

GARDEN OF EDITH

By

Cyanide Slugs

TONY ROKO - keyboards, guitar
CATRIONA FLAMENGI - bass, keyboards
TODD BRUNNER - vocals, guitar
SILAS TUPPER - drums, percussion
REBECCA FLAMENGI - trombone
MARLON CAVENDISH - trumpet
PEARL BARLEY - saxophone

with

THE SHIMMERING LUNGFISH ORCHESTRA
- strings

Produced by

MARGARITA SCOTCH-BONNET

Recorded and mixed at Fir Tree, Lushwood Hills, February - June, 2022. Mixed by M S-B and Todd Brunner.

Cover and insert by **ATTICUS GRAFFIGAS**

The record was over a year in the making. From first compositions in May of 2021 to final mixes, it has been quite a journey. The end result you now hear is quite different than how the album was originally envisioned. This is thanks to our four new band members, Silas, Rebecca, Marlon and Pearl, who came onboard and gave us a new sound.

And whopping big love and thanks to Howie Storkman for staying in the band

1. EVERYBODY LIES

2. PALM TREES IN PORTUGAL

3. YOU CAN'T FIX EVERYTHING WITH CAKE

4. PUT THE CANDLE BACK

5. DONT LET IT GET AWAY

6. BEACHCOMBER

considerably longer than was physically possible.

All songs written by Todd Brunner except 3 (Brunner-Roko-Barley), copyright © 2021.

Horn arrangements by Rebecca, Marlon and Pearl.

Thanks to Becky Chambers for the song title of track 3 and Mel Brooks for the song title of track 4. Unwitting and oblivious contributors both.

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EVERYBODY LIES

So you think the words that you read are
the truth and you've made up your mind
Falling down the hole in your head that
you dug when you chose to be blind
You can be a dick and a jerk and a
schmuck and a moron combined
That's what you can do
That's what you can do

Everybody says that left is always right
Everybody knows that dark is never light
Everybody kills the criminals on sight
Everybody lies
Everybody lies

You can punch a hole in the life of
someone 'cause it makes you feel great
Hacking off the scalps of dissenters and
scoundrels right out of the gate
Basking in the justified virtuous glow of
the storm you create
That's what you can do
That's what you can do

Everybody takes their turn with loaded
dice
Everybody gets the shitiest advice
Everybody sells their conscience for a
price
Everybody lies
Everybody lies

There is nothing wrong with decisions
made in haste
If they're evidence and reasonably based
But flapping off your mouth like a penis
is a waste
Of time and space

Everybody hits the essence of the nerve
Everybody grades your actions on a curve
Everybody keeps some anger in reserve
Everybody lies
Everybody lies

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PALM TREES IN PORTUGAL

I sat down to write a song with a melody
in mind
And a simple chorus line on a Saturday
I wanted to nail it down but the spirits
were unkind
So I never got to come to the cabaret

There are palm trees in Portugal
Who knew
Maybe the red inside this song is really
blue
And the facts that push us to suicide are
really not so bad
Still the one who takes the fall is
always you

I picked up a saxophone just to see what
I could blow
A colossal exercise in futility
Whatever came over me I really do not
know
Maybe just a chance to add to the mystery

There are palm trees in Portugal
Who knew
Maybe all the shit they said is really
true
And you can sell yourself on anything to
get you through the day
But the one who takes the fall is always
you

I crafted a masterpiece that I duly
failed to sell
Or make the slightest blip on the economy
I may be a wunderkind but it does not
ring a bell
In this version of demented reality

There are palm trees in Portugal
Who knew
Maybe life is just a line and not a
queue
And the pricks who fuck with our habitat
Are jolly spiffing boys
Still the one who takes the fall is
always you

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PUT THE CANDLE BACK

Monsters on the outside
Malefactors on the inside
Yeah there's just no way to live here
And nowhere to go

Righteous is the new right
It's a swordfight with the black knight
Does anyone know how I
Can get home

<chorus>

Crumble crumble
See the bedrock crack
Try to fix it
Put the candle back
But the gears lock
And the mechanism stops
</chorus>

Everyone's an asshole
Or a moron with a bankroll
And I can't find any good reason
To go on

Swimming in the deep end
Trying really hard not to descend
With a basket-case of factors
Flung in my face

<chorus>

But we can always laugh
And do it 'til we cry
Just let it all come out

A singer's gotta sing
Or maybe even scream
Just let it all come out

Cling to the art of the life
Be a rapturous husband and wife

Outlook on the downside
All experience is red-eyed
But I want to be uplifted
And revived

<chorus>

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DON'T LET IT GET AWAY

I was walking down my path one day
When out of the garden a vine got in my way
I toppled over and I smashed into the ground
And all I could think was

<chorus>

Don't let it get away
Hang on to it every day
Reach for the fucking sky
Go for it 'til you die
Don't let it get away
Never ever lose your way
Scream like you're having fun
Do it 'til the job is done

</chorus>

I went out shopping to buy myself some food
I must have daydreamed 'cause I was not in the mood
I tripped and tumbled right into the garlic bulbs
And all I could say was

<chorus>

Don't get pummelled to the pavement
Don't get pushed and shoved aside
Find your place and never lose it
Look ahead and take the ride
Look ahead and take the ride

<chorus>

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BEACHCOMBER

Beachcomber sifting through the sand
He's a lone ranger with seashells in his
hand
With a long story he doesn't like to tell
Yeah it's a tearjerker
So I guess it's just as well

And when he walks the beach he feels
protected
The complications melt away
All he really wants is to fuck it

And just kiss the sea

Beachcomber slowing down the pace
He's a sole trader with sunburn on his
face
Got an ambition he doesn't like to feel
But it's a non-starter
So I guess it's no big deal

And drifting on the beach is therapeutic
To suck the bitterness away
'Til all he really needs to do is fuck
it

And just kiss the sea

Beachcomber under coastal skies
He's a fortune seeker with treasure in
his eyes
Like a prospector who doesn't like to
fail

Yeah that's a showstopper of a stupid
fairytale

And on the beach he is enlightened
To all the stupid things he did
It's time to seriously fuck it

And just kiss the sea

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