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OF



PARCH

IDES OF PARCH

I PHONE, EUPHONE, WE ALL PHONE
BEER PLUGS
KURT NIRVONNEGUT
KEEP AUTISM WEIRD
HOWLBACK HOLLERBACK
SALVADOR DALI PARDON MY FRENCH
LURK WHO'S TALKING TOO
MARK DAVID CHAPMAN SHTICK
WE

ALL
MUSIC
WRITTEN &
ARRANGED BY

A TUNDRA

KATSAOUNIS/MAHLMEISTER/PAYNE/STEFFENS

Except "We", written by Steffens.

All lyrics by Mahlmeister/Steffens,

except "SDPMF" by O'Donnell/Mahlmeister.

Puns of Steel by A Tundra. All songs © 2011.

PERSONNEL:

Donny Mahlmeister: Guitar, Vocals, keyboards

Liz Payne: Bass, Viola, Upright Bass, Vocals, Processing

Shelly Steffens: Guitar, Vocals

Theo Katsaounis: Drums, Percussion, Vocals

Mary Spadaro: Vocals

Andy Strain: Trombone

Jack McLaman: Upright bass

RECORDING:

Electrical Audio, by Jamie Carter.

Home Studios, by Donny Mahlmeister.

MIXING:

CarterCo, by Donny Mahlmeister

with assistance from Jamie Carter.

MASTERING:

Chicago Mastering Service,

Shelly Steffens, with help

from Jason Ward.

ALBUM ART:

Donny Mahlmeister.

PRODUCED BY
DONNY MAHLMEISTER.

Follow,
in my
direction. Its
not a race, pick up
the pace. Note: my
contraction. Its
my condition, to
complicate the
state.
Communication
fals, I
learn. Impress
the abstract
forms I hear.
Sorry, its this
affliction, by
my
admission that
holds us
back and
keeps us
static
creatures.
Fill the space but
leave the
spaces. Run while
tripping.
Look your face is
old and
worn.

I'm sorry to say, my plans have
changed. I can't control the moon
and stars above. I must confess, my
words have swayed. The universe is
not as neat I guess. Stand up! Heads
collide. Its
deadlock.
Eavesdrop.
Listen to
their
words
talk.
Blah blah blah. Our jaws
drop. Run, walk! They're headed
for the door. I'm sorry to say, my
plans have
changed. I can't
control
the moon and
stars above.
Stand up!
Heads collide.
Its
deadlock.
Eavesdrop.
Listen to
their
words
talk. Blah
jaws drop.
Run, walk!
They're headed for the stand off.
Heads collide. Its deadlock. Run,
walk! They're headed for
the door.

Our
legs, they are stuck
in the muck, they're as
stiff as a nail. We're bound in
our space,
now, as
by,
times slides
Midases on
our face, will
encase, our
delusion to
fall. It drips
on our neck,
the sticky
mess, the air
is stale. We
try with our
might, to
go fight,
but our
arms they
just fall. The fight that we fight, is
not our fight. Waiting. We're
headstrong, we will prevail. Our arms
aren't broken and our legs won't fall.

Spin-
ning, dizzy
dippers. The hunter
and the bear, barely visible
before
open
Look up!
Spun-
drunk
bearings in the ink
of the sky I saw black bear
paw his tracks stark speak the way
Locked out, and I stopped
looking. It stopped existing. So I'm
night-writing my name in red...
Lights are sparing our despairing,
the clouds can come tonight.
Glowing still, we're holding till,
the aperture is right. Bare and
simple, moments linger 'till
you have to go, back
home. Back
home...

We
write songs to
get along to. We
write songs to get along
to. Hope you write songs
too. Songs to make you
happy, as we go down to the
ocean. Breathe in the hot sun,
Lying on your side your ear
gets red. Arm goes numb you
try to move it, its dead. How
long before its gone?
Light
will leak
into my
thoughts.
I
don't
know just
where
they all may go.

Just
settle down and look
at me, my darling. Those
anxious eyes they just can't see,
they miss the widest view, its often the
case. You've
can and will
You
conquered all that
be conquered
captured all that
lies within your
reach. You think
you haven't left
the bed so you
lie there,
worried that you've let
your mother
down. Those
brilliant ears they've
taken you to places,
they've taken you
to places. You
must be seers
and patiently
remember,
taken you to
pioneers have
remember, the
great grows up behind them, not down.
The ice is not as thick in December,
But just below your feet its
sound.

Been a long year. Flew so quickly. Been
a while since I've been here. I am looking
through the window. I am waiting for the sun,
to shine down. Let me breathe, like a beast
that's running free. Wind in hair, laissez faire.
What is what, will be, must be. Well you
laid down the
law, from
across the
Atlantic, to
afford the
unwilling
trust We
have been
here before,
as ourselves,
or as others.
Memories
come and go.
We must.
We have
taken a long
way. We
have taken a long
way home.
"N-over you,
"N-over me,
"N-over you,
"N-over me.

The light that
leaks, escapes
the plane and
never dries.
Document to
circumvent your
fading mind.
Cauterized and
sterilized and stamped
in time. The particles that
interfere are tagged in
line. Scattered angles
energize the narrative. A
million snaps depreciate the
relative. Cauterized and
sterilized and stamped in time.
The particles that interfere are
tagged in line. The spectrum of the camera
lies, but wave lengths stay the same.
Particles of light escape, but sight is what
you take. The
spectrum of
the camera
lies, but
wave lengths
stay the
same.

I've
fallen awake and my legs
are twitching. I pull up the
blanket to see. The buzz starts instead,
where jangle and dantor reside in my
head. My body's embracing this nightless day
scene, numbness has set in by day. Hollow and
bare, the din has exhausted my desire. To be
excited I've fallen awake in this nightless day
scene, with jangle and dantor instead. Lights
ascending, comprehending my state of mind right
now. Lights ascending, comprehending now. Get out
of bed, its time to go. My hand shakes, my
hand it shakes. The bottle break on the floor.
Little bits of paper, left the table. I must
be a nervous bore. My hand shakes,
our hands we shake, the
movement might take some
hold. The limply writhed fish
hand, held out to greet me, tells me
he's a dreadful bore. Bodies and bodies of
people to greet and I am just bored. Dozens and
dozens of figures of speech, and I am just bored.
Won't touch base, we're acid/base, the flagpole lies
up no more. Stupid little flag on the table, you
are just a nervous bore. Won't touch base, I won't
debase my consti-tution no more. Funny little nuggets,
defat but unstable, they've got no solid core. Bodies and
bodies of people to greet and I am just bored. Dozens
and dozens of figures of speech, and I am just...
leaving this place and feeling the space and
letting them go. Lights ascending,
comprehending my state of mind right now.
Lights ascending, motion pending
now. Get out of bed, its time
to go.

