





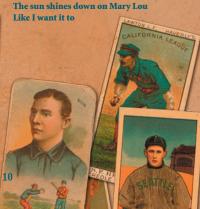


MARY LOU

The sun shines down on Mary Lou Like I want it to The sun comes down on my head Keeps me there in bed

She's reading Thomas Mann And drawing up her plan For a way to keep her day From getting all tied up and down **Around by everything**

Sometimes it makes her stop and cry Sometimes it makes her simply sigh Sometimes it makes her wonder why Sometimes ...





NAT BAILEY

You always said you weren't a baseball fan But now I know that it's not true The grass is greener when you slide home safe So now you know just what to do

When you come, you come from miles away I wish you'd come to me again You swarm around until the skies are grey And I now I think it's going to rain

Step away from the screaming crowd And take a bench all on our own You start up high and work your way downtown Now I'm the one who's making noise

Like cotton candy in your mouth 'tween Your cheek and gum It's super-sweet then fades away You'll brush your teeth and rinse the clouds And the sun away But I think the taste will stay

DOLLY MADISON

Pop Rocks and Big League Chew Led me straight to you When Fanta and 7-Up Were enough to fill your cup

Lemon drops were never sour When a minute lasts an hour And now the sun is bittersweet Good enough to eat

Wet dogs and sweet things Kept leading me to this Or so it seemed

Sour Chews and back to school And end of August blue Things are yellow once were green Or not as green as they could be



CASEY PATTERSON

Something tells me that the sun will rise tomorrow At least it won't blow up today It comes around and goes and comes again like clockwork I hope my clock will do the same

But all of this means less in comparison To all the dirt beneath my nails They look like paw prints, tiny paw prints They look like paw prints in the rain

They say that red hair fades away when you grow older Like fields of wheat and bales of hay
The sun will come again and bleach away the carrot
Will I know you when you're grey?

But all of this pales in comparison
To ketchup chips beneath your nails
They taste like blood stains, salty blood stains
They taste like blood stains in the mail

Something tells me that the mail won't come tomorrow
At least as much that came today
It comes around and goes and comes just like the mailman
I hope he comes around again with a bright postcard

All songs by DEREK KINGSTON FAIRBRIDGE
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Except "Willie Moore" (traditional), "Mack the Knife" (Weill/Brecht/Blitzstein), "Tom Sawyer" (Lee/Lifeson/Peart/Dubois) published by Core Music Publishing Co.

Produced by DEREK FAIRBRIDGE ® KORY BURK Engineered by KORY BURK Mixed and mastered by JOHN RAHAM OGRE STUDIOS, VANCOUVER

Lovingly designed by HOMEMADEPARACHUTE.COM

Management by LINUS SOLOMON ABRAMOWITZ

Graphic contributions by ADAM LEWIS SCHROEDER

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CYRUS

I've got this feeling I won't ever see the Wonder Wheel again Gonna have to bop our way back to Coney Island And all we've got now are the leather vests upon our backs And a can of spray paint to make our tag

Baseball bats and baseball hats and creepy face paint And baseball cleats to run you down I'd rather stop and fight than keep on running See, I told you they were wimps anyway

Who are the Warriors?
Bring them back alive, if not — wasted

It used to be when we saw the ocean we were free But things have changed now You drew your gun, I drew my knife, I drew your blood Things have changed now

And I found peace, through Mercy The subway's final stop was in daylight

You Warriors are good, real good The best

Warriors, come out to play Warriors, come out to play Warriors, come out to play Warriors, come out to play



YOU, ME AND THE FENCEPOST

Eric Dolphy wrote a novel for me Sat me down on his knee And started to read I cut my finger when I turned to page 33 That's the one about me And Kennedy

Roger Maris wrote an opera for me Says it fell from a tree In 1963 He takes a branch and he yanks it off of the tree And slugs a homer with glee To Nashville, Tennessee

I know that it comes out wrong When I compare you to me But just remember It's just between you and me

Che Guevara paints a picture for me And says that I am free To see all I can see I take the frame and I bust it over my knee And say that I am free To be all I can be



MUSICIANS:

DKF - guitars, vocals, bass, bells, organ, percussion JOHN RAHAM - drums

JOHN BEWS - upright bass on "Willie Moore" and "Andre Dawson" ROBIN FAIRBRIDGE - tenor saxophone on "You, Me and the Fencepost" JAMIE HOVORKA - trumpet and flugelhorn on "Mack the Knife", "Tom Sawyer" and "You Me and the Fencepost"

KAREN HANDFORD - oboe on "Andre Dawson" and "You, Me and the Fencepost"

NICOLE HANDFORD - flute on "Andre Dawson", "Tom Sawyer" and "You, Me and the Fencepost"

JUDY RENOUF - cello on "Andre Dawson" and "You, Me and the Fencepost" SCOTT SANFT - electric piano on "Dolly Madison" JON WOOD - dobro on "Willie Moore"

