

Rational Humorous Songs, by Albert Eills, Ph.D., Copyright by
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WHINE, WHINE, WHINE! (Tune: Yale
Whiffenpoof Song, by Guy Scull—a
Harvard Man!)

I cannot have all of my wishes filled—
Whine, whine, whine!
I cannot have every frustration stilled—
Whine, whine, whine!
Life really owes me the things that I
miss,
Fate has to grant me eternal bliss!
And since I must settle for less than
this—
Whine, whine, whine!

PERFECT RATIONALITY (Tune:
Funiculi, Funicula!, by Luigi Denza)
Some think the world must have a right
direction,

And so do I! And so do I!
Some think that, with the slightest
imperfection,
They can't get by—and so do I!
For I, I have to prove I'm superhuman,
And better far than people are!
To show I have miraculous acumen—
And always rate among the Great!
Perfect, perfect rationality
Is, of course, the only thing for me!
How can I ever think of being
If I must live fallibly?
Rationality must be a perfect thing for
me!

LOVE ME, LOVE ME, ONLY ME!
(Tune: Yankee Doodle Dandy)

Love me, love me, only me
Or I'll die without you!
Make your love a guarantee,
So I can never doubt you!
Love me, love me totally—really, really
try, dear.
But if you demand love, too,
I'll hate you till I die, dear!
Love me, love me all the time,
Thoroughly, and wholly!
Life turns into slushy slime
'Less you love me solely!
Love me with great tenderness,
With no ifs or buts, dear.
If you love me somewhat less,
I'll hate your goddamned guts, dear!

I'M DEPRESSED, DEPRESSED!

(Tune: The Band Played On, by
Charles B. Ward)
When anything slightly goes wrong with
my life,
I'm depressed, depressed!
Whenever I'm stricken with chickenshit
strife,
I feel most distressed!
When life isn't fated to be consecrated
I can't tolerate it at all!
When anything slightly goes wrong with
my life,
I just bawl, bawl, bawl!

YOU FOR ME AND ME FOR ME (Tune:
Tea for Two, by Vincent Youmans)

Picture you upon my knee,
Just you for me, and me for me!
And then you'll see
How happy I will be, dear!
Though you beseech me
You never will reach me—
For I am autistic
As any real mystic!
And only relate to
Myself with a great to-do, dear!
If you dare to try to care
You'll see my caring soon will wear,
For I can't pair and make our sharing
fair!
If you want a family,
We'll both agree you'll baby me—
Then you'll see how happy I will be!

I'M JUST WILD ABOUT WORRY

(Tune: I'm Just Wild About Harry,
by Eubie Blake)
Oh, I'm just wild about worry
And worry's wild about me!
We're quite a twosome to make life
gruesome
And filled with anxiety!
Oh, worry's anguish I carry
And look for its guarantee!
Oh, I'm just wild about worry
And worry's wild about
Never mild about,
Most beguiled about me!

LOW FRUSTRATION TOLERANCE

(Tune: Merry Widow Waltz, by
Franz Lehár)
Though I gaze on low frustration
tolerance,
Just to view it won't undo it—
Not a chance!
Though I could improve it,
I'm a stubborn pup—
Just a jerk who will not work
To give it up!

GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH! (Tune:
Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of
relationships that glow
And then falter by the wayside as love
passions come—and go!
I've heard of great romances where
there is no slightest lull—
But I am skeptical!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
People love ya till they screw ya!
If you'd cushion how they do ya,
Then don't expect they won't!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
People cheer ya—then pooh-pooh ya!
If you'd soften how they screw ya!
Then don't expect they won't!

I WISH I WERE NOT CRAZY!

(Tune: Dixie, by Dan Emmett)
Oh, I wish I were really put together—
Smooth and fine as patent leather!
Oh, how great to be rated innately
sedate!
But I'm afraid that I was fated
To be rather aberrated—
Oh, how sad to be mad as my Mom and
my Dad!
Oh, I wish I were not crazy! Hooray,
hooray!
I wish my mind were less inclined
To be the kind that's hazy!
I could agree to really be less crazy.
But I, alas, am just too goddamned lazy!

(over)

I WANT TO BE SAPPY! (Tune: Vincent
Youmans, from NO, NO
NANETTE!)

I want to be sappy
But I won't be happy
Till I make you sappy, too!
I've got to feel crazy,
From head to heel crazy,
And make you real crazy, too!
When we're too sane
Life is boring and plain—
Too much refraining to do!
I want to be sappy
But I won't be happy
Till I make you sappy, too!

EASILY, EASILY! (Tune: Three O'Clock
in the Morning)

I always tell you directly
You are the one for me.
So how can you now reject me?
Easily, easily!
I let you madly affect me—
Give you a real guarantee!
So how can you ever reject me—
Easily, Easily!

BEAUTIFUL HANGUP (Tune: Beautiful
Dreamer, by Stephen Foster)

Beautiful hangup, why should we part
When we have shared our whole lives
from the start?
We are so used to taking one course,
Oh, what a crime it would be to divorce!
Beautiful hangup, don't go away!
Who will befriend me if you do not stay?
Though you still make me look like a
jerk,
Living without you would take so much
work!—
Living without you would take too much
work!

LOVE ME GOOD, AS YOU SHOULD

(Tune: Brahms Lullaby)
Love me good, as you should
And I'll be a good client!
Yes I'll be endlessly
So compliant and so good!
If your therapy's tough,
I'll behave as a ruffian!
And I'll balk and I'll stew,
Though I screw myself, too!

**WHY SHOULD I WORK TO GET
BETTER?** (Tune: Waldteufel,
Estudiantina)

Why should I work to get better,
Be a striving and thriving go-getter?
Only easy efforts please me!
So don't shake me and make me go
work!

Work is a crummy condition
That will lead me to awful perdition!
Back of working
There keeps lurking
A mad urge to keep working some
more!

YANKEE DOODLE

Some folks like a happy state,
Striving for elation,
Some folks like to masturbate,
But I like MUSTurbation!
MUSTurbation keep it up!
MUSTurbation dandy!
Mind the got-to's, yup, yup, yup!
And with the shoulds be handy!
Yes, I know I could create
Greater satisfaction
But I'd rather MUSTurbate
And keep my mind in traction!
MUSTurbation, keep it up!
Let its message fit good!
Mind the got-to's, yup, yup, yup!
As shouldhood leads to shithood!

OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE WHO I AM?

(Tune: Stars and Stripes Forever,
by John Sousa)
Oh, say can you see who I am?
I'm the one that the universe runs for!
The gods that you worship are sham
When compared to the great I AM!
I act like a battering ram
Just to prove I'm a mover and a shaker!
But beneath you can see what I am—
A woebegotten, scheming, plottin',
Rotten faker!

FAIL, FAIL AT THERAPY! (Tune: Hail,
Hail the Gang's All Here, by Arthur
Sullivan)

Fail, fail at therapy!
What the hell do we care?
We want effort-free care!
Why should we seek good aid
When we've got neurosis made?
Fail, fail at therapy!
Why should we be workers
When we make great shirkers?
Fail, fail at therapy—
And just enjoy grim lunacy!

YOU ARE NOT THE GREATEST!

(Tune: Funiculi, Funicula!, by Luigi
Denza)
Some think that you are not the
goddamned greatest—and so do I,
and so do I!
Some think that you could well come in
the latest—and so do I, and so do I!
For I, I really hate your self-inflation
And find it odd that you are god!
I try to pry apart each indication
That you suggest still makes you best!
I can't stand your grandiosity!
I demand that you more humble be!
How can I ever think you're godly
When it's clear as clear can be
All the earth and sun is really run
By me, me, me!

Song lyrics by Albert Ellis, copyright 1977-1990 by the Institute for Rational-Emotive Therapy. Some of these songs (plus the music) are included in the songbook, *A GARLAND OF RATIONAL SONGS* (\$3.50), and on the cassette tape, *A GARLAND OF RATIONAL SONGS*, sung by Albert Ellis (\$9.95). Both are available from the Institute for Rational-Emotive Therapy, 45 East 65th Street, New York, NY 10021, Tel. (212) 535-0822. Enclose \$3.00 for postage and handling.

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DRINKING IS THE THING FOR ME!

(Tune:Yankee Doodle)

Drinking is the thing for me!
With its stinking thinking,
I can feel alive and free
When I'm really shrinking!
Drinking, drinking, keep it up!
With the booze be handy!
Keep pretending, yup yup yup,
That I am fine and dandy!

When I'm acting like a fool
And my ways are shitty,
Drinking makes me feel real cool
And immensely witty!
Drinking, drinking, keep it up!
With the booze be handy!
Keep pretending, yup yup yup,
That I am fine and dandy!

I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

(Tune:I'm Always Chasing Rainbows,
by Harry Tierney)

I'm always chasing rainbows--
Thinking drinking is great!
I flirt with being dry, dry, dry--
But I wait, wait, wait!
Some people cope with strains and stresses
And never into boozing sink;
Some keep on facing major messes,
But i keep staying on the brink!
Believe me, —
I'm always chasing rainbows--
Waiting to find the little blue bird of drink!

WHINE, WHINE, WHINE! (also known as Wine,
Wine, Wine!)

(Tune: Yale Whiffenpoof Song, by Guy Scull[a
Harvard Man!])

I cannot have all of my thirst fulfilled -
Whine, whine, wine!
Nor all of my drinking urges stilled -
Whine, whine, wine!
Life really owes me the things that I miss,
Fate has to grant me eternal bliss!
But since I must settle for less than this,
Whine, whine, wine!

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK

(Tune: The Band Played On, by Charles B.
Ward)

When anything slightly goes wrong with my life
I just drink, drink, drink!
Whenever I'm stricken with chickenshit strife,
I fall off the brink!
When life isn't fated
To be consecrated,
I can't tolerate it at all!
When anything slightly goes wrong I just sink
Into drink, drink, drink!

DRINKING, I'M ALWAYS THINKING OF YOU

(Tune:Margie)

Drinking, I'm always thinking of you!!
Drinking, I'll tell the world I love you!
Don't forget your promise to me--
I can drink and never sink beyond the brink
Oh, drinking, with you to sweetly guide me,
I am never blue!
After all is said and done,
There is really only one--
Oh, stinking drinking it's you!

MAYBE I'LL MOVE MY ASS (After the Ball)

After you make things easy,
And you provide the gas,
After you squeeze and please me,
Maybe I'll move my ass!
Just to make things soft and breezy,
Fill life with sassafras!
And possibly, if things are easy,
I'll move my ass!

I LOVE YOU UNDULY (I Love You Truly)

I love you unduly, unduly dear!
Just like a coolie I persevere!
If you should phase me right out of your
Door,
I am so crazy, I'll love you more!
I love you truly, truly dear!
Very unduly and with no cheer!
Though you imbue me with a pain in the gut,
I love you truly – for I'm a nut!

GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH!

Mine eyes have seen the glory of relationships that glow
And then falter by the wayside as love passions come—and go!
I've heard of great romances where there is no slightest lull—
But I am skeptical!

Glory, glory hallelujah! People you love 'til they screw ya!
If you'd soften how they do ya, then don't expect they won't!
Those who say they madly love you often put all else above you!
And at times they push and shove you! – So don't expect they won't!

Albert Ellis, A GARLAND OF RATIONAL SONGS, 1977/78.