

SOFTBED STAGE

Oh the Softbed Stage is rolling on over the plains
With the curtains flappin' and the driver slappin' the reins
A beautiful sky, a wonderful day
Whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away

Oh the Softbed Stage is heading on over the hills
Where the Injun arrows are thicker than porcupine quills
Dangerous land, no time to delay
So whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away

We're headin' straight for town, loaded down
With a fancy cargo,
Care of Wells and Fargo, Illinois - Boy!

Oh the Softbed Stage is heading on over the hills
Where the Injun arrows are thicker than porcupine quills
Dangerous land, no time to delay
So whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away
whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away
whip crack-away, whip crack-away, whip crack-away

Repeat whole song.
Yeh!

HONEY BUN

A hundred and one pounds of fun,
That's my little honey bun!
Get a load of honey bun tonight.

I'm speakin' of my Sweetie Pie,
Bun's decide who live and die,
Ev'ry inch is packed with dynamite!

It's soft and round and fruity
Have a spare one in my booty.
They're both the same,
With a different name 'Beauty' and 'Cutie.'

It's my baby, I'm its' Dad!

Sometimes good and sometimes bad!
I am caught and I don't wanna run,
'Cause I'm havin' so much fun with honey bun!

I am caught and I don't wanna run,
'Cause I'm havin' so much fun with honey bun!

Believe me sonny!
I'm havin' so much fun with honey bun!
Ain't bein' funny!
Sonny, put your money.... on my honey bun!

ACHY BREAKY HEART

You can tell Louise, tell anyone you please
Tell them all I'm not okay
You can tell your friends that we've come to an end
And you're walking out on me today

You can tell my arms, go back to my old farm
Tell my feet to hit the floor
You can tell my lips to tell my fingertips
They won't be reaching out no more

But don't tell my heart my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd understand
And if you tell my heart my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this man

DANCE = Chorus x3

Chorus with claps
Chorus

I like it, I love it, I want some more of it
I try, so hard
I can't rise above it
Don't know what it is 'bout that little girls lovin'
But I like it, I love it, I want some more of it.

(repeat)

LUCRETIA MACEVIL

In 4 lines

Lucretia MacEvil, evil girl what's your game?
Hard luck and trouble, bound to be your claim to fame
Badadadada dadada dada

Tail shakin', home breakin,' ridin' through town
Clearin' everywhere, no-one, hangin' 'round
Driving everyone insane, Evil, that's your name

Badadadada dadada dada (*plus harmony*)

Lucretia MacEvil, evil girl what's your game?
Hard luck and trouble, bound to be your claim to fame
Badadadada dadada dada

I heard your mother was the talk of the sticks
Nothin' that you both wouldn't do for kicks
Never done a thing worthwhile, evil woman child

Badadadada dadada dada (*plus harmony*)

Dance (stabs) (verse and chorus)

Fade:

Badadadada dadada dada (plus harmony)
Evil that's your name
Evil

All: Evil that's your name!

SOBBIN' WOMEN

Tell you 'bout them sobbin' women
Who lived in the Roman days
It seems they all went swimming
While their men was off to graze
Well a Roman troop was riding by
And saw them in their me-oh-my

So they took them all back home to dry
Least that's what Plutarch says

CHORUS

Oh yes, them a-women was sobbin', sobbin', sobbin'
Fit to be tied
Every muscle was throbbing throbbing from that riotous ride
Seems they cried and kissed and kissed and cried
All over that Roman countryside
So don't forget that when you're taking a bride
Sobbin' fit to be tied
From that riotous ride

They never did return their plunder
The victor gets all the loot
They carried them home by thunder
To rotundas, small and cute
Now let this be because it's true
A lesson to the likes of you
Rough 'em up like them there Romans do
Least that's what Plutarch says

LAVENDER COWBOY

ALL

He was just a lavender cowboy, With only 3 hairs on his chest
And he rode on a filly called daffodil -dilly
The prettiest horse in the west

GROUP 1

Every morning they went out together, While others looked on in dismay
He'd round up the cattle, sat in his saddle
And singing along all the way

GROUP 2

He was just a lavender cowboy, Who committed a terrible sin
He went out on a bender and slugged a bartender
And stole all the strawberry gin

ALL

So the posse was sent out to find him, and bring him back dead or alive
and they knew as they went, they were hot on his scent
the poor boy would never survive

SOLO

But they found him a-lying unconscious, With blood running all down his chin

Till they looked a bit closer and what do you know sir
They found it was strawberry gin

ALL

So they shot the Lavender cowboy, And said as they lay him to rest
Remember this boy, a foolish cowboy
With only 3 hairs on his chest