



LONE SQUIRREL "Sundays, holidays, and other days"

WINTER SIDE
 BOOMERANG • WARRANTY • PERISCOPE • 340 (NOT TRICIA) • GLOVE AROUND THE WORLD

SUMMER SIDE
 UNDERWEAR SUNDAY MORNING (HOPEFUL A.M.) • THIRD SUMMER • GENEVA GOWN • BITE THE WAX TAPOLE
 LINDA HIBSON (WHERE ARE YOU?) • PEARL / TOKYO SALSA (PARTS I, II, & III)

WINTER SIDE

BOOMERANG
 (7:45)

"Hey man, did you hear about the Jupiter?" "Did they shoot it off today?" Isn't that real stupid or what? What d'ya say?
 ...in the name of Science.
 ...regardless of the consequence.
 ...despite the evidence.
 They're all liars.

The average person doesn't know the danger of reentry explosion. They just watch "The Simpsons" and "Roseanne."

So raise your hand and wave bye-bye, when it comes back we're gonna die, I've never seen a rocket fly so high.
 We've put a boomerang in the sky.

That's not Rudolph in the sky. It's just its second fly-by. No presents for me and you in Christmas '92.

...out to discover new worlds.
 ...if it doesn't fall here first.
 ...On the Nina, the Pinta, and Santa Marie's five-hundredth anniversary.

So raise your fist, don't be shy, raise your fist, raise it high, raise your fist and shout "USA!" Raise your fist and punch the sky, raise your fist, don't ask why, raise your fist and shout "USA!" ...It's Columbus Day!

WARRANTY*
 (4:45)

On the warranty under "Money-Back Guarantee": "Contract void by an Act of God."

In God's image; with God as my witness.
 Cleanliness is next to Godliness; In God We Trust.
 God bless; take God's oath.
 God's kiss and God's wish.

God almighty; God-given rights.
 God's calling and God's comic.
 God-speed; God the Father and God the Son.
 For God's sake; the Lord works in mysterious ways.

Despite the recantations.
 Despite the stakes.
 Despite the inquisitions
 and geography mistakes.

Oh my God; touched by the hand of God.
 I swear to God; One Nation Under God.
 By the grace of God; God help you.
 Hand to God; God be with you.
 So help me God; God only knows.

Good God; God's will.
 By God; In God's hands.
 An Act of God; God damn!

PERISCOPE
 (6:15)

When I was young I took some cardboard, some tape, some string, and a bit of broken mirror from my older sister.
 And with this stuff I built myself a periscope of love.

But my periscope was flawed. Cracks in the mirror showed up in the neighbor's yard. I only saw things in parts. And I never saw her, though I tried so hard.

And for years I thought that's how adults saw. They could see over the fence, but not for very far. And adulthood meant being very tall.

Boy, was I wrong. But not for very long!

340 (NOT TRICIA)
 (3:05)

The car window's down. Only the passenger side works. And the box is up loud. Hüsker Dü's making the noise. Leaving on Pine Street I'm pining away. 4:25 on a gray Friday. Heading north on I-95. Heading north for the last time.

Only three hundred and forty miles to Boston.

One month later trying to piece a conclusion from a memory of noise and confusion. And when I rhymed "our beds" with "not maids" and "though I'm going to miss you" with "but I could never leave you" I figured I had it all back together. But it turned out I ended up wrong because it slipped away like a cookie-cutter in toilet paper, and all I was left with was this song.

GLOVE AROUND THE WORLD
 (6:45)

We wear a halo sitting thousands of miles high. Our halo's spinning twenty-two thousand miles an hour.

And if you see it in the night sky, don't be shy. It's just the reflect of the sun in its silver line.

Even Peter doesn't know who's in control. It's looking more and more like the other one—called South Pole.

We've got drums on the ice and where jellyfish, plastic bags. And like breadcrumbs Scott's casket still survives.

In Tokyo they're running out of room to drive. On Manhattan they're putting a course on Randall's Isle.

Forty thousand golf balls hit the Mir. A fact unforeseen by Lewis Carroll.

Marginal errors turn to earned runs (with apologies to Tom). You could pitch the perfect strike, but it wouldn't count once the game was done.
And if you see it in the night sky, don't be shy. Reluctantly, a satellite.

SUMMER SIDE

UNDERWEAR SUNDAY MORNING
(HOPEFUL A.M.)
(1:50)

THIRD SUMMER
(6:50)

My theory of immortality goes something like this: you only come around once but through memory persist.

Sometimes once lasts forever and the things you may have done you may have done. So many paths; look at the ones you've chosen.

Standing on this roof I wish I smoked. But I don't so I lose myself in the motion picture show. My favorite shop has wheels. And I lose the sequence.

But from sixteen to one hundred and fourteen, from four thousand and seventeen to two thousand, three hundred and fifty-eight, counting the numbers, it's the third summer.

Some people think we're strapped to a train rushing through the tunnels. I rather think we're treading in a warm stream in the shallows.

Physics: like a particle in a wave we bob up and down. While the waves wash over us and recede into background.

...if it's love by numbers, it's the third summer.

Clocks don't measure time, they really measure

height. And what you're doing now you'll be doing for the rest of your life.

And looking back the green mountains turn blue. And here I am: perspective, relativity, physics, the Gulf Stream, and you.

...lines connecting numbers, it's the third summer.
...counting the numbers, it's the third summer.

GENEVA GOWN
(3:00)

I put on my Geneva gown, put on my Geneva hat, on the crown of my head, tie on my Geneva bands. I put on my Geneva gown, put on my Geneva hat, on the crown of my head, tie on tight, Geneva bands.

I take the flight (it's Eastern).
I eat my lunch (a hamburger).
So many codes.
Can we improve upon God's?

Does God vote (Republican)?
And field goals (does he block them)?
Does God aim bombs?
Does God sing along?

96 and 96a ribbon between the lakes, passing by one of the twins, between the "fuck you" finger and the one on which you wear your ring.

BITE THE WAX TADPOLE
(5:00)

"Mare fattened with wax," he said with confusion, "Not one of Mao's, nor Confucius's." "Bite the wax tadpole," he said, he said. Not wisdom of the East, but of the West.

Not from the Red Book, from the red bottle. Drink your medicine, like Robitussin. "Bite the

wax tadpole," he said, he said, dousing the hopes of the advert exec.

Exporting America with a smile. To the lips, go shapely hips. "Bite the wax tadpole," he said, he said. Not the Olympics, Olympus instead.

LINDA HIBSON (WHERE ARE YOU?)
(1:45)

What did Billy say when the walls came down? Did he make some analogy when the walls came down like "the capital of the world this fall is the capital in the shopping malls"?

The Hallelujah Chorus sang that "spring" as the world bought that coke drink. So go ahead and reach out and touch (and once is never enough!).

Linda Hibson, where are you? We need you for number two.

And fuck your fire; you've got a lighter!

While our leaders try to set the hook, we've already fallen sinker, line, and hook, and soon they'll be sampling to create a hook.

Watching it all on the T.V. I just can't help wondering, do they want shoes, cloths, or just to be left alone?

Linda Hibson, where are you? We need you for the sequel!

Does it mean Hegel's arrival or the Marshall Plan all over again? Did the baby go out with the bath water only to be replaced by tampons on the side of a rocket?!

PEARL / TOKYO SALSA (PARTS I, II, & III)
(11:30)

I've got a box in my heart that we can't talk about. I've got a pearl in my soul nobody knows.

Time heals all wounds (or so I was told). But pearl or pearl I don't know if I want it to go.

Like a piece of sand stuck in a clam, it blooms to a pearl. Stuck in my craw for way too long, are you.

Pearl's a pearl or pearl's a sore. My pearl both and more.

The energy released in a decomposing tree's the same as the energy released in a burning log in your fireplace.

There's a spark burning inside me.
...Smoldering!

I. I remember the parking lot. I remember the dock. I remember the cop. I remember the mountain top (with the radio on).

I remember the PT-boat with its early stereo. The Beatles on and me singing along.

How long will I have to sing this song? How long will this go on?

If I were a camera, could I take a picture of my soul by pointing myself at a mirror and holding the shutter open?

Tokyo Salsa!

ii.

iii.

All music and lyrics written, performed, recorded, and mixed by Jim Robertson in his living room, bedroom, spare room, and bathroom in the fall, winter, and summer of 1990-91 with Ibanez guitars, Travis Bean basses, Casio keyboards, Yamaha drum machines, Peavey and Gorrilla amps, Realistic microphones, and Yamaha 4-tracks.

* (Thanks to Todd and Christina for help in arranging this song.)

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