

## **CRYBABY CRUNK: Written by Bleubird**

### **First Verse**

Florida's only gold teeth and tennis shoes,  
Run from the free world eternal keg stand,  
You can act like a Muppet if you dress like a man,  
I'm a freelance puppet with a one-way ticket and I'll ride the greyhound until  
it breaks me,  
I'm a juvenile model of my future self,  
If you live for tomorrow then you die today and if you come back around  
then you can find another way,  
So this is my album,  
Why'd you buy it?  
If you're a friend of mine then you're sick of my mouth,  
Cause I'm from down south you're expecting the bounce if he's gonna come  
with it then it better be wicked,  
Sometimes I'm funny but it can get annoying,  
Kiss me goodnight before I push you away,  
So this is for the girls who brush their teeth in the shower,  
Eat meat but love animals,  
Believe in the power,  
Dishwashers and construction workers,  
Fleas on the bed to the Circuit Jerkers,  
I miss my spider I don't know who's got her but someone could have taken  
her instead of two more,  
Leave me a message while you ride your replacement,  
I'm done talking about my jaded past,  
From animosity to sexual tension to thunderstorm to flat line,  
And it's about time I get moving on,  
I'm freewheeling with a lonely heart,  
I don't make excuses cause their make believe,  
I'm a barrel of fun rolling down the hill,  
You should have seen me in my prime I was such a prick,  
The person I used to be makes me sick,  
(So I'm throwing it all away...)

### **Chorus**

Welcome to the crybaby crunk crunk crunk crunk...

Don't drink that wine, nooo don't drink that wine,  
Hey Mr. corporate you think you're slick,  
You polluted our music and now she's sick, but if she happens to die because  
of your drugs...I'm putting in your culo a 38 slug, she swallowed it...yeah  
If you want me come get me....  
Uh oh...  
bounce bounce

## **Second Verse**

Yeah I'm so bitter but I can still get live,  
We can get belligerent and drink all night,  
You can throw your bows and still act like you care,  
I'll probably never be a millionaire,  
I don't own a shotgun and I don't want one,  
My mind's still shaking from the Miami bass,  
You could pop the trunk but you will never be the poison clan,  
Cowards in costumes get sprayed and paid,  
I hate yo's,  
Yo's hate me,  
'Straight out the jungle' was my first CD,  
From the Jimbrowski to the Backstreet boys,  
Native Tongue to uncreative toys,  
Floridian raised with a New York mind state,  
Hip hop have never affected my crime rate,  
Child of the eighties I was still a baby,  
Listening to music people thought was crazy,  
My parents never tried to censor me even when I bought as nasty as they  
wanna be it all became a part of me,  
Integrated with teenaged angst,  
The anarchist cookbook and childish pranks,  
Raised in the runoff of older brothers,  
Thank god he never knew frat life,  
Skateboards and liquid swords gangster rap and helmet,  
I'm a melting pot of what used to be hot and I'm blinded by the present,  
Keep it close to your heart and keep it gritty...

## **LIVING THROUGH OTHERS: Written by Bleubird**

### **First Verse**

Don't you think it's time that we advance another level if we keep on playing  
in this game nobody's gonna win,  
The batteries are running out and luck has left us on our own and vivid  
imagery will make you think that it's o.k.  
The biological clock is ticking the six o' clock news is sickening,  
The plot keeps thickening,  
And dreams of electrical chairs and toothbrushes got me flushing goldfish  
and adjusting my satellite dish to c-span,  
Those ahead of me will be dead with me in the end,  
To err is human why do people disagree about beliefs?  
Despite access to the same evidence,  
And why does evidence so rarely lead to belief change?  
The same reason why Bob Marley drove a BMW but wouldn't go to the doctor  
for his infected foot,  
Ripping the last pages out of the great book over the counter bounty hunter  
funding passion fuck me fashion,  
Eye boogers are just the remnants of the nasty things you see,

It's amazing how one day can make you feel the way that changes  
everything only death is permanent but you won't know that,  
What is the meaning of satisfied and will I ever stop learning from other  
people,  
Just as yellow leaves may be gold coins to stop the crying children, some  
people make money off of helping other people manage their money  
problems,  
They'll pull a ghost out of a hat and inject her into your habitat,  
A double decker rubber necker fiesta,  
Boiling point road rage hallelujah,  
Put me in coach I love this shit,  
Nothing like the smell of napalm in the morning or the wrath of the  
redundant,  
Release pungent pandemonium low sodium episode commode captain  
corrosion of conformity,  
Orderly committee detox for shock value,  
Even when I'm standing here in front of you I'm never whole-heartedly  
there,  
Some of you struggle to care,  
Quitters sit in the house of hope legalizing negligence,  
I practice fermenting false intelligence until the remnants are intoxicating,  
Those ahead of me will be dead with me in the end,  
Some find comfort in the mistakes of their friends...

### **Chorus**

How old do you think that tree is?  
My oh my what a wonderful way to live a lifeless situation catering to your  
demise,  
Those ahead of me will be dead with me in the end,  
Some find comfort in the mistakes of their friends...

How old do you think that tree is?  
My oh my what a wonderful way to live a lifeless situation catering to your  
demise...

And compensating for blatant disrespect with blind notions of stupidity,  
Grinding hands down to bone before the blood can turn blue again, tonight,  
We paint the town red,  
Tomorrow we burn it down and walk away without ever looking back (at  
least I'm pretty sure that's how the story goes)

### **Second Verse**

The celibate rhetoric, ominous derelict, label me heretic, blevin sick, voodoo  
curse dispersed animosity cause cloudburst,  
Scolding our brothers and running for cover and looking for lovers duality  
smothers,  
Better choose one life and live it soon before the moon comes crashing down  
into the pasture,

Ask her if she still allows herself to feel the same way and if the game is still willing to be played,  
Having a conscience is optional free visits to the hospital  
Sack the bull by its burns await your turn  
Finding friends in a forest fire, a chorus of liars humming your tune only within indifference will one become immune?  
Something for nothing coming soon,  
Living through others the clarity hovers above those who choose to cut loose,  
Mildly confused and wildly bruised manual labor in my muse  
Taking beatings from the seating chart, eating art and spewing out what I'm feeling man,  
Lying on my back fixated by the ceiling fan...

### **Third Verse**

After all it's the season of the witch  
The ever-changing fragile mind state,  
In this controversial outlook it is hard to keep a friend,  
Send messages in broken bottles answered fast by battle cry,  
And why are we insinuating rock solid destiny,  
Best to be the way that you create yourself  
And one should know their ways as if born to them,  
Sworn enemy to the reflection,  
Basking in the passionate,  
Listen to the warm,  
Another elevating incident and chance has it that some bastard will kill you with his car or gun,  
Doesn't this sound like fun?  
I wonder what I look like from your point of view,  
They drew blood but the sample was tainted by my painted on smile,  
Paint by numbers,  
Cucumbers and all other phallic vegetables,  
Throw caution to the wind and breathe it in as it's blown back in your face,  
I could escape without a trace but I'd probably turn up in a week or two with rug burn and another stupid tattoo,  
Please let me ask you,  
isn't saying she means no harm,  
Just another way of saying she makes no difference.

### **CARTOON LOVE BUBBLES: Written by Bleubird**

#### **Verse one**

Someday when I catch up with my purpose I'll have forgot who I as when I started,  
I haven't shaved in as long as I haven't thought about who I really am,  
Swept away by good intentions and misdirected creativity spreading myself thin to fishnet the possibilities,  
I think too much about other people's lives in turn burns the jealousy of greener grass and bigger pastures,

The once nomad inside cries for a woman's comforts daily,  
Somebody hug this hypocrite and tell him it's not going to be ok but that's  
alright to understand,  
I'd rather be realistic and unhappy than smiling plastic in a pretend prison  
cell,  
Hell is for lovers and the poison burns underneath the covers and eats away  
at determination,  
It shouldn't have to be a trade off,  
Someday I'll make myself understand that,  
For now it's cold sheets and bad breath till the right one comes climbing  
through my closet again,  
Planting seeds and skipping town before the flowers blossom,  
My time will come to smell the roses soon enough,  
For now catching a scent will be what I'll have to be ok with,  
Appreciating time spent floating in monogamous bubbles of passion that  
didn't happen,  
I remember that dream like it was real or it wasn't supposed to happen,  
Crossing boundaries is like fighting your way out of a wet paper bag,  
Next to impossible if you've never had the odd pleasure of an unfaithful  
experience,  
Passion can be pathetic or even predictable in hindsight,  
Slam your foot on the gas move, past the frenzy passes with hot flashes,  
I'd rather be remembered for my will to avoid cheap thrills and regret,  
Nice guys never finish but the others diminish in diluted clumps of dismay,  
Hey...the least I could do is feel the warmth of forbidden contact tingling my  
temper...  
(It's the least I could do)  
Today could have been that day.

### **Chorus**

This is how it used to be  
When the voice of reason crooned to me  
That I'm sailing a ship with no captain  
Caption reading stop feeding that wild ego

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When the voice of reason crooned to me  
That I'm sailing a ship with no captain  
Caption reading stop feeding that wild ego

Cartoon love bubbles...I'm trapped in cartoon love bubbles

### **WHEN HAPPENING: Written by Bleubird**

Associates degree in nothing in general,  
Community college is boring like Demerol,  
I'm fading away into a dusty haze of laziness and red tape,  
And I kind of like it

That's why open field old tire mentality is sadly distracted,  
With that which I have subtracted from my life,  
Peace is a military helicopter hovering above your morals,  
And there's fire coral in the wishing well to dispel your taste for the truth,  
Each mood is a shade of grey scribbled on scrap paper with crayon  
And pasted into the scenery with no regards for balance,  
A challenge is unconventional,  
Irony is best when unintentional,  
Just ask god she won't tell you because she proved she didn't know,  
I watch the alligators play thinking in circles,  
Dreaming of a skyline I've never seen,  
I know the old saying but it just looks so green,  
And if I could just grasp the outskirts of that untapped brainpower,  
I know I could make a difference,  
It would be so nice here if it wasn't for all these people,  
Humans think that they can master telepathy by feasting on the dolphins  
trapped in bumblebee cans,  
Our advancements in communication are two-way text messaging pagers,  
A lifesaver when you're at the mall and can't make a call because there's no  
reception,  
Your reflection is just a projection of the TV show your life has become,  
I'm made of mirrors,  
How does looking at yourself in the eye feel?  
Like staring into a color wheel and only seeing yellow,  
Hello is there anybody in there or is the hot air just keeping your body  
moving?

Rhyming is a way to escape problems in your daily life,  
Life is just a cycle you're a part of for a moment,  
Moments are the times you think of when you feel that you're in need,  
Need is an emotional product of greed,  
Take it as it comes take it as it comes,  
They say take it as it comes,  
So I...take it as it comes,  
Hip hop the art of eating you heart out we all choose our path,  
Just a matter of following through,  
Any Saturday is a day worth a new start,  
Never contemplating the ways of the noose art,  
Living for experience and loving every second of the turmoil and the  
fireworks and labeled as a jerk,  
Witty wonka sells Tonka trucks to fat ducks who won't even play in the dirt,  
Getting hurt is expensive and free,  
Ice cream cones restore happiness  
They do, it's true

The birds are always shitting on the people in the park,  
And the people are always sitting on the benches in the dark,  
The days are always gloomy and the nights are stained with blood,

Every pretty prom dress has been trampled in the mud,  
The mall is so exciting and there's Jet Ski's in the springs  
One can buy a funny form of love with little useless things,  
It's a parasitic nether world sprinkled with commercial science,  
That's why every time she eats acid she buries an appliance,  
That's why

... Every time she eats acid she buries an appliance

So get the shovel and the toaster, we're headed for the backyard.

### **TWO BEATS + A BIKINI:** Written by Bleubird

#### **Part One**

It's so easy to be attracted to you I could be just like everyone else,  
Problem is when I close my eyes I can still feel it but I don't get to touch,  
It's been a minute since I let my walls down or fell into a vulnerable position,  
I don't plan on making it out alive I'm more concerned with your safety,  
What am I if I can't come to terms with the fact that I feel something I don't  
want to?

Only because you deserve more than I have to give,  
Although I feel like I have so much more to offer,  
It's a puzzle of emotions putting together a peaceful passion equally,  
A puddle turns into an ocean when you let go together meaningfully,  
A lesson I don't follow swallow your pride or choke on loneliness forever,  
How long can you get by on the memory of something that could've  
happened?

Something that could have happened...

#### **Chorus**

I don't wanna be stuck alone in this room forever,  
But how can I brave the storm if I don't prepare for the weather,  
If I die tomorrow I'll regret never loving you,  
Instead of pulling you close I push farther away with abusive excuses,  
To myself by myself...

#### **Part Two**

I stopped believing in the pre-conceived notion of god and started believing  
in myself for a change,

Finding that within my own courage lied a presence

Greater than three letters could ever explain,

Or hold strong as a label defying definition,

I've seen musicians pushing limits instead of pulling gimmicks

Knowing that I myself could only take this as far the boundaries set by the  
kingdom of words,

Unless of course I learned to speak three languages consecutively,

I can swallow glass but I can't breathe fire or dodge bullets,

Mothers love me regardless of what I do to their daughters while they're sleeping,  
Shoot me my last breath will be a giggle what else is there left to say,  
Cartoons mock reality mocking real life mock today,  
Existence is futile at least resistance is fundamentally difficult to exercise daily  
And considerably entertaining minus the bitterness poverty and excessive voice straining,  
Laughing at situations too complicated to shake a stick at,  
Never shake a baby or a cop playing with rattlesnakes in the street game off,  
Throw me a protestant and we'll play slaps to see who goes to hell first,  
Today sucked but it didn't matter I made my peace before the sun went down,  
Taking the initiative is only half as hard as lying down bound by numeral discipline,  
It's easy to forget the months because we don't have seasons here,  
In the land of the laid back where you have to rent a space to relax  
To break backs let's face facts,  
If we broke off like glass into the ocean would the world change or just adjust,  
I ad bust with jaded eyes knee deep in French fries and French tourists,  
The bus sucks and scattered trains makes for no brains with a license and SUV's,  
I can't travel comfortably in paradise,  
The cars are getting bigger and the drivers are paying less attention,  
Tolls are expensive on every corner there's a cop with a quota,  
Two feet behind him someone's getting robbed and shot while paying a parking ticket,  
A motorcycle an attitude jackboots and a point to prove  
Make for unhappy everyday citizens going about their mundane lives,  
Rabid dog bite,  
Who gave all these Nazi's new jobs and uniforms?  
Put all the jokes in squad cars and free thinkers behind bars or underground,  
If I sound profound you must be mistaken for the familiar,  
These ideas are recycled and thrown away dumpster diving for my divinity,  
Believing something out of nothing had to come from somewhere,  
Every leaf overturned burns a new hand,  
Don't take a stand without your stilts,  
Unless you think you can swim through the guilty pleasures,  
Where treasures found the sound of pirates haunts the air,  
Some skeletons have hair and business suits and walk around pretending to be alive  
And making money,  
It's funny how make believe time flies without make believe wings  
I make believe everything when nothing happens...

## **Chorus**

It's a waste of time and the broken clocks are still stubborn because they're right sometimes,  
So I write these rhymes all by myself locked in my room with nothing else,  
There's nobody up there waiting for me to come climbing out of the hole I think I dug too deep,  
So when I sleep I dream of silence and bask in what there could have been,  
I'm a 12-year-old boy with no toys joy is jotting down my jargon,  
Giving up everything for the nothing carnival and convincing myself that it's a bargain,  
So I walk my path content with the fact that loneliness is better than feeling shitty,  
Wearing a mirrored suit reflecting everybody's pity,  
Right back at you.

## **ABRASIVE LOVE + MY BROKEN FRIENDS: Written by Bleubird**

### **First Verse**

Hang me out to dry and stick a needle in my feeble attempt  
To pretend like I feel like I'm making a difference,  
Always something caving in, in everybody's complicated spider web,  
And legend has it someone will come back to save them all,  
Weave me a provocative tapestry and I might get temporary tangled  
Calling all the forces of life's natural chemistry,  
Will there come a time when I will have to face my destiny,  
By the time blind love is through with me there will be nothing left of me,  
Oh what tremendous boots we create to fulfill,  
Waffle making kicking through the shins of intimidation,  
It's only right that we wear false crowns climb invisible ladders,  
People are slowly accepting that you hurt the ones you love,  
I claim asylum,  
Falling apart with style,  
And acknowledging the fact that I am only a whisper,  
Grasping at moments of fate is better than breathing heavy on the window,  
I claim asylum, falling apart with style,  
And acknowledging the fact that I am only a whisper.

Be careful who you give the power to crush your heart to they will leave you broken,  
I'm not invincible but I like to pretend,  
Please don't hold me responsible for anything I say,  
Its just words And I will never change for anybody ever again,  
I know you're accustomed to having your cake and eating it too,  
I'm not jaded some just use their beauty irresponsibly,  
I try not to place blame or suck others into my confusion,  
And if I ever fall in love again she will never meet my friends,

The broken wings fly straight another wasted memory,

How many noblemen are descendants of murderers kids like sticks and  
swords and rocks,  
Upset with my father for never teaching me Italian,  
I want to teach my kid Spanish it'll be more useful,  
Schedules crumble when equipment breaks isn't anger funny in a rear view  
mirror,  
Anything can be funny in a rear view mirror,  
There's murderers who never killed anybody and flat out liars who speak the  
deadly truth,  
Shapes can be bent and the known can be distorted  
Dragging bad memories through the mud,  
I don't pay taxes or park in handicapped spots,  
My parents TV is too loud,  
The smell of home makes my mouth water and throat dry,  
Grow your own food solar power's not that complicated,  
I'm a hypocrite with a chip on my shoulder and a hamburger in my hand  
mouth full of memories,  
Today I set sail on another adventure of a broke loser who won't allow  
himself to fall in love or lie down,  
Confidence is easy with a microphone and a lot of words to say  
Shit, I should talk to girls this way,  
Or maybe I should run as fast as I can in opposite directions,  
Or just sit down or something...

I'm just chewing my gum,  
Jabbing my jaw,  
These words won't hold water unless the breath comes from my gut,  
Dreaming of a time when nothing mattered and I woke up smiling and  
ignorant,  
Having faith is a bigger cross to bear thanks to Jesus and his diplomats,  
So force feed me Viagra and tie my dick to the tetherball pole,  
I can't stop spinning in circles even with my feet planted on the ground,  
Occasionally it's at times of charity where I lack in compassion.

Let your dog's run free,  
Vega was the greatest thing Mexico had ever seen,  
Why does fate lead those strong enough to follow it into pain?  
I guess god likes to laugh and reward those who struggle gracefully,  
If you've been at the bottom you know the top is only as far as you can get  
out of the hole and appreciate,  
Laughter is forever and the children are the fire  
SkyRider will walk again and Wes will do whatever the fuck he pleases,  
Nobody thought you two would buy a school bus or live-forever,  
Your courage inspires and beauty shines through your broken bodies,  
Make that music,  
Teach the girls soccer,  
Build your boat and live freely,

Those medical bills make for big thrills when the IRS hunts down the peasants,  
Your presence is necessary,  
Who among us will run with the pack?  
Looking back the numbers were bigger but fear triggers hesitation,  
When life breaks you in half,  
Regroup and pick up where you left off,  
We will not speak soft and fade slowly into the dark,  
Chase whatever burns you,  
Resilience is flight and the night provides cover,  
Your courage inspires and beauty shines through your broken bodies,  
Nobody lives forever,  
But I give courage to those who try,  
Cast a spell over the deaf dumb and undefiant and make an example out of yourself

Chewbacca wasn't a virgin,  
Jeb bush isn't George's son,  
This courtroom smells like a dead cop's ass,  
I think I'm going to come...closer,  
I'm getting closer, almost, but I'm not there yet, almost...

**I WISH I WAS BOB DYLAN:** Written by Bleubird

### **First Verse**

Sometimes I think I should be singing folk songs with a guitar,  
But I can't play one I try to handle my imagination like an instrument,  
To just say one word that would make you shift your point of focus,  
From the hocus pocus commercial circus firing cannonballs of sweet words  
and eye candy,  
Mandy moron the war on drugs,  
Thugs with puppeteering trophies,  
Mostly business deals going on these days,  
Nobody pays for true emotion,  
Hoping the plastic love will keep you flying high until the day you crash and die,  
Play that guitar,  
Strumming emotions with my fingers,  
No that's my pubic hair,  
A hard on is a Barbizon model in my world but any girl will beg to differ,  
Hey skipper,  
Man this boat full of oil and crash it into an endangered habitat,  
In a couple of years they'll forgive you and continue supporting your dirty habit,  
I fell in the rabbit hole that day,  
But thanks to Mr.Carrol I found my way back home with Alice,  
We used to ring that old church bell every time we made love,

Remembering moments makes you smile but that hasn't happened in a while,  
Nothing a sunset or a good song won't cure,  
The everlasting melody of happiness is forever playing in the background,  
All one has to do is listen,  
Sometimes the bitching and the scuffles muffle the beauty,  
But it's those times in-between that make it all worth being part of the cycle,

### **Second Verse**

So thank you Sharon for giving me life,  
Your personality has molded me to what I am,  
Thank you Cesare for giving me life,  
You taught me how to be a man and take care of myself,  
Thank you André for giving me the courage to go out in this world,  
And go after what I believe,  
And thanks Tim for just being there,  
People like you are the reason that people like me are here,  
People like you are the reason that people like me are here,

\*footnote-barbizon is a crappy, yet popular, modeling company here in sunny south Florida, they have plastic dolls that stand in the mall and ignore everybody but the other plastic fake walking dollies.

### **TROOTH REDEUX: Written by Bleubird and SignOne**

#### **Bleubird**

Burn all my clothes hop a train  
Ignore the light chase the pain  
Never speak my name chasing my dream has made me plain  
You see I'm not the man I used to be  
So excuse my slight hostility  
But by squandering my ability I have made myself a monster  
My dark closet is my daily life  
Simply by placing emphasis on that which is unimportant  
I have taken myself swimming with weights chained to my feet  
Epiphanies may break the chains but the pain isn't weightless  
So I've accepted the regression and now I roll with the faithless  
Scolded by bold ideals and it feels like I don't belong here  
My own disapproval of my lack of accomplishment  
Manifests in the form of a need to flee  
Her tainted ideology is loosening its grip on me  
My eyes are gazing forward and my spirit's expanding  
I've learned a lot from giving in those boundaries are paper-thin  
This walking away is working wonders on my reality  
To express oneself honestly is a hard thing to do  
So I hang myself upside down in front of a mirror to deface the truth  
Old habits die hard so I'm abandoning my habitat  
Yippy kaiyaeaeae my little angelic handicap

Nothing seems better than the day I become three hours behind  
I cherish the thought in a box marked  
Please give me the mountains the rivers I welcome the sensory overload  
There's something I love about the way the car eats the road  
That's parallel to the way your surroundings seem to surround you, I found  
you  
But I'm afraid it's time for you and I to find ourselves  
So I'm placing my weakness on a shelf in a mason jar  
And searching for that feeling in the front seat of a van or a car  
Where pain is drowned in experience and struggle is contemporary  
And if it comes to the point where I have to go back  
To the place that I started the end of the tracks  
I won't throw down my pen I'll just put it away in my pocket  
For self keeping  
And when I arise from the place where the flies form  
This manual labor's created a firestorm  
I've taken for granted that time doesn't wait for anyone, so I'm leaving  
When I rise to the moment and handle what's handed  
That very same feeling that I took for granted  
Will turn into something more beautiful than I can imagine  
So I'll never stop trying  
It's growing and knowing and learning and losing  
Coming to terms with the fact that I am never going back  
And in turn reacting in a way I never have before  
Constantly moving in a forward motion and getting as far as I can from that  
ocean  
In the same respect I'm headed right back for it, I could never afford it  
I mean I miss my girl but I can't give her what she needs  
Some say it's self centered but I'm just trying to succeed  
So I'm making it happen no matter what happens  
I'm making it happen no matter what happens  
I'm making it happen no matter what happens  
No matter what happens

### **SignOne**

As a matter of fact I've been reworking patterns  
Of accidents happenings  
Believers on ladders still can act like they're packing and leaving  
Unlaughter for you and yours behind  
As an after effect of believing I'm latched onto necks when I'm teething  
And last to the next to know anything  
It's obvious to anyone and after it is said and done  
I'm going hitchhiking

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## **BOBMALISDADA: Written By Bleubird**

### **First Verse**

Welcome to the playground nothing you say matters,  
Burn me a cigarette paint me a tiger,  
Living in an alternate environment adorned with the polished jewels of self  
secrecy,  
I'm a broken robot with tampered circuitry and tempered urgency a bull's-  
eye coward,  
Climbing to the top of the tower  
With a ladder made of broken promises and candy rappers,  
I don't want to be a rapper I don't want to be a poet,  
I just want to be alive and I don't want to have to know it,  
Lost in the feeling of self indulgent shallow honesty,  
Living the blame game riding the lame train,  
Locked in a shoe box feed like a horse,  
Tangled in a spider web is better then being dead,  
How fun it is to be alive and eat your own appendages,  
Load me in a sling shot channel me a super hero listen to the glass shatter  
never look back,  
You little plastic play thing doubt my devotion do your job and eat your pills,  
I'm a beast in a bedroom gonna be dead soon no one's gonna love me I'm  
too scary,  
Screaming at the top of my lungs for the fun of feeling sorry for myself while  
looking at the dream I've been working for,  
Eyes closed in a candy store,  
Trusting a feeling that's known to fail,  
The farther I get in this forest the deeper the emptiness weighs on my  
courage,  
It's always the dumb ones who easily temp me,  
I'm searching for strength in the heads of the empty,  
Everything comes with a price we're paying for love with the blood of our  
youth,  
And the money is burning a hole in my chest,  
Yeah the world is watching but they're not listening and I'm too negative, see  
no evil,  
Rather run from a dog then submit to a snake,  
Yeah I can't change the world but I don't live in yours,  
If it's nothing you want then it's nothing you get,  
But who's to say which path is brighter better start walking the talk if I'm  
gonna survive,

I'm alone and bitter but I'm still alive and I do what I love with the help of  
good friends,  
You know what to do with that contract,  
You know what to do with that guilt,  
You know what to do with that contract,  
And that guilt,

### **Chorus**

Every person makes a decision about the way they're living,  
You could be giving it more than you know you're capable of,  
There's something inside of you that awakens in solitude,  
I say Dig me a shallow grave next to a cemetery,  
Attitude is everything and everything is temporary,  
If I die tomorrow at least I made this song,  
I'm still dreaming like a teenage fan,  
Love is rare so I run like hell to the devil herself for another let down,  
I am a one-man army of indestructible effort,  
You could never put me down farther than I can dig myself,  
Some of us focus more than others,  
Waste of time it has no meaning,  
Keep screaming at yourself from a distant bleacher and burn your fuse it's  
everlasting,  
When it's finished you won't be around to care,  
I scare my mom because being broke don't scare me,  
Never compare me to a beam of light with a battery pack and an empty  
heart,  
I have x-ray vision and I write my own script,  
Don't kiss my ass before you bite your lip,  
Right now makes it all worth it,  
Nothing is perfect,  
Choking on bird shit but I'm dreaming awake,  
How far can I take it before I dismantle the possibility of anything else?  
If I'm already thinking of death than I'm wasting my breath,  
Oh importance is wishy washy,  
Shifting gears and changing lanes,  
Riding empty trains full of innocent bystanders,  
We make these choices for no good reason,  
I can't even begin to explain myself,  
All the fulfillment I need is in other peoples trust,  
They've already given it to me with high expectations,  
And there's no looking back or falling apart.

### **PRE-FAB HOUSING: Written By Bleubird**

Slow pace,  
Races are being won and songs are being sung,  
But I'm just staring at that sun and catching phrases with my tongue,  
I don't want to be the one who tells myself that I can't make it

While I have the chance I'll take it,  
Intricate,  
Words are all that I have in this world to keep it interesting,  
I'll put them together and sit through the weather  
You're listening,  
Not because I forced you to,  
Because the combination of your body and your mind,  
Felt inclined to spend some time with the rhythm we designed,  
Whatever the reason I search for the season of change,  
Strange days,  
Minimum wage,  
Commercial cage,  
Three cheers for the slave,  
How did it start?  
Nobody knows,  
You light the candle everyone blows  
Wishing for a wishing well to wish for some wishes in,  
Wishy-washy Bukaki soggy head dead poets society,  
I'm a hip hopocrite,  
I did it on purpose if it sounds corny,  
You bore me with your empty criticism,  
Mr. Lyricism with a stigmatism for stuttering stupidly,  
Uttered mutterings,  
And covering yourself with the wealth of an idiot,  
Sinking in the move too quick sand,  
I'd offer you a hand but I just kind of planned on sitting back and laughing,  
Lately I've been stating a lot of the obvious,  
It's getting obnoxious  
These boxes are befuddling my task of intangibility,  
Silly we like to think of ourselves as helping somebody until you find out  
nobody cares,  
Playing shows for blank stares and breathing the stank air,  
Giving it all to a mirror and taking it all back for yourself,  
The gain one obtains from experience cannot be gauged in the form of  
wealth,  
One day when the sun comes back to earth and cooks all it's inhabitants,  
I'll make sure to be wearing my insulated suit,  
I'll step to the place of worship and consult the law of averages,  
And make sure it is possible for me to still be alive,

Some days I live on couches and floors other times I live in my parents  
home,  
I feel no creative energy when I'm there so I feel the need to roam,  
I get on my father's bicycle and take a blind cruise through suburbia,  
Catching glimpses of innocent faces who never dealt with never had,  
Just minding my own business's soaking up dirty looks from athletic dads,  
Just because they know what I would do to their soccer mom,  
Old money compliments,

New money confidence,  
I don't really fit in this neighborhood  
Shotty Pilates and half ass aerobic phobics,  
Lounging at a Sobik's eating dr. Atkins on a wheat bun,  
Smart moms know how good kids grow on sweet pickles.

### **MATT DYLAN: Written By Bleubird**

(Immortal is gonna be a dada soon)  
Let's do it for Johnny man, let's do it for Johnny!

#### **First Verse**

Everybody throw your faith at the giant baby eating lawn mower,  
No dollar coins or golden eggs for the man make-up and hairpieces,  
Thesis pre-judged,  
I'm a finger pointer and guilty joiner of currents flowing the right way,  
Today it changes aimless focused no dust for the digital quickly leaping blind,  
Behind is ok,  
As long as you know where you are today tomorrow can fuck off,  
I'm a buck soft of a hard mill (ion) or a cool one for keepsake,  
When we break the sound barrier with a harrier jet from Pee Wee's  
playhouse,  
Not a mouse stirs in the desert for fear that we might get hurt,  
Or get off on a million miseries,  
Go suck a mystery for every army base we never abandoned,  
I want my New York Times with rhyming headlines just to defy my gut  
feeling,  
If it's not a glass ceiling it's an invisible plane,  
And wonder woman ain't driving,  
I thrive on the ridiculous notion that somehow it's all gonna be ok,  
But every day we die harder with nothing else to say,  
You can't pray to your season tickets but you can punch sand to toughen up,  
Cynical so what this isn't 2004 it's Never-Never land,  
The dreamers always hold the better hand this is so hip hop that it sucks,  
I'm packing' me a rucksack of anti depressants and grammar lessons  
And tossing them to the river,  
Let the garbage eat itself for dinner,  
Until this all fades to poor black now walk into the rich white light,  
And have a couple of kids so you can lie to their little faces  
About distant places and the dangers of the skin type kind,  
Am I out of my mind or in the back of yours?  
We only fight from behind closed doors,  
Crack a Coors light and go fly a kite on an Indian reservation,  
Sunday family picnic desecration,  
Poor people have to work for their money,  
Rich people have enough to make more,  
Should I borrow the bank and go for it  
Or stay home working safe and die in a car accident?

Miracles happen go for broke and dolo (self) someone else will love you,  
What's the difference I just wanna make my imprints,  
Wash away a good man and live burning happy,  
Let's talk about taking turns and making things happen,  
Something grows on trees,  
I'm just a small axe with a broke handle please dismantle me when I die,  
I'll buy you everlasting happiness,  
Bite steel or build something beautiful,  
I wanna know what the air smells like on the top of a mountain  
In a country I can't pronounce,  
Free plane tickets and food vouchers I can't run my mouth forever,  
But I can run to the end of the world,  
Waste not want want,  
A spot of depression and a lesson learned burning money and taking  
pictures,  
Live for love and little things with big ideas and open eyes,  
We're all gonna kill everybody it's just a matter of memories,  
Remember me and the way I make fun of myself, do what you're gonna do  
oh I told you!  
Tell me a secret I'll give you a reason to kill yourself or fake your own death,  
La la la la la la la la la la la la al al al queda la la la la  
(Bitching doesn't fix anything; I never said I would try)

### **Talking**

Look me in the eyes and tell me I love you  
I'm not scared of you

## **THE BOOGIEMAN SCREAMS LIKE A GIRL: Written by Bleubird**

### **First Verse**

I don't know who my god is but when he speaks to me I listen clearly,  
Call it voices in my head or heroes in my headphones today,  
You ever hear your name spoke in a song that doesn't exist? Yesterday I was  
by myself surrounded by people all day,  
Don't cry for the candles burning I've got nothing else to live for yet,  
Families crumble under the rumble of relaxed lifestyles,  
Wild and untamed the broken unframed 8x10 with burnt edges I am, soon to  
be faded memories or buried treasure,  
Fire made me run from the only place that I felt comfortable,  
An apple would do me good but the sour taste will have to do for now,  
I walk a thin line between walking a thin line and pretending to,  
I'll stop writing in other people's voices when the choice presents itself,  
This year it's coming I can feel it but it's not there when I look for it yet,  
Bury my nose in a book for a minute and look up only when I want the sun to  
burn my eyes,  
Tears put out the flame for the names I've forgotten,  
I've made an honest effort to avoid comfort and not leave anyone behind,  
But feet get stuck in the sand when shoes land in convenient corners,

I run, towards the sun or away...whatever direction I happened to get pulled today,  
It's chicken scratch and chain link fences,  
Yesterday means nothing after tonight,  
Reading by window light next to sleeping strangers helplessly arranged,  
Pardon my characteristics and pheromones if you will for a long day,  
Riding together aimless to a common destination with different purpose,  
I left my heart in a guestroom closet in Portland one more time just to spite what I might have lost in Aspen,  
I want to know where and when the magic happens and does it stay with you?  
I enjoy listening to other people's opinions then brushing them off with a childish smile,  
Sometimes you get what you want and other times you get nothing,  
Is something really better than torturing yourself nightly,  
Lifeless,  
Cigarettes burn and the people die slow,  
Wearing a dust mask in a dust cloud of nuclear fallout,  
Like bringing a peace pipe to a gun show or a sword with a crucifix for a handle,  
Better prepare a better story,  
Let Jesus do all the killing while the blade weeps for fallen glory,  
I've seen the same movies over and over again with different titles,  
I can't explain the moment if you weren't there to see it,  
Happy with a construction job is like dying without traveling,  
There's people who think in different languages and express global compassion outwardly,  
Delirium is sugar in my coffee,  
Wake up I never went to sleep.  
If I give you change will it ever occur?  
I blind myself with constant questions my pen cuts the paper **inraes** indentions pages thick,  
My words are sick of me watching so I close my eyes and place my trust in glides of ballpoint fate,  
Hopefully they'll demonstrate what I was thinking when I was sinking awake,  
There's an old saying it goes nobody knows what the fuck is going to happen next!

### **Chorus**

Why don't we take the chance?  
Is it gravity holding us down to advance in the cycle or circle of life that we're living and constantly giving up?

### **Chorus repeat**

(UP JUMPS THE BOOGIE MAN)

The Pope and The President

### **Second Verse**

This is church and state,  
Business and pleasure  
B-boys and bull's-eyes,  
A series of pulleys and tunicates burning in flawless design,  
Rome wasn't built in a day but god was,  
Which was greater  
Look to the sky the answers lie in a smoldering pot of confusion embedded in  
rhetoric coded then folded and eaten by mindless beasts  
Who feast on the fact that we're gullible sacks of desired conditioning  
listening eagerly awaiting instruction,  
Self-destructive animal farm,  
Disarm the dinosaurs holding the hierarchy,  
Invert the pyramid live off the irony,  
Too many people in power results in a shower of sentiment,  
Chaos is eminent,  
Laws upon laws permits flaws of morality,  
Driven by salary,  
Backed by the cavalry,  
Bullets fly,  
And Americans cry...when America cry's the world listens,  
Do me a solid and switch the positions,  
If others would do onto us as we do onto them would the means justify the  
end?  
Or are we an evil disguised in prosperity,  
Bathing in blood and destroying humanity,  
Plaguing the very existence of anything other than trying to cover the world  
in our product,  
Eclipsing the sun with our nuclear dicks

### **Chorus x 3**

### **DARK DIRTY PLACES: Written By Bleubird**

#### **First Verse**

Battlefield self-absorbed, that last selfish sail fish in the swimming pool dies a  
hundred deaths,  
Breathing dirt and picking boogers,  
Who draws the line between self-centered determination or cockiness and  
confidence?  
When we can't tell them apart we tend to tear them apart,  
The last unicorn was slayed by a would be poet turned pied-piper,  
Isolated by jealousy and made to love the poisonous human infection,  
We all watch and wait with hopeful eyes and empty cups,  
Everybody's job sucks,  
Its universal mutanity,

Except the skeletons keep their mouths shut and pound away at the inner walls,  
The Kinda fire burns that only children feel,  
Stealing combinations and feelings,  
Nothing was meant to be an abomination,  
Create,  
I wish I could stop living a half second in the past,  
Give it up,  
Flux capacitors only existent,  
In Half serious make believe romantic confusion,  
I barge through paper boundaries with a reckless touch of caution quietly at times,  
But I can't keep my mouth shut near a microphone or a jealous donkey  
A rabbit punch to the throat,  
If you hear a blue coat he's probably wearing a red one under it,  
The clouds are always anticipating the sound from the damage that the thunder did,  
We swing our blades with dulled edges,  
So as they only scratch the surface,  
What's it takes to commit,  
Money and a life threatening experience or absent minded aggression,  
Obsessed with the ridiculous,  
I'm undesirable and understated,  
I can't get my facts straight without a highlighter,  
Silly statistic,  
I'm a mumbling misfit,  
Relationships go down the drain,  
Thinking of things to say on the telephone,  
Welcome to the veledrone (round and round we go),  
It's a slow death with no breath for the wicked tongues,  
I try to have fun but I'm sick of this after party,  
Everybody go home, wash your face and kiss the mirror,  
That's who you gotta answer to,  
Do you think God gets cancer too?

### **Talking**

I mean cause he kinda created everybody, and everything...right?  
I wonder if, when you die, if you could give it back to him?  
Probably not.  
Or if he just gives it to somebody else?  
It's like a trade-off or something?

### **Second Verse**

From the top to the bottom of the mountain the fountain of youth has run dry,  
And if the kids have nothing to live for then their future will fry,  
You can disguise your path as righteous and keep killing with no name,  
But when the circle completes itself there will be empty bodies to claim,

The right wing can't fly without the left wing,  
And at gunpoint the captured children might sing,  
"We are the world,  
We are the children"  
If you could, would you stick your head up your own ass?  
I mean if you could, would you stick your own head up your ass,  
If you could...  
Rambling rattlesnakes policy paddy cakes dumping in public lakes what?  
Broken democracy raging hypocrisy taking right in the butt.  
Society censored the slut, Society censored the slut...

### **Talking**

I mean nobody ever got aids form a butt right?  
Only interracial tongue kissing and public toilettes seats  
"I know my statistics"  
I mean that's where the epidemic came from right?  
Oh yeah, and the monkey sex!

## **WE THE BOMB: Written By Bleubird**

### **Talking/Introduction**

Hello boys and girls,  
This here is somewhat of a dated list of the 24 countries  
That the United States of America, my country tis of thee,  
has bombed and attacked since the end of world war two

### **Chorus**

We the bomb, we the bomb  
We the bomb we the bomb  
We got bombs we're not scared to use them  
We got bombs we're not scared to use them  
We got bombs we're not scared to use them  
Humans have rights but we continually abuse them  
We got bombs we're not scared to use them  
We got bombs we're not scared to use them

### **First Verse**

Japan 1945- Hiroshima Nagasaki.  
China 1950-yeah but we admitted that one was an accident.  
Korea 1950 to 53-them communists crossing that 38<sup>th</sup> parallel.  
Guatemala 1954- united Fruit Company.  
Indonesia 1958- chalk another one up for communism.  
Cuba 1961-the Bay of Pigs.  
Congo 1964- Operation Red Dragon.  
Dominican Republic 1965- another invasion to prevent the spread of  
Communism.  
Vietnam Laos Cambodia 1965-75 – nuff said.  
Nicaragua 1981- help the contras crush the Sandinistas.

Grenada 1983 - operation urgent fury.  
El Salvador 1984-85 -saturation bomb the civilians.  
Lebanon 1984 - PLO styles Buddha monks with the owl.  
Libya 1986 -Khadafi ain't shit!  
Panama 1989 - operation just cause, Noreaga ain't shit!  
Iraq 1991-99, the gulf war, Hussein ain't shit!  
Peru 1992- the communists tried to defend themselves against US imperialist domination.  
Bosnia 1993- a little ethnic cleansing never hurt anyone.  
Sudan-Afghanistan 1998- operation infinite reach, the Al-Shifa pharmaceutical plant.  
Yugoslavia 1999 - NATO bombings.  
Puerto Rico 2000- during military training activities stray bombs killed civilians.  
Afghanistan 2000-2003 - THE WAR ON TERRORISM,  
RIGHT NOW OPERATION IRAQI FREEDOM.

Doesn't anybody see a pattern forming?

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