

Rot 'N Roll Lyrics

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The Garden Song (Inch by Inch)

© 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 till the rain comes tumblin' down.

Verse 1

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 till the rain comes tumblin' down.

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

Rain for Grain, sun and rain, find my place in Nature's Chain.
Tune my body and my brain to the rhythm 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.

Chorus x2

The Composters

© 1991 Stan Slaughter

Verse 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.

Verse 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.

Chorus 2

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.

Verse 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 it's true but
When you need 'em, no one else will do.

Chorus 2

Put Me in the Compost Pile

© 1991 Stan Slaughter

Verse 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 make my tree strong, but now it's time to move on.
I'll be back in the green before long, when I'm doin' the Compost Dance.

Chorus

Put me in the compost pile, put me in the compost pile.
Help me go from all used up to new.
What don't ya put me in the compost pile, put me in the compost pile.
Let nature use her composting crew.

Verse 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, with summer coming on.
Please don't bag me in the landfill, I wanna help this lawn and I will.
Leave me where I fall and lay still, and I'll grass cycle on.

Chorus

Verse 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 I'm doing the compost dance.

Chorus x2

Earthworm

© 1999 Stan Slaughter

Chorus 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.

Verse 1

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.

Instrumental Break

Bridge

Segments like an insect,
Gizzard like a chicken.
Moist like an amphibian,
Nose that's strong and thick
And lots of other strange things,
like the way they reproduce.
Mighty helpful creatures,
Let's put 'em to good use.

Verse 2

You take Mother Nature's spoils,
With that you make great soils.
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 lots of our friends,
The earthworm.

Chorus 2

Earthworm! Earthworm!
We should be workin' with you,
Ain't it time we learned.
It's been 600 million years,
and you'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

Verse 1

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

Chorus 1

Let's give the leaves a whole new turn,
What don't we feed it to the worms!
Give them the respect
they have earned,
Oh, feed it to the worms!
Well it's the best advice I've heard,
feed it to the worms!

Verse 2

They turn garbage to black gold that
grows things strong and tall and so if
we help them, they'll help us so let's
feed our little friends.

Chorus 2

Don't torch those leaves
and watch 'em burn,
Oh, let's feed it to the worms!
Start now, be an early bird,
Oh, feed it to the worms!
I think it's best for all concerned,
feed it to the worms!

Instrumental Break

Verse 3

It feels so good to make a cycle and
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

Let's share with them
our garbage woes,
Oh, feed it to the worms!
Accept the outcome they propose,
Oh, feed it to the worms!
We'll come out smellin' like a rose,
If we feed it to the worms!
Well it's the best advice I've heard,
Oh, feed it to the worms!
I think it's best for all concerned,
If we feed it to the worms!

The Garbage Blues

© Dennis Westphal

Verse 1

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

Verse 2

Well it's last night's news
mixed with gravy glue,
It's pasted to a melon
with some doggy doo.
Aluminum foil
lyin' in a big glob.
There was 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, it's a better way, uh huh!
Recycle, it's a better way.
We got to recycle,
I'm needin' a solution
to this throw away pollution,
What can I do,
I got the garbage blues, uh huh!

Verse 3

Well there's that old brown bottle
that I couldn't see in,
It was 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.

Recycle, it's a better way, uh huh!

Instrumental Break

Recycle, it's a better way.

Verse 4

Well, I held my nose
and I dumped out the bag.
Separated what I could
from the crusty dish rag.
I took the long green goobers
to the compost heap.
I was thrashin' in the trash,
I was in knee deep.
The papers and cans,
every bit of that glass.
It got recycled
right on out of that trash!

Chorus x2

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Garbage!

© 1969 Bill Steele

Verse 1

Mr. Thompson calls 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 more just like it hit the
landfill everyday.

Chorus

With garbage!
(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? (garbage, garbage, garbage)

Verse 2

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac
and drives it down the freeway track,
leaves his friends and neighbors
in a hydrocarbon haze.
He's joined by lots of other cars,
all shooting gasses 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.

Chorus 2

It's garbage!
(garbage, garbage, garbage)
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage)
We're fillin' up the air with
garbage (garbage, garbage, garbage)
What will we do when there's nothing left to
breathe but
garbage? (garbage, garbage, garbage)

Verse 3

Getting home and taking off his shoes, he settles
down with the evening news,
while the kids do all their homework with the TV
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!
(garbage, garbage, garbage)
Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage)
We're fillin' up our minds with garbage! (garbage,
garbage, 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? (garbage, garbage, garbage)
Yuck!

Landfill Blues

© 1989 Stan Slaughter

We got the landfill blues and I'm here to say,
You know it's mostly 'cause we're the people love to throw it away.
Well there's a better plan that we can deduce,
You know we got to put our trash to better use.

And when we bury it all, it's gonna come to pass,
You know our bio-refuse will reach critical mass.
The methane'll boil off, it comes belching on through,
We'll have a plastic meltdown, a vinyl chloride ooze.

You know there ain't no mistakin' all the implications
of this mess we been throwin' away.
Let's take our refuse, put it all back to use
then we'll never, never have to say.

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.

Hey, take a deep breath. Ew!

And since the Love Canal, well 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 from somewhere

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.

We got the landfill blues and I'm here to say,
It's mostly 'cause we're the people love to throw it away.
Well there's a better plan that we can deduce,
You know we got to put our trash
We just got to put our trash
You know we got to put our trash to better use.

Recycle Shuffle

© 1991 Stan Slaughter

Verse 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

The RECYCLE SHUFFLE, the RECYCLE SHUFFLE
the RECYCLE SHUFFLE, that's what it's all about!

Verse 2

Take your leaves and grass and mix 'em up well,
You'll get compost and it never really smells.
You do the RECYCLE SHUFFLE and you turn this place around,
That's what it's all about!

Instrumental Break

Verse 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 it's all about!

Chorus

Then you do the RECYCLE SHUFFLE, the RECYCLE SHUFFLE
the RECYCLE SHUFFLE, that's what it's all about!

Chorus

The RECYCLE SHUFFLE, the RECYCLE SHUFFLE
do the RECYCLE SHUFFLE, that's what it's all about!
I'm telling you that that's what it's all about!

Pretty Paper, Pretty Trees

© 1985 Bill Oliver

Chorus

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

Verse 1

A stack of paper that's shorter than me,
Saves a forty foot pine tree.
Think of all the news I need,
Think of all the trees I read.

Chorus

Verse 2

Would you believe it, 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.

Chorus

Verse 3

Just put your paper in the recycle bin,
We'll turn around and we'll use it again.
We'll grind it up and make insulation,
We'll have a warmer and a safer nation.

Instrumental Break

Verse 4

Just fold your paper up in brown paper sacks,
Bring it on down, 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.

Chorus x2

It's pretty easy just savin' trees,
Please recycle now, pretty please!

I Am Recycled

© 1993 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 might be gross,
Nature makes it beautiful, man, she is the most.
Recyclin', recyclin', livin' is recyclin'.

Verse 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.
Recycling the earth is what we all must do.
Recyclin', recyclin', livin' is recyclin'.

Verse 2

Air goes in your lungs to fuel your little fire.
You send back the CO2 to grow the plants higher.
The plants give out oxygen and send it back to you,
Breathe recycled air, it's all that you can do.
Recyclin', recyclin', livin' is recyclin'.

Bridge

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

Verse 3

Drink recycled water that came from the sea.
Float it down the river down the pipe to you and me,
Put a little water back, recyclin' in the flow,
Round and round the water runs, now you're in the know.
Recyclin', recyclin', livin' is recyclin'.

Instrumental Break

Chorus

I am recycled, you're recycled, too,
Earth and air and water recycle to make you.
Some people think its ugly, that it might be gross,
But nature makes it beautiful, man, she is the most.
Recyclin', recyclin', livin' is recyclin'.
Recyclin', recyclin', livin' is recyclin'.

Cosmic Stew

© 1989 Stan Slaughter

You know we're all just part of this Cosmic Stew,
What once was part of me could now be part of you.
The parts are used, it's just the plan that's new.
Aren't you glad you're part of this Cosmic Stew?
Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew
Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew

There's lotsa' people shoutin' that they're number one,
They 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.
Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew
Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew

Well Cosmic Stew has got those cosmic rules,
They enforce themselves on all of us fools.
When we change the face of life, we leave a scar,
When you break the rules, you don't go far.
Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew
Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew

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.

Now, when I die I don't want no vault,
To put my atoms to a screechin' halt,
Wanna be part of somethin' live and new,
And keep on cookin' that Cosmic Stew!
Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew
Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew

You can't cheat it, you can't fake it
It is us, you are they, we are them
It's just it's juice that we're swimmin' in
Cosmic Stew (Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew)
Cosmic Stew (Ooh, ooh, Cosmic Stew)