



WALKING OLIVER
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Howlin' at the Moon

1. The Tortoise and the Hare

Words & Music by P.A. Kelly

A hare was dancing in the middle of the street
You know his feet were slappin' down a funky beat.
He had his arms thrown wide, he was a sight to see
His mouth was runnin' mile a minute spewin' out debris.
He was singin' his own praises as you might have guessed
And then out came this proclamation 'bout his speediness:

REFRAIN

"I'm a speed demon, I'm a shooting star,
I peel the paint right off the chassis of a racing car.
I got the rockets in my heels like Mercury,
Yeah, when it comes to speed there's no one holds a candle to me.
I turn the light out in my room sometimes just for a lark
And I'm in bed and covered up before the room gets dark!
Now that's fast!"

Well a crowd had gathered and they started to cheer
They were dancin' in the street and they were drinkin' beer.
The hare was swelled to bursting from his recent boast
And his agent grabbed the microphone to make a toast.
The more praise lauded the more that hare's head grew
When he heard a voice holler, "I'm faster than you!"

Well the hare reared up and he shot a glance
He rolled his shirt sleeves up and he hitched his pants.
He said, "Who dares to challenge the King of Speed?
You'd better make your will before I make you bleed!"

And when the crowd about-faced in a single move
There stood an old green tortoise putting on the groove.

“You think you’re pretty cool
You think you’re pretty fast
You think you’re King of Speed
You know that just can’t last.
You got an attitude
You got an ego, too
You got an arrogance
It’ll be the death of you.
You think yourself a hare
You’re just a rabbit to me
And I can beat any rabbit
In the first degree.
You wanna take me on
You wanna win the cup
You gotta prove the pudding
Or else shut up.
You wanna win your crown
You have to break a sweat
You haven’t proved a thing
To these people yet.
You’re just flappin’ gums
You’re just a yappin’ gob
You gotta put up or shut up,
So take the job!”

Well, the hare started laughing and the crowd did, too
Having fits of hysteria ’til they’re turning blue.
The hare said, “You? You? You haven’t got a chance!
You make me laugh so hard I almost wet my pants!
You say you want a race? I’m ready to depart.
I’ll cross the finish line before you even start!”

REFRAIN

“I’m a speed demon, I’m a cannon ball,
You might be heck on wheels but I’m hell on paws.
I’m like Speedy Gonzalez on caffeine,
I got the rockin’ locomotion in my genes.
I’m the streak of light on a scimitar,
I’m Lightnin’ Hopkins on electric guitar
And that’s fast!”

The pistol sounded and the race was on
The hare was out of sight but the tortoise was calm.
He plodded steadily onward to a four-four beat
With two pairs of Reeboks on his feet.
He had a knowing smile upon his face
And this to say as he kept his pace:

“That rabbit way up there
He thinks I got no chance
He’s lookin’ mighty fine
In leather runnin’ pants.
He’s laughin’ awful hard
He thinks it’s in the bag
It’s all too easy for him
Hear him boast and brag.
He hasn’t got a clue
Beyond his jibes and jeers
That I been training hard
For the last three years.
I’ve been working out
At my local gym
And my honest sweat
Will win out over him.
I got him dead to rights
With these four fat feet
Gonna settle his hash
With a steady beat.
I’m gonna cut him down
To his rightful size
When I cross that line
When I win that prize.”

So, now a mile out front we pick up Mr. Hare
He’s just boppin’ along without a single care.
He ran the race full-tilt for ‘bout the first half mile
And then he settled back jogging in his lazy style.
He spied a shady grove beneath an old oak tree
And thought, ‘I’ll rest me here till slowpoke catches up with me.’

Well, he sat himself down on that comfy sod
And in thirty seconds he was starting to nod.
He was feeling woozy, he was feeling good

And inside two minutes he was sawing wood.
He woke up two hours later with a crick in his spine
Just in time to see the tortoise cross the finish line.

How the crowd did scoff and how the crowd did scorn
A hare so slow should be ashamed he that he'd been born.
They paid no heed to his excuses, he had had his day
They lifted Tortoise on their shoulders, carried him away.
He could hear the victory bell ringing, Ding! Ding! Ding!
And from a distance he could hear the crowd begin to sing:

REFRAIN

"He's a speed demon, he's a vegetable,
He's an old dray horse with a load to pull.
He's got no rockets in his pockets, it's just lead shot,
And his rockin' locomotion has all gone to pot.
He's black strap molasses in a right deep freeze,
He's the Energizer bunny with no batteries
He's last!"

2.The Crazy Mind of the Farmer

Words & Music by P.A. Kelly

"Hey farmer, hey farmer!
Is Little Rock nearby?
I got some business down in Little Rock
Got to be there by and by."
"Ain't no little rocks 'round here
I got boulders comin' out my ears."
Well, that's the crazy, crazy mind of the farmer.

"Hey farmer, hey farmer!
How'd your 'tater crop turn out?
Did they turn out big and dirty
In plentiful amounts?"
"Why, they didn't turn out at all
Sal and I had to dig'em out one and all."
That's the crazy, crazy mind of the farmer.

"Hey farmer, hey farmer!
You know, your roof leaks like a sieve.
If you got some time to give to mending

Well, now's the time to give."
"What the deuce are you about?
Why, can't you see it's raining out?
You must think that I'm a fool of a farmer."

"Hey farmer, hey farmer!
I need to know the reason why
If you won't fix it when it's raining
Why don't you fix it when it's dry?"
"Why, you're a bigger fool, my friend,
My roof would not be leaking then."
And that's the crazy, crazy mind of the farmer.
"Hey farmer, hey farmer!
I'll be on my way again,
But when I'm passing by next Friday
I'll probably drop in."
"Just keep passin' by, my friend,
And when you reach the lake, why, then drop in!"
That's the crazy, crazy mind of the farmer.

3.Sara Lee

Words & Music by P.A. Kelly

Sara Lee
How I love your long golden hair
Won't you please sit next to me?
Only me, Sara Lee?

Sara Lee
I never liked a girl so much before
You're the one my heart adores
Can't you see, Sara Lee?

If I dared to hold your hand
My knees would shake
I could not stand
If the teacher called on my raised hand
Two plus two'd be three.

Sara Lee
Though we're only ten years old

Won't you someday marry me?
Promise me please, Sara Lee?

Though the school day drags on by
I'm never bored
And you know why
Every time I catch your eye
My heart goes flying free

Sara Lee
I never liked a girl so much before
You're the one my heart adores
Can't you see, Sara Lee?

4. Pickle In My Pocket

Words & Music by P.A. Kelly

Woke up, Saturday, school a million miles away
I went in to the kitchen, to chase the hunger blues away.
I slapped some peanut butter on some bread,
Slipped a pickle in my pocket for the road ahead,
Burped like a kid who's been well fed,
Then I sidled on out the door.

Then I rode downtown where the gang was hanging 'round,
Went into The Town Pantry to chew the fat with Sammy Brown.
He said, "I hate to be the bearer of bad news,
But you got something nasty dripping on your schoolboy shoes!
You might be losing some juice you can't afford to lose,
But my pardon you will have to beg!"

I had a pickle in my pocket and the juice was running down my leg!

So I ran outside, looking for someplace to hide,
Bumped into Jody Simpson, she looked so pretty that I could have cried.
She took one look at my trousers then she looked at me,
She said, "I bet you left the house and didn't bother to pee.
Don't tell me I'm lying 'cause it's plain to see
And my pardon you will have to beg!"

I got a pickle in my pocket and the juice is running down my leg!

Jody ran to the gang
"He's wet his pants!" she gaily sang.
The gang came running like a dog pack with a jostle and a bang
I was so embarrassed I was seeing red.
I had a sledgehammer swinging up inside my head,
And at that very moment I wished I was dead,
And their pardons I would have to beg!

I had a pickle in my pocket and the juice was running down my leg!

Then I ran on home, any place I could be alone,
I slammed on through my front door
And started disconnecting all the phones.
I imagined it would be the evening headline news,
"Boy in public urinates all over his shoes!"
I'd never be rid of these pickle blues
And all the pardons I would have to beg.
For that pickle in my pocket and the juice that ran down my leg!

5. Imp

Instrumental Music by P.A. Kelly

6. Stormalong

(Will You Ever Return to the Sea?)

Words & Music by P A Kelly

In a big tidal wave much too high for this song
There was born from the ocean the great Stormalong.
He was eighteen feet tall and he weighed several ton,
Of the world's greatest sailors he surely was one.
What a boon to the sailors to have Storm enlist.
There was only one problem as you've probably guessed:
Whenever old Stormy would climb the gangplank,
Inevitably, that good ship promptly sank.

REFRAIN:

Stormalong, Oh Stormalong
The sailors still gather to sing this sad song.
Stormalong, Oh Stormalong
Will you ever return to the sea?

Well, the sailors got busy and soon they unfurled

The biggest darn clipper ship yet in the world.
It took forty seamen to manage her wheel
And hundred foot waters to take in her keel.

They left Boston Harbor with the sun on their necks,
It had taken four weeks to get all hands on deck.
The ship was so lengthy they all quickly learned
To employ teams of horses just to get stem to stern.

REPEAT REFRAIN

The ship's towering masts went straight up to the sky
With a hinge in the middle just to let the moon by.
The trip to the crow's nest took ever so long
That the crewmen had beards when they finally came down.

When approaching the great English Channel at last,
Storm saw their great girth wouldn't let them get past.
He bellowed, "My friends, this is our only hope.
Haul up that whole shipment of laundry soap!"

They soaped up her sides from the rail to the keel,
From the bow to the stern till she slipped like an eel.
They slid through the Channel that memorable day,
Touching White Cliffs of Dover and the streets of Calais.

REPEAT REFRAIN

One day weighing anchor from out of the sludge
They pulled on the chain but that chain wouldn't budge.
Said Stormy, "My boys, you just leave it to me."
And with a sword in his teeth, he jumped into the sea.

The ship began pitching on wild, foaming waves,
The crew feared they were headed for watery graves.
But just as that ship was about to capsize
Stormy bobbed to the surface with his tentacled prize.

It seems that an octopus swam from the ooze,
Settled down on their anchor and was taking a snooze.
He was fifty feet long and he weighed several ton
Well matched to ol' Stormy, that son of a gun.

REPEAT REFRAIN

7. Last Time I Saw Ollie

Words & Music by P.A. Kelly

Ollie is my puppy's name—he's made of cloth and stuffed with foam.
He's a rambling dog and oh, so hard to find!
"Mum," I say, "I can't find Ollie!
I've his dinner and he's late!"
"Well, the last time I saw Ollie
He was by the garden gate."

Ollie often plays a game of hide and seek when he gets bored.
He's a clever dog and knows just where to hide!
"Mum," I say, "have you seen Ollie?
Now he's hid himself from me!"
"Well, the last time I saw Ollie
He was in the beechnut tree."

Ollie sometimes likes some time and space to be all by himself.
He's a pensive dog and needs his privacy.
"Mum," I call, "I'm short one Ollie!
And it's nearly time for bed!"
"Well, the last time I saw Ollie
He was in the old tool shed."

Ollie has a silly way of making accidents occur.
He's a clumsy dog, I can't keep him in line.
"Mum," I say, "the fault was Ollie's,
I am not the one to blame!"
"Well, the next time I see Ollie
I'll say he should be ashamed!"

Ollie often spends his nights with me all cozy in my bed.
He's a cuddly dog when we're tucked up real tight.
"Mum," I say, "I love my Ollie,"
As the Sandman comes in sight.
But my Mum just kisses both of us
And then turns out the light.

8. I'd Like 2 Stay

Instrumental Music by P.A. Kelly

9. Ode to an Extinct Dinosaur

Words by Doug Macleod

Music by P.A. Kelly

Iguanadon, I loved you,
With all your spiky scales
Your massive jaws,
Impressive claws
And teeth like horseshoe nails.

Iguanadon, I loved you.
It moved me close to tears
When first I read
That you've been dead
For ninety million years.

10. Beast

Words & Music by P.A. Kelly

You beast, you
Be kind to the animals

Listen up, mates
Cause I can't say it twice
You'll learn that life has two sides
Nasty and nice.
You've got a mother's love
Makes you feel safe and warm
And a beast that comes a-creeping
Trying to do you harm.

This beast can hurt your body
Or it can hurt your mind
It can cause others to hurt you
Or make you unkind.

This ain't no PC game
This ain't no arcade shot
This beast it keeps on growing stronger
With each gun you got.
You've got to bring the light of love

Down out of the sky
Then lock the beast inside the light
Bid it a fine good-bye.

You must be kind to the children of creation.

Hey, listen up children!
Hear what I got to say
You got plans to make.
Minds to shake
Starting today.
You're the world's only hope
And a price'll be paid
It's a weight to lay on you, I know
But it's got to be laid
Cause the beast'll distract you
With tinsel and toys
And it misdirects you
With hi-fi noise
Sleight of hand, smoke and mirrors
Hot babes and hard boys
But it's still just a lousy beast
With a shell game ploy.

Dig deep
Find the love inside your heart.

This beast could try to make you
Want to wage a war,
Lead you to a blood bath
Aftermath guts and gore.
American lifestyle needs protecting
From the folks next door, it says
So blindly follow, swallow, wallow
Till you're sore.
It's got allies in the country,
In the valleys, on the sea
In the air and underground
In the West and in the East
In the very levels of reality
Your soul is its feast
It's the Rich man, Poor man
Beggar man, Beast.

Your very future is a doorway
Oh, so tall and stout
But only you can determine
What comes in or goes out.

Be kind to humanity
Be good to your brothers
Be good to your sisters
Love one another
Love one another
Love one another.

11. T. Rex

Words by Wes Magee
Music by P.A. Kelly

Two daft little arms like toasting forks
Enough skin to make coats for ten men
As dirty as pitch
(he slept rough in a ditch)
And the feet from a monstrous hen.
A bit of a freak—part beast, part bird.
Would you dare stick your tongue out at him?
He's a mean dinosaur
Mouth as wide as a door
And teeth that stand up dagger slim.
Across the mud flats he belts in top gear;
A rogue lighthouse with blood on his brain.
Better kneel down and pray
For all those in his way:
He'll grind bones again and again.

12. Bug Hunt

Words & Music by P.A. Kelly

Seen'im peeking out from under Momma's magazine
He's grinning like a lunatic and looking mighty mean
He's got a shell of iron and two wings of neon green
He's the biggest ugly cockroach that I have ever seen.

I'm dashing to the closet 'fore ol' ugly gets away

It's where I hide my stash for keeping ugly bugs at bay
I'm flinging wide the door and leaping hot into the fray
The only way to keep the peace is making pieces of your prey.

Goin' on a bug hunt, knock him on the head
Goin' on a bug hunt, kill them all dead
Goin' on a bug hunt, run him right down
Goin' on a bug hunt, squish him in the ground.

I'm on a great safari, pith helmet and spud gun
I'll bid him sayanari, I've got him on the run.
I ripped that magazine away and shot him with a spud
Old Ugly skittered out the door, that bullet was a dud
I jumped up and tore after him, screaming for his blood
Old Ugly skittered back inside, I landed in the mud.

I'm tracking mud and anger all over Momma's place
The mud is on my feet and the anger's on my face
Revenge is such a cold dish, I'll give that bug a taste
Add in my own relish when I've laid him all to waste.

Goin' on a bug hunt like you've never seen
Have a Boogy Buggy Bar-B-Que, pick his bones clean
Goin' on a bug hunt, you know it's sad but true
Bug has each got six legs, I only got two.

After half an hour I got'im cornered in my room
I'm feeling pretty jazzed as I pick up the nearest broom
I can almost see him sweating as he contemplates his doom
But just as I'm about to put that critter in his tomb,

I'm suddenly aware another sound's been going down
It's got a steady beat, a kind of military sound
It's pounding in my ears but it's coming from the ground
I fling my broom onto the floor and fast as lightning whirl around,

And now at last I see them in their camouflage attire
Pouring from the woodwork, from the muck and from the mire
There must be half a million bugs, an army just for hire
And Mr. Ugly there behind shouts the order, "READY? FIRE!"

We're goin' on a man hunt, you know we're really keen
We're a mean, lean fighting, ugly Bug Machine

We're goin' on a man hunt, better understand
We may be ugly bugs but, we always get our man!

13. In the Woods

Instrumental Music by P.A. Kelly