

LYRICS, CREDITS AND NOTES FOR *Open Knife Night*

Album by BipTunia

www.biptunia.com

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Length: 54 min 32 seconds

TRACK LISTING:

You Lie All the Time
Ol' Drunken Paul's Shaky Social Standing
Open Knife Night
Test Sex Messed Blessed
Midi Pre-prise
Custer's Last Hamburger Stand
Open Vein Night
Atone Goes to Hell
Nobody's Business
Gray is the Day
Javier The Fly
Submarine Pants

CREDITS:

Michael W. Dean: music, production, words and singing on "You Lie All The Time" and "Gray is the Day."

Phil Wormuth: poems, reading poems, Baldwin organ on "Ol' Drunken Paul's Shaky Social Standing." Hype man and spoken intro on You Lie All the Time

Album art design and concept by MWD. Man silhouetted on stage art by Sergey Vturin aka Nemo. Used with permission of license holder.

All song notes Phil Wormuth unless otherwise indicated.

TECH NOTES FROM MWD:

I output this record 24-bit (44.1k stereo) instead of 16-bit. Never done that. Standard is 16-bit, CDs are 16-bit, most MP3s are 16-bit, but some people claim there's a tiny bit of mathematical voodoo in using 24-bit that makes it sound like 2% better on a great system to people who can tell the difference. Smaller noise level even when dithered out to 16-bit on the final MP3s and streaming.

Others say there is no difference. But it certainly can't hurt.

My ears can't really tell the difference. But I can see the difference in the waveform. So maybe younger people with better ears can tell. Human hearing starts to degrade after age 25 or so. In everyone. Which is funny, because many A-list producers are over 50. It's more your experience than your hearing, apparently.

I'm 53, have tinnitus, and have a hole in one ear drum put there by a doctor to drain fluid. lol. THAT is brutal and metal, dude. I get hearing checkups regularly at my ear, nose and throat doc, and I have measurable loss. Especially in high end, which is where you'd hear the difference from 24-bit.

Only difference on my end with 24-bit production is the file sizes are bigger to output, take longer to output, and will take longer to upload to CD Baby. But CD Baby has an option (no extra charge) to upload 24-bit.

And the resulting MP3s will be 16-bit, and the same file size per minute as the last two albums.

It's more work. But that's ok.

I used to rush stuff like this. Came from years in recording studios where you paid by the hour. I even kept that attitude once I started home recording where it costs zero per hour. I've recently decided I don't have to hurry, I can get it right.

DYNAMICS

There are a LOT of dynamics on this album. Intentionally.

While the loud parts are loud, some of the quiet parts are pretty quiet. This is a reaction against the ongoing "loudness war" wherein albums are mixed for radio play incredibly loud, and all the same volume. Like a brick. Yuck.

The dynamic mix of this album is inspired by the mix of one of my favorite albums *The Final Cut* from Pink Floyd. There something about the amount of dynamics on that album that is terrifying and beautiful. Sets of a drug-like reaction in the brain.

LYRICS and NOTES:

You Lie All the Time

Cash Newmann told me that Eddy died owing Cash 700 bucks' worth of dope.
Then Cash's girl stole his bass and left in the middle of the night. She left a note that said
"I will always love you...."

Well you can kill yourself with rock 'n' roll
or you can give your ass to god
or you can stay the way that you are forever
with a needle in your arm.

Hippie wearin' leather
punker wearin' bells
this one goes to heaven,
that one goes to hell

YOU LIE ALL THE TIME
YOU LIE ALL THE TIME

Ringmaster, thief and strongman
it's you that you adore
the church is full of charity
my bedroom's full of whores

I got six cents in my pocket
but people tell me I'm a star
I lost my girl a town ago
I guess I haven't gone that far

When I see lovers they hold each other
with kisses dance and beer
they watch their own reflection

too close in eyes so near

You lie all the time
You lie all the time
You lie all the time
You lie all the time

California's got its LSD
Louisiana's got its swamps
New York City got everything
a god-fearin' man could want

Well I am just a piece of paper
someone will throw away
but you my friend are nothing
but nothing's news today

Well the poet's words are blown apart
and the pictures crack like ice
you never show the way you feel
my tears won't take advice

The window's not so dark now
the house still full of light
I'm still looking in the mirror
and thinking I was right

Well I told you that I cheated
I told you that I lied
When I made those promises
I looked you in the eye and said

YOU LIE ALL THE TIME
YOU LIE ALL THE TIME
YOU LIE ALL THE TIME
YOU LIE ALL THE TIME

They put me in some city hotel with
running water and electric light
they gave me money and a woman
said that I was doin' right

They said they'd pay for every song
I sang them every song I knew
the put their wires back in their suitcase
the words I sang were true.

The woman took my money
my wife sits staring at the wall
my song is on the radio
I'm drunk and I don't care at all. Well

YOU LIE ALL THE TIME
YOU LIE ALL THE TIME

NOTES: (from MWD): Back when I was a junkie, Eddy Sky ripped me off for 700 bucks, then died of AIDS.

I wrote this song as a kind of acoustic blues. I mailed the words to Richard Carse in a hand-written snail mail letter, as was the style of the day. He rewrote them better, typed them out and sent them back. He was killed by police in 1991.

He wrote probably 10% of the lyrics to this song, but that 10% really made the it shine.

The lines about "they put their wires back in their suitcase...", the wires are tape recorder gear. This an analogy of my band Bomb, being signed by Warner Brothers for almost no money, and then dropped after one album. I'm comparing to how black blues musicians were taken advantage of in the 30s and 40s. "Hey, sing your songs into this, I'll buy you some wine, a hooker, a hotel room and give you ten dollars."

The rest of the song is about my life at the time, especially on tour with Bomb, as what I now call my alter ego from back in the day, "Cash Newmann." Cash is the main character in my first novel, "Starving in the Company of Beautiful Women."

Ol' Drunken Paul's Shaky Social Standing

(after a character created by Bud Kenney)

Ol' Drunken Paul is back again...
and do you know what he said to me?
"To pee is a great joy and a chore!"

As he grabbed an empty barstool,
he pulled himself up from the floor
nursing a sore knee - I even fell for it!

He's taken all of the steps –
(so much for salvation...)
It's apparent that he's bitter
about the whole business;
sometimes the experts do us a disservice
(but it didn't affect his performance.)

... and in the midst of the chaos,
he momentarily found his mind
in the form of this poem:

"Blown kisses, a sack of clams -accidental jackpot epiphany;
the wisdom of circumstance.
Faith is a fly strip and there is no sin...

NOTES: When the great Bud Kenney (aka the Arkansas Vagabond Poet) performed his poem "Drunken Paul" at Hammond Hall in Winter Harbor, the crowd was mesmerized. I know - I was there. Since then, "Just Ned" and I befriended Bud and performed at a couple of open-mics together; the most memorable was at the Thirsty Whale in Bar Harbor, scene of this poem. I knew the shtick, but he was such a great performer, he got me anyway.

Open Knife Night

Shocking secrets shared
that best be kept.

Rusty, hayfork words
painfully pin people to their seats.
Busted, blown-out exit light
(no beacon preaching hope.)

Knife-wielding feature
abruptly produces a blade
(a prop? not the case.)
The poet's politics fixed...

The audience, in shock
and lost in the chaos,
got tossed for loose change
"donations."

A critic later commented:
(The poet's) "paradoxical,
vulgar, plaintiff humor
bordered on the absurd...
Her razor-wit and edgy imagery
evoked genuine reactions
of sheer panic and terror."

Performance art or straight-up hustle?
(you decide...)
Needless to say – next performance TBA.

NOTES – You never know what to expect at the First Friday Coffeehouse Open Mic Night in Northeast Harbor, Maine. Knife-wielding maniac poets can be good entertainment – you just have to be able to buy it.

Test Sex Messed Blessed

Test Sex Messed Blessed

Midi Pre-prise

(Instrumental)

Custer's Last Hamburger Stand (Tales of the Barbed Wire Toilet Seat)

Cracked, rawhide menu.
Fresh tumbleweed salad
(no garnish; only condiment, sand.)

Dry gulch lunch
(special with flies.)
Rusty spur and split-lasso soup
cooked to order.

Boot leather burger
served with six-shooter or
sidewinder sauce
(choice of either.)

Saddle-sore sandwiches.
Deep-fried mesquite treats.
(Watering hole refills free.)

“Diablo’s Deli?”
“Say, who runs this place anyway?”

...and there’s a line in the sand
where many an unsuspecting tourist
violently met his end
in some obscure location
south of the Badlands.

NOTES: True story. The moral here is Custer was no hero... and if you choose to eat here, the last thing you will do is stand.

Open Vein Night (the ballad of Cash Newmann)

I was 20 without a home
the doorman at the 9:30 Club liked me
so I went in to get warm.
Tuesday night drizzle
15 people including the staff.

Band called Something Something radio
scarf and patchouli
clean chorus guitar
6th rate Siouxsie Sioux

Singer slit his wrist on stage.
They weren't scary they weren't Jesus Christ Allin,
they were fruity tortured artists.

Show ended mid song,
ambulance driver carried singer through the rain,
Owner screaming "YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN THIS DUMP AGAIN!"
singer screaming "I DIDN'T MEAN TO GO THAT DEEP"

I helped the band load out their gear. They were in shock.
said "It was a blood capsule in rehearsal."
I said "He shoulda leasta waited 'til y'all had a bigger crowd."
That didn't make them feel better.

Rats the size of cats in the alley menacing the van.

I was charming. 6 cents in my pocket but beloved by all
as long as I had a glass in my hand.

She kicked me out as I said "You can't do that
I'm the luckiest boy in the world!"
She opened her door to throw me out
there was a fan boy
wanting to get me drunk.
"Can I stay with you a few days?"
"Sure."
She was quite irked.

Be that way as it may
Started my band in San Fran.
Got paid to drink the gin mills of the world.
Even played some music too.
Ohio 6-foot stage passed out singing

fell forward into two black eyes.

Woke up cold in van in another cold war rust belt snowy town
in my dead mother's driveway
well, she was alive at the time.
Band stayed at her house

While I slept for 19 hours
my mother burned my clothes
bought me new ones
at Salvation Army.

She was smart.
My clothes smelled like vomit and liquor and dirt and
were falling apart.
No trying to be cool
band was just poor.

And so alive we almost died.
What a ride!
But I'm glad I survived.
not only survived.
but thrived.

That New York country full of death that Phil and I couldn't leave fast enough.
only to meet up decades earlier and do this.

Freezing in Munich I made love with a girl on the empty stage being built
for Oktoberfest.
My greatest performance to date.

if the girl should leave before I wake
I'll fall in love with
autumn in Bavaria

Berlin - band screaming at me
Same in Schweinfurt
By Hamburg, I knew we were done.
Took a couple years for the guys to get the message.
But I'd already hung up the phone.

Fast forward five years. Band is gone, money's gone. Drugs are gone
Reinvent myself to write, film, web and shoot

My old friends a half century old trying to

fit into those same leather pants.
Play those same tiny Frisko stages
try to recapture the moment
mommy mommy methadone
not for me. I found home.

You can have a small life even in the big city.

I'm happy and doing better.
hodl hodl hodl.
in the land of bison.

I do this for me but do it for you.
It's the music I want to hear.
And I'll share it with you. You may have
the honor.
If it already existed I wouldn't need to make it.

I love my life.
You can take the boy out of the gutter but.

NOTES: (from MWD): All true, and pretty self-explanatory. More Cash Newmann as me back
in the day.

I enunciated "two black eyes" in this because first pass sounded very much like I said "I fell
forward into two black guys." lol.

Atone Goes to Hell

'at one goes to hell.

Nobody's Business

Nobody's Business

Was it he wrinkled, store-bought suit
drenched in sweat that he slept in –
rank breath, floating eyeball, liverish complexion,
clammy hands, weak chin, phony disposition –
the feverish pitch which he spoke in
that made him a bad salesman...
or was it nobody's business?

NOTES:

This one falls under the category of the “art of the sale.”

I once met this used car salesman who promised to teach a potential buyer how to drive a stick – just to make a sale... thus leaving the customer clueless that the transmission was already shot.

Gray is the Day

The view from this lonely clock tower
your ghost it brought me flowers
hovering over my shoulder
with a love that was out of time

Think I'll go down to the dock of a bay
and drown my doubts and fears
maybe not today
I get a check in the mail tomorrow.

The sun is nailing down another day
the mailman's come and gone
leaving only the smell of his cigar
and a note that says I'm wrong

It's not for lack of a better life
my world's filled with joy and love
it's only a sense of creeping despair
that is born on wings like blood.

(solo)

If I could bottle what I feel now
and peddle it far and wide
no one would buy it or
even try it
'cause it's too dark inside.

Gray is the day and my soul follows near
Gray is the day and my soul follows near
Gray is the day and my soul follows near
Today is gray and my soul's full of fear

NOTES:

The "lonely clock tower" is NOT the tower from the Austin college shooting in the 60s. It's Miller Bell Tower in Chautauqua New York. You can hear the actual sound of it in the song "Ode to an Ode to Chautauqua, NY" on our album Brace Yourself for a Blast.

"Dock of a bay" part is about San Francisco. "Waiting for the mailman" part is about when I was a junkie, and seemed to be continually waiting for some small amount of money owed me for music royalties or whatever.

The lyrics and the overall mood are about some moments decades ago; growing up, first few lost loves.

I'm better now. This song is basically blues to me. It's very sad, but it uplifts me to play it, sing it, and listen to it.

It also shows two of my biggest influences on my sleeve: Nick Cave and Pink Floyd. But it also sounds unique.

Javier The Fly

Javier the Fly

Bathroom attendant by profession.
Quick with a hot towel and a tasteful joke –
(an expert groomsman.)
Clear the dandruff from your shoulders
with a single bat of his wings.
With a whistle and a snap
signals his firefly friend –
“Light your cigar, sir?”

Tasteful gossip, no hard advice;
earned a five-star rating
from all his patrons.
A dapper, diminutive fellow –
(no minion of the rich)
at best, some scratch-off tickets at Christmas for tips.

Weekends, he spends with his
grub and slug friends
(a real country boy at heart.)
From time to time, keeps the company
of a well-travelled uptown air freshener
named Gladys.

NOTES: Remember white-gloved elevator operators and high-class hotel bathroom attendants?
All artists in their own right... and their audiences not always so forgiving. Javier and his firefly
friend have taken customer service to a new level.

MWD adds: I wrote this music a while back. I always felt it sounded like insects in a bathroom.

Submarine Pants

Slaphappy sap in a blue skullcap...
a living avalanche; big idiot –
hole in his chin, crisscrossed teeth
wears four pairs of pants
(protection against submarine attacks.)

A likeable moron, child-like imp
(blithering misfit.)
An imbecilic angel with a hijacked heart.
Dopey smile – a dashing, devilish soul
seldom in possession of himself
(murderous, untucked thoughts...
the incessant mental chatter!)
“On the good ship Lollipop
all the sailors are suckers!”

“St. Steven, the Earl of Rye, the Dupe of Duchess County”
- sure, he stiffed ‘em good with dirty laundry and bad plastic.
Eventually, they arrested him.
Despite the lack of evidence,
he forgot to write his attorney’s name down in his little black book.
In his own defense, he cited rampant radio signals,
errant egg-salad sandwiches and occasional depth charge attacks.

NOTES: The subject of this poem became known as the “scourge of the summer.”
He earned this title from trashing just about every hotel and motel room in the otherwise idyllic
sleepy little town, Bar Harbor, Maine.

Eventually, life caught up with him at the Blackwoods Campground, where he was living out of
his Jeep. There, men with guns physically removed him from the island.
