

On The Road with the Fun Family

Another trunkload of hits from Margie



1. Bird on the Roof (3:58)

Music and Lyrics by Margie, 2004
(For Mom, who kept my eyes skyward
and my feet planted on the ground.)



Hey, look up there – it's a *bird* in the air
It's *tweet, tweet, tweet, tweeting* without a care
As it moves right along, it's singin' its song,
Are you feeling quite sunny today? Hey, hey,
Sayin' Hi, Hi, you *bird* on the roof
You're so far from reach, and so often aloof
Hi, Hi, you *bird* on the roof
Yes, I'm feeling quite sunny today, hey, hey!



Hey, look up there – it's a *bee* in the air
It's *buzz, buzz, buzz, buzzing* without a care
As it moves right along, it's singin' its song,
Are you feeling quite sunny today? Hey, hey,

Sayin' Hi, Hi, you *bee* on the roof

You're so far from reach, and so often aloof

Hi, Hi, you *bee* on the roof
Yes, I'm feeling quite sunny today, hey, hey!

Hey, look up there – it's a *squirrel* in the air
It's *chirp, chirp, chirp, chirping* without a care
As it moves right along, it's singin' its song,
Are you feeling quite sunny today? Hey, hey,
Sayin' Hi, Hi, you *squirrel* on the roof
You're so far from reach, and so often aloof
Hi, Hi, you *squirrel* on the roof
Yes, I'm feeling quite sunny today, hey, hey!



Hey, look up there – it's a *cow* in the air
It's *moo, moo, moo, mooing* without a care
As it moves right along, it's singin' its song,
Are you feeling quite silly today? Hey, hey,
Sayin' Hi, Hi, you *cow* on the roof
You're so far from reach, and so often aloof

Hi, Hi, you *cow* on the roof
Yes, I'm feeling quite silly today! Hey, hey!

(Note: Children can wave "hi" during the chorus at everything they see. When used as a dance, I give them scarves to wave and waltz with. Add your own verses!)

2. The Fun Family (3:38)

Music and Lyrics by Margie, 2002
(Dedicated to the original fun family –
the Treadwells of New England)

While lounging around on vacation;
Reading and fishing and sun ...
There arrived quite a clan of sensation –
Four cabins of family and fun.
They rolled in driving all kinds of wheels –
A reunion of giggles and squeals.
And when they got out of their cars –
They all looked just like movie stars!
They proceeded to unload the kayaks,
One sailboat and two more canoes –
Then popped out one human parachute –
To match their new Nike Air Shoes!

(Hand Motion Note: Children clap on each "Fun," wave on "Family," and beg on "Please," clasping their hands.)

Fun, Fun, Fun Family; Fun, Fun, Fun Family!
I want to be part of the Fun Family
Fun, Fun, Fun Family; Fun, Fun, Fun Family!
Oh, please let me be in your Fun Family!

Football, baseballs, golf, tennis rackets –
They even had their own croquet set.
Badminton, bocce, and soccer –
And they all played like experts, I bet!
At five the next morning, they took off on bikes;



Then golfing at 10 by the tee –
No time to eat, they were back on their feet,
For a leisurely sail out to sea!
After dinner, a game of touch football –
Reminiscent of the Kennedys.

The topper was windsurfing on water skis –
They even caught just the right breeze!
[repeat chorus and actions]



I'm exhausted just watching this family;
I think I'll go back to my book;
And forget about wanting
What others may have,
As I bait my line and my hook.
Fun, Fun, Fun Family;
Fun, Fun, Fun Family!
I don't think I'll be in the Fun Family
Fun, Fun, Fun Family;
Fun, Fun, Fun Family

'Cuz quite frankly, I don't have enough energy
To be in the Fun Family!
Fun, Fun!

3. **Sittin' On the Barnacles** (2:36)

Music and Lyrics by Margie, 1993/Revised in 2006
(For Tom, Jake and A.J.)

(We're) Sittin' on the barnacles, sittin' on the barnacles,
Sittin' on the barnacles in Maine (**Woo Hoo!**)
(Hold on to your seats!)

Sittin' on the barnacles, sittin' on the barnacles,
Sittin' on the barnacles in Maine! (Woo Hoo!)

Diggin' up the clammy clams, diggin' up the clammy clams,
Diggin' up the clammy clams in Maine (**Dig, Dig**)
(Stoop down and dig.)

Diggin' up the clammy clams, diggin' up the clammy clams,
Diggin' up the clammy clams in Maine! (Dig, Dig, Woo Hoo!)

Scratchin' all the sandy fleas, scratchin' all the sandy fleas,
Scratchin' all the sandy fleas in Maine (**Scritch, Scratch**)
(Scratch arms.)

Scratchin' all the sandy fleas, scratchin' all the sandy fleas,
Scratchin' all the sandy fleas in Maine!
(Scritch, Scratch, Dig, Dig, Woo Hoo!)

Wiggin' in the squooshy mud, wiggin' in the squooshy mud,
Wiggin' in the squooshy mud in Maine (**Squoosh, Squoosh**)
(Wiggle bodies.)

Wiggin' in the squooshy mud, wiggin' in the squooshy mud,
Wiggin' in the squooshy mud in Maine!
(Squoosh, Squoosh, Scritch, Scratch, Dig Dig, Woo Hoo!)

Splashin' in the salty sea, splashin' in the salty sea,
Splashin' in the salty sea in Maine! (Splish, Splash)
(Stomp your feet.)

Splashin' in the salty sea, splashin' in the salty sea,
Splashin' in the salty sea in Maine!
(Splish, Splash, Squoosh, Squoosh, Scritch, Scratch,
Dig, Dig, Woo Hoo!)

Dancin' on the barnacles (**Woo Hoo!**)
We're dancing ... in Maine!
(Dance.)

(Body Motion Note: Each verse has an action and
continues to move backward like the song
Comin' Round the Mountain.)



4. Cole the Stinky Dog (2:02)

Music: (UK) ; Lyrics by Margie, 1991,
with homage to Jones, Palin and Tomlinson's *Lumberjack*
(*For Tom, Jake and Keo – Thanks for your ideas!*)

I'm Cole, the Stinky Dog, and I'm okay –
I smell like garbage everyday!
I roam the streets, I wear no collar –
When I approach, the children holler:

(Kids, hold your noses!)

"Ooooh! It's Cole, the Stinky Dog!"
It's Cole, the Stinky Dog, he's not okay,
You can smell the garbage a mile away!
Does nothing right, does everything wrong –
He smells the whole day long – Ooooh!

I'm Cole, the Stinky Dog, I'm not so nice –
I've got 47 different kinds lice.
I roll around in things so foul,
When I approach, the children howl:
[repeat chorus and action]

I'm Cole, the Stinky Dog, my life is good –
I'm the stench king of the neighborhood!
I continue to wander, 'cuz I think it's swell –
And by the way – I LIKE my smell! Hmmm...

I think I've figured it out –
If you can get past the smell of his snout!
The reason why Cole is so happy –
Is because he's who he wants to be!

He's Cole, the Stinky Dog, and he's okay!
He smells like garbage everyday! (*repeat*)
Hooray for Cole, the Stinky Dog!
(Kids cheer! Arms up!)



5. Soccer Mom (3:26)

Music: Pete Seeger
New Lyrics by Margie, 1998
(*For Thomas and Ol' Pete –*
"Hooray for the folk process!")

I'm late for the game and I can't find my cleats
My shin guards are torn and my shirt has brown streaks
But she gets it together, says, "No need to cry,"
Loads us all in the van in the blink of an eye!
Soccer Mom, I'll do what I can;
Soccer Mom, I know you'll understand
That I'm messy right now, but when I'm a grown man ...
I'll stay organized
For my Soccer Mom in her blue minivan!

Early one morning when all were asleep,
I crept down the stairs to make something to eat
I blew up the muffins – the kitchen's a wreck;
I'm grounded, but glad I didn't break my own neck!
Soccer Mom, I'll do what I can ... I'll clean up the kitchen
For my Soccer Mom in her blue minivan!

My mommy reminds me to please tie my shoes
But I'm busy right now and have nothing to lose
Then I trip down the stairs and fall flat on my face;
Having nothing to say (never walked with much grace!)
Soccer Mom, I'll do what I can ... I'll tie my own shoes
For my Soccer Mom in her blue minivan!

(Mom's voice) Oh, son, oh, son, I hope you understand,
By the time you are grown, I'll have no minivan.
I'll be in Aruba with no soccer balls;
And despite all the mess – I bet you can guess –
Just re-living the memory is the most fun of all!



6. I Still Love Baseball (1:34)
Music and Lyrics by Margie, 2004

I know, I know ... I know you're just dyin' to ask –
What's that big purple shiner on the side of your face?
Causing your fall from grace?

No, no, no, no, no, I didn't walk into a wall
And nobody hit me, I just missed a good pitch
From a very, very fast baseball!

Yeah, I got beaned by a baseball –
It's one, two, three strikes, you're out! (*You're out!*)
And I still love baseball,
'Cuz it's the one place that they let me shout!
(*Woo Woo! and other cheers!*)

Yeah, she got beaned by a baseball –
It's one, two, three strikes, you're out! (*YOU'RE OUT!*)
And we still love baseball,
'Cuz it's the one place that they let us shout!
(*Woo! Go Team, etc....*)

7. The Art Project (2:14)
Lyrics: Maria Otfinoski, 1998
Music: Margie Warner, 2007

Mom couldn't play; she was talkin' on the phone
Guess I'll do an art project, since I'm all alone.
Plopped some paint on some paper with a flick of my wrist,
And thought: "So, this is how it feels to be an artist!"

**Mom's gonna love it – gonna cause a sensation
When she takes one look at my artistic creation!**

I needed more red, so I used a stick of lipstick.
Oops, it broke in half and I couldn't seem to fix it.
Found some sparkly earrings and I glued 'em right there;
Wiped my messy hands on Dad's boxer underwear! [**repeat chorus**]



Grabbed some permanent markers
And some spray paint off the shelf.
I stepped back to look, felt pretty proud of myself!
Gotta feelin' my stuff'll wind up in a museum
And people all over gonna line up just to see 'em! [**repeat chorus**]

So I climbed up on the table – hung it from the chandelier.
Mom was off of the phone, so I yelled, "Come 'ere, Come 'ere!"
She walked right through that door,
And I think she liked my paintin',
'Cuz she took one look, and she fell right over faintin'!
Mom, I knew you'd love it! Knew I'd cause a sensation!
So, before you come to, I'll make a NEW creation!

8. Race Car Willy (1:15)
Music and Lyrics by Margie, 2002

Race Car Willy is a very rare breed
He has long blond hair that flows in the breeze
He keeps the top down low so his nose can breathe
But most of all, he likes lots of speed!
He goes ... "Brrmm, brmm, brmm, brmm"
He goes ... "Brrmm, brmm, brmm, brmm"
He goes ... "Brrmm, brmm, brmm, brmm"
'Cuz most of all, he likes lots of speed!

Now, Race Car Willy's got a bunch of great friends
When he passes by, they all wag their tail ends
Wishin' they could get past their Invisible Fence –
'Cuz Race Car Willy is my dog!
And he goes ... "Brrmm, brmm; Woof, woof!"
He goes ... "Brrmm, brmm; Woof, woof!"
He goes ... "Brrmm, brmm; Woof, woof!"
'Cuz Race Car Willy is my dog!



9. **Mama Don't Allow** (3:33)

Music: Traditional (US)

Additional lyrics by Margie, 2007

Mama don't allow no guitar pickin' round here **[repeat]**
Don't care what Mama don't allow, gonna pick my guitar anyhow;
Mama don't allow no guitar pickin' round here *(Instrumental)*

Mama don't allow no banjo playin' round here **[repeat]**
Don't care what Mama don't allow, gonna play my banjo anyhow;
Mama don't allow no banjo playin' round here *(Instrumental)*

Mama don't allow no fiddle playin' round here **[repeat]**
Don't care what Mama don't allow, gonna fiddle around here anyhow;
Mama don't allow no fiddle playin' round here *(Instrumental)*

Mama don't allow no hand clappin' round here **[repeat]**
Don't care what Mama don't allow, gonna clap my little hands anyhow;
Mama don't allow no hand clappin' round here

Mama don't allow no foot stompin' round here **[repeat]**
Don't care what Mama don't allow, gonna stomp my big feet anyhow;
Mama don't allow no foot stompin' round here

Mama don't allow no rock n' roll dancin' round here **[repeat]**
Don't care what Mama don't allow, gonna rock n' roll anyhow;
Mama don't allow no rock n' roll dancin' round here *(Instrumental)*

Gee, Mama don't allow much a nothin' around here....

10. **Pocketful of Treasures** **(The Rocks in My Socks Song)** (3:07)

Music and Lyrics by Margie, 2005

I've got rocks in my socks, and ants in my pants
I can fill more pockets if you give me a chance.
I'm totin' rocks in my socks, and ants in my paaants!
I've been collectin' cool stuff from here to France

Oh, nothin' could be finer than a bug from Northern China
I caught a giant worm when I visited Germ---any!
But mostly I've got ... **[repeat chorus]**

Ten rubber bands when I traveled through Japan
And paper clips galore from the shores of Equado-or!
But mostly I've got ... **[repeat chorus]**

A little warty toad from Sahara Desert Road;
Some chewed up bubble gum from a town in old Belgi-um!
But mostly I've got ... **[repeat chorus]**

A hundred bazillion pennies from Canada,
Pieces of coral from Florida!
Coal from a mine in West Virginnny –
And a hairy-legged spider from New Guinea!
But mostly, I've got ... **[repeat chorus]**

... **And ants in my pants –
I'll be there in a glance,
just give me a chance –
to empty out my pants!**

(Note: Children can stomp their feet to "rocks in my socks," then place hands on their hips and wiggle hips back and forth to "ants in my pants." The rest of the song, just dance, dance, dance!)

11. **Tuggy the Tug Boat** (1:52) Music and Lyrics by Margie, 2004 *(For Brandon Amara and the tugboats of Castine)*

Tuggy the Tugboat, he hugs along the way
Tuggy the tugboat, he's happy all the day
'Cuz he's workin' hard, guiding the boats
Pullin' 'em toward the shore –



Tuggy, the Tugboat – He'll tug forevermore!
Chug, lugga, lugga, lugga, lug – toot toot!
Chug, lugga, lugga, lugga, lug – toot toot!

So you kids be like Tuggy, and chug along your way
It's good to be like Tuggy, 'cuz he's happy all the day
Just workin' hard, guiding the boats, pulling 'em toward the shore –
[repeat chorus]

(Note: Have children follow the leader around the room. Every time a "chug-a-lug" part comes, have them stop and stomp their feet, then pull the invisible cord: "Toot, toot!")

12. Turn Out the Lights and Go To Bed! (2:40)

Music and Lyrics by Margie, 1997
(For Jacqui and her Midas touch!)

It's 8 o'clock, I brush my teeth, and put on my jammies.
Mommy tucks me in, and I say, "Leave the light on, please."
She knows I'll stay up way too late, so this is what she said:
"Turn out the lights and go to bed – GO TO BED!" [repeat]

I love to read about bugs and worms and dinosaurs galore!
I've got 450 Harry Potter books, and still I ask for more.
I read each page most thoroughly, until my eyes are red –
"Turn out the lights and go to bed – GO TO BED!" [repeat]

I read about the soldiers and the Battle of Waterloo.
I read about the pirates who sailed the ocean blue.
I have so many fantasies a swimmin' in my head –
"Turn out the lights and go to bed – GO TO BED!" [repeat]

My eyes they droop like noodle soup; my head is getting sore.
I fight this fog that's in my brain – and still, I read some more!
Then Mom is on the staircase, and this is what she said:
"Turn out the lights and go to bed!" *(What she said)*
"Turn out the lights and go to bed!" *(My eyes are red)*
"Turn out the lights and go to bed!" *(Pain in my head)*

"Turn out the lights! Turn out the lights!
Turn out the lights and GO TO BED!"
And so I did. *(Snore)*

(Kids, feel free to stomp your foot and point your index finger in frustration like real parents try not to do!)

13. Hi Diddle Bye-Bye (The Daddy Version) (2:35)

Music and lyrics by M. Warner, 1998
(For Al: How fast time flies!)

Daddy, Daddy, pick me up. Toss me high, so I can touch the sky!
'Cuz before you know it, our time is at end, **And we'll sing,**
"Hi Diddle Bye-Bye, sing Hi Diddle Bye-Bye."

Daddy, Daddy, swing me high. Push me up, so I can reach the sky!
'Cuz before you know it, our time is at end. [repeat chorus]

Daddy, Daddy, let's "skin the cat." Tip me over and knock me flat!
'Cuz before you know it, our time is at end. [repeat chorus]

Daddy, Daddy, come on! Let's play ball! Throw it real hard,
Just catch me if I fall!
'Cuz before you know it, our time is at end. [repeat chorus]

Daddy, Daddy, squeeze me tight.
Kiss me again before we say goodnight
'Cuz before we knew it, our time was all up, **And we sang,**
"Hi Diddle Bye-Bye, sang Hi Diddle Bye-Bye ,
Sang Hi Diddle Bye-Bye.
Goodnight Daddy ..." **Good night!**

(Note to parents: No, they really don't skin a cat! When daddies hold their child's hands and allow them to climb up their legs, then tip the child "inside out" when they reach the top, this is referred to as "skinning the cat." This game is usually accompanied by a mother screaming, "Stop! You'll pull his arm out of the socket!")

SPECIAL THANKS This collection is dedicated to the town of Castine, Maine, and all the fun families who live and vacation there!

The Musicians! I am truly blessed to have such talented friends! Each created his/her own instrumental arrangements to compliment my melodies, thus transforming each piece to reflect a story with heart and soul. Thank you from the bottom of *my* heart and soul:

The masterful **Phil Rosenthal** on Acoustic Lead Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo and String Bass; **Todd Little** and his Magic Fiddle; Renaissance man **John Williams** on Electric Guitar (Rhythm and Lead); Singer/Songwriter **Naomi Sommers** on Flute; her talented brother **Daniel Rosenthal** on Trumpet; and Fun Family member **Jake Warner** on Percussion. All Vocals and Rhythm Guitar: **Margie Warner**.

The Campfire Kids are regular neighborhood kids chosen for their enthusiastic spirit and cooperation, and are not vocally trained. Our soloist on *Soccer Mom* is Joey Gister; the wee little voice in *Hi Diddle Bye-Bye* is Sean Scully. As my grandmother said, "They must have nice parents." So I thank the kids for their good humor, talent and commitment – and their Fun Families: The Adams-Sacks, Bourelys, Clarkins, Gisters, Gopalakrishnans, Hotkowskis, Scullys and Wests.

Special Thanks to Lary Bloom; Claudia Epright; Meg Gister; Cathy Malin; Maria Otfinoski; Peter Walker; Ann Shapiro, along with many other colleagues; and Bob and John, for always working projects with their "kid hats" on. To my Mom, who teaches me to play every day.

Keep Singin'!

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Front row: Silvia Gopalakrishnan, Taylor Scully, Ethan West, Sean Scully, Zane Bourely, Joey Gister
Middle row: Emily Hotkowski, Lizzy Bourely, Aubrie Scully, Courtney and Carmen Clarkin, Jordan Adams-Sack; Back row: Krista Bourely



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