

Ally Bally

Lorenza Simmons-Philips-lead vocals, Cory Goldman- acoustic and electric guitar, Brian Hennesy- electric bass, Brian Swislow- organ, Aber Miller- electric keyboard, Tommy FitzMaurice- drums, Scott Machen- trombone, Mindy Bumgarner- tenor pan, Lyndsey Battle- melodi-ca. Arranged by Lyndsey Battle, Cory Goldman, and Lorenza Simmons-Philips

Ally bally, ally bally bee
Sitting on your Mommy's knee
Waiting for Papa and me
To make some fresh fruit smoothies

Come my boy, my wee wee man
Run down that road fast as you can
Pick the berries from the land
To make some fresh fruit smoothies

Ally bally, ally bally bee
Sitting on your Papa's knee
Waiting for Mama and me
To make some fresh fruit smoothies

Funga Alafia

Lorenza Simmons-Philips- vocals, Mike "tofu" Schwartz- drums, percussion. Arranged by Lyndsey Battle and Mike "tofu" Schwartz

Funga Alafia, Ashay Ashay Funga Alafia, Ashay Ashay

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

Drew Mohr- vocals and bass, Brian Swislow- organ, Tommy FitzMaurice- drums, Nicholas Talvola- trumpet, Scott Machen- trombone, kid's voices: Vela Citrine, Bellamy Dune Scheinman Nofsinger, Rosa Penderel Scheinman Nofsinger, Iris Pearl Besmer. Arranged by Brian Swislow, Drew Mohr, Tommy FitzMaurice, and Lyndsey Battle.

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
Your name is my name too
Whenever we go out, the people always shout
They go:
"John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt! La La La La La La!"

Bigfoot (He's People)

*Written and arranged by Lyndsey Battle- lead vocals and ukulele, Cory Goldman- acoustic guitar, Brian Hennesy- upright bass, Tommy FitzMaurice- drums, Aber Miller- electric keyboard, Brian Swislow- organ, Mike "tofu" Schwartz- percussion, choir members: Lorenza Simmons-Philips, Nola Pierce, Andrea Zvaleko, Drew Mohr, Claire Bent, Claire Hashem, Vela Citrine, Zoe Leonard

I was walkin' through the forest, much to my surprise
Facing towards the East into the sunrise
I saw a footprint of an unusual size

And caught a glimpse of a creature out the corner of my eyes
He was fumblin' with the laces of a big ol' boot
Sitting on the edge of a redwood root

He threw up his hands and said "Hey Don't Shoot!"
"I'm People, I'm People!"

Chorus:

*Bigfoot. He's People. Leave him alone. Bigfoot. He's People. The forest is his home. Bigfoot. He's People. Leave him alone.
Bigfoot. He's People. The forest is his home.*

Well I asked Bigfoot why he was so hard to find
He lifted up his boots into the sunshine
Where I could see his most clever design

In the soles were chiseled footprints just like yours and mine
No more banana slugs stuck in his toes
No more people wondering where he comes and goes
All that Bigfoot wants you and me to know is
He's People, He's People!