

# 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

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# 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 the back 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

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# 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

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# 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

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# 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."

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# 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

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