Marksman Ditties:

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

© ROBERT J. MARKS II

Online with links: http://MarksManNet.com/SaberToothDuck/Opi.pdf
Shorter (Without Arrangements): http://MarksManNet.com/SaberToothDuck/Opi-.pdf

Preface

1965-2019

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

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

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

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

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

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

Robert J Marks II McGregor, Texas, 2019

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128. Keeping Kameron Alive

(Squirt Gun Run)

by R. J. Marks II

2019

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

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

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

Keeping Kameron Alive (Squirt Gun Run)

Hey Kameron
Put down that gun

I don't think it's loaded But you're much too young.

You're only one Please do not run

You can giggle all you want

But this isn't fun.

Come on Kameron Be a good son

Give it to Grandad, don't hide

When I'm done watching you

All that I need to do

Is to keep Kameron alive.

Lord keep him safe And give me strength NO NO NO!

No Kameron It is not fun

To grab that glass jar And throw cross the room

Don't climb the stairs There's danger there

You might fall down
And need intensive care

Don't pull that vase Down from the case

It might hit you hard on the head

When Mom & Dad come home

I figure my job's done

As long as you are not dead

I am beat

And need some sleep

Hey Kameron

You're getting warm

Snuggled on my shoulder You sleep while I hum

Your love's in the air

I say a prayer

Asking God protect you And keep you with care

We both need our rest Knowing what's next

When the morning sun starts to rise

We will continue to Closely to follow you

Trying to keep Kameron alive

To see God's plan for you We must continue to

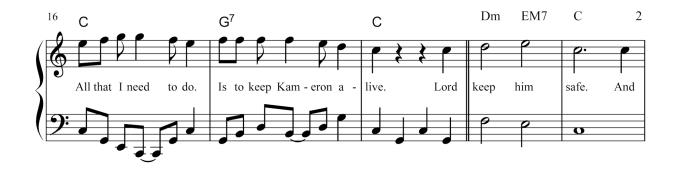
Work to keep Kameron alive

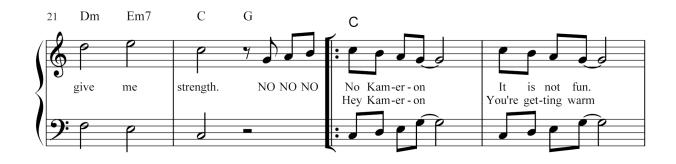
Keeping Kameron Alive

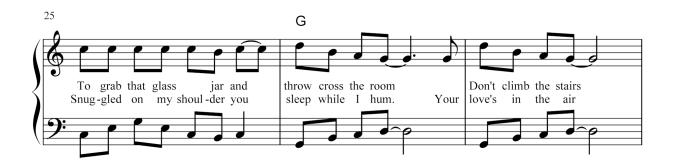
(Squirt Gun Run)



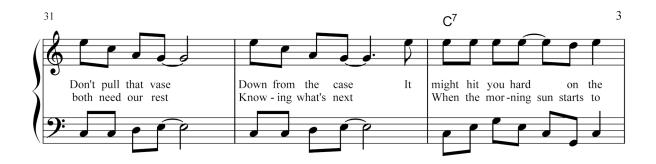
Opus #128 - 2019



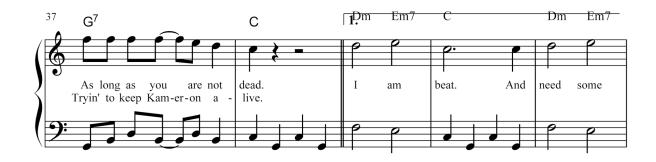


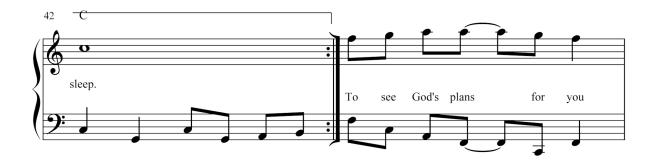


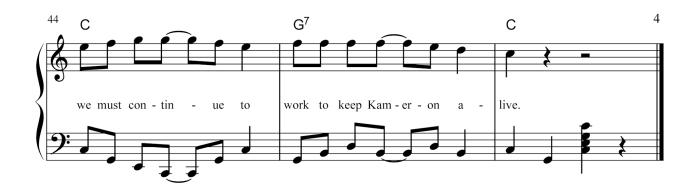












127. Everybody

(Fire & Brimstone)
By R. Jackson Marks

2019

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/127-Everybody.wav

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

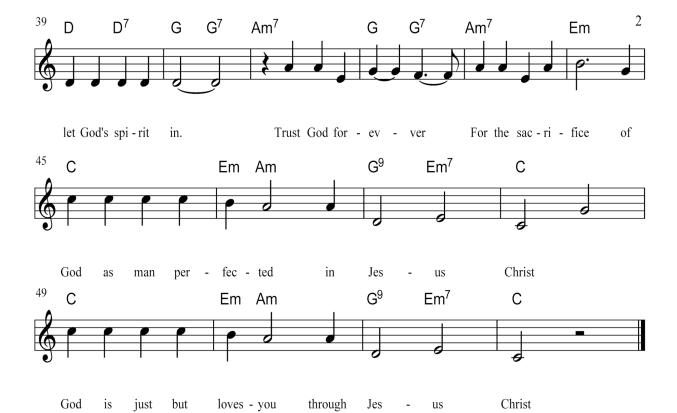
God so loved us He gave His Son

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)





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!



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 Melodie I love you, you love me I wish everyone would love Like Melodie

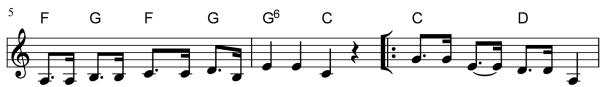
Like Melodie

R.J. Marks II

(#125)



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



I wish all the world could be like Mel - o - die.

I

wish ev -

ery - one

would love

like

Mel

0

die

When the mus - ic starts to play.

I draw fa - ces on her toes



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.



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

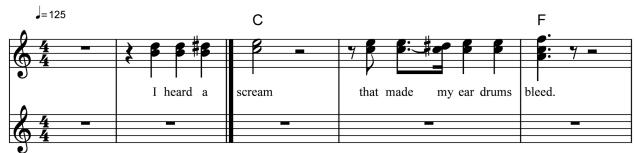
Nobody can do it. You can!)

Yes you can
A Merrick can

Merrick Can

(#124)

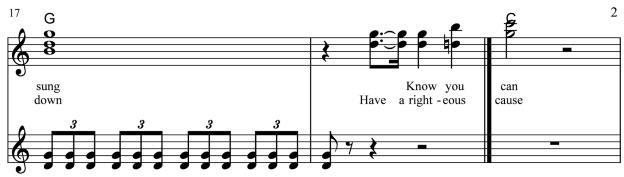




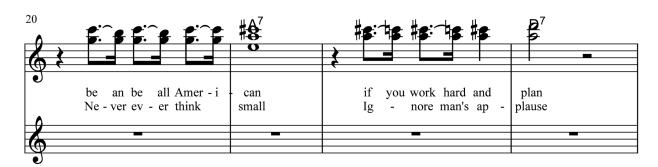


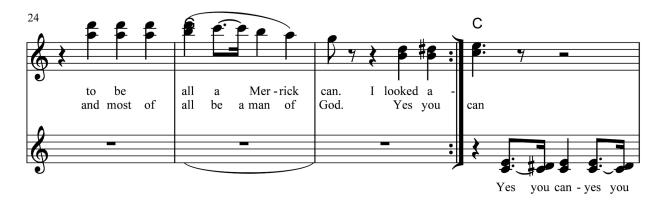


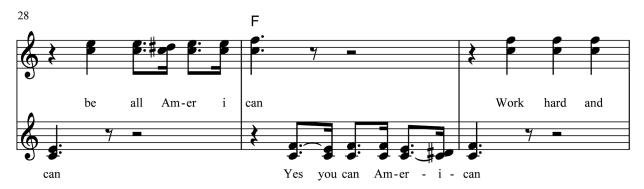




Sung it and sing it you sang it and sing it a - gain Up - pi ty up - pi ty up - pi ty up - pi ty up









123. Weary Bones Rat Race Blues

2017

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/123 WearyBonesRatRaceBlues.wav

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

Weary Bones Rat Race Blues

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

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

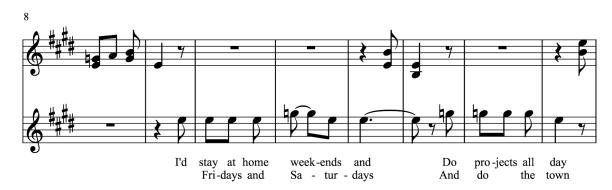
I got me a woman

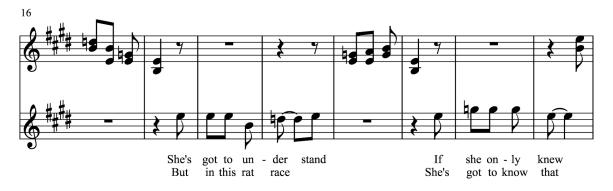
Weary Bones Rat Race Blues.

(#123)

Robert J. Marks II











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

моо моо моо

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

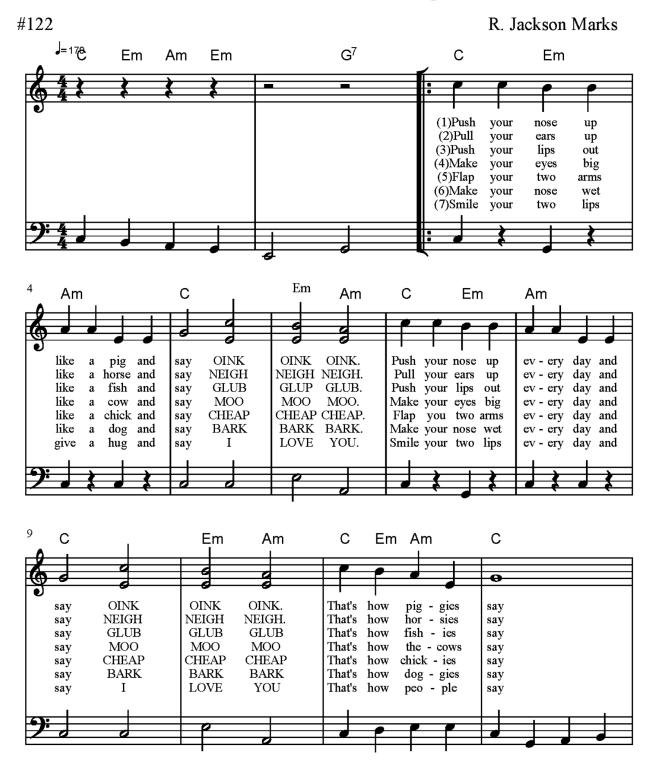
Have an I LOVE YOU day

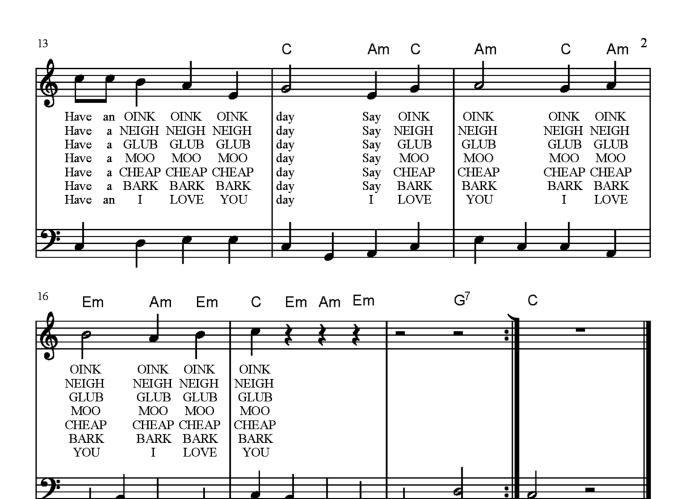
I LOVE YOU

I LOVE YOU

I LOVE YOU

The "Oink Oink" Song





121. Moore Run Road

2016

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/121 MooreRunRoad.wav

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

Moore Run Road

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

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

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

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

Ray comes up To the cabin

When his friends come down.

They blast their tunes And shoot their guns No one comes around.

My grandkids have

Two great great great great great 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

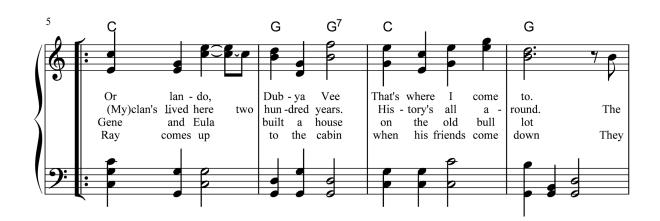
Corn bread and milk Sour Grass Grape juice from a jar Ormeda toast Biscuit swankum Stinky sulfur water

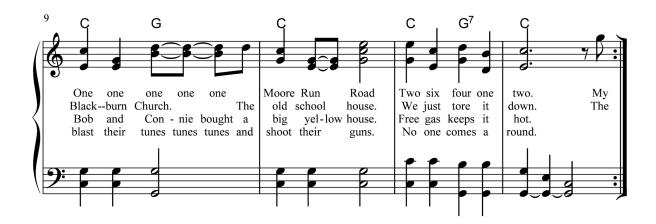
Big bon fires
Wild creek mint
Crawfish in the crick.
All your friends
Are your kin
It don't get better than this.

Moore Run Road

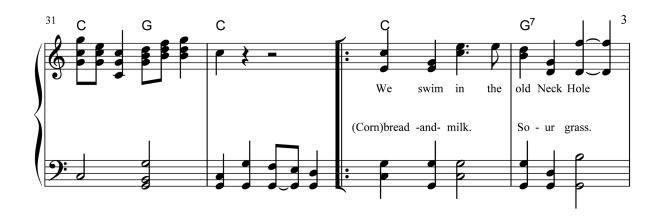
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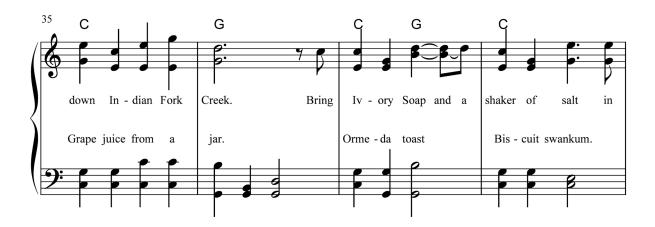


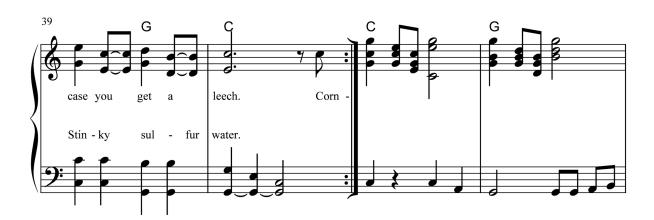


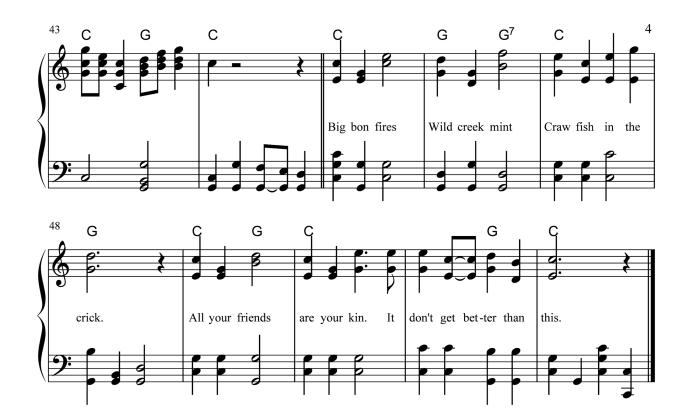












120. Who Heals Eyes With Spit?

2014

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/120 WhoHealsEyesWithSpit.wav

A good song for kids! This was initially a Halloween song:
"Who smells like a pumpkin?
"Jack -o - lantern"
These lyrics are better.

Also see the song in Arrangements

Who Heals Eyes With Spit?

Who'd a donkey talk to?
Read your Bible!
Why is there a rainbow?
Read your Bible!
Who killed with a slingshot?
Read your Bible!
Who heals eyes with spit?
Read your Bible!

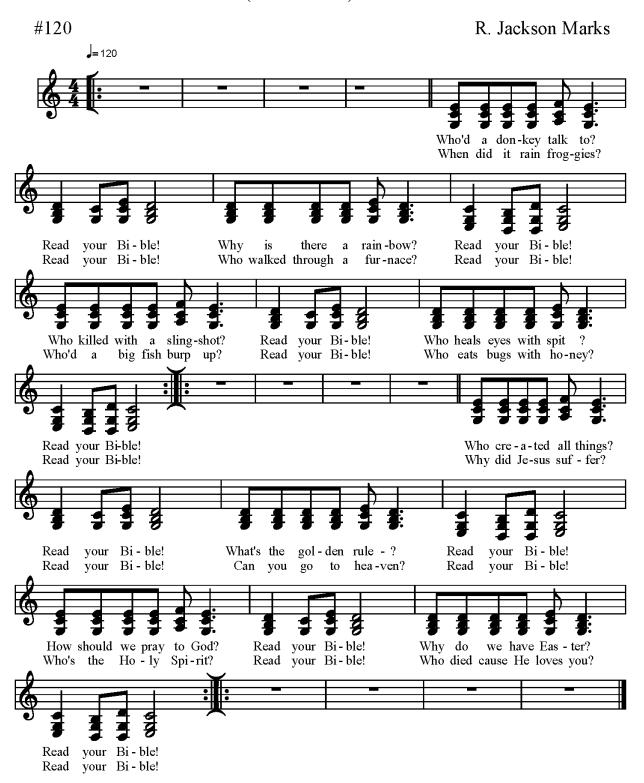
When did it read froggies?
Read your Bible!
Who walked through a furnace?
Read your Bible!
Who's a big fish burp up?
Read your Bible!
Who eats bugs with honey?
Read your Bible!

Why did Jesus suffer?
Read your Bible!
Can you go to heaven?
Read your Bible!
Who's the Holy Spirit?
Read your Bible!
Who died cause he loves you?
Read your Bible!

Who created all things?
Read your Bible!
What's the golden rule?
Read your Bible!
How should we pray to God?
Read your Bible!
Why do we have Easter?
Read your Bible!

Who Heals Eyes With Spit?

(Read Your Bible)



119. Tenured

2016

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

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

Tenured

Some people say
My homework's too hard
Some people say
My tests are too rough
I'm here to tell you
It don't matter none
Cause I got tenure

Cause I got tenure Ain't nobody the boss of me now When you got tenure You be whatever you want to be.

Tenured





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)

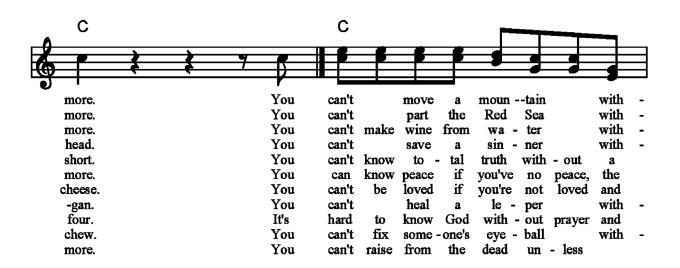
You Can't Milk a Chicken

R.J. Marks II #118 J= 120 C 1)You chick - en can't milk with 2)You el - bow with can't kiss your own 3)You can't hang sky hook with а 4)Pine down cake ap- - ple up - side side 5)You lon - ger if can't make it at 6)You floss can't tween your toes with - out 7)You can't make pep - pe-- ro - ni piz - -za ne - ver 8) _ Two wrongs make right but 9)A sieve will hold wa - ter but will no 10)You can't chew chi - mi - chan- - gas with - out 11)You chilk mick - on with can't а G chick - en milk - er milk chick - en with You -out can't el - bow kis - ser. You kiss el - bow with --out can't your own sky - hook - han - ger. You hang sky - hook with --out up - side down right side up. Pine ap - ple up - side down cake is iĒ first you it shor - ter. You make it lon - ger cut can't flos -ser. You can't floss tween your toes with - out with a -tween toe -pe - ro - ni. can't make pep - pe - ro - ni with - out You pep piz - za right but three lefts al - ways do. Two wrongs ne - ver make a but hold a - no - ther sieve. Α sieve will hold no will wa - ter can't chew chi - mi - chan - gas chi - mi - chan - ga che-wers. You with - out a mick - on chil -ker. can't chilk a mick - on You with -C chick - en milk - er. You milk chick - en with -out can't а a el - -bow kis - ser. You kiss el - bow with out an can't your own You with out sky-han-hook han - ger. can't hang a sky - hook down is up - side right side up. Pine -ap - ple up - side down cake first you cut it shor - ter. You make it lon - ger if at can't flos - ser. You can't floss tween your toes with - out tween toe ro - ni. can't make pep - pe - ro - ni with - out pep - pe You piz - za three lefts al - ways Two wrongs ne - ver make a do. Α sieve will hold no hold a - no - ther sieve. wa - ter but will che-wers. You can't chew chi - mi - chan - gas with - out chi - mi --chan - ga chil - ker. chick a mick - on -out a mick - en You can't with -



chick - en milk - er they -out a and el - bow kis - ser -out an and they -out a sky-hook han - ger and they down is right side up but you first you cut it shor - ter and -tween toe flos - ser and they with - out pep - pe - ro - ni SO Ι three lefts al - ways do and hold a - no - ther sieve in fact it chi - mi - chan - ga che - wers so choose -out a mick - on chilk - er and they

don't make chick - en milk - ers a - ny don't 't make el - bow kis - sers a - ny don't make sky hook han - gers a - ny need - not eat it stan - ding on your if it twice it's you cut still too don't make tween toe flos - sers a - ny sau - sage and hope you like ex - tra four lefts puts you right where you be might hold three or may - be e - ven chee - sy chi - mi - chan - gas when you don't make mick - on chick - ers





-out moun --tain mo - ver. -out a Red Sea par - ter. -out wine wa - ter ma - kers -out а sin - ner sa - vior. truth to - -tal know - er. -Prince of Peace be--stows it. lo--ving's hard with--out it. a le - per hea - ler. -out rea - ding His word dai - ly. fi - xer. out an eye - ball God de - cides to dο

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



moun --tain -out a mo - ver. Red Sea par - ter -out a -out wine wa - ter ma - kers out а sin - ner sa - vior. -to - tal truth know - er. Prince of Peace be-stows it. lo - ving's hard with - out it. -out a le - -per hea - ler. rea - ding His word dai - ly. -out an eye - ball fi - xer. God de - cides to do it.

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



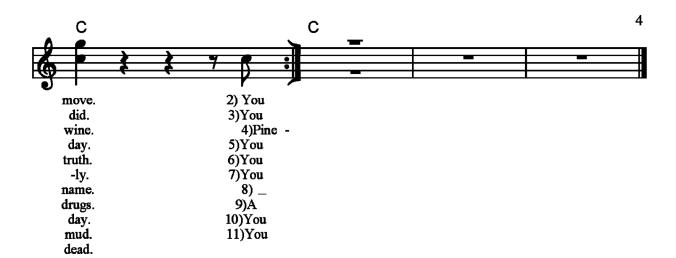
moun --tain mo - ver -out -out a Red Sea par - ter -out wine wa - ter ma - kers and sin - -ner sa - vior and to - tal truth know - er Prince of Peace be-stows it and lo-ving's hard with--out it and -out a le - per hea - ler and rea - ding His word dai - ly SO eye - ball fi - xer -out an and God de - cides to do it and

mus --tard of faith makes moun -- tains seed Mo - ses walked ac - ross it he when he Je - sus changed the wa - ter in - to Je - sus saves some sin - ners ev - erv Bi - ble savs that Je - sus is the gua - ran - tees for e it ter - ni Je - sus is God is His love and Je - sus healed le - pers with - out Bi - ble pray and read your ev - erv Je - sus fixed them u - sing spit and Je - sus Christ is ri - sen from the



move.
did.
wine.
day.
truth.
-ty.
son.
drugs.
day.
mud.
dead.

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



117. Atheists Always Seem Angry

2015

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

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

Atheists Always Seem Angry

Atheists

Feel sad and lonely When they're all alone

Late at night

Wondering

If they have purpose Whether it matters They're alive

No hope and no good news Alone and feeling blue

From their resolve
That they're evolved

From primordial ooze

Atheists

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

There is no right or wrong

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

Atheists

Always seem angry At gods they say who

Don't exist

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

Poor atheists Need to meet Jesus

Atheists Always Seem Angry





116. Eutychus In The Dirt

2015 ht

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"
Eutycus 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





115. Big Ten Pack of Eight Bar Melodies

2014

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/115 BigTenPackofEightBarMelodies.wav

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

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/114 DanceOfTheBipolarDarwinist.wav

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 Californie
Dumb kid didn't know the difference
Tween love and being horny

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

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

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

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

Dumb Kids

(The Difference Tween Love & Being Horny)







112. The Lord is My Shepard

(The 23rd Psalm)

2012

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112 TheLordIsMyShepard.wav

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

There is a slower multi part version in the Arrangements section. http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/112 TheLordIsMyShepardslower.wav

The LORD is My Shepherd

The LORD is my shepherd

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil

For thou art with me

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me

In the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil;

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the LORD

Forever and forever and forever

Amen

The Lord Is My Shepard (Upbeat)





111. The Lord's Prayer

2012

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

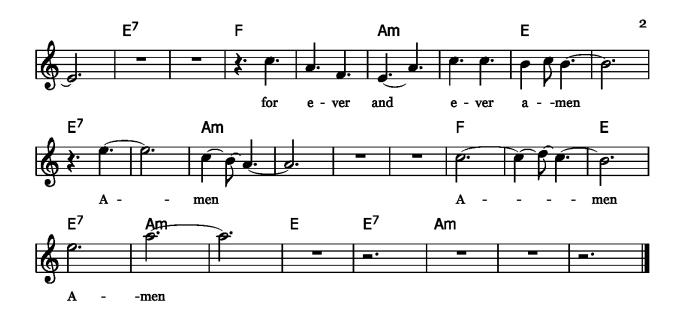
Possibly the most beautiful melody (Opus #44) I ever wrote dedicated to some of the most beautiful words.

The Lord's Prayer (KJV)

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

The Lord's Prayer





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







Waiting for WINDOWS to BOOT (5/4)







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



(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





108. Mud to Guppies

2011

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

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

A variation is in the Arrangements chapter.

Mud to Guppies	We're not mud!
	We're not mud!
From mud to guppies	We're not mud!
Pollywogs	We're not mud!
Green frogs	We're not mud!
Brown plague rats	We are not made of mud!
To bats	
To cats with saber teeth	From God to Adam
Mutate to monkey men	Noah
Out kin	Moses
To sin	David to
To judges saying that right can be wrong.	Mary
Are we mud?	To the baptizer John
Are we mud?	To Jesus the Christ
Are we mud?	Mankind's
Are we mud?	Sacrifice
Are we mud?	God's word and spirit for all right and wrong.
Are we all made of mud?	God made us!
	God made us!
Darwin to Nietzshe	God made us!
Übermensch	God made us!
Auswitch	God made us!
Sanger to	God made us!
Roe-Wade	God made us all!
Doctor Kevorkian	
Communist purges	God knows us!
Partial birth	God knows us!
Murders	God knows us!
To athiests saying that wrong is all right.	God knows us!
The state of the s	Christ saves us!
	Christ saves us!
	Jesus Is Lord!
	30000 15 E010.

Jesus is Lord!

Mud to Guppies





Je - sus

is Lord!

107. Tristan Robert Marks

2011

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107 TristanRobertMarks.wav

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

An upbeat music only arrangement is in the Arrangements chapter.

There is a faster version I like called *Tristan Pounds*. http://marksManNet.com/Opi/107 TristanPounds.wav The music for this is in the ARRANGEMENTS.

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

 $\underline{\text{https://youtu.be/xcqLC7EUxlE}}\text{ , }\underline{\text{http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/107}}\text{ TristanbythePound.mp4}$

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.

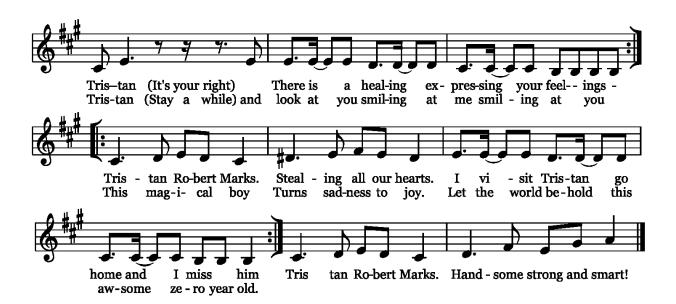
Tristan Robert Marks

Handsome, strong and smart!

Tristan Robert Marks

Robert J. Marks II





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.

 $\underline{\text{https://youtu.be/Bbmiuaq6-YA}}\text{ , }\underline{\text{http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/106}}\underline{\text{BreakForthinOscillation.mp4}}$

Break Forth in Oscillation

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

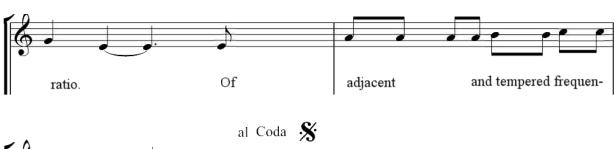
If you sample our song
Avoid all aliasing
Make sure you exceed Nyquist
Or high notes are lower than they should be.
Four hundred forty cycles per second
Is our A above middle C
The twelfth root of two is the ratio
Of adjacent and tempered frequencies

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

Break Forth In Oscillation!

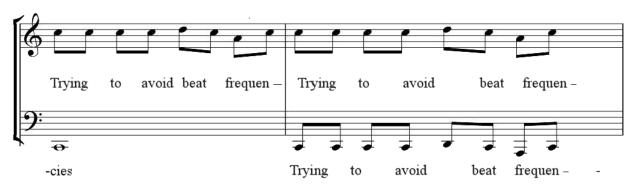
Words & Music by Robert J. Marks II Libretto Motif by Charles P. Baylis II

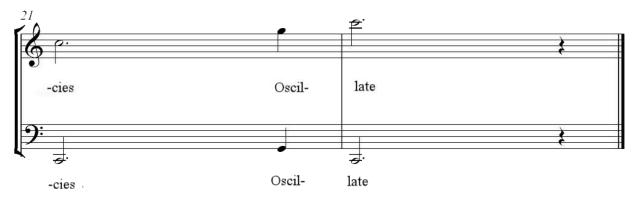






Trying to avoid beat frequen -





105. The Fall

2002

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/105 TheFall.wav

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)

See the Arrangements chapter for this ditty's music.

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





102. Picking Manna

2007

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.



101. Do We Darwin? Ya!

2007

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/101 DoWeDarwin.wav

This song is a sarcastic view of Boy Scouts without God. It is sung to the melody of Opus #9 Lost. I wrote this song for a web site called The BRITES. I found it is hard to parody hardnosed Darwinists, but this is a pretty good effort! (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 quanitities of evidence are there

For evolution everywhere

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

There's no intellectual escape

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

My great great grandfather's an ape

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

My inclinations to believe and pray

Are there cause I evolved that way

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

God didn't make man, manmade God

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

Religion's an evil façade

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

We're told this is the truth and all have resolved

We weren't created. We evolved

(Do We Darwin? Ya!)

There is no need for God in me

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

I just believe the things I see

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

Morality's defined by what I feel.

So sometimes it's okay to steal

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

When I die, there will be no hurt

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

Someday I'll die and turn to dirt

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

The worms from which humanity evolved.

Will dine on me while I dissolve

(Do We Darwin? Ya!).

[Continued on next page]

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

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

Do We Darwin? Ya!

Do We Darwin? Ya!

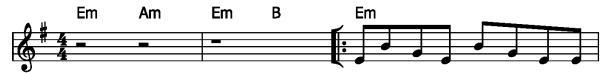
Do We Darwin? Ya!

Do We Darwin? Ya!

Do We Darwin? Ya!

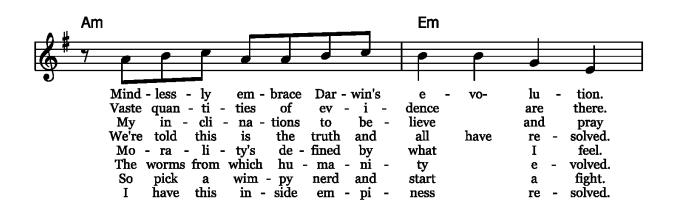
Galapagöus Finch

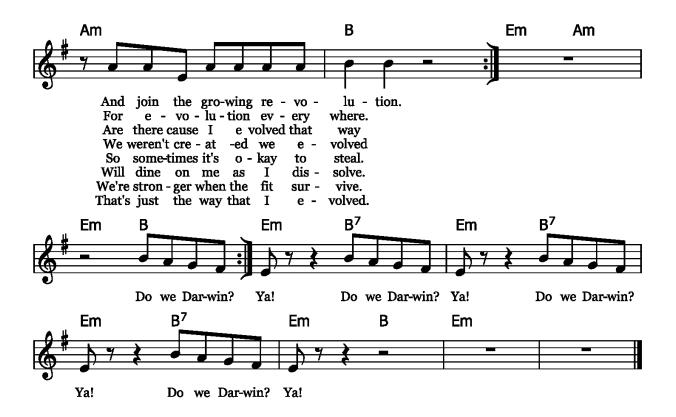
Darwin Youth Campfire Song (Traditional)



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







100. Lazaruz Waltz & Fanfare

2012

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/100 DementiaWaltz.wav

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

The music is in the Arrangements Section.

Used as background music in Regalia Hat Trick:

https://youtu.be/QIWSCSdT0co , http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/100 RegaliaHatTrick.mp4

99. Marilee's Melody

1988

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

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

The last verse was written for Marilee's wedding.

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

https://youtu.be/mlqpdA5a9ds, http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/099_MarileesWeddingSong.mp4

Marilee's Melody

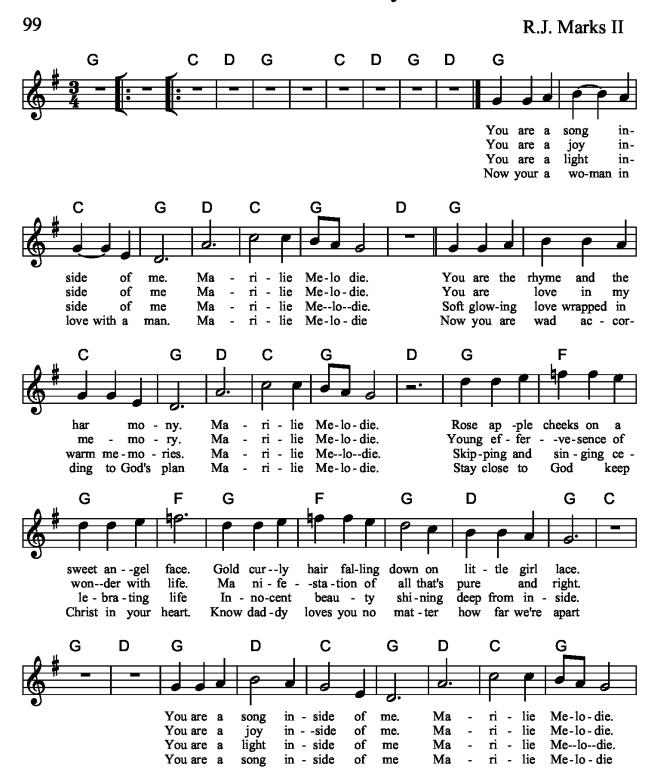
You are a song inside of me
Marilee Melodie
You are the rhyme and the harmony
Marilee Melodie
Rose apple cheeks on an sweet angle face
Gold curly hair falling down on little girl lace
You are a song inside of me
Marilee Melodie

You are a joy inside of me
Marilee Melodie
You are love in my memory
Marilee Melodie
Young effervescence of wonder with life
Manifestation of all that's good and right.
You are a joy inside of me
Marilee Melodie

You are a light inside of me
Marilee Melodie
Soft glowing love in warm memories
Marilee Melodie
Skipping and singing, celebrating life
Innocence radiance beaming strong and bright
You are a song inside of me
Marilee Melodie

Now you're a woman in love with a man
Marilee Melodie
Now you are wed according to God's planned
Marilee Melodie
Stay close to God
Keep Christ in your heart
Know daddy loves you
No matter how far we're apart
You are a song inside of me
Marilee Melodie

Marilee's Melody





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

98. Grandads are Great!

2014 https://youtu.be/uMKz0wd4Frs,http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/098 GrandadIsGreat.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 J=150 F С С С G F Gran -- dads are great and I know your sign. I know a way to a -С F F G С С G С -find my self. Into - -to a way find my I know a time to a G F С G

Lined!

to

way

do

it.

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.



96. Glossclossnovich's Tea Dance

1976

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

Another great melody – a favorite.



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.



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.

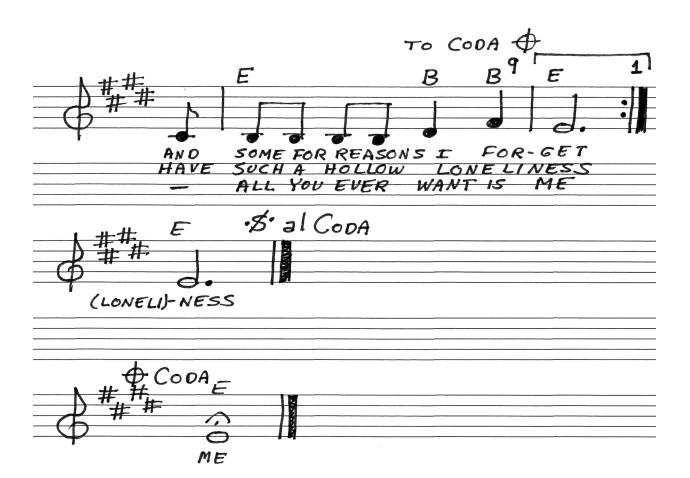
Trophies

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.

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

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.





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.

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

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! Yell it from your roof tops
Tell it to you friends
Joy that can't be spoken
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!

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



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.



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



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





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.



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!

.



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

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

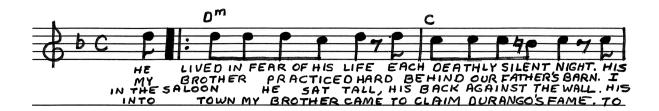
Soon I heard him come
And readied my brother's guns
As he was riding past
I took aim at his back
Durango sensed my thoughts
And turned as I shot.
My bullet pierced his chest
And I saw fall dead the best.
DURANGO

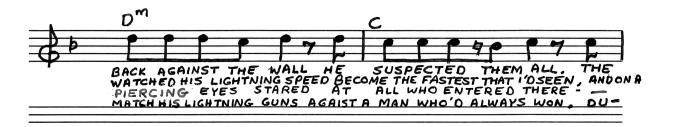
I took him dead to town
The people gathered round
They thought from what they saw
That I had beat the draw
Of DURANGO

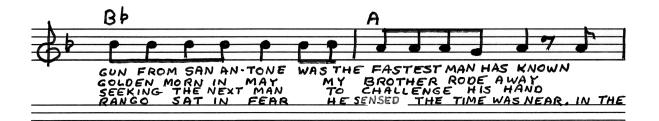
Now in the saloon I sit tall
My back's against the wall
Knowing that the first man
Who challenges my hand
Will lay me in the grave
And inherit the fame
Of the man with better skill
Than the one that shot and killed
DURANGO

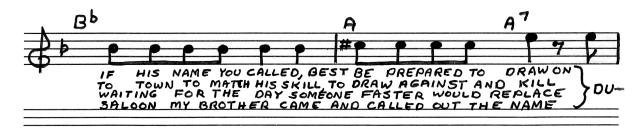
DURANGO

by Bob Marks

















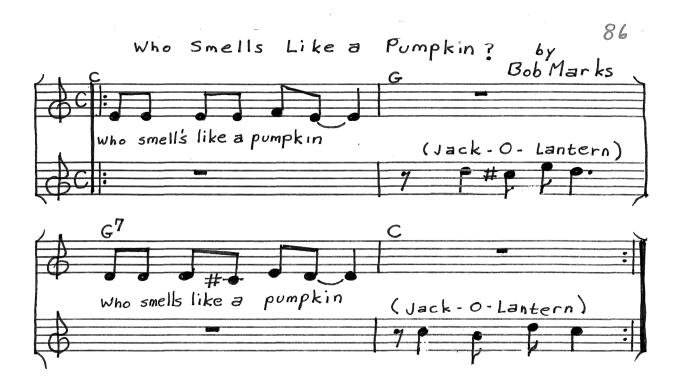
86. Who Smells Like a Pumpkin?

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



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

[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.]





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-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





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.

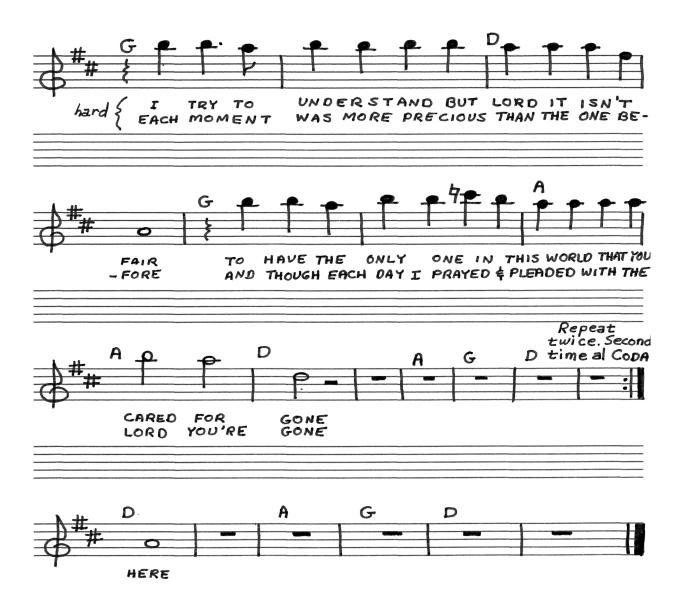
Each moment was more precious than the one before And though each day I prayed and pleaded with the Lord You're gone.

This same thing happens every year.

Our day comes around

And you're not here.





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 chuckeled 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.





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.





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.

Clean Room Song by Bob Marks The





79. The Boltzmann Machine Rap Around

1995

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

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!

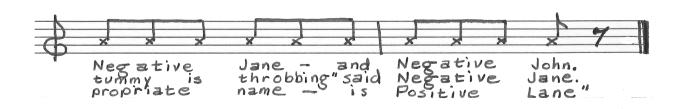
Said Negative John to Negative Jane
'We've got to come up with appropriate names'
'For our new babe'. Then Tom explained
'An appropriate name is positive Lane'
Said Positive Tom to Negative Jane
And Negative John 'Let me explain'
'Together two negatives in any way'
'Must make a positive!' Thomas explained.
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!

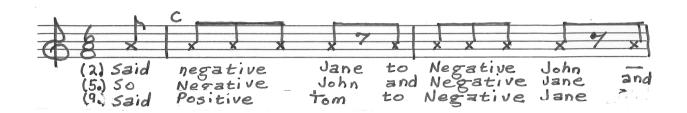
THE BOLTZMANN MACHINE RAP AROUND



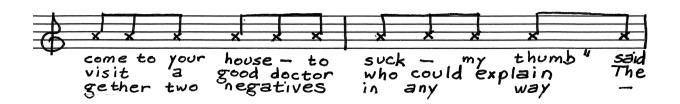


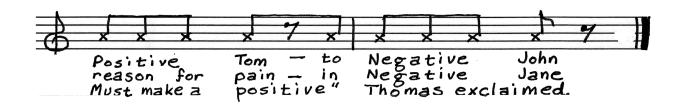


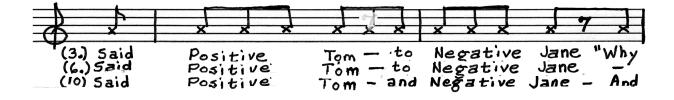


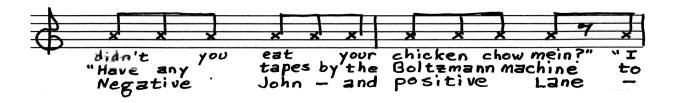




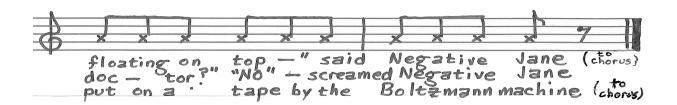










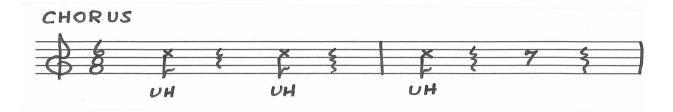




















78. As Much as I Love You

(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 Farrnersburg 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







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.

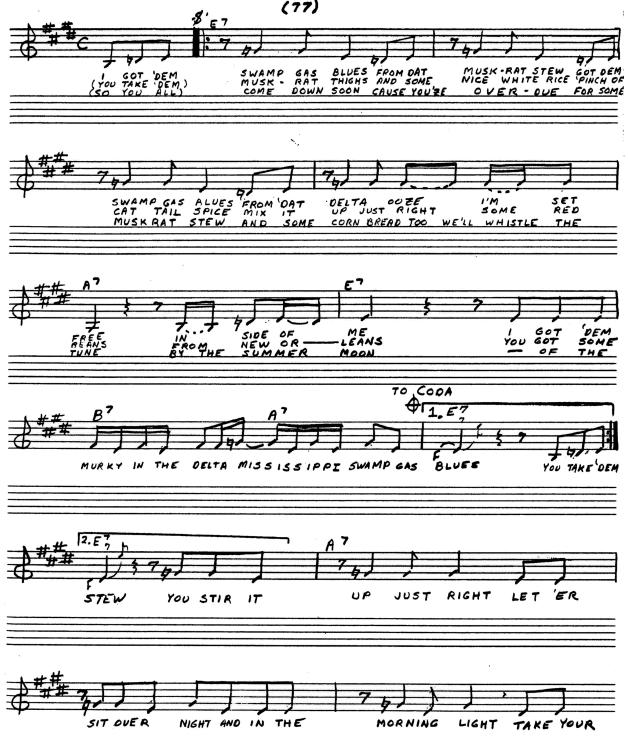
Murky in the Delta Mississippi Swamp Gas Blues

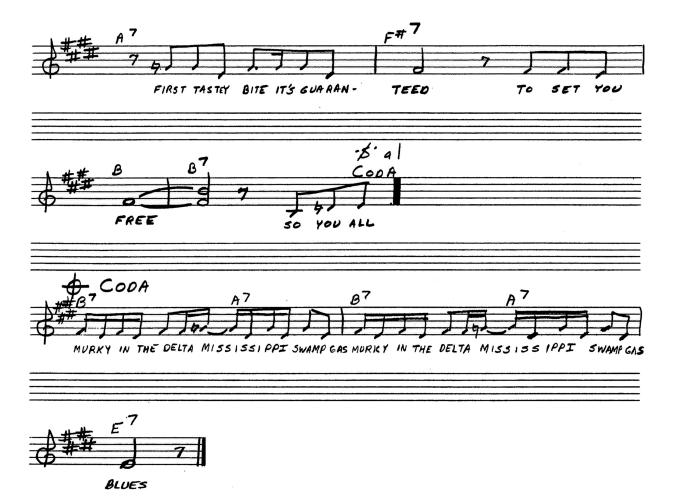
You take `dem musk rat thighs
And some nice white rice

`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.

SWAMP GAS BLUES





76. Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

1974

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

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

Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

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

Today they cut out half of your right lung Tonight they start on the other one Poor Jane my dear I'm `fraid that you're `bout done.

So grab a pack and have a drag of fun.

Have, have, have another cigarette.

Try to inhale deeply into your poisoned chest.

Smoke, smoke
'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
'Cause you ain't quite dead yet
Go ahead and smoke another cigarette.

SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE





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

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

But, let them all beware
Cause Sammy didn't care
He was rough, tough, hard to bluff
And used to hard ships.



WORDS AND MUSIC BY ROBERT J MARKS #



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!





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 it's 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 my 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.

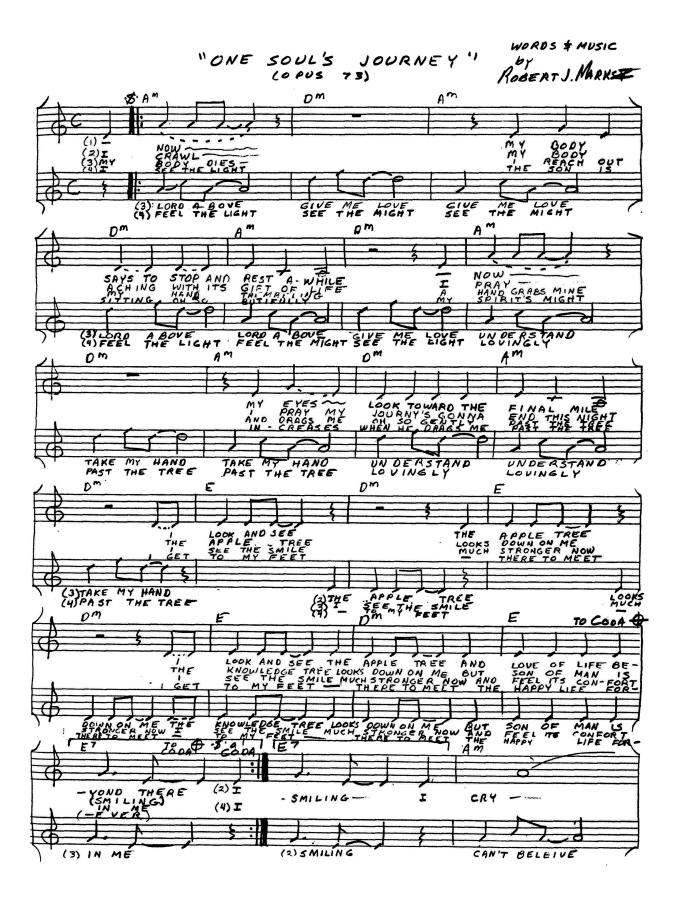
My spirit's might. Increases as he pulls me past the tree.

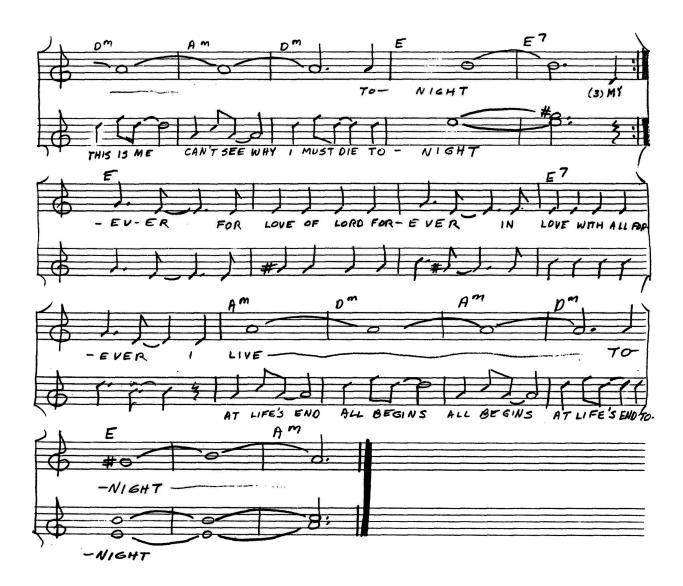
I rise to my feet

There to meet

I rise to my feet, there to meet

God.





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.

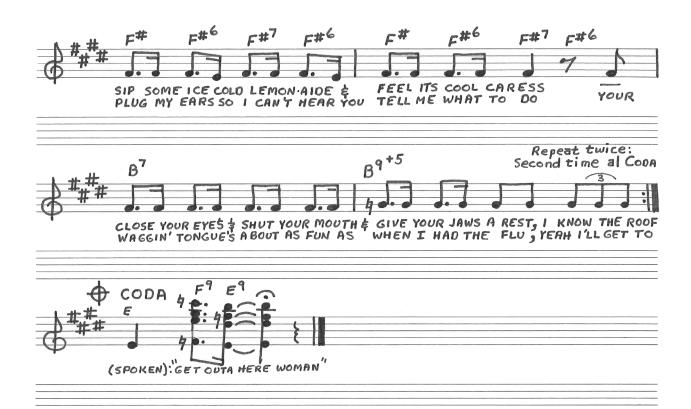
So sit your body down
And let it suck up some of this sun.
It ain't the time for fixin' things
Or gettin' nothin' done
Sip some ice cold lemonade
And feel it's cool caress.
Close your eyes and shut your mouth
And give your jaws a rest.

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.





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.].

BOB AND CONNIE MARKS PRE-MARITAL MUSIC by BOB MARKS (TAKE YOUR TIME) KEY: GIRL , BOY (), UNISON [] TAKE YOUR TIME (WE DON'T "MIND) TAKE YOUR TIME (WE'LL BE FINE) ME AND MY MORALITY HAVE SOME TRUST IN .2. DAD YOU LOOK SO TIME I'M SURE YOUR HAT'S (YOUR LIQUOR) SUS PICIOUSLY SAD BUT YOU BET-PARTY WILL BE FINE AND BEFORE AND YOUR CIGARETTES PLEASE LOCK THE MOM AND HAPPY DEAREST HAVE A HERE'S YOUR PARTY TER CET OU 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 WELL KEEP IN LINE FRONT DOOR AS YOU LEAVE AND LET ME HAVE THE HOUSE KEY (& TAKE YOUR TIME) HAVE A GOOD TIME TO CODA <u>^</u>7 ♥ Вb om TAKE YOUR TIME (WE'LL BE FINE) WE KNOW ITS UNDERSTOOD THAT WE WILL BOTH BE GOOD TO - NIGHT] TAKE YOUR TIME (WE'LL BE FINE) HAVE SOME TRUST WME AND MY MORALITY LWE TO-NIGHT EWE'VE ВЬ KNOW IT'S GOTTA LOOK DOO HERE] WITH OF US BOTH

ME

HOPE YOU WOULD TRUST

BUT

WOKDS BY

[WE'LL JUST PLAY SOME GAMES] (AND



70. Pepin the Short Revisited

1975

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

The music is in the Arrangements section.

69. Pregnant

1975

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



68. Glossclossnovich's Tune

1975

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

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



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' worser 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.

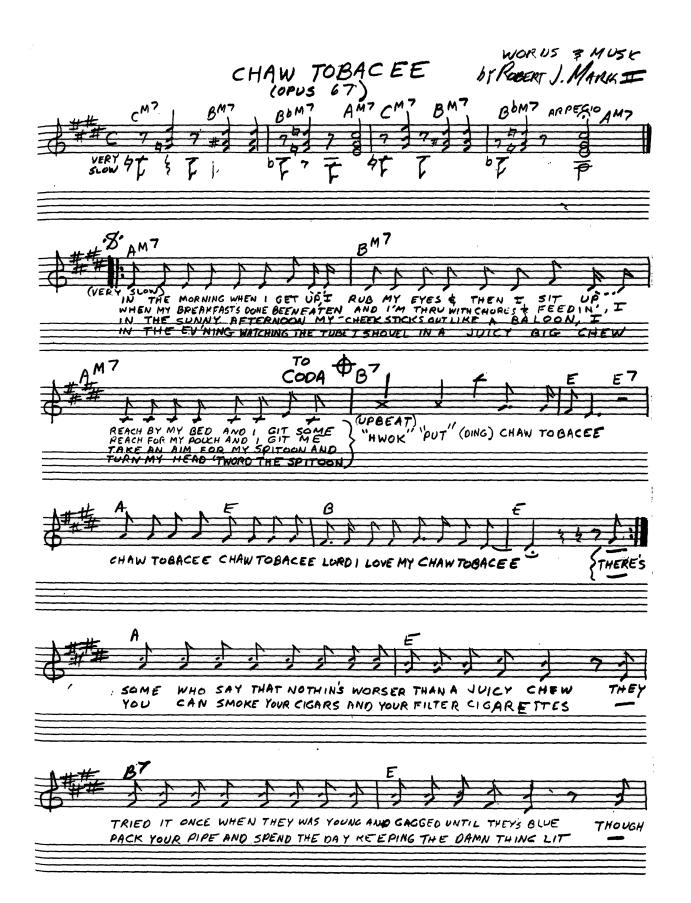
In the sunny afternoon
My cheek sticks out like a balloon
I take an aim for my spittoon
And Hwok! Put! Ding! Chaw Bacee.
Chaw bacee, chaw bacee,
Lord I love my chaw bacee.

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.





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:

 $\underline{\text{https://youtu.be/bqAmkuKjkdA}}\text{,}\underline{\text{http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/066}}\text{ ItchyDawgs.mp4}$



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 books 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 make 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







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.

If you leave our home, dear

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.

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.





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.

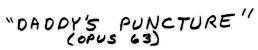
Dad was bleeding badly
And couldn't hardly moved
We helped him up and drove to Doc's
On an inner tube.

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.

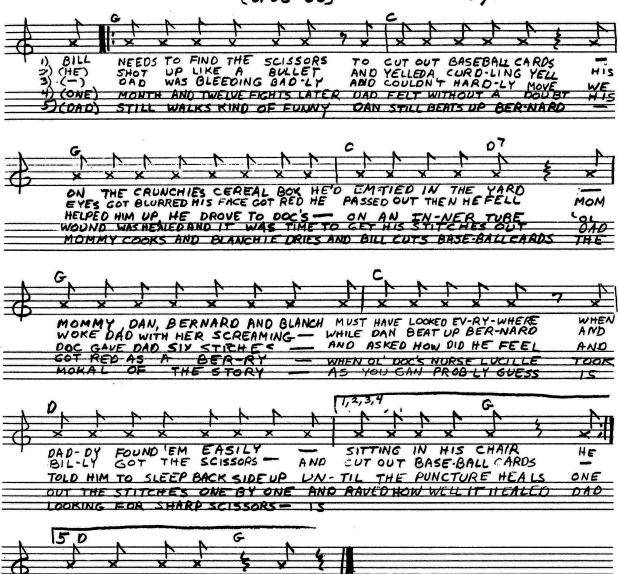
Dad got red as a berry
When Ol' Doc's nurse, Lucille
Took out the stitches one by one
And raved how well he'd healed.

Dad still walks kind of funny
Dan still beats up Barnard
Mommy cooks and Blanchie 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.







NECK

IN

THE

PAIN

A

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

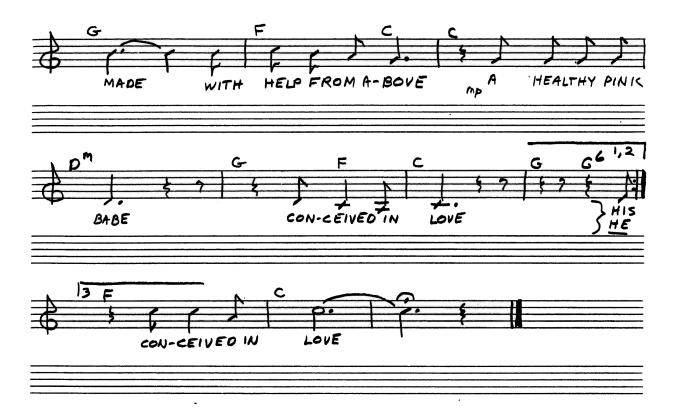
Look what we made With help from above A healthy pink babe Conceived in love

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





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.

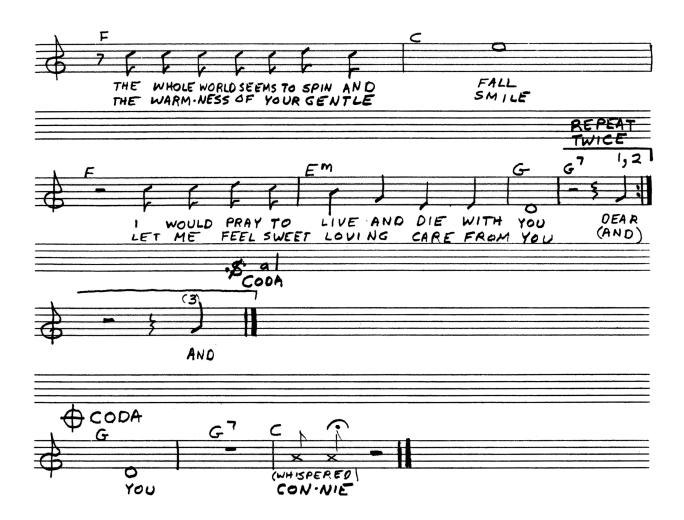
Let me touch your flowing hair
The warmness of your gentle smile
Let me feel sweet loving care
From you.

And Connie

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

Connie.





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





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

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

Nebuchadnezzer 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.'

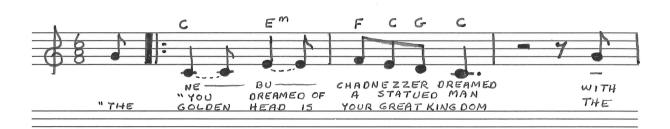
And Daniel, the Jew boy Looked up at Nebuchadnezz And he knew in his heart That all were pleased.

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

Nebuchadnezzer dreamed A strange forgotten dream

DANIEL TWO (59)

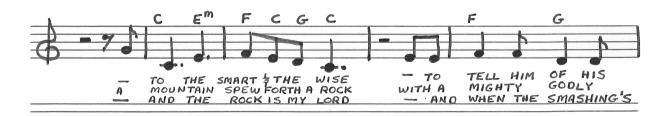
by Bob Marks













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.

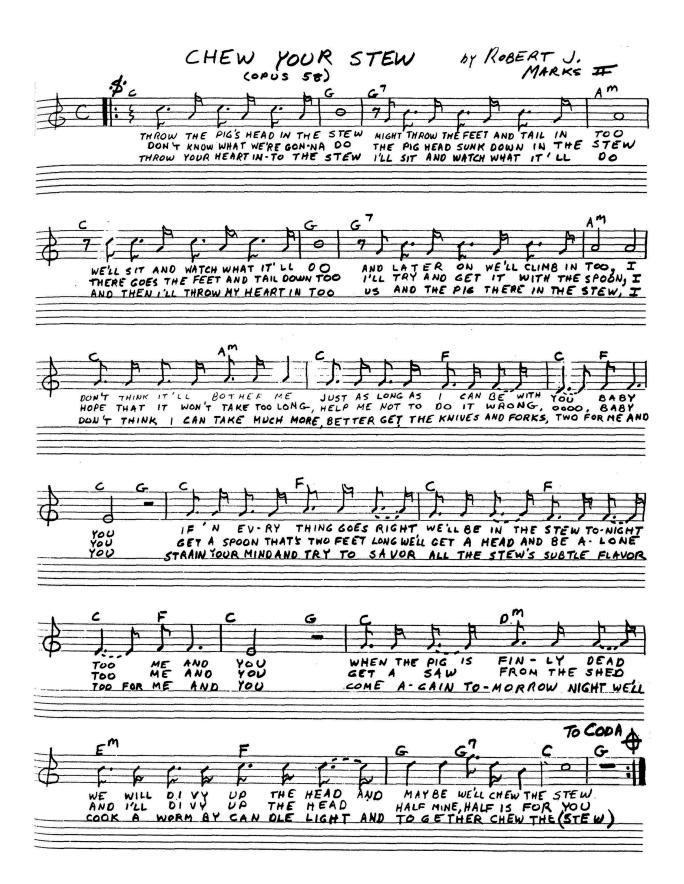
Chew Your Stew

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

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.





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

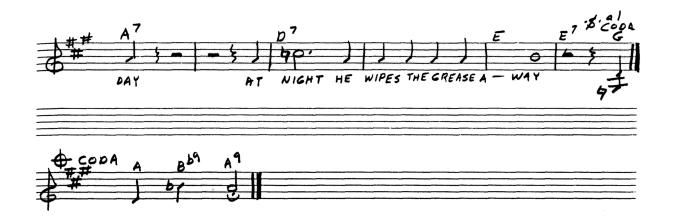
The greasy clown sat
In Bertha's den
He pushed and pulled the elephant
Until it sat on him
But the greasy clown loved it
It had such wonderful appeal
He gritted and smiled
Went home and let it heal

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





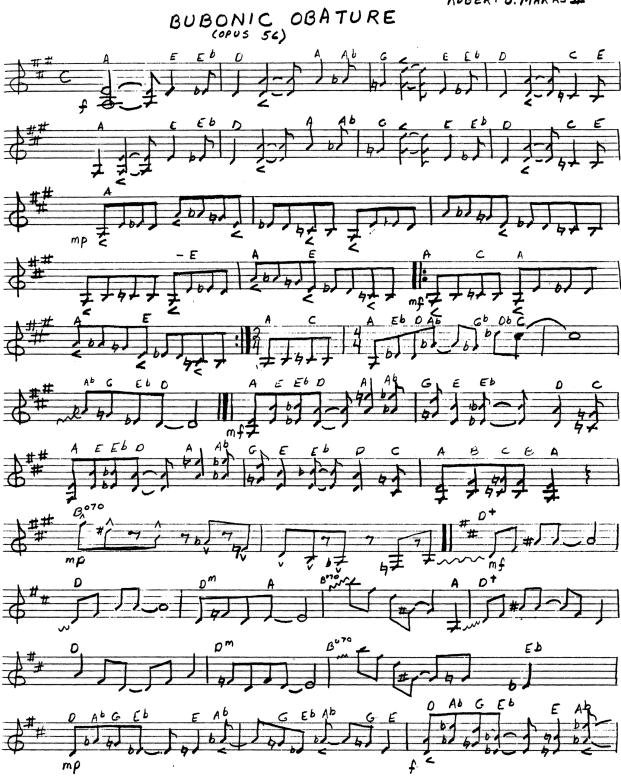
56. Bubonic Obature

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 BubonicObachure.mp3





55. Round Brown Plurble (with fifths)

1973

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/055 RoundBrownPlurble.mp3

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

The music is in the ARRANGEMENTS section at the end.

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.

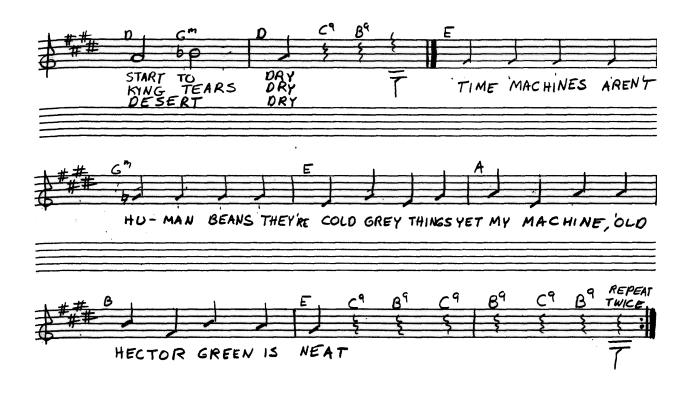
Time machines
aren't human beings
They're cold grey things
Yet my machine
`Ol Hector Green
Is neat.

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





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.

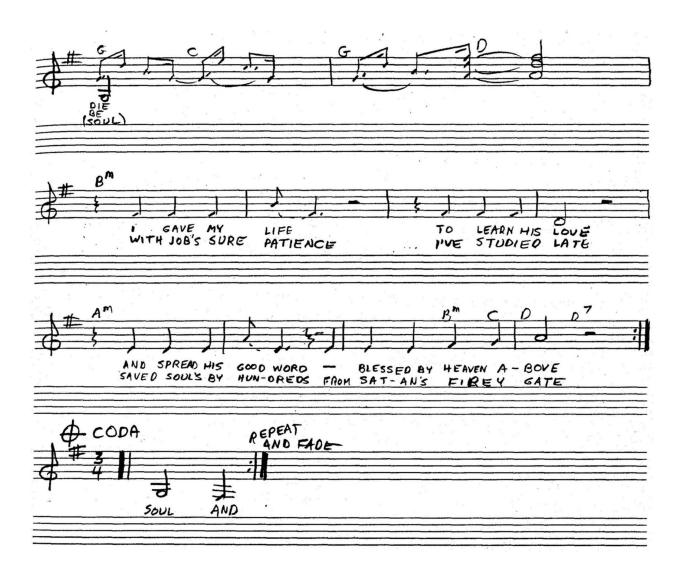
The night grows old

My blood runs cold

Herein, body, mind and soul

... and soul ... and soul





52. Dance of the Libertine

1973

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/052 DanceoftheLibertarian.mp3

A neat instrumental. In college, I learned the meaning of being a libertine form 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









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

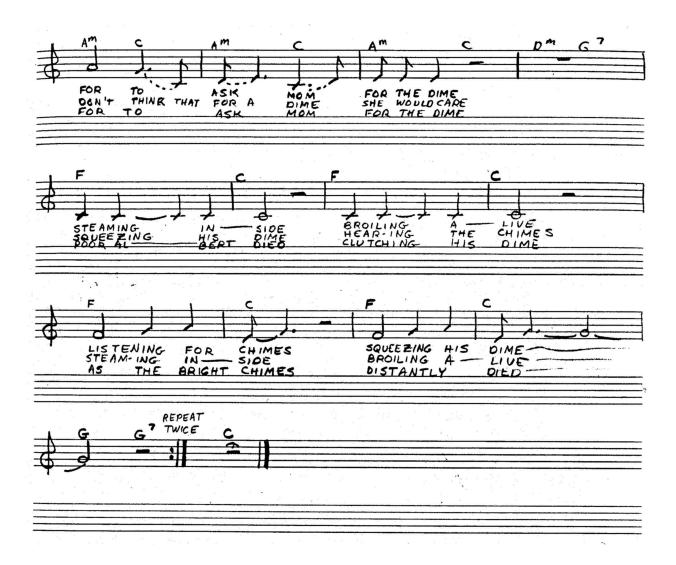
Albert saw it coming Albert squeezed his dime Which slipped through sweating fingers, rolling Before the chimes

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





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





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.

<u>Baby</u>

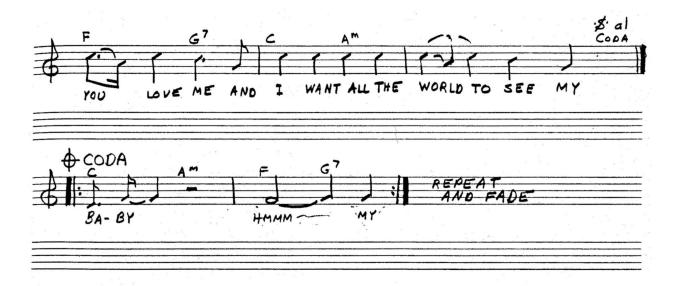
Baby
I love you
Baby
Please be true
My Baby
I'm in love with you
What else can I do?

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?





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.

MOTHER'S HOT YEAST



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

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.

THROW DOWN YOUR ROSE





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.

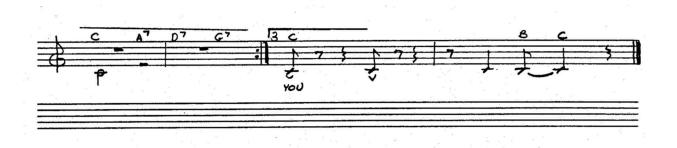
Though some say you're not healthy
For my busy mind
Without you and your sweet love,
What would mean my life?
So, don't you dare feel blue
I will never leave you

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





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

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.

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





44. Goober Too

1969

http://marksmannet.com/Opi/044 GooberToo.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 dam 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.

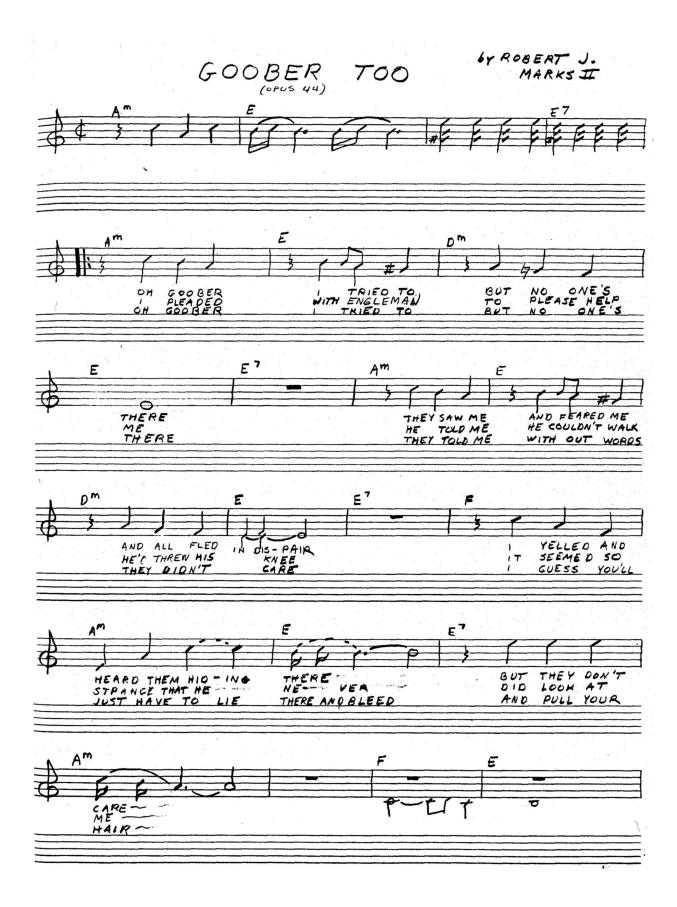
I watched them and told them About the iron bed That fell from my penthouse And hit your head They'd rather sit and rot And see you dead.

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





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 scrathing 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.



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.





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
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!

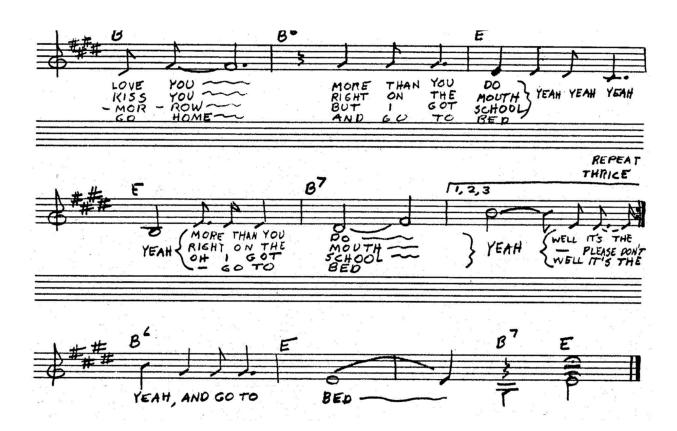
And turn down the lights so I'll kiss you
Right on the mouth.

Yeah yeah yeah
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
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
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.

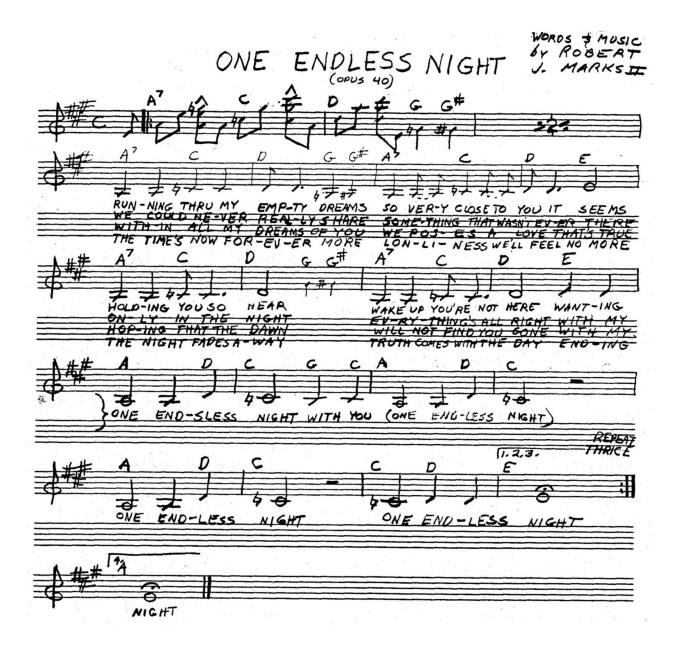
One Endless Night

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



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

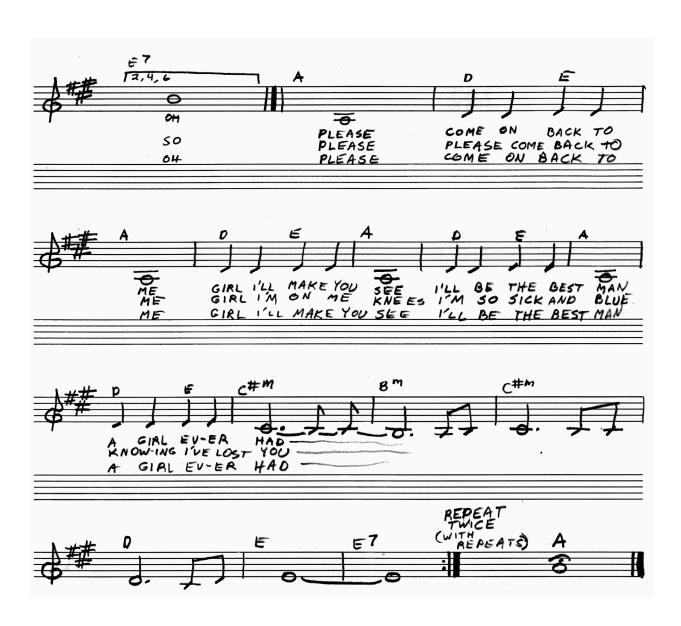
Now I'm so sick inside Praying hard that you'd Come back and be my girl And let me love you

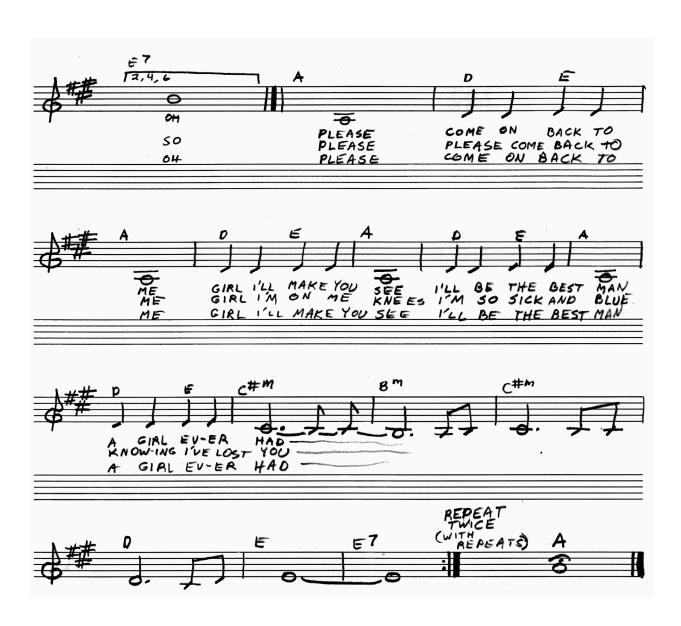
So please. Please come back to me Girl I'm on my knees I'm so sick and blue Knowing I've lost you Let me make it up girl Everything I do Will be for my one love Will be just for you

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







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





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



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
Me and my dog George
With my number one son's shot gun
Sittin' here on my knee.
Ho Ho
There's some people say
An interstate highway

Has been zoned through my home
But I disagree
Oh
I ain't going to no other place
Damn the price I gotta pay
No one is gonna
Take me away

Pretty good eh? Here's the original lyrics:

Singing my Troubles Away

Walking down the street
Shuffling my two feet.
Just happy. Feeling.
So good with myself
Ho Ho
I got lots of time
Makes me feel so fine
Just walkin', talkin'
Trying to be myself
Oh
Going no special place
No worries that I gotta face
Just thinkin', singing
My troubles away.

That I am happy
Being with myself
Ho Ho
I got all I need
Life's tranquility
I'm slightly lightly
Feeling like myself
Oh
Going no special place
No worries that I gotta face
Just thinkin', singin'
My troubles away

Don't care where I go

Won't let no one know

Life's in harmony
My God's in heaven
All's right with the world
Ho Ho
I got lots of time
Makes me feel so fine
Just walkin' talkin'
Trying to be myself
Oh
Going no special place
No worries that I gotta face
Just thinkin', singin'
My troubles away

Things don't bother me

SINGING MY TROUBLES A WAY





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.

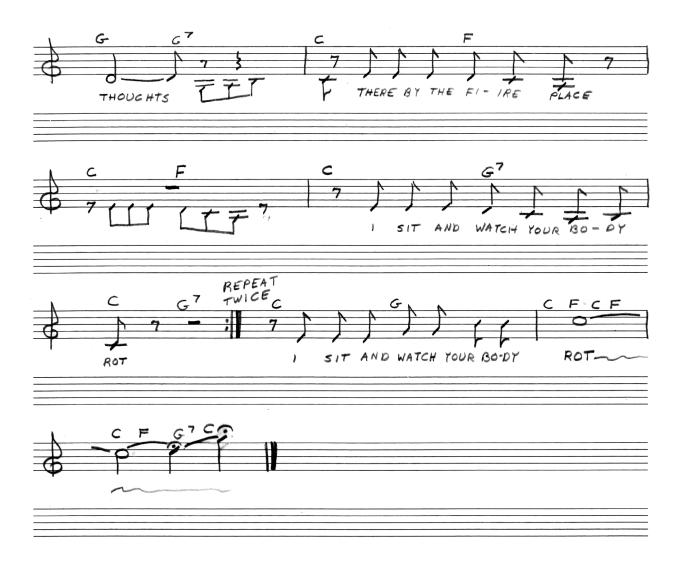
Your big glassy eyes stare through the flashing fire Into the depths of eternity
Past the humdrum days of your worthless dulldrum life And your impositions on me.

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.





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.

<u>Heartburn</u>

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



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.





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

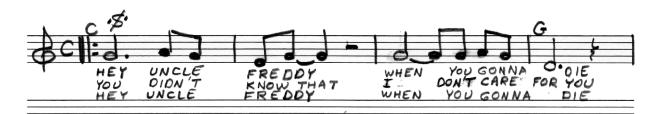
Hey Uncle Freddy
When you gonna die?
I've been waiting for thirty two years
Just to see you die.

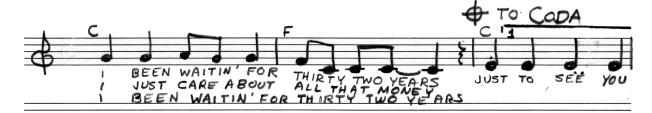
You didn't know that No one cares for you All that we want is your money And your property too

Hey Uncle Freddy When you gonna die No one's understanding Why you're still alive.

















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

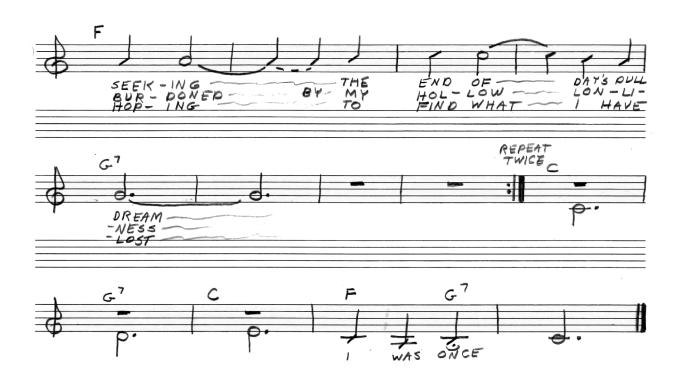
I was once loved
I was once held
I lived life only
To love and serve her
Now I live life only for tomorrow

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





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.

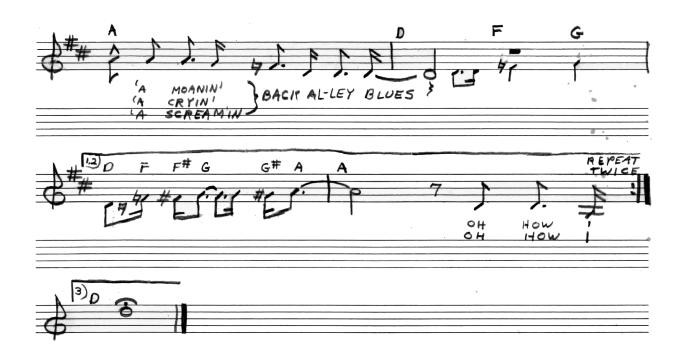
Back Alley Blues

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.





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'm in love
I'm in love
I think I'm in love





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





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.

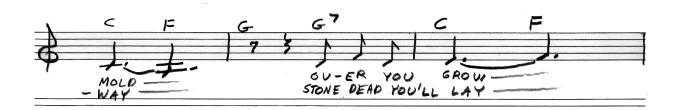
> And soon my sorrows For my tomorrows With you will lie When I see you die.

DIE HARD BLUES

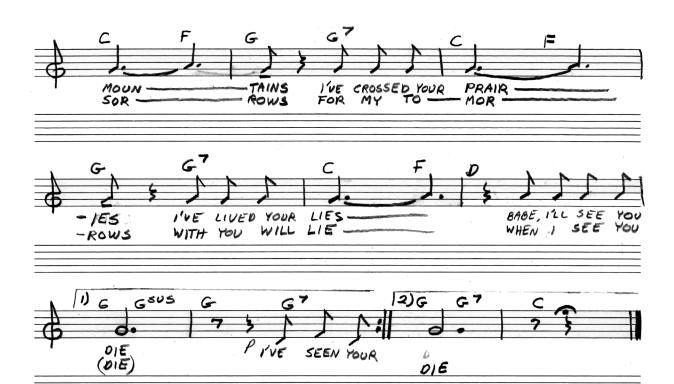












25. Lady Fair

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





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





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





22. Irrespective Dementia

1967

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/022 IrrespectiveDementia1VirginCancer.mp3

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*.

The music for *Irrespective Dementia* is too long for here. See the Arrangements section.

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

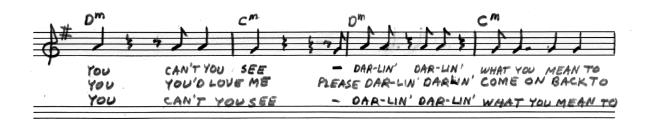
I try so hard To say what I feel for you You just close your mind And won't let it through

> 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









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





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 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 BY ROBERT J. MARKS II





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

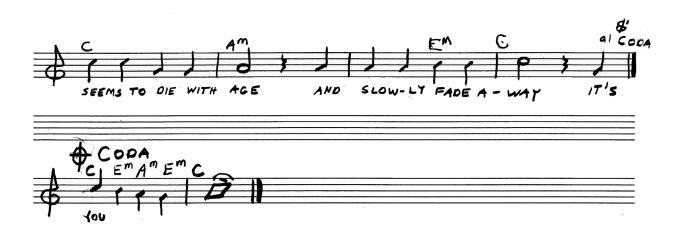
Maybe soon some day You'll turn to me and say

Say you do I'd be true I love you









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.

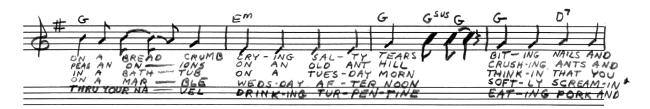
Stacking BB's on a marble Wednesday afternoon, Softly screaming at the sun and swearing at the moon. Searchin' for the rainbow's end, for that pot of gold. Planting gardens full of fruit, and harvesting mold.

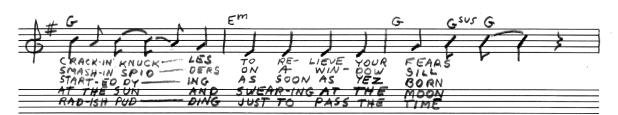
Whistling Dixie through your navel, drinking turpentine. Eating pork and radish pudding, just to pass the time. Trying not to get upset, tryin' to not think why In less than a century, you'll just up and die.

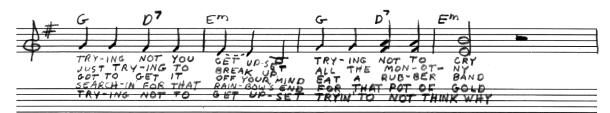
TRYING NOT TO GET UPSET

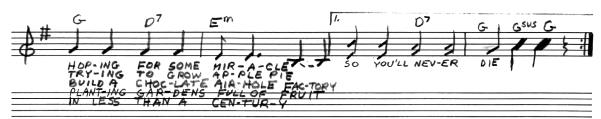
WORDS & MUSIC by ROBERT J. MARKS II

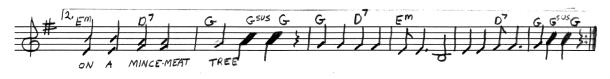


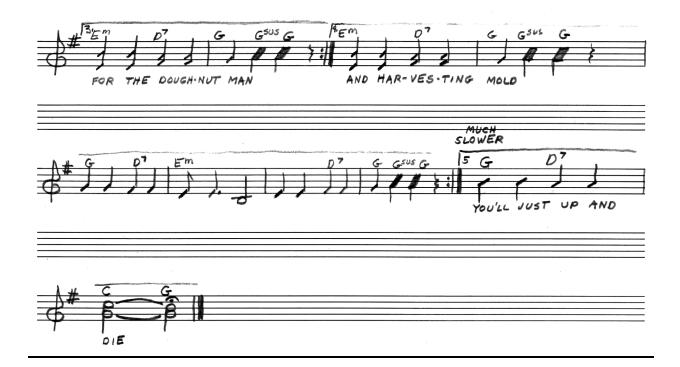












16. Sweet Death

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



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

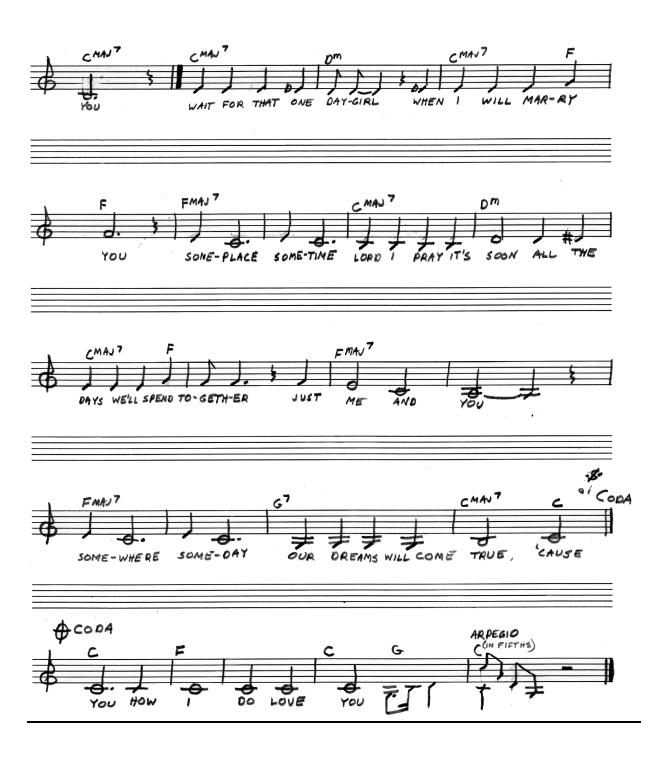
Loving you's like all of heaven
Came and laid down at feet
Loving you has made mere living
So exciting and so sweet
Oh life's so rich and so exciting
And you know it's true
Girl you are so exciting
How I do love you

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

.





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

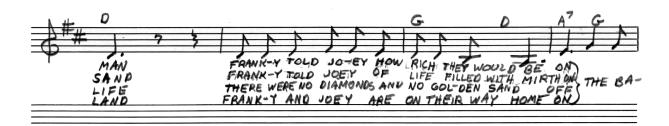
SHE'S MINE



MAKES ME HAP-PY AND

GLAD-

TO





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 out 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

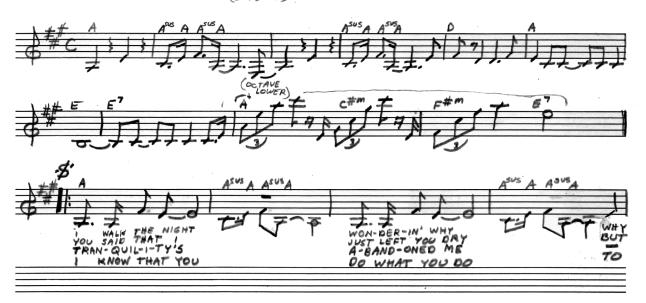
> I walk the night Biding my time Wondering why I'm starting to cry

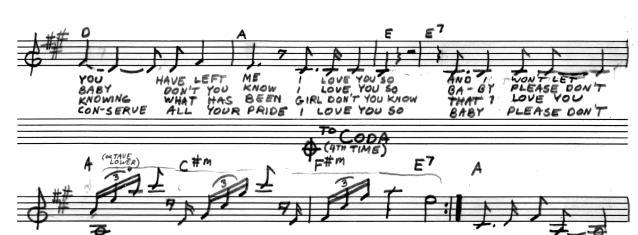
I know that you Do what you do To conserve all your pride I love you so Baby please don't go

WALK THE NIGHT

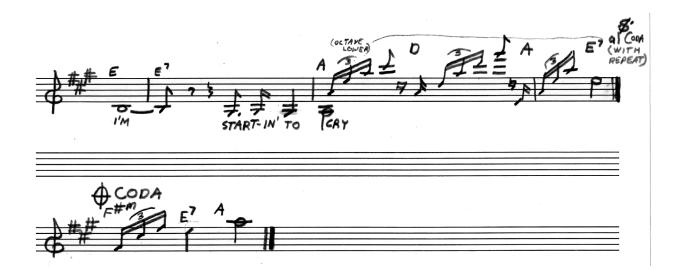
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PLEASE DON'T GO









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.



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

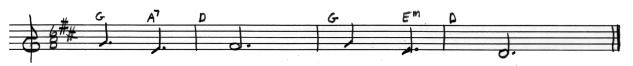
Franky and Joey came from overseas
On the bananaboat
Hoping to see what they could see
On the bananaboat
Franky told Joey this golden land
Where there was peace
And love of fellow man
Franky told Joey how rich they would be
On the bananaboat

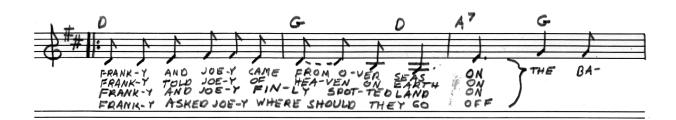
Franky told Joey of heaven on earth
On the bananaboat
Nights filled with parties and days without work
On the bananaboat
Franky told Joey of this lovely land
Full of big diamons and filled with golden sand
Franky told Joey of life filled with mirth
On the bananaboat

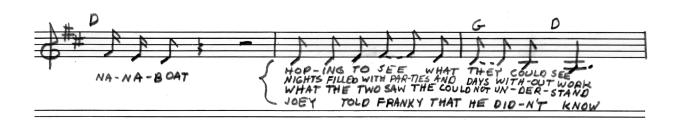
Franky & Joey finally spotted land
On the bananaboat
What the two saw they could not understand
On the bananaboat
They saw a land overflowing with strife
Each person greedily trying to better their life
There were no diamonds and no golden sand
On the bananaboat

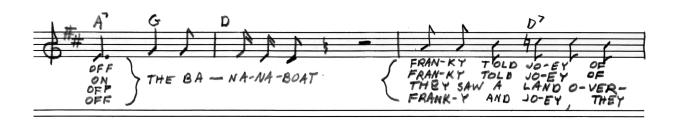
Joey asked Franky where they should go
Off the bananaboat
Franky told Joey that he didn't know
Off the bananaboat
Franky and Joey, they walked all around
Seeing the slums & the filth of this new land
Franky and Joey are on their way home
On the bananaboat

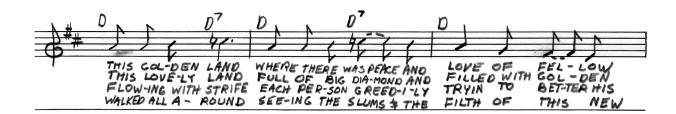
ON THE BANANABOAT

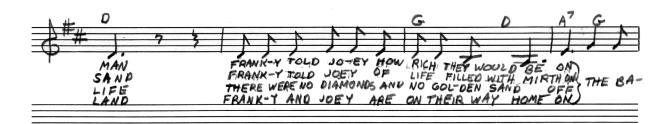














10. My Happy Family

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





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..

<u>Lost</u>

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. LOST



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 you side
And hold your fair hand

The ocean between us Won't ever confine us To not lot 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

SEE

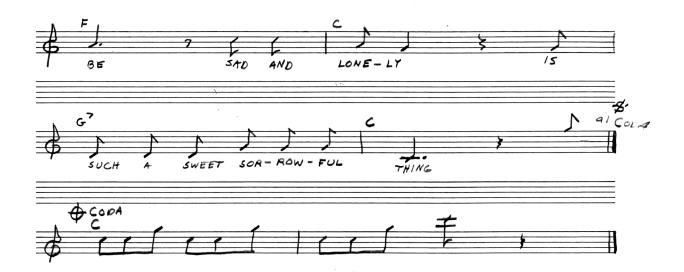
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TO



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

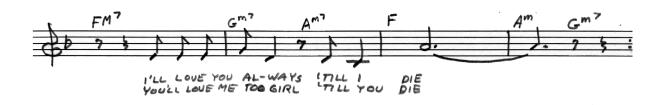
Cause I know what they say
Our loving's going away
That your love is a lie
A lie from down inside

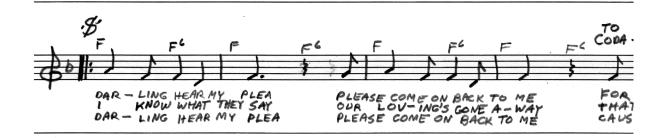
My darling I'll love you always I'll love you always `Till I die

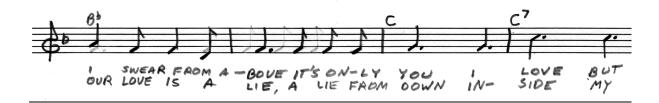
Darling hear my plea
Please come on back to me
Cause I love you

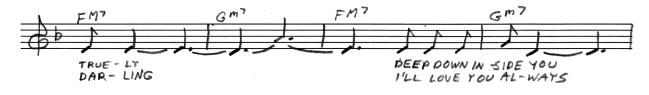


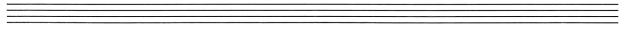


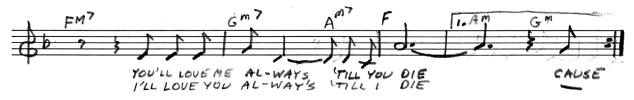


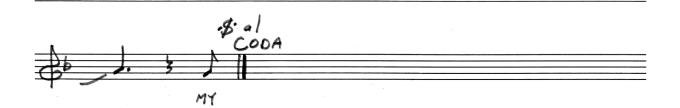


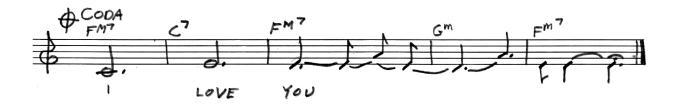












6. I'll Keep On Waiting

1966

http://MarksManNet.com/Opi/006 IllkeepOnWating.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

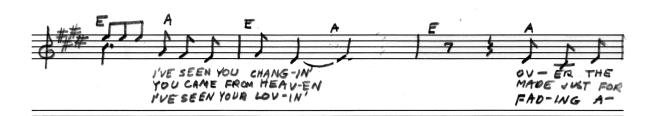
My life's lived for you For you I'd die So please come back to me Or I'll surely die But I'll keep on waiting
Waiting for you
I'll keep on waiting
What else can I do?

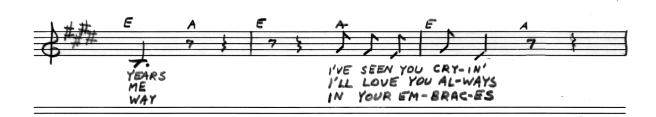
I've seen your loving
Fading away
In your embraces
And things that you say
I've felt your loving
Fading so slow
But I'll still be faithful
If you do go

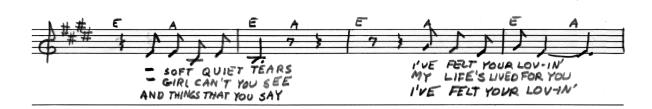
Cause I'll keep on waiting
Waiting for you
I'll keep on waiting
What else can I do?

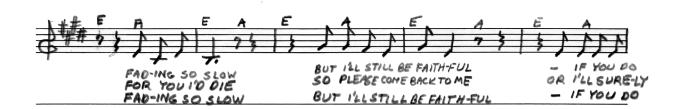
I'LL KEEP ON WAITING

















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.





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





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

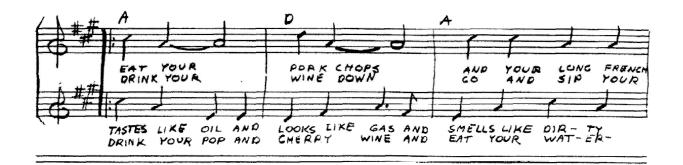
> I've ate your pork and chocolate bars And sipped your instant tea And all I want from this here life Is my 'ol sour whisky

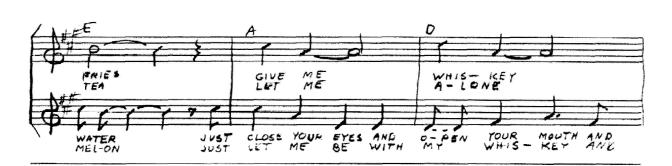
[Two part singing]
Eat you pork chops
(Tastes like oil and looks like gas)
And your long French fries
(And smells like dirty water)
Give me whisky
(Just close your eyes and open your mouth)
Just let me get high
(With my rye whisky)

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)

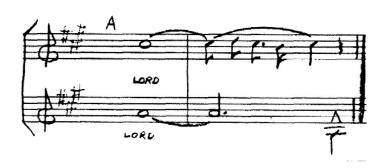
DELIRIUM TREMENS











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.



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 cy Over what you knew was all so wrong All my life I've been looked down upon
And then there cam 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

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



