


[illegible]

NEVER SAY DIE !

Whilst there's  
a SHOT in  
the LOCKER  
OT A

COCKLE'S  
PILL  
in the  
BOX.

[illegible]

**MEN GO WILD**

most splendid show. Therefore, for better, for ill, it behooves you to know that Broadway must be seen in the grandest way. Be wise! You will appreciate the difference in a moment in relation to money. Undoubtedly you enjoyed the glorious London hotel and magnificent London park and event. But, how else you? Menace with opportunity of an interesting and profitable proposition, but the British conditions that have been hitherto seen by himself. Despite actually such exact volumes of money for its needs. Broadway contains not so peaceful of all, or any significant volume of money, and the money, and is found from the total appearance of "Men Go Wild." One looks of Broadway will but six months. And Broadway is the only place in the world.

**WHAT WILL YOU DO**

IN THE

**LONG, COLD, DARK, SHIVERY EVENINGS,**

WHEN YOUR HEALTH AND CONVENIENCE COMEL YOU TO STAY

**INDOORS?**

**WHY!!! HAVE A PHONOGRAPH, OF COURSE.**

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

A collection of vintage baseball cards from the 1900s, featuring players like Anson, Bender, and others, with text overlays including "DEREK FAIRBRIDGE" and "ELEVEN-LEGGED RACE".



## 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 ...

The sun shines down on Mary Lou  
Like I want it to

## 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

## ANDRE DAWSON

We all scream for the emperor of ice cream  
At the corner store with nothing more than pocket change  
Watch for cars as you cross the street in bare feet  
And cut-off jeans, with ripped seams

The sun closes down and the TV opens wide  
You're on the French channel - what do they say?  
It doesn't matter, 'cause you're the batter  
With a swing that's sweet as ice cream

Let the sun fix its beam, on the emperor of ice cream

Vanilla white means you're home tonight  
Powder blue sends you on the road  
Look over here, look over there  
Take one last swing

Things aren't quite as they seem with the emperor of ice cream





## 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**  
© 2006 D. K. Fairbridge (SOCAN)

Except "Willie Moore" (traditional), "Mack the Knife" (Weill/Brecht/Blitzstein), "Tom Sawyer" (Lee/Lifeson/Pearl/Dubois) published by Core Music Publishing Co.

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Engineered by **KORY BURK**  
Mixed and mastered by **JOHN RAHAM**  
**OGRE STUDIOS, VANCOUVER**

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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”

