

MICKY FARKAS
Magic Picnic: Lyrics

Magic Picnic

Soon soon under the moon at our magic picnic x2
I see a bear, in his underwear
He's been swimming now he's waiting for his fur to dry by the fire

Soon soon under the moon at our magic picnic x2
I see an otter, boiling some water
For elbow noodles smothered in butter

Soon soon under the moon at our magic picnic x2
I see a starry spoon, mixing up the moon
To make us cocoa with marshmallows
Soon soon under the moon at our magic picnic x2

Great Big Boots

I tell you I had a teacher with great big hands
Hands so big as frying pans
He sure did have a noisy clap
But I tell you this teacher never gave no slap

The great big hands were keeping time
The great big hands were on my mind
The great big hands at a steady pace
The great big hands all over the place

And the hands clap three (Clap clap clap) x4

Move your head like a chicken
Bring your shoulders up
Bring your knees in too
You laugh hoo hoo hoo!

I have a teacher with great big feet
I see her walking up my street
To give me a lesson to play the flute
I cannot take my eyes from the big rain boots

The big rain boots – keeping time
The big rain boots were on my mind
The big rain boots at a steady pace
The big rain boots all over the place

And the boots tap two (Boom –Boom!) x4

Move your head like a chicken
Bring your shoulders up
Put your knees akimbo
You laugh ho ho ho!

All my friends girls and boys
Love to make a'lots of noise
They love to dig a happy song
And now this gang can sing along

You sing yeah yeah (answer; yeah yeah)
Whoa whoa whoa (answer)
Whoa whoa whoa (answer)
Yeh yeh (answer)
Etc...

Great Big Boots (continued)

Well the great big hands were keeping time
And the big rain boots were on my mind
I heard a' many joyous noises
Coming from girls and boys voices.

Music Box Grinder

Skeletons dancing under the stars
Draculas driving shiney black cars
Ghost writer's looking for someone to spoof
Witch disappears in a cloud that goes... Poof!

Frankenstein swings from the branch of a tree
Scaring the spiders –stinging the bees
Full moon as humble as flying trapeze
Lightning shoots out of your astrologies

Beware the werewolf –carrying the cookbook
I think he just gave you one hungry look
Roasting accordions turn on a spit
Bats flutter by with a flut and a flit

Music box grinder, playing his song
He hopes all of you will sing along
Like a pack of wolves under the moon
Aaooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Little Things

I've got a secret for you
It's the little things that make me happy
And you know that it's true
It's the little things that make me happy
Somebody gives you a smile
And it sticks with you for a while
It's the little things that make me happy

There's not a cloud in the sky
It's the little things that make me happy
I smell a blueberry pie
It's the little things that make me happy
Someone helps you stand up again
That's just being a friend
It's the little things that make me happy
Little things it's the little things that make us, happy again
Little things it's the little things that take us, over the rainbow friend
Little things it's the little things awake us, get us out of our bed again
Little things it's the little things
Little things that make me happy

Sometimes we forget that
It's the little things that make us happy
I haven't quite perfected it yet
But it's the little things that make me happy
Should you see me lost in a crowd – please shout my name out loud
It's the little things that make me happy

Little things it's the little things that make us, happy again
Little things it's the little things that take us, over the rainbow friend
Little things it's the little things awake us, get us out of our bed again
Little things it's the little things
Little things that make me happy
Little things that make me happy it's the
Little things that make me happiest.

Make a wish

Make a wish
Make it dear
Your wish will come true
I got you
You're so true
Even rainy skies turn blue

Ferme tes yeux
Fait un vœu
Tes vœux vont venir

I've got you
You're so true
All my wishes disappear

If I wish
Nothing but
That my wish come true
I've got you
You're so true
Even rainy skies turn blue

Clean it up

Well if you've gone and made a mess
Baby don't be sad
Here's what I suggest; you've got to
Clean it up with a good rag

If you spilled your juice and it's on the loose
That can be a drag
Don't you tie the noose you just
Clean it up with a good rag

Sometimes a mess isn't bad
No sometimes a mess is a fun thing to have
Lest you forget to clean it up with a rag

Clean it up! x5
Clean it up with a good rag

Now if your brother got hyper
With a poop in his diaper
And mom is sad, she may just pass it to Dad and say;
Clean up that boy with a rag

If for breakfast you had toast and jam
And most of that jam is all over your face and hands
You can't go out like that, you've got to;
Wash up yourself with a rag

Clean it up you've got to clean it up
You've got to wipe that mess away everyday
Clean it up with a good rag

Sometimes a mess isn't bad
No sometimes a mess is a fun thing to have
'less you forget to clean it up with a rag

Now if that ragweed makes you sick
The antidote is sweet rag music and you'll feel glad
Within two bars of a rag

Clean it up! X5
Clean it up with a good rag

Professor Shtickmeister

The form of this song is a traditional camp song that was very much inspired as performed by Mark Boghen of Kamp Kanawana circa 1982.

Ok class today vee vill learn zee parts of zee body throught the power of word association in zee oom papa tradizione ya? Good!

Hand on my head , what is this hear?
Das is my Crazy Moppen ya ya my dear!
Das is my crzy moppen ricky dicky dicky doo
That's what we learn in the school...Ya Ya!

Hand on my eyes, vass is dass here?
Das is my GOOGLE PEEPERS ya ya my dear!
Google Peepers, Crazy moppen ricky dicky dicky doo
Das Vhat Vee Lehrn in der school.... ya ya

Hand on my nose. Vass is dass here?
Dass is my Sniffer Noser ya ya my dear
Sniffer Noser, Google peepers, Crazy Moppen, ricky dicky dicky doo
Das vhat vee learn in der school ...ya ya

Hand on my ears, Vass is dass here?
Das is my Shush Listeners ya ya my dear
Shush Listeners, Sniffer Noser, Google Peepers, Crazy Moppen ricky dicky dicky doo
Das vhat vee lehrn in der school ...ya ya.

I put my hand on my mouth, vass is das here?
Das is my Tooth Brusher Ya YA my dear
Tooth Brusher, Shush Listener, Sniffer Noser, Google Peepers, Crazy Moppen ricky dicky dicky doo.
Das Vhat vee learn in der school ...ya ya!

So the final stanza goes something like this:

Hand on my Toes, vass is das here?
Das is my stinky Cheesers ya ya my dear.
Stinky Cheesers, Leg Benders, Lint Catcher, Arm Bender, Tarzan Drum, Shoulder, Boulders, Head Holder, Tooth Brusher, Shuh Listeners, Sniffer Noser, Google Peepers, Crazy Moppen, ricky dicky dicky doo.

Das vhat vee learn in der school Ya Ya

Professor Shtickmeister (continued)

(The list of body parts for stanzas 1 through 12 are as follows)

head= crazy moppen

eyes= google peepers

nose= sniffer noser

ears= shush listeners

mouth= tooth brusher

Neck = Head Holder

Shoulders = Shoulder Boulders

Chest = Tarzan Drum

Elbow = Arm Bender

Belly Button = Lint Catcher

Knees = Leg Benders

Toes = Stinky Cheesers