

Lyrics from the Gunnar Madsen CD

I'M GROWING

1. I'm Growing

I'm growing
I'm growing

Every day I grow a little bit more
Sometimes it seems so slow and yet I'm sure I'm surely
Growing Growing Growing
Growing up!
Growing up!

Flowers reach for sun
When rains come down they droop
But when it's done
They reach again they're growing

I used to be a baby
I used to be tiny
Knee-high to a grass hop-hop-hop-hopper
My arms are getting longer
And I'm getting stronger
And my heart grows big-big-big-bigger
Bigger Bigger Bigger!!!

Every day I grow a little bit more
Sometimes it seems so slow and yet I'm sure I'm surely
Growing Growing Growing
Growing up!
Growing up!

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GM: Guitars, Bass, Piano, Drum programming, Voices
Richard Greene: "Bigger" voice

2. Pumpkin Hair

I love that lady with the pumpkin hair
She smells as sweet as butter
If she will marry me I swear
I'll never love another

I met her on St. Groundhog's day
My knees went weak when she looked my way
I love that lady with the pumpkin hair
She smells as sweet as butter

Her eyes are like the prairie sky
The weather's always changin'
If she will let me be her guy
I'll never go free-rangin'

She rides upon a chestnut mare
With a circle of flowers in her pumpkin hair
I love that lady with the pumpkin hair
She smells as sweet as butter

The freckles all across her nose
Are where the angels kissed her
When I've saved my money then I'll propose
I'll be her constant mister

The sun will shine on our sweet home
And I'll stay put and never roam
I love that lady with the pumpkin hair
She smells as sweet as butter

Her smile is like a leaf upon
The river's deepest waters
When 12 short years have come and gone

We'll have a dozen daughters

They each will have a beauty rare
With the freckles and the smiles and the pumpkin hair
I love that lady with the pumpkin hair
She smells as sweet as butter

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GM: Guitar, Bass, Piano, Voices, Percussion, Drum & Synth programming
Carrie Madsen: Harmony vocals

3. Walkin' Back to Texas

Lonely, all by my lonesome in Frisco it's
Cold, the fog blows all day long
Back in Texas the sunshine is certain
It's dry, it's hot, it's where I belong
On my knees, begging please
Home, is where, is where I belong

Bah do dee...

Mama, hear me, please hear me, I'm calling your phone
But you don't call me back
All I need is a ticket on greyhound
You know, this time I'll pay you back
I'll be good, like I should
Oh, please mama I wanna come back
Please, please mama, please take me back

Bah do dee...

So I'm walkin', I'm walkin' the highway
The dust and dirt are in my hair
Through the valleys and over the mountains
To home, can't wait til I am there
I'm on my way, home to stay
Home is where I'm bound today

Bah do dee...

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GM: Piano, Guitar, Bass, Vocal drums, voice, drum programming

4. Sun comes up

Sun comes up	Rub my eyes
Touch my toes	Exercise
Eggs and ham	Toast and jam

I Brush my teeth	Comb my hair
Make my bed	Down the stair
Brand new day	I'm out to play

I can run so fast I can run so far
I'm fast, I'm fast
You'll never catch me! I'm away...
Watch me run away!

Yes yes yes	No no no
You say stop	I say go
Hold my hand	Don't be slow

Climb on up	To the top
Slide on down	Belly flop
Skin my knee	Count to three

I run run run

It's a one on one
It's a run run run a-run run run around round kind
of day...
We're gonna run around all day – let's go!

Yes yes yes
No no no
Run run run
Let's go go go go go!

Sun comes up	Rub my eyes
Touch my toes	Exercise
Eggs and ham	Toast and jam

I Brush my teeth	Comb my hair
Make my bed	Down the stair
Brand new day	I'm out to play

I go I go I go I go go go go!

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GM: All voices, drum programming, clapping

5. Mozart's At the Window (40th Symphony)

Now Mozart's at the window
(Let him in, let him in, let him in!)
Now Mozart's in the closet
(Let him out, let him out, let him out!)
He's Here!
(Oh yes, he's in your hair)
He's There!
(Oh he is everywhere)
Now Mozart's on the rooftop
(Let him in, let him in, let him in!)

He's coming down the chimney
Now he's tracking dirt around the house
He makes a whinny like a horse
And then he's quiet as a mouse
He's hiding underneath the sofa over there
Where'd he go? He seems to disappear into thin air
Here he is, I found him swinging from the chandelier
Drinking papa's beer
In his underwear
In his underwear
In his underwear or wear, he's always running here
or there it's true
So true

Oh, what will his poor mama say
When she finds he's broken all the china
She got in France, which was hand-painted with a strange
medieval dance of tall men prancing in short pants
The prize begonias in the yard, were hit hard they
never had a chance they're
Trampled underneath the garden window
The roses too, spray painted blue, by you-know-who
He never never ever seems to give a worry or a care
He's always spinning like a top, there's always
trouble in the air
There'll never be a moment's peace as long as little
Mozart's there

Lyrics from "I'm Growing" Pg 2 of 3

He is trouble everywhere, he is trouble everywhere
I swear

Now Mozart's very quiet, it's fishy. Suspicious.
Where is he now?

He's skating on the sidewalk
He's running in the hallway
He's talking in the movies
He's eating on the subway
He's feeding all the meters
He's mocking our great leaders
He's hopped upon a jet plane
But now he's stuck at John Wayne
He can't be stuck at John Wayne
The air is stale at John Wayne
He's growing pale at John Wayne
And now he's at the Airport Hotel
He's re-arranged the flowers
He's splashing in the fountain
He's calling for room service
The concierge is nervous
Now Mozart's blowing smoke from a cigar

There's chaos in the lobby
Bad Boy Mozart's on the bar
Playing loud guitar

Now Mozart's in his bedroom
(Let me out, let me out let me out!)
He's grounded for the weekend
(Let me out, let me out let me out!)
Unfair! (Oh how he pounds the door)
Unfair! (Oh how he stomps the floor)
His mother's wearing headphones
(Shut him out shut him out shut him out!)

Now Mozart's sliding down the drainpipe by the
window of his room
He lands as lightly as a cat and looks around him in
the gloom
He's got a backpack full of toilet paper with a faint
perfume
(The rolls are flying high above the moon and up
into the sky)
The trees will bloom
(Now each and every branch is dripping white his
mom will surely cry)
Outside his room
The little booger's howling at the moon
His mother can do naught but fret and fume
She's written to his father in Khartoum
When dad comes home his son will meet his doom
—
Ka-boom!

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GM: Piano, voices.

6. Cutest Little Guy

He's the cutest little guy
I ever did see
A little like his mamma and a lot like me
The cutest little guy
I ever did see
A little like his mamma and a lot like me
Cutest little guy I ever did see
A little like his mamma and a lot like me

He's the cutest little guy
I ever did see
A little like his poppa and a lot like me
The cutest little guy
I ever did see
A little like his poppa and a lot like me
Cutest little guy I ever did see
A little like his poppa and a lot like me

When the stork came flying near

He knew he'd found the right house
He said "No mistake, this baby here
Must belong to that...this...that...this spouse"

He's the cutest little guy
I ever did see
A little like his mamma and a lot like me
The cutest little guy
I ever did see
A little like his poppa and a lot like me
Cutest little guy I ever did see
A little like his mamma
A little like his poppa
And a lot like me!

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GM: Piano, Bass & Drum programming, voice
Carrie Madsen: Voice
Quinn Madsen: Goo Goo Gah Gah

7. Best in the West

He's the best in the west
and his mother never guessed
that he'd ever be the best in the west

She was less than impressed
with the fringe leather vest
and the seven-pointed star on his chest

But now he's tall
He's tan, he's so polite
He wears a twenty-gallon hat upon his head

His spurs
Are gold, his teeth are white
He's got the Rio Grande inside his water bed

He's the best in the west
and his mother never guessed
that he'd ever be the best in the west

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GM: Voice, Accordion, Melodica, Snats
Richard Greene: Bass voice

8. Always on the Bottom

When pop flies popped up
Someone else caught 'em
It was not me
I was sittin' on my bottom
Sittin' on the bench
I was always too slow
Ambition's fine for a Hillary Rodham
But that's not me
I was always on the bottom
Always on the bottom
That's the place that I know

Each Morning I wake up
At the bottom of my bed
I read the bottom of the cereal box
I butter the bottom of my bread

I don't like heights
I'm afraid of fallin'
So I stay low
That's my true callin'
I like it on the bottom
That's the place that I know

For every mountain high
There's a valley sweet and low
A place that's sheltered from the storm
While others struggle to climb
I'm glad that I'm
Down in the Valley keepin' dry and warm

I'm always on the bottom
Always on the bottom

Close to the ground, safe and low
I'm always on the bottom
That's the place that I know
I'm always on the bottom
Always on the bottom
What's up top? Well, I don't know
'Cause I'm always on the bottom
That's the place that I know

They say that cream will rise
That may be so
But it's under our feet where diamonds grow
If you're always striving and reaching for the
stars
You might miss a shining diamond down below

When the leaves turn yellow and brown in the
Autumn
They fall down, down to the bottom
All around my feet – I'm kickin' at gold
With gravity holding me down
I smile, I don't frown
'Cause I'm happy on the bottom
I'm safe on the bottom
Oh, I like it on the bottom
You know I like to get down

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GM: Guitar, Voices, Claps, Bass & Drum programming

9. Simple

Simple I,2,3
Simple Do-Re-Mi
Simple like your mother told you so
Simple like a cake
Simple no mistake you'll ever make
If
You keep it simple, Biff
S-I-M-P-L-E
Is how it's got to be
Just keep it simple, simple, simple for me

Simple Ooh La La
Simple Cha-cha-cha
Simple just like falling off a log
Simple as a square
Simple just like breathing in the air
Sniff
Mmm, keep it simple, Biff
S-I-M-P-L-E
Is how it's got to be
Just keep it simple, simple, simple for me

Big old words like "obfuscate"
They're not great, They don't rate
Detailed, complex arguments
They're all pretense, they don't make sense
They're just another way of sittin' on the fence

Simple bird and bee
Simple you and me
Simple there's no mystery at all
Simple as a sneeze
Simple like the fruit falls from the trees
Right
Just take a simple bite
S-I-M-P-L-E
Is how it's got to be
Just keep it simple
Simple, simple, simple
Simple as the dimple on little Shirley Timple
Make mine simple, simple, simple for me

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GM: Piano, Bass, Guitars, Voices, Drum programming

10. There's a bowl of milk in the moonlight

There's a bowl of milk in the moonlight
 There's a mouse on the mat at the door
 When the morning dawns
 And the tired world yawns
 I'll be curled up by the window
 In the warm, warm sun

Meow meow meow meow meow
 Meow meow meow meow
 Meow meow meow...

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GM: Piano, Voice, Horn programming
 Cat Chorus: Kathryn Keats, Lorenzo Keats, Madalyn Kenney, Richard Greene

11. I Feel a Waltz Coming On

I feel a waltz coming on
 I don't like this feeling
 I'll stare at the light bulb up there on the ceiling
 It's old and it's corny
 It's phony, it's false
 It's not what I want, a Waltz!

I feel a waltz coming on
 Of all the diseases
 The waltz, above all, is the one that displeases
 It churns in my stomach
 It burns somersaults
 The thing I can't stand is a waltz!

I can't let them see it
 I must try to hide
 This squirming unnerving sensation
 Of a schmaltzy waltz deep inside

I feel a waltz coming on!
 In spite of my wishes
 My soul is unfurling and swirling in swishes
 I'm three quarters crazy
 I'm three quarters mad
 I'm waltzing a waltz, I'm Bad!

I can't let them see it
 I must try to act like a man
 I don't trust this feeling
 The last time I waltzed I was months in the
 healing!

I feel a waltz coming on!
 It's most disconcerting
 It's more than my lower lumbago that's hurting
 My delicate senses
 It brutally assaults
 I cringe when I hear
 Everybody stand clear
 The thing that I fear, it's near, it's here, it's a waltz!

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GM: Piano, Voice, Orchestral programming

12. Library Party

Library Closing Time
 Make the announcement, ring the chime
 Straighten the chairs, do all those little chores
 Move the people out and lock the doors
 It's been a long day of givin' out information
 We've earned ourselves a little celebration
 Nobody knows what we librarians do
 When we're behind closed doors and out of view

Nobody knows what we librarians do
 When we're behind closed doors and out of view
 Pull down the shades, dim the lights
 Do we just read books or do we dance all night?
 Library, Library Party Time

Some like to boogie, some sing the blues
 Some like it funky in platform shoes
 Some are bold, some are shy

It takes all kinds to make a library fly
 Library, Library Party Time
 Library, Library Party Time
 Library, Library Party Time

Librarians!
 We don't shirk our duties
 Librarians!
 We all shake our booties!

We hold the key to the reference books in back
 The key to the bathroom and restricted stacks
 The key to the doors, we open at ten a.m.
 We hold the key to knowledge that can set you
 free
 The key to the books of mystery
 We are the guardians of our great library
 We got the key
 We'll set you free

Ya gotta dance, ya gotta open your mind
 Ya gotta shake your head ya gotta shake your
 behind
 Dare to dream, dare to groove
 Read a book, make a noise, busta rhyme, busta
 move
 When knuckleheads all rule the world
 Who will teach the boys and girls?
 Librarians!
 Author, Subject, Title!
 Librarians!
 Freedom of information is Vital!

We hold the key to the reference books in back
 The key to the bathroom and restricted stacks
 The key to the doors, we close at six p.m.
 We hold the key to knowledge that can set you
 free
 The key to the books of mystery
 We are the guardians of our great library
 Yeah we got the key
 Our service is free!

Nobody knows what we librarians do
 When we're behind closed doors and out of view
 Pull down the shades, dim the lights
 Do we just read books or do we dance all night?
 Library, Library Party Time
 Library, Library Party Time
 Library, Library Party Time Library, Library Party
 Time

Librarians!
 Do we decimal? Yes, we do!
 Librarians!
 Are we Alphabetical? A to Zoo!
 Librarians!
 Kick back and relax!
 Librarians!
 Watch us blow our stacks!

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GM: Piano, Guitars, Bass, Voices, Drum programming

13. Raise Your Voices

Raise your voices
 In a celebration
 It's a new day
 Over all the land
 Hearts are joyful
 Love is flowing
 Around the world

Lift your voices and sing it from the start!
 (Listen to the beat, sing the song, sing it from the
 start!)
 Lift your voices and raise the heavens
 (Sing it how it feels, sing it how it feels in your
 heart!)
 Around the world we all need love

(Now!) It's time!
 (Time!) To raise our voices!
 (Light!) Light up!
 (Up!) The night with all our love...

Raise your voices
 In a celebration
 It's a new day
 Over all the land
 Hearts are joyful
 Love is flowing
 Around the world

Through the walls of city halls
 The voices ring out, shouting out with joy
 Love is King and Queen today
 The light shines bright on every girl and boy

Raise your voices
 In a celebration
 It's a new day
 Over all the land
 Hearts are joyful
 Love is flowing
 Around the world

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GM: Piano, Guitar, Voice, Drum programming
 Richard Greene: Bass
 The Irrationals, Kathryn Keats: Chorus

14. Tonight

Tonight there'll be stars on your pillow
 Tonight you'll dream the sweetest of dreams
 Tonight, tonight, tonight

Tonight your eyes gently closing
 Tonight you'll hear me singing to you
 Tonight, tonight, tonight

All of your cares are drifting away
 You're floating now, you're on a cloud, you're free

All of your cares are drifting away
 You're floating now, you're on a cloud, you're free

All thru the night I'll be here if you need me
 Call out my name, I will hear if you call me
 I'll be here
 I'll be here

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GM: Acoustic and Electric Guitars, Voices, Percussion and Bass programming

15. Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter
 Away, you rolling river
 Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter
 Away, we're bound away
 Across the wide Missouri

For seven years I've been a rover
 Away, you rolling river
 For seven years I've been a rover
 Away, we're bound away
 Across the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
 Away, you rolling river
 Oh shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
 Away, we're bound away
 Across the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
 Away, you rolling river
 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
 Away, we're bound away
 Across the wide Missouri

Traditional - Arrangement ©2007 G Madsen ASCAP Map Mop Music

GM: All voices. Nature: Creek, crickets, zephyrs