



LOVE SONGS

EMPLOYEE HANDBOOK FOR TIME OFF



INTRODUCTION

LOVE SONGS TIME OFF EP

This recording was made in the Dutch Oven in early 2010, exactly ten years after we released our first cassette – if not improved we’re at least much easier to download. (The gratuitous nudity and blatant homo-eroticism remain the same.) Originally titled “Bass Solo, Take One” to keep with our inexplicable Metallica/bass player theme this EP was changed to “TIME OFF” after our new bass player John, no wait, Brian(?) felt uncomfortable with that kind of pressure.* (And because Jack’s 3-month Sudamerican sabbatical has so far stretched to two-plus years.)

From left to right:

Jackson – guitar / vox

Bradley – drums

Craigums – guitar / vox

“Brian” – bass

* Brian (yeah, I’m pretty sure it’s Brian) passed the new-band-member test not by learning the songs but by fixing our van, by the way.



PART ONE

TOMMY DEL MAR

Tommy d'Argentina – he was just a niño so how was he supposed to know that this band from New South Wales – his favorite – was uno poquito racist? He didn't, and they were.

So Tommy got smart, Tommy got listo - took a long hard look at his Thrasher revista. For every trick he picked up came una punada de palabras. Su vocabularia outgrew "Ollies y McTwists."

Tommy del Mar learned his anglais from reading his Thrasher magazines and from all that listening to the Hard-Ons, the Descendents, but mostly the Ramones.

Como se dices, "Como se dices"?



PART TWO

BITCHIN'



If only I was caddy, if I could only be a dick, I'd have something to relate to with all you bratty kids. "So -and-so all sucks and so-and-so don't have a clue." And guess what? So-and-so thinks the same of you (and you and you). It's a wah-wah ho-down and you both are the lives of the party - laugh last, laugh most. I wish that I could say that I was just a little bit removed but in the end we're all the same with all our pouting and our moods.

Priorities are shot when shiny is the prize, when all of the beholders have boogers in their eyes. What should matter most ends up being less - less is more, more-or-less, when we're all put to the test. A lady needs a liver, India needs a bath, plastic soup in the ocean, no ozone overhead... If you think this story can't end well then your cup runneth over with the whine you spill so well.

We all like bitching, about nothing. Whining and moaning, about nothing.

I'm no better and you're no worse. There is no winner. We're all the first to laugh at the guy with the gimpy limp and snicker about the kid with the speech impediment. But then we all feel bad when the internet's down ...we all love nothing.

Hey how's it going? How's the weather? How's the job?

How's that 3rd world nation that you've never even heard of?

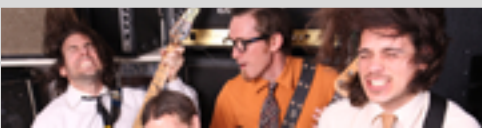
Chances are its still there but how could you care when there's so much nothing to be done and you're not happy with your hair?

My suggestion is in the box, it's for us both: Show a little love to something else besides yourself. What should matter most always ends up being less - less is more, more-or-less, when we're all put to the test.

Because we all like bitching, about nothing. Nothing means more than more nothing.

I'm no better and you're no worse. There is no winner. We're all the first to put down the boy who knows every periodic element, make fun of the girl who can't spell 'separate', laugh at the guy hobbling with the gimpy limp, snicker about the kid with the speech impediment. But then we all feel bad when the internet's down, crushed when our text can't go out, bummed about all this food in our mouths...

...we all love nothing.





PART THREE

THRILLHOUSE

Behind the fire-breathing (thunder) lizard above the doorway, past the racks of records, out back and down the staircase, there is a little place where you'll find me every weekend - right there between the speakers, squeezed in between the trashcans. You wanna go play the big stage? You can waste your time anywhere else! But if you wanna go to my favorite show then there's no other place to go but down... Don't try to fill me up or water me down, we belong in the basement. We don't need no spotlights or fluffy towels, we belong in the basement. Down here the kids go crazy, like they don't pay admission. They're hanging from the rafters, the support beams are shaking. That's when the party's over, and the police start calling. No peeing in the shower, no tagging with the toothpaste. If you wanna know where your friends are, well, they're probably in the bathroom line like everyone else. And if you wanna know where I feel at home its right here in the dirt, sweat and stink of this hole in the ground. Don't try to fill me up or water me down, we belong in the basement. We want the sound, underground, we belong in the basement.



PART FOUR

AYU...E

Riled up, my words sounds empty. Choked up, you just don't know the sheer force of all I feel but if I talk now only 10% will show, so hold up, let my brain start kicking... Brought up to parse my words... Let a minute go by and then will I put a band-aid just where it hurts. What I can't ease you through when it comes to me and you, what I can't fix or mend just is not important. This is no accident, no act of convenience. Sewn up, there...doesn't that feel better? Pucker up, I'm coming for you. I said all you wanna hear - it was easy because its all true. I know you're prone to bouts of fear and insecurity and I'm prone to keeping my trap shut until its too late. Ten more minutes of this silence is a lifetime unto itself. I want you and I need you. All that I do not say can go a long way when coupled with all that I do. So here's a little dance without any pants - I'm running and I'm gunning for you! Bamp bamp bamp bamp bamp.



PART FIVE

I DON'T WANT A BAG

I've already made it this far without a basket or a cart.
No need to start, just to get it to my car.
I've got hands and pockets in my pants.
I don't want a bag.



TRAINING COMPLETE

THANK YOU

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