

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.

In song 14, MWD is reading an excerpt from Phil Wormuth's into (invocation) to his chapbook  
"Venus Remembered and other poems."



TRACK LISTING:

1. I Don't Want What You Got Anymore

2. These Cats
3. Kratom Blues
4. Arpeggiate the State
5. Don't Step on the Truffulas!
6. Statism Symptoms
7. Black Cat on a Pumpkin
8. As the Pillars of Creation Fall
9. On Approach to Alpha-Centauri
10. Taxation Is Midi Art Theft
11. Tea with the Emperor's Concubines
12. John Vibes with Jerry Garcia's Guns
13. A Musical Enema for Your Lymph System
14. There Are Good Days and Bad Days, And This Is One of Them
15. Can Grains in a Tornado Go Right Through Ya?

### **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...*

*Derelict 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 section:

And it's covered by the BipCot NoGov license

This allows use and re-use by anyone except governments and government agents. There are no government guns for violators, only shame.

--Male sung voice is singing a few lines of ramble by some poet, R. A. Zimmerman, who himself borrowed a lot of his lyrics from a variety of sources:

*You've got a lot of nerve to say you are my friend  
When I was down you just stood there grinning.  
You got a lot of nerve to say you've got a helping hand to lend  
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 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 /

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.