grow up to fun  
But here I am before you, take a look and see  
In spite of what I've been thru, I've turned out perfectly

'Cos I was saved by Jesus, believe me honestly  
By Jesus Christ, by Jesus, and the Holy Trinity

My granddad was a gambler, he lost 'most every night  
It drove my grandma crazy, she became a transvestite  
(My brother was a pusher, upon his upright bike  
My sister had her fingers in every little dike)  
And when I was a choir boy, the priests were very kind  
I used to let them play with me and they'd let me drink the wine

They say that childhood patterns will stay with you for life  
If your dad beat up your mum, then you'll beat up your wife  
(But no matter what you suffer or if you start with strife  
You can be a winner with Jesus in your life)  
But no matter what you suffer, or if you start out bad  
It's not too late, you can change, and Jesus will be glad

'Cos I was saved by Jesus, believe me honestly  
By Jesus Christ, by Jesus, and the Holy Trinity

So now I live the good life, no sex, no booze, no drugs  
I've seen the light, turned to the rights, I am born again  
I've studied from the good book, I've followed all the rules  
(We spread the word, we shed the light, we are just God's tools)  
I am inspired, I've been rewired as one of God's tools

So praise the Lord, spread the word, I'm here for your salvation  
To fight the fight, I need your help, so make a big donation  
I will use the money to save the world's poor souls  
To live a life that's really good, as I drive around in a Rolls

And you'll be saved by Jesus, believe me honestly  
By Jesus Christ, by Jesus, and the Ho-ly Tri-ni-ty. Amen

CJE 1993

Note: There are two very similar versions. The chief difference is the use of 'I' or 'We' respectively.

## Sensitive New Age Guys (SNAG)

Who likes to talk about their feelings? SNAG  
Who's into crystals, who's into healing? SNAG  
Who like to wear one tiny earring? SNAG  
Who buys flowers for both men and women? SNAG

Who likes to cry at weddings?  
Who thinks that Rambo is upsetting?  
Who tapes "30 something" on their VCR?  
Who's got "Child On Board" stickers on their car?  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, you, you, you, you, me, me, me, me, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Who's kids' names are hyphenated? SNAG  
Who loved the movie "3 Men and a Baby"? SNAG  
Whose consciousness is constantly raising? SNAG  
Whose tax deductions are amazing? SNAG  
Who thinks that red meat is disgusting? SNAG  
Who's into U.F.O.s, channelling and dusting? SNAG  
Who believes in premenstrual syndrome? SNAG  
Who walks the kids to school and walks them home? SNAG

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, you, you, you, you, me, me, me, ooh

Who doesn't need to be the breadwinner? SNAG  
Who's just as happy staying home, cooking dinner? SNAG  
Who like pushing a baby carriage? SNAG  
Who's not threatened by same-sex marriage? SNAG  
Who likes to scrub the floors  
Do the toilets, wipe the doors?  
Who cleans the fridge when the food goes bad?  
Who's happy being a stay-at-home dad?

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, you, you, you, you, me, me, me, ooh



Who likes music that's repetitious?	SNAG
Who likes ironing and doing dishes?	SNAG
Who's concerned about female orgasm?	SNAG
Who makes sure she gets her's before his 'n?	SNAG
Who carries a baby on his back?	
Who thinks that Bill Clinton was a bit of a jerk?	
Who sings along on stupid sing-a-longs	
When they can't stand singing on stupid sing-a-longs?	

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, you, you, you, you, me, me, me, ooh

Sensitive, sensitive, sensitive, new age guys

## Easy Come, Easy Go

Easy come, easy go, not too fast, not too slow  
Take it steady, let it flow, keep it moving, let it grow  
Ev'ry day, ev'ry night, in the dark, in the light  
Are you looking, can you find, are you deaf, are you blind?

To ev'ry sound, to ev'ry touch, just a little, not too much  
To ev'ry step, to ev'ry fall, don't hesitate, try it all  
Never mind, never care, nothing's simple, seldom fair  
Just keep moving, take a chance, play your part, in the cosmic dance

So Easy come, easy go, not too fast, not too slow  
Take it steady, breathe in slow, do your best, life's a show  
Play your role to the end, take and give, enjoy your friends  
And if you believe there's more, could be your chance for an encore

## **Warm Xmas**

I'm dreaming of a warm Xmas, with every snowflake that I see  
As I get older, winter seems colder and this climate I must flee  
This climate I must flee

I'm dreaming of a warm vacation, with hot white sand under my feet  
No more snow to shovel, no battery trouble, just complaining of the heat  
Complaining of the heat

I'm dreaming of a sun tan in December, it's so much closer that you think  
Yu can keep the pain of freezing rain, I prefer my ice in a cold drink  
My ice in a cold drink

I've been reading about changes in climate, from carbon dioxide in the air  
Maybe in the future, there'll be no winter, and we'll have summer all the year

CJE Dec 1985

# Halloween Song

*Intro*

Hallo, Hallo, Hallo, Hallo, Hallo - Ween is here again

Halloween, halloween, halloween, hallowe e e e - e een, halloween, halloween, is here again

Colin: Halloween is here again. It's that time of year  
To dress yourself in your Fantasy with no shame nor fear

Halloween etc.

Lil: We're glad to see you all again to enjoy the festive fun  
To play the fool, to dance and sing, and laugh with every one

Halloween etc.

Leo: I love to come to Colin's place, I can't resist the lights  
Especially when I sing my songs and dress up in my tights

Halloween etc.

Colin: I love to wear a frilly dress and show a sexy knee  
If I had a chromosome less, I would be a girlie

Halloween etc.

Lil: Colin and Leo always make fun of things they can't explain  
They must have suffered in their youth to so affect their brain.

Halloween etc.

Colin: Me gusta much halloween, con tus mis amigas  
Con musica y baile y muy buenas comidas

Halloween etc.

# **I'm a Guitarist**

I'm a guitarist and I'm OK  
I play all night and I sleep all day

I play my scales, arpeggios and studies by Fernando Sor  
I drive my friends all crazy, my repertoire's a bore, but...

I change my strings, adjust my nut, I still can't get in tune  
My action it is lousy, my frets will fall out soon, but...

18/12/02

## A Different Canadian Trilogy

There was a time in this great land, when toilets did not flush  
And the only place to do your thing was right there in the bush  
Any time, anywhere, you just dropped your pants  
Good for the environment, it fertilised the plants

The trees were full of cellulose but paper there was none  
Attending to your private parts wasn't always fun  
Leaves and streams in summer, in winter lots of snow  
But snow was pretty tricky at 35 below

Folks worked hard, they cleared the land  
Farms were started, villages planned  
Churches were built, society progressed  
Of all these changes, the outhouse was the best

Black-fly and mosquitoes were happy folks were there  
You know how they delight to bite any flesh that's bare  
There was the constant danger that you were not alone  
A cougar or a hungry bear might eat you on the throne

No deodorant, no tampax, no shower anywhere  
To keep clean wasn't easy, but no-one seemed to care  
No TV, no radio, so lots of time for sex  
A woman's life was having kids, and cleaning up the mess

More folks arrived, needed more land  
Expanded west, discovered tar sand  
A railroad was built, across indian prairie  
And outhouses filled from sea to sea

Indoor plumbing got its start a century ago  
But progress in the countryside was often very slow  
Some folks grew accustomed to that historic smell  
And outhouses can still be found where cottagers dwell

Next time you take a shower, next time you turn a tap  
Switch on a T.V., flush the john, adjust a thermostat  
Eat strawberries in winter, fill your tank with gas  
Remember that it all began out there in the bush

We have become a rich northern nation  
We've bridled the winter, we've saddled the snow  
We're in the G8, have a great reputation  
No more bush league, we're in the main show

Here's to the pioneers, who made us strong and free  
Their muscles, blood and tears, gave us this luxury  
So try to remember, never forget, the debt  
That we owe to their work and their sweat

They crafted a nation, a peaceable state  
Keep their spirit alive and their deeds celebrate.  
Yes, there was a time in this fair land when toilets did not flush  
And the latest home improvement - was the outhouse in the bush

## **Chestnuts Roasting in the Microwave**

Chestnuts roasting in the microwave, carols on the VCR  
Santa Claus in every shopping arcade, and drunks driving round in cars

Plastic holly, trees and mistletoe, can be used time after time  
Line-ups at the L.C.B.O, with special mark-ups on your favourite wine

Millions of turkeys roasting at one time, will last until your stomach fails  
One day to rest with the family, before you hit the Boxing Day sales

So I'm offering this simple song, of Christmas cheer satirically  
Although it's been said many times, many ways,

Merry Xmas / Spend lots of money  
Merry Xmas / Take a bank loan  
Merry Xmas / No downpayment  
Merry Xmas / Pay us next year  
Merry Xmas / No exchanges on Boxing Day  
Merry Xmas / Forget tomorrow  
Merry Xmas / To you

CJE 7/12/87



## Warm Xmas

I'm dreaming of a warm Xmas, with every snowflake that I see  
As I get older, winter seems colder and this climate I must flee  
This climate I must flee

I'm dreaming of a warm vacation, with hot white sand under my feet  
No more snow to shovel, no battery trouble, just complaining of the heat  
Complaining of the heat

I'm dreaming of a sun tan in December, it's so much closer that you think  
Yu can keep the pain of freezing rain, I prefer my ice in a cold drink  
My ice in a cold drink

I've been reading about changes in climate, from carbon dioxide in the air  
Maybe in the future, there'll be no winter, and we'll have summer all the year

CJE Dec 1985

## Canadian Hot Dogs

1990, in the summer, and I'm looking for a job  
I'm a student, I need money, I'll do anything at all  
I see an ad., work in the market  
Sell poutine and burgers, french fries and hot dogs

Ev'ry morning, bright and early, I am at my spot  
In my wagon, cooking french fries, it is really hot  
There's lots of tourists, business is good  
But just one week later, I can't stand the food

Then it happens, while I'm working, I see this wondrous sight  
Right before me, sweetly asking, for something and Sprite  
In halting English, she can hardly say  
'I want a Canadian hot dog,' I am swept away

It turns out she's from Korea, I invite her for a beer  
So that evening at a patio, she comes with her best friend  
We talk so much, the friend takes her leave  
We spend the night together in the summer breeze

She studies English, and she's staying, for another week or 2  
I help her, with her accent, learn Korean for thank U  
She comes to visit, each night after work  
She comes for a hot dog, it's our little joke

But the magic is soon over, she must leave for home  
Be the wife of a rich lawyer, chosen long ago  
She says she loves me, I break down and sob  
She says she'll always remember, my Canadian hot dog

## Helico Bacter Pylori

Helicobacter pylori - could be a name in an exotic story.  
but it's as common as dirt, a microbial squirt, lit up by Nobelian glory.  
By preventing entwining, it bores into the lining of your stomach wherein it resides  
And this cheeky bacterium produces ammonium, to temper your acid insides.  
This causes stress as your stomach protests and churns out an acid excess,  
And leads to reflux and a voice like a duck's, all because of this unwelcome guest.  
With luck and persistence you may find assistance from a doctor who's up on her facts.  
Who knows what to do, orders the right test or two, and gives H.B. Pylori the axe.

CJE Feb 27, 2007

## **An Over the Hill Birthday Greeting**

I am not over the hill  
And I hope that I never will  
Succumb to the trend to anticipate the end  
Not know what bend  
Or surprise can arise  
In each life's uncertain journey

I know that life is finite  
I know that one day I might  
Have to accept what we'd like to forget  
And yet  
Why focus on what can go wrong  
And hurry the process along?  
Ignore ten and three score, go for much more  
Write a symphony, not a swan song

I am not over the hill  
And I hope that I never will  
Succumb to the pressure  
To give up the pleasure  
A life that is lived to the full

For Jan Zander's 50th birthday

CJE 24/3/91

## 59 Years Old Z

Who likes to talk about investing? 59 year old Z  
Who likes wood and wood turning? 59 year old Z  
Who's given up on downhill skiing ? 59 year old Z  
Who doesn't try to be in fashion? 59 year old Z

Who thinks the iMac is fantastic?  
Who hates Windows NT?  
Who says he doesn't use his VCR?  
Who never ever ever watches TV?  
Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z

Whose last name is not hyphenated? 59 year old Z  
Who's still struggling to be liberated? 59 year old Z  
Whose consciousness is constantly raising? 59 year old Z  
Whose home-made wine is amazing ? 59 year old Z

Who never goes to movies?  
Who doesn't like to dance?  
Who's always writing scathing prose?  
Who likes the good life, and it shows?  
Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z

Who's mad about operatic arias? 59 year old Z  
Who plays them loudly at his parties? 59 year old Z  
Who like cooking and doing dishes? 59 year old Z  
Who's fulfilling most of his wishes? 59 year old Z

Whose life has taken a completely new track  
Doesn't miss Algonquin, never going back  
Spends his time with exotic wood  
Drinks fine wine, eats too much food?  
Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z, Z

Malcom Zander, my good friend Z

10th Aug. 2001

## Z and Jan's Silver Wedding

I've known you both now for 20 years  
You're still together, that counts for cheers  
So join with me to celebrate  
Their coming of age, this special date

25 years of marital bliss  
25 years of togetherness  
Never a moment of doubt or regret  
Seldom a day that you'd rather forger

When I first met Z he had much more hair  
But I'm pleased to report that his brain is still there  
We work together, the same career  
Chemistry teachers, 6 months of the year

25 years etc.

As for Jan, I've seen her change  
She's studied hard, extended her range  
As Z and I accepted less  
Jan's career is the latest success

25 years etc.

To both of you, I wish the best  
You've been constant friends, the acid test  
I hope that I'm not being too bold  
To expect to be there when you go for the gold

25 years etc.

CJE 25/8/87

## Sensitive Old Age Guys

Who likes to talk about his feelings?

Sensitive old age Mike

Who should give up on downhill skiing?

Sensitive old age Mike

Who likes to play with grandchildren?

SOAM

Who doesn't try to be in fashion?

SOAM

Who likes to cry at weddings?

Who think the P.Q. is upsetting?

Who says he doesn't use his V.C.R.?

Who should get all the junk out of his car?

Who, who, who, who (X4)

What last name is not hyphenated?

Sensible Old Age Guy

Who's still trying to be liberated?

SOAM

And who's consciousness is still raising?

SOAM

And who's number of sabbaticals was amazing?

SOAM

Who thinks Mulroney is disgusting?

Who's into woodwork, drinking and discussing?

Who's sympathetic to Alzheimer's syndrome?

Who's looking forward to his life at home?

Mike, Mike, Mike, Mike (X4)

Who like music that it repetitious?

SOAM

Who likes cooking and doing the dishes?

SOAM

Who's always in a hurry, always going places?

SOAM

Who has seen so many foreign faces?  
SOAM

Who has taken a completely new track?  
Has quit Algonquin, no going back?  
And that is why his friends are here  
To wish him all the best, to wish him good cheer

Who, who, who, who, Mike, Mike, Mike, Mike (X2)

Sensitive, Sensible, Retiring, Michel P

CJE 8/1/83  
For Mike's retirement party  
Based on "Sensitive New Age Guys"



## Bye-Bye Mike

Bye Bye Mike, Bye Bye Poirier  
Bye Bye Physicist, I think I'm gonna cry

Bye Bye, Good Mike, Bye Bye

In the beginning was Physics Tech.  
A bunch of weirdos, some intellect  
Gals among them, were hard to take  
But their Xmas parties, were really great

Bye Bye Mike etc.

Mike got the yearning, to be the boss  
Williams was Dean then, not Stuart Ross  
He tried to be patient and tough but fair  
He lost his friends and a lot more hair

Bye Bye Mike etc.

His next adventure was bilingualism  
To bring us together, to avoid a schism  
After so much pain and so little gain  
His message died with La Cité

Bye Bye Mike etc.

And physics too, came to an end  
None understood, not to defend  
You did your best Mike, we heard your voice  
Good luck to you, we respect your choice

Bye Bye Mike etc.

He is well travelled, he likes his wine  
And all those trips are on college time  
His taxpaying colleagues all get a thrill  
With helping Michel to foot the bill

Bye Bye Mike etc.

In Kashmir, Laddakh and Bangladesh  
The locals think he's the Mahares  
There's no one tougher, he has no fear  
He drinks the Ganges without diarrhea  
Bye Bye Mike etc.

So here's to Mike Poirier, he's retired too  
He sure looks happy, that's something new  
He was our colleague some twenty years  
We had good times and many beers

Bye Bye Mike etc.

CJE  
To the Everly Brothers' tune 'Bye Bye Love'

## Brian's 50th Birthday

What will you do now that you are 50  
Does it worry you to be getting old?  
How do you feel when winter comes round  
Are you starting now to feel the cold?

Well, you'll get by with a little help from your friends  
You'll have to try with a little help from your friends  
Even if you have to fly to visit some of your friends

What do you do when Louise is away  
Are you happy cooking on your own?  
How do you feel with no children around  
Does it bother you to be alone?

Well....You'll...But...

Do you still get horny when you need somebody to love  
Or are you just happy, to be close to someone you love?

How come you don't ever admit your age  
Are you embarrassed 'cos you look so young?  
Is the reason you have a grey beard  
So your grandchildren can have more fun?

Well...You'll...But...Do...Or

Will you still want to go out for a beer  
And smoke those cheap cigars all the time?  
Will you be there to support the next strike  
Will we see you on the picket line?

Well...You'll...Even...But...Do...Or

Let me remind you that you're not alone  
Your friends are aging just like you  
That's why we're here to bring you good cheer  
Because we have the problem too

We'll **all** get by with a little help from our friends  
We'll have to try...  
Even if we have to fly to visit some of our friends

Do we need anybody, we all need someone to love  
Could it be anybody, someone special to love

Repeat

We'll all get by with a little help from our friends  
With a little help from our friends  
With a little help from our friends

CJE 15/11/89

For Brian O'Meara's birthday

## A Birthday Song for Nubia

Now that you are 37, and another year closer to heaven  
Listen to one who's 46 and has learned a few new tricks  
At your age life's just beginning, it's your time to start winning

Don't be sad, don't despair, you can always dye your hair  
And if you want to hide your years, do your accounting in arrears  
Don't add years, just subtract, but be prepared to put on a very good act

If you feel you're getting old, here's a statistic on which to hold  
You've lots of time, you've many years more, female life expectancy is 74  
And 74, I assure you, is 37 multiplied by 2

So I wish you happiness, I think you look great in that dress  
And there's something I'd like to do and hope you'll like it too  
So without more ado, I am ready, I hope you are too,

to sing...

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you  
Happy birthday dear Nubia, happy birthday to you

CJE 6/12/86

## **A Second Birthday Song for Nubia**

Now that you are 38, you're looking good, you've gained some weight  
A new career is taking shape, I hear your studies are going great  
You're cooking up a recipe for a future with financial security (all your own money)

There have been some changes since last year  
You've moved on, become more clear  
I hear you bought a run-down house with a friend of yours from out of town  
You hope to make a buck or 2, with work you will, good luck to you (you will need it)

In Canada you've decided to stay, at least that what you said the other day  
Canada is good for you and you are good for Canada too  
Here's a line I could not resist, if you leave we'll have an energy crisis

But there's one thing we all fear, that you move again next year  
So before the piles get higher, take out more insurance and start a fire  
Don't be hurt, I sing in jest, we all love you and wish you all the best

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you  
Happy birthday dear Nubia, happy birthday to you

CJE 14/12/87

## **A Birthday Song for Leo**

Now that you are 44, and know we're keeping score  
Listen to one who's 46, and has learned a few more tricks  
Don't be sad, don't despair, you didn't really need all that hair  
To me it seems you've just begun to know when you are having fun.  
You've lots of time, but time don't wait, in 44 years you'll be 88  
Though my song may not be the best, there's many a true word said in jest  
And there's just one more thing to do, to wish a happy birthday to you.

Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you.  
Happy Birthday, dear Leo, Happy Birthday to you.

CJE 22/6/86  
(2 hours before the party)

## A Birthday Song for Lilian

Now that you are 33, its your first birthday as a divorcee  
You've had the pleasure, you've had the pain  
But at least you've had some fun again  
The last 2 years have seen you change  
You've opened your mind, extended your range

You've moved around, perhaps too much  
You've loved again and loved to touch  
Your studies too have been good for you  
In spite of getting an F or two  
You've come too far to succumb to fear  
To quit again and waste that year

But you say you've reached a point in time  
Where the path ahead forms a double line  
There's one to the North, it's strange but free  
To the South there's tradition and family  
Whichever course you decide to take  
The last 2 years have been just great

So without more ado, here the message 'I love you'  
I hoped that you could love me too, but 60% will not do  
I wish you well in the coming year  
I hope your trip will make things clear  
It's going to take a prayer or two  
That's your department so it's up to you

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you  
Happy birthday dear Lilian, happy birthday to you

CJE 5/1/88



## **Alas Dear Rick**

Alas, dear Rick, the time has come  
To admit that you are getting on  
To struggles new, to be fought and won  
In a life devoted to having fun

Listen to me, me dear friend  
This is a beginning, not an end  
I've been there, I've seen the score  
There's music still at 64

You've paid your dues, you've done your bit  
No more public service bullshit  
Refill your cup, imbibe anew  
There's plenty left for you to do

So, listen to me, my dear friend  
This is a beginning, not an end  
Whatever happens, here's what I've found  
Any day is good, when you're above the ground

CJE  
(to the tune of Greensleeves)

# I Can Do Anything Better Than You

Colin: I can do anything better than you can

I can do anything better than you

Alex: I can do anything better than you can

I can do anything better than you

No you can't, yes I can

No you can't, yes I can

No you can't, yes I can

No you can't, yes I can

I can play lute better than she can

I can play lute better than she can

I can play harp better than he can

I can play harp better than he can

No you can't, yes I can etc.

I can jump higher than she can

I can jump higher than she can

I can swim faster, faster than he can

I can swim faster, faster then he can

No you can't, yes I can etc.

I can sing louder, louder than she can

I can sing louder, louder than she can

I can sing softer than he can

I can sing softer than he can

No you can't, yes I can etc.

I can hold any note longer than she can

I can hold any note longer than she can

I can sing any note sweeter than he can

I can sing any note sweeter than he can

No you can't, yes I can etc.

You can do anything well, if you want to  
You can do anything well if you try

CJE 16/7/2001  
(Vocal for Colin and Alex)

## **Marilyn's Song**

She was so cold when we first met  
I did not know if I liked her then  
My attraction was mere fascination  
For an image she left on my mind  
How could she exist without my knowing?

Some weeks later we danced together  
Our bodies just went through the motions  
We talked a little, we judged a lot  
Doors were closed and we said goodbye  
How did she feel but was not showing?

A summer came and we sometimes met  
Movies, clubs or dinners out  
We argued a lot, we swam together  
A fireside evening saw a love begin  
What was to exist without my knowing?

A year's gone by and there's magic still  
There's no certainty, I hope there never will  
I cannot say if this love will last  
I don't seem to learn much from the past  
There's so much that exists without my knowing

-/11/82 CJE

## **I've Opened White Wine**

I've opened white wine, it's been quite some time  
My glass is empty, will you fill it for me?  
Let this moment last, fuse future and past into one long now

The candles are lit, their light it is warm  
You're looking so good, we've weathered the storm  
The reflection I see in your eyes is of me singing to you

Talk to me gently, caress me with your voice  
Discover the feeling that we almost lost  
Don't move too fast  
Let the distance close into one long here

I missed you so much, I longed for your touch  
Your warm embrace, that look in your face  
That lets me know that you want me so, like I'm feeling now

Now you've come back, I want you to stay  
We suffered a lot, a price we had to pay  
So drink with me now, let's make a vow to one long love

CJE 15/7/88

Inspired by a program on Leonard Cohen (CBC)

## A Year With You

I've known you one year now, and it has become clear how  
I'd like to spend a lot more time with you  
Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall, I have so enjoyed them all  
Sharing both my time and friends with you

I don't know what others think, but I don't need to see a shrink  
To tell me that I'm glad when you're around  
I don't care what people say, it feels right both night and day  
And I've still got both feet upon the ground

I'm not sure what you have got, but it really hits the spot  
And a lot of hot is what I feel  
Could it be just chemistry, a pheromone from your to me  
Explaining this exotic appeal?

I'm not so sure what you want from me, but you know my philosophy  
I can only do that things that I believe in  
But I hope that you will find that I have an open mind  
And try to bend if I can see there's a reason

I won't make you promises, 'cos promises you've had before  
And you have learned that they are easily broken  
But I will love you day by day and hope this love will always stay  
Alive and strong and honest

So now I've known you for one year and it has become quite clear  
I'd like to spend a lot more time with you  
Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall, I have to enjoyed them all  
I hope you want to spend more time, I'd like you to spend more time  
Much more time with me

CJE 2/12/86

## Feeling So Good

It's feeling so good having you here in my life  
Knowing that you want to stay  
Hearing the words that you say when we're together

It's feeling so fine, sharing a bottle of wine  
A candlelight dinner for two  
An evening with nothing to do, but make love to you

It's feeling so right, holding you close in the night  
Filled with the pleasure you give  
Kissing those lips that can say, I still want you

It's feeling so nice, waking to the first light of dawn  
Seeing your face once again  
Your body so close and so warm and soft beside me

I want you always, want you to stay here with me  
Want you to play here with me  
Pleasure in such harmony, when we're together

It's feeling so good, having you here in my life  
Knowing that you want to stay  
Sharing the work and play, when we're together

CJE 8/7/86

Inspired by "Ça fait du bien" by Harmonium

## Cinco Meses

I've know you 5 months now, that's not very long  
We've had good times together, with feelings growing strong  
It's likely that I love you, but it's too soon to say  
Un verano juntos, may open the way

We've loved and we've laughed, we haven't yet cried  
We've played and we've sung, enjoying the ride  
Here's to warm nights together, under the moon  
Estar contigo, lovers in June

How easy it's been, just like on the screen  
Or in some magazine, devoted to dreams  
I'm not saying I understand it, but I hope it will last  
With you as my present, mo porvenir, mi past

CJE 29/4/86



## Lovers in a Complicated Time

I hear your voice, I hear music, and in your laugh I hear a song  
Deep in your eyes I see desire, I feel a longing for your rise  
I dance with you and I am sure, I see you smile and I want more

Lovers, lovers, lovers, could we be lovers  
Lovers in an uncertain time

Did I mention I've been married, I've got 5 kids and 2 ex-wives  
I've seen a lot of dirty linen, but I've cleaned up, got back my drive  
I must confess I was a mess, but now it's the time to be my best

Lovers, lovers,.../could/...complicated

I hear you have an ex or 2, but no dependents, good for you  
And you are right back on your feet, looking for a man to meet  
Could I be that man for you, try me out, not much to lose

Lovers, lovers, lovers.../can/... dangerous

I've had my knocks but I've survived, no STDs and still alive  
I'm ready for another ride, I'd like to have you by my side  
Love's a magic you can't buy, 3rd time lucky, take a try

Lovers, lovers, lovers, let's be lovers  
Lovers in an uncertain time, dangerous and complicated time

## Five AM

Five AM, we're all alone,  
Friends are gone, party is done,  
Sun's coming up, birds start to sing.

Mist all around, everything still,  
Scent in the air, senses fill,  
Warm summer breeze, bodies to please.

Feeling tired, don't want to sleep,  
Too many fine memories to keep.  
Feel you close, soft and warm.

My light fades, reflections dim,  
Sleep flows in, deep and wide.  
Glad you're here, by my side.

CJE 16/1/86

# I'd Rather Be Within You than Without You

I'd rather talk to you than about you  
Things get hard when you are not around  
I'm all charged up and so attracted to you  
Just like lightning rushing to the ground

Chorus

Yes, I'd rather be within you than without you  
I want your love and mine to intertwine  
I'd rather be within you than without you  
Won't you let your feelings flow with mine

I'd like to have a long weekend beside you  
Harmonising parts organum style  
I don't mind if I'm under or above you  
We can transposition once in a while

Chorus

We could try a theme and variations  
Or maybe just a sweet melodic round  
A fugue for two, played forte or piano  
Or possibly divisions on the ground

Chorus

I'd rather play with you than play to you  
(Practice our old songs in double time)  
Won't you let me come just one more time  
To try out some new tunes together  
You could add some rhythm to my rhyme

Chorus

I have known you now for quite a long time  
We've lived well, we've drunk a lot of wine  
You must admit, we've had our ups and downs  
But it's up and downs that make the world go round

Chorus

## Best Damn Dad You've Got

I may not be good looking, I may not be too smart  
I may have lots of wrinkles, resemble an old fart  
I may have crooked teeth, occasional stinky breath  
You may think I'm decrepit and pretty close to death  
You may be uncomfortable at being seen with me  
But just try to remember, we are family

And I'm the best damn dad your got, the best damn dad you've got  
Of course I am I'm the only one, so how could I be not  
I'm the best damn dad you've got, the best damn dad you've got  
And as long as I'm above the ground I'll love you a lot

I may not be in fashion, I may not be too cool  
You may be embarrassed when I go to your school  
I may drive you crazy with all my silly songs  
No matter what I say or do, I'm nearly always wrong  
But I've got the tenacity to help you grow up true  
I have got a job to do and this job is you

And I'm the best damn dad your got, the best damn dad you've got  
Of course I am I'm the only one, so how could I be not  
I'm the best damn dad you've got, the best damn dad you've got  
And as long as I'm above the ground I'll love you a lot

You may be growing quickly, you may be very cute  
Your life is just beginning, I hope it is a hoot  
Develop all your talents, keep a strong but open mind  
It takes a lot of work to turn a vine into a wine  
You may think I'm weird, a trifle eccentric  
But that's what makes me happy, that's what makes me tick

And I'm the best damn dad your got, the best damn dad you've got  
Of course I am I'm the only one, so how could I be not  
I'm the best damn dad you've got, the best damn dad you've got  
And as long as I'm above the ground I'll love you a lot

Conceived and co?? by Colin and Alex in the car 2005

## **Sleeping Song**

You must go to sleep now, you've had a busy day  
There's another day tomorrow and lots more games to play

So put your thumb in your mouth, close up your eyes  
Rest your head on the pillow, and dream about things nice

The toys all around you, they are tired too  
They want to go to sleep but they're waiting just for you

To put your thumb in your mouth, close up your eyes  
Rest your head on the pillow and dream of things nice

Colin (Mummy) and Lilian (Daddy), they love you dearly  
But they need time together, it's their turn to play

So put you thumb in your mouth...

CJE 5/5/86

## Reply to Sonya's Challenge "Swollen Tongues"

I saw your play last Thursday night  
The space was packed, the air was tight  
The stage was set, the lights went out  
You swollen tongues began to spout  
The play began at a terrific pace  
Words ricocheted about the place  
Both wit and charm were well expressed  
I was enthralled, I was impressed  
A sensual trip, a sexual frolic  
The atmosphere was quite bucolic  
And each new twist made me see  
That love is really poetry  
Words caressed, cajoled, entwined  
Just like bodies linked by mind  
My thanks to you good ladies four  
And the gentleman who grew to more  
A farce to please, an erotic romp  
A journey in the gender swamp  
I particularly liked your bawdy bits  
And of course, I enjoyed the tits