

## Chicka Chicka Boom Boom and Other Coconutty Songs

### Chicka Chicka Boom Boom

Lyrics by John Archambault and Bill Martin Jr.

Simon & Schuster © 1989

Music by John and David

A told B and B told C,  
“I’ll meet you at the top of the  
coconut tree.”

“Whee,” said D to E, F, G,  
“I’ll beat you to the top of the  
coconut tree.”

Chicka chicka boom boom,  
Will there be enough room?

Here comes H up the coconut tree.  
And I and J and tag-along K—  
All on their way up the coconut tree.  
Chicka chicka boom boom,  
Will there be enough room?

Look who’s coming—it’s L, M, N, O, P,  
And Q, R, S, and T, U, V.  
Still more—W and X, Y, Z.  
The whole alphabet’s up the...Oh! No!  
Chicka chicka Boom Boom!

Skit, scat, scoodle-doot,  
Flip, flop, flee.  
Everybody running to the coconut tree.  
Mamas and papas and uncles and aunts  
Hug their little dears  
Then dust their pants.  
“Help us up,” cried A, B, C.

Next from the pileup, skinned-knee D,  
Stubbed-toe E and patched-up F.  
Then comes G all out of breath.  
H is tangled up with I.  
J and K are about to cry.  
L is knotted like a tie.  
M is looped. N is stooped.  
O is twisted—alley-ooop.  
Skit, scat, scoodle-doot,  
Flip, flop, flee.

Look who's coming—  
 It's black-eyed P,  
 And Q, R, S, and loose-tooth T.  
 Then U, V, W wiggle, jiggle free.  
 Last to come X, Y, Z.  
 And the sun goes down on the  
 coconut tree.

Chicka chicka boom boom,  
 Look there's a full moon.  
 A is out of bed and this is what he said,  
 "Dare, double dare, you can't catch me.  
 I'll beat you to the top of the  
 coconut tree."  
 Chicka chicka boom boom.  
 Chicka chicka Boom Boom!

### **ABC Song**

Traditional

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O,  
 P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, and Z.

Now I know my ABCs.  
 Next time, won't you sing with me?  
 "Hey! He untied my shoe!"

### **Braggin' Dragon**

Lyrics by John Archambault and Bill Martin Jr.  
 Music by John

One morning early pearly,  
 In my water lily pad,  
 A sweet-beat morning  
 And the sun was shining glad.  
 I was dreamin' I was takin'  
 A sleepy-day vacation,  
 When I heard my mama comin'  
 Spitting fire and thunderation.

"You're not sick. I know that trick.  
 You're not fooling me.  
 So trim your wick for school quick,  
 And the dragon spelling bee."

“Ho hum, Mum, let me show you some.  
 It’s D-R-A with a G-O-N.  
 So ta-ta-toodle and good-bye, Mum.  
 I’m a whiz-kid speller.  
 School, here I come.”

So off I go—  
 A dynamo on my roller-skatin’ wheels.  
 With a D-R-A and a G-O-N,  
 Slicker than banana peels.

My ten-speed gears up  
 Twice as fast—D-R-A down rabbit pass,  
 G-O-N like a bird can fly,  
 Dragon-fast, I glide right by.

Shooting like an arrow,  
 I’m turning up the flame—  
 Fleeing, skiing, to dragon fame.  
 I’m faster D-R than the sun A-G-O-N.  
 Master Dragon, number one.

I pop a wheelie, make it fly.  
 I Superman-it through the sky,  
 Getting to school just in time  
 To take my place in the  
 spelling-bee line.  
 “Spell *dragon*.”  
 “Dragon? Dragon. Let me see.  
 It’s N-O-G-A-R-D!”  
 And, when the principal calls me in,  
 I’ll say “Uh, huh. You’re right. I win.”  
 This braggin’ dragon won the  
 backward-bee.  
 Won’t mom and dad be proud of me?  
 And, yeah, dear Mum, the loving cup  
 I give to you to cheer you up.

And now I’ll pogo-go-go-go-  
 go-go-go go away  
 To celebrate this braggin’ dragon day.  
 Uh, huh. Oh, yeah. Gotta go.  
 See you later. Bye-bye.  
 I’m outta here.

**Helicopter Man**

Lyrics and Music by David

He's a helicopter man.  
 He drives a flying fan.  
 Put a propeller on a can.  
 You gotta helicopter man.

And he flies so high,  
 So high up in the sky,  
 And I asked him why, oh, why?  
 He said, "Because I am, I am a  
 helicopter man."

It takes a certain kind of someone  
 To drive a flying fan.  
 A special superhero,  
 And he's your helicopter man.

And he flies so high,  
 So high up in the sky,  
 And I asked him why, oh, why?  
 He said, "Because I am, I am a  
 helicopter man."

(Repeat)

**Merry-Go-Round**

Lyrics by John Archambault and Bill Martin Jr.  
 Henry Holt © 1986  
 Music by John and David

One for the money, two for the show,  
 three to make ready and here we go—  
 to the merry-go-round.  
 Up and down, around and around on the  
 merry-o-merry-o merry-go-round.

This painted pony is just for me.  
 I'm—whooooopee!—happy as can be.

A prancing pig, a dancing bear, an ostrich  
 loping, and a hopping hare, gliding,  
 striding, everyone riding,  
 side by side, giddy up!

Giddy up! I'll ride the wind.  
They'll never catch up!

My jumping horse has a flying mane  
and a bridle made of purple chain.

Galloping, galloping, wild and free,  
there's my mother. She waves at me.

Everyone riding, everyone riding,  
up and down,  
around and around.

Floating up to my own dreamland,  
my heart keeps time with the big brass band.

Oom-pah-pah, melody surrounds me.  
Oom-pah-pah, dizzy all around me.

Cymbals crash! Trumpets sing!  
I'm high in the clouds. My horse has wings!

Galloping through the mirrored sky,  
strings of stars are whirling by.

There's my father. Oh no! Gee whiz!  
He's eating my popcorn. He thinks it's his!

Everyone riding, everyone riding, up and down,  
around and around.

A clown comes through the jungle thicket  
with a hand outstretched to take my ticket.  
Winking, blinking,  
hear the bells a-tinkle.

Where, oh, where, look again! Look again.  
Which little pocket did I put it in?

A burst of joy each time around,  
on the merry-o—oh no! It's slowing  
down...Not now, merry-go-round...don't  
stop now...keep going...keep going  
around...and around...

When I grow up, I'll be the clown  
 who never stops the merry-go-round...  
 the merry-o-merry-o merry  
 gooooooooooooo rooooooooouuuuund.

### **Didgereedoo**

Lyrics by John

Music by John and David

I was kangaroozin' in the land down under with you.  
 I saw a wallaby. I said, "I wanna be like you."  
 He said, "Oh no you don't. You don't wanna be like me.  
 I'd rather be a Koala bear nappin' in that tree."

Chorus:

Oooo-oo-o didgeree, didgeree,  
 didgeree, didgeree, didgereedoo...  
 Ooo-ooo-oo-o-o-o kooka-kooka burra,  
 didgeree didgereedoo.

I saw an aborigine. I asked him, "What do you do?"  
 He said, "Come on, I'll show you. I'll show you my didgereedoo."  
 He took me to the outback, the over and under and through.  
 He said, "Just stop and listen while I play my didgereedoo."

(Chorus)

I was ko-o-alin' by the billabong,  
 minding my own business, just singing this outback song.  
 A dingo and a wombat took me by the hand.  
 They said, "We like the way you do dat. Come join our didgeree band.  
 Yeah!"

(Chorus)

Miles around down under, they came to hear the sound.  
 That funky low down dingo didgereedoo down sound.  
 It was way past sunset, underneath the moon,  
 dancin' seven ways from Sunday one day afternoon.

(Chorus)

I was kangaroozin' in the land down under with you.  
 What do you do when you just can't stop, stop that didgereedoo?  
 I said what do you do when you just can't stop?  
 Stop that didgereedoo!

## Counting Sheep

Lyrics by John

Music by John and David

I'm all tucked in bed.  
 I can't go to sleep.  
 I'm still wide awake.  
 I'm tired of counting sheep.  
 I need to count with a little pizzazz...  
 One rhino-rhinoceros  
 Now that's razzmatazz!  
 Two tall giraffes  
 Are my ladder to the moon,  
 Where I play hide-and-seek  
 With three raccoons.  
 Now I slide to the stars,  
 On four dinosaurs.  
 "Flip-a-tail, one swoosh!  
 Two! Three! Four!"  
 Five wide-eyed owls  
 Ride the Ferris wheel.  
 Six cats spin cotton candy  
 For a midnight meal.  
 Seven dancing elephants  
 Stomp to the tune.  
 Eight lazy alligators  
 Serenade the moon.  
 Nine pony-tailed ponies  
 Come to carry me home.  
 "Giddy up! Giddy up!"  
 I ride the night alone...  
 Flying through the sky...  
 The night is dark and deep...  
 I'm a falling star...  
 Falling...  
 1...2...3...4...  
 Slowly, softly, falling more.  
 5...6...  
 Gently down.  
 7...8...  
 Homeward bound.  
 Slowly, softly, silently...9...  
 10 stars in my pocket...  
 All mine to keep...  
 Falling  
     dreamily,  
                     streamily...

Fast asleep...

*ZZZZZZZZ*

### **B-A-Bay**

Lyrics – Traditional

Music by John and David

B-a-bay  
 B-e-bee  
 B-i-biddee bye  
 B-o-bo  
 Biddee bye bo  
 B-u-boo  
 Biddee bay bee  
 Bye-bo-boo

It's just a kooky song.  
 You can sing it, too.  
 Any consonant will work with  
 A E I O U.  
 Let's try it again.

B-a-bay  
 B-e-bee  
 B-i-biddee bye  
 B-o-bo  
 Biddee bye bo  
 B-u-boo  
 Biddee bay bee  
 Bye-bo-boo

R-a-ray  
 R-e-ree  
 R-i-riddee rye  
 R-o-ro  
 Riddee rye ro  
 R-u-roo  
 Riddee ray ree  
 Rye-ro-roo

It's just a kooky song.  
 You can sing it, too.  
 Any consonant will work with  
 A E I O U.

### **5 Little Monkeys**

Lyrics – Traditional  
Music by John and David

Five little monkeys  
Jumping on the bed.  
One fell off  
And bumped his head.  
Mama called the doctor  
And the doctor said,  
“No more monkeys  
Jumping on the bed.”

### **Here Comes Another One**

Lyrics and Music by David

Here comes another one.  
There goes another one.  
Here comes another one, too!

Here comes another one.  
There goes another one.  
Here comes another one, too!

Here comes another one. There goes another one too.  
Wouldn't you like to have your dreams come true?  
Wouldn't you like to ride your bike among the stars tonight? Oh, wouldn't you?  
Oh, oopee doopee doopee, sure you would too.  
Oopee doopee doopee, sure you would too.

You've got to jump in your car, drive to a star,  
look at the way things really are.  
Be on your way—it's a shame to stay.  
Jump on your bike and fly away.  
You can be anywhere,  
if you get on a bus and pay the fare.  
You can go to the places you see.  
You can fly so fast and free.  
You'll never look back again  
when you find so many friends.  
Watch out! Whoa-o!  
Here comes another one!

Oopee doopee doopee, oopa dee doo.  
Oopee doopee doopee, oopa dee doo.

Here comes another one.  
 There goes another one.  
 Here comes another one, too!  
 Here comes another one.  
 There goes another one.  
 Here comes another one, too!

“Here comes one now!”  
 “What is it?”  
 “It’s a purple dirigible!”  
 “No, it’s a spaceship.”  
 “A spaceship?”  
 “Here comes another one, too.”  
 “Yeah, from the planet Uron.”  
 “The planet I’m on?”  
 “Yeah!”

(Repeat)

### **Saturday Night at the Fair**

Lyrics by John Archambault and Bill Martin Jr.

Music by John and David

We’re dancing, we’re prancing,  
 we’re simply romancing.  
 Saturday night at the fair.  
 We’re whirling, we’re twirling,  
 our dreams are unfurling.  
 Saturday night at the fair.  
 Mama and Papa and all of us kids,  
 strolling along hand in hand.  
 Eating hot dogs and popcorn and sweet  
 cotton candy, spun to the beat  
 of the band.

We’re dancing, we’re prancing, we’re...  
 “Oh, where’s Nelly?”  
 “Mama, Nelly’s lost!”  
 “Where are you, Nelly?”  
 “Angel, you were supposed to hold  
 her by the hand.”  
 “I did, Mama. I did.”  
 “Here I am, Mama. Look what I found.  
 Can I keep him?”  
 “No, we have a dog, a parrot, a lizard,

a cat, and ten hamsters. We don't  
need a monkey."  
"Oh, Mama."

We're dancing, we're prancing,  
we're simply romancing.  
Saturday night at the fair.  
We're whirling, we're twirling,  
our dreams are unfurling.  
Saturday night at the fair.  
Mama and Papa and all of us kids, strolling  
along hand in hand.  
Eating hot dogs and popcorn and  
sweet cotton candy, spun to the  
beat of the band.

We're dancing, we're prancing,  
we're simply romancing.  
Saturday night at the fair.  
We're whirling, we're twirling,  
our dreams are unfurling.  
Saturday night, yes, Saturday  
night, Saturday night at the fair.

### **Jump Rope Rhymes**

Lyrics – Traditional  
Adapted by John

One, two, buckle my shoe.  
Three, four, shut the door.  
Five, six, pick up sticks.  
Seven, eight, lay them straight.  
Nine, ten, a big fat hen.  
Nine, ten, here we go again.

Chorus:  
Rhythm, rhythm,  
Gotta have a beat.  
Snap your fingers and  
Stomp your feet.  
Clap your hands and  
Slap your knee.  
That's called rhythm.  
Don't you see?

Let's get the rhythm of the fingers.  
Snap, snap.

Let's get the rhythm of the hands.  
 Clap, clap.  
 Let's get the rhythm of the knees.  
 Knock, knock.  
 Let's get the rhythm of the feet.  
 Stomp, stomp.

(Chorus)

My mother, your mother  
 Live across the street,  
 18, 19 Mulberry Street.  
 When they get to talking,  
 This is what they say,  
 "Boys go to Jupiter to get more stupider.  
 Girls go to college to get more knowledge."

Icky, icky, soda pop.  
 Icky, icky, poo.  
 Icky, icky, soda pop.  
 I love you.

Chigga, chigga, whole potata.  
 Half past alligata.  
 Bim, bam, bullagata.  
 Give three cheers  
 For the dippy, dappy, happy  
 sappy readers.  
 Are we happy?  
 Well, I guess.  
 Readers. Readers.  
 Yes. Yes. Yes!

Pennies in my pocket  
 Jingle, jangle with my keys.  
 Peanuts in my pocket,  
 Feed the elephants, please.  
 Picked a periwinkle  
 At the zoo.  
 Put it in my pocket with my  
 popcorn, too,  
 And my peanut butter sandwich—  
 I saved half for you.  
 Put my hand in  
 To pull it all out—  
 Sticky, icky,

Hear my mama shout,  
 “Take your pants off.  
 Pull your pockets inside out.”

(Chorus)

### **Chicka Chicka Funk**

Lyrics by John Archambault and Bill Martin Jr.

Music by John and David

A told B and B told C,  
 “I’ll meet you at the top of the coconut tree.”  
 “Whee,” said D to E, F, G,  
 “I’ll beat you to the top of the coconut tree.”  
 Chicka chicka boom boom,  
 Will there be enough room?

Here comes H up the coconut tree.  
 And I and J and tag-along K—  
 All on their way up the coconut tree.  
 Chicka chicka boom boom,  
 Will there be enough room?

Look who’s coming—it’s L, M, N, O, P,  
 And Q, R, S, and T, U, V.

Chicka chicka boom boom,  
 Will there be enough room?

Still more—W,  
 Still more—W and X, Y, Z.  
 The whole alphabet’s up the...  
 Oh! No!  
 Chicka Chicka. Boom! Boom!  
 Chicka Chicka. Boom! Boom!  
 Chicka Chicka. Boom! Boom!  
 Chicka Chicka. Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!  
 Chicka Chicka. Boom! Boom!