**Banana Slug Song**  
(Kevin Beals; sung to the tune of Twist & Shout)

\[ G \quad C \quad D \]

You know I love my baby (love my baby)  
I love the way that she hugs (way that she hugs)  
Some people don't understand it (don't understand it)  
She's a banana slug (banana slug)  
BA-NA-NA SLUG!  
He's got just one foot  
He ain't got no toes  
He hangs out in the forest  
And helps it decompose.*  
Well some folks say that she's gross  
But I won't take that jive  
Cause if it weren't for my baby  
The forest might not survive.  
The way you wiggle your antenna  
You know you give me such bliss  
Come on come on come on banana slug  
Won't you blow me a kiss.  
The way you slide through the forest  
You know you look so fine  
Come on come on come on banana slug  
Won't you show me your slime.  
You know I love my baby  
But he don't need me  
That's because he's hermaphroditic  
That means he's also a she!  
Sticky as peanut butter  
Shade of yellow  
Look like banana  
But oh so mellow!*  
Shake it up baby  
Twist and slime  
Come on come on come on banana slug  
Oh you slime so fine.  

*Lyrics by Steve Van Zandt from 'Banana Slug'
**Compost Cake**  
(Steve Van Zandt)

**Chorus:**

\[G \quad C \quad G\]

In the compost pile, it's a party for new soil

\[G \quad A7 \quad D\]

In the compost pile, new dirt is what we make

\[G \quad C \quad G\]

In the compost pile, come and join our celebration

\[G \quad D \quad G\]

In the compost pile, making compost cake

\[G\]

Cookin' up a batch of that compost cake

\[C \quad G\]

Layer it and layer it with straw or leaves

\[C \quad G\]

And that leftover salad that we didn't eat

\[C \quad G\]

Microscopic life turns on the heat to bake it

\[A \quad D\]

It's a compost cake, that's what it takes to make it

**Chorus**

Turn it and turn it, let the air flow through it

The beetles, bugs, and worms will chew to renew it

Whatever is here will never ever stay the same

Because decomposition is the name of the game

**Chorus**

Pile it and pile it with more and more

To heat it up for sure we add some manure

This luscious steaming stack of organic decay

Whatever you've got we'll watch it rot away

**Chorus**

Tag (3 parts):

\[G \quad C \quad G \quad C \quad G\]

1. layer it and layer it, layer it and layer it, layer it and layer it, compost cake!

\[G \quad C \quad G \quad C \quad G\]

2. turn it and turn it, let the air flow through it now, compost cake!

\[G \quad C \quad G \quad C \quad G\]

3. pile it high, pile it high, pile it high, compost cake
Decomposition
(Steve Van Zandt)

E          A7
Is there waste? Well I don't know;
E          A7
One thing dies to let another grow.
E          A7
This circle we see almost every day;
E          D          E
The name we call it is... decay.
Chorus:
G          D          G
Well come on all you people, gather 'round;
D
Breakdown and listen...
E          A7          E          A7...

To decomposition:
Group 1: Muncha, muncha, muncha...
Group 2: Decomposition, decomposition...
Group 3: I get down, I break down, I get down...

There are many kinds of bugs;
Worms and snails and banana slugs.
They are useful for me and you;
They help to make the soil... renew.

Chorus

Decomposition is a useful game;
A tree drops its leaves, but they don't stay the same.
A bug chews them up and spits them back out;
Making the soil for a new tree to... sprout.

Chorus
Dirt Made My Lunch
(Steve Van Zandt)

Chorus:
C        F        C
Dirt made my lunch, dirt made my lunch,
F        C
Thank you dirt, thanks a bunch,
F        C
For my salad, my sandwich, my milk, and my munch
G        C
Dirt made my lunch.
Am        C
Dirt is a word we often use
Am        C
When we talk about the earth beneath our shoes.
Am        C
It is a place where plants can sink their toes,
F        G
And in a little while a garden grows.

Chorus

A farmer's plow will tickle the ground
You know the earth has laughed when wheat is found.
The grain is gathered and the flour ground,
For making a sandwich to munch on down.

Chorus

A stubby green beard grows upon the land
Out of the soil grass will stand.
But under hoof it must bow,
For making milk by way of a cow.

Chorus
**Food Chain**
(Steve Van Zandt)

E         D
Plants are producers, they are sun users in
E         G         E
the food chain; chain, chain
E
They make food from the sun and the food chain has
E         G         E
begun, food chain; chain, chain

Chorus:
G
Predator and prey,
D
Producers and decay
E         G         E
Are in a food chain; chain, chain (2x)

Rabbit comes along and eats the plants down in the food chain; chain chain
But the plants they have more to feed that herbivore in the food chain; chain chain

Chorus
Coyote likes to eat a little rabbit meat in the food chain; chain chain
And it really makes his day to eat that rabbit prey, food chain; chain chain

Chorus
Coyote lifts his tail and scats on the trail in the food chain; chain chain
For the bugs that's a deal, cause scat's a gourmet meal in the food chain; chain chain

Chorus
The scat will decompose and a new plant grows in the food chain; chain chain
So the food chain never ends, it just begins again, food chain; chain chain

Chorus
You can see from this song how energy moves along in the food chain; chain chain
So eat your food my friend but think of where it's been in the food chain; chain chain
I Am A Worm (Gusano)
(Mel McMurrin & Kevin Beals)

Am/E/Am/F/Am E Am E Am
I am a worm
The wondrous worm
It's down under
I love to squirm
To eat the dead
And the living's my toil
And what comes out makes magnificent soil

Chorus:
C G F E/ C G F E/ F G C D/ F G Am
Gu-sa-no, no, no, no - no, no, no - no, no, no - no, no, no - no, no, no - si!
Gu-sa-no, no, no, no - no, no, no - no, no, no - no, no, no - no, no, no - si!

I aerate the earth as I tunnel and squirm
I'm proud to be called a worm
Our tunnels flood
It rains all night
Come up for air
Be killed by light
When people die
Worms attend
Though it's dull
But no one comes to a worm's funeral

Chorus

A robin's cute
But have you heard?
Of the massacres
Of the early bird
We do such good
From us you could learn
But you make us fishbait in return
Lizards
(Steve Van Zandt)

Chorus:
D     Bb      A
Lizards, turtles and snakes
     D     Bb      A
Oh lizards, here's what it takes to be a
     D     Bb      C
Lizard! to be reptilian...
     D     A      Bb      A
It takes cold blood and scaly skin (4X)
     C       D
Lots of lazy lizards laying on the stone
     C       D
I said "I must be in a lizard zone!"
     C       D
Lots of lazy lizards soaking up the sun
     Bb     A
Sometimes I wish that I was one...

Chorus
Lots of lazy lizards, they were there by the dozens
I started thinking 'bout their ancient cousins
Who roamed this earth a millions years or more
They were giant lizards called dinosaurs...

Chorus
If I could I would surely be
Part of this great family
Of lizards, snakes, and crocodiles
You can just call me reptile...
Photosynthesis
(Steve Van Zandt)

Chorus:
F                      Bb                  C
It’s a miracle up in those trees (A miracle, a miracle)
F                      Bb                  C
It’s a miracle in each green leaf (A miracle, a miracle)
F                      Bb                  C
All of life depends on this (A miracle, a miracle)
F                      Bb                  C
Miracle, photosynthesis (A miracle, a miracle)
F
Scientists don’t even know how it’s done
Bb                  C
How plants make sugar out of the sun
F
Water, air combined with skill
Bb                  C
By the magical green stuff chlorophyll

Chorus

Now you can’t go out and take a bite
Of the water, air, or the sunlight
We depend on the plants to survive
Making food to keep us alive

Chorus

Tag (3 parts):
1. ........sunlight coming down.............
2. .............................a miracle, a miracle
3. photosynthesis....................................
Roots, Stems, and Seeds
(Steve Van Zandt)

Chorus:
C
Roots, stems, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds
C G C
Roots, stems, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds. (repeat)
C
That's six parts, that's six parts,
C G C
Six plant parts that plants and people need
C
Roots hold the plant in the ground,
C G C
They gather up the water that falls around.
C
And there's a root inside of me
C G C
Cause a carrot is a root that I eat

Chorus
A stem is an elevator up from the ground,
The water goes up and the sugar back down
And there's a stem inside of me
Cause celery is a stem that I eat
The leaves are the kitchen where the food is done,
They breathe the air and catch the rays from the sun
And there's a leaf inside of me
Cause lettuce is a leaf that I eat
The flowers are dressed so colorfully,
They hold the pollen and attract the bees
And there's a flower inside of me
Cause cauliflower is a flower that I eat
The fruit gets ripe, then it falls on down,
It holds the seeds and feeds the ground
And there's a fruit inside of me
Cause an apple is a fruit that I eat
The seeds get buried in the earth,
And the cycle starts again with a new plant's birth
And there's a seed inside of me
Cause sunflower is a seed that I eat
Now you all know what the whole world needs,
It's roots, stems, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds
There are six plant parts in me
Cause a garden salad is what I eat
**The FBI**  
(Steve Van Zandt)

Chorus:

\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \]

The FBI, whenever something dies,  
\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \]

The FBI, is there on the scene  
\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \]

The FBI, is working overtime  
\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \]

The FBI, to pick those bones clean  
\[ \text{F} \quad \text{G} \]

Fungus.... (fungus), bacteria.... (bacteria),  
\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Dm} \]

Invertebrates.... (invertebrates), the FBI (2x)  
\[ \text{Dm} \]

There's fungus all among us and its breaking things down  
\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \]

Returning nutrients into the fertile ground  
\[ \text{Dm} \]

Millions of mycelium underground that's why  
\[ \text{F} \quad \text{G} \]

When you hold a handful of the earth you hold the FBI

Chorus

There are billions of bacteria in that soil over there  
Microscopic life is in all the water, land and air  
You should know that they are there though they are too small for your eye  
These are secret agents of the FBI

Chorus

Insects, bugs, slugs, and worms are working night and day  
The invertebrate crew are special agents of decay  
To remove whatever's rotten they will hop, crawl, hide or fly  
Enforcing nature's laws they are the FBI

Chorus

Lay down very still in the duff and learn their ways  
Lift up a rotten log and you will surely be amazed  
Go creeping through the forest learn to see and be a spy  
In search of evidence of the FBI

Chorus
**Wild Thing**
(Chip Taylor, adapted from The Troggs' rendition)

Chorus:
A D E D
Wild thing,
A D E
You make the forest sing;
D A D E D
You make everything... groovy

A G A G A
(spooken) Mule deer, I think I love you.
G A G A
But I want to know for sure
G A G A
Eating up all those grasses and leaves,
I guess that makes you an (let the crowd guess) HERBIVORE!!!

Chorus

Bobcat, I think I love you
But I want to know for sure
Hunting all those meaty little animals,
I guess that makes you a CARNIVORE!!!

Chorus

Coyote, I think I love you
But I want to know for sure
Eating all those dead animal carcasses off the ground
I guess that makes you a SCAVENGER!!!

Chorus

Banana slug, I think I love you
But I want to know for sure
Eating all the dead plant matter and turning it into soil,
I guess that makes you a DECOMPOSER!!!