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THANK YOU BANDS
miRthkon <http://www.mirthkon.com>
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BODIES FLOATING ASHORE

Here am I on a driftwood bench
Acting like I don't notice the stench
Killing time till I may scavenge - I never prey
Children, mine, rest in liquid graves
See that face peeking out above the waves
Was alive long ago
There's no time - back I throw
And I will wait another day because I'm too damn proud
Sand erosion slow decay
Tide brings, then carries away
Here am I as the grey turns black
I can't leave in fear they won't come back
They'll be lost when I'm gone
But I'm still here

WELL

It's a pretty nifty city but I live on the outskirts
In a big house with a well and an old wood stove
As it's heating I'm completing one more stab at this letter
But the words don't come
Should these lines end with rhymes or is this prose?
As my heart hangs out blood's getting on my clothes
Plaster peeling off the ceiling so I patch it with spackle
Snails are crawling up the stairs onto my front porch
I've got deadlines to write headlines but the drips in the bathroom
Keep me up all night
Busted sink makes me think I should want more
As my hands cut pipes blood's spilling on the floor
Where's this place I hide when I need some peace?
But where is the boundary
The task lists surround me
I find myself scrambling to scribble down what I need
What I have
Where's the time?
There's no time
So I wait for the day it all disappears
As my brain leaks out my ear
Out of ash and thick air I will rise again
But I can't conceive of what will happen then

I WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND

Open the door and shaking off bad weather
Message light - red red black
Call me tonight: the warning from my mother
And then it's you.
I erase the two.
Clean off the stove - what to make for dinner?
Can't decide - I never could
Washing the plates until my brain picks a winner
And then I dry.
Look in your heart and be a friend 'cuz
I need a helping hand - lend me a couple grand
And if that's too much can you pretend 'cuz
I wouldn't understand - I wouldn't understand
Turn on the tube and catch the game in progress
End of 9 and still no score
Unable to turn my luck in some direction
Good or bad
And that's where I'm at - no thanks to you 'cuz
I never learned the law and I had a shitty draw
But how could you know I'm drowning here
I needed a helping hand to drag me back to land
So toss me away - don't waste your time 'cuz
I'll never understand - I'll never understand
I'll never understand

29

It's stupid time and what's your plan?
You got no weekly rag inside your big house
I waited years to see this show
It's something you would like
But I don't think you'll go
I don't think you'll go
I don't think you'll go
It's Friday night and life is bland
The week was long and hard but so was last week
You're 29 I understand
You got so much to do
So I don't think you'll go
I don't think you'll go
I don't think you'll go
I don't think you'll go
I don't think you'll go

FORKED

So what's it like to call me and listen to me lie?
All that remains between us is for me to say goodbye
And I don't care about you now one bit
Still the phone it rings, I answer it
When I'm at work don't call me
My boss docks me the time
And while we're here don't call me during dinner
And don't call me after nine
And never call before it's 10 a.m.
Better yet never call again

THE GARDENER

I'm not using seeds
I'm not expecting anything to spring out of these holes
Except maybe passing souls
I won't need to water
I won't even check to see if they bear any fruit
Except I could dig up bones
And put them all together with some glue and some wire
Or dress them in fake fur
That's what I'll do - I'm inspired
And pose their skeletons out in the yard, or on my car
Just like the old days
Press their tiny skulls into my face while I'm asleep
Just like the old days
Stand them in the window looking out into the world
Just like the old days
I'm so alone

WRONG TO CHOOSE

There's a shed around the back
Where curtains drop, fade to black
But I pulled you from despair
I was wrong to choose
I was wrong to choose
I was wrong to choose
Strangely warm the autumn air
Hard to contrast and compare
As you lied there on the rack
I was wrong to choose
I was wrong to choose
I was wrong to choose

BLEEDING TO DEATH

Who's the dimwit with the dreams? I...
Who's the wishful not-what-he-seems?
Who got stuck with the sudden leading role?
Who's the captain of loser team? I...
Dirty cup, spoiled cream
I'm the outside
I'm your cold left hand
But I've got one green eye
Set upon your rising sign
I'm the outline
I'm the long lost soul
But who arrived on time
With the sudden bleeding hole
On your doorstep
Red and green?
I...

JILTED

The cable on the phone has gotten much too twisted
Now it won't reach into the other room
Two cats run up an oak and drop into the window
Of a housemate who sleeps all afternoon
Seems to be the world explores its druthers
While I shred my self esteem
Seems to me another jilted lover hangs around
Then fades into a dream
The carpet has no choice with footsteps unpredictable, unhealthy
From this confused parade
The years they pile up with nothing much to show for it
Except a note that said I wish you stayed unbetrayed
Seems to be the young and clueless bothers
Fail to plow on with their scheme
Seems to me a bunch of filth and clutter hangs around

WEAKNESS

You're a long-time loser, you bother, you're a fool
You're the one the makes us feel much better when compared to you
You're a freak, an outcast, you'll never be as cool
As the ones whose words you hate but still you take for your own use
This gross abuse will be your noose
And you're not my friend
Always hope but nothing in the end
No more promises and favors waiting for
Your new weakness, lame excuse or alibi
You're a lie

Look at all creation - think hard and analyze
See the themes are laughs and screams
At all the dreams your life denies
You're not surprised? Well good for you...
But you're not my friend
Always hope but nothing in the end
No more promises and favors waiting for
Your new weakness, lame excuse or alibi
You're a lie

SHOPPING AT MIDNIGHT

Dayjob demons start to doze
And coffee shops commence to close
On sidewalks heaps of moldy junk
The last Thursday of this here month
Out of doors the thrifty stir
Let's go snag some furniture
Don't forget to bring your flashlight
And some empty crates or a hatchback
TV sets with the screens all busted
Rusty mattress springs and a hatrack
And used cassettes
The moon is dark, the hours wee
The getting's good 'cuz it's all free
I saw it first - no just move on
No time before the good stuff's gone
The sun will rise, store closes when
The streets are swarmed with garbagemen
Here's a box full of clumpy t-shirts
And a dresser, warped, missing drawer knobs
Elvis clocks with the twisted hour hand
And a rope that's tied to a shower rod
And monosocks

RSI

Long day, or days, I can't remember
It's all a quiet mess
At least I know it's my rut
In this regard I'm blessed
I'll break your heart every evening
With no thought, no excuse
Just disregard for your life
And a stomach for abuse
I'll write you a letter
Because it's impossible to speak and not get pissed
You deserve so much better than this..
No gain, no pain, no improvement
There's no room left to grow
So let's squander our existence
I'll drag us both below
I can't keep together
As I contemplate the pain inside my wrist
You deserve so much better than this..

BULLETS

Came the sign, the stars align
And a god is made
A silent force will now run its course
And then disappate
No one believed that this would last forever
Words you say will dance and play
Up inside my head
Your twisted hands and cryptic plans
Kicked me out of bed
Can I just leave?
And when will I forget her?
Did you have your fun with that empty gun
Waving at the crowd?
Did you shoot your load as our hearts explode
And we hit the ground?
Do you believe that bullets make it better?

39

It's Tuesday night, cold beer in hand
The television bright inside your dark house
The days are short and progress slow
You claim it's rotten luck
But I don't think you know
I don't think you know
I don't think you know
It's Thursday night in prime time land
All dreams and deadlines gone and no one got hurt
You're 39 and there's no plan
You say the path is clear
But I don't think you know
I don't think you know
I don't think you know