

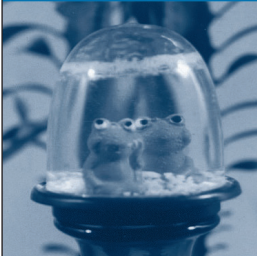
HUM & THE QUICK





PEEK

vocals, concertina, synths
Humberto
guitars Rob Ignazio
drums Joe Pisch
violin Mark B. Caudill
upright bass Rob Simering



Don't peek into that one
and don't shake it
you know what's in it anyway
and, even if you don't, you know
it's better to let it be a surprise
let it grow wings in your mind

imagine that one
to have the balls
to stalk you in your dreams
the ticking the ticking the ticking the ticking
inside ensures you
it's not all it's wrapped up to be.

you know the fancy wrapping
it could hold sticks, it could hold coal
could be the cure to all that ails you
Maybe I'm in there
in a big feathery cape
maybe you're in there
waiting to escape
the night is coming soon
before the moon rises again
before I'm finished
growing these wings
before you finish
opening the rest
when you are left
You are left with that one
under the tall trees
you are left with that one
on the frozen ground

Don't peek into that one
and don't shake it
don't loosen the ribbons
you yourself
have tied around it
it is the present of the future
with each other

Don't peek into that one

maybe I'm in there
scared of what you'll say
maybe you're in there
wasting away

the night is coming soon
before the moon rises again
before I'm finished growing these wings
before you finish opening the rest
when you are left

You are left with that one
under the tall trees
you are left with that one
on the frozen ground
You are left with that one
*It is the present
of the future*

Don't peek into that one
and don't shake it

The phone is sittin' there sinister like a hangman's rope.
It's calling me over it's calling me, I have no hope.
I know that as soon as I hear your hello I'll be lost
Lost to the dangerous knowledge of bridges I've crossed
but not burned

From where I stand out here
I can still see your face
It could be inches away
or floating in deep space
I'm like a comet
feeling gravitational pull
still lugging around
this lead educational tool
I've not learned how to use yet
Learned how to lose you
Learned how to choose to cut loose.

I can't stay away
long enough to forget you
I can't stay away
long enough to forget you
I keep runnin right back
'cause I remember.

The sheets that we bought
when the others wore through
I threw out
And then as I picked through
the trash at the curb
I had to shout:
Why can't I bring myself
to my senses anymore!
You're haunting me bugging
me making me into a bore
to myself and my friends

Simpering whimpering
I'm not any of these
and you've come back yourself now
and then
so I think you'd agree
it's no fun making love to
yourself, it's just too low key
I want to be grabbing your back and
your arms and your hair and your
thighs and your heart and your eyes
and it's here it can't end

'Cause I can't stay away
long enough to forget you
I can't stay away
long enough to forget you
I can't stay away
long enough to forget you
I keep runnin right back
You keep bringin me back
'cause I remember I remember

The phone is sittin' there
sinister.



ALBUQUERQUE

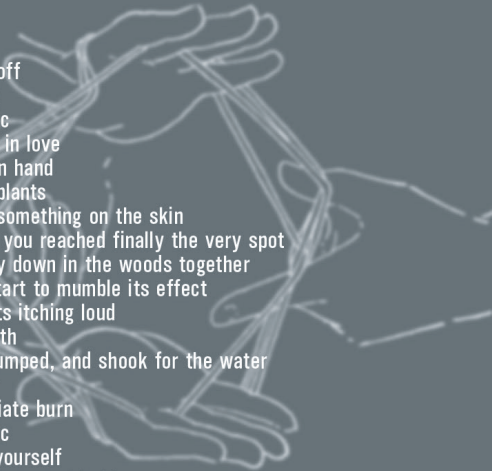




DANCE MANIC



To feel young
to hear death far off
but to hear it, yes
and to dance manic
as when you were in love
and walked hand in hand
through unknown plants
weeds which left something on the skin
so that only when you reached finally the very spot
where you both lay down in the woods together
does the poison start to mumble its effect
and to announce its itching loud
the tingling of death
and you danced, jumped, and shook for the water
danced for the air
to cool the immediate burn
and to dance manic
in order to prime yourself
for the wash of permanent itching
that's approaching
humming to itself
far far off in the forest
cracking twigs and beginning to whistle
a catchy tune about how frustrating
and painful it will be
to be unable to scratch someday
I hear it
it's sounding closer
but tonight I scratch, tonight **dance.**



He sat down at the table like an air raid siren
Everyone else just sat there trying
not to let him damage their delicate hearts and minds
all of them
just kept their heads down
duck and cover, duck and cover
fail-safe and sound

He walked right into town like an air raid siren
all those dried-out worn-out faces
hiding 'til their rooves were all on fire
all of them down in their basements
run for cover, run for cover
fail-safe and sound

And then he climbed up
up to my mountain
to look down at
the burning town and
that is where we met in silence
that is where
we looked down at the violence
that we took for granted
he looked at me
the seed was planted
our discovery, our discovery
fail-safe and sound



AIR RAID SIREN





JULIA

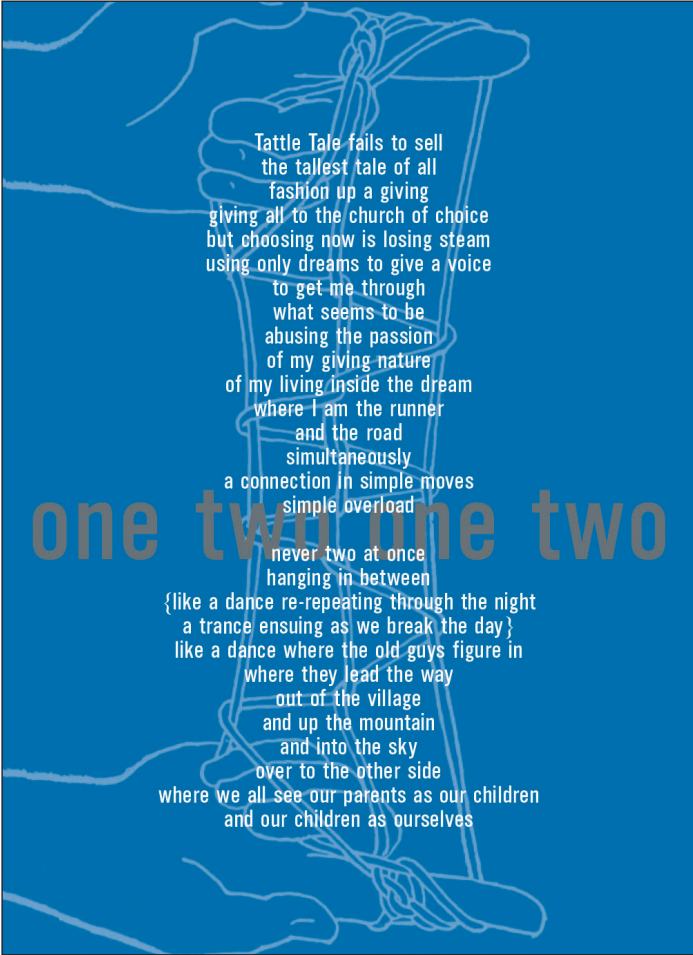
Sometimes the world is much too much too big
Sometimes it seems its sinking deep down deep down deep
It's scary

I'm not the one who can save it
I'm not the one who can save you
you, Julia, Julia

Sometimes I'm thrashing and trashing
the things I love
Sometimes I just want to run off
into the night and run and run and run
It's scary

I'm not the one who can save me
I'm not the one who can save you
you, Julia, Julia
You don't know it yet
but you can do it

Sometimes the world is
much too much too sweet
and there you are standing
on your own two feet
It's scary, it's so scary.
Isn't it scary, Julia?



Tattle Tale fails to sell
the tallest tale of all
fashion up a giving
giving all to the church of choice
but choosing now is losing steam
using only dreams to give a voice
to get me through
what seems to be
abusing the passion
of my giving nature
of my living inside the dream
where I am the runner
and the road
simultaneously
a connection in simple moves
simple overload

one two line two

never two at once
hanging in between
{like a dance re-repeating through the night
a trance ensuing as we break the day}
like a dance where the old guys figure in
where they lead the way
out of the village
and up the mountain
and into the sky
over to the other side
where we all see our parents as our children
and our children as ourselves



TATTLE TALE





JUDY THE CHIMP



*Let's take our clothes off
Like Judy the Chimp
We can swing on the ropes
we can climb the ladders
If you've got to go
you can pee in the corner
that's what Judy would do
Judy the Chimp*

*Let's eat bananas
Like Judy the Chimp
If I had a mango
I would share it with you
We can swing on the ropes
we can climb the ladders
We ain't got no clothes
but it doesn't matter
Just don't tell my mother
Judy the Chimp*

*Make fun of Tarzan
and his girl Jane
He's so uptight, man
He must be insane
cause there's no one out here
there's no one to yell at us
He's still got his loin cloth
he must be jealous
maybe he wants to play
Judy the Chimp*

(chimp solo)

*We can swing on the ropes
we can climb the ladders
I just hope we're not
late for dinner
maybe we can play tomorrow
Judy the Chimp*

Brace yourself
Brace yourself against
the nearest building
as if against the strongest
typhoon winds
brace yourself
brace yourself
checkin' out the battlements

checkin out
and seein' if I'm
in your line of fire
in your line of fire
in time to tire
of your war games

I am the dalai lama
without my patience
I am Luciano Pavoratti
without the ovations
I am Sigmund Freud
without my phallus

I am Louis X I V
without my palace
So brace yourself

Pace yourself
pace yourself
the race is runnin longer now and
you ain't lookin very strong to me
pace yourself
pace yourself
runnin out of energy

Runnin out
runnin out into the heavy traffic
on the superhighway
the endless skyway
into the oncoming
American Dream

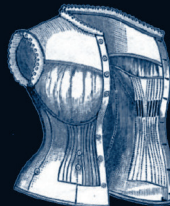
I am a one-armed bandit
without a jackpot
I am a firehouse dalmatian

without a single black spot
I'm a famous aging poet
without my muse
I am a great big bomb
without the fuse
so brace yourself

I am up a raging river
without a paddle
I am walking
on a summer's day
without my shadow

I am a world gone mad
without a care
I'm the solution to all your
problems fading into thin air

and it's comin up on
Judgement Day
and you haven't even
begun to pray
so brace yourself
brace yourself
brace yourself



guitar Jason
Jagenteinfl
vocals, percussions
Hum
guitars Rob
drums Joe

**BRACE
YOURSELF**





HE WAS
PRETTIER THAN
SHE WAS



He was prettier than she was
but she could never hold a grudge
all night long

it was the flowers from the field
it was the honey on the toast
it was the smell of dry sheets off the line
that seemed to calm him down the most.

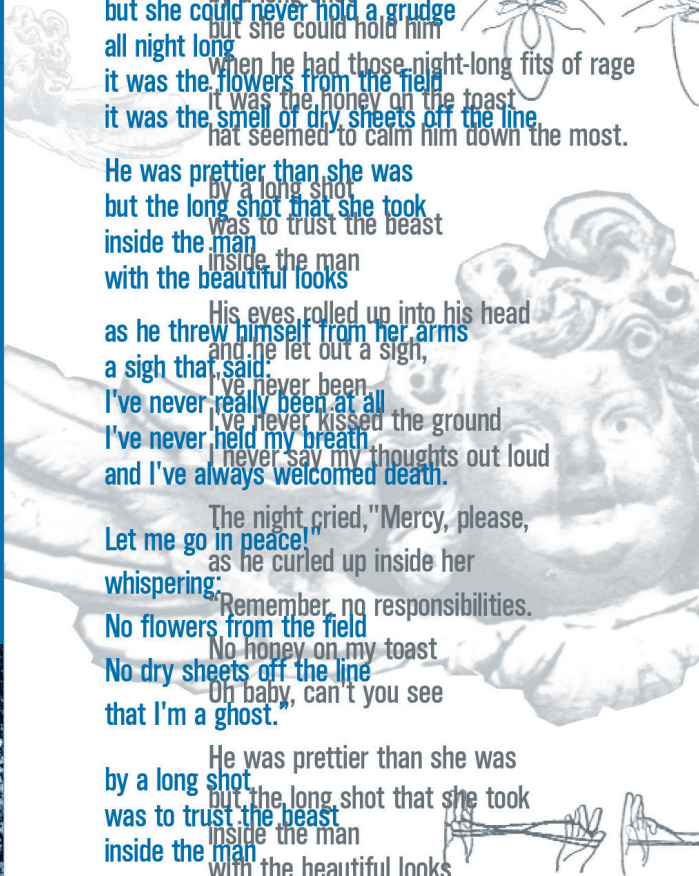
He was prettier than she was
but the long shot that she took
inside the man
with the beautiful looks

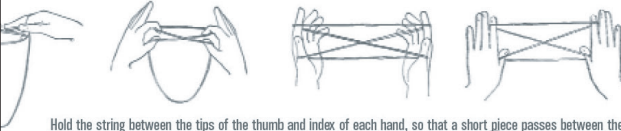
as he threw himself from her arms
a sigh that said:
I've never really been at all
I've never held my breath
and I've always welcomed death.

The night cried, "Mercy, please,
Let me go in peace!"
as he curled up inside her
whispering:

Remember no responsibilities.
No flowers from the field
No honey on my toast
No dry sheets off the line
Oh baby, can't you see
that I'm a ghost.

He was prettier than she was
by a long shot
but the long shot that she took
was to trust the beast
inside the man
with the beautiful looks





Hold the string between the tips of the thumb and index of each hand, so that a short piece passes between the hands and a long loop hangs down. Make a small ring, hanging down, in the short string, putting the right hand string away from you over the left hand string. Insert the index fingers into the ring downward and toward you, and, putting the thumbs away from you into the long hanging loop, separate the hands; and, turning the index fingers upward and outward, with the palms of the hands facing away from you, draw the strings tight .

Turn the hands so that the palms face each other, and thumbs come toward you and point upward. You now have a long crossed loop on each index, a long crossed loop on each thumb and a single cross in the center of the figure.

Step 2. Pass each thumb away from you over the near index string, and take up from below with the back of the thumb the far index string, and return the thumb to its former position. This movement draws the far index string over the near index string.

Step 3. Pass each middle finger toward you over the near index string, and take up from below on the back of the finger the far thumb string, and return the middle finger to its original position.

Step 4. Bend each ring finger toward you over the far middle finger string and take up from below with the back of the finger the near index string and return the ring finger to its position.

Step 5. Pass each little finger over the far ring finger string, and take up from below on the back of the finger the far middle finger string, and return the little finger to its position.

You now have two twisted strings passing between the two little fingers, two loose strings passing over the thumbs and two strings laced around the other fingers.

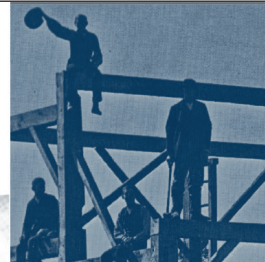
Step 6. Turn the hands with the thumbs upward and the palms facing each other. The little finger strings should be taut, but must not be disturbed. Keep all the fingers close together so that the strings cannot slip; the success of the figure depends entirely upon this precaution. Take the thumbs out of their loops, and throw these loops away from you over the tightly drawn twisted little finger strings.

Step 7. Insert each thumb into the small space between the twisted little finger strings, close to the little finger, and lift up the upper of the two strings (which is the far ring finger string). Now, if the lower string be kept tightly drawn and the other fingers be kept close together, the loose hanging strings (the original thumb loops) will become wrapped around the twisted little finger strings as these gradually untwist when the upper string is lifted by the thumb. This movement forms the figure, which should be about two inches high.

A better effect is produced if the thumbs lift the upper little finger string just as you toss the hanging loop over; the zigzag lightning will then flash into view.



Okay?



IT WAS
OUR CUSTOM
AT THE TIME





NO REGULAR DAY, NO

"Locura" is a song
written years ago by
Miguel A. Maimon
and sung by my
Abuelito y Abuelita
Cordero

vocals, accordion
Hum
vocal Monica
guitar Jason
bass guitar, bodyslaps
Rob



No regular day, no.
No regular day, no.
I see the sign posts at an angle.
Which way should I go?
Which way should I go now,
now that you have driven me off the road,
onto the sidewalk, out of control?

No regular day, no.
No "how do you do, dear?" no.
No fruit cocktail in heavy syrup, no.
The fruit, it is falling, is falling,
The fruit, it is falling green, and hard
and soft, down out of the clouds
in showers.

My crime is so complete.
My crime is so complete,
but the guilt is so complete,
and the pain is sugar melting
melting on my tongue
melting where you once
on every word, every kiss,
Now it's me who's hanging
it's me who's hanging like this
upside-down in and the naked
naked in and the naked
wind.

No regular day, no.

Who's burned themselves inside your eyes?
I know that look, I'm really not surprised
to see the way
that you touch my face.
You're blind again,
you've left this place.

You hurry to the phone
you sigh at the silence
You get home in time
to be away all night
Yesterday I saw
you were bound for the sun
Today the oceans
are sucking you down.

I rely on denial
You deny you rely on me.

Now, the big ships
they blow right by our dinghy
I sit sulking
while you are singing.
I've pulled you out of
the devouring sea.
just in time for you
to rescue me.

(you rescue me?)

You need, you love,
you take control
you bleed to show me
what can't be told.
I'm sure that a new sun
will be rising soon
Until then,
don't you deny this full moon.

I rely on denial
You deny you rely on me.

I know, I know
you've got to go now.
I've seen that look
you just flashed across the bow.
I guess, it's time for you
to be jumping ships.
Here's what's left of your wings,
here's a kiss

I rely on denial
you deny you rely on me.



**I RELY
ON DENIAL.
YOU DENY
YOU RELY
ON ME.**





WALK TOWARD THIS MOON



lyrics from a poem by Amy K. Allin

with your paper cup and fill it with water
walk toward this moon
it was a moon to follow
it was a moon to swallow
walk toward this moon
peddled this last ocean dip
with your heavy soul
pure not you human
makes you human
that chokes
no moon
the barnacles and seaweeds
hairless moon
such a fool to walk toward this moon
and said you had

You tower high above the city
You give off high doses of radioactivity
globes make my head spin
wires hum, high tension
wires seek out the sum of the lot of us, all of us
how do we measure up, oh
how do we measure up, oh
how do we measure the distance between
the sound of my voice and your heart
if it's there. Is it there?
how do we measure the sound that you make
when I say, "Alright, let's bring this thing to a boil, Sublimate,
take me out of this solid state
technology, technology, technology, technology." Gee.

Let me drift between you and this wall of expectation
hovering
Let me lift up your veil and
answer the preacher, the teacher, the state and your father
your father,
The Man Without Qualities.
and wouldn't it be lovely
lovely, lovely, lovely
lovely.

"Oh, Brünhilda, you're so lovely!"
"Yes, I know it. I can't help it."
"Come be my wife!"

(Wagnerian interlude)

The Wedding of Electronics and Biology.



THE WEDDING OF ELECTRONICS AND BIOLOGY



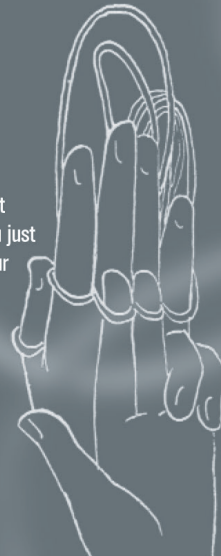


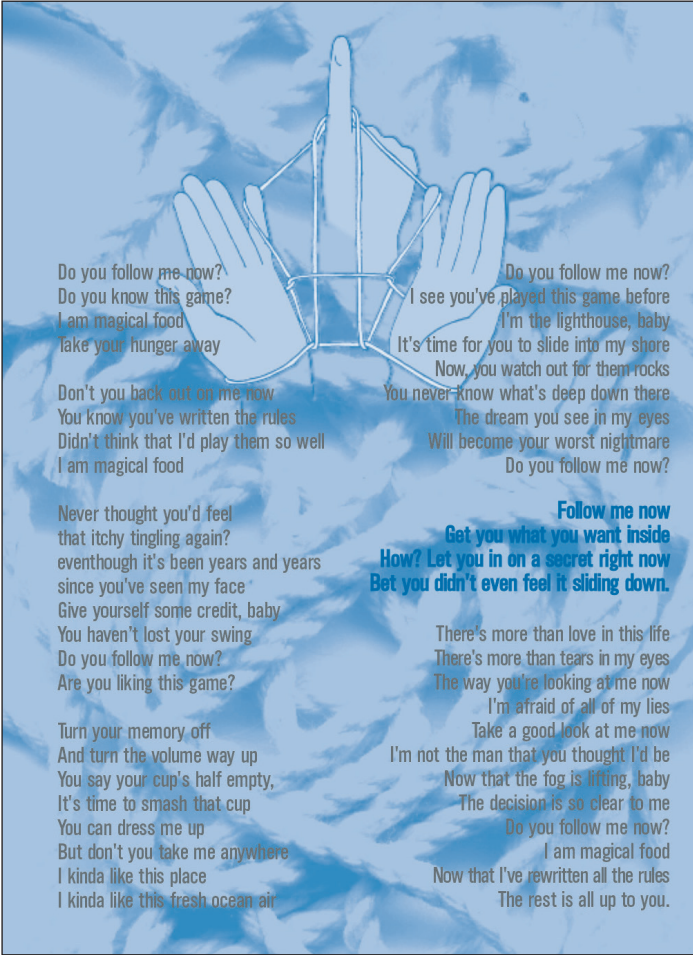
OSMOSIS

I get my kisses through osmosis, get my love in measured doses. 'Suppose it should get easier now that you're no longer here. I got a patch across my worn out crotch to match the one across my heart. It delivers what I want but not exactly what I'm needing. kisses. Needing to suck both their tongues out of their mouths as I sit here feeling so strung out. They're angel-hounds as they look at me and lick my wounds to bleeding. Behaved so good for fifteen minutes but I'm only really good when I'm in it, so let's finish off these sober dreams and get back to the sweet extreme of kisses through osmosis.

It takes more man than I have in me now to stay clear of that sacred cow, so I bow down to the ground as my hand goes for the dagger.

I throw myself into someone else's arms thinking it could do me no harm, but it only goes to show you just how much is really broken. I can still make out your Shroud-of-Turin imprint in the bed as I lay in it and make the best of all that I have left of you. I get kisses through osmosis.





Do you follow me now?
Do you know this game?
I am magical food
Take your hunger away

Don't you back out on me now
You know you've written the rules
Didn't think that I'd play them so well
I am magical food

Never thought you'd feel
that itchy tingling again?
eventhough it's been years and years
since you've seen my face
Give yourself some credit, baby
You haven't lost your swing
Do you follow me now?
Are you liking this game?

Turn your memory off
And turn the volume way up
You say your cup's half empty,
It's time to smash that cup
You can dress me up
But don't you take me anywhere
I kinda like this place
I kinda like this fresh ocean air

Do you follow me now?
I see you've played this game before
I'm the lighthouse, baby
It's time for you to slide into my shore
Now, you watch out for them rocks
You never know what's deep down there
The dream you see in my eyes
Will become your worst nightmare
Do you follow me now?

Follow me now
Get you what you want inside
How? Let you in on a secret right now
But you didn't even feel it sliding down.

There's more than love in this life
There's more than tears in my eyes
The way you're looking at me now
I'm afraid of all of my lies
Take a good look at me now
I'm not the man that you thought I'd be
Now that the fog is lifting, baby
The decision is so clear to me
Do you follow me now?
I am magical food
Now that I've rewritten all the rules
The rest is all up to you.



vocals, accordion, piano,
synths Hum
vocal Monica
guitars Rob
drums Joe

MAGICAL FOOD





SKY BOY

There're movements in the ground
which can never be tamed.
There are crimes of the mind
which are never ever named.

The Sky Boy holds tight
knowing nothing else can kill like fear,
nothing else can toss him to the wind
faster than his trust slipping from his grip.

Here
under his watchful namesake,
high above
the earth's unsettled shake,
the Sky Boy gives all he can
to every inch of hope
and betrays every foot that he takes.
He betrays every foot that it takes



Letting you taste

Letting you breathe

The dark earth
of this place

While we

Listen to the rain

breaking up this damp
this solid afternoon.

All light and air

are held inside

your brave and blinding stare

your eyes

your eyes are searching

your eyes are learning the signs

You arrive to find me

Looking through the same

old pictures

and the look you give me

is mirrored in the same way

the cat approaches the door

sidles your leg

and paws off into the night

So far away

so close at hand

you're asking me to wait
I am

and I'm enjoying

this invitation, expectation

to close my mind

seal the time

listening to the same old voices

and the look you give me

is sacred in the same way

you put your hand

on an old tree

that you planted in your youth

and the giant that has arisen

cannot be misunderstood

Toda la luz y el aire

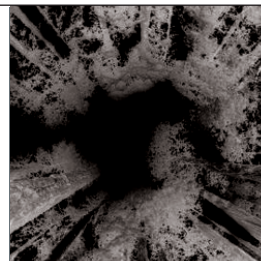
están envueltos en tus ojos

tus ojos me enciegan

están aprendiendo)

los signos.

The look you give me



*vocals, organ,
piano, accordion Hum
guitars, doo-dos Rob
drums Joe
vocal solo Rafi Cordero
chorus Nela, Julia VanDamm,
Elizabeth, Sandy Hammond,
Rafi Cordero, Sam Lapidus,
Mark Caudill,*

THE LOOK YOU GIVE ME (LA MIRADA)





(*emphasis* MINE)