

Lyrics for the *Felis Bippus* album, by BipTunia

All music written and performed by Michael W. Dean, except reading of cat article by DJ Dean.

All lyrics by Michael W. Dean unless otherwise indicated.

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Song # 1: I Don't Want What You Got Anymore

Every single cockroach in downtown San Francisco

knows you've earned the right to be alive

But no one feels sorry for a twenty year old orphan

and I think you'd steal the trophy from a child

And I know you'd take the cane

from a blinded begging lame

and use it for the kindling on my pyre

There is a house in New Orleans;
it's burning nightly in my dreams
You know I shed my soul in your backyard
Obey the voices in your head, dance to static in his bed
Our love died like Dresden on St. Valentines eve

CHORUS

I don't want what you've got anymore
You looked so good walking out my door
I don't want what you've got anymore
You shed a lot of sadness on my floor

I wish I'd never tasted for then I'd never want
I feel the salt beneath my skin and bones
I'd rather crawl the walls alone than
sit upon your humble throne
I've minions of my own to answer to

I've tasted of the poison wine,
you're tattooed upon my spine

Sometimes you charge admissions to my dreams
Hang out in another bar, cut yourself another scar
go confuse some other man then
fluff the members of my band

CHORUS

I don't want what you've got anymore
You looked so good walking out my door
I don't want what you've got anymore
You bled a lot of sadness on my floor

You bled on my floor

You bled on my floor

Walkin', Crying,

Bleedin, on my

Lovin' on my...

You bled on my floor

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Song # 2: These Cats

THESE CATS

Are in my room again

These cats

Eating my lunch again

These cats

up in my brain again

These cats

Chasing the hamster away

THESE CATS

They stole my pen again

These cats

Fast friends forever

These cats up

in my brain again

These cats

Keepin' me sane again today

THESE CATS

I cannot sleep again

These cats

They help me sleep again

These cats

Petting them often

These cats

If I die they'll come eat me

THESE CATS

Machiavellian

Climbing all over me

They're chasing bugs again

Nature's perfect killing machines.

THESE CATS

They're filled with frippery

Ostentatious, cunning, baffling powerful

Gilding around the house

I love my cats and they love me.

THESE CATS

Showiness, embellishment, freundlich und attraktiv

Self-cleaning statues that move

inspiring and frivolous

I love my cats and they love me!

I love my cats and they love me!

I love my cats and they love me!

I love my cats and they love me!

CATS! CATS! CATS! CATS!

CATS! CATS! CATS! CATS!

CATS! CATS! CATS! CATS!

CATS! CATS! CATS! CATS!

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Song # 3: Kratom Blues

(This song is an instrumental)

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Song # 4: Arpeggiate the State

I am the state!

I never went away!

I live off of you

Like a tick on a cat every day

"Taxation is theft!" you say

Well, OK...

I don't care what you say

As long as taxes get paid!

ARPEGGIATE THE STATE

MAKE IT ALL PRETTY LIKE

ARPEGGIATE THE STATE

TEACH BABIES I'M THEIR FEDERAL FAMILY

I'll lock up your daughter

I'll lock up your wife

I insert backdoors

'Cause I own your life

I'm a highwayman

I don't keep you safe

Just rob you at the point of a gun

For driving to your workplace

Or just having some fun.

ARPEGGIATE THE STATE

MAKE IT ALL PRETTY LIKE

ARPEGGIATE THE STATE

TEACH BABIES I'M THEIR FEDERAL FAMILY!

I'll lock up your daughter

I'll lock up your wife

I insert backdoors

'Cause I have no life

JUST THROW BACK YOUR LEGS AND

SUBMIT TO THE STATE.

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF ROADS

AFTER A WHILE, YOU WON'T EVEN NOTICE.

IT'S YOUR DUTY AS A CITIZEN

VOTE.

PAY TAXES.

WHELP MORE TAX CATTLE.

DIE.

RINSE AND REPEAT.

I live in a mini-mansion
From throwing you in a cage
For anything my masters say
is not OK, today

The worse I do,
At my so-called job
The more I get paid.
(Does it work like that for you?) Ha!

ARPEGGIATE THE STATE!

MAKE IT ALL PRETTY LIKE

ARPEGGIATE THE STATE!

TEACH BABIES I'M THEIR FEDERAL FAMILY

I'll lock up your daughter

I'll lock up your wife

I insert backdoors

'Cause I have no life

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Song # 5: Don't Step on the Truffulas!

Please don't Step on the Truffulas!

Don't Step on the Truffulas!

I told you not to step on the Truffulas!

Ah heck! You stepped on the Truffulas!

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Song # 6: Statism Symptoms

Chorus and "shut your filthy hole" line by Michael W. Dean:

All other lyrics crowd sourced from the good people here:

<https://www.facebook.com/local.scrutinizer/posts/2072528152971176?>

CHORUS:

STATISM SYMPTOMS

They wanna rule you every day

STATISM SYMPTOMS

They wanna rule you every way

STATISM SYMPTOMS

They scream it every day

STATISM SYMPTOMS

Here is what they say:

But who would build the roads?

You must hate the poor!

There ought to be a law!

pay your fair share

Think of the children

Guns are bad um'kay!

Respect my flag

Love it or leave it, MAN!

I died for your freedom of speech

so shut your filthy hole!

Don't like public schools?

You hate education!

...But taxes are just the price we pay...

(CHORUS)

Guns are bad

But who would build the roads?

Think of the children!

But who would build the roads?

Oh won't someone PLEASE

think of the children?!!

(CHORUS)

You want the poor to starve to death in the streets.

Stand for the pledge.

Well if you don't like it, move to Somalia,

If you're not doing anything wrong, you've got nothing to hide.

If you don't vote, you can't complain

Freedom isn't free

You want blood in the streets

If you can't stand behind the troops stand in front of the troops.

Think of the children.

Oh won't someone PLEASE think of the children?

PLEASE think of the children!

Oh won't anybody think of the children?!!

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Song # 7: Black Cat on a Pumpkin

Black cats!

Black cats!

Black cats!

Black cats!

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Song # 8: As the Pillars of Creation Fall

Taxation is theft.

Always was.

And always will be.

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Song # 9: On Approach to Alpha-Centauri

On to, Alpha-Centauri tonight!

On to, Alpha-Centauri tonight!

On to, Alpha-Centauri tonight!

On to, Alpha-Centauri tonight!

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Song # 10: Taxation is Midi Art Theft

(This song is an instrumental)

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Song # 11: Tea with the Emperor's Concubines

(This song is an instrumental)

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Song # 12: John Vibes with Jerry Garcia's Guns

Johnny Vibes

John Vibes

I left the comfort of my planet to come meet you

Johnny Vibes

John Vibes

Worms.

I left the comfort of my planet to come meet you

Worms.

Until we get to Alpha-Centauri

We'll never hear surf music again.

Dark Star baby. At Merriweather Post.

Until we get to Alpha-Centauri

We'll never hear surf music again.

I left the comfort of my planet to come meet you

Worms.

I left the comfort of my planet to come meet you

Worms.

Until we get to Alpha-Centauri

We'll never hear surf music again.

That time that Jerry Garcia sold you one of his rifles.

Dark Star baby. At Merriweather Post

Johnny Vibes

John Vibes

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Song # 13: A Musical Enema for Your Lymph System

(This song is an instrumental)

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Song # 14: There Are Good Days and Bad Days, and This Is One of Them

-Female voice is reading part of Wikipedia article "Cat"

-Male spoken voice is reading Phil Wormuth's into (invocation) to his chapbook "Venus Remembered and other poems.":

Here's to all the bards, bauds, fools and friends -

Holy ol' hobos and the wonder of their wanderings,

Poet-prophets (past and present)

Denatured spirits everywhere...

Derelect and downtrodden spirits of the divine and open road

(of the mind)

Who continually see the birth of the universe

In the swirl of their AM coffee;

Who appreciate and capture the magnitude and the randomness of it all...

Amazed and energized by the whole enterprise -

Who take life one sip and scratch of a pen at a time.

Plus there are some spoken lines improvised off of the above:

It's an invocation. That's what Phil said, in Venus Remembered.

But I don't smoke AM coffee. I smoke FM coffee.

--Male voice also reads the BipCot NoGov license (which covers the words and music of this project by the way.):

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--Male sung voice is MWD with an homage singing a few lines of ramble by some unknown poet, RAZ, who himself borrowed a lot of his lyrics from a variety of sources:

*You've got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend
When I was down you just stood there grinning.
You got a lotta nerve to say you've got a helping hand
You just want to be on the side that's winning.
I know the reason that you talk behind my back
I used to be among the crowd you're in with.*

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Song # 15: Can Grains in a Tornado Go Right Through Ya?

This is a granular synth being used to keyboard chop up a a file of some original piano music with a female voice (DJ Dean) reading this copy, the BipTunia radio ad:

BipTunia - MUSIC FOR THE DRIVE TO ALPHA-CENTAURI!

BipTunia's influences are Gary Numan, Brian Eno, Pink Floyd, David Bowie, Led Zeppelin, Grateful Dead, Frank Zappa, Robert Fripp, Blondie, Kraftwerk, and Dead Kennedys.

BipTunia Styles are TripHop / Rock / Pop / Glam / Industrial / Ambient / Jazz / and Space /

Plus, it's got cats and is covered by the BipCot NoGov license.

You can download BipTunia's music free.

Go go BipTunia dot com.

That's B-I-P-T-U-N-I-A

Bravo India Poppa. Tango. Uniform. November. India. Alpha.

BipTunia dot com.