

The background of the image is a dark, textured surface, possibly a wall or a piece of metal, with a utility pole and wires visible in the lower right corner. The text is overlaid on this background.

THE STANFIELDS

MODEM OPERANDI

Lyrics

WHITE JUAN

Blow

I'm not ready for this

I'm not ready...

I'm a nihilist on the payroll

And I'm blundering through the whiteout

I'm so modern and insanely so

But I'm out of calibration

I'm not ready for this.

I'm not ready...

THE MARYSTOWN EXPEDITION

Upon St Crispin's Day we made for a distant shore
From the harbor mouth of Montego
We were packed to the deck with a rash of Nelson's Blood
On a northern course where the tradewinds blow
Forty nights on the deck of an old West Indiaman
Shed little light on what I know
One day this will be over
This I know.

I remember you as the girl I loved so well
And the lady of my hearth and home
So I must be the man with a horde of tales to tell
And a bigger horde of silks and gold
Do you resent me for my roving ways?
Are you still the lady that I know?
One day this will be over
This I know.

N'ere a sabre have I drawn in anger
N'or a flintlock have I fired at all
Though the midnight watch has tried to wear me down
I grow weary of the heaven's thrall
I vowed to return one day a different man
Not the green and witless boy you know
One day this will be over
This I know

Relief, praise the gods for the still and moment of respite
The thrill of sleeping through the night is lost on a drone such as I.

The taste of victory calls yet a shadow of a feeling lingers on
The blow of whores and devil spawn didn't break my confidence at all.

I think these things too loud
I'm nothing if not proud
I seek the means to thrive
Not scourings to merely survive

Did you find your fate and make your mark on the seas, imbecile?
Someone waits at home for you to come over the horizon.

She'll be waiting for a long time.

FIGHT SONG

They're rattling their rapiers
And prancing in their livery
They're howling at the gates again
Hot time in the olde town tonight
Get yourself together
And meet me at the magazine
We're gonna have a reckoning
Hot time in the olde town tonight

Tonight, Tonight
We're gonna make it our own
But we're gonna do it right

Rally round the bannerman
Fire up the the forge
And muster at the cannery
Hot time in the old town tonight
Keep your wits about ya when
We turn it up and fall upon
The auld sworn enemy
Hot time in the old town tonight

This is our house
Are you ready for the fisticuffs
The fuss, the muss, the row, the fray?
Hot time in the old town tonite
This is our house
Take your medicine
And fly the fiddlin' fuck away
From whence you came
Hot time in the old town tonight

SUNDAY WARSHIPS

This old city looks dead in the morning light
I wonder where my saviour was last night
When my ship comes in to call
I will throw this knife in the river
I will give my best to love
On the day my ship comes in to call

I know my ways are cruel and unrefined
But I honed my game on fools and drunken minds
For ten long years I preyed on the rabble I know
But I gave myself to the well known devil I don't

When my ship comes in to call
I will throw this knife in the river
I will give my best to love
On the day my ship comes in to call

I gave myself to a play that wasn't mine
I played my part like a well heeled concubine
When my ship comes in to call
I will throw this knife in the river
I will give my best to love
On the day my ship comes in to call

MAINLINE

With no one as my witness
I solemnly declare
I'm drunk with paranoia
And rendered unaware
The engines of the universe
Conspire to grind my bones
Sell my pound of flesh
And give up the Ghost

Give up the ghost
Down on the main line
Too bad the sun doesn't shine
On the road you take
Nor the ground you tread
Take a couple of these
Go back to bed
And live your life another day

I have dreams where I am living
In solitary bliss
And I have dreams where I'm about to die
In a watery abyss
I spend my waking hours
Pixilated and engrossed
In mixed up signals
Pick up the phone
Give up the Ghost

Give up the Ghost
Down on the mainline
Too bad the sun doesn't shine
In the cave of your heart.
Or the back of your mind
Take a couple of these
Leave it all behind
And live your life another day

I lost the pulse of your rhythm
When I put my faith in chemicals
Now I find the sound of laughter unnerving
As for the dreams
They come and go

STREETS OF GOLD

Hey you with the world on your shoulders
Do you find it hard to deal
With growing expectations
And a vision that isn't real?
Are you tired of looking in the mirror
To only see a ghost
For a day in the sun the person you've come
Is the person you hate the most

You walk the streets of gold
But the living bleeds you dry
It casts you in a hole
Where dreams go to die

Hey you with the stars in your eyes
Do you find it hard to sleep
When your plans aren't coming together
Cuz of promises you can't keep
The promise of another revolution
The pride before the fall
You stuck up for the masses, you stood up for your friends
But now you hate them all.

And you walk the streets of gold
But the living bleeds you dry
It casts you in a hole
Where dreams go to die

"Don't let your doubts pull your strings."
"Nothing lasts forever",
Said the victim in denial.
"Sure as the thought of failure stings",
"Nothing lasts forever when you're dead upon arrival"

LADY ARGYLE

The yoke of pride, so many times
Has fallen on the best of us
The yoke of pride, so many times
Has burdened us who dwell in charity
Why, you ask, not break the chains?
T'is hard enough contending with
The downward eyes of passer-bys
No hearth, no home, no love, no dignity

Lo, yet one more decry
From an infamous throne such as mine
Vile and stable
In a wondrous and slow decline

The rain still must fall
On a wanderer of such likeness.
Fortune is a beggars bane
Yet the stain blights us all
More so who thus deny it.
Fortune is a beggars bane

Now I'm a rogue in your eyes
But I once was a yeoman who shined
With a place at the table
With laymen and lords alike

Now I find myself in the mire
Of a world still unfolding itself
Vile and stable
In a wondrous and slow decline

WILL THE CIRCUIT BE UNBROKEN

Will the circuit be unbroken
When your dues are called upon?
When the gravy train is off the rails
And the novelty is gone?
Somewhere behind
The firewall are blinded eyes
Will the circuit be unbroken
Buy and buy low, buy and buy
Will the circuit be unbroken
When the drones are in the air
When the satellites are casting off
A condescending glare
When the boots on the ground
Are categorically denied
Will the circuit be unbroken
Buy and buy low, buy and buy

I wasn't asking for
Time on the killing floor
I'm losing the appetite
To go through another night
Of panic and cigarettes
New plans and old regrets.
Wound up good and tight
Just to make it through a night
Lately I've tried
To put down the reins
And give not a doubt nor a care in the world
I wasn't made
To be left in the cold
I'm a long gone believer stuck in the mould
At the first sight of blood, man up
Down tools and take on the trolls
I'm a long gone believer out in the cold
How did you put up with such a fleeting mind
Lost in illusions and grand designs?
I'm a complicated mess with a husk of soul
And little more than
A long gone believer out in the cold