

**Hey, Java Jo's**  
**(A tribute to Ana Eder-Mulhane)**  
**Mike Delaney**

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I played at Java Jo's Open Mike in Milton, MA nearly every week for 5 years. Ana Eder-Mulhane hosted those evenings and she was the model of how to be gracious, kind, and accepting of anyone who showed up, including me. While I was still a regular at Milton I jumped at the opportunity to host a Wednesday night Open Mike at Java Jo's in Jamaica Plain. I honed my skills there in both running sound and hosting; again, thanks to Ana for showing me how to do it right. Eventually a fire and the economy forced both Open Mikes to close.

**Hey, Java Jo's** is a tribute to the Java Jo's Open Mike, all of the participants over the years and its longest running host, Ana Eder-Mulhane. Her kindness to me and everyone who played at Java Jo's was priceless. Ana and Java Jo's will always have a special place in my heart.

Thanks also to my wife, sons, and granddaughters for support and inspiration. Also a thank you to Neal Braverman for the opportunity to continue the folk community at the Roslindale Open Mike and to Ken Porter for helping out with the graphics on this CD.

- Mike

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## **Arrival at Java Jo's**

Well, here we are for another Friday night at the Open Mike at Java Jo's. I played at Java Jo's virtually every week from 1999 to 2004 and many, many times since then. It was where I worked on my songwriting and performance skills. I even hosted the Open Mike at their Jamaica Plain shop for over two years. The best think about the Java Jo's Open Mike was the long-time host, Ana Eder-Mulhane. She was always welcoming and gracious. She was the reason many of us became singer-songwriters. This CD is dedicated to Ana.

Now, on to the Sound Check...

**SOUND CHECK**  
**Mike Delaney, 4/19/2002**

Intro:  
What is that old guy doing on the stage?  
Is it already time to start?  
Why doesn't he act his age?  
Couldn't they get someone better than that old fart?

He looks like a grandpa  
I hope he doesn't bop and jive  
Maybe I can just tune him out  
And wait for some real talent to arrive

The song:  
This is just the sound check  
Not the opening act  
Just up for a minute  
But I'll be coming back

Not much of a singer  
And I can hardly play  
No songs of inspiration  
Nothing much to say

Try to be convincing  
Not some phony sham  
A sentimental doofus  
Is who I truly am

But I try my hardest  
And I'll do what it takes  
Sing my ever livin' heart out  
With all the emotion I can fake

I look forward to Friday  
As I go through my week  
Makes me feel important  
Not like such a geek

At my boring real job  
I'm quiet as a monk  
But when I'm performing  
I'm a Handsome Hunk

Now the sound is ready  
For the rest of the night  
The knobs have all been tweaked  
Until they are just right

So, get a cup of java  
And something good to eat  
Or have that awful blender  
Help you beat the heat

Bridge:  
And while I have a moment  
At peace in this Nirvana  
Let's thank the sweetest host  
With three cheers for lovely Anna  
Eder-Mulhane

<Hip-Hip-Hooray  
<Hip-Hip-Hooray  
<Hip-Hip-Hooray>

So, this was the sound check  
And now it's mostly done  
Sit back and listen  
Have an evening of fun

I know you're gonna like it  
Unless you're a fool  
It's the place to be  
'Cause Java Jo's is cool  
It's the place to be  
'Cause Java Jo's is cool

Intro: Am G F E  
Am G F E F E  
F E F E F E

Song:  
C G C G C C7  
F C Am D7 G G# G

Bridge:  
Am G F E  
Am G F E F E

**Java Jo's Rap**  
**Mike Delaney 9/24/99**

I thought I'd rap about Java Jo's  
I'd tell you, then you'd be in the knows  
They have an Open Mike on Friday nights  
As well as strong coffee and tasty bites

First up is often John Olivere  
His songs are mellow and pleasant to hear  
And then Tim Sullivan's Milton Blues  
Where he conveys quirky "old money" views

One of the best is Stevey Rapson  
He sings and picks, but I'd like to hear him rap some  
But he won't do it, 'cause he's a good player  
If Java Jo's was a city, he'd be or mayor

My favorite is Jimmy Dorr  
He's a big hit 'cause he's never a bore  
He'll lift you up and make you soar  
You hear his two songs and you want more and more

Now who am I missin', I don't want to be dissin'  
But I'm on a mission, not going fishin'  
So no moanin' and no pissin'  
Just shut up and do some listening

The hostess with the mostess is the lively Annie  
Her sweetness and demeanor are simply uncanny  
So, if you're shy, reserved or unwilling  
She'll bring out your best 'til you get top-billing

Me, I'm Mike; I'm not really a rapper  
I thought this'd be fun or even a capper  
But if it doesn't work, it'll go in the crapper  
And I'll go back to singing forever-after

Now I really must mention the blender  
While people are playin' it's a real offender  
It gets so loud we can't hear each other  
So, if you don't fix it, I'm telling my mother

So, that's my Rap about Java Jo's  
It may be small, but hey, ya knows  
It's the friendliest place of any around  
So on Friday nights, that's where I can be found

So show up early and stay 'til late  
Sing a few songs—I know you'll be great  
Bring your mom or bring your date  
Or sit by yourself and vegetate

Now you'll be glad that this Rap is ending  
Unlike some Raps it hasn't been offending  
I hope you like my comic touch  
And all I have to say now is, "Thank you very much"

**Two and Screw**  
**Mike Delaney 8/4/2002**

Gonna play the same two songs  
I play most every time  
Nothing new in my repertoire  
Hey—is that a crime?

Don't care if you like me  
I'm not gonna stick around  
Once I've played my two songs  
I'm nowhere to be found

**Chorus:**

**Two and screw; Two and screw**  
**That's just what I'm gonna do**  
**Play my songs and then I'm gone**  
**Won't hear you 'cause I've rambled**  
**on**  
**Other singers make me yawn**  
**Just call me; Two and screw**

**Hey look—the night is slow**  
Everyone's out of town  
The slots aren't filling up  
I know what's going down

It if stays this quiet  
I'll get an extra song  
The late-comers won't like it  
But it's adios, so long

**Three and flee; Three and flee**  
**That's 50 percent More of me**  
**Sorry folks, but I can't stay**  
**After this I'm on my way**  
**Don't care what you have to say**  
**Just call me; Three and flee**

Tonight looks really busy  
No room to even sit  
Must be that hotty feature  
She's a WUMB hit

They don't rave about me  
Though I'm a groovy guy  
Well, I'm here anyway  
I'll give it one more try

**One and run; One and run**  
**Out the door; Before I've begun**  
**Other singers—blah, blah, blah**  
**Rather strum on my guitar**  
**I ain't staying—get the cah**  
**Just call me; One and run**

**One and run**  
**Two and screw**  
**Three and flee**  
**Now you know**  
**The truth 'bout me**

## Blender Song

Mike Delaney 5/22/2002

There's a buzz at Java Jo's  
You can hear the sound  
It really can't be missed  
It follows you around

As much as you might like to  
Your ears cannot escape  
Although you didn't try to  
You're in another scrape

### Chorus:

**It's the blender—ccccccccchhhh**  
**The blender—ccccccccchhhh**  
**Obnoxious open mic offender**  
**The blender—ccccccccchhhh**  
**The blender—ccccccccchhhh**  
**Come on—turn it off**

<Yeah, let's hear it for the blender!>

I fear that darned machine  
I know it's gonna start  
Smoothies are really keen  
But, come on—this is art

Are they all foo-foo drinking  
Or trying to drown me out  
Know what I've been thinking  
I'm gonna have to shout

### Chorus

There's a buzz at Java Jo's  
It's a harsh annoying sound  
It really ticks me off  
Why am I still around?

An open mic convict  
No escape this time  
A pop music reject  
In a hopeless grind

### Chorus:

**Break the blender—ccccccccchhhh**  
**Blow up the blender—**  
**ccccccccchhhh**  
**I'll need a public defender**  
**Shoot the blender—ccccccccchhhh**  
**Kill the blender—ccccccccchhhh**  
**No foo-foo yuppy drinks for you**

Capo 2

Verse:

Am G F E  
Am G F E  
F G C  
F G E7

Chorus:

F Am  
F Am  
F Am  
F Am  
E7

**Accomplished Amateur**  
**Mike Delaney, 5/19/2001**

I sang with Cheryl Wheeler  
And it was pretty neat  
She was up on stage  
And, well, I was in my seat

Yes, I have seen them all  
Folded chairs for the very best  
Or a parking lot attendant  
At a summer fest

Chorus:

An accomplished amateur  
Is all I'll ever be  
Just a little footnote  
In folk music history

I may have a little talent  
Or just think that I'm on fire  
An accomplished amateur  
Says Marilyn Rae Beyer

I co-wrote with Tom Paxton  
Gave it everything I had  
Wrote new words to his old song  
And he told me, "not bad"

We agreed on royalties  
I get a 50-50 split  
But how much is half of nothing  
From an unrecorded "hit"

Chorus:

An accomplished amateur  
One note short of a chord  
Just a little folkie  
Trying not to book ignored  
I may have a little talent  
Or just think that I'm on fire  
An accomplished amateur  
Says Marilyn Rae Beyer

Bridge:

I am so self-centered  
Have I gone on too long?  
That's quite enough about me  
How do you like my song?

I'm a faithful regular  
At this local open mic  
And guess what, Marilyn shows up  
To feature for the night

She say's, "Hey Mike...  
You've featured here before"  
<Spoken> ...and I'm thinking,  
Oooh, here it comes  
Some big gushing compliment  
Like I bet you knocked 'em dead  
Or you probably owned the room  
And then that cute little Marilyn giggle...

But she didn't stroke my ego  
She just lowered the boom  
'Cause she goes and asks me, Mike  
"Where's the Ladies Room?"

An accomplished amateur  
Just looking for some fame  
Hoping for some airplay  
But my hopeless hopes are lame

I may have a little talent  
Or just think that I'm on fire  
An accomplished amateur  
Says Marilyn Rae Beyer

(When Marilyn Rae Beyer featured at  
Java Jo's Open Mic, she told my wife  
that I was "an accomplished amateur".)

**Grand! (I Know What Marilyn Likes)  
(for Marilyn Rae Beyer)  
Mike Delaney 5/22/2002**

I'm recording my CD  
It's like giving birth  
One more challenge  
To see what I am worth

Doing it for airplay  
Doing it for fame  
Doing it for penance  
Hopefully not for shame

**Chorus:**

**Grand! I know what Marilyn likes  
Grand! I've seen the secret inner path  
Grand! It's so intimidating Yikes!  
Grand! I'm still working on my craft**

Lyrics that grab you  
And a most intriguing tune  
Fresh subject matter  
And rhymes like Brigadoon

Especially songs by women  
And particularly songs by men  
Artists national and local  
And some lively...mandolin!

**Chorus**

Bridge:

Well crafted songs  
Recorded carefully  
Tightly produced  
BUT NOT BY ME!

I wish I had a better voice  
I wish I could play those fancy licks  
But I merely spank the plank  
At open mics for kicks

So whom am I fooling  
With this stupid CD  
And when will I realize  
The joke has been on me!



**CAPTAIN BOB**  
**Mike Delaney 2/4/2003**

Captain Bob was a sailor and a helpful loving dad  
Though we knew him through this local open mic  
Music became his ocean and a song became his ship  
We expected him most every Friday night

Captain Bob was ever caring with a kind word for us all  
And he let us know which songs he liked the best  
Though it's not always about me, I thought you should know  
Only Bob made "Bare Midriff" his request  
(I feel to know him I was truly blessed)

**Chorus:**

**Captain Bob (Captain Bob)**  
**Captain Bob (Captain Bob)**  
**He knew his work was much more than his job**  
**Captain Bob (Captain Bob)**  
**Captain Bob (Captain Bob)**  
**May you live your life as well as Captain Bob**

Some say that Bob was frugal but he gave a precious gift  
We enjoyed all his attention and support  
A friend to everybody and that's just how he lived  
With a winning smile to serve as his passport

But if the truth be known Bob was partial to the girls  
Perhaps that's what kept him in his prime  
And few were aware that he had a secret plan  
To protect their bonny bunch of thyme

**Chorus**

"I'm too busy to slow down", that is just what Bob would say  
"Need to feel the ocean breezes on my face  
And give my girls a dose of unsolicited advice  
And live my life with a humble quiet grace"

But there came a time when Bob shuffled on up to the stage  
With Irish songs and his Yamaha guitar  
His rambling intros always had us rolling on the floor  
Yet at heart he dreamed of being a rock star

**Chorus**

**Bridge:**

Sail home my true friend; Play on  
Your life became a song  
Play on my true friend; Sail home  
You spirit's here; We carry on

**Chorus**

(In tribute to Captain Bob Carty. I am humbled by the life of Captain Bob.)

**THYME:**

come all you maidens, brisk and fair  
all you who flourish in your prime  
beware and take care,  
and keep your garden fair  
and let no man steal  
your bonny bunch of thyme

Capo 2

Chorus:

D G G7

C G

D C

D G

Verse:

G C G A D

G C G D G

Bridge:

Em Am Bm

C A7 D

**JIMMY FOUR DOOR**  
**Mike Delaney, 10/2000**

I may look to you  
Like a nerdy old man  
Always reading and thinking  
And coming up with a plan

But inside I'm a redneck  
Just a regular Joe  
Barely getting by  
Without much to show

But I'm a happy old boy  
'Cause I'm up on my luck  
Got me a new vehicle  
A big shiny truck

It's got off-road tires  
And four on the floor  
I'm so in love with  
My Jimmy Four Door

Chorus:  
**My Jimmy Four Door**  
**Is handsome and sweet**  
**The envy of all**  
**As it rolls down the street**

**It's lively and bold**  
**A pleasure to see**  
**Just like my Jimmy**  
**Is how I want to be**

My Jimmy's not real big  
But it's awful purdy  
I wash it each week  
'Cause I don't want it dirty

My Jimmy Four Door  
Means so much to me  
An inspiration  
What I aspire to be

But my wife complains  
'Bout my new possession  
On accounta my Jimmy  
Has become an obsession

It's Jimmy this  
And it's Jimmy that  
Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy  
Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy  
Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy

**Chorus**

Spoken: Now it's 300,000 miles  
later...and that's a long distance...

Bridge:  
Up on the bridge  
My Jimmy did drive  
Rusty and squeaky  
And barely alive

His tires are bald  
His front end misaligned  
His chrome had long faded  
The years were not kind

He plunged from the bridge  
And into the sea  
Shouting out  
"Why won't they listen to me?"

TV News  
Had the film at eleven  
Now he's a star  
In singer-songwriter heaven

Final Chorus:  
**But in my mind**  
**Jimmy's still sweet**  
**The envy of all**  
**As he rolls down the street**

**He's lively and bold**  
**A pleasure to see**  
**Just like my Jimmy**  
**Is how I want to be**

Yup,  
**Just like my Jimmy**  
**Is how I want to be**

**Knocking Off Robert's Song**  
**Mike Delaney**  
**November 1999**

I really like this groove  
The way it makes me move  
I think I heard it before  
And I was right out the door  
Before I forgot the mood

It has an appealing beat  
I could dress it up sweet  
I want to make it mine  
Play it all of the time  
Wrote it on the street

Chorus:

**Courting the muse**  
**That's my excuse**  
**For borrowing so liberally**  
**I took it to heart**  
**And I added a B-part**  
**Who could really blame me?**

**(for) Knocking off Robert's song**  
**Knocking off Robert's song**

Literary imagery  
What's come over me  
Clever metaphor  
And a matador  
Will the devil let me be?

I'll make black be white  
And give you a fright  
Scare your pants right off  
Like Boris Karlov  
With his evil bite

**Chorus**

The bull is really slung  
Cheek implanted with tongue  
Herman Hesse thank you  
For really coming through  
When my song is sung

Took only Robert's chords  
Can't nail me to the boards  
Added a clever strum  
Sure to be a plum  
'Specially with my words

**Chorus**

(for) Knocking off Robert's song  
Jimmy don't take this wrong  
I won't make it long  
'Cause we're all...  
Knocking off Robert's song

(Jimmy Dorr heard Robert "Leonard"  
Demerjian's song with this chord progression  
and liked it so much he wrote a song around it.  
Here I am spoofing Jimmy in good humor.)

**THE POET**  
**A Haiku for Dan Zampino**  
**Mike Delaney**  
**2004**

Armed with only words  
No melody  
No harmony  
Mayan Ruins  
Death

**IF WE ONLY HAD A BRAIN**  
**Mike Delaney, 7/7/2001**

I would not rely on Cheney  
Or someone just as brainy  
To me that does seem plain  
And my twins they would be stoppin'  
Their incessantly bar hoppin'  
If I only had a brain.

In Texas it was easy  
Life was simple, light and breezy  
And I had so much to gain  
If I needed a solution  
I'd just have an execution  
So, I didn't need a brain

Oh, I just don't know why  
My daddy didn't tell me so  
Every day there's stuff I really gotta  
know  
I thought this job, was just for show

I am leading a world power  
But after half an hour  
My noggin's full of pain.  
If my head was big as Lincoln  
I could do a lot more thinkin'  
If I only had a brain.

I am number two to Dub-yah  
I hope that doesn't trouble ya  
'Cause I can do my part  
But they wouldn't have to dicker  
Or reconstruct my ticker  
With an artificial heart

I wouldn't be bombastic  
If my chest was full of plastic  
And surgical steel parts  
I could manage to do something  
If the little pumps were pumping  
In my artificial heart

Look at me, I'm just VP  
But I can run the show  
'Cause I know stuff that Bush just  
doesn't know  
I have a role...and control  
The people they'll be learnin'  
That there's no point in conservin'  
I've known it from the start  
There'll be lots of oil drilling  
And the feeling is so thrilling  
In my artificial heart

Yeah, it's true that Gore was boring  
He had the people snoring  
By lacking vim and verve.  
But our country could be greater  
If we had elected Nader  
But we didn't have the nerve

There's just one explanation  
For all of our great nation  
We got what we deserve  
While we could've had a slugger  
But the one we got was smuggler  
'Cause we didn't have the nerve

These guys were no surprise  
For anyone who could think  
We could find better ones in a wink  
What we got—was "the weakest link"

There's no wizard, there's no magic  
It may seem a little tragic  
But we get what we deserve  
So don't listen to your party  
And be sure to get a smarty  
Who will serve

And be sure to have some brains  
...some heart  
...SOME NERVE!

We're off to get a refund...

C F C Am G C G# G  
C F C Am G C  
C C7 F Em Dm C Am C D G  
C F C Am G C

**Red Sox Dream**  
**Mike Delaney, 3/3/2001**

The Red Sox were always my team  
And a world series pennant  
Was always my dream  
But it's been years and years  
And too many beers  
With zilch for the land of the bean

2001 version:

But this year it's gonna be fun  
In old Fenway "Pahk"  
They might get the job done  
The team with red stockings  
Might do something shocking  
In the year of two thousand and one

2002 version:

But this year the owners are new  
In old Fenway "Pahk"  
Let's see what they can do

...

In the year of two thousand and two

2003 version:

New seats on the Green Monster aren't free  
In old Fenway "Pahk"  
They jacked up all the fees  
(It's white wine and brie)

...

In the year of two thousand and three

2004 version:

Our hopes will once again soar  
In old Fenway "Pahk"  
We'll see what is in store

...

In the year of two thousand and four

**Chorus:**

**Pedro and Nomar and Manny**  
**Together could do the uncanny**  
**With hittin' and pitchin'**  
**And no clubhouse bitchin' (or "snitchin')**  
**The Red Sox just might go for broke**  
**But we all expect them to choke**

Ted Williams was the best of the bunch  
Sure, Yaz and Conig  
Were not out to lunch  
But Bill Buckner's glove  
Hovered too far above  
When it can down to the clutch

They call it the curse of Babe Ruth  
But no one that I know  
Has seen any proof  
But our boys of summer  
Will end up in a slumber  
We're chokers and that is the truth

**Chorus**

Yes, our boys of summer are frail  
They can't keep themselves  
On the pennant trail  
Instead of competing  
Our Sox will be bleeding  
'Cause we all expect them to fail

I know that it's only a game  
And sportsmanship  
Means more than fortune or fame  
But when leaves take to falling  
The fans will be bawling  
'Cause Red Sox baseball is lame

**Chorus**

**Coda:**

(To the tune of  
"Take me out to the ball game")  
I know it's only a ball game  
I know it's s'posed to be fun  
But we have been waiting  
For years and years  
For the Bambino Curse to disappear  
Well its 83 years and counting  
And we will get more of the same  
But it's Pedro, Nomar, and Manny, we hope

Who will bring us fame

("85" years in 2003)

("86" years in 2004)

("84" years in 2002)



**I'M NOT A POET**  
**Mike Delaney 12/5/03**

I'm not a poet  
I don't write poetry  
Oh, I know the power of words.  
I know how to use them to my advantage.  
If I did write poetry  
It would be alive with ample avenues for alliteration  
Filled with simile like an overstuffed easy chair  
And metaphors would flitter across the page  
Flapping their fragile gossamer wings  
Under the crystalline azure sky  
And if it suited me at the time  
I would make the poem rhyme  
Oh, that would be sublime  
Or a half rhyme to save a line.

But I'm afraid my poetry would be...  
Poetically incorrect  
A weapon of masked disruption  
Just bullshit in a china shop  
And that would suck

I don't write poetry  
I'm not a poet

**MCAS Blues**  
**Mike Delaney, 3/3/2001**

I have been a student  
Since I was barely six  
Each year was promoted  
But now I'm in a fix

'Cause my self-respect is failing  
And I am over-stressed  
'Cause you will think I'm stupid  
If I flunk the MCAS test

**Chorus:**  
**I've got the MCAS blues**  
**This test has too much weight**  
**It's a course I did not choose**  
**And I may not "graduate"**

My teachers they all tell me  
That MCAS is unfair  
We don't need no standards  
Kids shouldn't be compared

And they don't want nobody  
To tell them what to teach  
Hey, ain't this still America  
What happened to free speech

**Chorus**

Hey there Mr. Dub-yah  
Down in Washington DC  
Are you in agreement  
With this "stratagerie"

Do you think that you could pass it  
Even with five tries  
But what will you do to help me  
When I'm still serving fries

**Chorus**

Languages are foreign  
And math is too complex  
All I really live for  
Is music, drugs, and sex

Does it really matter  
If I can't add or read  
How's that gonna help me  
Get on Survivor III

**Chorus**

**MAMMOGRAM, M'AM**  
**(with a Calypso beat)**  
Mike Delaney, 4/2000

A mammogram is simple  
A mammogram is fun  
A little bit of squeezing  
And then you're quickly done

A mammogram every year  
Whether you like it or not  
If you are over forty  
Need to care for what you've got

Chorus:

**Mammogram**  
**Thank you, M'am**  
**I like my boobs nicely pressed**  
**I can't cram**  
**For my breast exam**  
**So put my boobs to the test**

The big machine is waiting  
Come now--don't be shy  
You owe it to your family  
Your health is the reason why

You may be big and buxom  
You may be small and pert  
It really doesn't matter  
Just open up your shirt

**Chorus**

Women over forty  
Once a year will do  
A mammogram is easy  
And your hooters will thank you

The plexiglass is ready  
You step up with poise and flair  
You're ready for a pressing  
So you'll have a flattering pair

**Chorus**

**FLABBY CAT**  
**Joan and Mike Delaney, 2/6/05**  
**(Parody of “Smelly Cat” by Phoebe Buffay on “Friends”)**

Flabby cat, flabby cat  
Why are you so very fat?  
You just mope around the house  
You don't chase; you don't mouse  
You look like a fluffy mop  
You never start; you only stop  
Flabby cat, flabby cat  
It's not your fault

A-part:  
G C G D  
G C D C G  
Em Am Bm C  
G C D C G

Flabby cat, flabby cat  
I think you'll have a heart attack  
Your pressure's up; your lipids high  
You can't jump; you only lie  
You're heading for the checkout zone  
You're gonna leave me all alone  
Flabby cat, flabby cat  
It's not your fault

B-part:  
D G  
D G  
A D  
C D G

I'm gonna take you to the gym  
I'll work you out until you're slim  
The treadmill turns and turns so fast  
So you won't be—so ever-vast

Your tiny sneakers tied so tight  
Won't stop the pain until you're light  
You look cute pumping kitty weights  
You lost a pound, I think that's great

Skinny cat, skinny cat  
Now you eat your low-carb rat  
No kitty candy; not for you  
Atkins would be proud of you  
You're so thin, you creep me out  
Anorexic without a doubt  
Skinny cat, skinny cat  
It's not your fault



“Bud—a flabby cat”

**HOMEFRIES IN HEAVEN**  
**Mike Delaney, 1/27/2002**

I don't always eat what I'm 'sposed 'ta  
I don't always eat what I should  
These simple words I have lived by  
"If it's healthy—it's probably not good"

But my belly is bulging outwards  
My blood sugar's out of control  
And my LDL has all gone to hell  
My life style has taken its toll

**Chorus:**

**But I hope they have home fries in heaven**  
**'Cause, by God, that's my favorite food**  
**When I'm eating heavenly home fries**  
**I'm one fat satisfied dude**

**But if I can't have home fries in heaven**  
**Then I don't need no heavenly glow**  
**No frying potato; Then I will just wait, oh**  
**I'm not sure that I want to go**

My problem isn't really the home fries  
It's the bacon and eggs along side  
Or the sausage or ham or kielbasa  
And buttered toast along for the ride

It's like I'm sinking slowly in quick sand  
Swallowed up by an ocean of lard  
I have this feeling that my blood is congealing  
And my arteries all have turned hard

**Chorus**

When I stand at the gate of St. Peter  
I'll ask him to let me come in  
He'll take one look at my belly  
And say, "dude, your life's been a sin

St. Peter will send me to Lucifer  
And I think that's probably swell  
Without no bitchin' I'll say hello Hell's Kitchen  
'Cause I'm sure they have home fries in Hell

**Chorus**



## INSCRIPTIONS

Mike Delaney 2/2001

Woody and Pete were Almanac singers  
Crowd inciters and message bringers  
On Woody's guitar was a warning in red  
"This machine kills fascists" it said

Tight skin and a long skinny neck  
Pete's banjo has a slogan, by heck  
*It goes like this, as I remember*  
*"This machine surrounds hate and forces it to surrender"*

From Woody to Pete and Pete to Arlo  
I bet there's a saying on his piano  
But it's probably not about hate or malice  
Maybe just something cute about Alice

But I'm a rebel without a clue  
My capo has a message, too  
It says something totally rich  
"This device raises the pitch"

**No Ana, No Cry  
Mike Delaney 6/25/2007  
(A tribute to Ana Eder-Mulhane)**

Here's to that special open mike  
In the crowded square of Milton  
All the people that we like  
And some that went on-AND-on  
I Say!

Now there's one special woman  
With a heart of solid gold  
She's always so sweet  
Her gig never gets old  
Oh Yeah!

I tell you it's true  
That's why I am here  
She welcomes all  
For year after year  
Oy Vey!

No Ana, no cry  
No Ana, no cry  
No Ana, no cry  
No Ana, no cry

What ever happened to Jim Rader  
And his song about Cape Cod  
Shandra and Missy, Jimmy and Cliff,  
My blind shrink, Captain Easy Chord

Paul Shaheen, Captain Bob, Sweet Rebecca  
So many players and so many songs  
Belly laughs and heartfelt tears  
And so many we could sing along  
Sing now!

No Ana, no cry  
No Ana, no cry  
No Ana, no cry  
No Ana, no cry

Everything's gonna be all right!  
Everything's gonna be all right!  
Everything's gonna be all right!  
Everything's gonna be all right!

No Ana, no cry



No Ana, no cry  
No Ana, no cry  
No Ana, no cry

**HEY, JAVA JO'S**  
**Mike Delaney, 2/18/07**  
**(Audience Participation, Percussion, Like "Iko" and "Loddy Lo")**  
**(DADGAD, Capo 2, D)**

**Chorus—twice at beginning and end:**

**Hey Java Jo's**  
**Hey Java Jo's**  
**Ana is the sweetest host**  
**Hey Java Jo's**

Some play songs they do not know  
But here in JP anything goes

There is always a lively crowd  
But no one's blender is half as loud

I miss Jimmy Dorr and Captain Bob  
If you want some mando that's my job

**Chorus**

From pros to someone's first recital  
Or over the top like American Idol

Some performers not to be missed  
Frankie's the keeper of the list.

Some are gruff and some are dainty  
Peter runs all the way from Braintree

**Chorus**

Some are dreadful; some amusin'  
None are nicer than poetess Susan

Some are fresh and some are wiltin'  
Some of us are still missing Milton

I can't find the bathroom key  
And boy I really need to pee

**Chorus**

One more verse would be too many  
So give it up for my boyfriend Kenny

I thank you in this final verse  
Now it is time to disperse

**Chorus 4X with big finish!**