

Autofahren

(Bob Anderson)

Here we are, we´re on the road again,
The engine gently humming in my brain,
Mama´s sitting at the wheel and Ben´s riding in the back,
A pity Papa´s navigation´s crap!

Mama says the south of France is fun,
In twelve hours we´ll be sitting in the sun,
Stop off for a swing or two, then back to the Autobahn,
A shame some sun protection just wasn´t planned!

Vive la France, this place is rather small,
In fact there´s no tatu tata at all!
The baker man brings petit pain, the Wauwau barks salut,
And sitting in my swimming pool´s cool, too!

Here we are, we´re on the road again,
Time has flown, we´re really glad we came,
Mama´s at the wheel again and Ben´s sleeping in the back,
Dreaming of the car Papa has unpacked.....back home!



Aua! Aua! Aua!

(Bob Anderson)

Run down the hallway, fall and hurt my knee,
Reach for the shelf, a book it falls on me.
Throw and catch the ball, I fall off the settee,
Life's sublime time after time,
When things get quickly out of line,
A crash, a clout, up goes a shout: aua! aua! au!
Aua! Hurt my knee, Aua! Book falls on me,
Aua! Goodbye settee, Aua! Aua! Aua!

Leave the kitchen table, slip and bang my head,
Walk into a doorway, I'm feeling almost dead,
Fall out the buggy, the best place is my bed,
Every day in different ways,
Things fall into disarray,
A whinge, a pout, up goes a shout: aua! aua! aua!
Aua! Bang my head, Aua! Feeling dead,
Aua! Where's my bed? Aua! Aua! Aua!
Look out.....!

Eating too quickly, I choke and bite my lip,
Walking down the stairway, I sometimes lose my grip,
To have a smelly nappy is really not so hip,
I could go on 'bout what goes wrong,
As presented in this song.
But when in doubt, just give a shout:
aua! aua! au!
Aua! Bite my lip, Aua! Lose my grip,
Aua! Not so hip, Aua! Aua! Aua!
Aua! It won't be long, Aua! Till this
song,
Aua! Is all gone, Aua! Aua! Aua!



Musik macht mich munter

(Bob Anderson)

Spiel mir „Autofahren“
Oder sing mir „ABC“
Wenn „Trommler Jung“ marschiert aus der Box, dann
ist der Tag OK
Musik macht mir Freude
Musik macht mir Spaß
Ein Frühstück ohne Musikstück, dann ist die Welt sehr
blaß!

Wenn ich zu den Smarties gehe
Legt Papa mir das Lied auf
Wenn Oma zu Besuch kommt, ist ihr Stück im Kopf
Musik ist mein Begleiter
Vom Morgen bis zur Nacht
Wenn ich sing´ ist´s ein tolles Ding, die Welt mit mir
echt lacht!

Und wie ich mich auch fühle
Ob ´rauf oder ´runter
Musik sie wirkt Sonnenschein
Und macht mich munter!

Mama mag sie doch französisch
Papa hört sie manchmal laut
Aber auch wenn man denkt: „Komisch!“ geht was
unter der Haut
Musik bringt uns zusammen
Weckt in uns Gefühl´
Egal wie alt da gibt´s kein Halt, wenn die Musik
stimmt ist´s cool!



More Apple

(Bob Anderson)

Apple, more apple, I´ve got to have more apple!
´Cause my stores are low, so I´ve got to go to the eco-shop to
get some more,
Yes, my stores are low, so I´ve got to go
To the eco-shop next door.

Banana, banana, I´ve got to have banana!
´Cause my stores are neat, time to move my feet to the eco-
shop a tout de suite!
Yes, my stores are neat, time to move my feet
To the eco-shop next door.

Raisins, more raisins, got to have a roll with raisins!
´Cause my stores are short, so it´s time I bought from the
eco-shop all rolls they´ve got,
Yes, my stores are short, so it´s time I bought
From the eco-shop next door.

Cake, more cake, I´ve got to have more cake!
If my stores are out, there´s a man no doubt at the eco-shop
who won´t have nowt!
If my stores are out, there´s a man no doubt
At the eco-shop next door.



Big tea party

(Bob Anderson)

Don't need the drama of pyjamas,
Nor take as read that I must go to bed,
It don't make me happy to change nappies,
Even if my bum smells and it's red!
Just don't fret or fuss, although you think you must,
Just be cool and you'll do me just fine.....

Sometimes putting shoes on brings the blues on,
When it's good staying put at home,
And Papa's calling sounds appalling,
When all I want's the freedom here to roam!
Let's be of one mind, I just need I, me, mine,
Just be cool and you'll do me just fine.....

If I lived in a zoo, then I'd stage a big coup:
Unharness the hard and hearty,
Then to weather the storm in a boat far from home,
I'd put on a show at a big tea party!

Can't you see a book's pending when it's ending,
'Cause something's gained by starting once again?
And even if no sun'll fill the tunnel,
Don't mean there's no light inside my brain!
'Cause I go my own way each and every day,
Just be cool and you'll do me just fine.....



Ball and Brei *(Bob Anderson)*

I´m just sitting up in bed, feeling sleepy,
I rub my eyes to rid me my malaise,
Daddy´s he´s still snoring, Mum´s being slightly boring,
They just can´t see I want to start my day.

It don´t take much to see that I mean business,
My yelling´s loud enough to wake the dead,
Dad´s got one eye open, Mum´s began the jokin´,
But I won´t be stopped from leaving this old bed.

Ball and brei – they´re all I´m livin´ for,
Ball and brei get me coming back for more.
Keep your fanciful schemes and fangled machines,
I just need ball and brei.

Good morning, kitchen, now we´re talkin´,
I pray the fridge door will be opened wide,
Mum´s keeping me real busy, but Dad, now just where is he?
I can´t believe he´d hang me out to dry!

Mmm, two big plates of mashed fruit later,
I find myself now walkin´ down the hall,
It´s shower time for Mama, Dad´s up in his pyjamas,
I think it´s time to answer nature´s call.....

Ball and brei – they´re closest to my heart,
Ball and brei – they sure do make you.....,
Keep your fanciful schemes and fangled machines,
I just need ball and brei.

I wish that life were spent only standing,
´Cause here I just don´t dig lying down,
It may make Daddy happy to be here changin´ nappies,
But there ain´t no fun in feelin´ like a clown!

At last I´m now playing where I want to,
Throwing balls around´s just got me high,
Mum may think nothing´s cuter than to sit at her computer,
But me I´ll just be happy till I die.....with

Ball and brei – balls make the world go round,
Ball and brei – when they´re not bouncing up and down!
Keep your fanciful schemes and fangled machines,
I just need ball and brei.



Affi And Hasi (Salute)

(Bob Anderson)

Affi and Hasi, I salute you,
Affi and Hasi, I salute you,
Climb the highest step, cross the widest pool,
I'd do it all for you,
Affi and Hasi, I love you.

Affi and Hasi, I salute you,
Affi and Hasi, I salute you,
You'd walk for me to the ends of the street,
I'd walk for you both, too,
Affi and Hasi, I love you.



My home

(Bob Anderson)

Come on in my house of good cheer,
Endless amusement's right here,
Welcome one and all to my home!
Here in the lounge, the trains are all on track,
Build us a tower, then Bobby Car round the flat!

Here in my house of good cheer,
Endless amusement's right here,
Fun and games galore in my home!
If the music door's open, tape boxes can be trashed,
We'll thump the keys together, pull books from shelves then dash...

The kitchen table's set for tea, a plate, a cup, a spoon,
A feast of food for you and me, a gourmet's afternoon!
Listening to the tape machine, swaying to the beat,
The water from our cup's all gone, it's time to move our feet.

Here in my house of good cheer,
Endless amusement's right her,
Fun and games galore in my home!
Come to the bathroom, my ducks will make you green,
Soak them in water, at least our hands are clean!

Here in my house of good cheer,
We've had such fun while we're here,
Please come again to my home!
Please come again to my home!

Yawning in my sleeping bag, my eyes about to close,
The light outside has been and gone, the bed around me glows!
Feeling cosy in my duvet, all stories now complete,
One last lullaby or two, then it's off to sleep!



The Smarties Song

(Bob Anderson)

There's Ziska and Anna enjoying banana,
Stand on their heads, playing dead, they're charming when
they grin!

We're off to see the Smarties, off to see the Smarties,
Off to see the Smarties 'cause being smart's the thing!

There's Kilian and Amber, no fools out of Pampers,
Up for a lark, at the park, they rule the shoot and swing!

There's Leyla and Ben, they're everyone's friends,
They're pleased as Punch when it's lunch with portions fit
for Kings!

There's Linus and Milla, a delightful team-a,
From 9 to 2 they've lots to do, to run, jump and sing!



Mobby Toots

(Bob Anderson)

Sie trafen sich im Frühjahr 2008,
Lauter kleine Rabauken,
Der Treffpunkt ´ne Insel mit Sonne und Sand,
Herzlich willkommen ´ Mobby Toots and Klub Band!

Mobby Toots, Mobby Toots,
Ein Haufen Spaßvögel das liegt auf der Hand,
Mobby Toots, Mobby Toots,
Die Mobby Toots Strandbad Klub Band!

Sie lebten vom Pizza, Kartoffeln und Fisch,
Und hundertmal Eis jeden Tag,
Entspannen und gammeln war jetzt angesagt,
Die Buben genannt Mobby Toots und Klub Band!

Auf der Eselsfarm wird was geplant,
Der nächste große Coup,
Als Ehrenmitglied wird Tini benannt,
Ein Kinderspiel für Mobby Toots und Klub Band!

Während des Abschiedsessens am Schluß,
Gab´s noch was zu klären,
Nach ´nem letzten Eis wurd´ es bekannt:
Jedes Jahr Treffen für Mobby Toots und Klub Band!



Drummer boy

(Bob Anderson)

Me and Drummer Boy marching down the hall,
Me and Drummer Boy marching down the hall,
Trampling proudly on the floor, up ahead an open door,
Arms swinging to and fro, it's on and on we go.

Me and Drummer Boy marching down the stairs,
Me and Drummer Boy marching down the stairs,
Trampling proudly step by step, the steady beat has mighty
pep,
Enough to raise you from your bed, it's on and on we go.

Me and Drummer Boy marching down the street,
Me and Drummer Boy marching down the street,
Trampling proudly on the path, Frau Johnen she just has to
laugh,
No time to take an early bath, it's on and on we go.

Me and Drummer Boy marching down the tram,
Me and Drummer Boy marching down the tram,
Trampling proudly single file, Mama stops us in the aisle,
For now, but in a little while, it's on and on we go.



Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad

(Bob Anderson)

With Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad,
Ob in Camberg or in Scotland,
Leben´s schön, life´s no´ too bad,
Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad.

Bei Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad,
Ob am Spielplatz or the backyard,
Viel zu tun for a wee lad,
Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad.

Throwing balls in the garden in the sun,
Eating Knoten, currant buns,
We always seem to go although we´ve only come,
It´s so great having endless fun.

To Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad,
The Zug or Flugzeug journey´s real grand,
Die Ankunft makes me so glad,
Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad.

With Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad,
Find´ ich toll: you never get mad,
Die schönste Zeit that´s to be had,
Oma, Opa, Granny, Granddad.



Geh weg, bleib hier

(Bob Anderson)

Auf dem Spielplatz kommt es vor, will Papa mich nach Hause schubsen,
Das passt mir ganz und gar nicht, will die Zeit völlig anders nutzen!

Papa geh weg! (Go away!) Papa geh weg! (Leave me alone!),
Du bist mir zu nah (You´re too close),
Da hast du kein Recht (That´s not right),
Papa geh weg! (Go away!) Stop!
Bitte bleib hier! (Please stay!).

Nach dem Turnen ist´s so weit, will Mama sicher mit mir schmusen,
Das kommt aber nicht in Frage, das ist die Zeit für mich zu dösen.

Mama geh weg! usw

Manchmal sag´ ich nein, wenn ich meine ja,
Es mag ja kompliziert sein, ist aber eigentlich klar.....

Egal ob ich müde bin, gibt´s keine Zeit zu schlafen,
Bei Mama und Papa gleich, sie sollen das endlich raffen.

Mama geh weg! (Go away!) Papa geh weg! usw



Da de dumm

(Bob Anderson)

Who's a good wee toots? Who's a good wee toots?
He looks so happy and he looks so cute in his wee
pink boots.

Who's a champion? Who's a champion?
He looks so happy when I change his nappy, who's
a champion?

