

# Cyanide Slugs

1. Can You Fund My Gap Year?
2. Rottweilers and Me
3. Song for the Sleeping
4. The Human Mind

**Todd Brunner** – vocals, guitar

**Silas Tupper** – drums

**Cat Flamenghi** – bass, piano

**Tony Roko** – organ, guitar

**Bec Flamenghi** – trombones

**Pearl Barley** – saxophones

**Marlon Cavendish** – trumpets

**All songs written by Todd Brunner**

**Arranged by Cyanide Slugs**

**Produced by Margarita Scotch-Bonnet**

Recorded at Fir Tree, Lushwood Hills, March–April 2024.

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## Two Shuffles, One Ballad, and a Kick in the Teeth

This EP is comprised of two new songs and two old ones. The shuffles, numbers 1 and 4, are old Todd Brunner tunes re-recorded here and given the Cyanide Slugs treatment.

Number 1 was written in the 90s and the original version appears on Todd’s album, *The Eastbourne Supremacy*, under the title “Bloody Bob (Horny Version)”.

Number 4 is also the fourth version of “The Human Mind”. The second version appears on Todd’s first-ever album, *Post Permanent Ear Damage* and was recorded circa 1985. The other two versions are as yet unreleased, but the third version from the late 90s inspired our arrangement here.

Sandwiched deliciously between the shuffles are the two new songs which we hope you will enjoy.

This short record should be enjoyed at a volume your phone will tell you is dangerous to your hearing.

# Rottweilers and Me

Never worked for anyone

Never flew close to the sun

I tell a story and sing a song

Zero critics can't be wrong

And so I do it all for me

It's just the Rottweilers and me

In the park and running free

So tell the truth or tell a lie

Cause I'll be soaring in this head

'til I die

I go low and I go high

The laws of physics don't apply

I spin some yarns if I want to

My avatar is just a shoe

And hell I do it all for me

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It's just the Rottweilers and me

In the park and running free

So kiss my ass or kiss the sky

Cause I'll be racing in my head 'til

I die

Never got the status quo

Most opinions tend to blow

I make decisions on my own

Work my fingers to the bone

And yeah I do it all for me

# Song for the Sleeping

Here's a song for the sleeping  
With a storm slowly creeping  
Run and hide  
In your dreams

When you do open your eyes  
You'll get a big surprise

It's a song for the sleeping  
Tucked away for safekeeping  
Whip it out

Dance around  
If you pry open those eyes  
You'll get a big surprise

Up on the seventeenth floor  
They're always grabbing for more  
Kings of the town  
Never come down  
Losers but who's keeping score

Here's a song for the sleeping  
With guitars gently weeping  
Have a drink

Dumb it down

If you just open your eyes  
You'll get a big surprise

Down where the monsters reside  
We've got a seat on that ride

Take us away

Children at play

Pummeled 'cause we never tried

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# The Human Mind

Well I've been working on it for  
nearly seven days  
But I don't seem to have much of  
anything to say  
And without shape or substance  
what can the words convey  
Believe you me  
Nothing comes to mind as you can  
see  
And it's no fun to be an absentee

From the human mind  
Man, it's really tough  
To realise the stuff inside  
just ain't big enough  
It's folly to imagine that I should  
have the need  
To see if even rubbish can possibly  
succeed  
When nothing in the world is ever  
guaranteed

There's no cookery  
To change the flavour of this  
recipe  
It still tastes indigestible to me  
The human mind  
Don't you know it's true  
That what you think will be a  
breeze  
is blowing back at you

If I could sleep at night then  
maybe I could see the light of  
reason  
The last time that I drew a blank I  
only had my brain to thank  
So thank you for the party  
Thank you for the pain  
Thank you for the peace of mind  
you won't let me obtain

This is the final stanza and thus  
the ending verse

But nothing rhymes with stanza  
and that makes it all the worse

So let's just hit the chorus and  
hope it's more diverse

I'm paralysed

From the cerebellum to the thighs

Beads of sweat are dripping in my  
eyes

The human mind

What a place to be

I think it owes me more than one  
sincere apology

The human mind's gonna see me  
walkin' on the ceiling and pullin'  
out my hair

Oh no

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