

Rot and Roll CD Lyrics

The Garden Song (Inch by Inch) by Dave Mallett

Chorus: Inch by inch, row by row, gonna' make this garden grow.

Gonna' mulch it sweet and low, gonna' make it fertile ground.

Inch by inch, row by row, please bless these seeds I sow.

Please keep them safe below 'til the rain comes tumblin' down.

V. 1. Pullin' weeds, pickin' stones, We're all made of dreams and bones.

Need a place to call my own 'cause my time is close at hand.

Plant your row straight and long, harvest with a prayer and song.

Mother Earth will make you strong if you give her love and care.

Chorus:

V. 2. Rain for Grain, sun and rain, find my place in Nature's Chain.

Tune my body and my brain to the rythmn of the land.

Old crow watchin', hungrily, from his perch on yonder tree,

In my garden I'm as free as that feathered thief is up there.

Repeat Chorus twice

Composter's Theme © Stan Slaughter 1991

V. 1 Old dead leaves in your neighborhood

Just blowin' around, like you knew they would.

The dumps are full all over town, but

Ya' need some help, breakin' this stuff down.

V. 2 Talkin' 'bout a hard workin' bunch.

They take old leaves and turn 'em into lunch.

They take green grass, turn it chocolate brown,

you'd be amazed, how they wolf it down.

Chorus1 The Composters Just chewin'

The Composters Just groovin'

I ain't gon' tell you just what you should do, but

I'd call the Composters if I were you.

V. 3. They like it hot, they need a place to work.

Just feed 'em leaves, grass and dirt

Just mix 'em up, with their favorite food.

Build them a pile, so they can groove.

Chorus 2.The Composters Just chewin'

The Composters Just Groovin'

They get no thanks for all their work its true' but

When you need 'em, no one else will do.

Put me in the Compost Pile © 1991 Stan Slaughter

- V.1. I'm just a little ol' tree leaf, but my problems ain't gettin no relief.
I just wanna' be a free leaf, I need a second chance.
I helped to make my tree strong, but now its time to move on.
I'll be back in the green before long, Doin' the Compost Dance.
- Chorus: Why-don't-ya' -put-me-in-the-compost pile, put me in the compost pile.
Help me go from all used up to new.
Put me in the compost pile, Put me in the compost pile.
Let nature use her composting crew.
- V.2 I'm just a little ol' grass blade, but I'm not gettin' a fair trade.
I wanna' put this lawn in the cool shade, summer's coming on..
Please don't bag me in the landfill, I wanna help my lawn and I will.
Leave me where I fall, let me lay still, and I'll grasscycle on.
- V. 3 I'm just an old brown apple core, I'm just saying that for sure.
Don't throw me down the drain and don't either, bag me in the old landfill.
I like livin', like the next guy, but I'm not sittin here to cry.
Ain't it amazing how time flies, when you do the compost dance.

EarthWorm © 1999 Stan Slaughter

- v.1 EarthWorm! EarthWorm! You're the king of the soil. You leave nothin' unturned.
You're an unlikely teacher, but there's some lessons we should learn.
From our soil-buildin', earth-tillin' friend, the EarthWorm.
- v.2 You keep on churnin' night and day. You eat your whole weight they say.
(everyday)
You make the soil so mellow, Girl, you're quite a fellow.
You leave your own secret sauce. Underground, you are the boss.
You're the overlord of the underworld, Earthworm.
Segments like an insect, Gizzard like a chicken.
Moist like an amphibian, Nose that's strong and thick and
Lot's of other strange things, like the way they reproduce.
Mighty helpful creatures, Let's put 'em to good use.
- v.3 You take Mother Nature's spoils, With that you make great soil.
And when the hard rain falls, it hardly runs off at all.
It goes deep in the ground. Down the holes that are found,
All around where there's lot's of our friends, The EarthWorm.
- V.4 EarthWorm! EarthWorm! We should be workin' with you,
Ain't it time we learned. It's been 600 million years,
and your're still here. Let's give respect where respect is due to the EarthWorm.
King of the Recycling Crew, Earthworm.
They know just what to do, EarthWorm.

Feed It To the Worms © 1999 Stan Slaughter

V. 1 There's garbage stinkin' up the place and landfills fillin' at rapid pace and
It seems a problem we must face and come up with an answer soon.

Chorus I Let's give the leaves a whole new turn, Feed it to the Worms!
Give them the respect they have earned, Feed it to the Worms!
It's the best advice I've heard, Feed it to the Worms!

V. 2 They turn garbage to black gold that grows things strong and tall and so
If we help them, they'll help up, so lets feed our little friends.

Chorus 2 Don't torch those leaves and watch 'em burn, Feed it to the Worms!
Start now! Be an Early Bird, Feed it to the Worms!
I think it's best for all concerned , Feed it to the Worms!

V. 3 It feels so good to make a cycle, close a loop and do things right, and
Worms don't have eyes but they offer sight and a whole new direction, too.

Chorus 3 Lets share with them our garbage woes, Feed it to the Worms!
Accept the outcome they propose, Feed it to the Worms!
We'll come out smellin' like a rose, Feed it to the Worms!
It's the best advice I've heard, Feed it to the Worms!
I think it's best for all concerned, Feed it to the Worms!

The Garbage Blues © Dennis Westphal

V. 1. Takin' out the garbage can be such a drag.
There's some crusty old gristle hanging off a dish rag.
Sittin' right of top by some moldy old beans.
There's some long green goobers that smell mighty mean.
Aluminum cans full of yellowish goo,
Oozing over plastic caked with mildew.

V. 2. Last night's news mixed with gravy glue,
pasted to a melon and some doggy doo.
Aluminum foil lyin' in a big glob.
Somethin' green and fuzzy, I started to sob.
If I hadn't mixed it all into one bag,
taking out the garbage wouldn't be such a drag.

Chorus
Recycle, Its a better way, Uh huh!
Recycle, e Its a better way.
Recycle, I'm needin' a solution to this throw away pollution,
What can I do, I got the Garbage Blues, Uh huh!
(Continued)

- V. 3. There's an old brown bottle that I couldn't see in,
Sittin' right on top of a rancid tuna tin.
When I looked inside something dribbled in my eye,
it was brown and lumpy, I started to cry.
Takin' out the garbage is a terrible task,
there's got to be something we can do with this trash.
- V. 4. Well, I held my nose and I dumped out the bag.
Separated what I could from the crusty dish rag.
Took the long green goobers to the compost heap.
I was thrashin' in the trash, I was in knee deep.
All the paper and cans , every bit of that glass.
Got recycled right on out of that trash!

Garbage © 1969 by Bill Steele

- V. 1. Mr. Thompson call the waiter and he orders steak and 'taters
and he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skin.
The bus boy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it,
And he throws it in a can with coffee grounds and tuna tins.
Then a truck comes by on Friday and it hauls it all away
And a thousand trucks just like it hit the landfill everyday.
- Chorus: With Garbage!!! Audience response (garbage, garbage, garbage)
Garbage!!!(garbage garbage garbage)
We're fillin' up the land with garbage!!!(garbage, garbage, garbage)
What will we do when there's no place left to put all the garbage??
- V. 2. Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac and drives it down the freeway track,
And he leaves his friends and neighbors in a hydrocarbon haze.
He's joined by lots of other cars, all shooting gases to the stars.
There it forms a seething cloud that hangs for thirty days.
Then the sun bakes down upon it with its ultraviolet tongues
And it turns to smog and settles down and winds up in our lungs.
- Chorus2 It's Garbage (as above)
We're fillin' up the air with garbage,
What will we do when there's nothing left to breathe but garbage??
- V. 3 He gets home and takes off his shoes, and settles down with the evening news,
while the kids do all their homework with the T.V. in one ear.
They watch the Ninja Turtles for the thousandth time, sell plastic dolls and
conquer crime.
While they dutifully recall the date of birth of Paul Revere.
There's a piece that's in the paper 'bout the Mayor's middle name,
And he gets it read in time to watch the All-Star Bingo game.
- Chorus:3 It's Garbage (as above)
We're fillin' up our minds with garbage!
What will we do when there's nothin' left to think about ,
And nothin' left to talk about and nothin left to do and nothin' left to see,
And nothin' left to be but Garbage????? Yuck!

Landfill Blues ©1989 Stan Slaughter

- V.1 We got the landfill blues and I'm here to say,
It's mostly 'cause we're the people, love to throw it away.
There's a better plan that we can deduce,
we just got to put our trash to better use.
- V.2 When we bury it all, it's gonna' come to pass,
our bio-refuse will reach critical mass.
The methane'll boil off, it comes belching on thru,
We'll have a plastic meltdown a vinyl chloride ooze.
- Break You know there ain't no mistakin' all the implications
of this mess we been throwin' away.
Lets take our refuse, put it all back to use
and then we'll never, n ever have to say.
- v.3 We got the landfill blues and they're really hard.
It seems that everywhere we put one is in somebody's backyard.
They like to put 'em out south where the country begins.
Oh, I can hardly wait for July and those prevailing winds.
- v.4 And since the Love Canal, there's a rumor going 'round,
It seems that what we're puttin' the ground just keeps on goin' on down.
When we wake up from this ugly dream,
We're gonna' find out that we all live downstream.
- Break 2 We can't pile up our problems, so we better just solve 'em
for now and from yesterday.
It's time we were knowin' that with all of our throwin'
There is no such place as away.

Recycle Shuffle © Stan Slaughter 1991

- V.1 Put your paper here, put your tin cans there.
Pretty soon there won't be trash anywhere.
Do the RECYCLE SHUFFLE and you turn this place around,
That's What It's All About!!
- Chorus Do the RECYCLE SHUFFLE, the RECYCLE SHUFFLE
the RECYCLE SHUFFLE, that's what it's all about!
- V 2. Take your leaves and grass and mix 'em up well,
You get compost and it never really smells.
Do the recycle shuffle and you turn this place around,
That's what its all about.
- Chorus:
- V 3. Use it up, wear it out, make it do or just do without.
Do the recycle shuffle and you turn this place around
That's what its all about!

Pretty Paper © 1985 by Bill Oliver

Refrain: Pretty paper, pretty trees, pretty forest, pretty please!

Pretty easy, just savin' trees, please recycle now, pretty please!

V.1: A stack of paper shorter than me,
Saves a forty foot pine tree.
Think of all the news I need,
Think of all the trees I read.

Verse 2: Would you believe the old trash can,
Is where the forest often lands.
It's thrown away with so much ease,
In the road and in the breeze.

Verse 3: Put your paper in the recycle bin,
We'll turn around and use it again.
We'll grind it up and make insulation,
We'll have a warmer and safer nation.

Verse 4: Just put your paper in brown paper sacks,
Bring it on down and they'll take it back.
We'll save the forest and the skies and the trees,
We'll save the earth for you and me.

I am Recycled © 1993 by Stan Slaughter

Chorus: I am Recycled, You're recycled, too!

Earth and air and water recycle to make you.
Some people think its ugly, that it may be gross,
Nature makes it beautiful, Man she is the most.
Recycling, Recycling, Livin' is recycling.

V.1. Every single day you take food from the ground.
Every single morning you put some earth back down.
Every seven years you grow a new you.
Recyclin' the earth is what we all must do.
Recycling, Recycling, Living is recycling.

V. 2. Air goes in your lungs to fuel your little fire.
You send back the CO₂ to grow the plants higher.
The plants breathe out oxygen and send it back to you,
Breathe recycled air its all that you can do.
Recycling, Recycling, Living is recycling.

Bridge Don't bury me in a concrete box after I'm gone,
I got to keep on cycling around, gotta keep movin' on.

V. 3. Drink recycled water that came from the sea.
Put a little water back, cycling in the flow,
Round and round the water runs, now you're in the know.
Recycling, Recycling, Living is recycling.

Cosmic Stew© 1989 Stan Slaughter

Chorus We're all just a part of this Cosmic Stew,

What once was part of me could now be part of you.

All the parts are used, its just the plan that's new.

Aren't you glad you're part of this Cosmic Stew?

V.1 Lotsa' people shoutin' that they're number one,

Got the same old atoms as distant suns.

They'd be a little humble, if they just knew,

That they're all just part of this Cosmic Stew.

V.2. Cosmic Stew's got cosmic rules,

They enforce themselves on all of us fools.

When we change the face of life, we leave a scar,

when we break the rules, we don't go far.

Bridge We're just like children on this little blue ball, We think that we're the heart of it all,

But long before us and long after we're gone,

it keeps on rollin' along, just keeps on rollin' along.

V. 3 I like my Cosmic Stew pure and straight, don't want no pollution, no chemical taste

So keep that adulterated food 'way from here, keep me free from poison, free from fear.

V. 4 When I die I don't want no vault, to put my atoms to a screachin' halt,

Wanna be part of somethin' live and new and keep on cookin' that Cosmic Stew!