

# Harmony Heifers

Lyrics from the CD

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# Introduction

These are the lyrics to the songs on the *Harmony Heifers* CD.  
They are presented here in alphabetical order, as performed on the CD.

The Heifers are Chris Dickenson, Elizabeth Burnham, and Maya Bohnhoff.

The Heifers Orchestra is Jeff Bohnhoff, who also produced the CD.

The Heifers Roadie, provider of logistical, moral and immoral support is Patrick Connors, who also edited this songbook.

*Harmony Heifers* is dedicated to the memories of Leonard Zubkoff, and Babe Burnham.

# Ancient Sky

*Lyrics and Music By Talis Kimberly*  
*Copyright: Talis Kimberley 21.11.1990*

Circles standing in holy ground  
Stone rings follow the seasons round  
Roofless walls rise in graceful arches  
Secret doors lead to these far marches

Ancient sky: sacred stone: tender rain  
Take my hand: read my heart: speak my name

Beauty holds us it wraps us round  
With gentle stillness and silent sound  
Twilight falls like a muslin curtain  
Do we dare? How can we be certain?

Ancient stone: sacred vows: tenderness:  
Sanctuary: honesty: promises:  
All our souls: all our lives: nothing less:

We mingle laughter with sudden tears  
I'll sing for you, don't care who hears  
Stand so close that your eyes reflect me  
Stand so still, fold your arms around me

Ancient wind: sacred light: bless us now:  
Tenderness: honesty: so we vow:  
Trust your heart: trust in mine: trust is all:  
Read my eyes: drink my tears: drink my soul;

Read my eyes: drink my tears: drink my soul

# Bride!

*Lyrics and Music By Debbie Baudoin*

She's a raven-haired beauty filmed in black and white,  
With her long, curved fingernails and dress so tight.  
She don't mess around with losers; she devours with a bite.  
She's a celluloid vixen, and she'll never treat you right!

She's the bride of Chaotica!  
She's the bride of Chaotica!

Load your discombobulator; aim it straight at your heart.  
You just ought to pull the trigger, 'cuz it's safer not to start.  
When you're playing with Arachnia, you'd better play it smart.  
She can rip you into pieces, and she'll shish-ka-bob your heart!

She's the bride of Chaotica!  
She's the bride of Chaotica!

When the final reel is rolling, and the day's almost done  
She'll be laughing through the smoke, and you will know she has won.  
You can call it mass destruction; she just grins and calls it fun....

She's the bride of Chaotica!  
She's the bride of Chaotica!

She's the bride of Chaotica!  
She's the bride....of Chaotica!

# Broken Goddess

*Lyrics and Music By Nancy Louise Freeman*

My iron shoes have worn their soles right through  
So if you have to be a frog, I'll be a frog with you  
You analyze the magic beans for what they might conceal  
But do you think these fairy tales are real?

This broken goddess formerly displayed  
Lay sleeping in the earth until she met up with the spade  
Her injuries by other hands were laid  
But by your clever lamplight and cruel eyes betrayed

So out the door and cross the plain a lion wild and free  
You know what you have to hold to find and follow me  
So long as you dissect the text you'll never find it, brekekekex  
There is no logic to reality  
So brekekekex koax, koax  
The broken goddess holds the box  
Of all the things that we refuse to see  
So brekekekex, come turn the lock...

(brekekekex koax, koax..)

The lioness has run from many men  
Who put her on a pedestal to knock her off again  
I've come to see no robber bridegroom hides inside of you  
But will you give the Ferryman his due?

The distance between you and I is vast  
As any plain of Africa or any tower of glass  
So follow where the lion's paw has pressed into the grass  
She'll push you to the future by way of the hidden past

So out the door and cross the plain a lion wild and free  
You know what you have to hold to find and follow me  
So long as you dissect the text you'll never find it, brekekekex  
There is no logic to reality  
So brekekekex koax, koax  
The broken goddess holds the box  
Of all the things that we refuse to see  
So brekekekex, come turn the lock...

brekekekex koax, koax..  
brekekekex koax, koax..  
brekekekex koax, koax..  
brekekeke kekekex

# Elvis House of Love

*Lyrics and Music By Patrick Connors*

*Copyright:2003*

(Ladies sing:)

I was visiting Vegas  
Met up with a guy  
It was instant attraction  
So we gave it a try

(Alt. First verse)

I was visiting Vegas  
Met up with a girl  
It was instant attraction  
So we gave it a whirl

Wound up at the chapel  
Wasn't watching the moon  
Three weeks later  
I found out all too soon

I married a werewolf  
At the Elvis House of Love

We were happy young lovers  
Hearts filled with delight  
Our lives were so perfect  
Till that full moon night

We went out a walking  
In the moon's pearly glow  
Till his tail started growing  
I didn't really know

I married a werewolf  
At the Elvis House of Love

(instrumental bridge if desired)

He said he was sorry  
At home the next night  
He just didn't want to  
Cause such a fright

He kissed me and hugged me  
That cool werewolf way  
Then He drove me so crazy  
I knew it'd be okay

I married a werewolf  
At the Elvis House of Love

My life's been changed by  
That big bright moon up above

I married a werewolf  
I married a werewolf  
I married a werewolf  
At the Elvis House of Love

*Notes:* The alternate first verse is useful in many situations. It was the original first verse, till the Heifers got their paws on it...

# Harmony Heifers

*Lyrics and Music By Debbie Baudoin*

Late one night, coming home from a party,  
I was all alone; I was far away from town.  
Just one mile from the dead of the forest  
When my fan belt broke and my engine melted down.

I knew right then I was gonna do some walking,  
Pulled my coat up tight as I faced the chilling air.  
Headed straight down for the dead of the forest,  
Never knew for a moment just what I would find there.

There were three cows dancing 'round a fire after midnight,  
All sang together as their laughter filled the air.  
They jumped and they twirled and they howled at the moon.  
They were harmony heifers in their wintry lair.

Singing, hey, ho, away we go  
To dance our joy into patterns on the snow.  
Hey, hi, the time is nigh  
To sing our praises to the Lady in the sky!

Well, I closed my eyes, then I opened them slowly.  
My life was changed by the vision that I saw.  
Never knew that cows could be graceful and elegant--  
Bovine beauty filled my soul with awe.

One sang bass and the other sang melody;  
One chimed in in the middle of the tune.  
They were wild; they were free; they were lost in the moment.  
They were harmony heifers by the light of the moon!

Singing, hey, ho, away we go  
To dance our joy into patterns on the snow.  
Hey, hi, the time is nigh  
To sing our praises to the Lady in the sky!

I came away from the dance in the forest  
With a heart so full I would never be the same.  
Though I've never been back to the dead of the forest,  
I'm a harmony heifer, and I proudly bear the name!

Singing, hey, ho, away we go  
To dance our joy into patterns on the snow.  
Hey, hi, the time is nigh  
To sing our praises to the Lady in the sky!

(Ishtar, Cerredwyn, Hecate, Inanna,  
Isis, Artemis, Sophia, Athena,  
Coatilicue, Aphrodite, Mielekki, Astarte,  
Gaia, Saraswati, Cow-li....)

Cow-li...  
Cow-li...  
Cow-li...

Mooooo!

*Notes:* The goddess chant was initially part of Zander Nyron's 'Mitzpah', slightly adapted for performance in this song

# Heart's Path

*Lyrics and Music By* Chris Dickenson

There is no such thing as requited love  
I have seen it enough to believe  
It is not enough that I open my heart  
A heart in love must also receive

I have watched you go; I have seen the change  
Though my pledge to your side I will keep  
It is not enough just to be who I am  
And to savor your smiles in my sleep

He will tell you now that three is a crowd  
And you know that I leave with my heart  
It is not enough just to take what is left  
So I'll love you and serve you apart

Follow your heart's path, in Valen's name  
Now it leads me away to defend  
I will fight, I will die, I will be who you wish  
And my love for you will never end.

# Inner Light

*Lyrics:*Chris Dickenson

*Music:*Larry Warner

I feel lost and solitary, only one against the night  
I think of you as stars streak past and fade beyond my sight  
But what I grieve for never was, except inside my heart  
Now I've returned to what I've left, I'm separate, apart.

Kayman's life will live in me  
An inner light, an inner light.

What would you have me tell them, that I lived, I loved and lost?  
How can I share my knowledge, obtained at such a cost?  
If only they had lived it too, if only they could see,  
The joys we shared, the passing years, and what it meant to me.

Our way of life, I still can see  
The inner light, the inner light

I know the soil, the plants, the rocks, the quality of light.  
I know your smile, your touch, your scent, the memory is bright.  
Did you ever know, Eileen, your love, it made me whole?  
That the life I lived with you filled spaces in my soul?

My love for you will always be  
An inner light, an inner light.

This flute is my reminder of another time and place,  
People facing what life gives with courage, strength and grace.  
I'll teach them of the beauty, I will try to make them see.  
And as I live, you will not die, your mem'ries live in me.

All your lives will live in me  
Our way of life, I still can see  
My love for you will always be  
The inner light... an inner light.

# Leather Pants of Evil

*Lyrics and Music By Nancy Louise Freeman*

She was a Slayer with the whole wide world to patrol  
He was a demon with an angel's heart  
She was buff, he was tough, they were out of control.  
The rain was pourin' down; they got soaked to the skin  
But the morning after was what upset her  
'Cause they should have thought twice  
and they should've known better  
Pin the blame on Gypsies if you can  
But its really the clothes that unmake the man

[Coming down the runway now: Angelus,  
wearing the latest offering from Yves St Germain:  
the classical black ankle-length duster,  
here daringly paired with the black cashmere scarf.  
Underneath, in festive black silk, the semi-tailored shirt.  
Note the contrasting black trim and sassy black buttons,  
which make this shirt quite the fashion statement  
when worn over the traditional, black...]

Leather pants, leather pants of evil  
They come up from behind and mess with your mind somehow  
If you don't wear them, someone more naive will  
When will you learn if you haven't learned by now?

She was the kind of girl that leaves a Watcher distressed  
She said the Council didn't treat her right  
She went bad, they got mad, she was so unimpressed  
The Mayor had a plan: split our friends from within  
But they should have guessed the first they met her  
They should have thought twice  
and they should've known better  
Before the scene gets too intense  
Look out for that fashion sense

[Well, like so many young girls today,  
Faith thinks that all her problems will disappear  
if she just had Sarah Michelle Gellar's body.  
Literally.  
Yes, that's right boys and girls,  
she went on a bubble-bath-taking, arch-nemesis-taunting,  
boyfriend-stealing binge,  
all because the Scooby Gang didn't pick up on those...]

Leather pants, leather pants of evil  
They come up from behind and mess with your mind somehow  
If you don't wear them, someone more naive will  
When will you learn if you haven't learned by now?

[It's a grim day indeed for our friends.  
Mutant paparazzi are swarming from the sewers of Sunnydale!  
Faith has clobbered Angel with a hubcap. He's down for the count.  
Willow's been blindsided by a rampaging bookcase! She's down for the count.  
Xander and Anya are... ..down for the count.  
Adam, Drusilla and Darla have teamed up with a cadre of  
overenthusiastic fanzine writers, and to crown the horror,

Buffy's having a stupid hair day.  
But does that stop her boys and girls?  
Ladies and gentlemen, does that stop our hero??

No!

But it does slow her down a bit.

It doesn't stop our Buffy, because she has to stop the  
Professor of Incredibly Esoteric Stuff at U C Sunnydale  
before he does something horribly foolish.  
She battles her way through the crowd of mutant paparazzi,  
dodging the claws, the fangs, the witty bon mots.  
She runs up the stairs and flings open the door to the  
office of the Professor of Incredibly Esoteric Stuff:  
Look out! Look out!! LOOK OUT!!!

But it was too late.

He'd already lit the cigarette.]

Now down in town things were getting kind of bizarre  
Giles was stewing, Spike and Buff were cooing  
And the demon factor was way over par  
His expert opinion: it had to be some kind of spell [Ya think???)  
But ask the witch in the fuzzy pink sweater  
If she should've thought twice  
and she should've known better  
She dropped her spellbook with an "Oy, Gevalt!"  
"I did it but it wasn't my fault"

[It was those...

Okay.

I know they're in this trunk somewhere...

Let's see...

Eye of newt? No.

Quarter candles? No..

Buck-and-a-quarter quarter candles? No!

Silver Ravenwolf? How'd that get in here?

Oh, wait. Here they are. At the bottom.

Oh yeah.

It was those...]

Leather pants, leather pants of evil  
They come up from behind and mess with your mind somehow  
If you don't wear them, someone more naive will  
When will you learn if you haven't learned by now?

It was those

Leather pants, leather pants of evil  
They come up from behind and mess with your mind somehow  
If you don't wear them, someone more naive will  
When will you learn if you haven't learned by now?

You haven't learned by now  
You haven't learned by now  
They're from an evil cow

They're eeeevil...

# Lonesome Hound Blues (Babe's Song)

*Lyrics and Music By Leslie Fish*

My people have gone out for strange human fun  
Now taking me wouldn't be hard  
But they don't want dog hair all over the car  
So they left me cooped up in the yard

Alone, Alone  
They've left the puppy all alone  
Alone, Alone  
They've left the puppy all alone

There's nothing to do here and no cats to chase  
And no other dogs around here  
There's no toys to play with and no bones to gnaw  
Oh the end of the world must be near!

Alone, Alone  
They've left the puppy all alone  
Alone, Alone  
They've left the puppy all alone

But the neighbors are watching - they're shouting at me  
They're throwing me gifts hard and strong  
There's garbage to sniff at and old shoes to gnaw  
So I'll thank them all with a song!

Alone, Alone  
They've left the puppy all alone  
Alone, Alone  
They've left the puppy all alone

Alone, Alone  
Don't leave your puppy all alone  
Alone, Alone  
Don't leave your puppy all alone

*Notes: Also called Babe's Song*

# Lost In the Dark

*Lyrics:* Elizabeth Burnham

*To the tune of:* - Creedence Clearwater Revival

Just a few months ago, I was cozy in my hobbit-hole  
Happy with my friends and neighbors, no shadows on my soul  
Then Gandalf stopped by and he read my ring;  
I thought things couldn't get much worse  
Oh Lords, I'm lost in the dark again!

Ringwraiths were looking for us, so we all had to run  
Pippin, Merry, Sam and me - It really was no fun  
Orcs were waiting in Moria, it looks like they took my friends  
Oh Lords, I'm lost in the dark again!

The Balrog, he dragged Gandalf somewhere down below  
I ran with Strider and the others, and we're feeling pretty low.  
We tried to use the mines as a shortcut, but it looks like our plans fell  
through,  
Oh Lords, I'm lost in the dark again!

With Gandalf gone, who'll guide us out to where we belong?  
Gimli and Strider are trying, but so far everything's gone wrong.  
The drums are calling for us down here in the dank and gloom  
Oh Lords, I'm lost in the dark again!

If I only had a gold piece for every hope I've had  
Trying to get out of these mountains - but things are looking really bad  
I'll struggle on, keep dodging Orcs, get as far from here as I can  
Maybe some day I'll be out of the dark again

Oh Lords, I'll be out of the dark again!

# Maiden Song

*Lyrics and Music By Deborah Baudoin*

Sister, keep the hearth fire burning  
Sister, hang the lantern bright.  
Sister, I'm away from home  
And I think of you tonight.

Sister, keep the hearth fire burning  
Sister, hang the lantern bright.  
Sister, sing your maiden song  
To guide me home tonight.

Sing your maiden song  
With voice so pure and sweet.  
Sing your maiden song  
To guide my weary feet.

Sister, feel our father's anger  
Sister, drink our mother's tears  
Sister, see the lonely road  
I have traveled all these years.

[Descant:

Keep the hearth fire burning in the sacred place.  
Keep the lantern shining in the night.  
Holy Lady, sister to the deities,  
Bring this traveler home again tonight.]

Sing your maiden song,  
Though child you are no more.  
Sing your maiden song,  
To guide me to your door.

Sister, keep the hearth fire burning  
Sister, hang the lantern bright.  
Sister, sing your maiden song  
To guide me home tonight.

*Notes: A Roman soldier dreams of home.*

# Morphing

*Lyrics:* Chris Dickenson and Deborah Boudoin

*To the tune of:* Breaking Up Is Hard To Do

You tell me you're upstanding,  
A saintly path you've trod,  
The law-abiding leader  
Of the Promenade.

Doo dooby  
Down dooby doo down down  
Comma comma down  
Dooby doo down down  
Down on DS-Nine  
Dooby doo down down  
Morphing is so hard to do!

Don't push your luck today with me.  
Eighteen hours I've been 3-D.  
Been Bajoran the whole day through  
And morphing is so hard to do.

So, look out, Quark, I'm watching you.  
Your dice are loaded and your drinks are, too.  
You hit on Dax and Kira, too.  
So what am I supposed to do?

You say the Promenade is as pure as the snow.  
Well, that's because of Constable Odo.  
Just 'cuz I sleep in a pail,  
It doesn't mean that I can't throw your sorry ass inside my jail!

I'm warning you Don't go too far.  
What's that you're hiding behind that bar?  
I never know just what you'll do,  
That's why I'm always watching you.

You say the Promenade is as pure as the snow.  
Well, that's because of Constable Odo.  
Just 'cuz I sleep in a pail,  
It doesn't mean that I can't throw your sorry ass inside my jail!

Don't push your luck today with me.  
Eighteen hours I've been 3-D.  
Been Bajoran the whole day through  
And morphing is so hard to do.

Dooby doo down down  
Comma comma down  
Dooby doo down down  
Down on DS-Nine  
Dooby doo down down

Morphing is so hard to do!

*Notes:* As performed on the CD. The CD ends with a fade-out.



# Mother of Memories

*Lyrics and Music By Elizabeth Burnham*

Mother of memories, stretched out behind you  
The years all pass by like bright beads on a string  
Pleasures and sorrows all stored up inside  
For you know and remember the choices life brings

The first cry of birthing still echoes in your ears  
Nurturing your children through uncounted years

Gone is your family, husband and loved ones  
The new generations regard you with awe  
Still you live on, ancient key to the records  
Of hunting and planning, of peace and of war.

Our lives grow shorter, our mem'ries disappear  
You have been the bridge between now and yesteryear

Mother of memories, praise to you always  
You show us our past, how our race came to be  
Tell of our heritage, guide our steps onward  
Into a future that you may not see

Though you have taught us how to keep the past alive,  
Where will we find strength within ourselves to strive?

Morning has gone for you, twilight is fading, and  
We must walk onward to forge our own way  
Mother of memories, rest from your labors  
Your children press onward into a new day.

# The Nature of Things

*Lyrics:* Maya Bohnhoff

*Music:* Jeff & Maya Bohnhoff

Harry had a body and a crime scene and a suspect.  
Harry had no weapon for the perp had hid it well.  
So Harry had no case until such time as a gun turned up.  
But the cops had come up empty--and as if that weren't enough  
Harry had a brand new house; the sawdust hadn't settled.  
The boxes only half unpacked, he couldn't find a kettle.  
Let alone the bathroom items. Let alone his keys and sox.  
No matter where he he'd put it, it would end up in a box  
of unrelated items somewhere else.

Harry had a little girl named Meg who had a closet.  
And the closet had a monster, or at least that's what she said,  
Who would sneak beneath her bed where he did not belong.  
And where he snored, kept Meg awake; could Daddy make him move along?  
He took her toys and togs, the sneaky little thing.  
She'd left them where they weren't; she found them where they'd never been.  
And so it was with cat toys, and homework, pans and pots  
And with car keys and with penlights. Harry's head was in a knot  
Of unrelated objects somewhere else,

One sock, two sox, red sock, blue--Where the heck did I put you?  
I left you in the bathroom--you wandered down the stairs  
To trade places with a potholder that was also once a pair.

The house would not be organized; the case would not be won.  
The suspect sneered quite smugly as he waited for his bail.  
The officers all scratched their heads and could not understand it:  
How had he time to hide a gun where they couldn't find it?  
So Harry set to pondering the ways of missing things,  
And while pondering in his upstairs bath, thought he heard the doorbell ring.  
He turned to find behind him a peculiar, tallish fellow  
Who blanched and quivered quite as if his legs were made of jello.  
He'd clearly rather be somewhere else,

Tall man, spare man, tuxedoed too.  
Who in heaven's name are you?  
I find you in my bathroom--did you wander up the stairs?  
The tall man squared his shoulders and declared:

I am a Thing. I am the Head Thing,  
I run the crew that makes your new house feel like it's been broken in.  
It is our task to make life interesting by moving  
What was here to there and back and there again.  
There is a Thing that drinks your milk and puts the carton back without.  
There is a Thing that puts your wallet in the freezer.  
There is a Thing to follow you down darkened halls at night.  
The Thing that's in your daughter's room is only there to tease her.  
We only move what's been left out and tuck it out of sight.  
But I fear we have been careless and you've caught us dead to rights.

Harry hyperventilated and blinked his eyes then gaped.  
For the tall, tuxedoed visitor was gone.  
So Harry searched the house from top to bottom, end to end.  
But he found exactly nothing, and exhausted, went to bed.

Then Harry had a dream, followed by epiphany.  
He ran into the hallway to see if there might be  
any Things that wandered halls at night or Things that tapped on walls.  
When out popped the Head Thing and said: "Sir, you called?  
I'm afraid I was engaged somewhere else."

"Tell me what you do again," said Harry, "and I'll listen."  
And he kept his pledge and listened very well.  
Barely an hour later, Harry stood with the police  
In the kitchen of the of the cottage which the perp had lately leased.  
"We found him by the oven," said the sergeant, "and no way  
He could have made it to another room to throw the gun away."  
Harry walked right past the kitchen and led them up the stairs  
To a corner of the attic, and an old stove sitting there.  
He opened up the door, he riffled through the ash,  
He banged upon the stovepipe where he found at last  
A gun that had once been somewhere else.

Red sock, blue sock, two sox, one.  
How did Harry find the gun?  
He traced it from the oven; to its new home in the flue.

'Cause Harry knew a Thing or two.  
Yes, Harry knew a thing or two.

*Notes: Based on a (yet unpublished as of Jan 2005) story by Maya.*

# Ode to a Companion

*Lyrics:*Chris Dickenson

*Music:*Larry Warner

You made it plain  
You said it right up front  
The day you joined the crew

I can't complain  
You made it very clear  
Just what you wouldn't do.

So I've stood by  
And seen you come and go  
I've watched and kept my peace

I don't know why  
Each time it breaks my heart  
My body craves release

But in my dreams  
You are mine and no one else's  
It's all for me  
Your sweet caress, the touch of my skin to yours

And when we love  
I can see my soul reflected  
Just you and me  
The way we move's like nothing that's been before.

I know your rule  
I want what I can't have  
So I'm just glad you stay

I'd be a fool  
To even think you would  
Desire me in that way.

But in my sleep  
The yearning takes control  
To taste your lips on mine

You're mine to keep  
To cherish as I please  
A wife, not concubine

So in my dreams  
You are mine and no one else's  
It's all for me  
Your sweet caress, the touch of my skin to yours

And when we love  
I can see my soul reflected  
Just you and me  
The way we move's like nothing that's been before.

I've lived through Hell  
My memories taste like ash

And open ain't my way

I'm in your spell  
But I'm not what you need  
I'll lose you anyway

I don't dare feel  
I'll freeze my heart like ice  
And never let you know

But love is real  
No matter what I say  
I just can't let it show

Cause in my dreams  
You are mine and no one else's  
It's all for me  
Your sweet caress, the touch of my skin to yours

And when we love...

# Only The Music

*Lyrics and Music By Heather Alexander*

The swirling of dresses,  
the scuffing of shoes  
"Should my hair be in tresses?"  
"What tie do I choose?"  
As the hall fills with dancers  
And the strings start to sound  
We will take that first step  
And we won't touch the ground

CHORUS:

For there's only the music  
That plays on and on  
Yes there's only the music  
Our heartaches are gone  
We can stand close together  
While the world dances by  
'Cause there's only the music  
Between you and I  
Yes, there's only the music  
Between you and I

A head on a shoulder,  
An arm 'round a waist,  
If the weather gets colder  
we both will be braced -  
For whatever the trouble,  
we still have a chance -  
If we hold hands together,  
and take time to dance -

Chorus

The clock hours bending,  
The hands spinning 'round-  
From beginning to ending,  
As dancers we're bound -  
With the memories like treasures,  
all safe in their vaults -  
When we hear the last measures,  
we'll dance the grand waltz -

Chorus Twice

# Red Dwarf

*Lyrics:*Howard Goodall

It's cold outside  
There's no kind of atmosphere  
I'm all alone  
(More or less)  
Let me fly  
Far away from here  
Fun, Fun, Fun  
In the Sun, Sun, Sun

I want to lie  
Shipwrecked and comatose  
Drinking fresh  
Mango juice  
Goldfish shoals  
Nipping at my toes  
Fun, Fun, Fun  
In the Sun, Sun, Sun

Fun, Fun, Fun  
In the Sun, Sun, Sun

-- Extended version, from the Web:

It's cold outside, there's no kind of atmosphere,  
I'm all alone, more or less.  
Let me fly, far away from here,  
Fun, fun, fun, in the sun, sun, sun.

I want to lie, shipwrecked and comatose,  
Drinking fresh mango juice.  
Goldfish shoals nibbling at my toes,  
Fun, fun, fun, in the sun, sun, sun,  
Fun, fun, fun, in the sun, sun, sun.

(Extended version)  
I'll pack my bags and head into hyperspace,  
Velocity at time-warp speed.  
Spend my days in ultraviolet rays,  
Fun, fun, fun, in the sun, sun, sun.

We're locked on course straight through the universe,  
You and me, and the galaxy.  
Reached this stage, the hyperdrive's engaged, (Reached this stage, this  
hyperpathic age)  
Fun, fun, fun, in the sun, sun, sun,  
Fun, fun, fun, in the sun, sun, sun.

*Notes:* The theme song from 'Red Dwarf', inspired by the end of the pilot, where Lister steers his horribly-lost spaceship towards Fiji. Assuming Fiji even exists anymore.

Sung by the Duras Sisters as a warm-up, it has since been adopted by filkers all over.

# Somewhere

*Lyrics and Music By Elizabeth Burnham*

Images form on the edge of my sight.  
People fade, melting into the night.  
Everything's wrong, why act as if it's all right?  
Is there any truth out there? Somewhere....

Kaleidoscope mem'ries, they sparkle and turn  
Just bits and pieces; that's how I must learn.  
Bring back what's forgotten, as the past returns  
For I know the truth is out there. Somewhere....

And I have to know the truth (What is Truth?)  
Yes, I've got to find the truth (What is Truth?)  
Someone has to know the truth (Where is it?)  
For the truth is out there...somewhere.

Back alley whispers, they buzz in my brain,  
Following signs and my hunches again.  
Partnership's warm, but the parting is pain  
When the truth must be out there, somewhere.

Clues come together, the puzzle's half done  
Searching for you past the snow and the sun.  
We must stay together, it's too much for one  
To prove the truth that is out there, somewhere.

And now we know the truth (What is Truth?)  
But not all of the truth (What is Truth?)  
Someone has to know the rest (Where is it?)  
For the rest is out there...somewhere.

And I have to know the truth (What is Truth?)  
Yes, I've got to find the truth (What is Truth?)  
Someone has to know the truth (Where is it?)  
For the truth is out there...somewhere.

*Notes:* There are a lot of songs called "Somewhere". This one is about Fox Mulder.