

Dangerous Dick
and the Duckbusters

The In Too Deep
Songbook

Lyrics From the First Album

**For copies of the album
or more information:**

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On the Surface Once Again

(Words © 2003: Adrian C. Duncan. Tune: Rolling Down to Old Maui (Trad.)

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife we cavers undergo
But we don't give a damn when the caving's done how hard the crawls did go
For we're upward bound on the final round, never mind any aches and pains
'Cause we won't give a damn with a beer in hand on the surface once again!

**On the surface once again, me b'yes
On the surface once again!
We won't give a damn with a beer in hand
On the surface once again!**

Once more we climb on a well-rigged line to the trees and the open sky
It's been quite a while since we left the top, but we'll be there by and by,
Eight hours or more we've toiled away, and at times it's been a strain
But the end is near and we'll raise a cheer on the surface once again!
Now the route was rough and the rigging was tough, but we knew that it would
go

The drops went quick but the mud was slick and the squeeze went kinda slow
So we've taken our time as again we climb past the avens, pots and drains
But the end is near, we can smell that beer on the surface once again!
Now it's hard to say how we got this way, getting kicks far underground
But all we know is that down below there's adventure all around

So every trip has a different kick, but they always end the same
As together we stand with a beer in hand on the surface once again
Yes, it's a damn tough life full of toil and strife we cavers undergo
But we don't give a damn when the caving's done how hard the crawls did go
For we're upward bound on the final round, never mind any aches and pains
'Cause we won't give a damn with a beer in hand on the surface once again!

Mole in a Hole

Words and music © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan

I'm a mole in a hole, and I never stay still
Digging ev'ry day from hill to hill
Munchin' them worms as I do my rounds
I'm the undisputed ruler of the underground!!

*I'm a mole in a hole, and I like it that way
Scoop a little booty each and every day
It's a livin' for me, though to you it's play
Just a mole in a hole, but I like it that way!!!*

Watching you cavers sure is fun
Squirmin' and a-wrigglin' like a worm on the run!
Followin' a passage you can never call home
Borrowin' your holes, 'cause you cain't dig yer own!

All that gear sure looks like a pain
Pack it all in, then pack it out again!
Don't need a duffel bag slowin' me down
'Cause everything I need is already underground!

Riggin' all the pitches, boltin' all the walls
Draggin' all your tackle through the ducks and the crawls
When it comes to gear, folks, I got ya all beat
'Cause all I ever need is my own front feet!

Now your main ambition is to find sump'n new
Talkin' 'bout scoopin', that's all I ever do!!
If I wanna go places no-one's ever been before
All I gotta do is just dig a little more!!

It All Sounds like Bullshit to Me

Words and Music © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan

There's a cave around here (though I'll never tell where!)
That makes all the others look small
We dropped the first pitch on the fourteenth of March
We never got back 'till the Fall!
The halls are so big and the crawls are so long
To believe it, you've just got to see
And to make the trip finer, there's an exit in China
So we stopped off for egg rolls and tea!

*So let's hear yer stories of past caving glories
Tell a tale that's as tall as can be!!
I'll not be the one to deny that it's fun
Though it all sounds like bullshit to me!!*

Now I once knew a bloke who attempted a squeeze
'Twas the tightest I ever did see
When he first started in, he stood five foot nine
When he backed out, he stood six foot three!!!
Each attempt made him taller and his waistline got smaller,
As he tried it again and again
But he did himself in 'cause he slipped in the shower
And washed himself straight down the drain!

Now I once dropped a pitch that would give you the twitch
It went deeper than we'd ever been
We used all our rope, but there wasn't a hope
'Cause the bottom still couldn't be seen
So we braided some lines from a few handy vines
Cut the hair from our beards for a sling
And we finished the bitch with a double half-hitch
That we tied with some odd bits of string!

Now I once did a cave where the bats were so big
That you'd swear they could lift you with ease
We tried to blend in by rigging some slings
So we could hang upside down by our knees!
But we all failed the test, and the bats weren't impressed
And disturbing them proved our mistake
'Cause they all headed up, flew away with our truck
And dumped it right into the lake!!

The Cop-out Calypso

Words © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan & Pete Curtis

*Talkin' 'bout reasons not to go cavin'
Let's stay home an' watch de telly instead!
If anybody ask you why you not cavin'
Tell 'em you've a headache an' go straight back to bed!!*

Look at all me rope, mon, Lordy, what a tangle!
Take me half de day to sort it out once more.
Me webbing an' me 'biners are all in a mangle
Just thinkin' 'bout de hassle make me head feel sore!!!

*Dat another good reason not to go cavin'
Let's stay home an' watch de telly instead!
If anybody ask you why you not cavin'
Tell 'em you've a headache and go straight back to bed!!*

Look at me cavin' suit, back from de laundry
Never bin so clean since I don' know when!
If I went a-cavin', I'd only get it dirty
And then I'd have to take it to de laundry once again!!

Dat another good reason, etc.

Look at all de rain, mon, my, what a downpour!
Ducks all sumped an' de pitches overflow
So if we went caving, we have to do de backstroke
Gonna get us wet from de head to de toe!!

Try to tell me wife we gonna go cavin'
She say I gotta paint de kitchen instead
Den she say I gotta pick de weed from de garden
An' if I don' do it, mon, I gonna be dead!!

Talking Cavin' Blues

© 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan

Blowin' along up the ol' dirt road
I wuz poundin' hard an' a-haulin' mah load
When I see this cave way up on the hill
An' I thought it wuz mebbe time ta chill
Take a look-see.....
Let mah tyres cool down!

So I parked th' ol' truck, headed up the hill
'Till I got to the hole, give me quite a thrill
'Cause it wuz big an' black an' cold an' damp
An' I wished that I had mah trusty lamp.....
Used all muh candles last trip.....
They didn't taste half bad!!

Well, I headed back to camp to rouse the crew
Now you'd think that wouldn't be so hard ta do.....
But from half a mile you could hear 'em snore
'Cause they'd all hit town the night before
For just one round.....
Or two.....
Or maybe three.....
Or.....what the heck
The brewin' industry deserves the support o' the cavin' community!!!

It wuz kinda like tryin' to wake the dead
But some buckets o' stream-water over their heads
Soon had 'em all up and feelin' keen
Though some wuz actin' a trifle mean
Like I'd done something wrong?!?!?
Like I'd pissed them off?!?!?
Hell, I did 'em a favour!!
Saved em' havin' to take a shower!!

The Caver's Complaint

© 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan)

*Moan, groan, whinging away
Bitching and griping the whole bleedin' day!
So roll out yer grumbles, no need for restraint
Let's hear the rest of yer caver's complaint!!*

Why do the squeezes get tighter each year??
When I was young, they were nothing to fear
But now getting past them is always a pain
And don't try to tell me the beer is to blame!!

When we rig a ladder, why can't it hang straight??
It piles up on ledges or hangs up on flakes
And once it's been sorted, it's no fun at all
'Cause it drops you straight down through the main waterfall!!!

Why did the good Lord make water so wet??
Getting soaked to the skin makes it hard to forget
That if caving was meant to be our favourite thing
We'd be born wearing dry-suits instead of our skins!!

Why do the crawlways get choked up with mud??
Go just a few meters, and you're covered with crud!
And that's when yer drybag develops a leak
So when you eat lunch, there'll be mud on yer teeth!!

Why do the cave divers use so much air?
There's plenty up here, but they want it down there!
And we get to pack it so they can have fun
Either they're really smart, b'yes, or we're really dumb!!

Why can't the big pitches always go down??
Descending's a breeze 'till you have to turn round!
The return trip's a bastard, you're shagged out and sore
It's a wonder you're willing to come back for more!!

Moaning and groaning and whinging all day
If it weren't for the gripes, there'd be nothing to say!
I've heard enough bitching to last for some time
Stick yer caver's complaints where the sun doesn't shine!!!

Creepy Crawlways

© 2003 Adam LaRusic & Adrian C. Duncan

*Down, down, down in the underground
If you hear a sound, don't turn around
There's lots of scary beasties
Lurking down the pots
But the caver is the strangest of the lot!!*

There's the North Vancouver Island Cave Mosquito
It's as big as a pig, but it can fly!
And once it sinks its stinger in
You'll be a dried-up bag of skin
And you can kiss your caving days goodbye!

The pool piranhas swarm in watery caverns
Careful, caver, where you put your feet!
With gnashing fangs, they all attack
Chew on yer boots and nibble yer pack
Power bars are their favourite things to eat!

If you ever spend your Halloween a-caving
You'll find the Balrog Ballroom deeper down
The skeletons rattle their broken bones
The banshee wails and the phantom moans
The vampire bats are flying all around!

But the scariest of all's the witless caver
"Spelunker" is the name that he goes by
He caves alone with just one light
A worn-out rope and boots too tight
Looking for a cave in which to die!!

So before you pack your drybags and ascenders
Steel your nerves and buck up for a scare
'Cause once you leave the top behind
You never know just what you'll find
So all my caving buddies, please beware!!

A Caver's Question

Words and music © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan

I remember the time when first I went caving
The fear and excitement that went hand in hand
Someone asked me the question "Why the hell do you do it???"
And I tried to find words that he'd understand

If I spoke of the times when the going got rugged
With darkness and danger upon every hand
He'd just say "You're crazy!!" and turn on the telly
No, those weren't the words to help him understand
If I spoke of belays while I climbed down the pitches
Of placing my life in another man's hands
He'd say I was nuts and return to his paper
No, those weren't the words to help him understand
If I spoke of the crawls, the chasms and streamways
The pots and the fissures that I'd had to span
He'd say "Why risk your life in the cold, clammy darkness??
Why the hell do you do it??!? I don't understand!"
If I told him of sights that would make your eyes glisten
The underground beauty so fragile and grand
He'd say "Man, that's nothing! Check out these cheerleaders!!"
And I'd know that I'd failed to help him understand
And others I met asked me the same question
While eying me sideways as if I was damned
And I'd try to explain the spell of the caverns
But the words wouldn't come to help them understand
Then I met an old caver who'd grown grizzled and wiry
Exploring the caverns all over this land
And I said to myself "He won't ask me the question
'Cause the answer's within him - he understands!"

The Dying Caver

Words and music © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan

A grizzled old caver lay dying
His drybag supporting his head
His rope-mates around him were sighing
As he raised on his elbow and said:

(Chorus)

*"Wrap me up in me trusty space blanket
Stand a beer at me head and me toe
And lay me down deep in the limestone
Where the cave pearls and stalactites grow"*

"Now I've caved since I was just a nipper
There was never a pitch that I spurned
But the time's come at last, I must go now
Down the pitch from which no-one returns!
Tell Bill that I haven't forgotten
'Bout the ten bucks for beer that I owe
He'll just have to collect when he joins me
In the place where all good cavers go!"

"Now I hope that yez all can forgive me
For the time when by me you were led
Down that mud-crawl I swore would lead onwards
That led back to the entrance instead!
And the time when we got to the surface
With a thirst we were gasping to slake
But we found when we opened my cooler
That I'd only brought Sprite by mistake!"

"But what's that I heard someone whisper
'Let's go for a brew once he's dead'?!?
Just lend me a hand, I'll go with yez
And maybe die next week instead!!!"

Bottom of the Hole, Startin' Up Again Blues

Words © 2003 by Adrian C. Duncan, music by Adam LaRusic

When I woke up this morning an' staggered out of bed
My head felt like a football an' my eyes felt like fried eggs
I had this cavin' trip lined up, but the party was a blast!
I made it to the cave somehow, though life was ebbing fast
Now I've somehow reached the bottom, but it's nuthin' but bad news
I got the bottom of the hole, startin' up again blues!!

Well, it mighta bin the whiskey, it mighta bin the beer
I shoulda stuck to orange juice to keep my thinkin' clear
Or better yet, I shoulda tried to get a good night's sleep
'Cause I knew this cave was really tough, and I knew that it was deep
But now we're at the bottom, an' I really need a snooze
I got the bottom of the hole, startin' up again blues!!

My descender's actin' funny 'cause it's getting' kinda worn
My cavin' suit is leakin' 'cause it's getting' kinda torn
My lamp is getting' foggy an' the battery life's in doubt
My boots just keep on slippin' 'cause the soles are all worn out
Yes, my gear is a disaster and my body is abused
I got the bottom of the hole, startin' up again blues!!

Now descending is the easy bit, it's mostly kinda fun
But we're down 300 meters and the work has just begun!
My legs feel kinda wobbly and my Croll keeps gettin' stuck
My pack's half full of water and these Power Bars really suck!
But I might as well git goin', ain't got nuthin' much ta lose
'Cept these bottom of the hole, startin' up again blues!

So all you cavin' cowboys, take a lesson from this song
Don't ever go off cavin' when you've really tied one on
Take care of your equipment if ya plan on goin' deep
Steer clear of too much whiskey, always get a good night's sleep
Or else someday you'll find yourself a'standin' in my shoes
With them bottom of the hole, startin' up again blues!!

One More Pitch, but She's a Bitch

(Words: © 2003 Adrian C. Duncan. tune: Turkey in the Straw)

Now we've been down the hole since I don't know when
And we're back to the entrance pitch again
Now they mostly haven't been so very hard to take
But this last one's a bugger, make no mistake!

**One more pitch, but she's a bitch
Don't look twice or yer nerves'll twitch
Just tighten up yer rigging, take another half-hitch
'Cause there's ten beers a'waiting after one more pitch!!**

Now the ducks were easy and the crawls went fine
So we've all been 'n had ourselves a real good time
But now we're feeling an alcoholic drought
Only one more pitch, b'yes, an' we'll be out!!

Now a caver's thirst is a legendary thing
And to fail to respond to it would be a sin
So pick up the pace, get yer asses in gear
'Cause the beer's on the surface but we're still down here!!

