

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

All the Hollysongs I haven't recorded  
except for a couple that were too rude

### *The Computer Widow's Lament*

My first song. It was 1987, I was at Berkeley and I'd just bought a computer to write my master's thesis. I'd sit up late at night till my eyes grew red and watery. I found myself singing lines from *John Anderson, my Jo*, an old Scots song printed in *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (1800.) *Ye'll bleerit a' your e'en, John, oh, why do you do so? / Come sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson, my jo.*

A more polite version was popularized by Robert Burns.

John Anderson, my jo, John  
I wonder what you mean  
To sit awake so late at night  
At that Macintosh machine.  
    Starin' at a screen, John  
    Oh, why do you do so?  
    Come sooner to your bed at e'en  
    John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John  
When that we first began  
You had as good a tail-tree  
As any other man.  
    But noo it waxes wan, John,  
    And wrinkles to and fro  
    I blame it on the Internet  
    John Anderson, my jo.

And oh, but it's a fine thing  
To have your ain website  
But it's a muckle finer thing  
To see your hurdies fyke  
    To see your hurdies fyke, John  
    And strike the risin' blow  
    'Tis more fun than your Macintosh  
    John Anderson, my jo.

I'm backit like the salmon  
I'm breested like the swan  
My wame it is a dovecote  
My middle ye may span  
    Frae topknot tae my tail, John,  
    I'm like the new-fall'n snow  
    And ye can't say that o' the Internet  
    John Anderson, my jo.

Wame: womb, belly  
Hurdies: buttocks

I made up a song for my best friend in grad school.

*Fluff the Tragic Drag Queen*

© 1988

Tune: Puff the Magic Dragon © Peter Yarrow, Leonard Lipton

Fluff the tragic drag queen  
Lived by the Bay,  
And frolicked in the autumn fog  
Seven hours from L.A.

Little Jackie Fag Hag  
Loved that rascal Fluff,  
And brought her lace and camisoles  
And other fancy stuff.

Together they'd go cruising  
The Castro block by block.  
Jackie made up fairy tales  
Of Fluff's gigantic.....frock

Leathermen and twinkies  
Trembled when she came  
The other queens would cream their jeans  
When Fluff squealed out her name.

Drag queens live forever  
But fag hags fade away.  
Midnight flings and nipple rings  
Make way for resumés.

Jackie went to Stanford  
To get her MBA  
And Fluff the tragic drag queen sobbed  
Into her chardonnay.

Her head was bowed in sorrow  
Her makeup ran like rain.  
Fluff got hooked on reefer  
And began to snort cocaine.

Without her lifelong friend  
Fluff could not be gay,  
So just for spite, one foggy night  
She jumped into the Bay.

Fluff the tragic drag queen  
Lived by the Bay,  
And frolicked in the autumn fog  
Seven hours from L.A.

Graduate school did this to me. The rosebud metaphor draws on Barre Toelken's *Morning Dew and Roses: Nuance, Metaphor and Meaning in Folksongs*. Roses symbolize what you think they symbolize.

## *Deconstruct*

Lyrics ©1988

Tune: *Be Prepared*, © 1953, Tom Lehrer

Deconstruct! That's our post-post-modern song  
Deconstruct! As through school you slog along,  
Writing seven volumes on the letter L,  
Using forty-letter words that you can't spell.

Deconstruct! Decontextualize that text  
Deconstruct! Leave your enemies perplexed.  
    Leave your semiotics hidden  
    Where they can not be found,  
    And be careful if you gambol  
    Where the metaphors abound.  
    They are tiny rosebuds waiting to be plucked  
Deconstruct!

Deconstruct! That's the literati's creed  
Deconstruct! Cognitize in word and deed  
Don't problematize your sister, that's not nice  
Unless it's a dialectical device

Deconstruct! Obfuscation don't eschew  
There's no need, since there's no one reading you

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

4 of 57

If you're looking for a paradigm of new and different kind  
And you come across a linguist who is similarly inclined  
Don't get nervous, don't get flustered, don't get f\*cked  
Deconstruct!



### *Going Native*

© I dunno when

Tune: Makin' Whoopee © 1928 Walter Donaldson

For Sabina Magliocco

Another Beltane,  
Another May  
Another folklorist  
Has come to stay.  
She thinks it's thrilling  
That we're so willing  
She's goin' native.

She's got her abstract, she's got her grant  
She's learned a Neo-pagan chant  
The news is leaking  
Her mother's freaking  
She's goin' native.

Think of a sweet young scholar  
Getting her PhD

*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

5 of 57

Picture that same young scholar  
After a year or three:

She's going skyclad  
And riding brooms;  
She's doing strange things  
With mushrooms  
Tell her professor  
He can't suppress her  
She's going native.

I went to the Reclaiming Collective's Witch Camp in the midwest. Neo-pagan magic, like any oral tradition, varies from one place to another. I figured the flyover witches might like to know how magic is practiced in northern California.

"Never invoke anything you can't banish" is a magical principle elucidated in Amber K's *Paganspoof* magazine, 1984.

*Alice*

© sometime in the last century Tune: *They Call the Wind Mariah*, © Harve Presnell

In California we have names  
For earth and air and fire  
The earth is earth  
The air is air  
And we call the fire fire.

Fire, it's fire  
And we call the fire fire.

The Hopi teach us how to sweat  
To dance and eat peyote  
It's Changing Woman they invoke  
And they call the god Coyote.

Coyote, Coyote  
They call the god Coyote.

The Horned One we do invoke  
To bless us with his phallus.  
We know him as the Dying God  
And he calls his phallus Alice.

Alice, oh Alice  
He calls his phallus Alice.

We call on gods in Yoruba,

# *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

6 of 57

In Gaelic and in Spanish  
Remembering our golden rule:  
Don't invoke what you can't banish.

Banish, oh banish  
Don't invoke what you can't banish.

In 1989 I moved to Mendocino. One night I had a late-night heart-to-heart with a friend, and found I couldn't tell the players without a scorecard. Most of the names have been changed.

## *The Mendo Daisy Chain*

(You can sing "This crazy daisy chain" if you don't live in Mendocino)  
Lyrics © 1990      Tune: *Lulu Had A Baby*, from the singing of Carl Sandburg

Bart's in love with Linda, she's in love with Ron,  
He's in love with Laura who he met at Al-Anon.  
But Laura is a Buddhist, she always tells the truth,  
So she told him about the scene she has with Stan and Ruth.

He loves me, he loves me not, from one day to the next  
He's up, he down, he's freaking out, he's totally perplexed.  
Here's eighty dollars to my shrink to ease me of my pain,  
I'm just another daisy on the Mendo daisy chain.

Stan's in love with Maggie, but he's too shy to say,  
'Cause she's in love with Arnold, and we all know Arnold's gay.  
Arnold's sweet on Matthew, but he can't get a date,  
'Cause Matthew, bless his cotton-picking little heart, is straight.

He loves me, he loves me not, from one day to the next  
He's up, he down, he's freaking out, he's totally perplexed.  
Here's ninety dollars to my shrink to see if I'm still sane,  
I'm just another daisy on the Mendo daisy chain.

Mathew's courting Julie, but I hear they don't have sex,  
'Cause when he sees her all she does is talk about her ex.  
Her ex is fond of Carol, but it can never be,  
'Cause Carol is a Lesbian, and she's in love with me.  
She is my best and oldest friend, I hate to break her heart.  
How am I going to tell her I've got a crush on Bart?

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

7 of 57

He loves me, he loves me not, from one day to the next  
I'm up, I'm down, I'm freaking out, I'm totally perplexed.  
I'd ask my shrink a question if I only had the guts,  
Are we all codependent, or are we simply nuts?

So here's another hundred bucks to ease my fevered brain  
I'm just another daisy on the Mendo daisy chain.

"When the missionaries came to Africa they had the Bible and we had the land. They said 'Let us pray.' We closed our eyes. When we opened them we had the Bible and they had the land."

Sociolinguist Jim Duran attributed this quote to Bishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa, who learned it from Jomo Kenyatta. I've been told it is also known among Lakota Sioux and native Hawaiians.

I moved to Mendocino to teach anthropology at College of the Redwoods. Each semester I would show my students John Marshall's film about the !Kung San of the Kalahari desert. This song was also inspired by Martin Simpson's song *Dreamtime*, about Australian tribal elder Nipper Kapirigi.

## *The Bible And The Land*

©1998

Tune: Reynardine, traditional English folksong



You told us that you came as friends  
When you came to our land  
You told us you had brought good news  
To our small struggling band.

We gathered roots and hunted game  
Dug water form the sand  
When you brought us the Bible  
And we still had our land.

Thank you for this tin-roofed shack  
That shelters us from rain  
And thank you for the pills you bring  
That ease my baby's pain.

And thank you for the whiskey jug  
That drives away my fear  
And takes away the nightmares  
I've had since you've been here.

And thank you, dearest mistress,  
For this cast-off cotton dress.  
Before you came, I had no shame  
Nor hid my nakedness.

You tell me not to miss the feel  
Of sunlight on my skin  
For it is woman's task to keep  
From tempting men to sin.

Four months my man has been away  
To work the deep-sunk mine  
Each Sunday in the chapel now  
I see your diamonds shine.

Behind the furthest back row now  
I fall down on my knees  
And beg a white-skinned God to hear  
A brown-skinned woman's pleas.

Please help me to accept the thing  
I cannot understand  
Why we should have the Bible  
And you should have our land.

When first I came to Mendocino , I lived in a Baba Yaga style witch's cottage in the woods off  
Comptche-Ukiah Road.



*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost  
Comptche Road*

©1992

Tune *Country Roads*, © 1971, Taffy Nivert, Bill Danoff, and John Denver.

Comptche Road, take me home  
Where it ain't so darn quaint  
Mendocino weekend tourists  
Drive me home down Comptche Road.

I see them out on the headlands in their running shoes  
"Is that a dolphin or a whale?" is what they say.  
"Give us all your money," say the shopkeepers,  
"And then go back to San Jose..."

Highway One, take them home  
To the place they belong:  
San Francisco, Palo Alto  
Take them home, 101.

I hear their voices as I drive in to get my mail  
"Is there a bathroom in this town?" is what they say.  
Looking for a parking space, I'm wishing  
That they all had gone home yesterday  
Yesterday

Comptche Road, take me home  
Where it ain't so darn quaint  
Till this three-day weekend's over  
I'll stay home on Comptche Road.

I've been going to Lark Camp at the Mendocino Woodlands every August since 1982. One afternoon I went back to my cabin for a nap. My wallmates - the musicians on the other side of the cabin wall - came in to rehearse their band. I lay on my cot and came up with the

*Woodlands Lullabye*

Words © 2014?

Tune: My Darling Clementine

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

In a cabin in the Woodlands  
 'Twas the cabin next to mine  
 Lived a girl who played the bodhran  
 And her name was Susie Klein.

This young woman and her roommate  
 Got along together fine  
 'Cause her roommate played the squeezebox  
 And her name was Angeline.

Angeline she had a baby  
 On his Mom he liked to dine  
 So he woke her up at five and six and seven,  
 Eight and nine.

Now the moral of this story  
 If you like to jam till dawn  
 Learn to play the Scottish bagpipes\*  
 Soon your roommates will be gone.

\* Alternatively, "Learn to play Moroccan bagpipes," which piper Bob Thomas used to say was the most annoying instrument in the world.

## *The Didjeridude*

Molly drove to the Boonville Fair on a fine September day  
 To see the sheepdogs work the sheep, and the children sport and play.  
 But there upon the bandstand stage so gentle and serene  
 There stood the cutest didjeridude she had ever seen.  
     With his fidjeri, widjeri, smidjeri, squidjeri, didjeri in his hand.

He played Aboriginal tunes and original tunes to boot  
 He played Mozart's fourth quartet for transverse contrabass flute.  
 He played the national anthems of Belgium and Belize  
 He bowed and smiled, the crowd went wild, and bought all his CDs.

Then he sat down by a redwood tree to rest there for a while  
 She sat down beside him and shyly she did smile.  
 She said, "Kind sir, I love your style, your rhythm and your tone,  
 Would you play a tune on your didjeridoo for me myself alone?"

*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

11 of 57

He led her by her lily-white hand unto a shady bower  
Where he played upon his didjeridoo a quarter of an hour.  
When he was spent he was content but she craved one thing more  
"Oh, may I play on your didjeridoo before the night is o'er?"

"Oh no," he cried, "My pretty fair maid, such a thing can never be,  
For this is my own didjeridoo and it does belong to me

My Daddy's daddy had it, as his Dad had before.  
Oh, you may not play on my didjeridoo though it grieves your heart full sore."

She wept, she sighed, she bitterly cried, she fell down at his knees.  
At length his hard heart softened, and he gave in to her pleas.  
And now these two are married and by a winter fire  
To play upon his didjeridoo is all her heart's desire.

With his fidjeri, widjeri, squidjeri, smidjeri didjeri in her hand.

On May 24, 1990, a car being driven by Earthfirst! activist Judi Bari was blown up by a bomb in Oakland. She survived the blast, but suffered crippling injuries to her pelvis that left her in pain for the rest of her life. Oakland police and FBI bomb experts placed the blame on Bari and Daryl Cherney, even though it was clear that the bomb had been placed directly under the driver's seat.

Documentary: <http://whobombedjudibari.com/>

*J. Ed.*

Lyrics ©1990

Tune: *Joe Hill*, ©1938 Earl Robinson

I dreamed I saw J. Edgar Hoover  
Live as you or me  
"But J.," I said, "You're ten years dead."  
"I never died," said he.  
"I never died," said he.

"For forty years, by fear and greed  
You ruled the FBI  
But now we've taken back our rights."  
Says he, "I did not die."  
Says he, "I did not die."

Where phones are tapped, and lists are kept  
And documents are shred

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

12 of 57

Where statesmen and reporters lie  
It's there you'll find J. Ed.  
It's there you'll find J. Ed.

And standing there as fat as life  
With beady little eyes  
"So if you think I'm dead," he says  
Just try to organize.  
Just try to organize.

I dreamed I saw J. Edgar Hoover  
Live as you or me  
But J, I said, "You're ten years dead."  
"I never died," said he.  
"I never died," said he.



Belgian anarchist Noel Godin and his compatriots refer to themselves as "*les Gloupiers*," after the sound made by a cream tart placed - not thrown - in the face of a victim chosen for his or her overweening sense of self-importance. After a successful *coup de gâteau*, the *gloupiers* dance in circles around the *entarté(e)* (the entarted one) crying "*gloup gloup gloup!*" After Pope John Paul II spoke out against birth control, they plotted to pelt him with cream-filled condoms.



*The Pie Hurled Round the World*

© 1998

Tune: *Ghost Riders in the Sky*. © 1938 Stan Jones

Note: the copyright holders denied my request to record this song.

So I wouldn't think of singing this song to that tune, and I'm sure you wouldn't either.

Bill Gates got on his private plane one wet Seattle day  
He landed safe in Brussels, seven thousand miles away.  
But there among the Belgian crowd that stood politely by  
He didn't see us watching him, nor hear our gleeful cry:

Gloupie-i-ay Gloupie-i-o  
Anarchists with a pie.

We hurried down a narrow lane to a patisserie.  
"We need two dozen cream pies, we're bulimics on a spree!"  
"That comes to nineteen hundred francs," the baker loudly cried.  
"Just put it on our Mastercharge," we carelessly replied.

CHORUS

Our hearts were full of fire, our cakes were full of cream  
To pie the rulers of the world had been our lifelong dream.  
We tiptoed past his bodyguards and then we all let fly,  
And four of us we got him in the kisser with a pie.

His hair was white with curdled cream, his glasses were a mess.  
"It wasn't very tasty," he informed the waiting press.

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

We knew that you were geeky, Bill, we figured you were mean,  
But we welcomed you to Belgium; now you've slandered our cuisine.

The pompous and the arrogant we gleefully attack  
We have a list of folks we think deserve a tasty snack.  
There's Bush the father, Bush the son, and it's our cherished hope  
To fill up condoms full of cream and drop them on the Pope.

Come all ye lofty CEO's wherever you may be  
I'd have you pay attention to *les Gloupiers* and me  
You'd better treat your workers right, 'cause if you get us vexed  
We'll track you down around the world, and buddy you'll be next.

Gloupie-i-ay Gloupie-i-o  
Anarchists with a pie.

## *The Last Hippie*

For Ronnie Gilbert and Faith Petric and their daughters and granddaughters.  
The Freight is the Freight and Salvage Coffeehouse in Berkeley.

A man from a magazine called up to say,  
"I am coming to talk with your grandma today.  
I'm bringing my camera, I'm bringing my tape,  
And she's in a wheelchair, so she can't escape.

"Back in the sixties she lived in the Haight,  
Danced in the park and sang at the Freight.  
Now Jimi and Janis and Jerry are dead,  
And she's the last hippie," this journalist said.

He sat down beside her, his hand on her knee,  
Saying, "You can confide all your secrets to me.  
I'll carefully write down each word that you say,  
And you will be famous eight weeks from today."

"Oh no," says my grandmother, "'Cause I have seen  
The crap you call writing in your magazine.  
I'd tell you my story, it's long and complex,  
And you'd only write about acid and sex.

"The last of the old-growth is burnt down to ash,  
The northern Pacific is filled up with trash.

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Dolphins are dog food, whales lie on the beach,  
And I blame those bastards we couldn't impeach.

"Seabirds are dying, all covered in oil,  
Pesticide residues poison the soil.  
The polar bear's gone and the songbirds have fled,  
And I'm the last hippie," my grandmother said.

"So all you reporters come listen and learn  
That your magazine sales are not my main concern.  
I'm not going to tell you who I took to bed,  
And fuck getting famous," my grandmother said.

"But all you good neighbors, bring something to eat  
Home-made chocolate-chip cookies or some other treat.  
I'll sing you an old song if you'll pass it on  
Let that be my legacy after I'm gone.

"We'll sit on the porch and we'll laugh and we'll joke  
And be kind to each other before we all croak.  
John Lennon and Timothy Leary are dead,  
And I'm the last hippie," my grandmother said.

I was sad, so I talked to my doctor about antidepressants. This one looked interesting.

### *Clomipramine*

© 1997

Tune: *Abilene*, Bob Gibson

Case 1 : A married woman in her late twenties with a history of depression was treated with clomipramine 100 mg per 24 hours. The patient admitted she hoped to take the medication on a long term basis, not for symptom relief but because since taking the medication, every time she yawned she had an orgasm.

Case 2 : A married man in his mid-twenties with symptoms of depression. Treatment with clomipramine produced complete symptom relief; however, the patient noted a frequent intense urge to yawn and that when he yawned, he experienced orgasm, with ejaculation. With discontinuation of the medication, the phenomenon disappeared.  
<http://www.baillement.com/clomipramine.html>

Went to the doctor, said I was depressed  
She said we'll soon have you back at your best  
We'll put you on this brand-new pill  
Called Anafranil.

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Anafranil, Clomipramine  
 Best prescription drug I ever seen  
 You know I feel like I'm nineteen  
 With Clomipramine.

I lie awake each night until dawn  
 If I get bored I just have to yawn  
 Don't need no Playboy magazine  
 With Clomipramine .

Clomipramine, you are so sweet  
 You make my baby obsolete  
 I don't need no teenage queen  
 With Clomipramine

Clomipramine, Anafranil  
 Brand name or generic, it's the same sweet pill  
 I'm on my twenty-third refill  
 Of Anafranil.

Clomipramine, Clomipramine  
 Best tricyclic antidepressant I ever seen  
 I feel like singing lead with Queen  
 On Clomipramine.

Clomipramine, Clomipramine  
 Best selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor I ever seen  
 And if you think this song's obscene  
 Try Clomipramine.

I asked my friends in the tourist biz in Mendocino what questions they were most commonly asked.  
 They all said the same thing.

## *When Do Your Whales Swim By?*

Lyrics © a long time ago

Tune: *Danville Girl*, traditional American folk song

I was working at the Beaujolais  
 Selling that sunflower bread,  
 When a high-class gal came to the door  
 And these were the words she said.



## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

17 of 57

"Good morning, handsome bakery boy  
What time do your whales swim by?"  
"At 9:15 and 2:44  
And 17 minutes till 5."

"9:15 and 2:44  
And 17 minutes till 5!  
Thank you, handsome bakery boy,  
Gonna watch your whales swim by."

She eyed her iPhone all the while  
Like high-class folks all do.  
And when she'd got her sweet baguette  
I bid that gal adieu.

I'm leaving Mendocino town  
I'll search all o'er this land  
Until I find that high-class gal  
With her iPhone in her hand.

We'll drive her Tesla to the coast  
And watch them whales arrive  
At 9:15 and 2:44  
And 17 minutes till 5.

Them humpback whales will wag their tails  
And sing us a lullabye  
We'll bless that day at the Beaujolais  
She said "When do your whales swim by?"

I have misgivings about this next song. It's classist: rich people can sit around doing nothing, while poor people bust their ass to take care of them. I've decided to include it because it's been a favorite at Orr Hot Springs.

The English folksong, *Thousands or More*, recounts the delights of sitting at home of an evening.  
"Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor / I'm as happy as those who've got thousands or more."

## *Nothing At All*

Lyrics: Holly Tannen

Tune: traditional English

# *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

18 of 57

When I was a baby I'd lie in my crib  
I would play with my toes and I'd drool on my bib.  
In those golden days before I learned to crawl  
I would lie on my back and do nothing at all.

Now I am older and well past my prime  
And I'm tired of running around all the time.  
I will not do yoga or play volleyball  
I will sit on my porch and do nothing at all.  
Alternate line:  
I will sit in this tub and do nothing at all.

CHORUS:     Nothing at all, nothing at all  
              Nothing at all.  
              I will sit on my porch and do nothing at all.

My friends teach at Berkeley and Stanford and Yale  
Striving for tenure and scared that they'll fail.  
"Publish or perish," they stoutly contend  
They will publish, and perish, the same in the end.

Since man started farming, historians say  
We have all got to work and keep busy all day.  
But every Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal  
Liked to lay down her flint and do nothing at all

Here's a brochure for a weekend retreat  
Down at the zendo, it's sure to be neat.  
Eighty-five monks in the big dharma hall  
Sitting on their zafus\* doing nothing at all.

When I am old I will lie in the sun  
And I'll watch the young moms on their mid-morning run.  
Huffing and puffing, they jog to the mall  
As they envy me here doing nothing at all.

\*meditation cushions

## *Listen to the Dinosaurs*

Words © 2014

Tune: *Listen to the Radio*, © Nancy Griffith, © 1989, Universal Music Publishing Group

# *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

19 of 57

The first time I saw a raven fly upside down I thought I was having an acid flashback. But the Cornell University Lab of Ornithology clocked a raven flying upside down for almost half a mile.

I am bound for Mendocino in the morning rain  
Past coastal towns where fog is thick and tourists all complain.  
Past redwood trees and fog and dinosaurs  
Where would I be without the song of the dinosaurs?

When you can't find a friend, you still got the dinosaurs  
When you can't find a friend, you still got the dinosaurs  
Dinosaurs, oh, listen to the dinosaurs.

I left a clueless, four-eyed computer nerd on Franklin Street  
Staring at his Android, watching *Game of Thrones*, wondering what's become of me.  
Got my Nikons and my Sibley's in the trunk of my Accord  
And I am leaving Fort Bragg to look for dinosaurs.

CHORUS

There's a hawk above the headlands north of Mendocino town  
There's a pelican and a cormorant and a raven upside down.  
That computer nerd'll find his Android in the garbage can  
And I am leaving Fort Bragg to look for dinosaurs.

CHORUS

The ravens brought their babies to the birdbath yesterday  
They splashed around, they begged for food, then they flew away.  
They have scales, they have claws, like dinosaurs  
And they all sing the song of the dinosaurs.

CHORUS

When you can't find a friend, you still got the dinosaurs  
When you can't find a friend, you still got the dinosaurs  
Dinosaurs, oh, listen to the dinosaurs.  
Dinosaurs...

## *The Screen*

Lyrics © 2014

Tune: Dunderbeck's Machine, trad.

I once was fond of swimming, I'd do it every day.

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

At Lily's pond, the Sports Club, or in Mendocino Bay.  
There's algae in the river now, the pool has got chlorine.  
The ocean's full of sharks, I know: I've seen it on the screen.

I could go out boating on a river or a lake  
See the otters playing and splashing in my wake.  
A rowboat, a kayak, a yellow submarine  
But that's a lot of bother; I'll just watch 'em on the screen.

I could go down to Monterey and see the humpback whales  
They leap about and sing and slap the water with their tails.  
I'd have to bring my sunblock and take some dramamine  
I guess I'll stay at home and watch 'em leaping on the screen.

I could drive out to Orr Springs and lie there in the sun  
I did it once a year ago, and it was lots of fun.  
But Comptche Road is bumpy, the pool might not be clean  
I'd rather sit and stare at naked people on the screen.

I could go down to Noyo and see the fishing ships  
I could go up to Oregon and look at the eclipse.  
Then I could write a song about the crazy things I've seen  
Instead I'll sit here watching cuddly kittens on the screen.

## *Smartphone Zombie*

Lyrics © 2016

Tune: Plastic Jesus, more or less

I bought me an iPhone 7  
I'm in iPhone 7th heaven  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die.

It may rain, it may snow  
Sun may shine, I'll never know  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die.

Till I die, till I die  
I just keep on clickin' though I couldn't tell you why.  
Till I die, till I die  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die.

I don't notice trees or flowers  
Watching news for hours and hours.  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die

Don't see the sea, don't smell the air  
Gotta watch Stephen Colbert  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die

Till I die, till I die  
I just keep on scrollin' though I'm sure I don't know why  
Till I die, till I die  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die

In the forest, at the beach  
Keep my iPhone within reach  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die

I keep texting, I'm so cool  
In the hot tub and the pool  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die

Till I die or go blind  
Messaging and texting till I think I'll lose my mind

Mail to which I must reply  
All that stuff I want to buy  
Gonna be a smartphone zombie till I die

I'm gonna be a smartphone zombie  
Though there's nothing rhymes with zombie  
'Cept for Fitch and Abercrombie  
They sell i-Phone covers

I'm gonna be an ultra-geek  
Ninety hours every week  
Along with ninety million other love-sick iPhone lovers

Till we die, till we die  
Will they let us keep our iPhones in that mansion in the sky?  
I'm sure they have them down below  
Keep on texting as you fry  
We'll all be Smartphone Zombies when we die.

Since I've gotten known as a songwriter, people come up to me on the street to tell me about something that's happened to them. "...and you could write a song about that!" I'd get annoyed. ""Write your own \$#%\*)^\$% song!"

Then I went for a walk in Caspar with Judy Tarbell. We came to an intersection with a new stop sign. Casparados had been lobbying for it, she told me, ever since a young girl had been hit and killed by a car there. "You could write a song about that..." she said.  
How could anyone say no to Judy Tarbell? So I wrote

*A Song About That*

Lyrics and tune ©2015

Went to the river with my sheepdog Jack  
You could write a song about that  
Threw a stick in the water and he brought it back  
You could write a song about that

You could write a song about that  
You could write a song about that  
You could knock it out in no time flat  
You could write a song about that

Got a new stop sign north of town  
You could write a song about that  
Traffic's gonna have to slow way down  
You could write a song about that

You could write a song about that  
You could write a song about that  
Mountain lion ate my girlfriend's cat  
You could write a song about that

Stormy Daniels has a brand-new book  
You could write a song about that  
Hope it's got pictures 'cause I like to look  
You could write a song about that

You could write a song about that  
You could write a song about that  
Lost my nightie at the laundromat  
You could write a song about that

You could write a song about that  
You could write a song about that  
Owls are nesting in my sheepskin hat  
You could write a song about that

You could write a song about that  
You could write a song about that  
Each night I turn into a vampire bat

You could write a song about that

There are many traditional songs warning young women about young men. I thought we needed one warning middle-aged women about middle-aged men.

*Nerd of Prey*

Lyrics © 2011

Tune: Evil-Hearted Me

All you lonely women livin' in and outta town  
Listen while I tell you who's been hoverin' round  
It's that nerd of prey  
Listen women what I say.

He'll hover round the office, help you with your work  
Doesn't make a pass, so you think he's not a jerk  
But he's a nerd of prey  
Girl, he's leadin' you astray.

He's funny and he's sweet, but if you ask him to your house  
He's gonna pounce upon you like a falcon on a mouse  
'Cause he's a nerd of prey  
This could be his lucky day.

Then he'll talk and talk and talk about his sad and lonely life  
Three ungrateful children and a very sickly wife  
'Cause he's a nerd of prey  
Faithfulness is so passé.

He tells you that he's loved you ever since the day you met  
He swears he's gonna leave her, but he hasn't done it yet  
'Cause he's a nerd of prey  
Which of you will he betray?

So women get together, and don't be scared to squawk  
And we can drive him from your nest just like the ravens mob a hawk  
'Cause he's a nerd of prey  
Listen women what I say.

*Email From Norman*

Lyrics and tune © 2014

# *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

24 of 57

This is the only song I've made up that doesn't rhyme. A guy I disliked in high school (my mother made me go to his Bar Mitzvah) became the legal advisor to a well-known politician. He invited himself out to Mendocino to visit me. I pointed out that I had not invited him.

Dear good old friend Holly,  
I was looking through our yearbook  
Nineteen sixty-three it was  
We graduated high school.

I checked out your website  
You don't look any older.  
I like your bonobo song  
You are very funny.

You sure are lucky  
To live in Mendocino  
That must be like being  
On permanent vacation

I've become a lawyer  
I work for Eddie Feingold  
He was mayor of Boston  
Till the scandal with the hookers

I live outside Roanoke  
With my lovely wife Melinda  
She does online marketing  
She's working for Monsanto

You sure are lucky  
To live in Mendocino  
That must be like being  
On permanent vacation

Do you still like horses?  
Melinda raises warmbloods  
She has seven in the barn  
And four more out in pasture

David went to Yale  
And got his MBA from Harvard  
He lives out in Frisco  
With his friend who works for Google

You sure are lucky  
To live in Mendocino  
That must be like being



## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

On permanent vacation

I'm flying out to see him  
 October or November.  
 I could drive up and visit you  
 I'd love to see the redwoods

I'll take you out to dinner  
 We'll talk about the old times.  
 I've always had a crush on you.  
 Please write,  
     Your old friend Norman.

Our local Announce and Discussion Lists have been inundated by missives from a person who doesn't live here, and who responds to any post, no matter how innocuous, with an *ad hominem* or *ad feminim* attack. So I wrote

### *Game of Trolls*

© Whenever   Tune: *Virginia's Bloody Soil*, *The Blind Fiddler*, or any good old minor key fiddle tune

*For the night is dark and full of terrors...*

*- Melisandre, the Red Woman, Game of Thrones*

Come all ye bold Listservians, and listen to my song  
 A pretty little ditty, I won't detain you long.  
 About a punk, a skanky skunk, whose only pride and joy  
 Is penetrating online groups he thinks he can destroy.

He types a load of nasty crap, and then he clicks on "send"  
 To see who he can get upset and who\* he can offend.  
 He seeks a victim to attack, as down the List he scrolls.  
 But do not fret; we know the Net is dark and full of trolls.

When you are poring through the List, some late and lonely hour  
 Don't click upon his pointless post, it only gives him power.  
 There's only one of him and we're a thousand gallant souls  
 We've got him now, 'cause we know how to play the Game of Trolls.

He never smiles, he never laughs, he doesn't sing or dance  
 His eyes upon his sticky screen, his fingers down his pants.  
 As he stares bug-eyed at the List, it makes his buttocks sweat  
 To find that he is not the only troll upon the Net.

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

So all you Mendonesians, take courage and take care  
 Let's all ignore his squirrely squoinks, there is no meaning there.  
 For we have friends and we have fun, and we have worthwhile goals  
 We'll triumph yet, although the Net is dark and full of trolls.

- *Holisandre, the Well-Read Woman*

\* You may say "whom," should you be so inclined.  
 Penultimate verse may be omitted at discretion of the singer

In March, 2020, we went into lockdown. The Coastal Commission shut down all ocean access, except to people who lived within a mile and a half from the shore. How nice for the rich folks.

## *Closing the Ocean*

Words: Holly Tannen    Tune: My Bonnie Lies over The Ocean

You tell us you're closing the ocean  
 We can't go for walks on the coast  
 We can't watch the whales or the sunset  
 Now when we need them the most.

Give back, give back  
 Give back our ocean to us, to us.  
 Give back, give back  
 Give back our ocean to us.

You tell us you're closing the ocean  
 You're keeping the parking lots barred  
 You say if we make a commotion  
 You'll call out the National Guard.

You know where we live thanks to Google  
 You know where we've been by our phones  
 You know who our friends are from Facebook  
 And you can police us with drones.

We're all scared to death of the virus  
 We comfort each other and cry.  
 The rich and the poor will all catch it  
 But only the poor folks will die.

LAST CHORUS:  
 Give back, give back

Give back our country to us, to us.  
Give back, give back  
Give back our country to us.

The best-known song about Mendocino was written by someone who had never been here. Why does she write "the trees grow high in New York State?" when they only have piddly little trees? And who ever says "from whence I came"?

Liz Helenchild suggested I needed a verse about poison oak.

*Squawk to Me of Mendocino*

©2022

Tune: Talk to Me of Mendocino © 1975 Kate McGarrigle

You bid farewell to the state of Arizona  
To get away from home  
In the LA traffic you begin to age  
When first your hair starts graying.

And the trees grow high in Mendocino  
This is your last chance to see  
Those that Calfire hasn't taken,  
Cut down by PG and E.

Squawk to me of Mendocino  
Open your eyes, you'll see RVs  
Drive up from San Bernardino  
Passing log trucks full of trees.

Cloverdale, turn left to Boonville  
Getting carsick on the turns  
Guys can pee upon the redwoods  
Gals can squat down in the ferns.

Eat another lemon gummie  
Stop and take another toke.  
Running gaily through the redwoods  
Crashing through the poison oak.

What's become of Mendocino?  
Now it's normal and mundane  
Where are all those old-time hippies?

*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Only tourist traps remain.

And the t-shirts all say "Mendocino"  
 Now you wonder why you bought 'em  
 Never had crabs from whence you came  
 But in Fort Bragg you caught 'em.

As the sun sets on the ocean  
 You are staring at your phone  
 No, I will not take your picture  
 Let me brood here on my own.

Squawk to me of Mendocino  
 Open your eyes, you'll see RVs  
 Drive up from San Bernardino  
 Past the last remaining trees.

And then we have

*Motel Mendocino*

Lyrics: © 2022

Tune: Hotel California, © 1976 Don Felder, Don Henley, and Glenn Frey

On a dark coastal highway, dead bugs in my hair  
 Strong smell of roadkill, rising up through the air  
 Up ahead in the distance, I saw a traffic light  
 My butt grew heavy and I had to poop, I had to stop for the night.

Innkeeper in the doorway, though the smell made me gag  
 And I was thinking to myself, "This could be Mendo or it could be Fort Bragg..."  
 Then he picked up a flashlight and he showed me the way  
 I heard voices from a water tower and I thought I heard them say  
     Welcome to the Motel Mendocino  
     Such a funky place (such a junky place)  
     Such a grungy space  
     Plenty of rooms at the Motel Mendocino  
     Any time of year (you can disappear)  
     Book 'em online here...

His mind is whacked on Gorilla Glue  
 He's got THC-CBD blends  
 He's got a lot of rich, rich tourists that he calls friends  
 Now they walk by Big River, despite the tsunami threat  
 Some walk to get exercise, some walk to get wet



Welcome to the Motel Mendocino  
Such a noisy place, it's a rehearsal space  
For guitar and bass  
They're livin' it up at the Motel Mendocino  
What a rude surprise - such pretentious guys

Welcome to the Motel Mendocino  
Such a noisy place - a rehearsal space  
For guitar and bass  
They're livin' it up at the Motel Mendocino  
What a rude surprise - such pretentious guys

Spiders on the ceiling, water with no ice  
He said, we are all prisoners here, of our own bad advice  
And in the motel dining room we gather for the feast  
We fight the bug with mask and vax but we just can't kill the beast

Last thing I remember, I was was running for my car  
I had to book a cruise ship to the Seychelles or Zanzibar  
"Forget it," said the innkeeper, "wiping his nose on his sleeve,  
"You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave. "

Welcome to the Motel Mendocino  
Such a funky place (such a junky place)  
Such a grungy space  
There's plenty of rooms at the Motel Mendocino  
Any time of year (you can disappear)  
Book 'em online here...

A logging company owner, appropriately named, Dick, decided to make a citizen's arrest on a group of activists blocking log trucks. He began by asking the only female demonstrator, "Did you get laid this morning?"

*Dick the Lovelorn Logger*

Words:© 2021 Hucklewood (my forest name) Tune: *Puff the Magic Dragon*

Dick the lovelorn logger could not get laid  
So he huffed and puffed and tried to make us feel afraid  
In his orange raincoat and his grimy vest  
Thought he had the right to make a citizen's arrest.

We know that a logger has to go to work  
But that doesn't mean that he can come on like a jerk  
He thinks he can stop us, but we know he's wrong  
Everything he does to us we'll put into a song.

All the lovelorn loggers and their growling goons  
Look like they should go and eat a heaping bowl of prunes  
We'll call out our lawyers, we'll call out the press  
We won't let them kill the trees and leave the woods a mess.



I considered becoming a DJ on KZYX, but imagined that my lack of technoskills might be a problem.

*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost  
The Seven Deadly Words*

Lyrics ©2003 Bleepy Bleeplebaum    Tune: *The Broom of the Cowdenknowes*, traditional Scottish folksong

Oh, the words, the seven deadly words  
The words I dare not say:  
If I say *bleep, motherbleep* or *bleep*  
They'll take my program away.

How blithe was I, one morn, to hear  
My name on the radio.  
Now every Monday on KCUF  
I'll have my very own show.

But the words, the seven deadly words  
The words I dare not say  
If I say *bleep, motherbleep* or *bleep*  
They'll take my program away.

Come the night, that bonnie summer night  
When my sorrows began  
I said the deadliest deadly word  
And the *bleep* hit the fan.

The moon was full, I'd been on a midnight howl  
I'd had two hours sleep.  
I pushed a button and *Fresh Air* came on  
It was then I said, "Oh, *bleep*."

A lady from Ukiah had tuned in  
She heard the word I did say  
She'd never heard such a word before  
She fainted clean away.

Hard luck that I should banished be  
By some officious creep  
May he come down with a case of the piles  
Next time that he takes a *bleep*.

Some dark night, some dark and stormy night  
Into the studio I'll creep  
I'll gently turn on the microphone  
And I'll softly whisper *bleep*.....

*Die Gedanken Sind Frei (Thoughts Are Free)*

An 18th - century drinking song popularized by fraternity men at German universities. It was banned in 1848, but you can't keep people from singing any more than you can keep them from talking. My free translation follows.

Die Gedanken sind frei  
Wer kann sie erraten,  
Sie fliegen vorbei  
Wie nächtliche Schatten.  
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,  
Kein Jäger erschießen  
Mit Pulver und Blei:  
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Ich denke was ich will  
Und was mich beglückt,  
Doch alles in der Still',  
Und wie es sich schicket.  
Mein Wunsch und Begehren  
Kann niemand verwehren,  
Es bleibt dabei:  
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Und sperrt man mich ein  
Im finsternen Kerker,  
Das alles sind rein  
Vergebliche Werke.  
Denn meine Gedanken  
Zerreißen die Schranken  
Und Mauern entzwei:  
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Die Gedanken sind frei  
My mind is my treasure  
Die Gedanken sind frei  
My thoughts give me pleasure.  
No scholar can map them  
No lawyer can trap them  
No one can deny:



*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Die Gedanken sind frei.

Die Gedanken sind frei  
 My mind gives me power.  
 Die Gedanken sind frei  
 My thoughts freely flower.  
     Though critics may blame me,  
     Deride me and shame me  
     My conscience decrees:  
     I think as I please.

Though they put me on trial  
 And cast me in prison  
 My mind all the while  
 Gives voice to my vision.  
     Respecting no borders  
     Obeying no orders  
     My spirit shall fly:  
     Die Gedanken sind frei.

I've gotten tired of censoring myself for fear that someone will get offended.

*Die Lieder Sind Nicht Frei (Songs Are Not Free)*

Tune: *Die Gedanken Sind Frei*

Die lieder sind nicht frei  
 Our songs are forbidden  
 Die lieder sind nicht frei  
 We must keep them hidden  
     We better not write them  
     Or sing or recite them  
     Or even ask why  
     Die lieder sind nicht frei.

Die lieder sind nicht frei  
 Our songs are disgraceful  
 Repugnant and foul  
 Obscene and distasteful.  
     So you may not hear them  
     We must disappear them  
     And sing only fluff  
     About dragons named Puff.

Die lieder sind nicht frei  
Let's ban songs for drinking  
They might make you cry  
Or laugh or start thinking.  
    Ban songs that are dirty  
    Sarcastic or flirty  
    Let no one deny  
Die lieder sind nicht frei.

I love the story of the Wank Worm, the computer worm that wanked NASA, as told in *Underground: Tales of Hacking, Obsession, and Madness*, by Suelette Dreyfus and Julian Assange.

*The Battle Hymn of the International Subversives*

Words ©2011

Tune: *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*

There were three gallant Aussie lads who formed a strong alliance  
Against the Yankee nukes they were united in defiance.  
One said, I'll tackle NASA, it can't be rocket science  
The truth shall piss them off.

CHORUS:

International Subversives,  
International Subversives,  
International Subversives,  
The truth shall piss them off.

It was a bright October day in 1989  
The brass at Cape Canaveral were feeling might fine.  
Systems all were Go and everybody was online  
The truth shall piss them off.

Back in the antipodes the world was fast asleep  
A spotty teenage hacker dude began his midnight creep.  
He opened up the system files of NSA for a peep  
The truth shall piss them off.

He entered in a backdoor with a simple-minded wank  
It was clever, it was innocent, a harmless little prank.  
And easier to open than his brother's piggy bank.  
The truth shall piss them off.

Suddenly across the screen of every engineer  
Flashed a string of crazy code, it filled their hearts with fear.  
One by one they watched their precious programs disappear.  
The truth shall piss them off.

There was no joy at NASA, and the FBI was vexed.  
They swore to one another that the system had been hexed.  
The hacker chortled gleefully, "The Pentagon is next."  
The truth shall piss them off.

His mother said, "I think you should go out and get some sun."  
He said, "I'd rather stay here, Ma, I'm having too much fun."  
Then he saw the coppers with a warrant and a gun.  
The truth shall piss them off.

He had to put a suit on and prepare to go to court.  
He tied his hair behind his ears but wouldn't cut it short,  
And right before the trial he hacked the constables' report.  
The truth shall piss them off.

His lawyer said, "My client is as pure as driven snow.  
It's only youthful high-jinks, it's something he'll outgrow.  
He hasn't damaged anything," and so they let him go.  
The truth shall piss them off.

CODA:

In a warren full of wombats he was born across the sea  
With a fierce and fiery intellect that boggles you and me,  
Singing "Courage is contagious, information must be free.  
The truth shall piss them off."

Russian-Jewish immigrant Emma Goldman was styled by the press as "Queen of the Anarchists."  
Here she sings to her lover and life-long companion, Alexander Berkman, known as Sasha.

*Anarchist Eyes*

Lyrics© 2012

Tune: *The Constant Lovers*, traditional English song recorded by Kate Rusby and Kathryn Roberts

"My gallant Sasha, I do adore you  
Though I take other men to my bed.  
If you're imprisoned, I will wait for you.  
I'll wait forever," young Emma said.  
"Men cite the law and they quote the Bible,



Call us traitors and say we're spies.  
All their slander, all their libel  
Can't dim the light in our anarchist eyes."

"I recall when they came to take you  
Catching hold of your slender hands.  
I said 'Sasha, they mean to break you,  
But your heart is stronger than iron bands.'  
    Though the false-hearted do ignore you  
    Turn their backs as though you were dead,  
    Your true comrades are waiting for you.  
    We'll wait forever," young Emma said.

"I know someday they'll have to free you  
You'll come home to be with your own  
Will I tremble when I see you  
Stooped and battered, white as bone?  
    We live for love and for one another  
    We submit to no nation's rule.  
    You are my teacher, you are my brother  
    My shining star and my dearest jewel."

The NSA now tracks and stores every phone call, email and text message sent by every American, at its facility in Bluffdale, Utah.

*A child born today will grow up with no conception of privacy at all. They'll never know what it means to have a private moment to themselves -- an unrecorded, unanalyzed thought. - Edward Snowden*

*A CIA Chantey*

Words© 2013 Holly Tannen

Tune: *To The Begging I Will Go*, 17th century English folk song

Of all the jobs in Washington  
Surveilling is the best  
'Cause we work for the government  
We need not fear arrest  
    Surveilling we will go  
    Surveilling we will go.

We can read your email  
And hear each cellphone call  
It's hard to track down terrorists  
So we'll just track you all.

If you fight for privacy  
We'll put you on a list  
Your kids have never had it  
So they don't know what they've missed.

The CIA, the NSA,  
And the jolly FBI  
Will track you down and bring you down  
And jail you as a spy.

We know all your Facebook friends  
And every site you view  
'Cause when you're on the Internet  
The Net is watching you.  
    Surveilling we will go  
    Surveilling we will go.

Writers of the Mendocino Coast put on a yearly collaboration with the Co-op Gallery in Mendocino. It's called Ekphrasis, art inspired by art. A dozen painters are given a piece of writing to be inspired by; a dozen writers are given a painting or photograph. I was given a painting called *Hana*, by Shizuko McConathy. I wrote



## *Knight of Swords*

© 2013

Tune: *A Bold Young Farmer*, as sung by Kate Rusby and Kathryn Roberts  
For Julian Assange

The Knight of Swords has won my heart  
His the Skill and mine the Art  
Won my heart and free good will  
I confess I love him still.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  
I wish he were free again.  
Free again he may ne'er be  
Still I hear him call to me.

When the waxing moon shines bright  
I'll slip out into the night  
Dancing in the darkling air  
With a man who isn't there.

At the dawning of the day  
I'll sit down and start to play  
Striking loud and angry chords  
Keening for the Knight of Swords.

I wish, I wish in vain  
I wish he were free again.  
Free again he may ne'er be

*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

39 of 57

Still I hear him call to me.

Barefoot in the morning dew  
Hair unbound and skirt askew  
Singing in the brightning air  
For a man who isn't there.

Foolish boy, what have you done,  
Fighting a war that can't be won?  
Foolish girl, to love a fool  
Who mocks the masters of misrule.  
    Foolish girl, to love a fool  
    Who mocks the masters of misrule.

The Knight of Swords has won my heart  
His the Skill and mine the Art  
Won my heart and free good will  
I confess I love him still.

    I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  
    I wish he were free again.  
    Free again he may ne'er be  
    Still I hear him call

    I wish, I wish in vain  
    I wish he were free again.  
    Free again he may ne'er be  
    Still I hear him call to me.

On the other hand, we have

*President's Gone Golfing*

words © 2017-2019

tune Joshua Gone Barbados © 1973 Eric von Schmidt

Trouble down in Charlottesville  
Torches burning bright  
Police give protection  
To white folks dressed in white

    And the President he's gone golfing  
    Stayin' in a big hotel  
    People in Virginia  
    Gotta lotta sad tales to tell.

*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Folks in Puerto Rico  
Nothing left to eat  
President sittin' on Air Force One  
Tweetin' another tweet.

Peoples' houses flattened  
By the wind and rain  
Throw 'em a roll of paper towels  
Get back on the plane.

And the President he's gone golfing  
Just like he don't know  
People all over this island  
Got nowhere to go.

President on the TV  
Say's he's gonna build a wall.  
Mothers, fathers, families  
He don't care at all.

Tryin' to cross a border  
Is that all they've done?  
Thousand kids in canvas tents  
Under the noonday sun

And the President's gone golfing  
Swimmin' in a swimmin' pool  
Hundred degrees in the desert  
President's nice and cool

Hurricane is coming  
Should we go or stay?  
No help from the government  
Nothin' to do but pray.

And the President he's gone golfing  
President's nice and tanned  
Changing the course of history  
With a sharpie in his hand

Folks are sad and worried  
Everywhere you see  
President's in the White House  
Daughter on his knee.



*Floozies*

Lyrics © 2017 Tune: any old Dr. Seuss-like tune

I did not kiss her on the plane,  
I did not kiss her on the train.  
I did not kiss her on the lips,  
I did not grab her by the hips.

I did not grope her in a pub,  
I did not grope her at my club.  
I did not push her toward the bed,  
Or any other thing she said.

I'll sue them all for telling lies,  
And I will not apologize  
If stupid floozies cannot see  
No one respects them more than me.

I was not crass, I did not flirt,  
I did not reach beneath her skirt.  
That is a vicious Clinton smear,  
I am the only victim here.

She is ugly, she is ill,  
Bet she cheats on Cheatin' Bill.  
I will lock her in a cell  
With that loudmouth (bleep) Michelle.

So that foreign-born Obama  
Has to do it with a llama.  
I will make them all lament  
As soon as I am president.

I have received emails voicing concern that this song might promote sexual violence towards llamas.  
For the tender-hearted, here is an alternate last verse:

So Barack Hussein Obama  
Has to do it with yo' Mama.  
I will make them all repent  
As soon as I am president.

*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost  
The Holocaust Center*

At Passover, 2017, Donald Trump's press secretary Sean Spicer said, "...someone as despicable as Hitler...didn't even sink to using chemical weapons. (He) was not using the gas on his own people...he brought them into the Holocaust center..." Washington Post, April 11, 2017

Lyrics and tune © 2017 A German-sounding waltz. I'm cute when I'm mad.

The Holocaust Center is brilliantly lit  
Turn right at Memorial Drive  
We hope that you'll think about visiting it  
This year while you're all still alive.

There's hot German sausage and dark German beer  
To stave off the cold and the damp  
Music and dancing and everyone's here  
Saturday night at the camp.

Werner und Josef und Hermann  
Und Adolph, that lovable scamp  
Trinken und singen und spielen  
Saturday night at the camp.

Hildegard, Bertha, und Ilsa  
Und Eva the Aryan vamp  
Boozen und schmoozen und floozen  
Saturday night at the camp.

Soap and gold teeth will make fine souvenirs  
Or choose a new shade for your lamp  
Sean Spicer makes sense after seventeen beers  
Saturday night at the camp.

*A Dybbuk Named Fred*

© 2016 I think

Tune: Rocking Alone In An Old Rocking Chair

My dulcimer students at Montessori del Mar turned me on to the music of Queen. After watching videos of their 1985 Live Aid performance, I noticed I was also "channeling," if I may use that term, the spirit of Freddie Mercury. I'd sing along with his recordings and stretch my singing voice.

In Jewish folklore, a *dybbuk* is a disembodied spirit who lives with you, making trouble. I read that there are two kinds: one who finished his or her life's work and comes back to help someone struggling

to master the same line of work. The second is someone who was not able to finish their life's work, and floats around the half-astral plane looking for someone through whom they can complete it.

“(The stadium) was freezing, so Mott (the Hoople) were in there in jeans, scarves, and fur coats. Then Queen showed up, all in their dresses, just to rehearse. We were like, “Who is this bloke called Fred prancing around with one glove and a sawed-off mike stand? Fred's no name for a rock star.”

- Peter “Ratty” Hince, roadie for Mott the Hoople and Queen.

At Orr Hot Springs one day, I misremembered Hince's line as “Who ever heard of a rock star named Fred.” On my way out, in the dining room, a line floated through my head: “Who ever heard of a dybbuk named Fred?”

It's happened again, well now wouldn't you know  
I spent seven years with the ghost of Rimbaud  
That's how I like 'em: young, cute, gay and dead.  
Now I've been blessed with a dybbuk named Fred.

Jolly old England was foggy and damp  
Fred and his mates were outrageously camp  
Dolled up like tarts, my dear, sleek and well-bred  
Brian and Roger, John Deacon and Fred.

He had such *chutzpah* at such a young age  
Belting his songs as he strode round the stage  
“I'll be a legend, just watch me,” he said  
Prancing and dancing, our own darling Fred.

He'd waltz onstage in a glamorous frock  
Or trousers so tight I can't finish this line  
I know what you're thinking, you know what I mean  
What would you expect from a band they call Queen?

I dreamt I saw you with all of the boys  
You made lots of whoopee, you made lots of noise  
Was that Mick Jagger there, giving you head?  
Life's never dull with a dybbuk named Fred.

My Rabbi said, Holly, I've known you for years  
Known your obsessions and struggles and fears  
I've known the guys that you've taken to bed  
But I've never heard of a dybbuk named Fred.

I said to the Goddess, it doesn't seem wise  
To keep getting hooked on impossible guys  
Couldn't you send a straight live one instead?  
Who ever heard of a dybbuk named Fred?

*We Are The Vampires*

© Halloween, 2017

Tune: We Are The Champions, ©1977 Queen

I bite your neck  
Time after time  
I suck out your life force  
Is that such a crime?

And pints of blood  
I drink a few  
Sometimes I think I've bitten off  
More than I oughta chew:

We are the vampires, my friend  
And we'll keep on biting till the end  
We are the vampires,  
We are the vampires,  
No time for zombies  
'Cause we are the vampires  
Of the world.

*Treasure Hunt!* Can you spot three Freddie Mercury references in *The Lady and the Frog*?

There were few performing opportunities during the first years of the Covid pandemic, so I took to sending my songs out on the Net. Not everyone liked them.

Dedicated to Rebecca Solnit for her article *Men Explain Things To Me*.

<http://theorytuesdays.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/09/Solnit-Men-Explain-Things-To-Me.pdf>

*Testicles, or The Human Oyster*

©2019

Tune: *So Selfish Runs the Hare*, traditional English song as sung by the Albion Country Band.

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

You think you know more than me because you have the testicles  
 You are sure you know me better than I know myself  
 You're convinced you know enough to criticize my scholarship  
 Though my work is cited in the books upon your shelf.

You know you are brilliant because your mother told you so  
 You can tell I'm scatterbrained because I am a girl  
 Send me all your comments, I'll put them in my archive  
 I am a human oyster, every song I write's a pearl.

Thank you for informing me my songs are not uplifting  
 Thank you for explaining all the things I'm doing wrong  
 If I'd only listen to your precious words of wisdom  
 Maybe in a year or two I'd write a decent song.

A true-life adventure. The location has been changed to protect the guy at the car stereo place in Ukiah.

### *Young Lady*

© 2018

Tune: *Polly Vaughn* or *Jack Rafferty*

A week ago Monday I drove to Fort Bragg  
 With my African basket and recycled bag.  
 Fresh out of chocolate, I had to get more,  
 "Good morning, young lady," said the man in the store.

Should I forgive him because of his youth?  
 Oh no, I think it's better that he learn the truth.  
 "I'll not be cajoled by your flattering tongue,  
 I am not a lady and I am not young.

"One month ago I turned seventy-two  
 I'll bet I'm thirty years older than you.  
 I'm losing my teeth and I'm losing my hair,  
 And now I've lost my bifocals, I don't know where.

"I live surrounded by things I can't find  
 But that doesn't mean that I'm losing my mind.  
 I know where it is: it's right here in my head  
 And I plan to keep using it till I am dead.

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

"Now I've got my chocolate, I'll be on my way  
I've enjoyed talking with you here today.  
I've made myself clear? I don't need to say more?"  
"Sure thing, young lady," said the man in the store.

Lots of spiritual people in Mendocino.

## *Butterflies and Puppy Dogs*

©2017

Tune: Hot Asphalt, traditional Irish

Butterflies and puppy dogs, hummingbirds and whales  
Cute and cuddly kittens playing with their mothers' tails.  
Think of sweet and lovely things, don't focus on the sad  
It's just your negativity that makes you feel so bad.

We'll go on a vision quest and you will plainly see  
Everyone on earth creates their own reality.  
We all choose our parents, we're evolving towards the light  
We were very clever choosing parents who were white.

If a sheriff stops us while we're driving to the mall  
We can rest assured he won't do anything at all.  
We don't have to worry that our children will get shot  
If they walk too fast across a Target parking lot.

If you're plucking chicken butts or packing pickled pork,  
If you're stacking bodies in a playground in New York,  
If *La Migra* busted you and took your kids and wife  
It's because of something you did in a former life.

Think of sweet and lovely things, don't focus on the sad  
It's just your negativity that makes you feel so bad.  
Undulating octopuses, porpoises and whales  
Jolly ginger kittens pouncing on their mothers tails.

This virus is mutating faster than I can write songs about it.

*Delta Blues*

© 2021

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Tune: *Walkin' Blues*, or any good blues tune

Got my N95, then I went and got my vax  
Now I got to get a booster 'cause it's creeping through the cracks

I got the blues, got the mean old Delta Blues  
I got the Alpha, Beta, Omicron and now I got the Delta Blues

I try to wear a mask but I snuffle and I sneeze  
Till I think I'm coming down with this ridiculous disease

### CHORUS

I want to see my kids but I'm afraid to take a plane  
Afraid to ride a bus and afraid to take a train

I want to go to Sweden on a Viking river cruise  
But I'm stuck in California with the Delta Blues

I wanna smoke some dope and I wanna drink some booze  
Will they help me to forget about the Delta Blues?

I wanna hug my buddy and I wanna kiss my friend  
I wanna know if this outlandish plague will ever end

I got the blues, got the mean old Delta Blues  
I got the Alpha, Beta, Omicron and now I got the Delta Blues

I took an online songwriting workshop with Danny Carnahan and Anne Lister. Danny suggested we take a Beatles song and write new words to it.

## *A Day on the Coast*

Words ©2021

Tune: A Day In The Life ©1967 © John Lennon and Paul McCartney

I saw the news today, oh boy  
Jeff Bezos thrusting into outer space  
I hope he's found his happy place  
Well, I just had to laugh  
I saw the photograph  
He blew his wad out on the way  
He didn't notice that the seat was wet

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

A crowd of people stood and booed  
 They hated Amazon  
 Nobody was really sure just what the hell was going on  
 I'd love to move to Mars

I saw the news today, oh boy  
 About a doctor who won't get his shots  
 And though it makes his patients plotz\*  
 All they can do is ask  
 But he won't wear a mask  
 I'd love to move to Mars

Woke up, fell out of bed  
 Picked the ticks from off my head  
 Found my pu-erh tea and drank a cup  
 And looking up, I noticed I was fat  
 Found my old N95  
 Gotta keep myself alive  
 Drove out to the headlands, had a smoke  
 Nobody spoke, so I fell into a dream

I left the house today, oh boy  
 Four thousand visitors along the coast  
 And though they all were rather gay  
 They threw their masks away  
 Know we know how many masks it takes to fill Bodega Bay  
 I'd love to move to Mars

\* *Plotz, Yiddish: collapse or be beside oneself with frustration, annoyance, or other strong emotion*

In 2018 I moved into one of the most beautiful houses I'd ever seen. My landpeeps said I could stay there as long as I lived, unless one of their children decided to move back home, "And we can't imagine any circumstances under which that might happen."

## *The House That Once Was Mine*

© 2020

Tune: *Rere's Hill*, traditional Scottish song

I burned all my journals on a January day,  
 Took my textbooks to the dump, and gave my birds away  
 To move into a handmade house one day in pouring rain.  
 I lit the fire and prayed I'd never have to move again.

The owners both were kind to me, a doctor and his wife.  
 They told me I could stay there in that handmade house for life,



## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Unless their son grew homesick for the ocean and the land,  
And left New York to move back in the house they built by hand.

Roses fill the garden now and tulips line the drive.  
Their young son and his husband keep my maple trees alive,  
But they've cut down the willow tree, the redwood and the pine,  
And sun shines through the windows of the house that once was mine.

Now I live in a broken house beneath an orange sky  
I pick the trash up in the yard and watch the well run dry,  
While they sit in their garden, eating crab and drinking wine,  
And show their handsome friends around the house that once was mine.

Attempting to sort out a difficult relationship, I was told, "Instead of asking what's wrong, ask what's missing..."

### *I Do Not Have A Dick*

© 2021

Tune: *The Scotsman*, sort of, except for the first bit

I do not have a dick, I do not have a dick  
I would like a shiny one, long and hard and thick,  
I would swing it round and round  
And whack it on my knee,  
So that all my gay male friends  
Would want to sleep with me.

Dick dick dickle ickle ick dick  
Dick dick dickle ickle ick  
So that all my gay male friends  
Would want to sleep with me.

Penis envy is a myth, I learned in folklore school  
Yet I often wish that I could wield a mighty tool.  
All you guys are mad for size, you like 'em long and thick,  
And you don't even notice me, 'cause I don't have a dick.

Dick dick dickle ickle dick lick  
Dick dick dickle ickle ick  
You don't even notice me  
'Cause I don't have a dick.

Yes, I know there's lots of things you can't do with a chick  
But I like you for who you are and not just for your dick.

I first heard the phrase "rearranging deck chairs on the Titanic" from Danny Carnahan, when I insisted on re-recording the vocals for *Painted Toenails* (on *Crazy Laughter*.)



*Rearranging Deck Chairs*

© 2021

Tune: The Handsome Cabin Boy

Prologue:

During the pandemic, I binge-watched *The Titanic*  
Saw the captain and the crew do stupid things and panic.  
Saw the great ship split in half and sink below the sea,  
Ate my buttered popcorn and was glad it wasn't me.

The crew are winching lifeboats down into the freezing sea.  
The band is on the boat deck playing *Nearer My God To Thee*  
I am an able seaman charged with maintenance and repairs,  
The bos'n says, "Go up on deck and rearrange the chairs."

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

51 of 57

He thinks they've fallen over so I have to go and check  
And bring a bucket and a mop so I can swab the deck.  
The ship is slowly sinking while the boilers steam and smoke,  
I gaze around and wonder if there isn't something broke.

A thousand squealing Norway rats are diving off the side  
But I'm not going to follow them, a worker has his pride.  
The jewel-bedazzled heiresses and self-made millionaires  
Are crowding into lifeboats as I rearrange the chairs.

They've locked the doors to steerage so the poor folks can't get out  
"There isn't room for all of you," I heard the Captain shout.  
The Irish and Italian are all kneeling, saying prayers  
While up here on the quarterdeck I'm rearranging chairs.

March 2, 2022. Six minutes into Stephen Colbert's monologue, there's a clip of a Ukrainian woman cursing the Russians. Start at 5:54:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EaxaSd0o6\\_w](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EaxaSd0o6_w)

"Here every second woman is a witch..."

## *Every Other Woman*

©2022

Tune: *Swinging on a Star* ©1943 Music [Jimmy Van Heusen](#), lyrics [Johnny Burke](#)

Ukrainian women are casting a spell  
They care not for heaven or for hell  
They praise the Goddess and perhaps the God  
And though you muggles may believe it's odd  
Why is your tank lying in a ditch?  
Every other woman is a witch.

Would you like to live somewhere nice?  
Well, young man, you know there's a price  
Better treat old women with respect  
If you would like to stay erect.

California women, one of every two  
They know exactly what to do  
Smoke some weed and then they gobble shrooms

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Grab their wands and clamber on their brooms  
And go dancing for pleasure or for rain  
Just like they do in the Ukraine.

Would you like to invade Ukraine?  
Grandma suggests you refrain  
But before you say that she's a bitch  
Remember she likely is a witch.

## *Farewell to the Monkeys*

©2022

Tune: Farewell to Tarwathie, traditional Scottish whaling song, recorded by Judy Collins with whales

"Farewell to the monkeys who butcher the lands  
With your minuscule brains and your five-fingered hands.  
You think you're so smart, you invented the wheel,  
Now you're killing yourselves with your guns, germs, and steel.

"Oh flipperless biped," rang the voice of the whale,  
"Let primates die out, let the insects prevail.  
We pray that the land's not too blighted to heal  
As you kill yourselves off with your guns, germs, and steel."

"Long ago my own ancestors lived on the land,  
But the place got too crowded, as I understand.  
Our elders conferred, and they chose to be free;  
So they met on the shore and slid into the sea.

"Now we care for our young in the waters below  
We feed them and teach them what they need to know.  
We don't give a fluke what you hominids feel,  
As you kill yourselves off with your guns, germs and steel.

We are not oppressors, we are not oppressed,  
We take what we need, we're at peace with the rest."  
And as he swam by me, I swear that he winked,  
"We'll dance in the ocean when you go extinct."

The One Company has developed a condom specifically for use with butt stuff. They held a contest to design the best condom wrapper. Several entries incorporated eggplant emoji.



## *Sometimes an Eggplant*

©2022

Tune: *Bold Doherty, What Can A Young Lassie*, or any good old tune

Sometimes an eggplant is only an eggplant,  
Perfectly normal and not at all queer.  
Purple and shiny and moist and delicious  
Like the fat aubergine I'm holding here.

Singing Aubergine-ay  
Aubergine-arity  
Aubergine-arity, Aubergine-ay!

I wear my aubergines over my undergines  
I tuck my undergines into my socks  
Under my turtleneck I carry turtles, all  
Cleverly fastened with bagels and locks.

Singing Aubergine-ay. etc

Sometimes a rifle is only a rifle  
Sometimes a dreadnought is just a guitar  
Why can't a joke be an innocent trifle?

## *All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Like a cigar can be just a cigar.  
Singing Aubergine-ay. etc

Can't an emoji just be an emoji?  
Why can't an inkblot be only a blot?  
Why can't a word be a single entendre?  
And why should I care if it's single or not?  
Singing Aubergine-ay. etc

Sometimes a symbol is only a symbol  
If we have two we can make a big noise.  
Let's buy some eggplant and cook a moussaka,  
Cheesy Greek meatloaf for fat-bottomed boys  
Who sing Aubergine-ay  
Aubergine-arity  
Aubergine-arity, Aubergine-ay!

Next time you look at a peach or papaya  
Don't think about genitals, butthole or tush.  
When you imagine a big purple eggplant  
Pray to your guru, old Baba Ghanoush.  
Singing Aubergine-ay  
Aubergine-arity  
Aubergine-arity, Aubergine-ay!

How do people define themselves? Pash Rose, 6, told me he was gluten-free. One of my Montessori students proclaimed he worshipped Thor.

## *I'm Not A Boy*

©2022

Tune: *The Yellow Rose of Texas* or any good tune

I'm not a boy, said little Fred  
Paul is OCD  
I'm ADHD, Joni said,  
And Dylan's gluten-free.

Kay said, I want to be a geek  
And work at Livermore

*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

Jim cried, I am a Jesus freak  
Said Karl, I worship Thor.

Their mothers told them not to shout  
Or quarrel as they played.  
"I'm glad they've got that sorted out  
Before they start first grade."

Queen Elizabeth II died on September 8, 2022. She left her beloved corgis to her son Andrew, best known for his friendship with Jeffrey Epstein and his girls.

*Bonnie Prince Andrew and the Queen's Corgis (Child 666)*

Tune: What Can A Young Lassie?, Scottish traditional song

Oh what can Prince Andrew  
Oh bonnie Prince Andrew  
Oh what shall Prince Andrew  
Do with the Queen's pets?  
He sent out some emails,  
"I'm keeping the females,  
And selling the males off  
To settle my debts."

This really happened.

*Anchovies Falling On My Head*

<https://sf.eater.com/2022/6/30/23189903/raining-anchovies-san-francisco>

Tune: Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head

Anchovies falling on my head  
And just like a guy whose head is too big for his brain  
No one can explain  
These anchovies falling on my head, they keep falling

So I did me some talking to the moon  
And she said I ought to steal a well-known tune  
So I could lampoon  
These anchovies falling on my head, they keep falling

But there's one thing I know  
The pelicans who'd eat me  
Won't defeat me. It won't be long  
Till anchovies drop by to greet me

Anchovies falling on my head  
Waiting for the bus I heard a massive splat  
Thought a pelican had shat  
Wish that I had worn a hat  
Anchovies falling on my head, they keep falling

But I'm never gonna stop the fish by complaining  
I'll stay inside as long as it's raining  
Anchovies  
Indoors I'm free  
Nothing's falling on me

## *Catch -2022: Present Shock*

©2022 of course

Tune: Good King Wenceslaus

Back in 1970, Alvin Toffler published a book called *Future Shock*. He predicted a time in which change began to happen so rapidly that no one could keep up, making everyone feel disoriented and crazy...

Ken Rose says, the creation of all forms through the interplay of yin and yang was discovered by sages watching the progression of sun and shadow on a hill. This past fortnight the sun and clouds and rain have been shifting as rapidly as covid protocols.

I hang up my raincoat and I towel down my hat  
Wipe my glasses on my pants and sweep the yoga mat.  
Watching sodden robins through the splattered windowpane,  
Grind my teeth and thank the heavens for the gift of rain.

It's too wet to go outside, so I'll sit here alone,  
Watching one more 1980s movie on my phone



*All Holly's Unrecorded Songs, almost*

57 of 57

People singing, dancing, drinking whiskey from a flask,  
Making war and making love and no one wears a mask.

Now the shining sun appears. I go out on the deck  
Feel the golden glow upon my belly and my neck,  
Till fire sirens fill the air, and I obsess about  
My go-bag, Russia and Ukraine, the fires and the drought.

Then the clouds drift overhead and bless us with more rain.  
Puddles in my walking shoes, water on the brain.  
Present Shock, I call it, while I'm wringing out my socks,  
Catch-2022, the year of plague and paradox.