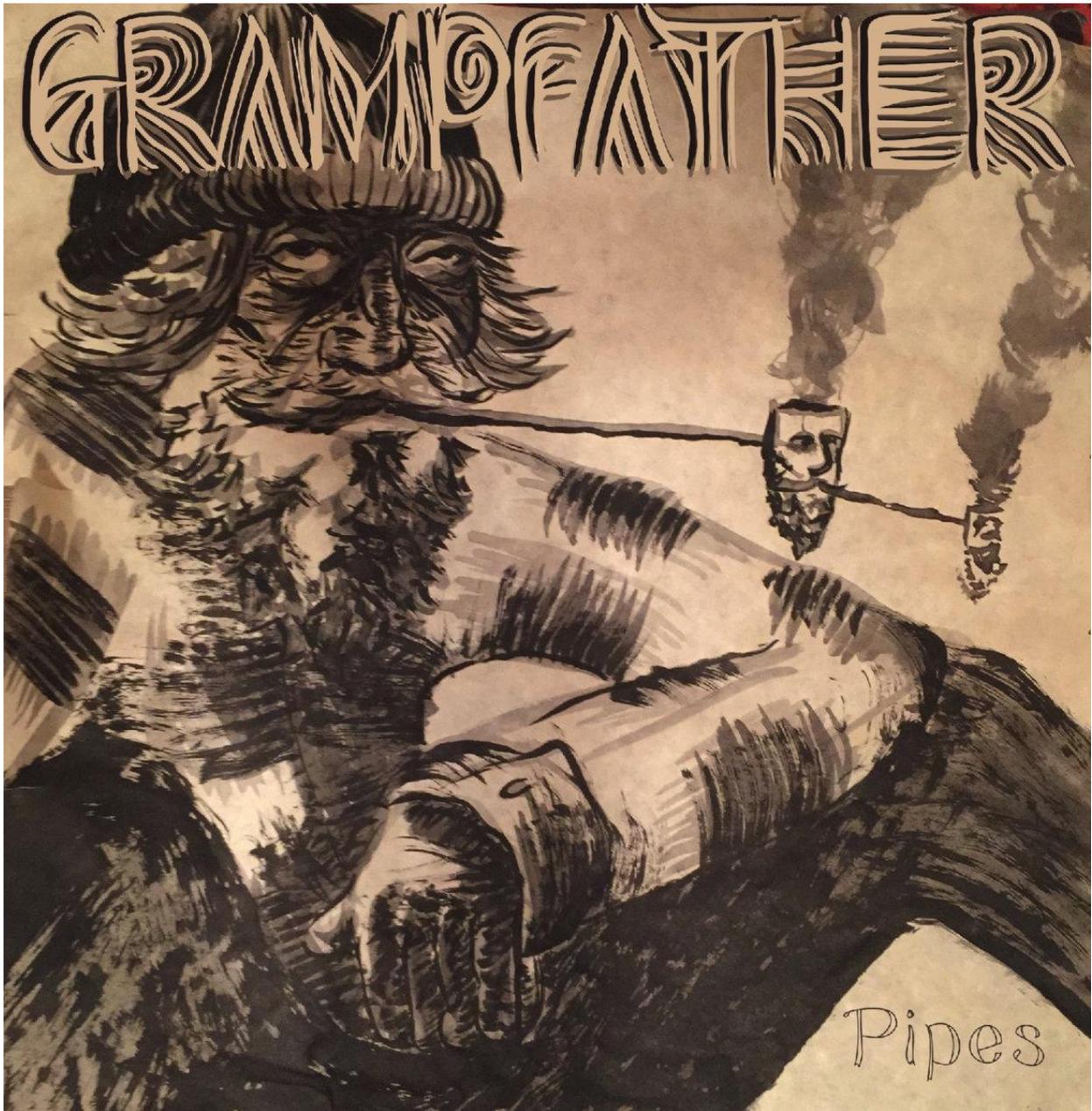


Pipes

Grampfather



All lyrics written by James Kwapisz.

Bad Landlords

Hello, hello, we will say hello
to you and your friends but we'll say no more
than what you already expected to hear--
isn't that what you came here for?
Okay, so there's some minor damage
to the kitchen floor--
here's my number, say no more,
I'll be over in a jiff to fix up the place--
but really I'll never answer your calls
or even speak to your face.
Until spring is how long your lease will last
I won't fix that broken window till winter's past.

It's so cold in my house, I can't even sleep,
I still feel the bite and I'm 20 blankets deep.
My food's gone bad, my whole house reeks,
my refrigerator hasn't worked in weeks.

Well I'm sorry, kid, I can't come by today,
there's been an accident on the freeway.
Anyway, I'm sorry about your sorrows,
I'll be sure to come by tomorrow.
In truth, there's no traffic at all,
well, I'll be at home just jerking off
and working on my cars,
and laughing at you from afar.

We're bad landlords,
we're not your friends,
we don't like you,
we just want your rent.
Everything will be just fine
as long as you pay us on time.
We don't like you,
we're not your friends,
we're bad landlords,
we just want your rent.
Everything will be just fine.

My landlord rented my room out
to somebody else without telling me
he'd be overtaking this hell--
well, next month I'll have nowhere to live,
little does he know
I don't have next month's rent to give,
so I'm gonna punch some holes into these walls,
place posters over them,
pretend I've never seen them before.
He'll have no clue it was me,
because as you can see
he doesn't do a damn thing,
doesn't fix or clean.

Hello, how are you, I just came by to say
your lease is almost up when can I expect you to pay?
It doesn't have to be now, but it's gotta be soon.
It's been very nice doing business with you.

We're bad landlords,
we're not your friends,
we don't like you,
we just want your rent.
Everything will be just fine
as long as you pay us on time.
We don't like you
we're not your friends
we're bad landlords
we just want your rent.
Everything will be just fine.

Simi

Simi, I am sorry, you may not go out--
get away from that window you're staring out.
Surely you will die if you ever make it out of the house.

Years pass by, people come and go,
yet you still wait ever longing to know
the freedom in the snow that lies beyond the glass,
but with one measly coat, you surely will not last.

Simi, I am sorry, you must stay inside--
the ghost staring back at you is not alive.
How many times do I have to tell you
you must resist that which compels you?

Oh, I know just what you're thinking about:
All those new foolproof plans you've devised to get out.
You're a slave to this life, a slave to your design,
for if not for domestication your kind would have never thrived.

Just as a whale is curious of land, you crave the new frontier
even though you'll be damned,
you just wanna run, you wanna hunt,
you wanna jump, you wanna fly.
To be free for one day would be worth it to die.

Spirit of the Wolf

James Donaldson eats asparagus
only with his two front teeth.

James Donaldson grew his hair out
to attain the spirit of the wolf.

Courtship

I was just sitting home, I had nothing to do
so I headed to a friends house,
they were all playing impromptu,
but when you arrived with those foreign familiar eyes
I no longer wanted to improvise--
my mind was set on getting alone with you.

Couldn't help but think, "What am I doing here?
They're all drunk and my head is clear."
Something about your smile
said you were feeling it too.

I can't apologize for coming on too strong
because I really feel we'd get along--
if we could just get out of here
maybe you'd see me through.

C'mon, let's go outside, feel the air, so nice.
Breathe it in, the crisp, wood-burned air--
can you feel it, can you feel it,
so stripped and bare beyond the banter?
Pure as the moon is our lantern.
See how it glows for you as it grows as it lows for you
like some holy calf enormous, swelling yellow luminous.
Let us dissolve in this, let us dissolve in this.

And you, you turned back to me,
yeah you, you turned back to me
and you looked at me with those soft-toned eyes
and said to me to my surprise,
"There's nothing I'd rather do than look at this moon
and get high with you."

Well I smiled real big and you grabbed my hand.
"Let's go and see how far our minds can span."
From the scope of this spirit,
nothing could have seemed more true.
But as we know, these things never tend to last.
Have we not learned from our thwarted pasts?
How many delusions must we suffer ourselves through?

But as we laid there that night in the grass collecting dew,
watching the sky pale from black to blue,
I thought of how our bitter-blisses might accrue
and when whatever this is would no longer seem new.
Oh me, oh my, oh me, oh my morbid mind.
Will ever we find stasis in these modern times?
And whatever it is we have together in this merciless abyss,
let us dissolve in this, let us dissolve in this.

Will we be redeemed
from the daunting byproducts of our dreams?
It's always better abstract and lofty,
rather than the solid, sordid concrete.
Yet despite how many lives we've died,
still yes, I must confess:
without this wavering madness
our lives would seem quite meaningless.
Oh me, oh my, oh me, oh my morbid mind.
Will ever we find stasis in these modern times?
And whatever it is we have together in this merciless abyss,
let us dissolve in this, let us dissolve in this.

Sleeping on Stairs

I know you.

Yeah, I know your kind,
the kind who spews what's right right right
but when the building's burning down
you leave everybody behind.

Don't tell me how to be free
pontificating all your bunk theories
upholding your frail facade
you're shoving us through
as it plumes in abstraction
out the absent ceiling.

Your building is burning,
we need a way out!
A neon exit sign
that instead reads, "Doubt."
I want to believe everything is wrong
and everything is right when put into song.

We're living out of hotels
we're sleeping on stairs.
Our passive-aggressiveness is useless--
we're not getting anywhere.
We're living out of hotels
we're sleeping on stairs.
Our passive-aggressiveness is useless--
can't you see that nobody cares?

This is yours, this is what you built,
yet you feel no responsibility,
you feel no guilt.
What of this chaos, what of this riot,
what of this abrasive realness of our dying?
We're not paper but we'll burn just the same,
except our ink will run red as it runs down the page
of our figurative lives, our flesh binding the books
blinding you to the truth you'd see if you'd just look.

We're living out of hotels
we're sleeping on stairs.
Our passive-aggressiveness is useless--
can't you see that nobody cares?

I know you.
Yeah, I know your kind,
the kind who spews what's right right right
but when the building's burning down
you leave everybody behind.
We're living out of hotels
we're sleeping on stairs.
Our passive-aggressiveness is useless--
can't you see that nobody cares?

—END—