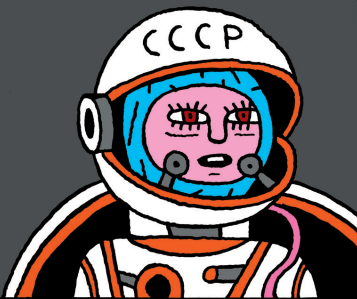


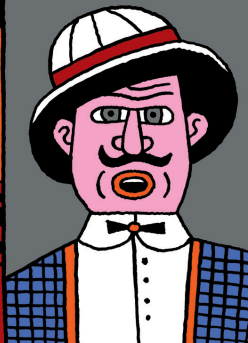
Lyrics



T h e B o b s



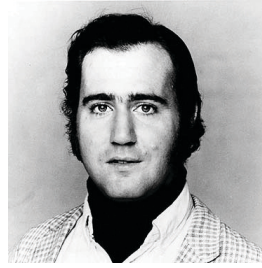
B i o g r a p h i e s



1. **Andy Always Dreamed of Wrestling** (2:18)

Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Special guest: Wayne Wallace, trombone



Andy always dreamed of wrestling
 Andy always dreamed of wrestling
 He would see himself in the ring
 With bulging biceps and an evil sneer
 Basking in the spotlight
 As he heard the crowds jeer
 But Andy wasn't tough enough
 Big time wrestling can be so rough
 No, Andy wasn't man enough
 So he started wrestling women ...
 Andy always dreamed of wrestling
 Andy always dreamed of wrestling
 Andy always dreamed of wrestling

Andy Kaufman - Andy Always Dreamed of Wrestling
 © 1988 Richard Bob Greene Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)



2. **The Nazz** (3:01)

Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

based on Lord Buckley's monologue "The Nazz"

Now dig infinity, I'm from Tuolumne, but I've come here to spread the word
 The British Royalty, that's who I'd like to be, like some bogus beatnik Lord ...

Hipsters and Flipsters and Finger Poppin' Daddies,
 Knock me your lobes
 I'm talkin' the blues in this funky old night club
 I got more troubles than Job—here's my riff:

Thunder and lightnin'—the storm was very frightenin'
 We're twelve cats out in the boat
 Here comes The Nazz waltzing cross the water
 Those sandals making him float
 'Cause The Nazz stays cool ...

Well You can bet your life
 He's hip to "Mack the Knife"
 And he really digs that jazz
 A righteous kitty kat
 Who knows just where it's at
 a soulful carpenter, "The Nazz"

It isn't yet the gospel that he's preachin' to the faithful
 Still the multitude gathers round
 To hear a song of joy from the first flower child
 Sweet, swingin' love is his sound

Well You can bet your life
 He's hip to "Mack the Knife"
 And he really digs that jazz
 A righteous kitty kat
 Who knows just where it's at
 A holy carpenter, "the Nazz"

He straightens the squares, He gives us the bread
He answers our prayers, He raises the dead

Chorus after chorus of heavenly happenin' hipness
He's preachin' up on the mount
A thousand stompin' feet dancing to the back beat
Groovin' more than the count
If food is what your wish is He's serving loaves and fishes
Then he'll turn water to wine
Believe on what The Nazz says, love all of your neighbors
Everything will be fine
'Cause the Nazz stays cool ...

You can bet your life
He's hip to "Mack the Knife"
And he really digs that jazz
A righteous kitty kat
Who knows just where it's at
BeBoppin' carpenter, "The Nazz"

Lord Buckley - The Nazz
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4. Clarence Birdseye Flash Frozen Food (2:07)

Lyrics: Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Music: B. May (Sony/ATV Music Publishing/ Warner-Tamerlane Pub Corp)
based on "Flash's Theme" by Brian May - Wide Music



Flash! Fresh frozen fish, for your freezer
Flash, Clarence Birdseye changed the industry—how'd he do it?

Flash! Fresh frozen food, in your grocery, in the freezer
Flash, Clarence Birdseye was a natural, quit school and very soon
Worked as a biologist, for the US government, posted North to the Arctic
Where he saw first hand the ways of native Eskimos
The ice and wind and temperature froze just caught fish straight through

Flash! Fresh frozen fish, also vegetables, in your freezer

Flash! Clarence Birdseye was a natural ...

Birdseye the biologist saw that when fish were frozen quickly there were no ice crystals formed and
So their cellular structure stayed intact and they were scarcely different than when fresh

Flash! Clarence Birdseye was a businessman
Birdseye turned to marketing, leased refrigerated boxcars
To transport all the frozen food to the nation's supermarkets so we could all eat healthily

Birdseye's process still in use preserves food nutrients as well as their flavor.

Clarence Birdseye Flash Frozen Food
©2012 Richard Bob Greene, Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)

5. **Valentina Tereshkova** (3:57) Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Nikita Khrushchev was in competition with the USA
 What dangerous mission would be bold enough
 To blow the Yanks away?
 Poor little dog Laika, she didn't survive, and Yuri was Spam in a can
 The Soviet could still rule the heavens, but not with another man



Valentina Tereshkova—first woman in space
 a factory worker, a party member, a perfect peasant's face
 Valentina Tereshkova—hundreds of miles off the ground
 Three days in orbit over the earth, forty eight times around

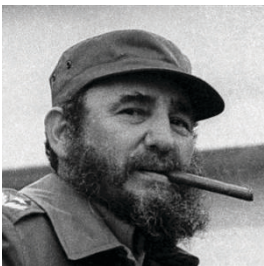
(Valentina) The Seagull in free fall
 (Valentina) Soaring into a silent sea
 (Valentina) Above all the turbulent skies
 (Valentina) Every hour is a new sunrise

Something went wrong with her craft's navigation that turned the path of her flight
 'Til cosmonaut control found the flaw and brought her back from the night
 At four miles high she took to her parachute, and landed hard in a yard
 Where babushka women met her and asked "please tell us, did you see God?"

Valentina Tereshkova—first woman in space
 a factory worker, a party member, a perfect peasant's face
 Valentina Tereshkova—hundreds of miles off the ground
 Three days in orbit over the earth, forty eight times around

(Valentina) The Seagull in free fall
 (Valentina) Soaring into a silent sea
 (Valentina) Above all the turbulent skies
 (Valentina) Every hour is a new sunrise

Valentina Tereshkova
 ©2013 Richard Bob Greene Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)



6. **Fidel's Fashion Manifesto** (3:23) Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Revolution is not a style
 Not a costume or a look
 All the dictators we know and love
 Won't be found in Vogue's big book
 Revolucion es unidad
 It requires consistency
 Just take Khaddifi, I'm thinking of
 How his foolish foppish fashion can't compare to me

So, I open up "Granma"—And is it nyet or da?
 Today I'm in the news not wearing anything blue
 Cigar, fatigues, and comrade cap the same as ev'ry day before
 That's how you will know the score
 And if you ask Raul...
 He'll know you haven't a clue to what the heart of revolution means ...

(Fidel's Fashion Manifesto cont.)

(Same old Fidel, same old red star, same old Fidel, same old cigar,
same old Marx look, same old red book, same old same old ...)

Like Joseph Stalin and Kim Jung Il
Like Steve Jobs or Chairman Mao
Each day I put on my uniform
To show the world that I know how
To rule my country with modesty
"Man of the people"—that is me
The Cold War's over, and sugar's cheap
None the less you'll see I never dress like bourgeoisie

So, I open up "Granma"—And is it nyet or da?
Today I'm in the news not wearing anything blue
Cigar, fatigues, and comrade cap the same as ev'ry day before
That's how you will know the score
And if you ask Raul ...
He'll know you haven't a clue to what the heart of revolution means ...

I don't wear berets, those hats were Che's
Pigs of the Bay, hear what I say!

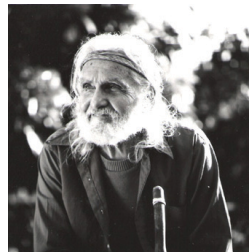
So, I open up "Granma"—And is it nyet or da?
Today I'm in the news not wearing anything blue
Cigar, fatigues, and comrade cap the same as ev'ry day before
That's how you will know the score
And if you ask Raul ...
He'll know you haven't a clue to what the heart of revolution means ...

Fidel Castro - Fidel's Fashion Manifesto
©2012 Richard Bob Greene, Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)

7. **Elwood Decker** (1:47) Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Elwood Decker died the other day,
He was abstractly struck by a train
He live in Nipomo, but he painted his own way
He was tragically killed in the rain
For eighty eight years he walked on the track
For eighty eight years he never looked back
Now he's gone, that's the end of Moy Mell
Now he's gone and there's no more to tell

Elwood, Elwood, Elwood, Elwood
Elwood, Elwood, Elwood, Elwood
Now he's gone, that's the end of Moy Mell
Now he's gone and there's no more to tell



Elwood Decker
© 1994 Richard Bob Greene Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)



8. Hedy Lamarr Spreads It Around (3:20)

Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Special guest: Wayne Wallace, trombone

Any girl can be glamorous, you just stand still and try to look dumb
But I'm more than a strudel, got a brain in my noodle
I face problems and sometimes the answers ... they come

Any girl can look amorous, by the fire in a silk negligee
While it might seem enchanting, all the men will be panting
I am more than a face, I've got something to say

You pick up your phone and you have me to thank
For the spectrum that's spread so the call can go through

I don't go out drinking, I spend my nights thinking
How to spread it around, spread it around
Your signal is steady, the idea was Hedy's
How to spread it around, spread it around

George and I wondered every night how our ships could defeat the Third Reich?
If you frequency hop there's no way you can stop
A torpedo that gets to its target to strike

Although I am seen as a bombshell on screen
What I'd most like to do is to sink submarines

I don't go out drinking, I spend my nights thinking
How to spread it around, spread it around
Your signal is steady, the idea was Hedy's
How to spread it around, spread it around

I helped the combatants and I hold the patents
How to spread it around, spread it around
It's my engineering that has the troops cheering
How to spread it around, spread it around

Hedy Lamarr Spreads it Around
© 2013 Richard Bob Greene Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)

9. Julia's Too Tall (2:48)

Music & lyrics: Schumacher (Fumanshoe Music/ASCAP)

Addl music & lyrics: Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

She's too tall to be a spy
But not too tall to bake a pie
Julia I love your tasty ways
Let me bite your boulliabaise



Some people called her Juju. And she was six-two.
She did attend Le Cordon Bleu but not til after World War Two,
Where then Top Secret was her clearance, but she
Was no spy, too tall was her appearance.
Her education gave her a mission, assistant in secret intelligence division.
Her time was well spent. She got acknowledgement.
She even helped develop shark repellent.

(Julia's Too Tall cont.)

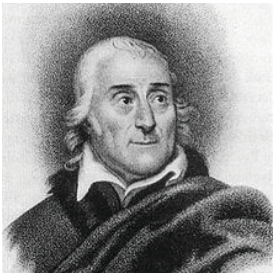
She went to cooking school. Studied with Master Chefs.
 She joined a cooking club that they called Cercle Des Gourmettes.
 She made some friends there, with flare for French fare.
 Said they could share a way to cook the cuisine anywhere.
 They penned their cooking regimen for the American.
 But their contract got cancelled by Houghton Mifflin.
 Someone else got the hint, and they all made a mint.
 Published in nineteen-sixty one and it is still in print.

And then in sixty-three she made it to TV.
 For educational program she won a Peabody and Emmy.
 She had more left. There came the French Chef.
 It was the first TV show to be captioned for the deaf.
 She had a lot of shows, and wrote a lot more books.
 Her gastronomic viewpoints made a lot more cooks.
 She cooked with butter, and not the margarine,
 So tip a nip of cooking sherry for the Culinary Queen

Boeuf Bourguignon, or Coq au Vin, Shrimp Étouffée, Passez Le pain.
 Poulet Sauté aux Herbes de Provence.

Wear a beret for the buffet at request for response to the day you say OK,
 She says she wants us to master La Cuisenne Francais!

Julia Child - Julia's Too Tall
 © 2013 Schumacher (Fumanshoe Music/ASCAP)
 © 2013 Richard Bob Greene Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)

**10. Lorenzo da Ponte** (2:50)

Lyrics: Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Music: W.A. Mozart

Serenade in Eb, K.375: Menuetto

Lorenzo Da Ponte was Mozart's little buddy,
 He wrote the Libretto for "Cosi fan Tutti"
 (And "Don Giovanni" and "The Marriage of Figaro")
 A Jew from Ceneda, he took on Catholic orders
 'Til de-frocked by his flock for his gross depravity
 (For gambling and whoring and adultery)
 He loved Anzoletta but she was quite married
 To Carlo Bellaudi who made it a scandal (knocked up, bastard, foundling, scandal)

Lorenzo was quick with a couplet or a conquest
 A rhymer, a rapper, a poet of life
 (Too often his conquest was somebody's wife)

The Senate of Venice they made him unwelcome
 "Go, the Republic has banished you from here."
 Lorenzo must flee without his dear Anzoletta
 So sadly he missed her, so sorely he pined
 (The babies he fathered were all left behind.)

To Vienna, home of the Opera, where composers make the big leagues
 A librettist plays second fiddle, looks for favors, gets caught in intrigues

(Lorenzo da Ponte cont.)

It's so sad when you write the words how the poetry's never really heard
All the critics talk about is soaring melody, rich harmony and luscious orchestration

Poor Lorenzo's stuck with Salieri, not the partner his genius requires
There is one also new in town just as hungry to make a brand new sound
So they set to work and write together until all the words and music meet in inspiration
Amadeus, Herr Wolfgang Mozart and Lorenzo realize their desires

The Marriage of Figaro was filled with complication
The Barber of Seville wants Susanna for his bride
(Whom count Almaviva would bed on the side)
But true love will triumph before the finale
And all machinations will end with forgiving (disguise, closets, faithful, giving)
Lorenzo and Wolfgang would finish two more operas
With music and lyric so well intertwined
Lorenzo's not well known, while Mozart's enshrined

Lorenzo Da Ponte
©2012 Richard Bob Greene, Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)

11. Tesla Tesla 123 (2:36)

Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Tesla, Tesla, Tesla—1,2,3

AC-DC, electricity
Edison and I disagree
What kind of Power Stations should light the nations
Tom and I disagree

Is it pure energy? Or is it OCD?
When you say my name, won't you please
Say it times three

Kilowatt hours, towers of power
We could light Tennessee
Give up my royalties, live in obscurity
In my laboratory

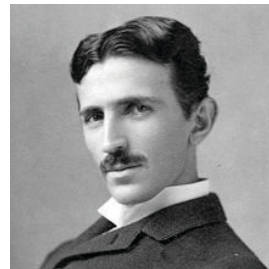
Is it pure energy? Or is it OCD?
When you say my name, won't you please
Say it times three

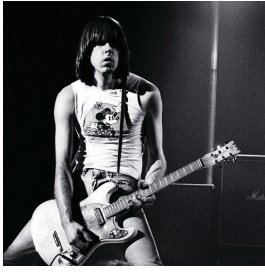
I hate round objects, and I hate human hair, and I hate jewelry
Am I obsessive? Am I compulsive? Am I still counting to three?

I made a death ray, it was mere child's play
It runs on three batteries...double "A's"
Genius or lazy?, or bat shit crazy?
What do you all think of me?

Is it pure energy? Or is it OCD?
When you say my name, won't you please
Say it times three
Tesla, Tesla, Tesla

Tesla, Tesla 123
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12. Johnny Ramone (2:10) Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Why do you need nineteen minutes to sing about oceans and dragons?

Play Johnny Ramone....play

1,2,3,4

Johnny Ramone had a Mosrite guitar

He wore it around it knees

On the down stroke, playing fast and loud

Always facing out to the crowd

No guitar solo, Hey Ho Let's Go!

Play Johnny Ramone ... play

The Blitzkrieg Bop, 2000 shows, don't ever stop

Twenty, Twenty four hours to go, I wanna be sedated

Leather jackets, t-shirts and ripped up blue jeans

'Cause image is everything

He took control over every show

But they never had a hit on the radio

No guitar solo, Hey Ho Let's Go!

Play Johnny Ramone ... play

Here's a chord, here's another, and here's another

Now go and form a band, a Muppet band

I don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery

Johnny Ramone, no teenage lobotomy

For the end of the century

Sheena's OK - rockin' "Rockaway"

'Cause the KKK took my baby away

No guitar solo, Hey Ho Let's Go!

Play Johnny Ramone....play

Johnny Ramone

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13. Bach to Bach (3:01)

Lyrics: Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)

Music: J.S. Bach, *Cello Suite #1 in G major*

Later

I'm working

Composing

Cantatas

Please later

I'm busy

I can't stop

Working

Composing

I am very tired

I

Sit

Here

Playing ostinatos

On the organ

Til I feel that I am going to burn out

Johann, Oh my Dear

Johann please come here

All the kids in bed

Twenty little heads

Johann oh my dear

Leave your old clavier

Johann cant you see that

I am all alone

Sitting by the fire I'm waiting for you

I hear you improvising

I feel the passion rising

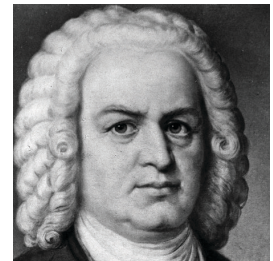
The joy of my desiring

My Johann

Put the lamp out

Put the cat out

We could sing a contrapuntal motet



There
Two
I am so fearful of our
Lust
Just
Coming back to roost like
Chickens
No, my darling,
I remember in the choir
Your lovely voice caught my attention
How your figure filled my eyes
Inspiring me to an invention
I desired you I'm confessing
When you took that private lesson
Anna
Baby
My Leibchin
The big problem is we have no money
Money
Money
Money
Money
I am exalted in the world
But undercompensated

There's so many mouths to feed
Every year we have a new mouth to feed

But the family's so big
I think that I need another gig
Gig
Gig
Gig
A gig
If I could only write a hit like Handel
We could get our heads above the water
For a while and maybe take
A short vacation if we had a sitter
Who would watch all the kids

The joy of my desire
The chapel choir
It takes me higher, yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Fine

A little fugue or
Allegro con vivace
Don't you want me, Don't you want me
The children soon will wake up
They'll be no chance to make up
Don't you want me, Don't you want me
Is the spark we once had burning down to ashes?

What's the matter with you?
Why are you so blue?
Please don't lose your temper
How can that be happening?
You're the cappel meister
You're the Duke's own favorite
You're the school director
Can we be Baroque

For the brilliant work you do
You work and slave
You're headed for an early grave
But you love all the children
Doesn't all your composition
Put a mass of bread upon the table?

Tell the council you demand what you deserve
You're an improviser
You really are prolific
It really is terrific
So many minuets
So many canons
So many minor Bachs can all be traced
To major passions, bundles of joy of desire
Sometimes at night
I hear the music swell while I'm asleep
And then into our bed you creep
Then in my heart from heaven
Above to earth you come
And in my restful dream
I follow with theme and variation
with joyful exhaltation
but there's a new dimension
a new way of prevention
we practice contraception
and now we are
Fine.

14. Shut Up and Sing (2:33)
 Greene (Best of Breed Music/ASCAP)
 Finetti (Right Sum Music/BMI)



We've been singing a cappella since 1981
 We've done 2000 concerts and every one was fun
 In between the singing, yes, we do talk on and on
 Haverin' and slaverin' until the light of dawn
 Shut up and Sing

Long winded's good for harmony in chords that will sustain
 Let a joke linger way too long, the audience complains
 "Get on with the singing!, that's what we came to hear
 This nattering and chattering is filling up my ears!"
 Shut up and Sing

Don't elucidate
 Don't elaborate
 Don't persuade, please serenade
 We'll coagulate

Shut up and Sing, Shut up and Sing, Shut up and Sing
 Shut up and Sing, Shut up and Sing, Shut up and Sing,
 Now shut up!

Now shut up, Now shut up, Now shut up, Now shut up,
 Now shut up, Now shut up, Now shut up,

Don't elucidate
 Don't elaborate
 Don't persuade, please serenade
 We'll coagulate

Shut up and Sing, Shut up and Sing, Shut up and Sing
 Shut up and Sing, Shut up and Sing, Shut up and Sing,
 Now shut up!

Th Bobs - Shut Up and Sing
 Lyrics © 2013 Richard Bob Greene Best of Breed Music (ASCAP)