



Big Strong House

When thy build this home, it was stone by stone
 Back when stones had barely been born.
 With the last stone laid and the best plans made on a hazy Sunday morn.
 And in the beginning, there was nothing to see through the window
 And in the foundation was the smell of ancestral bones.
 Now we are all walking through the ruins where the garden was grown.

Chorus: And I live in a big strong house
 It'll never fall to disrepair.
 You can come in from the rain and the wind
 You can always find your comfort there
 I live in a big strong house of a sea of prairie fire.

I used to sit on the porch, watchin' storms rollin' in,
 But I never had any idea.
 'Til the twister came down, and it mowed down the town,
 And this house was all that was left here.
 And many good people were picked up and were never put down again.
 And all the survivors come down to this house to begin again.
 Now we all pray for the day when we'll meet up with our lost friends again.

Well I been out a travellin' and callin' on great houses from far away lands,
 And they were never my home but it's clearly been shown,
 They were built by some powerful hands.
 And there is no question that the architect is a great wanderer.
 And there is salvation in the handiwork of the carpenter.
 And there is a mansion, where the rooms are all perfectly circular.

If There Be Mercy

Stand and be counted, time is no longer an ally to you
 Smoke on the horizon and if there be mercy, it's hidden from view.
 Stand and be counted, as pilgrims out wandering searching for clues.
 We're all headed for someplace else, and that's all we know to be true
 Chorus: And the road is rocky, and it does get lonesome,
 But friends shall greet you as you're finally headed home
 Though foolish laughter all but surrounds you
 Stay true to that still, small voice
 And the feelin' in your bones.

Fall and be humble, humility may be the last chance at hand.
 Tear down your mansion high. It's been built upon mountains of sand.

Fall and be humble, fall down to your knees that might understand.
 Pray the way I pray everyday, "Please don't let me die the way that I am."

You been taught to be stupid, been brought believing how cheap life becomes
 But there's a smut on the crop in your field,
 And all your oracles are stricken down dumb.
 You been taught to be stupid by trivial people all white noise and numb.
 Go get right with that truth in your heart, do it now by the roll of the drum.

Love your brothers and sisters, love allies and enemies all of the same.
 It boils down to simplicity, if we ain't a family we go down in flames.
 Love your brothers and sisters,
 'Stead of drawing the bead and casting the blame.
 'Cause when you love then you live in the light,
 And you sing for the name of all names.

Weary

Johnny's getting' tired of buryin' all of his best friends.
 The same relentless lesson—you get busted even when you bend
 And bend and bend And all good people, bound to get weary,
 In this wicked world. I am one, I am weary.

Leon was a lover, and Maurice was a fighter to his last breath
 Henry died a thousand miles from his mother and father
 That's the loneliest death.
 First they bash you on the streets, then they kick you
 In the church they say "God is angry with you too."
 Rest in peace. The good Earth will accept you.

Johnny came from a closet in the country
 He made all-state football.
 The men were all men then, the women loved the men
 And then he left it all, when another voice called.
 Five years later, Johnny tried to tell his Daddy
 Daddy hit him with a two by four screaming, "Not my son,
 No, no, no you ain't my son!"

I hear that Jesus Christ comforted the lepers When nobody else would
 I heard some Christians say, "The good Lord hates a faggot."
 It was right in Johnny's neighborhood.
 I hear that God sees everything I hear that God is just waiting.
 Everyone, waiting for everyone. And all good people....

Need Somebody

When I was a young man I never thought nothin'
 'Bout layin' 'neath the cold, crystal night sky.
 So completely on my own, without a worry in my bones.
 Without a care, no prayer that I might wake before I died.
 And I might treat a stranger, like I'd never need to know her
 And I might treat a lover like a stranger
 But I need, need, need somebody. I need somebody tonight.

Well they tell me pride is poison, and I know I been a dead man,
 Though I am no longer proud, of this old suit of skin
 But the dust upon my feet is gone, and I feel the need to travel on
 And wash the bitter taste of every place I been.
 And when the day is wearing down,
 And my heart has gone weary,
 I hear it cry, "I need someone to fill me"
 And I need, need, need....

Well you always know the lowdown in this city full of small towns
 And just how lowdown is spray-painted up on every dirty wall
 And even with a roof above your head,
 You're still like to freeze in an empty bed.
 You can fall down drunk and pray you wake up dead.
 Just to believe it all.
 And I been through that darkest night and down that blindest alley.
 And the gutters there would still surely love to spill me.

Dawn of the Dead (In Dolby)

She was a walkman girl in a walkman world
She had a private symphony inside of her cranium
And that gum she'd chew, Christ, you'd think she'd moo.
She had a pink Honda Spree and the mind of a wild geranium.

She had Halen on her head, 'til her ears just bled.
It was the Dawn of the Dead in Dolby.
Yeah she was deaf and dumb, but late at night she'd mumble,
"I just need a walkman man to come and hold me."

He was a running fool on his way to school
When she noticed his Nikes,
she liked the way he burned calories.
He had phones on his ears playin' "Tears for Fears,"
He loved their sincerity, loved the great depths of their salaries.

And so he'd run like a loon, groan to Grace Jones tunes
Knowin' soon he'd be meeting his destiny.
Yeah he was deaf and dumb, but late at night he'd mumble,
"I just need a walkman girl to run beside me."

Then one day he said, "I think I love you walkman woman,"
And she said "What?"
He said, "I said I think I love you Walkman Woman."
And then she said, "Wait a minute, here comes the good part."

They got married one day, in the merry month of May,
It was a match they say
that was made by the craft of the Japanese.
But in the middle of a jog, they got hit by a hog,
They got killed by a Harley,
It just left them as his and her spots of grease.

But come the harvest moon, I hear this Grace Jones tune,
All gloomy and eerie in stereo.
Deaf, dumb and dead, they fill my heart with dread.
With Van Halen on their head. Sony Juliet and Reebok Romeo.

Goin' to California

Hey happiness ain't everything, it's the only thing
The only game in town.
And Autumn isn't ending things
It's just choking Spring and Summer into brown.
But out in California, they got happy growin' right out on the trees
There's life in California, sea of green, and smell of orange in the breeze.
I'm going to California with a bandage on my knees.

The Midwest is where I belong yet I still long to be gone
Just to be gone
My heart is weak, my head is strong.
My shadow's long and feeling winter put upon.
You're lost in California
until you find that you got nothing left to fear.
I'm going to California with these voices in my ear.

Now if I was a fatalist,
I would make a list of things I'll never do.
And if I was an angry fist, I would cut the mist
And raise me to the blue.

I'm going to California, I will be sunny-kissed, and ocean-misted too.
I'm going to California
just to be the biggest tree that ever grew.
I'm going to California just to make it all come true.
But out in California, the shadows come at 5:00 and disappear.
You're lost in California
Until you find that you've got nothing left to fear.
I'm going to California with these voices in my ear....

Burn This Town

You could burn this town to the ground
Spread salt on the smokin' ground all around this town.
And when the rains come a-tumbling' down,
What is wrong with this town.

And you cannot burn or wash away
You can't depend upon slow decay.
You can't picket fence or quarantine.
It's in the wells, hell, I think it's in the genes.

I saw a ghost by the light of the moon. He was goose-stepping beneath
harvest moon with his transparent platoon
But he weren't just some redneck cartoon
He was a midnight crusader, a Sunday School teacher
He works out every afternoon.

First he move to the West Bank, and then East L.A.
Then he moved to the foothills of Easton, PA.
And he'll move into your town, and you won't even know.

He's got a good credit rating,
he's as white as the pure driven snow.
Two old soldiers met on that Hades-bound road
And they looked at each other, the enemy brother,
Then they spoke in moral codes.
The first one said, "Before I explode, I'll find peace in all this
Even it exists just in the moment it takes to reload."

And then the second one, lit up his last Lucky Strike,
And he remembered the Death March and Eichman and Ike.
Then they both turned around, and without any sound
They descended on down
And they burned that town to the ground.

27 Years

I just wanna travel such a long way from here.
Don't want to know nobody there.
Just wanna fall asleep for 27 years
And maybe wake up in a different atmosphere.

There ain't nothing here, that's any good to me.
And I ain't no good to anybody here.
And when I'm travellin' so far away, it's so clear.
Just wanna fall asleep for 27 years.

Chorus: Well I been wide awake for 28 or more.
I soaked it all up and I never spilled a drop.
But now I sprung a leak, it's fallin' on the floor.
I better get some sleep or get myself a mop.
You say she's gone, but man I couldn't give a damn.
I seen her kind before, a dozen for a dime.
That might be cold, but man, that's just the way I am.
And I'll forget her, in a little bit of time.

I kind of wish that she'd just up and disappear.
Her and whoever is doin' her these days.
Then I could fall asleep for 27 years
Just wanna fall asleep and leave it where it lays.

When I'm 55 it's gonna be a dream, just me and somebody
And 27 kids.
When I'm 55 it's gonna be a scream
I'll tell 'em all about the crazy things I did.

How me and her went and took a little cruise
And how we took a road so far away from here.
And how she took the wheel and let me take a snooze
And how I fell asleep for 27 years.

Backhanded Love Song

My life ain't been easy baby,
Life in general has been a big mystery
Anw love don't mean you love me anymore
You shake my hand and act like maybe
Freedom's gonna make you free.
But the truth be you just don't love me anymore.

I got no ties that can bind you, and you don't own me.
And when I lay here beside you, I just feel so lonely.

I punch that clock, break them backbones,
Pray to God above to please deliver me.
But there's no answer, you just don't love me anymore.
These rules of yours to me are unknown
There's no winners or losers, just cold neutrality
But I know I lost something,
just can't remember what it is anymore.

When the thunder rolled in December
When I tasted your salvation
We trembled with a love so tender, just a distant vibration

I been a stonewall baby, I crumbled badly reduced to dust
And now you blown away what's left of me.
You been breezy, blowing nightly at my door.

I wish you luck, the best, the biggest
Wish to God you'd never been so good for me.
And I wish I didn't love you anymore.

For the Love of Loretta

She lived on relief on the outside of town
Where the cops never tread and the bullshit went down.
Where the natives danced naked in a gritty ballet.
And they did all the things that good people can't say.
Her name was Loreetta though she'd been called much worse.
Her man took in laundry and her dad drove a hearse.
Her wit cut you sideways but you laughed when you bled
'Cause she kissed where it hurt, then she took you to bed.

Chorus:

Oh a young man's fancy, it bobs and it weaves
Change quickly its colors as the mid-autumn leaves
And although he forsakes, he just never forgets
No he drowns sad and slow in a sea of regrets

I courted her then on the south side of youth,
When my head was still soft and my heart yearned for truth.
Well her smile was outrageous but I loved it no less
'Cause it shone brave and bright, I was blinded I guess
Well her lace and her laughter lay so soft on my mind,
And they travel so light, I can't leave them behind
And thought time wears me down, and I'm sure she's the same
Those dreams are untarnished, run swift when I'm lame

I Like Gyrls (Who Like Gyrls)

Well Wendy likes boys, but she likes girls better
And way deep down in my heart
I think I knew that when I met her
But I just couldn't help myself,
it's just a thing I'll never change
Them women always trip my trigger,
man, I know it sounds strange.

Chorus:

I like girls who like girls
I always have and I always will
I like 'em strong and independent
They don't mind pickin' up the bill.
Well I like girls who like girls
My sorry heart cannot be still
I like girls who like girls

I guess it started with the drummer in my very first band
She made me ache just like a woman
When she walked just like a man.
She said it wasn't nothin' personal,
but she could never want me
I had too much equipment, that's always gonna haunt me.

Well it's a twisted little world and we all got our little kinks
I truly do no give a damn what other twisted people think.
And as for romances and rendezvous,
You get 'em when you can,
When you're a lesbian trapped inside the body of a man.

Personnel

Marques Bovre	Rhythm Guitar, Vocals, Background Vocals
Linus	Lead Guitar, Rhythm Guitar, Background Vocals
Doug Meisner	Bass, Background Vocals
Eric Dummer	Drums



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