

## The McKenzies: *The Bee's Knees*, c2009 Lyrics

1. I Can't Keep From Smiling
2. Lynchburg City
3. Let's Get Non-Virtual
4. Beans and Cornbread
5. Oh, My Dog!
6. Baby Boogie Blues
7. Another Whiskey in the Jar
8. Bug Boogie Woogie
9. In Praise of Maize
10. Still No Hiding Place
11. Fooba Wooba John
12. Runaround Waltz
13. I've Only Got One Body
14. The Song Came Back

### 1. I Can't Keep From Smiling

c1988 Woody & Marcia McKenzie, rev. 2008

I can't keep from smilin' when the summer sun shines down.  
I can't keep from smilin' when my good friends come around.  
I can see the promise. The world is open wide.  
This happiness I'm feeling is hard to hold inside.

I can't keep from cryin' when the dreary fog rolls in.  
I can't keep from cryin' when I've lost a close old friend.  
Life can seem so hopeless, so heavy and so dim.  
I feel so lost and empty. The world just closes in.

I can't keep from dreamin' when the day is nearly done.  
I can't keep from dreamin' of tomorrows that will come.  
My mind begins to wander; my heart begins to play,  
The pictures tell a story. It carries me away.

And I can't keep from singin' when I'm happy or I'm sad.  
Oh, I can't keep from singin' 'bout the life and dreams I have.  
I feel a song inside me. I have to set it free.  
I want to share the feeling. I hope you'll sing with me.  
Let's sing a song together and set the music free.

## 2. Lynchburg City

c2007 Marcia McKenzie

I'll tell you 'bout a place in old Virginy. (*Lynchburg City is pretty okay.*)  
It's not a small town, but not a big city. ( “ )  
It's not in the mountains and not by the sea. ( “ )  
But it's just four hours from big D.C. ( “ )

**CHORUS:** Well, it doesn't have a lot, but most agree:  
It's a pretty good city for a family.  
Got pretty good schools, and pretty low crime.  
And pretty good weather ... most of the time.

For some real good shopping, or to see a big show (*Lynchburg City is...*)  
You only have to drive an hour or so.  
But the way the town's growin', have no fear:  
There'll soon be plenty more Wal-marts here.

Well, the kids grow up, and they want to move away.  
There's not a lot to do in this town, they say.  
But when they get married, have kids of their own.  
They wanna move back to their childhood home.

It's got more churches than most other towns.  
And it had a certain preacher that was quite renown.  
Well, like him or not, you gotta agree:  
He made his mark on the whole city.

Two big things that you just can't miss  
When you look at the earth from a rocket ship:  
The Great Wall of China is easy to view,  
And the other is the mountain with the big “L U.”

Founded on a river where the ferry used to be,  
It's got its fair share of history.  
But there's one thing you might be surprised to discover:  
The founder of Lynchburg didn't lynch ... that was his brother.

If you get a little lost when you drive through town,  
There's lots of friendly folks to show you around  
'Cause with all the many things you can do and see,  
It's the people that make a great city!

### 3. Let's Get Non-Virtual

c2005 Marcia McKenzie

Back in the day before email and blogs,  
And Google and eBay and discs and iPods,  
When ports were for ships, and buttons for clothes,  
And viruses spread in your mouth and your nose.  
When chatting online meant you picked up the phone  
(Which was plugged in the wall, so you had to be home),  
And you couldn't go home with just the click of a mouse  
Because home was a place with a family, a house.

**CHORUS:** Let's get non-virtual, meet face-to-face.  
Let's breathe the same air, and let's share the same space.  
Let's meet up for coffee and visit a while.  
I'll give you a hug if you give me a smile.

When everyone's telephone had the same ring,  
And phones had no cameras or small TV screens;  
A text message had to be written by hand  
And placed in an envelope, addressed and stamped.  
When keyboards played music and mice were alive;  
And your mailbox was down at the end of the drive,  
And drivers were people, and cookies were food  
(And Spam was food too, although not quite as good.)

**CHORUS:** Let's get non-virtual, meet face-to-face.  
Let's breathe the same air, and let's share the same space.  
Let's walk side-by-side as we take in the day.  
I'll give you my time if you're going my way.

When phones didn't ring in the bathroom or car,  
Or theater or grocery store, restaurant or bar,  
When you talked with the person you were actually with  
And a video conference was merely a myth.  
When folks got their news from the man on TV  
Or by reading the paper or Time magazine,  
Or, better yet still from a neighbor or friend  
Who had actually been there and got it first hand

**CHORUS:** Let's get non-virtual, meet face-to-face.  
Let's breathe the same air, and let's share the same space.  
Let's take in some lunch, leave our cell phones behind.  
I'll look in your eyes, and you'll look in mine.

Internet dating can find you romance.  
Just send in your info and start up the dance.  
You can flirt, you can court, or decide to be wed.  
But there's one thing you can't do on the World Wide Web!

**CHORUS:** Let's get non-virtual, meet face-to-face.  
Let's breathe the same air, and let's share the same space.  
There may be some pimples, some bad breath or sweat,  
But the trade-off is way more than you'll ever get...from the 'Net!

## 4. Beans and Cornbread

c1997 Woody McKenzie

He was an old coal miner on the hoot owl shift,  
And he worked real hard for the company's scrip.  
Come home in the morning, and he sleep all day.  
Wake him up for breakfast and here's what he'd say:

**CHORUS:** A pone o' cornbread and a pot o' soup beans,  
Slice o' that tomater and some salad greens,  
Give me something simple and cheap and good and I'll get out of bed.  
Oh, you know that I know just what I want.  
Don't need to go to a restaurant.  
Set me down to a table of good ol' beans and cornbread.

She was a textile worker in a southern state.  
And she worked real hard by the piecework rate.  
And you know her old man fixes greasy old cars.  
But when they sit down to supper in ain't caviar.

**CHORUS:** Red beans and rice and a little piece of meat,  
Spice it on up with some Texas Pete.  
And eat hot peppers 'til the beads of sweat pop out on their heads.  
Oh, you know they know just what they want.  
Don't need to go to a restaurant.  
And it ain't that different from good ol' beans and cornbread.

Way out west in the Valley of the Sun  
You know the wetback workers work real hard for their mon'.  
And they like their food on the spicy side.  
If you ever go there you oughta give it a try.

**CHORUS:** Refried beans on a corn tortilla,  
Holy guacamole and I'll raise and I'll see ya'  
With some hot green salsa that'll nearly take off the top of your head.  
Oh, you know they just what they want,  
And they can get it pretty cheap in a restaurant.  
It's just a spiced up version of good ol' beans and cornbread

**BREAK**

**CHORUS #1**

## 5. Oh, My Dog!

Words: c2008 Marcia McKenzie; Music: Traditional

Teacher, teacher, I got a new pup.  
Teacher, teacher, I got a new pup.  
Well, I did all my homework, but the dog ate it up!  
Oh, My Dog!

I put him in the pen to make him stay. (2X)  
But he always jumps out and runs away.

Little piece o' candy lyin' on the shelf. (2X)  
Along came dog, and he helped himself!

I'll tell you why slippers come in twos: (2X)  
One's for wearin', and the other he chews.

I bathe that dog from tail to head. (2X)  
Then he runs outside and he rolls in somethin' dead.

I left him alone when I went to the store. (2X)  
He got so mad that he messed on the floor!

But he doesn't mind a bit when I take him to the vet (2X)  
That vet says he's the best pet yet!

Sometimes it snows, sometimes it rains. (2X)  
But in any kind of weather, he never complains.

There's a rabbit in the garden in middle of the day. (2X)  
Up jumps dog, and he chases it away.

Whenever I'm mad or feelin' down. (2X)  
That happy little guy just takes away my frown.

Well he's always in trouble and he just won't mind. (2X)  
But a more loving friend you never will find.

## 6. Baby Boogie Blues

c1988 Marcia & Woody McKenzie

Well, it's gettin' late, and I'm ready for bed,  
Jump under the covers and lay down my head  
Thinkin' maybe this time I'll get me some Zs.  
But there you are callin' again, Baby, you don't give me no peace.  
You keep cryin' on my shoulder late into the night,  
Wantin' me to listen and hold you so tight.  
Well, I pass you the bottle, and you whine until two.  
You just won't let me go, Baby, and I'm walkin' the floor over you.  
And don't that sweet baby just make his mama so blue?

It's seven a.m., and I'm finally asleep  
When out of your room comes an innocent peep.  
Soon you are bawlin' 'cause you want me right now.  
You only want me for one thing, Baby, and you know I feel just like a cow.  
After hours of burpin' you, what do I get?  
But a lapful of spit-up, Babe, and, boy, I'm upset.  
Well, I tell you, Baby, I don't know what your mama's gonna do.  
You're poopin' me out, and I'm walkin the floor over you.  
And don't that sweet baby just make his mama so blue?

I carried you nine months, and what's my reward? –  
Ten hours of labor, and still you want more.  
Well, I'm tired of rockin' you, tired of singin' this lullaby.  
Still I keep givin' you more, Baby, and I just don't know why.  
It may be your smile, or the way that you drool.  
Or maybe your mama's just an old lover's fool.  
But then one look from your eyes, Baby, and I know that it's true:  
You're the sweetest thing on earth, and I'll keep walkin' the floor over you.  
And don't it all seem so right when you look up at your mama and coo?  
Yeah, it all seems so right when you look up at your mama and coo.

## 7. Another Whiskey in the Jar

Words: c2008 Marcia McKenzie; Music: Traditional Irish

As I was on the subway, a ridin' to the city,  
I spied a lovely lady with a face that was so pretty.  
At first she didn't notice, and she seemed to look right through me,  
But when our eyes, they chanced to meet, she smiled as if she knew me.

**CHORUS:** Musha ring dum doo dum da, whack fol the doddy-o,  
Whack fol the doddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

She seemed to call me over, with lips as sweet as roses,  
Inviting me to join her in what any man supposes.  
And, being kind and generous, and thinking of her only,  
I took her invitation for I thought she might be lonely.

In easy conversation, she said her name was Jenny.  
I took her out to dinner, and it cost a pretty penny.  
But she was so beguiling, and charmed me with her laughter,  
I never once suspected what it was that she was after.

Now I prefer the whiskey for bringin' me some pleasure,  
But Jenny chose the finest wine that anyone could treasure.  
With drinks and conversation, and dancing after dinner,  
My senses grew more foggy as my wallet, it got thinner.

Well, one thing led to another, and we spent the night together.  
I took her home and promised that our love would last forever.  
She sighed and swore she loved me and she never would deceive me.  
But the devil take the women, for they always lie so easy!

I woke up mornin' early and reached for darlin' Jenny.  
But, after all our promises, that cruel girl had left me.  
She left my wallet empty; my money, it was history.  
At least she had the decency to leave me with my whiskey.

There's some that takes delight in the dinner and the dancing,  
And some that takes delight in the wine and fine romancing.  
But me, I take delight in the juice of the barley  
When left by pretty maidens in the mornin' so early.

## 8. Bug Boogie Woogie

c2008 Marcia McKenzie

Well, they're havin' a party in the field tonight.  
They got a bunch of fireflies settin' up the lights.  
The katydids and crickets are singin' a song.  
The bees and mosquitos are hummin' along.  
They're hoppin' and jumpin' and twirlin' all around.  
Flyin' through the air, and squirmin' on the ground.

**CHORUS:** It's a bug boogie woogie. (A bug boogie woogie)  
It's a bug boogie woogie. (A bug boogie woogie)  
Come one, come all  
To the Boogie Bug Ball,  
The Bug Boogie Woogie Bug Ball.

Houseflies, butterflies, dragonflies, ants,  
Grasshoppers, leafhoppers comin' to the dance.  
There're ladybugs, pill bugs, stinkbugs, fleas,  
Creepy caterpillars and buzzy bumblebees.  
Black, brown, yellow, green, smooth or hairy –  
Some are kinda' cute. Some are kinda' scarey!

### CHORUS

**BRIDGE:** Now if old Mr. Science had his way tonight,  
There're lots of these critters he wouldn't invite.  
'Cause when he says "bug" he's bein' kinda' picky.  
Most of us just think tiny or icky!  
They might have antennae, or they might have wings.  
They might have a bite, or they just might sting!  
Well, the group of true bugs may be small,  
But with only a few bugs you couldn't have a ball!

So, beetles and mosquitoes, you can come on through.  
Spiders are invited 'cause you're bug-like too.  
Six legs, eight legs, what's all the fuss?  
If you're creepy and crawly, you're a bug to us.  
You can chew or suck, you can fly or crawl,  
You can wiggle or jump, just come to the ball!

### CHORUS

## 9. In Praise of Maize

c2007 Marcia McKenzie

All praises sing to Corn, our King. No other can compare.  
For maize is found in everything. Your reign is everywhere.  
Throughout our land and bodies your presence is complete,  
An answer to big lobbies, more lucrative than wheat.

In darker days we lost our way. No profits could be found.  
You brought us to a brighter day where wealth and power abound.  
Your bounty is unceasing. A flood does from you flow,  
As ever its increasing does keep the prices low.

Your qualities fit all our needs: predictable, versatile, true,  
A perfect form of currency. We store and trade you too.  
You thrive on fossil fuel, grow close for higher yields.  
Wheat can't compete. Grass: obsolete. We give you all our fields.

Your endosperm, cob, husk and germ - there's nothing goes unused,  
In plastics, cleaners, diapers, glue, but mostly in our food.  
In vitamins, snacks and candy, in ketchup you reside.  
In Pepsi, cheese and MSG - there's nowhere you can't hide.

We offer you a sacrifice. We are at your command.  
With fertilizers, pesticides, we offer up our land.  
We give to you our rivers, our oceans and our oil,  
And all of us who live here in water, air and soil.

In trade for wealth, we give our health - no sacrifice too great.  
Obesity and heart disease are but the price we pay.  
Likewise our cows do offer the land that they once grazed  
And in their lots do suffer, all in the name of Maize.

Amazing Maize, how sweet the plant  
That saved Big Industry.  
We once were lean, but now we're fat,  
And still we do not see.

## 10. Still No Hiding Place

Words c2008 Marcia McKenzie; Music: Traditional gospel

I called up my boyfriend overseas.  
I called up my boyfriend overseas.  
My intimate words, meant just for him, but the CIA was listenin' in.  
There's no hiding place 'round here.

### CHORUS:

There's no hiding place 'round here.  
There's no hiding place 'round here.  
Well, you better be careful what you do, 'cause you never know who is watchin' you.  
There's no hiding place round here.

We all like to surf the Internet.  
We all like to surf the Internet.  
But you might not want to surf at work 'cause your boss knows everywhere you lurk.  
There's no hiding place 'round here.

Remember that party Friday night?  
Remember that party Friday night?  
You got drunk, went on a spree; now it's on YouTube for all to see.  
There's no hiding place 'round here.

The grocer gives you a discount card.  
The grocer gives you a discount card.  
It's such a deal, they make you think, while they track all you eat and drink.  
There's no hiding place 'round here.

That yellow traffic light was turnin' red.  
That yellow traffic light was turnin' red.  
You hit the gas, made your escape, but the camera caught it all on tape.  
There's no hiding place 'round here.

Mr. Orwell, he wrote a clever book.  
Mr. Orwell, he wrote a clever book.  
Great science fiction, we did rave; now George is laughing in his grave.  
There's no hiding place 'round here.

## 11. Fooba Wooba John

Words: c2008 Marcia McKenzie; Music and 1<sup>st</sup> verse: Traditional

I saw a flea kick a tree. *Fooba wooba, fooba wooba*

Saw a flea kick a tree. *Fooba wooba John.*

Saw a flea kick a tree, forty miles across the sea.

*Hey John! Ho John! Fooba wooba John*

I saw a fly wear a tie ... He was such a handsome guy!

I saw a gnat eat a rat ... Made the gnat a little fat.

I saw some ants do a dance ... They were wearing fancy pants.

I saw a germ eat a worm ... Made the little germy squirm!

I saw a bug clean the rug ... He deserves a little hug!

I saw a flea kiss a bee ... Did it very carefully!

## 12. Runaround Waltz

c1988 Marcia & Woody McKenzie, rev. 2008

**INTRO:** It seems to me that, more and more, no matter what I try,  
I'm hindered and frustrated, and my plans just go awry.  
People tell me they can't help me, to come back or wait in line.  
After all these years of run-arounds, I've lost my peace of mind.

In the employment office, I was lookin' for work.  
In line thirty minutes, I at last reached the clerk.  
"I'm so sorry," she said, "What you need's in line four."  
And she pointed to a line that stretched out through the door.  
When I finally stepped up, the new clerk said, "My, my!  
"No experience? Well, you might as well not even apply."  
But how can you get it if they won't let you try?  
Seems like they want you to lie!

**CHORUS:** Haven't you heard? There's a new dance in town.  
Everyone's doin' it. Come join the crowd!  
Just grab you a partner, lead her around.  
And dance to the Runaround Waltz.

Now, back where I was livin', jobs were real hard to find.  
But with much perseverance, I finally got mine.  
Since it didn't quite pay for the rent, food and heat.  
I couldn't license my car; left it parked in the street.  
When I went in for food stamps, I got this reply:  
"Your unlicensed car makes your assets too high."  
If I earned five bucks less, I'd get free heat, she said.  
I could just go on welfare instead!

### CHORUS

After years of frustration, my hour had come:  
Death finally arrived at a hundred and one.  
When the angels came for me in long flowing gowns  
I thought I had suffered my last runaround.  
The voice at the gate was celestially sweet:  
"If you give me your name, sir, I will fill out this sheet.  
"There's a waiting list now, if you'll please have a seat.  
"Your new wings will soon be complete."

**CHORUS:** Haven't you heard? There's a new dance up there.  
Everyone's doin' it. Don't be a square!  
Just grab you a partner, lead her out in the air,  
And dance to the Runaround Waltz.

**CHORUS:** Haven't you heard? There's an old dance in town.  
Everyone's doin' it. Come join the crowd!  
Just grab you a partner and lead her around,  
And dance to the Runaround Waltz.  
Yes, dance to the Runaround Waltz.

## 13. I've Only Got One Body

c1991 Marcia McKenzie

**CHORUS:** I've only got one body, so I'm gonna keep it healthy and strong.  
I've only got one body, so I'd better not treat it wrong.  
If I tear my shirt, I can go to the store.  
If I lose my socks, I can buy some more.  
But I've only got one body to last my whole life long.

Gonna brush my teeth *(Repeat)*  
To keep them shiny and bright.  
Gonna brush my hair *(Repeat)*  
And take a bath tonight.  
Gonna eat some fruit *(Repeat)*  
And vegetables everyday.  
There are so many tasty foods I can eat,  
But keep those sweets away! Hey!

Gonna wear my coat *(Repeat)*  
If the weather's chilly outside.  
Gonna run and play *(Repeat)*  
And get lots of exercise.  
Gonna drink my milk *(Repeat)*  
So all my bones will grow.  
Gonna see my doctor 'least once a year  
And get checked from head to toe. Oh!

Gonna wash my hands *(Repeat)*  
Before I eat my food.  
Gonna get my sleep *(Repeat)*  
'Cause it makes me feel so good.  
Gonna wake up happy *(Repeat)*  
With lots of good dreams to tell.  
Gonna keep on smilin' all day long  
'Cause it makes me feel so well. Well!

## 14. The Song Came Back

Words: c2008 Marcia McKenzie; Music and 1<sup>st</sup> verse: Harry S. Miller, 1893

Old Mr. Johnson had troubles of his own:  
He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave his home.  
He tried and he tried to give that cat away.  
He gave it to a preacher and told it for to stay.

**CHORUS:** But the cat came back, he thought it was gone.  
The cat came back. You, know it wasn't very long before  
The cat came back. It just wouldn't stay away.

Vain Victoria was beautiful and thin.  
But she didn't like the hair that was growin' on her chin.  
She plucked and she shaved, tried the laser and the wax,  
But even electrolysis was just no match.

**CHORUS:** For the hair came back...

Computer tech Tommy had a pain in his back.  
So the doc prescribed some therapy to put him back on track.  
After acupuncture, chiropractic, massage and heat,  
He was feelin' pretty good, and he thought he had it beat.

**CHORUS:** (*pain*)

Middle-aged Martha had gained a little weight,  
So she started on some exercise and watched what she ate.  
She lost thirty pounds by her hard work and will,  
But keeping off that extra weight was much harder still.

**CHORUS:** (*weight*)

Joe and Judy Johnson had a wonderful kid.  
They gave their boy everything two parents could give.  
They even paid for college so he'd have a degree,  
And after graduation, well, they thought they'd be free.

**CHORUS:** (*kid*)

Marcia McKenzie wrote a clever song.  
It had a catchy melody; it was easy to sing along.  
The audience loved it. That's what many of them said,  
Until ten hours later it was still stuck in their heads!

**CHORUS:** (*song*)