



**1) Little Life – © 2008 Tom Richter**

I got the corn in the kettle got the bones in the soup  
I got the mary jane growing in the chicken coop  
I got the ping pong paddle dog at my heel  
Television telling me how I feel

I got the grackles on the wire got a murder of crows  
I got the bird shot loaded in the muzzle load  
I got the leak in the roof old truck in the drive  
I'm never going to get out of this ballad alive

Cause I'm rollin' along rollin' through this old folk song  
I'm just rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' through my little life

I got the chairs in a circle the boys in the band  
Had me a mountain now it's rocks and sand  
I got a tower of music rising up in the sky  
I got a great big piece of sweet potato pie

Cause I'm rollin' along rollin' through this old folk song  
I'm just rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' through my little life

I got the old friend buying me beer at the bar  
I got the lasso thrown around a shooting star  
I got it out on the table got it off of my chest  
I got it all from the worst to the best

Cause I'm rollin' along rollin' through this old folk song  
I'm just rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' through my little life

I got the corn in the kettle got the bones in the soup  
I got the mary jane growing in the chicken coop  
I got the ping pong paddle got the dog at my heel  
I got the television telling me how I feel

Cause I'm rollin' along rollin' through this old folk song  
I'm just rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin' through my little life

**2) the Pemi – © 2008 Dave Lemieux**

**3) One More Beer – © 2009 Tom Richter**

Beer one more beer  
Beer beer beer beer beer bag of chips and a beer

Beer's been good to the human race  
It put mother's milk back in its place  
Gives me intelligence charm and grace  
Right before I fall down on my face  
Beer one more beer  
Beer beer beer beer beer bag of chips and a beer

You've got your Guinness and your Harp  
and your Dogfish Head  
You've got your lesser beers like Miller Lite and Killian's Red  
You've got you bitter and smooth your amber and brown  
The whole room is starting to spin around  
Beer one more beer  
Beer beer beer beer beer bag of chips and a beer

Because one beer becomes two beers becomes four  
When all I really wanted was one more  
Beer one more beer  
Beer beer beer beer beer bag of chips and a beer

Shultz and Dooley were my childhood friends  
Utica Club was just up around the bend  
Back then one beer could give me a thrill  
Give me a Pabst Blue Ribbon right off of the grill  
Beer one more beer  
Beer beer beer beer beer bag of chips and a beer

Because one beer becomes two beers becomes four  
When all I really wanted was one more  
Beer one more beer  
Beer beer beer beer beer beer  
Beer beer beer beer bag of chips  
Beer beer beer beer give me one more beer

**4) Steering Wheel on the Train – © 2009 Tom Richter**

I weld a steering wheel on the train  
I weld a steering wheel on the train  
I mix my whiskey with the pouring rain  
I weld a steering wheel on the train

I take the matter into my own hands  
I take the matter into my own hands  
Lay the track out in front take it up from behind  
I take the matter into my own hands

It's a free for all in Federal Dollars Town  
Where everybody deserves their own bridge to nowhere  
Now Congress can all go ring their bell and try to sell my soul  
Because it's a free for all in Federal Dollars Town

I got a million dollars for you

I got a million dollars for you  
Because I stole the money from your great grand kids  
I got a million dollars for you

We're gonna drill baby drill baby drill  
We're gonna drill baby drill baby drill  
Through the original copy of the constitution  
We're gonna drill baby drill baby drill

It's a free for all in Federal Dollars Town  
Where everybody deserves their own bridge to nowhere  
Now Congress can all go ring their bell and try to sell my soul  
Because it's a free for all in Federal Dollars Town

I weld a steering wheel on the train  
I weld a steering wheel on the train  
I mix my whiskey with the pouring rain  
I weld a steering wheel on the train

**5) Tie Dye - © 2009 Goetz/Martin**

When all your money's gone  
And your love's just left town  
And you're feeling down and low

If the ballad fails  
And things don't work out  
What are you going to do

You get to think  
That there's nothing left  
Nothing left for you

But don't be fooled  
Into thinking that  
There's nothing left to do

Put... Your tie-dye on  
Put... Your tie-dye on  
Put... Your tie-dye on... and wear it all around

You see it's a simple thing  
Make you feel good right away  
You'll feel good, good, good, good today

It's a simple thing  
You just wear it every day  
You'll feel good, good, good, good today

All you've got to do  
Is wear it all around  
You'll feel good, good, good, good today

Put... Your tie-dye on  
Put... Your tie-dye on  
Put... Your tie-dye on... and wear it all around

When your luck's run out  
Don't throw it all away  
You just put, put, put your tie-die on

And so the market's down  
Don't give yourself a frown  
You just put, put, put your tie-die on

It's a simple thing  
You just wear it every day  
You just put, put, put your tie-die on

Put... Your tie-dye on  
Put... Your tie-dye on  
Put... Your tie-dye on... and wear it all around

**6) Don't Look Up © 2009 Dave Lemieux**

**7) Archives © 2009 – Brian Goetz**

Been searching through the archives  
Been looking for something that fits  
Been sorting through some boxes  
Of photographs in print

Looking back down the long road  
That really has no end  
It just keeps evolving  
Something new round every bend

Been thumbing through some old songs  
To bring them back anew  
Like looking up some old friends  
You find they're tried and true

Looking back down the long road  
That really has no end  
It just keeps evolving  
Something new round every bend

And so our lives keep changing  
Right here before our eyes  
Everyday brings us new things  
That build upon the old

Looking back down the long road  
That really has no end  
It just keeps evolving  
Something new round every bend

So bring back those good times  
And toss away the bad  
Clean up those archives  
To remember what you've had

**8) Blue Bamboo © 2009 Dave Lemieux**

**9) My Old Dog – © 2004 Tom Richter**

My old dog was my best friend  
She would follow me everywhere that I went  
My old dog was heaven sent and  
Heaven bound long ago

My old dog would nip at my heels  
As we ran down the lane at the end of the field  
My old dog could live in the moment  
This I never quite learned how to do

My old dog survived more adventures  
Then a childhood puppy should have to endure  
The play was hard and the love was harder  
But couldn't be any more pure

My old dog loved to chase tractor-trailers  
This was before they opened the new interstate  
And the corner store and the old service station  
Very soon had to close up their doors

We scraped up my old dog in a cardboard box  
Buried her behind the bunkhouse imagine our shock  
We said our goodbyes and to our surprise  
We turned and she was sitting right there

So you see that my old dog was my best friend  
She still follows me everywhere that I went  
My old dog was heaven sent and  
Heaven bound long ago  
Heaven bound long ago  
Heaven bound long ago

**10) Discover © 2008 Brian F. Goetz**

**11) Creek Ran Dry – © 2009 Tom Richter**

The creek ran dry everybody's thirsty  
The creek ran dry we're all up to our ears  
The creek ran dry nobody was looking  
When the creek ran dry

My job is gone the corporation tells me  
My job is gone it's cheaper overseas  
My job is gone can I clean your windshield  
When my job is gone

The trucks won't run on a hundred bucks a barrel  
The trucks won't run on a wish and a prayer  
The trucks won't run to deliver the essentials  
When the trucks won't run

We forgot how to live without convenience  
We forgot to get down on our knees  
We forgot how to vote them out of office  
When we forgot

We've lost the prime we're low on foreign oil  
We've lost the prime cylinders are dry  
We've lost the prime can't get no compression  
When we've lost the prime

The creek ran dry everybody's thirsty  
The creek ran dry we're all up to our ears  
The creek ran dry nobody was looking  
When the creek ran dry

**The Sidewalk Boys are:**

- "OldSidewalk" Tom Richter  
on vocals, guitar, and banjo
- "Chunkabilly" Brian Goetz  
on vocals, guitar, percussion and strumstick
- Dave Lemieux  
on mandolin
- with Haley Goetz on cello (track 10)

**This CD was recorded in February 2009 @ "the Dump" in Portsmouth, New Hampshire**

**The Chunkman did the engineering and production.**

**SW Tom did the blog.**

**the RPMChallenge.com put us up to this... thanks**

**Thanks to: Larry for the steering wheel and Crooked Cove for the CD work, The Press Room for letting us debut our tunes, Kate McNally of the NHPR Folk Show for playing our tunes and to the Seacoast Spotlight 2008 Awards for nominating us for "Best in Folk."**

**[www.TheSidewalkBoys.com](http://www.TheSidewalkBoys.com)**

**<http://thesidewalkboys.rpmchallenge.com/>**

**[www.Chunkabillymusic.com](http://www.Chunkabillymusic.com)**

