

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 flutter 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!