

# Marksman Ditties:

A Half Century Plus of Alternatingly Stimulating,  
Educational, Entertaining and Curious Novelty

© ROBERT J. MARKS II

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Online with links: <http://MarksManNet.com/SaberToothDuck/Opi.pdf>

Shorter (Without Arrangements): <http://MarksManNet.com/SaberToothDuck/Opi-.pdf>

These are Bob's favorite songs in terms of melody and lyrics. Instrumentals and great melodies with mediocre lyrics are at the links above.

# Preface

## 1965-2019

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My musical creation tracks my growth and mental maturity. Many of my songs are milestone markers in my life. The songs before I became a Christian are markedly different than those after. I can relate each song very clearly to an incident or a feeling.

Although some early songs stack up well to pop songs of their time, there is a gradient of improvement in lyric quality with respect to time. Many of the early lyrics are like the top 40 songs I grew up with. I am proud of most of my melodies - even the early ones. Some, I have used over and over. I usually write the melody first. I relate with the common composer notion that ideas for melodies are in the ether waiting to enter any creative brain open to reception. Some of my melodies seem to write themselves. Others have a type of mathematical progression to them and are more mechanical.

The first twenty-two songs I wrote are listed in alphabetical order. I wrote them before I left Garfield Hts., Ohio, to go to college in the summer of 1968. I was 17 and wanted to get them copyrighted before I left for college. Some of the songs were written when I was 15. I never kept a detail record of the dates of songs so in each case I estimated the year it was written. Some could be very off.

All the early lead sheets are written by hand. Later, I used an on-line site to write for the scores. Some works have meaningful arrangements. I placed them in a separate section called ARRANGEMENTS at the end since they are so long.

The audio, where linked, is of mixed quality. Some early recordings have tape hiss. The recordings overall are not meant to be professional but were recorded in the spirit of song demos. Even so, some are really great. Some audio shows off the talent of musicians Mark Ford, Doug Haldeman, Dan Kato and Pat Kelley. Mark plays incredible bass, Doug guitar & organ, Dan is a great finger picking guitarist and Pat is the most talented lead guitarist and creative musician I have ever met. All chimed in with vocals as did wife Connie and brother Ray. I play mostly guitar but you'll also hear me on organ, the melodica (a hand held wind key board) and an electric contact electric key board. Some of the mp3 files were taken from a cassette and are mono. Brother Ray Marks made a digital recording directly from analog reel-to-reel tapes for many of the songs. The digital DAT recordings sat around for years on tapes until 2011 when Ray made WAV files. Some of the recordings are in stereo. I've included everything here, including some recordings that are musically bad performances. They are included to give an idea of a song's idea. There is also DAT noise on a few songs where the DAT tape degraded over time. Two of the songs, *Lazy Bum* and *Lil Isaac* were written using Apple's Garage Band and are great. There are no vocals for most of the later pieces and the midi files. Only music.

A song's lyrics & melody must be listened to more than once to be appreciated. When you do, you'll notice that I've not only written a lot of songs, but a handful of them are really good.

Robert J Marks II  
McGregor, Texas, 2019

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# 128. Keeping Kameron Alive

(Squirt Gun Run)

by R. J. Marks II

2019

<http://marksmannet.com/Opi/128-KeepingKameronAlive.wav>

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For my beloved grandson Kameron. The topic of this song, suggested by son Joshua, nicely captures the experience of babysitting Kameron before his second birthday. What a handful!

The “squirt gun run” subtitle is used so everyone knows Kameron running around with a loaded gun is pure fiction. We’re very careful with our firearms. The loaded gun makes a point using an exaggerated metaphor. Running around with a loaded squirt gun sounded more acceptable.

## Keeping Kameron Alive

### (Squirt Gun Run)

Hey Kameron

Put down that gun

I don’t think it’s loaded

But you’re much too young.

You’re only one

Please do not run

You can giggle all you want

But this isn’t fun.

Come on Kameron

Be a good son

Give it to Grandad, don’t hide

When I’m done watching you

All that I need to do

Is to keep Kameron alive.

Lord keep him safe

And give me strength

NO NO NO!

No Kameron

It is not fun

To grab that glass jar

And throw cross the room

Don’t climb the stairs

There’s danger there

You might fall down

And need intensive care

Don’t pull that vase

Down from the case

It might hit you hard on the head

When Mom & Dad come home

I figure my job’s done

As long as you are not dead

I am beat

And need some sleep

Hey Kameron

You’re getting warm

Snuggled on my shoulder

You sleep while I hum

Your love’s in the air

I say a prayer

Asking God protect you

And keep you with care

We both need our rest

Knowing what’s next

When the morning sun starts to rise

We will continue to

Closely to follow you

Trying to keep Kameron alive

To see God’s plan for you

We must continue to

Work to keep Kameron alive

# Keeping Kameron Alive

(Squirt Gun Run)

Subject Motif: Joshua Marks

R.J. Marks II

♩ = 120m    Em7    C    C

Hey Ka-mer-on    Put down that gun

5    G

I don't think it's load-ed but    You're much too young.    You're on - ly one

8    C

Please do not run    You can gig-gle all you want but    this is-n't fun.    Come on Ka-mer-on

12    C7    F

Be a good son.    Give it to grand-dad. Don't hide.    When my job's watch - ing you

16 C G<sup>7</sup> C Dm EM7 C 2

All that I need to do. Is to keep Kam - eron a - live. Lord keep him safe. And

21 Dm Em7 C G C

give me strength. NO NO NO No Kam-er-on Hey Kam-er-on It is not fun. You're get-ting warm

25 G

To grab that glass jar and Snug-gled on my shoul-der you throw cross the room sleep while I hum. Your Don't climb the stairs love's in the air

28 C

There's dan-ger there I say a prayer You might fall down and need Ask - ing God pro-TECT you and in - ten - sive care keep you with care We

31

C<sup>7</sup>

3

Don't pull that vase  
both need our rest

Down from the case  
Know - ing what's next

It might hit you hard on the  
When the mor - ning sun starts to

34

F

C

head  
rise

When Mom & Dad come home  
We will con - tin - ue to

I fig - ure my job's done  
close - ly to fol - low you

37

G<sup>7</sup>

C

Dm Em7 C Dm Em7

As long as you are not dead.  
Tryin' to keep Kam-er-on a - live.

I am beat. And need some

42

C

sleep.

To see God's plans for you

44

C

G<sup>7</sup>

C

4

we must con - tin - ue to work to keep Kam - er - on a - live.

# 126. Never Trust a Dinosaur

By Tristan & Robert Marks

2018

<http://marksmannet.com/Opi/126-NeverTrustDinosaur.wav>

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The melody and first verse is grandson Tristan's. I wrote the bridge and the rest. A pretty cool song.

## Never Trust a Dinosaur

Never trust a dinosaur  
Cause they are so mean  
They will crush you with their toes  
And eat you for meat

I had a pet dinosaur  
I named him King Kong  
When I took him home with me  
King Kong ate my dog

(Chorus)  
Dinosaurs are a pain  
No matter what you do.  
They're a big pain. It really hurts  
When they sit on you

But there are some dinosaurs  
Who only eat plants  
I took one home with me  
And he crushed my aunt.

Dinosaurs don't dress for bed  
They have no clothes at all  
Some have such teeny tiny arms  
They can't scratch their nose

(Chorus)

Dinosaurs have tiny brains  
That's why they're so dumb  
They would squeeze you till you popped  
If they grew some thumbs

Never trust a dinosaur  
Cause they are so mean  
They will crush you with their toes  
And eat you for meat

# Never Trust a Dinosaur!

126

Tristan R. Marks & Robert J. Marks

$\text{♩} = 149$

G D A D G D A D G D

1)Ne ver trust a di - no - saur. Cause they are so mean They will crush you  
 2)I had a pet di - no - saur I named him King Kong When I turned my

6 A D A<sup>6</sup> A D G A G A

with their toes. And eat you for meat. Di - no - saurs are a pain No  
 back on him King Kong ate my dog.

11 G A G A G A D G

mat - ter what you do They're a big pain It real - ly hurts When they sit on

16 A A<sup>7</sup> D G D A D D G A

you. 3)But there are some di na saurs. Who on - ly eat plants  
 4)Di - na - saurs don't dress for bed They wear no clothes at all  
 5)Di - na - saurs - have ti - ny brains That's why they're so dumb  
 6)Ne - ver trust a di - na - saur Be - cause they're so mean

21 D G D A D A<sup>6</sup> A

I took one home with me But he crushed my  
 Some have such tee - ny ti - ny arms They can't scratch their  
 They would squeeze you till you popped If they grew some  
 They will crush you with their toes And eat you for

24 D D A D D<sup>7</sup> G A D

Aunt  
 nose  
 thumbs  
 meat

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 149. The score consists of eight lines of music, each with a line number (1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 24) and a set of guitar chords above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some lines containing multiple numbered verses. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs at the end of the eighth line.

# 125. Like Melodie

2018

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/125\\_LikeMelodie.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/125_LikeMelodie.wav)

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Granddaughters are girls and girls are different from boys. Melodie is effervescently perky and makes you happy except when she grumps. This is her tune.

I love you Melodie!

Here it is with weird vocals: <http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/125-Like MelodieSing.wav>

## Like Melodie

Melodie Melodie  
Fun for you, fun for me  
I wish all the world would be  
    Like Melodie  
When the music starts to play  
Melodie will dance all day  
Everyone should sing and play  
    Like Melodie

If you start a conversation  
    She will talk all day  
If you make her mad she'll grump  
    Then she'll be okay

I draw faces on her toes  
Some are smiling, some morose  
No one else has happy toes  
    Like Melodie

When you bed her down at night  
    She will scream and cry  
But when she finally goes to sleep  
    She will sleep all night

Melodie don't like to lose  
Not for her. Not for you.  
So the Old Maid card's removed  
    By Melodie  
Melodie Melodie  
I love you, you love me  
I wish everyone would love  
    Like Melodie

# Like Melodie

(#125)

R. Jackson Marks

$\text{♩} = 117$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{G}^6$   $\text{C}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{D}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{C}$



Mel - o - die Mel - o - die Fun for you. Fun for me.

5  $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{G}^6$   $\text{C}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{D}$



I wish all the world could be like Mel - o - die. When the mus - ic starts to play.  
I draw fa - ces on her toes

8  $\text{G}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{G}^6$   $\text{C}$



Mel - o - die will dance all day Ev - ery one should sing and play like Mel - o - die.  
Some are smi - ling some mor - ose No one else has hap - py toes like Mel - o - die.

11  $\text{Am}$   $\text{Em}$



If you start a con - ver - sa - tion She will talk all day.  
When you bed her down at night She will scream and cry, but

13  $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{G}^7$   $\text{C}$   $\text{D}$



If you make her mad she'll grump and then she'll be ok - ay. Mel - o - die don't like to lose  
when she fin - ally goes to sleep she will sleep all night. Oh

16  $\text{G}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{G}^6$   $\text{C}$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$   $\text{F}$   $\text{G}$



Not for her. Not for you. So the Old Maid card's re - moved by Mel - o - die.

20 G<sup>6</sup> C C D G C 2

A musical staff in treble clef showing measures 20, 21, and 22. Measure 20 has a whole rest. Measure 21 contains a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. Measure 22 contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. Chord symbols G<sup>6</sup>, C, C, D, G, and C are placed above the staff. A '2' is at the end of the staff.

Mel - o - die Mel - o - die I love you. You love me.

23 F G F G G<sup>6</sup> C

A musical staff in treble clef showing measures 23 and 24. Measure 23 contains a half note F4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. Measure 24 contains a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. Chord symbols F, G, F, G, G<sup>6</sup>, and C are placed above the staff. The staff ends with a double bar line.

I wish ev - ery - one would love like Mel - o - die

# 124. Merrick Can

2018

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/124\\_MerrickCan.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/124_MerrickCan.wav)

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For my incredible grandson Merrick who could scream so loud your eardrums meet in the middle of your head.

## Merrick Can

I heard a scream  
That made my ear drums bleed  
Looked around to see  
A Merrick smiling at me

I said "My son"  
(My son, my grandson)  
"You got powerful lungs"  
(Lots of lungs. My grandson)  
"You're gonna have fun"  
(Lots of fun. Gobs of fun)  
"Singing songs that need sung"  
(Sung it and sing it  
You sang it and sing it again)

Know you can  
Be an all American  
If you work hard and plan  
To be all a Merrick can

I looked around  
(And around and around)  
And saw a Merrick go round  
(And around and around)  
On a merry-go-round  
(And around and around)  
Up and up and never down.  
(Uppity uppity  
Uppity uppity up)  
  
Have a righteous cause  
Never ever think small  
Ignore man's applause  
And most of all be a man of God

Yes you can  
(Yes you can. Yes you can)  
Be all American  
(Yes you can. American)  
Work hard and plan  
(Be a man. Make a plan)  
To be all a Merrick can  
(If you can't do it  
Nobody can do it. You can!)

Yes you can  
A Merrick can

# Merrick Can

(#124)

R.J. Marks II

♩ = 125

C F

I heard a scream that made my ear drums bleed.

6

D G

Looked a-round to see a Mer-rick smi-ling at me. I said my (I looked a -

11

C F

son round You got pow-er-ful lungs. and saw a Mer-rick go round

My son. My grand-son Lots of lungs, My grand-  
And a-round and a-round And a round and a -

14

D

You're-gon-na have fun round Singing songs that need lungs round Up and up and never Lots of fun, gobs of fun And a-round and a-round

17

G

2

sung  
down

Have a right - eous

Know you can  
cause

Sung it and sing it you sang it and sing it a - gain  
Up - pi ty up - pi ty up - pi - ty up - pi ty up

20

be an be all Amer - i  
Ne - ver ev - er think

can small

if you work hard and  
Ig - nore man's ap -

plan  
plause

24

to be and most of

all a Mer - rick  
all be a man of

can. I looked a -  
God. Yes you

can

Yes you can - yes you

28

F

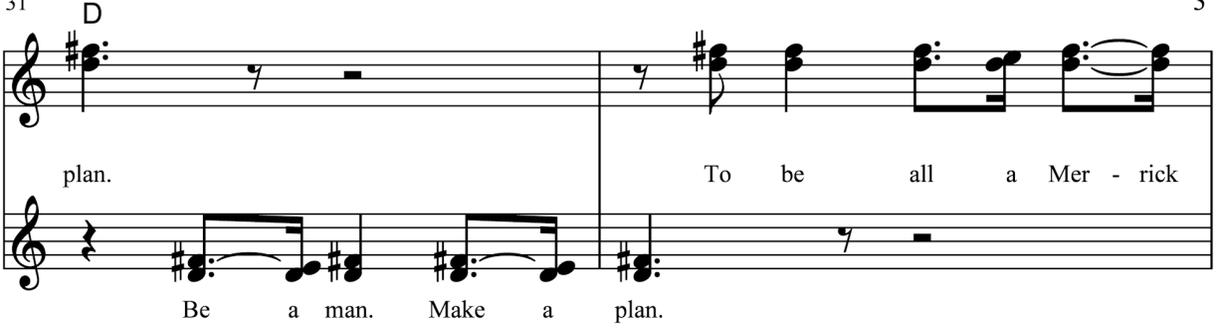
be all Am - er i can

Work hard and

can

Yes you can Am - er - i - can

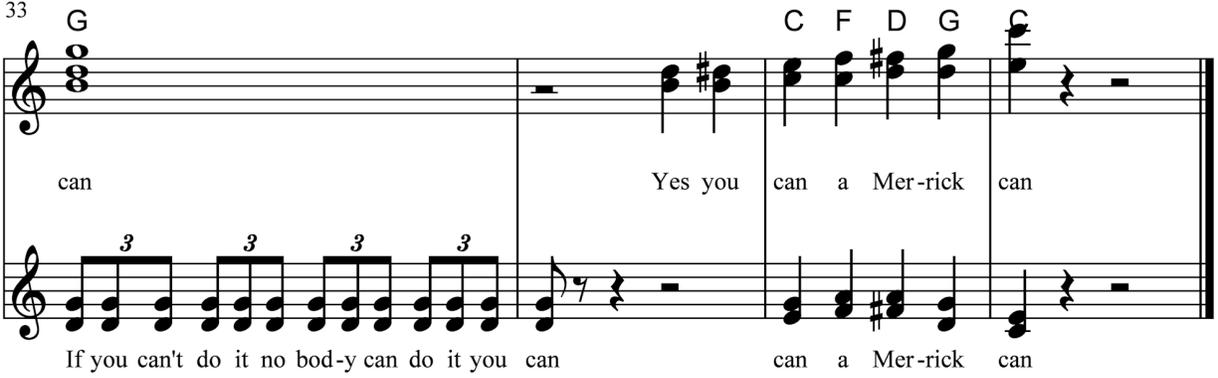
D



plan. To be all a Mer - rick

Be a man. Make a plan.

G C F D G C



can Yes you can a Mer-rick can

If you can't do it no bod-y can do it you can can a Mer-rick can

# 123. Weary Bones Rat Race Blues

2017

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/123\\_WearyBonesRatRaceBlues.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/123_WearyBonesRatRaceBlues.wav)

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A simple 12 bar blues - so sing in a raspy voice.

## Weary Bones Rat Race Blues

I got me a woman  
If she had her way  
I'd stay at home weekends  
Do projects all day  
    She's gotta understand  
    If she only knew  
    All of the important stuff  
    That I got to do  
I got to have quiet  
To aid in my recovery  
From wounds inflicted  
By all that slaving I did last week

I got me a woman  
Who wants to go out  
Fridays and Saturdays  
And do the town  
    But in this rat race  
    She's gotta know that  
    Even if you win  
    You're still a stinking rat  
Who needs revival  
Intense relaxation therapy  
Uninterrupted  
By that woman nagging me

I got me a woman

# Weary Bones Rat Race Blues.

(#123)

Robert J. Marks II

♩ = 100

E<sup>7</sup>

Guitar

Vocal

I got me a wo-man If she had her way  
I got me a wo-man Who wants to go out

Detailed description: This system contains the first six measures of the piece. The guitar part starts with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It features a 12-measure blues progression with a repeat sign at the beginning. The vocal line consists of two lines of lyrics corresponding to the notes in the vocal staff.

8

I'd stay at home week-ends and Do pro-jects all day  
Fri-days and Sa - tur - days And do the town

Detailed description: This system contains measures 7 through 12. The guitar part continues the blues progression. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics.

16

She's got to un - der stand If she on - ly knew  
But in this rat race She's got to know that

Detailed description: This system contains measures 13 through 18. The guitar part continues the blues progression. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics.

all of the im - por - tant stuff that I got to do. I  
e - ven if you win you're still a stinking rat. Who

32

A<sup>7</sup>

got to have qui-et To aid in my re -  
needs re - vi-val. And in-tense re-lax-tion

40

E<sup>7</sup>

co - ve - ry From  
the - ra - py

48

B<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

wounds in - flic-ted By all that sla-ving I  
Un-in-te - rup-ted By that wo - man

56

E E7 A Am E7 C9 B9 3

did last week  
nag - ging me

64

E7 E7 E9

I  
I got me a wo-man

# 122. The Oink Oink Song

2016

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/122\\_TheOinkOinkSong.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/122_TheOinkOinkSong.wav)

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A fun song written for my grandkids.

## The Oink Oink Song

Push your nose up like a pig and say

OINK OINK OINK

Push your nose up every day and say

OINK OINK OINK

That's how piggies say

Have an OINK OINK OINK day

OINK OINK OINK

OINK OINK OINK

OINK OINK OINK

Pull your ears up like a horse and say

NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH

Pull your ears up every day and say

NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH

That's how horsies say

Have a NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH day

NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH

NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH

NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH

Push your lips out like a fish and say

BLUB BLUB BLUB

Push your lips out every day and say

BLUB BLUB BLUB

That's how fishies say

Have a BLUB BLUB BLUB day

BLUB BLUB BLUB

BLUB BLUB BLUB

BLUB BLUB BLUB

Make your eyes big like a cow and say

MOO MOO MOO

Make your eyes big every day and say

MOO MOO MOO

That's how the cows say

Have a MOO MOO MOO day

MOO MOO MOO

MOO MOO MOO

MOO MOO MOO

Flap your two arms like a chick and say

CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP

Flap your two arms every day and say

CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP

That's how chickies say

Have an CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP day

CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP

CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP

CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP

Make your nose wet like a dog and say

BARK BARK BARK

Make your nose wet every day and say

BARK BARK BARK

That's how doggies say

Have a BARK BARK BARK day

BARK BARK BARK

BARK BARK BARK

BARK BARK BARK

Smile your lips and give a hug and say

I LOVE YOU

Smile your lips every day and say

I LOVE YOU

That's how people say

Have an I LOVE YOU day

I LOVE YOU

I LOVE YOU

I LOVE YOU

# The "Oink Oink" Song

#122

R. Jackson Marks

♩ = 178

Em Am Em G<sup>7</sup> C Em

(1) Push your nose up  
 (2) Pull your ears up  
 (3) Push your lips out  
 (4) Make your eyes big  
 (5) Flap your two arms  
 (6) Make your nose wet  
 (7) Smile your two lips

4 Am C Em Am C Em Am

like a pig and say OINK OINK OINK.  
 like a horse and say NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH.  
 like a fish and say GLUB GLUB GLUB.  
 like a cow and say MOO MOO MOO.  
 like a chick and say CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP.  
 like a dog and say BARK BARK BARK.  
 give a hug and say I LOVE YOU.  
 Push your nose up  
 Pull your ears up  
 Push your lips out  
 Make your eyes big  
 Flap you two arms  
 Make your nose wet  
 Smile your two lips  
 ev - ery day and

9 C Em Am C Em Am C

say OINK OINK OINK.  
 say NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH.  
 say GLUB GLUB GLUB.  
 say MOO MOO MOO.  
 say CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP.  
 say BARK BARK BARK.  
 say I LOVE YOU  
 That's how pig - gies  
 That's how hor - sies  
 That's how fish - ies  
 That's how the - cows  
 That's how chick - ies  
 That's how dog - gies  
 That's how peo - ple  
 say

13

C Am C Am C Am<sup>2</sup>

Have an OINK OINK OINK day Say OINK OINK OINK OINK OINK  
 Have a NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH day Say NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH  
 Have a GLUB GLUB GLUB day Say GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB  
 Have a MOO MOO MOO day Say MOO MOO MOO MOO MOO  
 Have a CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP day Say CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP  
 Have a BARK BARK BARK day Say BARK BARK BARK BARK BARK  
 Have an I LOVE YOU day I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE

16

Em Am Em C Em Am Em G<sup>7</sup> C

OINK OINK OINK OINK  
 NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH  
 GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB  
 MOO MOO MOO MOO  
 CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP CHEAP  
 BARK BARK BARK BARK  
 YOU I LOVE YOU

# 121. Moore Run Road

2016

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/121\\_MooreRunRoad.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/121_MooreRunRoad.wav)

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More happened on Moore Run Road after this which leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

## Moore Run Road

Orlando  
W.V.  
That's where I come to  
One one one  
Moore Run Road  
2 6 4 1 2

My clan's lived here  
Two hundred years  
History's all around  
The Blackburn Church  
The Old School House  
We just tore it down.

The Blackburn Cemetery's  
Where they buried  
    Dad and Mom  
Grandad Jim  
And wife Ormeda  
    Still can see the Farm  
Ormeda's Dad Ulysses  
Is buried with his Mrs.  
    And his father Arnold Moore  
    Ran an underground railroad in the Civil War

Gene and Eula  
Built a house  
On the old bull lot.  
Bob & Connie  
Bought a big yellow house  
Free gas keeps it hot.

Ray comes up  
To the cabin  
When his friends come down.  
They blast their tunes  
And shoot their guns  
No one comes around.

My grandkids have  
Two great great great great great  
    Grandparents  
Who came to  
America  
    To fight for independence  
German born Christian Stralie  
Is buried with his lady  
    This Revolutionary War vet  
    Is buried down the road a bit

Used to swim  
In the ol' Neck Hole  
Down Indian Fork Creek.  
Bring Ivory Soap  
And a shaker of salt  
In case you get a leech

Corn bread and milk  
Sour Grass  
Grape juice from a jar  
Ormeda toast  
Biscuit swankum  
Stinky sulfur water

Big bon fires  
Wild creek mint  
Crawfish in the crick.  
All your friends  
Are your kin  
It don't get better than this.

# Moore Run Road

#121

2016

Robert J. Marks II

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-4. The piece is in 4/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 208. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The first system consists of four measures. The treble clef part features chords and melodic lines, while the bass clef part provides a steady accompaniment. Chord symbols G, C, G, and C are placed above the treble staff.

Musical notation for the second system, measures 5-8. This system includes vocal lyrics. The treble clef part has a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass clef part continues the accompaniment. Chord symbols C, G, G<sup>7</sup>, C, and G are placed above the treble staff.

Or lan - do, Dub - ya Vee That's where I come to.  
(My)clan's lived here two hun - dred years. His - tory's all a - round. The  
Gene and Eula built a house on the old bull lot  
Ray comes up to the cabin when his friends come down They

Musical notation for the third system, measures 9-12. This system includes vocal lyrics. The treble clef part has a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass clef part continues the accompaniment. Chord symbols C, G, C, C, G<sup>7</sup>, and C are placed above the treble staff.

One one one one one Moore Run Road Two six four one two. My  
Black--burn Church. The old school house. We just tore it down. The  
Bob and Con - nie bought a big yel-low house. Free gas keeps it hot.  
blast their tunes tunes and shoot their guns. No one comes a round.

13 2

F C G C

Black--burn ce - -me - ry's where they bur - -ied Dad and Mom  
 My grand -kids have great great great great great great grand parents.

17 F C D D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup> C

-Gran -dad Jim and wife Or - me - da still can see the farm. Or - me - da's Dad Ul -  
 Who came to A - mer - i - ca to fight for in - de - pen - dence. Ger - man born Christian

22 G G<sup>7</sup> C C F

-y - ses is bur - ried with his mis - sis. And his fa - ther Ar - nold Moore ran an  
 -Stra --ley is bur - ried with his la - dy. This Re - vo - lution - ary war vet is

27 G G<sup>7</sup> C C G

underground railroad in the Civil War.  
 bur - ried down the road a bit.

31 C G C C G7 3

We swim in the old Neck Hole  
(Corn)bread -and- milk. So - ur grass.

35 C G C G C

down In - dian Fork Creek. Bring Iv - ory Soap and a shaker of salt in  
Grape juice from a jar. Orme - da toast Bis - cuit swankum.

39 G C C G

case you get a leech. Corn -  
Stin - ky sul - fur water.

43 C G C C G G<sup>7</sup> C 4

Big bon fires Wild creek mint Craw fish in the

48 G C G C G C

crick. All your friends are your kin. It don't get bet-ter than this.

# 120. Who Heals Eyes With Spit?

2014

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/120\\_WhoHealsEyesWithSpit.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/120_WhoHealsEyesWithSpit.wav)

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A good song for kids! This was initially a Halloween song:

"Who smells like a pumpkin?

"Jack -o - lantern"

These lyrics are better.

Also see the song in Arrangements

## Who Heals Eyes With Spit?

Who'd a donkey talk to?

Read your Bible!

Why is there a rainbow?

Read your Bible!

Who killed with a slingshot?

Read your Bible!

Who heals eyes with spit?

Read your Bible!

When did it read froggies?

Read your Bible!

Who walked through a furnace?

Read your Bible!

Who's a big fish burp up?

Read your Bible!

Who eats bugs with honey?

Read your Bible!

Why did Jesus suffer?

Read your Bible!

Can you go to heaven?

Read your Bible!

Who's the Holy Spirit?

Read your Bible!

Who died cause he loves you?

Read your Bible!

Who created all things?

Read your Bible!

What's the golden rule?

Read your Bible!

How should we pray to God?

Read your Bible!

Why do we have Easter?

Read your Bible!

# Who Heals Eyes With Spit?

(Read Your Bible)

#120

R. Jackson Marks

$\text{♩} = 120$



Who'd a don-key talk to?  
When did it rain frog-gies?



Read your Bi - ble!  
Read your Bi - ble!

Why is there a rain-bow?  
Who walked through a fur-nace?

Read your Bi - ble!  
Read your Bi - ble!



Who killed with a sling-shot?  
Who'd a big fish burp up?

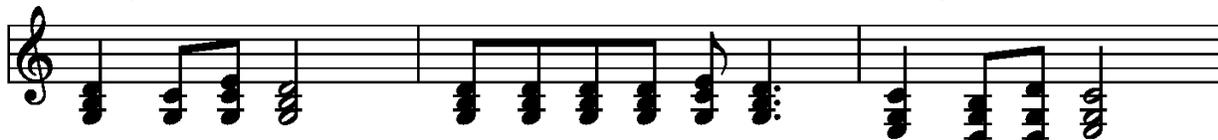
Read your Bi - ble!  
Read your Bi - ble!

Who heals eyes with spit ?  
Who eats bugs with ho-ney?



Read your Bi-ble!  
Read your Bi-ble!

Who cre - a - ted all things?  
Why did Je - sus suf - fer?



Read your Bi - ble!  
Read your Bi - ble!

What's the gol - den rule - ?  
Can you go to hea - ven?

Read your Bi - ble!  
Read your Bi - ble!



How should we pray to God?  
Who's the Ho - ly Spi - rit?

Read your Bi - ble!  
Read your Bi - ble!

Why do we have Eas - ter?  
Who died cause He loves you?



Read your Bi - ble!  
Read your Bi - ble!

# 119. Tenured

2016

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/119\\_Tenured.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/119_Tenured.wav)

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A 12 bar blues ditty celebrating professors getting tenure. Written for Charlie Baylis when he got tenure.

## Tenured

Some people say  
My homework's too hard  
Some people say  
My tests are too rough  
I'm here to tell you  
It don't matter none  
    Cause I got tenure  
    Ain't nobody the boss of me now  
    When you got tenure  
    You be whatever you want to be.

# Tenured

#119

R. J. Marks II

♩ = 80 A7

Vocals

Guitar

A7

Some peo--ple say my home-work's too hard. Some peo--ple say my tests are too

rough I'm here to tell ya. It don't mat - ter

D<sup>7</sup>

2

none. No - o - o - -o Cause I got te - nure.

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The vocal line starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note 'none.', a dotted quarter note 'No', a quarter note 'o', a dotted quarter note 'o', and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a more complex treble line with chords and melodic fragments.

Ain't no - -bo - -dy the boss of me now.

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note 'Ain't', a dotted quarter note 'no', a quarter note 'bo', a dotted quarter note 'dy', a quarter note 'the', a quarter note 'boss', a quarter note 'of', and a quarter note 'me now.'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns and chordal support.

When you got te-nure.

The third system shows the vocal line starting with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note 'When', a quarter note 'you', a quarter note 'got', and a quarter note 'te-nure.'. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note bass line and a treble line with various chordal textures.

You be wha - -te - -ver you want to be

The fourth system has the vocal line starting with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note 'You', a quarter note 'be', a quarter note 'wha', a dotted quarter note '-te', a dotted quarter note '-ver', a quarter note 'you', a quarter note 'want', a quarter note 'to', and a quarter note 'be'. The piano accompaniment maintains the established rhythmic and harmonic structure.

The fifth system contains only the piano accompaniment. It features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and melodic fragments, concluding the piece with a final chord and a double bar line.

# 117. Atheists Always Seem Angry

2015

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/117\\_AtheistsAlwaysSeemAngry.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/117_AtheistsAlwaysSeemAngry.wav)

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The atheists that have seen this song say it's all garbage and get angry. Besides the lead sheet below, there are some important embellishments in the Arrangements section.

## Atheists Always Seem Angry

Atheists  
Feel sad and lonely  
When they're all alone  
Late at night

Wondering  
If they have purpose  
Whether it matters  
They're alive

No hope and no good news  
Alone and feeling blue  
    From their resolve  
    That they're evolved  
From primordial ooze

Atheists  
Can't justify morals  
If no one finds out  
Do anything

There is no right or wrong  
The weak are killed by the strong  
    There's no free will  
    And what you feel  
Is just chemical bonds

Atheists  
Always seem angry  
At gods they say who  
Don't exist

But God in heaven loves them  
And if they admit their sins  
    Christ's sacrifice  
    Gives eternal life  
And joy and peace within

Poor atheists  
Need to meet Jesus

# Atheists Always Seem Angry

(117)

Robert J. Marks II

Vocal

$\text{♩} = 135$   $\text{EM}^7$   $\text{EM}^7$

A -

$\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{EM}^7$   $\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{EM}^7$

-the - its Feel sad and lone-ly When they're all

$\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{G}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{E}$   $\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{G}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{EM}^7$   $\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$

a-lone Late at night Won - der ing  
Ath - the ists

$\text{EM}^7$   $\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{EM}^7$

If they have pur-pose Whe-ther it  
Can't jus-ti-fy mo-rals If no one finds

$\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{G}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{E}$   $\text{F}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{G}\#\text{m}^7$   $\text{E}$   $\text{A}$

mat-ters they're a - live No hope and no good  
out, Do a - ny - thing There is no right or

$\text{E}$   $\text{A}$   $\text{E}$   $\text{A}$   $\text{E}$   $\text{E}^7$   $\text{A}$

news A - lone and fee - ling blue. From their re - solve that  
-wrong The weak are killed by the strong There's no free will and

$\text{B}$   $\text{B}^7$

they're e - volved from pri - mor - di - al ooze  
what you feel is just che - mi - cal bonds

EM7 F#m7 EM7 2

A - the - ists - - - -

F#m7 EM7 F#m7 G#m7 E

Al-ways seem an-gry At gods they say who don't ex - ist-

F#m7 G#m7 E A E A E

But God in hea-ven loves them And if they

A E E7 A B

ad-mit their sins. Christ's sac - ri - fice gives e - ter - nal life and joy and

B7 EM7 F#m7 EM7

peace with - in. Poor A - -the ists - - - - Need to meet

F#m7 EM7

Je - sus

# 113. Dumb Kids

(The Difference Tween Love and Being Horny)

2001

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/113\\_DumbKids.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/113_DumbKids.wav)

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Written when my kids were going through their hormonal years. I don't think a lot of kids really know the difference. This song is for you! (The melody is the same as I used for #64, *Druthers*.)

## Dumb Kids

(The Difference Tween Love and Being Horny)

Sally Anne met Billy  
At the honky-tonk saloon  
They drove all night to Vegas  
Got hitched and honeymooned  
They had a fight and got divorced  
The very next morning.  
Dumb kids didn't know the difference  
Tween love and being horny

Linda Lee met Tommy  
At the high school dance last fall.  
She knew she knew he loved her  
And gave him all her all.  
Ann had a little baby.  
Tom moved to California  
Dumb kid didn't know the difference  
Tween love and being horny

Betty Sue met Steven  
In their Sunday school one spring  
They walked and jawed and talked a lot  
And liked to dance and sing  
They both liked strolling bowling  
Holding hands and hunting deer.  
They liked to hug. They're deep in love.  
Been married 40 years.

Johnny liked to party  
And score with all the ladies  
He bought them stuff and dazzled them  
With charm & his Mercedies  
Now he's forty seven.  
Alone without warning.  
Dumb kid didn't know the difference  
Tween love and being horny

Laura Belle and Russ been married  
Nigh on fourteen years  
They got two kids and a little house  
Full of love and good cheer  
At night they put the kids to bed  
With a prayer and a song off key  
They snuggle close and smooch in love  
And talk `bout number three

So find yourself someone you love  
And become best of friends  
Take a vow before God  
And swear what you intend.  
They're ain't no better livin'  
With your love throughout life's journey  
And being with the one you love  
When you're feeling horny  
God made man and wife for loving  
And love for being horny

# Dumb Kids

(The Difference Tween Love & Being Horny)

(113)

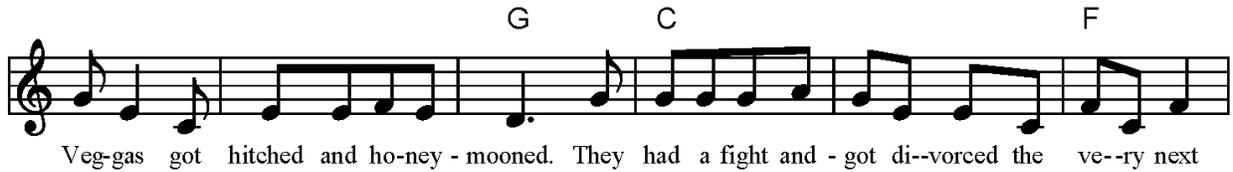
Robert J. Marks II

$\text{♩} = 110$



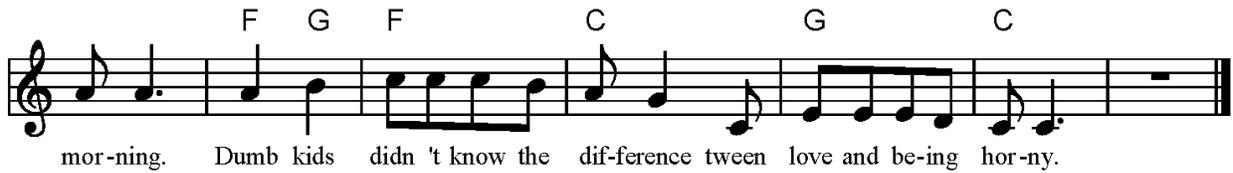
C F C

Sally Ann met Billy at the hon--ky-tonk sa - loon. They drove all night to



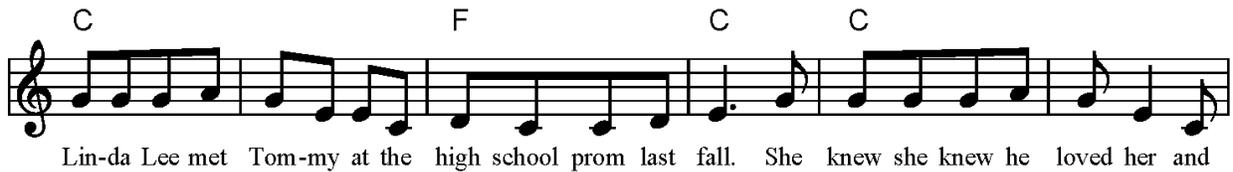
G C F

Veg-gas got hitched and ho-ney - mooned. They had a fight and - got di--vorced the ve-ry next



F G F C G C

mor-ning. Dumb kids didn 't know the dif-ference tween love and be-ing hor-ny.



C F C C

Lin-da Lee met Tom-my at the high school prom last fall. She knew she knew he loved her and



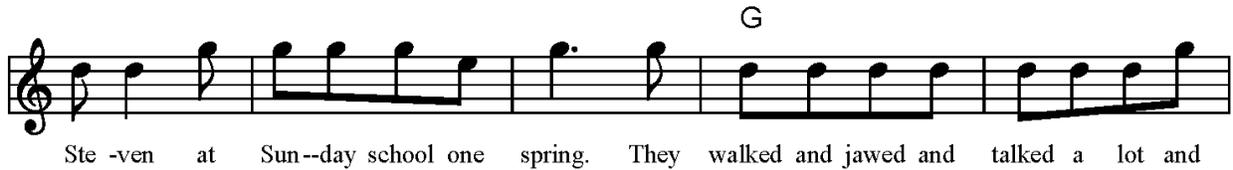
G C F F G

gave him all her all. She had a boun-cing ba--by boy, Tom moved to Ca-li - for-nie. Dumb kid



F C G C G

did-n't know the dif-ference tween love and be-ing hor-ny. Betty- Sue met



G

Ste -ven at Sun--day school one spring. They walked and jawed and talked a lot and

liked to dance and sing. They both liked strol-ling, bow--ling, hol-ding hands, and hun-ting

deer. They liked to hug, they're deep in love, been mar-ried for-ty years

John -ny liked to par - ty and score with all the la - dies. He bought them stuff and

daz-zled them with charm and his Mer - -ce-dies. Now he's for-ty se-ven. A - lone with--out

war-ning. Dumb kid did-n't know the dif-ference tween love and be-ing hor-ny.

Lau-ra Belle and Russ been mar-ried nigh on four-teen years. They got two kids, and a

lit - -tle house full of love and good cheer. At night they put the kids to bed with a

prayer and a hymn off - key. They snug-gle close and smooch in love and think `bout num-ber

G G7 C F 3  
three So find your-self some - one you love and be-come best of

C G C  
friends. Take a vow be-fore God And swear what you in - tend. There ain't no bet-ter

F F G F C  
liv - in' with your love through -out life's jour-ney. And being with the one you love

G C F G F  
when you're fee - ling hor - -ny. God made man and wife for

C G C F G C  
lo - ving and love for be - ing hor - ny

# 112. The Lord is My Shepard

## (The 23rd Psalm)

2012

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112\\_TheLordIsMyShepard.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112_TheLordIsMyShepard.wav)

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With The Lord's Prayer (below #111) finished, the 23rd Psalm was next! The more I read the Psalm, the more I felt the prose was a celebration rather a somber monotone "Yeah though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil" sad faced prayer. I visualized David joyfully skipping past death, smiling, raising his fist and mockingly pronouncing "I will fear no evil! God is with me!" This is a wonderful use for the melody in #74, *Broke Opus in F*.

There is a slower multi part version in the Arrangements section.

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112\\_TheLordIsMyShepardslower.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112_TheLordIsMyShepardslower.wav)

### The LORD is My Shepherd

The LORD is my shepherd  
I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul:  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil  
For thou art with me  
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
In the presence of mine enemies:  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
My cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:  
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD  
Forever and forever and forever and forever  
Amen

# The Lord Is My Shepard (Upbeat)

#112

KJV 23rd Psalm. Music by R.J. Marks II

$\text{♩} = 180$

The Lord is my - shepard I shall not want. He ma-keth  
me to lie down in green pas - tures. He lead- eth  
me be - side the still  
wa - ters. He re-sto- reth my soul. He lea- deth me In the  
paths of right- eous- ness of right- eous- ness of right- eous- ness of right- eous ness  
for His name's sake.  
Yeah though I walk through the val- ley of the sha- dow of death. I will fear no  
e- vil for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they com- fort me

Chords: C, F, C, G, F, C, D, G, G<sup>7</sup>, C, F, G, D, G, C, G, D, G, G, Am, G, C, D, D<sup>7</sup>, G, C, F, C, G, F, C, D, G, C

F G C Am D <sup>2</sup>  
 Thou pre-pa-rest a ta-ble be-fore my e-ne-mies My cup run-neth  
 G G  
 over. My cup run-neth over. My cup run-neth over. Sur-ly good-ness  
 Am G C D G  
 and -mer-cy shall fol-low me all the days of my life And I shall  
 G Am G  
 dwell In the house of the Lord Fo-re-ver and fo-re-ver and fo--re-ver  
 C D D<sup>7</sup> G G C  
 and fo--re-ver A - - men - A - - men -

# 111. The Lord's Prayer

2012

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/111\\_TheLordsPrayer.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/111_TheLordsPrayer.wav)

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Possibly the most beautiful melody (Opus #44) I ever wrote dedicated to some of the most beautiful words.

## The Lord's Prayer (KJV)

Our Father which art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done in earth,  
As it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts,  
As we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil:  
For thine is the kingdom,  
And the power,  
And the glory, for ever.  
Amen.

# The Lord's Prayer

#111

KJV & music by Robert J. Marks II

$\text{♩} = 140$  Am E Am E Am E Dm G Dm E E<sup>7</sup>



Am E Am E Am E Dm G Dm



Our Fa - ther which art in hea - ven. Hal - low - ed

E E<sup>7</sup> Am E Am E Am E



be thy name. Thy king - dom come Thy will be done

Dm G Dm E E<sup>7</sup> F



in earth as it is in heaven Give us this

Am E E<sup>7</sup> Am



day our dai - ly bread And for - give us our debts -

F E Am E Am



as we for - give our deb - tors. And lead us

E Am E Dm G Dm E E<sup>7</sup>



not in - to temp - ta - tion But de - li - ver us from e - vil

Am E Am E Am E Dm G Dm E



For Thine is the king - dom and the po - wer and the glory

E<sup>7</sup> F Am E 2

for e - ver and e - ver a - -men

E<sup>7</sup> Am F E

A - - men A - - - - men

E<sup>7</sup> Am E E<sup>7</sup> Am

A - - -men

# 108. Mud to Guppies

2011

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/108\\_MudtoGuppies.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/108_MudtoGuppies.wav)

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I cannot fathom arguments of from atheists about why they are moral. Athiests can be moral, but I don't think they can defend the reason. Here is a fun song with a string of implications. The beat is really cool. Unconventional heavy metal-like song contrasts the difference between atheistic Darwinism and belief in Christ. The title is in regard of the emergence of life from primordial ooze. I really enjoy the throbbing beat of this song. Finished in September 2011.

A variation is in the Arrangements chapter.

## Mud to Guppies

From mud to guppies

    Pollywogs

    Green frogs

        Brown plague rats

        To bats

    To cats with saber teeth

Mutate to monkey men

    Out kin

    To sin

To judges saying that right can be wrong.

    Are we mud?

    Are we all made of mud?

Darwin to Nietzsche

    Übermensch

    Auswitch

        Sanger to

        Roe-Wade

    Doctor Kevorkian

Communist purges

    Partial birth

    Murders

To athiests saying that wrong is all right.

We're not mud!

    We are not made of mud!

From God to Adam

    Noah

    Moses

        David to

        Mary

    To the baptizer John

To Jesus the Christ

    Mankind's

    Sacrifice

God's word and spirit for all right and wrong.

    God made us!

    God made us all!

    God knows us!

    God knows us!

    God knows us!

    God knows us!

    Christ saves us!

    Christ saves us!

    Jesus Is Lord!

        Jesus is Lord!





Man-kind's sac-ri-fice. God's word and spi-rit for all right and wrong.



God made us. God made us. God made us. God made us.



God made us. God made us. God made us all! God knows us. God knows us.



God knows us. God knows us. Christ saves us. Christ saves us. Je-sus is Lord!



Je - sus is Lord!

# 107. Tristan Robert Marks

2011

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107\\_TristanRobertMarks.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107_TristanRobertMarks.wav)

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Written for my awesome #1 grandson, Tristan Robert Marks. He was born in May 2011 and this was written at the end of August 2011.

An upbeat music only arrangement is in the Arrangements chapter.

There is a faster version I like called *Tristan Pounds*. [http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107\\_TristanPounds.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107_TristanPounds.wav)

The music for this is in the ARRANGEMENTS.

Here is a video using *Tristan Pounds* where Tristan pounds:

<https://youtu.be/xcqLC7EUxIE> , [http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107\\_TristanbythePound.mp4](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107_TristanbythePound.mp4)

And here's a midi version: [http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107\\_TristanRobertMarks.mid](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107_TristanRobertMarks.mid)

## Tristan Robert Marks

Tristan Robert Marks  
Born with all his parts  
And abundance of long dark hair.  
He's more my grandson  
Than most anyone  
Of whom I am aware.

There's some claim they see  
How he looks like me  
But I think he looks more like him.  
He's got four headlines  
That's two less than mine  
But I guess they'll grow in.

Hey Tristan  
It's all right  
Tristan  
If you cry  
Tristan  
With all your might  
Yo Tristan  
It's your right.  
There is a healing  
Expressing your feelings.

I like it when he  
Looks then smiles at me  
And we connect down to our souls.  
I can't say I do  
Love him more than you  
But I won't say that I don't.

Hey Tristan  
When you smile  
Yo Tristan  
You got style  
Hey Tristan  
I think I'll  
Tristan  
Stay a while  
And smile at you  
Smiling at me smiling at you

Tristan Robert Marks  
Stealing all our hearts  
I visit Tristan  
Go home and I miss him.  
This magical boy  
Turns sadness to joy  
Let the world behold  
This most awesome zero year old.  
Tristan Robert Marks  
Handsome, strong and smart!

# Tristan Robert Marks

Robert J. Marks II



Tris - tan Ro- bert Marks. Born with all his parts and a - bun- dance of



He's more my grand-son than most an- y one of whom I am a -  
long dark hair.



ware. There's some claim they see how he looks like me  
I like it when he looks then smiles at me



but I think he looks\ He's got four head lines.  
and we con-nect down\ more like him. I can't say I do  
to our souls.



That's two less than mine But I guess they'll grow in. Hey  
love him more than you But I won't say I don't. Hey



Tris-tan (It's all right) Tris-tan. (If you cry) - Tris- tan (With all your might) Yo  
Tris-tan (When you smile) Yo Tris-tan (You got style) Hey Tris-tan (I think I'll) -



Tris-tan (It's your right) There is a heal-ing ex-pres-sing your feel-- ings -  
 Tris-tan (Stay a while) and look at you smil-ing at me smil - ing at you



Tris - tan Ro-ber-t Marks. Steal - ing all our hearts. I vi - sit Tris-tan go  
 This mag-i- cal boy Turns sad-ness to joy. Let the world be-hold this



home and I miss him Tris tan Ro-ber-t Marks. Hand - some strong and smart!  
 aw-some ze - ro year old.

# 103. I'm a Lazy Bum

2011

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/103\\_LazyBum.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/103_LazyBum.mp3)

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Connie and I got into a fight one day and she called me a "lazy bum" so I wrote this song. She dislikes this song about the same as she dislikes Opus #72 *In Good Time*.

## I'm a Lazy Bum

I'm a lazy bum., I'm a lazy bum  
Got a lot of work, but I don't do none.  
Just sit and strum in the morning sun.  
Making up a song about a lazy bum.

I never quit working cause I never begin.  
I never punch out cause I never punch in.  
There ain't no job that's ever been  
That I won't do, just tell me when.

My wife made me ask our doctor how come  
I had a lot of work, but I don't do none.  
The doctor ran tests, then told me "Son.  
I've diagnosed you're a lazy bum."

I'm a lazy bum., I'm a lazy bum  
Got a lot of work, but I don't do none.  
Just sit and strum in the morning sun.  
Making up a song about a lazy bum.

My wife asked me what I's doing today  
I told her same as yesterday  
She said I did nothing all day long  
I told her I didn't quite get done.

I'm a lazy bum., I'm a lazy bum  
Got a lot of work, but I don't do none.  
Just sit and strum in the morning sun.  
Making up a song about a lazy bum.

When you think of Einstein you think brains  
You think of Hitler, you think insane  
When you think of Disney, you think of fun  
Think of me, think lazy bum

I'm a lazy bum., I'm a lazy bum  
Got a lot of work, but I don't do none.  
Just sit and strum in the morning sun.  
Making up a song about a lazy bum.  
Making up a song about a lazy bum.  
Making up a song about a lazy bum.

# I'm a Lazy Bum

(#103)

R. Jackson Marks

$\text{♩} = 120$

C G

I'm a la - zy bum. I'm a la - zy bum. Got a lot of work but I don't do none. Just

6 G<sup>7</sup> C G

sit and strum in the mor-ning sun. Mak-ing up a song a-bout a la - zy bum.

11 C C C

I nev-er quit work-ing cause I nev-er be - gin. I nev-er punch out cause I  
My wife made me ask my doc-tor how come. I had a lot of work but I  
My wife asked me what I was do-ing to - day. I told her same as

15 G

nev - er punch in. There ain't no job that's e - ver been. that I won't do just  
don't do none. The doc - tor ran tests then told me "Son. I've di - ag - nosed you're a  
yes - ter - day. She said I did no - thing all day long. I told her I did - n't

19 C G C C

tell me when. My... la - zy bum. I'm a la - zy bum.  
la - zy bum." I'm a  
quite get done. I'm a

24 G

Got a lot of work but I don't do none. Just sit and strum in the mor - ning sun.

28 G<sup>7</sup> C G C C 2  
Mak-ing up a song a-bout a la - zy bum When you think of Ein-stein you

33 G  
think of brains. You think of Hit-ler you think in-sane. You think of Dis-ney you think of fun. You

38 C C  
think of me you think LA - ZY BUM! I'm a la - zy bum. I'm a la - zy bum.

42 G  
Got a lot of work but I don't do none. Just sit and strum in the mor - ning sun.

46 G<sup>7</sup> C G G<sup>7</sup>  
Mak - ing up a song a-bout a la - zy bum. Ma - king up a song a-bout a

49 C G G<sup>7</sup> C  
la - zy bum. Mak - ing up a song a-bout a la - zy bum.

# 101. Do We Darwin? Ya!

2007

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/101\\_DoWeDarwin.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/101_DoWeDarwin.wav)

---

This song is a sarcastic view of Boy Scouts without God. It is sung to the melody of Opus #9 Lost. I wrote this song for a web site called The BRITES. I found it is hard to parody hardnosed Darwinists, but this is a pretty good effort! (Galapagos Finch is a pen name.) Besides the lead sheet below, take a look at the Arrangements chapter where there guys yelling "Yeah!"

## Do We Darwin? Ya!

[Darwin Youth Campfire Song:  
Traditional]

Come gather round you Darwin Youth  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!)  
And distract your doubts with the truth  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!)  
Mindlessly embrace Darwin's evolution  
And join the growing revolution  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!)

Scientists much smarter than me  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!)  
All say that overwhelmingly  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!)  
Vaste quantities of evidence are there  
For evolution everywhere  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

There's no intellectual escape  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
My great great grandfather's an ape  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
My inclinations to believe and pray  
Are there cause I evolved that way  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

God didn't make man, manmade God  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
Religion's an evil façade  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
We're told this is the truth and all have resolved  
We weren't created. We evolved  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!)

There is no need for God in me  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
I just believe the things I see  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
Morality's defined by what I feel.  
So sometimes it's okay to steal  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

When I die, there will be no hurt  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
Someday I'll die and turn to dirt  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
The worms from which humanity evolved.  
Will dine on me while I dissolve  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

[Continued on next page]

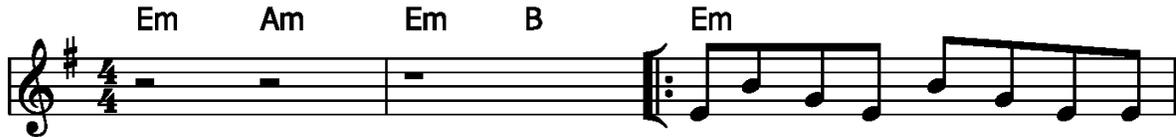
The bold inherit, not the meek  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
The herd must be thinned of the weak  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
So pick a wimpy nerd and start a fight  
We're stronger when the fit survive  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

I know I'm not the only Youth  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
To sing this melancholy tune  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
I have this inside emptiness resolved  
That's just the way that I evolved  
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).  
Do We Darwin? Ya!  
Do We Darwin? Ya!  
Do We Darwin? Ya!  
Do We Darwin? Ya!

# Do We Darwin? Ya!

Galapagös Finch

Darwin Youth Campfire Song (Traditional)



Come ga - ther round you Dar - win  
 Sci en - tists much smar - ter than  
 There's no in - te - lec - tual es -  
 God did - n't make man. Man made  
 There is no need for God in  
 When I die there will be no  
 The bold in - he - rit, not the  
 I know I'm not the on - ly



Youth.  
 me.  
 cape.  
 God.  
 me.  
 hurt.  
 meek.  
 Youth.

And dis - tract your doubts with the truth.  
 All say that o - ver - whel - ming - ly.  
 My great great grand - fa ther's an ape  
 Re - li - gon's an e - vil - fa - cade  
 I just be - lieve the things I see.  
 Some day I'll die and turn to dirt.  
 The herd must be thinned of the weak.  
 To sing this me - lan - cho - ly tune.



Mind - less - ly em - brace Dar - win's e - vo - lu - tion.  
 Vaste quan - ti - ties of ev - i - dence are there.  
 My in - cli - na - tions to be - lieve and pray  
 We're told this is the truth and all have re - solved.  
 Mo - ra - li - ty's de - fined by what I feel.  
 The worms from which hu - ma - ni - ty e - volved.  
 So pick a wim - py nerd and start a fight.  
 I have this in - side em - pi - ness re - solved.

Am B Em Am

And join the gro-wing re - vo - lu - tion.  
 For e - vo - lu - tion ev - ery where.  
 Are there cause I e - volved that way  
 We weren't cre - at - ed we e - volved  
 So some-times it's o - kay to steal.  
 Will dine on me as I dis - solve.  
 We're stron - ger when the fit sur - vive.  
 That's just the way that I e - volved.

Em B Em B<sup>7</sup> Em B<sup>7</sup>

Do we Dar-win? Ya! Do we Dar-win? Ya! Do we Dar-win?

Em B<sup>7</sup> Em B Em

Ya! Do we Dar-win? Ya!

# 99. Marilee's Melody

1988

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/099\\_Marilee.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/099_Marilee.wav)

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A wonderful song from all viewpoints. They say that a little girl steals her Daddy's heart. They are right. I hope this song expresses a dimension of that love.

The last verse was written for Marilee's wedding.

Here is a video from Marilee & Kris's wedding:

<https://youtu.be/mlqpdA5a9ds> , [http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/099\\_MarileesWeddingSong.mp4](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/099_MarileesWeddingSong.mp4)

## Marilee's Melody

You are a song inside of me

Marilee Melodie

You are the rhyme and the harmony

Marilee Melodie

Rose apple cheeks on an sweet angle face

Gold curly hair falling down on little girl lace

You are a song inside of me

Marilee Melodie

You are a joy inside of me

Marilee Melodie

You are love in my memory

Marilee Melodie

Young effervescence of wonder with life

Manifestation of all that's good and right.

You are a joy inside of me

Marilee Melodie

You are a light inside of me

Marilee Melodie

Soft glowing love in warm memories

Marilee Melodie

Skipping and singing, celebrating life

Innocence radiance beaming strong and bright

You are a song inside of me

Marilee Melodie

Now you're a woman in love with a man

Marilee Melodie

Now you are wed according to God's planned

Marilee Melodie

Stay close to God

Keep Christ in your heart

Know daddy loves you

No matter how far we're apart

You are a song inside of me

Marilee Melodie

# Marilee's Melody

99

R.J. Marks II

G C D G C D G D G

You are a song in-  
 You are a joy in-  
 You are a light in-  
 Now your a wo-man in

C G D C G D G

side of me. Ma - ri - lie Me-lo die. You are the rhyme and the  
 side of me Ma - ri - lie Me-lo-die. You are love in my  
 side of me Ma - ri - lie Me-lo--die. Soft glow-ing love wrapped in  
 love with a man. Ma - ri - lie Me-lo - die Now you are wad ac - cor-

C G D C G D G F

har mo - ny. Ma - ri - lie Me-lo-die. Rose ap -ple cheeks on a  
 me - mo - ry. Ma - ri - lie Me-lo-die. Young ef - fer - -ve-sence of  
 warm me-mo - ries. Ma - ri - lie Me-lo--die. Skip-ping and sin - ging ce -  
 ding to God's plan Ma - ri - lie Me-lo - die. Stay close to God keep

G F G F G D G C

sweet an - -gel face. Gold cur --ly hair fal-ling down on lit - tle girl lace.  
 won--der with life. Ma ni - fe - -sta - tion of all that's pure and right.  
 le - bra - ting life In - no-cent beau - ty shi - ning deep from in - side.  
 Christ in your heart. Know dad - dy loves you no mat - ter how far we're apart

G D G D C G D C G

You are a song in - side of me. Ma - ri - lie Me-lo - die.  
 You are a joy in - -side of me. Ma - ri - lie Me-lo - die.  
 You are a light in - side of me Ma - ri - lie Me--lo--die.  
 You are a song in - side of me Ma - ri - lie Me-lo - die

D C G D C G 2

Ma - ri - lie Me-lo - die.  
 Ma - ri - lie Me--lo--die. Ma - ri - lie Me--lo--die.  
 Ma - ri - lie Me-lo - die

# 98. Grandads are Great!

2014 <https://youtu.be/uMKzOwd4Frs>, [http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/098\\_GrandadsGreat.mp4](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/098_GrandadsGreat.mp4)

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Written by Tristan when he was three years old! Tristan's original vocals were done acapella perfectly in the key of C. Watch the video linked above.

## Grandads Are Great

Grandads are great and I know your sign  
I know a way to a find myself  
Into a way to a find myself  
I know a time  
A way to do it  
Lined!

# Grandads Are Great

98 Arranged by R.J. Marks II

Words & Music by Tristan Robert Marks

$\text{♩} = 150$

C F C G C F

Gran--dads are great and I know your sign. I know a way to a -

5 C G C F C G C F

-find my self. Into -to a way to a find my self. I know a time a

9 G F C G C

way to do it. Lined!

# 95. Boiled Asparagus

2005

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/095\\_BoiledAsparagus.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/095_BoiledAsparagus.mp3)

---

Joshua inspired this. We wouldn't let him leave the table until he ate his asparagus (steamed -not boiled). He pleaded, threatened, cried and, about two hours later, ate a portion of his cold asparagus. The song was a natural. Marilee's rendition of the song is priceless! Video Links:

[https://youtu.be/TUIOy1gvs\\_g](https://youtu.be/TUIOy1gvs_g) , [http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/095\\_BoiledAsparagusMarilee.mp4](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/095_BoiledAsparagusMarilee.mp4)

## Boiled Asparagus

I could go outside and play  
With my new turtle pet  
But here I sit  
Cause I ain't ate  
My boiled asparagus

Mommy says until I eat it  
Here I have to sit  
Me and my plate  
Will be up late  
With boiled asparagus

It smells a lot  
Like a dead rotting otter  
If I wish hard  
Maybe it will all go away.

I could go outside and play  
With my new water jet  
But here I sit  
Cause I ain't ate  
My boiled asparagus

Mom is so pleased.  
I ate it like I ought to  
She double checks  
My pockets and on the floor

I'm outside and it feels weird  
Squishing inside my pants  
But that's the price  
Of a life  
Without asparagus.

# Boiled Asparagus by R.J. Marks II

(95)

I COULD GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY WITH  
 MOMMY SAYS UN-TIL I EAT IT  
 I COULD GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY WITH  
 I'M OUTSIDE AND IT FEELS WIERD SQUISH-

MY NEW TURTLE PET BUT HERE I SIT 'CAUSE  
 HERE I HAVE TO SIT ME AND MY PLATE WILL  
 MY NEW WATER GET BUT HERE I SIT 'CAUSE  
 ING INSIDE MY PANTS BUT THAT'S THE PRICE -

I AIN'T ATE MY BOILED ASPARA-GUS  
 STAY UP LATE WITH  
 I AIN'T ATE MY  
 OF A LIFE WITHOUT ASPARA-GUS

IT SMELLS A-LOT LIKE A DEAD ROTTING-  
 MOM - IS SO PLEASED I ATE IT LIKE I

OTTER. IF I WISH HARD MAYBE IT WILL ALL GO A-WAY  
 OUGHT TO. SHE DOUBLE CHECKS MY POCKETS AND ON THE FLOOR

# 94. Trophies

1988

---

A serious song about storing up accomplishments on earth -where moth and rust doth corrupt. A very personal song. I wrote it when I was very depressed. The recognition of man by man has the same flavor as sin -it feels good for a while and then rings hollow. The song ends with the easily forgotten contract of salvation. This is one of two songs I wrote that can bring tears to my eyes.

## Trophies

Sixty seven years have gone  
My trophies lined upon the wall  
I can't even count them all, Lord.  
    Some are for accomplishment  
    And some for fame and wars I've fought  
    And some for reasons I forget.

I strongly feel what I must do  
Offer a sacrifice to you  
Of all I've done and all I'll ever do, Lord.  
    I'm puzzled that you don't receive  
    My gift. Oh. But now I see  
    All you really want is me.

In my younger driven days  
I fought for fortune, fame and praise  
And battled all who stood in my way, Lord.  
    Now all the victories of the past  
    And trophies given for conquest  
    Have such a hollow loneliness

TROPHIES (opus 94) <sup>by</sup> R.J. Marks II

SIXTY SEVEN YEARS HAVE GONE  
IN MY YOUNGER DRIVEN DAYS  
STRONGLY FEEL WHAT I MUST DO

MY TROPHIES LINED UP ON THE WALL  
OF - FOUGHT FOR FORTUNE FAME AND PRAISE  
FER A SAC-RI-FICE TO YOU

AND I CAN'T EVEN COUNT THEM ALL,  
OF BATTLED ALL WHO STOOD IN MY WAY,  
ALL I'VE DONE & ALL I'LL EVER DO,  
LORD  
LORD  
LORD

NO SOME ARE FOR ACCOMPLISHMENT  
I'M ALL THE VICTORIES OF THE PAST  
PUZZLED THAT YOU DON'T RECEIVE

AND SOME FOR FAME AND WARS I'VE FOUGHT  
AND TROPHIES GIVEN FOR CONQUEST  
MY GIFT. - OH. - NOW I SEE

To CODA ⊕

AND SOME FOR REASONS I FOR-GET  
 HAVE SUCH A HOLLOW LONELINESS  
 — ALL YOU EVER WANT IS ME

(LONELI)-NESS

⊕ CODA

ME

# 93. Jesus Christ is Coming Back Again

2000

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/093\\_JesusChristComingBack.mid](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/093_JesusChristComingBack.mid)

---

This is my best Christian song. Bouncy and foot-stomp'n'. It captures the joy of the hope of Christ's return. Catchy from alpha to omega.

## Jesus Christ it Coming Back Again

Stomp your feet and holler  
Bang the pots and pans  
Glory Hallelujah!  
Jesus Christ is coming back again.

Yell it from your roof tops  
Tell it to you friends  
Joy that can't be spoken  
Jesus Christ is coming back again.

Try to comprehend it  
Try to understand  
Maybe it's tomorrow  
When Jesus Christ is coming back again.

Give Him all the things that own you  
The worries and bad memories  
Let Him hold you in his big arms  
Feel His loving set you free!

So gather up the things that bug you  
The sorrows, sins and bitter fights  
Lay them at the feet of Jesus  
Watch them wither in the light!

Stomp your feet and holler  
Bang the pots and pans  
Sing a happy new song  
Cause Jesus Christ is coming back again.  
Jesus Christ is coming back again.  
Jesus Christ is coming back again

Jesus Christ is  
COMING BACK AGAIN  
(93)

by R. J.  
Marks

STOMP YOUR FEET & HOLLER BANG THE POTS &  
TRY TO COMPREHEND IT TRY TO UNDER-  
YELL IT FROM YOUR ROOF TOP TELL IT TO YOUR  
STOMP YOUR FEET & HOLLER BANG THE POTS &

PANS GLORY HALLELUJAH TO CODA  
STAND. MAYBE ITS TOMORROW WHEN JESUS CHRIST IS COMIN BACK AGAIN  
FRIENDS, JOY THAT CANT BE SPOKEN  
PANS. GLORY HALLELUJAH

GATHER UP THE THINGS THAT BUG YOU THE SORROWS SINS AND BITTER  
GIVE HIM ALL THE THINGS THAT OWN YOU THE WORRIES AND BAD MEMOR-

FIGHTS LAY THEM AT THE FEET OF JESUS WATCH THEM WITHER IN THE  
-IES LET HIM HOLD YOU IN HIS BIG ARMS FEEL FORGIVENESS SET YOU

LIGHT FREE JESUS CHIST IS COMING BACK AGAIN

JESUS CHRIST IS COMING BACK AGAIN

# 90. Joshua the Yazoo Kid

1991

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/090\\_JoshuaTheYazooKid.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/090_JoshuaTheYazooKid.mp3)

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This was Joshua's song. When he was a small boy, Josh would wind up at the end of the hall, enthusiastically run at full speed, arms pumping and yelling 'yazoooooo!!!' I captured this period in his life with this song. Ah, the spontaneous energy of youth!

All incidents in the song are true.

## Joshua the Yazoo Kid

Who meets me daily at the doorway  
To tell me things that day he did  
It's either thirty pounds of jabber  
Or Joshua, the Yazoo Kid

Who won't eat broccoli `less you tell him  
They're legs of a green slimy squid  
It's either pure imagination  
Or Joshua, the Yazoo Kid

Who's running down the hallway  
Like lightning that was greased  
And hits you doing sixty  
Below the knees

Who wants to stay up and watch TV  
Who's much more tired than he'll admit  
It's either perpetual motion  
Or Joshua, the Yazoo Kid

Who's favorite food is bubblegum  
Who likes to salt the slugs  
Who curls up for a nap  
With his favorite potato bug

Who puts his head upon your shoulder  
So sleepy cause he overdid  
He's thirty pounds of honest loving  
He's Joshua, the Yazoo Kid  
Joshua, the Yazoo Kid

# JOSHUA THE YAZOO KID (90)

WHO MEETS ME DAILY AT THE DOORWAY  
WHO WON'T EAT BROCCOLI 'LES YOU TELL HIM  
WHO WANTS TO STAY UP AND WATCH T.V.

TO 'RE TELL ME THINGS THAT DAY HE DID  
THEY'RE LEGS OFF A GREEN SLIMEY SQUID  
WHO'S MUCH MORE TIRED 'THAN HE'LL AD-MIT

IT'S EITHER THIRTY POUNDS OF JABBER  
IT'S EITHER PURE IMAGINA-TION  
IT'S EITHER PERPETUAL MOTION

OR JOSHUA THE YAZOOKID WHO

WHO'S RUNNING DOWN THE HALL WAY LIKE LIGHTNIN THAT IS GREASED  
WHO'S FAVORITE FOOD IS BUBBLEGON, WHO LIKES TO SALT THE SLUGS

AND HITS YOU DOING SIXTY - BE - LOW THE  
WHO CURLS UP FOR A NAP WITH HIS FARORITE POTATOE

KNEES WHO PUTS HIS HEAD UPON YOUR SHOULDER

SO SLEEPY CAUSE HE OVERDID

HE'S THIRTY POUNDS OF HONEST LOVING

HE'S JOSHUA ~ THE YAZOO KID

JOSHUA ~ THE YAZOO KID

# 89. Fun to Fly

1992

---

This was written by son Jeremiah when he was 9 or so. I helped to polish it a bit. A wonderful round.

## Fun to Fly

Oh it is so much fun to fly  
    (Oh it is so much fun to fly)  
Oh it is so much fun to fly  
    (Oh it is so much fun to fly)  
Almost all the little birdies fly  
    (Almost all the little birdies fly)  
I want to fly just little birdies fly  
    (Almost all the little birdies fly)  
The birds are the only creatures that can fly  
The birds can even sometimes fly higher than high.

# FUN TO FLY (89)

OH, IT IS SO MUCH FUN TO FLY — —  
{(Second Voice)-Oh, it is  
— — — — — OH IT IS SO MUCH FUN TO  
so much fun to fly }  
FLY — — — — — AL-MOST ALL THE  
{Oh, it is so much fun to fly)  
LITTLE BIRDIES FLY — — — — —  
(Al- most all the little birdies  
I WANT TO FLY LIKE THE BIRDIES FLY — — — — —  
(I want to fly  
like the birdies) (Both) The birds almost are the only  
creatures that can fly. The birds can even sometimes  
fly higher than high.

# 88. Who's The Best Daddy?

1992

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This was spontaneously written while driving the kids home from church. They wanted to stop at the 7-11 for Slurpies. I explained to them the concept of Biblical importunity by singing this song.

## Who's The Best Daddy?

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who buys us candy?

And makes us feel dandy?

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who buys us gum?

And gives us all some?

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

.

# Who's the Best Daddy?

88

WHO'S THE BEST DADDY IN THE WORLD (BOB! BOB! BOB!)

The first line of music is written on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a repeat sign. The melody consists of quarter notes: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The first measure is marked with a 'C' chord. The second measure is marked with an 'F' chord. The third measure is marked with a 'C' chord. The final three measures are marked with an 'A' chord and feature a guitar-style 'x' on the string.

WHO'S THE BEST DADDY IN THE WORLD (BOB! BOB! BOB!)

The second line of music is written on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter notes: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The first measure is marked with a 'C' chord. The second measure is marked with an 'F' chord. The third measure is marked with a 'C' chord. The final three measures are marked with an 'A' chord and feature a guitar-style 'x' on the string.

WHO BUYS US CANDY AND MAKES US FEEL DANDY  
WHO BUS US GUM— AND GIVES US ALL SOME

The third line of music is written on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter notes: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The first measure is marked with a 'C' chord. The second measure is marked with an 'F' chord. The third measure is marked with a 'C' chord. The final measure is marked with an 'F' chord and ends with a double bar line.

WHO'S THE BEST DADDY IN THE WORLD (BOB! BOB! BOB!)

The fourth line of music is written on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a repeat sign. The melody consists of quarter notes: C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The first measure is marked with a 'C' chord. The second measure is marked with a 'G' chord. The third measure is marked with a 'C' chord. The final three measures are marked with an 'A' chord and feature a guitar-style 'x' on the string.

# 85. Together In the Lord

1973

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/085\\_TogetherintheLord.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/085_TogetherintheLord.mp3)

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Connie and I sung this to each other at our wedding. It is a dedication to each other and God. A wonderful song where the male and female voices echo. Same melody as *Jelly Beans* (Opus #66) and *Please Don't Go* (Opus #13).

## Together In the Lord

Dearest Bobby,  
(Lovely Connie)  
Today we will be  
(Mutually married)  
    [Together in the Lord]  
    [So glad to know]  
        [He loves us so.]

I'll be your Queen  
(I'll be your King)  
Our hearts will sing  
(Through everything)  
    [Together in the Lord]  
    [So glad to know]  
        [He loves us so.]  
    [As years pass by]  
    [We'll grow alike]  
    [Living our lives to see]  
    [What we're to be.]

Tell me you do  
(Lord, I love you)  
I love you to  
(That makes it two)  
    [Together in the Lord]  
    [So glad to know]  
        [He loves us so.]  
    [My heart will sing]  
    [As I wear your ring]  
    [Through everything, feeling fine]  
    [`Cause you are mine]

Dearest Bobby,  
(Lovely Connie)  
Today we will be  
(Mutually married)  
    [Together in the Lord]  
    [So glad to know]  
        [He loves us so.]

TOGETHER IN THE LORD by Bob Marks

(1,4) DEAREST BOBBY (LOVELY CONNIE) TO-DAY WE WILL BE  
 (2) I'LL BE YOUR QUEEN (I'LL BE YOUR KING) - OUR HEARTS WILL SING  
 (3) TELL ME YOU DO ('LORD I LOVE YOU) - I LOVE YOU TOO

Girl → Boy → Girl →

(MUTUALLY MARRIED THRU EVERY-THING) (Unison) TO-GETHER IN THE LORD, SO GLAD TO  
 THAT MAKES IT TWO

Boy → UNISON →

KNOW HE LOVES US SO

Chords: G, C, Em, Am, G

to CODA

(Unison) AS YEARS PASS BY - WE'LL GROW ALIKE, LIVING OUR LIVES TO  
 MY HEART WILL SING, AS I WEAR YOUR RING, THRU EVERYTHING, FEELING

SEE FINE WHAT WE'RE TO BE CAUSE YOU ARE MINE

Chords: G, G7, C, F, C, G

al CODA

⊕ CODA

Musical notation for the first line of the CODA section. It features a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth notes with triplet markings. Chords are indicated above the staff: Am, G, C, and Em. The lyrics "SO GLAD TO KNOW" are written below the staff.

Musical notation for the second line of the CODA section. It continues the melody from the first line. Chords are indicated above the staff: Am, G, C, Em, Am, G, and C. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# 84. `Till Jeremiah (Moved in our Home)

1983

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/084\\_TillJeremiah.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/084_TillJeremiah.mp3)

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The first of my songs about me kids. Jeremiah was first and quite special. This kid really changed my life in a quantum jump. Wonderfully. In the recorded version, there is actually a recording of Jeremiah's baby cries and laughs. I used to ask him 'What does b-b-b-b-b-b spell?' Then I would flub his lips while he cooed. I thought this was hilarious.

## `Till Jeremiah (Moved in our Home)

I never woke at four AM  
To little cries I must attend  
I was never rockin' all night long  
`Till Jeremiah moved in my home

I never acted like such a fool  
Making' faces and saying `goo'  
Nobody ever snuck and sucked on my comb  
`Till Jeremiah moved in my home

He came to us six months ago  
A gift from God, or so I'm told  
I tried real hard, but couldn't see  
How at all he looked like me

I never knew one so minute  
Could drool so much on my best suit  
Nobody ever screamed when I was on the phone  
`Till Jeremiah moved in my home

Wiggling giggling continuously  
I never seen such energy  
And I never wrote a baby song  
`Till Jeremiah came along

No one would ever dare  
To grab and pull my littlest hairs  
I wouldn't believe it unless I was shown  
`Till Jeremiah moved in my home

TILL JEREMIAH (Moved in Our Home) by Bob Marks

Chords: A C#m F#m E A C#m F#m E

Chords: A6 A A6 A A6 A

I never woke at four A. M. to little cries I's  
 I never acted like such a fool - making faces and  
 I never knew one so minute could drool so much on  
 - No one would - ever dare to grab and pull my

Chords: A6 A E7

must attend, I's never rockin'  
 saying "goo", Nobody ever  
 my best suit, Nobody ever  
 little hairs, I wouldn't believe it  
 - - all night  
 snuck & sucked on my  
 when - I's on the  
 - un-less I was

Chords: D E E7 A E7

to Coda

long comb phone shown } TILL JEREMIAH MOVED IN OUR HOME

Chords: A A7 D

HOME HE came to us six months ago A  
 - Wigglin Gigglin continuously I

Chord: Bm

gift from God or so I'm told - I tried real hard, but  
 never seen such energy and I never wrote a

could not see — How at all he looked like me  
 baby song till Jeremiah came along

second time:  $\delta$  al Coda

Coda

MOVED IN OUR HOME

Repeat and Fade

# 83. This Same Thing Happens Every Year

1995

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A sad song - but very good. Connie's Mom, Mary Lou, passed away after long suffering of a terrible disease. This song was written from the perspective of Connie's Dad, Charlie Jewett, as he reflected each year on their anniversary. 'This same thing happens every year. Our day comes around -and you're not here.' When I sing this song with feeling, tears well up. I've never shared the song with Charlie.

## This Same Thing Happens Every Year

This same thing happens every year  
Our day comes along  
    And you're not here.  
I think about the way things were  
And wonder how they'd be  
    Had you been cured.

I try to understand, but Lord, it isn't fair  
To have the only one in this world that you cared for  
    Gone.

I close my eyes and feel the night  
We learned that those few months  
    Remained in all your life.  
I see the tears in your brave eyes  
And feel the hurt when you said  
    Things would be all right.

Each moment was more precious than the one before  
And though each day I prayed and pleaded with the Lord  
    You're gone.

This same thing happens every year.  
Our day comes around  
    And you're not here.

# THIS SAME THING by Bob Marks

(HAPPENS EVERY YEAR)

*soft* { THIS SAME THING HAPPENS EVERY YEAR  
 I CLOSE MY EYES AND FEEL THE NIGHT  
 THIS SAME THING HAPPENS EVERY YEAR

OUR DAY ~ COMES ALONG AND — YOU'RE NOT HERE  
 WE LEARNED THAT THOSE FEW MONTHS REMAINED IN ALL YOUR LIFE  
 OUR DAY ~ COMES ALONG AND — YOU'RE NOT (HERE)

I THINK A-BOUT THE WAY THINGS WERE  
 I SEE THE TEARS IN YOUR BRAVE EYES

AND WONDER HOW THEY'D BEEN HAD — YOU BEEN  
 AND FEEL THE HURT WHEN YOU SAID THINGS WOULD BE AL-

hard { I TRY TO UNDERSTAND BUT LORD IT ISN'T  
EACH MOMENT WAS MORE PRECIOUS THAN THE ONE BE-

FAIR TO HAVE THE ONLY ONE IN THIS WORLD THAT YOU  
-FORE AND THOUGH EACH DAY I PRAYED & PLEADED WITH THE

CARED FOR GONE  
LORD YOU'RE GONE

Repeat  
twice. Second  
D time at CODA

HERE

# 81. In My Mind

1995

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/081\\_InMyMind.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/081_InMyMind.mp3)

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I would like this song to be sung by Leon Redbone. It's the story of a recluse whose recollection of his dead love lives on in a photo. Good Dixie-blues melody. Strangely wonderful lyrics.

Here's nice midi music: [http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/081\\_InMyMind.mid](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/081_InMyMind.mid)

## The Clean Room Song

Sittin' thinkin' `bout my baby  
Thinkin' what I'd like to do.  
Gettin' down the picture she gave me  
To look at when I'm blue  
    My mind materializes my baby  
    Totally in heart and soul  
    The picture that she gave me saves me  
    From bein' lonely no more.

In my mind  
I'm feelin' fine.  
I close my mind  
And I find  
    She's at my side.

I'm feelin' fine  
In my mind  
33, 17,  
    29.

Sittin' thinkin' `bout my baby  
Knowin' there ain't nothin' new.  
Fanticizin' lovin' my baby  
Like we used to do.  
    Wish I had my pretty baby  
    To love me head to toe.  
    Wish she didn't die in eighty nine  
    And left me all alone  
        Totally in body in soul.  
        She made my sad heart whole.

# IN MY MIND

by Bob Marks

*S.*  
C b b c<sup>m</sup>

SITTING THINKING 'BOUT MY BABY  
SITTING THINKING 'BOUT MY BABY

C b b

THINKIN' WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO  
KNOWIN' THERE AIN'T NOthin' NEW

b b

GETTIN' DOWN THE PICTURE SHE GAVE ME TO  
FANTISIZIN' LOVIN' MY BABY

G d c<sup>m</sup> d

LOOK AT WHEN I'M BLUE MY  
LIKE WE USED TO DO DO -

b b #

MIND MATERIALIZES MY BABY  
WISH I HAD MY PRETTY BABY

TOTALLY IN BODY AND SOUL THE  
TO LOVE - ME - HEAD TO TOE I

PICTURE THAT SHE GAVE ME SAVES ME FROM  
WISH SHE DIDN'T DIE IN SIXTY-NINE AND

to Coda

BEIN' LONELY NO MORE  
LEFT ME ALL A- (LONE)

IN MY MIND I'M FEELIN'

FINE I CLOSE MY EYES AND I FIND SHE'S AT MY SIDE

# 80. The Clean Room Song

1995

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/080\\_TheCleanRoomSong.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/080_TheCleanRoomSong.mp3)

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An evil fox lives under the beds of small children. The fox lives on things that are not put away -like discarded clothes and toys. The more the children clean up the room, the smaller the fox will grow. If the room is kept clean all of the time, the fox will die. Pretty good encouragement for young minds, eh? The song was motivated by my fear of letting my feet hang over the foot of my bed while I slept. The fear was that somebody or something would bite them.

## The Clean Room Song

In your room under your bed  
Lives a mean red fox  
    Who feet first clings  
    To the mattress springs  
And lives on dirty sox.

He likes to eat fuzz balls and things  
That are not put away  
    Coats and toys  
    And corduroy  
And things in disarray

(Chorus)  
The more he eats the bigger he grows  
If he gets too big, he'll bite off your toes  
And your fingers too, and even your head  
If you let them dangle over the bed.

His favorite snack is little boy's slacks  
Thrown on a heap on the floor  
    He loves to chew  
    On discarded shoes  
And feeding him makes him want more

(Chorus)

So clean your room and pick up your clothes  
And starve the mean fox dead  
So when you sleep, you can let your feet  
Hang over the foot of the bed.

    So that you can keep your right hand  
    So that your head will not be fed  
    To the fox that's colored red  
    Living under your bed.

# The Clean Room Song by Bob Marks

80

— IN YOUR ROOM UNDER YOUR BED — — —  
 HE LIKES TO EAT FUZZBALLS AND THINGS — — — THAT  
 HIS FAVORITE SNACK IS LITTLE BOY'S SLACKS —  
 SO CLEAN YOUR ROOM AND PICK UP YOUR CLOTHES — — AND

LIVES A MEAN RED FOX WHO FEET FIRST CLINGS TO THE  
 ARE NOT PUT AWAY — COATS AND TOYS AND  
 THROWN IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR HE LOVES TO CHEW ON  
 STARVE THE MEAN FOX DEAD SO WHEN YOU SLEEP YOU CAN

MATRESS SPRINGS AND LIVES ON DIRTY SOX HE  
 CO R· DUR· OY AND THINGS IN DIS· ARAY THE  
 DISCARDED SHOES AND FEEDING HIM MAKES HIM WANT MORE  
 LET YOUR FEET HANG OVER THE FOOT OF THE BED SO

MORE HE EATS THE BIGGER HE GROWS, IF HE GETS TO BIG HE'LL

BITE OFF YOUR TOES AND FINGERS TOO, AND EVEN YOUR HEAD IF YOU

G G<sup>7</sup> *al*  
Coda

LET THEM DANGLE OVER THE BED } HIS  
SO

⊕ Coda  
F G F

THAT YOU CAN KEEP YOUR RIGHT HAND, SO THAT YOUR HEAD WILL

G F G

NOT BE FED TO THE FOX THAT'S COLORED RED

G<sup>7</sup> C

LIVING UNDER YOUR BED

# 78. As Much as I Love You

## (The Farmersburg News)

1973

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/078\\_FarmersbergNews.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/078_FarmersbergNews.mp3)

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This song is solid from all around. The lyrics stand alone as a poem. The melody is kind of Dixie-land. The song was written for Connie's Grandfather, Jack Jewett, who published the Farmersburg News. The first few verses claim the measure of the singer's love, if compared to feats such as kicking a football, would be of sufficient newsworthiness to make the newspaper. The last verse says the paper will also cover the singer and his lover if she consents to marry. The coverage, of course, be on the social page. This song is one of my favorites.

### As Much as I Love You (The Farmersburg News)

If I wanted to  
I could make the Farmersburg News.  
If I could kick a football  
As far as I love you.  
    It would go so long and high  
    It'd disappear into the sky  
    And circle the world `bout ninety times  
    That's what it would do.

If I wanted to  
I could really make the Farmersburg News.  
If I could run in circles  
As fast as I love you.  
    I could stir up big typhoons  
    Disturb the peace with sonic booms  
    And from the sky suck in the moon  
    That's what I could do.

If I had thirst to match my love  
I could drink oceans dry.  
If I breathed deep to match my love  
    I'd inhale the sky.

If I wanted to  
I could buy the Farmersburg News  
If I earn the money  
To match my love for you.  
    And I could pay the nation's dept  
    Buy GM and the New York Mets  
    And rent Utah for a summer rest  
    That's what I could do.

If I was big as love for you  
I'd stand `bout ten miles tall.  
If I had muscles to match my love  
They'd look like bowling balls.

If we wanted to  
We could make the Farmersburg News  
If your deep love for me  
Matched my love for you  
    We'd be on the social page  
    Tellin' the world that we're engaged  
    And plan ourselves a wedding day  
    And I'm so glad you do  
    Love me like you do  
    As much as I love you

AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU (the Farmersburg News) by Bob Marks

Musical staff with notes and chords: C, A7, D7, G, C, G

Musical staff with notes and chords: C, A7, D, G, C, G

(Fast & Lively) IF I WANTED TO — I COULD MAKE THE FARMERSBURG NEWS IF  
 IF I WANTED TO, I COULD REALLY MAKE THE FARMERSBURG NEWS IF  
 IF I WANTED TO, — I COULD BUY THE FARMERSBURG NEWS IF  
 (Slow & Bluesy) IF WE WANTED TO, — WE COULD MAKE THE FARMERSBURG NEWS IF

Musical staff with notes and chords: C, A7, D7, G, G7

I COULD KICK A FOOTBALL AS FAR AS I LOVE YOU —  
 I COULD RUN IN CIRCLES AS FAST AS I LOVE YOU —  
 I COULD EARN THE MONEY TO MATCH MY LOVE FOR YOU AND  
 YOUR DEEP LOVE FOR ME — MATCHED MY LOVE FOR YOU —

Musical staff with notes and chords: F, A7, D7, Eb+

IT WOULD SAIL SO LONG AND HIGH IT'D DISAPPEAR IN — TO THE SKY AND  
 I COULD STIR UP BIG TYPHOONS DIS-TURB THE PEACE WITH SONIC BOOMS AND  
 I COULD PAY THE NATION'S DEBT, BUY G. M. AND THE NEW YORK METS AN  
 WE'D BE ON THE SOCIAL PAGE TELLING THE WORLD THAT WE'S ENGAGED AN

Musical staff with notes and chords: C, A7, D7, G, C

CIRCLE THE WORLD 'BOUT NINETY TIMES. THAT'S WHAT IT WOULD DO IF  
 FROM THE SKY SUCK IN THE MOON. THAT'S WHAT I COULD DO IF  
 RENT U-TAH FOR A SUMMER REST. THAT'S WHAT I COULD DO IF  
 PLAN OUR-SELVES A WEDDING DAY.

Musical staff with notes and chords: 1. A7, D7, Ab, G

AND



# 76. Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

1974

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/076\\_Smoke.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/076_Smoke.mp3)

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This was written by Doug Haldeman, Ted Ford, Dan Kato and me. Doug and I smoked like chimneys when we were writing the song. My favorite line is 'Today they cut out half of your right lung. Tonight they start on the other one.' When Dad got lung cancer, he recalled this prophetic verse. Maybe we can sell this to the Surgeon General?

## Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

I begged you since the first time that we met  
To please quit smoking those damn cigarettes  
And now you lie in this hospital bet  
Gaggin' & a chokin' & a coughin' off your head.

Today they cut out half of your right lung  
Tonight they start on the other one  
Poor Jane my dear I'm `fraid that you're `bout  
done.  
So grab a pack and have a drag of fun.

Have, have, have another cigarette.  
Try to inhale deeply into your poisoned chest.  
Smoke, smoke, smoke  
`Cause you ain't quite dead yet  
Go ahead and smoke another cigarette.

Don't expect for me to pity you  
Your lying there has long been over due  
It takes a strong will to quit, it's true  
But it takes a lot of guts to face cancer too.

Throughout the years you've smoked those  
cigarettes  
They made your teeth yellow & stunk up your  
breath  
Burnt holes in your blouse and in the bed  
So celebrate, go ahead.

Have, have, have another cigarette.  
Try to inhale deeply into your poisoned chest.  
Smoke, smoke, smoke  
`Cause you ain't quite dead yet  
Go ahead and smoke another cigarette.

# SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE

(76)

G C

I BEGGED YOU SINCE THE FIRST TIME THAT WE MET TO  
 (TO-) DAY THEY CUT OUT HALF OF YOUR RIGHT LUNG TO-  
 - DON'T EXPECT FOR ME TO PITY YOU YOUR  
 SPOKEN (TROUGH-) OUT THE YEARS YOU SMOKED THEM CIGARETTES IT

D7 G

PLEASE QUIT SMOKING THOSE DARN CIGARETTES AND  
 NIGHT THEY START ON THE OTHER ONE POOR  
 LYING THERE HAS LONG BEEN OVER-DUE IT  
 MADE YOUR TEETH YELLOW AND STUNK UP YOUR BREATH BURNT

G C

NOW YOU LIE IN THIS HOSPITAL BED  
 JANE MY DEAR I'M 'FRAID THAT YOU'RE 'BOUT DONE  
 TAKE A STRONG WILL TO QUIT, IT'S TRUE  
 HOLES IN YOUR BLOUSE AND IN THE BET

D D7 G

CAGIN' AND-A CHOKING AND-A COUGHING OFF YOUR HEAD TO-  
 GRAB YOUR PACK AND HAVE A DRAG OF FUN

C G

SMOKE SMOKE SMOKE AN - OTHER CIGARETTE

D7 G

TRY TO INHALE DEEPLY DEAR IN - TO YOUR POISONED CHEST

SMOKE SMOKE SMOKE, 'CAUSE YOU AIN'T QUITE DEAD YET SO

GO AHEAD AND SMOKE AN OTHER CIGA -

- RETTE

Repeat twice.  
Second time  
al CODA

SMOKE

SPOKEN: GO AHEAD AND SMOKE ANOTHER ONE. PUT ONE IN YOUR EAR

AN- OTHER CIGARETTE

HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR NOSE

LOUSY CIGARETTE

# 72. In Good Time

1974

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/072A\\_InGoodTime.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/072A_InGoodTime.mp3)

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I love this song! It's a bluesy song about a lazy man on a hot day being nagged by his wife to do chores. Connie says I sing it almost every time she asks me to work. I first wrote it, believe it or not, as a prayer. The lyrics were:

THANK YOU DEAR LORD  
FOR LETTING ME SING  
FOR LETTING ME SING  
FOR FLATS AND FOR SHARPS  
AND GUITAR STRINGS  
FOR ALL OF THE THINGS  
THAT I'VE DONE AND SEEN.  
FOR ALL THE GOOD TIMES.

These lyrics reminded me too much of country singer Tom T. Hall's song 'I Love' where he listed everything from his girl to onions. Writing a song where pleasant things are listed takes the talent of an ear swab. Thus, the 'For all the good times' was replaced by 'In good time' and a classic was born! Connie likes the first version best.

## In Good Time

I know that it's late  
And the tater bugs  
Are thick in the field  
Eatin' our spuds.  
I swear to you, woman  
I'll kill every one  
In good time.

I know that the weeds  
Are chokin' the corn  
And all of the beans  
Are smothered with thorns  
I'll hoe `em all out  
Like a thunder storm  
In good time.

So sit your body down  
And let it suck up some of this sun.  
It ain't the time for fixin' things  
Or gettin' nothin' done  
Sip some ice cold lemonade  
And feel it's cool caress.  
Close your eyes and shut your mouth  
And give your jaws a rest.

I know the roof leaks.  
It's leaked since spring.  
But it's sunny now.  
No leaks and no rain,  
But I'll buy some tar  
And plug everything  
In good time.

I'm gonna sit here in this shade  
And sing a lazy song.  
Sip my ice cold lemonade  
And do nothin' all day long  
And plug my ears so I can't hear  
You tell me what to do.  
You're waggin' tongue's about as fun  
As when I had the flu.

Yeah, I'll get to work.  
I'll clean the barn.  
I'll fix the roof  
And I'll hoe your corn.  
I'll kill all them bugs  
And pull up the thorns  
In good time.

# IN GOOD TIME

(72)

by Bob Marks

I KNOW THAT IT'S LATE AND THE 'TATER BUGS ARE THICK IN THE  
 (I KNOW THAT THE) WEEDS ARE CHOKIN' THE CORN AND ALL OF THE  
 (I KNOW THE ROOF) LEAKS THAT IT'S LEAKED SINCE SPRING BUT IT'S SUNNY  
 (YEAH I'LL GET TO) WORK YEAH I'LL CLEAN THE BARN — I'LL FIX YOUR

FIELD —EATIN' OUR SPUDS I SWEAR TO YOU WOMAN I'LL KILL EV-RY  
 BEANS ARE STRANGLD WITH THORNS I'LL HOE 'EM ALL BUT LIKE A THUNDER  
 NOW NO LEAKS AND NO RAIN BUT I'LL BUY SOME TAR AND PLUG EV-RY  
 ROOF AND I'LL HOE YOUR CORN I'LL KILL ALL THEM BUGS AND PULL UP THE

ONE STORM THING } IN GOOD TIME I KNOW THAT THE  
 THORNS

SO SIT YOUR BODY DOWN & LET IT SOAK UP SOME OF THIS SUN IT  
 I'M GONNA SIT HERE IN THE SHADE & SING A LAZY SONG AND

AIN'T THE TIME FOR FIXIN' THINGS OR GETTIN' NOTHIN' DONE  
 SIP THIS ICE-COLD LEMON-AIDE AND DO NOTHIN' ALL DAY LONG AND

F# F#6 F#7 F#6 F# F#6 F#7 F#6  
 SIP SOME ICE COLD LEMON-AIDE & FEEL ITS COOL CARESS  
 PLUG MY EARS SO I CAN'T HEAR YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO YOUR

B7 B9+5  
 Repeat twice:  
 Second time al CODA  
 CLOSE YOUR EYES & SHUT YOUR MOUTH & GIVE YOUR JAWS A REST, I KNOW THE ROOF  
 WAGGIN' TONGUE'S ABOUT AS FUN AS WHEN I HAD THE FLU, YEAH I'LL GET TO

CODA F9 E9  
 (SPOKEN): "GET OUTA HERE WOMAN"

# 65. Arthur the Drip

1973

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/065\\_ArthurTheDrip.wav](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/065_ArthurTheDrip.wav)

---

I guess if there is any song with which I am identified, this is it. Everyone loves it. Mom and Aunt Justine wrote a children's book using the lyrics as the book's narrative.

## Arthur the Drip

Arthur was a little drip  
Who drifted all around  
And watched the world from three miles up  
In a fluffy cloud  
    Arthur's girl was Judy  
    A pretty little drip  
    Together they sailed the deep blue sky  
    In their fluffy ship.  
One day Art's cloud darkened  
And spit out lightening balls  
And Art condensed and Judy cried  
As he began to fall.  
    Art felt the wind whip by him  
    And forced a look around  
    And saw millions of fellow drops  
    Falling to the ground.  
Arthur fell for two miles  
And landed on hard dirt  
It broke his nose and sprained his brain  
And made his ankles hurt  
    Art pulled himself together  
    To be swept down a drain  
    In a flowing raging current  
    Of fellow drops of rain.  
Art floated in the sewer  
And down a drainage pipe  
He bobbed and swirled and pitched and rolled  
Well into the night  
    When the sun bought morning  
    Art emptied in a stream  
    That emptied to a river  
    That emptied in the sea.  
Art was a drip no longer  
But part of a big sea  
He hated to be crowded  
With no identity  
    He thought of pretty Judy  
    And the good times that they had had

    And knew he loved and missed that girl  
    It made him feel real bad.  
Arthur bobbed and floated  
From mid July to May  
When a miracle happened to Arthur Drip  
One balmy summer day.  
    While floating on the surface  
    Of the motionless sea  
    Art evaporated  
    And drifted skywardly.  
Up and up and upward  
Shot Arthur in the air  
Away from hustle bustle  
Away from crowds and cares.  
    He floated high and mighty  
    In the freedom he'd forgot  
    He breathed in deep and then gave thanks  
    For summers, warm and hot.  
Art floated to a cloud  
To see if Judy was there  
He looked and asked and searched but cried  
Cause nobody knew where  
    As Arthur got depressed  
    He heard a little voice  
    His head shot up, he saw his girl  
    So pretty, round and moist.  
Arthur's lips met Judy's  
And two drips became one  
Their surface tension merged their minds  
And their new life had begun  
    Now Art and Judy have love  
    In every type of weather  
    Knowing that if the storm comes back  
    They'll rain to earth together.  
Arthur is a little drip  
Who drifts all around  
And watches the world from three miles up  
In a fluffy cloud

# ARTHUR (THE DRIP)

by Bob Marks

(65)

ART

ARTHUR WAS A LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTED ALL A ROUND AND  
 FLOATED IN A SEWER AND DOWN A DRAINAGE PIPE, HE  
 UP AND UP AND UPWARD, SHOT ARTHUR IN THE AIR, A-  
 ARTHUR'S LIPS MET JUDY'S AND TWO DRIPS BECAME ONE, THEIR

WATCHED THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD  
 BOBBED AND SWIRLED & PITCHED & ROLLED WELL INTO THE NIGHT  
 WAY FROM HUSTLE & BUSTLE AND A WAY FROM CROWDS & CARES HE  
 SURFACE TENSION MERGED THEIR MINDS A NEW LIFE BE-GUN NOW

ARTHUR'S GIRL WAS JUDY A PRETTY LITTLE DRIP TO-  
 WHEN THE SUN BROUGHT MORNING ART EMPTIED IN A STREAM THAT  
 FLOATED HIGH AND MIGHTY IN THE FREEDOM HE'D FOR-GOT HE  
 ART AND JUDY HAVE LOVE IN EV-RY TYPE OF WEATHER, KNOW-

-GETHER THEY SAILED THE DEEP BLUE SKY IN THEIR FLUFFY SHIP  
 EMPTIED IN A RIVER THAT EMPTIED IN THE SEA  
 BREATHED IN DEEP AND THEN GAVE THANKS FOR SUMMERS CALM AND HOT  
 ING THAT IF THE STORM COMES BACK THEY'LL RAIN TO EARTH TO-GETHER

to Coda (4th verse)

ART WAS A DRIP NO LONGER AND  
 ART FLOATED TO A CLOUD BUT TO

SPIT OUT LIGHT-NING BALLS AND HE  
 PART OF A BIG SEA HE HATED TO BE CROWDED WITH  
 SEE IF JUDY WAS THERE HE LOOKED & ASKED & SEARCHED BUT CRIED CAUSE

E A G D

HE BEGAN TO FALL, ART FELT THE WIND WHIP BY HIM, AND  
 NO IDENTI- TY. HE THOUGHT OF PRETTY JUDY AND THE  
 NO- BODY KNEW WHERE. AS ARTHUR GOT DEPRESSED HE

G D G D

WHEN HE LOOKED AROUND, HE SAW MILLIONS OF FELLOW DROPS  
 GOOD TIMES THEY HAD HAD AND KNEW HE LOVED & MISSED THAT GIRL & IT  
 HEARD A LITTLE VOICE HIS HEAD SHOT UP, HE SAW HIS GIRL SO

A<sup>7</sup> D

FALLING TO THE GROUND  
 MADE ART FEEL SO BAD  
 PRETTY ROUND AND MOIST

ON THIRD VERSE  
 al Coda

G D G D

ARTHUR FELL FOR TWO MILES, AND SPLATTED ON HARD DIRT IT  
 ARTHUR BOBBED FLOATED FROM MID JULY TO MAY WHEN A

G D E A

BROKE HIS NOSE AND SPRAINED HIS BRAIN? MADE HIS ANKLES HURT BUT ART  
 MIRACLE HAPPENED TO ARTHUR DRIP ONE CALM HOT SUMMER DAY WHILE

G D G D

PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER TO BE SWEEPED DOWN A DRAIN IN A  
 FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOTIONLESS SEA - -

G D A D REPEAT TWICE

# 61. Connie

1973

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/061\\_Connie.mid](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/061_Connie.mid)

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This was my song to Connie. I pained for hours over the words to make them say what I felt. The melody is magnificent. I sang her the song at our wedding. A wonderful and personally meaningful song for me.

The linked midi file was written to loop.

## Connie

Connie

A ray of sunshine on a cloudy day  
Could never match the beauty and the ways of you.

Connie

You brighten patches never lit before  
And kindle fires never aflame before you.

In the radiance of your eyes  
The whole world seems to spin and fall  
I would pray to live and die  
With you.

Connie

I love the sounding of your precious name  
And how your loveliness puts all to shame around you.

Let me touch your flowing hair  
The warmness of your gentle smile  
Let me feel sweet loving care  
From you.

And Connie

When to me the judgement of your heart's tied  
I'll dedicate my only life to you.

Connie.



F C

THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMS TO SPIN AND THE WARM-NESS OF YOUR GENTLE FALL SMILE

REPEAT TWICE

F E<sup>m</sup> G G<sup>7</sup> 1,2

I WOULD PRAY TO LIVE AND DIE WITH YOU DEAR  
LET ME FEEL SWEET LOVING CARE FROM YOU (AND)

at CODA

AND

⊕ CODA G G<sup>7</sup> C

YOU (WHISPERED) CON-NIE

# 60. Yellow Yolks

1973

[http://marksmannet.com/Opi/060\\_YellowYokes.mp3](http://marksmannet.com/Opi/060_YellowYokes.mp3)

---

When we were dating, I told Connie when I could write a song about anything. One does not have to experience to write. This song, about eggs, was my illustration. It's pretty good. I cheated, though. I knew a lot about eggs.

## Yellow Yolks

I'm an egg man  
Best that can be found.  
Snowy white eggs  
Chicken's make `em round.  
    I'm in eggs, man  
    Workin' not to beg.  
    My chicken's want you  
    To buy yourself an egg.  
Yellow yokes  
    Whiter whites  
        Firmer form  
            Better bites.  
Happy chicks  
    Squeezed and laid  
        The very best  
            So buy my eggs.  
I'm an egg man  
Get a little pole  
Buy an egg, man  
Poke a little hole.  
    Suck an egg man  
    Taste it oozing in  
    Buy another  
    Share it with a friend.  
Yellow yokes  
    Whiter whites  
        Firmer form  
            Better bites.  
Happy chicks  
    Squeezed and laid  
        The very best  
            So buy my eggs.

`Buy an egg man  
Fry away your fears  
Boil it, poach it  
Put it in your beer.  
    I'm your egg man  
    For all your needs in eggs  
    Let's get egg breath  
    The rest of our days.  
Yellow yokes  
    Whiter whites  
        Firmer form  
            Better bites.  
Happy chicks  
    Squeezed and laid  
        The very best  
            So buy my eggs

by ROBERT J. MARKS II

"YELLOW YOKES"  
(OPUS 60)

C F C G C F G

G7 C C G F C

I'M AN EGG MAN  
I'M AN EGG MAN  
BUY AN EGG MAN

G7 C G F C

BEST THAT CAN BE FOUND SNO - WY WHITE EGGS  
GET A LIT-TLE POLE BUY AN EGG MAN  
FRY A-WAY YOUR FEARS BOIL IT POACH IT

G C C G F C

CHICKEN'S MAKE 'EM ROUND I'M 'IN EGGS, MAN  
POKE A LIT-TLE HOLE SUCK AN EGG, MAN  
PUT IT IN YOUR BEER I'M YOUR EGG MAN FOR

G G7 C C G F C

WORK-ING NOT TO BEG MY CHICKENS WANT YOU TO  
TASTE IT OOE ING IN EGGs = BUY AN - OTHER  
ALL YOUR NEEDS IN EGGS = LET'S GET EGG BREATH

(CHORUS)  
G G7 C C F

BUY YOUR-SELF AN EGG } YEL-LOW YOKES WHITER WHITES  
SHARE IT WITH A FRIEND  
THE REST OF OUR DAYS

FIRMER FORM GET-TER BITES HAP-PY CHICKS SQUEEZED AND LAID THE

VERY BEST SO BUY MY EGGS

REPEAT TWICE

# 59. Daniel Two

1978

[http://marksmannet.com/Opi/059\\_DanielTwo.mp3](http://marksmannet.com/Opi/059_DanielTwo.mp3)

---

One of my songs where the lyrics actually make a nice children's poem. The lyrics are taken from the second chapter of the book of *Daniel* in the Bible. Nice melody also.

## Daniel Two

Nebuchadnezzar dreamed  
A strange forgotten dream  
And after his troubled sleep  
It slipped his memory  
He tried to find it in his mind it seems.

Nebuchadnezzar cried  
To the smart and the wise  
To tell him of his dream  
And what his nightmare means  
And they to tried to strain their minds  
It seems

When Daniel, the Jew boy,  
Said he knew of the dream  
And what's more, everything  
That it means.

`You dreamed of a statued man  
With silver chest, arms and hands.  
His belly and thighs were cast  
In ordinary brass  
With iron legs and feet of clay-iron mixed.'

`As the golden head watched  
A mountain spew forth a rock.  
With a mighty Godly smash  
To bits the statue crashed  
Of silver and gold and clay and iron  
And brass.'

"Oh Daniel, you Jew boy,  
That is just what I dreamed.  
Now tell me if you can  
What it all means."

`The golden head is your great kingdom.  
The other parts are kingdoms to come.  
Kingdoms which rule the world  
The ugly beautiful world  
And like them all, they will fall to my  
Lord.'

`The mountain is my dear Lord.  
And the rock is my Lord.  
And when the smashing's done  
The rock will then become  
A large mountain to overcome the  
world.'

And Daniel, the Jew boy  
Looked up at Nebuchadnezzar  
And he knew in his heart  
That all were pleased.

That's how Daniel the Jew boy  
Nebuchadnezzar dreamed  
Interpreted the dream  
And let the world know of this prophesy  
Which happened and is now history

Nebuchadnezzar dreamed  
A strange forgotten dream

# DANIEL TWO

(59)

by Bob Marks

C E<sup>m</sup> F C G C

NE BU CHADNEZZER DREAMED WITH  
"YOU DREAMED OF A STATUED MAN THE  
"THE GOLDEN HEAD IS YOUR GREAT KING DOM

C E<sup>m</sup> F C G C F G

A STRANGE FORGOTTEN DREAM AFTER HIS TROUBLED  
SIL - VER CHEST, ARMS & HANDS ITS BELLY & THIGHS WERE  
OTHER PARTS ARE KINGDOMS TO COME KINGDOMS WHICH RULE THE

C F G C F C

SLEEP IT SLIPPED HIS MEMORY HE TRIED TO FIND IT  
CAST IN OR - DI - NA - RY BRASS WITH IRON LEGS &  
WORLD THE UG - LY BEAUTIFUL WORLD AND LIKE THEM ALL

F C G G<sup>7</sup> C E<sup>m</sup> F C G C

IN HIS MIND TO SEE NE - BU - CHADNEZZER CRIED  
FEET OF CLAY - IRON MIXED AS THE GOLDEN HEAD WATCHED  
YOURS WILL FALL TO MY LORD THE MOUNTAIN IS MY DEAR LORD

C E<sup>m</sup> F C G C F G

TO THE SMART & THE WISE TO TELL HIM OF HIS  
A MOUNTAIN SPEW FORTH A ROCK WITH A MIGHTY GODLY  
AND THE ROCK IS MY LORD AND WHEN THE SMASHING'S

C F G F C

DREAM SMASH DONE AND WHAT HIS NIGHTMARE MEANS, AND THEY TO TRIED TO TO BITS THE STATUE CRASHED OF SILVER AND GOLD AND THE ROCK WILL THEN BECOME A LARGE MOUNTAIN TO

F C G G7 F

STRAIN THEIR MINDS IT SEEMS, WHEN DANIEL THE IRON AND CLAY AND BRASS" "OH DANIEL YOU OVER - COME THE WORLD" THAT'S HOW DANIEL THE

C G

JEW BOY SAID HE KNEW OF THE DREAM AND WHAT'S MORE EVERY- JEW BOY THAT IS JUST WHAT I DREAMED NOW TELL ME IF YOU JEW BOY IN- TERPRETED THE DREAM, AND LET THE WORLD KNOW

Repeat Twice

G7 1,2 C G 3. C

- THING CAN WHAT IT ALL MEANS" "THE - Y WHICH OF THIS PROPHECY

G G7 C

HAPPENED AND IS NOW HISTORY

LOVE YOU MORE THAN YOU DO  
 KISS YOU RIGHT ON THE MOUTH } YEAH YEAH YEAH  
 - MOR - ROW BUT I GOT SCHOOL  
 GO HOME AND GO TO BED

REPEAT  
 THRICE

YEAH MORE THAN YOU RIGHT ON THE OH I GOT GO TO DO MOUTH SCHOOL BED } YEAH WELL IT'S THE PLEASE DON'T WELL IT'S THE

YEAH, AND GO TO BED

# 34. Heartburn

1968

[http://marksmannet.com/Opi/034\\_Heartburn.mp3](http://marksmannet.com/Opi/034_Heartburn.mp3)

---

Great melody! Fun nonsense lyrics about self-aware food. Surrealistic! Weird! One of my favorites.

## Heartburn

I let the hotdog slip onto the floor  
And watched it gayly bouncing out the door  
And heard it yell `Baby, please don't get sore,  
`But I ain't comin' back on more.'

And then the lemons started rolling `round  
They said something `bout being homeward bound  
And with their dispositions bright and gay  
They packed their bags and rolled away.

And then the kitchen seemed to come alive.  
The whole house started rockin' from side to side  
Everything from the peanuts to the steaks  
Put on their coats and went away.

Sometimes I sit and wonder `bout that day  
When all my food just up and went away  
I miss them more that I could ever say  
I wish I'd tried to make them stay  
When they just up and went away

# HEARTBURN (34)

by Bob Marks

I LET THE HOT DOG SLIP ON- TO THE FLOOR  
 AND THEN THE THE LEMONS STARTED TO ROLLING ROUND  
 AND THEN THE THE KITCHEN SEEMED TO COME A- LIVE  
 SOMETIMES I SIT AND WONDER 'BOUT THAT DAY

AND WATCHED IT GAYLY BOUNCING  
 AND YELLED SOMETHING 'BOUT BEING  
 THE WHOLE HOUSE STARTED ROCKING  
 WHEN ALL THEM THINGS JUST UP AND

FROM THE HOMeward DOOR  
 SIDE TO BOUND  
 WENT A- SIDE WAY

AND HEARD IT YELL "BA-BY PLEASE  
 AND WITH THEIR DIS-PO- SITIONS  
 EV-RY - THING FROM THE PEANUTS  
 I MISS THEM MORE THAN I COULD

DON'T GET SORE  
 BRIGHT AND GAY  
 TO THE STEAK  
 EVER STAY

BUT I AIN'T COMIN' BACK NO MORE"  
 THEY PACKED THEIR BAGS & ROLLED A-WAY  
 PUT ON THEIR COATS AND WENT A-WAY  
 I REALLY DIDN'T CARE THAT (DAY)

DAY WHEN THEY JUST UP & WENT A-WAY I MISS THEM MORE THAN I CAN SAY

# 19. You Ain't Gonna Die, You're Gonna Ugly Away

1967

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/019\\_UglyAway.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/019_UglyAway.mp3)

---

This was for a time my most famous song. I sang it so much, that it lost its meaning. Kind of like chewing gum for a week. All the flavor goes away. I pity the poor recording artist who sings the same songs over and over again in concert. How hollow. In 1971, the Rose- Hulman Glee Club went on tour to Indiana, Illinois and Missouri high schools. I did a solo in the act, and this was my song. The response was incredible, including two standing ovations. Professor Peter Partial, the Glee Club's director, told me that letters had been received from one of the school administrators saying that the song was inappropriate for a high school audience. How things have changed.

## You Ain't Gonna Die, You're Gonna Ugly Away

You got the disposition of a sewer rat.  
You make love like a crippled vampire bat.  
You smell something like a mildewed bathroom mat.  
When you laugh ripples flow down your fat.  
    You ain't gonna die, you ain't gonna die.  
    You ain't gonna die, you're gonna ugly away.

Ug, ug, ugly away.  
You're gonna ug, ug, ugly away.  
You're gonna ug, ug, ugly away.  
You're gonna ug, ug, ugly away.  
    You ain't gonna die, you ain't gonna die.  
    You ain't gonna die, you're gonna ugly away.

Every time you move, for you it's a major chore.  
You got to turn sideways to go through a door.  
You're conversation's filled with assorted snorts.  
You got the complexion of an infected wart.  
    You ain't gonna die, you ain't gonna die.  
    You ain't gonna die, you're gonna ugly away.

So take your acid breath and your hairy arms  
And get yourself a ride to the nearest freak farm.  
And get yourself a job cleaning out the barn.  
And maybe some cow will dig all of your charms.  
    You ain't gonna die, you ain't gonna die.  
    You ain't gonna die, you're gonna ugly away.

(solo)

You have the dainty figure of a battle ship  
Your mouth seems to want to have a fish hook in it  
You walk like you're in some kind of mental fit  
Your skins about as smooth as a catcher's mit  
    You ain't gonna die, you ain't gonna die.  
    You ain't gonna die, you're gonna ugly away.



C<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

US UG UG-LY A-WAY YOU AINT GON-NA DIE YOU AINT GON-NA DIE YOU

G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOU'RE GON-NA UG-LY A-WAY SO TAKE YOUR A-CID BREATH AND YOUR

HAIR-Y ARMS AND GET YOUR-SELF A RIDE TO THE NEAR-EST FREAK FARM AND

F<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>

GET YOUR-SELF A JOB CLEANING OUT THE BARN AND MAY-BE SOME COW WILL DIG

G<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup>

ALL OF YOUR CHARM YOU AINT GON-NA DIE YOU AINT GON-NA DIE YOU

G<sup>7</sup> C C

AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOUR GON-NA

# 12. Opus 12

1968

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/012\\_NeverChangeMe.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/012_NeverChangeMe.mp3)

---

I like this song, especially the haunting melody.

## Opus 12

If you think your presence will change me  
To the person you want me to be  
If you think your wants will appeased  
By praising and criticizing me  
    Then look around at what I am  
    I'm to set in my ways  
    Please don't try to change me  
    With your love.

If you want the earth and boundless sea  
Brought to you and laid down at your feet  
If you want to own all that you see  
Brought to you by merely loving me  
    Then drop your dreams of selfishness  
    Your dreams with me will die.  
    So please don't try to change me  
    With your love.

If you think that loving me will bring  
You a life of pure tranquility  
If you think your wants will be appeased  
By praising and criticizing me.  
    Then turn your head and walk away  
    Your dreams with me will die.  
    For you could never change me  
    With your love.

# OPUS 12

WORDS & MUSIC  
by ROBERT J.  
MARKS II

TO  
E Coda

A E

IF YOU THINK YOUR PRESENCE WILL CHANGE ME  
IF YOU WANT THE EARTH AND BOUNDLESS SEA  
IF YOU THINK THAT LOVING ME WILL BRING

A B

TO THE PERSON YOU WANT ME TO BE  
BOUGHT TO YOU AND A LIFE OF PURE TRANQUILITY  
FEET

A E

IF YOU THINK YOUR WANTS WILL BE A-PEASED  
IF YOU WANT TO OWN ALL THAT YOU SEE  
IF YOU THINK YOUR WANTS WILL BE A-PEASED

A B

BY PRAISING AND CRITICIZING ME THEN  
BOUGHT TO YOU BY MERELY LOVING ME THEN  
BY PRAISING AND CRITICIZING ME

E A Am E

LOOK AROUND AT WHAT I AM I'M TO SET IN MY WAYS SO  
DROP YOUR DREAMS OF SELFISHNESS YOUR DREAMS WITH ME WILL DIE SO  
TURN YOUR HEAD AND WALK AWAY YOUR DREAMS WITH ME WILL DIE FOR

E G#m B E

PLEASE DON'T TRY TO CHANGE ME WITH YOUR LOVE  
PLEASE DON'T TRY TO CHANGE ME WITH YOUR LOVE  
YOU COULD NEVER CHANGE ME WITH YOUR LOVE

REPEAT 3RD TIME a Coda  
B7 TIME a Coda E

# 9. Lost

1968

---

A statement of loneliness, isolation and fear. The last verse refers to a mythical land where everyone felt this way. I found this land -it was college. Grunge lyrics before their time..

## Lost

My mind has over lived my years.  
My hate has overcome my fears.  
I look around and what I see  
Seems only to be seen by me.

My green grass turns grey overnight.  
I lose my wars before my fight.  
I try to struggle off the ground  
But I just keep on falling down.

My life seems predestined by fate.  
My loves are molded into hate.  
I strain to look, but cannot see  
The good in what I'm told to be.

My dreams are crushed by reality.  
My faith is deadened by what I see.  
My goal to someday reach the sky  
Is marred by this mist 'round my eyes.

My wants are nullified by no's.  
My suns are all smothered with snow.  
The thoughts I hear and sights I see  
Have lost me to reality.

WORDS & MUSIC  
by ROBERT J.  
MARKS II

# LOST

(OPUS 9)

**E<sup>m</sup>**

MY MIND HAS  
MY GREEN GRASS  
MY LIFE SEEMS  
MY DREAMS ARE  
MY WANTS ARE

**B<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>m</sup>**

O-VER LIVED MY YEARS  
TURNS GRAY O-VER-NIGHT  
PRE-DESTINED BY FATE  
CRUSHED BY REAL-I-TY  
NULLIFIED WITH NO'S

MY HATE HAS  
I LOOSE MY  
MY LOVES ARE  
MY FAITH IS  
MY SUNS ARE

**B<sup>7</sup>** **A<sup>m</sup>**

OV-ER-COME MY FEARS  
WARS BE-FORE I FIGHT  
MOLDED IN-TO HATE  
DEADENED BY WHAT I SEE  
ALL SMOTHERED WITH SNOW

I LOOK A-  
I TRY TO  
I STRAIN TO  
MY GOAL TO  
THE THOUGHTS I

**E<sup>m</sup>** **A<sup>m</sup>**

-ROUND AND WHAT I SEE  
STRUG-GLE OFF THE GROUND  
LOOK BUT CAN-NOT SEE  
SOME-DAY REACH THE SKY  
HEAR AND SIGHTS I SEE

SEEMS ON-LY TO BE SEEN BY  
BUT I JUST KEEP ON FALL-ING  
THE GOOD IN WHAT I'M TOLD TO  
IS MARRIED BY THIS MIST'ABOUT MY  
HAS LOST ME TO RE-AL-I-

**B<sup>7</sup>** **E<sup>m</sup>**

ME  
DOWN  
BE  
EYES  
-TY

REPETE  
4 TIMES  
E<sup>m</sup>

# 5. Hungarian Lazonia

1966

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/005\\_Lazonia.mid](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/005_Lazonia.mid)

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I remember the feeling that this song wrote itself. Go figure. I watched an old black & white episode of Gunsmoke and heard the first part of Hungarian Lazonia as part of the show's interior music.

Here is an early version I played on guitar: [http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/005\\_Lazonia.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/005_Lazonia.mp3)

By the way, there is no Lazonia in Hungary. There is Lasagne in Italy.

# HUNGARIAN LAZONIA

(OPUS 5)

WORDS & MUSIC by  
ROBERT J. MARKS II

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. The melody begins with a D minor triad (Dm) and consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with an A7 chord.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody features a Dm chord, followed by an A7 chord, and then another Dm chord.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody starts with a Bb chord, followed by a Dm chord, and then an A7 chord.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, starting with a Dm chord.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody concludes with eighth and quarter notes, ending with an A7 chord.

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords: Dm, A7, Dm. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords: Bb, Dm, A7. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chord: Dm. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chord: A7. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords: Dm, A7, Dm. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 6: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords: Bb, Dm, A7. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 7: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chord: Dm. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line.