

WOODLAND ROTARY PRESIDENT Mark Werum's Demotion June 28, 2011

ON MY OWN AGAIN (ON THE ROAD AGAIN-WILLY NELSON)

Lyrics by Jim McGibbon 6/10/2011

On my own again,
No more duties / being President;
All I want to do / is stay away from sin,
See the world, / and play my mandolin.

Ev'ry night I pray
I will find more time to get away;
'Cause with Sherry and / a guidebook by my side,
Life will be / a fabulous, sweet ride.

EV'RY DAY I'M FREE, I CAN CONCENTRATE ON BEING ME;
IF I STAY AT HOME, I MAY END UP AT A QUILTING BEE - WOE IS ME -

It's a brand new day;
All those Big O tires seem far away;
There's not much in town / to make me want to stay -
Time to pack / and travel come what may.

EV'RY DAY I'M FREE, I CAN CONCENTRATE ON BEING ME;
IF I STAY AT HOME, I MAY END UP AT A QUILTING BEE - SET ME FREE -

A Rotarian,
Yes I'm proud I'm a Rotarian;
And you know that when / I make up in Peru,
I'll still think of Woodland and of you.
REPEAT MORE SLOWLY:
I'll still think of Woodland and of you....



WHEN MARK'S THROUGH PRESIDING (ACT NATURALLY-BUCK OWENS)

Lyrics by Jim McGibbon 6/10/2011

Now everybody knows / Mark plays the guitar;
Now his second love's / the mandolin;
Builds them in his workshop, / 'fore he tunes them;
Making Bluegrass music: / that's for him!

Mark's not the kind of guy / to get excited;
Never heard him shout or start to cuss;
He's not one for spitting / on the sidewalk;
Never blows his top / or makes a fuss.

WHEN HE'S THROUGH PRESIDING / WE'LL ALL MISS HIM;
NO MORE CORNY JOKES / WE'D NEVER TELL;
NO MORE MANDOLINS / TO SPICE THE MUSIC;
ALL OUR HARMONY WILL / GO TO!

Mark met his wife / when she was playing football;
Never / touched a pigskin once they wed;
Now she does her running / in the kitchen;
Making sure her / Sugar Plum's well fed.

Just 'cause he wears a belt / with his suspenders;
Don't nobody think / he's kinda square;
No chance he'll be cutting loose / on Facebook;
Showing off some kinky underwear!

WHEN HE'D THROUGH PRESIDING WE'LL ALL MISS HIM;
NO MORE CORNY JOKES / WE'D NEVER TELL;
NO MORE MANDOLINS TO SPICE THE MUSIC;
ALL OUR HARMONY WILL GO TO!

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ALL OUR HARMONY WILL GO TO!

