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Produced & Engineered by Alicia Healey at the  
Winterblue Room (Seattle, WA)  
Additional recording by Jay Kinney at Audio Logic (Seattle,  
WA)  
Mixed by Alicia Healey & Deb Seymour  
Mastered by Rachel Field, Resonant Audio  
(Seattle, WA)  
Photos by Jason Wood  
Cover art, design & layout by Deb Seymour  
CD fabrication by Oasis CD  
Dog Models: Bonnie & Collyde Yeager and Max  
Corrigan-Gibson (Bonnie is brown, Collyde is black, so that  
leaves Max)  
Dog wranglers: Rick & Kristina Yeager

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## Blame It On The Dog

© 1999 BY Deborah B. Seymour & Barbara Goldman

What would we do without dogs?  
Man's canine companion, his best friend  
They love you, all of you and when the world goes wrong  
They'll never ever leave you, not day nor all night long  
Now poochies are for petting and to keep your feet warm at night  
To bark at bungling burglars and wake you up at morning's light  
But there's one more thing we all forget that faithful Fidos do  
They'll bear the brunt of any stunt, even those they did not do

Blame it on the dog, blame it on the dog  
Though you're the one that was the culprit all along  
He will answer to his name and won't contest your claim  
Go ahead, blame it on the dog

That paper's due, you the one that meant to write  
But you had better things to do like party all the night  
So when it comes to pass you simply smile and say  
"I'm sorry, Teach, but it's out of reach, my dog ate it yesterday"

You've been up all night and taking flight in deep debauchery  
Those loving "oohs" and "ahs" that kept you up 'til way past three  
You stumble in to work, yes, three hours late but yet:  
"Sorry boss! But my dog got sick! I was all night at the vet"

You had to eat that plate of beans and wash it down with beer  
You ate with no restraint and no regard for who was near  
And when at last it comes to pass in one great greasy fog  
Well, it's true, you know what to do: you blame it on the dog!

*Deb Seymour: vocal, guitar*

*Alicia Healey: backing vocals*

*salamandir: tuba*

*Thaddeus Spae: trombone*

*Howlin' Hobbit: ukulele*

*Andrew "Sketch" Hare: washboard*

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## **Calico Shadow**

© 2012 by Deborah B. Seymour. Written for Miss Sweet Pea >^..^<

There's a calico shadow that follows me  
Wherever I go, there it will be  
On silent feet with a doleful stare  
A calico shadow follows me everywhere

That calico shadow is set to pounce  
On anything that moves around  
Whether it be friend or enemy  
My calico shadow she's protecting me

What does she think, what does she see  
When those green eyes stare at me  
I'm not alone, there is no doubt  
A calico shadow follows me about

That calico shadow once had me duped  
Disappeared down the laundry chute

But in a flash was back upstairs  
That shadow gets in everywhere

The calico shadow is fast asleep  
Tucked in a ball down at my feet  
But I don't dare breathe or start to stir  
Or that shadow might wake and... (purr)

*Deb Seymour; vocal, guitar*

*Alicia Healey: backing vocals*

*Adrian Libertini: upright bass*

*Dave Keenan: mandolin*

*Paul Elliott: fiddle*

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## **Je Suis Charlie Hebdo**

© 2015 by Deborah B. Seymour

Je suis une américaine, je suis aussi musicienne|  
J'espère que la musique me fait une citoyenne du monde  
Donc je chante aujourd'hui, pour la France et Paris  
Pour la liberté de l'art et d'expression

Je préfère mourir debout que vivre à genoux  
Je surmonte tous ces menaces avec courage et audace  
Je n'ai pas peur de penser, je n'ai pas peur de parler  
Je chant avec ma tête haute, je suis Charlie Hebdo

Ceux qui font la violence montent sur les dos de l'ignorance  
Moi, je garde mon silence, jamais plus!  
Je chante pour les artistes, écrivains, caricaturistes  
Je chante pour un, je chante pour tous

*English translation:*

I am an American, I am also a musician  
I'd like to think that music

Makes of me a global citizen  
So I'll take this chance to sing for Paris and for France  
For the liberty of art and expression

I'd rather die upon my feet than live my life on my knees  
I'll surmount all these threats with courage and confidence  
I am not afraid to think I am not afraid to speak  
I sing with my head high, I am Charlie Hebdo

Those that make violence Ride the back of ignorance  
I won't keep my silence any more  
I sing for the artists Writers and cartoonists  
I sing for one, I sing of all

*Deb Seymour: lead and backing vocals, rhythm guitars*

*Adrian Libertini: upright bass*

*Nova Devonie: accordion*

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## **Gato Negro**

Asleep in the window soaking up the sunlight  
The weight of the world seems to pass you by  
But you have a secret you keep deep inside you  
Hidden in the colors of your eyes

Oh, Gato Negro, please tell me true  
When you take that midnight stroll beneath the moon  
Is there anyone out there you know of  
Looking for someone to love

Is he dark and handsome, or sweet and blond  
A businessman, a craftsman, a singer of songs  
Whoever he is, is he lonely and blue  
And looking for someone to hold onto

When you slip into his window and purr around his feet  
You'll slip into his heart as you settle there to sleep  
Please take him this message "Dear Sir: we have not met

But I know you're out there somewhere, may we find each other yet  
Asleep in the window, soaking up the sun  
Another long night is over, another day begun...

*Deb Seymour: vocal, rhythm guitar*

*Kelly Paletta: drums*

*Adrian Libertini: upright bass*

*Nick Dallett: second rhythm and lead guitars*

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## **Critics**

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Look at your tongue wagging inside your head  
Your words have run away from your brain  
Do you realize that what you said caused a world of pain  
Everyone's a critic, that's a fact  
But at least some people have a sense of tact  
What was your intention? Did you think to help?  
Because if you did, baby, you're fooling yourself

Critics criticize just to make their own day  
So many words, so little to say  
Tearing down the truth with their walls of lies  
But hey, who am I to criticize...(who am I to criticize)

Now feedback is constructive, feedback's a tool  
That makes you do better the things you do  
Pearls of wisdom, words to the wise  
Turn rocks to jewels before my eyes  
So why do I have to tell you that cutting me down hurts  
I don't do better, I just feel worse  
An avalanche of negatives falling like knives  
Corrodes my confidence and eats me alive

We all see things in different eyes  
'Cause we all lead different lives  
Different hands weave different strands  
Of experience through time

I'm not saying you can't speak your mind  
But why be rough or be unkind  
Here's a little secret, may it shed some light  
You can tell me I'm wrong, but you got to do it right

*Deb Seymour: lead vocal*

*Kelly Paletta: drums*

*Alicia Healey: electric bass, acoustic rhythm guitar, backing vocals*

*Joel Tepp: electric slide & tremelo psychadelic guitars*

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## **Chicken In An Engine**

© 1991 by Deborah B. Seymour

I'm a chicken in an engine and I don't know what to do!  
The road's going by at 55, I don't know how I'm still alive  
Cruising in this engine's not quite what I meant to do  
I was only trying to run away from the man and from the coop

It was a cold winter day but we chickens got outside  
Cluckity-clucking, really trucking , having a real good time  
When the man rushed from his cabin saying "You chickens! Back inside!"  
That's when we all decided it'd be much more fun to hide

Some of us hid behind the woodpile, others behind the shed  
I was much more clever, oh yes, I used my head  
I saw the man's old pick-up truck standing there outside  
So I scooted on over and climbed right up inside

I'm a chicken in an engine, I think I'm really cool  
The man will never look in here, I'll play him for the very fool  
Hide here for a while, I think it will be swell!  
When I sneak back home tonight I'll have a tale to tell

I heard the others squawking as he put them in the coop  
I heard the man go walking, so sure I had him duped  
"Hah ha, ho ho, you silly man, you'll never ever going to find me!"  
How the heck was I to know he'd come back out with his ignition key

I'm a chicken in an engine and now I'm really scared  
He's gone and turned the motor on and parts are moving everywhere  
He's leaving from the barnyard, it's thrown me for a loop  
One false move inside this place and I'll be chicken soup

And there's a piston here, a piston there, they've got me in a pinch  
But with the crankshaft turning and the spark plugs sparking I don't dare move an inch  
He's starting to accelerate, it makes my feathers dance  
The only way to combat the shock's to fall into a chicken trance

We sped on down to town and somehow by the luck of grace  
I was still in one whole piece when we got to the Good Year place  
They hoisted the truck for tires, I looked and what did I see  
But two astonished Goodyear Guys gawking right back up at me

“WHOA, MACK! There's a CHICKEN in this engine! What heck is it trying to do?  
Is it trying to become fricassee? Or maybe just chicken stew?  
But this fryer still alive, it seems, though scared to death it's true  
Looks like to me like it's got a case of the “Chicken Car-Done Blues!”

The moral of this story, yes I lived to tell you chicks  
Don't hide under engine hoods, you'll just get in a real fix  
Not only will you get a ride, you'll be taken for a cruise  
And just like me, get a case of the “Chicken Car-Done Blues” !

*Deb Seymour: vocal, rhythm guitar*

*Adrian Libertini: upright bass*

*Joel Tepp: electric side guitar & clarinet*

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## **Food**

© 2006 by Deborah B. Seymour

You're a scrappy little punk but I like you a lot  
Your scratching and your scratching hit my hot spots  
Inquisitive and curious, you've got a way  
Of capturing my attention

CHORUS:

So if you want to snuggle up and treat me real good  
I'll nibble on your whiskers like a nice girl should  
But if you piss me off and put me in a bad mood I'll chase you down  
And play with my food...play with my food

I like your kind, yes I like your type  
You're lazy by day but up all night  
Thrifty and industrious, you save the best  
For the wee hours of the morning

Oh, the night is young  
Oh, I'm having fun  
Oh, you've got me charmed  
Come right here now into my arms...

So, I'm not as bad as they like to say  
I keep my claws in most days  
I want to purr and be petted real good  
So what are you waiting for

*Deb Seymour: vocal, guitar*

*Kelly Paletta: drums*

*Alicia Healey: electric bass*

*Nova Devonie: accordions*

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**The C Do Rag (Instrumental)**

© 1990 Deborah B Seymour

*Deb Seymour: finger-picking guitar*

*Alicia Healey: upright bass and percussion*

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## **Dinner For One**

© 2002 by *Deborah B. Seymour*

The table is set, the candles are lit  
Sauce in the pot, but there's something I've missed  
'Cause though I made a meal for two somehow it's all come undone  
I'm sitting down to a dinner for one

I don't how it happened, how it came to all this  
I'd planned a feast of passion, now I dine on remiss  
All that's left's a plate of lonely with a dream underdone  
As I sit here at this dinner for one

It started with attraction, I added a kiss  
Stirred in expectation to heighten the mix  
One misunderstanding turned the whole batch to doubt  
No wonder this recipe didn't turn out

So, I drink my cup of sorrow and spit out my plan  
It's hard to chew the pieces of a chance gone bad  
But flavor of regret will linger long on my tongue  
Sitting down here to this dinner for one

*Deb Seymour: vocal, guitar*

*Kelly Paletta: drums*

*Adrian Libertini: upright bass*

*Joel Tepp: clarinet*

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## **The Angry Song**

© 1991 by *Deborah B. Seymour & Ann Krohn*

When I'm angry the traffic moves slow  
When I'm angry my pimples show  
When I'm angry my thighs look fat  
When I'm angry I kick the cat

Don't you try and tell that it's cause of stress  
No, I'm not angry cause of PMS  
I'm angry 'cause I'm angry and don't you forget  
That when I'm angry I'm upset

When I'm angry, I can't sleep  
When I'm angry my clothes look cheap  
When I'm angry my dinner burns  
When I'm angry there's no left turn

When I'm angry...when I'm angry...  
WHEN I'M ANGRY I'M UPSET!

When I'm angry the coffee gets cold  
When I'm angry the fridge grows mold  
When I'm angry my socks both itch  
When I'm angry I'm a... (angry)

When I'm angry the doorbell rings  
When I'm angry I.WONT.SING.  
When I'm angry things fumble and fall,  
When I'm angry the robo-calls call

*Deb Seymour: lead & backing vocals*

*Kelly Paletta: drums*

*Alicia Healey: electric bass and more backing vocals*

*Nick Dallett: rhythm & lead guitars*

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## **Yucky Bugs**

© 1988 by Dan MacArthur/MacArthur Road Music

*Used by permission- thanks, Dan!*

We planted the cabbage at the edge of the garden and went back home to watch it grow  
They aren't much trouble, no one really likes to eat 'em 'cept some tiny little bugs that we all  
know  
They don't have to grow in very good soil so it comes as a kind of a surprise

That the cabbageworms will eat 'em 'til there aren't nothing left if you don't; squish the little butterflies

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

We'll squish the little buggers as they begin to flutter and our fingers will turn all nice and white

We'll clean the cabbageworms out of the cabbage patch and everything will work out right

So come on down let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

Take a ramble through the bramble growing six feet tall take some berries, and pop e in your mouth

It takes a lot of time to keep your brambles healthy and water to keep away the draught

But those tiny green bugs come out and eat 'em 'til the stems fall over in the rain But you can grab those little bugs and squish 'em in your fingers and your berry patch is healthy once a gain

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

We'll kill the Japanese beetles in their shiny green armor so they don't get away in flight

They're loving each other all over the bushes completely unaware of their plight

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

Now slugs is bugs that nobody loves but everybody understands

That they look disgusting and they taste disgusting and they feel disgusting on your hands

But of all the little bugs that grow in my garden slugs have a special place in my heart

'Cause they love to drink beer, they'll drink any kind of beer and they won't quit drinking once they start

So come on down, let's go out and have a slug drowning party tonight

No, they can't tell if they're swimming Guinness or sinking in Miller light

They ain't particular, they've got no taste and they'll drown in any beer in sight

So come on down, let's go out and have a slug drowning party tonight

Now I never would have believed that I'd be telling my kids its OK to kill another living thing

And I know what you mean when you tell me even Japanese Beatles can learn how to sing

I agree when you tell me every little living thing should have chance to live if they wish

But if I go out and plant it, well then goddamn it if you eat it, you're gonna get squished!

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

Cause we don't want to spray 'em, we don't want to zap 'em we don't want to cause them any fright

If they'd leave us alone, we'd leave them alone and everything would turn out right

So come on down, let's go out and have a bug squashing party tonight

Deb Seymour: lead & harmony vocals, guitar

Adrian Libertini: upright bass

Mark Iler: harmonica

Dave Keenan: mandolin

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## **Colonoscopy**

© 2014 by *Deborah B. Seymour*

I'm sitting in the bathroom as calm as calm can be  
Stirring funny powders into my herbal tea  
The night will be a long one...at least it will for me  
For I'm getting ready for that little word that starts with "c"

Colonoscopy, colonoscopy  
A modern rite of passage that's finally come to pass  
Colonoscopy, colonoscopy  
All that I can say is it's a big pain in the...

They'll lay me on the table and put me in a gown  
Feed me funny drugs to divest me of my frown  
And when the doc comes in she will smile and say to me  
"Bottoms up, my dear: this first round is on me!"

Oh Lord, make my insides will be perfect, my insides clear  
No polyps to be seen, no mis-dividing cells to fear  
Oh Lord, if you get me through this upside-down exam  
I promise I'll never eat red meat  
Drink, smoke or swear or eat sugar...or chew gum...  
I'll adopt stray puppies and kittens  
And even give chocolate...

*Deb Seymour: lead vocals, guitar*

*salamandir: tuba*

*Thaddeus Spae: trombone*

*Howlin' Hobbit: ukelele*

*Sketch: washboard*

*Alicia Healey: backing vocals*

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This album is dedicated to the memory of my late mother, Deedee Seymour, who, sadly, died just as this project was getting off the ground. I love and miss you, Mom. I got my poetry knack from you: keep on writing those "doggeral" poems in Heaven!

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You are the love of my life and I am so lucky to have you.

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permission of Dan MacArthur: thank you, Dan!

Hope this version doesn't "bug" you too much!

"Critic Song" musical arrangement by Alicia Healey.

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