



***Dangerous Dick  
and The Duckbusters***

**Duck This!!**

**LYRICS**

**[www.cancover.ca/music](http://www.cancover.ca/music)**

# Lyric List:

- 1) **Rockin' at the Cavers' Stomp** - we wanted to leave our fans with one straight-ahead cavin' party song, and here it is!!
- 2) **Mama Don't Allow** - what mama doesn't know will never hurt her!!
- 3) **The Ballad of Bastard Crawl**  
- an accurate recollection of a real event..... remember the cover photo from "In Too Deep"??
- 4) **The Drunken Caver** (Tune traditional, new lyrics)- various ways of dealing with a not-uncommon problem!
- 5) **Dilapidated Cavin' Equipment Blues** - when the gear and the bank balance give up the ghost at the same time.....
- 6) **Call Me When It Goes!** - big thanks to Pat Shaw for allowing us to poke fun at his standard response to invitations to join a digging crew!!
- 7) **Jingle Pot Road** - if ever there was a road along which a nice deep pot should be located, this is it!!
- 8) **Captain Calcite and the Stalbusters**- even Dangerous Dick & the Duckbusters have their antithesis. Captain Calcite & Co. fit the bill .....
- 9) **Speleo Secrets** - when it comes to secrecy, the CIA has nothing on the average caver!!
- 10) **The Tall Tale** - even Dick had trouble believing this one!!
- 11) **The Caves of My Young Days**- a look back at those far -off days when the world was young and the caves were new .....
- 12) **Kentucky Fried Cavin' Man Blues**- this guy really exists!! We won't reveal his name, but his initials are Dale Chase!!
- 13) **The King of Cavers** - think you're a pretty hot caver?? Think again .....
- 14) **Cavers to the Core** - finale- we couldn't close out the cycle without one last crack at what has become Dangerous Dick's theme song!
- 15) **Dang You, Dangerous Dick!!** - the nicest compliment that we ever received!

# ***Rockin' at the Caver's Stomp***

Words and music © 2006 by Adrian C. Duncan

Well, now, listen, all you cavers, come on up  
from below

Get yer motor running, 'cause it's time for the  
show

Find yerself a partner, let yer booty hang low,  
'Cause we're gonna party hearty tonight!

Now every kind of caver from all over the  
land

Has gathered here to listen to a rock 'n roll  
band

And Dangerous Dick and his boys are on  
hand

And they're really gonna do it right!

CHORUS

*We'll all be rockin' at the Caver's Stomp!*

*Rockin' at the Caver's Stomp!*

*Hoppin' and a'boppin'*

*Reelin' and a-rockin'*

*Ain't no-body stoppin',*

*Gonna party 'till we're droppin'*

*Yeah, we're rockin' at the Caver's Stomp*

*Rockin' at the Caver's Stomp!*

*Getting' in the groove,*

*Kickin' off our shoes*

*Workin' on our moves*

*Yeah, we're rockin' at the Caver's Stomp*

Now we mostly get together when we're  
workin' a cave

Slidin' down the nylon like a-ridin' a wave,

But now we got a chance to really misbehave

At the big cavers party tonight!

So everybody listen while we're crankin' this  
song

Gonna get it goin', and it won't take long

'Cause we're gathered here together where

we really belong

And we're really gonna do it right!!

(Chorus)

(Spoken to a drum break)

Time ta do some picking, let's check out the  
list!

If Chuck was a caver, he'd play it like this!!

(Chuck Berry guitar break by Adrian)

*Goin' to Chicago, checkin' out the scene*

*Pete's gonna blow the harp moody 'n  
mean!*

(Harp break by Pete)

*And then of course there's Boomer, the  
apple of his eye!*

*Now's yer chance to watch a set of cavin'  
fingers fly!!*

(Heavy metal break by Boomer)

Yeah, no matter where ya come from, you got  
nuthin' ta lose

Come on in an' join us all in payin' our dues

Forget them cavin' boots, grab yer blue suede  
shoes

'Cos we cavers gonna party tonight

Never mind about tomorrow, it's a long night  
away

The crowd's all together and the boys are  
here to play

So we're gonna party hearty 'till the break of  
day

And we're really gonna do it right!!

*(Double Chorus to end)*

# ***Mama Don't Allow***

Words and music © 2006 by Adrian C. Duncan

When I first started caving, my mother had a fit!  
She said that I was crazy, or at best a stupid twit!  
Now I can't remember all she said, it was all so long ago  
But thinkin' back reminds me of this song I used to know .....

## CHORUS

*Mama don't allow no cavin' talk round here  
Mama don't allow no cavin' talk round here  
We don't care what Mama don't allow  
Gonna talk 'bout cavin' any old how  
Mama don't allow no cavin' talk round here*

But then we're cavers, don'cha know we're cavers  
An' we're gonna talk about cavin', no matter what Mama say  
Now Mama might think we're crazy, but with us that's quite OK  
'Coz we don't give a damn what Mama don't allow,  
We're gonna cave on anyway!!

Mama don't allow no vertical cavin' here, etc.  
Gonna drop them pitches any old how.  
An' we're gonna keep droppin' pitches, no matter what Mama say

Mama don't allow no real tight squeezin' here, etc.  
Gonna push them squeezes any old how.  
An' we're gonna keep pushin' squeezes, no matter what Mama say

Mama don't allow no flat-out crawlin' here, etc.  
Gonna push them crawlways any old how.  
An' we're gonna keep pushin' crawlways, no matter what Mama say

Mama don't allow no canyon hoppin' here, etc.  
Gonna hop them canyons any old how.  
An' we're gonna keep hoppin' canyons, no matter what Mama say

An' we're gonna keep right on cavin', no matter what Mama say

# ***The Ballad of Bastard Crawl***

Words and music by Adrian Duncan (with feeling!!)

If you ever head out to Cascade Cave  
If yer not too big and yer head feels brave  
Then check out the trickiest spot of all  
That's the passage known as Bastard Crawl!

*Bastard Crawl, Bastard Crawl  
It's the trickiest bastard of them all!  
If ya don't like yer squeezes steep and small  
Stay away from Bastard Crawl!!*

There were four of the gang on a tourist trip  
As we headed on down from the entry pit  
Through chambers large and passages small  
'Till we came to the infamous Bastard Crawl  
.....

Now it seemed to wear an evil grin  
Saying, "Don't be shy! Just come on in!!"  
The slope was steep and the gap was small  
I could see why they called it Bastard Crawl!

"Here goes!" sez I, and I dived on in  
With the roof pressing hard against me skin  
The friction helped to break the fall  
Of the downward trip through Bastard  
Crawl.....

But the trip back up was a different game  
As the cork in the bottle I soon became  
I could make no upward move at all  
I was good and stuck in Bastard Crawl!

Well, I wished I was sitting in a cozy pub  
With a few good mates and a well-filled mug!  
Which reminded me that to drink at all  
I had to escape from Bastard Crawl  
.....

So I heaved away 'gainst the Bastard's pinch  
With a big exhale, I gained an inch  
And I knew I was in for a long, tough haul  
As I fought the battle of Bastard Crawl!

But out of the crawl I finally burst  
With wobbly legs and a raging thirst  
A few choice words to the limestone wall  
And I turned me back on Bastard Crawl  
.....

Now Cascade Cave's a very fine trip  
But just be sure that you're going to fit!  
'Cause believe me, it's no fun at all  
If you wind up stuck in Bastard Crawl!

Commemorating the trip of  
November 9<sup>th</sup>, 2003, and dedicated  
to my good friends Pat Shaw, Larry  
Honcharuk and Stephanie Schneider  
for sticking with me all the way!!



# ***The Drunken Caver***

Traditional, new lyrics by Adrian C. Duncan

What shall we do with the drunken caver  
What shall we do with the drunken caver  
What shall we do with the drunken caver  
Early in the morning??

*Way, hay, watch him stumble  
Way, hay, fiddle and fumble  
Way, hay, ready to tumble  
Early in the morning!!*

Take away his boots so he can't go caving  
Take away his boots so he can't go caving  
Take away his boots so he can't go caving  
Early in the morning!!

Lay him in the streamway 'till he's sober  
Lay him in the streamway 'till he's sober  
Lay him in the streamway 'till he's sober  
Early in the morning!!

Leave him in his tent, let him sleep through Sunday  
Leave him in his tent, let him sleep through Sunday  
Leave him in his tent, let him sleep through Sunday  
Early in the morning!!

Stuff him in a drybag 'till he's sober  
Stuff him in a drybag 'till he's sober  
Stuff him in a drybag 'till he's sober  
Early in the morning!!

Duck him in a sump 'till his head feels clearer  
Duck him in a sump 'till his head feels clearer  
Duck him in a sump 'till his head feels clearer  
Early in the morning!!

# ***Dilapidated Cavin' Equipment Blues***

Words and Music by David Hopf

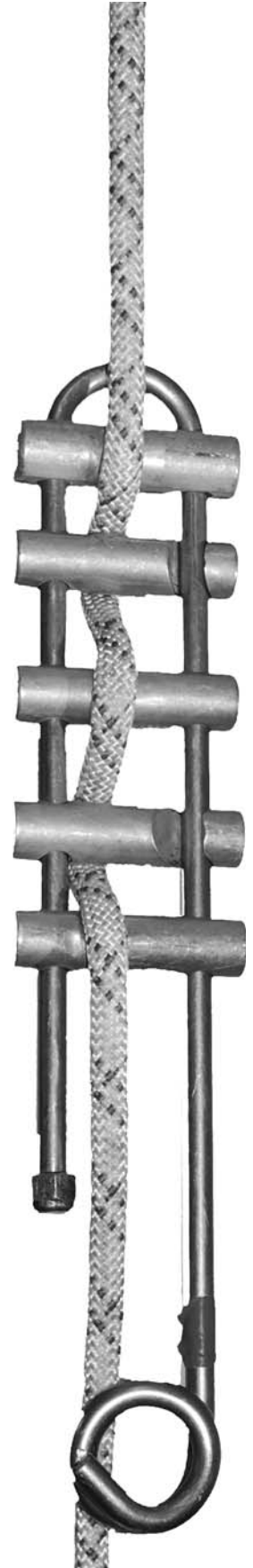
I got the dilapidated cavin' equipment blues  
Now my summer cavin' weekends I can't use  
I need new equipment, an' it can't wait long  
But I can't buy squat, 'cause my money's all gone  
I got the dilapidated cavin' equipment blues  
Well now there's shampoo and salad oil leakin' all throughout my pack  
And last year's dirty clothes and underwear in a sack  
My rope's all tangled an' it's covered with mud  
My fingers poke holes in my caving gloves  
I got the dilapidated cavin' equipment blues

## CHORUS

*So let's go caving – don't even want to try  
Caving – my gear just makes me cry  
Caving – I need to re-supply.*

I got the dilapidated cavin' equipment blues  
There's an unknown crop of fungus growin' on my boots  
My lamp's all corroded and the crystal's gone  
My GPS is foggy and it won't turn on  
I got the dilapidated cavin' equipment blues  
Now my hammer drill's busted and my auto-stop is all wore out  
My ascending gear's condition is in doubt  
My sleeping bag should be fumigated  
A caving trip sure would be ill-fated  
Got the dilapidated cavin' equipment blues

Now my nylon caving suit is just about to fail  
I lost my Konica camera along the trail  
My caving helmet's all covered with goo  
I left it by the fire and it melted through  
I got the dilapidated cavin' equipment blues  
Now my camp stove's busted, which leaves me in quite a bind  
And half my carabiners I can't find  
My tent's all torn and the zipper's stuck  
To replace this gear's gonna cost big bucks  
Got the dilapidated cavin' equipment blues



# ***Call Me When it Goes***

Words and music © 2006 by Adrian C. Duncan  
Title ® Pat Shaw

Now, I'm a hard-core caver, no pitch is safe from me  
No squeeze too tight, no sump too deep, I'll push them easily!  
But there's one kind of caving, b'yes, for which I just don't care  
Just tell me there's a dig involved, and I'll be outta there!

## CHORUS:

*Yes, I'm always there when the route looks fair, as everybody knows  
But when it comes to digging, b'yes, just call me when it goes!!*

Now you can keep your shovels, your crowbars and your hoes  
Your piles of dirt and the bloody great rocks that try to smash your toes!  
I'd rather put me feet up, and leave the work to you  
As long as you'll give me a call when you're ready to break through!

Now there's lots of other cavers who'll dig until it's done  
So why should I join in myself and deny them all their fun??  
As long as they're quite happy, b'yes, I'll know they're doing fine  
But I'll just keep tabs on progress so I turn up just in time!

Yes, once you've done the digging, that's the time I'll come around  
Take a well-earned rest while I blow by and scoop what you've just found!  
And once I'm done, you can follow on and survey if you must  
But I've already seen it, b'yes, so you won't see me for dust!

*Inspired by the selfless example of our mate Pat Shaw, who coined the title phrase and is never backward in standing aside to allow his friends the pleasure of pushing the digs!! However, unlike the guy in the song, Pat is always happy to share the scooping!*



# ***Jingle Pot Road***

Words and Music by Adrian C. Duncan

Oh I wish that I could find just a single pot  
Out along Jingle Pot Road  
'Cos for a guy like me who really likes to sing a lot  
The name's like the mother lode!  
And I'd love to be the guy who named a cave Jingle Pot  
A name that I feel I'm owed!  
Yes, I wish that I could find just a single pot  
Out along Jingle Pot Road!

Well, once in a while you come across a place-name  
Where limestone oughtta be  
'Cos the name's just right for a real nice cavern  
As any cave junkie can see!  
And I know a road with a name just like that  
It's one for the survey book!  
But I just can't seem to find any caves there  
No matter how hard I look!

Now I've looked here and I've looked there  
With my cave-hunter's eyes and nose  
There's every other kind of pot you can think of  
Including the kind that grows!  
But there's not one trace of that good old limestone  
And not one worthwhile lead  
And it drives me crazy 'cos the name's all ready  
And a pot-hole's all I need!!

Well, if you ever go caving up on the Island,  
You're sure to pass the sign  
Sayin' Jingle Pot Road, turn left at the light  
Go ahead if you've got time.  
It's a real nice drive through some mighty fine country  
Winter, spring, summer or fall  
But if you should ever chance to spot a little limestone  
Please give me a call!!



# ***Captain Calcite & the Stalbusters***

Words and music © 2006 by Adrian C. Duncan

*Who's afraid of Dangerous Dick? (Not Captain Calcite!!)  
Who goes in slow and comes out quick? (Not Captain Calcite!!)  
Who takes good care of a pristine cave? (Not Captain Calcite!!)  
Who's down on those who misbehave? (Not Captain Calcite!!)*

Captain Calcite is my name  
Speleo-vandalism is my game  
Wipin' my boots on a flowstone floor  
While sippin' on a beer through a soda straw!  
Headin' underground, some stals to find  
With my tough Stalbusters right behind  
A hammer and a can in every hand  
Lookin' for that pristine Promised Land!

## *Chorus*

Well, I wear white coveralls down below  
So the calcite stains don't hardly show!  
I buy my spray cans by the gross  
Fluorescent red's what I like the most!  
Beatin' on the stals like a xylophone  
Finest music that ever I've known!  
Pilin' them beer cans on the floor  
Send the boys out to get some more!

Well, I've heard all about this  
Dangerous Dick  
To me, he sounds like a tiresome prick!  
Showin' everybody how to do it "right"  
That kinda guy gets me real uptight!  
I'd like to meet him face to face  
He'd soon be put back in his place  
I'll bet that my Stalbustin' crew  
Can take his Duckbusters one by two!

But wait? What's this? My God, it's *him!*  
And man! He's lookin' awful grim!  
He's got every caver for miles around  
Standin' up behind him for the underground!  
Things could get tough in this  
neighbourhood  
Better get out, while the going's good  
We'll go drink beer 'till the coast is clear  
When Dick's gone home, and again we sneer

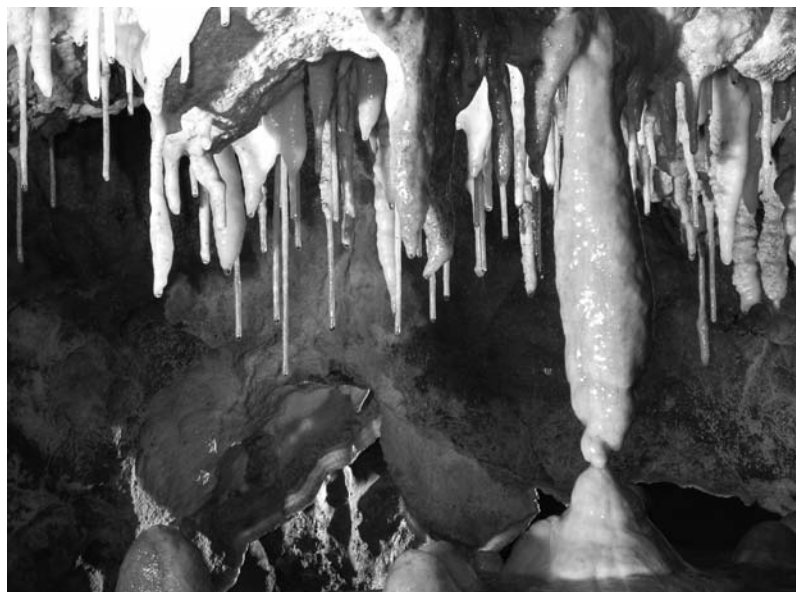
Who's afraid of Dangerous Dick??

.....

I said, who's afraid of Dangerous Dick??

.....

*(spoken over a fade out) Ah, well, I'm not exactly  
afraid of him ..... it's just that I hear he can  
drink more beer than I can, and he'd probably scoff  
the lot! Plus those Duckbusters **do** look tough  
..... and he **does** have a lot of backup .....  
Maybe we can find something else to mess with  
other than caves.....?!? Etc., etc.*



# ***Speleo Secrets***

Words and music © 2006 by Adrian C. Duncan

Hey – O, talkin' bout speleo secrets  
De t'ings that are makin' de cavin' club go  
Like where are dat cavern, no survey it havin'  
But everyone whisper, it go an' it go!  
Dey searchin' all over, like bees in de clover  
Just tryin' to find it, so dey can go down  
But if they discover, they blowin' its cover  
An' soon Captain Calcite, he comin' around!

*An' dat's why it's a well-kept speleo secret  
Dat all rival cavin' clubs wantin' to know  
But if we were to tell, we'd be breakin' de spell  
'Cause'it wouldn' be a speleo secret no more, Hey – o!*

Verse two, talkin' 'bout speleo-secrets  
De Duckbusters have one, but dey'll never tell!  
Like who are de person we makin' dis verse on?  
Dat Dangerous Dick, mon, dey knowin' him well  
His real name dey knowin', but no-body showin'  
So nobody see when he come an' he go  
When cavers in trouble, he dere at de double  
But just who he are, only de Duckbusters know

Last verse – talkin' 'bout speleo-secrets  
Like why do de Duckbusters drink so much beer?  
De bills always pilin', but everyone smilin'  
De beer an' de whisky, dey fill us wit' cheer!  
We got dis guy Duncan, sometimes he be drunken,  
Except when he cavin', to make de trip go  
His rope-mates he callin', to go out pub crawlin'  
But which pubs dey drink at, you don' need to know!

# ***The Tall Tale***

Words and music © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan

As I was going to Port McNeill upon a summer's day  
I saw the finest cave, me b'yes, that ever came me way  
The entrance was so big, me b'yes, so lofty and so wide  
We had to use binoculars to see the other side!

CHORUS:

*Singing, go grab yer helmets, yer ropes and krabs galore  
And I'll take yez down a cavern like you've never seen before!!*

The dig it was so major, b'yes, we dug both night and day  
Took 40 loaded dump trucks to take the spoil away!!  
The draft it blew so strong, me b'yes, it swept us off our feet  
We had to go on hands and knees to snatch a crafty peek!

The first pitch was so deep, me b'yes, you'd not believe yer eyes!  
We started down on April first and bottomed it in July!!  
The streamway in the cavern, b'yes, it ran so wide and clear  
We winched a BC ferry down to transport all our gear!

The crawlways in this cavern, b'yes, were long beyond compare  
We fitted our knees with Rollerblades to take the wear and tear!!  
The caverns were so huge, me b'yes, we kept on getting lost  
We sometimes hiked for forty days before we got across!

And when we reached the exit, b'yes, we were surprised to know  
We'd started on the Island and wound up in Mexico!!  
The man who bottomed this cave, b'yes, could handle any pitch  
And the man who's singing this song, b'yes, is a lying son of a bitch!!

# ***The Caves of my Young Days***

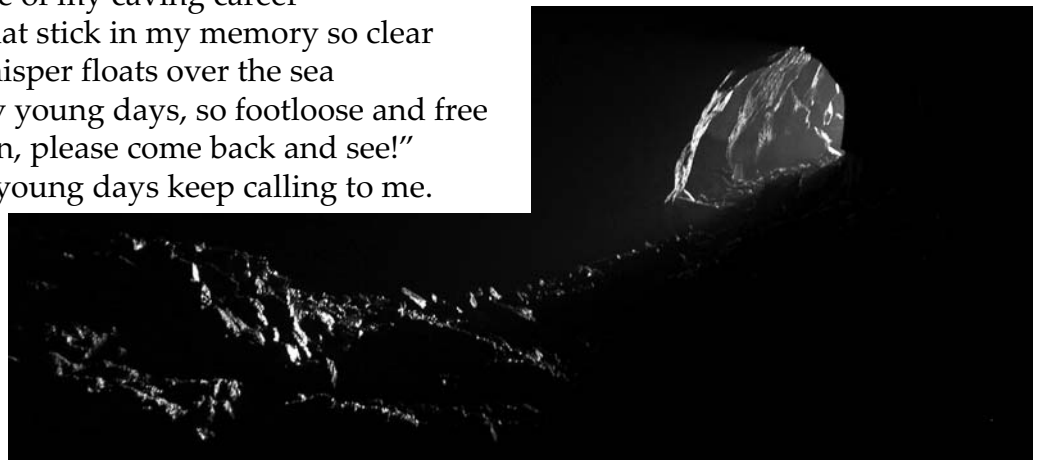
Words and music © 2009 by Adrian C. Duncan

Now when I first started caving a long time ago  
You could fill quite a book with what I didn't know  
No racks, no ascenders and no LED lights  
Only candles and carbide to show us the sights  
But we somehow got by with our "primitive" gear  
Though at our equipment today's cavers would sneer  
It was hard but rewarding, and it's easy to see  
Why the caves of my young days keep calling to me.

Now there's never a pitch like the first one you drop  
No climb feels as good as the first one you top  
There's nothing so tight as your first flat-out crawl  
And your first vadose canyon's the best of them all  
No cave's as mysterious, no aven's as high  
As the ones you encounter the first time you try  
So when I cast my mind back, it's easy to see  
Why the caves of my young days keep calling to me.

It was there that I first learned the meaning of fear  
When I pushed past my limits, my next move unclear  
And the times when I slipped on the crux of a climb  
And me mates held me up on that thin safety line  
And once I was safe, they'd say "*Good effort, son!*  
*Next time you try that, you'll know just how it's done!*"  
Yes, the lessons I learned were both priceless and free  
In the caves of my young days, that keep calling to me.

Now it's years since I've seen them, those caves of my youth  
I've seen lots of caves since, but to tell you the truth  
As I move to the close of my caving career  
It's those first trips that stick in my memory so clear  
And sometimes a whisper floats over the sea  
From the caves of my young days, so footloose and free  
"We haven't forgotten, please come back and see!"  
Yes, the caves of my young days keep calling to me.



# ***Kentucky Fried Cavin' Man Blues***

Words and Music by Adrian C. Duncan

Now I love to go a-cavin', an' I got my own style  
My approach to body-buildin' always brings on a smile!  
Packin' down them drumsticks every time I descend  
The Kentucky Fried cavin' man is at it again!

## CHORUS

*Pickin' on a chicken always suits me just fine  
Grab yerself a burger, cause the chicken's all mine!!  
But when the bucket's empty, I could sure use a snooze  
Got them down-home Kentucky Fried Cavin' Man Blues!!*

Now a caver oughtta eat right and work out every day  
But somehow it never seems to work out that way  
Drinkin' and a-smokin' 'till I cain't hardly see  
Kentucky Fried cavin' gonna end it for me!

Now chewin' on a chicken sure makes me feel fine  
Until I have to shimmy up that vertical line  
Then that chicken starts to talk back, my harness feels tight  
Kentucky Fried cavin' sure ain't treatin' me right!

Well now, chicken in a bucket is the food that I crave  
No matter if it makes my body misbehave!  
I'm gonna keep on cavin' on a finger-lickin' high  
Kentucky Fried cavin' 'till the day that I die!!

*(Spoken)*

*.....Ahhhhh, supersize them fries, baby!  
.....Jest wanna keep on lickin' them fingers!  
.....Cavin' with the Colonel .....that's what I like!!  
.....Cluck, cluck, cluckit! Who stole my bucket??*

*For Dale, Coquitlam, BC, Canada, May 2006*

# ***The King of Cavers***

Words and music © 2009 by Adrian C. Duncan

Intro on banjo and guitar, then chorus with hung chords

CHORUS:

*I'm the king of cavers, my helmet is my crown  
I can bottom any cave and be back up top  
While you're still going down!  
I'm the king of cavers, I've made that title mine  
And if you think you can prove me wrong,  
I'm ready any time!!*

*Harmonica break by Pete, then Pete's verse:*

When it comes to dropping pitches, there's no-one quite like me  
I can drop 500 meters and be up in time for tea!  
If a rock should fall as I start down from someone's clumsy hand  
I'll go straight into overdrive and be clear before it lands!

*Mandolin break by Adrian, then Adrian's verse:*

When it comes to pushing squeezes, that ain't no Rubik's Cube  
I can squeeze through all the tightest spots like toothpaste through a tube!  
And while you're stuck behind me, I'll be laughing up my sleeve  
When I think about the bypass you were too dumb to perceive!!

*Guitar break by Boomer, then Boomer's verse:*

If my light should go out suddenly, to me that's just a lark  
I'll be clear of any hazards before the cave goes dark!  
And while others hop the canyons, I take 'em at the run  
So the rest all think I'm crazy, but to me that's half the fun!!

*Banjo break by Adrian, then Adrian's final comment:*

Well, to hell with all yer bragging, I think I've heard enough!  
At the end of the trip, when we hit the pub, we'll see who's *really* tough!  
When the cask is nearly empty, if you're still on deck to see  
Just look for the last man standing – ten to one, it's me!!

# ***Cavers to the Core - Tag-out #2***

Words and Music by Adrian C. Duncan

Now we said before we'd be back once more  
For another music spree  
And we kept our word, as you've all just heard,  
Doing CD number 3!  
But the songs are sung, and the time has come  
To be heading down once more  
To the world below where we love to go  
Cause we're cavers to the core!!

## CHORUS

*Cavers to the core, me b'yes,  
We're cavers to the core  
As we play and sing, don't forget one thing  
We're cavers to the core!!*





# ***Dang You, Dangerous Dick!***

By Steve Boehm

I used to be happy go lucky  
Writing cave ballads that made me grin  
Once used to think that I didn't stink  
But I must reconsider again  
Back in the old days when I wrote a song  
It was always win, place, or show  
But since the Duckbusters arrived on the scene  
I keep singing this sad song of woe

## CHORUS

*Dang you, Dangerous Dick, please take a break,  
But not one of the musical kind  
Desist and cease, you're disturbing my peace  
You're driving me out of my mind  
Well I know that my singing is just second rate  
And I should practice more playing guitar,  
But please Mr. Dangerous and all you Duckbusters  
Hear me wherever you are*

You've made us all tighten our standards  
Sloppy ballads no longer sell  
Used to be, if it rhymed and had decent time  
I'd just enter and say, "What the hell!"  
But now when I'm writing a ballad  
In the back of my mind there's a voice  
Saying "It better not suck, or you'll be busted like a duck!"  
Dangerous Dick, you leave me no choice

Perhaps you could take a vacation,  
or spend more time caving instead  
Stop writing ballads we all sing along to  
Your dang songs stick in my head  
I don't even know you, we've never met,  
And I'll bet you're a hell of a guy  
But please take some time off, go on a cruise  
Take up golf, write a book, learn to fly

Well I know when I'm beat, I know when I'm busted  
But I just can't resist one more try  
So here's one more ballad, one last gasping effort  
To win Best of Show before I die  
And if it's not a winner, well I've got some others  
rattling around in my brain  
Someday if I'm lucky, Dick Danger won't enter  
And I'll have half a chance once again!

