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WA)
Mixed by Alicia Healey & Deb Seymour
Mastered by Rachel Field, Resonant Audio
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Photos by Jason Wood
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Dog Models: Bonnie & Collyde Yeager and Max
Corrigan-Gibson (Bonnie is brown, Collyde is black, so that
leaves Max)
Dog wranglers: Rick & Kristina Yeager

Blame It On The Dog

© 1999 BY Deborah B. Seymour & Barbara Goldman

What would we do without dogs?
Man's canine companion, his best friend
They love you, all of you and when the world goes wrong
They'll never ever leave you, not day nor all night long
Now poochies are for petting and to keep your feet warm at night
To bark at bungling burglars and wake you up at morning's light
But there's one more thing we all forget that faithful Fidos do
They'll bear the brunt of any stunt, even those they did not do

Blame it on the dog, blame it on the dog
Though you're the one that was the culprit all along
He will answer to his name and won't contest your claim
Go ahead, blame it on the dog

That paper's due, you the one that meant to write
But you had better things to do like party all the night
So when it comes to pass you simply smile and say
"I'm sorry, Teach, but it's out of reach, my dog ate it yesterday"

You've been up all night and taking flight in deep debauchery
Those loving "oohs" and "ahs" that kept you up 'til way past three
You stumble in to work, yes, three hours late but yet:
"Sorry boss! But my dog got sick! I was all night at the vet"

You had to eat that plate of beans and wash it down with beer
You ate with no restraint and no regard for who was near
And when at last it comes to pass in one great greasy fog
Well, it's true, you know what to do: you blame it on the dog!

Deb Seymour: vocal, guitar

Alicia Healey: backing vocals

salamandir: tuba

Thaddeus Spae: trombone

Howlin' Hobbit: ukulele

Andrew "Sketch" Hare: washboard

Calico Shadow

© 2012 by Deborah B. Seymour. Written for Miss Sweet Pea >^..^<

There's a calico shadow that follows me
Wherever I go, there it will be
On silent feet with a doleful stare
A calico shadow follows me everywhere

That calico shadow is set to pounce
On anything that moves around
Whether it be friend or enemy
My calico shadow she's protecting me

What does she think, what does she see
When those green eyes stare at me
I'm not alone, there is no doubt
A calico shadow follows me about

That calico shadow once had me duped
Disappeared down the laundry chute

But in a flash was back upstairs
That shadow gets in everywhere

The calico shadow is fast asleep
Tucked in a ball down at my feet
But I don't dare breathe or start to stir
Or that shadow might wake and... (purr)

Deb Seymour; vocal, guitar

Alicia Healey: backing vocals

Adrian Libertini: upright bass

Dave Keenan: mandolin

Paul Elliott: fiddle

Je Suis Charlie Hebdo

© 2015 by Deborah B. Seymour

Je suis une américaine, je suis aussi musicienne|
J'espère que la musique me fait une citoyenne du monde
Donc je chante aujourd'hui, pour la France et Paris
Pour la liberté de l'art et d'expression

Je préfère mourir debout que vivre à genoux
Je surmonte tous ces menaces avec courage et audace
Je n'ai pas peur de penser, je n'ai pas peur de parler
Je chant avec ma tête haute, je suis Charlie Hebdo

Ceux qui font la violence montent sur les dos de l'ignorance
Moi, je garde mon silence, jamais plus!
Je chante pour les artistes, écrivains, caricaturistes
Je chante pour un, je chante pour tous

English translation:

I am an American, I am also a musician
I'd like to think that music

Makes of me a global citizen
So I'll take this chance to sing for Paris and for France
For the liberty of art and expression

I'd rather die upon my feet than live my life on my knees
I'll surmount all these threats with courage and confidence
I am not afraid to think I am not afraid to speak
I sing with my head high, I am Charlie Hebdo

Those that make violence Ride the back of ignorance
I won't keep my silence any more
I sing for the artists Writers and cartoonists
I sing for one, I sing of all

Deb Seymour: lead and backing vocals, rhythm guitars

Adrian Libertini: upright bass

Nova Devonie: accordion

Gato Negro

Asleep in the window soaking up the sunlight
The weight of the world seems to pass you by
But you have a secret you keep deep inside you
Hidden in the colors of your eyes

Oh, Gato Negro, please tell me true
When you take that midnight stroll beneath the moon
Is there anyone out there you know of
Looking for someone to love

Is he dark and handsome, or sweet and blond
A businessman, a craftsman, a singer of songs
Whoever he is, is he lonely and blue
And looking for someone to hold onto

When you slip into his window and purr around his feet
You'll slip into his heart as you settle there to sleep
Please take him this message "Dear Sir: we have not met

But I know you're out there somewhere, may we find each other yet
Asleep in the window, soaking up the sun
Another long night is over, another day begun...

Deb Seymour: vocal, rhythm guitar

Kelly Paletta: drums

Adrian Libertini: upright bass

Nick Dallett: second rhythm and lead guitars

Critics

© 1993, 2017 by Deborah B. Seymour

Look at your tongue wagging inside your head
Your words have run away from your brain
Do you realize that what you said caused a world of pain
Everyone's a critic, that's a fact
But at least some people have a sense of tact
What was your intention? Did you think to help?
Because if you did, baby, you're fooling yourself

Critics criticize just to make their own day
So many words, so little to say
Tearing down the truth with their walls of lies
But hey, who am I to criticize...(who am I to criticize)

Now feedback is constructive, feedback's a tool
That makes you do better the things you do
Pearls of wisdom, words to the wise
Turn rocks to jewels before my eyes
So why do I have to tell you that cutting me down hurts
I don't do better, I just feel worse
An avalanche of negatives falling like knives
Corrodes my confidence and eats me alive

We all see things in different eyes
'Cause we all lead different lives
Different hands weave different strands
Of experience through time

I'm not saying you can't speak your mind
But why be rough or be unkind
Here's a little secret, may it shed some light
You can tell me I'm wrong, but you got to do it right

Deb Seymour: lead vocal

Kelly Paletta: drums

Alicia Healey: electric bass, acoustic rhythm guitar, backing vocals

Joel Tepp: electric slide & tremelo psychadelic guitars

Chicken In An Engine

© 1991 by Deborah B. Seymour

I'm a chicken in an engine and I don't know what to do!
The road's going by at 55, I don't know how I'm still alive
Cruising in this engine's not quite what I meant to do
I was only trying to run away from the man and from the coop

It was a cold winter day but we chickens got outside
Cluckity-clucking, really trucking , having a real good time
When the man rushed from his cabin saying "You chickens! Back inside!"
That's when we all decided it'd be much more fun to hide

Some of us hid behind the woodpile, others behind the shed
I was much more clever, oh yes, I used my head
I saw the man's old pick-up truck standing there outside
So I scooted on over and climbed right up inside

I'm a chicken in an engine, I think I'm really cool
The man will never look in here, I'll play him for the very fool
Hide here for a while, I think it will be swell!
When I sneak back home tonight I'll have a tale to tell

I heard the others squawking as he put them in the coop
I heard the man go walking, so sure I had him duped
"Hah ha, ho ho, you silly man, you'll never ever going to find me!"
How the heck was I to know he'd come back out with his ignition key

I'm a chicken in an engine and now I'm really scared
He's gone and turned the motor on and parts are moving everywhere
He's leaving from the barnyard, it's thrown me for a loop
One false move inside this place and I'll be chicken soup

And there's a piston here, a piston there, they've got me in a pinch
But with the crankshaft turning and the spark plugs sparking I don't dare move an inch
He's starting to accelerate, it makes my feathers dance
The only way to combat the shock's to fall into a chicken trance

We sped on down to town and somehow by the luck of grace
I was still in one whole piece when we got to the Good Year place
They hoisted the truck for tires, I looked and what did I see
But two astonished Goodyear Guys gawking right back up at me

“WHOA, MACK! There's a CHICKEN in this engine! What heck is it trying to do?
Is it trying to become fricassee? Or maybe just chicken stew?
But this fryer still alive, it seems, though scared to death it's true
Looks like to me like it's got a case of the “Chicken Car-Done Blues!”

The moral of this story, yes I lived to tell you chicks
Don't hide under engine hoods, you'll just get in a real fix
Not only will you get a ride, you'll be taken for a cruise
And just like me, get a case of the “Chicken Car-Done Blues” !

Deb Seymour: vocal, rhythm guitar

Adrian Libertini: upright bass

Joel Tepp: electric side guitar & clarinet

Food

© 2006 by Deborah B. Seymour

You're a scrappy little punk but I like you a lot
Your scratching and your scratching hit my hot spots
Inquisitive and curious, you've got a way
Of capturing my attention

CHORUS:

So if you want to snuggle up and treat me real good
I'll nibble on your whiskers like a nice girl should
But if you piss me off and put me in a bad mood I'll chase you down
And play with my food...play with my food

I like your kind, yes I like your type
You're lazy by day but up all night
Thrifty and industrious, you save the best
For the wee hours of the morning

Oh, the night is young
Oh, I'm having fun
Oh, you've got me charmed
Come right here now into my arms...

So, I'm not as bad as they like to say
I keep my claws in most days
I want to purr and be petted real good
So what are you waiting for

Deb Seymour: vocal, guitar

Kelly Paletta: drums

Alicia Healey: electric bass

Nova Devonie: accordions

The C Do Rag (Instrumental)

© 1990 Deborah B Seymour

Deb Seymour: finger-picking guitar

Alicia Healey: upright bass and percussion

Dinner For One

© 2002 by *Deborah B. Seymour*

The table is set, the candles are lit
Sauce in the pot, but there's something I've missed
'Cause though I made a meal for two somehow it's all come undone
I'm sitting down to a dinner for one

I don't how it happened, how it came to all this
I'd planned a feast of passion, now I dine on remiss
All that's left's a plate of lonely with a dream underdone
As I sit here at this dinner for one

It started with attraction, I added a kiss
Stirred in expectation to heighten the mix
One misunderstanding turned the whole batch to doubt
No wonder this recipe didn't turn out

So, I drink my cup of sorrow and spit out my plan
It's hard to chew the pieces of a chance gone bad
But flavor of regret will linger long on my tongue
Sitting down here to this dinner for one

Deb Seymour: vocal, guitar

Kelly Paletta: drums

Adrian Libertini: upright bass

Joel Tepp: clarinet

The Angry Song

© 1991 by *Deborah B. Seymour & Ann Krohn*

When I'm angry the traffic moves slow
When I'm angry my pimples show
When I'm angry my thighs look fat
When I'm angry I kick the cat

Don't you try and tell that it's cause of stress
No, I'm not angry cause of PMS
I'm angry 'cause I'm angry and don't you forget
That when I'm angry I'm upset

When I'm angry, I can't sleep
When I'm angry my clothes look cheap
When I'm angry my dinner burns
When I'm angry there's no left turn

When I'm angry...when I'm angry...
WHEN I'M ANGRY I'M UPSET!

When I'm angry the coffee gets cold
When I'm angry the fridge grows mold
When I'm angry my socks both itch
When I'm angry I'm a... (angry)

When I'm angry the doorbell rings
When I'm angry I.WONT.SING.
When I'm angry things fumble and fall,
When I'm angry the robo-calls call

Deb Seymour: lead & backing vocals

Kelly Paletta: drums

Alicia Healey: electric bass and more backing vocals

Nick Dallett: rhythm & lead guitars

Yucky Bugs

© 1988 by Dan MacArthur/MacArthur Road Music

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We planted the cabbage at the edge of the garden and went back home to watch it grow
They aren't much trouble, no one really likes to eat 'em 'cept some tiny little bugs that we all
know
They don't have to grow in very good soil so it comes as a kind of a surprise

That the cabbageworms will eat 'em 'til there aren't nothing left if you don't; squish the little butterflies

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

We'll squish the little buggers as they begin to flutter and our fingers will turn all nice and white

We'll clean the cabbageworms out of the cabbage patch and everything will work out right

So come on down let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

Take a ramble through the bramble growing six feet tall take some berries, and pop e in your mouth

It takes a lot of time to keep your brambles healthy and water to keep away the draught

But those tiny green bugs come out and eat 'em 'til the stems fall over in the rain But you can grab those little bugs and squish 'em in your fingers and your berry patch is healthy once a gain

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

We'll kill the Japanese beetles in their shiny green armor so they don't get away in flight

They're loving each other all over the bushes completely unaware of their plight

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

Now slugs is bugs that nobody loves but everybody understands

That they look disgusting and they taste disgusting and they feel disgusting on your hands

But of all the little bugs that grow in my garden slugs have a special place in my heart

'Cause they love to drink beer, they'll drink any kind of beer and they won't quit drinking once they start

So come on down, let's go out and have a slug drowning party tonight

No, they can't tell if they're swimming Guinness or sinking in Miller light

They ain't particular, they've got no taste and they'll drown in any beer in sight

So come on down, let's go out and have a slug drowning party tonight

Now I never would have believed that I'd be telling my kids its OK to kill another living thing

And I know what you mean when you tell me even Japanese Beatles can learn how to sing

I agree when you tell me every little living thing should have chance to live if they wish

But if I go out and plant it, well then goddamn it if you eat it, you're gonna get squished!

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

Cause we don't want to spray 'em, we don't want to zap 'em we don't want to cause them any fright

If they'd leave us alone, we'd leave them alone and everything would turn out right

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

Deb Seymour: lead & harmony vocals, guitar

Adrian Libertini: upright bass

Mark Iler: harmonica

Dave Keenan: mandolin

Colonoscopy

© 2014 by *Deborah B. Seymour*

I'm sitting in the bathroom as calm as calm can be
Stirring funny powders into my herbal tea
The night will be a long one...at least it will for me
For I'm getting ready for that little word that starts with "c"

Colonoscopy, colonoscopy
A modern rite of passage that's finally come to pass
Colonoscopy, colonoscopy
All that I can say is it's a big pain in the...

They'll lay me on the table and put me in a gown
Feed me funny drugs to divest me of my frown
And when the doc comes in she will smile and say to me
"Bottoms up, my dear: this first round is on me!"

Oh Lord, make my insides will be perfect, my insides clear
No polyps to be seen, no mis-dividing cells to fear
Oh Lord, if you get me through this upside-down exam
I promise I'll never eat red meat
Drink, smoke or swear or eat sugar...or chew gum...
I'll adopt stray puppies and kittens
And even give chocolate...

Deb Seymour: lead vocals, guitar

salamandir: tuba

Thaddeus Spae: trombone

Howlin' Hobbit: ukelele

Sketch: washboard

Alicia Healey: backing vocals

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This album is dedicated to the memory of my late mother, Deedee Seymour, who, sadly, died just as this project was getting off the ground. I love and miss you, Mom. I got my poetry knack from you: keep on writing those "doggeral" poems in Heaven!

Last, but not least, all my love to my boyfriend of twelve years, Jason Wood. You put up with my eccentricities and my moods and really should get a purple heart. Or at least, a tie-died one.

You are the love of my life and I am so lucky to have you.

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permission of Dan MacArthur: thank you, Dan!

Hope this version doesn't "bug" you too much!

"Critic Song" musical arrangement by Alicia Healey.

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