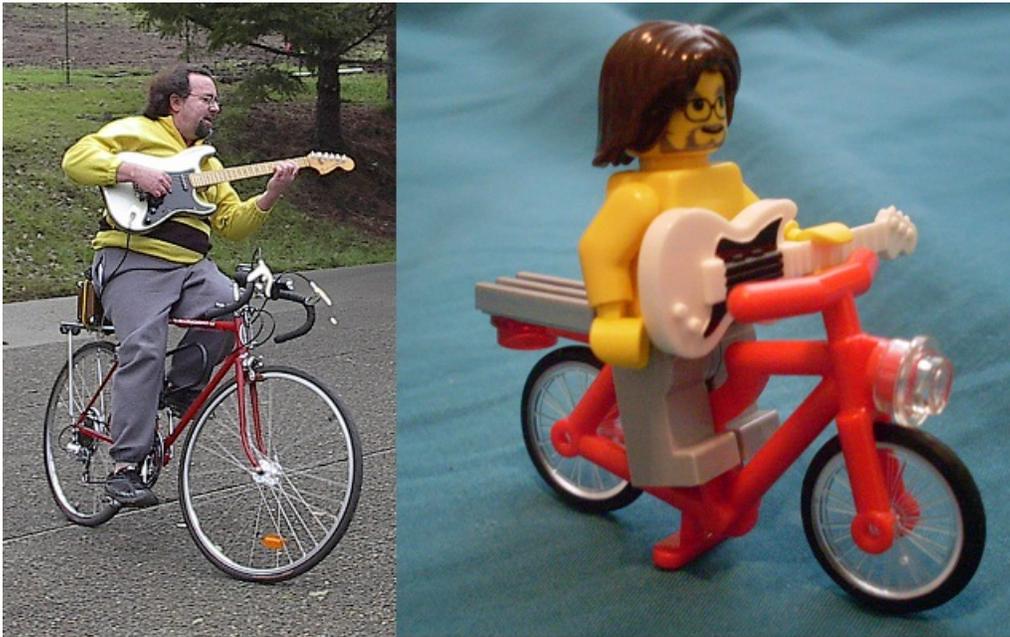


**Song Lyrics for the album**

***“When you ride over sharps,  
you get flats!”***

**by The Bicycling Guitarist**



*The Bicycling Guitarist* is on the left, his “Roll Model” on the right in this picture. Uncanny resemblance, don't you think? All parts of the “Roll Model” are genuine Lego except for the guitar by Brickforge (Lego does not make a Stratocaster-shaped guitar for its minifigs). This is what Lego fans call a MOC (My Own Creation). Disclaimer: LEGO® does not officially endorse or sponsor this “Roll Model.”

*The Minstrel Cycle* is a 1977 Schwinn Sportabout ten-speed bicycle with an electro-forged steel frame similar to the once ubiquitous Schwinn Varsity ten-speed bicycles but with Japanese SunTour derailleurs. The Bicycling Guitarist has been riding it “no hands” while playing guitar since the early 1980s. Over the years *The Minstrel Cycle* has had several upgrades of better parts from more expensive Schwinn models of similar vintage and modern alloy rims (but still using vintage Schwinn hubs).

*Annie* is a 1979 Silver Anniversary model Fender Stratocaster guitar. The Bicycling Guitarist got this guitar in the late 1980s to replace his previous guitar that was a copy of a Strat (not made by Fender), and he has ridden tens of thousands of miles on the bicycle with it since then. He literally plays his music “on the road.”

# *“When you ride over sharps, you get flats!”*

## **Table of Contents**

Early Morning Hours.....	1
What Can I Say?.....	2
Bouncy.....	2
Hot Young Blonde.....	3
Running Out of Time.....	4
Traveling.....	4
Tray Dipper.....	5
Red Baron.....	6
Legalize.....	7
Evolution.....	8
Logger Rhythm.....	9
Entropy.....	9
Oh! Jennifer!.....	10
Over the Rainbow.....	11

Since the early 1980s The Bicycling Guitarist has traveled tens of thousands of miles “riding the guitar while playing the bicycle” (yes he said that right) writing hundreds of original songs. This album features fourteen of his best songs including a parody of The Beatles song *Day Tripper* and a cover of Israel Kamakawiwo'ole's version of *Over the Rainbow*. The album title is from a spontaneous remark he made on May 13, 2008.

Album copyright ©2013 to The Bicycling Guitarist Chris Watson

Website: <http://www.TheBicyclingGuitarist.net/>

Facebook: The Bicycling Guitarist

YouTube: BicyclingGuitarist channel

## Early Morning Hours

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, copyright ©1994)

[instrumental verse & chorus]

[verse]

It's like a dream (like a dream)  
but seems so real (seems so real)  
It makes me scream (makes me scream)  
the things I feel (things I feel)

[chorus]

In the early morning hours, lying half asleep,  
questions coming up but they're too deep

[verse]

So I wake up (I wake up)  
I'm not asleep (anymore)  
The dream is gone (dream is gone)  
flown out the door (out the door)

[chorus]

In the early morning hours, lying half asleep,  
questions coming up but they're too deep

[instrumental verse & chorus]

[verse]

It's all too deep, for me to sleep  
anymore.  
So here I lay (here I lay)  
and softly pray (softly pray)

[chorus]

for an answer to my problems,  
end to all my fears,  
for a lover in my life  
to be with all my years.

[instrumental verse & chorus]

## What Can I Say?

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©1989)

[instrumental verse]

[verse]

The classic form may be by some preferred  
to lines of verse which do not have a rhyme,  
but often I cannot locate the word  
to say that which I mean to say in time.

[chorus]

What can I say, so you will know what I mean?  
What can I say, so you will know what I mean?

[verse]

Vo-cab-u-la-ry is the limit here.  
The sounds we use com-mu-ni-cate our thoughts.  
A burst of air to make our meaning clear,  
on paper just a mass of lines and dots.

[chorus, bridge, instrumental verse, chorus]

[verse]

But no-one hears my words the way I do.  
We listen to each other through a haze  
of how we think the picture that we drew  
is clear to someone else's filtered gaze.

[chorus, bridge, end]

## Bouncy

(music by Chris Watson, lyrics by Ashley Kerber, copyright ©2013)

Up and Down, Up and Down  
Like a Bouncy Ball go Round.  
We go Up (pause) go Down  
Like a Bouncy Ball.

Up and Down, Up and Down  
Off the walls and off the ground.  
We go Up (pause) go Down  
Like a Bouncy (pause) Bouncy Ball.

## Hot Young Blonde

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©1994)

[verse]

Hot young blonde getting ready to go out tonight.  
She's beautiful — what a sight!  
She comes over to my place  
to put make-up on her face.

[chorus]

She knows what to wear; it goes with her hair.  
She knows where to go, and when to say no.  
She knows how to move; she gets in the groove.  
She knows what to say. She's ready to play.

[bridge]

[instrumental verse, chorus, bridge]

[verse]

Hot young blonde, she's ready to go out tonight.  
She's beautiful — what a sight!  
Gets attention from all the men  
in the bar when she walks in.

[chorus]

They see a young blonde — obviously hot! —  
what she's wearing shows off what she's got.  
Hot young blonde — a beautiful sight!  
Hot young blonde having fun tonight.

[bridge]

## Running Out of Time

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©1994)

[intro]

Doorbell rings at three o'clock in the morning:

[verse]

It's my friend Michelle standing at the door.  
The bars are closed, and she needs a place to sleep.  
I let her in with a feeling of regret;  
I hate to see her running out of time.

[chorus]

And you know, I still care and always will no matter what.  
She's my friend, but I won't help her self-destruct!

[bridge]

Sleep so near to her, but without any touch,  
staring at her face, dreaming of her embrace.

[instrumental verse, repeat chorus & bridge]

[verse]

She wants me to be a friend and help her run around.  
How can I convince her she's running out of time?  
Yes I want to help her, but not the way she wants.  
She's bent on destruction and running out of time.

[chorus]

And you know, I still care and always will no matter what.  
She's my friend, but I won't help her self-destruct!

[bridge]

Sleep, my love so near and yet so far.  
It breaks my heart, but I can't be a part of this.

## Traveling

(music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©2013)

*Instrumental song*

## Tray Dipper

### parody of the Beatles song “Day Tripper”

(song title and 2nd verse parody lyrics copyright ©1990 by Chris Watson,  
1st and 3rd verses added in 2012) “*Poets have been mysteriously silent on the  
subject of cheese.*”— Gilbert K. Chesterton

Got a good reason  
for taking the cheesy tray out.

Got a good reason  
for taking the cheesy tray out now.

She was a tray dipper,  
buffet ticket yeah.

It took her so long to pig out,  
and she pigged out.

She likes the cheese, yeah.  
She could eat half the tray there.

She likes the cheese, yeah.  
She could eat half the tray there, now.

She was a tray dipper,  
buffet ticket, yeah.

It took her so long to pig out,  
and she pigged out.

Tried to please her,  
she took the tray right from my hands.

Tried to please her,  
she took the tray right from my hands.

She was a tray dipper,  
ice cream sundaes too.

It took her so long to pig out,  
but she pigged out.

Tray Dipper. Tray Dipper, yeah.  
Tray Dipper. Tray Dipper, yeah.

## Red Baron

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©1995)

Manfred von Richthofen set the pace  
as World War One's top flying ace.

Starts out riding horses, but his thoughts turn to the sky.  
Combat on the ground, he's seen his share of blood.  
Transfers to the air corps where they teach him how to fly.  
Now he's in an airplane soaring high above the mud.

They call him the Red Baron flying in his red Albatros.  
He leads the Flying Circus, but he is shot, almost lost.

Aiming at an English machine,  
July six, nineteen-seventeen:

Richthofen's in combat when he suddenly is shot.  
Bullet ploughs his skull, and takes away his breath.  
Everything goes black as he thinks this awful thought:  
“This is how it feels when one is shot down to his death!”

<“shot down to your death” feeling lead solo>

Critically hurt at the start of the fight,  
he cannot move and he loses his sight.

Paralyzed and blinded as his plane falls from the sky,  
he regains control of arms and legs but still can't see!  
Tears his goggles off his face and angrily asks why  
if he has to die this is how it has to be?

He regains his sight through force of will,  
lands in a field, and he is still...

He should not have fought again,  
but felt he owed it to his men.

After being wounded, he is never quite the same.  
Leading by example, he returns to his task.  
Finding English planes, he shoots them down in flames  
until that April morning when he is killed at last!

They called him the Red Baron, dying in his red Fokker Triplane.  
He stood by his friends until the end.  
(until the end) until the end (until the end) until the...

## Legalize

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©1990)

[C part]

Well, alcohol kills one hundred thousand a year.  
Tobacco kills one thousand people every day!  
Marijuana's never killed anyone in five thousand years.  
Let's legalize pot; let's do it today.

[G part]

It's safer than some of the foods you eat.  
In some cases, it's good for you.  
It can keep you from going blind,  
ease the pain from your mind,  
and chase away the blues.

[C part, with some lead riffs in E-minor]

Chase away those blues! It has other uses too!

[C part]

One acre of hemp produces more paper  
than four acres of trees.  
So legalize pot, at least to make paper,  
to save the forests, please.

As a cheap source of fuel and fiber,  
marijuana's the best provider.  
George Washington grew it; Tom Jefferson too.  
They were both marijuana subscribers.

[G part]

Its medical uses are awesome,  
and there is no lethal dose.  
It's the safest medicine known to man.  
Nothing else even comes close!

[C part]

It's a lot safer than aspirin,  
and it does more things for you.  
So legalize marijuana,  
it's the right thing to do!  
Legalize pot etc. [end with let's do it today]

## Evolution

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©1991)

[intro]

Some people think we're related to monkeys.

This is what they say:

[verse]

Evolution is a fact! All of science shows it.

Why can't you accept this? What is your problem?

Could it be you're too proud to admit  
you're related to a monkey?

Don't forget, pride is one  
of the seven deadly sins.

[verse]

The scientists argue how it happened; (they argue how)  
they argue why. (my oh my)

But they agree it did happen, (but they agree)  
it's senseless to deny. (so why deny?)

So you see, they all agree  
evolution is a fact of nature.

You'll just have to face the fact:  
you're related to a monkey!

[lead in D, then bridge to triplet riffs, then lead in A]

[verse]

The only problem is your in-ter-pre-ta-tion.

Evolution is the better ex-pla-na-tion of  
overwhelming evidence that evolution is  
a fact of nature.

You'll just have to face the fact:  
you're related to a monkey!

## **Logger Rhythm**

(music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©2009)

*Instrumental song.*

## **Entropy**

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©1986)

Rounded rocks in course of stream  
wearing down in course of time.

Of course I mean:

entropy, increasing to maximum.

Maybe I can stay the same.

Maybe I will never die,

but in what frame

of reference is my mind? How do I

find the answers to this quest?

Does it matter what they are?

Am I host or am I guest?

## **Oh! Jennifer!**

(lyrics & music by Chris Watson, Copyright ©1990, 2nd verse added ©1992)

[instrumental verse]

[verse]

Oh! Jennifer! This may be dull and boring  
for anyone with better things to do.

I just want to share what I've been storing:  
fond memories of time I spent with you.

[chorus]

Now granted that the time may have been brief,  
I may have said or done some stupid things.  
but I was overjoyed beyond belief,  
for every time I see you my heart sings.

[verse]

Your eyes sparkle with a magic fire  
that hints of hidden happiness within.  
Jennifer, you are my heart's desire.  
I tell you this time and time again.

[chorus]

Perhaps these lines are corny and “old hat”,  
but I am only saying what I feel.  
Since I've met you, I've had perceptions that  
completely blow away what I thought real.

[instrumental verse]

[chorus]

And if perchance with these I thee offend,  
you need make but a single call to me,  
and I, of course, will forthwith cease to send  
impressions that I have of your beauty.

[ending]

Oh! Jennifer!

## Over the Rainbow

(music by Harold Arlen , lyrics by E.Y. Harburg,  
this arrangement by Israel Kamakawiwo'ole Copyright ©2001)

Ooo ooo ooo

Ooo ooo ooo

Somewhere over the rainbow  
Way up high  
And the dreams that you dreamed of  
Once in a lullaby

Oh somewhere over the rainbow  
Bluebirds fly  
And the dreams that you dreamed of  
Dreams really do come true

Someday I'll wish upon a star  
Wake up where the clouds are far behind me  
Where trouble melts like lemon drops  
High above the chimney tops  
That's where you'll find me

Oh somewhere over the rainbow  
Bluebirds fly  
And the dreams that you dare to  
Oh why, oh why can't I?

Oh someday I'll wish upon a star  
Wake up where the clouds are far behind me  
Where trouble melts like lemon drops  
High above the chimney tops  
That's where you'll find me

Oh somewhere over the rainbow  
Way up high  
And the dreams that you dare to  
Why, oh why can't I, I?

Ooo ooo ooo

Ooo ooo ooo

Ooo, ah ah

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