

SENIOR LYRICS SPRING TERM

Nettie

March went out like a lion
Awakin' up the water in the bay;
Then April cried and stepped aside,
And along came pretty little May!
May was full of promises
But she didn't keep 'em quickly enough for some
And the crowd of doubtin' tonuses
Was predictin' that the summer'd never come

Men

But it's comin' by dawn,
We can feel it come,
You can feel it in your heart
You can see it in the ground

Girls

You can see it in the trees
You can smell it in the breeze

All

Look around! Look around! Look around!

Nettie

June is bustin' out all over
All over the meadow and the hill!
Buds're bustin' outa bushes
And the rompin' river pushes
Ev'ry little wheel that wheels beside the mill!

June is bustin' out all over
The feelin' is gettin' so intense,
That the young Virginia creepers
Hev been huggin' the bejeepers
Outa all the mornin' glories on the fence!
Because it's June...

All

June, June, June
Just because it's June, June, June!

Nettie

Fresh and alive and gay and young
June is a love song, sweetly song

All

June is bustin' out all over!
The saplin's are bustin' out with sap!
Love hes found my brother, Junior,
And my sister's even loonier!

And my Ma is gettin' kittenish with Pap!
June is bustin' out all over

Nettie
To ladies and men are payin' court.
Lotsa ships are kept at anchor
Jest because the captains hanker
Fer the comfort they ken only get in port!

All
Because it's June... June, June, June
Just because it's June, June, June!

Nettie
June makes the bay look bright and new
Sails gleamin' bright on sunlit blue

All
June is bustin' out all over
The ocean is full of Jacks and Jills,
With the little tail a-swishing'
Ev'ry lady fish is wishin'
That a male would come
And grab 'er by the gills!

Nettie
June is bustin' out all over!
The sheep aren't sleepin' anymore!
All the rams that chase ewe-sheep
All determined there'll be new sheep
and the ewe-sheep aren't even keepin' score!

All
On accounta it's June! June, June, June
Just because it's June, June, June!

Nettie

When you walk through a storm
Keep your chin up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark.

Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown. Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone.

Oh the farmer and the cowman should be friends
Oh the farmer and the cowman should be friends
One man likes to push a plow
The other likes to chase a cow
But that's no reason why they can't be friends

Territory folks should stick together
Territory folks should all be pals
Cowboys dance with the farmer's daughters
Farmers dance with the rancher's gals

Territory folks should stick together
Territory folks should all be pals
Cowboys dance with the farmer's daughters
Farmers dance with the rancher's gals!

I'd like to say a word for the farmer

Well, say it!

He come out west and made a lot of changes

That's right!

He come out west and built a lot of fences
And built 'em right across our cattle ranges!

Why don't you dirt strangers go back to Missouri Where you belong?

We got just as much right here!

Shut up!
The farmer a good in criticism
No matter what the cowman says or thinks

You seldom see 'I'm drinkin in a bar room

Unless somebody else is buying drinks!

**Oh the farmer and the cowman should be friends
Oh the farmer and the cowman should be friends
The cowman ropes a cow with ease
The farmer steals her butter and cheese
That's no reason why they can't be friends**

**Territory folks should stick together
Territory folks should all be pals
Cowboys dance with the farmer's daughters
Farmers dance with the rancher's gals!**

I'd like to say a word for the cowboy

You would!

**The road he treads is difficult and stony
He rides fer days on end with just a pony for a friend**

I sure am feeling sorry for the pony!

**The farmer should be sociable with the cowboy
If he rides by an' asks fer food and water
Don't treat 'I'm like a louse
Make him welcome in your house**

But be sure that you've locked up your wife and daughters!

(They all offend themselves at the same time and fight)

**Oh the farmer and the cowman should be friends
Oh the farmer and the cowman should be friends
One man likes to push a plow
The other likes to chase a cow
But that's no reason why they can't be friends**

GUN SHOT

**Ain't nobody gonna slug anything! This here's a party!
Break it up ya two ol' fools! Alright, Andrew, sing it.
Dum-dah-dee-um-dum-dum**

Oh the farmer and the cowman should be friends

**Oh the farmer and the cowman should be friends
One man likes to push a plow
The other likes to chase a cow
But that's no reason why they can't be friends**

**And when this territory is a state
An' joins the Union just like all the others
The farmer, the cowman, and the merchant
Must all behave theirselves and act like brothers**

**I'll teach you all a little sayin'
And learn the words by heart the way you should
I don't say I'm no better than anybody else
But I'll be danged if I ain't just as good!**

**I don't say I'm better than anybody else
But I'll be danged if I ain't just as good!**

**Territory folks should stick together
Territory folks should all be pals
Cowboys dance with the farmer's daughters
Farmers dance with the rancher's gals!**

We've got sunlight on the sand
We've got moonlight on the sea
We've got mangoes and bananas we can pick right off a tree
We've got volleyball and ping-pong and a lot of dandy games
What ain't we got?
We ain't got dames!

We get packages from home
We get movies, we get shows
We get speeches from our skipper
And advice from Tokyo Rose
We get letters doused with perfume,
We get dizzy from the smell
What don't we get?
You know damn well

We've got nothing to put on a clean white suit for
What we need is what there ain't no substitute for

There is nothing like a dame
Nothing in the world
There is nothing you can name
That is anything like a dame

We feel restless, we feel blue
We feel lonely and in brief
We feel every kind of feeling
But the feeling of relief
We feel hungry as the wolf felt when he met Red Riding Hood
What don't we feel?
We don't feel good

Lots of things in life are beautiful but, brother
There is one particular thing that is nothing whatsoever

In any way, shape, or form like any other

There is nothing like a dame
Nothing in the world
There is nothing you can name
That is anything like a dame

Nothing else is built the same
Nothing in the world...
Has a soft and wavy frame
Like the silhouette of a dame
There is absolutely nothing like the frame
Of a dame

[whistling]

So supposed a dame ain't bright
Or completely free from flaws
Or as faithful as a bird-dog
Or as kind as Santa Claus
It's a waste of time to worry over things that they have not
Be thankful for
The things they've got

There is nothing that you can name
That is anything like a dame

There are no books like a dame
And nothing looks like a dame
There are no drinks like a dame
And nothing thinks like a dame
Nothing acts like a dame
Or attracts like a dame
There ain't a thing that's wrong with any man here
That can't be cured by putting him near
A girly, womanly, female, feminine dame

Nellie:

I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
And send him on his way.

I'm gonna wave that man right outa my arms,

Nellie and Girls:

I'm gonna wave that man right outa my arms,
I'm gonna wave that man right outa my arms,
And send him on his way.

Don't try to patch it up

Girls:
Tear it up, tear it up!

Nellie:
Wash him out, dry him out,

Girls:
Push him out, fly him out,

Nellie:
Cancel him and let him go!

Girls:
Yea, sister!

Nellie:
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair,
And send him on his way.

If a man don't understand you,
If you fly on separate beams,
Waste no time, make a change,
Ride that man right off your range.
Rub him out of the roll call
And drum him out of your dreams.

Girls:
Oho! If you laugh at different comics,
If you root for different teams,
Waste no time, weep no more,
Show him what the door is for.
Rub him out of the roll call
And drum him out of your dreams.

Nellie:
You can't light a fire when the woods are wet,

Girls:
No!

Nellie:
You can't make a butterfly strong,

Girls:
Hmm, hmm!

Nellie:
You can't fix an egg when it ain't quite good,

Girls:

And you can't fix a man when he's wrong!

Nellie:

You can't put back a petal when it falls from a flower,
Or sweeten up a fellow when he starts turnin' sour

Girls:

Oh no! Oh no!

Nellie and Girls:

If his eyes get dull and fishy,
When you look for glints and gleams,
Waste no time,
Make a switch,
Drop him in the nearest ditch!
Rub him out of the roll call,
And drum him out of your dreams
Oho! Oho!

Nellie:

I went to wash that man right outa my hair,
I went to wash that man right outa my hair,
I went to wash that man right outa my hair,
And sent him on his way.

Girls:

She went to wash that man right outa my hair,
She went to wash that man right outa my hair,
She went to wash that man right outa my hair,

Nellie and Girls:

And send him on his way!

They couldn't pick a better time to start in life!
It ain't too early and it ain't too late
Startub as a farner wutg a brand new wife
Soon be liv-in in a brand new state!

Brand new state

Gonna treat you great

Gonna give you barley, carrots and per taters
Pasture for the cattle
Spinach and ter-may-ters
Flowers on the prairie where the june bugs zoom
Plen'y of ao air and plen'y of room
Plenty of room to swing a rope
Plen'y of heart and plen'y of hope

Oklahoma where the wind comes sweeping down the plain
Where the wav-in wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain

Oklahoma ev'ry night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Makin lazy circles in the sky

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand
And when we say
Yeow! A-YIP-I-O-EE-AY
Were only say-in "you're doing fine Oklahoma,
Oklahoma OK"

Oklahoma where the wind comes sweeping down the plain, Oklahoma
Where the wav-in wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain
Oklahoma ev'ry night my honey lamb and I, Every night
We sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Makin lazy circles in the sky

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand
Yippi-i
Yippi-i
Yippi-i
Yippi-i
Yippi-i
Yippi-i

And when we say
Yeow! A-YIP-I-O-EE-AY
Were only say-in "you're doing fine Oklahoma
Oklahoma your OK"

Okla-homa
Okla-homa
Okla-homa
Okla-homa
Okla-homa
Okla-

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand
And when we say
Yeow! A-YIP-I-O-EE-AY
Were only say-in "you're doing fine Oklahoma,
Oklahoma"

O-k-L-A-H-O-M-A
Oklahoma!
Yeow!