

Lyrics for Bananaphone

Bananaphone

Ring ring ring...ring bananaphone
Ring ring ring...ring bananaphone
I've got this feeling, so appealing,
for us to get together and sing. Sing!

Ring ring ring...ring bananaphone
Ding dong ding ...ding ding donanaphone
It grows in bunches, I've got my hunches,
It's the best! Beats the rest:
Cellular, modular, interactive-odular!

Ring ring ring...ring bananaphone
Ping pong ping...ping panana phone
It's no baloney, it ain't a phony
My cellular bananular phone.

Don't need quarters, don't need dimes,
To call a friend of mine!
Don't need computer or TV, to have a real good time!
I'll call for pizza. I'll call my cat.
I'll call the White House, have a chat!
I'll place a call around the world,
Operator get me Beijing jing jing

Ring ring ring ...ring bananaphone
Yin yang yin...ying yonanaphone
It's a real live mama and papa-phone
A brother and sister and a dogaphone,
A grandpa-phone and a grandma-phone too,
My cellular, bananular phone-
Banana phone, ring ring ring

Shake A Toe

Everybody come shake a toe
From your head to your feet
In the rhythm of the come and go
Shake a toe toe toe
Toe together and shake
Like a bunny in a hop hop hop
Feel the rhythm and the groove
Shake a toe toe toe!

You're invited to come and sing
From your head to your feet
Hear the beauty of the voices right
Won't you sing sing sing!
Join the party and howl
Like a birdie on a wing wing wing
Feel the rhythm and groove
Come sing sing sing!

The World We Love

Chorus:
Here's to the world we love
Blue skies and ponies and children at play
Earth below, stars above
God bless it every day.
Mist-covered mountains that welcome the sun
Buds on the branches, mornings begun
Dew drops and the birdies just starting to sing
Praise for the brand new day.
- chorus -
Praise to the farmer workin' the fields
Seedling to harvest, food for our meals
Mama's and papas, and hearts filled with love
For each and every day.

chorus
Here's to the rivers that run wild and free
The pull of the tides, the rush of the sea
Gold crimson sunsets to colour our dreams

in each and every day.

Slow Day

It's a slow day, slow day,... scat...
It's a ...day, slow day in the neighbourhood

Clouds are hangin' low...scat...
It's a day dreamin', doy o'dreamin' ...scat

I'm like a 3-toed sloth, on a day oth,
Content to hang around
With this hummalong song...scat

I'm away in a daydream, no cravin' on my mind,
Sweet sound on the radio, I feel so fine.

I'm a cool kettle, in a fine fettle,
Scattin' down the avenue

Turtles out walkin', all roud the town...
Slugs sliddin', no bunnies hoppin' ...
On this slow day, slow day, slow day in the neighbourhood,
It's such a ... slow day in the neighbourhood,
Slow day in the neighbourhood.

The Changing Garden Of Mr. Bell

Mr. Bell's from a foreign place, his family all were farmers
He arrived from across the sea, and came to be next door
And he works his land, with a knowing hand
Though it's very small, he makes it grow so well
In the changing garden of Mr. Bell

These are asters and edelweiss, and rows and rows of roses
Those are hives in the dogwood trees, for bees to come and go
It's a wondrous site, in the morning light
And the earth is full, every color every smell
In the changing garden of Mr. Bell

I once saw a photograph upon his mantle shelf
Of a beautiful lady a child in her arms
And a young Mr. Bell himself
I wondered out loud about them, and he answered
In the strangest way,
He just said look "see how the garden grows,
It's always changing every day"

Mr. Bell has his morning tea, and I will bring his paper
See the sun through the curtain lace
Dapple his face and hands,

Every day is new; there is much to do
Life's a mystery, full of secrets that might tell
In the changing garden of Mr. Bell

Naturally

Farmer John and the farmer Jane, with the
Help of the sun and the falling rain
They're growin' it right—naturally!

Usin' the ways both the tried and true like
Grandma and Grandpa used to do,
Growin' our food—naturally!

Well it looks so good and it tastes good too!
How do they do what they do do do?
They're growin' it right—naturally!

They grow the appliest apples and the beaniest beans,
The yellowest yellows and the greeniest greens,
The yamiest yams that you ever did see -
and the corniest corn.

Well, something's rottin' in the compost pile
Nature turns it all worthwhile,
Makin' good soil—naturally

Now see that soil with the good manure?
It's living and it's so darn pure,
Feed the earth, naturally

Oh, the good bugs chase the pests away,
In the deep of night, in the light of day,
Guarding our food, naturally

We've got the tastiest, juiciest, scrumptiest, yummiest,
Oh so good from your mouth to your tummiest.
Fruitiest fruit that you ever did see!
and the corniest corn.
And the cranniest cran (berries that is)

Spring Flowers

Instrumental

C-A-N-A-D-A

C-A-N-A-D-A Tell me, what's a Douglas Fur?
C-A-N-A-D-A Bet you never heard a Bobcat purr
C-A-N-A-D-A Have you ever seen a Lobster crawl?
In Canada we get to see them all

We get to see the Maple trees, Maple sugar
And Maple leaves
We get the biggest Wheat fields growin' tall
In C-A-N-A-D-A Where We get to so the reversing falls
In Canada we get to see them all

C-A-N-A-D-A, tell me, what's a tidal bore?
C-A-N-A-D-A, have you ever heard the ocean roar?
C-A-N-A-D-A, just listen to that wild goose call
In Canada we get to see them all

We get to the Maple trees, Maple sugar
And Maple leaves
We get the biggest Timber Woods so tall
In C-A-N-A-D-A, where adventure ever calls
In Canada we get to see them all

C-A-N-A-D-A, have you ever heard a Maple creak?
C-A-N-A-D-A, bet you never seen a Mountain peak.
C-A-N-A-D-A, in the land of the big snowball
In Canada we get to see them all

We get to see the Maple trees, Maple sugar
And Maple leaves
We get the biggest Wheat fields growin' tall
In C-A-N-A-D-A where we get to so the reversing falls
In Canada we get to see them all

C-A-N-A-D-A, have you ever seen a magnetic hill?
C-A-N-A-D-A, or a lady on a Dollar Bill?
C-A-N-A-D-A, bet you never see the Autumn Fall
In Canada we get to see them all

We get to the Maple trees, Maple sugar
And Maple leaves
We get the biggest Timber Woods so tall
In C-A-N-A-D-A, where adventure ever calls
In Canada we get to see them all

Michael Row The Boat Ashore

Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah

Sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah
Sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah

The river Jordan is chilly and cold, Hallelujah
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah

Jordan's River is deep and wide, Hallelujah
Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah

Michael's boat is a music boat, Hallelujah
Michael's boat is a music boat, Hallelujah

First People

“For thousands of years the world has known
Countless peoples living in many different ways,
With their own language, art, and songs,
Respecting the bounty of nature”

Huron Cree Ojibway Yanomami
Kaiapo Penan Nisga’s Lakota
First peoples of this world
First of all our voices heard
Mother father ancient kin
Spirit names of countless tribes

-chorus-

Carve and paint, chant and drum
Gift and glory of an olden time
Weave and spin tales of a new day come
Hand in hand, walking free
Children of the land and sea
Dreams and visions dancing in the wind

Iroquois Carib Navaho Inuit Saami
Miskito Dene Kelabit Haida

“And today, First Peoples enrich the Earth family,
Share the wisdom of ages for future generations,
And remind us to protect our sources of
Beauty, health, and wonder”

Father Sky, Mother Earth, all of our relations’ birth
Eagle bear turtle whale, moving in creation’s tale
First Peoples of this world, the test of time endured
Brothers, Sisters in the sun, circle life in a spiral run

-chorus-

Gitk’san Ainu Fulani Arawak Arapaho
Maya Maori Huichol Oromo

Shoshone Hopi Innu Embera Quechua
Lubicon Salish Dandami Munda Gurindji Kalinga

Dee Myth

(Instrumental)

Cowlit Light

Cowbell chimes and furry faces
Moovin' in a no fly zone
Pasture's empty, the barn is bare (there's a)
Bovine party in the air

Round 'bout midnight, cattle lowing
Nipples dangle from above
Driftin' mamas, they're up and gone
Floatin' in a full moon love

chorus:

See the cows on high on this cowlit night
With gentle light in their eyes
Hear the calves call out so sweet and mild
Eyes with a twinkle glow
Eyes in a twinkle glow

Starlight star bright, wish that I might
Sail through the milky way
Tail brush chocolate paint the sky
Out along the boundless bay
Out along the endless bay

On this full moon magic galaxy delight
Moon's got a cowlick grin
On this cud cud cuddly cowlit night
When will the cows come home
Oh we'll sing till the cows come home

-chorus-

The Gorilla Song

If I were a gorilla la la la la la
I'd eat me a banana na na na na na
I'd live in a tree-house and swing on a vine,
But one thing is sure I would love ya,

And if I were a tuba ba ba ba ba ba
All I'd do is oompah pah pah pah pah
I would take a big breath
And I would march in a band
But one thing is sure I would love ya,

-chorus-

'Cause it don't matter to me whatever you happen to be
An eagle, an onion, a pig or a grape,
As long as you're you I still love ya.

And if I were a space ship ip ip ip ip ip
I would take a long trip rip rip rip rip rip
I would circle the planets and head for the stars,
And then I'd come home 'cause I love ya.

And if I were a daisy sy sy sy sy sy
Would you still be my baby by by by by by
I would pull all my petals out one at a time,
And always come up with I love ya.

Simple Gifts

It's a gift to be simple, it's a gift to be free.
It's a gift to come down where we are to be.
And when we find ourselves in a place just right,
'Twill be in a valley of love and delight

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend we will not be ashamed.
To turn and to turn will be our delight,
For by turning and turning we'll come round right

Down By The Riverside

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside

Ain't gonna study war no more...
Ain't gonna study war no more...

Gonna walk down that road of peace
Down by the riverside

The Schmenge Polka

(Instrumental)