



**My Baby's Insane**

My baby's insane. My baby is three-sheets-crazy!  
Cause she loves me so, I always make her cry and she never gives me  
cause, but she loves me so,..it makes you wonder if there's anyone  
home.

My baby's not bright. My baby's as dumb as a hammer,  
Cause she loves me so, .. everybody tells her she could do a lot better,  
but she loves me so,..it makes you wonder is she's got a full deck.

I can tell you I'm a pain in the neck.

This relationship's like watching a wreck, cause my baby's insane!  
My baby's got something wrong. My baby's got bone fide problems!  
Cause she loves me so,..she keeps comin' back for more so its gotta  
make you wonder,

Yeh, she loves me so,..it's not much different than a moth to a flame.

She keeps comin' back for more of the same.

She oughta quit when she's ahead of the game,..

My baby's insane!

**Walking the Dogma**

There's a list that we're still generating of the people and things that  
we hate. We'll come up with reasons and rationale later. There's  
much to think and less to know.

So grab your leash and walk that dogma.

There are plenty of icon there. It's like Madeline Murray O'Hare.

You go lookin' for Gandhi, but find Fred Astaire.

There's much to know and less to think.

So turn the dial and walk that dogma.

I want to feel it right. I want to feel it wrong. I want to know the  
magic of some "truth".

I want to have the passion of a red conviction.

I don't care how, I don't care who.

I want to know that my letter's not lost. That my salad's not  
recklessly tossed. That my "Ts" are dotted, my "Is" are all crossed.

So wrap the metaphor around you and warm your hands on the  
cracking dogma.

And so now it's the old tug-of-war as we stretch out the rope even  
more. And they pull on their side and you yank on yours,

And soon enough we're far apart and can't be heard..

Except for dogma...There's much to know. There's much to think.

**Monkey and the Rat**

It's very funny but not an awful lot of fun.

We're spendin' money, but nothing ever happens

The monkey's askin', but doesn't really want to know, and if he  
doesn't stop I think I'll have to up and slap him!

This is the story of the monkey and the rat. The monkey make a lotta  
money. The rat's just a rat. I'm feelin' like it musta felt where Mary  
Lincoln sat....everybody....

And now they're thinking, but haven't really thought it through.

They're makin' noises just like onomatopoeia...POW! If one is  
good, thirty must be all the rage. We're gonna sell it all with "aren't  
we cute?" and "glad to see ya!"

Another chapter of the monkey and the rat. The monkey read a book  
once. The rat?.. well that's another piece of gossip from the local  
laundry mat...everybody...

They make you sorry and ask you if you want some more. They kick  
your teeth in, but how come you're not smilin'? They find  
replacements and ask you if you'll hold the door. They like to live it  
up while cuttin' corners all the while and...Your getting' lathered by  
the monkey and the rat. The monkey talks in platitude. The rat talks  
rat. There isn't much they wouldn't say to put you in their hat...

Everybody's dancin', everybody's swayin', everybody's laughin',  
everybody's playin'.

If this mutiny, then hang me good & high. I just want to have a day  
where I don't have to lie. Thank you very much but now I'm taking  
back my soul...No! No! No! No! No!

Look away, look away, look away little pigeons. Keep your  
comments to yourselves unless you wanna feel the lash. There's  
nothing better than this monkey-rat religion. All you need is money.  
All you need is cash.

We gotta fix this little monkey and the rat. The monkey needs to  
grow up. The rat needs a cat...or maybe just a small dose of common  
decency, STAT!..everybody...

**That Is All**

They won't play this song on the radio, It ain't hip, It ain't hop.

It ain't dope or fly or cool...And I don't even think it's groovy.

And I ain't blonde and I ain't blue-eyed, And I ain't Latin and I don't dance.

Which is probably why you won't see this on VH1 or MTV...

*It's a form of non-compliance. It's a form of insurrection*

*Just like spit wads on the blackboard when the teacher's back is turned.*

*It's not only pure defiance, but form of self-protection.*

*It's just what it is for what its worth and...that is all...*

They won't play this song on the radio 'cause it ain't got the words "love" or  
"baby" in it,..except for maybe right there...

And it ain't poignant and it ain't political,

And it ain't representin' and it ain't terminally hip,

And it ain't sexy unless you find 48 and slightly over-weight appealing...

*It's a form of non-compliance. It's a form of insurrection.*

*Just like crossing at the corner when it clearly says to wait.*

*It's not only pure defiance, but form of self-protection*

*It's just what it is for what its worth and...that is all...*

They won't play this song on the radio 'cause it ain't got no video,

And I'll give you a few clicks to think about that...

And to tell you the truth the focus group didn't know what to make of it,

They're all, "what's it all mean?" and "what's he trying to say?"

But for my money I gotta tell you understanding's way over-rated...

*It's a form of non-compliance, It's a form of insurrection, No! No! No! No!*

*It's not only pure defiance, but a form of self-protection.*

*It's just what it is for what its worth and...That is all...*

**Makes Me So Mad**

Maybe I'll call him a liar. Could be I'll just let the air out his  
tires,..or just get it over with,..set him on fire. He makes me so mad.  
Maybe I'll loosen his breaks,..introduce laxative into his cakes,..and  
pleasure in watching the faces he makes. He's got me so mad.

Now I've tried being reasonable, tried to engage,..tried to attempt  
give and take. But it seems that he's just bent on being  
insane...insane for insanity's sake.

Now I'm addicted to hate...somewhat enamored of being irate. Let  
loose endorphins and open the gate. He's got me so mad...

Now I'm as angry as hell...hands in the air as I rant to myself. Let  
slip the dogs of war off of the shelf. He makes me so mad.

**Gone Munkeys**

Ooh, we gotta lot to do. We gotta up and move this zoo. Come along  
and be gone munkey. We got to swing. We got to fling. We got to  
play. Oh, simians to and fro! A big hairy band has gots to blow! You  
is just a long gone munkey. We got to swing. We got to fling.

We got to play.

With a beat and a rhyme, it's in gorilla time. I can hold you!  
Bananas for two when I'm screamin' for you. When I hear that old  
song, maybe Darwin was wrong! (continued)

Hey, we got to stay and play. Hang that tire from the ceiling and  
we'll sway,..playin' with them crazy gone munkeys.

We got to swing. We got to fling. We got to play.





**Making It Up**

Some folks say that the sky is blue. Some folks say that the world is flat. Some folks say that the story's true. I don't know what to think about that.

Oh yeh, what did think about that? Blind man holdin' a cup...don't ask him 'cause he's making it up.

Hold me up to the light of day. Can't see much when the light is gone. I'm just wanting to sit and play. I'm just singing a little song.

Oh yeh, what did you think about that? Old man says, "don't interrupt. Sit and watch, I'm making it up inside you."

Fifteen minutes is all you get. Seems like more when you're at the post. Ask the wizards in old Tibet, or call it in to the radio host and say "Oh yeh, now what did you think about that?" Some cases open, then shut. Don't ask me. I'm making it up inside you.

**\*\*Polka! Polka! Polka!**

There's my Frauline! She's so hot und fine. Und when I drink wine it makes me want to... Polka! Polka! Polka!..Polka all night long! I wish I were her noodle,..the apfel in her strudel. And when she takes a little bite it makes me want to... Polka! Polka! Polka!... Polka all night long!

When they blow the tuba it makes my heart go "ooobah!". I take her by the waist und hands,..it makes me want to... Polka! Polka! Polka!.. Polka all night long!

I can hardly keep the beat 'cause I have two left feet. But hers are right. We fit so well. It makes me want to... Polka! Polka! Polka!.. Polka all night long!

**Sad**

I don't wanna hear a thing about lemonade. I don't really care what angle you wear that frown. I don't give a damn how well that the game gets played...cause I want to be sad.

Everything you see is unreasonable. Everything I hear is unreasonable. (Guess what)

Everything you do is unreasonable...cause I got to be sad.

I don't know. I can't have. I can't be. I can't try. I can't see. I can't do. I can't want. I can't find. I can't care. I don't know!....

Maybe little stories help you to keep you calm. Maybe little stories help you digest your food. Maybe it's fear your wear like a soothing balm. I got to be sad.

**Dancing About the Enigma**

Hey, anyone else noticing the dance? Yeh, seems that I'm a choreographer by chance and oh, don't it seem they left some detail out. Oh, try to make some sense of it we *twist and shout*.

Can I know I don't know I know? Can't I see that I don't know I see nothing? And nothing keeps me dancing. Maybe if the tempo jump a bit,..maybe if I get the hang of 'dis,..something will keep me up and dancing.

Hey, what's the point of showing me the beat? Yeh, anyone can dance but I've got two left feet and oh, maybe if I just sit this one out.

You're quite the tease..won't let me know what it's about...

Now it's not like that I've never had these thoughts before. But I'm having trouble with the footprints on the floor. I can't quite convince the steps to go...the same way twice.

Laying in my bed and half awake...ooh didn't that dream seem so real, but now its fake and see how this monkey in the mirror feels.

Ooh, just a moment here and there that I can steal...

**That's Not What I Heard**

You're so good. I'm so bad. You say you can't be gotten and I'm just plain had...but that's not what I heard. That's not what I heard, baby-doll. And if the truth be known,..That's not what I heard at all.

Well, you say that I'm the wolf,..you're just the sheep. You say you're too expensive, and I'm just plain cheap, but that's not what I heard...

Well, to hear you tell it you're the risin' sun. To hear you tell it you're the only one. I got news baby that this is the end. Gonna find new lovers. Gonna find new friends. I know that you tell 'em that you kicked me out... I stood there cryin' with a hounddog pout, sayin' boo hoo hoo...no,no,no..

If the truth be known, that's not what I heard at all.

**\*Lock Me Up**

Lock me up and pull me in. Lock me up and give me a shot. Turn the key, forget about me, Lock me up and give me a shot.

Doctor I am out of control. My lithium level is low I'm so full of trauma, I just want my mama. My agitation's starting to grow. You don't know me. You don't know me.

Your conscience still has nothing to show, cause the legislation's ready to go. The fever's infectious. We'll all get injections, as long as your taxes are low.

You saw me on the corner today. Your conscience was beginning to play. The pity you show me, it's like you don't know me.

Maybe if I just went away!



**Aren't You Glad You Came**

We can't begin to say how pleased we are you made it. We're excited. We're ecstatic. We're amazed.

And should there be the slightest, little doubt about it.

We're so happy that you came.

Now, some might criticize your actions,..make a comment,...take exception to your questionable fame.

But none of that 'cause we won't have it!..and we guarantee you'll be happy that you came.

*So delighted that you're here. Come in, make yourself at home Isn't that much better (2. Let me get you something)*

*And aren't you glad you came.*

There might be cause at times to see the glass half-empty. It's quite common. Not to worry. There's no blame.

And in the end we trust you'll find the silver lining and be awfully glad you came.

**Ointment**

Ointment! Generous helping with it's viscous barrier to the true sensational experience... Or could it be the gently passive rocking of the boat as the groceries roll back and forth over the dark deck like so many suburban oranges.

Ointment! Cool, creamy, moist against my skintight psyche, penetrating molecular invasion regardless of forbidden lust, and you still call yourself a Proctologist?

Or does the syllabic dichotomy played against the mundane undulation of the white-noise-beuro-speak find its way to meaninglessville?...man.

Ointment! Try,...oh try!... not to confuse the fact that you may have an opinion with your insatiable need to have me believe that you are an expert.

The tied-dyed-earth-mother-pottery-throwing-cowgirl just wants to buy the world a coke...insert trademark here.

Ointment...does justice need lubrication?

Ointment!...conventional attempt. Safe practice. FDA approved.

Ointment!...but with a hint of lemon?

Ointment!...Who came up with this crap!?

Ointment!...Why doesn't this rhyme?

Ointment!...Get the net!.. Ointment!

But I digress.

