**The Old Brachiousaurus**

I’m an old brachiosaurus

I have walked near and far

but I’m old and tired now and

I really wish I had a car

then I would travel the world

and run away from the dino herd

I’d go to China on Monday morning

Brazil on Tuesday night

Sweden on Wednesday evening

I wanna see the northern lights

In my car I would go everywhere

the dino girls would just stop and stare

I’d go to Russia on Thursday morning

New Zeeland on Friday night

Hawaii when Saturday’s dawning

but on Sunday I’ll be homeward bound

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Tyrranosaurus rex**

I’m Tyrannosaurus rex

breaking everybody’s necks

trying to find some meat

that’s what I like to eat

I would eat your Grandpa’s feet

They taste oh so sweet

I’m tyrannosaurus rex

breaking everybody’s necks

trying to find some meat

that’s what I like to eat

I would eat your Grandpa’s feet

as an after dinner treat

They taste oh so sweet

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Shopping for a Brontosaurus**

I took my Brontosaurus to the mall in the fall

to do some shopping

we went into a store but they said

“What are you doing? Get him out of here!”

So I said:

He needs a fifty feet scarf and a pair

of super duper long XXXXXL underwear

“Eh, we don’t have that.”

It’s not easy you know

shopping for a Brontosaurus

it’s not easy at all

shopping for a Brontosaurus

it’s not easy getting clothes

for a Brontosaurus

Let’s see, what else do we need…

well, he’s gotta keep his head warm

a cap! About the size of a tent

“N’ah, we don’t have that”

Come on! What about “one size fits all”?

“Are you crazy?”

But you gotta have footwear

he’s a size fifteen thousand seventy two

“We DO have that!”

Great! Got any boots?

“No, just regular shoes”

D’oh!

It’s not easy you know

shopping for a Brontosaurus

it’s not easy at all

shopping for a Brontosaurus

it’s not easy getting clothes

for a Brontosaurus

“I think it’s time for you to leave now”

“What’s he doing?”

“He’s making a mess!”

“Hey! Spit out that shirt!”

“Get out of here!”

“Get out of my store, or I’ll call the police!”

Yeah, yeah. Let’s go. Bye, bye!

“Bye, bye! Thank you! NEVER come again!”

“Just look at this mess!”

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Trixie Triceratops**

Trixie Triceratops

doesn’t like pork chops

she is the vegetable eating kind

look at her running around

leaves and apples on her mind

and when she’s full she makes a sound

BURP!

and starts singing

RAAOW RAAOW RAAOW!

Trixie Triceratops

doesn’t like pork chops

she is the vegetable eating kind

look at her running around

leaves and apples on her mind

and when she’s full she makes a sound

(what is that sound?)

yeah, when she’s full she makes a sound

(a beautiful sound)

watch out now, she’s gonna make that sound

BURP!

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Itsy Bitsy Tinysaur**

I’m an itsy-bitsy Tinysaur

I’m about the size of a little spore

Maybe I’m so tiny I’m impossible to see

Everybody’s big and tall

But I’m just teeny-tiny small

My name’s Paul.

And I’m an itsy-bitsy Tinysaur

And now I’m even smaller than I was before

Maybe I’m so tiny I’m impossible to see

But if you hear a sound on the wind

buzzin’ like a tiny violin

it might be me

Yeah, it could be

Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi mi mi

Is there anybody out there like me

buzzing, trying to be seen

I’m waiting wistfully

mi, mi

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Running from a T. rex**

Runnin’ from a T. rex

Runnin’ from a T. rex

Runnin’ from a T. rex

Runnin’ from a T. rex

Runnin’ from a T. rex

Runnin’ from a T. rex

Runnin’ from a T. rex

Runnin’ from a T. rex

Runnin’ from a

terrifying T. rex

very scary T. rex

Runnin’ from a

T. rex

T. rex

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Clubtail**

Don’t you come around here

and mess with me

I’ve got clubtail, clubtail

Don’t you come around here

and mess with me

I’ve got clubtail, clubtail

Ankylosaurus, that’s my name

plates on my back and a club on my tail

but if you’re mean

and up to no good

you better watch it

or I’ll hit you with my club

Don’t you come around here

and mess with me

I’ve got clubtail, clubtail

Don’t you come around here

and mess with me

I’ve got clubtail, clubtail

I’m doing a dance

for all of my fans

watch me go into a fighting stance

but if you’re mean

and up to no good

you better watch it

or I’ll hit you with my club

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Egosaurus**

Everybody look at me

and tell me you what you see

a very special dinosaur

I don’t care for unity

not even a bit

I’m an egoist

and proud of it

An Egosaurus

only cares about himself

An Egosaurus

won’t give you any help

The dirty looking dinosaurs down by the bay

they starve and cry

but’s that okay

I would never help them

cos’ I am not to blame

every dino for himself

that’s the way

An Egosaurus

only cares about himself

An egosaurus

won’t give you any help

Ego!

Here we go!

E-GO!

E-GO!

An Egosaurus

only cares about himself

An egosaurus

won’t give you any help

- Aw, come on! Isn’t there like anyone you LOVE?

- Yes, I really love myself

- Whuut?

EGO!

- Wait a minute. What did he say?

- I think he said like “Myzelf”.

- “Myzelf”?

- Yeah.

- Hehe, “Myzelf”.

- Who is that?

- I have no idea.

- What a funny name.

- Yeah. Must be German.

- Ja!

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Did you see a dinosaur today**

Did you see a dinosaur today?

Did you see a dinosaur today?

maybe you think they’re not around

maybe you think they’re all in the ground

then one night you hear a sound

the footsteps of a million pounds!

Did you see a dinosaur today?

Did you see a dinosaur today?

maybe you think they’re not around

maybe you think they’re all in the ground

then one night you hear a sound

there’s something in the shadows

Run!

Run!!!

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Dino Blues**

This morning when I woke up

There was something at my door

This morning when I woke up

There was something at my door

‘twas the biggest thing I’ve seen

like a walking submarine

he squeezed into the kitchen

and ate all my food

he squeezed into the kitchen

and ate all my food

and right there on the table

he left a mountain of poo

Don’t ever get a dino

they’ll tear up the house

Don’t ever get a dino

they’ll tear up the house

next time I get a pet

I’m getting a mouse

or a louse

*Music and lyrics: Christian Tideman*

**Candysaurus Rex**

Last night I dreamt something quite complex

I met a Candysaurus Rex

his eyes were bubblegum

he had a giant chocolate bum

gotta say this dream had some cool effects

his feet had a delicious smell

I took a bite, it was caramel!

his claws were jelly beans

he wore cotton candy jeans

and he had breath mints for teeth

when you sleep and you dream

you can do what you want, you are free

nothing is what it seems

it’s hard to tell what is real

My new friend was a ”candyvore”

so we went for dinner at the candy store

we took a walk down by the lake

we made an everlasting shake

from the creamy waves at the sugar shore

when you sleep and you dream

you can do what you want, you are free

nothing is what it seems

it’s hard to tell what is real

As we were having apple tart

he let out the sweetest fart

then my dream seemed to fall apart

and I woke up with a start

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*

**Pterosaur lullaby**

Sweet little pterosaur

sleep like an angel

close your reptilian eyes to the world

tumble trough stardust

in dreamlike amazement

under my wing

till morning has come

Ooh, ooh…

life’s like a flight

through the night

towards dawn

*Music and lyrics: Carl-Otto Johansson*