

# Turtles and Snakes and Snow Storm

FOLKWAYS  
RECORDS  
FC 7608

Created and

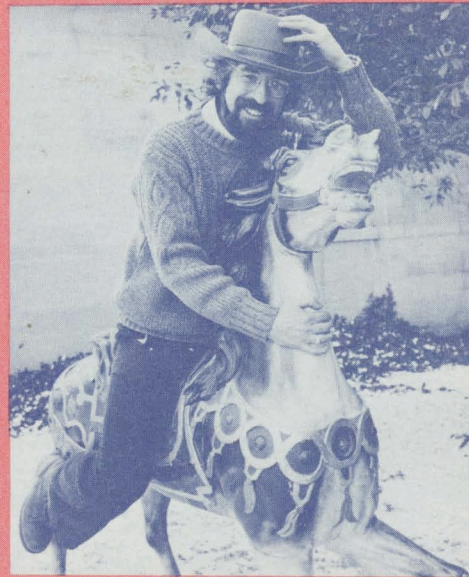
sung by Gerry Axelrod



M  
1997  
A969  
T962  
1980

MUSIC LP

Rosenhouse

**Side A**

- 1) Turtles & Snakes  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (2:31)
- 2) Snowstorm  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (3:06)
- 3) Sally Ann  
(Arr. Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (3:10)
- 4) Marching Through The Autumn Leaves  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (2:25)
- 5) Clean Energy  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (2:45)
- 6) Bad Man / Sad Man  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (2:30)

**Side B**

- 1) Wiggles  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (1:55)
- 2) Mammal Song  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (3:08)
- 3) Tidepool  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (3:17)
- 4) Centipede  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (2:52)
- 5) Dinosaur  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (4:30)
- 6) Insect Song  
(Axelrod) Quippet Music  
BMI (2:48)

Gerry Axelrod is a working naturalist at the West Rock Nature Center. As such he spends a lot of time poking around in the woods and fooling around with children. Sometimes this fooling around gets called a learning experience.

You may hear Gerry's songs being sung in the woods, along the seashore or in a school classroom. They are very portable. Some of these songs were written to teach. Some are just for fun, but they were all meant for singing. So enjoy yourself. Sing along or just listen. To save the environment you have to love it first.

**Credits**

Gerry Axelrod — vocals, guitar, banjo  
 Ray Correia — snare drum  
 Marion Kollar — vocals  
 Mike Maffeo — violin, banjo on "Clean Energy"  
 Barye Phillips — Electric guitar  
 Dave Toraya — Piano  
 With special thanks to the Fifth Grade Chorus  
 Katherine Brennan School, New Haven, Connecticut  
 Photo by Barye Phillips  
 Engineer — Dave Toraya

# Turtles and Snakes and Snowstorms

Created and sung by  
Gerry Axelrod

descriptive notes are inside pocket

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I can see a muskrat yes I can  
Picking on a banjo yes I can  
I can see a muskrat yes I can  
Cause I'm that girl called Sally Ann

Refrain II:  
I'm that girl called Sal, Sal  
I'm that girl called Sally Ann

I make my living in a sandy land  
Make my living in the sandy sand  
Make my living in the sandy land  
I'm gonna marry you Sally Ann

Refrain I

We'll make our living in a sand land  
Make our living in the sandy sand  
Make our living in a sandy land  
And I'm that girl called Sally Ann

Refrain II

*Traditional arranged by Gerry Axelrod*  
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### Marching Through Them

Marching through them  
Marching through them  
Marching through the autumn leaves  
La, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la

Oak and Maple, Hickory and Ash  
Beech and Birch and Sassafras

© Quippit Music BMI

### Clean Energy

Clean energy comes from the sun  
Shines down from the sun  
Clean energy comes from the sun  
Shines on everyone

Coal comes from under the ground  
There's lots of coal still to be found  
It's made from the plants that lived long before  
But what shall we do when there is no more?

Oil comes from deep oil wells  
It's lighter than coal and heats our homes well  
But when it's all gone there'll be nowhere to drill  
And no one will miss those big oil spills

Fission power sounds good in some books  
But you can't always tell by the way the stuff looks  
The waste products stay for thousands of years  
Too long a time to be safe it's clear

Fusion power works just like the sun  
But it won't be ready for years to come  
The sun is working away right now  
Its golden light is shining on down

So let's get together and live under the sun.

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### Bad Man, Sad Man

I don't like dogs and I don't like cats  
But I have lots of both how'd you like that  
I only feed them when I'm feeling good  
I let them run wild in my neighborhood  
I'm a bad, bad man (He's a sad, sad, man)

I have a very old trick that never fails  
I pull my cats by the end of their tails  
You say they have feelings like people do  
But I don't like people and I don't like you  
I'm a bad, bad, man (He's a sad, sad, man)

My dog had puppies out in the yard  
For me it's not trouble, for me it's not hard  
When they're old enough and they bark real good  
I put them in a box and I throw them in the woods  
I'm a bad, bad man (He's a sad, sad man)

I don't give a hoot about the birdies in the woods  
All that tweety tweeting don't do the world no good  
I cover the country with roads and parking lots  
What's mother nature got that I haven't got  
I'm a bad, bad man (He's a sad, sad man)

I really don't like little boys and girls  
With their funny little clothes and their funny little curls  
Sometimes in the morning I think I'm just so cool  
I drive my car fast when I'm going by the school  
I'm a bad, bad man (He's a sad, sad man)

But sometimes I think when I'm breaking all the rules  
Maybe it's not good to try to be so cruel  
And then I get lonely as lonely as can be  
And I sit and start to think why nobody loves me  
I'm a bad, bad man (He's a sad, sad man)

© Quippit Music BMI

### Wiggles

Wiggles — I know a worm who's got wiggles  
Iggally, jiggaly, wiggles  
And I get wiggles for free

Wiggles - iggaly, jiggles, fig fig<sup>4</sup>figgaly  
Squiggly, jiggally wiggles

And Gwumpums - I know a frog who's got gwumpums Etc.

Refrain:

When I'm feeling sad and low  
Got no money, no place to go  
It don't bother me no siree  
These are the things I can get for free

I can get Tweetums - I know a bird who's got tweetums etc.

And Scratchums - I know a dog who's got scratchums etc.

© Quippit Music BMI

### Mammal Song

It's got a hard backbone  
Hair on its skin  
Nurses from its mother  
And it's warm within

refrain

A camel is a mammal  
But a snake is not  
I can tell a mamal  
By the kind of things its got.

I know a fox that lives in a glen  
It plays in the woods but it sleeps in a den  
Little foxes are kits some of them are red  
They have bushy tails and pointed ears on their heads.

It eats acorns from the oaks, nuts from the beech  
It runs up a tree to get safely out of reach  
I've seen a squirrel whose got sharp red teeth  
Its grey on its back but white underneath.

Woodchucks sleep all winter long  
In a hole in the ground till the spring comes along  
They stand up tall to give you a glance  
And they'll eat up your garden if you give them a chance.

Some deer have a clean white tail  
They lift it and run if there's something on their trail  
Some have antlers, a big full rack  
But little ones have white spots on their back.

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Quippit Music BMI

### Tidepool

Refrain

What can I find looking in a tidepool?  
What can I find where the water meets the land?

I might find a crab searching for its dinner  
Digging with its claws into the sand  
And I might find a snail gliding cross the seaweed  
Sliding with its foot onto the land  
Picking up a shell I wonder what might live inside  
Turning over rocks I look to see what runs and hides  
A mussel holding fast will not move about  
Closing its shell tightly just to keep my fingers out.

Now the water rushes in and splashes on the tidepool  
Starfish wave their arms through all the foam  
And the swimming fish I saw now move beneath the waves  
returning to their own ocean home  
When high water comes my tidepool disappears  
So do the creatures and the rocks  
And I stand up the beach waiting for the lowtide  
Standing in my sneakers without socks.

The tidepool is a kingdom where sea and land are one  
Waiting in the misty fog or in the morning sun  
Its mysteries will be hidden from those who don't look down  
And never look to sea or hear the oceans sound.

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Quippit music BMI

### Centipede

Centipede, centipede let me count your hundred legs  
Centipede, centipede let me count your hundred legs

Millipede, millipede let me count your thousand legs  
Millipede, millipede let me count your thousand legs

Refrain:  
Whenever I see the features of the crawling little creatures  
I open up my peepers, I count legs  
And whenever I feel like knowin' on where a thing is goin'  
I look to see what's showin' I count legs

Spider, spider let me count your eight legs  
Spider, spider let me count your eight legs

Insect, insect let me count your six legs  
Insect, insect let me count your six legs

Refrain:  
Worm, worm you haven't got any legs  
Worm, worm you haven't got any legs.

© Quippit Music BMI

### Dinosaur on the Kitchen Floor

One night as I lay sleeping safe within my bed  
A crawling, scratching, scraping sound came right into my  
head.

I popped my eyes wide open and slid down to the floor  
And heard a quiet hissing sound just outside the door.  
I reached under my big old bed and found my trusty bat  
The noise might be a robber or maybe just the cat.  
I peeked around the corner and tried not to cry out  
Underneath the table there was something moving about

It was a dinosaur, a dinosaur, dinosaur on the kitchen floor.

It was three feet high and colored gray and had two legs  
underneath.  
It had big round eyes, scaly skin and lots of pointed teeth.  
I could tell by its funny smell that it was hungry for a feast.  
This job was getting too big for me I'd better go for the police.

I ran down to the station house to the sargeant sitting there.  
He saw I was in my PJ's and that my feet were bare.  
I knew by my looks that he'd think I'd run away  
So I shouted out as loud as heck the only thing I could say.

There's a dinosaur, a dinosaur, dinosaur on the kitchen floor  
The sargeant looked up slowly and spoke real low and coarse  
"Kid I've seen a lot of things in my years on the force,  
I've seen lugs and thugs, mugs and pugs and one man who  
loved his horse

And I can tell you . . .

There's no dinosaur, no dinosaur, no dinosaur on the kitchen  
floor.

I didn't want him to grab me and to take me back home  
So I ran into the bushes, cold and alone.  
I ran into the park to find a very good old pal  
Known as the professor, but I just called him Al.  
Would Al be sitting in the park in the middle of the night?  
But here he was in his bearded fuzz a very welcome sight.  
I said, "There's a dinosaur, dinosaur, dinosaur on the  
kitchen floor."

And Al said,

"It could be a tyrannosaurus rex that's on your kitchen floor  
Or it could be a brontosaurus, a beast we can't ignore.  
If it flew it could be a pterodactyl or a rhamphorhynchus  
Or an ancient archeopterix, might make a fuss.  
But the last of the giant reptiles died millions of years ago  
So weighing all the different facts here's something we must  
know  
There's no dinosaur, no dinosaur, no dinosaur on the kitchen  
floor."

Now this was it and I was tired and a little more than annoyed.  
My good nights sleep had been thoroughly destroyed.  
My feet were tired and I knew that no more would I roam.  
I'll fix this beast at the least as soon as I get home.

I walked into the kitchen and pointed at its face  
You don't belong here you're far too weird, now get out of  
this place  
So there'll be no dinosaur, no dinosaur, no dinosaur on the  
kitchen floor.

The thing growled and hissed, but I stood and showed no fear.  
It thumped and pumped and double pumped but I stayed  
right there.

A tear came to its big red eye but I had nothing nice to say.  
The dinosaur on the kitchen floor began to fade away.

I waited until it was completely gone then the house lights  
came on.

Standing right behind me was my tired mom.

She said, "What are you doing here in the middle of the  
night."

I said, "There's . . . there's . . . oh mom you wouldn't believe it."

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### The Insect Song

Chorus:  
With six legs and three parts  
It's an insect, it's an insect

Some insects they fly up in the sky  
Some crawl on earth like you and I  
Insects they come in every color and size

Chorus:

The cricket it has the most unusual wings  
It rubs them together and that's how it sings  
You can hear crickets singing on a warm summer's night

Chorus:

The ladybug is not a bug at all  
She's a beetle whose red wings will not let her fall  
And she helps to protect your garden it's true

Chorus:

The mantis it looks like it's kneeling to pray  
It eats many other insects every day  
It's a friend of the farmer, it will be your friend too

Chorus:

Bees work hard they're the busiest things  
They pollinate the flowers, blooming in the spring  
Making lots of honey that sweet sticky stuff

Chorus:

© Quippit Music BMI

FC 7605 SONGS OF NATURE and the  
ENVIRONMENT. Children Songs by Gerry  
Axelrod & Robert Macklin. What a Name for  
a Flower, I'm a Whale of the Sea, Chickadee,  
Owls, Owls in the Night, Turtles and Snakes,  
Nine Planets, Timber Wolf, Black-eyed Susan,  
The Insect Song, Who Killed the River?  
Summery Odyssey, The Litter Song, Way Up  
High, Where Do Animals Go in Winter.  
Illustrated text with Special Teachers Manual.

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