Suburban Utopia Projects Presents:



Word:Sound_2

Track List:

A) Dinner Party

B) 39 Miles

C) Bear Down

D) Lawn Chair

E) Old Maid

F) Echo Park

G) Quittin'Time

Dinner Party

This evening The robin stands on the fence Her chest puffed out Sternly scowling at me with complete and utter disdain Every morning this week She has gathered A full beak of worms From our yard Skittering through the grass Her halting steps replicate The pattern of vibrations That rain makes as it falls on the Earth Tonight, she will not enter the yard Because I am here Watching the light reflect Off the trees And listening to the birds retell the exploits of their day Even at my behest Which included My warmest gesture of welcome To partake in this salubrious repast She held her post steadfast In refusal to join

39 Miles

He, was really good at baseball. In possession of enough tools To earn an offer To play single A ball This golden ticket Offered escape From the suffocating small town That only offered him constraint Into his broken Jalopy He loaded hope and dreams And this young man Headed west Passing through Pomona's Endless ocean of orchards His car broke down Being the poor, ignorant small town boy that he was It did not occur to him To call his employer And tell them he was in Arms reach of the destination He never reported Much less arrived Instead he chose

To let his dream die

Bear Down

His son, was good at baseball Even though he did not possess as many tools as his father Clearly this was his mothers fault Spring, Summer and into the Fall He would play He persisted with his passion Where he earned an invitation to attend an institution Where he could walk on And earn a shot to play During tryouts He was surrounded at the hot corner By players who heralded from afar All with their polished star Intimidated by pedigree And debilitated by the lack of self confidence That one gains from growing up In a home haunted by An angry ghost whose anger could only rest When imbibed Unconsciously he perpetuated his fathers failure When he quit trying

Lawn Chair

His grandson was not good at baseball. He did not possess the tools of his forefathers And was further cursed by being left handed Because he was told He kept on playing And inevitably rose Through Little League To Pony and Colt The year He made the JV team The starter at the only position He could play hit .800 Having the second string Firmly tethering him to the bench He helplessly watched His superior at the plate Where it appeared as if he had obtained the power To slow time just enough And see Every pitch To connect, than redirect the energy for yet another hit. The grandson knew full well he was too slow for the field And the wrong hand to catch So he started to bring a folding chair to games He soon stopped wearing spikes And donned flip flops instead Unknowingly accepting his failure as a preordained fate

Old Maid

In a minuscule excuse for a town Just off of Brigham Young's **Extended Mormon Trail** She found herself at 18 To be unwed Perhaps she was Still deeply hurt Or jilted by a first love Found in this severely limited Gene pool Or even, As speculated In fervent Hushed whispers Over backyard fences she was not interested In honoring her mission To their god Through heterosexual Means and ways Her parents agreed With society and deemed her to be no more a wizen piece of fruit Unsuitable to bear harvest In retribution For her sin She was sent packing to live with her aunt in Santa Ana who herself had fled From this small minded Pit of pernicious judgement As soon as she Could flee In revenge, she married the first Gentile Who offered his hand

Echo Park

Mac manifested destiny When he accepted the job in LA Once settled He worked to provide a life that replicated And reinforced the norms embedded In the American Dream Once the others who Were displaced From the neighboring ravine Started to invade His domain He took flight And landed in A new track development When the world erupted into A second conflagration He was Too old to be drafted And fight the rising tide Of Fascist Imperial Tyranny so Mac would dress up In surplus fatiques And stage one man parades throughout The new neighborhood Waving his flag And singing the siren songs of liberty And proclaiming freedom for most, But not all

Quittin' Time

In the dying glow That signals the conclusion of day The trees stretch and turn to fully gather This last offering Of exalted light in return they Reflect a joyous translucent gold At the tips of the branches where they cradle their future the cones are gently rocked to sleep Nestled within its roots In return for sharing Collective bounty The fungus sings a lullaby decomposed from ancient vibrations They tell the forming trees Of the seemingly eternal dance between fire, ice and wind The mushrooms offer wisdom And guidance For if, and when rooted the trees must simultaneously embrace Mother Earth With their heart While reaching their arms towards Father Sun And, at the end Of every day learn to accept The transitory temporal balance between What is real And unrequited To survive

Written, Composed, Performed and Produced: A_Non73

Recorded at Normieville Studios

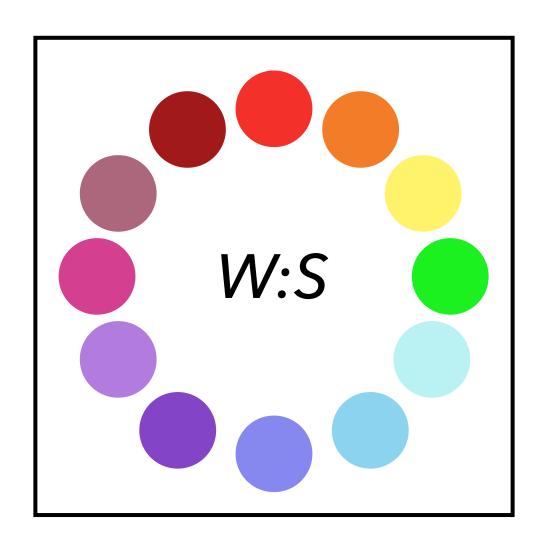
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Thank You

Prissilla - for your love and understanding
Re-Sister - for your honesty and courage
Daring Danny X - for the dubstep breakdown dances
Derek Lindsay - challenge accepted
Bryan Ehrhart - for the support



SUBURBAN UTOPIA PROJECTS



Suburban Utopia Projects Catalogue:

SUP #1 - Forks and Spoons, 2001

SUP #2 - Land of 1000 Odors, 2002

SUP #3 - We Watch the Lemons Sing, 2003

SUP #4 - Minority of One, 2003

SUP #5 - None of the Above, 2004

SUP #6 - The Gorilla X Show, 2005

SUP #7 - Weapons of Mass Frustration, 2016

SUP #8 - Ego and My Own, 2017

SUP #9 - Tales from the Panopticon, 2018

SUP #10 - Gorilla X Plays the Hits, Volume 1, 2019

SUP #11 - Spectral Semiotic Sound, 2019

SUP #12 - The John Dewey Experience, 2019

SUP #13 - Inland Empire, 2020

SUP #14 - Mutual Aid, 2020

SUP #15 - Spectacle Inc., 2021

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