



JIM ROBERTSON "Songs and shovels"

MASTER



JAMES ROBERTSON DISPLAYS A HAND PUPPET "SNAPPER NOSE" WHICH HE CONSTRUCTED IN AN AFTER SCHOOL ART CLUB AT MT. VIEW NORTH, FLANDERS.

HOME SIDE 1. CARRIE NATION 2. QWERTY@%\*^&\* (WE HATE IT WHEN OUR MACHINES BECOME SUCCESSFUL)  
 3. COOLIDGE PORN 4. (ROSIE) 5. DEAD AMERICAN HEROS 6. OCCUPIED 7. AMERICAN SUNSET 8. SLOAN VALVE CO.  
 9. LARRY'S VAGINA (LIVE DUB)  
 AWAY SIDE 10. MOTORCYCLE 11. VINCENITINE (ONGOVIN) 12. MY ROOM / ALICE SAID 13. HAZEL EYES (ODE TO THE ACCOUNTANTS--BENJAMIN 9 AND KINSEY 3) 14. 100 MILES 15. GARDEN STATE BUILDING 16. ALICE SAID (REPRISE)

HOME SIDE

CARRIE NATION  
(4:33)

Who's on first? What's on second? We're all living in a Carrie Nation! What's up Doc? All Dogs Go To Heaven. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, all good children go to heaven. From Abbott and Costello to Charles Fleishman.

Too many inconsistencies serving to confuse me. Pins on lapels and hearts on shirt sleeves. You form your committee to support the defendants. You form your committee to boycott the restaurant.

We all have such powerful weapons to use to get across our different points of view. Boycott, bloody shirt, letters to the daily news: these are our tools. But follow your thinking through because you can't have your cake and eat it too and what you'll do to them they'll also do to you.

The Democrat favors abortion. The Republican favors electrocution. This creates confusion due to our locked perceptions and expectation. They pass an act with no bite. They call off the attack and don't even put up a fight.

And when you say the flag can't fly, and when you say the song can't sing, and then you complain about censorship you're doing it again. If they're going to chain themselves to trees then you've got to expect them to block the clinic. I don't know if the alternative is populism or pragmatism, but I know we're becoming a nation of extremists.

QWERTY@%\*^&\* (WE HATE IT WHEN OUR MACHINES BECOME SUCCESSFUL)  
(2:40)

QWERTY, you are of the top keys. QWERTY, you are from the top keys. They hated you, and they created you. They made you difficult to use.

Reading the *New York Times*  
Reading between the lines.

Your creators were your haters, plotting all the ways they could hold you back. Like the leading ree deer, they looked at their ugly child and laughed.

... counting all the lines.

Despite their tradition of scientific empiricism, Eli Whitney, Taylor, and Ford, made you an object of hypocrisyism; Frankenstein, industrial reborn.

COOLIDGE PORN  
(3:56)

Shamrock McShake and Cookie Puss galore, 007 and Tom Carvel sponsor the

corporate toys half-hour commercials on Saturday morn (Channel 4 kiddie porn) to saucer-wide eyes and brains as yet unformed.

"Oh, I never even knew what drugs were," he said with his voice cracking. And a funny fact I learned just the other day is that you can buy Barbie doll cloth patterns. With keys around their necks they stay tuned for what's up next and watch Renaissance pizza while peanut-buttering crackers.

There's a half-time salute to the kid with the skin suit while the "Food, Folks, & Fun" marching band plays along. We've had heads in the garden and heads in the darkroom, while it's "Tails you lose, heads I win" when it comes to profit.

(ROSIE)  
(1:19)

DEAD AMERICAN HEROS  
(3:18)

Coin flip by Reagan. "Win one for the Gipper." USC versus Notre Dame: an American tradition. A comfortable existence, a perpetuated charade. Vehement insistence and years of persistence.

He's a dead American hero...

50's Fesa in a coonskin cap, name of Davy Crockett. Fought to the last in a skirt and bonnet. Doesn't know what he's talking about, confusing fiction and fact. Doesn't want to go back. He's got to cover his tracks.

OCCUPIED ♡  
(3:30)

Just like Michael said, the small is sweet when the offer is made. But they're so used to the stench, they accept the offer and jump with the rest. The roads you drive on, the tracks you ride on, the bridge you cross over today, the lines you talk on, the lifts you stall on, were paid in blood wage.

"Come on now, son. Pull up a chair. Don't be shy. Everyone's doing it. You've got to work to survive."

From the burger you eat, to the newspaper you read, from the produce you buy once sprayed, to the cashiers in line, you'll all along find, they work for minimum wage (at fourteen years of age).

You can go your own way, you can call it another lonely day.

AMERICAN SUNSET  
(4:28)

Silhouettes in the sunset. Who's that rising in the American sunset?

Don't misunderstand me, I'm not talking about a cowboy. Don't misunderstand me,

I'm not talking about a ten gallon hat. No five o'clock shadow or eleven o'clock rescue, no tumbleweeds or Joshua trees. Fuck that naïveté!  
Can you climb that greasy pole only if you're covered with sand? (Or rice?) No excuse in Syracuse on either side. King Arthur: at least he brings a sigh.  
Where did you go T. R.? Lost on a hill in San Juan. And did you bring McKinley, Harrison, Cleveland, and Arthur there with you?

Now it's lights, camera, and action news, as three-piece suits flash baby blues when the three-by-four world-wide circus comes to town. We've gone from "luck all the tea in China" party to all-new china at the garden party, and every four-to-eight it's another's fault party.

The log-cabin presidency is long since over because all the frontiers have long since closed. And though you can still point at a pin stuck in a map, that's not what I'm talking about!

**SLOAN VALVE CO.**  
(6.16)

Sometimes the men with the trenchcoats turn out to be the cops. Sometimes the men with the helmets turn out to be the cops. Will you not rent the car to me because I look like a thirty percentor? Will you not lend to book to me because I don't have an address?

And if you don't know . . . Sloan Valve Co.  
And if you don't know . . . Toronto.

Sometimes 18 pages of shit can teach you a lot. Sometimes 30 seconds of pleasure can cost you a lot. "Will you share some breeze tea with me?" he inquired discretely. "Will you follow me home and interview me?"  
. . . Grand Central

You are not alone when you're with your Sloan Valve Co. . . Sloan Valve Company.

Campbell Scott and Campbell Soup both have much to do with you. One's in Camden, one's acquired, and nothing's free to you. The distance and difference between the teeth of a zipper on a fly is that of the lash on the splintered beholder's eye.

(I don't mean to be facetious, but this song's about penis.)

**LARRY'S VAGINA (LIVE DUB) ♦**  
(2.12)

**AWAY SIDE**

**MOTORCYCLE**  
(5.35)

We talked until four, we talked until three, we talked until the two of us were laughing on the floor.

I took a walk around the park to figure it out. I didn't stop at the light, I turned right. *Tm* was screaming inside my head, and I came home late.  
6,000 miles in six weeks or pumping iron at the local gym, Space Invaders or zen meditation, it's all the same; it's all the same.

What about the songs that saved your life? (I'm not talking about CPR or mouth-to-mouth.) What about the rhymes on the fly? (Singing for your very life.) Rhyming "Les Nessman soliloquy" with "WKRP in Cincinnati." And I wrote it down. And I told you. The rules of the tarot are a mental carrot, helping you along. The long distance runner and the words of an author, they're all the same; they're all the same.

All I want out of life is a motorcycle. So I can explore my mind on my motorcycle. Roll me a big talpipe on my motorcycle. All I want out of life is a motorcycle.

Rambling letters in the dead of the winter. Beat manifestos and a pig named Mafesto. I saw the light (blind); call me Linda Blair. Sitting there on the theatre stairs, life was fair (life is fair).  
Eno and Carrot; Escher, Bach, and Gödel. You've got to diversify your holdings. Eno and Carrot; Escher, Bach, and Gödel. You've got to diversify your portfolio.

**VINCRISTINE (ONCOVIN) ♦**  
(5.32)

Vincristine. Sometimes the cure is the kill, sometimes the pain is the pill, sometimes things aren't what they seem.

Vincristine. Sometimes appearances disappear and what you think is said you cannot hear; sometimes what you see is not reality.

Hairloss; anemia, tingling or cramping of the fingers and toes, arms, and legs; fever; muscular weakness; jaw pain.

Vincristine. Sometimes the patent is the pig; sometimes what you hear isn't there; sometimes an orange is a tangerine.

Abdominal pain and constipation, convulsions (rarely), burn or ulceration at site of administration if leakage occurs.

Vincristine . . . you make my heart sing.  
Vincristine . . . (oncovin)

**MY ROOM / ALICE SAID**  
(6.14)

When it's dark and cold outside just follow the front porch light. Take off your coat and step inside. Wash your cloths and hang them on the line. Or throw a sock and hit the screen right in the middle of the night. No need to knock and stay outside. My door, our door, is open wide.

Come into my room . . .

I go up the flight to hang my flag up high. No, not the stars and stripes. Not unlike the Bat Light. And when the sun falls behind and it's night outside, I turn on the spotlight to highlight.

So leave the world behind. Kick off your shoes and rest awhile. No need to run; no need to hide. No need for modesty, no need for pride. Every work has its price. But here there are no dice. You can be a spider, or you can be a fly. As Alice said, "smile, smile, smile."

Alice said, "It's time to go; it doesn't hurt any more, I'm OK, shhh, don't say."

I don't sing like this except to advertise. When the sun don't shine, when it rains outside, in December, or in July, I don't care, and I don't mind, in the end, in the new year, we'll close it out here.

**HAZEL EYES (ODE TO THE ACCOUNTANTS-BENJAMIN S AND KINSEY J)**  
(4.13)

I used to always see you in the mornings on the bus. Then I moved away, and now I walk. Our eyes met once or twice or maybe half a dozen times, and then I spent a lot of effort trying to avoid your eyes.

You've got hazel eyes . . . you're a woman tonight with your hazel eyes.

I don't know what you do during the working week, but when Saturday night comes you're complete. That night you're an accountant working with your figures and your facts. Some add, some subtract. From your hazel eyes . . .

The janitor's closet is your dressing room, an upside-down bucket your seat. The cracked and dusty mirror reflects the scene. But when you walk out the door and out into the light, you are complete for tonight. With your hazel eyes

**150 MILES**  
(7.41)

I look down. Coast-to-coast tan color offset printed over sea of newspaper brown. I look up. Bullet-offset Irish info only adds up to a chart junk data duck.  
150 miles high. I feel like I'm gonna to fall off the Carolinas. 150 miles low. I feel like I'm gonna fall off North Dakota.

I look down. The two-ton chicken can't compete against the English pound. I look up. Compare OPEC oil production in height and in volume of bucket.  
150 miles high. Her fishnet stocking only serve to obscure the baseline. 150 miles low. No need for Peter to show us a 3-d Dow-Jones.

I look down. Flowers, letters, metals, flags, and photos laid on the granite's ground. I look up. Faces behind chronological names; 7A solution reflects us.  
150 miles high. For an update of that storm turn inside to page nine. 150 miles low. Perspective view of plateau from hundreds of miles over Mexico. 150 miles

**GARDEN STATE BUILDING**  
(4.55)

From the stars spinning around the earth, spinning through the universe, I'm here. I'm here. Down to the northern hemisphere, I begin to stare. I'm here, I'm here.  
Standing on top of my garden state building, my breath visible in air. Standing on top of my garden state building, my friends below, the sky above.

At the kitchen window of my mind, I'm staring out when I glance down. In the eye, in the sink, I am in the middle of it all.  
Standing on top of my garden state building, the world spread out all around me. Standing on top of my garden state building, feeling gravity pulling me.

Momentary feeling of sinking. The smallest point, one single point; Kepler was wrong. Like water running down a drain (clockwise), or air rushing out of a balloon, all being equal. Standing in the vortex, I am the earth; I am the sun; I am the Milky Way. Like a periscope in a submarine or Komehni in between, I'm there; you're there; we're there.

Is each moment stored somewhere, or do they fly off lost forever? I now believe in ether.  
Standing on top of my garden state building, feeling garden state building high. Garden state high. And I scream, ice cream, "Garden state building high."

**ALICE SAID (REPRISE)**  
(2.19)

**JIM ROBERTSON "Songs and shovels"**

All music and lyrics written, performed, recorded, and mixed by Jim Robertson, except as noted below.

♦ OCCUPIED: Tom Rosko-additional vocals.  
♦ LARRY'S VAGINA (LIVE DUB): Written by Jim Robertson, Tom Rosko, and Anthony Marchese. Jim Robertson-bass guitar. Tom Rosko-drums. Anthony Marchese-guitar. Voices sampled/stolen from Larry Marchese.  
♦ VINCRISTINE (ONCOVIN): Tom Rosko-additional vocals and arranging.

All songs written between August 1990 and August 1992 and recorded and mixed between May 1991 and December 1993. The tape is a companion to Jim's first tape-LONE SQUIRREL "Sundays, holidays, and other days"-as it completes the release of all the songs written or completed during his Talahassee years. These songs aren't meant to be perfect, final versions, but rather demo versions.

All music and lyrics written by Jim Robertson. Copyright 1993 by Jim Robertson. Cover photo: "Dig for Victory." Copyright Imperial War Museum, England.  
Inside photo: unknown local newspaper, circa 1973.  
This tape is for promotional use only; not for sale.  
This has been another Oaktree Music production.  
Jim Robertson c/o Oaktree Music 841 Willow Ave., #2 Hoboken, NJ 07030