

Here We Go

Out of bed, out of bed
Feeling very wobbly on your sleepy legs
Rub your eyes, rub your eyes
Sun through the window looking very bright
Cross the floor, cross the floor
Get your fuzzy slippers sitting by the wall
And out the door, out the door, out the door we go

Down the hall, down the hall
Passing all the pictures hanging on the wall
Wash your face, wash your face
Splashing all the bubbles all around the place
To the kitchen, make some toast
Back to the bedroom for your outdoor clothes
And down the hall, down the hall, down the hall we go

Ba ba ba ba ba ba
Down the hall, down the hall
Passing all the pictures hanging on the wall
Down the hall, down the hall, down the hall we go

Get your backpack, grab your shoes
Back to the kitchen for some orange juice
Pack your bag with all you need
Something for your lunch and a book to read
Leave the kitchen, down the hall
Head on down to the big front door
Grab the handle, turn it slow
Take a deep breath and here we go..... Here we go

Ba ba ba ba ba ba
Out the door, out the door
Down the footpath, across the lawn
Out the gate and down the lane we go
Down the lane, down the lane
Could be sunshine or it could be rain
I don't mind, I don't know
It doesn't matter 'cause here we go....Here we go

Ba ba ba ba ba ba
Hello sunshine, hello trees
Come on sing this song with me
Wave your branches, shake your leaves oh oh
Hello clouds, hi there sky
And all you birds that are passing by
Down the road, down the road
Here we go, here we go

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



Baby Food

Well I wake up in the morning
And I do a lot of yawning
Brush my teeth, put my clothes on
Comb my hair, wash my face

Then I go out on the lawn
And I wriggle off my shoes
And I eat baby, I eat baby
I eat baby food

You may say that it's very, very strange
But there's a little sign that hangs inside
The corner of my brain
It says, "Don't make your body do more than it can do."
Baby food is good because you do not have to
Chew, chew, chew, chew, chew
Open wide here comes the train
Going down, down, down
Into my belly

Well I run across the yard
And I spin around in circles
I go swimming on the ground
I pretend that I'm a rock

Then I sit down on the lawn
And I wriggle off my shoes
And I eat baby, I eat baby
I eat baby food

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



Monkeys

Some monkeys like to live on lofty, leafy levels
Always laughing at the lions and the leopards and the jackals
Some monkeys like to laze up high upon the branches
Only coming down occasionally to do some monkey dances

Some monkeys seem to find it very very funny
To be playing little tricks upon their daddies and their mommies
Other monkeys seem to find it very funny too
Watching all the things that all the little monkeys do

And as they grow
There's a thing all monkeys know
Swing from trees, and always eat
Bananas, bananas, bananas

If monkeys learned how to tie a pair of shoes
I'm sure they wouldn't wear them
That's not what monkeys do
If monkeys had a chance to live in outer space
They'd rather choose the jungle
'Cause that's their favorite place

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



Mamma Is A Frog

Know where you come from, know where you've been
I live on the Lilly Pad Pond and my skin is smooth and green
My mamma is a backyard croaker, she can sing the whole night long
My daddy's name is Flopper, he's a real hip hopper
He can jump the South End pond

Know where you come from, know where you've been
I was born on a Monday morn down on Old McDougal creek
I'll catch a fly if it's passing by... it's just what I love to do
Mamma is a frog, daddy is a frog
And that makes me one too woo hoo

My sister is a frog, my brother is a frog
Sitting up here beside me on a log
Singing all day long and leaping in the pond
It's what we love to do
Grandma is a frog, Grandpa is a frog
Sitting up here beside me on a log
Mamma is a frog and daddy is a frog
And that makes me one too woo hoo

Know where you come from, know where you've been
I live out in the backyard of a house in a kennel made for me
My mamma is a born retriever, she can find most anything
My daddy is a hound, and you should hear the sound
Of his howling when he sings
Know where you come from, know where you've been
I was born on a Monday morn on a blanket by the sink
I love to chase my tail.... it's just what I like to do
Mamma is a dog, daddy is a dog
And that makes me one too woo hoo

My sister is a dog, my brother is a dog
Tripping on or tails and going for a jog
Sniffing in the air and leaping over logs
It's what we love to do
Grandma is a dog, grandpa is a dog
Sniffing in the air and leaping over logs
Mamma is a dog, daddy is a dog
And that makes me one too woo hoo

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



Billy's Got Batteries

Most horses started out as foals
They start out small and then they grow
But Billy's not like one of those
He's made of nuts and bolts
But his heart's pure gold

Billy's got batteries...ooo ooo ooo
His body's made of old tin cans
And his feet are painted blue
Billy's got batteries...ooo ooo ooo
He can do most anything
That a real live horse can do

Most horses eat a lot of hay
They'll munch on grass for half the day
But Billy's not like one of those
Just give him batteries
And he goes and goes

His name is Billy, the robot horse
And when we see him coming, we'll let out a mighty cheer
"Ride Billy! Ride!
Into the sunset!"

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



Love Your Dog

Well a dog is never too demanding
Still a dog needs love and understanding
He's your pet, so don't forget
To love your dog

Love your dog, share all your secrets with him
Watch his tail to see just how he's feeling
He's your pet, so don't forget
To love your dog

Love your dog with everything you've got
Give him kindness and affection
Point him in the right direction
Be a friend, pat him gently on the head
Give him kindness and affection
Point him in the right direction
(Scratch his back)

A simple scratch behind the ears can mean a lot
Lets him know that he is loved
(Scratch his back)

One little treat can make him happy for a week
It's not that hard to love your dog

A dog needs love and understanding

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



All Hungry Babies

This is a song to all the babies on the west side
Come on and wave your pacifiers in the air
This is a song to all the babies on the east side
Sitting on the sofa with your favorite teddy bear
This is a song to all the babies on the north side
Blowing little bubbles with your gums all set to chew
This is a song to all the babies on the south side
Tell it to your tummies, "This is what we're gonna do."

Green beans (x3)

All hungry babies, report to your high chairs

This is a song to all the babies on the left side
Come on and wave your pacifiers in the air
This is a song to all the babies on the right side
Sitting on the sofa with your favorite teddy bear
This is a song to all the babies on the left side
Blowing little bubbles, looking very, very cute
This is a song to all the babies on the right side
Tell it to your tummies, "This is what we're gonna do."

Green beans (x3)

Cream corn, mashed peas, applesauce and tofu

This is a song to all the babies on the west side
Come on and wave your pacifiers in the air
This is a song to all the babies on the east side
Sitting on the sofa with your favorite teddy bear
This is a song to all the babies on the north side
Blowing little bubbles, looking very, very sweet
This is a song to all the babies on the south side
Tell it to your tummies that the time has come to eat

Green beans (x3)

Cold yam, mashed ham, Cheerios and rice cream

Green beans (x3)

All hungry babies, report to your high chairs

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



Big Ol' Tasty Treat

Hey all you puppies in the backyard chasing frogs
Hey big old hound dog sleeping stretched out on a log
Don't give up hoping, 'cause it won't be very long
Till that big ol' tasty treat comes rolling down the road

That big ol' tasty treat you've dreamed of all your life
A treat so tasty it will make a grown dog cry
Just keep on waiting, keep your taste buds salivating
Till that big ol' tasty treat comes rolling down the road

Keep sniffing everything as training for your nose
Keep chasing passing tires to keep you on your toes
'Cause when that big ol' treat comes rolling down the road
Oh, what a day!

That big 'ol tasty treat is sixty-five feet high
When you get close to it, it blocks out half the sky
It tastes like all the things a hungry dog would like
Steak and bacon all mixed up with homemade apple pie

Keep sniffing everything as training for your nose
Keep chasing passing tires to keep you on your toes
'Cause when that big ol' treat comes rolling down the road
Oh what a day!

Keep your eyes looking down the road now
All you doggies looking down the road now
Get your feet ready to be running
When you see that big treat coming

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



One to Eight

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight

These are numbers that appear quite often
In the lives of everyday, normal people
They're good numbers
We're so glad we have them
They fit so well together
And they help us get to nine and ten

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



Down Home

Train, train, dear old train, singing as we go
Take me down to my home town, to the best old farm I know
I went to the city and I saw the sights
Saw a lot of buildings and the pretty lights
Ate bread with the pigeons 'til the morning time
When the sun came up I crowed

I strutted on the sidewalk down the street
But pecking on the concrete hurt my beak
It got me thinking 'bout the cows and the chickens
And the other friends back home

Down home, I've learned
It's time that I returned
The city is no place for this bird
It's time to come back home
Down home, here I come
Back where I started from
I'm heading back to the place I love
It's time to come back home

Train, train, dear old train, singing all the way
Take me back to that dusty track, on through the rusty gate
On that farm is a chicken I love
And her name is Maggie Mae
I tried to call her but I couldn't find a quarter
And she doesn't have a number anyway

I went to the city and I saw the sights
Saw a lot of buildings and the pretty lights
But nothing is as nice as sitting right beside
The chicken that you love

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



For the Love of Fluffy

We'd give up bad milk, crispy crumbs, lettuce leaves
We'd give up eating moldy bread and crumbly cheese
All for the love, the love of Fluffy

It hasn't been the same since Fluffy went away
She used to chase us 'round the house three times a day
She was our favorite cat and that is why we say
"Fluffy.... please come home."

We've missed you Fluffy since the day you went away
There's just no challenge or excitement in our day
Since you've been gone the house just doesn't feel the same
"Fluffy.... please come home."

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich



Closing Time

I can hear my pillow calling me
I can feel the blankets on my feet
Wiggling my toes, wiggling my toes
Wiggling them very, very slow

Teddy bear is lying by my side
Being very still and very quiet
He's had a busy day, he's had a busy day
And now he's very, very, very tired

Now it's time to say
Now it's time to say goodnight

We had a very, very busy day
Now I think I hear my eyelids say
"It's closing time... goodnight"

Now it's time to say
Now it's time to say goodnight

Lyrics and Music by Phil Ulrich

