

It's A Puzzle

Grimwood/Idlet Troutoons and Fred Bogert Maxbox Music © 2003 (BMI)

Isn't it a puzzle that an is'll be a was?
In the middle of a muddle it'll trickle to a flood.
Don't let the rain go and drizzle on your muzzle.
It's a puzzle that an is'll be a was.
Just a puzzle that an is'll be a was.

Do you want to know why I want to go to Idaho?
I gotta go to Idaho. I haven't been there.
It's excuses and saying it's no use
That keeps us from getting anywhere.
Oh, isn't it a puzzle that an is'll be a was?
In the middle of a muddle it'll trickle to a flood.
Don't let the rain go and drizzle on your muzzle.
It's a puzzle that an is'll be a was.
Just a puzzle that an is'll be a was.

Is...is ...till it isn't...then it was.
And was ...once was an is ...back when it was.
You can't be counting every second,
But if you make sure that every second counts,
Maybe might be an is in a second,
Can you figure that out?

Is...is ...till it isn't...then it was.
And was ...once was an is ...back when it was.
You can't be counting every second,
But if you make sure that every second counts,
Maybe might be an is in a second,
Can you figure that out yet?

Fill it Up

Ezra Idlet / Keith and Beth Grimwood © 2003 Troutoons (BMI)

I've got an ice cream cone, I'm going to fill it up
All the way to the bottom.
Chocolate, strawberry, maybe vanilla
With sprinkles if I've got 'em.
1 scoop 2 scoop 3 scoop 4
If the cone was bigger then I'd have more.
It's cold and sweet and such a treat
I want to live on Ice Cream Street.

If you're walking into the forest
You can only walk halfway in,
Cause if you take just one more step
You'll be walking out again.
1 step 2 step 3 step 4
If I lived here I'd live outdoors.
It's cool and green and I can't see
The forest for the trees.

Fill it up all the way to the bottom.
I'm not ashamed oh and I'm not too proud.
Half remembered, yeah well it's half forgotten,
Halfway in is halfway out.

Seems like some things used to be big
Back when I was smaller.
Some things change by staying the same
Every day I get a little taller.
1 inch 2 inch 3 inch 4
I'm farther and farther away from the floor.
Up to the bottom and down to the top
I keep growing till I stop.

Fill it up all the way to the bottom.
I'm not ashamed oh and I'm not too proud.
Half remembered, oh well it's half forgotten,
Halfway in is halfway out.

The Goops
Ezra Idlet © 2003 Troutoons (BMI)
(Based on a poem by Gelett Burgess)

The Goops they lick their fingers, the Goops they lick their knives
Spill their broth on the tablecloth, oh they lead disgusting lives.
The Goops they talk while eating and loud and fast they chew
And that is why I'm glad that I am not a Goop, are you?

They don't mind if you don't like 'em, they don't care if you do.
They like pinchin' they like bitin' and they'd love to pick on you.
They'd love to pick on you.

The Goops they pick their toenails, the Goops don't wash their hair
They wipe their noses on their clothes and they don't really care.
The Goops take jelly doughnuts and stick 'em in their shoe
That is why I'm glad that I am not a Goop, are you?

They don't mind if you don't like them, they don't care if you do.
They like pinchin' they like bitin' and they'd love to pick on you.
They'd love to pick on you.

The Goops they live in cornfields, the Goops they play with bugs
Pick 'em up by the cupful and they pickle 'em in jugs.
The Goops they feast on pig feet and drink disgusting goo
That is why I'm glad that I am not a Goop, are you?

They don't mind if you don't like them, they don't care if you do.
They like pinchin' they like bitin' and they'd love to pick on you.
They'd love to pick on you.

I Get Ideas

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When I see a big old tree, I get ideas.
Can you pet a bumblebee? I get ideas.
I see a jar of peanut butter and it's time to wash my hair,
Something weird comes over me. I get ideas.

Well, I wonder where they come from, these ideas.
I'm never sure just what to do with my ideas.
How many marbles can fit in a sink? How many root beers can I drink?
Something weird comes over me. I get ideas.

I'm not saying they're good ones
But at least I'm thinking something
Even if I get it wrong
Once or twice or three times it's not nothing.

Give me a hammer and a nail. I get ideas.
It happens without fail. I get ideas.
Some plywood and a two by four or maybe just the kitchen door,
Something weird comes over me. I get ideas.

I'm not saying they're good ones
But at least I'm trying something
Even if I get it wrong
Once or twice or three times it's not nothing.

Just before I go to sleep, I get ideas.
When the elves come out to play, I get ideas.
Maybe if I concentrate I'll surprise the world one day
When I finally have a good idea.

Why I Pack My Lunch

Ezra Idlet / Keith and Beth Grimwood ©2003 Troutoons (BMI)

The lunch bell tolls, we go bravely,
To chicken knuckles with toxic gravy.
Cream of tea bags, wombat pelt,
Lizard lips, what's that? Smelt?
Chocolate pudding that goes crunch.
Is it any wonder why I pack my lunch?

French fried nostrils, tuna rolls,
Is that shoe or just fillet of sole?
Grilled toenails with a side of bunions,
Sautéed bats with lots of onions,
Biscuits hard enough to bunt,
Is it any wonder why I pack my lunch?

Some things move, some things shouldn't.
Buying your lunch here? Pal, I wouldn't.
Some things ought to be left alone
Turn them back to dirt and stone
Good food's rare as Haley's Comet,
This stuff makes me want to... leave the table.

Chunky milk, eyebrow soup,
Refried snakeskin, fresh baked boot,
Poultry feet with goat entrails,
Escargot? No, that's snails.
Chicken beaks on sticky buns.
Is it any wonder why I pack my lunch?

It's Gone

Grimwood/Idlet © 2003 Troutoons (BMI)

It's gone, I guess I'll have to get used to it.
Well, it's gone, I guess I'll have to get over it.
'cause it's gone, so long, baby it's gone.

Well, it's lost, I know I'm sure gonna miss it.
Yeah it's lost, I know I might as well kiss it good-bye.
'cause it's gone, so long, baby it's gone.

I don't know where I put it. I can't remember where I saw it last.
But our good times together, looks like they're in the past.

Oh baby it's gone, I guess I'll have to get used to it.
Yeah it's gone, guess I'll just have to get over it.
'cause it's gone, so long, baby it's gone.

I feel like I might cry. I feel like I'm coming apart.
When I think how much I'll miss it, you know it breaks my heart.
Makes me so mad, that was my favorite toy in the whole world.
How could I go and lose it?

Oh baby it's gone, I guess I'll have to get used to it.
Yeah it's gone, guess I'll just have to get over it.
'cause it's gone, so long, baby it's gone.

Relax

Keith Grimwood © 2003 Troutoons (BMI)

Relax and it'll be OK.

Relax and it'll be OK.

Relax and it'll be OK.

We'll be sad some other day.

Relax it's going to be all right.

Relax it's going to be all right.

Relax and it'll be all right.

We'll mess up some other night.

We'll sink so low and go so slow,

We'll beat something into the ground.

We'll get cranky; we'll get critical,

Say bad things and feel let down.

Today we're just not going to worry.

Tonight we're just not in a hurry.

"Not guilty," said the judge and the jury.

We'll stink later like a rotten tomato.

Relax it's going to be all right.

Relax it's going to be all right.

Relax it's going to be all right.

We'll be sad some other night.

We'll sink so low, so slow,

We'll beat something into the ground.

We'll get cranky; we'll get critical,

Say bad things and feel let down.

Relax, today we're just not going to worry.

Relax, tonight we're just not in a hurry.

"Not guilty," said the judge and the jury.

We'll stink later like a rotten tomato.

Relax, don't worry if your money's gone.

Relax, don't worry if you're all alone.

Relax, I promise you it won't feel wrong.

We'll be sad some other song.

Wrong Right
Grimwood/Idlet ©2003 Troutoons (BMI)

Sometimes I get in trouble 'bout the things I go and do
Sometimes doing nothing even causes trouble, too.
I know that it's my fault though I try with all my might,
 Sometimes I can't do anything but wrong right.
I'm running out of excuses in a floppy pair of shoes.
I'm in a hurry going nowhere and I'll probably get there, too.

Sometimes I get in trouble 'bout the things I go and do
Sometimes doing nothing even causes trouble, too.
I know that it's my fault, though I try with all my might,
 Sometimes I can't do anything but wrong right.
I don't want to do the wrong thing but I do it anyway.
I don't want to say the wrong words but I say them every day.

La La Land
Grimwood/Idlet © 2003 Troutoons (BMI)
Inspired by a songwriting workshop in Concordia, KS

Big black bug sitting in a tub
Laying on his back, dreaming of a belly rub in La La Land,
Talking 'bout La La Land.
Butterfly flutter by, looking for a pepperoni pizza pie in La La Land,
Talking 'bout La La Land.
Big black bug, butterfly, keep that sparkle in your eye in La La Land.

Purple polka dotted dinosaur
Brushing his teeth with an apple core in La La Land,
Talking 'bout La La Land.
Awesome possum chewing on a blossom
Hanging by his tail in an apple tree in La La Land,
Talking 'bout La La Land.
Apple core, apple blossom, whatever you want you can bet we got's em in La La Land.

La La Land, La La Land.

Saw a rhinoceros riding on a bus
With a hippo and an elephant, it's a big bus in La La Land,
Talking 'bout La La Land.
Guinea pig grazing on the bathroom rug
Big black bug still dreaming of a belly rub in La La Land,
Talking 'bout La La Land.
Riding on a bus, grazing on a rug,
Laying on his back still dreaming of a belly rub in La La Land.

Chartreuse mongoose, cobra snake,
Two straw sipping on a chocolate shake in La La Land,
Talking 'bout La La Land.
Hedgehog sitting on a front porch swing
Talking on a cell phone not saying anything in La La Land,
Talking 'bout La La Land.
Close your eyes and you can see if you can think it, it can be in La La Land.

Alien in My Nose

Grimwood/Idlet © 2003 Troutoons (BMI)

Inspired by songwriting workshops in Van Buren, AR and Rochester, MN

A quiet day at school, a little after lunch,
I was sitting in the library reading adventure books.
I felt something in my nose so I discreetly pulled it out.
When I saw it on my finger I wanted to scream and shout.
It was wiggling and jiggling and jumping up and down.
I was in the library and couldn't make a sound.
There was an alien in my nose, an alien in my nose.
And it was gross, gross, gross, gross! There was an alien in my nose.

Purple, green and slimy, with pointy teeth and bloodshot eyes,
I tried to shut it in a book, but it survived.
So I stabbed it with my pencil, tried to wipe it on a friend.
It took my lunch, said, "Take me to your leader" and jumped back up my nose again.
There was an alien in my nose, an alien in my nose.
And it was gross, gross, gross, gross! There was an alien in my nose.

I could feel it crawling, creeping closer to my brain.
It was trying to suck the smart out to make me crazy and insane.
So I threw it on the floor, tried to squish it with my shoe.
When this didn't work, I knew what I would have to do.
I had to be brave and save the world. I knew I had to defeat it.
There was only one way to stop this thing. I knew I was going to have to eat it.
There was an alien in my nose, an alien in my nose.
And it was gross, gross, gross, gross! There was an alien in my nose.

The King of My Mountain
Grimwood/Idlet © 2003 Troutoons (BMI)

I'm the king of my mountain, the king of my stuff,
My kingdom may not be too much to look at,
 But it's mine and it's just enough.
I've got toys to amuse me, books to peruse,
 Ideas to pursue, even some I might use,
Puzzles to puzzle and riddles to solve
 And the things that I do for the people I love.

I'm the king of my mountain, the king of my time.
Sometimes I forget to remember that I am the king,
 The king of my mind.
I tell it to think and not to worry
 I tell it to rest, don't get in a hurry.
"Etc, etc, etc," I say.
 I'm the king so I do it this way.

A warm comfortable bed, a roof over my head,
 Tapestries hanging on walls.
Tables and chairs and secret staircases,
 Chambers for sleeping right down the hall.

I'm the king of my mountain, the king of my heart.
With so many subjects and so much to learn,
 It's hard to know where to start.
I've got toys to amuse me, books to peruse,
 Ideas to pursue, even some I might use,
Puzzles to puzzle and riddles to solve
 And the things that I do for the people I love.

It's Like

Grimwood/Idlet 2003 Troutoons (BMI)

You don't understand.

There's no way possible for you to know what it's like.

It's like at school today, my teacher was like,

She was talking about it and she got all like

And I hate it when she gets that way.

It was like I was talking to Jessica and all of a sudden she was all like...

And it makes me so mad, I don't know.

I don't know why people have to get all like that way.

You should have seen it!

I was skating on a rail and grinding like it was awesome.

My front foot was like way up here and my back foot was like just behind it.

When I landed, Matt was like...

Whoa!! That was like... yeah!

And then Matt did a 360 off the roof and it was unbelievable,

Cause he almost like lost it and then

like he kept on going. You know what I mean?

Dad's always going on about the way we talk

Is it like sandpaper or like broken glass (I wish he's take a walk)

Dad's always going on and on (like he could ever know)

Is it like chalk on a chalkboard or like a garbage truck? (It's like he's just so...)

I was online talking

And like everybody's talking at the same time

But like Tom, he's still like at work in California

But it's like he's always on,

Even if he's not watching.

So I'm downloading and it's like hard enough to keep organized

And it's like you call me to dinner

And it's not even ready yet.

I jumped

It was like in slow motion and he missed me by a mile,

And I was like bouncing off the walls and ducking and dodging.

And I'm still in the air

I haven't touched the ground yet.

Did you see that? It's like, do you believe?

I'm moving here. Why aren't you?

It's like, well, you saw...