SINGALONG with PJ Hoffman
Friday 8/28, 7-9 pm

WALTZING WITH BEARS

Well my uncle Walter goes waltzing with bears
It's most unbearable state of affairs.
Every Saturday night he creeps down the back stairs;
Slips out of the house and goes waltzing with bears.
(Chorus)
He goes wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-waltzing with bears
Raggy bears, baggy bears, shaggy bears too.
And there's nothin' on earth uncle Walter won't do
So he can go waltzing - wa-wa-wa-waltzing
So he can go waltzing, go waltzing with bears.

I went to his room in the middle of the night
I tiptoed inside and I turned on the light
But to my dismay he was nowhere in sight
'Cause my uncle Walter goes waltzing at night.
(Chorus)
Well I bought uncle Walter a new coat to wear,
But when he comes in it's all covered with hair
And lately I've noticed a couple new tears
'Cause my uncle Walter goes waltzing with bears.
(Chorus)
Well we said "Uncle Walter why won't you be good"
And do all the things that we say that you should?
We know that you'd rather be out in the wood
But we're afraid that we'll lose you, we'll lose you for good.
(Chorus)
So we begged and we pleaded: "Oh please won't you stay"
And we managed to keep him at home for one day
But the bears all barged in and they took him away.
The bears all demand at least one dance a day.
(Chorus)

DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI
(All Thoughts are Free)

Die gedaken sind frei
My thoughts freely flower
Die gedanken sind frei
My thoughts give me power
No scholar can map them
No hunter can trap them
No one can deny
Die gedanken sind frei.

I think as I please
And this gives me pleasure
My conscience decrees
This right I must treasure
My thoughts will not cater
To duke or dictator
No one can deny
Die gedanken sind frei.

And should tyrants take me
And throw me in prison
My thoughts will burst forth
Like blossoms in season
Foundations may crumble
And structures may tumble
But free people shall cry
Die gedanken sind frei.

SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU

I've sung this song, and I'll sing it again
Of the place where I lived, on the wild windy plain
In a month called April, a county called Gray
Here is what all of the people there say: (Well, it's...)

Chorus:
So long, it's been good to know yuh;
So long, it's been good to know yuh;
So long, it's been good to know yuh.
But this dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I've gotta be driftin' along.

Well the dust storm came, it came like thunder
It dusted us over, it dusted us under;
It blocked all the traffic and blocked out the sun,
And straightway for home all the people did run
(singin'...)

(Chorus)
The sweethearts sat in the dark and they sparked,
They hugged and they kissed in that dusty old dark;
They sighed and they cried and they hugged and they kissed
But instead of marriage, they were talkin' like this:
(Honey,...)

(Chorus)
The telephone rang. It jumped off the wall,
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.
He said, "Kind friends, this may the end
You have your last chance at salvation from sin!"
(Chorus - optional this time)

Well, the churches was jammed and the churches was packed,
But that dusty old dust storm it blew so black
That the preacher could not read a word of his text,
So he folded his specs, took up a collection, (Sayin'...)

(Chorus)