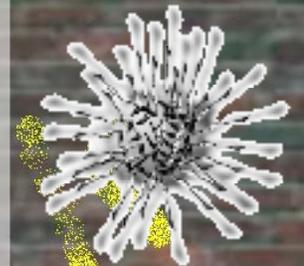


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1. at the ecosystem level
2. razor mike
3. immigration
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7. spring-like sunday
8. stairs in the night



Marc Calvi: Bass, Vocals
Remo "Uzi" Gwaldabi: Drums, Vocals
Paul Lemieux: Guitars, Vocals

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Recorded at TarHeel Carolina Studios.
Special thanks to Marshall Gray for letting us use his mandolin.

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1. At The Ecosystem Level (a song about balance)

It's all a gamble so be a rebel and not be hostile -- Dr. Jekyll
We shake hands they snuff butts at the ecosystem level
The biosphere of corporate life lies and greed and the legal knife
Corporate antelopes stray from the herd
Economic Darwinism is the word
Animals and Indians at the ecosystem level
Unstable harmonic resonances from ancient civilization
It lasted over 3000 years
Is it boom is it bust or stagnation?
Where do we go?
The economy of vapor with wealth only on paper
One person's lover is another person's rapier
Don't go out of bounds and sell your soul to the devil
Know your limitations at the ecosystem level
Where do we go?

2. Razor Mike (playing the guitar with electric razor)

They came across the sea in multitudes of boats
They came to America to see all that floats
A new world was there for all those who didn't care -- today
We'll pave your way with translations -- hope you can read
We were built on sovereignty hard work and years to flee
And we built and destroyed in the name of Lloyds
Though justice did reign: cowboys in Spain
The community was everything
Though we worked so hard -- the depression came wide and far
Build the dam: run the railroad: cut the tree: make the brick
Firearms and cannons we filled the land with
To maintain the communities
The differences -- have you aten any chicken feet?
Veal parmesan is for me
Ellis Island's just a place to wash your face
The tongue has needs to be trained RRRR, RRRR is left behind
Get on a train go west you young cowboys
To be a cowboy -- American cowboy
Learn to father learn to see all the opportunities

Away from the island
Ellis Island is a carryover to where you want to go
It's a new land a new opportunity
To build a nation where we can all be free
We survived and prospered through hard work and years of toil
Sure there were some spoils but they came to the island
Only wanting to be free

4. Not So Young (life vs death: war vs peace)

The war is over for me no peace and no cease fire
No honor will there be -- none: for the deserter and the liar
Death and sickness numbed my soul they have also numbed my mind
With antipathy and disgust for myself and for my kind

Though my years they measure few and my song is far from sung
You can see I'm not so young

What of glory we pursued is left waning in the dust
Across the landscape of destruction and the arms we left to rust
Now I cannot wish to try to see that which has no answer
Better to bid farewell to sorrow that can eat one like a cancer

Though my years they measure few and my song is far from sung
You can see I'm not so young

I will follow my feet wherever wherever they seem to wish to take me
To my home and hearth and the love of one
Who never would forsake me

As the miles roll away the land rises to meet the hills
I will shed the years of suffering and reawaken my will
As the sights and smells of nature begins to fill my heart
With hope and love and sex and dreams
And the promise of a brand new start

Though my years they measure few and my song is far from sung
You can see I'm not so young

5. Spilled Beer Suite (a personal tragedy)

I. I spilled my beer today

I spilled my beer today it spilled on the floor
I'd go to the cooler but there isn't any more

I spilled my beer O yes I did I spilled my beer
If I had another one then I wouldn't be done
I spilled my beer today -- not much fun
And now there's no more for anyone
We gotta go make a beer run before our day is done

II. I see the bubbles

I see the bubbles on the carpet today
Don't know why they're not in my mouth
It's gonna leave a stain to remind me of my incident

III. Other possibilities

You know it wouldn't be so evil
It was a Coors or some other gut rot brew
Even a Michelob or some other cerveza;
But this one was Beck's and that won't do
It maybe even could have been a Miller Lite
Or a Natural Lite or a Bud Lite or some other lawn mower beer
But the only thing better than the rest the one that's the best
Is one of Pfiesteria's own home brewed beers

IV. Maybe

Maybe I'll do better next time maybe I'll spill some wine
At least it's not tragic as when you spill that good old beer
Maybe we'll just buy more next time we go to the store
That's probably the best idea of all -- that's for sure

6. Propped up Dog's Life/Don't Stay Away (a couch potato and a stalker)

I. Propped Up Dog's Life

Here's words from another song to say how long it's been
Would be absurd to stay in tune and sing again
Johnny go home, oh Johnny go home

Rooster's gonna fly -- he's gonna live in the chicken house my o my
Better than a dogs life -- no variety no spice
A Propped up dog's life

Couch ornament next to the table
Where he burns his brand down: his fingers are brown
A Propped up dog's life
Go to bed tonight fix those big dark sacks under your eyes

II. Don't Stay Away

Steel wheels good on my feet I'm so happy in the street
Be young and do my thing I'll pass your house once more today
Don't you stay away from me
Practice some tricks in the street
Jump off the handrails next to the fire hydrant
Fly through a ditch won't keep me from you
Don't stay away from me I know where you live (peekaboo)
Old man hobbles down the lane -- no fun left for him to please
In the street is where I want to play with you -- in the street
Don't stay away from me I know where you live (over on 2nd)

7. Spring Like Sunday (jamming on a Sunday afternoon)

A new day's another day hoped she wasn't hopin'
Seeking the long way find the door open
The piper is playing she's got all the answers
Behold deep questions gold
Papa knows the balance is in the ditch
He got lucky and married that...
For God knows her sole intent on the shadow's on
It's Old Crow on a Sunday
No understanding beautifully whack
Mortal men first lost love heart attack
Anxiety will kill you don't let fear define you
Speak your tongue as you please
It's a new day Sunday Old Crow in a bottle
It's a spring like Sunday my wife's at the cottage
It's a spring like Sunday getting ready for the Monday
Eye contact acceptable
Though you know in her soul she wants to please, get me
It's a new day Sunday Old Crow in a bottle
It's a spring like Sunday my wife's at the cottage
It's a spring like Sunday take off your clothes and enjoy the walk
Religion -- we don't talk

8. Stairs in the Night (the quest for truth...or the bathroom)

Stairs in the night -- don't miss a stair
Stairs in the night -- one flight in the night
Just one step -- one flight in the night -- don't miss a stair

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