



1. Pigs

I took my piggy bank and drove to the country
To McDonald's farm, and gave him all my money
Razorbacks, hogs, potbellies and swine
I loaded up my car and they were all mine

I rigged my apartment with trampolines and springs
Got those little fellers rubber bands and propellers
And glued on some wings

This little piggy crashed into the wall
This little piggy fell down
This little piggy sailed out the window
"Wee Wee Wee", and then a splatting sound
It's hard to keep them up in the air, but I try
Because you said you'd love me, when pigs fly

They laughed at Lindbergh, Orville and Wilbur too
They laughed at me, for loving you
They said I was boorish; maybe I ham
But you'll be bacon for me one day
Because I've got a plan

Chorus

Now we're on the church steps
With rice in our hair
Everybody's running for cover
Because those aren't doves up there!

This little piggy soared into the blue
And never came down

This little piggy sailed out the window
"Wee Wee Wee", what a happy sound
It's hard to keep them up in the air, but we try
Because when you love me, pigs fly
That's all folks!



I was a rather pitiful bachelor. Lowlights included almost setting my condo on fire cooking a pop tart, and being down to only one lightbulb. (I carried it with me from room to room, screwing and unscrewing the bulb.) The Pope used to call me, asking for advice on how to remain celibate.

10. Jury of My Peers

Back in the second grade Sister Helen taught us all
How to tell time; how to tell right from wrong
And how when you go to heaven your evil thoughts are judged
Sister Helen would never lie to us

So go tell Robespierre and Attila the Hun
Wake Vlad the Impaler; Jeffrey Dahmer, let's do lunch
Dig up twelve angry men to make my trial fair
Give me a jury of my peers

Then in college they wrote on the board
All about hubris; pride before a fall
If they want humility I guess I don't belong
Because I'm already imaging cheering for this song

Go get Icarus, set Napoleon free
Head out west for Custer, and Wiley Coyote
Dig up twelve might-have-beens to make my trial fair
Give me a jury of my peers

If I get to testify I'll gladly take the stand
Admit that I'm not perfect, but I've found the Promised Land
Then I'll point to you, Exhibit A for the defense
But what's a nice girl like you doing in a song like this?

Go get Romeo and Marc Antony
Maybe Rhett Butler, maybe Miss Piggy
If they find twelve who loved the way I love you dear
I'll have a jury of my peers



Another in the ongoing series of "Joe visits heaven" songs.

9. Get Back To Work

It's true, I've never been to heaven
I hope it's better than pictures I've seen
I won't be caught dead playing a harp
Give me a Martin D-18

And what's up with all of the music?
Don't they know about the mess down here?
Hey Peter, bring me the manager
Angels, earn your wings this year
And

Get back to work
Have you nothing to do but sit around singing?
Get back to work
Time spent singing could be time spent building dreams

I dreamt I snuck into God's office
Looked for him all over the place
There he was, leading the choir
With a great big smile on his face
I said

Chorus

God exhaled slowly on the window
Frosting the glass with the breath from his lips
All the times I could have made something better
Appeared as tracings from fingertips

God said, Management in heaven
Is just like earth; it works just the same way
I gave you free will and opposable thumbs
I didn't get to be God without learning how to delegate
So

Chorus

For this, and "Jury
Of My Peers": While
I love the recordings
and arrangements
of these on my first
album, there were
aspects of the writing
I have wanted to fix
for years. Done!
#NoSongLeftBehind

2. I Love Hamburgers

You asked me to write you a song
Just like the radio plays all day long
About how I love you more with each beat of my heart
And don't know where you end and I start

Now I love you dearly; don't get me wrong
But that's just not my kind of song

I love you more than Spiderman, Kung Fu Movies, and Breaking Bad
I love you more than hamburgers
And I love hamburgers!

I can tell from the tears in your eyes
You had no idea I was such a romantic guy
Suddenly you've got your coat and say you've got to go
But wait, not before I'm sure you know:

I love you more than old guitars, Planet Of The Apes, and
Baseball Cards
I love you more than hamburgers
And I love hamburgers!

Now it's been a month; you don't return my calls
Facebook says you're single; I read the writing on the wall
What ever happened? Was it something that I sang?
At least I'm not alone; I'm such a lucky man.

Because I've still got Spiderman, Kung Fu Movies, and
Breaking Bad
I've still got hamburgers
And I love hamburgers!

One evening, in a diner, I
overheard the stupidest song
ever. When the chorus came
back around I realized I had
completely misheard it. I thought,
"Great, now I can write it!"



3. Long Story Short

I am not the strong and silent type, if someone's looking for a fight
I can talk them to death all night

So, our first date came to a close, I tried to take it slow
Said there's just one thing I'd like to know

Do you like me, do you love me? Can I see you again Sunday?
Did I mention I like your blouse?

Can you picture lots of babies, that look like me vaguely
Running around your house?

Do you think you could fall for a guy like me? Give me a complete report
And then you kissed me...to make a long story short

We hit it off like ham and cheese, so I got down on one knee
And asked you to be Mrs. Me

Do you like me do you love me? Can I marry you on Sunday?
Did I mention I like your blouse?

Can you picture lots of babies, that look like me vaguely
Running around our house?

Do you think you could fall for a guy like me? Give me a complete report
And then you kissed me...to make a long story short

When the preacher asked us if we do, I told him yes, and where, and how
You had to kiss me then and there, to take the words right out of my mouth

Now you like me, you love me, we have ham and cheese each Sunday
I still like that blouse

There are lots of babies that look like me exactly
Running around our house

How could a girl like you love a guy like me? Give me a complete report
And then you kiss me...to make a long story short

Ironically, these
lyrics are too long to
allow for an intro

8. Perhaps

Barney was a farmer, led a simple life
One horse, one son and a wife
When his horse ran away he heard his neighbors say
"So unlucky". He just said "Perhaps"

One week later that horse came back
Followed by five others in a pack
People in town said God had smiled down on Barney
He just said "Perhaps"

Perhaps, you never know
Who can tell how it'll go
Perhaps, might be
Too soon to say, so wait-and-see

Barney's son tried to tame the new horses
One threw him off and he broke his metatarsal
His wife said "Now, who's gonna plow? We're in trouble!"
He just said "Perhaps"

The army road in the very next day
And all able-bodied boys were taken away
But with his broken foot Junior had to stay put
How Lucky! Barney said "Perhaps"

Chorus

This can go on and on but I think you get the gist
If you're still in the game that's no time to count your chips
This song is almost over, what do you think of it?
I like it; I think it'll be a hit
But Barney, he just said "Perhaps"

Chorus

A co-write with Alan Watts.
Will he sue me? Perhaps.

7. Barometer

When I want to see the sun
I tell it stories of things you've done
Show your picture
And it smiles on everyone

But when I want the rain to pour
I play songs you wrote when you loved me for sure
And hold the sky as it cries
Because you don't write 'em like that anymore

Everybody complains about the weather
But no one ever does a thing
Except me, because I can tell the difference
Between what you can change and what will be

When I want to play in the snow
I reach down in this heart gone cold
For a white picket dream
That froze up years ago

Chorus

When the barometer starts to fall
I take a bottle down from the wall
Room spins, I start to cry
See you can leave me high but not dry

Chorus

A song about love, magic, and Al Roker.



4. No Place Like Home

I will never forget, the last words my grandfather said
To my brother and me, the day that he died
He said, "Boys don't you turn on the light yet
I'm still rewiring the outlet"
Home fried!

Mama was the apple of Daddy's eye
Had a left hook that could make a grown man cry
Married a man in Reno, just to watch him die
Didn't spare the rod, none of that nonsense
"Time outs" meant how long we were unconscious
Daddy sat ring side!

East to west and back I go
There is one thing I know
No matter where I roam
Thank God there ain't no place like home

Mama taught us the facts of life, saying "Boys don't you take a wife
Won't any girl love you like your Mama tries"
Each morning in the pantry Mama made pancakes
In her bra and her panties
My eyes!

Chorus

I moved out when it got too bad
And met a girl like the one who married dear old Dad
Now we got two kids, each a basket case
Just like Mama used to make
And they sing:

Chorus

I've written two songs in which
I electrocute someone. This one
is fictional.



5. In God's Image

Three young kids from my hometown; lead story on the news
Talking street, caps turned around, Air Jordan on their shoes
Beat to death a black boy lost in their neighborhood

If we believe we were made in God's image
No wonder we're all afraid to die
Do you want to meet a God like us?
Neither do I

So next morning on the street, must have been a thousand strong
Chanting "Yes, give them death, straight to hell where they belong"
It's an eye for an eye
It's a soul for a soul

If we believe we were made in God's image
No wonder we're all afraid to die
Do you want to meet a God like us?
Neither do I

When they asked the grieving mom in an interview
"What would happen to those kids, if it were up to you?"
She said, "Have mercy on their souls
Teach them love's light shines through"

I want to believe she was made in God's image
That's the prayer I'll whisper when I die
Do you want to meet a God like her?
So do I

Unfortunately/fortunately,
a true story.

6. L.A.

I caught a flight, late last night, out of JFK
All day long I've walked along sunny downtown L.A.
A change of scene, a new routine; just what the Doctor ordered
Palm trees and Grumman's Chinese brought a smile to this New Yorker

They don't have the Lady Liberty
Don't have the Great White Way
Most of all L.A. don't have you
And that is why I stay

At Venice Beach I was out of reach of everyone I knew
'Til a muscle-bound gorilla with breath like Godzilla reminded me of you
So I bought a post card of bodies hard and wrote you this poem:
"Darling dear, I wish you were here, so I could go back home"

Chorus

I don't mean to sound bitter, or out of line
But it is refreshing to hear people mention
Faults that are not mine

They don't have Yankee Stadium
Don't have old Broadway
Most of all L.A. don't have you
And that is why I stay

In the immortal words of Buckaroo
Banzai: "No matter where you go,
there you are."