

All songs written by Gilbert Neal
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Devotional (instrumental)

Ariana Dewar - cello

God's Board Game

We're god's board game,
He rips the cellophane,
He sniffs the new cardboard,
Strewn, like broken pieces, we,
Onto all that canvas grand,
Onto petty virgin land,
With his old withered hands,
He's picking unfair sides

And everybody's invited,
A riot's incited,
He's chucking the die,
Now he's keeping score,
He never did it before,
Now he's keeping score,
He never did it before

We're god's board game,
The broken pieces fly,
Like a record on a dirty machine,
One scratch and all eyes follow,
Collars tugged and everyone swallows,
Anger makes him small,
His anger makes him small,
His anger makes him small

And everybody's invited,
And riot's incited,
He's chucking the die,
Now he's keeping score,
He never did it before,
Now he's keeping score,
He never did it before

Queenflower

Once free, it floats across the sea,
And searches for the keeper of the keys to her demise,

Stop, freeze, the mask of her disease,
The meaning gets all blurry when you see those umber eyes,
On the day it finds you, it plants itself inside you,
It reprimands as it rides you, pumping sugar in your veins,
Any fool can see the pages dance before their eyes,
But it takes a special sorceress to make the pages rise

And Queenflower only grows in the darkness,
Queenflower only thrives in the shade,
Queenflower only loves when the lightning tears,
Apart the garden she alone has made
She alone has made

He thinks himself a satyr brave,
A siren song is wailing from a warm and willing cave,
Sad heart, her sweet crashing wave,
But scores of eager soldiers have been buried in that grave,
From the day she found him, she wrapped her veins around him,
With directives that confound him as he swallows all her lies,
Any fool can see the pages dance before their eyes,
But it takes a special sorceress to make the pages rise

But Queenflower only grows in the darkness,
Queenflower only thrives in the shade,
Queenflower only grows in the darkness,
Queenflower only thrives in the shade

Coitional (instrumental)

The Zen Room

David Kasper - soprano sax

“Come to the Zen Room,” she’ll gently implore,
And smiles, as she pours herself onto the floor,
Dark almond eyes sweetly urging you on,
It’s hollow and hairless and hides the sun’s rays,
The grey of the temples and all it betrays,
But you’re still with a child now,
And now with the child you must stay

Then, in a language you don’t understand,
She whispers her longing and steadies your hand,
The teacher knows, fully, the student’s demands,
Those tears are a compliment, hard-won with time,
She’s returning, don’t worry, like you in your prime,
But soon, the ground will start moving,
Get out while there’s time...

Those tears are a compliment, hard-won with time,
She’s returning, don’t worry, like you in your prime,

But soon, the ground will start shaking,
Get out while there's time...

Boy Again

I try to open up this door,
But I know there's only rubble left to see,
And if these locks are complicated,
You designed them to confuse a fool like me,
Were we Griffin and Sabine?
Were we Donnie and Marie?
I just miss your company,
It's dull out here,
Please let me in

'Cause you made me me feel like a boy again,
You made me think that I was someone,
You made me believe in that stupid crazy lie,
But I believed in myself again

When I was dancing around your land mines,
Trying to respond to every test,
I may have seemed to be bewildered,
But down inside that's when I was my best,
You believe you've broken free,
But I won't fade so easily,
You'll miss my manic energy,
And here I'll be,
Please come to me

'Cause you made me me feel like a boy again,
You made me think that I was someone,
You made me believe in that stupid crazy lie,
But I believed in myself again

Confessional

Oh, look, we, still, for one,
One who never judged us,
One who never let us stand in that bitter windy rain,
Look, we, still, for one,
Or did we see it coming?
Have we just been blinded by the sorrow and the bitter pain,
'Cause it's eating up my insides

Lost the nerve to take what we deserve,
Or maybe we shot out the lines so often that we believed,
So well trained, all resistance drained,
And never once believing fate would offer a reprieve

And it's eating up my insides
It's eating up my insides
It's eating up my insides
It's eating up my insides

Man to man, help me understand,
Have I just destroyed the only good thing that I am?
Soul to soul, have I lost control?
How long will it be before this grief devours me whole?
Friend to friend, help me comprehend,
Have I traded salad days for sorrow without end?
Man to man, help me understand,
Have I just destroyed the only good thing that I am?

So threadbare, all the things we share,
That gossamer arrangement with eternity as cost,
I have no courage, no faith in sweet redemption,
Hole in the memory drippin', drippin',
Hole in the reverie drippin', drippin',

And it's eating up my insides
It's eating up my insides
It's eating up my insides
It's eating up my insides

Scare Us

Genevieve Gilbert - violin
Cody Cramer - viola
Victoria Hamm - cello

I see disharmony,
Seconds in corners for cold strategy,
Bitter old snipers that aim for the trees,
Hungry young vipers to spread their disease,
But there in your deserts and bunkers and tents,
You planned your revenge and you fooled our defense,
Our petty fears frozen in lucite suspense, as you
Saved us, made us all grieve,
Scare us, scare us
Make us believe,
Only through fear are we on the qui vive,
Scare us, scare us, make us believe...

Dead eyes, a trembling hand,
Words with no meaning and blood in the sand,
Cast our gaze eastward with hearts caked in rage,
Shouting our oath arm in arm, cage in cage,

And in that one moment, we writhe and congeal,

Pagan and patriot, dogma and zeal,
Jesus calls shotgun with us at the wheel, 'cause you
Scared us, made us all one,
Scare us, scare us, ghetto and gun,
Only through terror will we ever wake,
Scare us, scare us, all we can take,

Saved us, made us all grieve,
Scare us, scare us, make us believe,
From Berlin to New York and soon Tel Aviv,
Scare us, scare us, make us believe...

Had a Girl

Derrick Johnson - trombone
Ben Hovey - trumpet
Greg Hollowell - sax

I had a girl, so innocent and free,
Everywhere she went was the place I had to be,
Her friends telling me she had me wrong,
I was going nowhere and draggin' her along,
I asked her, she'd giggle and deny,
I guess I should have trusted her before she said goodbye,
Story of a love affair, accusing and inept,
Count 'em on a finger, the promises I kept

I had a girl and she was good to me,
Nothing that she wouldn't try,
I had a girl and she was good to me,
Every time she looked me in the eye,
She was trying to tell me goodbye

Trinkets, I barely could afford,
Dance of the twenty veils whenever she was bored,
All my friends were laughing but I couldn't hold fast,
She's flirting with the future but i'm married to the past,
Banging on the door 'til she let me inside,
Open up for misery, and open up wide,
Here was me and here was she and here we were again,
Nothing's as annoying as an autoholic friend

I had a girl and she was good to me,
Nothing that she wouldn't try,
I had a girl and she was good to me,
Every time she looked me in the eye,
She was trying to tell me goodbye...(bye bye!)

Now get this,
She's so cynical, she's so bad,
Everything considered she's the best I ever had,

Pithy and degenerate and dying for a fix,
She throws my ago at the wall but nothing ever sticks,
Kept every letter, read 'em when I can,
Not much macho, not much man,
But thank you for listening to this song,
If it's any good, I'm wrong.

Four Chords

Jacob Wynne - trumpet

In a time not long ago, in a land not far away,
I believed that the radio, was where the band was made to stay,
And they lived at my beck and call, no matter the time of day
Elegance and innocence, when I turned the knob their way and they'd

Sing the crazy songs they're never gonna sing again,
And every day was sunshine, and under my covers at night they'd bring me

Happiness and peace and even a sense of place,
But now the voice is harsh, and mutters into my face

Four chords is all you get, four chords is all you need,
No longer will we bleed the colors that you need,
Four chords is all you get, four chords is all you need

They found the formula, over years of costly study,
Some songs were long and dumb, some songs were short and muddy,
A feeling of ennui, insulting you and me
Responses measured thusly, plethysmographs all rusty

They don't sing my songs and nobody's gonna sing 'em again,
When every day was sunshine and with my lover at night they'd bring me

Happiness and peace and dancing with my date,
But now the voice is vicious, and mocks our sorry fate

Four chords is all you get, four chords is all you need
No longer will we bleed the colors that you need

And now I'm older by a lot,
While we're maturing you are not,
Why do you give us only four?
I think that we can handle more

It's strange, yes I know, little people in the radio
If I tell him to take it slow, little people in the radio, the radio....

Blue Grey Blue

Derrick Johnson - trombone

Ben Hovey - trumpet

Greg Hollowell - sax

She wrote her number on his matchbook cover,
A lipstick circle inside,
His working-class brow kept it all down somehow,
And would she need a ride?

His salt-and-pepper temples shout down his black toupee,
A little to the left and a little to the right,
Backwards, forwards, all damned day

Blue, maybe blue-grey-glue, danger in the devil's eyes,
Never saw a smile so wide,
"Oh, Jeanne, I dig this scene,"
Danger in the devil's eyes,
Never saw a smile so wide

Another smokey Friday,
Taffeta in blue,
Filtered smokes and Shoppers for two,
It did not take her long to grok that siren song,
Through stories of the steel plant,
Turned laughter, into a war chant,
That Pennsylvania menace,
Shouts down her countervail,
A little to the left and a little to the right,
The bruises don't show in this light...

Blue, maybe blue-grey-glue, danger in the devil's eyes,
Never saw a smile so wide,
"Oh, Jeanne, I dig this scene,"
Danger in the devil's eyes,
Never saw a smile so wide

Anger

Ariana Dewar - Cello

Anger is making you small, every noise you hear is a call to,
Close a little more of your mind,
Leave the chance of change behind,
Bitterness is taking you down, down to the bunker damp and brown,
One more sleepless night,
Muted sighs and kerosene light,

I'm angry too,
I'm just like you, I'm powerless,
And nothing seems to go the way I want it to,
What can we do?
I envy how doubt never gets the best of you

Anger is making you small,
Every thing you see is call to ratchet the panic up more,
Those voices hard to follow but you're swearing by every word,
Tightened fists and banded wrists and anger is making you small,
Think about how sad that is for you

Your children, too,
Is this how you were hoping they'd remember you?
Go lead the charge, and take the reins,
Your blinders to be buried with your sad remains

May your darkened soul give way to sun,
You're not fooling anyone,
If you find some kind of mercy there,
It's alright, we know you're scared

Lovers

I've got lovers everywhere I go
Lovers to the left and the right
Some of my lovers shut down sometimes
But most of them are open all night

The scent of my lover permeates my clothes
My woman knows when I've been untrue
There's been an intervention but it didn't damned take
There's nothing anybody can do

But I know that you can relate
The line between the love and hate
And just how long you have to wait
To make that voice inside shut down

Would you like to see the spent wrappers on the floor?
You really better watch where you sit,
Maybe you and I can double up some night,
Make a sweet evening of it

Drop of You

Autumn Rose Brand - violin

There s a drop of you in this torrent, you're a grain of sand in the glass,
You're the memories of a drunken man, you're the girl behind me in class,
You're the old car in the slow lane, you're the gunner's only chance,
You're the stains in my apartment, you're the date that wants to dance

You're a psychedelic poster, you're the dirt on my window sill,
You're the one that the children bullied, you're the one who wrote their wills,
You're the minor league replacement, you're the flowers that don't die,
You're the mournful dreams at midnight, you're the ghost that whispers "why?"

How long was I looking 'til I found the ruins underground,
The dirty ground,
How long was I dodging passing dreams, guided by the screams,
The screams

Hey, hey,
Who thought we'd finish this way?
Hey,
Who thought we'd live to see this day?
Hey,
Who thought we'd finish this way?
Hey, hey...

You're the victim in the crosshair, you're the sinner in the pew,
You're a cache of motel paintings, you're the one who steals them, too,
You're the awkward conversation, you're the escalator glance,
You're the new, unbridled passion, you're the dire circumstance

How long was I looking 'til I found the keys upon the ground,
The dirty ground,
How long was I dodging passing dreams, but guided by the screams,
The screams

Hey, hey,
Who thought I'd finish this way?
Hey,
Who could imagine this day?
Hey,
Who thought we'd finish this way?
Hey, hey...

How long was I looking 'til I found the keys upon the ground,
The dirty ground,
How long was I dodging passing cars, but guided by the stars,
Yes we are

Hey, hey,
Who thought we'd live to see this day?
Hey,
Who thought we'd live to see this day?
Hey,
Who thought we'd live to see this day?
Hey, hey

Vestigial (instrumental)