



Folk songs of the Relationship Apocalypse

Joe Schmoe, a ukulele/xylimba/djembe/accordion/violin/didjeridu/moog-synth-bass pop sensation, played together in the San Francisco Bay Area between 1999 and 2006.

They have haunted these hills ever since.

Album artists:

Cynsa Bonorris – ukulele, guitar, xylimba, vocals

Claire Brassert Alexander – vocals, percussion

Lisa Ernstthal-Harris – vocals, ukulele, percussion

Sophia Green – synth, vocals

Annette Loudon – saxophone, vocals

Ben Schillinger – violin, vocals

Paul Spinrad – accordion, recorder, vocals

Gever Tulley – ukulele, xylimba, vocals

John Link – #1 fan, recording engineer, producer, guest guitar on J.P.G. track

Guest Live Schmoes:

Eva Christiansen – vocals, percussion

Julie Spiegler – #1 fan, didjeridu, roadie

Alyn Kelley – ukulele, vocals

Rusty Can of Pears, the Schmoes' swan song, was recorded*** in 2004 at Cracker Ranch in Montara by John Link and mixed by John on a hard disk multi-track recorder/mixer. Mastered by John as well. ***All except Dinosaurs, which was recorded in 2002 by Dana Labrecque and produced by Matt Boudreau at Studio684 in San Francisco, then mastered by Christopher Schardt.

JOE SCHMOE: FOLK MUSIC OF AUTHENTICA

Authentica is a remote, arid, and forbidding land. The traditional way of life in rural Authentica can best be described as one of constant and excruciating pain. It is safe to say that no modern, Western city-dweller can imagine even the smallest part of the relentlessly crushing poverty, cold, disease, darkness, oppression, and genetic instability that has characterized this region of the world throughout its entire history.

Winters in Authentica are freezing and almost perpetually dark — and due to an unexplained astronomical-geological anomaly, so are the summers. Every couple of generations, the region does experience a one-day thaw, known locally as the *Undaethu*, but this rare and short-lived respite is inevitably accompanied by dense swarms of plague-laden mosquitoes.

Politically, the region has always lain under the control of the neighboring Ottogoth Empire, and relations between Ottogothica and Authentica have never been friendly. Authentican villages live in constant fear of the fierce Ottogoth Army — a fear which has considerable historical basis. For example, the traditional way for Ottogoth soldiers to settle bar bets is to ride into Authentica, burn no fewer than three villages apiece, and then see who can return later with the most Authentican spleens skewered onto a single, regulation-length Ottogoth Army sword.

When the 12th century Ottogoth Emperor Snivlus II found out one of his concubines was one-eighth Authentican, he immediately decreed that everyone in the kingdom must take a hot shower. More recently, in 1992, the independent Czech film *Snad Ani* (Perhaps Not) retold this story in a way that expressed sympathy

for the concubine character. When the film debuted at the Ottogothenburg Cinema Festival, the filmmaker who wrote and directed it was murdered then literally laughed out of town.

Perpetually hungry and miserable, Authenticans constantly comb the nearby forest for things to ingest that might offer them some value either nutritionally or psychoactively – which, in their famished state, amounts to much the same thing. As a result, the culture has a deep tradition of self-experimentation. Authenticans routinely consume new and strange combinations of animal products, plant matter, fungi, minerals, urine, and excrement. These are often processed in complicated and unusual ways before being swallowed, smoked, or administered through more private means. Many die from these efforts, but the folk recipes that emerge in the process provide one of the two ways in which Authenticans experience something close to what we refer to as "joy." Not surprisingly, the noblest death one can have in Authentican culture results from ingesting large quantities of dangerous or unknown substances – and in this regard, the Authenticans have borne a great many heroes indeed.

The other way in which Authenticans manage to lessen their anguish is, of course, music. Authentican folk music may strike the unfamiliar as little more than ritualized whining, but a patient and open-minded listener delving deeper will be rewarded with the best connection we can have to the Authenticans' essential humanity, as painted with a broad palette of emotions that includes whining, lamenting, griping, and complaining.

Authentican folk arrangements use a variety of instruments. Central among these is the ukulele, which is tuned and plucked in several distinct styles based on how many fingers the instrumentalist still possesses. Of great importance as well are the

Pro-One, a classic analog electronic synthesizer, the djembe, and assorted small percussion, all of which combine to form the band's *rhythmsektuun*. Also of great importance, equal to the respective importance of the instruments already discussed, are the violin, the accordion, the xylimba, the guitar, the recorder, the didjeridu, and the nose flute.

Authenticans traditionally sing in American English rather than in their native language. The reasons for this are not well understood, but it makes Authentican music readily accessible to North American audiences – a fortunate happenstance. Despite this, no performing ensemble before 1997 ever attempted to bring this overlooked folk music to the U.S. It was during that fateful year that Joe Schmoe began delighting Bay Area listeners with Authentican music, and "The Schmoes," as they are known informally, have been charming listeners ever since. It is with great pleasure that I learned of the release of their first full-length CD, which you now hold in your hands or ears. And it was with great pride that I accepted the honor of agreeing to write the liner notes, which you have just read, unless you just skipped to the bottom here for some reason.

Professor Horace Lilliliver, PhD
Chairperson and Sole Faculty Member
Department of Ethnomusicology
Hooter State University
Hooterville, LA
9 January 2004

PROGRAM NOTES:

Corner Store (*Vivace*)

The can of pears stands as a metaphor for those small things that all we too often overlook in our busy lives – whether they're with us or against us, plotting our destruction. The lilting refrain may remind some listeners of a young Phoebe Snow, circa 1974.

Potscrubber Girl (*Allegro*)

If anything, the sweet story of Potscrubber Girl and Chore Boy is even more relevant today than it was when it was first penned in the 50s.

My Car (*Andante*)

Under the spell of Schmoe rehearsal, what began as a simple demonstration of an accordion's ability to sustain a note was magically transformed into an angry anthem of protest and vengeance.

The Cup I Made (*Allegro*)

This is a cautionary tale of loss and redemption, but without the redemption.

That Spell (*Vivace*)

The next time somebody claims that Joe Schmoe can't fuse rhythmic complexity with an evocative text, just pull this song out of your pocket – and watch the feathers fly!

Sick Over You (*Allegro*)

Despite this song's illness-as-a-metaphor lyrics, the title "Sick Over You" is not a reference to hurling.

Everything Sucks (*Presto*)

Is this signature Schmoe tune a heavy-hearted lamentation or a celebration of gravity? It's a heavy-hearted lamentation.

Pity Me (*Presto*)

Sometimes, when all around us is dark, it is the warm, nourishing light of pity that sustains us.

Ancient Living Bugs (*Prestissimo*)

Underneath a perky exterior, this buoyant ditty has serious things to say about biodiversity inside vacuum cleaner bags.

Alien (*Vivace*)

If we can't live in peace here on Earth, how can we expect to sign a treaty with Boyfriend Galaxy Cluster GC-22?

I Love You (*Presto*)

All Joe Schmoe songs are love songs, of course. We like to think of this one as a love song's love song.

Checkout Line (*Vivace*)

Pretending to like this song is a great way to expose those hateful individuals who have roving eyes.

Dinosaurs (*Andante*)

From this old recording, we may reconstruct what Joe Schmoe sounded like long ago.

Number Zero (*Allegro*)

Lisa explains the unique calculus of the heart, where notions of division and common denominators are turned upside-down, and sometimes result in multiplication.

Rhubarb Pie (*Presto*)

With its plaintive coda of, "Hey lady, wait up for me," this song may raise more questions than it answers about the complex relationship between Rock music and emotional growth.

Polychromatic (*Prestissimo*)

This time capsule from Napster-happy 2000 explores the dark side of the new-found Candyland of music filesharing. But the text supports multiple interpretations.

The Mighty Fluffy Bunny (*Allegro*)

Be he God or Devil, that bunny sometimes sounds an awful lot like Walter Cronkite.

Extra Special Bonus Tracks:

JPG - John/Paul/Gever

\$20 and a Mink Coat (*Moderato*)

"Where are you going?" he snapped.

"As far as twenty dollars and a mink coat will take me," she replied jauntily.

LYRICS:

Corner Store

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I need some ice cream
You need a soda
They got comic books and Pampers™
And a clerk named Rhoda
I wanna know what the paparazzi saw
In the Queen's underwear

Let's run down to the corner store
We'll buy some candy and then
Buy some more
Some more some more some more some more
At the corner store

We're out of milk now
And paper towels
And the next contestant
Wants to buy a vowel
I wanna pay way too much
For a bottle of ketchup

I love the music at the corner store
When was the last time
They cleaned the floor?
The floor the floor the floor the floor
At the corner store

I always peek at the RUSTY CAN OF PEARS
I have to wonder just how long that can has been there
X2

Everybody knows me at the corner store
If I had a reason I would go there more
Go more go more go more go more
To the corner store

Let's run down to the corner store
We'll buy some candy and buy some more
Some more some more some more some more
At the corner store

I always peek at the rusty can of pears
I have to wonder just how long that can has been there
X2
I always peek at the can

Potscrubber Girl

©2019 by Cynsa Bonorris and Andy Slopsema

She's waiting in the kitchen
The girl with the potscrubber hands
Hands too rough for lovin'
She can't touch you
She's got potscrubber hands

She's sending out a message
An S.O.S on an S.O.S Pad
The soap's in her eyes now
She's feeling so sad
She's feeling so bad

(Rock out)

She won't cry anymore

She's walking out the door
To meet her destiny:
Chore Boy™
They won't clean a thing
They'll have a bathtub ring
The girl and the boy
They'll be dirty and poor

My Car

©2019 by Gever Tulley and Sophia Green

You said my car would be ready
It's still in your garage
Don't make me kill you

Cup I made

©2019 by Gever Tulley, Sophia Green, & Cynsa Bonorris

They came to take the sofa today
All the stuff I bought has gone away
They took the refrigerator yesterday
All I got left is the cup I made
(All he's got left is the cup he made)

Hmmm Hmmm Hmm

I probably shouldn't buy stuff on credit
My checkbook can't handle any more debit
I took my last dollar to the track and I bet it
All I got left is the cup I made
(All he's got left is the cup he made)

Pry it from my dead hand

This is where I make my stand

The apartment is empty and the phone is dead
I'd like to go to sleep but there's no bed
This cup'll make a lousy pillow for my head
And all I got left is the cup I made
(All he's got left is the cup he made)

Pry it from my dead hand
This is where I make my stand
For the cup that I made in third grade!

Things didn't work out the way that I planned
Truth be told I didn't really make a plan
Drink stone soup from my cup
And I won't feel hungry if I drink enough
All I got left is the cup I made
(All he's got left is the cup he made)

(Instrumental to end)

That Spell

©2019 by Gever Tulley and Cynsa Bonorris

Do you remember when we were barely twelve
We were on the beach and we whispered in that shell
Those were the secrets we vowed we'd never tell
I have belonged to you since you cast that spell

We knew that this wouldn't come to any good
Why did you tell them everything you could
Now I'm on the shore exactly where we stood
Having done the thing I hoped I never would

All at once it falls apart
The center of the shell

You know who I am I am the winter's cold
You cannot stop since my secrets you have told
You built your house on memories that you sold
I found a way to break free from your hold

All at once it falls apart
The center of the shell
All at once I fall apart
The center cannot hold

All at once I fall apart
The center cannot hold

Sick Over You

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My head really aches and my heart is ailing
My nose is stuffed; I have trouble inhaling
I wanted your love but you gave me your cold
Then you stomped on my heart with those lies that you told

I don't know if it's the pain of rejection
Or the burning fever of this infection
The flame in my heart has been drowned in snot
How many guys have this same cold I got?

I'm so sick of me being sick over you
I feel that there's nothing that I can do
I'm so sick of me being sick over you
But I feel better knowing you feel lousy too

I know it's starve a cold and you better feed a fever
But why'd you have to be such a heartless deceiver?
I peeked at the contents of my tissues
I saw the last bit of me that still loved you

I'm so sick of me being sick over you
I feel that there's nothing that I can do
I'm so sick of me being sick over you
But I feel better knowing you feel lousy too

I put on a show but I don't feel glamorous
Maybe it's as well that you've got this damned virus
The truth is buried in this pile of soggy tissues
Tears are the proof that I still love you

I'm so sick of me being sick over you
I feel that there's nothing that I can do
I'm so sick of me being sick over you
But I feel better knowing you feel lousy too

Feel lousy too
(Feel lousy too)
Feel lousy too
(Feel lousy too)
Feel lousy tooooooooooo

Everything Sucks

©2019 Cynsa Bonorris, Gever Tulley, and Claire Brassert Alexander

You won't know that the end has come
'Till the raven's left the lamppost
'Till the raven's left the lamppost
You won't know what you've lost
'Till you can't get it back

'Till you can't get it back

Everything sucks!
Everything sucks!

You always think that you'll feel better soon
But better never comes
Your friends are full of good advice
But are they really friends?
Are you sure that they're your friends?

Everything sucks!
Everything sucks!

The things that made you happy
Now just break your heart
They just break your heart

Pity Me

©2019 Cynsa Bonorris

I cried for the man who had no feet
Until my milkshake melted
I used to know what happiness is
At least, I think I've felt it
I've lost the ability to think...um
So how come Mother Teresa
Never gave one single damn about me?

Oh, pity me
Feel sorry for me
Oh

Like a flesh-eating virus

Or an Ebola outbreak
It was like burning napalm
When my boyfriend left me
I can't imagine that anything worse can happen
Like a bad fortune cookie
Or a soufflé that's flattened

Oh, pity me
Feel sorry for me
Oh

I ate a rancid fish stick once
And then I broke a nail
And one time I had no shoes on
I stepped on a snail
But this is much worse than that
This is Armageddon
Just like World War 3
But without the radiation

Oh, pity me
Feel sorry for me
X3
Have you ever seen anything...
So pathetic?

Feel sorry for me
Feel sorry for me
Feel sorry for me!

Ancient Living Bugs

©2019 by Eva Christiansen and Cynsa Bonorris

Ancient living bugs

Living in the vacuum cleaner
They don't give me hugs no
They couldn't be meaner
They leap out of the hose
And destroy my tender nose but
My vacuum cleaner is a family heirloom

So I'm living in this dusty living room
And my nostrils are clogged up and filled with gloom
And I'm forced to use this broom

Ancient living bugs
(Ancient living bugs!)
Ancient living bugs
(Ancient living bugs!)

They live in my sinus
(ses)
But they fail to call me highness
(your highness oh)
They're annoying and they're destroying
The inside of my head
They're ancient but they are not dead

Ancient living bugs
(Ancient living bugs)
Ancient living bugs
(Ancient living bugs)
Ancient living bugs

They bugged my momma too
And my grandma

Are these bugs living in the Middle East
Or are they descended from

Some mid-Seventies strain of yeast
(Oh!)
We may never know
But my nose does blow
Still they're living there
It simply isn't fair

Ancient living bugs
(Ancient living bugs)
Ancient living bugs
(Ancient living bugs)
And I've still got dust mites in my rugs
(Ancient living bugs)
Oh this ecosystem is breaking down
And my rugs are turning brown.

Alien

©2019 by Cynsa Bonorris

You are an alien
Bet you thought I couldn't tell
But when I turn out the light
You glow in the dark

Doesn't matter I won't call the FBI
Doesn't matter
Alien

You always seem to choke
On something in our atmosphere
And I think you're suffocating
Maybe you need your inhaler
You need your inhaler

Doesn't matter I won't ever turn you in
Doesn't matter
Alien

Did you come just to observe me
Or did you come dominate
Did you come to destroy me
Or do you need to procreate
Did you come to take my ovum
Do you wanna start a war
Did you come to watch TV?
What did you come here for?

Doesn't matter I won't call the FBI
Doesn't matter
Alien
Alien
Alien

I Love You

©2019 by Gever Tulley, Cynsa Bonorris, and Annette Loudon

I love you
But it's not the way you think
It's kinda like the way
Dirty dishes love the sink
And I don't love you
Like the drummer loves the beat
It's more like the way
Your socks love your feet

The monkey and the tree
The stinger and the bumble bee
It's kinda complicated

But it's not brain surgery

It's not the way
The sheets love the bed
It's more like how
Mayonnaise loves the bread
And it's not like how
The bookshelf loves its books
It's something like the way
The fish loves the hook

The monkey and the tree
The kelp inside the sea
It's kinda complicated
But that's the way love has to be

That's the way
I love you
I think that
That's the way
I love you
But I don't know

I don't love you
Like the key loves the latch
It's more like how
Dynamite loves the match
And I love you
And that's all I have to say
I'm sorry it's in
My own special way

Mmm hmm hmm hmm

Checkout Line

©2019 by Gever Tulley and Cynsa Bonorris

I'm in love with the girl
At the head of the line
I can't wait 'til I can be hers
And she can be mine
I can tell
We're really gonna get along fine
We both bought
Fresh eggs, toilet paper, and wine

Oh no!
Can it be over already?
She's paying with an ATM
And what's worse
She's using coupons
I could never love someone
Who uses coupons

Well, I guess
It must be the one standing behind her
I can't believe
That it took me this long just to find her
I hope that she's impressed
By my loose-leafed binder
I can tell
By her vegetables that she's so much kinder

Oh no!
Can it be over already?
She's paying with a check
That makes a statement
I can never love someone

Whose checks make political statements

(Flamenco breakdown)

Here I am
Buying coffee for my real girlfriend
But who's that? (Who's that?)
Standing at the condiment island
Some kind of saxophone woman
I can't comprehend
I can't help but think
That she is living with the wrong boyfriend

Oh no!
Can it be over already?
She's standing there
He's got his hands on her anatomy
I could never love someone
Who loves someone who fondles her
In front of me

Dinosaurs

©2019 by Cynsa Bonorris, Gever Tulley, and Annette Loudon

Dinosaurs, dinosaurs
Walking by
Dinosaurs, dinosaurs
Walking by
They don't care
They don't care
If they squish ya
They don't care
They don't care

'Cause they're happy

Dinosaurs, happy dinosaurs

Walking by

Dinosaurs, happy dinosaurs

Walking by

If you're here

Or you're not there

They won't miss ya

They don't care

They don't care

'Cause they're reptiles

Dinosaurs, happy dinosaurs

Dinosaurs, happy dinosaurs

Walking by

Dinosaurs, happy dinosaurs

Dinosaurs, happy dinosaurs

Walking by

'Dwanaland

Gondwanaland

Keep walking

Million years

Billion years

Not stopping

Number Zero

©2019 by Gever Tulley and Cynsa Bonorris

You're not my number one

He's gothic and sad

And he hates to have fun

You're not my number two
I never see him
'Cause he's got better things to do

You're not my number three
He brings flowers
And candy

You're not my number four
A yogi who bends like Gumby
And sleeps on the floor

Oh no, you're something else
My private superhero
You and your funny shoes
Won't you please be my
Number Zero

You're not my number five
Sometimes it's hard to tell
If he's even alive

You're not my number seven
He's much worse than
My number eleven

I'm trying to forget six
He goes to weddings
To pick up chicks

I liked number eight
But he spontaneously
Combusted

Oh, I can't get enough of you
Just get on over here-oh
Possibilities are infinite
When I divide by zero

What can I say about number nine?
Number nine?
Number nine?
Number nine?

Ten was weird
Eleven was sick
And twelve was never there
That was his shtick
Lucky thirteen
What was his scene?
Fourteen, fifteen
What did they all mean?
Sixteen to twenty
Were there really that many?
Enumerating losers
Was I that bad a chooser?

I just want to make one thing
Really clear-oh
There's only room in my list
For one Number Zero

Rhubarb Pie

©2019 by Andy Slopsema, Paul Spinrad, Cynsa Bonorris, and Gever
Tulley

Through the mountains went my love

Looking at the sky above
She baked me a rhubarb pie
Now I know I'm gonna die

Ooh-ooh rhubarb pie
Ooh-ooh I'm gonna die

Woah, lady
Hey, lady
Ooh, lady, wait up for me

Every time I see I see your face
I take a trip to outer space
There is no oxygen there
That is why I gotta beware

Ooh there is no air
Ooh you've gotta beware

Woah, lady
Hey, lady
Ooh, special lady, wait up for me

Polychromatic

©2019 by Paul Spinrad, Cynsa Bonorris, Gever Tulley

Your polychromatic decaffeinated new release
Left me a little agitated
That's my culture you pixelated
Chewed up and remasticated
And I'm glad every pile of crap you regurgitated
Got sucked up and Napsterated
Maybe you can get incarcerated

Media-blown and ego-deflated

I'm living in candyland
X3

All that hype you promulgated
Like G. Gordon Liddy, gets Watergated
Maybe you should wear your pants perforated
'Cause otherwise you might get Melvinated
And I'm sorry your art got putrificated
Repackaged and conglomerated
All that time you lucubrated
Media barons got satiated

I'm living in candyland
X3

The Mighty Fluffy Bunny

@2019 by Gever Tully and Cynsa Bonorris

It's day two of the Big Project, and God creates Heaven, Hell, and the Mighty Fluffy Bunny to rule the space between. The fish in the sea and the birds in the sky, every bug and worm, every warm-blooded carnivore, and every cold-blooded lizard. Each and every animal from Homo erectus to Homo sapiens—all ruled by the Mighty Fluffy Bunny.

And lo! God asked the Mighty Fluffy Bunny, "Whom do you love the most?"

And the Mighty Fluffy Bunny replied, "I love the children the most. Because they are so tender and delicious."

Whereupon, God said, "I'm sorry; what was that?"

And the Mighty Fluffy Bunny said, "I love children."

And God said, "What was that bit about them being delicious?"

And Mighty Fluffy Bunny replied, "Oh...nothing."

And God shrugged his shoulders.

A thousand-thousand years pass, and the Mighty Fluffy Bunny coaxes the human race into populating the planet. And once a year, he lures the children out into the fields with his brightly-colored chocolate eggs.

He would never take all of them, and he never took none of them, but he always took...some of them.

Parents be wary and
Parents be careful
Warn your children
About the bunny

Don't let them linger
Be quick in the grass
Be sure to tell them
To run back to mummy
Run back to mummy
Run back to mummy
X2

Oh my children learn this lesson
Oh my children learn this lesson
Oh so well
For all the ones that went before you
And to the Mighty Fluffy Bunny
That they fell
Leave all the eggs out in the field
Leave all the eggs for someone else and
RUN LIKE HELL

Parents be wary and

Parents be careful
Warn your children
About the bunny

Don't let them linger
Be quick in the grass
Be sure to tell them
To run back to mummy

Run back to mummy
Run back to mummy

Oh my children learn this lesson
Oh my children learn this lesson
Oh so well

The evil bunny's out to get you
He wants to eat you
Oh my children can't you tell
Leave all the eggs out in the field
Leave all the eggs for someone else and
RUN LIKE HELL

MFB:
"Little darlings don't you listen
Don't you listen to your parents!
They only want to take your candy
And make you eat those yucky carrots!
(yucky)
Compare me to your stuffy elders
You'll see I have endearing merits!
LA LA LA LA LA"

Run back to mummy
Run back to mummy

Run back to mummy

(in hell)

\$20 and Mink Coat

©2019 by Cynsa Bonorris

How far can you go
On twenty dollars and a mink coat?
How long would you stay
If I told you to leave today?

How far can you go
On those shoes with your rubber soles?
How many times I've prayed
I had never, ever seen your face

Are we sleeping without dreaming?
Then tell me what the point is?
I don't know

How far could you go
If you didn't move so damned so?
I have got one thing to say
Just go away

B-SIDES:

Uncertainty

©2019 by Gever Tulley and Cynsa Bonorris

The spaces between the buildings
Are filled with people laughing and drinking
The sun shines down on the beautiful scene
Who knows what will happen next?
Our lives are filled with uncertainty

And you can spit in the eye of destiny
Or be blown about like a shopping bag
In the wind

Ohhhhhhh!

A man sits alone waiting for the phone to ring
In a rundown hotel on the side of town
Where the lights flicker
With each passing train
He waits alone

Who cares for the iron bridges
Slowly rusting into the swirly black waters
Of a river that no one notices?
No one notices

Ohhhhhhh!

A preacher kneels at his bedside and prays
While pigeons fornicate on the windowsill
Overlooking the parking structure
Where cars fall asleep and their owners
Ride escalators and elevators
Up and down to their offices
Where interns Xerox their butts clandestinely

Homeless people collect the time that is wasted

Agonizing over decisions that turn out not to matter
Not to matter

Ohhhhhhh!

And you float above everything
Like a wandering cloud
Like a sound no one hears
And you wonder just when it was
That your feet left the ledge
Who knows what will happen next?

Our lives are filled with uncertainty
Our lives are filled with uncertainty
Our lives are filled with uncertainty
Our lives are filled with uncertainty

Valentine's Day/Cupid

©2019 by Cynsa Bonorris, Wes Carroll, and Gever Tulley

Maybe if it were a holiday from work
Maybe if I could stay in bed all day
Maybe then I wouldn't feel like such a jerk
Just because I hate Valentine's Day

They should put me in
A special place where people go
People like me
Who don't like holidays

Maybe they'll declare a national emergency
For all the weirdos who feel the same as me
They'll airlift in some good-looking people
I don't know what will happen then
But I'd like to see

They should put me in
A special place where people go
People like me
Who don't like holidays

The government will have to fund a study
To count the hormones in all the Easter bunnies
They'll measure the glandular effect of Barry White
Don't know if it's science
But it can't be right

They should put me in
A special place where people go
People like me
Who don't like holidays
X2

I hate Arbor Day and Patriot's Day
Lots of people don't like holidays
What's the story with Boxing Day
Don't know why but I hate holidays

Cupid

That fateful hateful day that only young lovers and insecure couples look forward to has come and gone again. That's right, folks, every year, Valentine's Day sneaks up with all the subtlety of a six trailer cattle train barreling out of the Australian outback with a leather-faced, sleep-deprived old cowhand named Cupid at the wheel.

He's been on the road for 67 hours with only cheap whiskey and amphetamines to keep him going. He's tired, he's hungry, and more than a little cynical, and the only love he's known in the last twenty years is the weekly slap on the face by the barmaid at Miller's Crossing.

And guess what? The trailers aren't filled with happy cows on their way to the milk chocolate factory to make bon-bons and crème caramels for happy couples. Noooo, they're filled to the top with all those painful Valentine's memories you've spent a lifetime trying to forget.

Here's every single one of those construction paper cutout Valentine's Day cards Mrs. Bartel made you pass out in the 3rd grade like so much processed singly wrapped slices of love. And the worst part, the worst part was getting the card from the girl you actually liked, only to realize that the reason there wasn't a single flake of glitter glued to it, was the same reason you'd glued all your glitter to her card. Only she glued her glitter to someone else.

Here's a withered balloon and some soggy crepe paper from the Junior High Valentine's Day Dance, that you spent waiting on the steps of the gymnasium for him to show up. You didn't leave when it started to rain. And you sure as hell didn't leave when your best friend told you he was already inside with someone else. Because any minute now he was going to come rushing out to apologize to you. And that red velvet heart-shaped pillow is here somewhere, too. That one you sewed for him but didn't finish in time, and ended up stuffing with tear-stained Kleenex™.

Oh, yeah, Cupid is coming. And he's looking for a parking space for that six trailer Mack truck of his. So when you hear the tell-tale 'beep-beep-beep' of his truck backing up, you lock the roll-up door, and turn off the light in the office.

Because he's gonna need someone to sign for this stuff.

The Meadow

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Come out to the meadow

Where the bunny rabbits play
And all the baby animals
They just look at you and say

Leave your troubles in the city
'Cause here they don't belong
Just roll over in the clover and
Join our happy song
We want you to sing along

La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la

You know one day the bomb is gonna drop
And fill the sky with radiation
But we'll be so safe and warm you know
Hiding under our big lead dome
And after a lifetime
And a half-life or two
We'll break out of our shell
(Just like a baby chick breaks out of the egg for the very first time)
And we'll see what is left of the whole wide world and
What isn't left as well

But there'll be lots of baby animals
'Cause there wasn't much to do inside
We'll roll over in the purple four-leaf clover and
Stare up at the orange sky
Watch the lemon clouds roll by

La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la

So come out to the meadow
Where the bunny rabbits play all day
And all the baby animals
They just look at you and say

Leave your troubles in the City
'Cause after all, it's all gone
Just roll over in that clover and
Join our happy song
We want you to sing along

Titanic

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When I wake up and the sheets are soaking wet
So much water that I'm swimming in my bed
It seems like there's always something going wrong
But things will get better soon I know it won't be long

Don't panic
Don't panic
It's your last night on the Titanic

Where will I be when the morning comes
On another planet or just floating on the sun
It doesn't matter either way
I know it will be a brighter day

Don't panic
Don't panic
It's your last night on the Titanic

Sailing
Sailing

You're going down, yeah
You're going down

Don't panic
Don't panic
It's your last night on the Titanic

Don't panic
Don't panic
Don't panic don't panic don't panic
It's your last night on the titanic

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