

## A Liturgical Introduction

Nestled in the bosom of the Appalachian Mountains

Is a wooden cabin

And in that cabin

Is a family

And in that family

Is a father

And in that father

Is a network of veins and arteries

And in those veins and arteries

Is blood

And in that blood

Is a mixture of barbiturates and alcohol

And this sadly is where our story must begin

Yeah

The Khrusty Brothers

## On A Shelf

On a shelf down in the basement  
By a box of old CD's  
Is a book back from the days when  
I was young and not in need  
Is that true that I was ever  
In a place of self-sustain  
I'm not sure it is; in fact I am just  
Lying straight and plain  
But then plain gets more appealing  
Every day that I'm hit hard  
By a street fighter from England  
In the shadows of a shipping yard

She was blue and green and made of  
Cherry coke and marmalade  
I was hopeless in her presence  
I was just hopin' I'd get laid  
I'll jump rope like Sly Stallone when he  
Gets buff for Rocky Five  
And then gorge myself on French fries  
Every night at the local dive  
I'm the very thing I hate  
And I can't make that go away  
So go fire off three more rockets  
Baby, let's let that big band play

Maybe someday I'll get ready  
Maybe, baby, someday, I'll go  
To the land of the dry heave  
Where they've never seen the snow  
And I'll look up in a phone book  
Where they keep those passed away  
And I'll make my pilgrimage to see  
The place my father lays  
...or "lies," I s'pose is what he does  
Aw, man now that there's a pun  
By the way, baby, when you're bored,  
What exactly do you do to have fun?

## Tennis Shoes

I am fascinated by your tennis shoes  
I was lacerated by it when his booze  
Caught a caustic runway like a fighter jet  
Cause Airplane fuel and soda's neither light or wet  
But I digress, let's get back to your tennis shoes  
I saw 'em sticking out of the confession booth where  
You admitted sad and lonely things were true  
Soon, I'll screw the courage up just to talk to you  
Cause screwing up, you know, is now my specialty  
You are not as scared of me as you will be  
Once we meet and share a kiss  
And, then revealed, I spoil the bliss

### CHORUS

I am sorry  
I misrepresented who I am  
(I guess I lied to you)  
I am sorry  
I must have told you I was on the lam  
(I'm not runnin' from the law)  
But it's really nothing quite so glorious  
The truth is really more laborious  
I just disappeared from myself for fun

The secret's out, it's really not your tennis shoes  
(Why you gotta look at my tennis shoes?)  
But I get so embarrassed by the place I choose  
To look when I can bring myself to raise my eyes  
(Eye eye eye eyes)  
So I incorporate the science of disguise  
Norse mythology has always captured me  
(Give it up for the God of Thunder)  
How do you feel about the God of Thunder, he  
Goes by Thor and Marvel had a comic book  
(Loki's goin' down)  
Oh my God, here you come, I don't know where to look  
Looking like a fool is now my specialty  
Odin, for your favor, I shall wrestle thee  
(His ambition seems to know no bounds)  
Once we lock, and I prevail  
(What makes him think he will prevail?)  
You will make me alpha male  
(Like Ted Nugent, the master of the compound bow)

## Did I Ever Become

It was down at the lake  
I had a lump in my throat  
You were wrapping up tight  
In your old navy coat  
We were faking that things  
Were as plain as the sky  
Which was lying down low  
Like a cold war spy

I could play like a kid  
I could swagger and yell  
I was full of myself  
I was empty as well  
But I felt like a king  
In a chamber of gold  
When you wandered by  
And your scent would take hold

### CHORUS

Did we ever become  
Who we thought we would be  
Is it ever the case  
When you run into me  
That you think to yourself  
Spontaneously  
Hey he's just like he was  
He's just what I thought he would be  
(Did I ever become what I thought I would be?)

I don't want to be foolish  
I don't want to be dumb  
But I swear I'd trade somebody  
Both of my thumbs  
Just to have back the force  
Of my naiveté  
And to live with my heart  
For just one more day

## Captain Purdue

Watching one more year go by  
Wondering when I'm gonna cry  
I am half a football field  
From the place my heart will yield

To the fact that you are gone  
And that you slipped the surly bond  
And I will not see your face  
When the family bows for grace

### CHORUS

Thank God for Captain Purdue  
Of the US Army too  
And be with all those people out there  
Less fortunate than us  
Alone and friendless  
In the winter air

I'm sick of sinking down  
In my tight black evening gown  
It's a lost cause every day  
I'm faking it all the way

I've tread the rocky road  
I've struck the mother lode  
But I'm still bare knuckled here  
And hoping things come clear

### BRIDGE

It's a half-minded lopsided double-dipped ice cream cone  
That I lick and look around but I'm eating it all alone  
And I'd give up my right ear  
Just to watch you hang your hat again  
And not your neck my dear old friend

## Sympathy For Jesus

I came stumbling into church  
With a hot gun in my hands  
I was ready to talk to Jesus  
To tell him my demands  
But Jesus ain't no fool  
He's seen this kinda thing before  
And He had a couple angels stop me  
At the front door

I said now come on that ain't fair  
You should be accessible to all  
He said everybody gets a secretary  
Even just to take their calls  
So address me to my face  
If you think you've got the balls  
But I ain't playin' around  
Boy, at all

This was not what I expected  
So I stiffened in my stance  
And I tried hard to remember  
Every single shitty circumstance  
Then I quivered like a victim  
With his predator in sight  
I was ready now to vindicate  
I was ready to start a fight

Now you can stand right there and judge me  
Shoot, you can send me straight to hell  
I know you got the power  
I know that fact full well  
But before you do explain to me  
Why suffering and why death?  
And why did I pray all those years  
And waste all that good breath?

### CHORUS

Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Well the angels sang it under their breath by  
the door

Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
I give up, I can't go on like this any more

Well I appreciate your kind, he said  
And then Jesus poured a drink  
My face musta looked funny  
Cause he said, It's not like you think  
I'm saddled with the job you know  
Of interpreting my Dad  
To a bunch of frightened people,  
Frightened or just mad

And most of 'em think they got it right  
And then he threw some ice cubes in  
But most of 'em are just dead wrong  
About life and death and sin  
And then I got my fiancée'  
She's s'posed to speak my mind  
But sometimes she's just chicken  
And then she messes it up other times

## Whittle Down

One hundred movies on a little list  
Which of 'em can't I afford to miss?  
Bound for an island with a VCR  
Life's been funny for me so far

Blue-green glow in the long, long night  
Like a dance on a river with a bottle of sprite  
I was joking when I said it couldn't get no worse  
I never knew the coroner didn't use a hearse

No, man, it's a black-tinted modified Aerostar  
How do you suppose we ever made it this far  
I'm a boy on a field with a soccer ball  
Still hoping that you're coming out to see  
me this fall

### CHORUS

Whittle down the days with a pocket knife  
Carve a little statue to dysphoric life  
You can love your family you can hug your wife  
But they still bang the drum and then they  
play the fife

Eminem acted in a big screen show  
I could be a battle rapper if I just said so  
It's made with the aid of a literary flow  
And Mr. Dylan grillin' burgers with your  
best friend Joe

Me and Eminem and the bad cash flow  
We been leakin' on the weekend like a  
Vincent Van Gogh  
It's a paint-eating, lead-poisoned hip hop show  
If we could just get the money to record our demo

### BRIDGE

Don't walk away. Please don't go  
I feel like I never really got to know  
Anything at all. It's a bad talk show  
The Viet Nam War and the alcoholic roar  
Are the soundtrack wound back over and o'er

So master of the battle rap, king of fools  
Take me your pretty little 8-Mile school  
I can out-suffer anybody, sickly ghoul  
I'm a starch-fed white bread fossil fuel  
I got a secondhand heritage from Liverpool  
I'm the experiment's errant little molecule  
Who can change the range of the whole  
new school

But now I'm braggin' like a dragon like  
them other fools do

For the sake of the ache of my new hairdo  
Shaved at the scalp with the ashes too  
Remembering the dead like an old-school Jew  
No loans, but my clothes are all rent in two  
But torn up shorn down, just like you  
That's the way that it works, that's the age-old rule  
You can yell, you can stomp, you can ridicule  
But you're pained and you're drained and  
you're miniscule  
Sitting in the kitchen on a three-leg stool  
Just workin' like a jerk 'n tryin' to finish  
night school

Thinkin' of a kingdom and a crown of jewels

## The Phone Call

I think it was a Sunday afternoon  
If I remember you were sick  
The television threatened like a glass monsoon  
But I could change the channel with a flick

### PRECHORUS

We were catching up on laying down  
We were finally settling in  
We had some ideas for when we got well  
We were just about to begin

### CHORUS

That's when the phone call came  
That's when the phone call came  
I can't even say his name  
But that's when the phone call came

The feeling dropped and cracked like a big  
glass bowl  
My eyes were wide and narrow at once  
I could not believe that this was happening  
We hadn't talked for almost two months

### BRIDGE A

Tin foil, house keys  
I'm weak at the corner of my eyes  
Pillows, slippers  
Thick unconscious sighs  
Wood floors, coasters  
My shelves of compact discs  
The jackets hung, a coat of dust  
Let's cut back on our risks

### BRIDGE B

Oh, but thank you a thousand times  
My words are nickels and dimes from a  
chair that reclines  
Junk the metal detector finds  
Emptied out mines, leftover rinds  
Stolen street signs, four-dollar wines  
But thank you a thousand times  
I hadn't showered, hadn't shaved

I hadn't drawn a breath  
And though you cannot speak or walk  
You're standing up to death  
All that I had thought about was

### CHORUS

Back when the phone call came  
Back when the phone call came  
I can't even say his name  
Cause it was back when the phone call came

Maybe we could get you in a set of wheels  
And take you out for a little spin  
Watch your eyes while tree after tree goes by  
See how you take it all in

## Touch His Bones

I been diggin' through my clothes  
I don't think nobody knows  
Cause if some would touch his bones  
Well I'd just head back home  
All alone  
And when the sun had rose  
I'd say nobody, nobody knows

You might think you'd figure out  
The way Hemingway'd doubt  
Cause if some would touch his bones  
And stand among the stones  
All alone  
Then when the sun had rose  
They'd say, "Hey, buddy, don't muddy those"

### CHORUS

Awful dreams  
Another choir of smothered screams  
And I  
I am reeling I feel like I believe  
But I won't deny that I'm in need

I don't know my left from right  
I must be quite a sight  
The dogs will bark but will not bite  
When, in the middle of the night,  
He comes again  
With a voice that's ripped and old,  
He says, "Hey, buddy, my body's cold"

## To Get Ourselves Clean

But haven't you seen me?  
I stalked through your dreams  
I hung from your rafters  
And shattered your beams

Your lights are like workers  
Who've gone on a strike  
Demolish the mission  
Go sit on a bike

You may not be cute  
And you may not be well  
You may be an old phone  
With a real ringing bell

But you're not just lying  
You're in desperate shape  
And things haven't whispered  
Since you lost the cape

Cape at Canaveral  
Cape of Good Hope  
Caper of daring, O-  
Kay, we need soap

### CHORUS

To Get Ourselves Clean  
To Get Ourselves Clean  
To Get Ourselves

## Every Time A Lie

I was sippin' on my whiskey in Kentucky town  
Where the top shelf bourbon is a Jim Beam brown  
And I'm headin' out east. I'm goin' to Boston town  
Gonna find out if Ted Williams is still around

I'm a 400-hitter, baby, I'm a diamond in the rough  
When I get it all together I'm gonna show you my stuff  
Maybe the Red Sox Kid can teach his swing  
To the up and coming uppercut new line drive king

But people get uneasy then they go pale  
When you tell 'em that you recently got outta jail  
But it's cool cause I was pardoned by the Alabama governor  
A deep fried, sun-hardened gentleman, a southerner

I played him Lynrd Skynrd just to show him I'm for real  
And then we'd sit with bowls of grits and I'd be super genteel  
He was taken by the bacon and the collard greens  
That I pressed in my folded up rolled-cuff blue jeans

I am cluttered up with sputtered out half-broke cars  
I'm a junkyard full of funk put out by fast-choke stars  
I fail like a pail with a split in its side  
I'm the new clothes behind which the emperor can't hide

So, I got a resume' from yesterday's visit to the zoo  
I was thinkin' maybe I could put to use the old kung fu  
To subordinate the primate, the leopard and the emu  
With a black belt, you know, I can do what other people can't do

I wore out all my friends at my junior high  
Cause every time I told a story, it was every time a lie  
And now I can't remember my for-real history  
And my counselor, he told me "you don't buy it, buddy, it's for free"

But nothing comes free, my daddy always used to say  
And nowadays my daddy's not around me anyway  
So I remember what he told me. Cause he can't be here today  
After all, he is a secret agent working for the CIA

## Just Opened Up

The last time I was breathin'  
I was scared  
I never knew what people felt  
I never cared

Now the world just opens up  
Like a basement or a coffee cup  
Like a thermos on a boy scout trip  
That your dad spilled when he lost his grip

### CHORUS

Every time I think about it  
I don't want to be  
Sad, cause bein' sad's too real  
And real is like a small insect  
It's a never-ending pain in your neck  
And you wish that real would just go away

The last time I saw Henry  
I was drunk  
I hadn't showered for a week  
Man, I stunk

But Henry he just opened up  
After one insincere hey what's up  
And spilled his guts  
I guess he couldn't see that

Every time I wonder  
About the Cubs  
And how the fans bite their nails  
Down to the nubs

I'm hopin' maybe that this year  
They will finally make it clear  
That Chicago knows about baseball  
And they really got it right this fall

## The Beginning Of A Parade

This is the beginning of a parade  
Roll out the big floats we all made  
The Fire Insurance Company  
Has a home on fire, it's a sight to see

Ever since everything got so damn rough,  
I been tryin' my best just to toughen up  
So you can sell the horse and melt down the bit  
I don't care anymore; I don't give a shit

This is the beginning of a parade  
Roll out the big floats we all made  
There's a long and thin and lonely line  
At the Bud Light tent; everybody's buyin'

Ever since we took that last long ride  
I been staring at a photo of you outside  
The way the sunlight skims your skin  
Like a lake at dusk I'm swimming in  
The beginning of a parade

I love you strong like a fire hose  
It's a love nobody besides us knows  
I kind of like keeping it to myself  
Like a jar I store up on the highest shelf