

down the name of a special song might help other readers in a similar situation.

**HEY, WEB SEARCH:** I have a song on an old cassette (possibly from the '80s). I know all the words and the tune. It is one of my favorites. I do not know the name of the song. I think it is by the Oak Ridge Boys or Alabama. I have Googled the lyrics and gone to different lyric Web sites and have had no luck at even the ones that ask for full lyrics. If I knew the name of the song, I could buy the CD or the song, but so far nothing I have tried has worked.

—Bette Jacobs, Maple Grove, Minn.

**HERE ARE SOME TIPS, BASED ON WHAT I DID TO FIND HER SONG:**

— Start with Google (www.google.com). Don't bother with a specific lyrics site. There's no single great site that has every song, and most are cesspools of annoying ads and poor design.

— Search using bits of lyrics. Look for uncommon phrases in the song's words to use in your search. For example, Bette's song had phrases such as "my teardrops on your hand" and "we're a little less than lovers." Type them in exactly and surround them with quote marks to denote that they should be searched as a phrase, not individual words.

— Add the word "lyrics" to your search. Try that initially to help narrow your results. —Look for a repeated phrase. That's probably the song title. —Try All Music (www.allmusic.com). This corporate Web site has probably the biggest user-friendly music database, including vintage albums that have never been released on CD — although it might require free registration to use. Searching for the title "Every Now and Then," I came up with an old song by the Oak Ridge Boys. Bingo. It's an obscure song from an out-of-print album, 1979's "The Oak Ridge Boys Have Arrived."

Randy A. Salas

**MARCH: GREATEST MONTH OF THE YEAR?**

We're almost down to a week now before one of the greatest days of the year. That's right, St. Patrick's Day.

The one day, no matter what your situation, race, relationship status, gender, or social status, where you absolutely can't go wrong. Everybody is green on Patty's Day until the ability to decipher green from any other color becomes problematic.

The day when you start with pouring Guinness on your Cheerios in the morning rather than milk, then wash it down with sweet mix of Jameson, Bailey's and more Guinness.

If you're in a relationship, it is the most ideal holiday of them all. You can get sloshed with no repercussions whatsoever. No need to rush to Wal-Mart to pick up a cheap bouquet of flowers and a \$1 teddy bear. All you have to do is hand that significant other a green beer, and watch as they get more beautiful.

For singles, it's the ultimate mingle. On no other night are so many inhibitions thrown so emphatically to the wind. Plus there's leprechauns and people trying to do the River Dance. Celtic music, and girls who insist they are wearing green (but you just can't see it) with a wink. But it's also the day when people will buy other people drinks without any presumptions or need for reciprocity, at least in general.

Not only is St. Patty's Day

right around the corner, but so is America's single greatest sporting event.

The bracket, the office pool, the Cinderellas, the dance, the maddening, maddening dance. The one time you have absolutely no qualms about asking Julie, who hates sports, whether she watched the games last night when you

see her at the water cooler. Perhaps the only time you'll get your lady to sit down and watch the game with the same intensity as you, just because she has to beat the (insert comment here) at work in order to look down on that person for a day.

For the fanatic sports fan, it is the greatest singular concoction in all of sports. You don't even have to like basketball, and if you do, it's the one time of the year you will unabashedly take the risk of your boss catching you watching the realtime score ticker on your computer.

Besides that, snow melts, the sun comes out, and it's time to play outside. C'mon now, does it really get any better than March?

Drew

**RANDOM THOUGHTS FROM THE TOP OF A VOLCANO**

Last weekend I marched to the top of Volcán Baru, which happens to be the tallest mountain (11,400') in the Republic of Panama. I went with a group of 14, which included Panamanians, Mexicans, Costa Ricans, Irishmen, a Swede, a Russo-Canadian,

an Englishman, and a guy from Miami.

We all had a wonderful time, though I have to say our little overnight hiking and camping trip was a little more of an ordeal for some compared to others.

First off, there was the issue of the weather. In the pueblo of Boquete that we started from, the starting temperature was about 75 degrees. By the time we reached the top of the volcano, it was about 40 degrees.

At this point, the hombre from Miami donned six layers of clothing, and was still cold. I was feeling totally comfortable.

Then there was the issue of altitude. While most of the group seemed to be slowed down a little bit by the thinner air and the Englishman even succumbed to a mild case of altitude sickness... it was no problem for both the young, petite Swedish woman and myself.

It is moments like these that I am really glad to be from Colorado.

felix



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