

Poetry Series

Buddy Bee Anthony

- 80 poems -

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A Lot Like You

I got no money
no way home
nobody cares and I'm all alone
I'm alot like you
I'm alot like you

And I got nobody
no set plans
left waitin on no promised lands
I'm alot like you
Hell knows I'm alot like you
Keep your eyes wide open
so you don't get fooled
Listen up 'n'
get over yourself

cause you know I know we know
I'm alot like you
and thank you
for the favor

Might like the flavor
somethin to savor
with your party favors
on your elevators
and your player makers
now that I'm able
to sit at your table
and stomach your fable
I scream thank you
Thank you
thank you
for your favor
Everybody wants iced pink Champagne
Wanna dirty dance in the warm spring rain.
Beluga caviar.
Party down hearty like a Superstar,
and they're screamin
thank you, thank you, thank you for the favor.
YEAH...

And I got no money no way home
nobody cares and I'm on my own
I'm alot like you
heaven knows
I'm alot like you

And I got nobody

no set plans
left waitin on no promised lands
I'm alot like you
alot like you
I keep my eyes wide open so I don't get fooled
I'm listen up 'n' gettin over myself
Cause I know
you know
we know
I'm alot like you
I'm a lot I'm a la I'm a lie
you're a lie too.
That must be how I got hooked up and in
with a lot with a dirty little lot like you...

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Addie's Rules

Addie gets a bad day mad day
Get out your runnin shoes
When Addie gets a bad day sad day
stay in the house, bolt your doors,
call in sick with the flu.
When Addie gets a bad day, rad day,
She's sailin way past level one or two.
When Addie gets a bad day
a really skad day,
Sugar daddy in his whites bled red,
code black to blue

When Addie gets a mad day
sad day,
Your town and the next one, cries boo
When Addie, get's a bad day sad day
spush out of the way, here comes Addie
painted with the blood of a fool.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Ask

Ask your shrink about your diagnosis
Ask your sponsor about your drug of choice
Ask your parents what they were thinkin
when they Judeo/Christened you Jude, Rachel, Jordan, or Christian

Ask the detective about their case
Ask the district attorney about the case
Ask the news about the case.
Ask the judge why they threw out the case
Ask your ex-lover how you caught a case
Ask your doctor, just in case

Ask your pharmacist why can't you take more than two at bedtime
Ask the FBI to release your file
Ask the NSA to stop listening in
Ask your college about your transcripts
Ask your clinic why they don't
have better magazines in their waiting rooms?
Ask the coroner what the 'official' cause of death was

Ask the government about the status of your student loans
Ask a perfect stranger, sitting across from you on a city bus
'what happened to your car'
Ask your ex-about your delinquent child support payments
Ask Social Security why don't you feel more socially secure
Ask your creditors about your credit history
Ask your prospective employer about your urine sample
Ask lawmakers why death-row inmates
aren't allowed to smoke cigarettes
Ask your life insurance company when you are
statistically, most likely to die
Ask most churches why they only allow one spouse per customer
Ask your State Representatives why
they don't just legalize everything
Ask again in the morning
when its good for the asking

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

B As In Bad

Gonna come to you
like a long lost cousin or lover
Will bring out the best and the worst in you
one way or another
Long before God gave Moses his rod and his staff
about a million years ago and a half
He was bad
B as in bad
Gonna work you
gonna do you
gonna screw you
run right through you
like you never been had

He not cuttin you no slack
B as in Bad
Not watchin nobody's back
What chu gonna do
when the deck is stacked,
Got all the cards you lack.

Buddy Blues
got big holes in your shoes
your two pair
to his full house
you lose
have you heard the news
He's bad
Mr. B to you,
B as in Bad.

Took you for about a yard with your credit card
Did you no good
in the hood
No escape
he stole Superman's cape
like you knew he would.
Cause he's bad
B as in Bad
Gonna screw you
run right through you
He done do ya
like you never been had

He tell you 'row your own boat'
in the dead of winters chill
Walk out the door with your best winter coat
stick you with the bill
you be screamin
crying
shiverin
sayin 'man that ain't fair'

He just say 'take it easy baby
Got a deal for you on your long gone underwear'
Cause he's bad
Mr. B as in Bad

Unkept, unclean like a grizzly bear in a cave
He rather be livin in mortal sin
than dyin as your slave
Not no bird
won't peck at crumbs
Gonna take what he can get from you long
before it comes
Cause he's bad
B as in Bad

Just another sucker on his hook
Too bad you haven't read his book
Fillet of fish tastes pretty great
too late
Very gracious of you to swallow his bait
Hats off three cheers Hot damned
for the man with the knack
full frontal attack
his momma was whack
not cuttin you no slack
has your goodies behind his back

Mr. Bang Bang
Bee Beep to you
Mr B As In Bad

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Big Show

I'm not lookin for no all the time thing.
Just one night, 'tween the sheets, you and me.
I hear you're booked up all the way through next week.
Damn baby girl, what works for you, should work for me.
Take me up to where the Eagles see.
Give me the bosses' daughter's discount,
we're talkin 'free' and

take me to the big show, big show.
Where the funny, sweet as honey, cash money people go.
take me now, let's roll
Don't you really wanna go
to the big show, big show?
Not to where the unfunny, no money, mouth runny people go.
If we can't go to the big show,
if my request comes as a big surprise
to any of you qualified
girls or guys
then you're
certified
verified
bonafide

stamped
and guaranteed
useless
so useless to me.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Bird Song

One bird song hungry for their mother
One bird song seeks shelter on the docks
One bird song is warring on their brothers and
One bird song is beating all the clocks

One bird song pledged loyalist devotion as
One bird song is prayin to their rocks
One bird song is causing all commotion
And, one bird song is preachin to the flock

One bird song, so meek hurt and tired
One bird song's all fake giddy and aglow
One bird song flip-floppin in the mire
One bird song flat nothin left to show

One bird song found their message in a bottle
As one bird song casts wishes to the skies
Bird song tell a real good, true story
I can feel and almost hear it
just by looking in their eyes

One bird song high primpin on a wire as
One bird song swoops low to make the kill
One bird song tried puttin out the fire
One bird song, you know
their confidence been stilled

And one bird song is singin for their supper
One bird song makes sweet love to the land
One bird song day trippin on a storm cloud
To flood cleanse cool new waters colors on the sand

One bird song
reachin round the ocean
One bird song out sailin The Seven Seas
One bird song is poetry in motion and
One bird song
Waits patiently for me

By Melissa Ann Howells & Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Bread Crumb Circus,

You slurped greedily
from those addicted to the
conditions of their recovery.
Only to find you're restricted by
the conditions of your discovery.
You arrive in the game, like a jeweled pawn.
Naming yourself Godhead to the board.
Arisen from an unholy, compromised,
unsustainable history,
the chosen have gathered.
illuminated by your rare alpine beauty
bred from an almost extinct application of wisdom fused thrust.

With your velvet fist of indifference,
you spawned
Tsunami's of rabid junkie followers, food for the wild
beasts you created
sucking dry the masses you fated.
Your legions then reproduced and multiplied

With a calculated unavailability
your followers ballooned to bursting at your gate.
They jeered and huddled around your altar like spectators at a Royal execution,
Just the mention of your name drove your minions into a frothing homicidal frenzy.
And still they kept coming across ocean, river, and tide.
from city to town, from train stop to
bus stop, bus stop to truck stop,
Crying for more and more buckets of you.
Mercifully, at long last, the blade of your curtain came down
leaving your flock shredded and shell shocked.
Your fleet of love-struck conscripts,
stripping off layer upon layer of flesh in cultish tribute.
One peyote button chewing Elder
has commenced his ghost dance
in one last ritualistic effort to acquire a backstage pass
to your next bread crumb circus.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Crackhead Hooker

I don't know why she makes me feel so good
She hurt me real fine
with her sheep dipped cigarettes
Boone's Farm bottles of wine
I tried to quit her
it's all true
But all I get is a junkie's flu
Done me all dirty in the hood
like I knew she would
I look up in the sky
All I can do is let out a sigh
How she's one fine
hooky hooky hook up
She got me all shooky shooky shook up
She's one hot cookie cookie cook up
She my little crackhead hooker
Give it up to her
another crack hit.

She'll take you for the short ride
Burn up all your money
run off with your pride
Rip all reason from your mind
A wizard at robbing bad boys blind
The best in the business tried turning her tide
Downtown Dope-man pulls her strings
Holds the skeleton key to pluck her wings
Base ain't free
but it makes her sing
stripped ripe and tight
low ridin the pipe
Paradise lost
lust for sale
at half the cost
Crackhead Hooker

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Dance and Song Man

That body of yours was built for hot lovin.
Your lover boy must feel like a lucky man.
I'd like to feel a woman like you live the dream, be
the apple of your eye. So, If he ever stops esteeming you,
needing you or feeding you. If he ever hurts you,
and hot tears well up in your eyes
I can be there to hold you, console you
when what ain't right, ain't right.
I may not be Mr. Right.

be your Dancin song man tonight?

Because, If that special someone ever deserts you. If they cease putting a twinkle in
your eyes
I'd like to be the toy you play with in the morning light
A new touch to make you shiver in the quiver of the night.

Can I be your dancin song man
a night of Turkish delight.

Let me be your talkin out of school thing.
I won't show up with roses
take you out for dinner or you diamond rings.
What I'd love to give you money can't buy.
Try me on for spark
I can show you the light when the day gets dark.
Get ready for take off
on a wild flight.
Whatever is clever,
It could be very nice.
So smile and let our spirit takes us higher than a kite.
Could I be your second glance man,
Your cuttin in, strong chance man,
Why don't we make ours a glorious night..
I'm your feelin right so wrong man,
Will there be anything else you need
ma'am.
one solid dancin song man
nighty night.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Drinking Song

I often drink until I hit the floor
God bless my favorite all night liquor store
Of course I'll sober up when I'm asleep
So, I may then start counting drunken sheep
To boldly swig a shot to meet the day
You see without that drink, I cannot run and hide
It helps me shoo away them feet of clay
When those massive wind storms hit
and other worlds collide
Do you now know why I need to take a drink
I can't seem to stand nor understand the evening news
I hide my dearest friends under my sink
Mr. Johnny Walker Red and his kissin cousin Lady Label Blue
To sober up could only make me sick
So, bartender pour me one more drink and make it quick
If I could only rob a liquor store
Then I could drink and drink me a little more
If everybody could only drink like us
To drink and drive would never be illegal
Wouldn't have to park our cars
Run to have to catch a bus
We'd fly so high just like a Golden Eagle
I often dream until I hit the floor
God bless my favorite all night dreamin store
So have a dream and a drink
it's on me

Buddy Bee

Gary 'Buddy' Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito

In Dutch deep with luscious trouble
She's got me seein more than double
Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito

What to do with one fine fella
when all pistons scream out Estella
Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito

All in with every card
a cooler engine couldn't rev as hard,
as Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito
Met her at the Winter's Ball
spring turned summer into fall.
Who wouldn't be at her beck and call
That's Estella.

She can take you anywhere.
With elegance to spare.
Then be off without a care
that's just Estella

She might take one for the team
if her black coffee needs more cream
To lift you higher than the dream
they call Estella

Hot to trot through a pauper's mile
she'd be flat broke if not for style
she can slay you with her smile
That's Estella

Met her at the Winter's Ball.
Sprung out Summer turned to Fall
Nothing New To her at all.
Ah Estella

In dutch deep with luscious trouble,
since being lifted from the rubble.
By the natural triple double
called Estella

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Family Tree

Got me a brother named Thunder
another named Lightenin
my sister's named Wind and I'm Rain
Gone steady with a sweet I'll warm breeze
she makin love like a Hurricaine
When the God of The Father of my mother and me
first ate the fruit off the olive tree
The Moon raised the tide
bringing on a mudslide
Rivers leapt their banks to run free
But, don't blame it on
blame it on me babe
you can blame it on the family tree

Ain't no plausible explanation
can't explain it away with meteorology
When my kinfolk get in a groove
The stars and planets start to move
between the Devil and the deep blue sea
Don't blame it on, blame it on me babe
you can blame it on the family tree

Now, when trouble starts to brew
and your skies aren't quite so blue
Dark clouds
precipitate
Winds that wail are slingin sleet and hail
Flood waters at your gate
Ooh, here comes mother
better run for cover
but, don't blame it on blame it on me babe
you can blame it on the family tree

Cause, I'm not the one
I'm the number nine son
I'm gonna stand by
gonna alibi
gonna run with you
on the fly on by
maybe lullaby you
but don't blame it on
blame it on me babe
you can blame it on my
family tree

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Firefly

Do you want to hurt the way I'm hurtin
Deep these daggers in this heart of mine
The days long past since my shows final curtain
To scrounge a short piece of somethin
I have to wait in line
I drink to soothe the pain away
A Makers Mark to end my day
Again I dream a dream of you so very far away

What are you dreaming of
or do you lie awake at night
Firefly, you do the town
with all the crowds you gather round
The main spotlight on you so blinding
is it piece in your masterpiece you're finding
If the Heavens should part The Sea
and your light should fall on me
Would you share a cup of coffee
try a second look at me
Cut a better deal between us
than two for you and one for me
Would you turn your light down low
Or burn white hot to dim my glow
This is breaking information
I would really like to know
Would you stay a while longer,
before your off to your next show

Firefly, what happens now
Will you burst with pride be bold
When all the glitter isn't gold
Does it matter anyhow
Sing it loud do us proud
Key of G
6/8 time
drop your rhyme
Firefly
how you
shine
shine
shine.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Four Letter 'Work' Song

Work me up
work me out
work me flip side down
Work me here
work me there
work me with renown

Work me hot
work me greedy
work me through and through
Work me to the very marrow
work me just like I'd work you

Work me proud
work me late
work me do not hesitate

Won't you let me work for you
Work me til I'm black and blue
Work me steady, work me needy
work me to a lather
Work me til my backbone breaks
and the buzzards gather
Work me in, work me under
work me til I bleed
Work me over red hot coals
work me like a boss in need
Work me nasty
work me silly
work me through the clover
Work me upside down 'n' in between into a slipknot Sweet Jehovah

Work me work me go ahead
Work me work me til I'm dead

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Freezin Hot

Dun't ride with me when you cross my heart.
Don't hide from me when you cross my card
Don't die for me when I cross Valhalla.
Don't fly for me when you cross my call.
Don't cry for me when you cross me hard
Don't side with me when you cross me hotter than hot,
Hotter then hot

I won't dine with you when you cross my call.
I won't pine for you when you cross my karma
I won't die for you when you cross Valhalla.
Won't spy for you, won't cry for you,
Won't lie for you
When you're hotter than hot.
When you're hotter than hot.
When You're hotter than harder and hollah, 'n' ha.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Golden Rust

My face has more wrinkles than Johnny Unitas.
My body's war torn from osteo-arthritis.
No longer multi-orgasmic
When I get aroused it's less than fantastic
women seem colder
My life's in a folder
My skin's pock- marked brown as molass.

I'm bolder, no wiser,
with no fortune to miser
I'm much further than 50 plus tax.

In a pinch, there's little to flaunt
I get senior discounts but that's not what I want
That's how it is growing old.

My hair has grown thick on my ears and my toes
Phlegm flows freely from out of my nose
I snore when I wheeze
Doc, more painkillers please
it is what it is when you're old.

If I were younger I'd awaken with vigor, a bounce to my step
I'd wear bow ties with ribbons, fly by the seat of my pants
You'd think twice before turning me away from the dance.
If I were to grow young and not old

I'd take a brisk walk
going long, I'd be stoked.
I wouldn't grow weary or lost
You wouldn't ask old man, where are you going?
In a handful of years, I wouldn't wear any hospital gowns,
with butt cheeks of cheese that'd be showing.

Lord with your mercy take me back home
I pray to avoid the hells
the monitors, alarms, the horns and the bells

with the incessant crying and groaning
Charge nurses singing, the telepone's ringing
but none of your family's showing.
I want interests passions and hobbies.
Not therapists, craft rooms and musty old lobbies
But that's what you get when your old.

When this
world brings me down
and I feel like giving in
and stop trying,

I'm grateful for breathing
while my peers keep on dying
Still the world keeps on turning,
while my stomach is burning
I'm aware I'm not terminal or unique
These youth with fake smiles
trudging road weary through treacherous miles
I'm too often remain silent when I should speak

Now I am older and paying less taxes
Here's principal with interest to awaken the masses

With tap dancing moves still in my step
My time isn't over, I've still got some pep
I'm a groovy old shrew
with a surprise left or two
If you'll reconsider giving me half of a chance
My only concern is delusions of grandeur
and my delusions keep shitting their pants
I'm not quite there yet
Nor am I ready to fold
But, that's what you get when you're old

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Gypsy Queen

You are the bridge in my scene
Shake rattlesnake mean
Gypsy Queen Rose Annalise
I won't mentions your kills
or who pay your bills
Gypsy Queen Rose Annalise
You're the up in my beat
can't help but feel your heat
Your blazing hot kisses could make me complete
You can kick me, beat me, say it's my fault
Haul off my wearied bones deep in your vault
Oh to be next on your list
who could've ever dreamt this
I've been made
by your love
Annalise

Before we're buried three deep and forgotten
Let's make some hay not misbegotten
Give me all your lovin til our golden days
Because
When you're good I feel terrific
When you're bad I feel great.
Gypsy
Queen
Rose
Annalise

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Hard Drivin Man

In Hay fields and open waters,
Clearin brush or workin land
He tends sheep upon high mountain top
drives herd through Rio Grande
Rests briefly, in the clover
for a chew, his only friend, Red Man
And the heartache's never over
for a hard drivin man.

Fishing nights in open waters
His achin body works it's plan
Pushes hard til arms fall out their shoulders
just like a well cooked ham
There'll be no respite til sun up
then schools come in again
No peaceful sleep forthcomin
for a hard drivin man.

He's out waterin the horses
flaggin balls for sports Grand Slam
Slings hash on chain gang road crew
Pays his debt to Uncle Sam
In this Hell he finds no solace
In this, God's master plan
Another day of bone break work
for a hard drivin man.

So, when you see him on the highways
over windswept sea or sand
Show him loving kindness
He built the town you're livin in
Paved the roads you tramp all over
his dusty trail has no end
and the heartache's never over
for a hard drivin man.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Haven't you heard?

Our V.P shotgunned his hunting buddy
thought he was a bird
Missing teen confirmed dead
Haven't you heard?

News at eleven
All the children won't be goin up to heaven
That's assured

There's flooding all along river roads
Mudslides washin away heavy loads
1300 drown on ferry boat barge
The poor get more of nothin while the rich live large

Village gone
buried deep
under mud, rock and sand
Can't even move to Canada without a hundred grand.

The Chinese put a man up in space
Our world's gettin to be one crowded place
Shrimp boat smashed up on rough rocky cove
W. sold his XYZ's to Carl Rove

Newscaster's tellin us great big lies
The Bossman gets a tummy ache and everybody cries.
That's the word
what haven't you heard?

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Hawthorne Man

Such an angry young man shuffles down the street. Nothin
to say to everyone he meets.
Folks try helpin him get out of the heat.
He wears filthy, torn rags, with ripped moldy shoe casings,
over crust blackened feet.
Offer him change, he'll throw it in the street.
How'd he get to be that way?
Won't somebody please, put him out of his miseries.
Town folk say he'd be much better off dead.
With a bullet to the head.

Got no friends, tellin you no jokes.
Won't let you offer on up your smokes.
Run down, hustled, jacked, took down, beat.
Flattened like a pancake on crackdown street.
The game now, is to put on for you a crazy show.
Who's lovin this baby, I don't know?
What a shame,
you've forgotten my name.
How did it get to be this way?
Won't somebody please,
put a hit out on my miseries.
Town folk say I'd be much better off dead.
With a bullet to the head.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Helen Of Troy

She asked if I would write a poem about her
She wants to know if she's my Helen of Troy
It's true, the holes I'm finding in my boat
are causing quite a stir
Said she, I ought employ
a full time water boy

Is she not aware I'm not a broken horse
Nor, her backside
I shan't bend low to kiss
with short shrift she runs the course
bold and swift upon her horse
But, what a pity
dearest Helen
won't loosen up the bit

Does she know first I'd have to die
before she then may write my elegy
The horse
the boat
the boy
all yours
high time I said goodbye
Lest Helen's magic bend my other knee

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

High Hats And River Rats

Hardtack and whiskey
gone whistlin Dixie
on Cold River Run Way
Skatland fiddlin, spindle cut, kindlin
flaylin 'n' a balin hay

High hats and river rats
Mix it up like stray cats
Fold their cards or pickin em up to play

Misters been mistressin
everybody's whisperin
how the rich rout bold knights
by seizing their days

Sippin on bourbon
It's gone high rise suburban
on old riverfront clay

When I look up in the sky
still no reason comes back why

So, brother
you can keep your change,
I'm rolling back to the range
With my hardtack and whiskey
long gone whistlin Dixie
All dipsey doo dog day

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

I Hate To Work

I hate to work, don't want your job.
Not gonna play the fool,
be a corporate cog.
I don't want no promotion Ms.
Not gonna learn the biz.
What don't you understand?
Ties leave marks around my neck
to beat the band.

I might as well admit it,
my life's alot cooler with no job in it.
Ladies and men, let me say it again,
I hate to work.

Got somethin "portant on your mind,
no matter how terrific.
Only fault they gonna find,
at that they are prolific.

You can't smoke a cigarette at work
Can't be hummin a happy tune.
Folk breathin all the way down your neck.
Day never end too soon.

Learnin how to make my money
without punchin a clock wearin a geeky hair cut,
and actin funny.
I hate to work too hard for the money
If it's not for free, it's not for me, you can keep your dirty cash
money, baby.

Won't be out fillin out no applications.
Won't see me leafin through the classifieds.
Doctor, you can skip the blood pressure medications.
To get a job, everything about me'd
have to be one bold faced lie.
That's why...
I hate to work.
Computer down, computer back up. Race car folk rushin up
and down with the red flag. Coffee colder in your cup, Jack,
what a drag.
I hate to work.

Six ah one, half dozen of the other. Don't need
no bossy ladies tellin me what to do,
already got me a mother.
I'm not gonna cut my hair,
'cause, I'm strictly wash and wear.
That's why I hate to work.
I'd rather be sitting by the swimmin pool, sippin
something sweet with just me and you.

Won't see me pushin no wet, greasy mop buckets. Sorry bossman,
about your job, I'm gonna have to take a pass and chuck it.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Ooh...
here come another seven day holiday. Ladies and men,
Let I say it again?
I hate to work.
Not cashing in on your blue chip, preferred stock. Because I won't
be tappin your punch clock.
I hate to work.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

I Just Don't Care

What can I say, I just don't care.
Your brand new puppy got eaten by a bear.
You want to point a finger,
let me give you a hand.
I just sing loud in my rock n roll band.
The impound lot ganked two of your cars.
Your best new girlfriend's mother has SARS.
Your kitty drank bleach,
now it don't purr.
Poked your brother's eye out with a fishing lure.
Army hero sugar daddy got hit by a scud.
Horse fell dead,
drowned in quicksand mud.
What can I say, nobody cares.
Grandma fell down a flight of stairs.
They got the wrong man,
tossed you in prison.
Ate some bad hooch, and got the botulism.
Minding your own business when your throat got slit.
Tried screamin for help,
but could only spit.
Momma saw a ghost 'n' lost all her hair.
The 'Fastest Gun In The West's' in a wheelchair.
If you got a problem, from your mouth to my hand.
I sing loud and proud
in my rock n roll band.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

I Was Lovin You

I was lovin you when a monkey first climbed a tree
And, I was lovin you when man first slithered from the sea
And, I was lovin you, when the devil fell from grace
And, I was lovin you when you vanished without a trace

I was lovin you, when your good book was still young
And, I was lovin you when your mamma was runnin
hot streets and still havin her high fun
And, I was lovin you when you threw your first penny
beside the old wishin well
And, I was lovin you before their was a heaven or a hell
I was lovin the first day the Sun did shine

And, I was lovin you
when you had your very first smoke
And, I was lovin you
when you thought my music, politics, everything about
this world was a joke
And, I was lovin you, when your horses were still runnin free
And, I was lovin you when your flowers first got buzzed by the
big bad, bumblebee. I was lovin you baby, first day of our road

And, I was lovin you when you fell below the bottom rung
and, I was lovin you when your first favorite song that made
me cringe was cut and it was sung, and I was lovin you
before you had a radio, and I was lovin you, first day of school
when your mamma said, time to go
I was right there
lovin you first day til the end of time
So glad I'm yours, you're mine
I was lovin you, babe on your first day
til the end of time.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

If

If you died today day, not in 85 years
If this, your last day on earth was today
How much would they care
of the why, or the where
if your last day on earth was today
You might first want to eat four or five dinners
then skip out the joint and not even pay
If they tossed you in jail who'd care
you'd be cold as a stone quite soon anyway
If the local authorities hauled you away
You could leave the county coroner
on the hook for your cremation
Bequeath me to pick up your ashes at a local train station
Forthwith flagged Fed-Ex off to family crypt
Having lived not so long
thus a lover got gypped
of a true love to share
Tell me how much would folks care
Who'd really be there
or drinking it off somewhere
crying cool crocodile tears
If you died today
not in 85 years

By Gary Bercu
Buddy Bee Anthony

I'm Glad my Mom Can't See Me

I once was a young man
who life dealt a bad hand
and I've been knocked down to my knees
You see me in soup lines,
I've fallen on hard times,
I'm glad my mom can't see me.

I sell popcans and plasma
I'm scarred up, and battered.
I ache from this life that I lead.
Get my meds from the clinic
I'm warring with cynics
I pop some of those 'n' smoke some of these.

I got a dog for affection
and sometimes protection.
She's there through the night as I bleed.
And I'm lookin for a way out.
might take the jump off the high bridge route.
Maybe then I could get some peaceful relief.

'Cause, them townfolk harass me,
how they grimace as they pass me
they have their opinions 'bout me
and it's free.

I served proudly, so boldly
but who could've told me bout
the things they'd order me to do.

I've killed men,
I've killed women
and even some children
while wavin the Red White and Blue.
Now, these wars bout destroyed me
my country ignores me
what I wouldn't do for some heat and release.
Now my heart is abandon.
I sleep where I'm standin
I'm glad my mom can't see me.

And I'm drunk and I'm dirty
I'm hungry and worried
I die every night in my dreams.
Now it's barrooms and alleys
no peaks only valleys
I'm glad my mom can't see me.

Vince Johnson
with some input by
Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

In

She said come on in brother,
it's colder than sin
make yourself comfy come in.
Now, I'm in, I'm in, I'm all the way in
I'm runnin with the crowd that's in.
I'm whackin it stackin it, mackin it in.
I'm rockin with the crowd that's in like Flynn.
The man with the fat wallet said 'Buddy' do call it,
don't hesitate to come in.'
Now, I'm smackin it hackin it
cold hard jackin it, runnin with the crowd
over here over there everywhere.
Whether you're thin
or overly round.
In for a penny
in for a pound
You asked am I out, I said, no I'm in.
I'm in so tight
and so outta sight.
Well this is my story
the guts and the glory
Now that I'm all the way in.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

In A Man's world.

Daddy,
I'm a grown man from long ago. Can't take the man heart outta
me don't you know. Momma said daddy, can't you see,
am I good enough for you, cuz, I'm good enough to be
playin my blues, payin my dues,
daddy, wish you could be here now to see me
livin and dyin free
as a grown man from long ago.
2013 well past spring,
here comes summer
once and again you'll hear me sing
as a grown man from long ago.
Can't take the man heart outta me don't you know.
Momma said, daddy, you're the best
she ever had. Since, you're not here anymore daddy
I feel really sad.
Daddy, I'm a grown man.
You'd be proud,
how my moves, and grooves,
shake up the lunch and dinner crowd.
as a grown man from long ago...

Buddy Bee Anthony

King David's Gold

King David bold, a story old,
made a pledge up high on golden altar.
A bloody Sunday's sacrilege
boy king, not gonna falter.
If not a sin against The One
on who's decree will bear.
An order naming
The Nameless One's begotten son, declare!

As ancient and pagan shadowed princes,
brood hot in birthrightin waters,
their seed released in the blood red earth
of God's forgotten daughters.

King David bold, a story old
made a pledge up high on Golden Altar.
A bloody Sunday's sacrilege,
boy king, not gonna falter.

Now, a Jewess Queen,
for love she fled,
while the Pope sports Mass,
armadas fed,
Great God's begotten daughters bred,
the finest cannon fodder.

King David's gold, a story old,
made a pledge up high on golden altar.
A bloody Sunday's sacrilege,
boy king he gonna falter,
boy king he gonna falter,
boy king,
he sold everybody out.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Last Call

Now my heroes are all dead, dyin,
in prison, or posted up on museum walls.
That's why
I've been startin fires on the Sun.
Pumpin salty water into the Sea.
Tossin boulders up onto mountain tops.
Since Without you, there's nothin for me.
With you having gone, I've got almost nothin
Since you up and left me last fall.

If it weren't for my gun, this sleepin bag bed and last call,
I'd have nothin, no nothin at all.

I once thought your love, it was nothin,
But now I burn for more of your nothin at all.
That's why I've been spittin lava into volcanoes.
Makin ice cubes at the North Pole.
I've told you once, twice, I have cried out some more.
Since, you've been gone I'm left here with almost nothin.
since you up and left me and all.
If it weren't for my gun,
my sleepin bag bed
and last call for alcohol
I'd have nothin,
flat nothin,
no nothin at all.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Legend

Raised amongst wolves,
A lamb who could lead.
Pecked ever so gently by birds
on land and by Sea.
When you were conceived,
God's Angel's willed please.
They said, let this child be a legend.

Go run through these nights,
run through them hazy daze.
Scuttle sometimes,
as rats through this maze,
never bested.
How you've been tested,
arrested, contested
not bested, I've got eyes
bein as it be.
Take a bow to your legend, an impossible dynasty.
Take a bow to your legend, an unshakable destiny
Take a bow to your legend an unstoppable legacy
wherever you are, whoever you might be
Take a bow to your legend,
love's legend, take a bow it's free

With the heart of a bear,
eye of a hawk,
nose of the hound.
be awake and on ready,
if ever a sound.
Like a jokester, a beggar,
a soldier, a man who could lead,
you go in for the kill,
blend with the trees.
like a legend, love's legend, love's testimony.

On legs large and strong,
of the mightiest steed.
Beneath sails firm and true,
aloft swirling jet stream.
Where ever you are now,
whatever you might see.
take a bow to your legend,
take another bow it's on me.

To your legend,
love's legend,
love's destiny.
But, I don't think you could ever be

my magical mystery. That's why I pity you for sure, for sure,
but one time, won't you pity me.

It's a pitiful epitome, of what our dynasty
our legacy our destiny, our testimony, our
delicacy could be.
Take a bow to your legend, love's legend,
love's constituency

With a yellow hot core
burnin ever more and more to be livin and dyin free
take a bow to your legend, love's legend, love's regency
Take a bow, have another a bow and see.
you're almost like a legend
love's legend,
a legend to me.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Let It Ride

You built your house,
a fortress, strong and tall
A screamin dream retreat
doesn't that beat all ya'all
But, who's there for you
when you're cold and lonely
as you hit the wall

Lay em down let it ride winner take all
When all odds are stacked against you
folks are grinnin as you stall
lay em down and let it ride
say winner take all

Step up to the winner's circle
take a little bow
Then lay em down and let it ride
winner take all

You built your house
a fortress strong and tall
A screamin dream retreat
doesn't that beat all ya'll
But, who's there for you when you're old and lonely
as midnight falls
Best lay em down and let it ride say
winner take all

Get up to the plate,
take your best swing
let the umpire make his call
then lay em down and let it ride
winner take all
Just lay em down, and let it ride
don't let winner take the fall

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Livin In The City

Slam blam glam, squeaky jam.
Wham blam, slam, about a gram
Police ma'am.
Make a livin to be dyin in the city.
Hand to hand, Wham bam, sticky jam
Super Cam in Eumberland
Make a livin to be dyin in this giant, cold hard, here's my card,
ain't nothin but a glass shard, city.
What a pity, not lookin all too pretty, down to the nitty
Ain't a livin to be dyin in the city.
You're flyin blind, two steps behind, in one fat bind,
no peace to find, done lost your mind,
in the daily grind what a pity
Make a livin to be dyin in the
city.

Glam, slam, scam, Superman, Slam the man. sketchy scam
Flim flam Stan
Ain't a livin to be dyin in the city.
In this hot shot, what's up,
great Scott, burnt up, city.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Mary's Kitchen

They say whiskey's
a poor man's woman,
cash money,
a rich man's wine.
But, I'm goin downtown
to Mary's Kitchen,
to see what I might find.
I'll eat tators with li'l Jimmy,
soothe Jackie's troubled mind.
It eases my pain,
strollin down the lane
to Mary's Kitchen,
where It's fine,
to be 'a' bitchin
'bout that woman 'o' yours,
used to be mine.
Now, I ain't too much for baseball,
and boxin makes me flinch.
There's plenty of cake and doughnuts,
maybe a five dollar cinch.
And, they're off
at Mary's Kitchen,
win, show, or place.
Where the best you can do
is fall out of the race.
If work's too much fuss,
and you are like me.
I might hear your story Gus,
minus the fee.
Don't cause me no damage,
not even a smigeon.
So go cry in your free coffee and cocoa.
There fingered Sally, forget her, she's loco.
See you at Mary's Kitchen.

Buddy Bee Anthony

Master Ghuey Charles Dickens

We brought home a kitty cat, they said his name was Ghuey.
lazier than a hound dog and n'er the worry.
Somehow Ghuey's got baby's momma wrapped deep in his spell.
Ghuey won't be faring around here so well.
She bought a screened in baby's stroller, where he can lay down flat.
I'm the one with the wheels around here
imagine that?
So, I picked up momma's precious
And I drove him to the turnaround.
I tossed boy genius in the bushes
gunning my accelerator to the ground.
Don't you know,
he's charmed a farmer's wife
keeps him stocked in fresh catch
and boiled chickens.
There and thus, I've passed the torch
To another more deserving of serving
the domestic disaster by the name of Master
Ghuey Charles Dickens.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Midnight

Midnight *comes callin,
Tender and true.
It's how I'll remember,
My life loving you.
I cry for your kiss.
How, I long for your touch.
Since, Midnight *comes callin,
without you my love.
The chill of December much
sadder than Blue.
Another night alone,
with my thoughts driftin to lovin only you.
I can't leave my room,
without a big, little shove.
Since, Midnight comes callin,
Without your true love.

Midnight comes calling,
softly and clear.
I will always cherish and remember
my life loving you here, my dear.
Since, you went away,
with the Man Up Above.
Midnight comes callin comes haulin, , comes stallin,
without you my love.

*Vince Johnson
with help from Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

More Time

I think I need a little more time.
Time to heal, time to see.
Time too feel, time for me.
I need some more time to decide.

I need time to laugh, time to cry.
Lie under the stars and wonder why.
I need time to travel, maybe hitch a ride.
Ride big rapids on the wild side.
time to fly, learn to sail.
To pass go not go off to jail.

Couldn't we all make use of a little more time.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Most Beautiful One

Tell me why isn't there any more room left in your heart
Most beautiful one of them all
when you can't be found,
the whole world falls apart
Most beautiful one of them all

It saddened me greatly
like bridesmaids or daisies
when you told me you loved me not
Now, I won't get my fill
til I've lost my free will
to the most beautiful one of them all

I'll send a quick cable
as soon as I'm able
most beautiful one of them all
In it I'll tell you I'm fine
while I'm losing my mind
Most beautiful one of them all

For a peck on the lips
that was one helluva kiss
I thought I'd felt everything
til I felt this
Whatever the stakes
I just can't resist
the most beautiful one of them all

Nearly died by the phone
awaiting your call
Most beautiful one of them all
Where there could be a door
there's no entrance at all
Most beautiful one of them all
though shaken and nervous
I'm still blood thick in your service
Where but here could this have led from the start

When I tried walking your horses
before hitching the cart
to the most beautiful one of them all

Is that why there isn't any more room left in your heart
Most beautiful one of them all
My one and my only
must we be apart
Most beautiful one of them all

No other so right
I'd rather lose than not fight
for your spotlights of neon
sunshine or moonlight

You are what always and still gets me
through cold lonely nights
Most beautiful one of them all

Tell me why isn't there any more room left in your heart
Most beautiful one of them all
When you can't be found my whole world falls apart
Most beautiful one of them all

It saddened me greatly like bridesmaids or daisies
when you told me you loved me not
Now I won't get my fill
I have lost my free will
to the most beautiful one
most beautiful one
most beautiful one
of them all

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Mr. Blackball

Ain't a movie and it's not a joke
Your account's been frozen, now you're broke
Nowhere to run, credit cards are maxxed
Boss don't need none
blame Equifax
Like a deer in the headlights
at the scene of a crime
Hangin judge handin out them nickels and dimes
Face features splashed on the T.V. show
American is wanted
it's time to go
You find you're pay
in much more for less
Got yourself a new name and a shadow address
Caught by the short hairs
cuttin you no deals
Shoe leather lookin like
full course meals

And, you're stuck like Chuck
in a big ole rut
Mr. Blackball
he one tough nut
Tell me all about it
The fit has hit the shan
Tonight we'll fight
today's got other plans
His lawyers put your sweetheart's momma on the lam

His little baby brother jukeed Jimmy Jam

He's right there pickin
and a grinnin
and a winnin
and a spinnin
them webs as you fall
Damn that man
Mr. Blackball...

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Need It Bad

Why's it gotta be the hard way
the long way
the somebody done somebody wrong
King Kong on your prong way
Break it to me easy, baby
When I can't get no sleep.
Shake me down real easy baby
schweezy baby, I need it to eat.
Hit me up a little easy baby, squeezezy,
I need it to breathe.
Break it down for me easy babe.
Give me your best piece
when I need it bad,
need it bad.
Iron clad.
just been had
fat gold money's mad
freeze your ass in Stalingrad
schwag fell out your zig-bag.
That's why I'm still hangin round here?

Have you ever tried runnin away or committin suicide?
Your puzzle pieces couldn't all be scattered right round here?
You smoke your stuff, til you're dim and cross-eyed?
Over the moon, puke drunk on cheap beer.
Is that what you hold sacred? Does it kick you in gear?
When you need it bad
You never said thank you when they said please
You say your shit's together but your shit's up in your jeans
Keep a porch light on all night
til you get it right, itchy twitchin for a fight
"cause you need it bad
Isn't it why we're 'all' still hanging around here.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

New Child

I've seen you squackin and cacklin like a jail bird on work release.
J birds don't usually do it for me.
But, if you look you might find, my hitchhiker behind
high as a kite ridin the breeze.
I'm a predatory heron with a fish filled beak.
I'm smooth, on the move, my game isn't weak.
I'm in the grooviest groove,
I'm a new child criminal thief.

When you sold your soul to the pawnbroker
and your best friends wouldn't take you in.
You were the color of strife.
Holdin on for dear life.
Putting cooler heads deep in a spin.

You colored by numbers a dream vacation. Stocked
with zoo zoo's and wham wham's, exotic libations
A steady supply of liquid relief.
But, I'll warn you right now,
I'm a load of and how.
I'm m a new child criminal thief.

Who is this new child,
it's a fair question to ask.
But, before going further, Sneak a peek in my flask.
There are potions, elixers, and genie's lamps.
What a long way we've come from collecting Gold Bond Stamps.
Living the life delectible, one splendiforous spectacle, so unrespectable,
With some of our best work done down on our knees.

Do a blast of this, with a bouquet of these.
Let me know when your ready with your pin number please.
I've covered all my Bases and my card's the ace of spades.
Drink the Koolaid with iced coffee, sip moonshine in the shade.
Let's talk the green mile, should we walk for a while
Before we desist and cease.
Now, you too are a sleuth, buck wild and uncouth,
a new child criminal thief.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Nothin At All

All of my heroes are dead
dying, in prisons
or under glass in museum halls
That's why I'm setting brush fires on the Sun
Dumping salty water into the Sea
Tossing boulders up on mountain tops
'cause without you there's nothing for me
Folks tell me I'm a damn fool for still believin
Since you up 'n' left me last fall
If it weren't for my guns this sleepin bag bed and last call
I'd have nothin no nothin at all.
I once thought your love, it was nothin,
but, I burn now for more of your nothin at all
It's why I'm spitting lava into volcanoes
Making ice cubes at the North Pole
I've told you once twice a thousand times more
Since you've been gone I almost got nothin
since, you up 'n' left me 'n' all
If it weren't for my guns, this sleepin bag bed
and one last curtain call
I'd have nothin
no nothin at all

Buddy Bee Anthony

Outta here.

Who do you gotta know
to get some love round here?
What do you gotta show?
How do you gotta flow to get some respect around here?
Who do you gotta blow?
When the squeaky wheel
don't get no grease.
Who do you come to for some release?
I don't know, we outta here...

How do you gotta flow,
to get some traction 'round here?
Who do you gotta snow?

I be what I wanna be.
I see what I wanna see.
I free what I wanna free.
Not everything is what it is supposed to be.
I'll be your angel face, cause
I knew you were an angel, and
I want another taste.
I want another taste.

I knew you were an angel.
and you'd write a song about me.
I knew you were an angel, and
you'd arrive to set me free.
I asked you why you live in Forest park?
you said, by the light of their spark,
my soul can't be marked,
they can only try to scare me in the dark.

Now I know where to go
to get some peace around here.
You better know
I'm outta here.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Pesto

You went and ate the pesto
Ate up all the pesto
My baby ate the pesto
nummy num num
You milked all of it and presto
You couldn't resist the pesto
gulping up my pesto like a skid-row bum
Slurping it up without a whimper of protest
no
You gulped down all the pesto
what else could I have done but say
go go go

When you ate all my pesto
You just couldn't resist the pesto
You scarfed it down alfresco
I slept awhile
then drank my rum
and gave my baby some

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Poster Child

Are you real or just a poster child,
are you real, you know you drive 'em wild.
I'm a poster child, not unlike you,
up in the spotlight, could've been you.
Like a poster child,
poster child of funk.

I know how your water flows.
Your ole man by the river told me so.
He said, give you a kiss like this, then go,
with the heavy heave ity ho.

Noddin off the way you do,
sometimes you get that junkie's flu. Said,
shame on me, no shame, where were you?
I was there for you, little poster child.
Poster child of junk.

Come into my power station
on-line fantasy. Mega-bytes are risin,
don't you dare log out on me.

Emmaculate connection,
soft words fallin down like rain.
You blow like the wind,
but you hit me like a train.
Get off line, get real,
don't want your tired old shpiel.
Come on downtown on the streets,
talk to everyone you meet
and show me your best piece of work.
Let me tell you why.
Cuz I'm the poster child of funk, that's why.

Super-sonic, electro-onic,
connector cable site.
You be sittin right there at my table, so
let's rock on through the night.

Where the air is fresh, the water cool,
the grass, so evergreen, you stoke my 'magination
on this smokin lap-top machine.

Ah, won't you get off line, get real,
don't toss me your tired old shpeil.
Come on downtown to these streets,
talk with everyone you meet,
and show us your best piece of work.

Servin me from cross the nation,
with you it's a celebration,
you're my favorite gigabyte,

speed of light, sweet sensation.

My floppy disk you work it, line in
line out.

Integrating my circuits, darlin,
without any doubt.

You can be my auxiliary,

I will be your main,
telephone lines are crossin,
it all drives me insane.

I'm a poster child, it's all true.

up in the spotlight,
could've been with you.

a poster child of funk.

Not a poster child
poster child of junk.

Pumpity punk...

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Praxis From Plaxis

Dominatrix on the axis climbs the tower of praxis. Momma said daddy plays the lone bone. Work it on a sister, if it works out for her, then work it on her brother. Might want to watch yourself or they'll work it on your mother. If this sounds somethin like s-e-triple x, sailin off without redemption on the good ship Oedipus? Look beyond these shores, where you won't have to deal with petty, prudishness no more. Beyond the sea, you could give it all away for a handling fee. L'l sister could work it, little brother too. If it works pretty good, Might work it on you, then work your moves on another. But, you'd be best not to ply your magic on my stanky old step-n
ass-n
fetch it
stepmother

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Prince.(Philip Rob)

I knew this young buck named Phil.
He'd walk right out your store without paying the bill.
His nickname was Rob,
He was a one-man mob.
According to him, he was a thief of high repute.
He made no bones about it.
He'd pillage your loot.
He'd steal from bars, fenced fast funny cars.
He'd take from musicians their gold-cased guitars
He'd sneak off with valuables lock-picked from boxes.
He offloaded fur coats from very fine foxes.
Phil was unique.
He'd shout as he'd speak.
He took his free-base, but didn't play ball.
He'd smoke til dead broke and another police call.
But at the scene of a crime, no Phil would they find.
Only a plastic container, once holding a pill.
The color of blow
Phil was white as fresh snow
But, he'd bleed you as black as disaster...

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Pussy In Hell

I might go to prison
pussy in hell
Die tonight and take you with me
pussy in hell
kill half a million brain cells
Pussy in hell

I don't care anymore
If they strap me down
Pussy in hell
Put the juice to me and fry
Pussy in hell
I got no final statement
Pussy in hell
No prepared alibi
Pussy in hell

To the point of no return
I burnt a cross on our bed
Shall I wait for you in prison
Or this nuthouse instead
You bemuse me
A greedy old fool
Messed up in the head

Mad til you turn 21
So I may get well
And play with my precious new toy
Twang all your whistles and bells

Would you have them lock me away
For a very long time
If I stole you away
And you became mine
If I was to show you my dark
and more sensuous side
Would you weep at the gallows
While I take the short ride

A lust that burns like white fire
From grace I have fell
Treading the turbulent waters
Around your grand citadel
Sprung my Tower Of London
No pussy in hell

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Raven

Raven

What can we make of this war for our village

Raven

explain all this plunder and pillage
It's all too patently clear
Since Raven's been wavin war flags around here
So Raven stop wavin war flags around here

Raven

Who are you savin with points you've been shavin
the lives you are takin the ground you have shaken
No haven is safe from blind hatred we fear
Since, Raven's been wavin war flags around here
So Raven stop wavin war flags around here

Raven

Don't go engravin dull colors of your framin
of our Red, our White and our Blue
Cause, it shames us to see the dirty tricks that you do
It is all too frightfully clear
Since Raven's been wavin war flags around here
So Raven stop wavin war flags around here

Raven

It blows as blood flows on our heads and our toes
Heaven knows, we're shedding much more than a tear
Since Raven's been wavin war flags around here
So Raven stop wavin war flags around here

Raven

You want to blast us into outer space
First let's feed house and clothe the human race
'Cause there's gore over here
death and more over there
We do not have another world to share or spare
It's all too painfully clear
Since Raven's been wavin war flags around here
So Raven stop wavin
bloody war flags around here

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Rock n Roll

Anybody wanna rock 'n' roll.
Kick up some dust, we could break some glass.
Tie a big one on, 'n' kick some ass.
Run with big bellied boys on Saturday Night.
There's no tomorrow, we'll have to do it all up tonight.
Smoke our stuff, then steal a big, fine, car.
Hit them hotspots like a superstar.
We'll righteous rumble, break the Golden Rule.
Got suspended, don't have to skip no school.
Goin uptown with some downtown girls.
That's Rock n Roll.

Pullin thunder under pale moonlight.
Before tomorrow we'll do it up right tonight.
Keep yours zippered tight.

Take out my '44', lock 'n' load.
Tear up this town, hit that open road.
Folks tell us 'straighten up, you better fly right.'
Ride red lightenin, fight our very best fight.
Gone medieval on some dumb, punk, ass.
Lay down the law then hit the ga ga gas.
Romancin May, dirty dancin with June.
Fat tires peel on out, howl at the Moon.
Goin downtown on some uptown girls,
Let's Rock n Roll.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Rock 'n' Roll Call

They rock 'n' rolled you
They bought 'n' sold you
Then they tossed you in the trunk of a car
First, they created you
They then gold-plated you
They played you like a drunk at the bar

They really loved you
They God aboved you
They said, brother, sister, you shall go far
They switched 'n' baited you
They gyped 'n' jaded you
For tryin to be a rock 'n' roll star

They flocked to flatter you
So, they could scatter you
Some blind loyalties can leave a fresh scar
Your song's been charted
all broken hearted
they bought you a brand new limousine car
T'was Purchased only
cause you were lonely
from the burn of bein a rock superstar

They rock 'n' rolled you
They bought 'n' sold you
They rock 'n' rolled you
They hot 'n' cold you
They rock 'n' rolled you
But, no one told you
The sweet music that shook you
snuck up 'n' took you
so very very hard

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Rock N' Roll Star Of Texas

Wash my honkey tonk blues down with some wine Italian
Kiss my Mississippi sweet honey girl so fine.
Take a tour of Rome bring it
all the way home
get on the rush hour sex express
so very right on time.

My momma said they got big ole signs on the highway,
says your babies shouldn't mess with Texas.
My daddy said to me, sweet pea
if you wanna be
big ole rock n roll star
Let's see your rock n roll heart of Texas

Bear eat the honey of the bee that sting.
Roll like tumbleweed when that telephone ring.
When you want it and you need it and you're breakin all the rules
to get what you wanna get
when you're winnin but you're not there yet
can't find your lifeline or your safety net,
you gotta be a rock n roll star
A rock n roll star of Texas

When you want it and you need it,
and you're breakin all them rules to get what you wanna get.
when you're winnin but you're not there yet,
gone and lost your safety net, you must be a rock n roll
star a rock n roll star
a rock n roll star of Texas,

Your not the first to walk that very fine line.
You're takin yours but don't take what's mine
rock n roll stars of Texas.

My baby said I wanna grow up to be,
a little rock, rock rocket,
eight ball in your side pocket
rock n roll star fast car, shooting star
rock n roll star of Texas.
I said if you wanna be a rock n roll star
I gotta see your rock n roll heart.
You best know it now
if you didn't know it from the start.
Cuz, I'm your fix it in a flash
run your 100 yard
dash
rock n roll star of Texas.

Buddy Bee Anthony

She's the Girl

She's the girl who's halo slipped down to her shoulder
She's the girl who wears her clothes all dirty white
She's the girl who never seems to grow much older
She's the girl who makes me sweat the sheets at night
And she's the girl who's soul could fill up all the oceans
She's the girl spinnin my emotions
til I'm drowning
twisting slowly
in a circle
like a whirlwind
from my insides to my out
She's the girl without a doubt
who had to come from somewhere
She's the girl
much sweeter than a prairie rose
She's the girl
who seems the sum of nowhere
She's the girl
always thinkin til she knows
How does she know I'd love to make her mine one time.
I'd send her me
with a pink card, a sticky valentine
Inside my message would simply read
You fill my burnin, achin need.
Let me tell you all about her
Oh boy Mocha Joy
and she's come back,
she's workin her way back, she's slinkin on back
to me.
Joy don't say,
Joy dancer'
and she's comin on home to me...

Melissa Howells
with assistance from Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sick With The Music

Flick your Bic with the Music.
Do a high kick with the music.
Twirl a walking stick with the music.
Do you know how to get sick
with the music

Tweak and wreak with the music.
Haute mystique,
Post up chic,
with the music.
Are you all the way sick
with the music

do a trick with the music.
lickety split with the music
roll up and pick with the music.
I am all the way sick
with the music

Quick as a finger prick with the music.
Thick as a brick,
with the music
isn't it time
to be all the way slick
all ready to click
all in and sick
with the music.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sidewalk Finger

I ask, does he give good face?
she shrieks with moan.
It starts me up
to decorate my scream.

Vampire bats run shadows off
the neighbors patch-trick dangle slime.

Fake fright on smelly kids creep-nod by a tombstone
that tells them so.

Silently, sullen things appear.
Dark, bloody-orange fire ignites within our reach.

Blue sweaty juiced-up goblins shake a party step home.
Caskets full of bone spiders willingly do horrify.

A rustle tears at fanged pumpkins in my head,
as the wash woman/child calmly irons,
then folds her witch broom corners,
mindful not to singe the shinola tinted skin
off her sidewalk finger.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Soul Train

Please don't sell me Soul Train,
how your express stopped runnin.
Please don't sell me Soul Train,
how it used to come so right on time.
Please don't sell me Soul Train,
how you're out there funnin and a sunnin.
and, please don't say to me,
I'm what you seek but cannot find.

Cuz, I'm your Soul Train.
Let me show you my Sleepin car.
I'm your soul train,
Best believe you've never been this far.
I'm your soul train.
Steamin up and down your track.
I'm your soul train, uh huh,
let me show you sumpin,
step on back.

I said, please, don't sell me Soul Train,
how you gone so deep under cover.
Please, don't sell me Soul Train,
changed salty water into sweetest wine.
Please, don't sell me Soul Train,
how you're pinin, pimpin for another.
Cause, I love how your woogie boogie's baby,
sendin shivers up and down my spine.
Shakah, shakah,
soul train, sha bong, sha bong,
sha bang, sha bang, sha bang.
So so, oh no, no show, woe train, shakah shakah soul

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sounds Of Sire

If someday, they'd address me with an 'E' after the Sir.
I'd first declare the Pope a girl, then, I'd take the cure.
Wouldn't it be nice to call the Pontiff 'L'll Momma' for a change?
If I'm elected King, there's much to rearrange.
I'd stamp out mass corruption, let prisoners go free.
Lock zoo keepers down in the public zoo
where animals could come and see.
I'd mate with every beauty who had ever caught my eye.
No birds would live in gilded cages,
mandate all junkies to stay high.
A leading elder statesman,
oh, to be the boss of you.
It wouldn't be at all unusual for Chuck to marry Drew.
Now, if homosexuality is not of your desire,
maids and maidens off to Royal chambers we'd retire.
If it should come to light, my powers do, in deed corrupt.
Please, don't hesitate to tell me all about it, Judas Krupps.
As for now, I'd do my level best, to get along with you.
Til Royal Guard,
with Royal Sword,
commence to run you through.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

'Sprout'

A single store bought Organic Russet Potato began sprouting roots at the bottom of a plastic bag of potatoes, on my kitchen counter. Sprout, who was the runt of the litter, looked almost crowded out underneath several other otherwise compliantly smooth potatoes. His roots were so persistent, they broke through the plastic. My first impulse was to fry all the others immediately, save an insurrection, then, toss sprout into the trash. His relatives, weighing heavily upon him, seemed helpless to make Sprout understand his place. Maybe one out of countless thousands of Russets go on to be planted in a garden. Yet, Sprout didn't seem to know or care about any of that. He was evolving into a Potato plant.

I felt conflicted, as I carefully, placed him on my cutting board. First, paring 'Sprout, cutting out his eye, then, slicing him into bite-sized pieces, and shoveling him into my frying pan, which was thick with searing, hot cooking oil. I wondered if his brothers and sisters still safe in the bag, were mourning Sprout, this Russet Individualist, or were they gloating over his demise?

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Starving For Words

Hit you up for a word donation?
You see, I need words.
Beef it up,
scoop it up,
kick it up,
keep it up,
sweep it up,
right on
write off,
I need a damn word.

hack it,
slack it,
jack it,
stack it,
cold hard, smack it,
brother, can you spare a word?

I could squash a word for you like a
cockroach under my boot.
Whip it like a vagabond in Babylon.

Wham bam
cram
slam it
Bring in a truckload full of words

So, I may use them,
abuse them
sport to import them
distort then abort them
In order to court almost any skeptical literary bird
Can't you see how needful I've become
in search of a
luscious delightful
insightful most frightful
brand spanking new
word?

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Stone Cold Blue

They got you Stone Cold Blue on the hot side of town.
They got you stone cold blue
You got them rock n roll blues
on the country western side of town.
Got them smokie tokin blues,
on the no smokie tokin side of town.
You got them workin man blues,
on the kick back side of town,
You got them hippie dippie blues,
on the number three buzz cut side of town.
they gonna get you, they got your number.
They got you stone cold blue.

You got them top hat blues
on on the baseball cap side of town.
They got them turban blues
on the doo rag side of town.
You got them florsheim blues,
on the sandals side of town.
You got them brunette blues
on the blondie blonde side of town.
they gonna get you, they got your number
they got you stone cold blue.

You got them tee shirt blues,
on the dress shirt side of town,
You got them windbreaker blues
on the starter jacket side of town
got got them bifocal blues
on the trifocal side of town.
You got them cordless phone blues
on the smart phone side of town.
They gonna get you, they got your number,
they got your number,
they got you stone cold blue.

You got them quick hustler blues
on the chillin side of town.
You got them blue jeans blues,
on the hagar slacks side of town.
Got them fanny pack blues
on the backpack side of town.
You got them dirt bike blues,
on the harley side of town.
They got your number, they gonna get you
they got you stone cold blue.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Stuck on Stupid

I want what I want,
when I want it.
and I'm happy to say,
I want it that way.

Must've lost a li'l shame along the way.
Don't ask me my name, that's okay.
Yes, I want, what I want.
Did I neglect to remind you,
I'll put it in play.

Put down your book, and that dirty look
I want what I want when I want it.
Turn off the phone, there's just one message, daddy's home.
Throw down what I want when I want it.
If you keep talking your smack.
We'll see what we'll see when the sizzle hits the rack.
Your affection could provide me with much that I lack.
Give it all to me now or I'll have an attack.
Hit me up with what I want
or this horse throws a shoe.
I'm stuck on stupid for you.

In this land where most anything goes,
Climb over the fence, soak up some Sun,
it's been years and some months
since I've had this much fun.
light up my specials, won't you, just once.
if you want to keep me stuck on stupid on you.
I trust you'd do me one better
than my last scarlet letter....
Are you my kind of sinner, a whirlwind in bed.
a lady for dinner, enough couldn't be said.
You've bring the circus, I'll bring the bread.
I am stuck on stupid it's true.

I'm huntin for you like a bull snake in the grass.
I've been spinnin in circles,
til, I'm plum outta gas.
Could it be you're the cure,
the holy grail at last? Cuz
Run amok on stupid it's true.
I am stuck on stupid for you.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Sugar Love

I've looked up and down the alley
I have searched for you in school
I have sniffed around them backstreets
drivin truck 'n' eatin gruel.
Can't you see, I'm not the Devil

I ain't hurtin anyone.
Though I can't say why
the love I've taken's
been stolen on the run.
I will search now and forever
even write your name in blood,

I'm out doin what I gotta do,
to find you
Sugar Love
What if love's around the corner
lyin just around the bend.
I'll keep waitin on tomorrow
when today will never end
Could it be you're just a woman/child
givin misery a shove?
I'm still doin what I gotta do
to find you
Sugar Love

I've tried followin your heartbeat
I've been searchin like a fool
I have sniffed around them barrooms
playin cards 'n' shootin pool
If love's only for the lucky
then watch me push and shove
Until that day
this good ole boy
he finds you
Sugar Love

By Vince Johnson and
Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Tell Me The Truth

If you don't want my kind slinkin around.
and push me down to the ground.
delete my sound, hold me back, run me down,
bust my nut til I make no sound.
Leave me cold and broken in the lost and found.
Lay it on me, lay it down. Just tell me the truth.
If you cringe at my sound,
wanna rough me up and
throw me to the ground.
Lay it on me, lay it on down just tell me the truth.
You had me pegged as a mean gene.
But, I'm the bridge of the scene.
I re-invent the machine. I'm the lay of your street,
the up in your beat. I'm the place where you hide
when you feel the heat

Tell me the truth, lay it down.
If you don't want my kind hangin around.
wanna beat my body blue and bloody.
up and down, forward my last known address
is the lost and found.
Then bury my broken bones six feet underground,
Lay it on me lay it down, just tell me your truth Mister

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Tell Me The Truth Mister

Lay it on me, lay it down.
If you don't want my kind hangin round.
Want to leave me cold and worthless, at your auction round.
Bury my charred bones deep underground.
Lay it on me, lay it down. Just tell me the truth Mr.
If you cringe at my sound, wanna rough me up then toss me down.
wanna beat my broken body up and down.
Run me out of town
til my last known address is the lost and found.
Lay my scorched carcass six feet down. Lay it on me, lay it down,
just tell me the truth.

I see you had me pegged as a mean gene, but I'm the bridge of the scene. I reinvent
the machine.
I'm the lay in your street. The up in your beat.
The place where you hide when you feel the heat.

If you can't stomach me lurkin round.
Wanna smack me down and kick me around.
Til I'm worn down, scratched and bleedin in the dog pound.
You wanna bust my nut,
til I make no sound.
Lay it on me, lay it down. Just tell me the truth, Mister.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Tellulah

Tellulah,
why ya playin the fool yah?
what they're learnin yah in school yah.
Tellullah, Bulah Bulah.
Penelope gives you mouth to mouth therapy
But, with Penelope what could you ever be?
Tellulah, don't let the imposters fool yah.
Come take the tour of my school, ya.
Don't come slinkin round here Penny
when I'm movin on in.
I'm the smarter move for her.
you're just a mother hen.
Hallelujah, for Tellulah.
Everybody wants to do ya.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

That Stuff

Gimme some of that stuff right on.
Gimme some of that stuff 'fore I'm dead and gone.
Give me some of that stuff, you bet,
cause, enough of that stuff I never get.
Give me some of that stuff today.
Gimme some of that stuff without delay.
Shoot me some of that stuff every hour.
'Cause with that stuff I got the power.
I said, please, do you deliver,
make me shiver with that stuff.

Cause, my baby and me we never get enough.
At the end of the day
I got nothin to say,
but, give me some of that stuff
gonna help me to remember to forget cha ha ha.

I got a problem, can you relate?
Don't need no fancy ticket to participate
gonna demonstrate with that stuff.

These rings on your fingers, and them perfumed
satin gloves,
ooh the memory lingers of your sweet baby love.
But, don't forget that stuff.
Freaky free stuff, free stuff
Free to be you, free to be me stuff, me stuff.
ABC stuff, One two three stuff.
He she, oui oui stuff.
I said bring a truck load in
of that stuff.
'Cause my baby and me we never get enough.
At the end of the day, I got nothin to say, but, give me some
of that stuff, gonna help me to remember to forget you.
I got another problem, can you relate?
My baby took off with the fish, left me with the stringer and the bait
Now, I want some of that stuff.

My man said, it's just a little rock rock rock.
but he like like likes it a lot lot lot. He don't
play by all the rules, compromise is a game for
fools, He said, please, Mr. please
give me some ah that stuff.
I said, baby now you know we never get enough.
At the end of the day I got nothin to say,
but give me some of that stuff
gonna help 'me' to remember to forget who I am
what I am
where I am.
Slam it home with that stuff. Drive it home with
that stuff, bring a truck load in of that stuff.
Cause, my baby and me we never get enough.

At the end of the we (begot, begot,) nothin to say,
but give us some of that stuff gonna help us to remember to forget.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

That's It And That's All

Is it particularly cruel or unkind
to admit to possessing a larcenous mind
I enjoy the feel
how I do like to steal
I peruse what's in stock
then take what I find
Slashing my sale prices past 90% off
A step and a half ahead of the cops
I admit, not everyone likes or agrees
when I put 'the arm' on you and I squeeze
But I must make a living
Some people like giving
I give you a headache
hold the thank you and please

You demand restitution
you're throwing a fit
I can't help you
my fences have already shipped
If it's not bolted to your floor
or nailed to a wall
rest assured
I'll stop by
to make a house call
Where I'll snatch
and remove it
you'll lose it
I'll move it
forget it
that's it
and that's all

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

The King of Loring Park

Who do you gotta know to get some love round here?
Where do you gotta go?
What do you gotta show to get some peace round here? How do you
gotta flow?
Who do you gotta snow to some get respect round here?
Who do you gotta blow?
When the squeaky wheel don't get no grease, who do you come to for some release?
I don't know, we outta here.

I do what I wanna do. I see what I wanna see.
I be what I wanna be. I free what I wanna free.
Not everything is what it's supposed to be.
I'll be your angel face, cause I knew you were an angel
and I wanna nother taste.
I wanna nother taste.

I knew you were an angel and you wouldn't forget about me.
I knew you were an angel and you'd write a song about me.
I knew you were that special angel who would set me free.
I asked you why you almost live in the park?
You said, your soul can't be marked, though they
try to scare you in the dark
Because your life is their spark.
I said, that may be, but best not play me.
We all want to live unchained,
Praying we aren't just rushing headlong to our demise.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

The Police

I hate the police.
I hate em yes I do.
I hate the police,
try to tell me what to do?
I hate the police
man, don't you hate em too?
'Cause, I can't do what I wanna do, with you
Policeman, when I'm stylin at the mall.
Policeman thrownin me up against a wall.
Policeman, tellin you 'walk a straight line.'
Got my ride on cruise control, 'man, was that a stop sign? '

Policeman, when my girl's fall down drunk.
Policeman, don't be askin bout the contents of my trunk.

I hate the police.
I hate them just like you.
I hate the police.
Tell you what to do?
Mr.Choker, (Kroeker) what a joker.
He done nothin nice to me,
what has the man done on you?
FBI, ATF FCC,
why are all these screws and bulls sweatin you and me?
I hate the police when I'm tryin to score a
piece of yael, they're hot on my trail,
Til I gotta raise bail.
I hate the police when ya call 9/11.
They're all 'sorry girl, your man's goin to jail,
let's get a move on son.'

I hate the police. They're bad entertainment.
They smile all too friendly at my felony arraignment.
Get off my stick Dick Tracy.
Stay away from my freedoms.
Peter Pan law man.
Don't be crashin my parties and smashin my dreams
wreakin havoc wherever they can.

I hate the police when nothin's goin down,
they're right up in it.
When somethin's hot and poppin, it takes em 24 hours,
just to watch 60 minutes.

See, I'm free and 21.
So, don't be tellin me to freeze.
'Cause I'll all out run.
For the Moon, Stars, into the Sun.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

The View At 52

I run my bath water tepid
I'm older, but fairly intrepid
Since I turned 52
what on earth can I do
but, to laugh at it all
Do I entertain you?
Though, not old enough for a rest home
It's been whispered I resemble a garden gnome
My spirit bleeds silly
My veneer is blanched pilly
I'm growing old, what a drag
When I date, I go stag
Young women and old
must think I have mold
I barely get noticed
So, what's the red flag?
I thought about even becoming a fag
But, men too, would then use me
They'd hurt and abuse me
Then, toss me away like some toothless old nag

Once again, I have been reviewing the Tao
It instructs me to dwell
in the 'here' and the 'now'
But, 'now' my skin isn't pink
I smell like a skunk
what a stink
It has travelled like the cancer
to my toilet and sink
A stealthy stench of which
it's a bitch
You don't need a de-coder
to uncover the odor
I'm slowly decaying
I'm dying
I think

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Thumpin

Isn't that thumpin babe, how we got nothin to fear
Isn't that thumpin
how you're my ticket outta here
Isn't that thumpin, babe,
how you lost them feet of clay
Isn't that thumpin
how you rub me this way
Isn't that, isn't that, isn't that, isn't that, thumpin
All I know and vow for true
your kiss to break the seal
I built my whole world right inside of you
cause, you mend my achilles heal
Isn't that thumpin baby, how we blush hot when we kiss.
Isn't that thumpin babe, how we've been beggin for more of this
Isn't that thumpin, how we got nothin to fear.
Isn't that thumpin how I'm your ticket outta here.
Isn't that isn't that isn't that isn't that thumpin, uh huh

Sometimes I feel like running away
where there's nobody else around.
But, when I look into your sparkling pool green eyes,
I gotta scream about the treasure that I found.
Isn't that thumpin baby, how we got nothin to fear
Isn't that thumpin baby how your my ticket outta here.
Isn't that thumpin baby how we lost them feet of clay.
Isn't that thumpin baby how I rub you this way.
Isn't that, isn't that isn't that isn't that
thumpin

Birth Name Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Tide To Turn

Caught that flight from Cincinatti,
on down to Tallahassee,
to soak you up a little bit of Sun.
Now, my minutes feel like hours,
it's been drainin all my powers
waitin on my very special one.
With your dynamite figure, damn girl, really pull my trigger,
you're way way too much fun.
Now you know why, I'm awaitin
I'm waitin on the tide to turn.

I'm waitin and I'm gone. I'm waitin and I'm gone.
I'm waitin and I'm long, long, gone.
Since you up and went away
I count each and every day.
Right here waitin on the tide to turn.

I wanna ride your silver bird
free fallin from blue skies.
Not suckin hard on Rum and Smoke at this do drop gettin by and by.
I'm right here waitin
I'm right here waitin
I'm faithfully awaitin
on your tide to turn.
Now, your plane it is a landin and my heart is barely standin,
That's why I'm waitin on your tide to turn.
Not waitin for on flop, not settin by the river,
I'm right here waitin on the turn...

Gary Bercu
And Vince Johnson

Buddy Bee Anthony

Too High

There's too little I find
in this world to call mine
Mission marked incomplete
memos in triplicate
Crank it up, flip the switch
put 'er there
Lost foot notes in dead files
skip traced to green miles

Word on the street
stinks like yesterday's meat
Chalk it up
to meteor flares

Stamp the tag
jot it down,
sign right there
throw the flag
bait the bears
it's official
nobody cares

I don't want to ever look in your eyes
'n' see a blank stare
Isn't there anybody out there
up there
right there
be there
don't nobody care?

That's why I came back this one last time
to put my best, hexy sexy voodoo hypsy Gypsy
pick-up line on you,
Because you're so fine
bout blow my mind
I can't lie
You're the apple of my eye,
that one time, all night dance,
last chance for romance fell through
another love wouldn't do.
But,
I was just too high
I'm so sorry baby
I just got toasted
triple roasted
about a second ago or two
with Robbie, and Sue
I couldn't even walk or talk or crawl to you.
I still love you,
couldn't quite pull the deal through.
I was just too high
too high

too high
too high
too high...
Now there's so little I find
in this world to call mine...

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Trickle Down

How could Smarty Jones lose the Belmont Stakes
Around the final stretch, looked like dirty money
had the jock put on his brakes

35-1

Birdstone shot down Smarty's Triple Crown
Ronnie Reagan cashed in his last trickle down

Tell me, how's your trick, trick, trickle down trick
tricklin down now
How's your trick, trick, trickle down trick
tricklin down now
How does it taste
How do you feel
eating your greasy home spun trickle down meal
Tell me, how's your trick, trick
trickle down trick,
Tricklin down.
How's your trick, trick
trickle down trick
tricklin down now?

Back in the day
we were livin large
makin money hand over fist
Closin down the bars
pin-stripes
cuff-links
Florsheim Shoes
Fast-track superstars
When HMO's swept through
all we could do was sell used cars
Job prospects became slim and none
for my father and his son
How's your trick, trick
trickle down trick
tricklin down
Tell me
how's your trick
trick
trickle down trick
tricklin down for you now?

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Trouble

don't get me in no trouble
Put me in a hamster bubble
when it's needed on the double
don't need no trouble
no trouble like this

not hangin out here
lookin for trouble
I'll put a stick in your eye
if you're lookin for trouble
It's a filthy damn lie
I'm lookin for trouble

I feel hard put
when I foresee trouble
run a couple yards kick
when I smell trouble
Move forward and stick

When trouble makes its rounds and calls on you
Here is what I suggest you do
walk around it
when trouble comes hard and quick.
hip roll shuck fade out stack a moving pick.
Smooth move em with an old school jail house trick
Lock the devil down.
HEAH
snap crack that whip
ain't buyin nor flyin
no trouble like this

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Unlike You

I don't work like you.
I don't play like you.
I don't talk or stalk my prey like you.
I don't go in for the kill,
seize the day, or chill like you.
I don't smell like you.
I don't pull water from the well like you.
I don't hurt like you,
nip and tuck, then hit the dirt like you.
I don't smoke like you.
I don't go for broke, then choke like you.
Ain't cuttin dirty deals like you.
Not stealin or wolfen down eight course meals like you.
I don't fold em or stay like you
and I don't run or walk away like you.

Chorus:

Whatever I had with you,
it was just a fad with you.
I was forever sad with you.
Marching off to Stalingrad with you.
We were mostly on and off, it's true.
I am so unlike you.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

Wayward Child

You don't know this burnin sadness that I feel
And, you can't see beneath my fragile smile
this hurt I must conceal
I keep settin course
for your promised lands, your promised lands
adrift and rudderless at Sea
But, I can't quite believe
you know what's best
for a wayward child like me

You sheltered me
when I doubted this world
held anything but sorrow
My slate you cleansed clean
of done wrong yesterdays
so I might face tomorrow

I bear witness to the sweetest love
you tried to give to the likes of me
adrift and rudderless at Sea
But, I still can't quite believe
you know what's best
for a wayward child
a wayward child
a wayward child
like you and me

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

White To Black Black To White

Daylight to sundown
lights go on
lights turn out
Neon slips to shadow
this is not my town

Thoughts of mine
turn inside out
as everything fades
white to black
black to white

It's all so retro
A blast in from the past
Us against them, right and wrong
too easily assessed

It's mighty, mighty grim
when all I see is a bright red hot rim
Can't you see that bright red hot rim

Yet, all they see is
white to black
black to white

Newsman's dashin
stocks are crashin
words spill on and off the print

Flashbulbs flashin
all the fashion
but nobody seems to take the hint

It's They and Their lives
as everything fades
white to black
black to white

Then it begins again
In the starlight
white to black
black to white
When will it end
There must be more shades of truth to blend
than white to black
black to white
daylight to sundown
lights turn on
lights go out

Collaborative effort of Gary Bercu

and Melissa A. Howells

Buddy Bee Anthony

Wild Rice Soak

There's pizza delivery, Indian Cuisine, Tex-Mex, Chinese, MacDonalds, Dairy Queen.
Why can't more of you boil some tators, with some corned beef alligators, kick back
and have a toke
I feel grand to eat and drink at home where I can screw and smoke.
Set my beef on simmer and let my wild rice soak.
Don't want no pita plates, Sushi, southern fried chicken wings.
Won't be the last man standing at the buffet onion rings.
I'd love to teach the world to eat in perfect harmony.
If you cooked yourself and me a meal, that would be fine by me.

The only one with home cuisine is your trusty watch dog Jo.
With his chewy train of gravy,
dog biscuits, and Alpo.
Wouldn't it be worth an extra effort to make your cooking great.
You could tell me how you made it
when you put it on my plate.
Penny wise, restaurant foolish.
Smoke good tobacco and sip imported Gin.
Let them tax us straight to hell, strut your stuff,
and play to win.
Dance, the dance of lovers with
a most kissable, Kiss Me Kate.
Put a fat notch on your scorecard before the hour gets too late.
Then, grab up your serving dish
flip yourself a yolk.
Put your meat on low, that's simmer son
and let your wild rice soak.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony