



Antipathy & Ideology

1. Next Time I See You
2. While Supplies Last
3. We Can't Breathe
4. Better
5. Get Out of Your Car
6. Welcome to America
7. Why Can't It Be Like It Was?
8. Jury Duty
9. If It Ain't Broke, Break It
10. Good Cop/Bad Cop feat. Eric Schwartz
11. Lucy, I'm Home
12. Shut Up and Listen
13. Poor Landlord
14. I Oppose the Troops
15. Guns and Ammo
16. Beware of Famous People
17. The Law of Attraction
18. The South Will Rise Again, Again
19. Small Penis
20. Save the World



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Some Phil 12

Anthems & Antithets Vol 3: ANTIPATHY & IDEOLOGY

Brian Woodbury

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Anthems & Antithets Vol 3: **Antipathy & Ideology**

Produced by **Brian Woodbury**

Mixed by **Dan Cubert**

Mastered by **Danny Blume**

Design by **John Goss**

Brian photo by **Cat Gwynn**

Mark Pardy uses *Sabian* cymbals and *Promark* sticks

Andy Sanesi uses *DW* drums, *Sabian* cymbals,

Remo drum heads, *Vic Firth* sticks & *Beato* cases

Drums for Next, Broke, Cop, Troops, Guns recorded by **Marc Doten** (Trend Coma Bootlegs)

Car recorded by **Al Houghton** (Dubway Studios)

Brian Woodbury: vocs, acous, nylon, elec gtr, bass, keys, perc, programming, arranging, FX
Marc Muller: elec guitar (Next, Breathe, Better, Car, America, Landlord, Guns); acous (Better, Jury);
lap steel (America); dobro (Jury); slide gtr (Landlord); pedal steel (Better); co-arranging (Guns)

Sam Woodbury: elec gtr (Cop); acous (Why) **Carmack Celestin**: elec gtr (Troops)

John Thomas Oaks: piano & arranging (Supplies)

Peter Lurye: piano, bgd vocs, programming, arranging & FX (Better)

Alfred Johnson: co-arranging (Broke)

David Witham: piano & organ (Broke) **Van Dyke Parks**: piano & co-arranging (Lucy)

Michael Webster: piano & arranging (Save) **Jerry Wheeler**: hammered dulcimer (Famous)

Jonathan Feinberg: drums (Breathe, Car, Why, Landlord, South, Penis);

perc (Breathe, Why, Jury)

Mark Pardy: drums (Better, Broke, Cop, Law); perc (Broke, Lucy, Law)

Joe Berardi: drums (Troops) **Andy Sanesi**: drums & perc (Next, America, Guns)

Dan Cubert: perc (Jury, Cop); FX (Car, Why, Jury, Law)

Edwin Livingston: bass (America, Broke, Cop, Law); upright (America, Lucy, Law)

Oren Bloedow: bass (Car) **Sara Parkins**: violins (Better, America)

Ben Powell: violin (Jury) **Maggie Parkins**: cello (Better, Why)

Glen Berger: alto sax (Cop); clarinet & piccolo (Famous)

Mark Hollingsworth: flutes (Lucy); fifes (South); baritone sax (Penis)

Chris Tedesco: trumpets (Better, Cop); french horns (Better); flugelhorns (Law)

Dan Levine: trombones (Better, Cop); tuba (Better)

Tulasi Rain: bgd vocs (Next, Breathe) **Amy Keys**: bgd vocs (Breathe, Cop, Penis)

Elma Mayer: bgd vocs (Breathe, Penis) **Johnny Unicorn**: bgd vocs (Breathe, America)

Marc Doten: bgd vocs (America) **Heather Marsden**: bgd vocs (Cop)

Kathi Funston: bgd vocs (Lucy) **Amy Engelhardt**: bgd vocs (Penis)

Lyrics & more information at www.BrianWoodbury.com



1. **Next Time I See You** 4:16
2. **While Supplies Last** ✖ 4:12
3. **We Can't Breathe** 3:42
4. **Better** ♠ 5:14
5. **Get Out of Your Car** 3:25
6. **Welcome to America** 4:20
7. **Why Can't It Be Like It Was?** ♣ 3:34
8. **Jury Duty** ✕ 2:51
9. **If It Ain't Broke, Break It** ♣ 3:29
10. **Good Cop//Bad Cop** 4:56
feat. Eric Schwartz ✕
11. **Lucy,,I'm Home** ♣ 4:13
12. **Shut Up and Listen** 1:32
13. **Poor Landlord** 2:41
14. **I Oppose the Troops** 3:46
15. **Guns and Ammo** ♦ 2:55
16. **Beware of Famous People** 3:49
17. **The Law of Attraction** 3:47
18. **The South Will Rise Again, Again** 2:16
19. **Small Penis** 3:46
20. **Save the World** 3:57



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NEXT TIME I SEE YOU

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1A

We fought you all, and it was bad
I thought we'd worked it out
With all we shared,
the bonds we had
They never seemed in doubt

VERSE 1B

Stars and stripes, bowie knife
Turn of phrase, way of life
Bygone pastimes to play ball

VERSE 1C

I couldn't read the writing
of your scrawl
Till it had filled every wall

CHORUS 1

But now you've done it.
That's a fact
You did the deed you can't retract
It seems like just to prove
you could do it

From ugly urges, petty gripes
Your bigotries and stereotypes

They blind you to how
badly you blew it

It's sympathy they say you want
But in return you lie and taunt
And piss on everybody below you

Well, the next time that I see you
I'll pretend I don't know you
I'll pretend I don't know you.

VERSE 2A

We won the war,
we reached the moon
Put differences aside
Our victory lap - it came too soon
You thwarted all we tried

VERSE 2B

Women's votes, civil rights
Working wage, those good fights
You're so eager to undo

VERSE 2C

You take your turn
and then you take mine too
Shake down that red, white and blue

CHORUS 2

The benefit of every doubt
I've given you, you've worn it out
I'll make no more apologies for you

'Cause I've indulged
all your complaints
With patience of a thousand saints
Bent over trying not to deplore you

Confessed my wrongs
and made 'em right
We've both agreed
and seen the light
Till you demand
I once again show you
When I've paid you more than twice
what I owe you

So, the next time that I see you
I'll pretend I don't know you
I'll pretend I don't know you.

BRIDGE

I know where you come from
But I don't know where you're
coming from

INSTRUMENTAL

- guitar solo -

VERSE 3B

Tragic flaw, second skin
Bosom foe, next of kin
Could I quit you once for good?

VERSE 3C

'Cause there's another
where my brother stood
Crowned now with some other hood

CHORUS 3

I'd wait for you to come around
But common sense
will not be found
When one of us
just won't recognize it

There's no use meeting you halfway
You move the goal post every day
And you don't even try to disguise it

Our Reconstructions never last
For long enough to leave the past
I trust you 'bout as far's
I could throw you

Even God's mercy is
too good to bestow you
So I'll do my best
to block and to slow you

And the next time that I see you
I'll pretend I don't know you.

Yeah, the next time that I see you
I'll admit I don't know you
I'll admit I don't know you
No, I never did know you.

*vocs, acous, keys, bass,
arrangement: Brian Woodbury; elec
gtrs: Marc Muller; drums, perc:
Andy Sanesi; bgd vocs: Tulasi Rain*

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST

(Brian Woodbury &
John Thomas Oaks)

VERSE 1

We built a house,
surrounded by nature
From the last stand
of our tall yellow pine
We carved up the hillside,
we quarried the marble

We laid out the landscape
and pulled up the vine

We drained off the swamp,
we siphoned the stream
We melted the ice caps
to make our lawn gleam
It seems there's no end to the
wealth we've amassed
We plunder the planet,
while supplies last

VERSE 2

We built a town,
surrounded by neighbors
A school and a mall
and a road we can drive
And as it grew crowded,
we pushed out on further
Closing the door on the last to arrive

We've strip-mined the mountain
to keep our town bright
To shiver by day, and sizzle by night
We've sprawled and we've spread
through this country so vast
Squander the future,
while supplies last

BRIDGE

Wide open space
You can lift yourself up
by your britches
Saving nine stitches
Then it's a race
And you're stuck in a chase
for new riches
Digging new ditches

VERSE 3

We built a world,
surrendered our nature
To stare at a screen
while we kept the lights on
We used every ounce
of our fathers' good fortune
And didn't take notice
till it was near gone

Now we've just woken up,
and it's time to say when
We changed the world once,
we can do it again
We've got to start now,
before our last chance has passed
Rescue the future
Rescue the future

Let's build a future,
while supplies last

*vocs: Brian Woodbury; piano &
arrangement: John Thomas Oaks*

WE CAN'T BREATHE

(Brian Woodbury)

HALF CHORUS

We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe
We can't breathe until everyone...

VERSE 1

We can't breathe
With a nightstick
that's clutched at our throat
(We can't breathe)
On the ground
with a knee on our neck
(We can't breathe)
With our hands cuffed in chains
at our backs
(We can't breathe)
Pepper spray in our mouths
and our eyes
(We can't breathe)
Even so, we refuse to be blind

CHORUS

We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe
We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe
We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe
We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe

VERSE 2

We can't breathe
With the Covid invading our lungs
(We can't breathe)
When each hospital bed has a price
(We can't breathe)
Where a zipcode
determines our fate
(We can't breathe)
When our lives have no value at all
(We can't breathe)
Then it's time we demand
what is ours

CHORUS

We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe, *etc.*

VERSE 3

We can't breathe
Not a whisper or word of dissent
(We can't breathe)
In those places
where protest is banned
(We can't breathe)
Where the truth
is dismembered and burned
(We can't breathe)
Where injustices never get heard
(We can't breathe)
Nonetheless, we will not
be kept down

CHORUS

We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe, *etc.*

VERSE 4

We can't breathe
When these fossils
are choking our air
(We can't breathe)
On a planet that's setting on fire
(We can't breathe)
With an ocean that's dying or dead
(We can't breathe)

While they keep on repeating the lie
(Don't believe)
Nothing's wrong
and no more can be done

CHORUS

We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe
We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe
We can't breathe
Until everyone can breathe
We can't breathe
Until everyone, till everyone, till
everyone
We all can breathe

vocs, acous, bass, arrangement:
Brian Woodbury; elect gtrs: Marc
Muller; drums, perc: Jonathan
Feinberg; bgd vocs: Amy Keys,
Tulasi Rain, Johnny Unicorn, Elma
Mayer

BETTER

(Brian Woodbury & Peter Lurye)

VERSE 1

She was gone almost overnight
A brutal two-month chemo fight
This isn't right—
How could she forsake you?

The twins still cry for her at dawn
They're asking you
where mama's gone
It feels like one more day of this
could break you

PRE-CHORUS 1

There on the rocky shore
Trying to find a place to stand
As you're pulverized to sand.

CHORUS 1

It will get better
You will get stronger
As the nights grow shorter
And the light grows longer
Day after day,
you'll lift your eyes, and then
In the mirror you will
see yourself again,

See yourself again.

VERSE 2

You're a girl, but no one knows
It's what you feel,
not what you chose
One day you wear your
sister's clothes
And so they beat you

Changing schools,
then leaving town
Your parents say,
"Just push it down"
You fall into a place
no one can reach you

PRE-CHORUS 2

You're walking along the shore
And the surf tugs at your dress
You're resisting less and less

CHORUS 2

It will get better
You will get stronger
As the taunts grow fainter
And the light grows longer
One day you'll free

your future from your past
And in the mirror,
you will see yourself at last,
See yourself at last.

BRIDGE

You didn't ask for
what you're going through
You think you'll never find your way
And then you do, you always do...

VERSE 3

He rode in trailing clouds of hate
You were sure no one would take
his bait
The country that you love—
well, they'd oppose him

But everything you
thought you knew
Turned out, was just a point of view
And when the night was through
The people chose him

PRE-CHORUS 3

We stand at the ocean's edge
As a storm cloud drowns the day
And the shore is washed away...

CHORUS 3

Will it get better?
Oh, how much longer
Till the truth gets louder
And the light grows stronger?
We've come through greater trials
than this by far
We've paid with tears
and blood for who we are
Will we reclaim that flag
and what it's for?
So in the mirror, we can see
ourselves once more?
See ourselves once more
See ourselves once more.

*vocs, bass: Brian Woodbury; keys,
bgd vocs, programming, FX,
arrangement: Peter Lurye; acous &
elec gtrs, pedal steel: Marc Muller;
drums: Mark Pardy; violins: Sara
Parkins; cello: Maggie Parkins;
trumpets, french horns: Chris
Tedesco; trombones, tuba:
Dan Levine:*

GET OUT OF YOUR CAR

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

Go back, you are goin'
the wrong way now
Can I make it any clearer?
You keep gettin' further away from it
Just by tryin' to get nearer
Maybe your eyes are blind
Your head's in a place
the sun never shined
Tryin' to reach what you left behind
Starin' in your rearview mirror

CHORUS 1

Get out of your car
(Get out, now, get out)
Get out of your car
(A change of plan)
Get out of your car
Start walkin' a straight line
Past your good intentions
Try walkin' before you run
out of your car
(Get out, now, get out)
Get out of your car
(While you still can)

Get out of your car
'Cause lyin' in the road
won't get you far

VERSE 2

Slow down, you are pushin' it
way too fast
Before your engine starts to smolder
This road's gettin' rougher
from here on out
Why's that seem
to make you bolder?
Maybe your eyes wear blinds
Or you've covered up
all of the warning signs
Better read between the yellow lines
Time to pull off to the shoulder

CHORUS 2

Get out of your car
(Get out, now, get out)
Get out of your car
(Leave your cocoon)
Get out of your car
And give up your license to
horsepower overkill
Overcome all you get
out of your car

(Get out, now, get out)
Get out of your car
(And none too soon)
Get out of your car
Or you'll be relegated to the tar

CHORUS 3

Get out of your car
(Get out, now, get out)
Get out of your car
('Cause it's your turn)
Get out of your car
Start towin' the lifeline
In time to make up for lost time
for the last time get out of your car
(Get out with all get out)
Get out of your car
(Don't crash and burn)
Get out of your car
'Cause dyin' in the road
is where you are

*vocs, keys & arrangement: Brian
Woodbury; elec gtr: Marc Muller;
bass: Oren Bloedow; drums:
Jonathan Feinberg; FX:
Dan Cubert*

WELCOME TO AMERICA

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

Rafael makes a midnight run
Up into the USA
Leaves his Linda and baby Rosa
Behind in Monterrey
Eleven guys in an Gilroy flophouse
A sleeping bag on a cot
He's calling out "trabajo"
In the U-Haul lot

Two weeks picking some artichokes
Working all day long with no shade
Rafi dares to ask the man
About when they're getting paid
That mentiroso made promises
But he pays him two hundred less
What can Rafael do?
No recourse, and no redress

CHORUS

"Welcome to America
Welcome to America
Welcome to America
Welcome to America."

VERSE 2

Seven years Rafael's been here
All his hard work is starting to pay
He runs a roadside fruit stand
Outside of San Jose
Linda's moved up from Mexico
And their daughter's going to school
They watch the rear-view mirror
Observe each traffic rule

Rose is fluent in English now
She is like a nativa child
Rafi calls her his dreamer.
Sees her paperwork gets filed
Rafi wants to go home
to see his mother
He knows he can't even try
If he did, he couldn't come back
He never tells her goodbye

CHORUS

Welcome to America, *etc.*

BRIDGE

Rose enlists,
she wants to give back
Two tours as a medic in Iraq
The more she serves,

the more she sees
The drones, the broken bones,
the IEDs
She loves her country,
she loves the grunts
But she wonders
what the hell we're doing there

CHORUS

Welcome to America, *etc.*

VERSE 3

Rafi walks his nieto out to the park
To go feed the ducks
Mama Rose meets them every day
With lunch from the taco trucks
Someone calls out to Dr. Rose
It's a man who's missing a leg
He was with Third Infantry
Private First Class Gregg

Rafi tells the boy not to stare
at the soldier's prosthetic limb
The private says Rose saved his life
It's an honor, he says, to meet him
"You remind me of
my Greek grandpa
He emigrated in '55

Thanks for choosing to come
Thanks to you, I'm alive."

CHORUS

"Thank you from America
Thank you from America
Thank you from America
Thank you from America"

"You're welcome, to America"
Welcome to America
Welcome to America
Welcome to America...

*vocs, nylon & acous gtrs, keys,
programming, add'l perc,
arrangement: Brian Woodbury; elec
gtrs & lap steel: Marc Muller;
upright & electric bass: Edwin
Livingston; drums, perc: Andy
Sanesi; violins: Sara Parkins; bgd
vocs: Marc Doten & Johnny Unicorn*

WHY CAN'T IT BE LIKE IT WAS?

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1A

Why can't it be like it was
when our cassettes hit rewind,
Back when the future was ours
and President Nixon resigned?

VERSE 1B

Things were all starting to change
The Senate-approved E.R.A.
We finally left Vietnam.
People said, "Have a nice day."

CHORUS 1

Why can't it be like it was?
Why can't it be
like it was going to be?
Why can't it be like it was?
The world we all thought
we could see,
Like it was.

VERSE 2A

Women and men could be friends.
Everyone seemed to be bi.

I'm okay, you're okay too.
On the street, people got high.

VERSE 2B

Switching to meters and grams.
We'd legalize victimless crime.
Then solar power the world.
There was still plenty of time.

CHORUS 2

Why can't it be like it was?
Why can't it be
like it was going to be?
Almost but not quite enough.
Though everyone seemed to agree
That it was.

BRIDGE

It's not that I'd choose to
live just like we used to
Somehow, somehow...
But it's not even close to
What it was supposed to be
By now...

VERSE 3 (B)

We started saving the whales.
No more nukes not far behind.

It was all gonna come true,
When President Nixon resigned.

CHORUS 3

Why can't it be like it was?
Why can't it be
like it was going to be?
Just when the going got tough,
We coulda held on, couldn't we?

CHORUS 4

Why did we have to give up?
Couldn't it be
like it was going to be?
Let's start from where we left off
By setting our old future free.
'Cause if we try, why can't it be
Like it was?

*vocs, bass, FX, arrangement: Brian
Woodbury; acous gtrs: Sam
Woodbury; drums, perc: Jonathan
Feinberg; cello: Maggie Parkins; FX:
Dan Cubert*

JURY DUTY

(Brian Woodbury & Phil Ward)

VERSE 1

I got a notice in the mail today
that caught me up short
A summons
from the Maricopa Criminal Court
Like every other time
I decided to ignore't
Talk about lame

So I shoved it in a drawer
with my spare rubber bands
Out of sight, out of mind,
definitely out of my hands
'Cause anyone with half an IQ
understands
How to play that game

PRE-CHORUS 1

Give me a break

CHORUS 1

Only suckers and fools
and cranky old men serve jury duty
Not people like me who get up at
ten - not jury duty
I've got somethin' to do

and places to be
Not cooped up inside,
I've got to be free
Well, it may be for you
but it isn't for me
Not jury duty

VERSE 2

I won't go bowin' down or
kowtowin' to the man
I don't recycle any kind of
bottle or a can
I'm not what you would call
a "civic duty" fan
I blaze my own trail

Any damn day I please
I'm gonna water my lawn
Never use my blinkers.
I leave my brights on
No one's gonna make me
a government pawn
Keep your summons outta my mail

PRE-CHORUS 2

Don't tread on me

CHORUS

Only people with too much
time on their hands do jury duty
Only people who've got
no significant plans do jury duty
I got places to go and people to see
Not stuck with some
upright citizenry
It might do it for you,
but it doesn't for me
Not jury duty

INSTRUMENTAL

- dobro solo -

VERSE 3

Since I knew I'd probably never get
'em to exempt me
I returned the next summons
the bastards sent me
With a fabricated forwarding
address in Tempe
Psych!

But a couple months later,
illegal U-turn
The cops pull me over,
no cause for concern

Till they run my license,
and, come to learn
The fake address I'd given
turned out to be a crack house
under FBI surveillance

PRE-CHORUS 3

I wouldn't cop a plea
But now, alas, I see

CHORUS 3

Only suckers and fools and cranky
old men are doin' jury duty
Only jerks who enjoy puttin' folks in
the pen are doin' jury duty
Their hearts are all stone,
they laugh at my tears
They're lockin' me up
for twenty-five years
I don't understand
why there's none of my peers
doin' jury duty

EXTENSION

They put me away
and tossed out the key
I'm cooped up inside,
I'll never be free

If only there'd been
more people like me doin' jury duty

vocs, bass, arrangement: Brian Woodbury; acous, dobro: Marc Muller; spoons, shaker: Jonathan Feinberg; mountain dancing, misc. perc: Dan Cubert; violin: Ben Powell

IF IT AIN'T BROKE, BREAK IT

(Brian Woodbury & Alfred Johnson)

INTRO

You build your smug stabilities
To keep from feeling ill-at-ease
You carefully construct your world
Just wait till I have
fucked your world

VERSE 1

I never met a paradigm
I couldn't disrupt
I'm gonna make some changes
and they might be abrupt
I'm a man on a mission,
of creative demolition
So get with the future,
or your ass is sure to be whooped

You want improvement
but it's only a patch
Take my constructive feedback
and start over from scratch
If tired ways of seein'
have got you disagreein'
The best way to fix this mess,
is just to hand me a match

PRE-CHORUS 1

Forget your status quo
Alas, it has to go
So you can learn to detach

CHORUS

If it ain't yours, take it
If it ain't true, fake it
If it ain't broke, break it

VERSE 2

People look at me like I gone
off of my meds
But ya cannot make an omelet
without breaking some heads
So now you gotta scramble
But don't ya take the gamble
Of tryin' to make a better plan,
I'm gonna rip it to shreds

You wanna know what I've been
drivin' at here?
You best give up the wheel
and let the blind man steer
I'm an innovator.
You're gonna thank me later
So get with the program now.
Am I makin' it clear?

PRE-CHORUS 2

Your rules do not apply
They're for the little guy
Me, I'm a true pioneer

CHORUS

If it ain't yours, take it
If it ain't true, fake it
If it ain't broke, break it

BRIDGE

You say you don't want a revolution
But if you're not a part
of the problem
You'll never be a part
of the dissolution

INSTRUMENTAL

PRE-CHORUS 3

I need to rock the boat
You sink so I can float
Thank you for playing your part

CHORUS

If it ain't yours, take it
If it ain't true, fake it
If it ain't broke, break it

LAST CHORUS

Nest o' hornets, shake it
Sleepin' giant, wake it
If it ain't broke, break it
If it ain't broke, break it.

*vocs, co-arrangement: Brian
Woodbury; piano, organ: David
Witham; bass: Edwin Livingston;
drums, perc: Mark Pardy; co-
arrangement: Alfred Johnson*

GOOD COP/BAD COP

(Brian Woodbury & Eric Schwartz)

VERSE 1

Assistant coach
Ladybugs soccer team
Taft Elementary

Three year champions
Lincoln High visit
K-9 officer
Drug-Free Zone
Homeless youth outreach
Buyback program
T-shirt Raffle
Police Benevolent
See something - say something
Broken tail light?
Let ya off with a warning

CHORUS 1

He's patrolling the border
Between chaos and order
Just don't cross the thin blue line
Of the good cop/bad cop
Good cop/bad cop

VERSE 2

Officer to dispatch
Subject spotted
Jefferson and Third
Matches the description
Black male, white sneakers
5-10,180
In pursuit on foot
Non-compliant

with verbal commands
Suspect now fleeing
Down a dark alleyway
Running toward Jefferson
Another gangbanger
trying to get away
Shots fired
Suspect down

CHORUS 2

And now he's insisting
The deceased was resisting
And his body cam was not online
That's the good cop/bad cop
Good cop/bad cop

VERSE 3

Ladies, Gentlemen
Of the jury
Decorated officer
Credit to the force
Loving husband
Devoted father
Loyal son
Friend of the community
Menacing suspect
Criminal record
Reached into his waistband

Officer responded
Fearing for his safety
Following protocol
His fate is in your hands

CHORUS 3

His weapon was fired
He says it was required
That call can't be yours or mine
Who's the good cop/bad cop
Good cop/bad cop

VERSE 4

Time for dinner
Say grace
Elbows off the table
Pass the ketchup
Dennis called
To say congratulations
He knew I'd beat it
Bowling next Tuesday
Listen to your mother
Finish your homework
Work hard
Play fair
When I grow up
Can I be a policeman?
You can do anything

REFRAIN

Good cop/bad cop, etc.

*voc: Eric Schwartz; keys, bgd vocs,
arrangement: Brian Woodbury; elec
gtrs: Sam Woodbury; bass: Edwin
Livingston; drums: Mark Pardy;
perc: Dan Cubert; trumpet: Chris
Tedesco; alto saxophone: Glen
Berger; trombone: Dan Levine; bgd
vocs: Amy Keys & Heather Marsden*

LUCY, I'M HOME

(Brian Woodbury & Van Dyke Parks)

VERSE 1A

There's ninety miles between
Manuel and Cuba
That's as the Osprey flies.
Well, so does time
These sixty years
he's waiting to unexile
He still relives their crime

VERSE 1B

He's just one more
expropriated expat
They took his farm,
his Chevy *Bel Air*

He lost it all to traitor campesinos
His only light stayed there

PRE-CHORUS 1

Oh, someday, come what may
He'll come take her away
Though she chose to stay
He will pray he can sway
Her to stray
Drinkin' rum
And Cuba libre

CHORUS 1

"Lucy, I'm home
Lucy, I'm home"
But it's not his home to choose
And so he must refuse
Till nothing's left to
Lucy, I'm home

POST-CHORUS

Gimme some sugar
Gimme some sugar

VERSE 2A

For sixty years
Sue has been a true believer
The old new left,
with tales left to tell

She walks the walk,
a lonely fellow traveler
A wet spot for Fidel

VERSE 2B

She's chained herself
to chains of chain link fences
Miami old folks home volunteer
A border witness,
Everglades protector
One beacon helps her steer

PRE-CHORUS 2

And it's Che, fearless Che
His life not his cliché
He's her shining ray
Through the fray
Re-runs play to this day
No cigar. "Venceremos"

CHORUS 2

Lucy, I'm home
(BGD: Heeding the call)
Lucy, I'm home
(BGD: Havana Ball)
Chickens coming home to roost
The bosses are vamoosed
The workers' chains are
Lucy, I'm home

POST-CHORUS
Gimme some sugar, *etc.*

BRIDGE

Dementia's thrown a wrench
into Manuel's retirement plans
When Sue works at the home
she has to fight his grabby hands
She brings his café.
He paws at her candy pinafore
He says, "Just two more
sugar cubes, mi Lucy, por favor"

CHORUS 3

"Lucy, I'm home
(BGD: Where have you gone?)
Lucy, I'm home"
(BGD: ¡No pasaran!)
Sue knows that if you make a truce
Righties tie the noose
The left needs revo-
Lucy, I'm home

POST-CHORUS
Gimme some sugar, *etc.*

MONTUNO ENDING

Lucy, I'm home, gimme some sugar

vocs, piano, co-arrangement: Brian Woodbury; piano, co-arrangement: Van Dyke Parks; upright bass: Edwin Livingston; perc: Mark Parady; flutes: Mark Hollingsworth; bgd vocs: Kathi Funston

SHUT UP AND LISTEN

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

White people, come on
We need to shut up and listen
Shut up and listen
We're not really listening
We've spoken enough
White people, do what I'm doing
And shut up and listen right now

VERSE 2

Step up, fellow men
And start believing the women
You say you believe them
Why should we believe you?
I'm calling you out
Because you don't believe women
So shut up and listen right now

VERSE 3

Come on, liberal allies
This isn't about you
It isn't about you
Don't make it about you
Don't try to relate, no
'Cause you'll never get it
Still shut up and listen right now

VERSE 4

Watch out, people now
You better check what you're saying
Yeah, check what you're saying
Like I check what I'm saying
You say something wrong
We're never gonna forgive you
So shut up and listen right now

VERSE 5

Shout out, everyone
You best speak up, I can't hear you
Don't stand on the sidelines
We need you to join us
Shout out, everyone
I said speak up, I can't hear you
Hello, I can't hear you,
Step up, say it louder
Hey, where are you going?

Is anyone out there?
Shout out! Are you with me?
Shut up!

*vocals, sampled accordion,
clapping, FX, arrangement: Brian
Woodbury*

POOR LANDLORD

(Brian Woodbury)

CHORUS 1

Poor landlord, poor landlord
Poor landlord, poor landlord

VERSE 1A

Pity the landlord,
with his whole heart and soul
He fights the good fight,
and it's taking its toll
As he marches to battle
against rent control
Poor landlord

VERSE 1B

Corrupt city hall's got him
down on his knees
They're raising his taxes,
increasing his fees
He gives 'em donations,

But they vote as they please
Pool landlord

CHORUS 2

Poor landlord, poor landlord, etc.

VERSE 2A

The rent board expects him
to act like a saint
The tenants are whining,
they file a complaint
Let 'em put up with a little lead paint
Poor landlord

VERSE 2B

The heater's broken,
the roof has a leak
The rats in the attic
are starting to reek
The real crime is that rent has been
behind for a week
Poor landlord

BRIDGE

So, let's show some compassion
For the things he must go through.
He wouldn't ever want to wish
His tragic fate on you.

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS 3

Take pity on the
Poor landlord, poor landlord, etc.

VERSE 3A

The homeless are camping out
all over town
They shit in the river,
they're turning it brown
And bringing his
property values all down
Poor landlord

VERSE 3B

They want to build shelters,
move folks out of tents
With subsidized housing,
but that makes no sense
Because if they do, it will drive
down the rents

CHORUS 4

Poor landlord, poor landlord, etc.

*vocs, bass, arrangement: Brian
Woodbury; elec gtrs, lap steel: Marc
Muller; drums: Jonathan Feinberg*

I OPPOSE THE TROOPS

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

I'm in awe of their devotion
Of their fearless sacrifice
Of their duty and their readiness
To pay the dearest price
Where they can summon everything
Here I can only muster up
the nerve to say
I oppose the troops

VERSE 2

I admire their commitment
To the rightness of their cause
And I understand the impulse
And the principles and laws
There is evil to be battled,
But it's evil that no
firepower will allay
I oppose the troops

BRIDGE 1

I oppose the troops
With all their codes of honor
That kind of honor is a curse
The more they try to right the world
The more they serve
to make it worse

VERSE 3

'Cause they're not fighting
for our freedom
At least not since the Civil War
Even then, half fought against it
If we're really keeping score
Like each abandoned veteran,
war is soon a relic from
a distant time and day
I oppose the troops
I oppose the troops

BRIDGE 2

I oppose the troops
Though they don't give the orders
They've got to share
some of the blame
For what they line up for
And sign up for
There'd be no war if no one came
And they say it's unrealistic
To think that war could ever cease
And yet they demand
the world's respect
To spit on any chance for peace.

VERSE 4

So, no thank you for your service
For your protocols and ranks
Your guns, missiles,
drones and warheads
To the war in our heads - no thanks
It's all over if you want it
And it starts when every AWOL
soldier gets away
I oppose the troops, etc.

*vocs, piano, acous, bass, arrange-
ment: Brian Woodbury; elec gtrs:
Carmack Celestin; drums: Joe
Berardi*

GUNS AND AMMO

(Brian Woodbury & Bill Burnett)

VERSE 1

I got a sweet little habit
Makes me feel so good
And I'll never give it up
Though people say I should
I know it's a compulsion
I'm its willing slave
'Cause I just can't get enough
of that good stuff I crave

PRE-CHORUS 1

You can snort that coke
Fire up that crack
But I'm a junkie with a bigger
monkey on my back

CHORUS 1

I get my kicks from guns and ammo
Get my fix from guns and ammo
'Cause nothin' addicts
like guns and ammo
And people say
it's gonna be the death of me

VERSE 2

Now, some folks have to chug
their morning coffee cup
But me I gotta get loaded
And I need to shoot up

There ain't no liquor, ain't no drug,
there ain't no sweet
There's no delight can
get me right like packin' some heat
PRE-CHORUS 2
You can drink your booze
You can smoke your meth
But I like gettin' high from
instruments of death

CHORUS

I get my kicks from guns and ammo
Get my fix from guns and ammo
'Cause nothin' addicts
like guns and ammo
And I don't give a damn
if it's the death of me

BRIDGE

I don't really see the risk
or who it harms
If I'm puttin' all my cache
into my golden arms
There's no tellin' how much
ordnance that the other guy owns
So I know I gotta keep on
keepin' up with my jones

VERSE 3

Well, I'll happily admit
I have no will to change
The only twelve steps I need
Lead to the firing range
I got just one commandment
From the Bill of Rights
And the Second's never
comin' second, in my sights

PRE-CHORUS 3

'Cause I'm in control
Never gonna cower
I won't quit or submit
to a higher fire power

CHORUS 3

We get our kicks
from guns and ammo
Get our fix from guns and ammo
Confuse our dicks
with guns and ammo
And I think my addiction
is what makes me free
And I'm prepared to stop you
if you disagree
Even if it's gonna be
the death of me

vocs, acous, bass, co-arrangement:
Brian Woodbury; elec gtrs, co-
arrangement: Marc Muller; drums:
Andy Sanesi

BEWARE OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

(Brian Woodbury)

INTRO

There's a man
Who stands before a chasm
There's a crowd
Who hollers from below
So overcome
With how he holds the power
And now he sets their souls aglow

VERSE 1

Beware of famous people
Who make you stop and whisper
Whenever they walk into view
They'll make you wish
you knew them
To drop their names at parties
And let that fame reflect on you

VERSE 2

The famous seem familiar
Expressing all your feelings
Their likeness to you reassures
So startling, so authentic
Their talent overwhelming
Until there's nothing left of yours

CHORUS 1

Beware of famous people
For you didn't get to choose them
Nor they you
But still you cannot refuse them
Beware, beware

VERSE 3

Beware of famous people
Who form your aspirations
Who make you strive,
who make you yearn
You'll want to imitate them
To join or overthrow them
Believing you deserve your turn

VERSE 4

They'll make you seem unnoticed
Alone and so unworthy
For your not being famous yet
But they feel just as you do
They sense that they've
been cheated
Of further stardom they could get

CHORUS 2

Beware of famous people
The great and the undeserving
You don't know

The masters that you are serving
Beware, beware

BRIDGE

They'll tell you
that fame can be yours
Work hard,
always hang onto your dream
But what do they know
of the rest of the show?
From a spot on the topmost beam

CHORUS 3

Beware of famous people
For they are the ones who need you
You don't need them
They'll sell you
and then they'll bleed you
Beware, beware, beware, beware

CHORUS 4

Beware of famous people
Who're willing to die for glory
In your eyes
And killing to make their story
your story
Beware, beware, beware
Beware

*vocals, keys, bass, programming,
perc, FX, arrangement: Brian
Woodbury; hammered dulcimer:
Jerry Wheeler; clarinet, piccolo:
Glen Berger*

THE LAW OF ATTRACTION

(Brian Woodbury)

INTRO

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
What's the unfairest thing of all?
Why must we let this rule of hot
Decide who is and who is not?

VERSE 1

So you're lookin' for a girl
with a pair of decent boobs
And a narrow waist, a bangin' ass,
She better wax her pubes
And long blonde hair and pouty lips
and blazing eyes, albeit
You don't really have a list of traits.
You'll know it when you see it.

PRE-CHORUS 1

But what calls her to your notice?
Pheromones or DNA?

Or subscribing to the beauty myths
the culture throws your way?
Or is it something that, no matter
what, you must obey

CHORUS 1

Is it destiny or a crude transaction?
Either way, you can't break
the law of attraction

VERSE 2

Is she looking for the kind of guy
who'll spend a couple bucks?
Are you wearing last year's fashions
like some dude nobody fucks?
Are you workin' on your moves and
trying to reach a higher stratum?
Do you think when Eve got to the
garden, she said, "Let me at 'im"?

PRE-CHORUS 2

Go ahead and try to up your game.
Go on and shave your pits
You can tighten up your abs, and
you can cover up those zits
For every hundred misses, mister,
there's a couple hits

CHORUS 2

Try to beat the odds,
demanding satisfaction
But there's no way to fake
the law of attraction

BRIDGE

You've heard that love is blind
But it seems it's also crass
Do you want peace of mind
Or just a piece of ass?
'Cause beauty's only skin deep
At least till you get in deep

VERSE 3

You could spend another lifetime all
in trying to crack the code
While you rail against the other sex
like they're a thing you're owed
Or assert each woman is a sister,
every man a brother
But then you are still an animal,
the same as any other

PRE-CHORUS 1

You can't argue with an instinct,
you can't reason with a doubt
You can battle mother nature,

but it's gonna be a rout
If the eye of the beholder snubs
you, you can't pluck it out

CHORUS 3

The wheels of justice -
They won't get you any action
And you cannot forsake
the law of attraction
No, you cannot forsake
the law of attraction

*vocals, keys, acous & elec gtrs,
arrangement: Brian Woodbury;
upright & elec bass: Edwin
Livingston; drums, perc: Mark
Pardy; flugelhorns: Chris Tedesco*

**THE SOUTH WILL RISE
AGAIN, AGAIN**
(Brian Woodbury)

REFRAIN 1

The South will rise again,
Again like bile in the mouth
It never was far down
But then, it wasn't just the South

VERSE 1

For its bigotry's contagious
It has spread throughout our land
This losing cause, this vile urge
We gag and retch, but cannot purge
Despite the flags
and statues banned
It's dormant in our guts
And ever close at hand

REFRAIN 2

The South will rise again,
Again like bile in the mouth
It never was far down
But then, it wasn't just the South

VERSE 2

It will foil our reformations
Then consecrate its crime
And spoil what it can't achieve
And vanquished, still refuse to leave
Like sewage under ash and lime
The rot of Johnny Reb
Will linger for all time

BRIDGE

We'll push it back and beat it
We'll challenge and defeat it
And keep it down as best we can

That is until such time as when
The South will rise again

SUMMATION

And when finally all is said
The victors and their victims wed
Interwoven and inbred
This legacy still won't be dead
For underneath some future skies
In some cruel unexpected guise
With brand new
scapegoats to despise
The South will rise again

vocal, acous, bass, arrangement:
Brian Woodbury; fifes: Mark
Hollingsworth; field drums:
Jonathan Feinberg

SMALL PENIS

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

I've got a small penis
But that never hurt me none
I said, I got me a small penis
But I still get to have my fun
They say less is more.
Well, not about penises,
Maybe they will when I am done

VERSE 2

I got me a small penis
Don't make me any less a man
I reiterate: I got a small penis
It does almost everything
that any larger one can
I don't care who likes it
or who doesn't
I am still its biggest fan

VERSE 3

Yes, I got me a small penis
It isn't a curse
By which I've been struck
I admit that I have a small penis
And I feel no need
To compensate for
My so-called bad luck
I don't brandish an AR-15
I don't play my electric guitar
strapped low
Nor do I drive a monster truck

VERSE 4

I got me a small penis
It's neither wide, nor is it long
As I have made patently
clear already,

I've got a small penis
But, people, do not get me wrong
For while my penis isn't very large
I got the balls to sing this song

INSTRUMENTAL

- sax solo -

VERSE 5

I got me a small penis
My condom's not an ultra max
I once again proclaim
I have a small penis
But it can withstand
any and all attacks
You cannot insult me about it
With a simple restatement
of the facts

VERSE 6

I got me a small penis
I don't consider it a drag
I said I got such a small penis
It could never make anybody gag
And if you or your man
got a big one
I see no reason you should brag

VERSE 7

I got me a small penis
Two and a half from base to tip
Well, maybe three,
but that's a stretch
Ain't no point.
Why should I even trip?
(Small penis, small penis)
But if you think
that isn't good enough
You're the one who needs to
get a grip

VERSE 8

I got a small penis
It doesn't stand out
in a pair of jeans
It doesn't even stand out
in a dick pic
Whichever way
that little puppy leans
Now, most guys say
they're above average
I stand out 'cause I know
that's not what "average" means

VERSE 9

So, rise up with me, brothers

Confess you're less than
well-endowed
I said, rise up with me, brothers
You need no more
than God has allowed
If we can be cool
with our small penises
We will make all of mankind proud
(Mi burritito es pequeno.)

vocals, piano, bass, arrangement:
Brian Woodbury; drums: Jonathan
Feinberg; baritone sax: Mark
Hollingsworth; bgd vocs: Amy
Engelhardt, Amy Keys, Elma Mayer

SAVE THE WORLD

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

Oh, my child, listen to me
Now that you are almost grown
There is one thing I must ask you
As you set out on your own

Please do me this single favor
You're the one who'll do it best
Sorry that I've left it to you
Please just heed this one request

CHORUS 1

Save the world
Save the world
Is all I ask of you
To save the world
Just save the world
The one thing you must do

VERSE 2

As a boy, my father told me
Anyone can sing a song
I need you to seize your moment
Heal the wound, and right the wrong

Tyrants rage and tides are rising
Set your sites and move the sun
You have youth and you have power
You have time to get it done

CHORUS 2

Save the world
Save the world
The thing I didn't do
Was save the world
Just save the world
It's all I ask of you

BRIDGE

No, it's not that I thought
I could be of no use
Yes, I should have done more
And I have no excuse

Still, there's mountains to climb
Righteous seas to be swum
Always something beyond
That we shall overcome

VERSE 3

And when you are old as I am
Years from now when I'm long gone
Your descendants may begrudge
this burden they'll be taking on

CHORUS 3

Save the world
Save the world
In dire circumstance
To save the world
To save the world
Why did you miss your chance?

CHORUS 4

Save the world
Save the world

It's all they ask of you
So, save the world
We'll save the world
The one thing we must do
The only thing that we can do

*vocal: Brian Woodbury; piano
and arrangement: Michael Webster*