CLOUD CONTROL by Todd Brunner

Wrestled to the Floor
 Lala
 Louder Than You

Royal Orchid Grower
 Checked Out
 Anthro-fucking-pology

Chris Christ - bass Rosemary's Baby - drums, drum loops, samples Anastasia Beaverhausen - vocals on Royal Orchid Grower Todd Brunner - everything else

Written by Todd Brunner · Produced by The Undertaker

Cover by Todd Brunner, based on you know who

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Rosemary's Baby and Chris Christ appear courtesy of Laszlo Spatchcock and our pals at Sublamental

Wrestled to the Floor

Used to take a journey on the stratosphere express A little anaesthetic to alleviate the stress I volunteered my service to the highest of the high But I've been ...

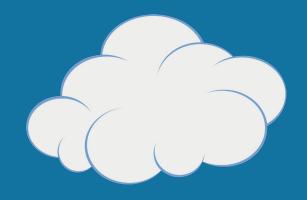
Wrestled to the floor I've got no substance anymore The stuff I was about Is slowly draining out So I'm down for the count on the floor

As a sole proprietor in soliciting delight I would seek that shit out like a moth pursuing light Counting down the days between the rapture and the joy But I've been ...

Wrestled to the floor The sun won't heat me anymore I used to take that ride Now I'm halted in my stride And I'm down for the count on the floor

I don't want to hear about terrific places Suffer the felicitous and joyful faces Watching happy campers with no logic traces sucks

Acknowledging the truth is only realistic Just about the opposite of fatalistic



I can never be completely solipsistic now Not now

Wrestled to the floor I'm just not a player anymore It's difficult to dwell With no water in the well So I'm down for the count on the floor

Lala

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala When you're overweight But your life is great

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala In your fucking car Like a superstar

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala Recent history And a cup of tea

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala Having no concerns While your nation burns

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala Go on holiday Hey hey hey hey hey

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala With your narrow sight And an appetite

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala Make your body numb And your thinking dumb Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala In the holy shrine Of your credit line

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala Never have a doubt What your shit's about

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala Turn the colours grey Hey hey hey hey hey

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala Are you having fun When your life is done

Lala lala lala lala lala lala lala Will you be so brave Living in a cave

Louder Than You

Say what you want if it makes you feel nice Whatever you know Go with the flow And then I'll crush your soul like an egg in a vice So I can be louder than you

Post your opinions and say how you feel Whatever you think Will certainly stink Because I'm just a prick with no further ideal Than just to be louder than you

<chorus> It's an easy gig That makes me feel so big I'm going off the chart So let's call it art </chorus>

Make a big deal of expressing your views Impress your friends Reap dividends And then I'll knock you down with no scratches or bruise By just being louder than you

Join the consensus and take up the cry Agree with the rest Give it your best And then I'll wish yourself and your pals to all die So I can be louder than you

<chorus>

Ignore what I say or dismiss it as spam Scream, rant and shout Knock yourself out Because being a hater is just what I am And I need to be louder than you So fantastically louder than you I just gotta be louder than you

Checked Out

Is it so important that the words that someone said can be inflated to include the things that no one ever mentioned so that they can be a scapegoat for the disillusion in your life

Rating this and hating that is everyone's opinion to the maximum discredit of a person for no reason but the anaesthetic pleasure of the fantasy of being right

<chorus> So I'm checked out Livin' off the grid 'til I work it out Goin' underground 'cause I'm full of doubt La dee da dee da da dee

Checked out Haven't got a clue what it's all about Tearin' out my hair 'til I wanna shout La dee da dee da da dee </chorus>

Living in the nightmare that you made because you didn't use your brain before deciding comprehensive knowledge on a subject tweeted from the depths of someone's anus who you really like

Trust is overrated when it's based on information lacking any kind of substance but the contents of a headline in a soulless competition for the scrutiny of everyone

<chorus>

Please don't destroy us

Girl against boy us

La dee da dee da dee

Don't turn your brain off Reason the pain off La dee da dee da dee </bridge>

Narrow down your thinking to the microscopic level so the quantity of stuff that you can stuff into your head becomes the imbecilic statement of the moron that you really are

<chorus>

bridge>



Anthro-fucking-pology

People are just organisms living on this rock Who took a twisting road in getting here With humble little brains and the ability to talk

When you think everything's known And you've boxed it up so tight You better look up from your phone Because your thinking isn't right Yes a person is a thing Not just the picture that you see Yeah that's the song we need to sing It's anthro-fucking-pology

Evolution drove us to the point of being smart After that we played it all by ear We took it to the limit and we tore it from the heart

So the writings on the wall Can be covered up with paint And that bastard's filthy words Are just the preachings of a saint Watch your anger lest it grow And drag you deep into the sea It's time to get on with the show It's anthro-fucking-pology

Buried deep inside your head Is the cost of being you Better get out of the red So the payment can go through Leave the hatred and the doubt And be the best that you can be You gotta let your human out It's anthro-fucking-pology This record, like all others at Sublamental, is a labour of love and is produced solely for the joy of making music and sharing it with others. It's free!

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