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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 Parady** 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 Parady**: 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](http://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 Hiatt 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's not that 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, guitars, bass:*  
*Brian Woodbury*  
*bgd vocals: Amy Engelhardt*  
*accordion: Narib Yubrodow*  
*drums: Mark Pardy*

**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 & arranging: 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  
It 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  
But 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 & arranging 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 hacky 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, *etc.*

*lead & bgd vocals, acoustic, organ,*  
*bass: Brian Woodbury*  
*bgd vocals: Bill Berry & Marc Doten*  
*elec. 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  
(Left to spend) In eternal damnation  
Damnation  
Damnation  
(Well, well, well, we're goin' to Hell  
Said we're goin' to Hell)

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

## **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 ippecac  
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 the 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 that feels is romantic  
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 & arranging: 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

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 1*

The Sea View Inn  
Great for quick assignations  
Those impromptu vacations  
A beach front for sin  
At 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 J.P.L. 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  
(No tow into 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*  
*guitar: Jim Kimo West*  
*upright bass: Edwin Livingston*  
*drums: Andy Sanesi*

## 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

So 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 a 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 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

Nothing's as 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*

*bgd vocals: Marc Doten*

*guitars: Sam Woodbury*

*flutes, recorders, soprano saxes:*

*Mark Hollingsworth*

*basoon: Allen Savedoff*

*drums & percussion: Mark Pardy*

*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 2A*

**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 2B*

**SHE:** He's determined  
Determinedly lazy  
Makes an impression  
Wherever he sits  
Isn't he dashing?  
Dashing off for refreshments  
So longer-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  
But 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 3 B*

**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, co-arranging:  
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!"  
But 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  
We all participate  
Must I oblige and make  
the 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, no, 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, oh...

### *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*

And now he pulls me up on stage  
and asks my name  
And I answer nicely,  
trying to act cool  
But 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  
(Ha ha ha!)  
With the relief that they have  
narrowly been spared, oh...

### *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?

### *B A N T E R*

Oh, hi, there.

PAUL: Hey.

BRIAN: Yeah, you.

PAUL: Hi.

BRIAN: What's your name?

PAUL: Paul.

BRIAN: And where're you from,  
Paul?

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: Mm, hmm... I don't know.

BRIAN: Does your denial of feeling  
uncomfortable perhaps stem from  
some unresolved issues from  
childhood?

PAUL: Hmm, may- maybe?

BRIAN: Perhaps it's a deep sense of  
inferiority. You think you're not  
worthy?

PAUL: Ah, I didn't say that...

BRIAN: Maybe it's a feeling of smug  
superiority. You think you're better  
than everyone else, don't you, Paul?

PAUL: No, 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?

### *C H O R U S   4*

Audience participation. You try!

AUDIENCE: Audience participation

BRIAN: Hey! Well, that was not  
bad... considering...

Now I'll teach you the second line.  
I'll sing it and you'll repeat after me.  
Ready?

Audience participation

AUDIENCE: Audience participation

BRIAN: Good! Let's put it all  
together and go on. Except for 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. 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 Hiatt & 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  
They need 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*

They need some dubya D forty

### *BRIDGE 2*

And 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  
All thanks to that dubya D forty

They got some dubya D forty  
We love that dubya D forty

*vocals, drum programming, FX:*  
*Brian Woodbury*  
*Guitars, bass, co-arranging:*  
*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  
in your head?  
Huh-huh, I guess so. Duh!  
But... how do you come up  
with stuff like that?  
You must be really creative.  
Really? Pfff!  
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  
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  
But 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. Oo ooh! *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  
Why 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

Whoops! I've fallen down a well  
Yes, it seems that's what I've done  
Who puts a well outside a winery?  
And why's it facing in the sun?  
Well, 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, yeah  
don't call back, yeah,  
don't call back. Oo ooh! *etc.*  
Don't call back, yeah  
don't call back  
I don't call back.

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

# 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, piano, bass, 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  
personal business,  
but I think you got a problem.  
You want to know what your  
problem is?

Women.  
I hope you don't mind my sayin' so.  
I just call 'em like I see 'em.

You see, you gotta understand  
something:  
Every woman is always,  
"Can we talk?"  
Well, *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!"  
Hey, 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.  
I mean, 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 a good to meet girls?  
For some reason,  
I keep shtrikin' out.  
Can you believe it?

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

## **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)

### *I N T R O*

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

### *C H O R U S 1*

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

### *V E R S E 1 A*

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

### *V E R S E 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:** Wow! You guys are great  
at following orders!

### *VERSE 2A*

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 2B*

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!  
But no one will believe me  
'Cause they're all like Hitler

### CHORUS 4

You say something  
We disagree with  
You're like Hitler. (March with me!)

**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. The 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 that robot voice effect you  
always sometimes hear.

They say there are 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 always usually 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 and do that by just going ahead and selecting this button right here.

Next you're gonna wanna go ahead and scroll down and select the EVOC Vocoder and choose stereo output. 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 turnt 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 go ahead and 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. 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. And please 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 mom 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  
Ever

*vocal, piano, synth:*  
*Brian Woodbury*