



# SONGBOOK

## The Smoke Chaser Songbook

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All The Witches  
Angelina Aphrodesia  
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## 405

Mexican pharmacies, a foil-wrapped sun  
Frozen lips and a bloody thumb  
Creep like scorpions across the bed  
Three more bullets, baby, straight to my head

Eat the contraband, drive the car  
Santa Monica in the dark  
The devil wants to see you in his arms  
Across the borderlands, a mile too far

Infernal glow of a thousand tail lights  
Last of the valium keeps the serpent wrapped tight  
Speeding blindly, now I drive to forget  
I placed your naked bodies in the car wreck

### CHORUS

Angel baby, don't you get off on the 405 (2x)

Out of drugs south of Bakersfield  
How in the hell did I wind up here?  
A black wind through the valley tonight  
Shaky hands, disappearing headlights

### CHORUS

Angel baby, don't you get off on the 405 (4x)

### INSTRUMENTAL

Eat the contraband, drive the car  
Santa Monica in the dark  
The devil wants to see you in his arms  
Across the borderlands, a mile too far

## **Absentia Soleil**

When I was a dead man, my body resting in the riverbed  
I wandered for a winter, unaware that I was dead  
For months I studied my body like a fading map  
Desperately waiting in the river's log jam lap

The way winter came was a raven with a crown of frozen flame  
Black spruce mourners bent and drunken, singing songs of death and blame  
Idiot moon was wax and waning laughing madly overhead  
Bleach bone fields ever-looping, the land had long since bled  
the land had long since bled

Absentia soleil  
Let me in to dry my hair  
Absentia soleil  
Give me light and give me air  
Absentia soleil

Soleil soleil soleil so lay my body down  
Soleil soleil soleil so late the sun

At the heart of winter, a veil of blank eyes wide  
I found a trapper sharpening his knives  
Born blind by moonlight thrust steaming into ice  
He walked his trap lines soothing souls while their bodies died,  
soothing souls while their bodies died

### **CHORUS**

So I lay me down  
my soul for the season to keep  
the winter's deep but round  
and it's time for me to get some sleep

At the edge of reason, where the winds no longer blow  
I found your cabin, from its windows your life glowed  
Forty long nights begging for you to let me in  
Before I saw that I was really dead  
my body in the river bed

### **CHORUS**

### **BRIDGE**

## **All The Witches**

Oh mercy, blossoms rotting in a broken skull  
All the martyr blood you spill won't satisfy the bull  
Oh mercy, pluck the knuckles from the white-hot flames  
Roll them bones like little spells into the fire's remains

All the witches died in the spring  
Caught by the hunter, sold to the priest  
Drowned in the quarry or burned here with me.

### CHORUS

Oh mercy, bless the withered kidney root of God  
Stab it in the eye & stab it in the heart  
Oh mercy, tricky nipple, feed me in the dark  
Brush my filthy, matted hair & hitch me to your cart

### CHORUS

Drown all the witches  
oceans overflow  
Swim with me, Cassandra  
before the plague corrupts.

### CHORUS

Oh mercy, nest of witches huddled in a tree  
Coiled up like serpents, hiding from the priest  
Oh mercy, harvest moon, bloody as a plum  
They'll feast upon your wicked meat before the night is done

## **Angelina Aphrodisia**

D'Angelo's on the stereo  
and your swivel hips just go girl go  
Turn around the room, shake your boom-boom-boom  
Make me feel alright. Make me want to die.

Angelina Aphrodisia  
Sugar Czarina turn the whole world on  
Angelina Aphrodisia  
How could wicked be so absolutely sweet?

And the song "Golden Brown" keep my baby spinning round  
And the song "Golden Brown" reminds me how of your sweet love pours down

And you come to me in a samba dream  
like a Mardi Gras queen in a bullfight ring  
Turn gray seas green, paint fogbanks blue  
Like a lighthouse beam draw me straight to you

CHORUS

BRIDGE

## **Aquanaut**

Blind like me, blind like me

Dive Aquanaut, tighten your brass-fitted head gear  
Dive Aquanaut, ensure that your airways are all clear  
Dive Aquanaut, descend ever-darker atmospheres  
Dive Aquanaut, to slay for me what I fear most

On the bottom it feeds, on the bottom it feeds  
Blind like me

Blind like me, blind like me

Dive Aquanaut, spear me my many-armed reason  
Dive Aquanaut, silence the sound of my sirens  
Dive Aquanaut, net me my private leviathan  
Dive Aquanaut, slay for me what I fear most

On the bottom it feeds, on the bottom it feeds  
Blind like me

Dredge me free. I'm losing all feeling down here.  
All this fear is crushing my tin can body.  
Reel me in. I'm sinking too deep too quickly.  
Could it be that I am attached to nothing?

Dive Aquanaut, we'll honor your madness and folly  
Dive Aquanaut, saluting the still, silent waters  
Dive Aquanaut, slipping a stone-weighted casket  
Dive Aquanaut, after you into the sea

On the bottom it feeds, on the bottom it feeds  
Blind like me

Blind like me, blind like me



## **A Thousand Cigarettes**

Jenny said, "I done this trick before  
It's the centerpiece of my repertoire"

"I'm just no thought and only urge  
Regret is such an ugly word  
I've burned a thousand cigarettes  
Just like you," she said

Jenny said, "I think that you should leave  
I'm not the kind of girl who's into talking  
If you stay, don't make a sound  
Maybe then, I'll let you stick around"

### CHORUS

And all she said was smoke  
And all she felt, a mirror  
But I couldn't look away  
Although I never did once see her

Jenny said, "I can't be sure  
But I think I need new furniture  
You'd look good on your hands and knees  
Balancing my drink for me"

Jenny said, "I think I like you here  
But by then I had disappeared"

## **Back On Your Knees**

Born of, reared by intuition  
Driving down a highway of pretty collisions  
Led to sticking by familiar confusions  
Souls the color of fresh contusions  
Dreaming of in bed with the stale piss futures  
Of a thousand lonely drunk tank veteran recluses  
Bored by cooked in shiny Grafix Brand bong  
Where the wisdom reads like Thomas Pynchon

What nourishes destroys all the pretty boys

Led to, fed by countless confusions  
Tripping downtown with all the failed muses  
Leapt in, fell on dark days indeed  
Scraping black resin with the Fairbanks troll king  
Robbed of, raped by my teenage scream queen  
Living in a pair of greasy blue jeans  
Slobbered on, fobbed upon inane ideas  
Just keep your head up until you're back on your knees

What nourishes destroys all the pretty boys

The spider in the jar died just like a rock star  
gasping for air while all the kids sat and stared

Preyed upon a slave to the pop culture beast  
Dying of hunger in a pair of Nikes  
Copped a, dropped a catalog of tricks  
Written by Rasputin on LSD  
Felt up, swallowed by a minor Rashneesh  
The Bogwon guards my spot beneath your sheets  
Wriggled out of ran out of inane ideas  
Just keep your head up until you're back on your knees

What nourishes destroys all the pretty boys

## **Bears It Well**

Close your eyes and kiss the lady  
You've nothing more to lose  
Go ahead now, don't look down  
It's better to jump than be pushed around

It's an old trick, one you done before  
Once you start you'll remember how  
Swallow hooks and ocean water  
In the end we are all devoured

And you know she bears it well  
Accustomed to the stares by now  
See the yawn, the scorch, the spark  
Through that door once and we're gone  
The sea will strip you of your means  
The mouths will work until your bones are finally clean

Sing me something underwater  
Fill your pockets up with stones  
A hymn of cold green, a hymn of sunken ships  
An old man's hollow bones

Net me something out of nothing  
A memorial of eyes  
Sewn shut with rough brown twine  
A blessing to the blind

### **CHORUS**

Love is death laughing  
Love is water washing the words away (4x)

### **CHORUS**

Love is death laughing  
Love is water washing the words away (4x)

## Bedouin Eyes

Something like a prayer tumble out of the sky  
When I hold you in my arms I hold on for dear life  
I never learned the language, never learned to stay dry  
I'm the storm king, darling, in your Bedouin eyes

Islands of sand on seas of sand  
Plans drawn in sand are just more sand  
We go hand in hand  
Again, again, again, again...

Artifacts crumble and details erode  
If you didn't bring a shovel I guess we'll never know  
I never learned the language, never learned to stay dry  
I'm the storm king, darling, in your Bedouin eyes

### CHORUS

It is because we say it is.  
Were we ever there at..  
*all* the things we said and did.  
Were we there at all?

### INSTRUMENTAL

Sands may shift as the winds may blow  
but they can't bury love 'cause it never grows old  
I never learned the language, never learned to stay dry  
I'm the storm king, darling, in your Bedouin eyes

### CHORUS

### BRIDGE/OUTRO

## **Big Moody Curve**

KOME on the radio.  
Chinese ghosts choke 17.  
In '82 there was no barrier.  
Every year it killed another teen.  
When my sister was a senior,  
some kid laid it down on Moody Curve.  
Yearbook photo DOA.  
Count the souls at every turn.

Turn off your headlights.  
Take your hands off the wheel.  
All the satisfaction  
lies at the bottom of the hill.

Get inside. C'mon let's take a ride.  
Together we can crash this car some place they'll never find.  
Accelerate. Keep your speed into the turn.  
Everyone is waiting for us at Big Moody Curve  
Everyone is waiting for us at Big Moody Curve

32 Chinese miners died  
when the summit tunnel burned.  
Now they're looking for a ride  
just past Big Moody Curve.  
We're too drunk to drive this road  
and far too proud to learn.  
Hand it over to the ghosts.  
Count the souls at every turn.

Turn off your headlights.  
Take your hands off the wheel.  
All the satisfaction  
lies at the bottom of the hill.

Get inside. C'mon let's take a ride.  
Together we can crash this car some place they'll never find.  
Accelerate. Keep your speed into the turn.  
Everyone is waiting for us at Big Moody Curve  
Everyone is waiting for us at Big Moody Curve

## **Blackout Rolling**

I get horny when I'm suicidally sad  
Like that story, I'd be a good man with a gun to my head  
You're perfect for me 'cause you're already dead  
Just ignore me, save us both a lot of fluid and flesh

Call me some day maybe then I'll be OK  
Call me some time we'll soak ourselves in cheap red wine

In the morning I'm long shadows across your badlands  
A Cali blackout rolling I'm every hangover that you've ever had  
You deserved a warning, maybe I'll get one tattooed on my ass  
Like the bottle told me, in the beginning there's only the end

Call me someday. Maybe then I'll be OK  
Call me sometime. We'll soak ourselves in cheap red wine  
Call me real soon. Right after work this afternoon  
Call me right now. I really feel like getting plowed

Do you remember  
Rolling blackouts along the shore?  
Some black September  
Had us begging for more  
Had us begging for it

I get horny when I'm suicidally sad  
Like that story I'd be a good man with a gun to my head  
You're perfect for me 'cause you're already dead  
Just ignore me, save us both a lot of fluid and flesh

Call me someday. Maybe then I'll be OK  
Call me sometime. We'll soak ourselves in cheap red wine  
Call me real soon. Right after work this afternoon  
Call me right now. I really feel like getting plowed

## **Bone Tea**

Sipping bone tea from porcelain cups  
I try to remember where it was I fucked up  
The ants will devour all my rose-petalled lies  
Let me pour you another for the sake of old times, the sake of old...

Low sigh sweet, stir the tea she would say  
Husks of bees piled high on our plates

Dipping watches in boiling pots,  
the second hand dripping, tied up in a knot.  
The leaves are for reading. The future is steam.  
Cast your spell on the sugar to curdle the cream

Low sigh sweet, stir the tea she would say  
Husks of bees piled high on our plates

Locust-casing capsules full of  
witch's breath brew.  
Something for the dying  
and something for you.

INSTR

Tripping blindly down uneven steps.  
The garden grew over. The insects all fled.  
The sap is now amber. The tea tastes bone dry.  
Let me pour you another for the sake of old times, the sake of old...

Low sigh sweet, stir the tea she would say  
Husks of bees piled high on our plates

INSTR OUTRO

## **Buy A Drink for Baby**

Here's to the queen of Huntington Beach  
A high-pressure system atmospherically.  
Face a mess, her wine glass broke,  
she staggers through the wildfire smoke.

Here's to the years of blind consumption,  
chemical hair, sexual dysfunction,  
facial tics, and mini strokes.  
She staggers through the wildfire smoke

Surfers, burners, business ladies  
All the jaded hippies of the 1980s  
Want to buy a drink for baby  
Be careful what you wish for

Here's to the season of rolling blackouts,  
monsoon rains, and megadroughts.  
Ring the doorbell, no one's home.  
She staggers through the wildfire smoke

Here's to the time of unlimited debt,  
lip injections, cigarettes.  
Boiled like an artichoke,  
she staggers through the wildfire smoke

## CHORUS

And every evening she will leave you outside some bar.  
Leave you waiting for hours in some car  
And every evening she will leave you sitting in the dark  
Waiting for her to love you like you love her—as you are.

Here's to the queen of Huntington Beach,  
a high-pressure system atmospherically.  
Face a mess, her wine glass broke,  
she staggers through the wildfire smoke



## **Cold Hard Hands**

Ain't got no rhythm in these cold hard hands  
Ain't got no fluid running round inside my head  
Ain't got no feeling in these cold complacent legs  
Can't find no reason not to let the beast be fed  
The beast be

Time passes like unbuckled boots through mud  
Time passes but the end can never come

These cold hard hands

Ain't got no music in this broken throat  
Ain't got wind inside to conjure up the notes  
Ain't got no love left for these ghosts inside my head  
Can't find no reason not to let the beast be fed  
The beast be

### **CHORUS**

These cold hard hands...

Why does all sense seem to die on me?  
Is this some kind of drunken conspiracy?  
Give me a moment to keep on whining  
That don't mean I'm going to stop trying.

These cold hard hands...

## **Crazier**

Reason is ice clinking in my drink.  
I think because I am so sad  
about the why's I used to have.  
Have is, have was, have lost is naught.  
I bought the whole damn dream, I thought  
it was guaran-fucking-teed.

Believe it or not I thought  
I was crazier, but I was wrong.  
Believe it or not I thought  
I was crazier, but I was wrong, wrong, wrong...

Who taught who to play with knives?  
We fooled the fools, we played both sides.  
We sacrificed our lives.  
I believe in all the rules.  
Your little trick proved them true.  
They always ask about you.

## **CHORUS**

Catch a fist of lightning, swing at the ghost.  
Sing a song broken—broken off at the throat.  
Bury all the money, float out on the tide.  
There's nothing more you need to hide.

## **CHORUS**

Pour me another, pour me another  
Pour me another and I'll...

## Death Sorceress

Her dreams tend to turn real dark  
when the Trazadone runs low.  
On a minus tide,  
she rides the undertow.  
She boasts apocalyptic visions,  
the human race reduced.  
A most depraved orgy of suffering  
and you're always right there too.

On one you'll never come back from.  
A ride on the many-horned beast.  
Dream of another apocalypse,  
death sorceress queen.

Can I get a witness?  
You don't want to miss the end of this  
All you ever wanted  
revealed as meaningless.  
"You'll survive, I suppose,"  
she whispers late at night  
"But the lengths to which you go  
will surely break your mind."

CHORUS

BRIDGE

Dream of another apocalypse....

## **The Devil's Dance Card**

Deep within the earth, along the world's seam  
The band must play all night, this feverish dream

Down here no heroes, only survivors  
We dance the tango, we are on fire  
Down here no heroes, only survivors  
The devil's dance card is saved for you and I

My love, her hair ablaze, her feet clickety-click-clack  
She dances through this maze, she's never coming back

### CHORUS

Burning up we float across the dance floor  
The devil's counting time and two and three four  
Our souls as graceful as a fish on fire  
Damned to sing in this unholy choir

Join us we are yours, we are eternal  
Dancing on all fours, we are infernal

### CHORUS

## Easy

When I was younger, much younger than now,  
it was graveyards and candlewax vows,  
how I'd never be taken alive.

Now that I've miraculously survived  
the rites of my furious spring  
I still cling to my arrows and slings

Easy, it's not easy, it's not easy to believe.

Never is forever better beware  
if you stare too long into the lair  
then the beast, it will notice you're there.

Where have my suicide lovers all gone?  
Breaking bottles of red bravado  
over quietly patient headstones.

Easy, it's not easy, it's not easy to be—leave me now  
leave me while you still can  
to my crow and the worms in my wine.  
So absurd, the things I once wished for in glorious vain  
I was young and insane.

When I was younger much younger than now  
it was graveyards and candlewax vows  
how I'd never be taken alive

## Elemental

Yeah, the skies would open wide  
We'd forget about the time  
When you walked me, walked me in on  
Side, we talked about the rain  
How the thunder came  
What the weather said about our...

Fate ain't accidental  
Fate it's elemental

Yeah, you showed me all the rooms  
In your little cocoon  
Told me how the 'burbs was killing you  
Were lovely, out of place  
Exotic and ornate  
Queen of the gypsies, queen of

Grace ain't accidental  
Grace it's elemental

And afterwards, you wondered aloud:  
"Love is absurd, but I can't live without it.  
Are you your word? I know the sound of  
colliding worlds."

## INSTRUMENTAL

Why? No need to ask no why  
No need to even try  
Love is thunder, love is very  
High, catch lightning when it strikes  
The kite is in the sky  
The key unlocks the rest of our sweet

Life ain't accidental  
Life it's elemental

Elemental, elemental, elemental...

## **Encased Ibis Birds Embalmed**

Love, love's an asp in a basket.  
Reach on in and you'll grasp it.  
What they say is true.  
Cruel are the winds on the desert  
Pain is my pleasure  
and I love only you.

Encased ibis birds embalmed  
Line the tombs of all my loves  
Do not pry open the lid  
unless you'd like to climb inside

Lust, lust's the moon in a sandstorm  
like a child that's stillborn,  
unencumbered and free.  
We mummified our desires,  
extinguished the fires  
laid them all down to sleep.

CHORUS

## Face Down in the Arabian Sea

Hear the hammers flick their muscled tails  
ascend in lazy figure eights  
There is all the time you'll ever need right here  
All I do is wait

Let the spoon of God soup fluid hold you warm  
warm inside its ladle  
Let it cradle all the souls of which you're one  
All and none

With a yo ho ho and mani padme hum  
East will be the river and west will be the sun

Muhktanantha does the backstroke  
he floats, just above the waves  
Says that soon I'll have awoken  
and not to be afraid

Warm west winds caress your floating  
corpse, set a course for bliss  
Turn out the lights of old Trivandrum  
the world is extinguished

With a yo ho ho and mani padme hum  
East will be the river and west will be the sun  
Your belly full of shark fin, your belly full of rum  
East will be the river and west will be the sun

Blindfolded and flung into the sea  
I tried to warn you, but this was meant to be

CHORUS



## **Finding Mnemosyne**

Buried in a redwood box  
Borne upon the spores collecting  
Sailing cold, dark waters  
The flow of an underground stream

Set the timers, fertilize the crops  
Let the germ grow inside you  
On the endless playas  
The cries of the thing inside your head

Finding Mnemosyne  
Finding Mnemosyne

Don't fall asleep on me no more  
Don't let me sleep among the spores  
Of course the space in you  
Needs to hitch a ride,  
Hitch a ride real soon

### CHORUS

When you finally recognized that you weren't alone  
It already called your body temporarily home

Do you remember long before we lost our way,  
How it seemed so easy, dancing with the demons, Dayn?  
We left the door wide open and the dancers came to stay  
How we entertained them, how they left me...

Finding Mnemosyne

## **The Hall of Mirrors**

Everybody wants to buy a golden ticket  
Everybody wants to think the price is paid  
Money's no good in the hall of mirrors  
Linger too long and you have to stay  
How you gonna look when you leave your body?  
How you gonna look when you are old?  
Losing all that beauty is the least of your problems  
Least of your problems, if you lose your soul.

Wander through a labyrinth of choices  
Listen to a symphony of voices  
Each and every boy and girl and girl boy  
Is you and me and mine and hers and his yours

Everybody wants a little identity  
Everybody wants to say that they can see  
The freak show's a pageant for the beautiful  
The beautiful and the finally free  
How you gonna feel when you're something funky?  
How you gonna feel when you're something new?  
Losing your form is the least of your problems  
Least of your problems, if your soul ain't true.

Lost among the infinite mirrors and rooms, distorted and cruel  
Smash that glass eliminate each one of you, jaggedly true  
Piece the shards together again when you're through, you're something brand new.

Everybody needs to know just what they look like  
Everybody want to get up in their skin  
The mirror gonna show you that there ain't no answer  
The mirror twist you all up in bends.  
How you gonna feel when you see your body?  
How you gonna feel when it's not your own?  
Losing your self is the least of your problems  
Least of your problems if you cling to your bones.

## **Hey Oblivion**

I remember now  
Seems so simple that I  
Wonder how I could forget

We start lost to be found  
Every time it's the  
Same old search round and round

Hey Oblivion  
When I first walked I was walking towards you  
Hey Oblivion  
Now we're found let's walk round and round and round and round

Beginning blind we are bound  
by an unbroken cord  
black as night, slowly unwound

Through the deafening crowd  
I always heard your voice  
clear and loud

Hey Oblivion  
When I first walked I was walking towards you  
Hey Oblivion  
Now we're found let's walk round and round and round and round

## Highway 1

Down the trail and out the back  
Moonlit waves in sets are stacked  
Relic twisted, karma pull  
Empty ocean, ocean full

And Henry Miller says  
he's gonna live again  
if only to have  
a lot more sex.  
Henry's  
gonna cum again.  
Pass it on  
Highway 1.

### INSTRUMENTAL

Down the ridge and through the brush  
In a cave the hands are hushed  
Praying that your spaceman soul  
Finds the key, honey, finds the hole

Chorus

### INSTRUMENTAL

OUTRO

## **Immolate Yourself**

Fill yourself a can of unleaded gasoline  
Pick up a pack of matches and a jar of white face cream  
Dress yourself in black from a bowler hat to some pointed shoes  
Mime walk yourself downtown, grab a crowd, begin to amuse

Immolate, immolate, immolate, immolate, immolate yourself

Take a cutting torch to your kids' backyard swings  
Reassemble the pieces into a Kafkan penal machine  
Invite the neighbors by for a friendly barbeque  
Sit down, strap yourself inside, slowly begin to amuse

### CHORUS

Storm a national TV broadcast station  
Politely ask all the folks at home to try and be patient  
Wave a .38 at the television crew  
Invite the SWAT team in, take aim, begin to amuse

Dance in the shower, smoke in bed  
Laugh 'til the brains burst out of your head  
Sleep on the train tracks, eat hot lead  
Practice drunk and unprotected sex  
Leap out a window, get too high  
Walk through Salinas on the Fourth of July  
Swim with sharks, rob a five-and-dime  
Follow just a nickel of my advice

Watch your life swim by like a blind fishy in an underground stream  
A weird distortion of what it was you'd expected to be  
When we do arrive at the last bar of our personal blues  
The very most we can hope for is to have been amused

### CHORUS (2x)

## **Incommunicata**

Tell me your lies  
but don't expect the truth out of me  
Spill your guts  
but don't expect me to pick them back up.

Incommunicata  
It's the way you hold your head  
Incommunicata  
Spend another day in bed

Drown out your pain  
but don't be shocked if it never drains  
Sever your ties  
but don't expect them to reattach in time

Incommunicata  
It's the way you hold your head  
Incommunicata  
Spend another day in bed  
Incommunicata  
Better left, better left unsaid

Tell me your lies  
but don't expect the truth out of me  
Spill your guts  
but don't expect me to pick them back up.

## **Junipero Serra**

Junipero Serra built a mission  
on the shores of San Francisco Bay  
Bad magic, cattle, and madness  
gave the city its name, gave the city its name  
The Ohlone were a people who required no conversion  
but they got it just the same  
Terrorized by missionary lies  
and subjugated into the grave, into the grave

Some transgressions require no confession  
'cause some murder is divine  
Genocide can be righteous franchise  
when deployed by the Light  
If Hitler'd been a Catholic  
would he be cast, cast as savior?  
Seems like what's good for their God  
must be good for all  
And that, that's the way  
a saint is made.

On the backs of the people from who  
California was robbed,  
they built an empire  
for Spain and God, for Spain and God.  
And when their backs were broken  
no longer useful,  
they buried Ohlone bodies in holes  
outside adobe walls, outside adobe walls.

CHORUS

## **Kennedy**

Kennedy kicks the young kids' asses  
Spills them out like a bucket of rain  
Soaked on up in the weeds and grasses  
Shovel of dirt, it's a hell of a shame

All the kids with sunken ships for eyes  
Swim against the rising tide  
Shamble ring around the eulogy  
Burning holes in pretty cheeks

Kennedy swings a lot of bad deals  
Out the back of his Chevrolet van  
Wants to show you his DJ tables  
Get you back there if he can

### CHORUS

Kennedy's lost among the oak trees  
Can't find camp so he lays down here  
Curled up tight in a bed of dry leaves  
Sun comes up, but nothing is clear

Hey burn slow now not too, not too  
Hey burn slow now not too, not too  
Hey burn slow now not too, not too  
Hey burn slow now not too fast.

Kennedy asks a lot of questions  
Says, "Hey old man, remember my name."  
Asks me if I ever been there  
Different stop on a familiar train

### CHORUS (2x)



## **Klutina**

Klutina holds him all night long  
Klutina sings her sweet black song  
Dreams of drowning lucidly.

Klutina how the mountains weep  
Klutina where the waters feed  
Out to the Copper, to the sea.

Eyes of light, cold heartbeat  
Rock his body off to sleep  
Silt and salmon fast and deep  
Whisper secrets while they eat

Klutina holds him lovingly  
Klutina flows furiously  
Dreams of drowning lucidly

Klutina's waters never slow  
Klutina never let him go  
He's hers now don't you know

And the view from below  
nice as heaven's I suppose  
nestled in her log jam hold  
swaying gently in her undertow.

Klutina holds him all night long  
Klutina sings her sweet black song  
Dreams of drowning lucidly.

## **The Knifethrower's Proposal**

Give me something sharp, something shiny and new  
I got a cool trick that I want to show you  
It starts with a bang and it ends in disaster  
Love's a knife trick, go ahead and ask her

Carny barker love sonnet, sequins and heels  
Don't stop smiling while you spin on the wheel  
They paid good money on the chance you'll get hurt  
Trust me now darling, I'm a knife expert

I will make you a circus starlet if I don't cut you first  
They'll chant your name upon the midway  
I promise it won't hurt, no it won't...

"Feats of dubious sanity!"

This ain't some old freakshow, ain't no game of chance  
The knives know everything about romance  
Turn through the light, baby, end over end  
Kissing the air around your head

Outline your figure with the point of my blade  
When I untie your wrists you have to smile and wave  
Now tie me to the target and give me a spin  
If you don't throw them hard, the knives won't stick

CHORUS

## Let's Forget It For Awhile

Once upon a time I used to die  
I died for fun, not so long ago  
This girl I knew she was just as fun as me  
And we were doomed to wild joy and misery  
Wicked, sparkly pinwheels in her eyes,  
She cried, "The end is near!"  
Paralyzed by the horror of it all  
I said "And so it is, my dear."

All right, things fall apart now the center cannot hold  
Hold tight, crush the very life out of things you hold most dear  
Don't fear, we all go out the same way we came in  
But since we're here, you and I should love each other madly  
'Til the bed breaks and we're happy and the dead they sadly smile.  
Let's forget it for awhile  
Let's forget it for awhile

Hidden in the woods I had a friend  
I loved this man, a brother 'til the end  
He'd sing into the telephone at night  
And write poems with hidden messages.  
He tied a bungee cord around his neck  
And left a note that wasn't poetry.  
He was loved but his body on the floor  
Well, it failed me as a metaphor.

CHORUS

Oh Dayn, what have we done?  
Oh Dayn, what have we done?

CHORUS

## **The Little Things**

My baby drinks wine most every night  
If there's no wine she's getting high  
The insects fly around the room  
Around the room the insects fly

Every day the little things they try to scream, they try to scream  
(Drives me crazy, drives me stone insane)  
Every day the little things they try to scream, they try to scream  
(Drives me crazy, drives me stone insane)

The car is old it does not start  
The car that does not start is old  
The dinner's cold it's in a box  
In a box the dinner's cold.

### CHORUS

In my world things they seem to fall apart  
In my world things just can't seem to start

My buddy's lit he's on the floor  
On the floor my buddy's lit  
The door's ajar, ajar's the door  
'Cause we're just lying here asking for more.

### CHORUS

In my world things they seem to fall apart  
In my world things just can't seem to start

My baby drinks wine most every night  
If there's no wine she's getting high  
The insects fly around the room  
Around the room the insects

## **Long-Bone Drums**

Wasted, wet, we smoke, we bruise  
The sky is full of fishing hooks  
Here's a game we're meant to lose  
Here's a song to see you through

Hey man, don't be so worried about it  
Keep walking west and you're bound to find it  
Listen to the rhythm of the long-bone drums  
Beating like the heart of the setting sun.

I don't know the next town over.  
It's a shadowy frontier.  
Neither higher up nor lower.  
Not a thing like around here.

Hey man, don't be so worried about it  
Keep walking west and you're bound to find it  
Listen to the rhythm of the long-bone drums  
Beating like the heart of the setting sun.

Drop all that you have gathered along the way  
Where you are going nobody needs a name  
Just ride alone again on your old long-bones  
No looking back now you are almost home.

I will leave this town with hands bound,  
riding backwards on a mule.  
I will see you when I see you.  
And we will laugh like cosmic fools.

Hey man, don't be so worried about it  
Keep walking west and you're bound to find it  
Listen to the rhythm of the long-bone drums  
Beating like the heart of the setting sun.

## **Nevada Shoulder**

Nevada shoulder soft and deep  
Lay the child down the sleep  
She's yours to keep out there

Softly hold her in your sands remold her  
Soft and deep Nevada shoulder  
Is she older out there?

Gently reap, lay the child down to sleep

Pinks and bloods and blacks and blues  
Broken glass and spilling fuel  
There's only one truth out here

Softly hold her in your sands remold her  
Soft and deep Nevada shoulder  
Is she older out there?

### **CHORUS**

Nevada shoulder soft and deep  
Lay the child down the sleep  
She's yours to keep out there

Softly hold her in your sands remold  
Soft and deep Nevada shoulder  
Is she older out there?

### **CHORUS**

## **New Orleans**

Way down, down, down in New Orleans  
The bodies aren't buried far enough deep  
Bayou abets them, doesn't forget them  
Winds them up, sets them free.

Way down, down, down in New Orleans

Way down, down, down in New Orleans  
The bodies aren't buried far enough deep  
Damp and shambling with re-sewn seams  
Jitter-jazz, brass-swamp, creeper swing

Way down, down, down in New Orleans

Way down, down, down in New Orleans  
The bodies aren't buried far enough deep  
Fingering Mardi Gras beads  
Spanish Moss skin, songs of hot steam

Underground, down, down in New Orleans

Way down, down, down in New Orleans  
The bodies aren't buried far enough deep  
Moving tongues to the voodoo speak  
Blood-jump time, second-line beat

Way down, down, down in New Orleans

Way down, down, down in New Orleans  
The bodies aren't buried far enough deep  
Loup Garou, bayou green  
Resuscitates and feeds

Way down, down, down in New Orleans

If you should die down in Louisiana  
Make damn sure they don't cut off your feet 'cause  
Way down, down, down in New Orleans  
They don't bury the bodies far enough deep

Underground, down, down in New Orleans

## Only Half Here

Man, they call me crazy 'cause I'm only half here  
Dreams when I'm sleeping are twice as real  
as the hours I spend lost in this weird machine  
I wobble through the world like a broken wheel

But the view isn't all that bad

I always get the sense that it's merely invention  
The story in my head and this mirror's reflection  
Afraid I got no time for your intervention  
'Cause I got no sense of self-preservation

But the view isn't all that bad

I smash and grab the very things  
That keep me on my knees  
I beg you darling please  
Forget all the words I sing  
Just hum the melody  
Because that's really the only honest thing about me.

Sorry that I sound like a broken record  
Something is amiss but it's hard to measure  
Whether I'm a mess or it entropy  
Things are hard to gauge when you don't think

But the view isn't all that bad

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### Notes:

*Em / B7 ... C / B / Em*

*Am / Em / B7 / Em ...*



## **Ordinella**

Ordinella kisses embers  
Transferring sad, convective love  
Paleontological hips  
Twisted, thumbscrew motion

Ordinella, tonight you're featured  
Ordinella, tonight it's you  
Hey Ordinella

Ordinella consults her bottled genie  
She's hoping like Mary Magdalene  
Might sound a little bit crazy but it's true  
She's hoping for someone—someone just like you

CHORUS

## **Possum Belly Queen**

Have I got a ball for you my pretties  
Come on in, scratch the kitty  
Ride the ginny, spend your money  
Hard to tell if you're going or coming  
Burn the lot, sleep in the boneyard  
Who is the butcher and who is the mark?  
Hit the brake on the ikey heyman  
We'll tell your fortune, we'll guess your weight

And oh, possum belly queen and the right jump swing  
And oh, everybody's grasping for the big brass ring

Have I got a show for you my pretties  
Won't make sense if you keep on thinking  
Pay the gypsy, kiss the witch  
There ain't no fun if there ain't no risk  
Laughing all night on the tilt-a-whirl  
Throwing your darts at the bearded girl  
Have no doubt, it's a two-way joint  
Come on in, go on out

And oh, possum belly queen and the right jump swing  
And oh, everybody's grasping for the big brass ring

Have I got a thrill for you my pretties  
Jump into my barrel of lies and wishes  
Operator, operator, turn the crank  
Let the people eat the cake  
Whispering sisters alazapul  
Next time through I'll pay in full  
Fortune teller, fortune teller, dead of night  
Slip out of town before the cops get wise.

And oh, possum belly queen and the right jump swing  
And oh, everybody's grasping for the big brass ring

## **Postmodern Psyche**

Can you feel how the season turns?  
Everything must burn, baby.  
Can you see all the world will learn?  
Everything must burn, baby.

And I love you means goodbye  
And I love you means goodbye  
Don't cry, baby, don't cry, baby, don't cry  
And I love you means goodbye  
And I love you means goodbye  
Don't cry, baby, don't cry, baby, don't cry

No need to be so concerned  
Everything must burn, baby.  
It's just the point of no return  
Everything must burn, baby.

### **CHORUS**

Can you feel how the season turns?  
Everything must burn, baby.  
Can you see all the world will learn?  
Everything must burn, baby.

## **Rita's On G**

Gorilla—FedEx M.I.A.  
If it don't come today  
Take me to the plane  
I can't stay, I can't go—

Anywhere, do anything  
Almost paralyzed, I cannot speak  
Is anyone willing to pay me?  
To build a brand new cage.

Oh Rita, those lines will not fade  
You're showing more than age  
We'll take you to your grave  
But you can't stay, you can't go—

## **CHORUS**

I need witnesses to understand it's true  
Suffering is meaningless without a little proof

## Secret Star

Men with terracotta feet singing mausoleum lullabies  
We've got a job picked out for you working on the picket line  
I'd read your fortune backwards, but I know you've known it all along  
We have always followed you, you're our secret star.

How forgotten you must feel. So noble in the margins.  
We can help you dig for bodies buried in the gardens.  
I'd tell you who you are, but I know you've known it all along  
We have always followed you, you're our secret star.

Here are your instructions.  
Arrive at half past one  
Let's see how well the sumbitch sings  
with gun smoke in his lungs.

And the bastards are still winning, getting richer with each day  
Packing children into cabinets on Satanic layaway  
All this talking on the internet will only go so far  
Someone needs to lock and load, you're our secret star.

### Notes:

E	A	G	D	A			
C	G	D	A				
C	G	D	A				
E	G	D	E	EGDA	EGDA	EGDA	

## Soledad

Going down to Soledad  
Some men can't help but be bad  
Guess I got what's coming to me  
A deep dive into a shallow creek

Marquesa muerta is not to blame  
On the hillside like a distant flame  
She's come to witness this lover's doom  
On the hillside like a yucca bloom

Lay my body down in the sticky monkeyflower  
Soledad

Marquesa muerta was a broken dream  
That didn't stop her from killing me  
I'd die again a thousand times over  
Just to taste her skin once more

Going down to Soledad  
Some men can't help but be bad  
Guess I got what's come to me  
But I'm not sorry, not even the least

Lay my body down in the sticky monkeyflower  
Soledad

Spawn us haunted on the bottom  
Heavy water, low-rise sun  
Slitted vents and seeping wetness  
Luminescence, low-rise sun

## **Somewhere Off the San Tomas**

Shirley dealt ditch weed somewhere off the San Tomas  
"Take a seat out here." She'd close the door and disappear  
Concerts on TV. Bongs with motors, PVC  
Shirley's acting strange. Got ten bucks but it's all in change

Lost, lost, is this the San Tomas?  
Dig in her couch for drugs she has dropped

Oh, can't you see it has a carburetor  
Oh, what's in the safe behind the radiator? I don't know

Shirley cleans the weed. She swears she was at Altamont.  
She always eats the seeds, says, "I watched him die in front of me."

Lost, lost, is this the San Tomas?  
Dig in her couch for drugs she has dropped

Oh, can't you see it has a carburetor  
Oh, what's in the safe behind the radiator? I don't know

Oh Shirley dear  
I hope you clear  
the cash you need  
to bail Luis

Shirley's dimes are lean. She don't care, we're just fourteen.  
When the cops catch up, gonna rip Shirl off for all she's got.

Lost, lost, is this the San Tomas?  
Dig in her couch for drugs she has dropped

Oh, can't you see it has a carburetor  
Oh, what's in the safe behind the radiator? I don't know

Oh Shirley dear  
I hope you clear  
the cash you need  
to bail Luis

## **Song of Solomon**

*(from In A Texan Paradise Found)*

Threescore queens virgins without number  
Your king will go another night without slumber  
Supplant your holy oils upon my sword  
And lay down your body in service to the Lord

Fourscore concubines delivered by God  
Spread yourself in reverence upon my cross  
Receive the seed of the Second Messiah  
The bed is an altar for my righteous desires.

Come for the father my illustrious queens  
Love for the future, an immaculate breed  
There is no sin, there is no shame  
I'm God's appointed lover, I am ordained

In the church of copulation where the deed is enlightened  
Come to me my little ones, let's not be frightened  
Lay back, relax and whisper to me  
Lay back, relax and whisper to me

And you will find out in the judgment that you're fixin' to witness that it was a lie.  
You will find out very clearly every detail, every thought, every statement made,  
every manipulation done behind the scenes will be made apparent to you. You do  
not understand what you're dealing with. You do not understand what position of  
time you're in. This nation does not understand. I know you don't want to hear this.

Threescore queens virgins without number  
Your king will go another night without slumber  
Supplant your holy oils upon my sword  
And lay down your body in service to the Lord



## **Stray**

Take a walk in the suicide weather  
The gray walls might make you feel better  
Stop to talk to the whores on Yesler  
Mascara dripping, they're looking for shelter  
Open your jacket, draw in the moisture  
Chill your bones and save it for summer

Spill frustration into her stairwells  
Howl along with the broken church bells  
Breath deeply from her underbelly  
She has something she would like to tell you

Park your body on bus stop bench  
Bow to the bangers, try not to flinch  
Buy a drink from the alley bulls  
And don't expose the \$100 shoes  
Out the cigs like the business cards  
Might get a little bit farther  
Rain's going to hurt if it falls any harder

## CHORUS

City streets hide shattered souls inside  
Around the fire, the wretch and bile choir  
Sings the city through its troubled dreams  
City streets hide shattered souls inside  
Inside...inside...inside

V1

## CHORUS

## **Sub**

On the bottom we move so slow  
Breathing deeply we are green, baby, we are gold  
Your seaweed smile, abalone eyes  
Your hair is swimming like eels, baby, it's alive

Breathe the deep green sea my briny love  
Let the tide tuck you in 'cause your Daddy's gone sub  
Lay your pretty head down upon my floor  
And sway to the surge forevermore

Come my fishy sweet and brave  
Forget the world above the waves  
Safe and sound in my lullaby tide  
Close your sleepy fishy green eyes

## **CHORUS**

## **Syphilitic Maharajah**

Syphilitic has the maharajah gone  
Syphilitic has the maharajah gone

Round him lounge his oiled sin  
Terrified for it's in them  
Wax mustache and swab discharge  
At soiled silk he rips and claws

Lolling tongue  
In the Parsi's Tower

Desert shadows bloom  
beneath a diseased moon  
Maharajah crawls  
through the palace halls

Corrosive eyes and yellowed nails  
He scars the boys outside and in  
Sirocco winds, the madness howls  
"If I must die so will my sin"

Lolling tongue  
In the Parsi's Tower

Desert shadows bloom  
beneath a diseased moon  
Maharajah crawls  
through the palace halls

## **There's A Hole**

There's a hole in the shape of my head  
so damn big that it fills the day  
with holes in the shape of your face  
casting shadows all over the place

There's a hole  
deep inside of a hole  
deep inside of a hole  
so damn deep I get lost in its folds

Everybody tells me I was a fool to give you up  
Everybody tells me how hard it can be finding love  
Everybody tells me now I'm singing to myself  
from the bottom of a- from the bottom of a-  
dig me up and shine your light,  
dig me up girl, give me sight

There's a hole in the shape of my life  
so damn deep that the day is night  
with echoes that sound like your voice  
resounding through a world of white noise

There's a hole  
deep inside of a hole  
deep inside of a hole  
so damn deep I get lost in its folds

I can see for myself  
that there's no way in hell  
so until the time comes  
I learn to fly, I'll just climb

There's a hole  
There's a hole  
There's a hole

## Treacherous

Soldiers crawl through rat holes  
Burrowed deep inside your head  
Relaying vicious impulses  
Bitter messages

You're treacherous  
Venomous agendas of a cold conscience  
You're treacherous  
Sell your very soul to get more of the less

You did it, you know, you know I know  
You did it, you know, you know I know

People are disposable  
Take what you can use  
Mount their pulpy trust and ride  
Ride on to solitude

### CHORUS

Saccharine smiles hide a throbbing hog's head  
You killed him once already. Did you think I'd forget?  
Lies to hide lies—why bother, why try?  
Admit it, let's relive it, now I speak for the dead.

### CHORUS

You did it, you know, you know I know  
You did it, you know, you know I know

Soldiers crawl through rat holes  
Burrowed deep inside your head  
Relaying vicious impulses  
Bitter messages

### CHORUS

### BRIDGE

You did it, you know, you know, I know  
You did it, you know, you know, I know

## **True Tales From The Tenderloin**

Wasted on love we were far from wise  
With that pixie dust in our eyes  
Blind to the ghost's disguise  
And bent on the honey

Come with me underground  
Down these dark holes  
Up these brass poles. Follow me...

Oh no! Our heads in the clouds again  
Deprived of all oxygen  
Turning tables upon the girls  
Going down on each other

CHORUS

Gorgeous, we're the Murder of Gonzago  
We're hotter than O'Farrell  
Yeah, we're ready to fucking go  
Right here if we have to

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE

CHORUS

Darling, speaking in tongues and seams  
A couple of fever dreams  
High like two burning wings  
Exploding on impact

CHORUS

Wasted on love we were far from wise  
With that pixie dust in our eyes  
Blind to the ghost's disguise  
And bent on the honey

CHORUS 2x

## **Volunteers**

You're traveling north into the fire.  
Acres of widowmakers hang from live wires.  
You carry the bodies, living & dead.  
Count to 100. Lift with your legs.  
The souls that you lose sail away like balloons.  
But you can't cut the tethers—like thoughts in cartoons.  
Strip the windshield away. Push the dash off their laps.  
The world won't stop screaming. Red lights always flash.

Hey ya, we'll all be hauled away, all be hauled away by volunteers.

Despite what you see, you cannot seem scared.  
You spend all night combing the blood from your hair.  
The rope system's rigged. Step over the ledge,  
the ladder's last rung, the parapet's edge.  
Don't panic. Breath slow. Check your gauges again.  
Don't run out of air in the ITLS.  
Your pager is screaming. It won't ever stop.  
It will never be silent, even when it is off.

Hey ya, we'll all be hauled away, all be hauled away by volunteers.

## Wise Blood

In between the cocktail hours  
and the form-fitting plastic  
I am a mold of your body.  
It fits fantastic  
You realize no one is watching  
Maybe no one ever was  
I am the wise blood that feeds you  
I feed you just because

Swing low sister  
Roll your body down  
Swing low sister  
Roll your body

Lay me down in your garden of blown glass,  
where the beasts have been.  
Lick rain from the heaven inside us.  
Your eyes are votive flames.  
We realize no one is watching.  
Maybe no one ever was.  
You are the wise blood that feeds me.  
You feed me just because.

### CHORUS

To all the nights we burned between our fingers  
All signs of life we squeezed like little triggers  
How long? Baby, I don't know. Nothing lasts forever.  
It comes undone.

In between the cocktail hours  
and the form-fitting plastic  
I am a mold of your body.  
It fits fantastic.  
You realize no one is watching.  
Maybe no one ever was.  
I am the wise blood that feeds you.  
I feed you just because.

### CHORUS