

PASADENA FOLLIES 2021: ROARING BACK

THE LYRICS

"YES WE'RE BACK"

To the tune of "YOU'LL BE BACK", Music by Lin Manuel-Miranda, from *Hamilton*, Lyrics by Jerram Swartz

They say
The little cicada's
A bug that spends time in the sack
It's true
He sleeps in his tree safe and snug
'til it's time to come back
Why this urge?
It's just Mother Nature's arrangement that he goes away
Til it's right to emerge
A survival technique that is strange, meant
to help him thrive

Hey, we're back, it's been years
Like that little bug
Who reappears

Yes we're back and you'll see
We're the Follies
And we guarantee
What we lack in finesse
We'll make up in spreading Happiness
Like a soak in a tub
We're a warm and comfy present
From the Pasadena Shakespeare Club!

Da da da dat da
dat da da da da ya da
Da da dat dat da ya da!
Da da da dat da
dat da da da da ya da
Da da dat dat da...

We hope it's like a letter
That you find amu-sing
Perhaps you'll like it better
If you've all been boo-zing

We trust that you won't object
'Cause it's our newfound project
Our fun and playful project
A goofy, spoofy project
Whatever, whenever,
Endeavor tonight to be clever
Hey, we're back, but with more
Some new acts
And a familiar score

Please enjoy this soirée
With philanthropy to light the way
When it's done we'll all smile
Having chased your problems
For awhile

Like a trip to the pub
It's a fun and social outing
From the Pasadena Shakespeare Club!

Da da da dat da
dat da da da da ya da
Da da dat dat da ya da!
Da da da dat da
dat da da da da ya da
Da da dat dat da

EVERYBODY!

Da da da dat da
dat da da da da ya da
Da da dat dat da ya da!
Da da da dat da
dat da da da da ya da
Da da dat dat da

"HAIL SHAKESPEARE CLUB" Theme Song

To the tune of "O MISTRESS MINE", Music by Thomas Morely, from
Twelfth Night, Lyrics by Jerram Swartz

Hail, Shakespeare Club,
Crown City ladies
Hail, Shakespeare Club,
Crown City ladies

Sweet social hub,
Comrades and gaieties
Sweet social hub,
Comrades and gaieties
In our splendid grand Chateau

Salutes the One
Whose wondrous writing
Tho' lifetimes pass
Remains exci-ting
Every maiden wise
doth know

Philanthropy,
It's what we're here for
Philanthropy,
It's what we're here for

Improve our world,
Is what we cheer for
Improve our world,
Is what we cheer for
Volunteers, our time bestow

Such lofty goals -
How best to reach one?
'Tis simply done -
"Let each one teach one"
Every maiden wise doth know

Such lofty goals -
How best to reach one?
'Tis simply done -
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"IF COVID WAS OVER"

To the tune of "IF MAMA WAS MARRIED", Music by Jule Styne, from
Gypsy, Lyrics by Jerram Swartz

If Covid was over
I'd take all my masks
And dump them with barely a frown
No worries about
What the CDC asks
And maybe my blood pressure'd
Start to go down.

If Covid was over

If Covid was over
I'd jump on a plane
And off to Oahu I'd fly
There wouldn't be
Very much cause to complain,
And way smaller likelihood
That I would die.

If Covid was over.

Covid! Get out of here please
You're not just a cold
A cough or a sneeze
Covid! We're down on our knees
This act's getting old
You rotten disease!

The whole world agrees
It's time that we bid you adieu
We hope Dr. Fauci
Will stop being grouchy
We'll go back to fighting the flu
Oh Covid
We've had it with you!

If Covid was over there wouldn't be anymore:
"Stand...six feet apart please"
"Stick this up your nose"

"You must quarantine"
"Use the right vaccine"

"Bump elbows, please!"
"Mask up, baby"

Covid, I don't want to preach
We're not eating bats
I'm not drinking bleach
Covid, come on be a peach
Stop being a brat
You son of a beach

We'll all say "congrats"
And watch you descend into Hell
But Covid has Beta
and Delta
and Gamma
"Enough of this drama" we'll yell

Oh Covid.....
Oh Covid.....
Oh Covid.....
Screw off and farewell!

"BARONS OF BILLIONS"

To the tune of "OFFICER KRUPKE" by Leonard Bernstein, from *West Side Story*, Lyrics by Jerram Swartz

Hello there Jeffrey Bezos
Our country's in a mess
With dollars or with pesos
There's problems to address
The temperature is killing
The dolphins and the kelp
We are drowning
People need your help.

Hey, Barons of Billions
We're all in a jam
It seems to us you're acting
Like you don't give a damn
I'm sure you've got grandkids
And people you love
Please show it's them you're thinking of.

IT'S THE KIDS!

You got kids
They got kids
We got kids, kids, kids
Let us see
You're thinking of the kids!

Dear Mr. Warren Buffett,
The sides are being drawn
We're gonna have to rough it
When all the ozone's gone
We aren't anti-business
We're only anti-death
Can we fix things?
Let's not hold our breath!

Hey, Masters of Moolah
You need to decide
If you won't work together
It's disaster worldwide

We know it's not fair
That you're stuck with this task
I wish we didn't have to ask

HAD TO ASK!

Gotta ask
Gotta ask
We just gotta ask
It's a shame,
But someone gotta ask.

Dear William and Melinda
Our lands are getting fracked
We cannot summon Glinda
It sucks and that's a fact
Your hearts are in the right place
But this affects us all
Our agendas
Need an overhaul.

Hey, Pashas of Plenty
Survival's our goal
We can't move to New Zealand
Or squeeze into a hole
Our sad politicians
Ain't doin' the trick
We gotta to figure
Something quick!

SOMETHING QUICK!

Something quick!
Something quick!
Something quick, quick, quick
Yeah, we have to figure
Something quick!

Dear Mr. Zuckerberg, sir
It's like we're in a trance
Our future's unsecured sir,
The poor don't stand a chance
Disparity of income
The specter of unrest
Goodness gracious
That's why we're depressed!

Hey, Gurus of Greenbacks
Our perils ain't small
These catastrophic changes
Will demolish us all
A few of our leaders
Are smart as they come,
But as a body
They are dumb!

THEY ARE DUMB!

They are dumb,
They are dumb
They are doornail dumb
Like a bag of hammers they are dumb!

(spoken)

They don't believe in science
They don't believe in plans
They count on our compliance
And short attention spans

(sung)

The Founding Fathers' vision
Is fading into black
Tell us, please that
We can take it back!

Dear Warren and Jeff,
Mark, Melinda and Bill
We're dying from a failure of political will
Oh, who can prevent
Our lives turning to poo?

Gee, Barons of Billions
GUESS WHO!

"THE ONE"

To the tune of "I GUESS THE LORD MUST BE IN NEW YORK CITY" by Harry Nilsson, Lyrics by Jerram Swartz

I'd give away the things I cherish
I would perish if I could only say
I'm meeting Meryl Streep in Pasadena

What beauty parlors does she stop at?
Does she shop at
Vroman's bookstore?
I'm meeting Meryl Streep in Pasadena

As for her clothes, Lord,
Does she go to Talbot's? Oh oh oh
Oh how wonderful to see,
Who I've always wanted to see
She's my favorite deity
Here in Pasadena

Margarita's at Mijares
What fancy parties
Will she attend this year?
I'm meeting Meryl Streep in Pasadena

Supposing that
I eat at Green Street
Surely Green Street's
A place she'll come some day
I'm meeting Meryl Streep in Pasadena

Oh I'm aware Lord,
Divas need their pri-vacy
But how wonderful to see,
Who I've always wanted to see
She's my favorite deity
Here in Pasadena.
Oh-Ahhhhhhhhhh!

"SOLILOQUY"

Music: "DON'T BE CRUEL" by Otis Blackwell, "HOUND DOG" by Mike Stoller, "SUSPICIOUS MINDS" by Mark James, "A LITTLE LESS CONVERSATION" by Mac Davis & Billy Strange, "JAILHOUSE ROCK" by Mike Stoller; Lyrics by Jerram Swartz

MAYOR GORDO

(*"DON'T BE CRUEL"*)

Got back from City Council
Where should I begin?
These budget cost amounts'll
Make my poor head spin

Don't be cruel
There's so much to do

Sometimes you get contentious
Sometimes I get annoyed
We're being conscientious
But let's not get paranoid

Just keep cool
To our town stay true

That's how this city works
Maybe we could all stop
Being jerks.

(*"HOUND DOG"*)

Being mayor's such a hard job
Workin' all the time
Being mayor's such a hard job
Workin' all the time
Well we gotta get more housing
and a Colorado Bridge design

City Council is a tough gig
I did it so I know
City Council is a tough gig
I did it so I know

Yeah, one thing I can tell ya
They're not there for the dough

("SUSPICIOUS MINDS")

Cause I'm caught in a trap
I can't get out
Because I've still got three years, baby

Why can't they see
What this job's done to me
When they won't believe a word I say?

We can't go on together
With suspicious minds
And we can't run this city
When they're so unkind

("A LITTLE LESS CONVERSATION")

So come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on, come on

Please, don't aggravate
Let's all concentrate
I can demonstrate,
Then we'll celebrate all day

Whooooo!

A little less conversation,
A little more action
Don't need your adoration
Not even a fraction

A little more sense
In our workplace
A little less tense
A lot more grace

Better open up your eyes
And just support me
Yeah, support me

("JAILHOUSE ROCK")

Gonna throw a party down at City Hall
All the City Council's got to hear the call
Get 'em all together they can dance and shout
And maybe we can work our conflicts out

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
All the people gonna stare in shock
When we're dancin'
to the City Hall Rock

Andy Wilson sitting in a corner chair
Yellin' "Point of Order" though there's no-one there
Madison comes over, says "Don't be a wuss
Why dontcha do the City Hall Rock with us?"

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
All the people gonna stare in shock
When we're dancin'
to the City Hall Rock

Jessie Rivas up and says to Kennedy
"We can work together if your mind runs free
Let us do some good for the community
Come on and do the City Hall Rock with me"

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
All the people gonna stare in shock
We're dancin' to the City Hall Rock

Ms. Felicia Williams she begins to shake
No-one's gotten ready for the big earthquake
She turns to Tyrone Hampton
and she says, "Let's bail.
This dancing's an eleven on the Richter Scale"

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
All the people gonna stare in shock
We're dancin' to the City Hall Rock

Steve Mermel is boogying all by himself
Gene Masuda's reading journals from the shelf
Everybody's jiving in the Council Room.
And best of all the whole thing's caught on Zoom!

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
All the people gonna stare in shock
We're dancin' to the City Hall Rock

Dancin' to the City Hall Rock!
Dancin' to the City Hall Rock!
Dancin' to the City Hall Rock!

MAYOR GORDO
(a la "The King")
Thank you....thank you very much.

FINALE: "PASADENA"

To the tune of "OKLAHOMA", Music by Richard Rodgers, from *Oklahoma*,
Lyrics by Jerram Swartz

They couldn't pick a better place
To move out west
Just like home but without the snow

This Indiana Colony suited them best
Plenty of space and room to grow

Room to grow!
That was long ago!

Beautiful arroyo among the Hahamonga
Not too far for surfers who like saying "Cowabunga"

Poppies on the mountains and a lot of fog
Many years later it turned into smog

Today its a wonderful place to live
With lots of charities and ways to give!

Paaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-sadena
Where we're not too proud
For corny jokes
Watch our culture thrive
Classic homes survive
And retirees
Come to see their folks

Paaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-sadena
Where tradition's
Right beside the new.
We have carried on
Though *The Blue Boy's* gone
There's still loads of art for us to view!

The Rose and the Doo-Dah parades
Are just two of our true escapades

And when we say, "YEEOW!"
Ayip-i-o-ee-ay!

We're only sayin'
You're doing fine, Pasadena,
Pasadena, C.A.

Paaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-sadena
Where the Gold Line's
Making traffic hum
We love Old Town's bucks
Though the parking sucks
So we tell the kids and tourists, COME!

Paaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-sadena
Castle Green's been here
A hundred years.
We're so smart, by heck
J.P.L., Cal Tech
Rocket scientists fly out our ears!

We're growing by bounds
And by leaps
When it sees us, Arcadia weeps!

And when we say, "YEEOW!"
Ayip-i-o-ee-ay!
We're only sayin'
You're doing fine, Pasadena,
Pasadena, C.A.

PASA- DENA- PASA- DENA-
PASA- DENA- PASA- DENA-
PASA- DENA- PASA- DENA-

We're glad we could all volunteer
And we hope that we'll see you
Next year!

So when we say, "YEEOW!"
Ayip-i-o-ee-ay!
We're only sayin'
You're doing GREAT, Pasadena,
Pasadena,
P- A-
S- A-
D- E-
N- A

Pasadeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee- NA!

