

Postmaster

Postmaster, Mulberry, Tennessee,
If you ain't got no letter, well don't you fuss at me,
You got to write one to get one, and maybe two or three,
I'm the Postmaster, Mulberry, Tennessee.

I wrote a letter to my brother, who we sent off to war,
He's off to whip the Kaiser, then back to us once more.

Dear Sir and Brother, let me tell you bout the farm,
This year we're gonna plow that field out back by the barn.

Eugene says sow it all in wheat, but Eugene, he don't know,
Father says that rye is the proper thing to sow.

Postmaster, Mulberry, Tennessee,
If you ain't got no letter, well don't you fuss at me,
You got to write one to get one, and maybe two or three,
I'm the Postmaster, Mulberry, Tennessee.

Last night we went to Father's place and you know where we found him at,
Standin by the fence corner watchin hogs get big and fat.

You make a real good soldier, now, don't worry bout us, we're doin fine,
We are for you first and last, but mostly all the time.

Postmaster, Mulberry, Tennessee,
If you ain't got no letter, well don't you fuss at me,
You got to write one to get one, and maybe two or three,
I'm the Postmaster, Mulberry, Tennessee.

Teeter Totter Bride

Goin on a teeter totter ride reachin up to the sky eatin peanut butter pie on a teeter totter.

Teeter Totter Teeter Totter

A little boy fell in love with the principal's youngest daughter, ridin up and down on the schoolyard teeter totter.

Teeter Totter Teeter Totter

Fell outta' love next day when he caught 'er ridin up and down on the schoolyard teeter totter,
With another guy, eatin peanut butter pie, reachin up to the sky on the school yard teeter totter.

Teeter Totter Teeter Totter

Well you know how it feels when you love a girl and then you spotter, with another guy on the schoolyard teeter totter.

Teeter Totter Teeter Totter

You don't feel up, no, you feel kinda down, why doncha go on a teeter totter ride, how does that sound?

Teeter Totter Teeter Totter

Cuz goin on a teeter totter ride is bound to make a happy smile outta anybody's sad frown.

Teeter Totter Teeter Totter

I'm goin on a teeter totter ride reachin up to the sky eatin peanut butter pie on a teeter totter.

I'm goin on a teeter totter ride lookin for my teeter totter bride on a teeter totter.

LFO Pumpkin

You ain't nothin but a little fat orange pumpkin,
You ain't nothin but a little fat orange pumpkin.

Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater had a wife and couldn't keep her,
Put her in a pumpkin shell, there he kept her very well.

Hap- Hap- Happy Halloween, let's go trick-or-treating,
And when we get back home, ya'll can start with the candy-eating,
But you know me, I ain't nothin but an old fashioned country bumpkin,
Gonna go out in the patch tonight,
And gonna harvest me a little fat orange pumpkin.

Jack- Jack- Jack-o-lantern, inside you is a candle burnin bright,
Hitch up the horses, we're goin on a hay ride,
So little fat orange pumpkin hold on real tight.

Little fat orange pumpkin, yeah,
You ain't nothin but a little fat orange pumpkin.

Gingerbread Man

What if the world was made all out of gingerbread?
Gingerbread man, gingerbread house, gingerbread road.

I once knew a man who ate nuthin but gingerbread,
Gingerbread man, gingerbread house, gingerbread road.

So he married a little woman who baked the very best gingerbread,
Gingerbread man, gingerbread house, gingerbread road.

And together they raised some kids, fed'em nuthin but gingerbread,
Gingerbread man, gingerbread house, gingerbread road.

And they had a family dog, fed him nuthin but gingerbread,
Gingerbread man, gingerbread house, gingerbread road.

And the dog chewed on bone, made all outta gingerbread,
Gingerbread man, gingerbread dog, gingerbread bone.

Banjo Christmas

It's gonna be a banjo kinda Christmas,
It's gonna be a banjo kinda year,
It's gonna be a banjo kinda Christmas,
Bringin everybody Christmas cheer.

Down on a lake in middle Tennessee,
Every cabin gonna have a Christmas tree,
When the sound of a banjo rings across the lake,
Well, then you know it's Christmas, for goodness sake.

Up onna lake out by Kalamazoo,
A man named Rick and a woman named Sue,
Celebratin Christmas in a whole new way,
Strummin on their banjos Christmas Day.

In Indianapolis out by Eagle Creek,
It ain't Christmas yet, so don't you peek,
Into any a them packages wrapped with a bow,
Or you'll miss Santy Claus, strummin on the banjo.

In Memphis Town where the Big Muddy flows,
Elvis loved his banjo, everybody knows,
Don't care what you say, don't care what you do,
With banjos strummin Christmas won't be blue.

Where the great state of Texas meets with Arkansas,
It ain't good advice buddy, it's the law,
You can pick your own Christmas gifts and you can pick your nose,
But you ain't no count, if you cain't pick a banjo.

Old Santy went down to the San Diego zoo,
A little lion cub was tryin out somethin new,
Clawin at a banjo to pick out a ditty,
Christmastime song gettin sung by a kitty.

In Rockefeller Center stands a big evergreen,
Biggest Christmas Tree anybody ever seen,
On a branch with a banjo sits a pretty little bird,
Pickin out the sweetest tune anybody ever heard.

On the Mississippi Delta when the flood dries out,
People gonna see what Christmas is about,
No wind from the storm, no horns gonna blow,
Just St. Nick marchin in, strummin on his banjo.

A girl named Diane and a boy named Jack,
Off inna Middle East, are they ever comin back?
When they come marchin home with Choirs singin
We'll be there with our banjos a ringin.

Across the whole country, in every state
Christmas this year just might be late,
Cuz folks are takin time, no matter where they're from,
To listen to the sound of the banjo strum.

Christmas in Washtenaw

I dreamed I saw Miss Washtenaw County,
Twirlin her baton like a big candy cane.
She pranced all around like a sugar plum fairy,
When I woke up it was startin to rain.

Ain't got no banjo's ringin, ain't got no choirs singin,
Just some homeless guy bangin on his guitar,
Aint' got no cattle lowin, ain't got no trumpets blowin,
Spendin Christmas Eve gettin drunk in a bar.

I dreamed Mary and Joseph were king and queen of the prom,
Dancin under a waterfall made of crepe paper ribbon,
Ain't got no room at the inn or the high school gym,
For Christmas this year, I'll take whatever you're givin.

Ain't got no banjo's ringin, ain't got no choirs singin,
Just some homeless guy bangin on his guitar,
Aint' got no cattle lowin, ain't got no trumpets blowin,
Spendin Christmas Eve gettin drunk in a bar.

I dreamed I was a Labrador retriever,
Who secretly wished he was Rudolf the reindeer,
Flyin all around hitched up to Santy Claus's sleigh,
Every dog will have his Christmas Day.

Ain't got no banjo's ringin, ain't got no choirs singin,
Just some homeless guy bangin on his guitar,
Aint' got no cattle lowin, ain't got no trumpets blowin,
Spendin Christmas Eve gettin drunk in a bar.

Happy Underwear

I met a girl we were dancin in a bar,
She said, Stick with me boy I'll make you star!
But the way she held me close and slipped her hands down my pants,
Made me wanna run but I didn't get the chance.

She said, What's the matter boy you seem kinda edgy,
Yanked on my waist band and gave me a wedgy.
She was the kind of girl I thought could be my wife,
Not just another skid mark on the underwear of life.

And I got underwear to get sad in,
And I got underwear to get mad in,
And I got underwear to be bad in,
And just for you honey,
And only just for you baby,
I got underwear to get glad in.

So come on baby, let's give it a whirl,
Just you and me darlin let's give it a try,
If you be my happy underwear girl,
I'll be your happy underwear guy.

If you be my happy underwear girl,
I'll be your happy underwear guy.

Bundle up the Children

Bundle up the children, we're goin to Tennessee,
Pack up the wagon, hitch up the team,
February weather, bringin down the snow,
And it's cold and it's cold and it's cold.

We're leavin Carolina, we sold off all our land,
Tennessee is where we're headed, with beans and a fryin pan,
There we'll raise our children, they'll have children of their own,
But right now it's cold and it's cold.

When we get to where we're headed, there we'll settle down,
Spring'll be here soon, put seeds in the ground,
Harvest time comes, we'll reap what we sow,
But right now it's cold and it's cold.

Bundle up the children, we're goin to Tennessee,
Pack up the wagon, hitch up the team,
February weather, bringin down the snow,
And it's cold and it's cold and it's cold.

Blue Bin Buddy

I don't wanna be your very best friend,
I just wanna share one trash bin,
Two half full bins makes me a little nutty,
So please won't you be my be my blue bin buddy?

Pie charts and bar graphs of all your fancy calculations,
Demonstrate the benefits of trash bin automation,
But I don't need to read no stinkin City-Council-funded study,
Please won't you be my be my blue bin buddy?

I don't wanna be your very best friend,
I just wanna share one trash bin,
Two half full bins makes me a little nutty,
So please won't you be my be my blue bin buddy?

Kitty Kat Chorus

I betcha never knew about some cats who can sing,
But I know some kitties who can really make it swing.

The kity cat chorus sings the kitty cat song,
Dancin with the field mice all day long.

The kitty cat chorus does the kitty cat dance,
Cuz out in the field they got ants in their pants.

They go swish with their tails and makes 'em wag left and right,
The field mice join and dance with them all through the night.

If you try to pet the kitty cats it only makes 'em cry,
She always runs away from me because she's too shy.

They snuggle with the bunny rabbits and the little chickadees,
But runs away from you and they run away from me.

So all we can do is cup our ear with our hand,
and listen for the groovy sound of the kitty cat band.

The kitty cat chorus sings the song,
Dancin with the field mice all day long.

Twelve Apostles and Me

Well I was born in an old pig sty,
And some men on camels saw a star in the sky,
And they said let's follow it, see where it goes, just us three.

So three wise men showed up at the door,
I think it was three, but it coulda been four,
Said Here's some gold and some frankincense and some myrrh.

I think there mighta been some guys with some sheep,
Course I might be wrong, see I was mostly asleep,
But I kept wakin up cause a little kid there was bangin on his drum.

Now when I was Twelve I got lost one day,
My folks didn't know that I was meant to stay,
In my father's house, hangin out with the Pharisees.

I couldn't get the hang of poundin them nails,
So I left home, just hit the trail,
Started layin on hands to heal the sick and the lame.

You know it's one two three four five six seven eight,
It's love one another ain't got no time for hate,
Nine ten eleven twelve Twelve apostles and ME!

One day I even brought a guy back from the dead,
He opened his eyes, got up from his bed,
Sayin praise to me, for makin him whole again.

You know it's one two three four five six seven eight,
We must help those who are less fortunate,
Nine ten eleven twelve Twelve apostles and ME!

From this day on till the Kingdom comes,
Gonna heal everybody wherever they're from,
Gonna wash their feet and feed e'm fish and bread.

You know it's one two three four five six seven eight,
At suppertime we will always clean our plates,
Nine ten eleven twelve Twelve apostles and ME!

I seen 33 years go by,
I ain't gonna stop until I get crucified,
Yeah, I ain't gonna stop until they nail me up there on the tree, so
in the meantime, boys,

You know it's one two three four five six seven eight,
forgivin even those who would recriminate,
Nine ten eleven twelve Twelve apostles and ME!

You know it's one two three four five six seven eight,
We must help those who are less fortunate,
Nine ten eleven twelve Twelve apostles and ME!