

# Todd Brunner - Something to Dismember Me By

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Drums - **Rosemary's Baby**

Lead Guitar - **Trevor "Beans" Mothman**

Strings and Brass - **The Shimmering Lungfish**

Everything Else - **Todd Brunner**

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## Blame

I scratched the paint on my neighbour's car

So blame me

And I had few at the corner bar

So blame me

But I've got a sickening pain inside

And I blame you

When you gouged your fingers into my eyes

I cancelled my ticket to paradise

Yeah I don't know if it's anything

And I don't know if it's true

That the world would be such a better place if it weren't for the likes of you

No I don't trust in Astrology to tell me how to be

But I trusted you and you fucked me up

Made a sucker out of me

I lost my job and I'm on the street

So blame me

And I can't afford any food to eat

So blame me

But you cut the happiness out of me

And I blame you

When you dropped a piano onto my head

Stained my life with the colour red

Yeah I don't know if it's anything

And I don't know if it's true

That the world would be such a better place if it weren't for the likes of you

No I don't trust in Astrology to tell me how to be

But I trusted you and you fucked me up

Made a sucker out of me

I stubbed my toe on the kitchen door  
So blame me  
And I said your best friend was such a bore  
So blame me  
But I lost control of my faculties  
And I blame you  
When you built a castle to keep me out  
Shot me full of regret and doubt  
Just what the fuck is that all about

### **Pounding Pavement**

Live a life undignified  
Contemplating suicide  
What will slugs and cyanide do  
Be so blithely unaware  
Like the tortoise and the hare  
Stand for seven hours in a queue

Give yourself to charity  
Alter the polarity  
Fly to Egypt in a balloon  
Find another thing to buy  
Hit a merchant in the eye  
Learn to play the trumpet or bassoon

Pounding on the pavement  
Hiding in the basement  
Working out a thing or two  
Pounding on the pavement  
Hiding in the basement  
Until I finally have a clue

Running like a thoroughbred  
Get a dog and call it Fred  
Save a sad hypnotist's life  
Standing in the mezzanine  
Lose your shit and make a scene  
Read the riot act to your wife

Run your fingers through your hair  
Shrivel in the solar glare  
Be the biggest jerk you can be  
Change your viewpoint twice a day  
Loiter in the alleyway  
Eat a buttered crumpet with tea

Pounding on the pavement  
Hiding in the basement  
Working out a thing or two  
Pounding on the pavement  
Hiding in the basement  
Until I finally have a clue

Lazing on the Serpentine  
You and Margot Terpentine  
Frying eggs and learning kung-fu  
Take a monkey to the park  
Play canasta in the dark  
Be passed out and never come to

Have a party in the street  
Steal a chair and have a seat  
Sail upon the Caspian Sea  
Get three bullseyes in a row  
Drop a bomb and let it blow  
Live at Caesar's Palace rent-free

Pounding on the pavement  
Hiding in the basement  
Working out a thing or two  
Pounding on the pavement  
Hiding in the basement  
Until I finally have a clue

## **Safe Inside**

Well it's cold here  
And the rain comes down on me  
It's oppressive  
And the fear seeps out of me  
And I know the world is sleeping  
And I know the water's deep  
And I know the wind is blowing  
And I struggle

But it's safe inside  
Where the spirits ride  
Come and take a look  
We've got a piece of the action  
We've got something for everyone  
We've got the good bad and ugly  
We've got everything

Yes it's freezing  
And the fog ain't lifting  
So I wonder  
Will the damp get into me  
And I don't think I am listening  
And I don't know why I should

And I don't quite get the meaning  
And I struggle

But it's safe inside  
Where the spirits ride  
Come and take a look  
We've got a piece of the action  
We've got something for everyone  
We've got the good bad and ugly  
We've got everything

### **Everybody Tells You**

Everybody tells you what to do now  
Who is who now  
Don't they  
Everybody tells you what to think now  
What to drink now  
Don't they

Cause we are really living in a shithole  
In a dust bowl  
Aren't we  
We are pushing daisies in the boneyard  
With a scorecard  
Aren't we

But they don't talk about  
All that fear and doubt  
Eating their minds away  
Lost in the narrative  
That's the imperative

Worry another day  
Well I don't want to hear your words of wisdom anymore  
So shove them up your ass and bugger off right out the door

Everybody tells you how to live now  
How to give now  
Don't they  
Everybody tells you how to try now  
How to fly now  
Don't they

Cause we are really sinking in the sand man  
The promised land man  
Aren't we  
Yeah we are spinning out like a tornado  
Like a deathblow  
Aren't we

But they don't talk about  
All that fear and doubt  
Eating their minds away  
Lost in the narrative  
That's the imperative  
Worry another day  
Well I don't want to hear your words of wisdom anymore  
So shove them up your ass and bugger off right out the door

Everybody tells you what to see now  
What to be now  
Don't they  
Everybody tells you what to like now  
Who to strike now  
Don't they

## **Cryptograph**

A message from a star

A mystery memoir

The secret of the century

It isn't black and white

Or strangers in the night

Or something contradictory

They sent it in a

They sent it in a

They sent it in a cryptograph

They sent it in a

They sent it in a

They sent it in a cryptograph

It came from far beyond

A challenge to respond

An opportunity to speak

We called a spade a spade

And hardly ever strayed

Accepting that it was unique

They sent it in a

They sent it in a

They sent it in a cryptograph

They sent it in a

They sent it in a

They sent it in a cryptograph



A different point of view  
An argument or two  
We finally found the master key  
We filtered out the best  
And classified the rest  
On this at least we did agree

They sent it in a  
They sent it in a  
They sent it in a cryptograph  
They sent it in a  
They sent it in a  
They sent it in a cryptograph

### **It's Really Bad and That Ain't Good**

There was a dude named Dominic with doomsday in his head  
He griped and moaned and agonised and wished that he was dead  
He met a girl named Madeline with whom he could agree  
That the world was just a pile of shit as far as they could see

It's really bad  
And that ain't good  
So we're gonna trumpet til we make it understood  
Can we sort it out  
Maybe we can  
But who's gonna take the leap without a master plan

They moved from town to town across the country to the coast  
Where they ranted doom and gloom and built a missionary post  
Dominic was passionate and Madeline was keen  
To found the Church of Doomsday on the local village green

It's really bad  
And that ain't good  
So we're gonna trumpet til we make it understood  
Can we sort it out  
Maybe we can  
But who's gonna take the leap without a master plan

Madeline got cancer and expired in nothing flat  
She kicked the bucket lying on her husband's yoga mat  
Dominic tried suicide three times over the years  
And finally got it right with a pair of rusty pruning shears

It's really bad  
And that ain't good  
So we're gonna trumpet til we make it understood  
Can we sort it out  
Maybe we can  
But who's gonna take the leap without a master plan

## Who Be Me?

Who is the ruling class inside me  
And how many voices need to agree

Who be me

Who be me

What am I doing in this nightmare  
And who foots the bill and pays the bus fare

Who be me

Who be me

Deep in a corner there is someone else awake  
Slinking around in the back like a rattlesnake  
How much of this can a rational human take  
When does the DJ start the next show  
And who lights the fires and makes the blood flow

Who be me

Who be me

Drifting around like a planetoid out in space  
Lost in the magnetic pull of another place  
Give me a piece of the cake that I can embrace

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