

Marksman Ditties:

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

© ROBERT J. MARKS II

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

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>

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 G⁷ 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

C7

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

G7

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

G⁷

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>

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 A⁶ 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 A⁷ 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 A⁶ 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 D⁷ 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

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

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



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

5 F G F G G^6 C C 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 G C F G F G G^6 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 Am 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 F G G^7 C 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 G C F G F G G^6 C F G F G



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

20 G⁶ C C D G C 2

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

23 F G F G G⁶ C

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

124. Merrick Can

2018

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/124_MerrickCan.wav

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
On a mer-ry go round Up and up and never

lungs round 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

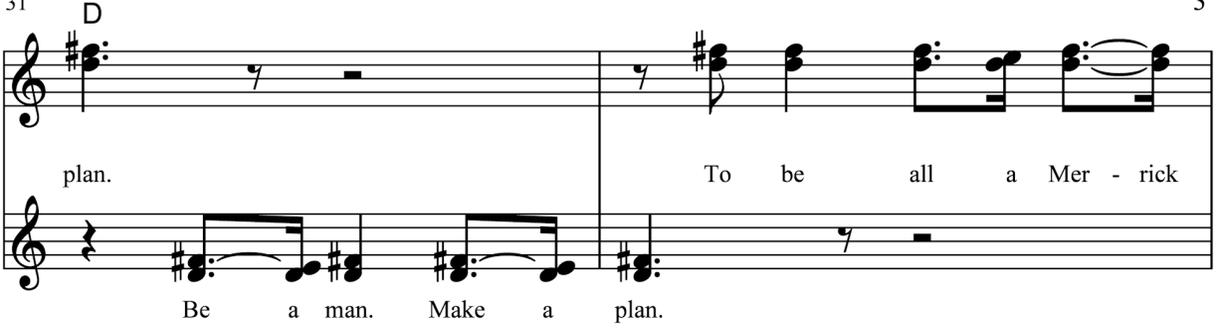
Work hard and

can

Yes you can Am - er - i - can

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

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

E⁷

Guitar

Vocal

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

8

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

16

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

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

A⁷

got to have qui-et
needs re - vi-val.

To aid in my re -
And in-tense re-lax-tion

40

E⁷

co - ve - ry
the - ra - py

From

48

B⁷A⁷

wounds in - flic-ted
Un-in - te - rup-ted

By all that sla-ving I
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

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 G⁷ 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 - crows
 That's how chick - ies
 That's how dog - gies
 That's how peo - ple
 say

13

C Am C Am C Am²

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 G⁷ 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

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 of 'Moore Run Road'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 208. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure is a repeat sign. The second measure has a G chord. The third measure has a C chord. The fourth measure has a G chord. The fifth measure has a C chord. The sixth measure is a whole rest.

Musical notation for the second system of 'Moore Run Road'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure is a repeat sign. The second measure has a C chord. The third measure has a G chord. The fourth measure has a G7 chord. The fifth measure has a C chord. The sixth measure has a G chord. The seventh measure is a whole rest. The lyrics are: Or lan - do, (My)clan's lived here two Dub - ya Vee That's where I come to. Gene and Eula built a house on the old bull round. The Ray comes up to the cabin when his friends come down lot They

Musical notation for the third system of 'Moore Run Road'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure is a repeat sign. The second measure has a C chord. The third measure has a G chord. The fourth measure has a C chord. The fifth measure has a C chord. The sixth measure has a G7 chord. The seventh measure has a C chord. The eighth measure is a whole rest. The lyrics are: 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. The blast their tunes tunes and shoot their guns. No one comes a round.

13 2

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

-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

-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

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 G⁷ 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

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!

119. Tenured

2016

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/119_Tenured.wav

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

D⁷

2

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

A⁷

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

E⁷

When you got te-nure.

D⁷

A⁷

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

117. Atheists Always Seem Angry

2015

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/117_AtheistsAlwaysSeemAngry.wav

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

$\text{♩} = 135$ EM^7 EM^7

A -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E A E A E E^7 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

B 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

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)

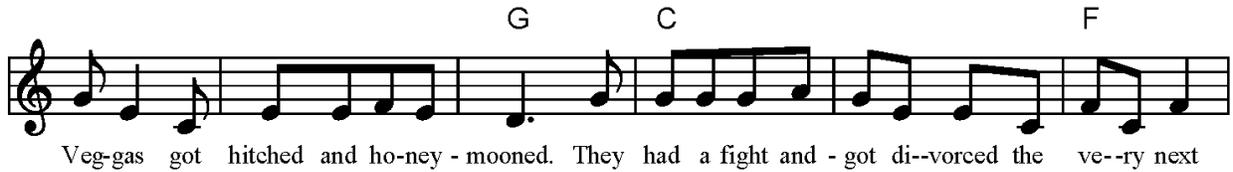
Robert J. Marks II

$\text{♩} = 110$



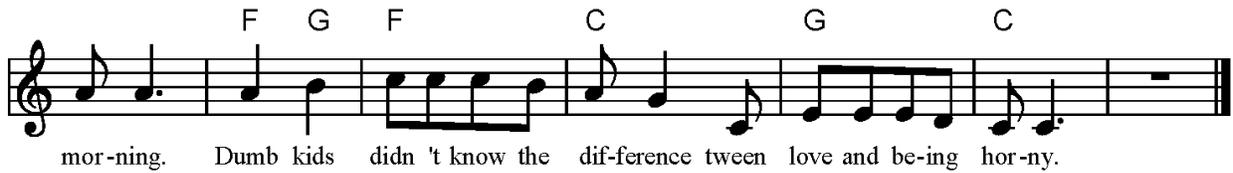
C F C

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



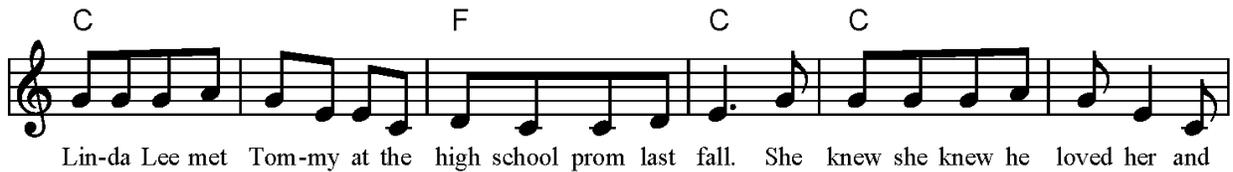
G C F

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

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

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, G⁷, C, F, G, D, G, C, G, D, G, G, Am, G, C, D, D⁷, G, C, F, C, G, F, C, D, G, C

F G C Am D ²
 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 D⁷ G G C
 and fo--re-ver A - - men - A - - men -

111. The Lord's Prayer

2012

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/111_TheLordsPrayer.wav

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 E⁷



Am E Am E Am E Dm G Dm



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

E E⁷ Am E Am E Am E



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

Dm G Dm E E⁷ F



in earth as it is in heaven Give us this

Am E E⁷ 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 E⁷



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

E⁷ F Am E 2



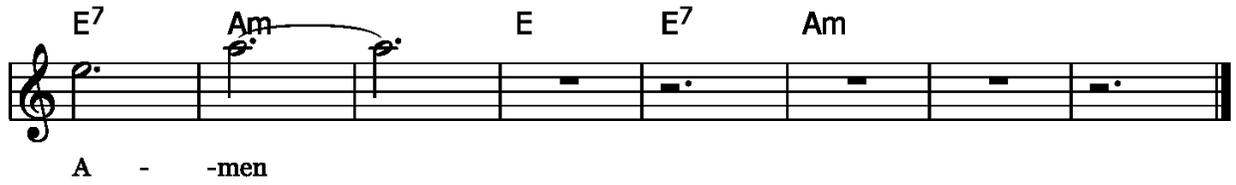
for e - ver and e - ver a - -men

E⁷ Am F E



A - - men A - - - - men

E⁷ Am E E⁷ Am



A - - -men

108. Mud to Guppies

2011

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/108_MudtoGuppies.wav

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

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

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

And here's a midi version: 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

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 G⁷ 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 G⁷ 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 G⁷ C G G⁷
Mak - ing up a song a-bout a la - zy bum. Ma - king up a song a-bout a

49 C G G⁷ 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

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]

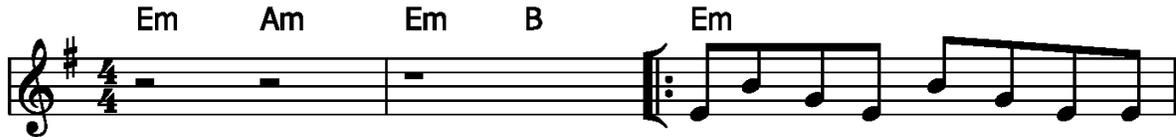
The bold inherit, not the meek
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
The herd must be thinned of the weak
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
So pick a wimpy nerd and start a fight
We're stronger when the fit survive
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

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.

99. Marilee's Melody

1988

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/099_Marilee.wav

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

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

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

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

$\text{♩} = 150$

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 150. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a tempo marking of 150. The melody starts with a whole rest, followed by a repeat sign. The notes are: C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). The second staff continues the melody with notes: C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). The third staff continues with notes: G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), followed by a repeat sign and a final double bar line. The lyrics are: Gran--dads are great and I know your sign. I know a way to a - find my self. Into - -to a way to a find my self. I know a time a way to do it. Lined!

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

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 , 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 JET 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) ^{by} 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

E ⊕ al CODA

(LONELI)-NESS

⊕ CODA E

ME

93. Jesus Christ is Coming Back Again

2000

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/093_JesusChristComingBack.mid

This is my best Christian song. Bouncy and foot-stompin'. 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
TRY TO COMPREHEND IT
YELL IT FROM YOUR ROOF TOP
STOMP YOUR FEET & HOLLER

BANG THE POTS &
TRY TO UNDER-
TELL IT TO YOUR
BANG THE POTS &

PANS GLORY HALLELUJAH
STAND. MAYBE ITS TOMORROW WHEN
FRIENDS JOY THAT CANT BE SPOKEN
PANS. GLORY HALLELUJAH

JESUS CHRIST IS COMIN BACK AGAIN

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

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 TELL ME THINGS THAT DAY HE DID
'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 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, it is so much fun to 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.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in C major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some parts in parentheses indicating second voices or specific phrasing. Chords are indicated by letters in boxes above the staff lines. The piece ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final notes.

88. Who's The Best Daddy?

1992

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!

.

85. Together In the Lord

1973

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/085_TogetherintheLord.mp3

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

♩ C 8.

(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 →

F C

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

Boy → UNISON →

G C Em Am G

KNOW HE LOVES US SO

♩ to CODA

C

(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

G G7 C F C G

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

♩ al CODA

⊕ CODA

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

84. `Till Jeremiah (Moved in our Home)

1983

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/084_TillJeremiah.mp3

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' - all night
 saying "goo", Nobody ever snuck & sucked on my
 my best suit, Nobody ever when - I's on the
 little hairs, I wouldn't believe it - 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: δ al Coda

Coda

MOVED IN OUR HOME

Repeat and Fade

83. This Same Thing Happens Every Year

1995

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
time a Coda

HERE

81. In My Mind

1995

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/081_InMyMind.mp3

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

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

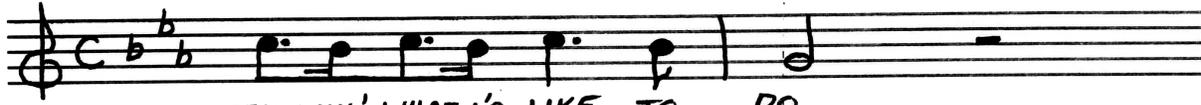
by Bob Marks

S.
C b b c^m



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

C b b



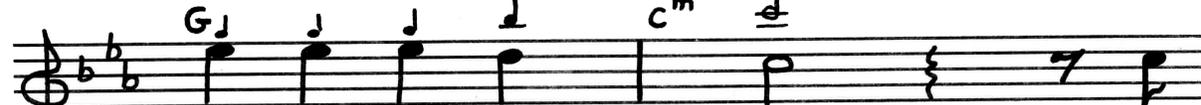
THINKIN' WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO
KNOWIN' THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' NEW

b b



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

G₇ D₇ D₇ D₇ c^m d



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

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 G⁷ *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

G⁷ C

LIVING UNDER YOUR BED

78. As Much as I Love You

(The Farmersburg News)

1973

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/078_FarmersbergNews.mp3

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, to Coda

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

2. A⁷ D⁷

I HAD THIRST TO MATCH MY LOVE I COULD DRINK OCEANS DRY. IF I WAS BIG AS LOVE FOR YOU I'D STAND 'BOUT TEN MILES TALL. IF

A^b 1. G

I BREATHED DEEP TO MATCH MY LOVE, I'D IN-HALE THE SKY, AND I HAD MUSCLES TO MATCH MY LOVE THEY'D

2 G \$ al Coda

LOOK LIKE BOWLING BALLS AND

⊕ Coda D⁷ G C A⁷ D⁷ G C A⁷

I'M SO GLAD YOU DO LOVE ME LIKE YOU DO AS

D⁷ G C D^{b9} C⁹

MUCH AS I LOVE YOU

76. Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

1974

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/076_Smoke.mp3

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

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

D
GO AHEAD AND SMOKE AN OTHER CIGA -

G
- RETTE
Repeat twice.
Second time
al CODA

CODA
SMOKE

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

G
AN- OTHER CIGARETTE

HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR NOSE

LOUSY CIGARETTE

72. In Good Time

1974

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/072A_InGoodTime.mp3

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

65. Arthur the Drip

1973

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 brought 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 FLOFFY 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 FLOFFY 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
 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

A⁷ 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 SWEEP DOWN A DRAIN IN A
 FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOTIONLESS SEA - -

G D A D REPEAT TWICE

FLOWING RAGING TORRENT OF ART EVAPORATED AND HE FELLOW DROPS OF RAIN DRIFTED SKYWARDLY

ART

Coda

ARTHUR IS A LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTS ALL AROUND AND

D A D G A⁷ D

WATCHES THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD

61. Connie

1973

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/061_Connie.mid

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.

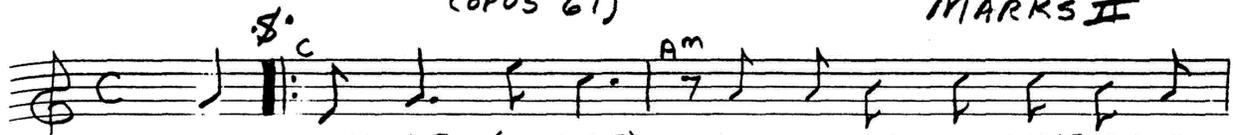
And Connie

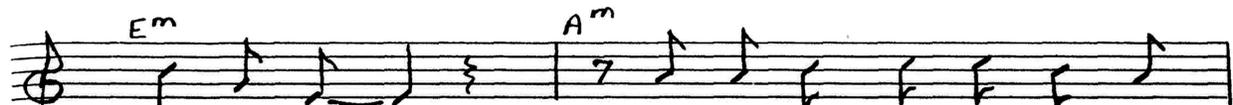
When to me the judgement of your heart's tied
I'll dedicate my only life to you.

Connie.

"CONNIE"
(OPUS 61)

MUSIC BY
ROBERT J.
MARKS II

S. C.

 (DEAR) CON-NIE (CON-NIE) A RAY OF SUN-SHINE ON A
 (AND) CON-NIE (CON-NIE) I LOVE THE SOUND-ING OF YOUR
 CON-NIE (CON-NIE) WHEN TO ME THE JUDGEMENT OF

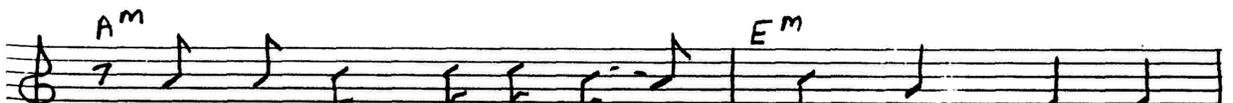
Em Am

 CLOUDY DAY COULD NEVER MATCH THE BEAUTY
 PRECIOUS NAME AND NOW YOUR LOV-LI-NESS PUTS
 YOUR HEART'S TIED I'LL PROUDLY DE-DI-CATE MY

Em TO CODA G G7 C

 OF THE WAYS OF YOU AND CON-NIE (CON-NIE)
 ALL TO SHAME 'ROUND YOU SWEET CON-NIE (CON-NIE)
 ON-LY LIFE TO (YOU)

Am Em

 YOU BRIGHTEN PATCHES NE-VER LIT BE-FORE
 MY FRIEND, MY LOVE, MY ES-SENSE OF BEING

Am Em

 AND KINDLE FIRES NEVER A-FLAME BE-FORE
 I WANT TO BURST WITH PRIDE WHEN I'M SEEN WITH

G G7 F Em

 YOU IN THE RADIANCE OF YOUR EYES
 YOU LET ME TOUCH YOUR FLOWING HAIR

F C

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

REPEAT TWICE

F E^m G G⁷ 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 G⁷ C

YOU (WHISPERED)
CON-NIE

60. Yellow Yolks

1973

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

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^m 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^m F C G C F G

A STRANGE FORGOTTEN DREAM AFTER HIS TROUBLED
SIL - VER CHEST, ARMS & HANDS IT'S 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 G⁷ C E^m 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^m 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

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

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.

C⁷ G⁷ F⁷

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

G⁷ C G⁷ C⁷

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

F⁷ C⁷

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

G⁷ F⁷

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

G⁷ C C

AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOUR GON-NA

12. Opus 12

1968

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 YOU LAID DOWN AT YOUR FEET
YOU A LIFE OF PURE TRANQUILITY

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)

Em

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

B7 Em

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

B7 Am

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

Em Am

-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-

B7

ME
DOWN
BE
EYES
-TY

REPETE
4 TIMES
Em

5. Hungarian Lazonia

1966

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/005_Lazonia.mid

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

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. The notes are: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The notes are: C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The piece concludes with an A7 chord (A4, C5, E5, G5).

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody consists of quarter notes. The notes are: D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Chord changes are indicated above the staff: Dm, A7, and Dm.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody begins with a Bb4 chord (Bb4, D5, F5) and consists of quarter notes. The notes are: Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. Chord changes are indicated above the staff: Bb, Dm, and A7.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The notes are: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. A Dm chord is indicated above the first note.

Two empty musical staves.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G minor. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The notes are: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. An A7 chord is indicated above the 11th note.

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.