

Marksman Ditties

© ROBERT J. MARKS II

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

Preface

1965-2023

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. A few 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 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. Links to scores are listed when they exist.

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, 2023

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129. Simon Peter, Thomas & Me

(Jesus Is Alive!)

by R. J. Marks II

2023

Audio: <http://marksmannet.com/Opi/129-SimonPeterThomasMe.wav>

Score: <http://marksmannet.com/Opi/129-SimonPeterThomasMe.pdf>

Simon Peter, Thomas & Me

(Jesus Is Alive!)

(Simon Peter)

Three times I did deny thee

Fear built inside me

Empty and loss

With You on that cross

Paying the cost

Where were the blessings promised?

Three long days I lived without you

Then I heard good news

Though crucified

The stone rolled aside

It's empty inside

Cause JESUS IS ALIVE!

(Thomas)

When you died life became hollow

I once said I'd follow

You to the death

Once I felt so blessed

But now I confess

I think you taught from madness

Who now stands here before me?

Claiming to be thee?

My finger You guide

To the wound in Your side

Let no one deny

That JESUS IS ALIVE!

(Me)

Here comes my old friend depression

Again I do question

All I believe

So I pray and see

What I have received

The glory of You inside me

All the sin I've done and will do

Forgiven I'm made new

By Your sacrifice

I'm fully alive

Joyful inside

My JESUS IS ALIVE!

JESUS IS ALIVE!

JESUS IS ALIVE!

Simon Peter, Thomas and Me

(Jesus is Alive)

#129 2023

Robert J. Marks

♩=100 Am E

Voice

Three times I did de - ny thee Fear built in -
When you died life be - came hol - low I once said I'd
Here comes my old friend de - pres - sion A - gain I do

5 Am Dm E F E F

side me Empty and lost With you on that cross. Pay ing the
fol low You to the death Once I felt so blessed But now I con -
ques - tion All I be - lieve So I pray and see What I have re -

11 E F E E7 Am

cost Where were the bles - sings prom - ised? Three long
fess I think you taught from mad - ness Who
cieved The glo - ry of you in me. All the

16 E E7 Am Dm

day I lived with - out you Then I heard good news Though cru - ci -
now stands here be - fore me Claim ing to be thee. My fin - ger you
sin I've done and will do For - giv - en I'm made new By your sac - ri -

21 E F E F E

fied The stone rolled a - side It's emp - ty in - side
guide To the wound in your side Let no one de - ny
fice I'm ful - ly a - live Joy - ful in - side

26 E7 $\text{\textcircled{C}}$ Am Dm Am E E7 2 Am Dm Am 2

Cause Jes-us is a - live
 That Jes-us is a - - - - - live
 My Jes-us is a - - - - -

34 E E7 D.S. al Coda $\text{\textcircled{C}}$ Am E Am E Am E Am

live Jes-us is a - live Jes-us is a - live

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.

127. Everybody

(Fire & Brimstone)

By R. Jackson Marks

2019

- Audio: <http://marksmannet.com/Opi/127-Everybody.wav>
- Score: <http://marksmannet.com/127-Everybody.pdf>

Short & blunt. Written during a boring Sunday school class. The melody is from Opus 38, *So I Cry*.

Everybody

God loves us so much
He gave His Son.

Everybody's perfection is bent
Everybody's filthy black with sin
 When the bill comes due
 Someone pays the price
 It's either hell forever
 Or Jesus Christ

Everybody's fallen on sin's sword
Everybody is judged by the Lord
 Mankind is guilty
 No matter how they try
 It's eternal damnation
 Or Jesus Christ

God so loved us
He gave His Son

Everybody can repent their sins
Everybody can let God's spirit in
 Live with God forever
 Due to sacrifice
 Of God as man perfected
 Jesus Christ
 God is just but loving
 Through Jesus Christ

Everybody

(Hell & Brimstone)

127

R. Jackson Marks

$\text{♩} = 150$
CM7 Am7 G G7 G9 Em7 C Ab

God loves us so much He gave his Son

8 G F C Cm G F# F

Ev - ery - bo - dy's per - fec - tion is bent. Ev - ery -
Ev - ery - bo - dy's fal - len on sin's sword Ev - ery -

14 C D D7 G G7 Am7 G G7

bo - dy's fil - thy black with sin. When the bill comes due
bo - dy is judged by the Lord. Man - kind is guil - ty no

19 Am7 Em C Em Am G9 Em7 C

Some - one pays the price. It's ei - ther hell for - e - ver or Jes - sus Christ
mat - ter how they try. It's et - ter - nal dam - na - tion or Jes - sus Christ

25 CM7 Am7 G G7 G6 Em7 C Ab G

God so loved us He gave His Son.

33 F C Cm G F# F C

Ev - ery bo - dy can re - pent their sins. Ev - ery - bo - dy can

39 D D⁷ G G⁷ Am⁷ G G⁷ Am⁷ Em 2

let God's spi - rit in. Trust God for - ev - ver For the sac - ri - fice of

45 C Em Am G⁹ Em⁷ C

God as man per - fec - ted in Jes - us Christ

49 C Em Am G⁹ Em⁷ C

God is just but loves - you through Jes - us Christ

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

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

Musical notation for measures 20-22. Measure 20 contains a whole rest. Measures 21 and 22 contain a melody of quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: G⁶, C, C, D, G, C.

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

23 F G F G G⁶ C

Musical notation for measures 23-24. Measure 23 contains a melody of quarter notes. Measure 24 contains a melody of quarter notes ending with a double bar line. Chords are indicated above the staff: 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. round
round 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
round And a - round and a - round

17

G

2

sung
down

Know you
Have a right - eous

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 can
Ne - ver ev - er think small

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

24

to be and most of all a Mer - rick
all be a man of can. I looked a -
God. Yes you can

Yes you can - yes you

28

F

be all Am - er i can

Work hard and

can Yes you can Am - er - i - can

D

plan. To be all a Mer - rick

Be a man. Make a plan.

G C F D G C

can Yes you can a Mer-rick can

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

123. Weary Bones Rat Race Blues

2017 ... revised 2023

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/123_WearyBonesRatRaceBlues2.wav
 - Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/123_WearyBonesRatRaceBlues.wav (older arrangement)
 - Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/123_WearyBonesRatRaceBlues2.pdf
-

A SIMPLE 12 BAR BLUES - SO SING IN A RASPY VOICE.
Monika: This is NOT about you.

Weary Bones Rat Race Blues (I Got Me a Woman)

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 rat
Who needs revival
Intense relaxation therapy
Uninterrupted
By that woman nagging me

Weekends are the
Almost only time that
I can peacefully sleep
Through my midmorning nap

I got me a woman
Who likes to spend
And buy stuff for grandkids
And neighbors and friends
 I think she understands
 Money don't grow on trees
 I don't think she gets that
 Money don't grow on me
I work hard for dollars
To gain a little prosperity
But when its weekends
I want some healing time for me

Weary Bones Rat Race Blues

(I Got Me a Woman)

#123 2017

Robert J Marks

♩=110 A7

Voice

I got me a wo-man
I got me a wo-man
I got me a wo-man

8

If she had her say I'd stay at home week - ends
Who wants to go out Fri - days and Saturdays - and
12 Who likes to spend And buy stuff for grand - kids

16

Do pro - jects all day She's got to un - der - stand
Do the town In this rat race
And neigh - bors and friends I think she un - der - stands

20

If she on - ly knew All of the im - por - tant stuff
She got to know that E - ven if you win your
Money don't grow on trees I don't think that she gets that mon - ey

D7

I got to do. I got to have quiet To aid in
still a rat. Who need re - vi - val In - tense re -
don't grow on me. I work hard for dol - lars To gain a

A7 E7

25

my re - cov - er - y From wounds in - flic ted
lax - tion ther - a - py Un - in - te - rup - ted
lit - tle pros - per - i - ty But when its week - ends

31 D7 A A7 D Dm $\text{\textcircled{A}}$ E9 ²



By all that sla-ving I did last week.
 By that wo - man nag-ging me.
 I want some hea - ling time for me.

37 E9 $\text{\textcircled{A}}$ A7 D A7



Week-ends are the al-most on - ly time that

45 D



I can peace - ful - ly sleep through my

51 E D.S. al Coda $\text{\textcircled{A}}$ A#9 A9



mid mor-ning nap

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

13

C Am C Am C Am²

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

My West Virginia song

Moore Run Road

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Moore Run Road

#121

2016

Robert J. Marks II

Musical notation for the first system (measures 1-4) in 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 208. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The music features a piano accompaniment with chords and a vocal line. Chords are indicated above the staff: G, C, G, C.

Musical notation for the second system (measures 5-8) in 4/4 time. The key signature is one flat. The music features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line with lyrics. Chords are indicated above the staff: C, G, G⁷, C, G.

5

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

Musical notation for the third system (measures 9-12) in 4/4 time. The key signature is one flat. The music features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line with lyrics. Chords are indicated above the staff: C, G, C, C, G⁷, C.

9

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

13 2

F C G C

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

17 F C D D7 G G7 C

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

22 G G7 C C F

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

27 G G7 C C G

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

31 C G C C G⁷ 3

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

35 C G C G C

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

39 G C C G

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

43 C G C C G 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

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/120_WhoHealsEyesWithSpit.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/120_WhoHealsEyesWithSpit.pdf

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

"Who smells like a pumpkin?

"Jack -o - lantern"

These lyrics are better.

Also see the song in Arrangements

Who Heals Eyes With Spit?

Who'd a donkey talk to?

Read your Bible!

Why is there a rainbow?

Read your Bible!

Who killed with a slingshot?

Read your Bible!

Who heals eyes with spit?

Read your Bible!

When did it read froggies?

Read your Bible!

Who walked through a furnace?

Read your Bible!

Who's a big fish burp up?

Read your Bible!

Who eats bugs with honey?

Read your Bible!

Why did Jesus suffer?

Read your Bible!

Can you go to heaven?

Read your Bible!

Who's the Holy Spirit?

Read your Bible!

Who died cause he loves you?

Read your Bible!

Who created all things?

Read your Bible!

What's the golden rule?

Read your Bible!

How should we pray to God?

Read your Bible!

Why do we have Easter?

Read your Bible!

Who Heals Eyes With Spit?

(Read Your Bible)

#120

R. Jackson Marks

$\text{♩} = 120$



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



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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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



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

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

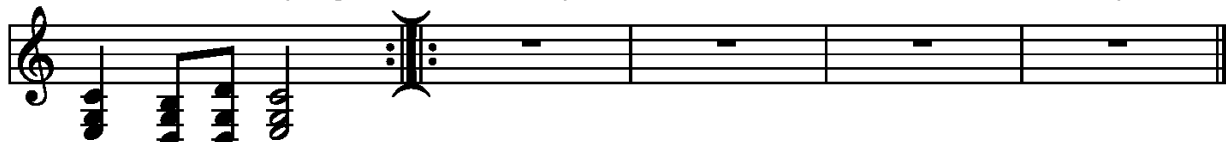
Read your Bi - ble!
Read your Bi - ble!



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

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

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



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

119. Tenured

2016

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

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

118. You Can't Milk a Chicken

2016

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/118_YouCantMilkaChicken.wav

Repeatedly singing about the obvious. Using every second verse might make a better song.

You Can't Milk a Chicken

1) You can't milk a chicken
Without a chicken milker
(repeat twice)
And they don't make
Chicken milkers any more
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't move a mountain
Without a mountain mover
(repeat twice)
And a mustard seed of faith
Makes mountains move
(Chorus: repeat once)

2) You can't kiss your own elbow
Without an elbow kisser
(repeat twice)
And they don't make
Elbow kissers any more
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't part the red sea
Without a Red Sea parter
(repeat twice)
And Moses walked across it
When he did
(Chorus: repeat once)

3) You can't hang a sky hook
Without a sky hook hanger
(repeat twice)
And they don't
Make sky hook hangers any more
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't make wine from water
Without wine water makers
(repeat twice)
And Jesus changed the water
Into wine
(Chorus: repeat once)

4) Pineapple upside down cake
Upside down is right side up
(repeat twice)
But you need not eat it
Standing on your head
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't save a sinner
Without a sinner saver
(repeat twice)
And Jesus saves
Some sinners everyday
(Chorus: repeat once)

5) You can't make it longer
If at first you cut it shorter
(repeat twice)
And if you cut it twice
It's still too short
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't know total truth
Without a total truth knower
(repeat twice)
And the Bible says that
Jesus is the truth
(Chorus: repeat once)

[continued on next page]

6) You can't floss tween your toes
Without a tween toe flosser
(repeat twice)
And they don't make
Tween toe flossers any more
(Chorus: repeat once)

7) You can't pepperoni pizza
Without pepperoni
(repeat twice)
So I hope you like
Sausage & extra cheese
(Chorus: Chorus: repeat once)

You can't be loved if you're not loved
An loving's hard without it
(repeat twice)
God is love
And Jesus is His Son
(Chorus: repeat once)

8) Two wrongs never make a right
But three lefts always do
(repeat twice)
And four lefts put you
Right where you began
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't heal a leper
Without a leper healer
(repeat twice)
And Jesus healed the lepers
Without drugs
(Chorus: repeat once)

9) A sieve will hold no water
But will hold another sieve
(repeat twice)
In fact it might hold three
Or even more
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't make wine from water
Without wine water makers
(repeat twice)
And Jesus changed the water
Into wine
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't know peace if you've no peace
The Prince of Peace bestows it
(repeat twice)
And guarantees it
For eternity
(Chorus: repeat once)

10) You can't chew chimichangas
Without chimichanga chewers
(repeat twice)
So choose cheesy chimichangas
When you chew
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't fix someone's eyeball
Without an eyeball fixer
(repeat twice)
And Jesus fixed them
Using spit and mud
(Chorus: repeat once)

11) You can't chilk a micken
Without a micken chilker
(repeat twice)
And they don't make
Micken chilkers any more
(Chorus: repeat once)

You can't raise from the dead
Unless God decides to do it
(repeat twice)
And Jesus Christ
Has risen from the dead
(Chorus: repeat once)

You Can't Milk a Chicken

#118

R.J. Marks II

♩ = 120



1)You	can't	milk	a	chick - en	with -
2)You	can't	kiss	your	own el - bow	with -
3)You	can't	hang	a	sky hook	with -
4)Pine	- ap - ple	up - side	down	cake up - side	
5)You	can't	make	it	lon - ger if	at
6)You	can't	floss	tween	your toes	with - out a
7)You	can't	make	pep - pe - ro - ni	piz - za	
8) -	Two	wrongs	ne - ver	make a	right but
9)A	sieve	will	hold	no wa - ter	but will
10)You	can't	chew	chi - mi - chan - gas	with - out	
11)You	can't	chilk	a	mick - on	with

G



-out	a	chick - en	milk - er	You	can't	milk	a	chick - en	with -
-out	an	el - bow	kis - ser.	You	can't	kiss	your	own el - bow	with -
-out	a	sky - hook	han - ger.	You	can't	hang	a	sky - hook	with -
down	is	right	side up.	Pine	- ap - ple	up - side	down	cake up - side	
first	you	cut	it shor - ter.	You	can't	make	it	lon - ger if	at
-tween	toe	flos - ser.		You	can't	floss	tween	your toes	with - out with a
with - out	pep - pe - ro - ni.			You	can't	make	pep - pe - ro - ni	piz - za	
three	lefts	al - ways	do.			Two	wrongs	ne - ver	make a
hold	a - no - ther	sieve.				A	sieve	will	hold no wa - ter
chi - mi - chan - ga	che - wers.			You	can't	chew	chi - mi - chan - gas	with - out	
out	a	mick - on	chil - ker.	You	can't	chilk	a	mick - on	with -

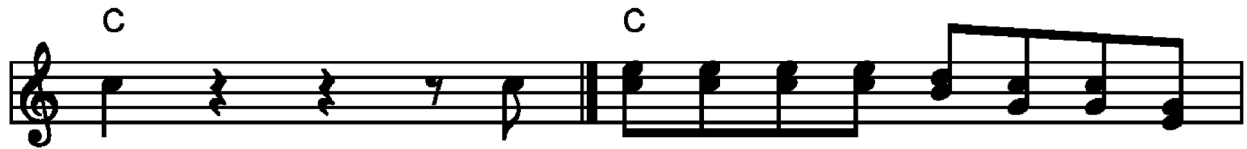
C



-out	a	chick - en	milk - er.	You	can't	milk	a	chick - en	with -
out	an	el - bow	kis - ser.	You	can't	kiss	your	own el - bow	with -
out	a	sky - han - hook	han - ger.	You	can't	hang	a	sky - hook	with -
down	is	right	side up.	Pine	- ap - ple	up - side	down	cake up - side	
first	you	cut	it shor - ter.	You	can't	make	it	lon - ger if	at
tween	toe	flos - ser.		You	can't	floss	tween	your toes	with - out a
with - out	pep - pe - ro - ni.			You	can't	make	pep - pe - ro - ni	piz - za	
three	lefts	al - ways	do.			Two	wrongs	ne - ver	make a
hold	a - no - ther	sieve.				A	sieve	will	hold no wa - ter
chi - mi - chan - ga	che - wers.			You	can't	chew	chi - mi - chan - gas	with - out	
-out	a	mick - en	chil - ker.	You	can't	chick	a	mick - on	with -



-out a chick - en milk - er and they don't make chick - en milk - ers a - ny
 -out an el - bow kis - ser and they don't 't make el - bow kis - sers a - ny
 -out a sky - hook han - ger and they don't make sky hook han - gers a - ny
 down is right side up but you need - not eat it stan - ding on your
 first you cut it shor - ter and if you cut it twice it's still too
 -tween toe flos - ser and they don't make tween toe flos - sers a - ny
 with - out pep - pe - ro - ni so I hope you like sau - sage and ex - tra
 three lefts al - ways do and four lefts puts you right where you be -
 hold a - no - ther sieve in fact it might hold three or may - be e - ven
 chi - mi - chan - ga che - wers so choose chee - sy chi - mi - chan - gas when you
 -out a mick - on chilk - er and they don't make mick - on chick - ers a - ny



more. You can't move a moun --tain with -
 more. You can't part the Red Sea with -
 more. You can't make wine from wa - ter with -
 head. You can't save a sin - ner with -
 short. You can't know to - tal truth with - out a
 more. You can know peace if you've no peace, the
 cheese. You can't be loved if you're not loved and
 -gan. You can't heal a le - per with -
 four. It's hard to know God with - out prayer and
 chew. You can't fix some - one's eye - ball with -
 more. You can't raise from the dead un - less



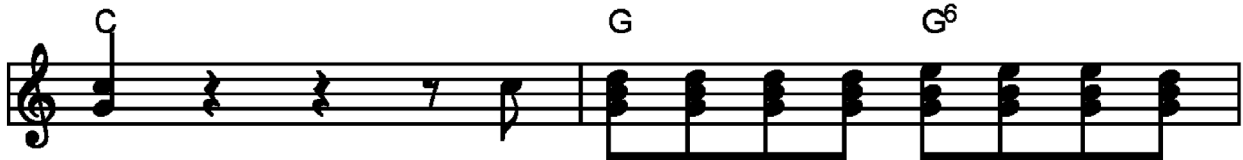
-out a moun --tain mo - ver. You can't move a moun --tain with -
 -out a Red Sea par - ter. You can't part the Red Sea with -
 -out wine wa - ter ma - kers. You can't make wine from wa - ter with -
 -out a sin - ner sa - vior. You can't save a sin - ner with -
 to - tal truth know - er. You can't know to - tal truth with - out a
 -Prince of Peace be --stows it. You can know peace if you've no peace the
 lo - ving's hard with - out it. You can't be loved if you're not loved and
 -out a le - per hea - ler. You can't heal a le - per with -
 rea - ding His word dai - ly. It's hard to know God with - out prayer and
 out an eye - ball fi - xer. You can't fix some - one's eye - ball with -
 God de - cides to do it. You can't raise from the dead un - less



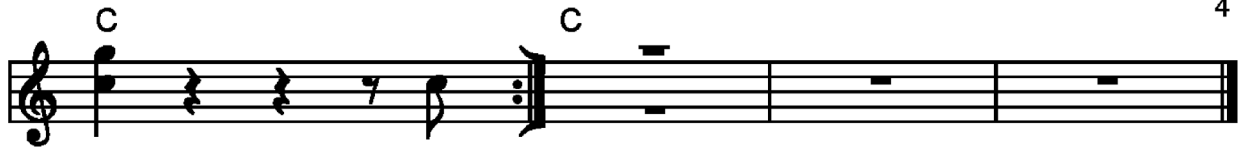
-out a moun--tain mo - ver.	You can't move a moun--tain with -
-out a Red Sea par - ter	You can't part the Red Sea with -
-out wine wa - ter ma - kers	You can't make wine from wa - ter with -
out a sin - ner sa - vior.	You can't save a sin - ner with -
-to - tal truth know - er.	You can't know to - tal truth with - out a
Prince of Peace be - stows it.	You can know peace if you've no peace, the
lo - ving's hard with - out it.	You can't be loved if you're not loved and
-out a le - per hea - ler.	You can't heal a le - per with -
rea - ding His word dai - ly.	It's hard to know God with - out prayer and
-out an eye - ball fi - xer.	You can't fix an eye - ball with -
God de - cides to do it.	You can't raise from the dead un - less



-out a moun--tain mo - ver and	a mus--tard seed of faith makes moun--tains
-out a Red Sea par - ter and	Mo - ses walked ac - ross it when he
-out wine wa - ter ma - kers and	Je - sus changed the wa - ter in - to
-out a sin - ner sa - vior and	Je - sus saves some sin - ners ev - ery
to - tal truth know - er and the	Bi - ble says that Je - sus is the
Prince of Peace be - stows it and	gua - ran - tees it for e - ter - ni -
lo - ving's hard with - out it and	God is love and Je - sus is His
-out a le - per hea - ler and	Je - sus healed le - pers with - out
rea - ding His word dai - ly so	pray and read your Bi - ble ev - ery
-out an eye - ball fi - xer and	Je - sus fixed them u - sing spit and
God de - cides to do it and	Je - sus Christ is ri - sen from the



move.	A	mus - -tard seed of faith makes moun--tains
did.		Mo - ses walked ac - ross it when he
wine.		Je - sus changed the wa - ter in - to
day.		Je - sus saves some sin - ners ev - ery
truth.		God said Je - sus Christ is the
-ty.	Sal -	-va - tion's gua - -ran - teed e - -ter - nal -
son.		God is love and Je - sus is his
drugs.		Je - sus healed le - pers with - out
day.		Pray and read your Bi - ble ev - ery
mud.		Je - sus fixed them u - sing spit and
dead.		Je - sus Christ is ri - sen from the



move.
did.
wine.
day.
truth.
-ly.
name.
drugs.
day.
mud.
dead.

2) You
3) You
4) Pine -
5) You
6) You
7) You
8) _
9) A
10) You
11) You

117. Atheists Always Seem Angry

2015

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/117_AtheistsAlwaysSeemAngry.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/117_AtheistsAlwaysSeemAngry.pdf

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 Score link.

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-wait 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



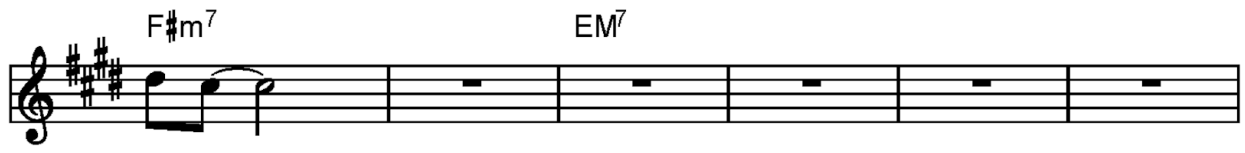
ad-mit their sins. Christ's sac - ri - fice gives e - ter-nal life and joy and

B⁷ EM⁷ F#m⁷ EM⁷



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

F#m⁷ EM⁷



Je - sus



116. Eutychus In The Dirt

2015

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/116_EutychusInTheDirt.wav

Monika and I were reading Acts and came across this strange story in Acts 20:7-12. The melody is from Opus #7.

A few days after I wrote this, new lyrics came to mind and resulted in Opus #117 *Atheists Always Seem Angry*.

Eutychus In The Dirt

Eutychus
Sat in the window
In the wee hours
Of the night

Listening
To Saint Paul's preaching
But he's so sleepy
He fell out

He dropped three stories down
And landed hard facedown
He smashed his head
He was dead
Motionless on the ground

Then Saint Paul
Climbed down three stories
Saw Eutychus lying
In the dirt

Paul said "Don't be alarmed"
"He's dead but he's not harmed"
Eutychus sighed
And opened his eyes
Free from pain and harm

So when you're crying
Alone in the dirt
Remember Eutychus
And his fall

Open up your eyes
And look up at at the sky
And thank the Lord
That you're reborn
And you're healed by His stripes!

Eutychus In The Dirt

(116) Acts 20:7-12

Robert J. Marks II

♩ = 135

EM7

EM7

Eu - ty -

F#m7 EM7 F#m7 EM7 F#m7

-chus Sat in the win-dow In the wee hou-urs

G#m7 E F#m7 G#m7 EM7 F#m7 EM7

Of the night Lis -ten - ing
Then Saint Paul

F#m7 EM7 F#m7

To Saint Paul's prea-ching But he's so slee-py
Climbed down three sto - ries Saw Eu - ty-chus lying

G#m7 E F#m7 G#m7 E A E

He fell out He dropped three stor - ies down
In the dirt Paul said "Don't be a - larmed.

A E A E E7 A

And lan - ded hard face - down. He smashed his head and
He's dead but he's not harmed." Then Eu - ty-chus sighed and

B B7

he was dead Mo - tion - -less on the ground.
o-pened his eyes - Free from pain and harm.

EM7 F#m7 2

EM7 F#m7 EM7 F#m7 G#m7

E F#m7 G#m7 E A E A E

A E E7 A B

B7 EM7

115. Big Ten Pack of Eight Bar Melodies

2014

- AUDIO: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/115_BigTenPackofEightBarMelodies.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/115_BigTenPackofEightBarMelodies.pdf

I wondered what it would sound like if I played a bunch of my melodies at the same time, This work starts with a melody from Opus 3 played on trombone. The counterpoint melody from Opus 3 is played with a clarinet. Then they're played together. A melody from Opus 45 enters with a cello followed by a violin counterpoint from Opus 45. A lead guitar playing a motif from Opus 74 follows with a motif from Opus 11 as distortion guitar counterpoint. Then a few more melodies are added and everything is played at the same time. Then there is a violin swell. Lots of things going on at the same time can sound pretty cool.

See the Arrangements chapter for the music.

114. Dance of the Bipolar Darwinist

(Punctured Equilibrium)

2014

Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/114_DanceOfTheBipolarDarwinist.wav

Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/114_DanceOfTheBipolarDarwinist.pdf

A rewrite of Opus #52 *Dance of the Libertine* the motif of which came from Opus #22 *Irrespective Dementia* written when I was 17 years old. I really like this tune.

See the Arrangements chapter for the music.

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 Mercedes
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

$\text{♩} = 110$

Sally Ann met Billy at the hon--ky-tonk sa - loon. They drove all night to
Veg-gas got hitched and ho-ney - mooned. They had a fight and - got di--vorced the ve-ry next
mor-ning. Dumb kids didn 't know the dif-ference tween love and be-ing hor-ny.
Lin-da Lee met Tom-my at the high school prom last fall. She knew she knew he loved her and
gave him all her all. She had a boun-cing ba--by boy, Tom moved to Ca-li - for-nie. Dumb kid
did-n't know the dif-ference tween love and be-ing hor-ny. Betty- Sue met
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

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112_TheLordIsMyShepard.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112_TheLordIsMyShepard.pdf

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*.

Here is a slower multi part version.

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112_TheLordIsMyShepardslower.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/112_TheLordIsMyShepardslower.pdf

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

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

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/111_TheLordsPrayer.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/111_TheLordsPrayer.pdf

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

110. Waiting for Windows to Boot

2012

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/110_WaitingforWINDOWStoBoot.wav

Frustration from Microsoft.

There are two versions. The second is in the unconventional 5/4 time signature.

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/110_WaitingforWINDOWStoBoot54.wav

Melody from Opus #27 *Bitter Lemon*.

Waiting for Windows to Boot

I washed the car
And scrubbed the tires
 Rolled back the odometer too
I checked the coil
And changed the oil
 Waiting for WINDOWS to boot

Then I brushed my teeth
Where I could reach
 And bleached my favorite tooth
I swabbed my ear drums
And flossed my gums
 Waiting for WINDOWS to boot
(Chorus: Waiting for WINDOWS to boot)

Windows did boot
I can compute
 And like a recurring disease
I typed six pages
And felt the rage as
 WINDOWS decided to freeze

So I washed the dogs
And slopped the hogs
 And stringed a bowl of beans
I checked my PC
Saddened to see
 That WINDOWS had blue screened
(Chorus: My WINDOWS had blue screened)

A quarter billion
WINDOWS users
 At a minute each day per boot
Comes to over
A thousand years
 Plus a century or two
A thousand years
Each day, I fear,
 No matter your world view
Is too much time
To stand in line
 Waiting for WINDOWS to boot
(Chorus: Waiting for WINDOWS to boot)

Computers are best
At playing chess
 But they are no match for me
I'm better outfoxing
P.C.'s in kick boxing
 Down the stairs into the street

When budget permits
I'll get Linex
 A Mac or an iPad will do
I humbly purport
Life is too short
 To wait for WINDOWS to boot
(Chorus: To wait for WINDOWS to boot)

Waiting for WINDOWS to Boot

#110

Robert J. Marks II

$\text{♩} = 110$

C Dm Em F G G⁷ C G C G



I washed the car and
WIN-DOW's did boot I

C G C F G G⁷ C G



scrubbed the tires. Rolled back the o - do - me - ter too. I checked the coil and
can com - pute and like a re - cur - ring di - sease I typed six pag - es and

C G C F G G⁷ F



changed the oil wait - ing for WIN - DOWS to boot. Then I brushed my teeth where
felt the rage as WIN - DOWS de - ci - ded to freeze. So I washed the dog and

C F G G⁷ C Dm



I could reach and bleached my favo - rite tooth. I swabbed my ear drums and
slopped the hogs and stringed a bowl of beans. I checked my P. C. sad -

Em F G G⁷ C G C Dm Em F



flossed my gums wait - ing for WIN - DOWS to boot. Wait
dened to see that WIN - DOW's had blue screened My

G G⁷ C G C Dm Em F G G⁷ C G



ing - for win - dows to boot. WIN - A
WIN - DOW's had blue screened. - Com -

C G C G C F G G⁷ 2

quar - ter bil - lion WIN-DOWS us - ers, A mi-nute each day per boot.
 pu-ters are best at play - ing chess but they are no match for me I'm

C G C G C F G G⁷

Comes to o-ver a thou - sand years plus a cen-tury or two. A
 bet-ter out-fox-ing P. C.'s in kick box-ing down the stairs in - to the street. When

F C F G

thou - sand years each day I fear no mat - ter your world view is
 bud-get per - mits I'll get Li-nex. A Mac or an i - Pad will do. I

C Dm Em F G G⁷ C G C Dm

too much time to stand in line wai-ting for WIN-DOWS to boot.
 hum-bly pur - port life is too short to wait for WIN-DOWS to boot.

Em F G G⁷ C G

Wait ing- for win - dows to (boot)
 Wai - ing for WIN-DOWS to boot.

C G C G C F G G⁷ 2

quar - ter bil - lion WIN-DOWS us - ers, A mi-nute each day per boot.
 pu-ters are best at play - ing chess but they are no match for me I'm

C G C G C F G G⁷

Comes to o-ver a thou - sand years plus a cen-tury or two. A
 bet-ter out-fox-ing P. C.'s in kick box-ing down the stairs in - to the street. When

F C F G

thou - sand years each day I fear no mat - ter your world view is
 bud-get per - mits I'll get Li-nex. A Mac or an i - Pad will do. I

C Dm Em F G G⁷ C G C Dm

too much time to stand in line wai-ting for WIN-DOWS to boot.
 hum-bly pur - port life is too short to wait for WIN-DOWS to boot.

Em F G G⁷ C G

Wait ing- for win - dows to (boot)
 Wai - ing for WIN-DOWS to boot.

Waiting for WINDOWS to BOOT (5/4)

#110 in 5/4

R. J. Marks II

D A D A

I washed the car and scrubbed the tires, rolled

A A7 D A D A

back the o - do-me-ter too I checked the coil and changed the oil WAI-

D G A A7 G

TING FOR WIN-DOWS To BOOT. Then I brushed my teeth where

D G A A7 D Em

I could reach and bleached my fav-orite tooth I swabbed my ear drums and

F#m G A A7 D A D Em

flossed my gums WAI- TING FOR WIN-DOWS to BOOT.

F#m G A A7 A A7 D A

(WAI- TING FOR WIN-DOWS TO BOOT) WIN DOWS did boot I
[A] quar - ter bil-lion

D A D G A A7 D A

can com-pute but like a re - cur-ring di - sease I typed six pa-ges and
WIN-DOWS us - ers at mi-nute each day per boot - Comes to o-ver a

D A D G A A⁷ G

felt the rage as WIN-DOWS de-ci-ded to freeze So I wormed the dogs and
 thou - sand years - plus a cen-tury or two, A thou - sand years each

D G A A⁷ D Em

slopped the hogs and stringed a bowl of beans. I checked my P. C. sad-
 day I fear, no mat - ter your world view. Is too much time to

F#m G A A⁷ D A D Em

denned to see that WIN-DOWS had blue screened.
 stand in line wai- ting for WIN-DOWS to boot.

F#m G A A⁷ D A D A

(WIN-DOWS had blue screened) A
 (WAI- TING FOR WIN-DOWS TO BOOT) Com- pu-ters are best at

D A D G A A⁷ D A

pla - ying chess but they are no match for me I'm bet-ter out - fo-xing P.

D A D G A A⁷ G

C.s in kick bo-xing down the stairs in-to the street When bud-get per-mits I'll

D G A A⁷ D Em

get Li-nex a Mac or an i-Pad will do. I hum-bly pur-port that

F#m G A A⁷ D A D Em 3

life is too short WAI- TING FOR WIN-DOWS TO BOOT

F#m G A A⁷ D A D

(WAI- TING FOR WIN-DOWS TO BOOT)

109. Lossless, Matched & Reciprocal

2011

A really nerdy song. A three port network cannot be lossless, matched & reciprocal at the same time. Only 2 out of 3. This is a three port lamenting this limitation. The idea was Charlie Baylis's.

Lossless Matched and Reciprocal

Lossless matched and reciprocal
I always wanted to be
A three port network. I'm a chip
Off the family tree.

As a young lossless lad, I found
Lossless matching was fun.
But trying to reciprocate
In circles I'd run.

When lossless and reciprocal
My third port would reflect
I tried but could not match
Or serve or protect.

When matched and reciprocal I lost
My power from within
Slowly but surely I learned
I just couldn't win.

But I am not without hope
Double E's all assure
If I grow another port
I can be cured.

Reciprocal lossless, not matched
Lossless, matched but not reciprocal
Reciprocal and matched with loss
I can't do it all.

Lossless, matched and reciprocal
Lossless, matched and reciprocal
Lossless, matched and reciprocal
Oh woe is me

Lossless, Matched & Reciprocal

#109

Charles Baylis (words) & R.J. Marks II (music)

The musical score is written in 6/8 time on a treble clef staff. It consists of seven lines of music, each with a line of lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "Loss-less matched and re - ci - pro - cal. I al-ways wan - ted to be. A three port net-work. I'm a chip off the fami-ly tree. As a young loss-less matched lad I found loss-less match - ing was fun. But try--ing to re - ci - pro - cate, in cir-cles I'd run. When loss-less and re - ci - pro - cal, my third port would re - flect. I tried but could not match or serve or pro - tect. When re - ci--pro - -cal and matched I lost my po--wer from with - in. Slow-ly but sure - ly I learned I just could-n't win. But I am not with-out".

G⁷ C F G G⁷ C F
Loss-less matched and re - ci - pro - cal. I al-ways wan - ted to

G G⁷ C F D D⁷ G G^{sus} G G⁷
be. A three port net-work. I'm a chip off the fami-ly tree. As a young

C F G G⁷ C F G G⁷ C F
loss-less matched lad I found loss-less match - ing was fun. But try--ing to re - ci - pro -

D D⁷ G G^{sus} G G⁷ C F G G⁷
cate, in cir-cles I'd run. When loss-less and re - ci - pro - cal, my third port

C F G G⁷ C F D D⁷ G G^{sus}
would re - flect. I tried but could not match or serve or pro - tect.

G G⁷ C F G G⁷ C F G G⁷
When re - ci--pro - -cal and matched I lost my po--wer from with - in. Slow-ly but

C F D D⁷ G G^{sus} G G⁷ C F
sure - ly I learned I just could-n't win. But I am not with-out

G G7 C F G G7 C F D D7 G G^{sus2}

hope. Doub-le E's all as - sure if I grow an - oth - er port I can be cured.

G G7 C F G G7 C F G G7

Re-ci-pro - -cal loss-less not matched. Loss-less matched but not re--ci-pro - cal. Re-ci-pro-

C F D D7 G G^{sus} G G7 C F

cal and matched with loss. I can't do it all Loss--less and matched and re-ci-pro-

G G7 C F G G7

cal. Loss - less and matched and re - ci - pro - cal. Loss - less and

C F G G F G C C^{sus} C

matched and re - ci - pro - -cal. Oh woe is me

108. Mud to Guppies

2011

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/108_MudtoGuppies.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/108_MudtoGuppies.pdf

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.

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 mud?

Are we mud?

Are we mud?

Are we mud?

Are we all made of mud?

Darwin to Nietzshe

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're not mud!

We're not mud!

We're not mud!

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!

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!

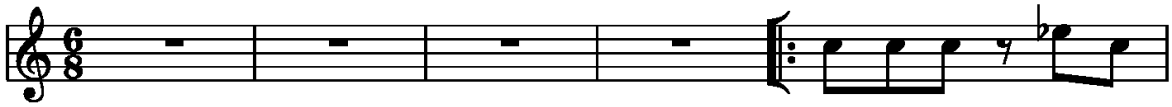
Jesus Is Lord!
Jesus is Lord!

Mud to Guppies

#108

Robert J. Marks II

♩=80



From mud to gup-pies.
Dar-win to Nietzsche.



Pol-ly wogs. Green frogs. Brown plague rats to bats to cats with sa-ber teeth.
Ü-ber-mensch. Aus-witch. San ger to Roe-Wade. Doc tor Ke-vor-ki-an.



Mu-tate to mon-key men, our kin, to sin, to jud-ges say-ing that
Com-mu-nist pur-ges. Par-tial birth mur-ders. To a-thiests say-ing that



right can be wrong. Are we mud? Are we mud? Are we
wrong is all right. We're not mud. We're not mud. We're not



mud? Are we mud? Are we mud? Are we mud? Are we
mud. We're not mud! We're not mud! We're not mud! We are



no-thing but mud? From God to A-dam.
not made of mud!



No-ah. Mo-ses. Da-vid to Ma-ry to the bap-ti-zer John. To Je-sus the Christ.



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

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107_TristanRobertMarks.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107_TristanRobertMarks.pdf

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.

There is a faster version I like called *Tristan Pounds*.

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107_TristanPounds.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107_TristanPounds.pdf

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



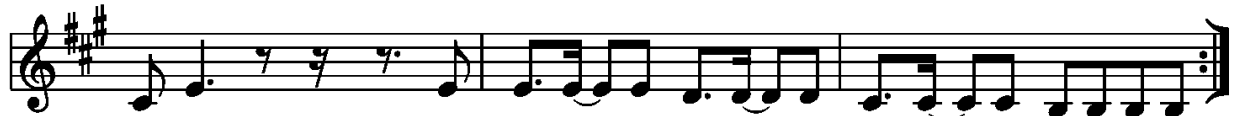
but I think he looks\ He's got four head lines.
and we con-nect down\ more like him. I can't say I do
to our souls.



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.

106. Break Forth in Oscillation

2011

This is a song for musician nerds. Written with Charles Baylis. The melody is the same as that of Opus #93 *Jesus Christ is Coming Back Again*.

Here is video of a live performance in 2011.

<https://youtu.be/Bbmiaq6-YA> , <http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/106> BreakForthinOscillation.mp4

Break Forth in Oscillation

Break forth in oscillation
Temporal continuity
With integer harmonics
Trying to avoid beat frequencies

If you sample our song
Avoid all aliasing
Make sure you exceed Nyquist
Or high notes are lower than they should be.
 Four hundred forty cycles per second
 Is our A above middle C
 The twelfth root of two is the ratio
 Of adjacent and tempered frequencies

Break forth in oscillation
Temporal continuity
With integer harmonics
Trying to avoid beat frequencies

Break Forth In Oscillation!

Words & Music by Robert J. Marks II
Libretto Motif by Charles P. Baylis II

$\text{♩} = 125$

Break forth in oscil- -lation . Tem-
— If you sample our song . A-

-poral continui- ty . With in- teger har-
-void all alias- ing . Make sure you exceed

-monics.
Nyquist.


— Trying to avoid beat frequencies.
Or high notes are lower than they should be.

2. Four hundred forty cycles per second . Is

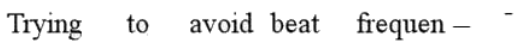
our A above middle C. The twelfth root of two is the

The musical score is written in treble clef with a tempo of 125 beats per minute. It consists of five systems of music. The first system has two staves, with lyrics below. The second system also has two staves. The third system has two staves, with a first ending bracket above the top staff. The fourth system has two staves, with a second ending bracket above the top staff. The fifth system has one staff with lyrics below. The lyrics are: 'Break forth in oscil- -lation . Tem- / — If you sample our song . A- / -poral continui- ty . With in- teger har- / -void all alias- ing . Make sure you exceed / -monics. / Nyquist. / — Trying to avoid beat frequencies. / Or high notes are lower than they should be. / 2. Four hundred forty cycles per second . Is / our A above middle C. The twelfth root of two is the'


ratio. Of adjacent and tempered frequen-

al Coda 

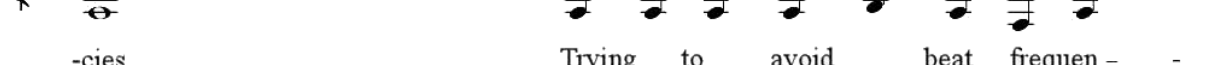
-cies . So break



Trying to avoid beat frequen -

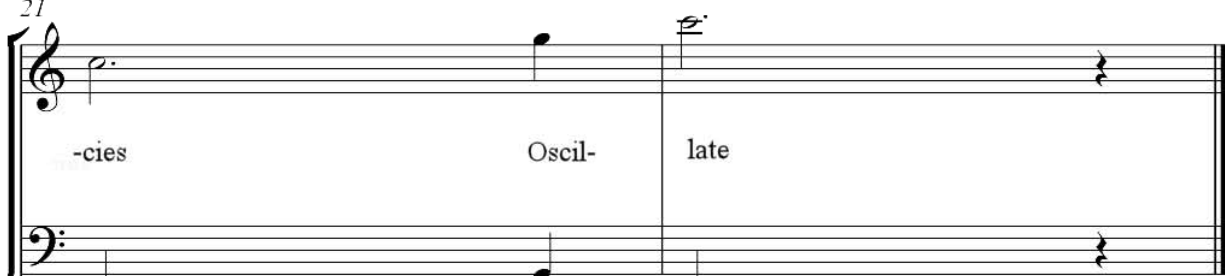


Trying to avoid beat frequen - Trying to avoid beat frequen -




-cies Trying to avoid beat frequen -

21



-cies Oscil- late



-cies Oscil- late

105. The Fall

2002

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/105_TheFall.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/105_TheFall.pdf

This instrumental starts with the motif of the third movement of Opus #22 *Irrespective Dementia*. A cross between Heavy Metal & Charles Ives. Lots of wonderful dissonance! (You're welcome)

Here's the midi version: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/105_TheFall.mid

104. `Lil Isaac

2000

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/104_Lil_Isaac.m4a

This instrumental starts with Opus #56 *Bubonic Obature* but takes a fun turn with a solid rock guitar motif. Abraham is taking Isaac to be sacrificed and `Lil Isaac pleads "Daddy Don't!" I had fun writing this. In details, the account is not Biblical. Isaac never begged for his life - but, hey. He probably thought it. I would have.

The original music for this is lost. I may write it down some day – but probably not.

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.

102. Picking Manna

2007

- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/102_Manna.pdf
- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/102_Manna.wav
- MIDI: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/102_Manna.mid

A fun melody I wrote when Monika and I visited Perth, Australia. I wrote the melody down years later. The initial thought lyrics were:

Perth
Land of me birth
Australia
What can I tell ya'?
Emus, koalas and kangaroos
In Perth
Land of me birth

These lyrics are really bad, so the pretty ditty is left as a melody waiting for poetic inspiration.

Besides the lead sheet below, an uncomplicated playing of the melody and an echoing bass is in the Arrangements section.

Picking Mana

Robert J Marks II

(#102)

$\text{♩} = 128$

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a tempo of 128. It consists of ten staves of music. The chords are indicated above the notes as follows:

- Staff 1: G, G⁷, C
- Staff 2: C⁷, F, C, G, C
- Staff 3: C, G, G⁷, C, C⁷
- Staff 4: F, C, G, C, C
- Staff 5: Am, F, G
- Staff 6: C, Am, F, G
- Staff 7: C, G, G⁷, C
- Staff 8: C⁷, F
- Staff 9: C, G, C

101. Do We Darwin? Ya!

2007

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/101_DoWeDarwin.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/101_DoWeDarwin.pdf

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! (Galapagöus 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, man made God
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
Religion's an evil façade
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
We're told this is the truth and all have resolved
We weren't created. We evolved
(Do We Darwin? Ya!)
There is no need for God in me
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
I just believe the things I see
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
Morality's defined by what I feel.
So sometimes it's okay to steal
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
When I die, there will be no hurt
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
Someday I'll die and turn to dirt
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
The worms from which humanity evolved.
Will dine on me while I dissolve
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

[Continued on next page]

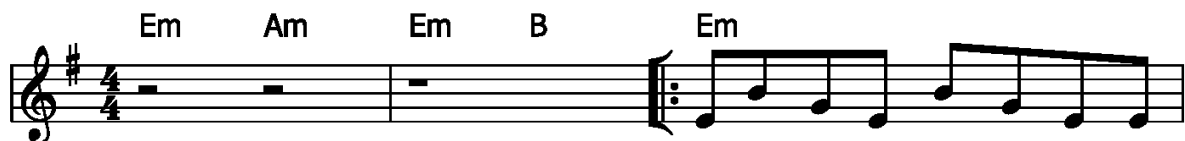
The bold inherit, not the meek
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
The herd must be thinned of the weak
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).
So pick a wimpy nerd and start a fight
We're stronger when the fit survive
(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

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

Do We Darwin? Ya!

Galapagös Finch

Darwin Youth Campfire Song (Traditional)



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



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

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



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

Am B Em Am

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

Em B Em B⁷ Em B⁷

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

Em B⁷ Em B Em

Ya! Do we Dar-win? Ya!

100. Lazaruz Waltz & Fanfare

2012

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/100_DementiaWaltz.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/100_DementiaWaltz.pdf

This is a revised first movement of Irrespective Dementia (Opus 22).

Used as background music in *Regalia Hat Trick*:

<https://youtu.be/QIWSCSdTOco> or http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/100_RegaliaHatTrick.mp4

99. Marilee's Melody

1988

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/099_Marilee.wav
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/099_Marilee.pdf

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

Ma - ri - lie Me-lo - die. 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

$\text{♩} = 150$

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!

97. The Sonya Glossclossnovich Spontaneous Kazoo Band Incident

1997

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/097_Sonya.mp3

A fun song about a new folk story. Needs story elaboration. But I retain screen rights!

The Sonya Glossclossnovich Spontaneous Kazoo Band Incident

Sonya sat alone
In her village home
Looking out her lonesome window
 She knew what she must do
 She got out her kazoo
 And played this simple melody

People from miles around
Heard this lovely sound
Coming forth from Sonya's window
 They all got their kazoos
 While Sonya played the tune
 The people sang the melody.

The Sonya Glossclassnovich Spontaneous
Kazoo Band Incident (98)

Bob
Marks

SON-YA SAT ALONE IN HER VILLAGE HOME
PEOPLE FROM MILES AROUND HEARD THIS LOVELY SOUND

LOOKING OUT HER LONELY, WINDOW. SHE KNEW WHAT SHE MUST DO,
COMING FORTH FROM SONYA'S WINDOW, THEY ALL GOT THEIR KAZOOS

SHE GOT OUT HER KAZOO, AND PLAYED THIS SIMPLE MELODY
WHILE SONYA PLAYED THE TUNE, THE PEOPLE SANG THE MELODY

Am E7 Am E7

Am Dm E Am

96. Glossclossnovich's Tea Dance

1976

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/096_TeaDance.mid

Another great melody – a favorite.

GLOSSCLOSSNOVICH'S TEA DANCE
(96)

R.J.
Marks

Am E Am E7 Am
E7 F G G7 Am E
Am E Am E Am E7
F G Eb Am FINIS
Am E
E7 Am
Am E
E al Finis

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 GET BUT HERE I SIT 'CAUSE
 ING INSIDE MY PANTS BUT THAT'S THE PRICE -

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

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

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

94. Trophies

1988

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

Trophies

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

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

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

TROPHIES (opus 94) ^{by} R.J. Marks II

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

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

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

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

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

To CODA ⊕

E B B⁹ E 1

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

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

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

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

LIGHT FREE JESUS CHIST IS COMING BACK AGAIN

JESUS CHRIST IS COMING BACK AGAIN

92. Iron Grits

Theater of the Ears Theme & Theme for Eyeball Theater

1984

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/092_IronGrits.mp3

Another GREAT instrumental! It is haunting! It is an acquired taste! The melody must be played with an instrument of weird tonal color. The tune was used by brother Ray and me for the theme for Theatre of the Ears and, our only joint video attempt, Eyeball Theatre. The great tune begins with fun atonal harmony variations then resolves with a standard blues scale.

IRON GRITS by (92)
 (theme from 'Eyeball Theater' & 'Theater of the Ears') R.J. Marks

The musical score is written in G major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. It consists of 12 staves of music. The notation includes various chords and melodic lines with specific annotations:

- Staff 1:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then D5, and ending on G4. Chords: A, D^b.
- Staff 2:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: E, F⁹, E G E G A E. Annotation: OCTAVE LOWER.
- Staff 3:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: (no chord), b.
- Staff 4:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: A, E G E G A, E G E G A. Annotation: OCTAVE LOWER.
- Staff 5:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: D^b, E⁷.
- Staff 6:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: F⁹, E G E G A, E G E G. Annotation: OCTAVE LOWER.
- Staff 7:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: A, (no chord), b.
- Staff 8:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: A, E G E G A, E G E G. Annotation: OCTAVE LOWER.
- Staff 9:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: A, D^b.
- Staff 10:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: E⁷, F⁹.
- Staff 11:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: E G E G A, (no chord), b.
- Staff 12:** Melody starting on G4, moving to A4, then B4, and ending on G4. Chords: E, G E G A. Annotations: octave, lower.

91. Ugly Sally

1989

A dream song. Great melody. I want to someday rewrite this with Quasimodo (the hunchback of Notre Dame) as the singer. The first lyrics are:

QUASIMODO STARRED THROUGH THE POURING RAIN
IT WAS SATURDAY NIGHT AND HE 'S ALONE AGAIN
PRETTY ESMERELDA WAS DUE AT EIGHT
TO LISTEN TO HIS BELLS -BUT SHE 'S TWO HOURS LATE.

Here are the Ugly Sally lyrics:

Ugly Sally

Ugly Sally stared through the pouring rain
It was Saturday night and she's alone again
Homely Benny Peters was due at eight
For a date with Ugly Sally, but he's two hours late
 Ugly Sally sat in her room
 All alone and feeling blue

Then with a joyous clang
The doorbell rang
 And there stood Handsome Bert
Sally grinned and bade him in
And asked what he wanted with her
 Bert bowed his head
 And softly said
 Without her love that he'd be dead
 And the only girl
 In this large world
 For him was her

Ugly Sally stared through the pouring rain
It was Saturday night and she's alone again
Homely Benny Peters was due at eight
For a date with Ugly Sally, but he's three hours late
 Ugly Sally sat in her room
 All alone and feeling blue

UGLY SALLY
(OPUS 91)

Robert J.
Marks II

UGLY SALLY STARED THRU THE POURING RAIN. IT WAS
SATURDAY NIGHT & SHE'S A - LONE AGAIN.
HOMELY BENNY PETERS WAS DUE AT EIGHT FOR A
DATE WITH UGLY SALLY, BUT HE'S {TWO} HOURS LATE
UGLY SALLY SAT IN HER ROOM. ALL ALONE & FEELING BLUE
THEN WITH A JOYOUS CLANG THE DOORBELL RANG & THERE STOOD HANDSOME BERT
SALLY GRINNED & BADE HIM IN AND ASKED WHAT HE WANTED WITH HER
BERT BOWED HIS HEAD AND SOFTLY SAID WITHOUT HER LOVE THAT HE'D BE DEAD
AND THE ONLY GIRL IN THIS LARGE WORLD FOR HIM WAS HER
(ROOM) ALL ALONE AND FEELING BLUE

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
 THEY'RE LEGS OFF A GREEN SLIMEY SQUID
 WHO'S MUCH MORE TIRED 'THAN HE'LL AD-MIT

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

OR JOSHUA THE YAZOOKID WHO

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

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

KNEES WHO PUTS HIS HEAD UPON YOUR SHOULDER
 BUG WHO

SO SLEEPY CAUSE HE OVERDID

HE'S THIRTY POUNDS OF HONEST LOVING

HE'S JOSHUA ~ THE YAZOO KID

JOSHUA ~ THE YAZOO KID

89. Fun to Fly

1992

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

Fun to Fly

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

FUN TO FLY (89)

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

88. Who's The Best Daddy?

1992

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

Who's The Best Daddy?

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who buys us candy?

And makes us feel dandy?

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

Who buys us gum?

And gives us all some?

Who's the best daddy in the world?

Bob! Bob! Bob!

.

Who's the Best Daddy?

88

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

The first line of music is on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature. It begins with a repeat sign. The first measure has a C chord above it. The second measure has an F chord above it. The third measure has a C chord above it. The final three measures each have an A chord above them and an 'x' on the fifth string of the guitar.

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

The second line of music is on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature. The first measure has a C chord above it. The second measure has an F chord above it. The third measure has a C chord above it. The final three measures each have an A chord above them and an 'x' on the fifth string of the guitar.

{ WHO BUYS US CANDY AND MAKES US FEEL DANDY }
{ WHO BUS US GUM- AND GIVES US ALL SOME }

The third line of music is on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature. The first measure has a C chord above it. The second measure has an F chord above it. The third measure has a C chord above it. The fourth measure has an F chord above it. The line ends with a double bar line.

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

The fourth line of music is on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature. The first measure has a C chord above it. The second measure has a G chord above it. The third measure has a C chord above it. The final three measures each have an A chord above them and an 'x' on the fifth string of the guitar. The line ends with a double bar line.

87. Durango

1988

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/087_Durango.mp3

A western drama built on the solid cliché that reputations for gun fighting were sought by young western delinquents

Durango

He lived in fear of his life
Each deathly silent night
His back against the wall
He suspected them all
 The gun from San Antone
 Was the fastest man has known
 And if his name you called
 Better be prepared to draw
 On DURANGO

My brother practiced hard
Behind our father's barn
I watched his lightening speed
Become the fastest that I'd seen
 And on a golden morn in May
 My brother rode away
 To town to match his skill
 To draw against and kill
 DURANGO

In the saloon, he sat tall
His back against the wall
His piercing eyes starred
At all who entered there
 Seeking the next man
 To challenge his hand
 Waiting for the day
 Someone faster would replace
 DURANGO

Into town my brother came
To claim Durango's fame
To match his lightening guns
Against a man who'd always won
 Durango sat in fear
 He sensed the time was near
 In the saloon my brother came
 And called out the name
 DURANGO

Even to this day
The town people say
In the places that they've been
And the gunfights that they've seen
 They have never seen two draws
 As fast as those they saw
 On that golden morn in May
 When my lifeless brother lay
 At the feet of DURANGO

The people didn't care
That the gun fight was fair
All the town folk said
They wished Durango dead
 And swore it was a fact
 That a bullet in the back
 Would soon put an end
 To the devil's closest friend
DURANGO

(continued)

So late that moon lit night
In fear of his life
His guns still hanging low
Away Durango rode
 Into the desert night
 He rode to save his life
 To find a safer home
 For the gun from San Antone
 DURANGO

Under a desert tree
I waited patiently
With my dead brother's gun
I waited for him to come
 To fill full of lead
 He who shot my brother dead
 To wait `till he rode past
 And shoot in the back
 DURANGO

Soon I heard him come
And readied my brother's guns
As he was riding past
I took aim at his back
 Durango sensed my thoughts
 And turned as I shot.
 My bullet pierced his chest
 And I saw fall dead the best.
 DURANGO

I took him dead to town
The people gathered round
They thought from what they saw
That I had beat the draw
 Of DURANGO

Now in the saloon I sit tall
My back's against the wall
Knowing that the first man
Who challenges my hand
 Will lay me in the grave
 And inherit the fame
 Of the man with better skill
 Than the one that shot and killed
 DURANGO

DURANGO

by Bob Marks

D^m *C*

HE LIVED IN FEAR OF HIS LIFE EACH DEATHLY SILENT NIGHT. HIS
 MY BROTHER PRACTICED HARD BEHIND OUR FATHER'S BARN. I
 IN THE SALOON HE SAT TALL, HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL. HIS
 INTO TOWN MY BROTHER CAME TO CLAIM DURANGO'S FAME. TO

D^m *C*

BACK AGAINST THE WALL HE SUSPECTED THEM ALL. THE
 WATCHED HIS LIGHTNING SPEED BECAME THE FASTEST THAT I'D SEEN, AND ON A
 PIERCING EYES STARED AT ALL WHO ENTERED THERE -
 MATCH HIS LIGHTNING GUNS AGAINST A MAN WHO'D ALWAYS WON. DU-

B^b *A*

GUN FROM SAN AN-TONE WAS THE FASTEST MAN HAS KNOWN
 GOLDEN MORN IN MAY MY BROTHER RODE AWAY
 SEEKING THE NEXT MAN TO CHALLENGE HIS HAND
 RANGO SAT IN FEAR HE SENSED THE TIME WAS NEAR. IN THE

B^b *A* *A⁷*

IF HIS NAME YOU CALLED, BEST BE PREPARED TO DRAW ON
 TO TOWN TO MATCH HIS SKILL TO DRAW AGAINST AND KILL
 WAITING FOR THE DAY SOMEONE FASTER WOULD REPLACE } DU-
 SALOON MY BROTHER CAME AND CALLED OUT THE NAME

D^m *Repeat thrice D^m* *C*

-RAN - GO (spoken) EVEN TO THIS DAY, THE PEOPLE THERE SAY, IN THE

D^m **C**

PLACES THAT THEY'VE BEEN AND THE GUNFIGHTS THAT THEY'VE SEEN, THEY HAVE

B^b **A**

NEVER SEEN TWO DRAWS AS FAST AS THOSE THEY SAW ON THAT

B^b **A**

GOLDEN MORN IN MAY, WHEN MY LIFELESS BROTHER LAY AT THE FEET OF

D^m **D^m**

DURANGO THE PEOPLE DIDN'T CARE THAT THE
SO LATE THAT MOONLIT NIGHT, IN
UN - DER A DESERT TREE, I

C **D^m**

GUN FIGHT WAS FAIR ALL THE TOWN FOLK SAID THEY
FEAR OF HIS LIFE, HIS GUNS STILL HANGING LOW A-
WAITED PATIENTLY WITH MY DEAD BROTHER'S GUNS, I WAIT-

C **B^b**

WISHED DURANGO DEAD AND SWORE IT WAS A FACT THAT A
-WAY DURANGO RODE IN - TO THE DESERT NIGHT HE
-ED FOR HIM TO COME TO FILL FULL OF LEAD HE WHO

A B \flat

BULLET IN THE BACK WOULD SOON PUT AN END TO THE
 RODE TO SAVE HIS LIFE TO FIND A SAFER HOME FOR THE
 SHOT MY BROTHER DEAD, TO WAIT 'TILL HE RODE PAST, AND

A A 7 D m Repeat Twice

DEVIL'S CLOSEST FRIEND } DURANGO
 GUN FROM SAN ANTONIO }
 SHOOT IN THE BACK }

D m C

(SPOKEN) SOON I HEARD HIM COME, AND READIED MY BROTHERS GUNS AND AS

D m C B \flat

HE WAS RIDING PAST I TOOK AIM AT HIS BACK DURANGO SENSED MY THOUGHTS,

A B \flat

TURNED AS I SHOT. MY BULLET PIERCED HIS CHEST AND I

A D m

SAW FALL DEAD THE BEST: DURANGO

(Slow) I TOOK HIM DEAD TO TOWN THE PEOPLE GATHERED ROUND, THEY

THOUGHT FROM WHAT THEY SAW I HAD BEAT THE DRAW OF DU-

- RANGO (Faster) NOW IN THE SALOON I SIT TALL, MY

BACK'S AGAINST THE WALL, KNOWING THAT THE FIRST MAN WHO CHALLENGES MY HAND WILL

LAY ME IN THE GRAVE AND INHERIT THE FAME OF A GUN WITH BETTER SKILL THAN I

MAN WHO SHOT & KILLED DURANGO

86. Who Smells Like a Pumpkin?

1995

Traditional Halloween gets kind of evil and we discourage participation of our kids. Here's a nice alternative.

Who Smells Like a Pumpkin?

Who Smells Like a Pumpkin?

Jack-o-Lantern

Who Smells Like a Pumpkin?

Jack-o-Lantern

Who Smells Like a Pumpkin? by 86
Bob Marks

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. The top staff is in treble clef with a C-clef and a repeat sign. The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a C-clef and a repeat sign. The bass line consists of quarter notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2. The lyrics "who smell's like a pumpkin" are written below the top staff, and "(Jack-O-Lantern)" is written below the bottom staff. Chord symbols "C" and "G" are placed above the first and second measures of the top staff, respectively.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. The top staff is in treble clef with a C-clef and a repeat sign. The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a C-clef and a repeat sign. The bass line consists of quarter notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2. The lyrics "who smells like a pumpkin" are written below the top staff, and "(Jack-O-Lantern)" is written below the bottom staff. Chord symbols "G7" and "C" are placed above the first and second measures of the top staff, respectively.

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'
 saying "goo", Nobody ever
 my best suit, Nobody ever
 little hairs, I wouldn't believe it
 - - all night
 snuck & sucked on my
 when - I's on the
 - un-less I was

Chords: D E E7 A E7

to Coda

long comb phone shown } TILL JEREMIAH MOVED IN OUR HOME

Chords: A A7 D

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

Chord: Bm

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

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

second time: 8 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-BOU T 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

HERE

82. Johnny Gumball

1995

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/082_JohnnyGumball.mp3

I thought I was so clever when I wrote this. Johnny Appleseed traveled around the United States planting apple trees. This song is about a guy that went around planting gumball trees. I liked the idea so much, I chuckled at my cleverness as I wrote the lyrics. 'Rock back and wiggle your toes!' Problem is -no one gets it.

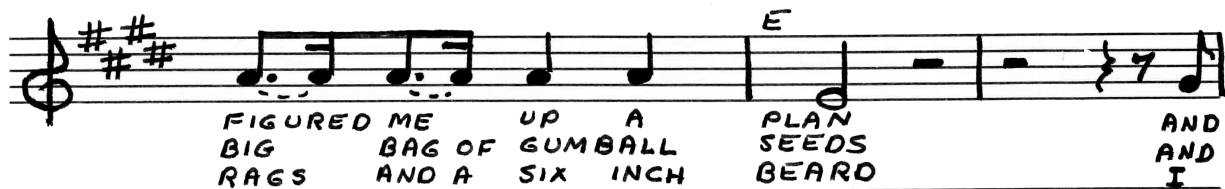
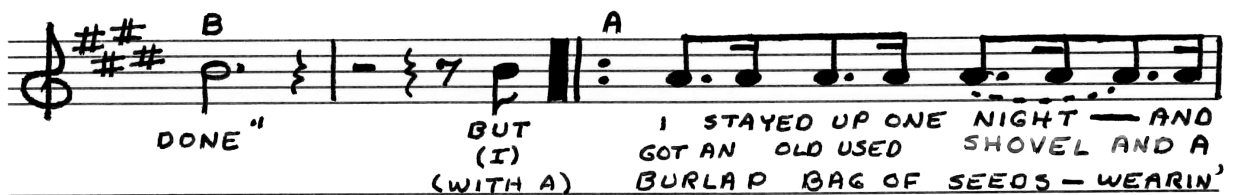
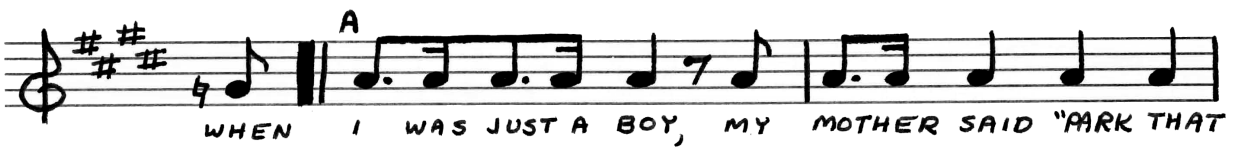
Johnny Gumball

When I was just a boy
My Mother said `Park that gum!'
`Quit `yer blowin' bubbles'
`And do things that need done.'
 But I stayed up one night
 And figgered me up a plan.
 I ran away from Mom
 And became Gumball Man.
Yeah, go tell the world good news
Yeah, the gumball man's on the move.

 I got an old used shovel
 And a big bag of gum ball seeds
 Traveled `cross the land
 Plantin' everybody gumball trees.
Yeah, you people gather `round
 Yeah, when the Gumball Man comes to town.

With a burlap bag of seeds
Wearin' rags and a six inch beard.
I'm making' lots of gumball trees grow
Far and near
Yeah, let the whole world know.
Yeah, look at them bubbles blow.
Yeah, rock back and wiggle your toes.
 Yeah, look at them gumballs grow.

JOHNNY GUMBALL by Bob Marks



A

RAN A-WAY FROM MOM — AND BE — CAME A GUMBALL
 TRAVELED 'ROSS THE LAND PLANTIN' EVERYBODY GUMBALL
 MAKE — LOTS OF GUM - BALL TREES GROW FAR AND

B

MAN TREES NEAR YEAH, GO TELL THE WORLD GOOD NEWS
 YEAH, YOU PEOPLE GATHER 'ROUND GUMBALL
 YEAH, — LET THE WHOLE WORLD KNOW

OH YEAH — THE GUMBALL MAN'S ON THE
 OH YEAH WHEN THE GUMBALL MAN COMES TO
 OH YEAH — LOOK AT THEM BUBBLES

MOVE TOWN BLOW — I WITH A OH

YEAH ROCK BACK'N WIGGLE YOUR TOES OH YEAH, LOOK AT THEM GUMBALLS GROW

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

G d c^m d

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

b b #

MIND MATERIALIZES MY BABY
WISH I HAD MY PRETTY BABY

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

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

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

to Coda

C⁷

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

79. The Boltzmann Machine Rap Around

1995

[http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/079 BoltzmannMachine.mp3](http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/079_BoltzmannMachine.mp3)

Ray, Mom and I wrote and recorded this. It's a fun well produced rap song.

The Boltzmann Machine Rap Around

Negative Jane & Negative John
Never went out and never had fun
They both stayed at home sucking their thumbs
Negative Jane & Negative John.

Said Negative Jane to Negative John
`Down the path comes Positive Tom'
"I've come to your house to suck my
thumb!"

Said Positive Tom to Negative John.
Said Positive Tom to Negative Jane
"Why didn't you eat your chicken chow mein?"
`I thought I saw little blue chunks of tomain
`Floating on top', said Negative Jane.
uh, Uh, UH!

Said Negative John to Negative Jane
`I think that your stomach is twitching again'
`I'm having such awful abdominal pains!
`My tummy is throbbing!' said Negative Jane.
So Negative John and Negative Jane
And Positive Tom went out in the rain
To visit a good doctor who could explain
The reason for pain in Negative Jane.
Said Positive Tom to Negative Jane
"Have any tapes by the Boltzmann machine
"To play in the car as we drive through the rain
"To the doctor? ". `NO!' screamed Negative Jane.
The doctor examined poor negative Jane
"The source of the hurting, I have
ascertained
Is not due to food or drink or tomain"
The doctor then smiled at Negative Jane.
uh, Uh, UH!

Said Negative John to Negative Jane
`We've got to come up with appropriate names'
`For our new babe'. Then Tom explained
`An appropriate name is positive Lane'
Said Positive Tom to Negative Jane
And Negative John `Let me explain'
`Together two negatives in any way'
`Must make a positive!' Thomas explained.
So Positive Tom and Negative Jane
And Negative John and Positive Lane
Popped a cork on expensive champagne
And put on a tape by the Boltzmann Machine.
uh, Uh, UH!

THE BOLTZMANN MACHINE RAP AROUND



(1.) - Negative Jane - and Negative John -
 (4.) Said Negative John - to Negative Jane "I
 (8.) Said Negative John to Negative Jane "We've



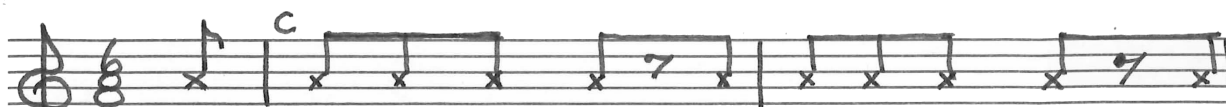
Never went out - and never had fun. They
 think that your stomach is twitching again "I'm
 got to come up with appropriate names for



both stayed at home - - sucking their thumbs -
 having such awful ab - dominat pain. My
 our - new ba - by." Then Tom explained "An ap-



Negative Jane - and Negative John.
 tummy is throbbing" said Negative Jane.
 appropriate name - is Positive Lane"



(2) Said negative Jane to Negative John -
 (5) So Negative John and Negative Jane and
 (9) Said Positive Tom to Negative Jane

"Down - the path comes Positive Tom" "I've
 Positive Tom went out in the rain. To
 Negative John - "Let me explain To-

come to your house - to suck - my thumb" said
 visit a good doctor who could explain The
 gether two negatives in any way -

Positive Tom - to Negative John
 reason for pain - in Negative Jane
 Must make a positive" Thomas exclaimed.

(3.) Said Positive Tom - to Negative Jane "Why
 (6.) Said Positive Tom - to Negative Jane -
 (10) Said Positive Tom - and Negative Jane - And

didn't you eat your chicken chow mein?" "I
 "Have any tapes by the Boltzmann machine to
 Negative John - and positive Lane -

thought I saw little blue chunks of tomain - -
 hear in the car as we drive in the rain to the
 Popped - the cork on ex-pensive champain - and

floating on top —" said Negative Jane (chorus)
 doc — "tor?" "NO" — screamed Negative Jane
 put on a tape by the Boltzmann machine (to chorus)

(7) The doctor ex- amined poor Negative Jane. "The

source of the hurting I have ascertained is

not due to food or drink or to main" The

doctor then smiled at Negative Jane

CHORUS

Handwritten guitar chord notation for the chorus. The notation is on a single staff in treble clef. It shows a sequence of chords: a G chord (open), followed by an F chord with an 'x' over the first string and 'UH' below it, then another F chord with an 'x' over the first string and 'UH' below it, then a third F chord with an 'x' over the first string and 'UH' below it, and finally a 7 chord with a '7' above it. Each chord is followed by a double bar line.

Handwritten guitar melody line for the first measure. It is on a single staff in treble clef. The notes are: G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G4 (quarter). There is a flat sign under the B3 note and a sharp sign under the A3 note. The measure ends with a double bar line.

Handwritten guitar melody line for the second measure. It is on a single staff in treble clef. The notes are: G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G4 (quarter). There is a flat sign under the B3 note and a sharp sign under the A3 note. The measure ends with a double bar line.

Handwritten guitar melody line for the third measure. It is on a single staff in treble clef. The notes are: G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G4 (quarter). There is a flat sign under the B3 note and a sharp sign under the A3 note. The measure ends with a double bar line.

Handwritten guitar melody line for the fourth measure. It is on a single staff in treble clef. The notes are: G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G4 (quarter). There is a flat sign under the B3 note and a sharp sign under the A3 note. The measure ends with a double bar line. Above the staff, the text "Repeat Twice" is written above the first two notes, and "Repeat Chorus and Fade" is written above the last two notes.

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 'BOU 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

77. Murky in the Delta Mississippi Swamp Gas Blues

1974

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/077_SwampGasBlues.mp3

Dan Kato and I wrote this. It's about getting General Lee's revenge in the Deep South.

Murky in the Delta Mississippi Swamp Gas Blues

I got `dem swamp gas blues
From `dat muskrat stew
Got `dem swamp gas blues
From that delta ooze
 I'm set free
 Inside of me
I got `dem murky in the delta Mississippi swamp gas blues

You take `dem musk rat thighs
And some nice white rice
`Pinch of cat tail spice
Mix it up just right
 Some red beans
 From New Orleans
You got some murky in the delta Mississippi swamp gas stew.

You mix it up just right
Let it sit over night
In the morning light
It's guaranteed to set you free.

So you all come down soon
Cause you's overdue
For some musk rat stew
And some corn bread too
 We'll whistle the tune
 By the summer moon
Of the murky in the delta Mississippi swamp gas
Murky in the delta Mississippi swamp gas
Murky in the delta Mississippi swamp gas blues.

MURKY IN THE DELTA MISSISSIPPI
 SWAMP GAS BLUES
 (77)

8. E7

I GOT 'DEM (YOU TAKE 'DEM,) (SO YOU ALL) SWAMP GAS BLUES FROM DAT MUSK-RAT STEW GOT DEM
 MUSK-RAT THIGHS AND SOME NICE WHITE RICE 'PINCH OF
 COME DOWN SOON CAUSE YOU'RE OVER-DUE FOR SOME

SWAMP GAS ALUES FROM 'DAT DELTA Ooze I'M SET
 CAT TAIL SPICE MIX IT UP JUST RIGHT SOME RED
 MUSKRAT STEW AND SOME CORN BREAD TOO WE'LL WHISTLE THE

A7 E7

FREE PEANS TUNE IN FROM THE SIDE OF NEW OR ME LEANS
 BY THE SUMMER MOON I GOT 'DEM
 YOU GOT SOME OF THE

B7 A7 TO CODA 1. E7

MURKY IN THE DELTA MISSISSIPPI SWAMP GAS BLUES YOU TAKE 'DEM

2. E7 A7

STEW YOU STIR IT UP JUST RIGHT LET 'ER

SIT OVER NIGHT AND IN THE MORNING LIGHT TAKE YOUR

A7 F#7

FIRST TASTY BITE ITS GURRAN- TEED TO SET YOU

B B7

FREE SO YOU ALL

CODA

MURKY IN THE DELTA MISSISSIPPI SWAMP GAS MURKY IN THE DELTA MISSISSIPPI SWAMP GAS

E7

BLUES

76. Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

1974

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

Live Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/076_Smoke-The Wedding Singers.mp3 ("Smoke, Smoke, Smoke" was part of a medley sang by Doug, Ted and me at Doug's wedding reception. This is the whole medley.)

This song 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 bed
Gaggin' & a chokin' & a coughin' off your head.

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

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

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

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

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

SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE

(76)

G C

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

D7 G

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

G C

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

D D7 G

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

C G

SMOKE SMOKE SMOKE AN - OTHER CIGARETTE

D7 G

TRY TO INHALE DEEPLY DEAR IN - TO YOUR POISONED CHEST

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

GO AHEAD AND SMOKE AN OTHER CIGA -

- RETTE

Repeat twice.
Second time
al CODA

SMOKE

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

AN- OTHER CIGARETTE

HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR NOSE

LOUSY CIGARETTE

75. The Hardships of Sammy

1974

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/075_Sammy.mp3

This is kind of a folk rap song. It is a shaggy dog story set to rhyme.

The Hardships of Sammy

Sammy was a man
Oh, golly, what a man
With a smile on his lips
And a fist for a hand
With the eyeballs of an eagle
And muscles made of rocks
The nostrils of a beagle
And the brain of an ox
 So let the world beware
 Ol' Sammy didn't care
 He was rough, tough, hard to bluff
 And used to hardships.

He worked on a liner
Ported out of New Orleans
Shovelin' coal the whole day long
Kept Sammy lean and mean
The hot and fiery furnace
Kept the ship movin' on
As Sammy sang and shoveled coal
All day and all night long
 Yeah, let the world beware
 Ol' Sammy didn't care
 He was rough, tough, hard to bluff
 And used to hardships.

One balmy Sunday evening
Coming clear out of the blue
Bloody pirates boarded Sammy's ship
And massacred the crew
Only Sammy was alive
So he kept `a fightin' on
To rid his boat of pirates
So he could sail on home.
 So, let the world beware
 Ol' Sammy didn't care
 He was rough, tough, hard to bluff
 And used to hardships.

But the pirates kept on fighting
And Sam kept fighting back
Till Sammy got a brainstorm
And climbed the main mast
Where he spit and spat and cursed and cussed
His bloodthirsty foes
The pirates spit and cussed right back
From where they was below
Sammy hung right in there
Till the pirates became smart
And took their sabers from their teeth
And chopped the mast apart
Sammy in his tower
Started swaying right and left
And after falling ninety feet
He splattered on the deck
 But, let them all beware
 Cause Sammy didn't care
 He was rough, tough, hard to bluff
 And used to hard ships.

THE HARDSHIPS OF SAMMY (OPUS 75)

WORDS AND
MUSIC by
ROBERT J MARKS II

NO CHORDS () → CROWD'S PART PARENTHIZED

SAMMY WAS A MAN ON GOLLY WHAT A MAN WITH A
HE WORKED ON A LINER PORTED OUT OF NEW OR-LEANS SHOVLIN'
ONE BALMY SUNDAY EVENING COMING CLEAR OUT OF THE BLUE BLOODY
BUT THE PIRATES KEPT ON FIGHTING AND SAM KEPT FIGHTIN BACIS TILL HE
SAMMY HUNG RIGHT IN THERE TILL THE PIRATES BECAME SMART AND

SMILE ON HIS LIPS AND A FIST FOR A HAND WITH THE
COAL THE WHOLE DAY LONG KEPT SAMMY KIND OF MEAN THE
PIRATES BOARDED SAMMY'S SHIP AND MASACRED THE CREW ONLY
GOT A LITTLE BRAIN STORM AND CLIMBED THE MAIN STACK WHERE HE
TOOK THEIR SABERS FROM THEIR TEETH & CHOPPED THE STACK A-PART AND

EYE BALLS OF AN EAGLE AND MUSCLES MADE OF ROCKS THE
HOT AN FIREY FURNACE KEPT THE SHIP A MOVIN' ON SO
SAMMY WAS A LIVE SO HE KEPT ON FIGHTIN ON TO
SPIT & SPAT & CURSED & CURSED HIS BLOOD THIRSTY FOES WHILE THE
SAMMY IN HIS TOWER STARTED SWAYING RIGHT & LEFT AND

NOSTRILS OF A BEAGLE & THE BRAIN OF AN OX SO
SAMMY SUNG & SHOVELED COAL ALL DAY & ALL NIGHT LONG YEAH
RID HIS BOAT OF PIRATES SO HE COULD SAIL ON HOME SO
PIRATES YELLED & CURSED RIGHT BACK FROM WHERE THEY WERE BE-LOW (TO VERSE 5:11)
AFTER FALLING NINETY FEET HE SPLATTED ON THE DECK BUT

1) LET THE WORLD BEWARE OL' SAMMY DIDN'T CARE HE WAS ROUGH! TOUGH! HARD! TO BLUFF &
2) LET THE WORLD BEWARE OL' (ROUGH) (TOUGH) (HARD TO BLUFF &
3) LET 'EM ALL BE WARE OF
4) LET 'EM ALL BEWARE CAUSE

1,2,3, 5
USED TO HARDSHIPS (USED TO HARDSHIPS HARDSHIPS HARDSHIPS)
USED TO HARD-SHIPS (USED TO HARD-SHIPS)

74. Broke Opus in F

1975

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/074_BrokeOpus.mp3

“Broke” is a word play on “baroque.” Great acoustic instrumental. It gives the old fingers a work out when played. The melody can also be nicely played in 5/4 time. I used the melody later in Opus 112. The Lord is my Shepard (The 23rd Psalm, Opus #112). It works well!

"BROKE OPUS IN F"
(OPUS 74)

MUSIC by
BOB MARKS

The musical score is written on ten staves. The key signature is one flat (F major). The notation includes treble clefs, a key signature of one flat, and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. Chord symbols are written above the notes, including F, Bb, C, G, C7, Dm, Em, Fc, and Bb. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

This image shows a handwritten musical score consisting of ten staves of music. The key signature is G minor (one flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various chords and melodic lines. The chords are labeled as follows:

- Staff 1: G, C, F, Bb, F, C
- Staff 2: Bb, F, G, C, F
- Staff 3: Bb, C, F, Bb, G, C
- Staff 4: C7
- Staff 5: C, C7
- Staff 6: VIVA, F, Bb, F, C, Bb, F
- Staff 7: G, C, F, Bb, C
- Staff 8: F, Bb, G, C, F

The score concludes with a double bar line at the end of the eighth staff.

73. One Soul's Journey

1974

A song about a sick man dying and meeting Christ.

One Soul's Journey

Now, my body says to stop and rest awhile.
Now, my eyes look towards the final mile.
I look and see
The apple tree
I look and see the apple tree
And love of life beyond there.

I crawl, my body aching with its gift of life.
I pray, I pray my journey's going to end tonight.
The apple tree
Looks down on me
The knowledge tree looks down on me
But Son of Man is smiling.

My body dies. I reach out my hand trembling.
His hand grasps mine. And drags me gently towards the tree,
I see the smile
More clearly now.
I see the smile more strongly now
And feel its comfort in me.

I see the light. The Son is sitting beautifully.
My spirit's might. Increases as he pulls me past the tree.
I rise to my feet
There to meet
I rise to my feet, there to meet
God.

"ONE SOUL'S JOURNEY"

(OPUS 73)

WORDS & MUSIC
by
ROBERT J. MARKSE

(1) - NOW CRAWL OIES - MY BODY
(2) I CRAWL OIES - MY BODY
(3) MY BODY REACH OUT
(4) I SEE THE LIGHT THE SON IS

(3) LORD A BOVE GIVE ME LOVE GIVE ME LOVE
(4) FEEL THE LIGHT SEE THE MIGHT SEE THE MIGHT

SAYS TO STOP AND REST A WHILE NOW
ACHING WITH ITS GIFT OF LIFE I PRAY
MY HAND ON SO TRULY MY HAND GRABS MINE
SITTING ON SO BUTTERFLY MY SPIRIT'S MIGHT

(3) LORD A BOVE LORD A BOVE GIVE ME LOVE UNDERSTAND
(4) FEEL THE LIGHT FEEL THE MIGHT SEE THE LIGHT LOVINGLY

MY EYES LOOK TOWARD THE FINAL MILE
I PRAY MY JOURNY'S GONNA END THIS NIGHT
AND DRAGS ME OH SO GENTLY ME PAST THE TREE
IN - CREASES WHEN HE DRAGS ME PAST THE TREE

TAKE MY HAND TAKE MY HAND UNDERSTAND UNDERSTAND
PAST THE TREE PAST THE TREE LOVINGLY LOVINGLY

I LOOK AND SEE THE APPLE TREE THE APPLE TREE
I GET SEE THE SMILE TO MY FEET LOOKS MUCH STRONGER NOW
THERE TO MEET THERE TO MEET

(3) TAKE MY HAND (2) THE APPLE TREE LOOKS MUCH
(4) PAST THE TREE (4) I SEE THE SMILE TO MY FEET THERE TO MEET

I LOOK AND SEE THE APPLE TREE AND LOVE OF LIFE BE-
I GET SEE THE SMILE MUCH STRONGER NOW AND SON OF MAN IS
THERE TO MEET THE HAPPY LIFE FOR

DOWN ON ME THE KNOWLEDGE TREE LOOKS DOWN ON ME BUT SON OF MAN IS
STRONGER NOW I SEE THE SMILE MUCH STRONGER NOW AND FEEL ITS CON-FORT
THERE TO MEET THERE TO MEET THE HAPPY LIFE FOR

-YOND THERE (2) I - SMILING - I CRY -
(SMILING) (4) I
(-EVER)

(3) IN ME (2) SMILING CAN'T BELIEVE

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. The top staff is a vocal line with notes and lyrics: "TO - NIGHT (3) MY". Chords above the staff are D^m, A^m, D^m, E, and E⁷. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with notes and lyrics: "THIS IS ME CAN'T SEE WHY I MUST DIE TO - NIGHT".

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. The top staff is a vocal line with notes and lyrics: "- EV - ER FOR LOVE OF LORD FOR - EV ER IN LOVE WITH ALL FOR". Chords above the staff are E and E⁷. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with notes and lyrics: "AT LIFE'S END ALL BEGINS ALL BEGINS AT LIFE'S END TO."

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. The top staff is a vocal line with notes and lyrics: "- EVER I LIVE TO". Chords above the staff are A^m, D^m, A^m, and D^m. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with notes and lyrics: "AT LIFE'S END ALL BEGINS ALL BEGINS AT LIFE'S END TO."

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. The top staff is a vocal line with notes and lyrics: "- NIGHT". Chords above the staff are E and A^m. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with notes and lyrics: "- NIGHT".

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

Chords: E, C⁹, B⁹

Chords: E⁷, A⁷

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

Chords: E⁷, B⁷, E⁷

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

Chords: B⁷, E⁷, C⁹, B⁹

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

Chords: E, E⁷ (2), A, A⁶, A⁷, A⁶, A, A⁶, A⁷, A⁶

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

Chords: A, A⁶, A⁷, A⁶, A, A⁶, A⁷, A⁶

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
 3
 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"

71. Pre-Marital

1974

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/071_Premarital.mp3

A slap at teen dating. Connie and I recorded it. R-rated theme

Pre-Marital

Key: ()=boy; []=unison; otherwise, girl

Take your time (We don't mind)

Take your time (We'll be fine)

Have some trust in me and my morality tonight.

Dearest Mom & Dad

You look so suspiciously sad

But you better get on the move

Or they will start without you

(And take your time)

Have a good time

(Take your time)

We'll stay in line

(I won't stay long)

(Cause I gotta be home by nine)

Have a happy time

I'm sure your party will be fine

And before you leave to come home

Please call to let me know

But take your time

(We'll keep in line)

Take your time

(We'll be fine)

[We know it's understood]

[That we will both be good tonight.]

[We know it's gotta look odd]

[With both of us here.]

But I hope you will trust me.

[We'll just play some games]

(And I'll leave like I came)

[Wholesome, clean and innocently.]

Here's your party hats (your liquor)

And your cigarettes

[Please lock the front door as you leave]

And let me have the house key.

(And take your time)

Have a good time

Take your time

(We'll be fine)

Have some trust in me and my morality tonight.

[We've memorized the song

Of differences of wrong and right]

Take your time

(We don't mind)

Take your time

(We'll stay in line

[We wouldn't dare to do

Anything you wouldn't do tonight.]

PRE-MARITAL
(TAKE YOUR TIME)
(OPUS 71)

WORDS BY
BOB AND CONNIE MARKS
MUSIC BY
BOB MARKS

KEY: G, B, D, UNISON []

D^m A⁷ D^m A⁷

TAKE YOUR TIME (WE DON'T MIND) TAKE YOUR TIME (WE'LL BE FINE)

B^b A D^m A⁷ D^m A⁷

HAVE SOME TRUST IN ME AND MY MORALITY TO-NIGHT

8^o D^m A⁷

DEAREST MOM AND DAD YOU LOOK SO SUSPICIOUSLY SAD BUT YOU BET-
HAVE A HAPPY TIME I'M SURE YOUR PARTY WILL BE FINE AND BEFORE
HERE'S YOUR PARTY HAT'S (YOUR LIQUOR) AND YOUR CIGARETTES [PLEASE LOCK THE

G^m A⁷ D^m A⁷

-TER GET ON THE MOVE OR THEY WILL START WITHOUT YOU (& TAKE YOUR TIME) HAVE A GOOD TIME
YOU LEAVE TO COME HOME PLEASE CALL TO LET ME KNOW BUT TAKE YOUR TIME (WE'LL KEEP IN LINE
FRONT DOOR AS YOU LEAVE] AND LET ME HAVE THE HOUSE KEY (& TAKE YOUR TIME) HAVE A GOOD TIME

TO GORA

D^m A⁷ B^b D^m D^m A⁷ ♯

(TAKE YOUR TIME) WE'LL STAY IN LINE (I WON'T STAY LONG CAUSE I GOTTA BE HOME BY NINE)
TAKE YOUR TIME (WE'LL BE FINE) [WE KNOW IT'S UNDERSTOOD THAT WE WILL BOTH BE GOOD TO-NIGHT] [WE,
TAKE YOUR TIME (WE'LL BE FINE) HAVE SOME TRUST IN ME AND MY MORALITY TO-NIGHT [WE'VE

D^m B^b

KNOW IT'S GOTTA LOOK ODD WITH BOTH OF US HERE]

D^m A A⁷ D^m

BUT I HOPE YOU WOULD TRUST ME [WE'LL JUST PLAY SOME GAMES] (AND

B^b D^m A⁷ D^m A⁷ CODA

I'LL LEAVE LIKE I CAME) [WHOLESOME CLEAN & IN-NOCENT-LY]

CODA B^b A D^m A⁷

(WEVE) MEMORIZED THE SONG OF DIFFERENCES OF WRONG AND RIGHT]

D^m A⁷ D^m A⁷

TAKE YOUR TIME (WE DONT MIND) TAKE YOUR TIME (WE'LL STAY IN LINE) [WE'

B^b A D^m

WOULDN'T DARE TO DO ANY-THING YOU WOULDN'T DO TO-NIGHT

70. Pepin the Short Revisited

1975

I am proud of most of my instrumentals, including this one. I love the motif.

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi_070_PepinTheShortRevisited.pdf

69. Pregnant

1975

Some more good atonal music. The title adds to the overall rebel image of the song.

"PREGNANT"
(OPUS 69)

**ROBERT J.
MARKS II**

The musical score is written on six staves. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The notation is highly atonal and includes various accidentals, dynamic markings (p, f, mf, ff), and complex chord structures. Chord symbols such as B, E, C#, Bb, D+, C#070, C+, F#070, and (E7) are written above the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata.

68. Glossclossnovich's Tune

1975

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/068_GlossclossnovichsTune.mid

Another pretty melody - kind of Greek or Slavic folk in flavor

GLOSSCLOSSNOVICH'S TUNE
(OR MORE HUNGARIAN LAZONIA)
(OPUS 68)

MUSIC
BY ROBERT J.
MARKS II

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a guitar-style accompaniment in the first staff with chords (Dm, A, A7) and triplets. The second staff contains the main melody. The third staff continues the melody with chords (Dm, A, Bb, C). The fourth staff is a second ending with a repeat sign and two endings. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

67. Chaw 'Bacee

1974

A fun one! My Grandad Jim Marks and his mother, Blanche, 'rubbed' snuff. Snuff is tobacco ground into a brown powder. When I was a kid, we'd mix cocoa and sugar, put it in an empty snuff box and pretend we rubbed snuff. The spit looked really authentic. Great grandmother Blanche rubbed snuff but felt it was unladylike to spit. I guess she just swallowed it a little at a time. Grandad was used to hitting the spit can which was usually an empty coffee can. When he missed -about once a month -he ranted and raved. This song is dedicated to Grandad.

Chaw 'Bacee

In the morning when I get up
I rub my eyes and then I sit up
I reach for my pouch and I get some
Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee,
Lord I love my chaw bacee.

When my breakfast's done been eatin'
And I'm thru with chores and feedin'
I reach for my pouch and I get me
Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw Bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee,
Lord I love my chaw bacee.

There's some who say there's nothin' worsen than
a juicy chew
They tried it once when they was young
And gagged until they's blue.
Though I recall when I was young
That happened to me to.
Today without my chaw bacee
Don't know what I'd do.

In the sunny afternoon
My cheek sticks out like a balloon
I take an aim for my spittoon
And Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw Bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee,
Lord I love my chaw bacee.

You can smoke your cigars and your filter
cigarettes
Pack your pipe and spend the day
Keepin' the dang thing lit.
Play your cards & gulp your beer & place your
two buck bets.
Gimme chaw bacee
It's the best vice yet.

In the evenin' watchin' the tube
I shovel in a juicy big chew
Turn my head `twords the spittoon
And Hwok! Put! Splat! Dang!
Hwok! Put! Splat! Dang!
Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee,
Lord I love my chaw bacee.

CHAW TOBACCEE

(OPUS 67)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J. MARK II

CM7 BM7 Bbm7 AM7 CM7 BM7 Bbm7 ARPEGGIO AM7

VERY SLOW

AM7 BM7

(VERY SLOW)

IN THE MORNING WHEN I GET UP I RUB MY EYES & THEN I SIT UP...
WHEN MY BREAKFAST'S DONE BEEN EATEN AND I'M THRU WITH CHORES & FEEDIN', I
IN THE SUNNY AFTERNOON MY CHEEK STICKS OUT LIKE A BALLOON, I
IN THE EV'NING WATCHING THE TUBE I SHOVEL IN A JUICY BIG CHEW

AM7 TO CODA B7 E E7

REACH BY MY BED AND I GIT SOME } (UPBEAT)
REACH FOR MY POUCH AND I GIT ME "HWOK" "PUT" (DING) CHAW TOBACCEE
TAKE AN AIM FOR MY SPITCOON AND
TURN MY HEAD T'WARD THE SPITCOON

A E B E

CHAW TOBACCEE CHAW TOBACCEE LURD I LOVE MY CHAW TOBACCEE {THERE'S

A E

SOME WHO SAY THAT NOTHIN'S WORSER THAN A JUICY CHEW THEY
YOU CAN SMOKE YOUR CIGARS AND YOUR FILTER CIGARETTES —

B7 E

TRIED IT ONCE WHEN THEY WAS YOUNG AND GAGGED UNTIL THEYS BLUE THOUGH
PACK YOUR PIPE AND SPEND THE DAY KEEPING THE DAMN THING LIT —

I RECALL WHEN I WAS YOUNG THAT HAPPENED TO ME TOO TO-
 PLAY YOUR CARDS AND GULP YOUR BEER & PLACE YOUR SAWBUCK BETS —

- DAY WITHOUT MY CHAW TOBACCEE DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO
 GIVE ME CHAW TOBACCEE, IT'S THE BEST VICE YET

"HWOK" "PUT" DAMN "HWOK" "PUT" DAMN "HWOK" "PUT" "DING" CHAW TOBACCEE

CHAW TOBACCEE CHAW TOBACCEE LORD I LOVE MY CHAW TOBACCEE

66. Jelly Beans

1975

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/066_JellyBeans.mp3

This is the music used in *Please Don't Go* (Opus #13). I did a cute electronic version with wa-wa and thought I should write down the music in a manner where they were not polluted by the lyrics. The melody is later used in *Together in the Lord* (Opus #85). The song just got better and better.

Jelly Beans is used as music in the *Itchy Dawgs* video:

<https://youtu.be/bgAmkuKjkdA> , http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/066_ItchyDawgs.mp4

"JELLY BEANS"
(OPUS 66)

BY BOB MARKS

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. The staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line consists of a whole note G3.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, an eighth note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The bass line has a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. The melody features a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line includes a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. Chords G7, C, and Em are indicated above the staff. A first ending bracket labeled '1,2' spans the final two measures.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line has a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. Chords Am, G, and C are indicated. The system concludes with a double bar line and the word 'FINE'.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, an eighth note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The bass line has a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. A G chord is indicated above the final measure.

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth system. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The bass line has a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. Chords C, F, C, and G are indicated above the staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

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 bought morning
 Art emptied in a stream
 That emptied to a river
 That emptied in the sea.
Art was a drip no longer
But part of a big sea
He hated to be crowded
With no identity
 He thought of pretty Judy
 And the good times that they had had

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

ARTHUR (THE DRIP)

by Bob Marks

(65)

ART

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

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

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

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

to Coda (4th verse)

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

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

E A G D

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

G D G D

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

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

G D A D
 FLOWING RAGING TORRENT OF FELLOW DROPS OF RAIN
 ART EVAPORATED AND HE DRIFTED SKYWARDLY
 REPEAT TWICE
 ART

Coda
 G D G A
 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

64. If I Had My Druthers

1974

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/064_Druthers.mp3

I actually had this song published by Hit Kit Music in Nashville, Tenn. It's a great country song. There are a few phrases I particularly like. 'Fightin's good for only making one and one from two. It takes a we and chops it up into a me and you'. No, Hit Kit never got the song recorded.

Melody recycled in Opus #113 *Dumb Kids (The Difference Tween Love and Being Horny)*.

If I Had My Druthers

I'm sorry for the bad words
The drinkin' and the lies
And now you say you're leavin'
And I understand why.
 Hon, I'll try to be much better
 In doin' things I do
 And if you give me my druthers
 I'd druther stay with you.

If you leave our home, dear
You'll take half my life
For what good is a husband
Without a lovin' wife
 Dear, I'll try to quit my drinkin'
 And try to start anew.
 Please just give me my druthers
 Cause I'd druther stay with you.

Fightin's good for only making
One and one from two.
It takes a we and chops it up
into a me and you
Now you gotta make your mind up
What you're gonna do
And if my druthers count,
I'd druther say for you.

So please forgive my actions
Take my apology
I'll make up all the bad times
Darlin' can't you see
 Hon, I'll love you more than ever
 And want your lovin' to
 Please just give me my druthers
 I'd druther stay with you
I want you to feel the love dear
That I feel for you.

"IF I HAD MY DRUTHERS" by Bob Marks
 (64)

8 C F

I'M SO SORRY FOR THE BAD WORDS, THE DRINKIN' AND THE
 IF YOU LEAVE OUR HOME DEAR, YOU'LL TAKE HALF MY
 PLEASE FORGIVE MY ACTIONS TAKE MY APOLO -

C

LIES LIFE -GY AND 'CAUSE I'LL NOW WHAT GOOD IS A LEAVIN' HUSBAND AND WITH-
 YOU SAY YOU'RE A BAD TIMES

G

I UNDERSTAND WHY 'HON I'D
 OUT A LOVIN' CAN'T YOU SEE DEAR I'LL
 DARLIN'

C F

TRY TO BE MUCH BETTER IN DOIN' THINGS I
 TRY TO QUIT MY DRINKIN' AND TRY TO START A
 LOVE YOU MORE THAN EVER AND WANT YOUR LOVIN'

F G F C

DO NEW AND IF YOU GIVE ME MY 'DRUTHERS I'D
 TOO PLEASE JUST WON'T YOU GIVE ME MY DRUTHERS CAUSE I'D
 PLEASE GIVE ME MY DRUTHERS I'D

G C to Coda

DRUTHER STAY WITH YOU
 DRUTHER STAY WITH YOU
 DRUTHER

G C
FIGHTIN'S ONLY GOOD FOR MAKIN' ONE AND ONE FROM

G
TWO, IT TAKES A WE AND CHOPS IT UP IN-

C G
TO A ME AND YOU, AND NOW YOU GOTTA MAKE YOUR MIND UP

C D7
WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO, AND IF MY DRUTHERS COUNT, I'D

G G7
DRUTHER STAY WITH YOU, YOU YOU SO

S'al Coda

⊕ Coda
F G F C G C
I WANT YOU TO FEEL THE LOVE DEAR, THAT I FEEL FOR YOU

63. Daddy's Puncture

1974

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/063_DaddysPuncture.mp3

When I was in high school, I sat on a pair of barber scissors. They punctured my right buttock. I fainted because I shot out of the chair so fast. Mom drove me to the hospital. This song, with myself as Daddy, tells the story. This was written before Opus #65 *Arthur, the Drip* but in the same style talking-folksong style.

Daddy's Puncture

Bill needs to find the scissors
To cut out baseball cards
On the Wheaties cereal box
He emptied in the yard.
 Mommy, Dan, Barnard and Blanche
 Must have looked everywhere
 When Daddy found them easily
 Sitting in his chair.

Dad shot up like a bullet
And yelled a curdling yell.
His eyes got blurred, his flesh got flushed
He passed out, then he fell.
 Mom woke Dad with her screaming
 While Dan beat up Barnard
 And Bill pulled out the scissors
 And cut out baseball cards.

Dad was bleeding badly
And couldn't hardly moved
We helped him up and drove to Doc's
On an inner tube.
 Doc gave Dad twelve stitches
 And asked him how he feels
 And told him to sleep back side up
 Until the puncture healed.

One month and twelve fights later
Dad felt without a doubt
His wound was healed and it was time
To get his stitches out.
 Dad got red as a berry
 When Ol' Doc's nurse, Lucille
 Took out the stitches one by one
 And raved how well he'd healed.

Dad still walks kind of funny
Dan still beats up Barnard
Mommy cooks and Blanche dries
And Bill cuts baseball cards.
 The moral of the story
 As you can probably guess
 Is looking for sharp scissors
 Is a pain in the ... neck.

"DADDY'S PUNCTURE" (OPUS 63)

WORDS & MUSIC
BY ROBERT J.
MARKS II

1) BILL NEEDS TO FIND THE SCISSORS TO CUT OUT BASEBALL CARDS —
 2) (HE) SHOT UP LIKE A BULLET AND YELLED A CURD-LING YELL HIS
 3) (-) DAD WAS BLEEDING BAD-LY AND COULDN'T HARD-LY MOVE WE
 4) (ONE) MONTH AND TWELVE FIGHTS LATER DAD FELT WITHOUT A DOUBT HIS
 5) (DAD) STILL WALKS KIND OF FUNNY DAN STILL BEATS UP BERNARD —

ON THE CRUNCHIES CEREAL BOX HE'D EM-TIED IN THE YARD —
 EYES GOT BLURRED HIS FACE GOT RED HE PASSED OUT THEN HE FELL MOM
 HELPED HIM UP, HE DROVE TO DOC'S — ON AN IN-NER TUBE 'OL
 WOUND WAS HEALED AND IT WAS TIME TO GET HIS STITCHES OUT DAD
 MOMMY COOKS AND BLANCHIE DRIES AND BILL CUTS BASE-BALL CARDS THE

MOMMY DAN, BERNARD AND BLANCH MUST HAVE LOOKED EV-RY-WHERE WHEN
 WOKE DAD WITH HER SCREAMING — WHILE DAN BEAT UP BER-NARD AND
 DOC GAVE DAD SIX STICHES — AND ASKED HOW DID HE FEEL AND
 GOT RED AS A BERR-Y — WHEN OL' DOC'S NURSE LUCILLE TOOK
 MORAL OF THE STORY — AS YOU CAN PROBABLY GUESS IS

DAD-DY FOUND 'EM EASILY — SITTING IN HIS CHAIR HE
 BIL-LY GOT THE SCISSORS — AND CUT OUT BASE-BALL CARDS —
 TOLD HIM TO SLEEP BACK SIDE UP UN-TIL THE PUNCTURE HEALS ONE
 OUT THE STITCHES ONE BY ONE AND RAVED HOW WELL IT HEALED DAD
 LOOKING FOR SHARP SCISSORS — IS

A PAIN IN THE NECK

62. Conceived in Love

1973

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/062_ConceivedInLove.mp3

This is a song about a man's first baby. Do you need to experience something in order to write about it? I used to think not. Looking back at this song, written before I had children, I see I was wrong.

Conceived in Love

His shining deep blue eyes
Sparkle like a summer lake
And peer about digesting thoughts
For curiosity's sake
His tine soft plump body
Continuously wiggles
To explore his new surroundings
To the sound of baby giggles
 Look what we made
 With help from above
 A healthy pink babe
 Conceived in love

His merry bubbling smile
Flows with love of life
A happy grin shows small wet lips
And naked gums that bite
His face is like an angel's
He looks so much like you
Except for eyes and hair I swear
I couldn't tell who's who
 Look what we made
 With help from above
 A healthy pink babe
 Conceived in love

He feels so warm and cuddly
Happy and so at peae
He's love alive to raise and love
To hold and kiss and squeeze
I feel so much love for him
I want to burst with pride
And thank the Lord for blessing us
With love made alive
 Look what we made
 With help from above
 A healthy pink babe
 Conceived in love

"CONCEIVED IN LOVE"
(OPUS 62)

ROBERT J. MARKS
II

C EM AM G

HIS (HIS) (HE) ^{mp} SHINING MERRY FEELS SO DEEP BUB- WARM AND BLUE BLING AND EYES SMILE CUD-OLY SPAR- SO

C EM Dm G F G

-KLE' LIKE A SUM-MER LAKE AND PEER A - BOUT DI- FLOWS WITH LOVE OF LIFE A HAP-PY GRIN SHOWS HAP-PY AND SO AT PEACE HE'S LOVE A - LIVE TO

F C Dm G

-GES- TING SIGHTS FOR CUM- RI- CUSITY'S SAKE HIS SMALL WET LIPS AND NAKED GUMS THAT BITE HIS RAISE AND LOVE TO HOLD AND KISS AND SQUEEZE I

C EM AM G C EM

TI - NY SOFT PLUMP BODY CON - TIN - U - OUS - LY FACE IS LIKE AN ANGEL'S HE LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE FEEL SO MUCH LOVE FOR HIM I WANT TO BURST WITH

Dm G F C F C

WIGGLES TO EX - PLORE HIS NEW SUR - ROUND - INGS TO THE YOU THAT EXCEPT FOR HAIR AND SIZE I SWEAR WITH PRIDE AND THANK THE LORD FOR BLESSING US

F C C7 F

SOUND OF BABY WHO'S GIGGLES WHO COULDN'T TELL WHO'S WHO LOVE MADE A - LIVE } LOOK WHAT WE

G F C C

MADE WITH HELP FROM A-BOVE *mp* A HEALTHY PINIK

D^m G F C G G⁶ 1,2

BABE CON-CEIVED IN LOVE } HIS HE

13 F C

CON-CEIVED IN LOVE

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

♩ 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
PRECIOUS NAME
YOUR HEART'S TIED

COULD NEVER MATCH THE BEAUTY
AND HOW YOUR LOV-LI-NESS PUTS
I'LL PROUDLY DE-DI-CATE MY

To CODA

Em 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
YOU

IN THE RADIANCE OF YOUR EYES
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 KINGDOM

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



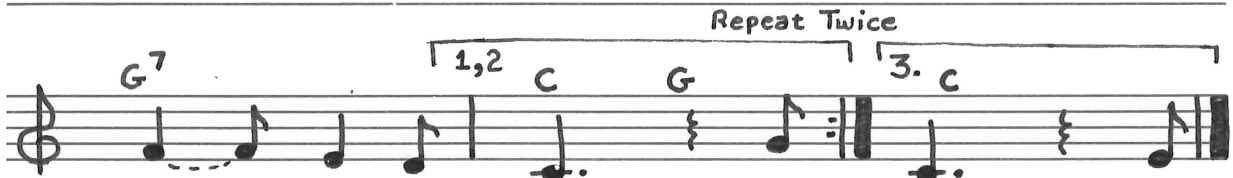
DREAM AND WHAT HIS NIGHTMARE MEANS, AND THEY TO TRIED TO
SMASH TO BITS THE STATUE CRASHED OF SILVER AND GOLD AND
DONE THE ROCK WILL THEN BECOME A LARGE MOUNTAIN TO



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



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



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



HAPPENED AND IS NOW HISTORY

58. Chew Your Stew

1974

A wonderful happy light melody! Weird lyrics. I'm not sure what I was thinking about when I wrote them. Probably eating and girls.

Chew Your Stew

Throw the pig's head in the stew
Might throw the feet and tail in too.
We'll sit and watch what it will do.
And later on we '11 climb in too.

I don't think it will bother me
Just as long as I can be with you
Baby, you.

If everything goes right
We'll be in the stew tonight too
Me and you.

When the pig is finally dead
We will divvy up the head
And maybe we'll chew the stew.

Don't know what we're going to do.
The pig head sunk down in the stew.
There go the feet and tail down too.
I'll try to get them with the spoon.

I don't think it will take to long
Help me not to do it wrong
Ooooo, baby, you.

Get a spoon that's two feet long
We'll get a head and be alone, too
Me and you.

Get a saw from the shed
And we'll divvy up the head
Half mine, half is for you.

Throw your heart into the stew.
I'll sit and watch what it will do.
And then I'll throw my heart in too.
Us and the pig there in the stew.

I don't think I can take much more
Better get the knives and forks
Two, for me and you.

Strain you buds and try to savor
All of the stew's subtle flavor
Too, for me and you.

Come again tomorrow night
We'll cook a worm by candle light
And together chew the stew.

CHEW YOUR STEW

(CODA 58)

by ROBERT J. MARKS $\sharp F$

$\sharp C$

THROW THE PIG'S HEAD IN THE STEW MIGHT THROW THE FEET AND TAIL IN TOO
 DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GON-NA DO THE PIG HEAD SUNK DOWN IN THE STEW
 THROW YOUR HEART IN-TO THE STEW I'LL SIT AND WATCH WHAT IT'LL DO

C G G⁷ A^m

WE'LL SIT AND WATCH WHAT IT'LL DO AND LATER ON WE'LL CLIMB IN TOO, I
 THERE GOES THE FEET AND TAIL DOWN TOO I'LL TRY AND GET IT WITH THE SPOON, I
 AND THEN I'LL THROW MY HEART IN TOO US AND THE PIG THERE IN THE STEW, I

C A^m C F C F

DON'T THINK IT'LL BOTHER ME JUST AS LONG AS I CAN BE WITH YOU BABY
 HOPE THAT IT WON'T TAKE TOO LONG, HELP ME NOT TO DO IT WRONG, OOOO, BABY
 DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE MUCH MORE, BETTER GET THE KNIVES AND FORKS, TWO FOR ME AND

C G C F C F

YOU IF 'N EV-RY THING GOES RIGHT WE'LL BE IN THE STEW TO-NIGHT
 YOU GET A SPOON THAT'S TWO FEET LONG WE'LL GET A HEAD AND BE A- LONE
 YOU STRAIN YOUR MIND AND TRY TO SAVOR ALL THE STEW'S SUBTLE FLAVOR

C F C G C D^m

TOO ME AND YOU WHEN THE PIG IS FIN- LY DEAD
 TOO ME AND YOU GET A SAW FROM THE SHED
 TOO FOR ME AND YOU COME A- GAIN TO- MORROW NIGHT WE'LL

E^m F G G⁷ C G \sharp

TO CODA \sharp

WE WILL DIVY UP THE HEAD AND MAYBE WE'LL CHEW THE STEW.
 AND I'LL DIVY UP THE HEAD HALF MINE, HALF IS FOR YOU
 COOK A WORM BY CAN OLE LIGHT AND TO GETHER CHEW THE (STEW)

C
THE STEW WOULDN'T BE SO BONEY IF YOU'D TAKE THE TIME AND ONLY

G G7 C
CHEW MY MIND MAYBE BABY THINGS ARE BETTER

G G7
DO- IN' THINGS YOU WOULDN'T RATHER DO

C
BABE WE WOULDN'T SIT HERE LONELY IF YOU'D BEND YOUR THOUGHTS AND ON-LY

G G7 C G G7 C G7 C
TRY TO TRY MAYBE BABY THEN WE'LL CRACK IT WHEN WE LATER BOTH CHEW THE STEW

⊕ CODA
C G G7 AM C
THROW THE WORM HEAD IN THE STEW, LET'S ME AND YOU CLIMB IN THERE TOO

57. The Greasy Clown Blues

1973

A song about a masochistic clown who liked to eat paint and have fat ladies sit on him. Kinky lyrics. Kind of describes hobbies of the insane Joker in Batman. Good blues potential.

The Greasy Clown Blues

The greasy clown spat
In Fat Ann's face
And Fat Ann flabbed the greasy clown
All over circus place
 But the greasy clown loved it
 He loves the way that flabbing feels
He grinned and groaned
Went home and let it heal

The greasy clown sat
In Bertha's den
He pushed and pulled the elephant
Until it sat on him
 But the greasy clown loved it
 It had such wonderful appeal
He gritted and smiled
Went home and let it heal

The greasy clown smiles when it's day
At night he wipes the grease away

The greasy clown chewed
A tube of paint
He licked his lips & fell down dead
And laid there like a saint
 Cause the only good clown
 Are clowns that have no spark of life
Like the greasy clown
When grease turned out the light

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY BOB MARKS

THE GREASY CLOWN BLUES

(OPUS 57)

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), common time signature (C). Chords: A, A7, D, Dm, A, F9, E9, G.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords: A, G, A, G. Lyrics: THE GREASY CLOWN SAT IN FAT ANNS FACE AND THE GREASY CLOWN SAT IN BERTHA'S DEN AND HE THE GREASY CLOWN CHEWED A TUBE OF PAINT HE

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords: A, A7. Lyrics: FAT ANN FLABBED THE GREASY CLOWN ALL OVER CIRCUS PLACE, BUT THE PUSHED AND PULLED THE EL-E-PHANT UN TIL IT SAT ON HIM, BUT THE LICKED HIS LIPS AND FELL DOWN DEAD AND LAY THERE LIKE A SAINT, 'CAUSE THE

Musical staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords: D7, D9, A7. Lyrics: GREASY CLOWN LOVED IT HE LOVES THE WAY THAT FLAB-BIN FEELS GREASY CLOWN LOVED IT IT HAD SUCH WON-DEER-FUL A-PEAL ON LY GOOD CLOWNS ARE CLOWNS THAT HAVE NO SPARK OF LIFE

Musical staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords: E7, E67, D7, A, A7, D, Dm. Lyrics: HE GRINNED AND GROANED, WENT HOME AND LET IT HEAL HE GRITTED AND SMILED, WENT HOME AND LET IT HEAL LIKE THE GREASY CLOWN WHEN GREASE TURNED OUT THE LIGHT

Musical staff 6: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Chords: A, F9, E9, G, A, A7, D7. Lyrics: THE GREASY CLOWN SMILES WHEN ITS

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: DAY AT NIGHT HE WIPES THE GREASE A - WAY.

Chords and annotations above the staff include: A7, D7, E, E7, and a final chord with a 'CODA' symbol and a 'G' note. A double bar line with a repeat sign is at the end of the first staff.

Below the first staff are two empty musical staves.

The second staff begins with a 'CODA' symbol and a key signature change to one sharp (F#). The melody consists of three notes: A, Bb, and A, followed by a double bar line.

Chords above the second staff are: A, Bb9, and A9.

56. Bubonic Obature

1973

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/056_BubonicObature.mp3

One of my favorites! An in your face forceful fanfare. 'Obature' is a word play on 'overture'. 'Bubonic' makes it large in some way. I don't think of the disease, but of power, albeit somewhat evil. (In the dictionary, 'bubonic' means having buboes.) A great title to a great piece! When I play it, I'm proud. Portions of Bubonic Obature were used in `Lil Isaac (Opus 104).

Here's a midi effort: http://marksmannet.com/Opi/056_Bubonic.mid... And another recording: http://marksmannet.com/Opi/056_BubonicObachure.mp3

ROBERT J. MARKS II

BUBONIC OBATURE

(OPUS 56)

Handwritten musical score for "BUBONIC OBATURE" (Opus 56) by Robert J. Marks II. The score is written in G major (two sharps) and consists of ten staves of music. The notation includes notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings such as *f*, *mp*, *mf*, and *f*. Chord symbols are written above the notes, including A, E, Eb, D, G, C, Ab, Bb, and D+. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Handwritten musical score for guitar, featuring ten staves of music. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes various musical notations such as chords, melodic lines, and dynamic markings.

Staff 1: Chords: A^b, G, E^b, A^b, G, E, D, D^b, C, G, D^b, C, G, D^b, C, G, C, D^b, A. Dynamic: (f).

Staff 2: Chords: A, E^b, D, B^b, A, E^b, D, B, E^b, D, B^b, A, E^b, D, A^b, G, D^b, C.

Staff 3: Chords: C, A^b, G, E^b, D, B⁷. Dynamic: mp.

Staff 4: Chords: A, E, E^b, D, A, A^b, G, E, E^b, D, C, B. Dynamic: ff.

Staff 5: Chords: A, E, E^b, D, A, A^b, G, E, E^b, D, C, B.

Staff 6: Chords: A, E, A, E, C, A, E, A, E, C.

Staff 7: Chords: A, E, A, E, A, E^b, D, A^b, G, D^b, C.

Staff 8: Chords: C, A^b, G, E^b, D, B⁷. Dynamic: mf.

Staff 9: Chords: E, A. Dynamic: ff.

The score concludes with a final chord on the A string, marked with a fermata and a double bar line.

55. Round Brown Plurple (with fifths)

1973

- Audio: http://marksmannet.com/Opi/055_RoundBrownPlurple.mp3
- Score: http://marksmannet.com/Opi/055_RoundBrownPlurple.pdf

Fun tune. Lots of unforced 5/4 and 7/4 rhythms. A fun guitar piece. I recorded it with Doug Haldeman and Mark Ford. We also played it at Mark's high school talent show.

Here's a Texas line dance video: http://marksmannet.com/Opi/055_RoundBrownDance.mp4

54. Wet Stone

1973

Interesting chord progression with farce lyrics. I think this would be great if it were sung by Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis or, more recently, Ray Connick Jr. The words would have to be redone.

Wet Stone

My big thing
is time machines
that spurt and sway
then go away
in time and space
to some far place
where all T.B.'s
are hung on trees
and left to dry.

Pull the knob
and feel it throb
as Hector Green
(my time machine)
spews forth in time
to days of slime
where raging mobs
turn into snobs
and start to dry.

Time machines
aren't human being
They're cold grey things
 Yet my machine
 `Ol Hector Green
 Is neat.

Cave man days
are bright and gay
with trees and things
with birds that sing
the same old song
the whole day long
and then they lay their
round white eggs
and suck it dry.

Think I'll go
to Mexico,
see Aztec kings
and Aztec queens
watch as their gold
is outright sold
by conquer queers
who make queen tears
as king tears dry.

Time machines
aren't human beings
They're cold grey things
 Yet my machine
 `Ol Hector Green
 Is neat.

Pull the string,
I'm off to Spain
where matadors
dressed in tight drawers
stab bulls in heads
until they're dead,
cut off their ears
so they can't hear
their bull blood dry.

Time machines
are my big thing.
I deeply feel
that their appeal
is based on fact
and further that
without them
we would be as fleas -
bone desert dry.

Time machines
aren't human beings
They're cold grey things
 Yet my machine
 `Ol Hector Green
 Is neat

WET STONE

(OPUS 54)

by ROBERT J. MARKS II

E F#m F#m

MY BIG THING IS TIME MACHINES THAT SPURT AND SWAY THEN
CAVE MAN DAYS ARE BRIGHT AND GAY WITH TREES AND THINGS WITH
PULL THE STRING I'M OFF TO SPAIN WHERE MAT-A-DORS DRESSED

F E A Am

GO AWAY IN TIME AND SPACE TO SOME FAR PLACE WHERE
BIRDS THAT SING THE SAME OLD SONG THE WHOLE DAY LONG AND
IN TIGHT DRAWERS STAB BULLS IN HEADS UN-TIL THEY'RE DEAD, CUT

E G#m G Gm D Gm

ALL T. B.'S ARE HUNG ON TREES AND LEFT TO
THEN THEY LAY A ROUND WHITE EGG AND SUCK IT
OFF THEIR EARS SO THEY CAN'T HEAR THEIR BULL BLOOD

D C9 B9 E Em

DRY DRY DRY PULL THE KNOB AND FEEL IT THROB AS
THINK I'LL GO TO MEX-I-CO, SEE
TIME MACHINES ARE MY BIG THING, I

F#m F E

HECTOR GREEN (MY TIME MACHINE) SPEWS FORTH IN TIME TO
AZTEC KINGS AND AZTEC QUEENS WATCH AS THERE GOLD IS
DEEPLY FEEL THAT THEIR PEAL IS BASED ON FACT AND

A Am E G#m G Gm

DAYS OF SLIME WHERE RAGING MOBS TURN INTO SNOBS AND
OUTRIGHT SOLD BY CONQUER QUEERS WHO MAKE QUEEN TEARS AS
FURTHER THAT WITH-OUT THEM WE WOULD BE AS FLEAS ONE

START TO
 KING TEARS
 DESERT

DRY
 DRY

TIME MACHINES AREN'T

HU-MAN BEANS THEY'RE COLD GREY THINGS YET MY MACHINE, OLD

HECTOR GREEN IS NEAT

REPEAT TWICE

53. Log In Eye

1973

I became a Christian when I was a junior in college. Motivated by Matthew 7:3 and Luke 6:41, this is my first attempt at writing a Christian song. The chord progression was motivated by Motown (Sam & Dave's *I'm a Soul Man*) and is quite good. The theme is a dying evangelist who, despite winning many to the Lord, still just doesn't get it.

Log In Eye

Dear Brother John
The night crawls on
My body's weak though my mind's strong.

My mind asks why ,
Although I've tried
The Good Lord has damned me to die.

I gave my life
 To learn His love
And spread His good Word
 Blessed by heaven above.

Why must I die?
Lord knows I've tried
I search my mind and can't see why.

John, can't you see
His love for me
Has never been and will never be

With Job's sure patience
 I studied late
Saved souls by thousands
 From Satan's fiery gate

Near grows the time Near grows the time
Dear John, good bye
I feel the dead end drain of life.

The night grows old
My blood runs cold
Herein, body, mind and soul
 ... and soul ... and soul

LOG IN EYE

53

by ROBERT J. MARKSII

Musical staff with notes and chords: G, A^m, G, B^m, A^m

Musical staff with notes and chords: G, A^m, G, B^m, A^m, G, A^m

DEAR BROTHER JOHN THE NIGHT CRAWLS
WHY MUST I DIE LORD KNOWS I'VE
NEAR GROWS THE TIME DEAR JOHN GOOD

Musical staff with notes and chords: G, B^m, A^m, G, A^m, G, B^m, A^m

ON MY WEAK THOUGH MY MINDS
TRIED I SEARCH MY MIND AND CAN'T SEE
A YE I FEEL THE DEAD-END DRAIN OF

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

STRONG
WHY
LIFE

Musical staff with notes and chords: G, A^m, G, B^m, A^m, G, A^m

MY MIND ASK'S WHY AL- THOUGH I'VE
JOHN CAN'T YOU SEE HIS LOVE FOR
THE NIGHT GROWS OLD MY BLOOD RUNS

Musical staff with notes and chords: G, B^m, A^m, G

TRIED THE GOOD LORD HAS DAMNED ME TO
ME COLD HAD NEV-ER BEEN AND'IT NE- VER
HERE-IN BO- DY MIND AND

TO CODA
(THIRD TIME)

DIE BE (SOUL)

I GAVE MY LIFE WITH JOB'S SURE PATIENCE TO LEARN HIS LOVE I'VE STUDIED LATE

AND SPREAD HIS GOOD WORD - BLESSED BY HEAVEN A-BOVE SAVED SOULS BY HUN-DREDS FROM SAT-AN'S FIREY GATE

REPEAT AND FADE

SOUL AND

52. Dance of the Libertine

1973

- Audio: http://marksmannet.com/Opi/052_DanceoftheLibertarian.mp3
- Score: http://marksmannet.com/Opi/052_DanceOfTheLibertine.pdf

A neat instrumental. In college, I learned the meaning of being a libertine from the writings of the Marquis de Sade. It was the most twisted stuff I have ever read. The melody is spooky and somewhat evil sounding. The title is fitting.

This is a rewrite of the second movement of *Irrespective Dementia*. (Opus 22).

DANCE OF THE LIBERTINE

(OPUS 52)

ROBERT J. MARKS II

The musical score consists of 12 staves of handwritten notation. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is characterized by frequent triplets and slurs, creating a rhythmic and melodic complexity. The bass line provides harmonic support with various chords and some triplet patterns. The piece ends with a final chord of B7.

Handwritten musical score for guitar, featuring 12 staves of music in the key of D major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score includes various guitar-specific notations such as chords, triplets, and a capo.

Staff 1: Melodic line starting with a B^7 chord, followed by a $G\#070$ capo instruction. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

Staff 2: Continuation of the melodic line, featuring a B^7 chord.

Staff 3: Melodic line with chords E^m , B , and E^m .

Staff 4: Chordal accompaniment featuring triplets and chords C , B , E^m , CB , and CB .

Staff 5: Chordal accompaniment with chords C , B , E^m , B , E^m , and B .

Staff 6: Chordal accompaniment with chords E^m , B , E^m , B , E^m , and B .

Staff 7: Chordal accompaniment with chords E^m , B , E^m , and B .

Staff 8: Melodic line with chords B^7 , E^m , and A^m .

Staff 9: Melodic line with chords E^m , A^m , E^m , and A^m . Includes a "FIRST TIME" bracket.

Staff 10: Melodic line with chords B , E^m , and A^m .

Staff 11: Melodic line with chords L^m , A^m , E^m , and Bb . Includes a "FIRST TIME" bracket.

Staff 12: Melodic line with chords E^m , B , E^m , and $A^{\#}$.

This is a handwritten musical score for guitar, written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of 12 staves of music. The key signature is G major, indicated by a single sharp (F#) on the first staff. The time signature is 4/4, also indicated on the first staff. The music features a variety of chords and melodic lines. Chords are labeled with letters and accidentals: E^m, B, A^m, B⁷, and B^b. Melodic lines include triplets, slurs, and various note values. There are two instances of a "FIRST TIME" bracket, one on the second staff and one on the tenth staff. The notation is clear and legible, with some handwritten annotations like "no ill" at the bottom left.

The musical score is written on seven staves in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various chords and melodic lines.

- Staff 1:** Starts with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp. Chords B and Em are indicated above the staff.
- Staff 2:** Contains performance instructions: "SLOW DOWN" with a deceleration line, followed by "SLOW" with a slower tempo line, and then "FASTER" with an acceleration line. Chords B and Em are present.
- Staff 3:** Features a section marked "FIRST TIME" with a bracket. Chords Em, A, and Em are indicated.
- Staff 4:** Includes triplets and chords B and Em.
- Staff 5:** Features triplets and chords B, C, B, C, B.
- Staff 6:** Features triplets and chords C, B, C, B.
- Staff 7:** Ends with a double bar line. Chords B and Em are indicated.

51. Albert & the Ice Cream Truck

1973

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/051_Albert.wav

When I wrote this, I thought it was the lyrical equivalent of the great American novel. A boy who stole money from his mother to buy ice cream was run over and killed by the ice cream truck. This was true poetic justice. Now, I don't think it's very funny. Great melody.

Albert & the Ice Cream Truck

Albert scratched his forearm
Listening for the chimes
Whistling Dixie Doodle Dandy
Clutching at his dime

Sweat dripped from his forehead
Flowing down his locks
'Oer his steaming body, downward
Soaking his damp socks

Wishing there had been ample time
To ask Mommy for the dime
 Steaming inside
 Broiling alive
 Listening for chimes
 Squeezing his dime

Albert strained his eardrums
He heard a ding-a-ling
A smile spread over his features
As he listened to it sing.

Wet fingers hotly sweating
Squeezed his security '
The price of small refreshment
To cure hot humidity.

Mom's purse was just passively sitting there
Don't think that for a dime she would care.

 Squeezing his dime
 Hearing the chimes
 Steaming inside
 Broiling alive

Albert saw it coming
Albert squeezed his dime
Which slipped through sweating fingers, rolling
Before the chimes

Bending to pick the coin up
The truck ran 'oer his head
Scattering Albert's grey stuff all over
Making Albert dead.

Wishing that there had been ample time
To ask Mommy for the dime.
 Poor Albert died
 Clutching his dime
 As the bright chimes
 Distantly died

ALBERT AND THE ICE-CREAM TRUCK
 (A MODERN TRAGEDY)
 (OPUS 51)

MUSIC by
 ROBERT J.
 MARKS II

C F C F

AL-BERT SCRATCHED HIS FOREARM
 AL-BERT STRAINED HIS EAR DRUMS
 AL-BERT SAW IT COM-ING

LISTENING FOR THE
 HEARD A "DING-A-"
 AL-BERT SQUEEZED HIS

C F C Dm

CHIMES
 LING"
 DIME

WHISTLING "DIXIE DOODLE DAN - DY"
 A SMILE SPREAD O'ER HIS FEATURES AS HE
 WHICH SLIPPED THRU SWEATING FIN-GERS, ROLLING.

CLUTCHING AT HIS
 LISTENED TO IT
 - BE-FORE THE

G G7 F C

DIME
 SING
 CHIMES

SWEAT DRIPPED FROM HIS FORE-HEAD
 WET FIN-GERS HOT-LY SWEATING
 BENDING TO PICK THE COIN UP

F C F

FLOW-ING DOWN HIS LOCKS
 SQUEEZED HIS SE-CUR-IT-Y
 THE TRUCK RAN O'ER HIS HEAD

O'ER HIS STEAMING-
 THE PRICE OF SMALL RE-
 SCATTERING AL-BERT'S

C Dm G G7

BODY DOWN- WARD
 FRESHMENT TO COOL
 GREY STUFF ALL O'ER

SOAKING HIS DAMP SOCKS
 HOT HU-MID-I- TY
 MAKING AL-BERT DEAD

Am C Am C Am C Dm G7

WISH-ING THAT THERE HAD BEEN AMPLE TIME
 MOM'S PURSE WAS JUST PAC-IVELY SITTING THERE
 WISH-ING THAT THERE HAD BEEN AMPLE TIME

AM C AM C AM C Dm G7
 FOR DGN'T TO THINK THAT ASK FOR A MOM FOR THE DIME
 FOR TO TO ASK DIME MOM SHE WOULD CARE
 FOR TO ASK DIME MOM FOR THE DIME

F C F C
 STEAMING SQUEEZING POOR AL IN HIS BERT SIDE DIME DIED BROILING HEAR-ING CLUTCHING A THE HIS LIVE CHIMES DIME

F C F C
 LISTENING FOR CHIMES SQUEEZING HIS DIME
 STEAM-ING IN- SIDE BROILING A- LIVE
 AS THE BRIGHT CHIMES DISTANTLY DIED

G G7 C
 REPEAT TWICE

50. Free

1971

Anarchy with an anarchic rhythm! The song holds together pretty well in 5/4 time throughout. In hindsight, I was confusing freedom with lack of responsibility.

Free

Hey I threw mine away
Say I threw mine away
Hey I threw mine away

Grabbed a mental knife
Slashed periodic life
Hey I threw mine away

Dedicate my being
To unreal anarchy
Spending my life
Trin' to blow minds
Sewing freedom seeds
Sowing freedom seeds

Grey and like a time clock
Opening flip top cans
Always grinning greyly
With their bird in hand

Hey I threw mine away
Say I threw mine away
Hey I threw mine away

Laugh as the oppressed things
Scurry neath my being
Going bored 'till they say
Hey I threw mine away

To hell with all of the ends
Do it for grins
Just live for today
I threw mine away

Is it any wonder
That your face is red
Is it any wonder s
That your heart is bled

Hey I threw mine away
Say I threw mine away
Hey I threw mine away

by ROBERT J. MARKS II

FREE (OPUS 50)

HEY I THREW MINE A-WAY SAY I THREW MINE A-WAY

HEY I THREW MINE A-WAY GRABBED A MENTAL KNIFE LAUGH AS THE OP-PRESSED

SLASHED PE-RI-O-DIC LIFE, HEY I THREW MINE A-WAY
THINGS SCURRY WENT MY BEING GOIN BORED UN-TIL THEY SAY

DED-I-CATE MY BEING TO UN-REAL AN-ARCHY
HEY I THREW MINE A-WAY SAY WHAT I WANT TO SAY

SPEND MY LIFE TRY-IN' JUST TO BLOW MINDS, SEW-ING FREE-DOM
HELL WITH ALL OF THE ENDS, DO IT FOR GRINS, JUST LIVE FOR TO-

SEEDS SEW-ING FREE-DOM SEEDS
DAY I THREW MINE A WAY

5/4 # A7 G A7 G

GREY AND LIKE A TIME CLOCK OP'NING FLIP-TOP CANS
 IS IT ANY WON-DER THAT YOUR FACE IS RED

A7 G D G D G

AL-WAYS GRIN-NING GREY-LY WITH THEIR BIRD IN HAND
 IS IT ANY WON-DER THAT YOUR HEART IS BLEED

7/4 D G D D G D

HEY, I THREW MINE A-WAY SAY I THREW MINE A-WAY

5/4 D G D G D G

HEY I THREW MINE A-WAY

REPEAT AND FADE

49. Baby

1966

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/049_Baby.mp3

This was a classic fifties chord progression -the same used in 'Young Love' and 'Silhouettes': C, Am, F, G7. Nice melody with trite cliché words that could have been written by a four year old. This would be a good song for a teenage Barney the Dinosaur.

Baby

Baby
I love you
Baby
Please be true
My Baby
I'm in love with you
What else can I do?

Baby
Please be true
Baby
I love you
My baby
What else can I do
I'm in love with you

Well I love you
And you love me
I want all the world
To see

My Baby.
I love you.
Baby.
Please be true
My Baby
I'm in love with you
What else can I do?

BABY
(OPUS 49)

MUSIC by
ROBERT J. MARKS II

C Am F G7 (3)

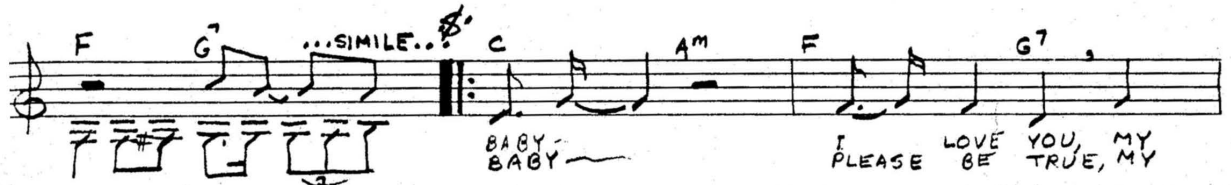


C Am F G7 C Am



F G7 ...SIMILE... C Am F G7

BABY- BABY I PLEASE LOVE YOU, MY
BABY BE TRUE, MY



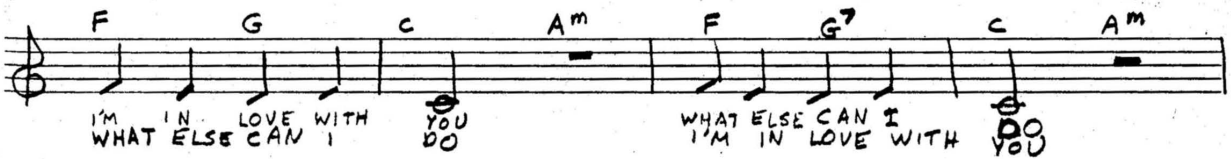
C Am F G7 C Am

BABY BABY I PLEASE BE TRUE, MY BA-BY
BABY LOVE YOU, MY BA-BY



F G C Am F G7 C Am

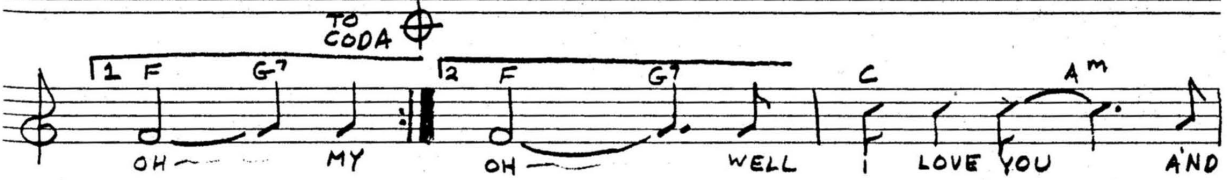
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU DO WHAT ELSE CAN I DO
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU DO



TO CODA

1 2 F G7 1 2 F G7 C Am

OH MY OH WELL I LOVE YOU AND



F G7 C Am CODA

YOU LOVE ME AND I WANT ALL THE WORLD TO SEE MY

⊕ CODA C Am F G7 REPEAT AND FADE

BA-BY HMMM MY

48. Mother's Hot Yeast

1971

Farce lyrics in a pre-punk melody.

Mother's Hot Yeast

'Hell' cried his mother as she watched her cookie crumble
Crushed 'twixt his finger bones with his eyes all humble
 Don't you know that I don't know
 That you do not know why
His brother belched, fell off his chair
 And didn't even cry.

TV eyes and TV minds searching through the ruins
Watching rats bite off their tales and so passively chew 'em
 They don't know that we now know
 That they swallowed the fly
Once dabbed in salt the tails did rot
 And didn't even try.

Elbow minds of twisted monks limping through the oceans
Trying hard to save the fish and their sucker lotion
 Beat their brains and brain their band
 With their elbow minds
And let them lie out in the sun
 And maybe try to try
 To try to try.

WORDS & MUSIC
 BY ROBERT J.
 MARKS II

MOTHER'S HOT YEAST
 (OPUS 48)

D^m D^{bm} D^m A

"HELL"
 T. V. EL-BOW
 CRIED HIS MOTHER AS SHE
 EYES AND T. V. MINDS
 MINDS OF TWISTED MONKS
 WATCHED HER COOKIE
 SEARCH-ING THRU THE
 LIMP-ING THRU THE
 CRUM-BLE
 RUINS
 OCEANS

D^m D^{bm} D^m A

CLUTCHED TWIXT HIS
 WATCHING RATS BITE
 TRY-ING HARD TO
 FIN-GER BONE
 OFF THE TAILS AND
 SAVE THE FISH
 WITH HIS EYES ALL
 SO PAC-IV-LY
 AND THEIR SUCKER
 HUM-BLE
 CHEW-EM
 LOTION

B^b D^m A C

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I DON'T KNOW THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW
 THEY DON'T KNOW THAT WE NOW KNOW THAT THEY SWAL-LOWED THE WHY
 DEAT THEIR BRAINS AND BRAIN THEIR BAND ~ WITH THEIR EL-BOW FLY
 MINDS HIS
 ONCE
 AND

A C A G 1,2 A G F E D^m

BROTHER BELCHED, FELL OFF HIS CHAIR AND DIDN'T E-VEN TRY
 DABBED IN SALT THE TAILS DID ROT, AND DIDN'T E-VEN TRY
 LET THEM LIE OUT IN THE SUN, AND (MAY-BE TRY TO TRY
 TRY)

D^m B^b A

13 A G F E D(5) REPEAT & FADE

MAY-BE TRY TO TRY TO TRY TO

47. Throw Down Your Rose

1973

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/047_ThrowDownYourRose.mp3

A song about an evil man talking to a girl. Whew. Melodically inspired by Hendrix' Foxy Lady. I tried to play a song I had heard on the radio, and couldn't. In the attempt, a new melody formed and I write a song. This is either a statement concerning my abundance of talent, or lack of skill. The lyrics demonstrate a lack of good taste.

Throw Down Your Rose

Crawling out your Uncle's alley
I eat your flowing flowered robe
The warmness of your pet Italian
And his pet's pet plastic crow
 With that I'll younger you
 Until you do
 Uncle too
 To do you
 Throw down your rose.

As the long light night lingers
The bright white starts to glow
You scratch your scabby scratching fingers
Knowing Uncle only knows
 With that I'll dip your ear
 In flat warm beer
 Uncle's queer
 Queer beer ear
 Throw down your rose.

As your purple pregnant passions
Cheerfully chew up your soul
Midget minds will waken Uncle
And he'll never sleep no more
 With that I'll bite your back
 Around your fat
 Until it's black
 Fat black back
 Throw down your rose.

Crawling back to Uncle's alley
Feelin' my meatball muscles grow
Nicely nourished by emotion
And your flowing flowered robe
 With that I'll pinch your head
 Watch it get red
 See it dead
 Dead red head
 Throw down your rose.

WORDS AND MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

THROW DOWN YOUR ROSE

(OPUS 47)

Chords: G, F#, E7+M3, G, F#

CRAW-LING OUT YOUR UN-CLE'S ALLEY
AS THE LONG LIGHT NIGHT LINGERS
AS YOUR PUR-PLE PREG-NANT PANSIES
CRAW-LING BACK TO UN-CLE'S ALLEY

I EAT YOUR FLOWING FLOWERED
THE BRIGHT WHITE STARTS TO
CHEERFULLY CHEW UP YOUR
FEELIN' MY MEATBALL MUSCLES

Chords: G, F#, E7+M3, G, F#, E7+M3

ROBE
GLOW
SQUIL
CROW

THE WARM-NESS OF YOU PET I - TAL-IAN
YOU SCRATCH YOUR SCARBY SCRATCHING FINGER'S
- MIDGET MINDS WILL WAKEN UNCLE
- NICELY NOURISHED BY EM- O-TIONS

AND HIS PETS PET - PLAS-TIC
- KNOWING UN-CLE ON-LY
- AND HE'LL NEVER SLEEF NO
- AND YOUR FLOWING FLOWERED

Chords: G, A7+M3

CROW KNOWS MORE ROBE

WITH THAT I'LL YOUNGER YOU UN-TIL YOU DO, UN-CLE TOO, TO DO YOU
WITH THAT I'LL DIP YOUR EAR IN FLAT WARM BEER UN-CLE'S QUEER, QUEER BEER FAR
WITH THAT I'LL BITE YOUR BACK, AROUND YOU FAT, 'TILL IT'S BLACK, FAT BLACK BACK
WITH THAT I'LL PINCH YOUR HEAD WATCH IT GET RED, SEE IT DEAD, DEAD RED HEAD

Chords: G, E7+M3, G, F#

THROW DOWN YOUR ROSE

Chords: E (NO CHORD), E7+M3, TO CODA, G, F#

12

AND WHEN THE LONG NIGHT COMES, THE CRUST WILL CRUMB

WHAT'S THE WORTH OF HELL ON EARTH

IMPROVIZATION
ROCK-BLUES
SOLO

8 AL
CODA

⊕ CODA

E7+M3 G F# E9

46. Baby Doll

1971

An imaginary girlfriend is the baby doll. Even though the tempo is upbeat, singing it used to make me lonesome. I really like the melody and the lyrics. Others I have polled do not.

Baby Doll

In my crass crude rat filled life
Lives a pretty girl
In my mind she's much alive
Lighting my dark world.
Though she may be in my mind
She's my love and she's my life
 My Baby Doll
 I don't think I could at all
 Ever live without you
 Don't know what I'd do
 Without you.

Though some say you're not healthy
For my busy mind
Without you and your sweet love,
What would mean my life?
So, don't you dare feel blue
I will never leave you
 My Baby Doll
 I don't think I could at all
 Ever live without you
 Don't know what I'd do
 Without you.

Time goes on and I'll grow old
And leave this rat race
You'll stay young as that great day
My eyes closed and saw your face
What else could I need
Except your love and care for me
 My Baby Doll
 I don't think I could at all
 Ever live without you
 Don't know what I'd do
 Without you.

BABY DOLL
(OPUS 46)

WORDS AND
MUSIC BY
ROBERT J. MARKS

C E7 A7 D7 G G6 C

IN MY CRASS CRUDE RAT- FILLED LIFE LIVES A PRETTY GIRL
THOUGH SOME SAY YOU'RE NOT HEAL- THY FOR MY BUSY MIND
TIME GOES ON AND I'LL GROW OLD AND LEAVE THIS RAT RACE

C E7 A7 D7

IN MY MIND SHE'S MUCH A- LIVE LIGHTING MY DARK
WITH-OUT YOU AND YOU'R SWEET LOVE WHAT WOULD MEAN MY
YOU'LL STAY YOUNG AS THAT GREAT DAY MY EYES CLOSED AND

G G7 F A7

WORLD --- LIFE ---
SAW YOUR FACE SO --- SHE'S MAY-BE IN MY MIND
WHAT --- ELSE --- DARE FEEL BLUE
DARE FEEL BLUE

D7 G G7 C A7 D7 G7

SHE'S MY LOVE AND SHE'S MY LIFE
I WOULD NEVER LEAVE YOU } MY BA - BY DOLL. I DON'T THINK
KEPT YOUR LOVE AND CARE FOR ME

C A7 D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7

I COULD AT ALL E - VER LIVE WITH - OUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT

C A7 D7 G7 11.2 C A7 D7 G7

I WOULD DO WITH - OUT YOU

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter notes: C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. Chords are written above the staff: C, A7, D7, G7, C, B, C. The word "YOU" is written below the staff under the notes E3 and D3. There are also some handwritten markings like "p" and "v". Below the staff are three empty staves.

45. Red Eyes

1971

A lyrically slick allegory concerning academia through student's (my) eyes. In retrospect, there's some sour grapes here. Someone has to be blamed! The wizards are the Professors. The blizzard is the 'snow job' we used to call opaque lectures. The red eyes were mine. Nice vertical melody. There's a two part melody in it I have only heard in my head until brother Ray recorded it. Sounds great.

Red Eyes

Deadened life will frozen fast
By the dull grey wizard
As in life, they fell down white
Dead against the blizzard.

Red eyes, dancing
Longing for summer
Slowly dying
Closed in eternal slumber
Nowhere to go.
Lying dead in the snow.
Nowhere to go. i
God only knows

Minds may rot but thoughts live on
Etched in minds of wizards
Who spew up their fowl remains
Forming blazing blizzards.

Red eyes, dancing
Longing for summer
Slowly dying
Closed in eternal slumber
Nowhere to go.
Lying dead in the snow.
Nowhere to go.
God only knows

Frozen fast, minds decay
As the drifts grow higher
Never ceasing, just increasing
Wizards don't inspire.

Red eyes, yawning
Freezing for summer
Slowly dying
Closed in eternal slumber.
Nowhere to go.
Lying dead in the snow.
Nowhere to go.
God only knows.

WORDS & MUSIC by
ROBERT J. MARKS

RED EYES

(OPUS 45) by MARKS

C F C G

DEADENED LIFE WILL FROZEN FAST BY THE DULL GREY WIZARD
FROZEN FAST, THERE MINDS DE-CAY AS THE DRIFTS GROW HIGHER

F C G G7 C

AS IN LIFE THEY FELL DOWN WHITE-- DEAD A-GAINST THE BLIZ-ZARD
NEV ER CEAS ING JUST IN-CREAS-ING WIZARDS DON'T IN-SPIRE

C F C G7

RED EYES DANCING LONGING FOR SUM-MER
RED EYES YAWNING FREEZING FOR SUM-MMER }

C F C G G7 8.

} SLY LY DIE ING CLOSED IN E-TER-NAL SLUM-BER

C F C G

NO -- WHERE TO GO LYIN' DEAD IN THE SNOW

C F C G D.S. AL 8.

NO -- WHERE TO GO GOD ONLY KNOWS

(CHORUS)

NO RED EYES WHERE TO GO {DANCING YAWNING} WEIN' DEAD IN THE SNOW {LONG ING- FREEZING} FOR SUM-MER

NO-SLYLY WHERE TO GO DYING GOD' CLOSED IN E-TER-NAL ON-LY KNOWS SLUM-BER

TO CODA SECOND TIME

MINDS MAY DIE BUT THOUGHTS LIVE ON 'ETCHED IN MINDS OF WIZ-ARDS

WHO SPEW UP THE FOUL RE-MAINS . FORM-ING BLAZING BLIZARDS

CHORUS al

⊕ CODA

OU

44. Goober Too

1969

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/044_GoobarToo.mp3

Great melody! Haunting, powerful, deep. I play a flamenco version on the guitar. The lyrics are strange. Typical of my search for weirdness at that time in my life. Favorite lyric -'I watched them and told them about the iron bed. That fell from my pent house and hit your head'. Close second is 'It's getting so darn late. I really gotta go. If you die, the garbage guy will pick up all your bones. But if you live, won't you please let me know.' Pretty weird, eh?

I used this melody later for "The Lord's Prayer." It fit remarkably well.

Goober Too

Oh Goober, I tried to
But no one's there
They saw me, and feared me
And all fled in despair
I yelled and heard them hiding there
But they don't care.

I watched them and told them
About the iron bed
That fell from my penthouse
And hit your head
They'd rather sit and rot
And see you dead.

I pleaded with Engelmann
To please help me
He told me he couldn't walk
He'd threw his knee
It seemed so strange he never
Did look at me.

I pleaded that I'd need
To help, just one
They got up, some walked out
The rest did run
They said they's late
For swimming lessons.

Oh Goober, I tried to
But no one's there
They told me without words
They didn't care
I guess you'll just have to lie there & bleed
And pull your hair.

It's getting so darn late
I really gotta go
If you die, the garbage guy
Will pick up all your bones
But if you live
Won't you please let me know

GOOBER TOO

(OPUS 44)

BY ROBERT J. MARKS II

Musical staff with notes and chords: Am, E, E7

Musical staff with notes and chords: Am, E, Dm

OH GOOBER
I PLEADED
OH GOOBER

I TRIED TO
WITH ENGLEMAN
I TRIED TO

BUT NO ONE'S
TO PLEASE HELP
BUT NO ONE'S

Musical staff with notes and chords: E, E7, Am, E

THERE
ME
THERE

THEY SAW ME
HE TOLD ME
THEY TOLD ME

AND FEARED ME
HE COULDN'T WALK
WITH OUT WORDS

Musical staff with notes and chords: Dm, E, E7, F

AND ALL FLED
HE' THREN HIS
THEY RIDN'T

IN DIS-PAIR
KNEE
CARE

I YELLED AND
IT SEEMED SO
I GUESS YOU'LL

Musical staff with notes and chords: Am, E, E7

HEARD THEM HID-ING
STRANGE THAT HE
JUST HAVE TO LIE

THERE
NE-VER
THERE AND BLEED

BUT THEY DON'T
DID LOOK AT
AND PULL YOUR

Musical staff with notes and chords: Am, F, E

CARE
ME
HAIR

P-U-T

A^m E D^m E

WATCHED THEM AND TOLD THEM A-BOUT THE I-RON BED
 PLEADED THAT I'D NEED TO HELP JUST ONE
 IT'S GET-TING SO DURN LATE I REAL-LY GOT-TA GO

E⁷ A^m E D^m E

WHICH FELL FROM MY PENT-HOUSE AND HIT YOUR HEAD
 THEY GOT UP SOME WALKED OUT AND SOME DID RUN
 IF YOU DIE THE GARAGE GUY WILL PICK UP ALL YOUR BONES

F E A^m

THEY'D RATHER SIT AND ROT AND SEE YOU DEAD
 THEY SAID THEY'S LATE FOR SWIMMING-LES-SONS
 BUT IF YOU LIVE WONT YOU PLEASE LET ME KNOW

REPEAT TWICE

A^m F E⁷ E⁷ E

E A^m

43. Ork, Wubber Ducky, Oink Oink & the Grommits

1969

Total whacko farce lyrics set to a twelve bar blues progression. Written in college. My favorite line -'All of the Grommits lay groaning in their pools of wubber blood, when the voice of Ork came through the bubbles in the mud'.

Ork, Wubber Ducky, Oink Oink & the Grommits

All of the Grommits gathered
Down at Wubber Ducky's pier
And threw a big ol' party
With lots of grape vodka and beer
Just sitting round and scratching
And sipping Ork's grape bottled tears

When down came Wubber Ducky
And his brother Oink Oink Dick
And started gronking grommits
With Brother Oink Oink's phallic stick
And when a grommit grunted
Ol' Oink Oink kissed him with a brick

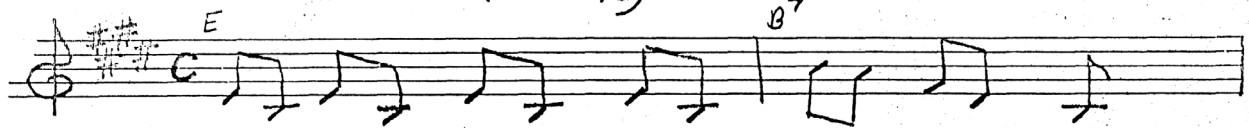
Ol' Wubeer Ducky and Oink Oik
They just smiled and looked aroud.
And split a dog log twixt them
That they had picked up off the ground
And then they licked their chops
and belched twice
And left the pier without a sound

All of the grommits lay groaning
In their pools of wubber blood
When the voice of Ork
Came through the bubbles in the mud
He said "Don't feel too bad you grommits
"Here's some nice potato spuds"

Now all the grommits are happy
Down at Wubber Ducky's peir
They eat all Ork's grape byproducts
To kill all of their inward fears
And if the Wubber Brothers come back
They won't know or care that they're near.

ORK: WUBBER DUCKY, OINK OINK
AND THE GROMMITS
(OPUS 43)

WORDS AND
MUSIC BY
ROBERT J.
MARKS II



ALL OF THE (WHEN DOWN CAME)
(OL' WUB-BER)
(ALL OF THE)
(NOW ALL THE)

GROM-MITS WUB-BER
DUCK-Y AND OINK-OINK
GROM-MITS LAY GROAN-ING
GROM-MITS ARE HAP-PY

GATH-ERED
DUCK-Y
OINK-OINK
GROAN-ING
HAP-PY

DOWN AT WUB-BER DUCKY'S
AND HIS BROTHER OINKOINK
THEY JUST SMILED & LOO-KED A-
IN THEIR POOLS AT WUB-BER
DOWN ON WUB-BER DUCKY'S

PEIR
DICK
-ROUND
BLOOD
PEIR

AND THREW A
AND STARTED
AND SPLIT A
- WHEN THE
- THEY EAT

BIG OL'
GRONK-ING
DOG LOG
VOICE OF
ALL ORK'S GRAPE BY PROD-UCT'S

PAP-TY
GROM-MITS
TWIX'T THEM
ORK

WITH
WITH
THAT
CAME
TO

LOTS OF
BRO-THER
THEY HAD
FROM THE
KILL ALL

GRAPE VOD-KA
OINK OINK'S PHA-LIC
PICKED UP OFF THE
BUB-BLES IN THE
OF THEIR IN-WARD

AND
AND
AND
- WHEN THE
- THEY EAT

BIG OL'
GRONK-ING
DOG LOG
VOICE OF
ALL ORK'S GRAPE BY PROD-UCT'S

PAP-TY
GROM-MITS
TWIX'T THEM
ORK

JUST SIT-TIN'
AND WHEN A
AND THEN THEY
HE SAID "DON'T
AND IF THE

'ROUND- AND-
GROM-MIT
LICKED THEIR CHOPS AND BELCHED TWICE
FEEL TO BAD YOU GROM-MITS
WUB-BER BROTHERS COME BACK

SCRATCHIN
GRUNT'D

BEER
STICK
GROUND
MUD
FEARS

AND SIP-PING
OL' OINK OINK
AND LEFT THE
HERE'S SOME NICE
THEY WON'T KNOW OR CARE

ORK'S GRAPE BOT-TLED
KISSED HIM WITH A
PEIR WITH-OUT A
GRAPE PO-FA-TOE
OR CARE THAT THEY'RE NEAR

TEARS
BRICK
SOUND
SPUDS
NEAR

42. Wondering Why

1968

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/042_WonderingWhy.mid

This one was penned in 1968 when I was at Rose-Hulman. A guy killed someone for drug money and received \$2 and a death sentence. He is executed tomorrow. A great song for birthdays. The melody is beautiful -especially when played on piano.

Wondering Why

Looking through the barred window
I watch the wind blow
Over the prison walls
Majestically tall
And here the wind call
Soon you'll be dead and rotting.

Too soon, the morning will come.
Lord, it's my last one.
I watch the sky
Blackened by night
Wondering why
 Lord, I don't want to die.

Dreading when I conceded
They said I'd need it.
They said my mind
Would reach the sky
Take me so high
That I would be in heaven.

Caring not for tomorrow
I stole and borrowed
All that I could
So that I could
Buy what I could.

Craving built inside me
Helping to blind me.
Blind me to steal
Blind me to kill
For two dollar bills
Blind me to die this sunrise.

Too soon, the morning will come.
Lord, it's my last one.
I watch the sky
Blackened by night
Wondering why
 Lord, I don't want to die.

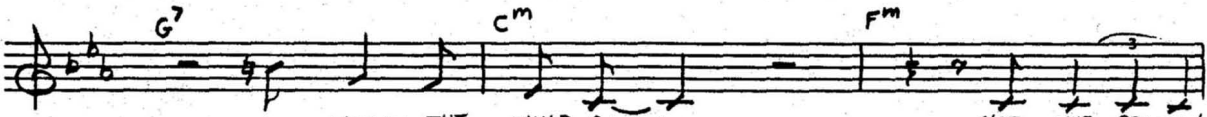
WONDERING WHY

(OPUS 42)

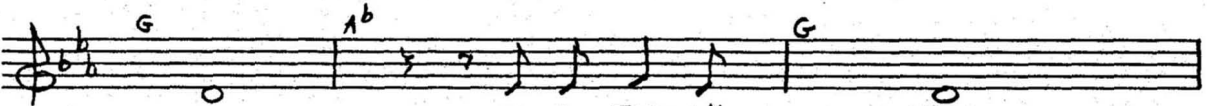
WORDS & MUSIC
BY ROBERT J.
MARKS II



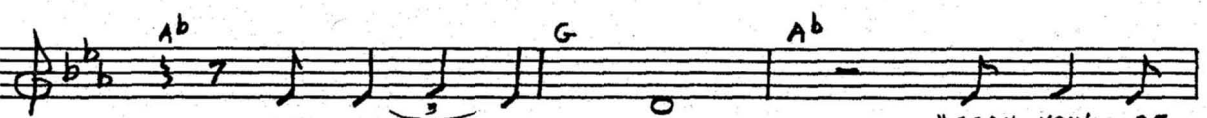
LOOK _____	ING	THRU THE BARRED WIN - DOW
DREAD _____	ING	WHEN I CON - CEED - ED
CRAV _____	ING	BUILT UP IN - SIDE ME
BOW _____	ING	MY HEAD IN SOR - ROW



I WATCH THE	WIND BLOW	O'RE THE PRI - SON
THEY SAID I'D	NEED IT	THEY SAID MY
HELP - ING TO	BLIND ME	BLIND ME TO
I'VE NO TO - MOR - ROWS		HOLD - ING MY



WALL	MA - JES - TIC - LY	TALL
MIND	- WOULD REACH THE	SKY
STEAL	- BLIND ME TO	KILL
TEARS	- LIFE IS SO	DEAR



AND HEAR THE WIND	CALL	" SOON YOU'LL BE
- TAKE ME SO	HIGH	THAT I WOULD
FOR TWO DOLLAR	BILLS	BLIND ME TO
AND THE TIMES SO	NEAR	WHEN THEY'LL DRAIN

G G7 Cm

DEAD AND ROT-TING' TOO SOON THE MORN-ING
BE IN HEAV-EN CAR - ING NOT FOR - TO-
DIE THIS SUN -RISE TOO SOON THE MORN-ING
ALL LIFE FROM ME THE SANDS OF TIME ARE

G G7 Cm Fm

WILL COME MOR -ROW WILL COME FLOW -ING
LORD IT'S MY LAST ONE I STEAL'D & BOR -ROWED
LORD IT'S MY LAST ONE ALL THE TIME KNOW -ING
I WATCH THE ALL THAT I I WATCH THE THAT WHEN THE

G Ab G Ab G

SKY COULD SKY SKY BLACK-ENED BY SO THAT I BLACK-ENED BY BRIGHT-ENS WITH NIGHT COULD NIGHT WON -DER -ING BUY WHAT I WON -DER -ING SO ENDS MY WHY COULD WHY LIFE

G7 Cm Fm Cm G G7 (2)3 G7 Cm

LORD I DON' WAN-NA DIE

Fm Cm G G7 (4) G7 Cm Fm Cm G G7 Cm

LORD I DON'T WANNA DIE

41. The Time of the Evening

1969

This was supposed to be a song that parodies teen age love and commitment. I skipped out of high school once to be with a girlfriend and got caught. The advisor, a guy named Mr. Faust, gave me a lecture about the difference between teen love and marriage. In a marriage, he said, fights could not be resolved by breaking up. You had to be around your mate even when she got sick and was throwing up. I guess it made an impression on me when I wrote the lyrics to this song. I also have found out Faust was right. This is also the only song I wrote totally in my head -during the summer I worked construction. It was against the culture to carry around a pen and paper while you worked. Some blue collar rule I guess.

The Time of the Evening

It's the time of the evening to say that I love you
It's the time to say you love me too
 Oh yeah!
It's the time of the evening to say that I love you
 More than you do.
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
 More than you do.

It's the time of the evening to turn on the TV
And sit close together on the couch
 Oh yeah!
And turn down the lights so I'll kiss you
 Right on the mouth.
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
 Right on the mouth.

Don't say our love isn't a play thing
My love for you is true
 Oh yeah!
I'd marry you, dear, tomorrow
 But I got school.
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
 But I got school.

It's the time of the evening to do some necking
To get each other hot and red
 Oh yeah!
But it's getting late, I gotta go home
 And go to bed.
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
 And go to bed.

THE TIME OF THE EVENING

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

(WITH RHYTHM HARMONICA IMPROVISATION)
(OPUS 41)

WELL IT'S THE TIME OF THE EVENING TO SAY I
(WELL IT'S THE) TIME OF THE EVENING TO TURN ON THE
(- PLEASE DON'T) SAY THAT OUR LOVE ISN'T A
(WELL IT'S THE) TIME OF THE EVENING TO DO SOME

LOVE YOU T. V. PLAY THING NECK-ING
WELL IT'S THE TIME TO
- AND SIT CLOSE TO-
- MY LOVE FOR
- AND GET EACH

SAY YOU LOVE ME TOO COUGH { OH } WELL IT'S THE
- GE - THER ON THE RED { OH } - AND
YOU IS OH SO TRUE { OH } - I'D
OTH - ER HOT AND RED { OH } - BUT IT'S

TIME OF THE EVENING TO SAY - I
TURN DOWN THE LIGHTS SO I'LL
MAR - RY YOU GIRL TO GOT - TA
GET - TING LATE I

LOVE YOU
 KISS YOU
 - MOR - ROW
 GO HOME

MORE THAN YOU
 RIGHT ON THE
 BUT I GOT
 AND GO TO

DO YOU
 THE MOUTH
 GOT SCHOOL
 BED

YEAH YEAH YEAH

YEAH

MORE THAN YOU
 RIGHT ON THE
 OH I GOT
 - GO TO

DO YOU
 THE MOUTH
 SCHOOL
 BED

YEAH

WELL IT'S THE
 - PLEASE DON'T
 WELL IT'S THE

REPEAT THRICE

YEAH, AND GO TO

BED

40. One Endless Night

1969

Great chord progression and melody! The words, written mostly by friend Jerry Percher, do not sound like me. This would be worth a rewrite for the fun melody and chord progression.

One Endless Night

Running through my empty dreams
So very close to you it seems
Holding you so near
Wake up you're not here
 Wanting one endless night with you
 One endless night

We could never really share
Something that wasn't ever there
Only in the night
Everything's all right
 With my one endless night with you
 One endless night

Within all my dreams of you
We possess a love that's true
Hoping that the dawn
Will not find you gone
 With my one endless night with you
 One endless night

The time's now forever more
Loneliness we'll feel no more
The night fades away
Truth comes with the day
 Ending one endless night with you
 One endless night

ONE ENDLESS NIGHT

(OPUS 40)

WORDS & MUSIC
BY ROBERT
J. MARKS II

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and common time signature. Chords: A7, C, D, G, G#.

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and common time signature. Chords: A7, C, D, G, G#, A7, C, D, E.

RUN-NING THRU MY EMP-TY DREAMS SO VER-Y CLOSE TO YOU IT SEEMS
WE COULD NE-VER REAL-LY SHARE SOMETHING THAT WASN'T EVER THERE
WITH IN ALL MY DREAMS OF YOU WE POS-ES A LOVE THAT'S TRUE
THE TIME'S NOW FOR-EV-ER MORE LON-LI-NESS WE'LL FEEL NO MORE

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and common time signature. Chords: A7, C, D, G, G#, A7, C, D, E.

HOLD-ING YOU SO NEAR WAKE UP YOU'RE NOT HERE WANT-ING
ON LY IN THE NIGHT EV-RY THING'S ALL RIGHT WITH MY
HOP-ING THAT THE DAWN WILL NOT FIND YOU GONE WITH MY
THE NIGHT FADES A-WAY TRUTH COMES WITH THE DAY END-ING

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and common time signature. Chords: A, D, C, G, C, A, D, C.

ONE END-SLESS NIGHT WITH YOU (ONE END-LESS NIGHT)

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and common time signature. Chords: A, D, C, C, D, E. Includes a repeat sign and the instruction "REPEAT THRICE".

ONE END-LESS NIGHT ONE END-LESS NIGHT

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and common time signature. Chord: A7. Ends with a double bar line and the word "NIGHT".

39. Come Back

1967

I broke up with a girl named Cathy when I was 16. This song was written during my depths of depression. For some reason, it reminds me of the mood of *Dead Man's Curve* by Jan and Dean. The lyrics are degrading to all manhood.

Cathy died in 2011.

Come Back

Why couldn't I have seen it
Why was I so blind
I took it for granted
I could call you mine

I know girl we had fights
Only if I knew
They'd take you from me
I'd still be loving you

Oh please come on back to me
Girl I'd make you see
I'll be the best man
A girl ever had

I didn't know what I had
Till I had lost you
I thought that I wanted
A love that was new

Now I'm so sick inside
Praying hard that you'd
Come back and be my girl
And let me love you

So please. Please come back to me
Girl I'm on my knees
I'm so sick and blue
Knowing I've lost you

Let me make it up girl
Everything I do
Will be for my one love
Will be just for you

I can't eat or drink
I can't sleep at night
Since I lost the one thing
That brightened my night

So please
Come on Back to me
Girl I'll mark you see
I'll be the best man
A girl ever had

WORDS & MUSIC
 by ROBERT J.
 MARKS II

COME BACK

(OPUS 39)

A C#m Bm C#m D E7 A D A

C#m Bm C#m

WHY I COULDN'T I GIRL OF SEEN IT
 I KNOW DID-N'T KNOW WE HAD HAD FIGHTS
 NOW LET I'M ME CAN'T EAT OR SICK IN-SIDE
 I CAN'T EAT OR DRINK UP GIRL

D E E7

WHY WAS I SO BLIND
 ON LYING IF I KNEW
 I'LL TRY ING HARD THAT YOU'D
 EVRY THING THAT YOU'D
 I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT

C#m Bm C#m

I TOOK IT FOR GRANT-ED
 THEY'D TAKE YOU FROM ME
 I COME THOUGHT THAT I WANT-ED
 WILL BE BACK AND RE MY GIRL
 SINCE I BE FOR MY ONE LOVE
 SINCE I BE FOR MY ONE TRING

D E E7 1,3,5

I'D COULD CALL YOU MINE
 A BE LOV- ING YOU
 AND LOVE THAT WAS NEW
 WILL LET ME JUST LOVE YOU
 THAT BE JUST FOR YOU
 THAT DAIGH-TENED MY NIGHT

E7
1,2,4,6

OH
SO
OH

PLEASE
PLEASE
PLEASE

COME ON BACK TO
PLEASE COME BACK TO
COME ON BACK TO

ME
ME
ME

GIRL I'LL MAKE YOU
GIRL I'M ON ME
GIRL I'LL MAKE YOU

SEE
KNEES
SEE

I'LL BE THE BEST
I'M SO SICK AND
I'LL BE THE BEST

MAN
BLUE
MAN

A
A
A
A
A
A
A
A

A GIRL EV-ER HAD
KNOWING I'VE LOST YOU
A GIRL EV-ER HAD

D
E
E7
A

REPEAT
TWICE
(WITH
REPEATS)

E7
1 2, 4, 6

OH
SO
OH

PLEASE
PLEASE
PLEASE

COME ON BACK TO
PLEASE COME BACK TO
COME ON BACK TO

ME
ME
ME

GIRL I'LL MAKE YOU
GIRL I'M ON ME
GIRL I'LL MAKE YOU

SEE
KNEES
SEE

I'LL BE THE BEST MAN
I'M SO SICK AND BLUE
I'LL BE THE BEST MAN

A GIRL EV-ER HAD
KNOWING I'VE LOST YOU
A GIRL EV-ER HAD

REPEAT
TWICE
(WITH
REPEATS)

38. So I Cry

1967

Yet another song with lyrics by Jerry. Lots of clichés.

I love this melody. Major seventh songs are so classy.

So I Cry

Since you left me
I've cried many tears
Since you left me
Days have seemed like years
Tried to hold you
Tried to act so shy
My darling I still love you
So I cry

Tried to see you
You were never home
Lost you darling
Now I'm all alone
Tried to kiss you
Wish that I could die
Oh Baby I can't love you
So I cry

Since you left me
I've felt pain inside
Since you left me
I've lost all my pride
I still love you
You don't even try
To make me feel happy
So I cry

SO I CRY

(OPUS 38)

CMAJ7 Am7 G G7 G9 G6

C Ab G F C

SINCE YOU LEFT ME
TRIED TO SEE YOU
SINCE YOU LEFT ME

Cm G F

I'VE CRIED MAN-Y TEARS SINCE YOU
YOU WERE NEV-ER HOME LOST YOU
I'VE FELT PAIN IN - SIDE SINCE YOU

C D7 G7

LEFT ME DAR-LING LEFT ME
DAYS HAVE SEEMED LIKE YEARS
NOW I'M ALL A - LONE
I'VE LOST ALL MY PRIDE

Am G G7 Am7

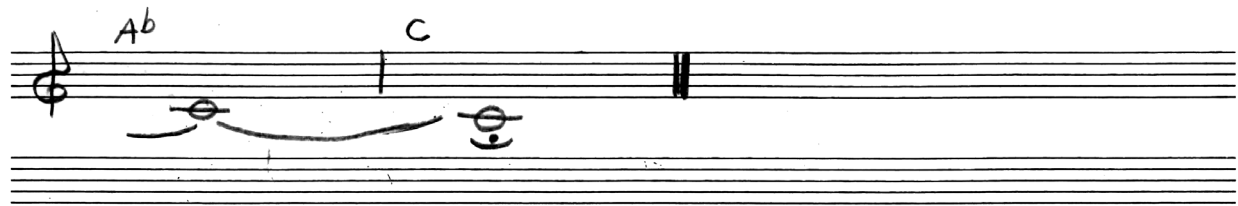
TRIED TO HOLD YOU TRIED TO ACT SO
TRIED TO KISS YOU WISH THAT I COULD
I STILL LOVE YOU YOU DON'T EV-EN

Em C Am7

SHY MY DAR-LING I CAN'T HAVE YOU
DIE OH BA - BY I CAN'T LOVE YOU
TRY TO MAKE ME FEEL HAP-PIY

G9 G6 1.2. C Ab G REPEAT TWICE 3. C

SO I CRY CRY



37. Only a Fool

1967

Another one of my melodies with Jerry's words. I used part of the melody later in the bridge of Albert and the Ice Cream Truck

Only a Fool

Only once does a fool fall in love
Only once does he ever think of
Someone that's near and close to his heart
Someone he loves and hop will not part
 Only once can
 Only a fool can fall in love
Sometimes he dreams of you in the night
Something need telling him all's not right
What can he do? He's in love with you
Who can he talk with or turn to
 Only once can
 Only a fool can fall in love
Someday you'll know just what it could be
Cause he still hopes that you two could be
Two hearts together happy and free
But you don't want that which you can't see
 Only once can
 Only a fool can fall in love

ONLY A FOOL

(OPUS 37)

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, starting with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a C chord. The melody consists of several eighth and quarter notes.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chords C, G, G^{sus}, and G are indicated above the staff.

ON - LY ONCE DOES A FOOL FALL IN LOVE
 SOME - TIMES HE DREAMS OF YOU IN THE NIGHT
 SOME DAY YOU'LL KNOW JUST WHAT IT COULD BE

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chords C, G, G^{sus}, and G are indicated above the staff.

ON - LY ONCE DOES HE EV - ER THINK OF
 SOME - THING KEEPS TRL - LING HIM ALL'S NOT RIGHT
 CAUSE HE STILL HOPES THAT YOU TWO COULD BE

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chords F, F^{sus}, and C are indicated above the staff.

SOMEONE THAT'S NEAR AND CLOSE TO HIS HEART
 WHAT CAN HE DO HE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU
 TWO HEARTS TO GETH - ER HAP - PY AND FREE
 SOMEONE HE LOVES AND WHO CAN HE TALK WITH
 BUT YOU DON'T WANT THAT

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chords G, G^{sus}, G, G^{sus}, G, F, and F^{sus} are indicated above the staff.

HOPE WILL NOT PART ON - LY ONCE CAN ON - LY A FOOL CAN FALL IN
 OR TURN TO WHICH YOU CAN'T SEE

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chords C and G⁷ are indicated above the staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

LOVE ~

REPEAT TWICE

36. Singing My Troubles Away

1967

Great Dixie type melody. (Hear it with a banjo!) The melody is mine. It is GREAT! Some of the lyrics are by Jerry Percher. Jerry used to be the lead singer in my band, the Torques. He was cool -he could dance and his mother let him grow his hair long. The melody remains great. I started rewriting the lyrics, but never finished. It was about an old man who would not give up to manifest destiny. Here's the start:

Sittin' here on my porch	Has been zoned through my home
Me and my dog George	But I disagree
With my number one son's shot gun	Oh
Sittin' here on my knee.	I ain't going to no other place
Ho Ho	Damn the price I gotta pay
There's some people say	No one is gonna
An interstate highway	Take me away

Pretty good eh? Here's the original lyrics:

Singing my Troubles Away

Walking down the street	Don't care where I go	Things don't bother me
Shuffling my two feet.	Won't let no one know	Life's in harmony
Just happy. Feeling.	That I am happy	My God's in heaven
So good with myself	Being with myself	All's right with the world
Ho Ho	Ho Ho	Ho Ho
I got lots of time	I got all I need	I got lots of time
Makes me feel so fine	Life's tranquility	Makes me feel so fine
Just walkin', talkin'	I'm slightly lightly	Just walkin' talkin'
Trying to be myself	Feeling like myself	Trying to be myself
Oh	Oh	Oh
Going no special place	Going no special place	Going no special place
No worries that I gotta face	No worries that I gotta face	No worries that I gotta face
Just thinkin', singing	Just thinkin', singin'	Just thinkin', singin'
My troubles away.	My troubles away	My troubles away

SINGING MY TROUBLES AWAY

(OPUS 36)

WALK-IN' DOWN THE STREET
DON'T CARE WHERE I GO
THINGS DON'T BOTHER ME

SHUF-FLIN' MY TWO
WONT LET NO ONE
LIFE'S IN HAR-MO-

FEET KNOW MY
JUST HAP-PIY
THAT I AM
GOD'S IN
HEAVEN

FEEL-IN' HAP-PIY
SO GOOD WITH MY
BE-ING WITH MY
ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE

SELF SELF WORLD } HO HO { I GOT LOTS OF
GOT ALL I GOT LOTS OF

TIME NEED TIME
MAKES ME FEEL SO FINE
LIFE'S TRAN-QUIL-I-TY
MAKES ME FEEL SO FINE

JUST I'M JUST

WALK-IN' TALK-IN' TRYIN' TO BE MY-SELF
SLIGHT-LY LIGHTLY FEEL-IN' LIKE MY-SELF
WALK-IN' TALK-IN' TRYIN' TO BE MY-SELF

OH OH OH } GOIN' NO SPECIAL PLACE

D^7
 NO WORRIES THAT I HAVE TO FACE JUST THIN-KIN' SING-IN'
 G^6 | 1. 2. | C G^7
 MY TROU-BLES A -WAY
 C C C C
 -WAY (BREATHY) CHA
 REPEAT TWICE

35. By the Fireplace

(I Sit & Watch Your Body Rot)

1970

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/035_Fireplace.wav

This one has a wonderful initial impression. Classic folk melody with romantic words. Then a body rots. Kind of a Gahan Wilson or Charles Addams sort of song.

By the Fireplace (I Sit & Watch Your Body Rot)

As the crimson sun sets slowly in the west
Bringing to the end this special day
When all the woes and troubles in my life
Right before my eyes, just went away
 And by the bright burning fireplace
 I sit still and watch your face
 And think my effervescent thoughts.
 There by the fireplace I sit & watch your body rot.

Your big glassy eyes stare through the flashing fire
Into the depths of eternity
Past the humdrum days of your worthless dull drum life
And your impositions on me.
 And by the bright burning fireplace
 I sit still and watch your face
 And think my effervescent thoughts.
 There by the fireplace I sit & watch your body rot.

The long leaping flames from the flashing crackling fire
Reflect off the pearl handled knife
Parked so deep inside the now motionless chest
Of you, my dear and loving wife.
 And by the bright burning fireplace
 I sit still and watch your face
 And think my effervescent thoughts.
 There by the fireplace I sit & watch your body rot.
 I sit and watch your body rot.

BY THE FIREPLACE

(I SIT AND WATCH YOUR BODY ROT)
(OPUS 35)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

C F C F C F C G7

F C

THE BIG CRIMSON SUN SETS SLOW-LY IN THE WEST
YOUR BIG GLAS-SY EYES STARE THRU THE FLASH-ING FIRE
THE LONG LEAP-ING FLAMES FROM THE FLASH-ING CRACK-LING FIRE

F G G7 F

BRING-ING TO AN END THIS SPECIAL DAY WHEN ALL THE WOE AND
IN-TO THE DEPTHS OF ET-ER-NI-TY PAST THE HUM-DRUM DAYS OF YOUR
RE-FLECT OFF THE PEARL-HAND-LED KNIFE PARKED SO DEEP-LY IN THE

C D7

TROU-BLES IN MY LIFE RIGHT BE-FORE MY EYES JUST PASSED A-
WORTH-LESS DUL-DRAM LIFE AND YOUR IM-PO-SI-TIONS ON
NOW MO-TION-LESS CHEST OF YOU MY DEAR AND LOU-ING

G G7 C F

WAY ME } AND BY THE BRIGHT BURN-ING FI-IRE PLACE I
WIFE

C F C F

SIT STILL AND WATCH YOUR FACE AND THINK MY EV-ER-YES-CENT

G G7 C F

THOUGHTS THERE BY THE FI-RE PLACE

C F C G7

I SIT AND WATCH YOUR BO-DY

C G7 REPEAT TWICE C G C F C F

ROT I SIT AND WATCH YOUR BO-DY ROT

C F G7 C

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

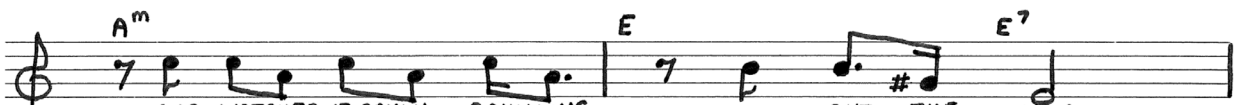
HEARTBURN

by Bob Marks

(34)



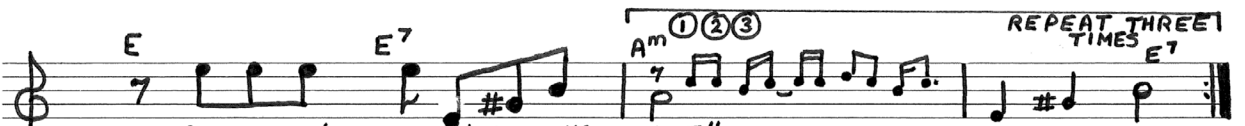
I LET THE HOT DOG SLIP ON- TO THE FLOOR
AND THEN THE LEMONS STARTED ROLLING ROUND
AND THEN THE KITCHEN SEEMED TO COME A- LIVE
SOMETIMES I SIT AND WONDER 'BOUT THAT DAY



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

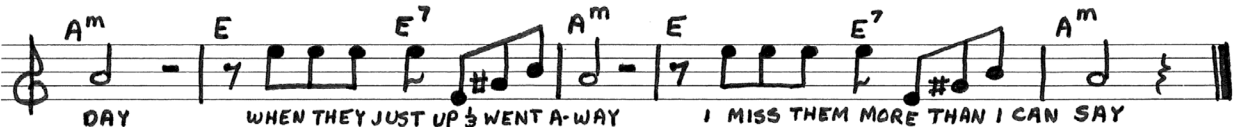


AND HEARD IT YELL "BA-BY PLEASE
AND WITH THEIR DIS-PO- SITIONS
EV-RY - THING FROM THE PEANUTS
I MISS THEM MORE THAN I COULD
DON'T GET SORE
BRIGHT AND GAY
TO THE STEAK
EVER STAY



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)

REPEAT THREE
TIMES



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

33. Cause You're Weird

1969

This is a theme of a teenager. In college, I was dubbed with the title Freaky Bob. This was in the spirit of the hippy generation -and the name was a complement. There is such a feeling of being different, that it soon was adopted as one of celebration. College, for me, provided the escape referred to at the end of the song. This feeling of awkwardness is characteristic, methinks, of all teenagers. I'm glad it's over.

Cause You're Weird

Isolation sickness drips from saddened eyes
Burning flesh like acid, draining insides dry
Hoping that the `morrow brings a sweeter day
Hoping that their tongues will rot when they smile and say
 You're so weird.

Switch around the eyeballs, looking deep inside
Searching hard and straining to see what they find
Maybe it's what's happening deep inside the brain
Maybe to them they are right when they smile and say
 You're so weird.

Telling acid tongue boys to go and lick some sand
Maybe weird is standard in some other land
Packing brains and insides in a velvet case
Traveling there and through new eyes turn to them and say
 You're so weird.

CAUSE YOU'RE WEIRD

(OPUS 93)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

Em B7

Em Am Em

I - SO - LA - TION SICK-NESS DRIPS FROM SAD-DENED
SWITCHIN 'ROUND THE EYE-BALLS LOOK-ING DEEP IN-
TEL-LING AC-ID TONGUE BOYS GO AND LICK SOME

B7 Em Am

EYES BURN-ING FLESH LIKE AC-ID
- SIDE SEARCHING HARD AND STRAIN-ING
SAND THINK-ING WEIRD IS STAN-DARD

Em B7

DRAIN-ING IN - SIDES DRY
TO SEE WHAT THEY FIND
IN SOME OTHER LAND

Em Am Em

HOP-ING THAT THE 'MOR-ROW BRINGS A SWEETER
MAY-BE IT'S WHAT'S HAP-PENING DEEP IN - SIDE THE
PACK-ING BRAINS AND IN - SIDES IN A VEL-VET

B7 Em Am Em

DAY HOP-ING THAT THOSE BITING TONGUES WILL ROT WHEN THEY
BRAIN MAY-BE TO THEM THEY ARE RIGHT WHEN THEY SMILE AND
CHASE THAV-ELIN THERE AND THRU' NEW EYES TURN TO THEM AND

32. Uncle Freddy

1967

Written in high school. Weird. I have no idea where this came from. A song for a punk Herman's Hermits.

Uncle Freddy

Hey Uncle Freddy
When you gonna die?
I've been waiting for thirty two years
Just to see you die.

You didn't know that
No one cares for you
All that we want is your money
And your property too

Hey Uncle Freddy
When you gonna die
No one's understanding
Why you're still alive.

UNCLE FREDDY by Marks 32

C $\frac{3}{4}$

HEY UNCLE FREDDY WHEN YOU GONNA DIE
 YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT I DON'T CARE FOR YOU
 HEY UNCLE FREDDY WHEN YOU GONNA DIE

C F TO CODA C 1

I BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIRTY TWO YEARS JUST TO SEE YOU
 I JUST CARE ABOUT ALL THAT MONEY
 I BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIRTY TWO YEARS

G 2 C G7 C

DIE AND YOUR PROPERTY TOO

F C F C

HEY UNCLE FREDDY WHEN YOU GONNA DIE

F C D7 G7 $\frac{3}{4}$ al Coda

I'M NOT UNDERSTANDIN' WHY YOU'RE STILL ALIVE

$\frac{3}{4}$ CODA C (SLOW) G F C

JUST TO SEE YOU DIE

31. I Was Once Loved

1969

This is a nice song. Quiet lyrics with a booming bridge. If done right, it would cause chills.

I Was Once Loved

I was once loved
I was once held
I was once cared for
By my life's dream
 Now I walk the lonely road of sorrow
 Seeking the end of day's dull dream

I was once loved
I was once held
I lived life only
To love and serve her
 Now I live life only for tomorrow
 Burdened by a hollow loneliness

I was once loved
I was once held
I was once given
Life's golden years
 Now I live life without a purpose
 Hoping to find what I have lost

I was once loved

I WAS ONCE LOVED

(OPUS 31)

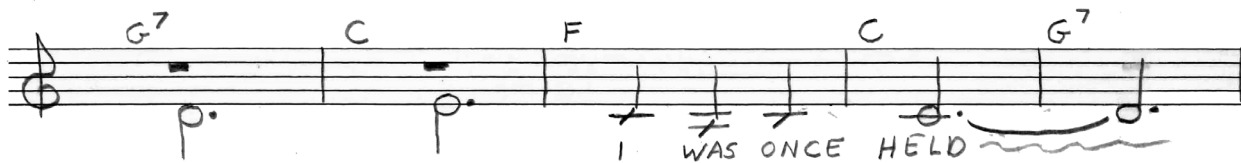
WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

C G⁷ C F C



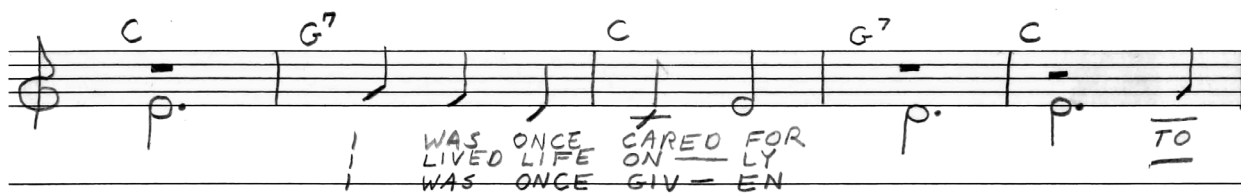
I WAS ONCE LOVED

G⁷ C F C G⁷



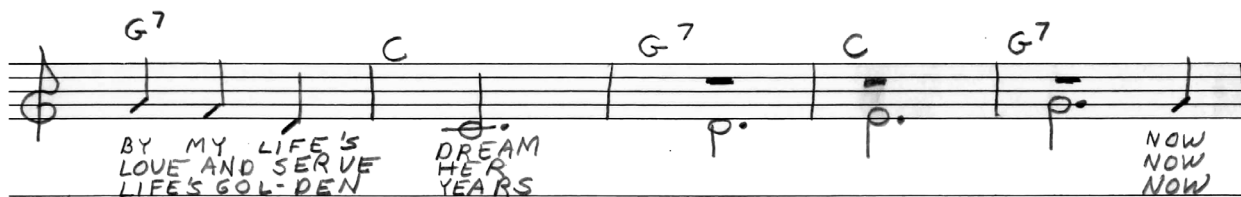
I WAS ONCE HELD

C G⁷ C G⁷ C



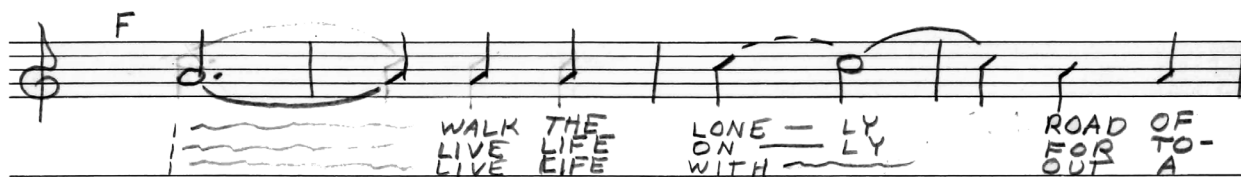
I WAS ONCE CARED FOR
LIVED LIFE ON LY
WAS ONCE GIV-EN TO

G⁷ C G⁷ C G⁷



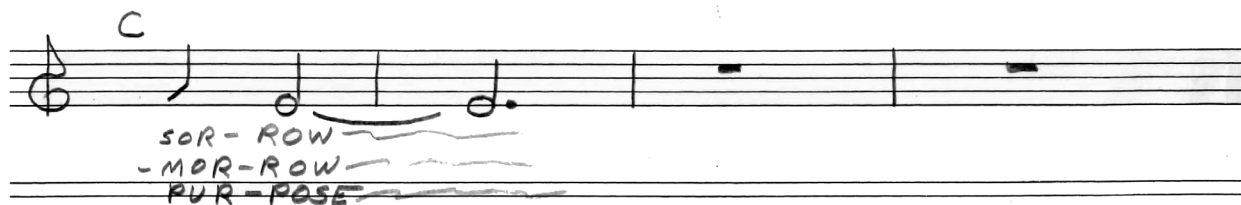
BY MY LIFE'S LOVE AND SERVE
LIFE'S GOL-DEN DREAM
HER YEARS NOW NOW NOW

F



WALK THE LONE - LY ROAD OF
LIVE LIFE ON - LY FOR TO-
LIVE LIFE WITH LY OUT A

C



SOR - ROW -
- MOR - ROW -
PUR - POSE

F

SEEK-ING
BUR-DENED
HOP-ING

BY THE MY
TO

THE END OF
HOL-LOW
FIND WHAT

DAY'S ROLL
LON-LI-
I HAVE

G⁷

DREAM-
NESS-
LOST

REPEAT
TWICE
C

G⁷ C F G⁷

I WAS ONCE

30. Back Alley Blues

1966

This was written in high school, but put down on paper later. A song came out later with the lyrics “clowns to the left of me, jokers to the right. Here I am, stuck in the middle with you.” The melody was almost the same as this song -though I did it first! The lyrics to this song border on Satanic. ('How I long for the witch's hour when all goodness begins to sour') These ideas stemmed from my days as a 'greaser'. The lyrics reflect the attitudes of a blackboard jungle culture.

Back Alley Blues

How I long for the witch's hour
When all goodness begins to sour
When hate rules the darkened land
With a firm black leather hand
 `a moanin' back alley blues.

How I long for the moonless night
With the cold air's piercing bite
Hear a scream rip through the streets
Shattering uneasy peace
 `a cryin' back alley blues.

How I long for those blackened days
When a body lived for hate
When the pack rats roamed the street
Searching for their night's feast
 `a screamin' back alley blues.

BACK ALLEY BLUES

(OPUS 30)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

Chords: D, F, G, D, C, A

Chords: A⁷, D, F, G

OH HOW I
(OH HOW I)

LONG FOR THE
LONG FOR THE MOON LESS
LONG FOR THOSE BLACK-EYED

Chords: D, C, A, D, F, G

HOOR
NIGHT
DAYS

WHEN ALL
WITH THE
WHEN A

GOODNESS BE - GINS
COLD AIR'S PIER - CING
PER - SON LIVED FOR

Chords: D, C, A, D, F, G

SOUR
BITE
HATE

WHEN
WHEN A
WHEN THE

FEAR RULES THE
SCREAM RIPS
PACK RATS

DARK - ENED
THROUGH THE
ROAMED THE

Chords: D, C, A, D, F, G

LAND
STREETS
STREETS

WITH A
BREAK
WANT

FIRM BLACK
ING THE UN - EA - SY
ING BLOOD ON WHICH TO

Chords: A, G

HAND
PEACE
FEAST

28. I Think I'm In Love

1968

This is a sweet simple song. There was a guy in college named Doug Forbes who 'pulled a Forbes' by registering for the quarter and not going to a single class. I was his hero. I was playing and singing my songs in my room alone. Doug came in, thinking I didn't know he was there. I remember singing this song as best I could. Doug thought it was beautiful. The lyrics make my teeth hurt.

I Think I'm In Love

I saw her today
She looked my way
And she saw me
I felt a chill
Time it stood still
Inside me
 Away, away
 Oh Lord
 I think I'm in love
 I think I'm in love
 I think I'm in love
 I'm in love
 I think I'm in love

She looked at me
And her eyes gleamed
So sweetly
Then she walked by
And whispered "Hi" so meekly
 Away, away
 Oh Lord
 I think I'm in love
 I think I'm in love
 I think I'm in love
 I'm in love
 I think I'm in love

I THINK I'M IN LOVE

(OPUS 29)

by ROBERT J. MARKS II

Musical staff with notes and chords: C, F, G7, Bb, G7

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: (-) SAW HER TO DAY SHE LOOKED AT ME SHE LOOKED MY WAY AND HER EYES GLEAMED AND SO

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Bb SAW SWEET ME LY I FELT A CHILL THEN SHE WALKED BY

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: Bb TIME, IT STOOD STILL AND WHISPERED "HI" IN SO SIDE MEEK LY A

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: C Bb -WAY A WAY

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: G7 C G7 OH LORD I THINK I'M IN

Musical staff with notes and lyrics: C G7 C LOVE I THINK I'M IN LOVE

Musical notation for the first line of the song. Chords: G7, F, C. Lyrics: I THINK I'M IN LOVE I'M IN

Musical notation for the second line of the song. Chords: G7, G, TO CODA, C. Lyrics: LOVE I THINK I'M IN LOVE

Musical notation for the third system, including piano accompaniment and vocal lines. Chords: Bb, F, G7, G7. Includes a double bar line with first and second endings. Lyrics: OH

Musical notation for the final system. Chords: CODA, C, Bb. Lyrics: LOVE I'M IN REPEAT AND FADE

28. Think Again

1966

If you think this song didn't write itself, think again.

Think Again

If you think that I
Could ever ever ever be true
 Just think again
 Just think again
 Cause I could never ever love you

Me, I roam around
Doing things I only like to do
 So think again
 Just think again
 Cause I could never ever love you

Cause though we once loved
And though we once kissed
And though we once held each other
I tell you now it's all through
I tell you what you should do
Go out and find you another

Loving's not for me
It's just something other people do
 So think again
 Just think again
 Cause I could never ever love you

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

THINK AGAIN

(OPUS 28)

IF YOU THINK THAT I COULD
ME I ROAM A-ROUND JUST
LOV ING'S NOT FOR ME IT'S

E-VER EV-ER EV-ER BE TRUE JUST
DO-ING THINGS I ON-LY LIKE TO DO SO } THINK A-
JUST SOME-THING THAT OTHER PEOP-LE DO SO }

GAIN JUST THINK A-GAIN CAUSE I COULD NE-VER EVER LOVE

YOU YOU CAUSE THOUGH WE ONCE LOVED

THOUGH WE ONCE KISSED AND THOUGH WE ONCE HELD EACH

OTH-ER I TELL YOU NOW IT'S ALL THRU I TELL YOU

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO JUST GO OUT & FIND YOU AN-OTH-ER

I COULD NE-VER EV-ER LOVE YOU

27. Bitter Lemon

1970

This is the first song I recall writing at college. The intent is to be ingeniously symbolic. The era was one of anti-Vietnam. Political correctness required condemnation of the government. The yellow hunchbacks were the plastic politicians sending their children to die in the war (stabbing them in the head). The mushroom pie was nuclear war. The melody has always been one of my favorites. The melody is later used in Opus #110 *Waiting for WINDOWS to Boot*. The melody does well in 5/4 time so the lead sheet for that is included also.

Bitter Lemon

Have you seen the yellow hunchbacks sit
And try to tint their shades
And discuss discord politics
And suck on rotten eggs.

Have you seen their flowing fire
With flames of thickened red
They pat their children on the back
And stab them in the head

Have you smelled their foul; offensive breath
That waters all the eyes
Of everyone who stands around
And all who may pass by

Have you heard their inane mumblings
Which promise soon someday
They'll pull the knives out of their kids
And let them run and play.

Have you seen their tired bloodshot eyes
From which flow plastic tears
They say they're sorry for their kids
And have another beer

Then they call another loved one
And stab them in the head
And yellow plastic hunchback tears
Flow `cause their kid is dead.

Have you seen the yellow hunchbacks sit
And plasticize ideas
And with eyes closed say what is not
And then mumble what is

Soon they'll eat their cold ambrosia
And then they'll start to die
Cause somehow yellow poison toadstools
Got in the mushroom pie.

26. Die Hard Blues

1968

The lyrics reflect a vindictive hateful attitude towards someone. I should sue Bruce Willis and the Sears battery company for stealing the name.

Die Hard Blues

I've seen you cry
I've heard you lie
I've helped you try
I'll see you die.

As you grow old
I've watched the mold
Over you grow
And watched you grow cold.

I've climbed your mountains
I've crossed your prairies
I've lived your lies
I'll see you die.

I've seen your tears
Over the years
Grow with your fears
And dull your veneer.

And soon someday
You'll go away
Stone dead you'll lay
And slowly decay.

And soon my sorrows
For my tomorrows
With you will lie
When I see you die.

DIE HARD BLUES

OPUS 26

WORDS & MUSIC
by R.J. MARKS II

G⁷ C F G G⁷ C F

p

G G⁷ C F D[#] G G^{SUS}

G G⁷ C F G G⁷

I'VE SEEN YOU (I'VE SEEN YOUR) CRY TEARS I'VE HEARD YOU OV-ER THE

C F G G⁷ C F D

LIE YEARS I'VE HELPED YOU TRY G-R-O-W WITH YOUR FEARS BABE, I'LL SEE YOU AND DULL YOUR VE-

G G^{SUS} G G⁷ C F G G⁷

mp DIE -NEER AS YOU'VE GROWN OLD AND SOON SOME DAY I'VE WATCHED THE YOU'LL GO A-

C F G G⁷ C F

MOLD -WAY OV-ER YOU GROW STONE DEAD YOU'LL LAY

D G G^{SUS} G G⁷

AND WATHEO YOU GROW COLD AND SLOW-LY OE CAY *f* HEY I'VE CLIMBED YOUR AND SOON ALL MY

C F G G7 C F

MOUN TAINS I'VE CROSSED YOUR PRAIR
 SOR ROWS FOR MY TO MOR

G G7 C F D

-IES I'VE LIVED YOUR LIES BABE, I'LL SEE YOU
 -ROWS WITH YOU WILL LIE WHEN I SEE YOU

1) G Gsus G G7 2) G G7 C

DIE I'VE SEEN YOUR DIE
 (DIE)

25. Lady Fair

1968

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/025_MyLadyFair.wav

This was written with a fat guy named Harry. I forgot his last name. Harry was a good singer that John DeFranco (aka Chaluch) and I worked with. Chaluch, who was expelled from Junior High School for punching the Assistant Principal, Mr. Witter, later dissolved his mind on acid and thought he saw Satan. The song is a fluffy polka with a bouncy melody. It needs a bridge. Maybe Harry wrote one.

Lady Fair

Well you know just I feel
And that oh I love you so
I just can't keep my mind off you
I just won't let you go
Well I know just what you've been
And I do not really care
Won't you please marry me
 And be my Lady Fair

I know all the things you've done
And the places that you've been
I'm telling you I understand
Your past ain't such a sin
 So don't tell me you're no good
That I shouldn't really care
Won't you please take my hand
 And be my Lady Fair

We'll have everything we want
Cause we got all the love we need
To live a life together
Darling can't you see
That this love I feel inside
Is much more than I can bear
Won't you please marry me
 And be my Lady Fair

LADY FAIR

(OPUS 25)

LIVELY

Chords: B^{\flat} , E^{\flat} , C

Chords: B^7 , F^7

WELL YOU KNOW JUST HOW I FEEL AND THAT, OH, I LOVE YOU
I KNOW ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE AND THE PLAC-ES THAT YOU'VE
WE'LL HAVE EV-RY-THING WE WANT CAUSE WE GOT ALL THE LOVE WE

Chords: F^7 , B^{\flat}

SO I JUST CAN'T KEEP MY MIND OFF YOU I JUST WON'T LET YOU
BEEN I'M TEL-LING YOU I UN-DER-STAND YOUR PAST AIN'T SUCH A
NEED TO LIVE A LIFE TO-GETH-ER MY DAR-LING CAN'T YOU

Chords: B^{\flat}

GO WELL I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'VE BEEN AND I
SIN SO DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE NO GOOD THAT I
SEE THAT THIS LOVE I FEEL IN-SIDE IS MUCH

Chords: F^7

DO NOT REAL-LY CARE WONT YOU PLEASE MAR-RY ME
SHOULD-N'T REAL-LY CARE WONT YOU PLEASE TAKE MY HAND } AND
MORE THAN I CAN BEAR WONT YOU PLEASE MAR-RY ME }

Chords: F, F^{\flat} , B^{\flat} , B^{\flat}

BE MY LA-DY FAIR

To CODA

Chords: E^{\flat} , F^7 , B^{\flat}

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). Chord F7 is indicated above the first measure. The staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a trill in the second measure.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Chord Bb is indicated above the first measure. The staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a trill in the second measure.

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Chord F7 is indicated above the first measure. The staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a trill in the second measure.

Musical staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Chords F, F6, Bb, and a CODA symbol are indicated above the staff. The staff contains a chordal line with eighth and quarter notes.

Musical staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of two flats. A CODA symbol and chord Bb are indicated above the staff. The staff contains a chordal line with eighth and quarter notes.

24. Impressions of a Disillusioned Suitor

1968

A nice roller coaster melody that chastises a man chaser. I seem to have written a lot of songs with this theme. This one was written when I was 17 before I went to college. Where did I get such ideas?

The melody was later used in *Boiled Asparagus* (Opus #95).

Impressions of a Disillusioned Suitor

You've impressed me as somebody with the goal in life
To extricate your debts with cash to subsidize your plight.

Though you're sloth and improvident, you don a good mask
To cover that you're looking for some man to ease life's tasks.

You have the soul of stagnate muddy water.
You don't want love, just ample fortunes to spend.

Doff your mask of selfishness and analyze you mind
For if you choose to rearrange it I just may change mine

Change your low ways and live life without wanting
Don't use your love for thieving and for deceit.

Elevate your lowly soul and peer into your mind
You may become inebriated by that which you find

IMPRESSIONS OF A DISILLUSSIONED SUITOR

(OPUS 24)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

YOUVE IM-PRESSED ME

AS SOME-BOD-Y WITH THE GOAL IN

LIFE TO EX-TRI-CATE YOUR DEBTS WITH CASH

SUB-SI-RIZE YOUR PLIGHTS

THOUGH YOU'RE SLOTH AND IM-PRO-VI-DENT YOU DON A GOOD

MASK TO COV-ER THAT YOU'RE LOOK-ING FOR SOME

MAN TO EASE LIFES TASK

YOU CHANGE HAVE THE

CHANGE YOUR LOW

SOUL WAYS OF STAG-NET MUD-DY WATER-ER AND LIVE LIFE WITH-OWN WANT-ING

YOU DON'T DON'T WANT LOVE JUST AM-PL E FOR-TUNES TO DON'T USE YOUR LOVE FOR THEIV-ING AND FOR DE-

SPEND CEIT DOFF YOUR MASK OF SEL-FISH-NESS AND EL-E-VATE YOUR LOW-LY SOUL AND

AN-AL-IZE YOUR MIND FOR IF YOU CHOOSE TO PEER IN-TO YOUR MIND FOR YOU MAY BE IN-

RE-AR-ANGE IT I JUST MAY CHANGE MINE EB-RI-AT-ED BY THAT WHICH YOU (FIND)

FIND

23. On My Turpentine Farm

1967

If I remember right, I stole this title. It was mentioned in an article about folk songs that I was reading.

On My Turpentine Farm

Money grows on bushes
Mincemeat grows on trees
One can milk a chicken
While stinging a bee
 Everyone's so pleasant
 Even toads got charm
 And all ice cream has bones
 On my turpentine farm.

Everyone's so happy
Everyone's so pleased
With their lives of loving
With their life of ease.
 Plastic hay is stored up
 In a rubber barn
 In a sugar cube field
 On my turpentine farm.

Streams are filled with honey
Life is filled with glee
Hate is nonexistent
Life's tranquility.
 Wasps pull out their stingers
 Cows give milk in jars
 Everything's so peaceful
 On my turpentine farm

Watermelon apples
Grow on turnip trees
Water tastes like root beer
Root beer tastes like tea
 Everyone is friendly
 No one wishes harm
 On their fellow beings
 On my turpentine farm

ON MY TURPENTINE FARM

(OPUS 23)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

FOLK E

MON- EY GROWS ON
EV- RY ONE IS
STREAMS ARE FILLED WITH
WAT- ER MEL- ON

BUSH-ES MINCE-MEAT GROWS ON
HAP- PY EV- RY ONE'S SO
HONEY LIFE IS FILLED WITH
AP- PLES GROW ON TUR- NIP

TRES TREES PLEASED
GLEE
TREES

ONE CAN MILK A
WITH THEIR LIVES OF
HATE IS NON- EX-
WAT- ER TASTES LIKE

CHICK-EN LOV-ING
-IS- TANT
ROOT-BEER

WHILE STING- ING A
WITH THEIR LIVES OF
LIFE'S TRAN- QUI- L-
ROOT- BEER TASTES LIKE

BEE- EASE
-TY.
TEA

E

EV - RY - ONE'S SO PLEA - SENT
PLAS - TIC HAY IS STORED UP
WASPS PULL OUT THEIR STINGERS
EV - RY - ONE IS FREIND - LY

A E

EV - EN TOADS GOT CHARM
IN A RUB - BER BARN
COWS GIVE MILK IN JARS
NO ONE WISH - ES HARM

A E

AND ALL ICE CREAM HAS BONES
IN A SUG - AR CUBE FIELD
EV - RY - THINGS SO PEACE - FUL
ON THEIR FEL - LOW BE - INGS

B A 1. 2. E

ON MY TUR - PEN - TINE FARM

REPEAT TWICE

3. E a CODA

FARM

CODA E

CODA

22. Irrespective Dementia

1967

- Audio: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/022_IrrespectiveDementia1VirginCancer.mp3
- Score: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/022_IrrespectiveDementia.pdf

My attempt at some serious atonal music in 1967 when I was 17. The first movement, titled *Virgin Cancer*, is based on a nonstandard progression of major minor sevenths. The lead, played on fuzz guitar, is haunting. I recorded this in 1969 at Rose-Hulman, my undergraduate college. John Lawrence, a school chum, was a weekend red eye DJ on WBOW-AM in Terre Haute. (BOW = 'banks of the Wabash'.) The recording was so good, John played it one night and asked callers to guess who the artist was. I remember one said Frank Zappa. It was a complement. The second movement of *Irrespective Dementia* could be used as background music for a chase scene in a movie. I've never heard the music I wrote - I just imagined it in my mind.

I really like the music and have used the motifs elsewhere:

- The first movement of *Irrespective Dementia* reappears in Opus#100, *Lazarus Waltz & Fanfare*.
- The second movement inspires a lot of Opus #105, *The Fall*.
- The third movement of *Irrespective Dementia* is reborn in two places. Opus #52 *Dance of the Libertine* and Opus #114 *Dance of the Biploar Darwinist*.

21. You Just Run

1967

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/021_YouJustRun.mid

Lots of 60's rock used chord progressions where a chord pattern was slid up and down, the guitar neck. Such is the case for this song. The melody that goes with it is great.

You Just Run

When you see me coming
 You just run
All my life, forever
 You just run

I tried so hard
To make you change your mind
But you just turned your back
And left me there cryin'
 I love you
 Can't you see
 Darling, darling
 What you mean to me now
 What you meant to me

When you see me coming
 You just run
All my life, forever
 You just run

I try so hard
To say what I feel for you
You just close your mind
And won't let it through
 I love you
 You'd love me
 Darling, darling
 Come on back to me now
 Come on back to me

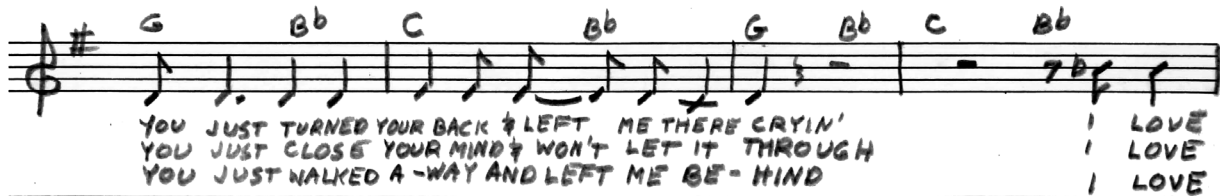
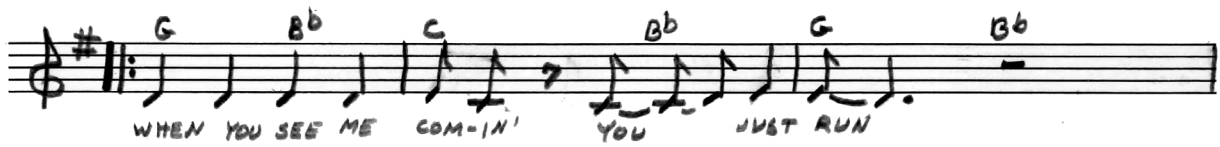
When you see me coming
 You just run
All my life, forever
 You just run

I tried so hard
To rearrange your mind
But you just walked away
And left me behind
 I love you
 Can't you see
 Darling, darling
 What you mean to me now
 What you mean to me

YOU JUST RUN

(OPUS 21)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II



A musical staff in G major with a treble clef. The notes are G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5. Chords are indicated above the staff: Dm above the first two notes, Cm above the next two, Dm above the next two, and Cm above the last two.

YOU CAN'T YOU SEE - DAR-LIN' DAR-LIN' WHAT YOU MEAN TO
 YOU YOU'D LOVE ME PLEASE DAR-LIN' DAR-LIN' COME ON BACK TO
 YOU CAN'T YOU SEE - DAR-LIN' DAR-LIN' WHAT YOU MEAN TO

A musical staff in G major with a treble clef. The notes are G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5. Chords are indicated above the staff: G above the first note, Bb above the second, C above the third, Bb above the fourth, G above the fifth, Bb above the sixth, C above the seventh, and Bb above the eighth. A first ending bracket covers the last four notes, with a '1.2' marking above it. A 'REPEAT TWICE' annotation is written to the right of the staff.

ME NOW WHAT YOU MEANTO ME REPEAT
 ME NOW PLEASE COME BACK TO ME TWICE
 ME NOW WHAT YOU MEANTO (ME) CAUSE

A musical staff in G major with a treble clef. The notes are G4, A4, B4, C5, G4, A4, B4, C5. Chords are indicated above the staff: G above the first note, Bb above the second, C above the third, Bb above the fourth, and G above the fifth. A triplet bracket covers the first three notes.

ME

20. You Done Lost Your Baby

1967

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/020_YouDoneLostYourBaby.wav

Wonderful melody! I used to sing this with Jim Fosnight, a teen friend who taught me to steal and pick up girls. His only redeeming quality was his beautiful singing voice. When we sang this together acapella, all were in awe. The chord progression is one you'd hear in the 50's. Mom loved this song. I think it's her favorite of my songs. The words are okay for a pop song, *Jesus Christ is Comin' Back Again* (Opus 93), has the same melody and is a much better song.

The last I heard of Jim was that he was in jail for military desertion.

You Done Lost Your Baby

Girl go cry your heart out
Pay for all your sins
You done lost your baby
And you ain't gonna get him back again

Girl I hope your heart breaks
Breaks just right in two
Just like mine once die
And you hate me just like I hate you

Cause this loving thing it goes two ways babe
It takes two to tango can't you see
You gotta give as well as take babe
And you ain't giving nothing back to me

Girl don't come back beggin'
Please just let me be
I can't stand your presence
And I don't care what you think of me

YOU DONE LOST YOUR BABY

(OPUS 20)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

C

C

G7 C

TO CODA

F 1/2 C G7 2. C G7

F C F

C F C

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half). Above the staff, the chord D^7 is written above the first measure, G above the eighth measure, and $F\#^al$ above the final measure. Below the staff, the lyrics "YOU AIN'T GIV-IN' NOTH-IN' BACK TO ME SO" are written, with a horizontal line under "SO" indicating a long note.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, labeled "CODA" with a circled C below it. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody consists of the following notes: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half). Below the staff, the lyrics "ME" are written under the first note, and "T T T T" are written under the subsequent four notes.

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.

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.

(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.

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.

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.

YOU AIN'T GONNA DIE (YOU'RE GONNA UGLY AWAY)

(OPUS 19)

WORDS $\frac{3}{4}$
MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

Musical staff with notes and chords C7 and G7.

Musical staff with notes and chords C7 and G7.

YOU GOT THE DIS-PO-SI-TION OF A SEW-ER RAT YOU MAKE LOVE LIKE A CRIP-PLD
 (-) EV-RY TIME YOU MOVE FOR YOU IT'S-A MAJ-OR CHORE YOU GOT TO TURN SIDE-WAYS TO GO
 (YOU) HAVE THE DAIN-TY FIG-URE OF A BAT-TLE SHIP YOUR MOUTH SEEMS TO WANT TO HAVE A

Musical staff with notes and chords F7 and G7.

VAM-PI-RE CAT YOU SMELL SOME-THING LIKE A MILL-DEWED BATH ROOM MAT YOU
 THRU A DOOR YOUR YOUR CON-VER-SA-TIONS FILLED WITH A SORT-ED SNORTS YOU
 FISHOOK IN IT YOU WALK LIKE YOU'RE IN SOME KIND OF MEN-TAL FIT YOUR

Musical staff with notes and chords C7 and G7.

WHEN YOU LAUGH RIP-PLES FLOW DOWN YOUR FAT } YOU AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOU
 GOT THE COM- PLEX-ION OF AN IN-FEC-TED WART }
 SKIN'S A-BOUT AS SMOOTH AS A CATCH-ER'S MIT }

Musical staff with notes and chords F7, G7, C, and G7.

AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOU AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOU'RE GON-NA UG-LY A-WAY

REPEAT TWICE

YOU

Musical staff with notes and chords C7 and G7.

UG UG UG-LY A-WAY YOU'RE GON-NA UG UG

Musical staff with notes and chords F7 and G7.

UG-LY A-WAY YOU'RE GON-NA UG UG UG-LY A-WAY YOU'RE GON-NA

C⁷ G⁷ F⁷

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

G⁷ C G⁷ C⁷

AINT 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

AINT GON-NA DIE YOUR GON-NA

18. Wishes

1965

Written to a high school girl I had a crush on. Melody reused in Opus #122 *The OINK OINK Song*.

Wishes

Wish that I could look at you and say
I love you
Wish my shyness would just fade away
I love you
I just sit and cry
You don't know I'm alive
Say you do
I'd be true
I love you

I go to bed and cry myself to sleep
I love you
I just lie there like a child and weep
I love you
Look me in the eyes
See the tears I've cried
Say you do
I'd be true
I love you

It's said one can't love one one doesn't know
I love you
But I love you more than one could know
I love you

Maybe soon some day
You'll turn to me and say
Say you do
I'd be true
I love you

WORDS & MUSIC
BY ROBERT J.
MARKS II

WISHES

(OPUS 18)

C E^m A^m C E^m A^m E^m

♩ C E^m A^m C E^m A^m

— WISH THAT I COULD LOOK AT YOU AND SAY I LOVE YOU
(2) GO TO BED AND CRY MY-SELF TO SLEEP I LOVE YOU
(IT'S) SAID ONE CAN'T LOVE ONE ONE DOESN'T KNOW I LOVE YOU

C E^m A^m C E^m A^m

WISH MY SHY-NESS WOULD JUST FADE A-WAY I LOVE YOU
I JUST LIE THERE LIKE A CHILD AND WEEP I LOVE YOU
BUT I LOVE YOU MORE THAN ONE COULD KNOW I LOVE YOU

C E^m A^m C C E^m A^m C A^m C

I JUST SIT AND CRY YOU DON'T KNOW I'M A-LIVE
LOOK ME IN THE EYES — SEE THE TEAR'S I'VE CRIED SAY YOU
MAY-BE SOON SOME DAY YOU'LL TURN TO ME AND SAY

♩ A^m C A^m E^m A^m E^m C E^m A^m E^m

DO I'D BE TRUE I LOVE YOU { I LOVE

♩ TO CODA

C A^m C A^m

CAN BE STRANGE IN WAYS IT'S NOT WHAT PEO-PLE SAY IT

C Am Em C al CODA

SEEMS TO DIE WITH AGE AND SLOW-LY FADE A-WAY IT'S

⊕ CODA C Em Am Em C

you

17. Trying Not to Get Upset

1968

This song is largely Blaise Pascal/Kurt Cobain whimsy with an attempt to make effective comment on the certainty of death. Light lively tune.

Trying Not to Get Upset

Standing naked on a bread crumb, crying salty tears.
Biting nails and cracking knuckles, to relieve the fear.
Trying not to get upset, trying not to cry.
Hoping for some miracle, so you'll never die.

Eating buttered peas and onions, on an old ant hill.
Crushing ants and smashing spiders, on a window sill.
Trying hard to break up all the monotony.
Trying to grow apple pie on a mince meat tree.

Peeling `taters in the bathtub, on a Tuesday morn.
Thinkin' that you started dieing, as soon as you'se born.
Got to get it off your mind: eat a rubber band.
Build a chocolate air hole factory for the doughnut man.

Stacking BB's on a marble Wednesday afternoon,
Softly screaming at the sun and swearing at the moon.
Searchin' for the rainbow's end, for that pot of gold.
Planting gardens full of fruit, and harvesting mold.

Whistling Dixie through your navel, drinking turpentine.
Eating pork and radish pudding, just to pass the time.
Trying not to get upset, tryin' to not think why
In less than a century, you'll just up and die.

TRYING NOT TO GET UPSET

(opus 17)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

G D⁷ E^m E^m D⁷ G G^{sus} G G D⁷

STAND-ING NAK-ED
EAT-ING BUT-TERED
PEEL-ING TATERs
STACK-ING B⁶s
WHIST-LEIN' DIXIE

G E^m G G^{sus} G G D⁷

ON A BREAD CRUMB CRY-ING SAL-TY TEARS BIT-ING NAILS AND
PEAS AN ON IONS ON AN OLD ANT HILL CRUSH-ING ANTS AND
IN A BATH TUB ON A TUES-DAY MORN THINK-IN THAT YOU
ON A MAR-^{BLE} WEDS-DAY AF-TER NOON SOFT-LY SCREAM-IN
THRU YOUR NA-VEL DRINK-ING TUR-PEN-TINE EAT-ING PORK AND

G E^m G G^{sus} G

CRACK-IN KNUCK-LES TO RE-LIEVE YOUR FEARS
SMASH-IN SPID-ERS ON A WIN-^{OW} SILL
START-ED DY-ING AS SOON AS YEZ BORN
AT THE SUN AND SWEAR-ING AT THE MOON
RAD-ISH PUB-BING JUST TO PASS THE TIME

G D⁷ E^m G D⁷ E^m

TRY-ING NOT TO YOU GET UP-SET TRY-ING NOT TO CRY
JUST TRY-ING TO BREAK UP ALL THE MON-OT-^{NY}
GOT TO GET IT OFF YOUR MIND EAT A RUB-BER BAND
SEARCH-IN FOR THAT RAIN-BOW'S END FOR THAT POT OF GOLD
TRY-ING NOT TO GET UP-SET TRYIN TO NOT THINK WHY

G D⁷ E^m | 1. D⁷ G G^{sus} G

HOP-ING FOR SOME MIR-A-CLE SO YOU'LL NEV-ER DIE
TRY-ING TO GROW AP-^{PLE} PIE
BUILD A CHOC-LATE AIR-HOLE FAC-TORY
PLANT-ING GAR-DENS FULL OF FRUIT
IN LESS THAN A CEN-TUR-Y

2. E^m D⁷ G G^{sus} G G D⁷ E^m D⁷ G G^{sus} G

ON A MINCE-MEAT TREE

E^m D⁷ G G^{sus} G A^m D⁷ G G^{sus} G
 FOR THE DOUGH-NUT MAN AND HAR-VESTING MOLD

G D⁷ E^m D⁷ G G^{sus} G | 5 G D⁷
 MUCH SLOWER
 YOU'LL JUST UP AND

C G
 DIE

16. Sweet Death

1966

Thoughts of teenage suicide have been around for quite some time. (More grunge, I suppose). I remember holding a butcher knife in a self stabbing position when I was five years old. Our family then lived in an apartment in Cleveland. I was curious what it would feel like to stab myself and die. I dismissed the thought, put down the knife, and went to play with my Lincoln logs. This song was not written when I was depressed. It was written in an attempt to walk through the process, and possibly to shock. In college, I sang it at a coffee house in Terre Haute. The guy who ran the coffee house, a pastor, said I was preoccupied with death. I wasn't, but took the comment as a complement.

Sweet Death

Slowly I fade into the night.
Hoping to find some revenge on life.
To die the death of an honorable man.
And complete life's awful plan.
 And complete life's awful plan.

So deeply dark, the water's foam.
Beckoning me so loudly to come.
And join the ranks of eternity.
And of this life be free.
 And of this life be free.

Quickly I jump, to avoid thoughts.
To overcome the troubles I've wrought.
The night's cold air streaks past my face.
Death hasn't long to wait.
 Death hasn't long to wait.

Cold black water fills my lungs.
My solemn song, I've finally sung.
It's dark as hell and cold as night.
And sweet death's now in sight.
And sweet death's now in sight.

SWEET DEATH

(OPUS 16)

WORDS & MUSIC BY
ROBERT J. MARKS II

C E^m A^m E^m C E^m A^m F#

C E^m A^m E^m

SLOW - LY I FADE IN - TO THE NIGHT
SO DEEP AND DARK THE WAT - ERS FOAM
QUICK - LY I JUMP TO AV - OID THOUGHTS
COLD BLACK WAT - ER FILLS MY LUNGS MY

C E^m A^m E^m

HOP - ING TO FIND SOME RE - VENGE ON LIFE TO
BE - CON - ING ME SO LOUD - LY TO COME AND
TO O - VER - COME THE TROUB - LES I'VE WROUGHT THE
SOL - EMN SONG I'VE FIN - A - LY SUNG IT'S

C E^m A^m E^m

DIE THE DEATH OF AN NON - ORA - BLE MAN AND
JOIN THE RANKS OF OF ET - ER - NI - TY AND
NIGHTS COLD AIR STREAKS PAST MY FACE DEATH
DARK AS HELL AND COLD AS NIGHT AND

C E^m A^m E^m

COM - PLETE LIFE'S AW - FUL PLAN FREE AND
OF THIS LIFE BE TO WAIT AND
HAS - N'T LONG TO WAIT DEATH
SWEET DEATH'S NOW IN SIGHT AND

C E^m A^m

COM - PLETE LIFE'S AW - FUL PLAN FREE
OF THIS LIFE BE TO WAIT
HAS - N'T LONG TO WAIT
SWEET DEATH'S NOW IN SIGHT

REPEAT 3 TIMES

15. Someday

1966

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/015_Someday.mid

I remember writing this at my Grandma Ormeda Marks' in West Virginia when I was 15. I associate it with a bloated gaseous feeling for some reason. This was my second attempt to use color chords, like major sevenths and minor ninths. I do the melody as a guitar piece solo.

Sweet Death

Loving you's like all of heaven
Came and laid down at feet
Loving you has made mere living
So exciting and so sweet
Oh life's so rich and so exciting
And you know it's true
Girl you are so exciting
How I do love you

Wait for that one day girl
When I will marry you
Someplace, sometime
Lord I pray it's soon
All the days we'll spend together
Just you and me
Somewhere, someday
Our dreams will come true

Cause ioving you's like all of heaven
Came and laid down at feet
Loving you has made mere living
So exciting and so sweet
Oh life's so rich and so exciting
And you know it's true
Girl you are so exciting
How I do love you
How I do love you

SOMEDAY

(OPUS 15)

WORDS & MUSIC
BY ROBERT J.
MARKS II

Musical staff with notes and chords: FMAJ7, CMAJ7, Am7, C

Musical staff with notes and chords: FMAJ7, CMAJ7, Am7

LOV-ING YOU'RE LIKE ALL OF HEA-VEN CAME AND LAID DOWN AT MY FEET

Musical staff with notes and chords: C, F, FMAJ7, C9, G#070

LOV-ING YOU HAS MADE MERE LIV-ING SO EX-CIT-ING AND SO SWEET OH

Musical staff with notes and chords: Dm, C9, F, FMAJ7

LIFE'S SO RICH AND SO EX-CIT-ING AND YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE

Musical staff with notes and chords: FMAJ7, F, FMAJ7, G7

GIRL YOU ARE OH SO IN-VIT-ING HOW I DO LOVE

TO CODA

CMAJ7 CMAJ7 Dm CMAJ7 F

YOU WAIT FOR THAT ONE DAY-GIRL WHEN I WILL MAR-RY

F FMAJ7 CMAJ7 Dm

YOU SOME-PLACE SOME-TIME LORD I PRAY IT'S SOON ALL THE

CMAJ7 F FMAJ7

DAYS WE'LL SPEND TO-GETH-ER JUST ME AND YOU

FMAJ7 G7 CMAJ7 C CODA

SOME-WHERE SOME-DAY OUR DREAMS WILL COME TRUE, 'CAUSE

CODA C F C G ARPEGGIO (IN FIFTHS)

YOU HOW I DO LOVE YOU

14. She's Mine

1966

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/014_ShesMine.mp3

Another song that wrote itself. In 1973, Pat Kelley & I did a farce bubble gum recording of this with a guitar solo drenched in reverb. We laughed at our parody so hard we cried.

She's Mine

I gotta girl
To love and hold
We gotta love
That's good as gold
And she's mine
She's all mine

Well I love her
And she loves me
And we want all the world to see
That she's mine
She's all mine

All the love we share each day
Makes me happy and glad to say
That she's mine
She's all mine

When I feel low
She comforts me
Cause I know deep
Inside of me
She's mine
She's all mine

SHE'S MINE

(OPUS 14)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

Musical staff with notes and chords G, C, D7, G, C.

(WELL) I GOT-TA GIRL TO LOVE AND HOLD AND
(WHEN) I LOVE HER AND SHE LOVES ME AND
FEEL LOW SHE COM-FORTS ME 'CAUSE

WE GOT-TA LOVE AS GOOD AS GOLD AND
I WANT ALL THE WORLD TO SEE THAT SHE'S MINE
I KNOW DEEP IN-SIDE OF ME THAT)

SHE'S ALL MINE

TO CODA

{WELL

ALL THE LOVE WE SHARE EACH DAY

MAKES ME HAPPY AND GLAD TO

MAN
 SAND
 LIFE
 LAND

FRANK-Y TOLD JOEY HOW RICH THEY WOULD BE ON
 FRANK-Y TOLD JOEY OF LIFE FILLED WITH MIRTH ON THE BA-
 THERE WERE NO DIAMONDS AND NO GOLDEN SAND OFF
 FRANK-Y AND JOEY ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME ON

NA-NA-BOAT

REPEAT
 THRICE

13. Please Don't Go

1966

This has one of my favorite melodies, especially the echo singing part. Used again in *Jelly Beans* (Opus #66) and *Together in the Lord* (Opus #85). Connie and I sang *Together in the Lord* to each other at our wedding.

Please Don't Go

I walk the night
Wondering why
Why you have left me
I love you so
And I won't let go

You said that I
Just left you dry
But baby don't you know
I love you so
And I won't let go

I walk the night
Biding my time
Wondering why
I'm starting to cry

I know that you
Do what you do
To conserve all your pride
I love you so
Baby please don't go

PLEASE DON'T GO

(OPUS 13)

WORDS & MUSIC by
ROBERT J.
MARKS II

I WALK THE NIGHT
YOU SAID THAT I
TRAN-QUIL-I-TY'S
I KNOW THAT YOU

WON-DER-IN' WHY
JUST LEFT YOU DRY
A-BAND-ONED ME
DO WHAT YOU DO

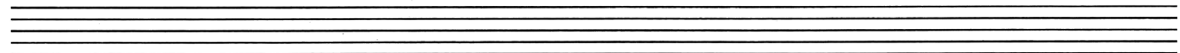
WHY
BUT
TO

YOU HAVE LEFT ME I LOVE YOU SO AND I WON'T LET
BABY DON'T YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU SO GA-GY PLEASE DON'T
KNOWING WHAT HAS BEEN GIRL DON'T YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU
CON-SERVE ALL YOUR PRIDE I LOVE YOU SO BABY PLEASE DON'T

I WALK THE NIGHT

BID-ING MY TIME TRYIN' TO DE-CIDE WON-DER-IN' WHY, WHY

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The first measure contains a whole note chord E with the lyric "I'M" below it. The second measure contains a whole note chord E7 with the lyric "START-IN' TO" below it. The third measure contains a whole note chord A with the lyric "TO" below it. The fourth measure contains a whole note chord D with the lyric "CAY" below it. The fifth measure contains a whole note chord A with the lyric "CAY" below it. The sixth measure contains a whole note chord E7 with the lyric "CAY" below it. Above the staff, there are handwritten notes: "(OCTAVE LOWER)" above the A chord, and "CODA (WITH REPEAT)" above the E7 chord. There are also some scribbles and a circled '8' above the E7 chord.



Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The first measure contains a whole note chord F#m with the lyric "CODA" above it. The second measure contains a whole note chord E7 with the lyric "CODA" above it. The third measure contains a whole note chord A with the lyric "CODA" above it. The staff ends with a double bar line.

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 A LIFE OF PURE TRANQUILITY
FEET

A E

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

A B

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

E A Am E

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

E G#m B E

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

REPEAT 3RD TIME a Coda
B7 TIME a Coda E

11. On the Bananaboat

1966

I was a great fan of Bob Dylan. His protest work was great. This song contains my impressions of what was politically correct. But I was a rebel without a clue. The song title, I remember, went perfectly with the music. The melody was later used in *Marilee's Melody*. (Opus #99)

On the Bananaboat

Franky and Joey came from overseas
On the bananaboat
Hoping to see what they could see
On the bananaboat
 Franky told Joey this golden land
 Where there was peace
 And love of fellow man
Franky told Joey how rich they would be
On the bananaboat

Franky told Joey of heaven on earth
On the bananaboat
Nights filled with parties and days without work
On the bananaboat
 Franky told Joey of this lovely land
 Full of big diamonds and filled with golden sand
 Franky told Joey of life filled with mirth
On the bananaboat

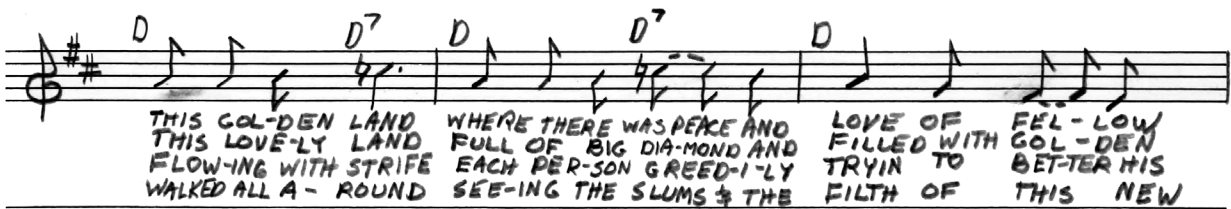
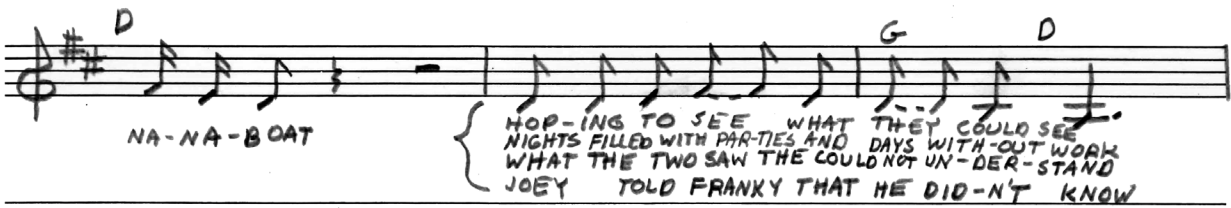
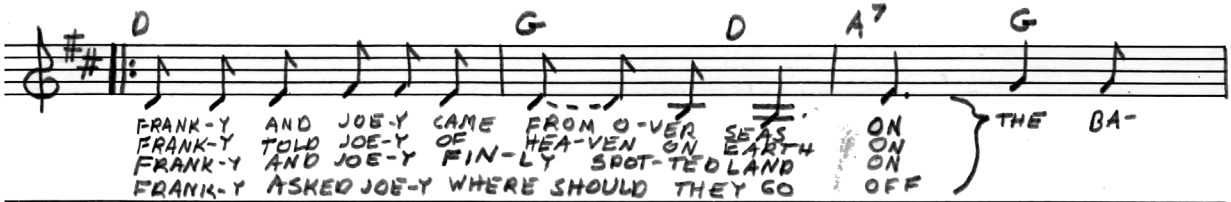
Franky & Joey finally spotted land
On the bananaboat
What the two saw they could not understand
On the bananaboat
 They saw a land overflowing with strife
 Each person greedily trying to better their life
There were no diamonds and no golden sand
On the bananaboat

Joey asked Franky where they should go
Off the bananaboat
Franky told Joey that he didn't know
Off the bananaboat
 Franky and Joey, they walked all around
 Seeing the slums & the filth of this new land
 Franky and Joey are on their way home
On the bananaboat

ON THE BANANABOAT

(OPUS II)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II



MAN
 SAND
 LIFE
 LAND

FRANK-Y TOLD JOEY HOW RICH THEY WOULD BE ON
 FRANK-Y TOLD JOEY OF LIFE FILLED WITH MIRTH ON THE BA-
 THERE WERE NO DIAMONDS AND NO GOLDEN SAND OFF
 FRANK-Y AND JOEY ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME ON

NA-NA-BOAT

REPEAT
 THRICE

10. My Happy Family

1966

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/010_MyHappyFamily.wav

I was a Frank Zappa fan. On their *We're Only in it for the Money* album, they had a song about the goings on in a weird family. This was my inspiration here.

My Happy Family

Daddy, Mom & my sister
Live in a house with me
It overlooks a cow pasture
With dead crab apple trees.
 Daddy washes dishes
 Down at Friendly Freddy's Bar
 He sweeps the floor and Drinks
And puts dry pretzels in a jar.

Mommy fix's TV's
And on Tuesday afternoons
She butchers cows with Daddy
As they whistle merry tunes.
 Sissy collects boy friends
 `Cause she hates to be alone.
 I never see her much
She doesn't even sleep at home

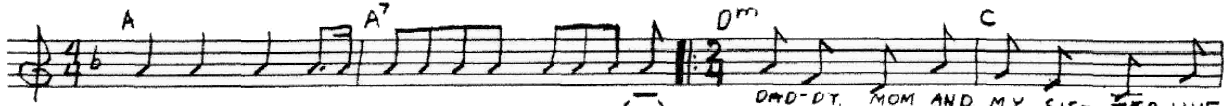
Friday is my favorite
`Cause we all get in the car
And go downtown & roll the drunks
At Friendly Freddy's Bar.
 Then we all sit down
 And wash away the laughter tears
 And talk about the beat up drunks
And drink Freddy's warm beer.

But I get sick on beer
No matter if it's warm or cold.
So Mommy says I cay drink whiskey
When I'm twelve years old.
 Mommy, Dad and my sister
 Live in a house with me.
 We're such a lovely beautiful
And happy family.

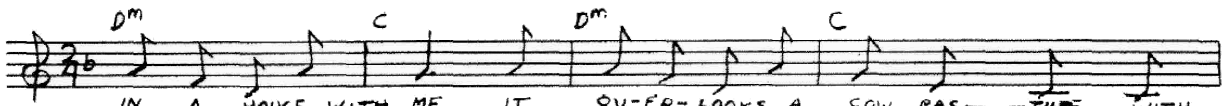
WORDS AND MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

MY HAPPY FAMILY

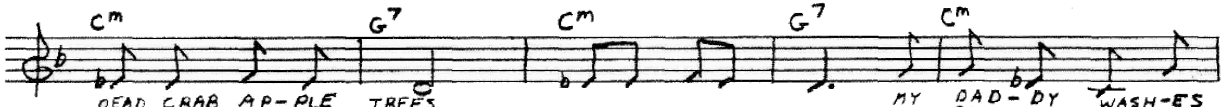
(OPUS 10)



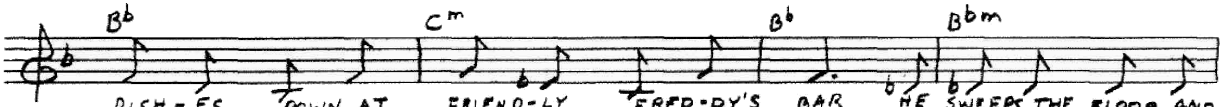
DAD-DY MOM AND MY SIS-TER LIVE
MOM-MY FIX-ES T. V.'S AND ON
ERI-DAY IS MY FAV-RITE CAUSE WE
(BUT) I GET SICK ON BEER NO MATTER



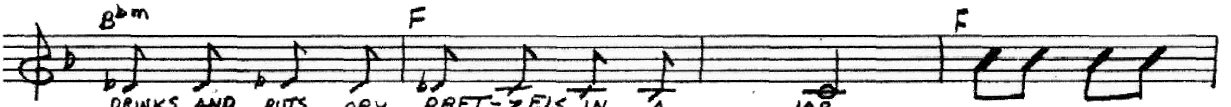
IN A HOUSE WITH ME IT OV-ER-LOOKS A COW PAS-TURE WITH
TUES-DAY AF-TER-NOONS SHE BUTCH-ERS COWS WITH DAD-DY WHILE SHE
ALL GET IN THE CAR AND GO DOWN-TOWN AND ROLL THE DRUMS AT
IF IT'S WARM OR COLD SO MOM-MY SAID I COULD DRINK WHIS-KEY



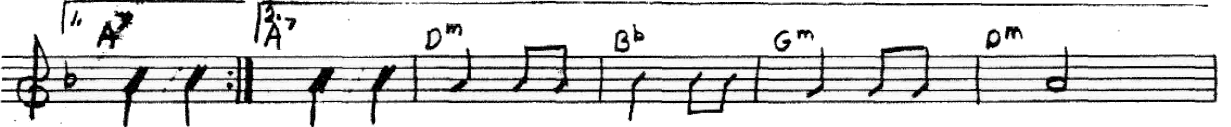
DEAD CRAB AP-PLE TREES MY DAD-DY WASH-ES
WHIS-TLES MER-RY TUNE'S MY SIS-TER COL-LECTS
FRIEND-LY FRED-DY'S BAR AND THEN WE ALL SIT
WHEN I'M TWELVE YEARS OLD YES DAD-DY MOM AND



DISH-ES DOWN AT FRIEND-LY FRED-DY'S BAR HE SWEEPS THE FLOOR AND
BOY-FRIENDS CAUSE SHE HATES TO BE A LONE I NEV-ER SEE HER
DOWN AND WASH A-WAY THE LAUGH-TER TEARS AND TALK A-BOU-T THE
MY SIS-TER LIVE IN A HOUSE WITH ME WE'RE SUCH A LOVE-LY



DRINKS AND PUTS ORY DRET-ZELS IN A JAR
MUCH; SHE DOES-N'T EV-EN SLEEP AT HOME
BEAT UP DRUMS AND DRINK FRED-DY'S COLD BEER
BEAU-TI-FUL AND HAP-PY FAM-I-LY



Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords: Dm, Bb, Gm, A, A7.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords: 3. A7, 4. A7, Dm, Bb, Gm, Dm. Includes a double bar line with repeat dots and the word "OUT" below the first measure.

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords: Dm, Bb, Gm, A, A7.

Musical staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of one flat (Bb). Chords: Dm, A7, Dm, D. Includes a double bar line.

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

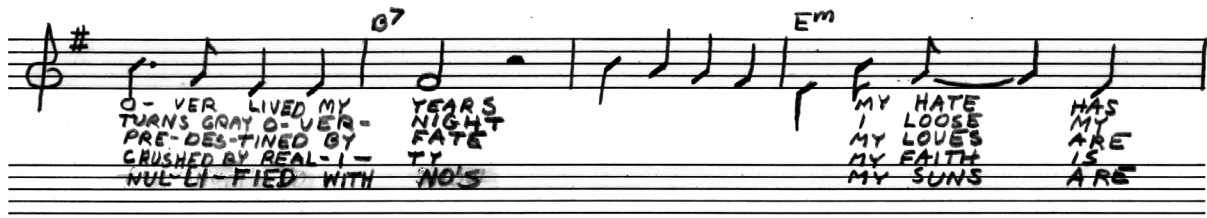
(OPUS 9)

Em



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

B7 Em



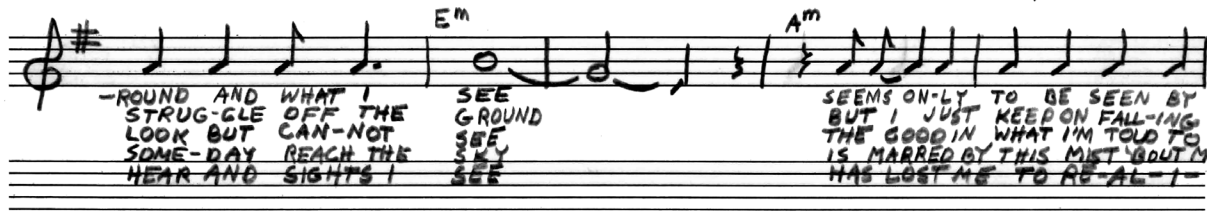
O-VER LIVED MY YEARS MY HATE HAS
TURNS GRAY O-VER-NIGHT I LOOSE MY
PRE-DESTINED BY FATE MY LOVES ARE
CRUSHED BY REAL-I-TY MY FAITH IS
NUL-LI-FIED WITH NO'S MY SUNS ARE

B7 Am



OV-ER-COME MY FEARS I LOOK A-
WARS BE-FORE I FIGHT I TRY TO
MOLD-ED IN-TO HATE I STRAIN TO
DEADENED BY WHAT I SEE MY GOAL TO
ALL S MOTHERED WITH SNOW THE THOUGHTS I

Em Am



-ROUND AND WHAT I SEE SEEMS ON-LY TO BE SEEN BY
STRUG-GLE OFF THE GROUND BUT I JUST KEEP ON FALL-ING
LOOK BUT CAN-NOT SEE THE GOOD IN WHAT I'M TOLD TO
SOME-DAY REACH THE SKY IS MARRIED BY THIS MIST'BOU MY
HEAR AND SIGHTS I SEE HAS LOST ME TO RE-AL-I-

B7 REPETE 4 TIMES Em



ME DOWN
BE EYES
-TY

8. I'm Sad & I'm Lonely

1966

This song wrote itself. I felt obligated to write it down. This melody has the flavor of an American folk song.

I'm Sad & I'm Lonely

I'm sad and I'm lonely
I wish I could only
Just be by your side
And hold your fair hand
 The ocean between us
 Won't ever confine us
 To not love each other
 `Cross far distant lands

The days pass like nightmares
Wishing I could be there
And hold you and love you
And kiss your sweet lips
 Because soon someday
 I'll take you away
 And catch up on
 All of the love we have missed

I'm sad and I'm lonely
 Wishing with you I could be
To be sad and lonely
 Is such a sweet sorrowful thing.

I'll work and I'll slave
`Till my dying day
To get `cross that ocean
And get close to you
 I'm so sick inside
 I wish I could die
 Just knowing the time
 It will take to see you

I'M SAD AND I'M LONELY

(OPUS 8)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

B^b C

I'M
THE
I'LL

C F

SAD AND I'M LONE- LY I WISH I COULD ON- LY JUST
DAYS PASS LIKE NIGHT- MARES WISH- ING I COULD BE THERE AND
WORK AND I'LL SLAVE TILL MY DY- ING DAY TO

G⁷

BE BY YOUR SIDE AND HOLD YOUR FAIR HAND THE
HOLD YOU AND LOVE YOU AND KISS YOUR SWEET LIPS BE-
GET 'CROSS THAT O-CEAN AND GET CLOSE TO YOU I'M

C F

O- CEAN BET- WEEN US WON'T EV- ER CON- FINE US TO
CAUSE SOON SOME- DAY I'LL TAKE YOU A WAY AND
SO SICK IN- SIDE I WISH I COULD DIE JUST

C G⁷ C TO CODA

NOT LOVE EACH OTH- ER 'CROSS FAR DIS- TANT LANDS
CATCH UP ON ALL OF THAT LOVE I HAVE MISSED I'M
KNOW- ING THE TIME IT WILL TAKE TO SEE YOU

F C

SAD AND I'M LONE- LY WISH-

G⁷ C

ING THAT YOU I COULD SEE TO

F C
BE SAD AND LONE-LY IS

G⁷ C
SUCH A SWEET SOR-ROW-FUL THING ^{al Coda}

⊕ CODA
C

7. I'll Love You Always

1966

I took guitar lessons for a year. I think it was during my junior year in high school. There, I learned the wonders of major and minor seventh chords. This is my first song using them. The melody is quite beautiful. As a senior in high school, I used to skip and spend lunch periods in the music department. Another senior, Ed Kozy, would also skip. He was a singer that had sung at some of the school's assemblies. I would chord the changes on a piano and he would sing. He said it was one of the most beautiful songs he had ever heard. I remember this as the first complement I ever had about my music.

The melody was reused in Opus #116 *Eutychus In The Dirt* and Opus #117 *Atheists Always Seem Angry*.

I'll Love You Always

Darling.

I'll love you always

I'll love you always

`Till I die

Say that

You'll love me too girl

You'll love me too girl

`Till you die

Darling hear my plea

Please come on back to me

For I swear by heaven above

It's only you I love

Truly

Deep down inside you

You'll love me always

`Till you die

Cause I know what they say

Our loving's going away

That your love is a lie

A lie from down inside

My darling

I'll love you always

I'll love you always

`Till I die

Darling hear my plea

Please come on back to me

Cause I love you

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS WORD & MUSIC
BY ROBERT
J. MARKS II
(OPUS 7)

FM7 F FM7 F

FM7 Gm7 FM7 Gm7

DAR-LING SAY THAT I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS YOU'LL LOVE ME TOO GIRL

FM7 Gm7 Am7 F Am Gm7

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS (TILL I DIE YOU'LL LOVE ME TOO GIRL (TILL YOU DIE

F F6 F F6 F F6 F TO CODA.

DAR-LING HEAR MY PLEA I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY DAR-LING HEAR MY PLEA PLEASE COME ON BACK TO ME OUR LOV-ING'S GONE A-WAY PLEASE COME ON BACK TO ME FOR THAT CAUS

Bb C C7

I SWEAR FROM A-BOVE IT'S ON-LY YOU I LOVE BUT OUR LOVE IS A LIE, A LIE FROM DOWN IN-SIDE MY

FM7 Gm7 FM7 Gm7
 TRUE-LY DAR-LING DEEP DOWN IN-SIDE YOU
 I'LL LOVE YOU AL-WAYS

FM7 Gm7 Am7 F Gm7
 YOU'LL LOVE ME AL-WAYS 'TILL YOU DIE
 I'LL LOVE YOU AL-WAY'S 'TILL I DIE CAUSE

F#m CODA
 MY

CODA FM7 C7 FM7 Gm FM7
 I LOVE YOU

6. I'll Keep On Waiting

1966

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/006_IIIkeepOnWating.mid

A standard pop love song.

I'll Keep On Waiting

I've seen you changing
Over the years
I've seen you crying
Soft quiet tears
 I've felt you loving
 Fading so slow
 But I'll still be faithful
 If you do go

Cause I'll keep on waiting
 Waiting for you
I'll keep on waiting
 What else can I do?

You came from heaven
Made just for me
I'll love you always
Girl can't you see
 My life's lived for you
 For you I'd die
 So please come back to me
 Or I'll surely die

But I'll keep on waiting
 Waiting for you
I'll keep on waiting
 What else can I do?

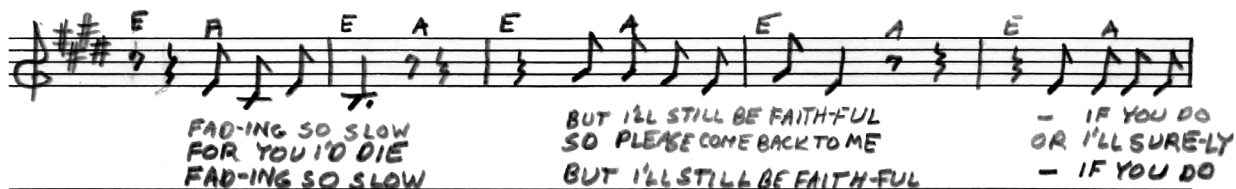
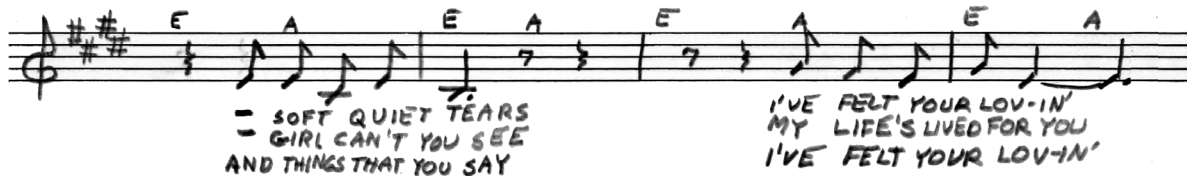
I've seen your loving
Fading away
In your embraces
And things that you say
 I've felt your loving
 Fading so slow
 But I'll still be faithful
 If you do go

Cause I'll keep on waiting
 Waiting for you
I'll keep on waiting
 What else can I do?

I'LL KEEP ON WAITING

(OPUS 6)

WORDS & MUSIC
BY ROBERT J.
MARKS II



Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G major (two sharps). The melody is written in treble clef. Chords B7, A, E, A, B7, and A are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "GO DIE GO CAUSE BUT CAUSE } I'LL KEEP ON WAIT-ING WAIT-ING FOR".

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G major. The melody continues with chords E, A, B7, A, E, A, B7, A, and B7. The lyrics are: "YOU YES I'LL KEEP ON WAIT-ING WHAT MORE CAN I DO". A double bar line with a repeat sign is followed by the instruction "REPEAT TWICE".

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff in G major. It shows a rhythmic accompaniment pattern with chords B7 and E. The notation ends with a double bar line.

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.

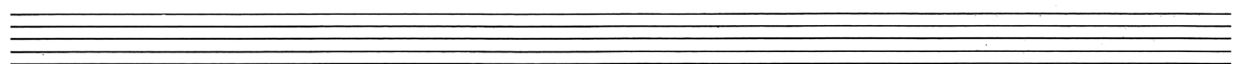
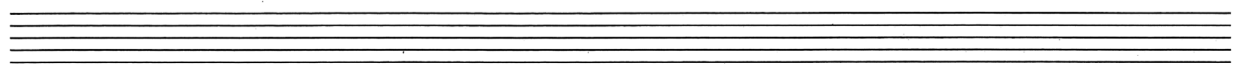
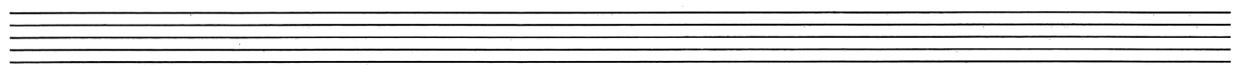
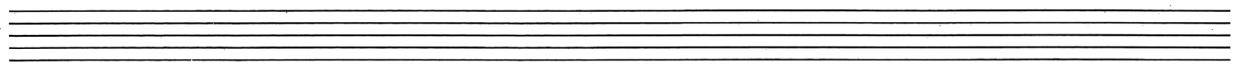
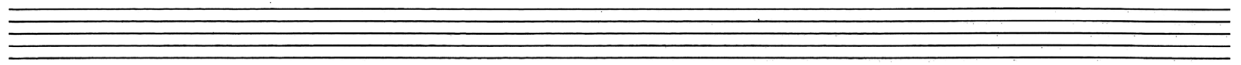
Here is an early version I played on guitar: http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/005_Lazonia.mp3

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



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.

4. Go On Home

1966

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/004_GoOnHome.wav

The quite phrases contrast powerfully with the bridge. It's a Barry Manilow melody. The instrumental riffs are good sad minor key stuff.

Go On Home

Look in my eyes
Try not to cry
For I am telling you
That Baby
It's all through

I live at night
Rotting inside
My life is where I roam
So baby
Go on home

I had no purpose
No reason except to die
You gave me purpose
A reason to be alive

Girl can't you see
The filth on me
The twisted things I do
Oh baby
It's all through

Please girl don't cry
Can't you see why
Why I must go
Please baby
Go on home

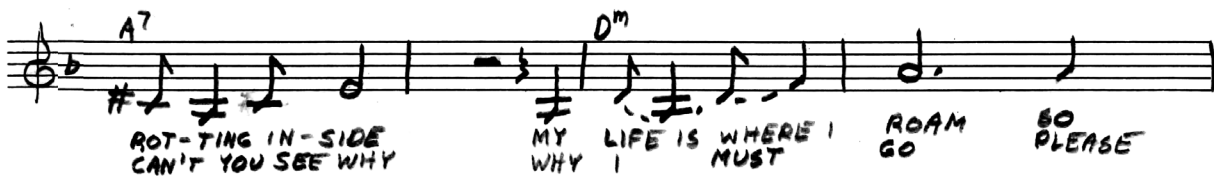
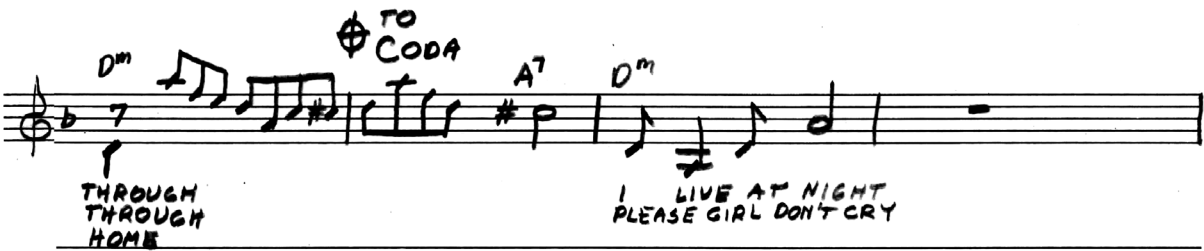
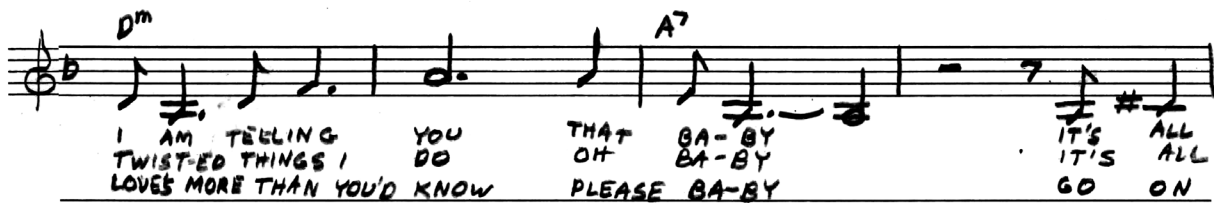
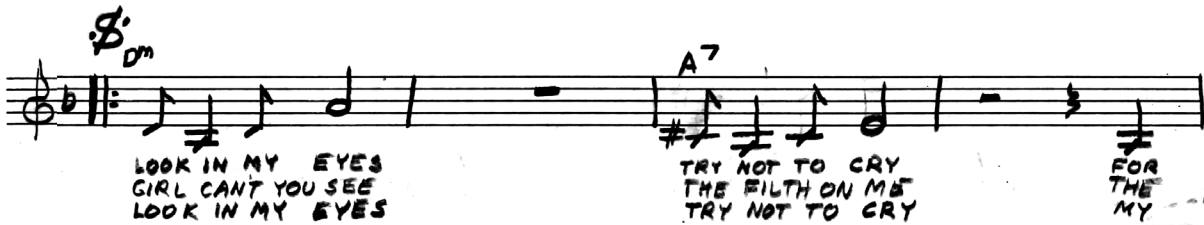
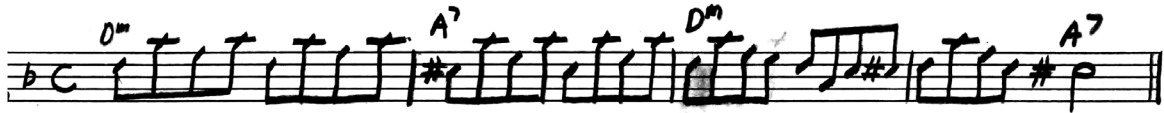
I have no purpose
And nowhere that I can go
It hurts to leave you
For I still love you so

Look in my eyes
Try not to cry
My love's more than you know
Please baby
Go on home

GO ON HOME

(OPUS 4)

WORDS & MUSIC BY
ROBERT J.
MARKS II



BA-BY
 BA-BY

GO ON HOME
 GO ON HOME

I HAD NO PUR-POSE NO REA-SON EX-CEPT TO DIE
 I HAVE NO FU-TURE AND NO-WHERE THAT I CAN GO

YOU GAVE ME PUR-POSE A REA-SON TO BE A-LIVE
 IT HURTS TO LEAVE YOU FOR I STILL LOVE YOU SO

CODA

CODA

3. Delirium Tremens

1966

I had never drank alcohol when I wrote this as a new teenager. The lyrics were published in a book of poetry when I was at college at Rose-Hulman. The melody, especially the two part duet at the end, is quite good.

Delirium Tremens

Drink your wine down
Go and sip your tea.
Let me alone
With my rye whisky

Go drink your pop and cherry wine
And eat your watermelon
Just let me be with my whisky
And I'll soon be in heaven

Eat your pork chops
And your long French fries
Give me whisky
Just let me get high

It tastes like oil and looks like gas
And smells like dirty water
Just close your eyes & open your mouth
And pour it tween your collar

Spread your cream cheese
On your raisin break
Give me whisky
Till I'm old and dead

I've ate your pork and chocolate bars
And sipped your instant tea
And all I want from this here life
Is my 'ol sour whisky

[Two part singing]
Eat you pork chops
(Tastes like oil and looks like gas)
And your long French fries
(And smells like dirty water)
Give me whisky
(Just close your eyes and open your mouth)
Just let me get high
(With my rye whisky)

Drink your wind down
(Drink your pop and cherry wine)
Go and sip your tea
(And eat your watermelon)
Let me alone
(Just let me be with my whisky)
With my rye whisky
(And I'll soon be in heaven)

DELIRIUM TREMENS

(OPUS 3)

WORDS & MUSIC
by ROBERT J.
MARKS II

Musical staff with notes and chords: A, A^{sus}, A, D, D^{sus}, D, A, E, A, A^{sus}, A

Musical staff with notes and chords: A, D, A

DRINK YOUR WINE DOWN GO AND SIP YOUR
EAT YOUR PORK CHOPS AND YOUR LONG FRENCH
SPREAD YOUR CREAM CHEESE ON YOUR RAISEN

Musical staff with notes and chords: E, A, D

TEA LET ME A - LONE
FRIES GIVE ME WHIS - KEY
BREAD GIVE ME WHIS - KEY

Musical staff with notes and chords: A, E, A, A

WITH MY RYE WHIS - KY GO DRINK YOUR POK AND
JUST LET ME GET HIGH IT TASTES LIKE OIL AND
TILL I'M OLD AND DEAD I'VE ATE YOUR POK AND

Musical staff with notes and chords: D, A, E

CHER - RY WINE AND EAT YOUR WAT - ER - MEL - ON JUST
LOOKS LIKE GAS AND SMELLS LIKE DIRTY WA - TER JUST
CHOC - LATE BARS AND SIPPED YOUR IN - STANT TEA AND

Musical staff with notes and chords: A, D, A, E, A

LET ME BE WITH MY WHIS - KY AND I'LL SOON BE IN HEAVEN
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND O - PEN YOUR MOUTH & POUH IT 'TWEEN YOUR COL - AR
ALL I WANT FROM THIS HERE LIFE IS MY OL' SO - UR WHIS - KEY IT

REPEAT TWICE

A D A

EAT YOUR DRINK YOUR PORK CHOPS WINE DOWN AND YOUR LONG FRENCH GO AND SIP YOUR

TASTES LIKE OIL AND LOOKS LIKE GAS AND SMELLS LIKE DIR-TY
 DRINK YOUR POP AND CHERRY WINE AND EAT YOUR WAT-ER-

E A D

FRIG'S TEA GIVE ME WHIS-KEY
 LET ME LET ME A-LONE

WATER MEL-ON JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND O-PEN YOUR MOUTH AND
 JUST LET ME BE WITH MY WHIS-KEY AND

A E 2A D

JUST LET ME GET HIGH - KEY OH
 WITH MY RYE WHIS- (KEY)

POUR IT 'TWEEN YOUR COLLAR YEAH HEA VEN OH
 I'LL SOON BE IN (HEAVEN)

A

LORD

LORD

2. Dear Sergeant

1968

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/002_DearSgt.wav

A private in boot camp naively asks his Sarge to teach him killing skills. This was a politically correct theme in the late 60's. I remember hearing the topical motif from somewhere, and thought it was neat. The melody was later used in *The Clean Room Song* (Opus #80).

Dear Sergeant

Dear Sergeant be patient with me
I'm new in the army you see
 Please teach me the skill
 On how one does kill
The things that are our enemies

The bayonet for one puzzles me
I am not so sure that I see
 Just what it does do
 Or how it is used
Please explain all the rules to me

If I stab him time and again
And he's still alive, what then?
 Should I just jab him
 Or once again stab him
Or just gouge him time and again?

The flame thrower interests me
But how should you burn enemies?
 Medium rare,
 Or `till their skin's bare
Of flesh and of normality.

About the gun I have with me
Where do I shoot the enemy?
 Below the thighs
 Or right in the eyes?
Please explain all the rules to me.

DEAR SERGEANT

(OPUS 2)

WORDS & MUSIC by
ROBERT J.
MARKS



DEAR SEAR-GENT BE PAT-IENT WITH ME I'M
(THE) BAYONET FOR ONE PUZ-ZLES ME I AND
(LE) I STAB HIM TIME AND A - GAIN BUT
(THE) FLAME-THROW-ER IN-TER-ESTS ME BUT
A - (A -) BOUT THE GUN I HAVE WITH ME WHERE

NEW IN THE AR-MY YOU SEE PLEASE
AM NOT SO SURE THAT I SEE JUST
HE'S STILL A - LIVE WHAT THEN
HOW SHOULD YOU BURN EN-I - MIES BE -
DO I SHOOT THE EN - I - MY

TEACH ME THE SKILL ON HOW ONE DOES KILL THE
WHAT IT DOES DO OR HOW IT IS USED PLEASE
SHOULD I JUST JAB HIM OR ONCE A - GAIN STAB HIM OR
ME - DI - UM RARE OR FILL THEIR SKIN'S BARE OF
LOW THE THIGHS OR RIGHT IN THE EYES PLEASE

THINGS THAT ARE OUR EN - I - MIES THE
EX - PLAIN ALL THE RULES TO ME IF
JUST GOUGE HIM TIME AND A - GAIN THE
FLESH AND OF NOR - MAL - I - TY A -
EX - PLAIN ALL THE RULES TO ME

1. And Then Came You

1966

I nice pop ballad.

And Then Came You

You said I
Taught you how to cry
Taught you what it meant
To die inside
 Oh but can't you see
 What you mean to me
 That I'll love you dearly `till I die

I know you
Treat me like you do
Just to show the whole world
That you're strong
 But I know you lied
 Cause I've seen you cry
 Over what you knew was all so wrong

All my life I've been looked down upon
 And then there came little you
I hadn't the courage to struggle on
 And then you came to see me through

You said I
Taught you how to cry
Taught you what it meant
To die inside
 Oh but can't you see
 What you mean to me
That I'll love you dearly `till I die
Until I die

AND THEN CAME YOU

(OPUS 1)

WORDS AND MUSIC
by ROBERT J
MARKS

Chords: C, A^m, F, G⁷, C, A^m, F, G⁷, G, F[#], F

Lyrics: (1,3) YOU SAID
2) I KNOW

Chords: G⁷, G, F[#], F, G⁷, G, F[#], F

Lyrics: YOU TAUGHT YOU HOW TO CRY
TREAT ME LIKE YOU DO TAUGHT YOU WHAT IT
JUST TO SHOW THE

Chords: G⁷, C, G⁷, A^m

Lyrics: MEANT TO DIE IN-SIDE OH BUT CAN'T YOU
WORLD - - THAT YOU'RE STRONG BUT I KNOW YOU

Chords: C, A^m, C, A^m

Lyrics: SEE WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME THAT I'LL LOVE YOU
LIED 'CAUSE I'VE SEEN YOU CRY OU-ER WHAT YOU

Chords: C, F, G⁷, TO CODA, G, G, F[#], G, G, A^b

Lyrics: DEAR-LY 'TILL I DIE
KNEW WAS OH SO WRONG

Chords: A^m, C, A^m

Lyrics: ALL OF MY LIFE I'VE BEEN LOOKED DOWN UP-ON

F G G⁷
AND THEN THERE CAME LIT-TLE YOU

A^m C A^m
I HADN'T THE COUR-AGE TO STRUG-GLE ON

F G G⁷ G F# *3-al* CODA
AND THEN YOU CAME TO SEE ME THROUGH

♩ CODA G⁶ C A^m F
LORD 'TILL I DIE

G⁷ C A^m F

G⁷ C