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Levity &
Novelty

Anthems & Antitheses Vol1: LEVITY & NOVELTY

Brian Woodbury

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Some Phil 10



Anthems & Antithets Vol 1:
Levity & Novelty

Produced by **Brian Woodbury**

Mixed by **Dan Cubert**

Mastered by **Danny Blume**

Design & photos by **John Goss**

BW photo by **Cat Gwynn**

Podium photo by **Michael McClure** mmcphoto.com

Mark Pardy uses *Sabian* cymbals and *Promark* sticks

Andy Sanesi uses *DW* drums, *Sabian* cymbals,

Remo drum heads, *Vic Firth* sticks & *Beato* cases

Drums recorded by **Marc Doten** (Trend Coma Bootlegs),

except Women, recorded by **Mark Wheaton** (Catasonic)

Brian Woodbury: vocs, gtrs, bass, keys, perc, uke, banjo, amateur fiddle, autoharp, programming, arranging, FX, misc. **Marc Muller**: gtrs & arranging (Ava, If, Awful, WD-40); bass (Awful, WD-40); uke (Awful) **Sam Woodbury**: gtrs (Eternal, Prog, Don't, Worst); bass (Worst)

Jim Kimo West: gtr (Complicated); nylon (Hold)

Paul F. Perry: nylon & vocs (Sea, Audience)

Edwin Livingston: upright bass (Sea, Complicated)

Johnny Unicorn: bass, keys, co-lead vocs & arranging (Prog)

Mark Pardy: drums (Bad, If, Ava, Eternal, Prog) **Andy Sanesi**: drums (Complicated, Don't)

Joe Berardi: drums (Women) **Nick Ariondo**: accordion (Women)

Narib Yubrodow: accordion (Bad, Audience) **Peter Lurye**: piano & arranging (Picture, Brain)

Nick Mancini: vibes (Sea) **Sara Parkins**: violins (Eternal, Foible, Women)

Maggie Parkins: cellos (Foible, Women) **Jimbo Ross**: viola (Women)

Mark Hollingsworth: flutes, saxes, recorders (Prog); clarinets (Hitler)

Sal Lozano: saxes (Women) **Chris Tedesco**: french horns (Eternal); trumpets (Foible)

Chris Olness: tuba (Hitler) **Allen Savedoff**: bassoon (Prog)

Joe Moe: lead vocal (Eternal) **Deb Hiatt**: co-lead vocal (Awful); bgd vocal (Audience, Hitler)

Amy Keys: soprano, Gospel vocal (Eternal) **Kathi Funston**: soprano (Eternal, Complicated)

Heather Marsden: alto (Eternal, Complicated) **Gary Stockdale**: tenor (Eternal, Complicated)

Bob Joyce: bass-baritone (Eternal, Complicated) **Amy Engelhardt**: bgd vocs (Bad)


Marc Doten: bgd vocs (Ava, Sea, Prog) **Bill Berry**: bgd vocs (Ava, Hitler)

Elma Mayer: bgd vocs (Audience, Hitler)

Mabel Valley House Concert Audience: (Audience, Hitler)

Dan Cubert: additional perc (Foible); FX (Prog)

Lyrics & more information at www.BrianWoodbury.com

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1. **My Bad** (Woodbury/Amy Engelhardt)* 3:21
 2. **Picture Me** (Woodbury/Peter Lurye)❖ 3:07
 3. **If I Knew** 3:38
 4. **Ava's Couch** (Woodbury/William J. Berry)‡ 3:02
 5. **Eternal Damnation** feat. Joe Moe 4:44
 6. **The Brain** 4:26
 7. **Medical Emergency** 0:24
 8. **The Sea View Inn** (Woodbury/Paul F. Perry)⌘ 3:51
 9. **Pasadeeny** 0:27
 10. **Complicated Rhythm** (Woodbury/James S. West)⌘ 2:59
 11. **Old Time Prog** (Woodbury/Johnny Unicorn)⌘ feat. Johnny Unicorn 7:38
 12. **Perfectly Awful** feat. Deb Hielt 3:25
 13. **Audience Participation** 4:25
 14. **Don Knotts** 0:23
 15. **WD-Forty** 1:56
 16. **You Should Write a Song About That** 0:49
 17. **Don't Call Back** 4:15
 18. **A Man with No Foible** 3:39
 19. **The Worst Song on the Album** 0:19
 20. **Women (Know What I'm Sayin'?)** 2:37
 21. **You Rock** 0:16
 22. **You're Like Hitler** 4:01
 23. **Flashmob!** 0:15
 24. **I Hold Your Hand in Mine** (Tom Lehrer)◆ 1:26
 25. **Hey Guys** 2:36
 26. **Care About Cancer** 0:20
 27. **The Best Ever** 4:16

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MY BAD

(Brian Woodbury & Amy Engelhardt)

VERSE 1

I'm sorry I said sorry
right when you were in my way
I know I should have thought of
something more polite to say
I wanted to alert you
that you ought to move you arm
I didn't want to injure it
to pull the fire alarm
I know it's no excuse
but that's the only one I had
My bad

VERSE 2

I'm sorry I said sorry
when you trampled on my toe
The fire escape was crowded.
There was nowhere else to go
Your cleats had pierced my
Birkenstocks. I didn't want to shout
I wasn't even thinking
when "I'm sorry" just came out
I think I thought that you might
somehow think that I was mad

CHORUS 1

My bad, my bad, my bad, *etc.*

VERSE 3

I'm sorry I said sorry
when we both were trying to speak
I'm sorry if you thought that it was
meant as a critique
We both saw someone up there
as the roof began to burn
I told the first responder,
but I didn't wait my turn
I'm sure there were important
details you had meant to add

CHORUS 2

My bad, my bad, my bad, *etc.*

BRIDGE

Why must I take the blame?
It isn't fun to do
But like my mother says
And my father says
And my wife says, sorry
My ex-wife says
And my girlfriend says
And her boyfriend says

And my therapist says
My chiropractor says
“Why is everything your fault?”
So, I know it must be true.

ACCORDION SOLO

VERSE 4
I'm sorry I said sorry
at my witness interview
In hindsight maybe that was not the
wisest thing to do
I gave my testimony.
The detective thought I lied.
He asked why I was sorry
if I had no crime to hide
And now I'm in for arson
though my alibi was ironclad

CHORUS 3
My bad, my bad, my bad, *etc.*

CHORUS 4
My bad, my bad, my bad, *etc.*
(Who's sorry now?)

CHORUS 5
My bad, my bad, my bad, *etc.*

lead & bgd vocs, bass, guitars:
Brian Woodbury
bgd vocals: Amy Engelhardt
drums: Mark Pardy
accordion Narib Yubrodow

PICTURE ME

(Brian Woodbury & Peter Lurye)

INTRO
We've only met online
But we are soulmates all the same
Though I'm guessing
DesperateSingleGirl is not your
actual name
Your profile touched me
where it counts
So here's my virtual calling card
And as you hold it in your hand
Think about me long and hard

VERSE 1

When you go to bed at night
Before you snuff
your smart phone light
Read this note and then swipe right
to picture me

VERSE 2

It may have given you a start
This too tumescent work of art
But it reveals what's in my heart
So picture me

BRIDGE 1

Though it's dimly lit and grainy
This vision from afar
Almost varicose-ly veiny
It's my gift to you, whoever you are

VERSE 3

It may seem forward, that is true
I can send one taken sideways too
Either shows how I want you
To picture me

VERSE 4

Boorish fellows may affix
Their photos just to get some kicks
But I'm not like those other dicks
So picture me

VERSE 5

I could have set a slower pace
But why not cut right to the chase
And let me get all in your face?
Just picture me

BRIDGE 2

As for size, no prize I'd win, dear
I'm ungainly, blunt and red
But it's not shame or chagrin, dear
That's making the blood
rush to my head

VERSE 6

And if you succumb to my allures
It's only fair, as love matures,
I've shown you mine,
now show me yours
Yes, picture me

INSTRUMENTAL

BRIDGE 3

If, in spite of my entreaty,
You choose to pass me by
I will find another sweetie
One whose standards aren't so high

VERSE 7

There's plenty more
where you came from
To reach out to,
till my thumbs go numb
Ready or not, girls, here I come
Ooh, that's it!
Picture me

vocal: Brian Woodbury

piano & arrangement: Peter Lurye

IF I KNEW

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

Don't know much about biology
I've forgotten all my history
Couldn't pass a whiskey bar exam
That's the kind of person that I am

VERSE 2

What made the universe,
I wouldn't know
I wasn't there a thousand years ago
Ain't that much
that I know much about
All goes in one ear
and right back out

CHORUS 1

I do the best that I can do
And maybe I don't have a clue
But would it be a better world if I
knew?
A truly better world if I knew?

VERSE 3

Sure, I learned about
the birds and bees
I know what makes my
Hyundai go is keys
I get that dirt is down
and stars are up
Sixty-four ounces in my super cup

VERSE 4

I know statistics

for my favorite teams
And stuff I read
off of some Facebook memes
Like lawyers cheat and politicians lie
The news is fake,
but I can't tell you why

CHORUS 2

I do the best that I can do
And maybe I don't have a clue
And would it be a better world
if I knew?
A truly better world if I knew?

BRIDGE

You can tell me I'm dumb
But smart is over-rated
And I don't care what you say
Besides it isn't my fault
That I'm not educated.
Hey, I was just born this way

VERSE 5

Don't know much about
the dinosaurs
But I'm sure they're not
my ancestors

I don't hold with so-called expertise
Spell my plurals with apostrophes

VERSE 6

Science — that's just theories
you can't prove
Climates that warm
and continents that move
Your facts will not convince me,
please don't try
My ignorance — that is my alibi

CHORUS 3

'Cause when I see
what you go through
For knowing all you know is true
It wouldn't be a better world
if I knew
To have to see from your
point of view.
And realize all the work left to do.
I guess I'd rather I never knew.

*vocals & bass Brian Woodbury;
guitars & arrangement Marc Muller
drums & percussion: Mark Pardy*

AVA'S COUCH

(Brian Woodbury & Bill Berry)

VERSE 1

My cousin kicked me out
'cause I wasn't payin' rent
And my student loan defaulted
and my vouchers all got spent

Started crashin' with my buddies,
Wound up sleepin' on the floor
I got bored of smokin' all their
weed and playing PS4

VERSE 2

Then a couple weeks with Matthew
But that dude's a total slob
He kept runnin' out of groceries
He kept sayin', "Get a job"

My life was goin' nowhere
Man, I'd thought my luck was
through
But then my dreams came true
Right when I surfed onto

CHORUS 1

Ava's couch
I'm so pumped up! This is rad!
Though she doesn't know how
much I wan' her
I'm crushin' on her bad
I'm sittin' pretty on Ava's couch
And I'm just bidin' my sweet time
To cook up
How we'll hook up
Hey, Matt, how 'bout that?
I'm no slouch
On Ava's couch

VERSE 3

I had my eye on Ava
Back since San Diego State
She'd come cryin' on my shoulder
'bout the guys she used to date

She says now I can crash here
Till my internship comes in
So either way I win
My slickest move has been

CHORUS 2

Ava's couch
Now if only I could score
But I wonder if she wants to do me
Or wants a roomie more
Still I'm here, I'm on Ava's couch
I hope she pickin' up
the signs I'm showin'
But she's goin'
"Could you move
your hack-y sack pouch?"
On Ava's couch

BRIDGE

I want her to be my girlfriend
Takin' her to Olive Garden,
Handin' her a rose
But she wants me to be her
girlfriend
Watchin' Gilmore Girls
and eatin' Honey Nut Cheerios

GUITAR SOLO

CHORUS 3

Why did I surf onto Ava's couch?
She's askin' me to feed her cat

While she's goin' out to
grab a bite with
And spend the night with Matt
(*Seriously, Matt?*)
How'd I end up on Ava's couch?
Bet she's already set her mind
To boot me
Ah, just shoot me.
She calls me her B.F.F. Ouch!
On Ava's couch

lead & bgd vocals, bass, organ:

Brian Woodbury

bgd vocals: Bill Berry & Marc Doten

guitars, co-arranging: Marc Muller

drums & percussion: Mark Pardy

ETERNAL DAMNATION

feat. Joe Moe

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

I have wandered
through the desert of my story
To quench a thirst
for what this life could mean
In the empty glare

of falsehood all around me
I was blind to the light
of a realm that's unseen

PRECHORUS 1

But from the sins of this long trial
The pain I've put my poor soul
through
I've learned there's
something greater
That my life is leading to

CHORUS 1

Eternal damnation
Burning churning
hellfire world without end
Always one more
everlasting day left to spend
In eternal damnation
Damnation

POSTCHORUS 1

Ow-ow, ow-ow, *etc.*

VERSE 2

I have led a life
of vanity and pleasure

I've coveted
more than you'd care to hear
And I took God's name in vein
and worked on Sunday
Did not pray, did not praise,
Had no faith, had no fear

PRECHORUS 2

Nor did I ask Him for forgiveness
Nor did I choose to seek His face
So God has rightly deemed
That He must send me to this place

CHORUS 2

Of eternal damnation
Burning churning
hellfire world without end
Always one more
everlasting day left to spend
In eternal damnation
Damnation

POSTCHORUS 2

Ow-ow, ow-ow, *etc.*

BRIDGE

Fly, with the winds
You're beholding Jesus, in Rapture
Alas, I, with these sins,
weighed my soul down
for Satan to capture

CHORUS 3

In eternal damnation
Boiling toiling torment
of a life with no rest
Bound in ceaseless suffering
in this sulfurous nest
Of eternal damnation
Damnation

CHORUS 4

Eternal damnation
Burning churning
hellfire world without end
Always one more
everlasting day left to spend
In eternal damnation
Damnation
Damnation
(Well, well, well,
I said we're going to Hell)

lead vocal: Joe Moe;
Gospel vocal: Amy Keys;
soprano Kathi Funston
alto: Heather Marsden
tenor: Gary Stockdale
bass-baritone: Bob Joyce
bass, piano, organ, sampled harp:
Brian Woodbury
drums & percussion: Mark Pardy
guitars: Sam Woodbury
french horns: Chris Tedesco
violins: Sara Parkins

THE BRAIN

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

What makes the loathsome
psychopath hike a path of evil?
Exploring every cruelty and excess?
To spike the punch with ipecac
Or microwave a weevil
The cause has long been
anybody's guess

Just how can he achieve
the satisfaction that he wants

From biting chicken's heads off
With sadistic nonchalance?
What fills him with the savagery
To thrill from causing pain?
We now know
that the answer is his brain

CHORUS 1

A-ha! His brain makes him do it
His brain makes him do it
It makes him vivisect his victims,
then extract their suet
So do not cast aspersions,
He should not endure the stain
The fault lies not with him
but with his brain

VERSE 2

What gives the firm believer
Such a fever for her God?
So certain of a presence
she has felt?
Transcendence and epiphanies
that sound a little odd
Unless you've walked a mile
where she's knelt

What makes the Muslim face the
east and bow and all that stuff?
What makes the born-again
convinced that once
was not enough?
What gives the faithful one the faith
her faith will never wane?
A familiar aberration of the brain

CHORUS 2

That's all! Her brain makes her do it
Her brain makes her do it
The God Spot in her cortex
Gets a neural impulse to it
Religious feelings science
heretofore could not explain
But now we've found the G-spot
in her brain

BRIDGE

Do I really feel and think and mean
what I hope I mean?
Nope, it's only serotonin,
noradrenalin and dopamine
Every notion or mood, passing
thought, attitude
That I have, or forget, or repress,

or memorize

Can be best understood just by
scanning my brain
with a series of MRIs

VERSE 3

What makes the newly amorous
So clamorous and wild?
To feel they fit each other
like a glove?
They grope, mope, or elope
They free their inner feral child
What gives them this delusion
they're in love?

They adulate and fawn and dote
With sighs, coos and chirps
Appreciate each other's farts,
Complete each other's burps
What makes them lose all reason,
Just to suffer through such strain?
A condition of the
post-pubescent brain

CHORUS 3

You see?

The brain makes them do it

The brain makes them do it

It gets gonads to go,
pituitaries to pituit
And everything they feel is magic
really is quite plain
The part they call the heart
is in the brain

CHORUS 4

Ho-ho! Your brain makes you do it
Your brain makes you do it
It makes you doubt, associate,
guess, wonder and intuit
And all complex experience
Is nothing so arcane
Just signals and receptors
in your brain

EXTENSION

And if you think this explanation
sounds a bit inane
Don't fret your pretty head, that's
just your brain
Try not to overthink it, it's your brain
Just get it through your thick skull
It's your brain

vocal: Brian Woodbury
piano & arrangement: Peter Lurye

MEDICAL EMERGENCY

(Brian Woodbury)

Hello

If you're having
a medical emergency
Stop listening to the song
and dial 911
Stop listening to this song!
Stop listening to this song!
Stop listening to the song!
And dial 911!
If you're having
a medical emergency

vocals, sampled strings, piano:
Brian Woodbury

THE SEA VIEW INN

(Brian Woodbury & Paul F. Perry)

VERSE 1

Though you wife has been allaying
Your suspicions, folks are saying

That she's busy running 'round

With any boy toy who is handy
That's her modus operandi
But as yet no evidence is found

For she's furtive and clandestine
She won't have
her handsome guest in
She goes elsewhere to cavort

Somewhere scenic, some sultry
Somewhere perfect for adultery
Off to an inn of last resort

VERSE 2

Yes, your darling,
who was once green,
Is now smoothly rubbing sunscreen
Onto some stranger's back

In the smell of oxybenzone
He is not long for the friendzone
Very soon they'll hit the sack

She met this one at the foot spa
And she had a lot of chutzpah
To invite him for a spin

If you knew it, it would grieve you

That they're off now to deceive in

CHORUS 2

The Sea View Inn
Great for quick assignations
Those impromptu vacations
A beach front for sin
Ah, the Sea View Inn
Where their passions are burning
And the ice machine's churning
Her escapades end and begin
At the Sea View Inn
At the Sea View Inn

VERSE 3

On a business trip to Natchez
In your pool bag you find matches
From an unfamiliar place

Well, she tried to spare you
this sting
But so frequent was her trysting
One rendezvous has left a trace

He's not her be-all nor her end-all
He is just a hunky Ken doll
A diversion for a day

Then you learn he's one of

ten gents
You want justice, you want
vengeance
You want to make the harlot pay

VERSE 4

When she married you,
she struck gold
Now she's making you a cuckold
Still you've got to cool your wrath

And you'll kiss your lucky
horseshoe,
Pray to God she won't divorce you
At least once you do the math

For if she does,
she's gonna clean up
'Cause she never signed
that pre-nup
There's no way that you can win
But whether she decides
to leave you
She is off now to deceive you in

CHORUS 2

The Sea View Inn
With its blue ocean vistas
Nothing stings more than this does
To find that she's been

At the Sea View Inn
While you're stuck at home livid
With your fantasies vivid
You've learned about love's evil twin
From the Sea View Inn
From the Sea View Inn

*lead voc, perc: Brian Woodbury
nylon, bgd vocal: Paul F. Perry
bgd vocal: Marc Doten
upright bass: Edwin Livingston
vibraphone: Nick Mancini*

PASADEENY

(Brian Woodbury)
O fare thee well to ol' Pasadeeny
So long, Cal Tech
and the Rose Bowl too
I'll not parade
in your Tournament o' Roses
Remember me to ol' Pasadoo

vocals, guitar & autoharp: Brian Woodbury

COMPLICATED RHYTHM

(Brian Woodbury & Jim Kimo West)

VERSE 1

My life was rock steady
Not-break-a-sweat-y
When you stumbled right
into my heart
Then in one fell swoop
You threw me for a loop
With a start and a stop and a start

From the day we
mishappened to meet
My tune took a tumble
and the bar skipped a beat

PRECHORUS 1

It was off-again, on-again
Here and then gone again
In-again, out-again
Certain and doubt again
Sweeping me right off my feet

CHORUS 1

With that complicated rhythm
For me and you
Complicated rhythm
It's all we do
Complicated rhythm

Beats may drop
Complicated rhythm
We never stop
When I push, you push
When I pull, you pull
Till everybody's feeling kinda sore
Who could ask for anything more
Complicated?

POSTCHORUS 1

Complicated rhythm, *etc.*

VERSE 2

From the start it was manic
With you, my Titanic
And I, your Lusitania amour
So wrong yet so right
Two ships crashing in the night
With no one to tow us to shore

You say "potato" and I say "plum"
You throw me to the sharks
and then you call me "old chum"

PRECHORUS 2

It was that-away, this-away
Spat away, kiss away
Nip away, tuck away
Fight away, fuck away
Still I cannot help but hum

CHORUS 2

That old complicated rhythm
Our fickle fate
Complicated rhythm
We vacillate
Complicated rhythm
Forth and back
Complicated rhythm
Retreat attack
It's not you, it's me
It's not me, it's you
It's sure a lotta trouble keeping
score
Who could ask for anything more
Complicated?

BRIDGE

Now, anyone can do it
But it's tricky as pi
Many misconstrue it
And I can see why
Once you fall into it
Well, you never can quit
The rhythm isn't gonna get you
You gotta get it

BASS VOICE SOLO

CHORUS 3

That old complicated rhythm
We got the most
Complicated rhythm
We rollercoast
Complicated rhythm
Yes and no
Complicated rhythm
It's stop and go
Come here! Get away
Beat it! Can you stay?
Slow down now, will ya? Whatcha
waitin' for?
Who could ask for anything more
Complicated?

POSTCHORUS 2

Complicated rhythm, *etc.*

lead vocal: Brian Woodbury

soprano: Kathi Funston

alto: Heather Marsden

tenor: Gary Stockdale

bass-baritone: Bob Joyce

upright bass: Edwin Livingston

drums: Andy Sanesi

guitar: Jim Kimo West

OLD TIME PROG

feat. Johnny Unicorn

(Brian Woodbury & Johnny Unicorn)

INTRO

...and on the eighth day, God
created progressive rock
and He called it "prog."

CHORUS 2

Just gimme some of that
old time prog
With Hammond organs
and lots of fog
In seven-four with an epilogue
Just get me near some
And make it fearsome
I wanna hear some of that
old time prog

VERSE 1

I guess that modern jazz
is kinda cool,
I don't mind the second
Viennese school
Gregorian chants,
well, they're a bit cliché
Indonesian gamelan's okay

I can tolerate a blues guitar
In a whole-tone scale and 13-bar
Bollywood? I guess I like it fine
But there's only one music of that
convulses my spine

CHORUS 2

Just gimme some of that
old time prog
With epic tales of a magic frog
A keyboard soloing demagogue
That is my Eden
That's what I'm needin'
My ears are bleedin' for that old
time prog

VERSE 2

I took my girl to see a
prog rock show
She couldn't dance to it
and made us go
She said, "Don't ever play
that noise again."
So I broke up with her
there and then

I read a write-up
on the show I'd seen
"Pretentious bunk,"
said Billboard magazine

But now I've met a girl
who likes prog too
She says, "Baby, just pretend
you never read that review"

CHORUS 3

Let's get us some of that
old time prog
Where synthesizers are analog
The sound that's making
our ears unclog
That is our passion
Always in fashion
No, don't go trashin' that
old time prog

FUGUE

So, let's turn the lights down low
Go crank up the stereo
Slow and then quickening
Flickering in the candle's glow
Lost in the musical maze
as the hours flow

Low, soft now the speakers play
Blow, incense a sage bouquet
Bold and then simpering
Rollicking late night roundelay
Lost in the musical maze
till the break o' day

Oh, putting our headphones on
Whoah, check out the mellotron
Growing and withering
Swooning inside a marathon
Lost in the musical maze till the
early dawn

INSTRUMENTAL 1

LOST

Where will we go?
If we stay
There's no end
There's no over
Over all
Fall in with me
Listen

THE PILGRIMAGE

Ascending through a
lightning world of change
As grains of sand will stop
and rearrange
And birds sing greeting welcome
without sound
To lonely waters churning
underground
And chasms of the mother
mountains grieve
We're waiting all

in waiting to believe
The gorges move
along a canyon road
To rendezvous with the Desert Toad

INSTRUMENTAL 2

FROG CHORUS

Ollotis alvaria
Keeper of *bufotenin*
Spoke thus, "Only seek gaia
Find *Adri ajana*"

CHORUS 4

Go get you some of that
old time prog
To help escape
the mainstream gulag
It's still my favorite
dead horse to flog
There's nothing vital
As a math recital
Go find your idyll
in that old time prog
Old time prog.

lead & bgd vocals, keyboards, FX:
Brian Woodbury
lead & bgd vocals, bass, keyboards:
Johnny Unicorn

drums & percussion: Mark Pardy
bgd vocals: Marc Doten
guitars: Sam Woodbury
flutes, recorders, soprano saxes:
Mark Hollingsworth
bassoon: Allen Savedoff
FX: Dan Cubert

PERFECTLY AWFUL

feat. Deb Hiett

(Brian Woodbury)

HE: She is pretty
Pretty ugly
But she's stinkin'
Stinkin' rich
Oh, she's lousy
Lousy with money
She's got the scratch
I got the itch

VERSE 1 B

SHE: He is kind
Kind of stupid
But he's driven
Driven me nuts
Still he's the best
The best I could hope for
And all I hate about him
Is his guts

REFRAIN 1

Yet I so terribly love him
There's no germ
or vermin above him
He's so down-to-earth
he's like dirt or debris
He's perfectly awful, but awfully
perfect for me

VERSE 2 A

HE: She is striking
Don't say I didn't warn you
Her voice distinctive
Even when she doesn't yell
A fair complexion
Well... fair-to-middling
She has a special air about her
You can smell

VERSE 2 B

SHE: He's determined
Determinedly lazy
Makes an impression
Wherever he sits
Isn't he dashing?
Dashing off for refreshments
So larger-than-life
That no pair of pants ever fits

REFRAIN 2

HE: And I so terribly love her
The clothes strewn about
reeking of her
Her putrid bouquet
and her foul potpourri
She's perfectly awful, but awfully
perfect for me

BRIDGE

She's the sick
In the sickeningly sweet
She's the trick
But she's never the treat
SHE: Biggest prick
That you ever could meet
And not that kind of meat
His condom size is petite

VERSE 3A

Such fine manners
So fine, you can't notice
Holds open the door
To squeeze himself through
He says, "excuse me"
When he finishes burping
He flushes easily
When I remind him to

VERSE 3B

HE: People like her
People like her repulse me
But I put myself second
Her money comes first
BOTH: And that's my champion
My champion loser
Why should I settle
For anyone but the worst?

REFRAIN 3

SHE: And I so terribly love him
Although off a bridge
I could shove him
HE: And I so terribly love her
Though her face ought to come
with a cover
SHE: A sight for sore eyes
HE: But an eye-sore to see
SHE: He's dim but devoted
HE: She's lethal but loaded
SHE: So jarring **HE:** So jolting
BOTH: So simply revolting
Perfectly awful
But awfully perfect for me

*vocals: Brian Woodbury
& Deb Hiett;
guitars, uke, bass, arrangement:
Marc Muller*

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

BRIAN: Oh, God help us!
He's asking
"How ya all feeling tonight?"
The crowd's responding
By shouting "Woo!"
Yet I'm sensing
that something's not right
'Cause now he's claiming
That he can't hear us.
But how could that even be true?
He's quite insistent
That we all participate
Must I oblige and make t
he noise he wants me to?
Woo!

CHORUS 1

Audience participation
Audience participation
I'm minding my own business here
but he won't let me be
Why must the show include me,
me, me, me, me?
Why must the show include me?

VERSE 2

Oh, now he's moving
He's off the stage now
He's making his way
down the aisle.
Oh, please, dear Jesus,
Go somewhere else
If he looks over here, I won't smile
But now he's looming
Right above me
I can feel his hot breath,
he's so near
As he is shouting
Into the microphone
To announce that he has
found his volunteer

CHORUS 2

Audience participation
Audience participation
I made myself invisible,
but somehow he could see
Why did he have to pick me, me,
me, me, me?
Why did he have to pick me?

BRIDGE

Now he pulls me up on stage and
asks my name
And I answer nicely,

trying to act cool
Soon I realize what he wants is
them to laugh at my responses
And my only purpose is to
play the fool
And though he plainly
doesn't need my help at all
Still he puts me to some
task that he's prepared
Then he says I'm not complying
And the audience is dying
With relief that they have
narrowly been spared

CHORUS 3

Audience participation
Audience participation
I bought myself a ticket,
Yes, but I did not agree
To be humiliated
By some second-rate emcee
Why did he have to pick me?

BANTER

Oh, hello, there.
PAUL: Me?
BRIAN: Yes, you.
PAUL: Hi.
BRIAN: What's your name?
PAUL: Paul.

BRIAN: Hey, Paul, where are you
from? PAUL: Um, Los Angeles?
BRIAN: Oh, that's an interesting
place to be from, I suppose. Listen,
when you get singled out in a
crowd, put on the spot, does that
make you feel uncomfortable at all?
PAUL: I don't know.
BRIAN: Hm. And does your denial of
feeling uncomfortable perhaps stem
from some unresolved issues from
childhood?
PAUL: Um, maybe?
BRIAN: Perhaps a deep sense of
inferiority — you think you're not
worthy?
PAUL: I didn't say that.
BRIAN: Or maybe it's a feeling of
smug superiority — you think
you're better than everyone else,
don't you, Paul?
PAUL: No...
BRIAN: Now, Paul, if you can't be
any more forthcoming, then you've
wasted everyone's time. And I'll
have to call on someone else. You
wouldn't want me to have to do
that, now, would you?
PAUL: Sure!

BRIAN: Actually, I am going to call on someone else. I'm going to call on all of you to help me sing this song. I'll sing the first line and you repeat it. Ready?

CHORUS 4

Audience participation You try!

AUDIENCE: Audience participation

BRIAN: Well, that was all right... considering... Now let's do the second line.

Audience participation

AUDIENCE: Audience participation

BRIAN: Hey, that was good! Let's put it all together and go on. Except you won't go on because you don't know the rest of the lyrics. But here goes. 1-2-3-4

BRIAN & AUDIENCE: Audience participation

Audience participation

BRIAN: And now we've suffered long enough,

It's time that we're set free

And if you all concur,

Then you can join in with my plea

Why do they always pick me, me, me, me, me?

Why do they always pick me?

Everybody!

BRIAN & AUDIENCE: Why do they always pick me, me, me, me, me?

Why do they always pick -

BRIAN: Take it, Paul!

PAUL: Me

BRIAN: Huh, odd choice, Paul. I was actually gonna say

Me . But that'll do. Paul, ladies and gentlemen.

*lead vocal & FX: Brian Woodbury
audience vocal & nylon guitar: Paul F. Perry*

*accordion: Narib Yubrodow
audience vocals: Elma Mayer, Deb Hielt & Maple Valley House Concert audience*

DON KNOTTS (Brian Woodbury)

Don Knotts died today

Don Knotts died today

Don Knotts died today

Again

On Facebook

vocal & organ: Brian Woodbury

WD 40

(Brian Woodbury)

INTRO

When the gears get seized up
And nothin' wants to move
There's a magic potion
That makes life go down real
smooth

VERSE 1

Too much whinin',
too much bitchin'
He won't talk, and she won't listen
Not enough grindin'
but way too much friction
They need some dubya D forty

VERSE 2

Not much future, too much history
She's too touchy,
and he's too bristly
Someone should put 'em
out of their misery
And get 'em some dubya D forty

BRIDGE 1

Now, some folks plain
refuse to budge
And others get - impatient

When all they really needs a squirt
Of industrial lubrication

VERSE 3

Too much takin', and no givin'
Too much was, and too much isn't
Indeedy she did.
Uh-oh, no, he didn't
It's time for dubya D forty

INSTRUMENTAL

BRIDGE 2

Yep, that's what helps you
get unstuck
You just apply it - weekly
It's handy in the bedroom too
When the box spring's
soundin' creaky

VERSE 4

She was a shrew. He was a tyrant
Now she's supple, now he's pliant
And we can all get us some peace
and some quiet
Thanks to that dubya D forty
Thanks to that dubya D forty
Thanks to that dubya D forty

Vocals, drum programming, FX:

Brian Woodbury

Guitars, bass, arrangement:

Marc Muller

YOU SHOULD WRITE A SONG ABOUT THAT

(Brian Woodbury)

Wow!

Where do you get all your ideas?

Do you just make 'em up
n your head?

Huh-huh, I guess so. Duh...

How do you come up
with stuff like that?

You must be really creative.

Really?

I can never think of any ideas.

Nothing ever comes to mind.

Ha-ha-ha! That's funny?

You know what?

You should write a song about that.

*vocal, guitar, amateur violin, banjo,
sampled banjo: Brian Woodbury*

DON'T CALL BACK

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

Some band wants

to play my wine bar

They've been calling me for months

They're politely sending emails

Left their CD. More than once.

After checkin' the first second of it,

Hoo-boy, does it suck!

No way'm I bookin' that.

Not at my classy place. Good luck.

But how am I tellin' 'em so?

Is there some way

of lettin' 'em know? Hmm... oh!

CHORUS 1

Don't call back, yeah,

don't call back.

They can either think

I think they stink

Or their demo's still in the stack

Don't call back, yeah,

don't call back.

I'll save those fifteen

awkward seconds

they would put me through

And let 'em down real easy

It's the least that I can do

'Cause when in doubt,
why spell it out?
Instead just don't call back, yeah,
don't call back,
yeah, don't call back. Oo ooh!
Don't call back, *etc.*

VERSE 2

I've been going with this woman
for, like, practically a year
And I've taken her to wine tastings
I've whispered in her ear
But when she says I love you
Well, I always tell her, "yep"
And it makes me wince
when she drops hints
about taking it to the next step
Now how can I push her away?
When I know what
she wants me to say?
Hmm... hey!

CHORUS 2

Don't call back, just don't call back.
She can leave a hundred messages,
I ain't gonna be keeping track.
Don't call back, just don't call back.
Ignore her texts and telegrams
And cards and flowers too
I'll piss her off so much

Until she's really glad we're through
I know she'll hear me loud and clear
Long as I don't call back, yeah,
Don't call back, yeah, don't call
back, *etc.*

BRIDGE

Awkward
It's so awkward
Trying to find the things to say
It's much more chill to sneak away
Too much information
Don't get all explicit here.
It's not that I don't want to see
somebody gettin' hurt
It's just the truth can be a little
difficult to blurt

VERSE 3

Oh, whoops! I've fallen down a well
Yes, it seems that's what I've done
Who puts a well outside a winery?
And, like, facing in the sun?
Now the water's getting colder
and it's hard to stay afloat
I'm all alone,
I've dropped my phone
and this screaming
is hurting my throat.
I see you peer over the wall

Pretending you can't hear me call
Hey-hey, down here, y'all!

CHORUS 3A

Don't call back
Seriously? You don't call back?
The non-chalance
of your non-response
is an interesting tack
Don't call back
All right, just don't call back
You're thinking to yourself
Why should this burden fall to you?
To put you on the spot
That's such a cheeky thing to do
Why get involved? It's easily solved
if you

CHORUS 3B

Don't call back,
yeah, don't call back
But if in spite of your indifference
I survive this waterloo
When I pull myself to freedom
That's a day you're gonna rue
I'll settle score when I ignore
each and every one of you.
You'll all be toast when I go ghost
and simply don't call back, *etc.*

*lead & bgd vocals, bass, piano,
banjo: Brian Woodbury
drums & percussion: Andy Sanesi
guitars: Sam Woodbury*

A MAN WITH NO FOIBLE

(Brian Woodbury)

INTRO

Most people have one or two
And some people have quite a few
Such idiosyncrasies
But I do not have one of these

VERSE 1

This one will repeat word "Achoo!"
anytime she feels
a sneeze coming on
That one always leaves the door
ajar and talks to you when he is
using the john
The other one,
on catching her reflection,
will purse her lips
and arch her brow
and flare her nostrils like a horse

PRECHORUS 1

But that doesn't make them jerks
They've just got their little quirks

And everybody has them.
Well, that is,
except for me, of course.

CHORUS 1

For I am a man with no foible
I am a completely enjoyable
Guy with no need for allowance,
excuse or alibi
Oh, I am a man with no foible
Not a foible have I

VERSE 2

One tells me that I eat like a pig,
I wolf my food so fast,
I'll probably choke
One says I re-phrase the funny
comments that she makes
like I came up with the joke
The other says
I'm arrogant and snooty
As when I demonstrate the music
that he likes is only noise

PRECHORUS 2

But despite these glaring flaws
I forgive them their faux pas
I overlook their failings,
For not everyone can have my poise

CHORUS 2

As I am a man with no foible
I'm made of a mettle unalloyable
Try and you'll find no shortcomings
or frailties to descry
Oh, I am a man with no foible.
Not a foible have I

BRIDGE

Well, yes, I tie my shoes
when I get nervous
But just because I want to
Yes, I clutch my testes
on the subway
For something to hold onto
Sure, I hide my boogers in the sofa
But everybody does that
I own up to foul deeds I do
Oh, god, that smell! Who was that?

Sure, I use a steak knife
when I pick my teeth.
But only *after* eating
I only spoil movies that I've seen
'cause otherwise
it would be cheating.
I give my friends the blow-by-blow
of all my dreams
'cause *mine* are entertaining

I like to piss on other people's legs,
but I would *never* claim it's raining

PRECHORUS 3

Despite what anybody thinks
I have no tics or faults or kinks
And as for those who claim I do
I say they ought to go see shrinks

CHORUS 3

Yes, I am a man with no foible
I guess unless you're annoying
By something I do that bugs you
for no good reason why
Oh, I am a man with no foible
Not a foible have I
Have I

*vocal, bass, piano, drum
programming, FX: Brian Woodbury
trumpets: Chris Tedesco
violins: Sara Parkins
cellos: Maggie Parkins
percussion: Dan Cubert*

THE WORST SONG ON THE ALBUM (Brian Woodbury)

The worst song on the album
There's always got to be one
Prove me wrong

*vocals, drum programming: Brian
Woodbury
guitars, bass: Sam Woodbury*

WOMEN! (KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN' ?)(Brian Woodbury)

Women!
Know what I'm sayin'?
Forget about it.
Know what I mean?
It's like, I don't know, ya know,
I don't know.
Gimme a break.

Pardon me.
I know it's none of my business,
but I think you got a problem.
Want to know what your problem it?
Women.
I hope you don't mind my sayin' so.
I just call 'em like I see 'em.

You gotta understand something:
Every woman is always,
"Can we talk?"
We *she* can talk all she wants....
Obviously. Talk is cheap.
But like they say,
"Actions is louder than words"

You said that right!
Got nothin' to say, why say it?
Shut up already.
You're talkin' a lot
but you ain't sayin' anything.
Know what I mean?

Women!
What can ya do?
I'm tellin' ya...
Go figure.
It's like, I don't know, ya know,
I don't know.
Tell me about it!

And what's *with* women?
They're always
complaining about *us*?
Like we're all the same.
"Men this, men that!"
Don't look at me, honey,
I didn't make the rules
I mean, a man's gotta do
what a man's...
Ya know, and like that.
What does she expect?
You're only human.

Now don't get me wrong.
I love women

I mean, I'm not like...
Hey... Okay?
I mean, no way. Watch it!
But you can take it too far.
Like that story —
that guy, that big shot,
and that girl —
you know the famous pair.
At first they're all like [*kissing
sound*].
Puhlease...
Look at 'em now.
She's givin' him grief.
He's like whatever.
She's outta here.
Guess who pays? Hello!
What's up with that?

Women!
Yeah, right?
Believe me.
What can I say?
It's like, I don't know, ya know,
I don't know.
Whatever.

Now, I know what you're thinkin'?
Who is this guy?
What does he know from women?
I know, believe me, I know

But you don't have to
take my advice.
Don't listen to me.

Hey, but before ya go,
I was wonderin':
You know anyplace around here
that's good to meet girls?
For some reason,
I keep shtrikin' out.
Can you believe it?

Women!
Know what I'm sayin'?
For get about it
Know what I mean?
It's like, I don't know, ya know,
I don't know.
Say *that* again!

Gimme a break!

*vocal, synth bass, piano, sampled
vibes: Brian Woodbury
drums & percussion: Joe Berardi
accordion: Nick Ariondo
saxophones: Sal Lovano
violin: Sara Parkins
viola: Jimbo Ross
cello: Maggie Parkins*

YOU ROCK

(Brian Woodbury)

You rock
You piece of dirt
You clump of earth
Unprecious stone
That children kick
And cavemen knock
You rock

*vocals, guitars, bass, drum
programming: Brian Woodbury*

YOU'RE LIKE HITLER

(Brian Woodbury)

INTRO

BRIAN: When I'm in an argument
That doesn't go my way
I trot out my trusty motto
That always wins the day

CHORUS 1

If you say something
I disagree with
You're like Hitler, *etc.*

VERSE 1A

You liberals want to force us
to get medically insured

That's like socialism
and the Nazis used that word
Free contraception
That's eugenics
Just like Hitler

VERSE 1 B

You're pushing for big government
To regulate the banks
What's next? Invading Poland
with two thousand Panzer tanks?
First Glass-Steagall
Then the Anschluss
Just like Hitler

CHORUS 2

You say something
I disagree with
You're like Hitler
Everybody!

AUDIENCE: You're like Hitler

BRIAN: Very good!

You say something
I disagree with
You're like Hitler

AUDIENCE: You're like Hitler

BRIAN: You say something

I disagree with

You're like Hitler

AUDIENCE: You're like Hitler

BRIAN: You guys are great at following orders!

VERSE 2 A

You conservatives are scheming
to put prayer back into school
That's a slippery slope
to having single party rule
A moment of silence
leads to fascism
Just like Hitler

VERSE 2 B

You want to ban abortions,
and a woman's right to choose
Next thing you know,
why, you'll be gassing all the Jews
Pro-life politics
Same as the Holocaust
You're like Hitler

BRIDGE

First they came for the
off-shore tax havens
But I was not an
off-shore tax haven,
So I said nothing.

CHORUS 3

You said something

I disagree with
You're like Hitler

AUDIENCE: You're like Hitler, *etc.*

VERSE 3A

BRIAN: You say not to
call you Hitler,
the analogy's unfair
You say it's like what Goebbels did.
I see what you did there
I called you Hitler
You called me Hitler
That's *so* Hitler

VERSE 3B

And when someone who is
actually like Hitler comes along
What warning can I sound
that is adequately strong?
I know! Mussolini!
No one will believe me
'Cause they're all like Hitler

CHORUS 4

You say something
We disagree with
You're like Hitler

AUDIENCE: You're like Hitler, *etc.*

EXTENSION

BRIAN: You're like Hitler

AUDIENCE: You're like Hitler

BRIAN: No, *you're* like Hitler

AUDIENCE: You're like Hitler

BRIAN: Hitler!

vocal, guitar, FX: Brian Woodbury

tuba: Chris Olness

clarinets: Mark Hollingsworth

audience vocals: Elma Mayer, Deb

Hiett, Bill Berry & Maple Valley

House Concert audience

FLASHMOB!

Hey, everybody, it's a flashmob!

Flashmob!

Flashmob!

vocals, keyboards, drum

programming, FX: Brian Woodbury

I HOLD YOUR HAND IN MINE

(Tom Lehrer)

VERSE 1

I hold your hand in mine dear

I press it to my lips

I take a healthy bite from your

dainty fingertips

VERSE 2

My joy would be complete dear
if you were only here
but still I keep your hand as a
precious souvenir

BRIDGE

The night you died I cut it off
I really don't know why
for now each time I kiss it
I get blood stains on my tie

VERSE 3

I'm sorry now I killed you
for our love was something fine
Until they come to get me,
I shall hold your hand in mine

vocal: Brian Woodbury
nylon guitar: Jim "Kimo" West

HEY GUYS

(Brian Woodbury)

Hey what's up guys. This is Ray
Zapronak from Ray Z Tutorials?

Today I'm gonna go ahead and
show you how to use the Vocoder
effect in Logic Pro X. Vocoder effect

allows you to go ahead and
transform your voice to the sound
of a instrument, or transform your
instrument to the sound of a voice.
It's like the robot voice effect you
always sometimes hear.

They say there's supposedly some
other third party standalone
Vocoders that are supposedly better
than Logic's? But this is like
super convenient. Plus, honestly, I
never tried those other ones, so
save that for a later tutorial.
Haha. LOL.

Okay.

So, first thing you're gonna wanna
go ahead and do is, is you're gonna
wanna go ahead and make sure you
have a piece of audio to work with. I
sometimes usually always just use
my own voice.

So the very next thing you're gonna
wanna do is you're gonna wanna go
ahead and bring up a new software
instrument. You can easily go ahead
selecting this button right here.

Next you're gonna wanna go ahead and scroll down and select the EVOC 20 PS Synth Vocoder and choose stereo. Remember not to skip that step. I sometimes never remember to choose stereo, so I sometimes always have to go back and select it again. Literally.

Now, first thing you're gonna wanna go ahead and do is you're gonna wanna go ahead and sidechain the signal. Sidechain sounds complicated but it's just a technical term for how sidechain a signal.

That's turned up.

And hey, we're pretty much almost all the way there to get this set up. So, now the very next thing you're gonna wanna do is you're gonna wanna go ahead and find the sound that you wanna go ahead and use for vocoding. I've chosen this rad synth sound with some cool chord changes I laid down earlier.

Next thing we're gonna wanna do is go over to our signal area? And

make sure we have VOC selected. Now I'm gonna go ahead and hit play. 'N' that's it. I hope this helps you get to achieve the final net end results you're looking for using the Vocoder effect.

Okay guys thanks for watching. Remember to subscribe to my YouTube page, Ray Z tutorials. Later.

vocal, guitars, bass, keyboards, synths & drum programming:
Brian Woodbury

CARE ABOUT CANCER

(Brian Woodbury)

Share this song
if you care about cancer
Pass it along
if you care about cancer
For if you don't share
That means you're not aware
And you don't really care
about cancer

vocal & uke: Brian Woodbury

THE BEST EVER

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

Those were the best pancakes ever
Better than the ones I had last week
Better than those amazing ones
that everybody was raving about
for years

Better than the ones from the really
popular restaurant that was voted as
having the best pancakes of 2004
Better even than the pancakes I had
the first time I ever had pancakes
in my entire life
Those were good.
But they're nothing compared to the
ones I just had

CHORUS

The best ever
The best ever
The best
Ever

VERSE 2

My mom's the best mom ever.
After an exhaustive survey of all
living mothers and all mothers that
have ever lived.

Billions and billions of mothers.
It turns out my mother is better at
being a mother than all other
mothers.

Imagine that!
Your mother sucks,
by comparison.
I mean statistically.
And actually.

CHORUS

The best ever
The best ever
The best
Ever
Ever
Ever

VERSE 3

That was the best sex ever.
Better than all those other times I
told you that was the best sex ever.
And everybody else I ever told that
was the best sex ever.
And better than every time anybody
else who ever had sex said that was
the best sex ever.
This time was it.
Doesn't get any better than that.

BRIDGE

Like I say to my BFFs,
you're the best.
Then I say the same to all the rest.

VERSE 4

This is the best country ever.
The greatest country on earth.
I know because this is where I live.
It's so obvious from my point of
view that I don't even have to think
about it.
That's what makes it so great.
Those other countries think they're
so special.
Go around talking about how great
they think they are.
We'll show 'em how great they are.
Don't push it.

CHORUS

The best ever
The best ever
The best
Ever
Ever
Ever
Ever

*vocal, piano, synth: Brian
Woodbury*