

MY HUSBAND, THE FILKER

1

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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.

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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 yolk's 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) **A7**
D **G** **C**
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.

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I blame this on the cat. He has a habit of bringing in dead mice from the back yard and leaving them on the carpet runner in the living room so that I'll know that he is a mighty hunter. So when I was sitting in the living room noodling on the guitar and saw a gray blob that turned out to be the upturned carpet fringe, my first thought was, "Oh, another mouse." And I sang about it, much to Gretchen's temporary chagrin.

"You know," she said. "We could get a song out of this." And a bit later, I couldn't fall asleep, grabbed the guitar, and wrote the next interstitial piece. Crawled back into bed and Gretchen said, "You need to write another one." And we'd just seen "Moulin Rouge" and inspiration struck. So I got back out of bed and wrote the third piece.

Before too long, we'd constructed the whole song. (No, not that night.) We premiered it at MilPhil and saw people in the audience trying to hurt themselves laughing. (A good sign.)

And two years later, we won a Pegasus for "Best Original Humorous Song" at OVFF in 2003. I guess we struck a nerve.

*And who would have thought that **I** would own half a Pegasus for best humorous song?*