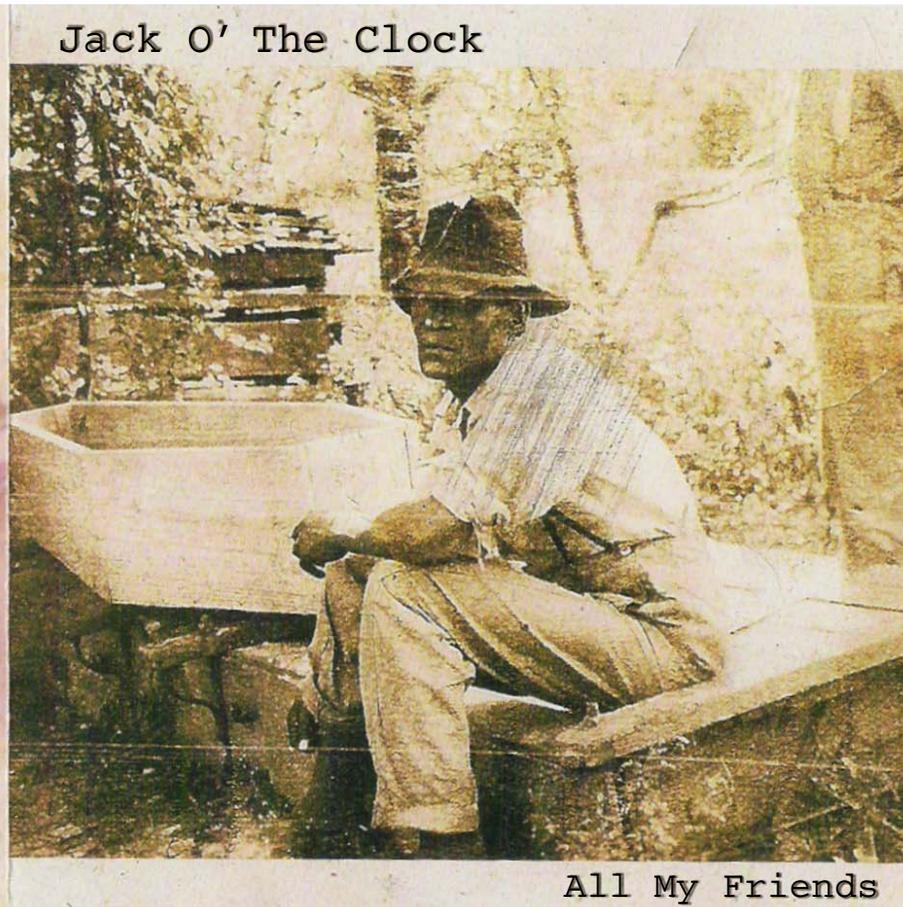
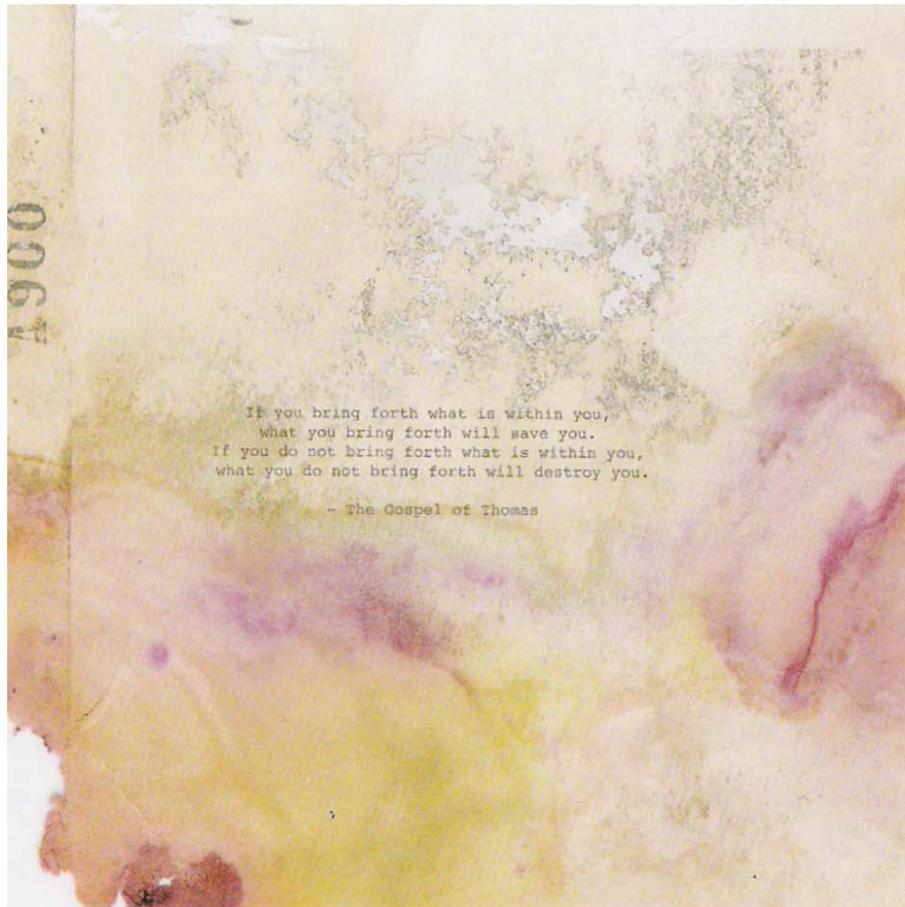


How to Print and Compile this Booklet: Print the pages in order, in landscape mode, two-sided and backing upon one another according to the large numbers and explanations. Then fold down the center of each page according to the registration marks - these probably won't line up perfectly front to back, but the margins are wide and you should be able to make all the words fit behind the front and back covers. Staple or sew them together along the middle, following the line between the front and back covers. Finally, close the booklet and cut off the excess paper to fit the printed edges of the front and back covers.

12: Back Cover (back of pg. 11) | **1:** Front Cover (back of pg. 2) |



2: Inner Front Cover (back of pg. 1)

1. All My Friends Are Dead - (8:02)

All my friends are dead.
What can you say to that, my friend?
Cancer dropped a blockbuster: the formula works.
The car crash was a sleeper hit.
1908 and twenty days late, I dragged the midwife from her bed.
There was a handsome front lawn I could roll around on,
a great sigh in the chestnuts overhead.

Along came the war.
Along came the war, and everyone agreed what we were in it for.
But I saw a flash in a darkened theatre,
a newsreel splash of a crash on a foreign shore.
All my friends seemed to think I'd feel differently
if I'd only had to risk my hide,
but I'd have to hear from God himself
before I'd kill for either side.

My father said "Franklin, you're not a fighter.
They would snap you in two like a twig.
You're going to have to find a post in the Post Office.
That's the only other decent gig."

Well, I'm never alone for long,
'cause people know these walls are strong,
and neither snow nor rain can get in.
But who can recall the way the tall chestnuts used to sway
before the blight set in?

11: Inner Back Cover (back of pg. 12)

And from the back of my skull, a chain walks down
past flapping doors and singing wires, past throbbing dynamos and factories,
past leeching pools and midden heaps, past silos milking fertile rows
to the vestige of a story that I can't outrun.

Well I heard you packed it in, but never where or how, and that was enough
to see you shuffling down a staircase in another city, and another.

(Be careful, lines have come down in the night, the lights are out.)

Old friend in a hole at the back of my skull,
trying to cut out the bad part.
And I bit through the lead 'cuz I won't wake the dead,
though I do talk to you.

On Van Ness one night I felt your heavy arms take hold of me, rough
and loving like an older brother would, as if to say "Look, I'm
behind you now, don't move, don't panic, and don't turn around.

"In a minute I am going to let you go, and when you go,
you can go down Mission, you can take the L down to the sea,
buy yourself a new microphone, lay down some city for me,
and though your heart is empty and full," you said
"you will find a cypher in your brain
that whirs underneath it all. I couldn't help it."
You said "I couldn't help it."

"Whatever hums, whatever filament is lit,
I will be there for you to short-circuit it."

13. All My Friends Are In My Head (instrumental) - (3:02)

10: Last In-Between Page Outward (back of pg. 9)

12. Old Friend In A Hole - (13:09)

Walking late down Ocean Beach, trying to describe the feeling,
waking up to a grown man weeping in the street.

(Turned out to be a neighbor. His son had been
running blind for a few days and he'd just got word
from down South somewhere: they'd found him.)

It was just a story for a hungry sea
but it stuck behind your eyes and lodged there
like the whisper of a spine in that blind white worm inside.

Old friend in a hole at the back of my skull,
when you called I was sleeping.
God I confess I can't really address, though I do talk to you.

In an alley in back of the pawn shop, stashing your trash in a booted car.
Buying drinks for an exotic dancer, following her home from the bar.
Sitting up in your room in the Tenderloin,
smoking hash in the hooded night,
the reel-to-reels against your inner wall are rolling,
tape his flooding from the phones like a searchlight.

And then you start to guard your tapes and guard your private thoughts
from forming canyons under tiny streams of pain.
The people on the street seem to know too much.
Your friends seems to be messing with the records in your brain.

3: First In-Between Page Outward (back of pg. 4)

You can't stand too tall in a clear-cut forest
or the world stops laughing at your jokes,
No, Jesus never laughed at my jokes.

2. The Academy (instrumental) - (1:26)



4: First In-Between Page Inward (back of pg. 3)

3. A Lot Of People Are Dead Wrong Most Of The Time - (5:03)

Whip me, teacher, you should know, that's all I ever needed from you.
Don't impress me with your signet, don't give me any books to leaf through.
I only want your love. I will even take it lying down.
You can't just leave me with your demons
after running all my angels out of town.

It could take you miles out of your way and-ah!-how would you know?
I've got eyes and I can see shapes but I can't really read.

Off-the-record, into the clinic, under anesthetic and the knife:
Thought I'd have a housebroken shadow,
but I only have this fear of life.

Come clean now, doc, let's take a stand
while your master's boy still walks with you:
tell him things didn't go as planned
for the captains as well as the crew; Tell him you're just a
conscript of his old daddy, not some slave of the mind.
A lot of well-meaning people are dead wrong most of the time.

Whip me teacher like you love me, that is all I actually need:
a freezing lash of winter rain to shake awake the indolent seed,
humiliation, absolution in the sunlight every single day.
Feel like an old English sheepdog getting a bath in the driveway.

It could take you miles out of your way and-ah!-how would you know?
I've got eyes and I can see shapes but I can't really read.

9: Last In-Between Page Inward (back of pg. 10)

in a neighborhood that I understood,
where you didn't have to disinter the dead
to feel good? How weakly I resist that craving!
God knows if it's enough to save me!

Mr. Smith at the bathroom sink looks down a hall of mirrors.
He sees the perfect symmetry of Hell.

(Ah-five-o-five to ten-past-five, light!)
He sees the changing semaphore, he feels a distant rumble,
he hears the tolling of the vesper bell.

(Right clear down the alley to where the trash is kept.)

Well you're right! You're always right, and this is all that I can say.
This is all that I can say.

11. What To Do In Our Neighborhood 2 - (1:23)

I met a new lover in an old, familiar bed this morning.
She wasn't close to beautiful, but she was saying she could
smell the dust I'd been collecting,
and the snow that was likely to fall,
and was in no hurry at all, so we had time.

She says:

"And if you're ever drawn into a subway
or an elevator shaft, or drawn to painting
on cathedral ceilings, take your time:
you can fall to your death as easily inside.

8: First Post-spread (back of pg. 7)

10. What To Do In Our Neighborhood 1 - (4:19)

Go out, you say, and put your sugar-fed body into service.
You know that you're the only one still foraging for firewood
in our neighborhood?
You don't need to be told, if you've lit a dozen fires
and you're still feeling cold, go out!
On a sea wracked with gales,
how easily the wind dies in your sails!

Mr. Smith went to Washington, but that's so long ago now.
He hasn't seen the capital in years.
He runs his fingers through the world,
He feels but doesn't touch it,
and if he leaves his room, he disappears.
(Ah, but it will howl before it hides its head.)

Well you're right! You're always right!
And you say...

And I say,
Wouldn't you take me upstairs to your room
when you're starting your day,
to the place where you find all the words you say,
to your pantry of pills that keep the demons away?
Didn't I once have a claim on this world
like a thorn in its side, I don't claim anymore,
I just open wide, 'til I'm consumed with pride.
Didn't I once live in this world,

5: Last Pre-spread (back of pg. 6)

4. The Pilot - (3:44)

The pilot, when he is flying, his mind is on air currents:
air currents have a lot to do with it-
but he feels, I know he feels that holy lift.

Set foot upon the ground
and that feeling of buoyancy turns back into a myth.

The myth is the star you see by looking at the star next to it.
It sings, "I'm alive."

5. Deepwater Turbines Turning (instrumental) - (1:24)



Damon Waitkus:
lead vocals,
various guitars,
hammer-dulcimer,
keyboards, flute,
some percussion.



Emily Packard:
violin,
viola,
baritone violin,
psaltery,
melodica.



Jordan Glenn:
drums,
vibraphone,
accordion,
lots and lots of
percussion.



Kate McLoughlin:
bassoon,
flute,
harmony vocals.



Jason Hoopes:
electric bass,
acoustic bass,
harmony vocals.

6: Left Inner Spread (back of pg. 5)

6. Half Searching, Half There - (3:53)

Gusty morning, open door. Feel like I've come through a war.
Winter stalks stand black in sunlight and the furrow is bare.
But morning walks so far from night, neither sees the other right,
and though I should be heavy-hearted, I am ash on the air.

I took a walk beside my fear. He whispered quietly in my ear,
told me that my ship had sailed and he was dying to ground me.
But the world was tender as he spoke
and vivid like a broken yolk
and I felt the open witness of the people around me.

People changing, people burning up before your eyes:
lights out, but someone is still in there.

Well, I've been talking through me dread, I'll talk a roof over my head,
I'll talk myself a silver chariot to ride into town in.
But talk conspires to disguise where the real decision lies.
You talk about the peaks you'll conquer, not the ocean you'll drown in.

I am not afraid of you, are you afraid of me?
Don't go-step into my home, we'll fry a little fish,
we'll brew a little tea, we'll walk around the town,
we'll go down to the river, we'll stare across the river,
animal to animal like we were kind of dumb, and we are kind of dumb.

7. Saturday Afternoon On The Median (instrumental) - (3:04)

7: Right Inner Spread (back of pg. 8)

8. Disaster - (2:34)

As the grape leaves choked the light from the sundial,
through the windless air just after the feast of St. Jerome,
a flying machine like she'd never seen
came bombinating over field and town.

It had four square wings the color of lobster claws
(Sunday sun in the streets of Rome,)
and a nose that buzzed and hummed like her father through a comb,
(guiltily slouches St. Jerome.)
and it made her sigh and need to fly
(Ears and eyes can tell no lies)
'til the engine coughed and the plane came down.
(in the sepulchers and the catacombs.)

Oh my God, am I the only one that saw that?
Oh my God, is there no one here to help?
Oh my God, is something moving in the cockpit?
I'm not ready for this.

9. Analemma - (2:38)

What I cannot see I steal
in pinches under the camera's skirt.
I will fix my head in a vice
and submit my gaze to the shutter
'til the sun plays crazy eights
with the earth.