

LYRICS FROM THE ALBUM **IN THE TEACHERS LOUNGE**

Recorded by Monte Selby

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MORE HANDS Mark Meckel, Monte Selby, Debbie Silver © 2006

When it comes to children – meaning each and every one
We are one team with one goal to achieve
With a dream of hope, A promise to their future
At the heart of all that we believe

CHORUS

More hands, we can use more hands So many needs to embrace
With open arms, open hearts, open minds, open doors
If we open up ourselves --- More hands

It's true - Each hand can make a difference
Hands to shape, to create, hands to mold
With a smile, and a guiding tender touch
Hands for cheers, wiping tears, hands to hold

CHORUS

With more hands – we can paint a brighter picture
Where every child brings a gift we celebrate
In a partnership of strengths, there's a masterpiece that waits
In the genius we are working to awake

If you don't know how, but willing to try
If you're afraid to fail, need a hand? Here's mine

CHORUS

WIPED OUT Michelle Selby, Monte Selby © 2006

“Please somebody wipe me” Nellie said so politely
Bent over with her butt in the air
At four years old she preferred pooping all alone
But wipe herself? – oh no – she didn’t dare

After two minutes or three she repeated her plea
Her hands were getting cold on the floor
She listened intently, but no one, evidently
Could hear her through that thick wooden door

So she cranked up the volume shouting out that the restroom
Was starting to stink like a skunk
Her face was getting red on her upside down hanging head
And her nose was filling up with that gunk

No mom, no dad, now Nellie, raging mad
Was forced to an evil ambition
She screamed like a banshee, the pitch rising up wickedly
By George, that would get their attention

But no one came about and she was nearly to pass out
She glared with a look that could kill
She spun the paper on the post hoping nothing would be gross
And wiped! – Hey it was no big deal

She arose with great poise when she heard a familiar noise
Her parents rushed in way too late
“No thanks”, she said with flair, her pointed nose stuck in the air
“I don’t need your help at all, go away”

And from that day on forever little Nellie never, never
Asked for help – not a whisper, not a shout
And she felt profoundly older, quite proud, a whole lot bolder
And she announced “this problem’s just been WIPED OUT!”

DRIVIN MY CAR Nathan Meckel, Pam Reswick, Monte Selby © 2006

I used to be a hero when my kid was small
Walkin' on water i could do no wrong
Those eyes looked up to me with total respect
The absolute authority on all subjects

Now suddenly my clothes are uber uncool
And all my good advice is so nursery school
I'm ancient and outdated, my brain is mush
And even my old Beatles records suck

Yeah, yeah little hands that used to reach up to me
Yeah, yeah now they're reachin' for my wallet and keys
The little baby that i held in my arms
Beep beep beep beep yeah is drivin' my car

Well I'm knockin' on the door to my kid's bedroom
Trying to figure out how to use i tunes
My phone starts buzzin' away on my belt
Text message reads, "dad do it yer self"

From a pacifier and a good night kiss
Penny in the water for a special wish
To a drivers license and gas money
And how it ever got here is a mystery

Yeah, yeah little hands that used to reach up to me
Yeah, yeah now they're reachin' for my wallet and keys
The little baby that i held in my arms
Beep beep beep beep yeah is drivin' my car

My kids growing up, i can't ignore
It'll only be worse when i'm 64

CAN WE HANDLE IT Monte Selby, Stephanie Sortore © 2006

CHORUS

Stand by your brother
Stand by your sister
Stand by your neighbor
Cause they all need you

Look over there – what do you see
I see my little brother and he's watchin' me
He's got no friends and he gets pushed around
But I'm always there to pick him up off the ground

CHORUS

Look over there – what do you see
I see my little sister and she's watchin' me
She's the youngest, but she's not a spoiled brat
Cause you know I won't put up with that

CHORUS

Look over there – what do you see
I see my neighbor and he's watchin' me
He looks like a grandpa but no children come
He gets so lonely and he needs someone

CHORUS

Today you might not realize
Someone's lookin' up to you – that's just one more reason why

CHORUS

IN THE TEACHERS LOUNGE Monte Selby, Rick Wormeli © 2006

With 13 minutes to eat, the teachers flood the room
The place that Betsy nicknamed, the optimism tomb
It's not that I hate kids; I just need to let it out
Get the worries of my chest; express my anger and my doubts
So I open up the fridge, grab my food and shelve my humor

Scarf some chips, gulp a soda, and start a brand new rumor

CHORUS 1

And when I finish with my story someone else starts going off
About the kids who are too hardened and the kids who are too soft
Some days I do lose my perspective, looking through that darkened glass
Until that's all that I can see when I look out at my class
I forget there's more to kids than what we toss around
Complaining over lunch In the Teacher's Lounge

Each day I listen to the lore of all the brats who won't stop running
How one teacher had a hummer, that's a kid who won't stop humming?
Bout the boy who rubbed two pencils till he made some paper burn
How it's vogue to show up tardy and the kids talk out of turn
One kid was 32 days truant, counselors visited the home
Mom was waiting at the door – fully nude and clearly stoned

CHORUS 2

And after one good round of stories someone else starts going off
About the cell phones and the head lice and the master key that's lost
Some days I do lose my perspective, looking through that darkened glass
Until that's all that I can see when I look out at my class
And then I realize, it's time to quit, or turn this trend around
Complaining over lunch In the Teacher's Lounge

With all the courage I could muster, I asked the crew to stop complaining
And to my surprise they were sick and tired of the whining, griping, blaming
So we ALL made a new pact, to make an attitude correction
Tell successes every day and how kids learn from our direction
And we've noticed our new passion is contagiously infecting
Students comment we're less crabby and a lot more interesting

CHORUS 3

And when I finish with my story someone else will carry on
About the kids who keep on trying even when they get it wrong
We notice kids who bring a pencil, ask good questions, use a pass
Even kid's who give us hope, when we look out at our class
There's so much more to kids than what we used to toss around
Cause we've learned to celebrate in the teacher's lounge
Yes we've learned to celebrate – right here – In the teacher's lounge!

IN A TEACHER'S LIFE Nathan Meckel, Pam Reswick, Monte Selby ©
2006

She gets up and walks to the stainless steel sink
In the teacher's lounge it's 5:00 a.m.
Stirs a cup of the taster's choice she drinks
Wakes up and does it all again
It's alright it's all right
Just another day – in a teacher's life

He's fed up with the noise on the basketball bus
But he remembers acting the same way
The kids freak out when little jimmy throws up
Twenty miles then papers to grade
It's alright, it's alright
Just another day

CHORUS

Bankers hours, 9:00 to 3:00
Summers off – sounds easy
Endless hours - go unseen
It's all right, it's all right
Just another day – in a teacher's life

Sixty bucks out of pocket for extra school supplies
For erasers and pencils and books they need
Not enough in the budget to cover to the price
Of teaching kids to write & read
It's alright, it's alright

CHORUS

Heaven knows we don't do it for the lousy salary
Or the lack of respect from society
We all chose it for one reason; the boys & girls
The hardest most important, thankless & rewarding, job in the world

CHORUS

THE TEACHER'S TEACHER Monte Selby © 2006

He uses visual aides – keeps a good attitude.
He's got high expectations, but he enjoys it too
And he knows the subject, what he's talking about
He's had years of practice, no there ain't no doubt
He's the one, He's the only, He's the feature of features
He's the man, he's the dude, he's the "teachers teacher"

He comes in early each morning through the snow in December
Just to plan for new ways so he can help you remember
Takes a personal interest – Got control, but he's caring
He is so creative, take a look at what he's wearing
He's the one, He's the only, He's the feature of features
He's the man, he's the dude, he's the "teachers teacher"

ANYTHING Monte Selby © 2006

Your mind is brilliant, your eyes are bright
You hear the world at the speed of light
But trapped inside the world your mother built
Where people soon deny their worth
Dreams are buried in ancient dirt
Where hopes and ideas sprout but quickly wilt

So I have to say there's more to you
Than what you think I can see
But if you choose to look inside what I believe
Then out beyond the lines of lies
That you were told to hold you back
Someday you'll cross and find that spirit to achieve...anything

Now I don't sell a self help book
With promises to make you whole

Just another diet trend for your soul
From where I stand the gifts you need
Are in good health but locked inside
Needing fresher air and room to grow

So I have to say there's more to you
Than what you think I can see
But if you choose to look inside what I believe
Then out beyond the lines of lies
That you were told to hold you back
Someday you'll cross and find that spirit to achieve....

Anything – is not a wish where luck prevails
And losers fail because they missed their magic place in time
Anything is what you'll find when your best try is on the line
And what you give is what somebody needs
When anything is everything

So I have to say there's more to you
Than what you think I can see
But if you choose to look inside what I believe
Then out beyond the lines of lies
That you were told to hold you back
Someday you'll cross and find that spirit to achieve....anything!

I CAN'T SEE Michael Selby, Monte Selby © 2006

You walk through an open door
A piece of puzzles from before
Is there room for me to become something more?

CHORUS

It's not easy for me to see
Who you wanted me to be
If it's right in front of me
I can't see, I can't see

Lose the circle, break the chain

Find connections that remain
Is there room for me if we're not all the same?

CHORUS

THE ULTIMATE SCHOOL Burton Collins, Monte Selby © 2006

The floors are nice and shiny, no graffiti on the wall
Even after a gourmet lunch, you can hear a pin drop in the hall
The kids say please and thank you sir, so smart and well behaved
I'm always rested, fit and trim, and they offer too much pay

CHORUS

Oh I wanna teach where kids don't fall asleep
They smile while they work and they stay in their seat
They all think I'm cool, it's the ultimate school
With only one semester

I leisurely walk to school each day on the street named after me
Slap high-fives to husbands and wives – give autographs for a fee
I stroll into my classroom -- sit down with my cup of joe
While the kids compete for front row seats to learn all that I know

CHORUS

My four day work week starts at nine... Oh, it's a dream come true
Maybe if you close your eyes, it could happen to you?

CHORUS

PROFESSOR Monte Selby and guest © 2006

You can find me at work high in my ivory tower
Every Tuesday and Thursday during a few office hours

If my door is open and I have time to talk
I'll offer free advice from way up on my soap box

I love to gaze over my glasses during a good long lecture
Intellectualizing theories and making profound gestures
But today I'm at a conference where I will present a paper
Attended only by colleagues who owe me a favor

CHORUS

Elementary teacher's love their children it's easy to see
High school instructors love the subjects they teach
But here at the college, I know it all so well
This professor's learned to love just one thing.... MYSELF

It's publish or perish to get one's self promoted
So I learned how to speak like a book being quoted
I survived peer review by the most scholarly
Even if I write articles only my mother will read

My research is so distinguished only a few can comprehend
The significant implications I so articulately defend
I'll have a mega grant that leads to a Nobel Prize
Look for my front page feature photo in the New York Times

CHORUS

These young grad assistants are a treasure to find
For their scholarship money they teach courses I despise
I never go hungry; they feed my ego each day
Now I'm expecting my own personal parking space

Elementary teacher's love their children it's easy to see
High school instructors love the subjects they teach
But here at the college, I know it all so well
This professor's learned to love just one thing.... MYSELF
My grandiose, loveable, stuffy, infallible, full of my all-important perfect self

You simply ask him for a quarter, and he digs into his pocket
But he looks to see which type it is and if there's gum stuck on it
Starts explaining about his mission to collect one from each year
That they were printed since his grandpa made collecting his career
And did you know about the symbolism and the artist history
Or that one coin had a secret that is still an unsolved mystery?
There might be some connection to the US Constitution
Of which memorizing every word is his new resolution

Yes he's off on a new tangent and he's rambling without stutter
No you can't see how he's leaping from one topic to another
But the tangents start connecting and the fog is slowly lifting
As you gather where he's going when he suddenly starts shifting
Then he turns through two right angles, with abstract analogies
Quoting Plato while discussing Euclid's plane geometry
Then he's off to Mars and back throws your train of thought off track
Tangential
Mind Slap

He presents it all as fact, like a Sherlock Holmes detective
Even though it makes no sense from a logical perspective
Yet you sort of get the gist of it and feel it in your heart
Like injected in your system without a needle's painful smart
And you sort of like that feeling of flat living on the edge
Just on the edge of random reason, between the living and the dead
And then you slip into your comfort zone and ask another question
A huge mistake of time and space when you just reached full concentration

Tangential Mind Slap
Was it brilliant? Or a Mishap?
Has he opened up your mind? Or locked you in a trap?
It's joyfully addictive but a painful spinal tap
Tangential Mind Slap

A STORY THAT NEEDS TO BE TOLD Mark Selby, Tom Hambridge ©
2006

When I was 13 or a little bit older
Not a hair on my chest – a chip on my shoulder
Man I knew it all – barely five feet tall

Daddy left home when I was seven or eight
Mama tried hard but mama worked late
You give a boy some time – troubles not far behind

Had my get-away bike stashed right outside that Piggly Wiggly store
Stuck a carton of Camels up under my shirt and I was almost out the door
But I was one step short

CHORUS

My life of crime, my misspent youth
Never made the papers or the evening news
So if I don't tell you now you'll never know
Everybody's got a story that needs to be told

Old Mr. Johnson stood six foot four
They say he killed some men back in the war
With his bare hands – not your average grocery store man

He said, "get in the car, son" and man I was shakin'
When he drove right past that police station
Without saying a word – this was going from bad to worse

He pulled over on the Wolf Creek bridge and man my heart just sunk
I was sittin' there shakin' in the back seat thinkin' my stealin' days were done
I heard him open the trunk...

CHORUS

My young life passed before my eyes right there on that county road
Prayers went up – may a blessing come down
And the good Lord save my soul
Well...Mr. Johnson handed me a fishin' pole

So every Sunday that summer after Church and fried chicken
Me and Mr. Johnson, we'd go fishin

You can sure bet, I never touched another cigarette

CHORUS

So you never would have read it in a magazine
Or seen it on the news on your TV screen
Some angels have wings – some have fishin' poles
Everybody's got a story that needs to be told
I mean – everybody's got a story
You and me got stories
And every kid I know got stories
Let's go find those stories
That need to be told