

MY WAY IS BETTER C. Cortez

You may be quite enlightened
You may be just and right
You may be covered in bibles and flags
And bathed in heavenly light
You may have found the answers
To life's persistent queries
For all I know, you worship trees
Or cats, or gnomes, or fairies.
My point here is important
And this you fail to see
Regardless of the facts involved
The one who's right is me
We'd get along just fine
Like pages in a letter
If you would simply realize
My way is simply better

If I were king I'd pass a law
That everyone could say
Whatever they want, whenever they want
As long as they're willing to pay
To stay for a while and listen
To my interpretation
To shut their mouths and open their minds
To my configuration
Regardless of the icon
Regardless of the dream
The people need to know
My judgement is supreme
In matters of religion,
And politics, and letters
You all must simply realize
My way is simply better

Some people have opinions
You probably have at least one
When, in the course of human events
Don't forget to have some fun
Be cool, relax, and enjoy your life
It's way too short to waste
Left wing, right wing, they're all the same
The mind begins to race
You might do twenty minutes
On the fall of the iron curtain
Or prattle on till the cows come home
On Cheney and Halliburton

But in matters of religion,
And politics, and letters
You all must simply realize
My way is simply better

EVERYDAY I HAVE THE BLUES P. Chatman - (AKA Memphis Slim)

Everyday, everyday I have the blues.
Everyday, everyday I have the blues.
See me crying baby. You know that I sing the blues

Nobody loves me. Nobody seems to care.
Nobody loves me lord. Nobody seems to care.
Hard luck and trouble. I've had way more than my share.

BAD ATTITUDE C. Cortez

I've got a special way of dealing with life's little ups and downs.
I just keep on singin' the blues. Sooner or later they will all come around
Till then, I'll keep on travelin' down my own road.
They might think
I'm rude
But it's well known I've got a very bad attitude.

Sometimes I think about beautiful, naked girls
And sometimes they prance around, wearing lingerie and curls
I know there's more to life than sex. And I hope you don't think I'm crude
But everybody knows I've got a very bad attitude

I've been seen wearing dark sunglasses at two forty five AM.
'Cause when you's cool, you's cool for twenty four hours a day
I smoke unpopular substances, in uncool situations
And if I meet your mother baby, I know there's just one thing she'll say.

If I show up for a gig, I might just be a little bit late
Because true art will not be chained to any clock
And I might do some strange things. And people may not approve
I seek to entertain, but I love to shock.

I will play too many choruses and I will drink too much at night
I can not take no day job. Till noon I'm sleepin' tight
I might tell you that I love you and I might promise to be true
Only to meet your best friend and tell her the same thing too
I mean it when I say it. It's not classy and it's crude
But everybody knows I've got a very bad attitude.

MUM IS THE WORD C. Cortez

If you can't say something nice
Don't say nothing at all
If you can't say something nice
Don't say nothing at all
Keep it to yourself, shut up your mouth, remember
Mum is the word.

There are statements, better left un-uttered
There is bread, better left un-buttered
Opinions vary, or so they say
But you should never let your mouth get carried away.

CHORUS

The conversation covered fertile topics
Pontification, aimed at the philosophic
You thrust, I parry, my wife objected
The waiter spilled the wine as he genuflected

CHORUS

Seating plans may require a re-arranger
Since politics and God are fraught with danger
Race and religion, avoid at all cost
Watch your wife's expression and remember who's boss.

CHORUS

RHYTHM METHOD BLUES C. Cortez and M. McConnell

My children Johnny, Cindy, Ann, and Chris
Are living testimony to my marital bliss.
Likewise, Rusty, Gary, and cute little Bill

Stand tall as evidence that we do not use the pill

My wife was brought up Catholic
She never says nope
I blame all my problems on his highness the Pope.
It seems we're blessed with new life
Each time that we fuse
I'd like to laugh but I have got the rhythm method blues

Said one, two, three, four, five, six, seven
We've had enough bundles from heaven
We've done our share for procreation
Pretty soon we can start our own nation.

September came early. I could not believe
It's hard to buy school clothes when you're starting to grieve.
I spent my whole paycheck on fourteen little shoes
There ain't no money left to even buy me some booze

My wife was brought up Catholic
She never says nope
I blame all my problems on his highness the Pope.
It seems we're blessed with new life
Each time that we fuse
I'd like to laugh but I have got the rhythm method blues

Said one, two, three, four, five, six, seven
We've had enough bundles from heaven
Kids are cool, but money is tight.
When bedtime comes, I look for a fight.

Just try to imagine October, and Halloween
For Thanksgiving, we buy the biggest turkey you have ever seen
When Christmas comes I curse old Santa Claus.
I'm looking forward to menopause.

My wife was brought up Catholic
She never says nope
I blame all my problems on his highness the Pope.
It seems we're blessed with new life
Each time that we fuse
I'd like to laugh but I have got the rhythm method blues.