

Dream Me

Words and Music by Bil McKendry and Mark Schuler

She's a bitch, she's a snitch
She's got it all but I think I love her
A little weird and she knows no fear
She's working for the FBI undercover

*All I really want is knowing what she wants from me
All I really need is thinking
Someday, she will dream of me*

Tattle tale, I go to jail
I'll be lonely but I can think of her
She wears a gun and I won't run
I think she's sexy when she acts like Danny Glover

When I get out, we'll go out
We'll go for a movie and a burger
Some cheap wine and a good time
We'll see Dirty Harry, The Enforcer

Steal a car, hit a bar
Hold it up and then we'll take all the liquor
To Mexico, is where we'll go
God I hope we make it cross the border

Someday, I know she'll dream of me.

Breakfast With You

Words and Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry

I like my pancakes lightly buttered
with lots of syrup and a coffee cake.
I like my eggs over easy
a little Tabasco, salt and pepper, and caviar...

*Don't want to have dinner with you
No candlelit room with a view
Don't want to munch or brunch on anything but
Breakfast with you*

I like my Pop-Tarts slightly chewy
hot and gooey so they burn my mouth.
I like my Wheaties politely soggy
with Auggie Doggie in the morning when I watch TV.

*Don't want to have dinner for two
No candlelit room with a view
Don't want to munch or brunch on anything but
Breakfast with you*

Bil likes his girls kinda tall now
but not too small now, with brain in their head.
I like my girls kinda hefty
I want a lefty so she can do me on the 105.

Girl Upstairs

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

I knew a girl that used to love me
She promised me forever and a day
Heard her say "I do", but she didn't
And now it seems she's gone and changed her ways

I fell in love with the Junior Prom Queen
She wore flowers on her skirt and purple hair
She was young and sweet and lovely
But I found out she's sleeping with the girl upstairs
Oh, no...

*Would you please help me understand
I could swear I never knew her
This wedding ring is rusting on my hand
She's sleeping with a girl, the girl upstairs*

I knew a girl that used to hold me
We fooled around in the back of my green MG
Now I can't stand to be around her
She hasn't even touched me since '93... 1993

*Would someone please clue me in
What the hell is going on with her
It's getting hard to take this like a man
She's gone and left me for the girl upstairs*

*She's fucking around with the girl upstairs
She's carpet munching the girl upstairs
She's exchanging razors with the girl upstairs
She won't let me watch her with the girl upstairs*

Beat It Out Of You

Words by Rob Swindell

Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry

You're the one and only, so tough and lonely
You're fearless and strong, or so they believe
Make a believer out of me...

You pretend to look past
This game, it won't last
I see you moving under my sheet
Smell you sweat, so bitter sweet

I know you know what I know about you
I'll beat it out of you
I know you know what I know about you
I'll beat it into you

*Tease me, please me, come take it off
I'll try you, buy you, to get me off
You bore me, ignore me, say that you adore me
I know that you hate me when you say "I love you"*

When you break and bleed
This cold and loveless seed,
You'll drink from my mouth and eat from my hand,
Running through you like a glass of sand

This Captivity

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

Dear Bil,

I have great news today. Sit down for this 'cause you won't believe your ears. I've been abducted by a group of luscious babes who need to use and abuse me a couple years. So don't rescue me, I'm having fun. And don't let me out, I'll crawl back in some way.

My room is dark the walls are gray. But with the blindfold off, it's actually quite nice. It's a tri-level mansion that backs up to a bay, a huge backyard and a swimming pool that's Olympic size. So don't rescue me, I'm having fun living in captivity. Don't let me out, I'll crawl back in some way. Don't let me go until they're done having their way with me – no reinforcement, FBI, or CIA.

They serve three gourmet meals a day. And they treat me with respect and dignity. We play horseshoes, lawn-darts, ping-pong, and croquet. And I'm adjusting well to this adversity.

I want to stay. Don't let me out from this captivity.

Geographic (Half Way to Seattle)

Words by Mark Schuler and Rob Swindell

Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry

We're on our way to the Emerald City through a Blizzard Of Ozz
Where the weather's really shitty in a broken down VW bus

We push it up the grapevine, I know it's all down hill from here
We stop at a Dairy Queen for some pretzels, a frosty,
and a twelve-pack of beer

*Half way to Seattle,
Where the music scene is going down
Half way to Seattle, we turn it around*

We pick up Rutger Hauer half a mile from the Super 8
He tried to kill me in the shower, so I kicked him in the balls
and we all got away

*Half way to Seattle,
Where the husky girls are going down
Half way to Seattle, we turn it around*

I can't see out the window through all the smoke and dust
No one carries regular
We're running out of petrol for this funky bus

We must've missed a turn-off
Where the hell is Needles, Arizona?
We're never gonna make it home
Guess we're on our way to Baja, California

*Half way to Seattle,
We'll never make it to the Puget Sound
Half way to Seattle, we turn it around*

Falling Star

Words by Mark Schuler

Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry

What have I done to enjoy this attention?
Think I'm fading away.
Pen becomes the knife, the paper suffocates me.
Won't you help me get away.

*Catch my falling star, you can hold it in your hand
See I'm crashing hard, gently on the lam
See I'm seeing stars, does anybody care?
Catch my falling star you can see me...*

Everywhere and anywhere I am, you'll read about it.

All that I know, I'm running out of angels.
No one taking my side.
Quit poking holes in me with all your different angles.
Just go away and let me hide.

I'll be on your doorstep next Sunday morning
and you will let me in.
Spare the details my life is pretty boring
but you'll still let me in, for coffee and a grin.

*Catch my falling star, you can hold it in your hand
See I'm crashing hard, gently on the lam
See I'm seeing stars, does anybody care?
Catch my falling star you can see me
Catch my falling star you can feel me...*

Everywhere and anywhere you are, I am, I am, I'm falling...

Congenial

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

All these people they're around me
Closing in now they surround me
Paranoia it astounds me
Another night at the coffee shop

There's people watching people watching
Other people mental flossing
All are racing no one stopping
Get me into the coffee shop

*Congeniality brings us together can't you see
A never ending chattering*

What's so funny, they're all laughing
Almost floating, tap tap dancing
Designer mugs they look so fancy
They bought 'em at the coffee shop

There's a guy on a grand piano
Playing tunes should be played on a banjo
A happy mime who goes by "Nutso"
Everybody's singing "Deck the Halls"

*Congeniality brings us together can't you see
A never ending chattering
Hospitality your conversation's good with me
A never ending chattering*

Fill'er up, Fill'er up
Let me into your coffee shop
Fill'er up, Fill'er up
Get me into your coffee shop

Punks are fighting one is bleeding
Another group is caught up reading
Happy couple must be breeding
Back table at the coffee shop

Naked

Words by Rob Swindell and Mark Schuler

Music by Mark Schuler

You're rich and smart when you're naked
Priceless art when you're naked
It could do no harm if you're naked
Except stop my heart if you're naked, so stop my heart

*Let's get naked and I'll promise you the life of luxury
Get naked and I'll give you the world and everything*

Lightning strikes when we're naked
And all wrong seems right when we're naked
Black is black when we're naked
And we are butt-white when we're naked, we are butt-white

First kiss and your lingerie's on the floor
Second kiss and we're rolling on the kitchen floor
Take a chance and get naked

You think I'm gay when I'm naked
And you run away when I'm naked
I feel four feet tall when I'm naked
You say it's so small when I'm naked, yeah it's real small

*Get naked and I'll promise you emotional TLC
Get naked and I'll tell you all kinds of lies about me
Get naked with me, come on, come on and
Get naked with me, come on, come on and see*

Unraveling

Words by Mark Schuler and J. Freant

Music by Mark Schuler

It's raining on the river, the trout will overflow
The fishermen will fly their nets tonight
We live by the circled moon, their only god has left too soon
And darkness, only darkness meets the light

And it's a wide, wide river we're traveling on

Sadness of the tenderness is enough to make you cry
Love is life and life is death
Tears become the symbol of what we cannot see
We think and feel forever, though we know we cannot stay here

*And it's a wide, wide river unraveling on and on the river
Unraveling on and on and on and on, forever on, or so it
seems...*

So roll me into cool black night with fifty pounds of dynamite
We'll blow this river into a stream, and watch comets fly in the
moonlight

*On and on, unraveling on and on the river
Unraveling on and on and on and on forever
Unraveling on and on the river let it flow
Unraveling on and on and on and on and on and on, endless
stream*

She Cop

Words and Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry

She Cop, didn't know me
She wrote me up for breaking her entering
She had to nail me
She did her job and then she bailed me out

*I know I'll get to see her one last time
One day in court with her will be just fine with me*

She Cop, don't drink coffee
It gives her gas but she's no softie
She'd stop a riot
But when she's off, she's a warm and quiet girl

*You'll find her at a donut shop nowhere
She'll be sipping tea at the Baker's Square*

*Just a misdemeanor, five and dime
Judge and jury say I'll be doing hard time
A woman like her is hard to find
Lock me up if loving her is crime*

She Cop, my blue lady
She reminds me of Marsha Brady
I'm gonna miss her
On her beat while I'm up river, gone.

World Of My Own

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

Get right out of my face, this ride ain't for free
I've burned too many bridges for this luxury
I bet your suffering from some jealousy
of my world of self-discovery

*And I'm beside myself when I'm here all alone
I'm pretty close to heaven in a world of my own*

Dance like I'm cool, like a fool in front of the glass
Put some Bee Gee's on and start moving my ass
My friends are worried that I have some social disease
They may be right, but at least I got no one to please

In a one man show, I don' t need to act for any-
one man show, my social days are done.. done!
I'll let you in for a small, small entrance fee
Just don't call me neurotic, call me liberty

I'm all alone, in a world of my own...

Duke's Song

Words by Mark Schuler

Music by Bil McKendry and Mark Schuler

I want to take you to the prom but I can't find a babysitter.
I bought a black and blue tux and a sequined dress, but it will not fit her.

Got a baby in diapers and another on the way.
But I don't think I'll make it until Graduation Day.

*My whole life I've been living in hell
If these are my best years, I'm not doing so well*

I knocked her up at the drive-in in the back of my baja bug,
or was it at her parent's house watching cartoons on the afghan rug.
I won't be going to college 'cause I can't afford the rent.
I won't be going to Disneyland, my welfare check is already spent.

I know I'll be a grandpa well before I'm thirty-five.
Wake me from this nightmare, run me over if I'm still alive.

*My whole life has been pretty insane
Wake me when it's over, let me sleep through the pain
Oh well, I'm in hell*

Microscope

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

The fluorescent light annihilates my sight and everyone is laughing
Tripping over cracks in the sidewalk, I struggle to recall my name
They will tease me as if I were diseased and they won't use my name
They won't leave me alone and won't believe me
But underneath it all we're all the same...

I'm underneath 'em all

Underneath the disco ball I stand, stand watching, still
The parade for teenage king and queens, high on life and yellow pills
I'm naïve right now, but someday when I will join 'em all
Yeah, I'm naïve right now, but I know someday, I will crash their ball

*And underneath it all they're crawling in my veins
Shadows at my window and everybody, everybody thinks I'm sane
I'm underneath 'em all, beneath the microscope
I'm underneath 'em all, beneath the microscope*

We're just tiny miniscule slimy maggots in a cat food can
Tears will fall like little atom balls and disappear in a bazillion grains of sand

*And underneath it all they'll kindly call me dope
We're all just a little twisted, beneath the microscope*

Assassin

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

Wake up to the garbage man, it can't be more than six a.m.
The war inside my head is strikin' early
See the stack of bills on my desk, I won't pay 'em 'cause it's worth the risk
Fourteen thousand dollars due on Monday

*So what's good for you is not for me
I shoot down all the wrong I see
I mentally assassinate the masses*

Tune the set to CNN, we're planning another war to win
It's immoral and I ain't got The Constitution
Turn it back to channel 9, Sally Jesse's running a day behind
Talking to sex addicts with no solution

*And what's wrong with you is right with me
I pick on everyone I see
I equally abuse all social classes*

All dressed up in victory, my disguise is apathy
Frightening reality, milk carton is where you'll find me
All made up in infamy, an underrated revolutionary
All messed up on society, my disguise is apathy

Bus ride has been loads of fun, a white male has a loaded gun
I'm twelfth in line today to be the hero
This stop is where I get off, you drive away before I scoff
You couldn't see my grin when I said "hello"