

New Words and Music: Bill and Gretchen Roper
Familiar Music: Graham Nash, John Lennon & Paul McCartney,
Elton John & Bernie Taupin, and Jim Croce
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My Husband, the Filker

F **C**
When I was young, I used to want a man who'd write me songs:
F **C** **G**
Tender and romantic, that I could sing along.
F **C**
But now I'm old and married and the songs he writes for me
F **G** **C**
Are not the sort of songs I'd hoped they'd be.

C
'Cause this mouse is a very, very, very dead mouse.
F **C**
The cat found it in the yard,
F **C**
But now it's stiff and hard.
F **C** **F**
I think he brought it as a gift for you.

(Chorus)

F **C**
My husband is a filker and he's always writing songs.
Am **D** **G**
The subject's inappropriate - the tunes just don't belong.
F **C** **A7**
He tries to be romantic and I know his love is true,
D **G** **C**
But stealing tunes is just what filkers do.

If you or I should get a bit of tune trapped in our mind,
We'd hum it 'round the office and soon leave it behind.
But lodge that same romantic tune in filker's fertile brain
And the feeling soon goes running down the drain.

Dm **Am** **Dm** **Am**
Honey, the toilet's plugged; it's running over.
Dm **Am** **F** **G7**
There was a plunger here, now it's a rover -
C
Where's the plunger?
Am **G** **Am** **G**
A guy like me could never find
Am **Em** **G7**
The thing I need standing near me.
Dm **Am** **Dm** **Am**
Water runs cross the floor; I stand there clueless
Dm **Am** **F** **G7**
While there behind the door, the perfect tool is -
C
There's the plunger!

(Chorus)

It wouldn't be so bad, except there's music everywhere -
In stores, and malls, and restaurants, a tune is in the air.
We're sitting down at Denny's; the Musak plays a song.
He smiles, looks up, and gently sings along.

C **Fmaj7** **G/B** **Em**
They're a little bit runny, imperfectly fried.
Am **Am/G** **Am/F#** **F**
The whites are well-done, but the yolks sunny side
C/G **G** **E** **Am**
Stares up from the plate like two soft yellow eyes.
C **Dm7** **F** **C** **F/C** **C**
You think they look fine, but you're being unwise.
G/B **Am** **Dm** **F**
And you can tell everybody, this is your life,
G/B **Am** **Dm** **F**
But a loving husband should take care of his wife
Am **Am/G**
And OSHA told me, yes, OSHA told me
Am/F# **Dm/F**
That they wrote in their book:
C/E **Dm/F** **F** **C**
You'll get salmonella from eggs undercooked.

(Chorus)

D **G** **C** **A7**
I guess I'm going to have to steal one too.
Cmaj7 **Em7**
Well, you know I think you're great
Dm7 **G7**
And I love to be near you.
Cmaj7 **Em7**
But there's a habit that you've just got to break,
Dm7 **G7**
At least where I can hear.
F **F#dim** **E7** **Am**
I love everything about you except the tunes that you corrupt,
F C **G7** **F C**
So if you really love me, you'll shut up.

(Variant chorus)

I guess that we're both filkers, 'cause we're always writing songs.
The subject's inappropriate - the tunes just don't belong.
We try to be romantic and I know our love is true,
But stealing tunes is just what filkers do. **(A7)**
D **G** **C**
I guess I'm glad that she's a filker too.