

Mp3 Bill Davis - A Little Bit Crazy



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Original Songs recorded in 1989, some fun, some serious, some irreverent, just me and my guitar. 11 MP3 Songs FOLK: Folk Blues, BLUES: Acoustic Blues Details: History, Lyrics, stuff I first came to the Reston Folk Club in the summer of 1986 it was meeting at the Red Caboose. Being dirt poor at the time I nursed a cup of coffee for the entire evening while listening to some of my favorite music, A lot of that music I heard that night was songs that I played myself and so I was a little worried that if I got up and played I would choose a song that somebody else already did probably better than I would. I decided that when I performed I would do songs that were either very obscure or that I wrote myself. At that time I had written a total of one song (Aerobatic Pilot) The next week I discovered that the Red Caboose had thrown the Folk Club out (I felt a little guilty about the one cup of coffee) They were now meeting at the Party room of Jonathans Keep. So thats where I started performing and it was the performing that triggered the writing. There was an audience who actually listened. I was addicted. In the next two years I wrote performed over thirty of my own songs and in 1988 1989 with the aid of Larry Mediate recorded this album in his basement using his new Tascam 4-track tape recorder. Dave Hurd was the Folk Clubs computer guru and designed the insert for the cassettes and Harold Learned took a cover photo of the bearded Folk Wonder with his 12 string Terada out at Great Falls C&O Canal. Over the next few months I would make ten or twenty cassettes at a time and sell them to anyone I could at six bucks a copy. Feed a starving folk singer buy my tape! The folk process dictates that everything changes and over the years performing these and many other songs lyrics get changed and adapted so the lyrics I include below probably dont match exactly what was on that tape. You can hear versions of Aerobatic Pilot, Little Bit Crazy, Night Freight Sour Grapes on The CD Bill Davis - Live at the Avalon Folk Festival and Several other of my songs (including a very dressed up version of Sour Grapes) can be heard On Somos el Mar

We are the Sea recorded with Pat Chen. This CD is a digitized and de-hissed version of the original tape. Technology has made great progress in the last few years but some things never change: Please feed a starving folk singer buy this CD! The Lyrics: Nervous - Yes most folks are, they get over it, mostly, applause helps, and practice. Look at your audience and imagine them sitting there stark naked. (May 1987) NERVOUS - Bill Davis I forgot the words, But the tune went something like this, If I can find the key, dum, dum,dum, dum, and tune up, la, la, la, la, and not be nervous: Hello... How you doing? I want to sing you a song, But I'm nervous... Am I in tune? I hope that it doesn't take long. Please sing on the chorus if you know the words, Harmonize above and below, If my voice doesn't crack and I don't sound absurd, I might live through the night, don't you know? This is a song that I wrote myself, The tune it came out of thin air, I don't sing to well but I hope that you like it, I feel like I'm standing here bare. What the hell, I don't care, You all have paid the price of admission, Its my song and I sing it you can stand there and stare, I sing it and you all can listen. Now when this song's over and I'm sitting down, And you're thinking you'll now criticize. Applaud like it was great! Bring the house down, I don't care if all of it's lies. Clap your Hands! I don't care if all of it's lies. Make it loud! I don't care if all of its lies. Applause! Applause! Applause! Standing Ovation .. Bravo.. Encore.. Applause! AEROBATIC PILOT - Bill Davis This song was written after my first aerobatic contest and sung for the group - the next year they made me president. The lyrics and chords were published in February 82 Sport Aerobatics. Humtybumps, rolling turns, etc. are all aerobatic maneuvers. The I.A.C. is the International Aerobatic Club. (May 1980) He's a red hot sure shot aerobatic pilot, he's a member of the I.A.C. He's a red hot sure shot aerobatic pilot, his flying' is wild and free He can do a loop-de-loop, a roll, or a spin and when he's flying' Up-side-down they say, Look at him!. He's a red hot sure shot aerobatic pilot, he's a member of the I.A.C. Batman, Robin, Superman, and Spiderman are heroes that everybody knows. Hey look up in the sky here's one who can fly. You can tell him by the cut of his clothes. He's got a red jacket with ten-thousand patches - It'll keep him warm from here to Alaska. He's a right stuff sure nough aerobatic pilot, he's a member of the I.A.C. He does an Inside-outside-triple-convoluted-anti-counter-clockwise-whifferdil. Which the judges say is worth three hundred K and to watch it is a real thrill. His hammerheads and rolling turns they look really grand. But we all know the hardest part is when he tries to land, Cause He's a red hot sure shot aerobatic pilot, he's a member of the I.A.C. On the ground he's reknown for his very profound ability to throw the bull. Ain't a thing in the sky that he ain't tried, if it's done with a push or a pull. He talks with a drawl and he

walks with a limp. Says: Once I tried to Hump-de-bump a Goodyear Blimp. And I'm a right stuff sure nuff aerobatic pilot, I'm a member of the I.A.C. Roll around , roll around, roll around the sky. Loop-de-loop and hammerhead and watch that sucker fly. He's got two hundred sixty (360, 450, 5050) horses out in front. Just to help him do a better hump-de-bump. SOUR GRAPES - Bill Davis Its a shame that the little things seem to get between folks. Other versions of this song are on Bare Facts and Somos el Mar (Nov. 1986) Annies avocation's advocating avocados With vegetables she's never ever nervous She gets humorous with numerous lugubrious blue tubers Talks with them and tells them all the rumors Annie sings the praises of carrots, corn, and maize, Coconuts and lettuce yams and peas, On roots and beets and radishes her loving care she lavishes, She doesn't care a single fig for me. With her it doesn't matter you say potato or po-tah-to. Tomato or tom-ah-to both will do, But, if for any meat you call, You'll get no respect at all, Even if you close your mouth each time you chew. When at supper I've a craving for a sizable filet, Or a sirloin, or a T-bone, or a burger! I get cottage cheese and bean-sprouts, and other stuff I'd throw out. Us carnivores like to eat stuff that we murder! Love animals don't eat them, She says with smile so sweet, I say, Do you realize what that stuff grows in? She says, Surely bran and lima beans are good for you to eat. And I say something like, Yeah, If they're not poison. So we went our separate ways, to diet as we wishes, But I often ask my self just why and wonder, Romance went to pieces over what was on the dishes, I lost my love to a big bright green cucumber. CYCLE PATH - Bill Davis This was written for the Reston Cycle Club after I rode a century ride (100 miles) in 1986. The Washington and Old Dominion Railroad has been turned into a beautiful bike path which I felt deserved a song. (September 1986) On the Washington and Old Dominion Railway Line we ride our ten speed bikes, From Arlington to Leesburg our bikes is what we likes, With spokes a flashing we look so dashing in our special cycling suits, Steadily a pedaling we ride upon the bed again and go home for a toot. Riding on a bicycle is really very (nice it will) beat jogging on a track. On velocipedes two tired, you can ride till your too tired, and then try to ride back. If you fit upon your seat you'll be fit within a week, if you don't your seat will hurt. You'll be particular good looking', while your riding or you're cooking, in a new bike club tee shirt. My cycle tubes are groovy, brakes and pedals tires and tu-bees, and curly handlebars, Chains and gears and toe clip pedals, made of several rare earth metals, and a horn to warn off cars. I got a sterling silver shifter, last Christmas from my sister, and a posi-traction chain. Campagnola stuff all over, Im a Reston cycle rover, certifiably insane. Up and down and round and round ' stop and hear the ticking sound your

free-wheel ratchet click, Feel the free wind in your face as down the road you race feeling pretty slick,
Beat a rhythm on your helmet, sing a song and ring your bell, Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la! I'm not crazy do
not laugh, Im just a happy cycle-path, Im riding just for fun. NIGHT FREIGHT - Bill Davis There is nothing
romantic about being homeless, there but for fortune go any one of us. Another version is on Bare Facts.
(December 1987) Imagine if you will a hobo - a gentleman of the road. Someone who was once part of
the world but who for one reason or another has chosen to travel his own road. Maybe it was a lost job, or
a lost love, or just some bad luck, it doesn't matter. If you asked him how why he won't tell you. He'll
answer, to be polite, with practiced rationalizations and well worn Road Philosophies, He can tell a pretty
good story, if you listen, and if you don't he won't waste his words. The real things he keeps to himself -
like most of us... He has had an occasional job, and an occasional companion over the years, but tonight
he is alone. Hes spent most of the evening at the local eatery nursing a cup of coffee then at closing time
walked out of town along the railroad track. It is a cold November night, its late, there is a high moon,
which is past full, and it is still. // so still that if he listens it hurts . So maybe he talks to himself. Winter is
coming on and he is cold, and lonely, and just a little scared as he contemplates the point on the horizon
where the railroad tracks appear to meet. Is it coming'? Can you hear it? Can you feel it? Do you know?
In the darkness, In the stillness, In the hunger, Of your soul. Hear the rumble, Like distant thunder, Like a
lone, And restless dream. At the crossing', Whistle's blowing', There's the burst, Of the headlight's gleam.
There she is, All light and steam, Rolling thunder, Steel rails scream Rolling' coal, Detroit steel, Farmer's
toil, A thousand wheels. Cry for lonely, Cry for scared, Cry for freedom, 'Fore you're dead. Train whistle
blows, On down the track, Live your life, Don't look back. A hundred cars, Say you counted, Going too
fast, For us to ride. Gone down that mountain, Across that river, Going someplace, I can't hide. Cry for
lonely, Cry for scared, Cry for freedom, 'Fore you're dead. Train whistle blows, On down the track, Live
your life, Don't look back. Steel Rails shining, In the Darkness, By the light, Of a lonely moon. LITTLE BIT
CRAZY - Bill Davis This is a song about going first, It was the first song sung at the first meeting of the
folk club at the Tortilla Factory in September 1987 More verses have been added since. Another version
is on Bare Facts(Sept. 87) Who was the first man to ever fly a plane? Folks back then must have thought
he was insane. But he didn't care, and he'd do it all again, I guess he had to be a little bit crazy. Who was
the first man to ever milk a cow? Just what was he thinking of and how'd he know just how? I'll just pull on
this and then I'll drink the stuff comes out. I guess it helps to be a little bit crazy. Who's on first, and what's

on second, I don't know on third, This song's a little silly, some folks would say absurd, But sing along with me cause by now you know the words, Yes, of course, it helps to be a little bit crazy. Who was the first man to ever sing a song, A stone-age rock and roller or a monkey like King Kong? Did they harmonize the chorus did they like to sing a long? Well, I guess it helps to be a little bit crazy. Who was the first man to fall in love with you? Of course it was your daddy but how bout number two? Did he kiss you and hug you and love you like I do? Of course he had to be a little bit crazy. Who was the first man to ever eat an oyster? What could be slimier and what could be moister? He didn't want to eat it but I guess he had no choice sir! And I guess it helped to be a little bit crazy. Adam was the first man he ran round in the nude Naming all the animals deciding what was food Then Eve gave him that apple and it changed his attitude I guess it made him just a little bit crazy. Doctor Freud was unemployed and it caused him to think, He said, I guess I'll be the first one to ever be a shrink I'll lay 'em down and analyze and never even blink When I say: Gee am glad that you're a little bit crazy Who was the first man to eat an artichoke? An Indian an Eskimo, or a Blimey English Bloke? Did he Peel it, or Squeeze it, or did he have to poke Who was the first man to try to ski downhill? Did they call him Reginald, or did they call him Bill? Whose his Orthopedic Surgeon, did he leave a will?... Who was the first to circumnavigate the globe? Did he wear a Kimono, or did he wear a robe? Did he have an earring on his right or left earlobe? BALLAD OF THE BREAK OF DAWN - Bill Davis This is a song which chronicles the amazing voyage of the Barge the Break of Dawn. This is true adventure right out of the news and a story which will go to the hearts of anyone who has ever taken out the trash. Just think, maybe the dump won't take it and I'll have to wander aimlessly around the Caribbean starting wars and generally having a good time. (May 5, 1987) She was called the Break of Dawn She floated on the sea. Three thousand tons of Garbage filled her to capacity. Towed out of Islip harbor 'neath Long Island's clouded skies, Accompanied by screaming gulls, and forty thousand flies. The captain of her tugboat was a man of faith and hope. But two days out 'e was 'eard to say; We need a longer rope, 'The Break of Dawn' is beautiful, hear her seagulls happy cries. But Oh methinks the lady stinks, she brings tears to my eyes Sail on, sail on garbage barge Break of Dawn Sail on, sail on the sea. As you roam the oceans wide, keep it on the downwind side Sail on, sail on by me. A week of towing south by west brought her near to Caroline, Off Morehead she was sighted but she could not stop this time, So on she went to Lousianne, at least that was the plan. Those Cajun folks near threw a fit - They said she'd have to go, The crew said What the hell guess we'll try for Mexico, Though

Southern bells are beautiful and southern skies are blue, Louisiana doesn't want us so we'll have to pass
Bijou. Mexico they say was warned of the 'Break of Dawn's approach They mobilized their army and
vowed to defend their coast From Yankee garbage barges, even those that asked them Please That's
when the 'Break of Dawn' plotted to invade Belize. Oh the poets they will tell it, as long as men are free,
How the noble few defended their home so gallantly, They mobilized their fifteen planes kept control of
the skies, And turned back the invading hoard of sixty million flies. They anchored then off Florida, the tip
down by Key West, The crew and captain went ashore to get some needed rest (and a shower,) The
sailors smiled when photographed, and talked straight to the news, Said, I dinna think when I signed on
itd be a pleasure cruise. I've served upon the Sloop John B, I've ridden on Amtrack, I've been on trips that
'd make you think it was to hell and back. But if you want to know sir, the worst that I've been on. Was the
time I navigated on the barge The Break of Dawn. The Barge came back to Islip like a black sheep
coming home, The commissioners and lawyers went to court, They rationalized and reasoned over trash
upon the foam, Garbage out and garbage in read their report. For what goes up it must come down that's
the law of gravity, What goes around sure to come around in time, Kitty-cats and pennies will both come
back they say, But loyalty in trash is hard to find. NASTY - Bill Davis This is a song which is neither
intended to be approving or critical of the people whose actions it records. Any similarity with persons
living or who ought to be dead is probably intended. These are the people who celebrate four major
holidays a year: Halloween, Senior Skip Day, April Fools day, and the last day of school - and of course
the opening of snipe hunting season (April 1, 1987) Let's mess with their minds guys, Let's play a
practical joke, Let's kid 'em, and Bait 'em, and humiliate em, And laugh until somebody chokes. While
sitting in class at the high school, At precisely One fifty eight, Everyone lean ten degrees to the left, And
we'll pretend that we really are straight Ha! Ha! Ha! Let put shoe polish on all the doorknobs, Tape Kick
Me on all of the nerds, With a little shave cream, we can really be mean! Then laugh like a flock of goof
birds Ha! ha! ha! Let's make up a tale bout the principle, Just make sure that it's gross and obscene, 'bout
how he was caught and with who and just what?! And the entire girl's basketball team!! Ha! ha! ha!! At
camp there's a trick with warm water You can play on someone whose asleep Run their underwear right
up the flagpole Be a thoroughly obnoxious creep Ha! ha! ha! We can short sheet the beds go on snipe
hunts Tie square knots in all of their clothes Tell a real good joke when they're eating their lunch Watch
the milk coming out of their nose To join our small club is quite simple Say the motto as loud as you can

The ancient and mystical saying; OWAH , TAHNA, SIAM ... louder ... again ... seek the inner meaning ... true knowledge can be yours ... ha! ha! ha! LETS FORM A COMMITTEE - Bill Davis Everyone can grow up to be president of something. Written while listening to an actual committee meeting. The word in the third verse is supposed to be Nominate not Dominate. (September 1986) Lets form a committee, let's take a vote. Don't miss this opportunity, do not miss the boat. The club will meet on Monday* and have a lot of fun, talking and talking and talking and talking getting nothing done. We'll elect a president vice president and sec- Ratary and a treasurer our dues for to collect. We'll draft a set of by-laws by procedure parliament. May Robert's Rules of Order (vol. 3 revised) never here be bent. A point of order if I may speak I want to make it clear, Its customary to nominate someone who isn't here, Then you can talk about 'em all their faults and all the dirt. And make em president of the club so nobody is hurt. If things start to drag a bit the agenda is a fright, Just entertain a motion to change the meeting night, To alternating Wednesdays or third Friday of the week, Then nobody will ever know just on what night you meet. You gotta have a quorum to make things work out right, You cannot ever bore 'em, yakking half the night, If refreshments when you pour 'em, make everybody tight, The clubs official forum, will be higher than a kite. I've served my time as president I'll pass it on to you, Along with a bit of advise just to help you see it through, Grip your gavel firmly, this one thing I have learned, The most important thing you say is Meeting is adjourned {* change to Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday each chorus) HAZY MAN, CRAZY MAN, LOVER - Bill Davis Love is Hopeless, hopeless, hopeless, There doesn't seem to be much difference between Love and Flu. (August 1987) I'm a hazy man, crazy man, lover. I've got nothin to fear in the world, And if you could see me, I'm sure you'd believe me, I'm in love with a beautiful girl! I've got no sense at all, I'm befuddled, Bemused, and bewitched, don't you see. The world fore me passes through rose colored glasses, And everything's perfect and free. (fect and free) My head's spinning round and I'm dizzy, Cupid's arrow went straight through my heart, It's aching, and bleeding, and wanting, and needing, I'm sure that I'm falling apart. (ing apart) I'm cross-eyed and tongue tied and drippy, I can't lick a stamp that would stick. You know I'm not fooling', I'm deaf, blind, and drooling, Is it love or am I just sick? (you're just sick) I just bumped my head on the ceiling, cause I'm floating three feet off the floor. I'm in terrible trouble but don't burst my bubble, Just hold me down when I'm outdoors, (you're outdoors) ARTISTS - Bill Davis Written for the Herndon Arts festival at the request of Donna Huchel.(May 1988) Here is the artist, here is the painter, Dealers in shadows, and keepers of dreams. Do you see what I see? Do you hear

what I feel? The colors, the light, I was here, this is real! The professional artist has great skill and technique, He finished a hundred and sixteen last week. He pours out his heart, 'E works and 'e toils, A slave to his art, making sofa sized oils. Young children in School with Crayons and glue, Draw the world when it's simple, and magic, and new. This is the sun, and this is the sky, And this is my house, and this it is I. They are....etc. The neo modern classistic curator Collects all the sculptures that redefine space A reclining figure that's eating a kumquat And stuff for even more peculiar tastes And this existential existence of what? Random patterns and pattern-less splatters distort, The enigma of energy perceiving itself, Don't know if it's art, but I know what I like. Oops! Sorry that was upside-down Once I tried painting but hadn't no talent, That's when I took up, this old guitar. I write silly songs, four, nineteen, and seven. Ill sing by the numbers till I am a star. Six, nineteen, and seven, four, eighteen eleven. I'll sing this song all by myself, forty two. It isn't quite finished, but one, three, and seven. No one will six, eight, nine it like I do. I am an artist... All songs copyrighted,

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