

REACH UP

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)
From the CD *Rock n Roll Rodeo* available at RogerDay.com

Some days I just want to stay in bed
Pull the covers on my head
And sleep another hundred years
Some days I just want to be like Rip Van Winkle
Snore my way through every storm and sprinkle
Till I hear my mother knock, knock, knocking on my door
She says get up don't be a bore

Reach up stretch your fingers
Reach up put your hands up high
Reach up on your tip toes
Reach up til you touch the sky

Some days I don't want to go to school
And learn some algebraic rule
I know I'll never use again without a calculator
Some days I just want to close my eyes
Dream away the sunny skies
Til I hear my father calling to me soft and low
He says get up it's time to go

Reach up stretch your fingers
Reach up put your hands up high
Reach up on your tip toes
Reach up til you touch the sky

MOSQUITO BURRITO

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)
From the CD Rock n Roll Rodeo available at RogerDay.com

You can talk about your hot dogs (Yuck!)
And your peanut butter too (Yuck!)
Pepperoni Pizza (Yuck!)
Just makes my stomach blue (Yuck!)

Ice cream is so disgusting (Yuck!)
And french fries make me sick (Yuck!)
So if you want to fix my favorite dish
Just one thing does the trick...

CHORUS

**Oh, yes I mean a mosquito
A mosquito burrito
I like to smash 'em in my hands-o
Spread 'em on a tortill-o
Roll 'em up and take a bite-o
Rub my stomach while I swallow
If you're really my amigo
Give me mosquito burritos**

You can serve me a big hamburger (Yuck!)
With ketchup on the top (Yuck!)
You can try to make me eat it (Yuck!)
But I'll only holler STOP!

There's really only one dish
And it's a culinary feast
You might never guess the taste that I like best
Comes from a little beast...

CHORUS

**Either plain or con queso
I want mosquito burritos
Forget about the cherry jello
I want mosquito burritos**

ROCKIN ABCS

Words & Music © 1997 (All Rights Reserved)

From the CD *Rock n Roll Rodeo* available at RogerDay.com

Starts with the traditional ABC song

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
OP
WXYZ!

I said ABCDEFG
Everybody after me
(ABCDEFGHI
Everybody after me)
HIJKL&M
OP once again
(HIJKL&M
OP once again)
QRSTU&V
WXYZ!

Everybody after me now...

AB - AB!
CD - CD!
EF - EF!
GH - GH!
IJ - IJ!
KL - KL!
MN - MN!
OP - OP!
QRSTU&V
WXYZ!

A little louder now!
(Repeat above)

Let's take it back to the beginning now...

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
OP
WXYZ!

HERE COMES MR. SNAKE

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)
From the CD *Rock n Roll Rodeo* available at RogerDay.com

**He likes to shimmy. He likes to shake
Here comes Mr. Snake**

He ain't got no shoulders. He ain't got no legs
He's got no belly button. Cause he was hatched from an egg
He's the cold-blooded creature with the three-chamber heart
Moving like a slinky through your backyard

**Singing woo..woo..(sss..sss..)
Singing woo..woo..(sss..sss..)
Singing woo..woo..(sss..sss..)
Singing woo..woo..(sss..sss..)
He likes to shimmy. He likes to shake
Here comes Mr. Snake**

He might hide in the briars
He might hide in the sand
He might hide in your bathtub
And slip through your hands
He might look like a rake
He might look like a rock
He might look like a hosepipe
Or even your sock

He ain't got no wristwatch - because he's got no wrist
He can't kiss his girlfriend - because he's got no lips
He sssleeps all winter in his sssecret den
He wakes up in ssspring time and he sheds his ssskin!

**Singing woo..woo..(sss..sss..)
Singing woo..woo..(sss..sss..)
Singing woo..woo..(sss..sss..)
Singing woo..woo..(sss..sss..)
He likes to shimmy. He likes to shake
Here comes Mr. Snake**

TOOKALAMOGA

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)
From the CD Rock n Roll Rodeo available at RogerDay.com

My best friend is a turtle
Tookalamoga is her name
You might wonder why I
Call her something strange

It s cause I saw her walking
One morning down my street
And that s the sound I heard her
Making with her feet

Too, Too, Tookalamoga
Too, Too, Tookalamoga
Too, Too, Tookalamoga
That s my turtle s name

I hope she doesn t bore you
Because she walks so slow
But she must carry her house
Everywhere she goes

So if you see her walking
One morning down your road
You ll know what to call her
When you say hello (HELLO!!)

Too, Too, Tookalamoga
Too, Too, Tookalamoga
Too, Too, Tookalamoga
That s my turtle s name

MY FIRST LOOSE TOOTH

Words & Music by Roger Day © 1997 (All rights reserved)
From the CD *Rock n Roll Rodeo* available at RogerDay.com

I woke up this morning and I started my day
I stumbled out of bed and I made my way
Down to the kitchen where I poured some juice
That's when I noticed that my tooth was loose!

I can tell you're thinking right off the bat
I don't see what's so great about that
It's something that happens nearly every single day
To kids from Canada to Tampa Bay

Well, you might be right; that might be true
But maybe someday this will happen to you...

Maybe one morning when you're putting on your shirt
You'll notice that your mouth is starting to hurt
You'll rush up to the mirror and open up wide
And notice there's a tooth that's loose inside!

Now the very first thing you're gonna wanna do
Is reach up with your finger to see if it moves
You'll wiggle it left then you'll wiggle it right
Till it wiggles all morning and it wiggles all night

You'll wiggle it at school and you'll wiggle it at home
You'll wiggle it in crowds and you'll wiggle it alone
You'll wiggle it for friends and you'll wiggle it for foes
You'll wiggle it for everybody everywhere you go!

Until you wiggle it one little wiggle too far...
And it pops right out wherever you are!!
Well, now you've got a hole where your tooth used to be
And you're feeling pretty strange 'cause you can taste it bleed

And you're telling everybody I'M GONNA BE SICK!!
That's when you figure out a brand new trick
Cause you spread your lips and clamp your jaws
And still have room to stick your straw

To slurp your milk or gurgle up your coke
Impress your friends and embarrass your folks!
So now you're thinking, Hey, this is pretty fun!
When the very best part is yet to come

Cause when you get back home and you're ready for bed
You can stick that tooth underneath your head
And if everything goes exactly right
The tooth fairy comes in the middle of the night
She sneaks in your room when you're sound asleep
And she leaves a little cash where your tooth used to be

So, you're still sitting there thinking I know that scene.
Everybody's done that whole routine.
Well, you might be right: I might be wrong.
It might not be worth writing a song

Except for one little thing you see
It's the very first time it's happened to me...The End

MY INVISIBLE DINOSAUR

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)
From the CD *Rock n Roll Rodeo* available at RogerDay.com

*This ain't no time for napping
No, this is time for fingersnapping
So if you want this song to happen
Let me see your toes start tapping...*

Guess what I've got in my pocket? It's my invisible dinosaur!

I found him in my closet
Hiding in my toys
That were piled on the floor

Maybe you can see him too
I think I see him crawling in your shoes

Guess what I've got in my pocket? It's my invisible dinosaur!

He prefers the rainy weather
He likes to play in the mud outside
He doesn't even need an umbrella
Because invisible dinosaurs always stay dry

He likes to sleep in the bed with me
He scares away the monsters that I can't see

Guess what I've got in my pocket? It's my invisible dinosaur

All right, let's hear your dinosaur ROAR!!
Show me your dinosaurs CLAWS!!
Last but not least -You've got to show me your dinosaur TEETH!!

He likes to sneak in the kitchen -Late at night
He finds yesterday's pizza - And takes a bite...CHOMP!

Guess what I've got in my pocket? It's my invisible dinosaur

I found him in my closet
Hiding in the toys that were piled on the floor

He's your friend too so don't be scared
I think I see him crawling in your hair

Guess what I've got in my pocket? It's my invisible dinosaur

I GOT HANDS

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)
From the CD Rock n Roll Rodeo available at RogerDay.com

I got hands to throw my baseball - hands to ride my bike
Hands to wave hello to the people I like
I got hands to catch the telephone - hands to check the mail
Hands to row my boat when there's a hole in my sail

REFRAIN

**I got a hand on my left
I got a hand on my right
I gotta hand it to me
My hands are all right**

I got hands to hold the hammer - hands to hold the nail
Hands to build a tree house at the end of the trail
I got hands to pet my puppy - hands to pet my cat
Hands to pet my rhino what do you think about that

REFRAIN

CHORUS

**I got hands, how 'bout you!
I got hands to tie my shoe
You can ask anybody from here to Japan
I got ten little fingers on my two big hands**

I got hands to open windows - hands to open doors
Hands to dump my toys in the middle of the floor
I got hands to button buttons - hands to zip my pants
Hands to take 'em off when they get filled up with ants!

REFRAIN

I got hands to throw the Frisbee - hands to blow a kiss
Hands to hold the rod when I'm reeling in a fish
I got hands to make a circle - hands to make a square
Hands to make me scary like a grizzly bear

REFRAIN

CHORUS

CAN YOU POINT YOUR FINGER?

Words & Music Day © 1997 Roger (All Rights Reserved)

From the CD *Rock n Roll Rodeo* available at RogerDay.com

Can you point your finger at your nose
Can you point your finger at your nose
Can you show everybody where the bad smells go
Can you point your finger at your nose

CHORUS

Can you point it to the left
Can you point it to the right
Can you point it in a circle when you're spinning out of sight
Can you point it at the ceiling
Can you point it at the floor
Can you point it 'til your pointy little finger gets sore!

Can you point your finger at your eye
Can you point your finger at your eye
Can you show 'em where you see
Can you show 'em where you cry
Can you point your finger at your eye

CHORUS

Can you point your finger at your ear
Can you point your finger at your ear
If they want to tell a secret tell 'em they can whisper hear
Can you point your finger at your ear

CHORUS

Can you point your finger at your mouth
Can you point your finger at your mouth
Can you show 'em all your teeth both north and south
Can you point your finger at your mouth

CHORUS

Can you point your finger at your heart
Can you point your finger at your heart
Can you show everybody where your love starts
Can you point your finger at your heart

CHORUS

JUMP UP & TURN AROUND

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)
From the CD Rock n Roll Rodeo available at RogerDay.com

There s no time for sadness
There s no time for tears
There s no time for albatrosses hanging around us here

It s time for laughter
And it s time for fun
It s time to make our circle big enough for everyone

CHORUS

Jump up, jump up, jump up and turn around
Jump up, jump up, jump up and turn around
Jump up, jump up, jump up and turn around
Everybody turn around

There s no time for dark clouds
There s no time for rain
There s no time to use our voice to grumble and complain

It s time for celebration
With great big smiles
It s time to say goodbye to all our troubles for awhile

CHORUS

Now everybody stop!
And look to your right
And tell that person there Hey, man, you re all right!!

Now everybody turn back
The other way
Shake that person s hand right there and say Hey, man, you re okay!!

CHORUS

MARVIN, THE MARVELOUS MOOSE

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)

From the CD Rock n Roll Rodeo available at RogerDay.com

Marvin, he is a marvelous moose
He s got hairy antlers and his front teeth are loose
He s the biggest kid in school
The other kids think he s cool

They call him Marvin, the Marvelous Moose

Marvin, he likes to play football
He can t say Hup he just does the moose call
Arooo! is the moose call
a! when he plays football

They call him Marvin, the Marvelous Moose

Marvin s favorite class is lunch
We don t know what it is but he sure eats a bunch
He thinks he s in a stable
So he eats under the table

That s Marvin, the Marvelous Moose

And if you re feeling sad and lonely
He ll give you a furry moose hug
And tell you life is marvelous
He ll tell you life is marvelous
Life is always marvelous with Marvin, the Marvelous Moose

Marvin, he is a marvelous moose
He s got hairy antlers and his front teeth are loose
And if you want to be his friend
Then sing this song again

For Marvin, the Marvelous Moose

That s Marvin, the Marvelous Moose

That s Marvin, the Marvelous Moose

THE BEAR WHO SINGS, BOOGALA, BOOGALA, BAH!

Words & Music © 1997 Roger Day (All Rights Reserved)

Oh, I am the bear who sings Boogala, Boogala, Bah!
With nary a care singing Boogala, Boogala, Bah!
I run through the forest, chasing all the bees
Singing, Boogala, Boogala, Bah!

Oh, I am the bear who sings Boogala, Boogala, Bah!
With nary a care singing Boogala, Boogala, Bah!
I eat all the berries in the briar patch
Singing Boogala, Boogala, Bah!

Oh, I am the bear who sings Boogala, Boogala, Bah!
With nary a care singing Boogala, Boogala, Bah!
I hop on my hind legs and give a great big growl
Singing Boogala, Boogala, Bah!

Oh, I am the bear who sings Boogala, Boogala, Bah!
With nary a care singing Boogala, Boogala, Bah!
I yawn every winter when I hibernate
Singing Boogala, Boogala, Bah!

Goodnight!