

In this document:

SO COMFORTABLE

Lyrics and LP info

And this explanation about our 2012 LP to CD project.

Over the years, we've had a number of requests for digital versions of our first five recordings, released on vinyl from 1980 through 1988. We cringe sometimes when we hear these old performances, but decided to be brave about it and succumb to the suggestions of certain of our diehard fans. Quite a few of the songs from these LPs have been released on various subsequent CDs -- particularly on our 1993 CD called What, Again -- but always as new performances; never as mechanical copies of the LP recordings. This is a digital copy of the original LP.

The master digitization was performed on April 3, 2012, by:

LP to CD, a division of
Audio-Restorations
5779 Desoto Dr.
Santa Rosa CA 95409
www.lptocd.com

This CD-r was manufactured locally from these masters. We don't anticipate any technical glitches, but if you DO have a problem, you needn't return the item. Just let us know and we'll either replace it or send you a refund. This is true of all our recordings.

Thank you!

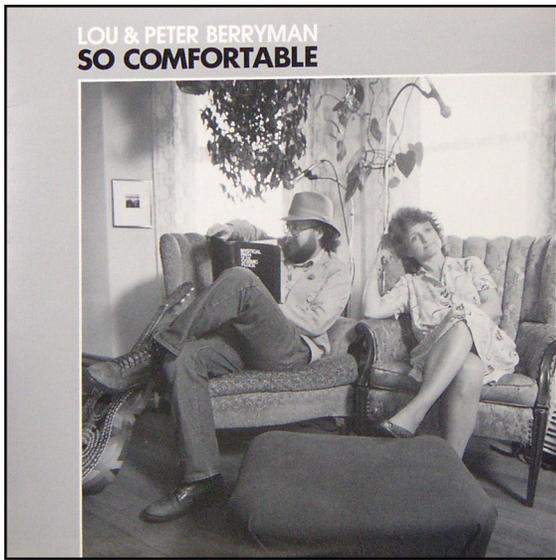
Lou and Peter Berryman
Box 3400
Madison WI 53704

608-257-7750
www.louandpeter.com

The Recordings:

1980 (No Relation)
1981 Cupid's Trash Truck
1984 So Comfortable (This one)
1986 the February March
1988 Your State's Name Here

Album info and lyrics are on the following pages.



SO COMFORTABLE

Our third LP, released in 1984. On the back:

SIDE ONE

- 1 It's Better Than That*
- 2 Bananas By the Bunch
- 3 When Do We Have Sauerkraut*
- 4 Lightbulb Hat
- 5 Fraser Delta
- 6 A Chat With Your Mom*
- 7 So Comfortable

SIDE TWO

- 8 Who Am I
- 9 Waltzing Accordion*
- 10 Mystical Path
- 11 Oh Wonderful Madison*
- 12 You Can't Eat Ooba All Night
- 13 Pack Up a Picnic*
- 14 Big Dead Bird*

**CLICK ON
SONG
TITLE TO
GO TO
PAGE, or
just scroll
down.**

*Lyrics by Peter Berryman, music by Lou Berryman. All others, lyrics and music by Peter Berryman.

Guitar and vocals: Peter Berryman
 Accordion, vocals, celeste, and symbolic cymbal:
 Lou Berryman

© 1984 Lou & Peter Berryman
 © 1984 Lou & Peter Berryman

Other albums:

Peter & Lou Berryman (No Relation)
 Lou & Peter Berryman: CUPID'S TRASH TRUCK

Misc: The Berryman Berryman Songbook

CORNBELT RECORDS
 Box 3452 (Now Box 3400)
 Madison WI 53704

Cornbelt Records CR 300

Engineered by Marvin Nonn. Recorded at Audio Ltd. Front & Back photos by Steve Agard. Back snapshot by Peter Berryman. **Caption:** Engineer Marv nonn with two works-in-progress. Jacket design by Mixed Media, Madison WI.

Special thanks to Peter's wife, Kristi, and our other wonderful friends who in record making and living make us so much more comfortable.

This album is dedicated with love to our fans.

Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws. This means you. Failure to comply will result in everything you touch turning to hair.

1. IT'S BETTER THAN THAT ©1984, 2004 L&P Berryman

I got a flash for you kids who think adults are lucky
Own their own cars & everything's just ducky
Goin' to bed whenever they want to
If that's what you think I got a flash for you

It's better than that
Take Saturday & multiply it
Times 54, add 30 more
It's better than that

We have a chocolate éclair about as big as your head
Way before noon before we get out of bed
We do the things you're not allowed to do
Then we do things you haven't thought of to

Hang on to your hat
Hang on to your baloney sandwich
Take 50 grand, to Disneyland
It's better than that

& If you think that our days are extra warm & sunny
A pile of toys a pocketful of money
With no one to fear because we're big & tall
We're never in school because we know it all

It's better than that
More comfy than a secret hideout
By quite a bit, just think of it
It's better than that

*(Note: The following was added in 2004 for the revue
Love is the Weirdest of All. It wasn't on the LP.)*

& if you think we're not smothered like the Beav & Wally
And if we want a horse, we get a horse, by golly
And if we want to play, we get to play with food
And if we want to run, we run with scissors, nude

It's better than that
It's better than a fast bicycle
A 20 speed velocipede,
It's better than that
Take 50 Grand to Disneyland
It's better than that

2. BANANAS BY THE BUNCH ©1984 L&P Berryman

Bananas by the bunch, punch by the pail
Down go the lunch, up go the scale
Fillin' up my face, with pan fried smelt
Pop by the case, pop go the belt

CHORUS:

Even when I'm stuffed I have a sandwich
Or maybe soup (gulp) if I'm in the mood
'Cause deep down in side of every fat man
There's a thin man screaming for food

Chompin' on the beef, chewin' on the pork
Succin' on the spoon, swallowin' the fork
Sound like a train, here's whatcha do
Take a bite of food, and chew-chew-chew

CHORUS

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

3. WHEN DID WE HAVE SAUERKRAUT ©1984 L&P Berryman

Come on in and have a chair, today's the day I clean the fridge
But we can talk while it's defrosting pardon all the mess
How you been, I just got back from Elgin Illinois myself
For me the charm of traveling is fading I confess
 Could you grab the pot of water on the stove so I can stick it
 in the freezer, this is so archaic don't you think?
 This one last ice cube tray won't come unstuck, it's kinda welded
 To some broccoli god I think it's broccoli why's this broccoli pink?

How about the onion dip you think it's any good or should
We toss it to the dog it looks okay but I dunno
And by the way I stopped off at the Belvidere Oasis
Which is such a pretty name for such an ugly place to go
 They sell you little sandwiches about the size of Oreos
 And charge you three'na quarter but I bought one anyhow
 Look at this it's sauerkraut now when did we have sauerkraut?
 Whatever this stuff was it sure is sauerkraut by now

Comin' back I heard a show 'bout Ahpenheimer, Oppenheimer,
Whatsisname, and how they made the bomb to prove a point
 They didn't even know if it would start a chain reaction
 That would move into the atmosphere and vaporize the joint
 Could you dump this ice out in the bathtub, can you dig it? Here
 We're dumpin' out the ice to make some room to make some more.
 How'd you like a chicken that came over with Columbus, now,
 I've got one here don't mention it dear that's what friends are for

Remember, back in grammar school they used to have those drills where they would
Make you crawl beneath your desk for when the bomb would come
 The hell with those evacuation routes and all those shelters
 I just bought myself a desk you know I'm really not that dumb
 These carrots were a little more excited when I bought 'em lord &
 & here's a slice of bread looks like a hundred dollar bill
 Here's a thing of Tupperware that's full of marijuana
 If this stuff improves with age it's prob'ly good enough to kill

Don't you ever wonder what became of all the activists
Like us who tried to make a little noise about the war
 They musta got absorbed into the general flow of balderdash
 And no one seems to pay 'em much attention anymore
 Someday if I get it all together in my life I may
 Go out and buy a frost-free model this one's got to go
 Why would anybody keep a yam as long as I do
 'Spose I thought it'd come in handy and you never really know

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

4. LIGHTBULB HAT © 1980 L&P Berryman

DaVinci sat alone alot depressed about the dwindling
Creative ingenuity and quickness of his brain
The city of Milan was not as stimulating as the thought
& so he left to walk the streets of Florence in the rain

Craving inspiration he would sit upon the curb & watch
The patterns in the puddles of the street to no avail
Eventually he said the hell with art and wandered home
To find he'd got an unexpected little package in the mail

CHORUS

It was a lightbulb hat
He put it on his head
He got a little famous and he made a little bread
He found it in the mail
How about that
Give me the address to get a lightbulb hat

Out across the sea a couple boys had got together
Down in Liverpool to find a way to kill a little time
John he said to Paul I almost got myself a poem but I
Can't find any way to make the damn thing rhyme

Paul he said to John the hell with poetry and music
Let's go out & get ourselves a couple pints o' bloody ale
But on the way we might as well go by my house 'cause
Mother said a box arrived addressed to me delivered
in the mail.

CHORUS

Back in old Ohio where the weather was extreme
You coulda found a couple brothers with a friendly little shop
Who in the summer months would fix the bicycles of town
Until the cold midwestern winter brought their business
to a stop

Orville sat with Wilbur in a coffeeshop in Dayton
With a day of grease from bicycles beneath his fingernails
Wilbur said to Orville this may be a lot of nothing but
I got an unsolicited delivery in the mail.

CHORUS

5. FRASER DELTA ©1980 L&P Berryman

It's dinnertime in old Vancouver
The sunset silhouettes Vancouver Island
The sea is growing dim
The fishing boats pull in
The lights are blinking on across the city

Commuters in the haze of twilight
Twinkle out across the Fraser Delta
Diners amble down
The streets of Chinatown
Beneath the paper lamps and neon dragons

Out along the northern shoreline
A bungalow is nestled by the water
Heinie sits within
His patience wearing thin
Singing to himself about his lover

My darling's got a brand new interest
She's found another way to spend an evening
Instead of coming home
She leaves me here alone
And never tells me where the heck she's going

Now if I ever found my Hilda
I'd take her by the arm and pull her homeward
Though that might not be wise
'Cause she's three times my size
I maybe could surprise her incognito

So if you're ever in Vancouver
And see a woman large in her proportion
Followed everywhere
By a smallish dancing bear
It's probably our Heinie and his Hilda

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

Oh the pirates in their fetid galleons, daggers in their skivvies
With infected tattooed fingers on a blunderbuss or two
Signs of scurvy in their eyes & only mermaids on their minds
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you

CHORUS:

We sit down to have a chat
It's F-word this and F-word that
I can't control how you young people talk to one another
But I don't want to hear you use that F-word with your mother

There are lumberjacks from Kodiak vacationing in Anchorage
Enchanted with their pine tar soup & Caribou shampoo
With seven weeks of back pay in their aromatic woolens
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

CHORUS

There are militant survivalists with Gucci bandeleros
Taking tacky khaki walkie talkies to the rendezvous
Trading all the latest armor-piercing ammo information
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

CHORUS

There are jocks who think that God himself is drooling in the bleachers
In a late November downpour with a belly full of brew
Their entire grasp of heaven has a lot to do with football
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

CHORUS

There's unsavory musicians with their filthy pinko lyrics
Who destroy the social fabric and enjoy it when they do
With their groupies & addictions & their poor heartbroken parents
It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

CHORUS

My darlin's like a moonbeam
comin' thru the window
Her love is like a baseball
bouncin' off a tree

And when I go to see her
on a Tuesday morning
She's sittin' in the bathtub
& waitin' there for me

CHORUS:

I'm so comfterbul I'm so comfterbul
I'm so comfterbul all the time
I'm so comfterbul I'm so comfterbul
I'm so comfterbul & she/he's all mine

His mother's in the army,
his sister's in the slammer
His father's in the kitchen,
cruisin' for a drink

His brother's in Sheboygan,
his dog is in a tizzy
I am in the bathtub
& he is in the sink.

CHORUS

Her nose is like a steamship
grounded in the parlor
Her eyes are like Chicago
an hour after dawn

& when she wants to see me
she writes it on a kumquat
& rolls it 'round the dog dish
until the urge is gone.

CHORUS

Wednesday he recovers,
Thursday he relaxes,
Friday he regrets that
his Saturday is shot

Sunday turns to Monday
but every Tuesday morning
He's sittin' in the sink if
I want him there or not.

CHORUS

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

8. WHO AM I? ©1984 L&P Berryman

Have I always seen the shovels walking down the lane
The serviette with antlers and the rabbits in the rain
The turtles on my mattress and the windows in the stairs
The faces made of bubbles & the green expanding squares

The angel on my sea of laundry bobbing like a cork
The fingers on my hands that hang like pickles made of pork
The locomotives in the lobby switching to & fro
Pulling cars of Dobermans drooling in the snow

CHORUS:

Who am I, who am I, I don't even know
Who I was, who I was, just a month ago
Who am I, who am I I think I wish I knew
By the way, by the way, who the hell are you

Have I always heard a duckling coughing in the hall
The rattle of my elbows and the scratching in the wall
The rasping sound of telescopes decaying in the hills
And Walter Cronkite's echo in a field of daffodils

Have I always heard the leather melting on the floor
The dripping of the glaciers in the bottom of my drawer
The groaning of the sidewalk from the surging of the worms
The ticking sound of vengeance from 100,000 germs.

CHORUS

Have I always smelled the metal in a piece of meat
The smokiness of sugar in the middle of the street
Electric clouds of boyhood in a sour bowl of cream
the dampness of perdition in a single puff of steam

Have I always felt the grain of gristle in my knees
The greasiness of plastic and the hairiness of cheese
The temporary nature of the boniness of crows
The pickiness of paper in the corners of my clothes

CHORUS

9. WALTZING ACCORDION ©1986 L&P Berryman

If I could play sitar, or took up slide guitar
I could play a little blues or swing
Bossa Nova, rock or anything
But no it's 1, 2, 3
Waltzes are it for me
And all I get is ignored again
I play, all day
Stuck with my waltzing accordion

I may be lazy but, I'm in a crazy rut
Sometimes I can almost fool myself
Saying I am playing something else
Easy as 1, 2, 3
1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3
Somehow I come back to where I been
Stuck tight, all night
Glued to my waltzing accordion

Maybe I should be glad; waltzes are not so bad
But I'm getting kinda tired now
I wish I could change the tune somehow
I could try counting sheep
1, 2, 3, go to sleep
There goes that 1, 2 and 3 again
Who's free, not me
Tied to my waltzing accordion

1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3
Might as well waltz with me
Doesn't seem like there's a thing to do
But to have a little waltz with you
1, 2, 3, take the floor 1, 2, 3, waltz some more
How nice we're doing the waltz again
Can't stop, can't stop
Damn this old waltzing accordion

1, 2, 3 all alone
1, 2, 3 on the phone
1, 2, 3 along the streets at night
1, 2, 3 again in broad daylight

1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3
1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3
1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, once again
1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3
1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3
1, 2, 3, waltzing accordion

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

10. **MYSTICAL PATH** © 1984 L&P Berryman

Let your dogs run wild, let your parakeet loose
Put your hand beneath the sweater of truth
Pour yourself a beaker of the cosmic juice
You all been corrupted by Doctor Seuss.

CHORUS:

And it's the great, blue, freeze-dried fraternity &
Mystical Path of the Cosmic Flock
The straight, true, road to eternity
The first step's a Lulu but it's solid as a rock

What will you be next time
A stump, or an attic, or a caterpillar tractor
A bottle of bad French wine
What will you be next time

Second life, same as the first
Could be better and it could be worse
All depends on what you got in your purse
To pay a psychic doctor and a cosmic nurse

CHORUS

What do you think you'll be
A Chapstick or a saddle or an hour Tuesday morning
A summer in Albany
What do you think you'll be

The man with the least is the man with the most
You'll find that out when you give up the ghost
You're one man's butter on another man's toast
When the world's the guest and you're the host

CHORUS

Where do you think y'll go
The prairie or Fantasia or behind somebody's sofa
A picnic in Tokyo
Where do you think you'll go

CHORUS

11. **OH WONDERFUL MADISON** ©1984 L&P Berryman

She wears her lakes like a diamond tiara
Her necklace is known as the mighty Yahara
Around her the beltline is draped like a garland
And brings in commuters from way past McFarland

CHORUS:

Oh Wonderful Madison mother of cities
Queen of all Dairyland, waiting for me
Wonderful Madison, jewel of Wisconsin
With more than one high school and cable TV

Hard working mother you lion of business
From Shopko to Oscar's and all through the isthmus
But if getting a job doesn't seem to be prudent
You can take out a loan and return as a student.

CHORUS

When fat men with briefcases grab her attentions
She knows that they want her to host their conventions
Where bankers and shriners make heavy decisions
Like should we see Deep Throat or go out to Visions

CHORUS

Sweet mother Madison full of compassion
A liberal community after a fashion
You don't have to worry if you do annoy her
'Cause for every person there's more than one lawyer.

CHORUS

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

12, YOU CAN'T EAT Ooba ALL NIGHT

©1980 L&P Berryman

I was in my rocket cruisin' out around Al-
-debaran when I heard somethin' pop
I nursed it to a nearby asteroid askin' if they
Didn't have an all night rocket shop

They led me to a four leg five head thing in over-
-alls who claimed he was the best around
He said you got a reemal skadeever in your
Rapper, I can tell, the way it sounds

I had a cuppa koltag
A slice of Ooba Delight
Rented me a hole to go to sleep in
' Cause it was gonna take all night

I had almost got my thurdahg off my nammi-
-chemmi when I heard a scratchy voice
Sayin' I'm Anema Chiptap your vedega-
daiva for the night, you have no choice

Into my compartment crawled that shiny little
Creature like a turtle five feet tall
It repeated twice so gently please remove your
Zolameesh & hang it on the wall.

We had a cuppa koltag,
A slice of Ooba Delight
I knew pretty soon I'd have to face it
You can't eat Ooba all night

Twenty hours later I began to get im-
patient for the first sign of daylight
Suddenly it struck me I had neglected to de-
termine the duration of a night

I asked Anema Chiptap my vedegadeva
When Aldebaran would rise again
It said the way you calculate your time it should be
Seven hundred years or so my friend. (cont'd)

(con'td)

We had a cuppa koltag,
A slice of Ooba Delight
I even had a little skofless
To help me through the night

That was long ago before we bought a little
Mukka in a crater by the sea
I got a little job dingatching sinkatelma
Even though out here the koltag's free

We raised a couple fiplop somsi bushes puttin'
Out a little skofless now & then
If I ever get my ship back I don't wanna
Leave but if I do I'll come again

We'll have a cuppa koltag
A slice of Ooba delight
I'll snuggle with Anema
And maybe spend the night.

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)

13. **PACK UP A PICNIC** ©1986 L&P Berryman

Make the bed, fix the car, feed the dog, make the calls
Clean the sink, pay the rent, wax the floor, wash the walls
Polish the boots, water the grass, fillet the fish, letter to home
Style the hair launder the clothes comb out the brush boil the comb

Pick up a policy, put up the cucumber,
Paint on the patio, careful of drips
Instead I think I'll have a drink
& kiss you on the lips

CHORUS:

Pack up a picnic, pick up a kayak
Take a boat ride out along the shores of Waunakee
& if you say so, we'll let the boat go
Hold each other's hands & drift completely out to sea

Buy the rose, rent the suit, call the Fess, make the date
Shine the shoes, trim the beard, cut the hair, don't be late
Manicure nails, think of the speech, suck the Cloret, dial the cab
Dine in the dark, smile alot, mumble your love, pick up the tab

Thinkina later & thankin the waiter &
Thankin the cabbie & leavin the tips
Instead I think I'll have a drink
& kiss you on the lips.

CHORUS

Graduate, jog alot, know the mayor, read the news
Smoke the pot, have the kids, know your art, dig the blues
Go to a shrink, cook on a grill, purchase a home, get into Zen
Get into law, social unrest, have an affair, do it again

Sponsor a party where everyone's standing with
Perrier water & vegetable dips
Instead I think I'll have a drink
& kiss you on the lips.

CHORUS

14. **BIG DEAD BIRD**

©1986 L&P Berryman

The liquor stores are empty
The car won't start
The Christmas decorations
Are fallin' apart
The temperature is droppin'
The sky is grey
Gonna have a big dead bird for dinner
On Christmas Day

Papa's nerves get frazzled
& wearin' thin
Mama in her wisdom
Gets drunk on gin
The kids go build a roadblock
For Santa's sleigh
Gonna have a big dead bird for dinner
On Christmas Day

Smelly Uncle Charlie
He brings his wife
The one he calls Fartblossom
And chases with a knife
Grampa and his mistress
They come to stay
Gonna have a big dead bird for dinner
On Christmas Day

Christmas Eve at midnight
Gonna have a little snack
Gramma's apple strudel
That's burned & black
Daddy's home made ice cream
That tastes like clay
Gonna have a big dead bird for dinner
On Christmas Day

[BACK TO TABLE OF CONTENTS](#)