

# Album: I Have Missed You at My Table

Artist: Mary Crowell

## Lyrics

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1. Agatha Crane (Copyright 2017 by Mary C Crowell)

Agatha Crane is going insane  
As she wanders a mansion of madness.  
The kitchen walls bleed, and all the halls lead  
To a dimension of horror and sadness.

She sometimes gets scared as she wanders the lair  
Of an eccentric who's living in Innsmouth.  
As a mob outside swarms, our lady informs  
"We'll need daggers to chop off their fins with."

Chorus:

Agatha is brave and wise until she hears the  
Eldritch cries  
Of cultists. How the Dagon priest chants of deep  
ones now released!  
Or Shoggoth wanders from the sea and warbles  
Tekelili-li.  
Oh bring back, bring back, bring back Cthulhu to  
me to me  
Oh pour Miss Crane a pot of tea.

The butler on staff gives a terrified laugh  
Before blithely removing his eyeballs.  
Singing begins, making worldly veils thin.  
No fences will save them or high walls.

Chorus

Agatha Crane is going insane  
As she wanders a mansion of madness.  
The kitchen walls bleed, and all the halls lead  
To a dimension of horror and sadness.

Agatha Crane is wracking her brain  
To turn all her horror to clues.  
She'll play it by ear and conquer her fear  
And pray that her mind will not unglue.

Oh bring back, bring back, bring back Cthulhu to  
me to me  
Oh pour Miss Crane a pot of tea.

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## 2. Mama's Dice Lament (Copyright 2016 by Mary C Crowell)

Chorus:

Don't tell Mama that I had to borrow her dice.  
If she told us once about that,  
Well you know she told us twice.  
"When you let other people use them,  
"They will find ways to lose and abuse them.  
"And it's gotten hard to excuse them,  
"So just don't let them borrow my dice."

That's her favorite twenty sider; it sparkles and all  
Replaced the one in blue. It made her acrobat fall.  
There's a couple of percentiles let her make her god call,  
And she keeps them in a velvet drawstring bag.

See those four cubes rolling sixes on her sneak attack  
She stole that one from Robert. (She ain't giving it back.)  
If she's missing even one, she's aware of the lack.  
And she hides them in a velvet drawstring bag.

Chorus

There's the octahedron rolling eights for cure light to heal  
Icosahedrons loudly rolling carved in marble and steel.  
Red and yellow foamy dice made to squeeze and to feel  
And she holds them in a velvet drawstring bag.

Chorus

And the one with faded crayon numbers she never rolls  
It killed her fighter mage in a cave with some gnolls.  
Her dice will often fail her though she pleads and cajoles,  
Still she keeps them in a velvet drawstring bag.

Chorus

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### 3. What's the DM Gonna Do? (Copyright 2019 by Mary C Crowell)

What's the DM gonna do when half the players show?  
"Sure I guess it's fine," they say. But if you really want to know.  
It's gonna need a rewrite or the players here will die.  
I stayed up all night to make this game right  
And here's the thing: I'm gonna try.  
I'm gonna try. I'm gonna try.

I'll have some coffee—then I'll drink more of the same.  
The mighty bitey bean—will save my game.  
It may be black or maybe with cream  
I'll need to change the sorcerer's dream.  
The cleric has the flu today—the halfling's gone away.

What's the DM gonna do when half the players show?  
"Sure I guess it's fine," they say. But if you really want to know.  
It's gonna need a rewrite or the players here will die.  
I stayed up all night to make this game right  
And here's the thing: I'm gonna try.  
I'm gonna try. I'm gonna try.

I'll have some coffee—then I'll know just what to do  
The mighty bitey bean is adventure's bestest brew  
I'd drink it cold though then it tastes vile  
We replaced the druid and her strong crocodile  
With this tame NPC that I just named Lyle.  
When did planning games become such a trial?  
The no-show rogue has all their cash. My plot line's in the trash.

What's the DM gonna do when half the players show?  
"Sure I guess it's fine," they say. But if you really want to know.  
It's gonna need a rewrite or the players here will die.  
I stayed up all night to make this game right  
And here's the thing: I'm gonna try.  
I'm gonna try. I'm gonna try.

I'll have some coffee—then I'll drink and drink some more.

The mighty bitey bean will remind me what the dice are for.  
The fighter will be fighting a duel.  
The bard can heal, so I will be cruel.  
The mage can Skype our session from school.  
She's my kid so that might make it cool.  
The ranger has a thing at eight—it's probably a date.

What's the DM gonna do when half the players show?  
"Sure I guess it's fine," they say. But if you really want to know.  
It's gonna need a rewrite or the players here will die.  
It's gonna need a rewrite or the players here will die.  
It's gonna need a rewrite or the players here will die.  
I stayed up all night to make this game right.  
And here's the thing: They're gonna die!

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#### 4. When I Was a Little Rat (Full Company) (Copyright 2019 by Mary C Crowell)

When I was a little rat  
My uncles told me  
You'll sail the seas for the Screavy's, Our Niece.  
You are a little rat  
But brave as can be. Here's  
Silver for easing your grieving, Our Niece.

Chorus:  
We are sailing  
Each with a story inside  
Oceans, secrets,  
All have something to hide.

There is a little ring  
It hides our first mate (from)  
devils who threaten his Father (their king)  
He lost that little thing  
And troubles await  
Getting it back is a bother.

There is a little gnome  
They do as he bids  
Some fear compassion's forsaken (It is.)  
He's got an octopus  
Don't call it a squid!  
But it kept us safe from the kraken (It did.)

Sometimes they call him mad  
The anchors aweigh  
The ship setting off with its haul  
Vincent will giggle then  
And Squiggles will say  
that he'll show them. He'll show them all!

Chorus

The gambler is dealing cards,  
He's more than a bard  
Someday he'll lose his last penny.  
He's just a little scared  
'Cause destiny's hard  
He'll serve the Deck of the Many.

Here is a lovely mast  
As tall as can be  
The tree for a dryad to live in.  
The druid that loved her best  
Impressed and at sea  
How good is she at forgiving?

Chorus

The ranger's a princely sort  
With almost a twin  
That sent him to sail as fresh meat (in his place.)  
He's never going home  
No never again  
His brother is wearing his face.

Serving my Shifty Lord  
This rat knows her task  
I'll sail the seas—for the Screavy's, I roam.  
I've got my little sword  
And here is my mask!  
Such silver to trade with the greedy for home.

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5. Evil Dice Tango (Copyright 2019 Words by Ian Badcoe and Mary C Crowell, Copyright  
2019 Music by Mary C Crowell)

I remember my first character with some affection,  
a bar-fighting barbarian--he'd no discretion--  
in a brawl he could throw your paladin in any direction  
and I was feeling pretty good about his progression  
until we met the goblin with the stick.

The goblin was quite gobby and got right in my face  
he called me unprofessional which wasn't the case  
I unlimbered my broadsword to put him in his place  
I won initiative and swung with natural grace  
and then I rolled a one and broke my leg.

Chorus:

Evil dice, I've got, evil dice!  
They like to kill me my characters , it's not very nice...  
There's no way I can fight them,  
they can always devise  
some way to turn the tables  
and throw a surprise  
disaster in the face of victory.

So then I tried a half-elven assassin  
all slender blades and vials of poison but classy  
with the dealing death and not averse to passing  
witty remarks over a body she'd been recently outclassing  
and then she tried to sneak out past the guards.

I was making checks for hiding and stealth  
she was smirking in a shadow, couldn't help herself,  
and then I rolled a one and brushed up slightly 'gainst a shelf  
of armour that went crashing on the floor and by itself  
a helmet went bouncing down the stairs  
[ clang, clang, clatter, bash...sad. ]

Chorus

Then I thought I'd dabble in the arcane,  
gather some eldritch power and go insane,  
made a necromancer, used the power of his brain  
and summoned shambling things that shouldn't come into this plane.  
I made him cool, and austere, he'd treat the living with disdain.

So when we came to our climactic fight.  
I was nowhere near the front, it was delightful  
to be sending zombies down the room to flank them on the right,  
when I threw a one, but only stumbled slightly,  
threw one again, trod on my robe and sprawled  
into my own magic circle ....

Chorus X2

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6. The Xbox Makes You Antisocial (Copyright 2010 by Lilium Crowell and Mary C Crowell)

The Xbox makes you antisocial.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

The cell phone makes you think that you're being social.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

The dryer lint makes you think you are creative.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

Chorus:

All these things fool you into thinking

You're very . . . very. . . copacetic.

Your job makes you think that you are contributing.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

Verse

Your cubicle makes you think you are important.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

Computer makes you think that you are connected.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

The internet makes you feel you are informed.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

Chorus

Bridge

Social technology is making a fool of me!

Your bank makes you think that you've got it covered.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

Texting makes you think that you are a writer.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

Recycling makes you think you'll save the world.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

Chorus (Variant):

Then there's a bridge – that bridge is to nowhere.

Aha, Aha. Aha, Aha.

Social technology

Has made a fool out of me.

Social technology

Has made a fool out of me.

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7. Runner Five (Album Version) (Copyright 2014 by Mary C Crowell)

Almost done with Season One, next mission on the list!  
Nothing interrupts the run: on that I do insist.  
I fiddle with my earbuds; check the laces on my shoe.  
I need another gear to get my farm to level two.

For Abel I've been running—Abel Township, that's the place.  
Find supplies and get resources, 'cause I'm building up my base.  
My pace is getting faster as I run most ev'ry day,  
Listening to the runners getting bitten, going gray.

Chorus:

I'm Runner Five. I am staying alive,  
So my town can survive.  
I can run, so I run for my Abel.  
Running and running for Abel Town.  
Faster so zombies won't chase me down  
Running and running for Abel Town.

My helicopter crashed right outside of Abel Town.  
A rocket launcher shot it—brought my transportation down.  
And worse it fell a place where flights of zombies like to roam.  
A zombie Runner Five named Alice chased me to my home.

I'm wearing her old number with her backpack on my back  
Listening on the radio to Eugene and to Jack.  
Apocalypse is recent. There are sports bras to be found,  
Chipotle apps, and ammo lying thick upon the ground.

Chorus

I've cried with Doctor Myers, and I might be sweet on Sam.  
That Runner Eight won't trust me, but I do not give a damn.  
I'm useful for the intel and supplies that I can bring.  
As Runner Five I listen, but I never say a thing.

And I really hope that Jodi (Runner Four) will get to live.  
She likes knitting, and she's careful. Her death, I won't forgive,  
But runners do get bitten. There's a cough and then a moan.  
A cure for going gray is alas, a thing unknown.

Chorus

Bridge:

I'm not ready to die—  
Hope is in good supply;  
On my missions I fly;  
We need food on the table.  
And I'm Runner Five;  
There is no doubt that I've  
Got the heart and the drive  
I run fast, for my Abel.

Faster so zombies won't chase me down  
Running and running for Abel Town.

There are many Runner Fives avoiding zombies while they run,  
Many of them geeks like me discovered that it's fun.  
It's cool to check your numbers, see your route upon the map.  
I might be just a little bit addicted to this app.

Chorus

Faster so zombies won't chase me down  
Running and running and running and running for Abel Town!

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8. I Have Missed You at My Table (Copyright 2021 by Mary C Crowell)

I have missed you at my table  
The dice have gathered dust.  
The dice jail is uncovered—  
If it weren't plastic, there'd be rust.  
Our meetings have been all online  
Court dates, weddings too  
I miss the scent of dry erase  
And playing games with you.

Chorus:  
Whoooooah! Gaming in person!  
Whoooooah! Gaming a lot!  
Whoooooah! Here's to conventions  
And being in one spot.

So while I wait through quarantine  
And impatiently I pace,  
I'm grateful for technology  
That lets me see your face.  
Although our bubbles haven't merged,  
Trust me I'm still your friend.  
And when pandemic's over  
We will surely toast its end.

Chorus

I realize we are not quite there  
I haven't booked my stay.  
That lovely day is coming  
And darling we will play!  
Til then let's be quite careful, Dear.  
Too soon to roll the dice.  
We can do it virtually  
And that will be still be nice.

But one day . . .

Chorus

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## 9. Hat of Disguise (Copyright 2019 by Mary C Crowell)

Chorus:

Hat of disguise, hat of disguise!  
I can look like an angel  
Or the mother of lies.  
The guard hasn't made me, but poor thing he tries.  
I'm over here laughing in my hat of disguise.

Chapeaus and bowlers. Oh! I do adore  
Stetson and a watch chain for Saint James.  
For robbing folks some people like to wear fedoras.  
But, it's hard to earn a livin'  
With this partner I've been given.  
His fashion sense can't win him acclaims.

Chorus

[Fiddle Chorus]

I tap the hat three times. My face and clothing  
will change and rearrange but just the look.  
My face will make you smile or feel full of loathing.  
It cannot change me really.  
If you smell me or you feel me  
You'll find I'm just a silly old crook.

Chorus

I'm working here to make a little money.  
Hope we all remember our lines.  
That guard who took the bribe is behaving so funny.  
I've gotten good at acting.  
Let's hope I can be tactful  
And slip a little thing in his wine.

Chorus X2

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10. The Tiniest Bit of the Powder (Copyright 2017 by Mary C Crowell)

Albina and Molly  
Ella and Grace  
In Orange, New Jersey  
You worked in the place—  
The factory on Third Street  
With beautiful paint.  
You mixed it up daily  
With not one complaint  
And painted the trays full of dials.  
The tiniest bit of the powder  
Mixed with the water and gum,  
You girls lipped your brushes to point them,  
And happily chatted with chums.

Chorus:

Radium Girls  
There are stories about you  
Radium girls  
Your beautiful glow  
Radium Girls  
Your bones were too fragile  
Radium Girls  
Your Dials in a row

Bridge:

Orange, New Jersey and  
Ottawa, Illinois

Catherine and Charlotte and  
Olive and Pearl  
The Radium Dial  
Where the luckiest of girls  
Got jobs in the cleanest,  
most healthful of work.  
And playing with paint  
Was your favorite perk  
The 'ghost girls' would glow like their dials.  
The tiniest bit of the powder  
Would get in your clothes and your hair.  
You could see it best in the darkness  
How the dust would hang in the air.

Chorus

Sisters and cousins  
All glowing at night  
But in just a few years,  
You weren't feeling alright.  
The dentists and doctors  
were worried, confused  
The company's treasurers  
flatly refused  
To connect this with painting the dials.

The tiniest bit of the powder  
Was safe as safe as could be,  
But day after day of ingesting it  
Some felt it first in the knees.

Bridge:

Molly had gotten a toothache  
And then her condition got worse.  
Her bones began aching then rotting  
As if she were under a curse.

Chorus

After all they had said about radium  
You girls were excited to be  
Getting to work with that magic.  
You glowed with delight we could see.

Chorus

Tag:

Radium Girls  
Radium Girls  
Radium Girls  
Your dials in a row.

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11. Bump in the Cellar (Copyright 2019 by Mary C Crowell)

Bump went something in the cellar.  
We went down there together.  
A skitter above us  
And then a slam  
Does nobody love us  
Or give a damn?

We're trapped with something in the cellar.  
We're trapped down here all together.  
We're gamers and good ones  
And here's our dice  
I understand once  
You make it twice

Refrain One:  
Bump— Bump— Bump in the cellar.  
Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump in the cellar.

If I were the noise in the cellar (cellar)  
I wouldn't take us on when we're together (uh uh)  
Make us split up  
'Cause then we're weak  
I'd cook us for supper  
Served up with leeks.

Why stalk the noise in the cellar (cellar)?  
Party—get out XP together (Mm mm)  
A skitter. It's near us.  
And then a roar.  
I wish that it feared us  
What's a fighter for?

Refrain Two:  
Bump— Bump—  
Went something in the cellar  
Bump— Bump—  
We'll handle it together!  
We'll need our cleric in the cellar (cellar)  
Fights go better together. (Mm mm)  
The tiles always run red  
We rarely talk  
To ochers and undead  
That ooze or walk.

Bump does something in the cellar (cellar)  
So we all message together (Mm mm)  
A skitter. We found it!  
And then our mage  
Cast something and bound it.  
It's in a cage.

Refrain One:  
Bump— Bump— Bump in the cellar.  
Bump Bump Bump Bump Bump in the cellar.

Refrain Two:  
Bump— Bump—  
Went something in the cellar  
Bump— Bump—  
We'll handle it together!

We've dealt with the noise in the cellar (cellar)  
Should have never locked us down here together  
(uh uh)  
A rogue and a lock-pick  
A killing spree  
Before the old clock ticks  
We're out and free.  
Bump went something in the cellar.

Refrain Two: [X2]  
Bump— Bump—  
Went something in the cellar  
Bump— Bump—  
We'll handle it together!

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## 12. What Shall I Do With My Players (Copyright 2017 by Mary C Crowell)

What Shall I Do with my players?  
They all think they're powerful slayers.  
They've slapped around all the things that they've found  
Whether monsters or just nay sayers.

Now that their levels are epic,  
Planning has made me dyspeptic  
It's not enough just to make it more tough.  
Sending them after more relics

How much flavor text should I put in?  
How To make it feel fresh when they win?  
These are the thoughts--in my brain they spin.  
What Shall I Do with my players?

What Shall I Do at this session?  
And here is my little confession.  
Their butts in the chair mean that I have to care.  
And that's thrown me into depression.

I worry that they all will grow bored  
So I make up these sessions, and Oh lord--  
The crazy shit they make up  
themselves in that tale Is the part that goes well.

Players want entertainers  
Who give them all loot and no-brainers.  
Put them back in time or forward past their prime  
Or hell, send them all extra planar.

What Shall I Do with my players?  
They all think they're powerful slayers. (And they're right.)  
They've slapped around all the things that they've found  
Whether monsters or just nay sayers.  
What Shall I Do with my Players?

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13. When I Was a Little Rat (Vincent and Temple) (Copyright 2019 by Mary C Crowell)

When I was a little rat  
My uncles told me  
You'll sail the seas for the Screavy's, Our Niece.  
You are a little rat  
But brave as can be. Here's  
Silver for easing your grieving, Our Niece.

Hiding my nature here  
This rat knows her task  
I'll sail the seas—for the Screavy's I roam!  
I've got my little sword  
And here is my mask!  
I've silver to trade with the greedy for home.

Chorus:  
Chorus:  
We are sailing  
Each with a story inside  
Oceans, secrets,  
All have something to hide.

Vincent's a little gnome  
Gone 'round the bend.  
Some fear he's mad and forsaken (He is.)  
He's such a little gnome  
With an octopus friend.  
But he kept us safe from the kraken (He did.)

Sometimes they call him mad  
The anchors aweigh  
The ship setting off with its haul (in the hold)  
Vincent will giggle then  
And Squiggles will say

that he'll show them. He'll show them all!

Chorus

One cold and foggy night  
We had to explore  
A ship all adrift—take its measure.  
A shark ate our sailors up  
And then what is more  
A priest beat our skiff to the treasure.

We fought a little bit  
But during the strife  
The priest fired the ship, and we're going. (away)  
Vincent can summon things.  
I'm good with a knife.  
We'll find a way to keep rowing. (today)

Chorus

That little octopus  
Its eyes look so wise  
I will keep silent about them (I will)  
The gnome knows my nature now  
But, we'll tell the world lies  
And none will have causes to doubt them. (for ill)

Serving my Shifty Lord  
This rat knows her task  
I'll sail the seas—for the Screavy's I roam!  
I have my little sword  
Here is my mask.  
Such silver to trade with the greedy for home.

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14. Why Did You Roll Your Dice Like That? (Copyright 2019 by Mary C Crowell)

Why did you roll your dice like that?  
Why did you roll your eyes like that?  
Everyone knows that's how you get a one.  
I'm just explaining how to have more fun.  
It's all in the wrist.

You just give it a twist.  
Well, ignore that number I rolled.  
I was not warmed up,  
And the die hit a cup.  
That rolling your eyes thing is getting old.

Why did you roll your dice like that?  
Why did you roll your eyes like that?  
Everyone knows that's how you get a one.  
Let the DiceMaster show you how it's done.

You just pucker your lips  
And you blow on the pips  
Yeah, that only works on the cubes.  
Icosahedrons are  
The bigger challenge by far  
And I don't share that secret with  
Newbs.

So, why did you roll your eyes like that?  
And how did you roll a twenty that's 'Nat'?  
Everyone knows that just uses up luck  
And that's my face that you hit when you  
gave it a chuck.

Chorus Variant Three and ending:  
Why did you roll your dice like that?  
Why did you roll your eyes like that?  
Everyone knows that's how you get a one.  
I'm just explaining  
I'm just explaining  
I'm just explaining how to have more fun.

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15. Truth on the Table (Copyright 2019 by Mary C Crowell)

I'm out of chips but I've got good dice.  
I've set my truth on the table  
If I lose it too, well I'm done anyway.  
And I've accomplished the best that I'm able.

Sometimes we'll share the jokes and the nuts,  
But when we lose we're alone.  
I think this game's not real for some  
They're throwing sticks when the world rolls bones.

My bets for a tomorrow  
Have been lately put on hold.  
Instead of dice it's been a shell game  
Played with Midas. And his gold  
Has been killing all the good things  
Breaking the bell before the truth rings.

I'm out of chips but I've got good dice.  
I've set out my truth on the table  
If I lose it too, well I'm done anyway.  
I've accomplished the best that I'm able.

I'll bet for tomorrow  
I'm not gonna fold.  
Let's change up the rules. No more shell game  
Look at Midas.  
Who for all of his gold  
Lost a game of life that all can play.  
But what will happen? Who's to say?

I'm grateful for the love of friends  
I fear for all as to how this ends.  
I've laid out the truth on the table  
Hoping that we will enable  
Hoping that we will enable  
I've laid out my truth on the table

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16. Why I Was Late (the Pony Song) (Copyright 2019 by Mary C Crowell)

Halfling rogues are always late.  
You hate waiting on us.  
You tell us all to hurry up.  
Complain about our slowness.

Chorus:

I know, I am late to the party.  
I know, I am slow to the show down.  
But I, I was hoping for a pony.  
I know, we have got to get moving.  
I know we have got a deadline.  
But there's, there's no pony they can loan me.  
Word has gotten around  
There are no mules to be found.  
You put one in the ground.  
Last time . . .  
And the time before that  
And the time before that  
And the time before that

Pony One was eaten up.  
Pony two got fireballed  
Pony three? He ran away  
Found him in the dance hall.  
Pony five fell in a pit  
Next one was a kelpie.  
Pony seven learned to talk  
We heard them yelling, "Help me!"  
[What about pony four?]

Chorus

[Fiddle Verse]

Every time we come back home  
I am out of acid.  
Holy water, everything.  
Need my shopping basket.  
Give me time for stocking up  
Get some healing potions.  
But the one thing I can't seem to find?  
Some form of locomotion.

Chorus