



WALKING OLIVER
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Hello, Michael Rosen!

Beans

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

It's bad out there, it's scary.
It's scary and it's weird.
You thought it was hard but—
Well, it's worse than you feared.
Next time they say it'll be 'cloudy'
do you know what that really means?
Yes, of course it's going to rain
but it's going to rain baked beans.

REFRAIN

Oh, millions and millions of beans
Are going to fall out of the sky
All over me and you
I promise you this is no lie.
Millions and millions of beans
Are going to fall out of the sky
All over me and you
I promise you this is no lie.

The streets will be covered with beans;
over houses and cars and vans.
Your hair will be sticky with beans
there'll be beans all over your hands.

Towers will drip with the juice
Houses will all disappear.
It's going to be something that lasts
for anything up to a year.
(Repeat refrain)

Bulldozers will be called into action;
They'll try to move the muck,
but after just a few minutes,
Ah, most of them will be stuck.
People will go out with hoses;
buckets, jugs and cups
and hundreds of hungry people
will try to gobble it up
(repeat refrain)

It'll take ten years in all
to clean up every little bean
So remember—next time you hear the word 'cloudy'
You know what it will mean. . .
(repeat refrain)

Boogy Woogy Buggy

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

I glide as I ride in my boogy woogy buggy
I take the corners wide just see me glide
I'm an easy, speedy baby doing the baby buggy jive, Oh yeah!

I'm in and out the shops, I'm the one that never stops
I'm the one that feels the beat of the wheels
And all that air in my hair
I streak down the street between the feet that I meet

No one can catch my boogy woogy buggy
No one's got the pace, I rule this place
I'm a baby who knows, I'm a baby who goes, baby, goes!

No one can catch my boogy woogy buggy
No one's got the pace, I rule this place

I'm a baby who knows, I'm a baby who goes
I'm a baby who knows, I'm a baby who goes
I'm a baby who knows, I'm a baby who goes, baby, goes!

Little Boy Blues

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

Mum'll be coming home today.
It's three weeks she's been away.
When Dad's alone
All we eat is cold meat
Which I don't like
and he burns the toast I want just brown
and I hate taking the ash-can down.

He's mended the door
from the little fight
on Thursday night
so it doesn't show
and can we have grilled tomatoes
Spanish onions and roast potatoes
and will you sing me 'I'll never more roam'
when I'm in bed when you've come home?

Mum's reply

If you like your toast
done just brown
then take it out
before it burns.
So you hate taking the ash-can down?
Well now you know just what I know
so we might as well take turns

But now I'm back,
yes let's have grilled tomatoes
Spanish onions and roast potatoes
Because you know
when I was away

I wanted nothing more
than be back here
and see you all.

Newcomers

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

My father came to England
from another country
My father's mother came to England
from another country
But my father's father stayed behind

So my Dad had no Dad here
And I never saw him at all

One day in spring
some things arrived:
A few old papers, a few old photos
And -oh yes-
A hulky bulky thick checked jacket that belonged to the man
I would have called Grandad
The Man Who Stayed Behind

But I kept that jacket
And I wore it
And I wore it
And I wore it
Till it wore right through at the back

Mike's Wedding

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

My brother got married in an old Wimpy bar
Just round the corner--it wasn't that far.
Not dirty or cheap. They've done it up nice.
'Course you have to pay--but it's worth the price.

Three and nine for a brunchburger and a couple of Cokes.
I like the cheese and egg special but not my folks.
Whatever it is, it's gotta be chips and tea,
Finish off with a bun and pop out for a pee.

Carry on with a beer, maybe--be that as it may
There's Mike and there's Sally--Oh, didn't I say?
Sally's Mike's wife and Mike is my brother.
Sally's Dad couldn't make it, Mrs. Beaumont's her mother.

So there's Mike and Sally--they done the marrying bit.
Only Town Hall but you still wear the kit.
Dad in a hat, me with a flower--
It must have cost dearly cause it lasted an hour.

And the man who did it was fantastically clean.
Hides behind a door where he cannot be seen.
Then in he creeps with his black silk tie on,
As if they're the first couple he'd set his eyes on.

Last night I'd made an omelette, used Patsy's Garlic Paste.
I squeezed on the lot cause it said, "Add to taste."
Well, I should have skipped those eggs--my mouth came up red,
I smelled and I sweated and I went straight to bed.

Sank under the pillow, thrashed the blankets to a heap
I thought maybe I could the lose that stink with some sleep.
I couldn't shut my eyes but then in the morning
I woke with some kind of a something just roaring.

Dad said, "Smells like a Paris sewer in here."
Mum saying, "What is that smell? Oh dear, is it beer?"
Mike said, "I don't think so," but Dad said he knew.
He said, "Go on and tell them. That stink in here's you!"

I said I was sorry, that I'd been a bit hungry
And I hoped that they wouldn't get uptight and angry.
"It being a special day and, you know, everything. . ."
"He's the best man," fumed Mike. "He hands me the damn ring."

Well, we got there all right, without that much panic.

Mrs. Beaumont said, "Hallo Mike--wheww, you smell of garlic!
Straighten your collar now, Sally's here already.
Got the flowers? Don't worry now. Just take it steady."

Well, we got to the Wimpy Bar in about two hours--
I never said but the manager's a relation of ours.
He shut the doors at 1---let us eat till half past,
As many Wimpy's as we wanted but the ketchup didn't last.

"No songs, and no dancing, please! The club downstairs is particular!"
There was no time for Dad's one 'bout the blue caterpillar.
And there wasn't much fun later on really,
Mike had to ruin the lot-- or did nearly.

He said he was blowed if he'd live life like us.
He'd had enough of this town and the whole working class,
the middle class, the upper class including all women.
He hated animals and bungalows, me and bed-linen.

Then everyone started shouting at each other,
Someone rushed over to poor Sally's mother.
"And one other thing you should know now," said Mike.
"It's Sally-- she's pregnant. How's that for all right?"

Mum started crying. Mrs Beaumont got sick.
No one saw when she left. She was out the door quick.
'Whipped out to have a fit,' that was that. Mike all smiles.
Sally sat giggling in the corner all the while.

Dad winked then at Mike, sat consoling my mum.
"Oh no!" she kept sobbing. "Now, what's to be done?"
"Don't worry, my dear! Now you look such a sight.
It's all over now. He was just a bit tight."

Three hours later we're sitting in the front room,
Everyone had left, it was quiet at home.
Mum suddenly looked up from her knitting and said it:
"I know in my heart it was that garlic that did it!"

Well, my brother got married in an old Wimpy bar
Just round the corner--it wasn't that far.
Not dirty or cheap, they'd done it up nice.

'Course you had to pay--but it was worth the price.

Keith's Cupboard

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

Have you looked in Keith's cupboard?
You ought to.
You've never seen anything like Keith's cupboard.
Let's go over to Keith's place
and look in Keith's cupboard.

So when you get to Keith's place you say,
"Can we play with your garage?"
And he says,
"No."
So you say,
"Can we play in your tent?"
And he says,
"No."
So you say,
"Can we play with your crane?"
And he says,
"No."

So you go up to Keith's mum and you say,
"Can we play in Keith's tent?"
And she says,
"Keith, Keith, why don't you get the tent out?"
"OK," says Keith.
And he starts going over to the cupboard--
Keith's cupboard.
He opens it, and--
Phew!

You've never seen anything like Keith's cupboard.
In it
there's trucks, and garages, and tents, and cranes
and forts, and bikes, and puppets, and games,
and models and superhero suits and hats and--

and he never plays with any of it!

They keep buying him all this stuff
and he never plays with it.
Day after day after day
it all sits in Keith's cupboard.

You ought to go over to his place sometime
and have a look.
Keith's cupboard.
Phew!

Shmutter

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

OK, so laugh!
OK, so I thought it was an English word.
How should I know it isn't English?
My mum and dad call it a shmutter,
my brother calls it a shmutter,
so I call it a shmutter.
OK, so laugh!
OK, so I thought it was an English word.

Yeah, sure—
I heard some people call it a tea towel,
Yeah, yeah—
I know some people call it a drying-up cloth.
But we call it a shmutter, OK?
Well, that's what we call it in my house.
A shmutter.
Just.
Like.
That.

Lubricate the Joints

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

Lubricate the joints
and the railtrack points
the gears
and the shears
and the clocks
and the locks
the drills
and the mills
and the trimmers
and the strimmers
and the rotors
and the motors
keep them whirring
keep them purring
keep them smooth
on the move
in the groooooooooooooove
Oh, yeah!

Eileen Ogle

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

My name is Eileen Ogle
and I run a dancing school.
My name is Eileen Ogle
and my sister is a fool.
My name is Eileen Ogle
I teach little girls to dance.
My name is Eileen Ogle
and I'm living in a trance.

Video

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

Oh video oh video
the video the diddy-o

twiddly-o the video
the video the diddle.

Michael Rosen Rap

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

You may think I'm happy, you may think I'm sad,
You may I'm crazy, you may think I'm mad,
But hang on to your seats and listen right here
Tell you little something that'll burn your ear.

Refrain

Hip, hop
A hip, hop, hap
Giving you all the Michael Rosen Rap
Hip, hop
A hip, hop, hap
Giving you all the Michael Rosen Rap

I was born on the 7th of May
I remember very well that awful day
I was in my mother, curled up tight
Though I have to say it was dark as night.
Nothing to do, didn't have to breathe,
I was so happy didn't want to leave

Suddenly I heard some people give a shout:
"One push, Mrs. Rosen, and he'll pop right out!"
I'm tellin' you all that was a puzzle to me—
I shouted out—
"How'd you know that I'm a "he"?"
The doctor shouted—
"Good Lord, he can talk!"
I popped out my head and said,
"Watch me walk."
I juked and jived around that room,
Balam bam boola, balam de ditty boom

(Repeat refrain)

When I was one, I swam the English Channel
When I was two, I ate a soapy flannel
When I was three, I started getting thinner
When I was four, I ate the dog's dinner,
When I was five, I was in a band playing drums
When I was six, I ate a bag of rotten plums
When I was seven, I robbed a bank with my sister
When I was eight, I became Prime Minister
When I was nine, I closed all the schools
When I was ten, they made me King of the Fools.

So that's what I am, that's what I be
With an M, with an I, with a K, with an E.
That's what I am, that's what I be
Mr. Mike, Mr. Michael, Mr. Rosen, Mr. Me

(Repeat refrain)

Dog Suite

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

1.

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog called Jim
He didn't know me and I didn't know him
Down behind the dustbin I met a dog named Sid
He could smell a bone inside but couldn't lift the lid

2.

Who rolled in the mud behind the garage door?
Who left footprints across the kitchen floor?
I know a dog whose nose is cold
I know a dog whose nose is cold

Who chased raindrops down the windows?
Who smudged the glass with the end of his nose?
I know a dog with a cold in his nose
I know a dog with a cold in his nose

Who wants a bath and a big crunchy biscuit?
Who wants to bed down in his fireside basket?
Me, said Ranzo. I'm the dog with a cold.
Me, said Ranzo. I'm the dog with a cold.

3.

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog named Sid
He said he didn't know me but I'm pretty sure he did.

4.

Some called him Rover, some called him Mog
Some called him dog-cat and some the cat-dog
They gave him a kennel, he slept on the roof
Bow-miaow he growled, Grr-purr, purr-woof

He wagged his tail, up a tree he flew
He found a mouse to tease and a bone to chew
Strangers at the door made him bark
His eyes went green and they shone in the dark

Tom cats chased him, Alsatian dogs bit him
A kitten wouldn't play and two boys hit him
Off he ran up Yonders lane
And no one ever saw him again

5.

Down behind the dustbin I met a dog named Jim
He didn't know me and I didn't know him.

Shmutter Reprise

Words by Michael Rosen

Music by P.A. Kelly

Yeah, yeah, very funny!
I'm telling you–
I thought it was the English word, OK?
OK, so laugh.

Go on.
Just laugh.
Laugh, laugh, laugh.
Shmutter, shmutter, shmutter!!!
(giggle)

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