

## Poetry Series

# Buddy Bee Anthony

- 85 poems -

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### **Buddy Bee Anthony (1-7-58)**

'Mystical Thoughts' by Buddy Bee Anthony

I enjoy word construction. I am, if we must label me,  
a construction worder. I am also open for reconstruction, which is every  
artists duty to not only report on the world around us, but to restructure, or  
reconstruct that world and not blindly adhere to it.  
Adding one's own personal stamp, or mark, to the soup du jour.  
Since I used the soup analogy, surely you're aware there lies an exception to  
every rule.  
Be that exception.

## **A Lot Like You**

got no money  
no way home  
nobody cares and I'm all alone  
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  
Hell knows I'm alot like you  
I keep my eyes wide open  
so I won't get fooled  
I'm listenin up  
and gettin on over myself  
cause I know  
you know  
we know  
I'm alot like you

Everybody wants iced pink Champagne  
To Dirty dance in your warm spring rain  
Beluga caviar  
Ya'll wanna party down hearty like a Superstar  
and you're screamin  
thank you  
thank you  
thank you  
for the favor.

might like the flavor  
something to savor  
with your party favors  
on up elevators  
with 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 the favor...  
Yeah...

And you got no money  
no way home  
nobody cares and you're on your own  
I'm alot like you  
don't you know  
I'm alot like you

And you got nobody  
no set plans  
left waitin on no promised lands  
I'm alot like you  
Hell knows  
I'm alot like you  
You keep your eyes wide open  
so you don't get fooled  
listen up  
'n' get over yourself  
Cause I know  
you know  
we know  
I'm alot like you.  
I'm alive, I'm alive, you're a live  
lie too.  
That must be how I got hooked up  
and in with a lot  
with a dirty little lot like you.  
and thank you  
thank you  
thank you  
for your favor.

G. Buddy Bercu  
AKA  
Buddy Bee Anthony  
  
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 a rad day  
She's sailin way past level one and two  
When Addie gets a bad day  
a shwag 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  
is cryin out boo hoo  
When Addie, get's a bad day sad day  
push out the way  
here comes Addie  
painted with with the blood of a fool

Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Ask

Ask your shrink  
about your diagnosis  
Ask your sponsor  
about your drug of choice  
Ask your parents  
what were they thinkin  
when they Judeo/Christened you Jude  
Rachel Jordan, Noah, 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 not 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 transcript  
Ask medical clinics  
why don't have more interesting 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 you don't feel socially secure.  
Ask your creditors  
about your credit history  
Ask your prospective employer  
about your urine sample  
Ask lawmakers  
why death-row inmates are forbidden to smoke cigarettes.  
Ask your life insurance company  
when you are statistically, most likely to die  
Ask most churches  
why only one spouse per customer

Ask your State Representatives  
why they don't simply legalize everything  
Ask again in the morning  
when it's good for the asking

Gary Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **B As In Bad**

Goin to come at you  
like a long lost cousin or lover  
Bring out the best or 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  
He 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  
B as In Bad.  
What chu gonna do  
when the deck is stacked,  
Got all the cards you lack

Buddy Blues  
got holes in the 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

Stuck you for about a yard with your credit card  
Took you real good  
in the hood  
No escape  
he stole Superman's cape  
like you knew he would  
Cause he's bad  
Mr. B to you.  
B as in Bad

He'll 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  
cryin  
shiverin  
sayin, 'man, that ain't fair'  
he say 'take it easy baby  
got a deal for you on your long gone underwear'

He go bang bang mee meep to you  
Mr, 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.  
Cause he's bad, she's bad, they're bad,  
everybody bad.  
Now you're bad too.  
learned from the best, passed all the tests,  
What can we do when your bad self  
drives your spike all the way through.  
Mr. B As In Bad.

unkept, unclean like a grizzly bear in a cave  
rather be livin in mortal sin  
than dyin as your slave  
Not no bird  
don't peck at crumbs  
Gonna take what can be gotten from you  
long before it comes

Hats off three cheers Hot damned  
for the flim flam man with a knack  
full frontal attack  
momma was whack  
not cuttin you no slack  
gots your goodies behind his back

Bang Bang  
Bee Beep to you  
you too.  
you know who.  
Mr. B as In Bad.

Buddy Bee Anthony

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  
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  
one bird song casts wishes to the skies  
One bird song tell a real, good, true, story  
I can feel and 'bout hear it  
just by looking in their eyes

One bird song  
lookin for the Ocean  
One bird song searchin for the Sea  
One bird song is poetry in motion  
One bird song sings sweetly back to me

And 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

One bird song singin for their supper  
One bird song makes sweet love to the land  
One bird song's day trippin on a storm cloud  
To flood cleanse cool new watercolors on the sand

One bird song  
Is reachin round the Ocean  
One bird song sails the Seven Seas  
One bird song's caught up in an emotion  
And One bird song  
Waits patiently for me

By Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **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

A Collaborative effort of G. Buddy Bercu

and Melissa A. Howells

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 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  
looky looky hook up  
She got me all shooky shooky shook up  
She's one hot cookie cookie cook up  
Crackhead hooker  
cookie, looky hookup.

She'll take you for the short ride  
Burn up all your money  
run off with your pride  
Rip all reason from your mind  
She's a wizard,  
at robbin 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  
ripe and tight  
low ridin the pipe  
Paradise lost  
lust for sale  
at half the cost  
Crackhead hooker.

Buddy Bee Anthony

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  
Cause, without that drink, I cannot run and hide  
It helps me shoo away them feet of clay  
When them massive shit storms hit  
and those 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  
Labelled Lady Blue  
To sober up would 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 would drink and drink 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 drink and a dream

it's on me...

Gary Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

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 Estella  
Estella Rosa Annabella Margarito

All in with every card  
a cooler engine couldn't rev as hard  
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 just Estella

Hot to trot through a pauper's mile  
She'd be flat broke if not for style  
She'll make or break you with her smile  
Estella Rosa

She might take you anywhere  
With elegance to spare  
Then be off without a care  
darling Estella

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

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

(Chorus)

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

Gary Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Family Tree

I got a brother named Thunder  
another named Lightenin  
my sister's named Wind and I'm Rain  
Goin' 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  
bringin 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  
But, don't blame it on, blame it on me babe  
you can blame it on the family tree

Now, when troubles start 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  
here come mother  
better run for cover  
but, don't blame it on blame it on me babe  
you can blame it on the family tree

I'm not the one  
I'm number nines 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  
the family tree

Gary Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Firefly

You don't 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 peace 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 inside information  
I would truly 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

Buddy Bee Anthony

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  
I don't care quite how you work me  
just give me your best piece  
of work

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

Gary Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **Gypsy Queen**

You are the bridge in my scene  
Shake rattlesnake mean  
Gypsy Queen Rose Annalise  
I won't question your kills  
or who pays your bills  
Gypsy Queen Rose Annalise

You're the up in my beat  
can't help but feel your heat  
For your blazing hot kisses  
I'll boldly compete.  
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 ever guess 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  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Hard Drivin Man

In Hay fields and open waters  
Clearin brush or workin land  
He tends sheep atop highest 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  
and the heartache's never over  
for this hard driving 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, everybody cries  
That's the word  
what haven't you heard?

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Hawthorne Man

Such an angry young man  
shufflin down the street.  
Flat nothin to say to everyone he meet.  
Folk try helping 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 toss it in the street.  
How'd he get to be that way?  
Won't somebody please,  
put a hit out on 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 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

Doesn't she know 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

Is she aware how 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  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

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  
Folding cards or pickin em up to play

Misters been mistressin  
everyone is whisperin  
how the rich rout bold knights  
by seizing their days

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

Now, when I look high in the sky  
no good 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 Children

Children, what good are they?

They get to eat for free at restaurants or eat the price of their weight. I don't get those options, and neither should they. They never pick up the check. Children don't have to work for a living, and many are allowed to ride the bus without paying a fare. Children don't come at you one at a time, but often come in hoards. A single child hardly ever gets on a bus. Instead, they invade our space like storm troopers, in bunches, like milk-dud fun packs of 30. Children are so unreal, they don't even have permanent teeth. And, what is this nonsense about being rewarded for losing a tooth for biting on peanut brittle or jaw breakers? They've co-opted Halloween, a holiday originating with the Druids to honor the dead with regard to the spirit world. Children haven't earned a holiday in their honor so they've stolen one.

Children are noisy. They screech and howl like monkeys. At least a monkey climbs trees so you don't have to walk amongst them. Plus, children stink like stale candy and barbeque sauce. And, that's the ones who smell tolerable.

I especially hate those special children who wear designer clothes, Nike shoes, and Hathaway button down shirts. Nothing is more pathetic than a four year old in a three piece suit. Smile for the camera Skippy, , , Yikes. Stop dressing kids like adults. Don't dress them for success because it's a lie and everyone knows it.. Is it any wonder these children get bullied by other kids?

Children haven't achieved anything other than being born and annoying strangers. Standard issue kids clothes should be tee-shirts blue jeans and Keds, period.

Children are always giggling and talking endlessly about nothing. Hoping, somebody might notice how cute, or insightful their comments are. But, we don't feel that way because they aren't that cute, nor wise beyond their years. Most are crumb crunching novices. Ridiculous little tragedians who haven't yet lost a job, gotten their heart broken by a lover, balanced a check book, paid any taxes, or driven a car. So, they know very little and they need to button it and do more listening.

They say children should be seen but not heard, but

I don't want to even see children. Put them on barges or island compounds where they can sneeze and cough in each other's faces and giggle mindlessly to their hearts delight at all that is funny only to them.

Life is often cruel and unforgiving.

Why do children get a free pass? Oh, I see, because we wouldn't want to upset, or offend the poor children. It might hamper or harm their social development by exposing them to things like sex, drugs, violence and such. If you want them to be shielded from and not exposed to real life issues, then isolate them somewhere away from the general population so those of us who exist in the adult world don't need to adjust our behaviors to their delicate sensoriums.

Adults shouldn't have to modify behavior patterns to suit kids.

If anything, it should be the other way around.

So the next time some twenty something with a big smile walks up to you on the street and asks you to save the children. You might want to say back to them, 'why would I want to do that?

I hate children. Let them grow up and take care of me. '

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **I Just Don't Care**

What can I say, I just don't care.  
Your brand new puppy was eaten by a bear.  
You want to point a finger,  
let me give you a hand.  
I just sing in a 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,  
threw you in prison.  
Drank 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 want a problem, better bring the whole hand  
or sing loud and proud in  
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 your 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 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 til the end of time

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  
first day til your Sun don't shine  
So glad I'm yours, you're mine.  
I was lovin you from a distance.

I was lovin you before you had a radio.  
And I was lovin you first day of school when your mamma  
said it's time to go  
and I was lovin you when you fell below the bottom rung  
and I was lovin you when your first favorite song was cut  
and it was sung.

I was lovin you  
lovin, lovin you  
on your first day til the end of our road.  
So glad I'm yours you're mine  
I was lovin you the till the end of the line and  
where the Sun don't shine.  
I was lovin  
babe, that's right from the first day  
to the end of time

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **I wish**

I wish I could put out your fires  
with my gentle rain.  
I wish your streaks of lightening  
wouldn't start those fires again.  
I wish I could be young and strong enough  
to come and rescue you from pain.  
I wish I'd done everything for you  
that I didn't do.  
Amen.

I wish that I could dance all day  
and fritter precious time away.  
I'd forget to mow the grass,  
be master of my domain.  
If only I could put your fires out  
with my gentle rain.  
I wish I'd done everything for you,  
that I didn't do.  
Amen.

I wish each horse I'd bet would  
win, place or show.  
Anyone who's anyone I would surely know.  
If I owned the world for just an hour,  
I'd spin it just for you.  
Only blue skies in your brown eyes,  
I dream this dream comes true.

A princess and her troubadour.  
A duchess with her steed.  
If I could own the world just once,  
I'd spin it toward your every need.  
A dugout made of bone and fairy dust  
where fondest dreams come true,  
I wish it all for no one else-  
I wish it all for you.

To glimpse the moonlight in your eyes  
Sip pink champagne at sunrise-  
this is my most solemn prayer.  
I'm searching for you everywhere.  
I wish to be young again and  
make a life with you.  
I'd lift the burden from  
a stone cold heart,  
to make your dreams come true.

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  
The local authorities they'd haul you away  
Leaving the county coroner  
on the hook for your cremation  
Bequeathed to drop off your ashes at local train station  
Forthwith flagged Fed-Ex 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  
And who'd really be there  
or drinking it off somewhere  
crying cool crocodile tears  
If you died today  
not in 85 years

By G. Buddy Bercu  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **I'm Glad my Mom Can't See Me**

I once was a young man  
whose 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.  
I fetch 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 suicide bridge route.  
Maybe then I could get some much needed 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 ordered 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 peace and some heat.  
and my heart is abandon.  
I sleep where I'm standin  
I'm glad my mom can't see me.

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  
&  
Gary Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## In

She said come on in brother,  
it's colder than sin  
make yourself cozy, do 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,  
and don't hesitate to come in.'  
Now, I'm smackin it hackin it  
cold hard jackin it, runnin with the crowd that's in  
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,  
ain't I good enough for you  
I'm good enough to be  
playin my blues, payin my dues,  
daddy, wish you could be here now to see  
me livin and a dyin free  
as a grown man from long ago.  
into spring and heading for summer  
I'm a magic man, a real hummer.  
I'm 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 no more daddy  
makes me feel sad.  
Daddy, I'm a grown man.  
my moves and grooves are doin me proud  
with the holiday bunch and the dinner crowd.  
I wish you could be here now to see  
how I roll  
as a grown man from long ago...

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **In The City**

Slam bam squeaky jam  
Ram glam about a gram  
Police ma'am shammy scam  
Make a livin to be dyin in the city  
shimmy sham  
hand to hand  
sticky flam  
Sugarcam in Euberland  
Make a livin to be dyin  
what a pity  
down to the nitty  
not lookin all so pretty  
Ain't a livin to be dyin in this  
cold hard, four flush City

you're out flyin blind  
two steps behind  
no peace of mind  
in a bind  
stuck on rewind  
with a calling card  
it ain't nothing but a glass shard,  
City.  
Stan the man, slam bam thank you ma'am  
on the lam  
hop or stand  
Ain't a livin to be dyin in this

Gut shot,  
what sup  
blown up  
Great Scott City

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **It's Everywhere**

Free style walkin shoes make bare feet obsolete.  
latchkey kids dumpster divin to eat  
Cop on their beat turns the heat up on the street.  
A prison cell awaits you if you steal that treat  
It's everywhere, it's everywhere  
Destitution is an institution  
The verdict came in for the prosecution  
No stay of execution  
It's everywhere  
It's everywhere  
Take a look around you it's everywhere

Mom's begs with her kids  
works their regular beat  
One eye remains open  
there'll be no sleep  
Wrapped in torn blankets on down n out street  
Tonights weather forecast  
Nobody cares  
Take a look around you  
it's everywhere

Super groupers sell us this seasons hair.  
Their tickets got punched by plastic millionaires  
Peace is on the far horizon.  
Tonight's bloody moon is risin.  
Bone-deep in for the kill.  
Can you feel the chill  
It's everywhere

Hit the ground  
smell the sound  
Shylock will be by  
to collect his fleshy pound  
Mcfancy jobs are waiting for you  
They'll work your salt silly til your lips turn blue  
Scat Master orders you 'get down on your knees'  
What's his ain't yours still you're beggin please  
Makes you shout to the devil one aberrant prayer.  
Take a look around you  
it's everywhere

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **King David's Gold**

King David's gold 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's gold 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 out

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Last Call

All my heroes are now 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 onto mountain tops.  
Since Without you, there's nothin for me.  
With you gone, I've almost got 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 out 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,  
no, nothing at all.

Gary Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

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 on run through the nights  
run through these hazy days  
Scuttle sometimes  
as rats through this maze  
never bested  
How you've been tested  
contested  
arrested  
not bested  
I got eyes I can see.

Take a bow to your legend  
an impossible dynasty  
Take a bow to your legend  
an unstoppable destiny  
Take a bow to your legend  
an unshakable legacy  
wherever you are now  
whoever you might be  
Take a bow to your legend  
Have another bow it's free

With the heart of the bear  
eye of a hawk  
nose of the hound  
wide 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  
Whereever you are now  
whatever you might see  
take a bow to your legend

take a 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  
Cuz It's a pitiful epitome  
of what our dynasty  
our legacy  
our destiny  
our testimony  
our delicacy  
our pageantry could be

Take a bow to your legend  
love's legend  
An unshakable history

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 majesty  
Take a bow  
have another a bow and you'll see  
you're almost like a legend  
love's legend to me

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, his name they said 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,  
for him to 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 down.  
Don't you know,  
he's charmed a farmer's wife  
keeps him stocked in fresh catch  
and boiled chickens.  
There and thus I 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 to 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 that Man Up Above.  
Midnight comes callin  
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 would sadden me greatly  
like bridesmaids or daisies  
if you told me you loved me not  
I won't get my fill  
I have 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 at moonlight  
You are what still gets me  
through these cold lonely nights  
most beautiful one of them all

Gary Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Mr. Blackball

Ain't a movie and it's not a joke  
Your account's been frozen,  
and 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 payin  
a little 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 juked 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

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

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 breezy  
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, baby  
I need it to breathe.  
break it down for me easy baby  
Give me your very best piece  
cuz, I need it bad  
Iron clad  
just been had  
fat gold money's mad  
froze your ass in Stalingrad  
schwag fell out your zig-bag  
that's why I'm still here  
it's dangerously clear

Have you ever tried runnin away or committin suicide?  
your puzzle pieces couldn't all be scattered around here?  
You smoke your stuff, til you're dim and cross-eyed  
Over the moon  
puke drunk on cheap Everclear.  
Is that what you hold sacred? Does it kick you in gear?  
When you need it bad  
Keep a porch light on all night  
til you get it right, itchy twitchin for a fight  
"cause you need it bad  
Isn't that why we're 'all' still hangin 'round 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 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.  
We've come a long way 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  
AKA  
Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## No More

Everything good has been taken  
All the cool in school's long gone  
Instead of rum n coke at a co-ed mixer  
I get iced milk on a soggy cone.

Everyone's after the same dollar  
Wherever I've called my home  
It used to be fun to meet and greet new people  
Now I get hollered at when sayin hello

I've buried my face bone deep in a book.  
I've casted off and away in an abandoned nook.  
I've looked all over hell for a magic potion.  
When my fifth wheel gets spinnin  
and my feet are in motion

I can't take anymore.  
I can't take anymore  
All of the blood, the guts and the gore.  
I'm makin fool plans to even the score.  
I just can't take it no more

Ticker takers hauled away all the good stuff  
They'll sell you a ticker but you won't get enough  
Traded away my paper dollars no silver or gold  
To buy a pup tent by the railroad

I can't take it no more  
I can't take it no more  
Bats on my ceiling  
rats at my door.  
Sometimes I feel like a two dollar whore  
I just can't take it no more

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 onto 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 these guns  
my sleeping bag bed and last call  
I'd have nothin no nothin at all.

I once thought your love, it was nothin,  
but, I now yearn 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, need I say it once more  
Since you've been gone I almost have nothin  
since, you up 'n' left me 'n' all  
If it weren't for these guns  
my sleeping bag bed  
and one last curtain call  
I'd have nothin  
flat 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 take these chains off of me  
I asked you why you live in Forest park?  
you said, with the light of their spark  
your soul can't be marked  
nor are you scared you in the dark

Don't you know where to go  
to get some peace around here  
I don't know  
we outta here

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Party Step

First, let's get somethin straight.  
or are we gettin started?  
let's get somethin straight,  
Then we can roll.  
I want to first get  
somethin straight.  
so, you're not all brokenhearted.  
Let's get something straight.  
This is the main event not a show?  
First, can we get something straight.  
Bet your bacon,  
I'm just gettin started?  
let's get something straight.  
or let it go.  
So, if you're straight,  
I got somethin straight  
up  
to get this party started.  
let's get something straight  
then we can shake  
our party step on home.

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 do but say  
go cat go

When you ate all of my pesto  
You just couldn't resist the pesto  
You scarfed it down alfresco  
Then slept awhile  
I 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,  
it could've been you  
Like a poster child  
poster child of funk

I know how your waters flow  
pump pump  
Your ole man by the river told me so  
said, just give you a kiss like this  
then go  
with the heavy heavy ho.

Noddin off the way you do, pump pump  
sometimes you get a junkie's flu  
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 fall down like the rain  
You blow just like the wind  
but you hit me like a train

So get off line  
get real  
don't want your tired old shpiel  
Come downtown to these 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

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

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

You can be my auxiliary  
I can be your main.  
telephone lines be crossin baby,  
bout drives me insane  
Now, get off line, get real  
don't want your tired old shpiel.  
Take it down to these streets  
talk to everyone you meet  
and show me your best piece of work.  
let me tell you why.  
Cause, you don't want to be  
a poster child of junk,  
that's why  
Pumpity punk.

Gary Bercu  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **Prince.(Philip Rob)**

There once was a man named Phil  
He'd walk straight out your store without paying the bill  
His nickname was Rob  
He was a one-man mob  
Word on the street  
he was a thief of high repute  
make no bones about it  
He'd pillage your loot  
He stole fast funny cars  
He took from musicians their gold-cased guitars  
He snuck 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 flat broke and another police call  
But at the scene of the 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  
Pussy in hell  
If they put the juice to me and fry  
pussy in hell  
I got no final statement  
pussy in hell  
No pre-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 a  
this needy old fool  
Messed up in the head  
Pussy In Hell

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

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 darker  
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 turbulent waters  
Around your grand citadel  
Sprung my Tower Of London  
No pussy in hell

Gary Bercu  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

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 frightfully clear  
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 war flags around here.

Raven

Don't go engravin dull colors of your framin  
of our red, our white or our blue  
It shames us to see the dirty tricks that you do  
it is all too patently 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

who are you savin with points you've been shavin  
the lives you have taken the ground you have shaken  
No haven is save from blind hatred we fear  
Since Ravens been wavin war flags around here  
So Raven stop wavin bloody war flags around here

Buddy Bee Anthony

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 then 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.  
Get suspended, won't have to skip no school.  
Goin uptown with some downtown girls.  
Let'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, then hit the open road.  
Folks tell us 'straighten up, you better fly right.'  
Ride red lightening, 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, we'll howl at the moon.  
Goin downtown on some uptown girls,  
That's Rock n Roll.

G. Buddy Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

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 music that shook you  
snuck up 'n' took you  
so hard  
so very hard

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Rock N' Roll Star Of Texas

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,  
done lost your safety net,  
You must be  
in Texas.

My daddy said they got big ole signs on the highway,  
says don't you mess with Texas.  
My momma she said to me,  
if you wanna be  
a big time 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 your telephone ring.  
When you want it  
and you need it  
and you're breakin all the rules  
to get where you wanna get  
when you're winnin but you're not there yet  
done lost your safety net,  
you might be  
a rock n roll star  
A rock n roll star  
a rock n roll star  
of Texas

Walked away from played out fun.  
Bent low as the bullets flew over my head  
The clean up crew is on double time run  
hauling away all the dying and the dead.

Keepin Amarillo on my mind until the preacher  
lowers me in a dirt filled dug down ditch.  
At my eulogy you can say about me  
How I was a dirty, rotten, lyin, cheatin  
son of a bitch.  
Run, take a side, either side, you decide.  
But all I know is this.  
This State ain't big enough for the both of us  
my backside's yours to kiss.

My baby wants to be  
a rock, rock, rocket  
eight ball in that other side pocket  
she wants to slip inside  
she can't abide,  
here comes her rock n roll heart 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'll make you sweat the sheets at night

And she's the girl who's soul could fill up all the oceans  
She's the girl been 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  
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 one time.  
I'd send her me  
with a pink card and 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  
she is the girl  
and she's comin on back,  
workin her way  
back,  
slinkin on back to me

oh boy, Mocha Joy  
Joy dancer'  
Joy don't say  
she's comin back home to me

Melissa Howells  
& 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

turn one last trick  
lickety split  
roll out a pick with the music  
I am all the way sick  
with the music

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

Gary Bercu  
AKA  
Buddy Bee Anthony

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

## Song and Dance Man

You were built for speed.  
With hot lovin to make a grown man cream  
Why are you in the weeds with the boys,  
when you could have me to enjoy.  
Why wouldn't I be  
the apple of your eye. When your boy toy gives out, when his dream falls through  
I won't lean on you.  
I won't dream for you,  
I won't cry if I'm not your forever dream come true  
So if your special one ever hurts or deserts you,  
When you lose your special sparkle in your eyes  
I could hold you til the pain is gone.  
End cold, lonely nights.  
Because you got the quiver to make me shiver  
and you make me feel alright.

I won't show up with roses  
take you for fancy dinners or buy you diamond rings.  
I am your latest talking out of school thing.  
What I can offer you money can't buy.  
When your day starts getting dark  
try this fool on for spark.  
Let me shine a sunburst of light.

A who's that guy, second glance man,  
Your cuttin in, strong chance man,  
That feelin right so wrong man,  
Will there be anything else you want ma'am  
Putting you to bed just right.

I'm your man that can,  
and I'm right on time.  
I'm just your song and dance man  
tonight.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

## **Soul Train (prelude)**

Please don't sell me Soul Train,  
your express has stopped runnin

Please don't sell me Soul Train  
how it used to come near right on time

Please don't sell me Soul Train  
how you're all out funnin and a sunnin

and, please don't say to me  
I'm what you seek but cannot find

Cause, I'm your Soul Train  
Let me show you my Sleepin car

I'm your so-oul train  
Best believe you've never been this far

I'm your so old soul train  
Steamin up and down your track  
I'm your soul train, baby  
let me show you somethin  
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,  
how you changed salty water into wine.  
Please, don't sell me Soul Train,  
how you're pinin for another.  
Cause, I love how your woogie boogie's baby,  
sendin them shivers up and down my spine.  
Shakah, shakah,  
soul train, sha bong, sha bong,  
sha bang, sha bang, sha bang.  
Soul train, shakah shakah soul

Gary Bercu  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Sounds Of Sire

If someday I was declared your king  
and not a scourge  
I'd first decree the Pope a girl  
then maybe take the cure  
Would it not be nice to call the Pontiff  
'L'Il 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 public zoos  
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'd be nothing out of the usual 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 indeed corrupt  
Please don't hesitate to tell me all about it  
Judas Krupps  
As for now  
I'll 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 Organic Russet Potato  
began sprouting roots at the bottom  
of a plastic bag of store bought  
potatoes on my kitchen counter.  
Sprout, who was the runt of the litter,  
looked was at the bottom of the bag amongst  
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

## **Squishy Squashy Squish**

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 it's workin for you, it might work for me.  
Take me up to where the Eagles see.  
Give me the bosses' daughter's discount,  
no charge, gratus, 'free'

Then, take me to the big show, big show.  
Where the too funny, sweet as honey, cash money people go.  
take me now, let's roll  
Don't you wanna go  
to the big show,  
big show  
Not the little people show,  
where the unfunny, no money, mouth runny people go.  
When my crock pot boils over  
and your cooking oil smells like fish  
It's time for treats.  
your patented squishy squashy kiss  
It's quite delish.  
fast break into your side entrance  
squishy squashy squish.

Buddy Bee Anthony

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  
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 the baseball cap side of town  
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've got your number  
they're gonna get you  
they got you stone cold blue

You got them button down shirt blues  
on the tee shirt side of town  
You got them windbreaker blues  
on the starter jacket 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 you stone cold blue

You got them fast hustle blues  
on the chill 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 scoot around blues  
on the chopper side of town  
they gonna get you  
they got your number  
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 yesterday.

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

Put down the book, and your dirty look  
I want what I want when I want it.  
Turn off the phone daddy's home.  
Give me what I want when I want it.  
If you keep talking your smack.  
We'll see what we'll see  
when my sizzle hits the rack.  
Your affection could provide me with much that I lack.  
Give in, give it up, or I'll have an attack.  
and this war 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'll be years and some months  
since we'll have so much fun.  
light up my specials, spark it up 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 bring the circus, I'll bring the bread.  
you're the color of cupid,  
it looks good on you.

I'm huntin you down 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?  
fresh as the morning dew.  
I feel brand new.  
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 just 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 that 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 at the dog pound  
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  
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  
to 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

## **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 tickets 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.  
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.  
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 day, I begot, begot nothin to say,  
but give me some of that stuff  
gonna help me to remember to forget.

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

## That's How It Is To Grow Old

My face has more wrinkles than Johnny Unitas.  
My body is war-torn from osteo-arthritis.  
No longer multi-orgasmic,  
when I'm aroused,  
it's far from fantastic.  
Women seem colder.  
My whole 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 up over 50 plus tax.  
In a pinch, there's little to flaunt  
I get senior discounts but that's not what I want.  
My hair has grown thick in my ears and my toes.  
Phlegm flows freely from out of my nose  
I snore when I wheeze  
Doc, more painkillers please  
That's how it is to grow old

If I were younger there'd be a bounce to my step.  
I'd break dance to parties  
be nobody's shlep.  
All bow ties with ribbons,  
your number one rep.  
If I could grow young and not old.

I'd take a brisk walk  
I'd go long I'd be stoked.  
You wouldn't say hey, old man,  
where are you going?  
I wouldn't be found in a hospital gown.  
sporting butt cheeks of cheese that'd be showing.

Lord, with your mercy,  
bring me back home  
So I may mercifully avoid the Hells  
of blast whistles, alarms, and mind numbing bells,  
the incessant crying, sneezing and groaning.  
The telephone's ringing  
the charge nurse is singing  
while none of my family's showing.

Down or up soon my soul will be flying.  
I know about death,  
my colleagues are dying.  
Still this world keeps on turning  
while my stomach is churning...  
Am I some unholy relic who's terminally unique?  
What of the youth with fake smiles,  
trudging through road weary miles.

I've often stay silent.  
When I should speak

Now that I'm older, and paying less taxes  
Compound my principal with interest  
if it'll awaken the masses

With tap dancing moves still in my step  
My time isn't over, I still have some pep  
I'm a groovy old shrew  
with a surprise left or two  
So consider giving me half a chance  
My only dilemma are delusions of grandeur  
and my delusions keep shitting their pants  
I'm not quite dead yet  
Nor am I ready to fold  
That's how it is to grow old.

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

G. Buddy Bercu  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## The Police

I hate the police.  
I hate em yes I do.  
I hate the police,  
try and tell me what to do?  
I hate the police  
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 you up against a wall.  
Policeman  
tellin you 'walk a straight line.'  
Got my ride on cruise control  
'man, was that a stop sign? '  
I hate the Police when you're tryin to snag a piece of yael.  
Now they're hot on my trail  
and I gotta raise bail.

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

FBI, ATF FCC,  
why are all these screws and bulls sweatin you and me?  
Mr Kroeker, what a joker he's done nothin nice to me  
what's he done for you

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.  
Smiling 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 you 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'm gonna run.  
Toward the Moon, Stars, and Sun.

Buddy Bercu

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## The State I'm In

I saw you there a headin up the rank 'n' file  
I hope I'll be seein you round for a while  
Sweet 'n' sassy better than all the rest  
You didn't have to study when you passed the tests  
The way you move and shake it  
is a cryin shame  
can't think about my woman  
and you're to blame  
God's a perfect saint  
to make somethin like you  
Your hot sweet lovin ways  
are for the proud and few

Gettin gettin ready  
gettin ready to get  
Don't be messin with the state I'm in  
Uh huh  
Gettin gettin ready  
gettin ready to get  
don't be messin with the State I'm in

Your more than what it takes  
to make me stop and stare  
Gettin gettin ready  
gettin ready to get  
I like the way you stink the way you part your hair

Gettin gettin ready  
gettin ready to get

You move them hips in ways  
that tell me you got class

Gettin gettin ready  
gettin ready to get

I love the way you told that punk to kiss your ass

Rooty toot toot that booty for me.  
Come to sugar papa, we can swing from a tree.  
You're the rooty tootiest beauty I ever did see.  
Rooty toot toot that booty for me one time come on over here  
and shake it.

Buddy Bee Anthony

## The View At 62

I run my bath water tepid  
I'm older but fairly intrepid  
Since I've turned 62  
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've even thought about renting a rut stag  
But men too would use me  
they'd hurt and abuse me then toss me away like some  
toothless old nag

Once again I've 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  
Like the cancer it has travelled 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...

Buddy Bee Anthony

## The Work Song

I hate to work  
I don't want your job  
Not gonna play your 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 without your 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 hum no happy tunes  
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  
that's why uh huh.,  
I hate to work

If it's not for free  
it's not for me  
and you can keep your dirty money  
can't you see?  
Computer down, computer up race car folk rushin up and down  
with the red flag.  
coffee colder in your cup,  
man, what a drag.  
I hate to work, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,  
Saturday, ooh, here comes another long sweet seven day holiday.  
Chorus

Won't see me fillin out any applications  
Won't be now leafin through no 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  
I don't want no job.  
Rather be sitting by the swimmin pool  
drinkin something sweet with just me and you  
Not gonna cut my hair, cuz I'm strickly was and wear.  
That's why Uh huh, I hate to work.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,  
Here comes another long seven day holiday.

Six of one, half dozen of the other.  
I don't need no bossy lady tellin me what to do.  
I already got me a mother.  
I hate to work too hard for that money Sonny.

You won't see me pushin  
no wet greasy mop buckets  
Sorry bossman about  
that job  
I'm going to take a pass  
and chuck it  
I can't wait forever for your blue chip preferred stock  
Not killin my time on your silly time clock  
I hate to work yeah,  
when you are late, don't hesitate to take another day off from  
work,  
because  
I hate to work,  
I hate to work,  
gonna shout about it  
gonna talk about it  
gonna tell you now now, uh huh.

Where's that money,  
where's that good to go stuff now honey.

Buddy Bee Anthony

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're beggin for more of this  
Isn't that thumpin baby  
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 just gotta scream about the treasures that I've found.  
Isn't that thumpin baby, how we got nothin to fear  
Isn't that thumpin baby how I'm your 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

Buddy Bee Anthony

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 honey bun.  
I'm right her waitin,  
I'm patiently awaitin,  
I'm faithfully here waitin on your tide to turn.

since you up and went away, I count each and every day.  
Right here waitin for your tide to turn.

With your dynamite figure, damn girl, really pull that trigger.  
I'm right here waitin on that 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....

I wanna ride your silver birds  
free fallin from your skies.  
Not suckin hard on Rum and Smoke  
at this do drop gettin by and by.  
That's why I'm waitin.  
I'm faithfully awaitin,  
I'm waitin on that tide to turn.  
since your plane it is a landin  
my heart is barely standin  
I've here waitin on the tide to turn.  
I'm not waitin at no flop.  
not settin by the river  
I've been waitin on that turn.  
What you waitin  
it's 2014  
the Pope resigned,  
it's the end of the world.  
Let me ask God to make your dreams come true.  
We're all waitin and we're gone  
with our chances slim and none.  
we're still right here waitin on our turn.

Gary Bercu  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

Buddy Bee Anthony

## TMT

Trick Mother Trucker  
Don't expect her to recover  
not doing very much to get well  
Your worst nightmare  
the Devil's part-time lover  
with nothin nice to sell

got you tied up on the phone G  
paging you from hell  
caught you a case with enmity  
bad news driftin in  
double trouble comin after  
she's deep under your skin  
One nuclear disaster

Trick Mother Trucker  
Liqifying your solid life  
breaking you with false hope and spring wine  
Her calling card  
in black and red  
clearly states  
'your ass is mine'

She'll boast how it is her domain  
Your brand new digs  
her world of pain  
She'll ride your rails  
til you get the rickets  
on bloody hands and knees  
trembling in the thickets  
Carries a bloody shiv in the dark  
you're not just a number  
you're her next mark

Feasting on your bones  
like a hunk of Almond Joy  
With a wallop in her satin gloves  
Meet the pavement bo-bo boy

Trick Mother Trucker  
Messing with your heart and mind  
is how she makes her living  
breaking wills and blowing minds  
of that she keeps on giving

heard the news,  
she was raised by shrews  
take a number  
pick a card

you can hardly lose

Come sample her made to order Lady 'Liberty' dime  
Your lifer cell mate reminds you  
take it one day at a time.  
While you're rotting in a cage.  
Doing hard time for her crime.

Your life's been shot to hell  
crying 'Lord, I've got the blues'  
Better quit your belly achin  
or you'll meet  
Ms. Steel Toed Shoes

Your head ain't right,  
you want revenge  
You had to play a player  
who sold too high  
your alibi  
to another guy  
of your complaints  
she's unaware  
it's a bitch,  
she don't care  
and one more thing  
she was never there  
Trick Mother Trucker

Buddy Bee Anthony

## Too High

There's so 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  
Been 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 one last time  
to put my best, hexy sexy voodoo hypsy Gypsy  
pick-up rhymes 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.

I was just too high  
I'm so sorry baby  
I just got toasted  
triple roasted  
about a second ago or two  
with Richie, Bobby 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 their jock put on his brakes

35-1

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

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 cooked 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-striped suits  
cuff-links  
Florsheim Shoes  
We were fast track superstars  
When HMO's swept through  
all dad could do was sell used cars  
Job prospects became slim and none  
for my insurance man father and his son  
So tell me how's your trick, trick  
trickle down trick  
tricklin down  
how does your trick, trick,  
trickle down trick  
trickle down for you now?

AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

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

## Underworld Garden Of Dreams

What's it gonna be next time around Ms Turnaround.  
Love or money, love or money, love or money, honey.  
Don't you be rushin off too fast  
to your funny money man woman man woman man woman.  
You're gettin all too friendly with them tin horn fellas,  
a little too cozy with their automated tellers.  
never said thank you  
when they said please. Now you say your shits together  
but your shits up in my jeans.

What's it gonna be next time around,  
Miss Tiggie Wiggle iggle Wiggle, Biggle Wiggle, Giggie Wiggle  
and Miss Tandori Too.

Come on down  
around and around  
these underworld garden of dreams  
When your best laid plans are somebody elses' splayed out  
pipe dreams and schemes.  
Get down, get down to your underworld garden of dreams

Before they dig a six foot hole to rest your weary mortal soul  
Give you one improper, proper eulogy.  
take it down, all the way down  
to the underworld garden of dreams.  
With the other girls, and their thundercurls, what a wonderwhirl  
come on down, all the way down to your underworld garden of dreams.

Before they hand you a cramp filled double latte  
and say, hey man, 'here's your hot chocolate sugared creme'.  
Come on down, all the way down to our  
underworld garden of dreams

Gary Bercu  
AKA Buddy Bee Anthony

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 wolfin 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

## Warrior's Prayer

You fed greedily  
from those hampered by the  
conditions of their recovery  
Only to find you're restricted by  
the conditions of your discovery

You arrived into the game like a jeweled pawn  
To name yourself Godhead to the board  
Arisen uncircumsized  
uncompromising  
mysterious and jaded  
it's the reason the curious and  
'the chosen' have gathered  
illuminated by your rare alpine beauty  
bred from an almost extinct application of wisdom fused thrust

With guitar strokes of dissonant disregard  
The Tsunami's of roving junkie followers  
food for the wild beasts you created  
sucked dry the marrow of the masses you fated  
Your legions steadily reproduced and multiplied

Your spaced and repetitive unavailability  
expanding the numbers of your minions to bursting at your gate to  
Gather around your altar like spectators at a Royal execution  
Just the mention of your name volcanizes the swarm  
to a frothing, spitting frenzy  
And they keep coming across ocean, river, and tide  
from city to town  
bus stop to train stop  
train stop to truck stop  
Crying for more and more buckets of you  
Mercifully, at long last  
the blade of your curtain comes down  
leaving your flock shredded and shell shocked  
Your fleet of love-struck conscripts  
stripping off layer upon layer of flesh in cultish tribute  
as a lone peyote button chewing Elder Warrior  
begins his ghost dance praying to his holy spirit  
so that he may acquire one backstage pass to your next bread  
crumb circus so as to get close enough  
to end you

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 believe  
you know what's best  
for a wayward child  
like you and me

G.Buddy Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony

## West Coast

Screw the West Coast  
Won't be buying mores shares.  
Screw the West Coast  
and your cross-eyed stares, no.  
Screw the West Coast,  
I'm sorry but no go Joe.  
Screw your snafu face  
and your prickly head space.  
What a crime,  
I'm short on time  
to whip you into shape.

Screw the West Coast.  
Trickin me with your juju  
and your sweet and salty spew.  
Spinnin webs like fine spider's silk.  
Mess with this fly's head,  
I'll make a meal outta you,  
dip you in buttermilk

You've put the perfect crime  
in my East Coast mind,  
as I lie awake at night  
You drew first blood,  
You'd best get ready for the fight of your life.

Screw the West Coast.  
At least the East Coast has balls.  
Don't you boldly advertise  
how you specialize  
in lamo curtain calls.

Screw the West Coast  
You didn't invent peace or love.  
What a farce, a bait and switch.  
I wonder if you know the meaning of these words?  
Meditate on this,  
you rabid hound.  
Then make your wish,  
you heartless witch,  
I get buried deeper in the ground.

Screw the West Coast  
What a tragedy I'm damming up your flow.  
But, all you are and could ever be is a nasty, slutty, ho.  
Don't fuss about who I am or where I go.  
Instead ask yourself the burning questions.  
Who are you and what do you not know?

Screw the West Coast.  
I've tried to get a fix on you.  
Like some fourteen leveled Rubic's Cube.

When I try to make some sense of it,  
my face turns blood red  
then cadaver blue.

Screw the West Coast,  
Your cover has been blown.  
Read a book off my book list byatch,  
and get off the freakin phone.

Screw the West Coast.  
It's a shame your colors got smudged up.  
Skipped the day in school when the other kids  
drank nectar from the loving cup.

The schwag you are slingin.  
The horse you've been bangin.  
What a junkie's brew.  
Your only claim to fame is seeing 'stars'  
from huffing airplane glue.  
Screw the West Coast.

Buddy Bee Anthony

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'd 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

## **Winner Take All**

You've 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 the 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 yourself a little bow  
Then lay em down and let it ride  
winner take all

You've 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 her old's gone lonesome  
as sweet midnight stalls.

Best lay em down  
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  
say 'let it ride'  
don't let winner take the fall

Gary Bercu

Buddy Bee Anthony