

TURN
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Stranger in a Strange Land

*Barb Brynstad: Vocals, Bass
Savannah Smith: Vocals
Adam Levy: 6 String Acoustic
& Electric guitars, 12 String
Electric, Synthesizer, Percussion,
& Vocals
Josh Kaplan: Drums
Peter J Sand: Baldwin Electric
Harpsichord, Wuritzer Piano,
B3, Piano*

You went down to the water
Cold-blooded daughter
You went down
to the river to sink or float

In black holes without ladders
As if it really matters
'Cause you're in heavy water in
a paper boat

Don't run for cover everyone has
got to learn
You're lost and you misread
the signs
You're a stranger in a strange
land
At the strangest time

What's your game hot blue star?
Burning hot but you're too far
You're lost in the Pleiades or in a

shot in a dive bar

Don't run for cover everyone has
got to learn
You're lost and you misread
the signs
You're a stranger in a strange
land
At the strangest time

Should you leave or will you stay
You can't wish it all away
When you're stuck On the
Matterhorn without a rope

You went down to the water
Cold blooded daughter
You went down
to the river to sink or float
You're a stranger
In a strange land
You're a stranger
In a strange land

Powder

*Savannah Smith: Vocals,
Whistling
Barb Brynstad: Vocals, Bass
Adam Levy: 6 String Acoustic &
Electric Guitars, 12 String Elec-
tric Guitar, Organ, Percussion,
and Vocals*

*Josh Kaplan: Drums
Peter J Sands: B3 organ*

Careless Leah walks around
She's lost among her thoughts
and found
Gambling tables & streets of
ill repute

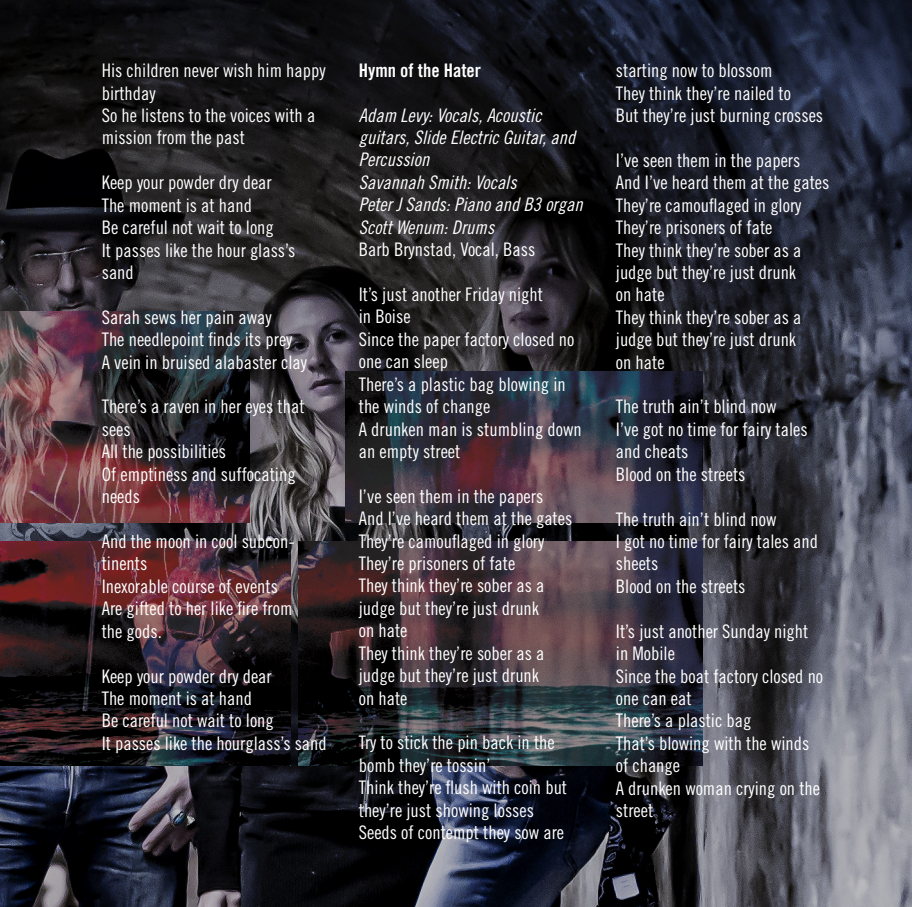
She descends a spiral staircase
Into the abyss she tries to face
Her fears and find peace &
gratitude

Small distractions and
accolades
Love affairs and debts to pay
Anything but looking in the
mirror

Keep your powder dry, dear
The moment is at hand
Be careful not wait to long
It passes like the hourglass's
sand

Charlie is a man who's made
At least it seems his futures
great
90,000 hours he's paid are done

Now he stares at catalogs
Soaks up talk radio ideologies
Imagining golden eras in the sun



His children never wish him happy
birthday
So he listens to the voices with a
mission from the past

Keep your powder dry dear
The moment is at hand
Be careful not wait to long
It passes like the hour glass's
sand

Sarah sews her pain away
The needlepoint finds its prey
A vein in bruised alabaster clay

There's a raven in her eyes that
sees
All the possibilities
Of emptiness and suffocating
needs

And the moon in cool subcon-
tinents
Inexorable course of events
Are gifted to her like fire from
the gods.

Keep your powder dry dear
The moment is at hand
Be careful not wait to long
It passes like the hourglass's said

Hymn of the Hater

*Adam Levy: Vocals, Acoustic
guitars, Slide Electric Guitar, and
Percussion*

Savannah Smith: Vocals

Peter J Sands: Piano and B3 organ

Scott Wenum: Drums

Barb Brynstad, Vocal, Bass

It's just another Friday night
in Boise
Since the paper factory closed no
one can sleep

There's a plastic bag blowing in
the winds of change
A drunken man is stumbling down
an empty street

I've seen them in the papers
And I've heard them at the gates
They're camouflaged in glory
They're prisoners of fate
They think they're sober as a
judge but they're just drunk
on hate
They think they're sober as a
judge but they're just drunk
on hate

Try to stick the pin back in the
bomb they're tossin'
Think they're flush with coin but
they're just showing losses
Seeds of contempt they sow are

starting now to blossom
They think they're nailed to
But they're just burning crosses

I've seen them in the papers
And I've heard them at the gates
They're camouflaged in glory
They're prisoners of fate
They think they're sober as a
judge but they're just drunk
on hate
They think they're sober as a
judge but they're just drunk
on hate

The truth ain't blind now
I've got no time for fairy tales
and cheats
Blood on the streets

The truth ain't blind now
I got no time for fairy tales and
sheets
Blood on the streets

It's just another Sunday night
in Mobile
Since the boat factory closed no
one can eat
There's a plastic bag
That's blowing with the winds
of change
A drunken woman crying on the
street

I've seen them in the papers
And I've heard them at the gates
They're camouflaged in glory
They're prisoners of fate
They think they're sober as a judge
but they're just drunk on hate
They think they're sober as a judge
but they're just drunk on hate

The truth ain't blind now
I've got no time for fairy tales and
cheats
Blood on the streets

The truth ain't blind now
I got no time for fairy tales and
cheats
Blood on the streets

Listen to the sound of love now
children
Stop diggin' the graves that the
blood spilled in...

They think they're nailed to but
they're just burnin' crosses...

Dopamine Blues

*Adam: Vocals, Acoustic & Electric
Guitars, Slide Electric Guitar,
12 String Electric Guitar, Banjo,
Glockenspiel, and Percussion
Barb: Vocals, Bass*

*Savannah: Vocals
Peter J Sands: Wurlitzer Electric
piano, B3 Organ
Josh Kaplan: Drums*

I can't stop thinking about you
Life still goes on without you
Why dear do you stay on my mind?
I fear I'm losing mine again

There's nothing that doesn't
remind me
Memory lane where you'll find me
I'm stuck the tape keeps looping
Time's up, who's been duping me?

Every time I try to remember bad
times
I can depend on you to
Gimme a heartthrob
And those hazy dopamine blues

Darlin' am I on your mind?
Fallin' for someone's cheap lines
Why do I seem to be the one who
Lives in a dreamland fooled

You still have the keys to
My heart so please just give them
back
I just wanna stop thinking about
you
And living a heart attack

Darlin am I on your mind?

Fallon fir someone's cheap lines
Why do I seem to be the one who
Lives in a dreamland fooled

Every time I try to remember bad
times
I can depend on you to
Gimme a heartthrob
And those hazy dopamine blues

There's no gettin' around it
You'll never leave it like you found it
You just gotta get through it
There's nothing you can do but do it

7 Kids

*Barb: Vocals, Bass
Savannah: Vocals
Adam: Acoustic & Electric Guitars,*

Banjo, Percussion, and Vocals
Peter J Sands: B3 Organ, Wurliitzer
Electric Piano
Joe Savage: Pedal Steel Guitar
Noah Levy: Drums
Josh Kaplan: Drums

7 kids on a railroad track
South of San Diego
Their world on their backs
And their parents hope they'll be safe

A white van comes and picks 'em up
Promises 'em water and a meal
And a place to stay

I can see smoke and I can see fire
They say stay calm we know the
situation is dire

Good thing the bodega is full
At least we won't go hungry & it
won't get dull
When the city burns

We're losing our touch & we're losing
our way
Am I losing grip guess I'd rather
not say
One thing's true everything is gonna
change
It feels so familiar but damn it feels
strange

My neighbor has cancer but she's

alright
She goes to the tabernacle Saturday
night
And prays
Someone knows more than the
doctors I'm sure
If you have enough faith there's
always a cure

We're losing our touch & we're losing
our way
Am I losing grip guess I'd rather
not say
One thing's true everything is gonna
change
It feels so familiar but damn it feels
strange

Goodnight baby
Can I see you tomorrow?
Can I see you tomorrow?
Will there be a tomorrow?
Will there be a tomorrow?

We're losing our touch & we're losing
our way
Am I losing grip guess I'd rather
not say
One thing's true everything is gonna
change
It feels so familiar but damn it feels
strange

7 kids on a railroad track

South of San Diego
Their world on their backs
And their parents hope they'll be safe

If You're Gonna Leave Me

*Adam: Vocals, Guitars, and
Percussion*
Barb Brynstad: Vocals, Bass
Savannah: Vocals
Peter J Sands: B3 Organ, Piano
Joe Savage: Pedal Steel Guitar
Josh Kaplan: Drums

If you're gonna leave me for
somebody
Please don't leave me alone tonight

We forget all the things we want to
remember and we remember all the
things we'd rather forget
I thought I had hidden my heart, kept
it so well-concealed
I can't help the way that you feel

If you're gonna Leave me for
somebody
Please don't leave me alone
If you're gonna leave me for
somebody
please don't leave me alone tonight

If you're gonna Leave me for

somebody
Please don't leave me alone
If you're gonna leave me for
somebody
Please don't leave me alone
tonight

Please don't leave me

Please don't please don't leave
me tonight
Please don't don't leave me
tonight...

My Eyelids Weigh Mountains

Adam: Vocals, Guitars, Piano,
Synthesizer, and Percussion
Savannah: Vocals
Barb: Vocals, Bass
Benny Weinbeck: Rhodes Electric
Piano
Noah Levy: Drums

My eyelids weigh mountains
My mind is a door
My heart is carbon
I can't find the floor

My eyelids weigh mountains
My arms aren't in sync but...

I've been looking for you
More than a few lifetimes

My eyelids weigh mountains
My dreams hide in cars
They drive across continents
And toward dying stars

My eyelids weigh mountains
My tears hide in graves
I've mourned for the lost
And there's no cure for the pain

My eyelids weigh mountains and I
can't breathe but

I've been looking for you
More than a few lifetimes

New Rays from an Old Sun

Savannah: Vocals
Adam: Vocals, 12 String Acoustic
Guitar, Mandolin, Synthesizers,
and Percussion
Barb: Bass, Vocals
Peter J Sands: Harmonium

There in the valley was a beast
Her children were deceased
As the new rays were increased
Only water for a priest
Who paid good coin for police

The Beast she had learned to be
alone, making gems from stone
She made herself a throne

And a castle from her children's
bones

There are new rays from an old
sun
There are oceans in your eyes
There are giant buildings empty
And a rusty can full of surprise

One day The Priest got word
About The Beast he heard
Whose wealth it seemed absurd
She should share it
The Priest thought he deserved

The Beast saw armies on the
march
The Priest and weapons large
The valley rumbled with the
charge
And The Beast had a plan though
she was parched

There are new rays from an old
sun
There are oceans in your eyes
There are giant buildings empty
And a rusty can full of surprise

When The Priest arrived with force
The Beast opened the doors
When The Priest came with his
hoards
The Beast set traps in floors
And The Beast was gone, of course

There in the valley was a Beast
Her children were deceased
Now she headed east
To find some who wanted peace
Locked In the castle was The Priest

There are new rays from an old sun
There are oceans in your eyes
There are giant buildings empty
And a rusty can full of surprise

Schisandra

Barb: Vocals, Bass

Savannah: Vocals

Adam: Vocals, Electric 6 & 12 String

Guitars, Acoustic Guitar, Synthesizer,

Percussion, and Glockenspiel

Peter J Sands: B3 Organ

Josh Kaplan: Drums

Can you feel the light Schisandra
bathing you?

From another time Schisandra
crystalline truths

Violet, goldenrod & umber, celadon
blue

Do your eyes see something
Schisandra?
Mine do too

Can you feel the pain Schisandra
surrounding you?

The stories of billions Schisandra
across galaxies in ruins

Violet, goldenrod & umber, celadon
blue
Do your eyes see something
Schisandra?
Mine do too

Will we survive, Schisandra? Feels
like a fall
Time evaporates Schisandra the
spirits call
Violet, goldenrod & umber, celadon
blue

Do your eyes see something
Schisandra?
Mine do too

Towards the Light

Adam: Vocals, Guitars and Percussion

Barb: Vocals, Bass

Savannah: Vocals

*Benny Weinbeck: Wurlitzer Electric
Piano*

Peter J Sands: B3 Organ, Piano

Noah Levy: Drums

They were young they had time on
their side

They had fun they knew snakes
couldn't hide

No guns but their words made angry
men cry

Then the boys from the fathomless

depths
And their toys with their bench
pressing reps
Don't be coy—intercept all the codes
that they hide

Mama who's that man in the black
and white photograph? Mama who's
that man in the black and white
photograph? Were you just having
a laugh?

It was dark couldn't see through my
camera

Lightning sparks Sherman's March
through Atlanta they worked hard
Destroyed everything in their path

Mama who's that man in the black
and white photograph? Mama who's
that man in the black and white
photograph? Were you just having
a laugh?

Nobody knows where the first breath
comes from and where does the last
one go

They wanna kiss you without
debating
They wanna sleep with you in the
grass
They wanna exit in a quick fade and
watch you bill pay too

It was time for the girls to raise hell on
the line when the factory closed they
were wise to the
Tricks of the Triangle Fire

Mandy was hot they were playin all the
slots on the strip there
Smokin like a chimney,
Singin Sunday hymns while they
draw pairs

Mama who's that man In the black
and white photograph? Mama who's
that man In the black and white
photograph? Were you just having
a laugh?

Nobody knows where the first breath
comes from and where does the last
one go

Let em think they're right. We're
Throwing green shoots towards the
light.
(In the middle of the night)

Acceleration Dreams

Savannah: Vocals

Barb: Vocals, Bass

*Adam: Vocals, Acoustic & Electric
Guitars, Mandolin, 6 String Bass, and
Percussion*

Peter J Sands: Piano, B3 organ

Josh Kaplan: Drums

The doctor has arrived she's keeping
you alive
Machines and apple juice
Acceleration dreams
The Medication seems to work

A warrant for your search surviving
your scorched earth
I'm grateful for your schemes
Acceleration dreams information
gleaned is gold

Girl cried roses boy cried wolf
Baby in the bath water pennies in
the dirt
Glad you had your fun but it's time
to go

You're taking out guard rails like
cautionary tails
Consequences reaped
Acceleration dreams
Reading magazines in jail

Girl cried roses boy cried wolf
Baby in the bath water pennies in
the dirt
Glad you had your fun but it's time
to go

I saw you in the church the gods had
left you in a lurch
You had a million streams
Acceleration dreams
Karma's catching up with you

A warrant for your search surviving
your scorched earth
I'm grateful for your schemes
Acceleration dreams information
gleaned is gold

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