

# "Ants in My Pants!" - Lyrics

## Ants in My Pants

I got ants in my pants  
Nobody seems to understand  
It is so hard to sit still  
and wait until  
The teacher sees you wave your hand  
I got to got to got to go  
yeah everybody don't you know  
I got the ants...in my pants

The teacher tells me to be quiet  
He says "Sit in that chair"  
He pretends he never had ants  
In his pants  
He acts like he don't even care  
I'd like to give him all my ants  
And then I'd watch him do a dance  
(All the way to france!)  
I'd put my ants...in his pants

I wish I wish I could be calm  
To be serene would be sublime  
I would sit and read books  
Wouldn't get no dirty looks  
I'd be contented all the time  
But no matter how I try  
I just can't be that kind of guy  
Fish gotta swim  
And birds gotta fly  
And if I don't get to move I'm gonna die

I got the itches in my britches  
And yet I'm told to settle down  
I'm gonna bust all the stitches  
In my britches  
If I don't get to move around  
Yeah there's an itch I've gotta scratch  
I can't sit here like I'm a chicken - waitin' for an egg  
to hatch  
I've got itches  
In my britches  
I've got ants  
In my pants  
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## Welcome to My Fog

Welcome to my fog  
There's room for you to come right in  
Welcome to my fog...I guess

Welcome to my fog  
Just take my hand and be my friend  
Welcome to my fog...I guess

When I was very young and still in school  
The teacher would call on me and I wouldn't know  
what to do  
So I would say...What?  
And gee, she'd never call on me again

When I go for a drive I feel lucky to be alive  
The air feels so good coming off of the hood  
And I don't go very fast--I want it to last  
And strangely enough, it does

Welcome to my fog  
There's room for you to come right in  
Welcome to my fog...I guess

The only sound that I can hear  
Is when you're yelling in my ear  
(Hey you!)  
Hey me?

Welcome to my fog  
There's room for you to come right in  
Welcome to my fog...I guess  
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## Don't Shake Hands with a One-Eyed Pirate

Don't shake hands with a one-eyed pirate  
Spit in the wind and you'll get wet  
If your meat isn't green you can go ahead and eat it  
You know you better eat it 'cause it's all you're gonna  
get

Lean to port  
Lean to starboard  
If your keel runs deep you won't capsize  
Lean to port  
Lean to starboard  
You can see the sun setting in the captain's eyes

In the captain, in the captain, Look into the captain's  
eyes!

Swab the deck with a mop made of hair  
Lash the ropes with wet rawhide  
Gather all the eggs from the crow's nest  
And scramble 'em with pickles for the captain's bride

Lean to port  
Lean to starboard (Gotta get your sea legs!)  
If your keel runs deep you won't capsize  
Lean to port  
Lean to starboard (Sharks are getting hungry!)  
You can see the sun setting in the captain's eyes

When the skies are clear we're dancin' on the deck  
Drinkin' pirate beer with the scarves around our neck  
Our pockets full of gold and we don't give a heck  
If the ships we wrecked are sunk  
Drunk  
Kerplunk!

Come little ones, come away with me  
There's a map to the treasure, it's marked with an x  
You can trust me, Ay, I'm a one eyed pirate  
If there's ever any trouble I'll save your necks

Lean to port  
Lean to Starboard  
Lose your lunch and you'll feel better  
Lean to port  
Lean to Starboard  
You can't write home 'cause you can't write a letter  
from the middle of the sea, no you can't write a letter  
from here!  
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## Tuna Fish

Tuna Fish  
My parents named me Tuna Fish  
It was my mother's dearest wish  
That Tuna Fish be my name

Other boys  
Have normal names like Siegfried or Roy  
Because I was my mother's joy  
She named her boy for a fish

It's not a bad name, it has a je ne sais quoi  
It's a name that people remember  
But on the playground when they yell  
"Are you cooked or are you raw!?"  
I cry, and it's cold as December

Tuna Fish  
It's not like it's my favorite dish  
But you can call me Tuna Fish  
For truly thish is my name  
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## Old Baloney

Abalone. Babaloney. Crow-baloney  
Dough-baloney. E-baloney

Fi-Fie Fo-baloney  
It's not real  
It's Faux baloney, it's not a meal  
Go-baloney, Ho-baloney, Eye-baloney  
Joe-baloney, Krab-baloney, Live alone with  
My baloney  
It's not yours  
It's my baloney, it stays indoors  
I Leave it in my locker for a rainy day  
Old baloney gonna keep my troubles and my friends  
away

Baloney  
Big bad smell  
No baloney, Oh, baloney, Po' baloney  
Quid pro quo baloney  
Michael Row baloney, Slow baloney  
Toe baloney with the toe jam too  
You you you baloney, Vacuum tube baloney  
Woo woo woo baloney, X, Y Zoo baloney!  
Leave it in your locker for a rainy day  
Old baloney gonna keep your troubles and your  
friends away

Baloney  
Big bad smell  
Leave it in your locker for a rainy day  
Old baloney gonna keep your troubles and your ene-  
mies and your friends and everybody away.

Baloney  
Big bad smell  
Baloney  
Don't feel well

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## Like Two Coconuts

There's a man on a bike with a trailer in the back  
In the trailer are his two little kids  
With their helmets on they giggle and laugh  
And their heads bop together  
Yeah their heads bop together  
Yeah their heads bop together like this:

Like two coconuts  
Like two coconuts  
Like two coconuts they bounce and bop around  
Like two coconuts  
Like two coconuts  
Coconut, coconut, coconut, coconut, coconut, coco-  
nut, coconut through the town  
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## And the Children Rolled

And the crooked man walked from his house  
ba da ding ba da ding ba da ding ba da ding  
And he went down to the grocery store  
a ha a ha a ha  
And the lady who was straight as a pin  
Went down to the store cause she had to get to some  
food  
The lady who was straight as a pin  
Was hungry all the time

And they met there at the grocery store  
a ha mm-hm a ha mm-hm  
And they got married at half past four  
a hmm click click a hmm

And their children rolled around the floor  
They were round like a ball, they were round like a  
ball  
The kids rolled around the floor  
They were round like a ball mm-hm  
They were round like pumpkins, round like tomatoes,  
round like the earth or an apple or an orange  
The children rolled around the floor  
The crooked man said ha ha ha  
The lady straight said tee he he  
And the children rolled right out the door.....

And they fell in love with an ice cream truck  
yum yum a ha yum yum a ha  
And they rolled around from town to town  
yum yum a ha yum yum

And they grew fatter and rounder still  
uh huh mm-hm uh huh mm-hm  
Til they lost their truck at the top of a hill  
uh huh-mm-hm uh-huh

And they tumbled tumbled tumbled tumbled  
Down down down  
The the the the  
mountainside

They were on a roll like a jill or a jack  
They heard the sobs that their mother cried  
And they knew that she wanted them back

Then the door flew open and they rolled in  
uh-huh, ho ho, watch out, uh huh  
And knocked her over like a bowling pin  
oh ho oh ho

And the children rolled around the floor  
The crooked man said ha ha ha  
The lady straight said tee he he  
And they all were happy evermore....

Til they heard the sound of an ice cream truck  
Ding a lang, lang a ding, ding a ling a lang a ding  
And the crooked man skipped right outside  
The lady straight was by his side  
The children rolled out big and wide  
Yum yum, roll roll, ha ha tee hee ding-a-ling yum  
yum bye bye

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### Ballad of the Lonesome Rider

Out on the trail near Santa Fe  
The wind stings my eyes, I've lost my way  
I never thought she'd really leave  
Now my heart aches upon my sleeve

I am a cowboy born to weep  
See how my tears water the desert  
Her love was hard, the things that she said hurt  
Now I'm alone upon the sage  
Woe, woe, woe-eeee

I am a cowboy born to cry  
See how my tears fill the arroyo  
She took away the source of my joy  
Oh I'm so lonesome, I could die  
Woe, woe, woe-eeee

I am a cowboy born to mourn  
See how my tears flow through the canyon  
I thought she'd be my lifelong companion  
Now it's just me, my horse, and ay, ay, ay, ayyyyyy

I am a cowboy born to grieve  
Now my heart aches upon my sleeve  
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### Lonely Dog Tango

To be a dog is ruff sometimes  
My master leaves me at home and I'm  
Sad on the couch, sad on the rug, sad by the door  
I gnaw on a lonely bone

The clock on the mantel says 'tick-tock'  
I drink from my bowl, I dream of a walk  
I sit, rollover, play dead, I growl  
I'm hounded by heartache, I unleash my mournful  
howl

Arooooooooooooo

I stop... What's that? Someone's pounding the door  
It's the neighbor, he's shouting my name once more  
I bark, I snarl, I frighten him away  
He's not my master - I will not obey!  
Arooooooooooooo

The sun's going down- Master, where are you?  
I've chewed all my toys, I've chewed on your shoe  
Off in the distance a fire truck rolls by  
My heart aches with pain as I hear its lonesome cry  
Arooooooooooooo

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### I Am Loved

I skip' down the street feelin' good  
I stop and smell every rose in the neighborhood  
I say hello to a squirrel  
I say hello to the birds I say hello to a girl  
My head's in a whirl  
'Cause I am loved

You love me when I'm happy  
You love me when I'm sad  
You love me when I'm real real good  
And you love me when I've been a little bad  
No matter how far I stray  
I can feel your love  
Yeah you help me find my way  
You make a brighter day  
I am loved

Ooo, Yes I am, I am loved

Pick me up  
Turn me upside down  
Toss me high in the air like a circus clown  
Make me giggle  
Tickle my toe  
Hold my hand while we walk, don't let go  
Let everybody know  
That I am loved

Ooo, Yes I am, I am loved  
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### Are we there yet?

Driving across the country  
Sitting alone in the back seat  
My forehead against the window  
The powerlines swoop from  
Pole to pole  
Up and down  
Pole to pole to pole

These fields go on forever  
Nothing to look at but the billboards  
We pass a line of trailers  
Their wheels go spinning  
Round and round  
Silver  
Round and round and round

(chorus)  
Are we there yet, are we there yet?  
When will we be there?  
Are we there yet, are we there yet?  
When will we be there?  
Are we there yet?  
No  
It's a long way to go  
Are we there yet, are we there yet?  
When will we be there?

We left our house this morning  
We stopped and I had pancakes  
My parents drink their coffee  
The road ahead is disappearing

In the heat  
Shining like a lake  
(chorus)

The sun is going down  
My eyes are tired and drowsy  
I lean against my jacket  
The radio goes on and on  
Talking  
On and on and on  
(chorus)

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### Mayonnaise and Pumpernickel Bread

Mayonnaise and pumpernickel bread  
Put a silver dollar on your head  
If you see a ghost  
give it buttered toast  
Most of all the ghosts are underfed

Hocka doodle ee, hocka doodle ay  
Hocka doodle doo doo doo  
Hocka doodle me, hocka doodle they  
Hocka doodle you you you

Bounce a little baby on your knee  
March it all the way to Tripoli  
Goo goo ga ga goo  
That'll have to do  
Baby gonna burp and poop and pee  
Hocka doodle ee...

Pass the peas and toss the salad high  
Toast your host until your glass is dry  
Let us bless the food  
Full of gratitude  
Later on we'll have a punkin' pie  
Hocka doodle ee...

Shoot the moon and whistle at a star  
Jump to Jupiter in a rocket car  
Soon you'll be asleep  
Countin' wooly sheep  
In your dreams you're gonna travel far  
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### Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free  
The breezes so balmy and light  
That I would not exchange my home on the range  
For all of the cities so bright

Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day  
lyrics by Brewster Higley, music by Daniel Kelley - The Official  
State Song of Kansas!

Lyrics to the CD

“Ants in My Pants!”

by Gunnar Madsen

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