

Lyrics and notes for BipTunia's 26th album,
A Song a Day Keeps Reality at Bay



A SONG A DAY KEEPS REALITY AT BAY

Release Date: July 20, 2019 (10 days after last album).

Run Time: 69 minutes

TRACK LISTING:

1. Placeholder Worms
2. Wooty Woot Woot Woot
3. Ghost of Poetry
4. Deviation of the Saturation in 7-8
5. She Really Looks Natural
6. Ghost of the Ghost of Poetry
7. The Root of All Drivel

There are no microtonal songs on this album.

BIPTUNIA IS:

--Michael W. Dean: Music, words, voice.

--Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

ADDITIONAL HELP:

--DJ Dean: Voice on *Deviation of the Saturation in 7-8*

--Kip Cameron: Voice on "She Really Looks Natural and "The Root of All Drivel."

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SONGS, LYRICS, AND NOTES:

Placeholder Worms

Words here are rearranged (cut-up + editing), words from [the article on Wikipedia about dynamic range compression in audio](#), and also some are from the owner's manual for FabFilter's compression plug-in, Pro-C. I used that plugin a lot on this record.

Wooty Woot Woot Woot

Michael W. Dean: Music, words.
Phil Wormuth: Voice.

Words here are rearranged, and partially backwards, words from [the article on Wikipedia about dynamic range compression in audio](#).

Also, the vocals that are slowed down and pitched down 1 octave are MWD from a previous record, his lyrics for the song "She's Talkin' to Her Pills Again."

Some of the words are backwards and pitch shifted up 2 octaves to sound like nifty critters.

MWD NOTES:

The vibe (but not notes) of my piano and organ playing in this kind of feel to me like very early 10,000 Maniacs, back when they were good....When Phil and I used to see them play bars in Jamestown, NY.

Ghost of Poetry

Michael W. Dean: Music.
Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

Ghost of Poetry
The warm, velvet hush
of ecstatic ectoplasm
lingers in a delicious eternity...
vast, brilliant, and sacrosanct.
Moments made up of no substance;
pure aesthetics merging into reality
(blurry and trifling at times)
otherwise fine.
Ephemeral and anthropomorphic
not readily apparent, nevertheless present
(faintly translated into something palpable,
occasionally heavy at times.)

Phil NOTES:

These lyrics started out as a stream-of-consciousness poem and took off from there. So many have attempted to define the essence of poetry... I attempted to describe the elusive nature of inspiration with this one.

Production notes:

The project for this got corrupted while mixing, so I had to go with a previous version that wasn't totally perfect.

I should probably stop using vintage 32-bit VSTs. I just love the sound of some of them and you can't get it with any other software.

Deviation of the Saturation in 7-8

Michael W. Dean: Music, words
DJ Dean: Voice.

MWD NOTES:

Words here are a cut-up [of the article on Wikipedia about dynamic range compression in audio](#).

The first part is word for word from the article, the rest is a cut-up that was then processed by through my brain.

She Really Looks Natural

Michael W. Dean: Music.
Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

Sitting around the condo, sculpting her abs;
thinking seriously about reconstructing her face,
waiting for that elusive "big break..."
She's been spending more and more time
in Hollywood gyms and private clinics losing weight.

Rumors started (everyone was a-buzz)
about the latest hypoallergenic, non-surgical facelift.
The energizing two-minute procedure created the
illusion of younger, tighter, healthier skin.
She's shed years off of her appearance
with only one apparent minor side effect.

And here's the story you've really been waiting for...
when lightning struck, she really sizzled!

More than one mourner commented
how it worked better than snake venom injections
or harsh, chemical peels... and it's free!
"You know how the saying goes, well it's true!"

Phil NOTES:

These lyrics are the by-product of sleepless nights and endless infomercials that run at the oddest hours. If I need beauty products to take care of the bags under my eyes, I should shut the TV off and try to get some real sleep.

Ghost of the Ghost of Poetry

Michael W. Dean: Music, words.
Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

Ghost of poetry.

Ghost of poetry.

Ghost of poetry.

(ad nauseam.)

The Root of All Drivel

Michael W. Dean: Music.
Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

Attention all musicians and songwriters!

For a nominal fee, we will gladly pan your band's lyrical content, music, performance, production, and market potential.

Choose from our menu of unique disservices...

Remember, any publicity is good publicity!

(Naturally, no money-back guarantee.)

The Shocker - Sharp poke to the eye, followed by a stomp on the foot, and a quick kick to your pencil neck.

The Dry Shave - Shaky hand operating a rusty razor on an unshaven ego (sure cure for the five-o'clock shadow or earlier).

The Meat Grinder - "All manner of dishonesty exists in the industry's willingness to sell diseased, rotten, and adulterated meat¹" (Sliced or diced, served to perfection...) This could be you!

The Jawbreaker - Stinky, wet leather slipper to the face (when you're not looking) while typing.

The Sneaky Pete - Wooden bat to the small of the back;

for an additional fee, we'll trash your place and rob you of all your original material.

The Sucker Punch - We gently build you up, take you down to the ground, and bury you there (where you and your words and music molder forever).

The "Altruist" - Endure endless hours of baseless degradation and precision character assassination for no reason other than because we can.

(and lastly, but not leastly) The Grand Inquisitor - Experience the sting of the lash while perilously perched on one foot pronouncing plosive p's, standing shoeless on a bed of broken glass, pits of olives, and the broken bones of several small birds.

Act now and we'll gladly double your disorder, just pay an additional shipping and handling fee.

MWD NOTES:

This is about how everyone's a critic....Especially people who make no art ever. In fact, most of the time, that probably pays better than art. Though many do it just for the kicks....Especially from the safety of their home, in their pajamas.

Phil NOTES:

Imagine a world where creative people solicit "critics" to systematically destroy their works bit by bit - and a lucrative industry poised to accommodate. That's what this one's all about.

OVERALL ALBUM NOTES:

MWD Notes:

Phil was sick with Maine Tick Madness during the making of this record, so isn't on it as much as we'd like.

About the album title:

cvramen has been following BipTunia since album 1.

Around album 23 he told me "A song a day keeps boredom away!"

I combined this in my head with someone who used to say about drinking 40 ounces of beer every day (back in the late 80s when I still drank), "A bumper a day keeps reality at bay!"

I combined those two ideas to form

A Song a Day Keeps Reality at Bay.

We don't really do a song a day, but we have done 26 albums, averaging about 8 songs each, since I started BipTunia on August 15th, 2017.

That's about 700 days, and about 208 songs. That's a song every 3.36 days. For two years. Or about 2 songs a week. Though the last few months they've come quicker than that.

Phil NOTES:

A really big thanks to Michael, DJ, and Kip for picking up my slack when I really needed it; an eleventh-hour effort to be sure.

I'll try hard not to drag down our song-generating stats by getting sick with the production of subsequent albums.
