

In 2012, i (hereby meaning me, Rev. Nørb, king of the wild frontier) released my first book, *THE ANNOTATED BORIS: Deconstructing the Lyrical Majesty of Boris The Sprinkler ((and Other Tales As the Need Arises))*, wherein I walked an unwitting (and likely unwilling) public through the meanings behind the lyrics of each and every song I wrote for Boris. With the 2019 release of *Vespa To Venus*, said tome is now woefully incomplete. To rectify this clearly untenable state of affairs, I offer the following blather, which represents my attempt to update the existing text to include the contents of our swanky new album (without going through all the pain and anguish of actually releasing an updated physical version of the book itself, because publishing books is such a pain). If you don't already have the book, you're a dick and should order one immediately. If you do already have the book, thanks for the dough, you're not like those other scoundrels. Now that we've taken care of the thorny matter of whether or not I already have your money, let's barrel feet first into the churning madness of the present, shall we?

## THE ANNOTATED VESPA TO VENUS

After the first Boris reunion show (Insubordination Fest in Baltimore, 2009), the post-reunion/*Mega Anal* lineup of myself, Paul #1, Paul #2 and Ric Six kept in contact a little more regularly than we had in previous years. We weren't exactly a *band* again, and we weren't particularly likely to ever *be* a full-time band again – what with Paul #2 up in Door County, Paul #1 stashed up in Wisconsin's north woods (Tomahawk, WI – the hometown of Pickles from Cartoon Network's *Metacocalypse*) (yes, it's a real place) (i think), Ric Six sequestered in the wilds of New Jersey, and your humble narrator holding down the fort in Titledown – but we all agreed that we had a general interest in doing the occasional Boris Thing, as circumstances dictated. And, as a consequence of our newly rekindled (though admittedly somewhat muted) interest in All Things Boris, we began to idly kick around the idea of doing another record someday. The band had fizzled fairly ingloriously, as often tends to be the case. Our final album did have some bright spots, but, on the whole, it thrilled nobody, including the band themselves. We began to idly and collectively speculate on the feasibility of someday pooling together enough songs to release a sixth – and, presumably, final – album (i'm not really counting our RAMONES and CIRCLE JERKS tribute albums, nor our live album [or two], as real albums. You can count them if you want to, but, frankly, that would just be weird so I suggest not doing so), just to kind of, you know, avenge our fizzling or whatever. We could go out on a bit of a higher note, and then our ghosts wouldn't need to tromp around town in eternal unfulfilled anguish after we died. We had no real plan in mind, of course – we just figured, well, *someday*, you know? Thru the magic of Messenger, we'd send around the occasional half-baked song idea – hare-brained gems with names like “The Ballad of Mighty Electro-Man,” “Who Cares, Who Cares, It's All a Buncha Shit” and “I Should Probably Move to Hawaii,” that sort of thing. For the better part of a decade, we made idle noises about someday making a new record, but we never took any substantive actions towards making that bright elusive butterfly of a new Boris album a reality. It was basically a bunch of dudes making up a bucket list item without feeling any

urgency towards checking said item off said bucket list. As the years passed, the world did not inch measurably closer towards a new Boris album. Alas.

In 2018 – now with three whole shows under our belts over the course of the preceding fifteen years – Boris (okay, me) had the brilliant idea to update our classic *“I’m Into BORIS THE SPRINKLER and I Throw Like a Fag”* t-shirt design from the 90’s to reflect a certain modern sensibility: We changed it to *“I’m Into BORIS THE SPRINKLER and MIKE PENCE is a Fag.”* That seemed screechingly hilarious for about fifteen minutes, but it didn’t exactly go down a storm in all quarters. Of course, as is practically required by law these days, all differences of opinion must now blow up into the a big social media brouhaha, so I found myself online in short order, putting out t-shirt-based fires (and probably starting new ones) and so forth. One of the posters on one of the relevant online threads was Mike Beer from Milwaukee’s Beer City Records, who booked Boris a few times back in the day and also handled the 2014 reissue of SUBURBAN MUTILATION’s immortal *The Opera Ain’t Over Til The Fat Lady Sings* album, originally a 1984 release by my first band (dude got it to be a Record Store Day 2014 release – that’s some singular genius right there, boy). While we all engaged in our spirited-but-reasonably-polite debating, Mike pulled me aside and told me that if Boris ever got together and recorded a new album, he’d put it out. Well, the writing on the wall don’t get no clearer than that, boyee! It was time to shit or get off the pot. AND SHIT WE DID! I’d also have to say that any lingering doubts I had about the old chestnut “there’s no such thing as bad publicity” were certainly laid to rest at this time.

Needless to say, The Boris Hit Factory churned into action: Half-assed song fragments were fleshed out into a state of full-assed-ness. Riffs were recorded in bedrooms and basements spread across two time zones; old song ideas were dredged up, punched up, polished or discarded. Files with names like “Ric BTS Song #2,” “BTS Song #3, Baby!” and “Potential BTS Song #4!” were hunted down in dimly-remembered folders and evaluated for seaworthiness. Despite being scattered to the winds, we were gonna come up with enough songs for an album, *and we were gonna do it by remote control*. We had to. We were on a mission from God. Those are important missions.

Simple Studios – the local recording concern owned and operated by Boris alumnus Eric #2, via which approximately 100% of all previous Boris albums were recorded – had gone the way of all flesh some years past. After a fully democratic process in which all bandmembers were encouraged to add to the discussion, it was decided that we would record the new album with Amos Pitsch at Appleton’s Crutch of Memory Studios (okay, choosing Amos to produce the new album wasn’t *quite* a fully democratic process. I actually kinda decided it around 2015, somewhere around Side 3 of Amos’s band TENEMENT’s *Predatory Headlights* album. I was like, *yeah, if we ever do another album, this guy’s producing it*. A few years later I broke the news to the band that Amos was producing the new album. A while after that I told Amos himself that Amos was producing the new album. Nobody argued the point so I figured it was a mandate from the people). Amos is a super-talented dude, he is or has been in a ton of bands – TENEMENT, DUSK, he was even in the PAUL COLLINS BEAT for a while, during that period where Wisconsinites infested the band like emerald ash borers. He also seemed weird enough that he could kinda relate to us (always an important concern in Borisland). We blocked off a few days to record in March, 2019 – the time of year when Paul #2 klozes up his soup shop for a month – and hunkered down in the studio. It was do or die. DO OR DIE, I TELL YOU!

Now, strictly speaking, there is no “right” nor “wrong” way for a band to record an album. However you can get the tunes on tape and out the door is fair game. That said, four guys showing up at the recording studio having *never once practiced the songs together* is a lot closer to the “wrong” end of the spectrum than it is to “right.” You’re really not supposed

to go into the studio without ever once having practiced the songs you're recording. Which, of course, is exactly what we did: We learned the songs from the mp3s we sent around to each other, and showed up ready to record them, without ever once having the benefit of practicing them together. Boris is as Boris does.



Now, the Boris Method of recording is fairly straightforward: We run thru the songs until we get a good take on each of them, but we only keep the drums and bass from the original recording. We then go back and re-record the guitars (generally twice), then add the real vocals, eliminating the original guitar and vocal tracks in the process. After that we add any backing vocals, handclaps, keyboards, pan flutes or other miscellany that the song may require. Thus, on the first day of recording we showed up at Amos's, set up, got our levels, ran through the first song a few times until we were reasonably confident with it, then started recording until we got a take with which we were more or less satisfied. Then we'd move on to the second song, run through it a few times, hit the record button, and bash through it til we got it right. Lather, rinse, repeat. We came into the studio with seventeen songs (there was one outtake, "6/8

Time Got No Place In Rock & Roll," which did not live to see the light of day). Ya figure we probably ran through each song two or three times before recording it, then we probably took two or three whacks at it before we got a good version – so we likely played the equivalent of 85 or 90 or even 100 songs in one grueling day in the studio. By the time we'd gotten thru all seventeen, we were absolutely spent. We were exhausted physically, exhausted mentally, and exhausted in ways which currently lack formal definition. *We wuz beat!* The guys couldn't play another note; my voice was ground down to a hoarse whisper. On the bright side, we knew we more-or-less nailed the bass and drums aspect of things. On the darker side, Paul #1 and I still had to come in the next day *and re-do all our parts*, since we didn't intend to keep the guitar or vocal tracks from the first day's session. *Sheesh!* We did indeed troop through the next day's session – I drank so much Throat Coat® tea and honey I was shitting hippies – but I do kind of wish I hadn't beaten the crap out of my voice the day before I recorded my keeper vocal tracks, and I'd imagine Paul #1 might've yearned for a few fresher fingers that day as well. After recording, I sort of sat around with Amos for about twenty minutes while he started getting ready to mix it, and decided that he was really kind of the mad scientist type who needed to be left alone in his laboratory to nurture his latest fiendish creation into life, so I split, leaving Amos to mix it on his lonesome in his Dungeon O' Rock. He sent us mixes, we sent him replies, he sent us more mixes, and, eventually, the mixing of the album was handled in largely the same manner as was the writing of the album: By some dudes tapping on their phones. *Welcome to the 21<sup>st</sup> Century! Please plug in your charger!*



We'd spent Wednesday, Thursday, and part of Friday recording. On that Saturday, we hauled our exhausted carcasses up to the throbbing metropolis of Ephraim, WI (population 288, which is the same as the number of pages in *The Annotated Boris*) for Paul #2's annual Ephraim City Limits music festival. The yearly two-hour shindig is held every winter within the friendly confines of Paul's tiny soup shop, the Czarnuska Soupbar (try the *kapusniak* if you dare!), seating capacity about 25, give or take some people out back peeing off the deck. Milwaukee's hardcore stalwarts HOLY SHIT! play each year; this year those suave bastards were joined by BORIS under the *nom de soup* of THE EPHRAIM GREEN-SHOED COWBOYS (itself a play on "The London Green Shoed Cowboys," an alias employed by the ROLLING STONES for pseudo-incognito gigs), where we rumbled through all sixteen of the new songs (and one bad encore) just to say we did it. Ephraim City Limits is set up with the band playing in Czarnuska's kitchen, with the teeming throngs corralled in the dining area. Seconds before we started playing, we posed for a few random photos – we tossed one on the front cover (courtesy of Ric's lovely wife Kat) and the rest was history. I wasn't really planning on wearing a 99-cent cowboy hat on the cover of our new album, but I guess fate dictates fashion to a certain extent. The highlight of the evening was likely when I fell backwards off of the counter into the drums. Timebomb Tom described my state of crumpled-heap-ness as "looking like the supervillain in a comic book after the superhero hits him with his Sunday punch." All in a day's work.



The album came out looking splendid, certainly our finest-looking packaging to date. Beer City sprung for not only a full-color jacket, but a full-color *sleeve* as well, and even a sticker on the outside of the shrink wrap (on which I somehow managed to misspell "SPRINKLER," go me). In addition to the regular black vinyl copies, they pressed up limited amounts of the record in clear and green vinyl, which sold out weeks before the album was actually released. The local record store even held a midnight opening for its release (somewhat suitably, on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>). And, while I doubt the album redefines Boris for a Brave New Millennium, or would impel the longtime listener to dump their copies of *Saucer To Saturn*, *Mega Anal* or *Suck* into the nearest waste receptacle, by

all accounts, the record fulfilled its primary objective: To sound like a Boris album. Join us, then, in the merry excavation of the heretofore obscured lyrical references behind... VESPAAAAA TOOOO VEEENUSSS, veeeenusss, veeeenusss...

## I TELL YA! TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

(Words & Music Nørb)

I believe this song started out about two decades ago as “I’m an Idjit For Ya, Gidget,” some random thing I banged out on an acoustic guitar to no one’s great joy. Sometime around 2011, I reworked it to something similarly pointless called “I’m In Love With Semolina Pilchard” (you know, after that line in “I Am The Walrus” by THE BEATLES – “Semolina Pilchard climbing up the Eiffel Tower”). I’m not sure why, apart from the fact that I thought it would be fun to introduce it like Joe from THE QUEERS – “I’M IN LOVE WITH SEMOLINA PILCHAAAAAAHD!” Ric wound up transposing my original (and perhaps not-so-stunning) music to Apple GarageBand, an app with which he was reasonably enamored at the time. Although his efforts delivered the rather unexpected effect of making the music sound kind of cool, as our interest in writing new tunes waxed and waned over the years, the mp3 file sort of drifted off into limbo and we forgot about it for – oh, I dunno, five-to-seven years or so. One evening, I was walking along the Fox River Trail with my phone playing songs on shuffle play, when this mysterious, wordless tune came blasting out of its tiny speaker. I was initially like “*what the hell is this? This is cool!*” before I realized that it was us. Needless to say, the song was pressed into service immediately. I figured the song clearly possessed the requisite get-up-and-go of an album-starter-offer song, so I set about to craft a song that would have no point whatsoever *other* than to start off an album. I figured that would take some of the guesswork out of the sequencing. I decided to call it “I Tell Ya! Tonight! Tonight!” because I wanted it to sound kind of stupid and insane and over-the-top, a la “Tonight I’m Gonna Rock You Tonight” by SPINAL TAP. You know when you’re looking to SPINAL TAP for aesthetic inspiration you’re on the right track.

Come on everybody 'cause we got a couple things to tell ya  
Come on everybody 'cause we got a couple shirts to sell ya<sup>983</sup>

We got 96 Tears<sup>984</sup> times 138<sup>985</sup>

You wanna do it now<sup>986</sup> don't wanna wait wait wait yeah

Come on everybody 'cause we're gonna have some fun

Come on everybody 'cause it's Paul Number One<sup>987</sup>

I TELL YA! TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

Come on everybody gotta jacket like Gene October<sup>988</sup>

Your mama don't dance and your daddy just messed you over<sup>989</sup>

The cat's in the cradle<sup>990</sup> and the cake's in the rain<sup>991</sup>

983 I speak truth to power.

984 This is a reference to the '60s punk classic “96 Tears” by ? AND THE MYSTERIANS

985 And this is a reference to “We Are 138” by the MISFITS. I guess I do own that record, come to think of it.

986 Do *what* now? Unimportant! IT, man! IT!

987 I have no idea what inspired me to put the band members' names in the song. What are we, the BEASTIE BOYS?

988 Gene October was the lead singer in CHELSEA, an early London punk band. I figure he has some pretty cool jackets.

989 This is, of course, a reference to “Your Mama Don't Dance” (“and your daddy don't rock & roll”), a #4 hit for Loggins & Messina in 1972.

990 From “Cat's In The Cradle,” a #1 hit for Harry Chapin in 1974. Maybe you've heard it once or twice?

991 The line “someone left the cake out in the rain” was from the doopy ballad “Macarthur Park,” a #2 hit in 1968 for Richard Harris and a #1 disco hit in the '70s for Donna Summer. I would like to expound at great length about the genius behind making reference to Harry Chapin, Loggins & Messina and Donna Summer in the same song, but, to be honest... I have no fucking idea why all these song snippets would be stuck in my head and why I would be thrusting them upon

Gotta put something in your brain brain brain<sup>992</sup> yeah  
Come on everybody won'tcha finish that Twix<sup>993</sup>  
Come on everybody 'cause it's – Ric Six!  
I TELL YA! TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

I TELL YA!  
I TELL YA!  
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT I MAKE MY MOVE AGAIN!<sup>994</sup>

Come on everybody I been hearing that the kids are delicious<sup>995</sup>  
They fight for justice<sup>996</sup> and they're not into asking permishus<sup>997</sup>  
Everyday staring at the tiles in the floor<sup>998</sup>  
Praying everybody's gonna see one more<sup>999</sup>, yeah  
The sheep's in the meadow and  
the cow's in the goo<sup>1000</sup>  
Come on everybody 'cause it's Paul Number Two  
I TELL YA! TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

I TELL YA!  
I TELL YA!  
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT I MAKE MY MOVE, HEY!

I TELL YA!  
I TELL YA!  
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT I MAKE MY MOVE AGAIN!



you, the unwary consumer. I just kinda roll with it these days. '70s DAMAGE IS LASTING AND SEVERE!

992 Music? Drugs? A cake cutter? I dunno man, the call for action is strong but often unspecific!

993 If you can rhyme your bass player's name with a candy bar, you gotta do it.

994 Whenever bands who have been out of commission for an extended period of time get back together and release a record, the first song almost invariably contains some type of acknowledgment of the situation, usually veiled in some manner of ambivalent relationship metaphor (e.g., "That Was Then, This Is Now" by the MONKEES). I figure this is sort of my concession to that phenomenon: We (the band) will be making our "move" (the meaning of which is left wholly ambiguous) again; perhaps you (the listener, possibly older and slightly more decommissioned as well) might be considering making your move again as well. Together, we shall boldly make our moves again! Whatever that means!

995 There's a garbled bit of dialogue before the guitar solo in the song "I Feel Like a Dictionary" by THE TREND (the Missouri band). I initially thought they were saying "The kids are delicious!" which I thought was an amazingly cheeky and audacious thing to say before a guitar solo. After numerous listenings, I determined that the line was actually "guitar, pl-lay," which is much less cheeky and audacious, although you gotta kinda wonder what kinda psycho-acoustic gymnastics my brain had to go through to hear "guitar, pl-lay" as "the kids are delicious."

996 That whole Parkland massacre BS happened when I was writing these words, and I was thinking about those kids – Emma Gonzalez and David Hogg and so forth. Those kids are a-okay with me. It's a sad commentary on the state of the nation when teenagers have to be the goddamn adults in the room.

997 Rhymes with "delicious"

998 Like when you're hiding under your desk from a shooter, although maybe that doesn't work that well.

999 One more DAY, not one more TILE.

1000 From the line "the sheep's in the meadow and the cow's in the corn" from *Little Boy Blue*. At least I got off the '70s AM radio hit thing for a verse.

## [SHE GOT DA] WONK SHICKY-SHICKY WONK WONK

(Words & Music Nørb)

This one came from the early days of Boris song-idea-exchanging, I believe I just started banging on an acoustic guitar and yelling whatever came into my mind; as so often happens, what came into my mind was “SHE GOT DA WONK SHICKY-SHICKY WONK WONK!” I wasn't really trying to write a song, I was just yelling random crap. Needless to say, I know a hit when I randomly yell one! What, precisely, the “wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk” is is never defined. As with “Why Can't I Touch It” by the BUZZCOCKS, to which this song clearly owes a spiritual debt, the listener is inclined to infer that the *Wonk Shicky-Shicky Wonk Wonk* is pussy, but this is never outright stated. It could be venereal disease, or a brightly-painted rock! And, as with “Why Can't I Touch It,” the song progresses through the five senses in the service of this nebulous but apparently highly sought-after item.

Graft my head on Rosie Grier<sup>1001</sup>  
anything so I can see her  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk

Grow a beard like *Mirror, Mirror*<sup>1002</sup>  
Anything so I can hear her  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk

She got da wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk, yeah  
She got da wonk shicky-shicky-wonk ay-yi-yi-yi-yo<sup>1003</sup>  
She got da wonk shicky-wicky, shicky-wonk, shicky-wicky-wacky  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk  
(yeah, just-a hasenpfeffer hasenpfeffer...  
yeah, just-a hasenpfeffer hasenpfeffer<sup>1004</sup>)

Running over Edith Keeler<sup>1005</sup>  
Anything so I can feel her  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk ooh la la la

1001 Rosie Grier was an NFL player who turned actor in the '70s. His crowning achievement in the field of cinema was perhaps *The Thing With Two Heads*, a low-budget horror film in which actor Ray Milland's character's head is grafted onto Rosie Grier's character's body (with Rosie's head still attached). “*They transplanted a WHITE BIGOT'S HEAD onto a SOUL BROTHER'S BODY!*”

1002 “Mirror Mirror” was the *Star Trek* episode in which Kirk found himself on the Enterprise of an alternate universe where everyone was evil. Alternate universe Spock was recognizable by his goatee, which has now become a standard sci-fi trope indicating evil-alternate-self-ness. I used to have a beard like that in the mid-'80s but it would take one hell of a wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk to convince me to grow it back.

1003 “Can't you tell, take a look at my *eye-yi-yi-yi-yo*” was a line from the song “High Time” by the ZERO BOYS circa 1982.

1004 This is just nonsense and means nothing. My original nonsense words here were “yeah, just an oscillator, oscillator,” which is nowhere near as amusing as hasenpfeffer.

1005 Another *Star Trek* reference, this time to the “City at the Edge of Forever” episode. Kirk, Spock and McCoy wind up back on Earth during the Depression; McCoy falls in love with Joan Collins' character, Edith Keeler, but in order to keep the timeline in working order they have to let her get fatally hit by a car, as history dictates.



Live a life like Helen Keller<sup>1006</sup>  
Anything so I can smell her  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk

She got da wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk, yeah  
She got da wonk shicky-shicky-wonk ay-yi-yi-yi-yo  
She got da wonk shicky-wicky, shicky-wonk, shicky-wicky-wacky  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk  
(yeah, just-a hasenpfeffer hasenpfeffer... yeah, just-a hasenpfeffer hasenpfeffer)

I don't know why she said goodbye  
or why she gotta come across so dreamy (hoo, hoo hoo)<sup>1007</sup>  
But askin' why she's ridin' high's like  
askin' why a Double Stuf<sup>1008</sup> is creamy (a-can't you hear me)

Davy, Micky, Mike and Peter<sup>1009</sup>  
Anything so I can eat her  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk ooga chaka ooga chaka<sup>1010</sup>

Trade tomorrow for a a night of  
Sex and drugs and dynamite<sup>1011</sup> and  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk

She got da wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk, yeah  
She got da wonk shicky-shicky-wonk ay-yi-yi-yi-yo  
She got da wonk shicky-wicky,  
shicky-wonk, shicky-wicky-wacky  
Wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk  
(yeah, just-a hasenpfeffer hasenpfeffer... yeah, just-a  
hasenpfeffer hasenpfeffer...  
yeah, just-a hasenpfeffer hasenpfeffer...  
brother beg your pardon<sup>1012</sup> but the getting is good)



1006 I don't think I need to explain who Helen Keller is, but you gotta admit, suggesting that you'd go through life deaf and blind if you could just sniff someone's wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk once in a while is glorious in its utter depravity.

1007 This bridge is completely ripped off from the bridge in the song "Vibrations" by LANCELOT LINK & THE EVOLUTION REVOLUTION, the all-chimpanzee band from the 1970 Saturday morning TV show *Lancelot Link, Secret Chimp*. If you haven't heard the album, released on ABC/Dunhill, it is, almost without question, the best bubblegum album of all time. Their lyrics went "I wanna walk you home from school and tell you that I always want you near me (hoo hoo), 'cause every time I touch you those vibrations come through so loud and clearly, a-can't you hear me," so this was pretty much a straight-up jack. I am no doubt being investigated by A.P.E. right this minute.

1008 Now this *definitely* means an Oreo® and nothing else!

1009 THE MONKEES, of course. This has no real meaning, but it rhymes nicely.

1010 "Ooga chaka" is, of course, from the beginning of "Hooked On a Feeling" by BLUE SWEDE. Back to the '70s I guess.

1011 This doesn't keep with the "five senses" theme – I ran out of senses – but is left over from my original nonsense words.

1012 This might be the first tribute to "Mississippi Queen" by MOUNTAIN since COUCH FLAMBEAU covered it.



## [WHAT DID THE DOG DO NOW?]

(Words Nørb, Music Ric)

Ric really outdid himself on this record; not only did he lay down some absolutely cataclysmic basslines, he also wrote a good deal of the music for the record (in point of fact, I rather spaced out giving him writing credit on two songs on the lyric sheet. Oooooops!) Now, when Paul #1 writes music, it's usually fairly easy for me to write words to it. I just kinda put it on and walk around going *do-de-do-de-do* until something lyrical emerges from the primordial muck. The way forward kinda comes easily to me. Ric's songs, however, present more of a challenge in that when I listen to them, all I can think of is *"how in the hell am I supposed to write words to THAT?"* I can never initially figure out quite where the verses go, where the choruses go, how to sing it, where to even begin, really. Ric's songs are different, less obvious, and I have to concoct relatively novel approaches (well, for me) in order to get a workable solution down. It tends to take me quite a while to hammer out an approach for a Ric tune, but I think, in the end, the juice is worth the squeeze: These songs came out pretty cool.

In case you weren't beaten over the head quite enough by the metaphor upon which the premise of this song revolves, the "dog" in question is Donald J. Trump. The lyrics thoughtfully compare living under the rule of this dipshit to living in a house with a dog that's always shitting on the floor (I'd like to apologize for the hurtfulness inherent in that last statement, it was unnecessarily cruel to dogs who are always shitting on the floor). For a while, it seemed like every other song on this record was gonna be about this bloated Nazi toad one way or another, but one day I was like *screw it, this asshole isn't my frigging muse*, and I moved on. Special thanks to Ric's coon hound Henry for supplying the barks at the end!

Bump stocks, voter blocs, Diet Coke<sup>1013</sup> and news on Fox  
Last call, build a wall, take a picture of it all  
Vote red, kids dead, shoot 'em gently in the head  
Websites, gunsights, humans against human rights

When you hear the news, don't it make you wanna cry-yi-yi-i-yiii<sup>1014</sup>  
When you hear the news, don't it make you wanna sigh-i-i-e-iiii  
When you hear the news, it make you wanna say goodbye-yi-yi-e-yiii<sup>1015</sup>

More blood, more coal, be a man and take control  
Sweet talk, scrape and bow<sup>1016</sup> – what did the dog do now?  
What did the dog do now? (x3)

Flags at half-staff, paratrooper teaching staff  
More floods, more cots, Russian cats and Russian bots

1013 I don't drink diet colas (or even caffeine) anymore, but I got to say that anyone who prefers Diet Coke to Diet Pepsi is a real dipshit.

1014 I wanted to sing this part in a falsetto, like Frankie Valli. My throat had other plans.

1015 Maybe move, maybe commit suicide... you know, whatever.

1016 World leaders have easily figured out that to get their way with this dodo, all they need to do is to flatter him and kiss his ass, as he kisses the asses of Russia and Saudi Arabia. Donald J. Trump: The "Lucky Pierre" part of the human centipede.

Hey ho, Sheriff Joe<sup>1017</sup>, stop and frisk and in they go  
Shoot first, shoot to kill,  
DRILL DRILL DRILL DRILL DRILL DRILL DRILL DRILL<sup>1018</sup>

When you hear the news, don't it make you wanna cry-yi-yi-i-yiii  
When you hear the news, don't it make you wanna sigh-i-i-e-iiii  
When you hear the news, it make you wanna say goodbye-yi-yi-e-yiii

More blood, more coal<sup>1019</sup>, be a man and take control  
Sweet talk, scrape and bow – what did the dog do now?  
What did the dog do now? (x3)

*(WIGGY .38 SPECIAL STYLE SOLO)*

Cold hands, warm trigger, don't you know my button's bigger<sup>1020</sup>  
Sweet talk, scrape and bow – what did the dog do now?  
What did the dog do now? (x3)

**BIPPY**

*(Word Nørb, Music Ric)*

This was originally an instrumental Ric wrote entitled “Attack of the Gleanoids,” intended for his surf album. I don't know precisely what a “gleanoid” is, but, since neither the attack nor the surf album seems to have materialized (yet), I'm imagining some settlement was reached between the album and the Gleanoid race, and Earth is spared their fury. As with “(What Did The) Dog Do (Now?),” I was utterly perplexed as to how to proceed adding lyrics to this one. When all else fails, however, I just start singing nonsense words – and I wound up enjoying the nonsense words so much I just kept them as the real words. I don't know if a “bippy” is generally of greater or lesser value than a “wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk,” but I do know that on the TV show *Laugh-In* back in the '60s, they would always say “you bet your bippy,” so it must be an item of no small import.

Baum, baum, baum, bippy bippy!  
Baum, baum, baum, bippy bippy!  
Baum, baum, baum, bippy bippy!  
Baum, baum, baum, bippy bippy!  
Baum, baum, baum, bippy bippy!  
Baum, baum, bippy bippy bippy!

1017 Joe Arpaio. If you ever lose sight of how bullshit America is, just take note of his pardoning by the president. Rich old white guys make the rules that their racist thugs enforce, but have no need to follow the rules themselves. Bah humbug.

1018 As a verse-based hook in a song of this nature, this pales behind REM's “Leonard Bernstein!”, but at least I understood the need for a hook here.

1019 STRENGTH THRU NINETEENTH CENTURY TECHNOLOGY

1020 Dude seriously went there vs. North Korea. Like, really? We're really gonna do “mine's bigger” during a face-off between two nuclear armed nations? Of course, that was before Trump grafted his mouth onto Kim Jong-Il's anus, so maybe he's over it.

Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy bippy!

Baum, HEY! *HEY WHAT?*<sup>1021</sup> Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! *HEY WHAT?* Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! *HEY WHAT?* Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! *HEY WHAT?* Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! *HEY WHAT?* Baum, HEY! Bippy bippy!  
Baum, HEY! *HEY WHAT?* Bippy bippy bippy!

...Bippy!

## **GAMMA RAY GIRL**

*(Words Nørb, Music Ric)*

During the last hurrahs of Boris (circa 2002), I had written a song called “Garbage Night Girl” that never gained any traction within the band. It was a cheerful little ditty about killing and dismembering one's girlfriend, then taking her remains out with the trash. Can't imagine why that one couldn't garner any interest. The same night I was walking along the Fox River Trail and found the long-forgotten music to what became “I Tell Ya! Tonight! Tonight!” on my phone, I unearthed the music to this one, too – seemingly from Ric's same GarageBand session. I quickly realized that it sounded enough like “Garbage Night Girl” that the lyrics would fit right in (it sounded *so* much like “Garbage Night Girl,” in fact, that I forgot Ric wrote it! Oooooops again!); problem being that times change, and maybe writing a song about killing and dismembering your girlfriend isn't all that appealing these days. A little inspired tinkering, and “Garbage Night Girl” became “Gamma Ray Girl,” which doesn't have much significance above and beyond the fact that I needed something with which to replace the phrase “Garbage Night.” If you'd like to see the “gamma ray” aspect of things to mean “a girl who likes science-fictiony stuff,” “a girl with green hair” or “a girl who has been irradiated to the point where she's now eight feet tall and green,” you go right ahead and think that, I ain't gonna stop ya. At its core, the song is just a more-or-less standard pop tune about beatin' the bushes to find your true love... my girlfriend lives two hundred miles away from me; I met her at a show in 1997 and we started dating eighteen years later! Love will find a way, dude! This is one of a tiny number of Boris songs end via fadeout; the only others I can think of off the top of my head are “Little Yellow Box” and “Son Of Musical Interlude.” It's kind of a lost art

Varoom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop-bop  
Varoom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop-bop  
Varoom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop, chicky-chicky  
Oom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop-bop

1021 This call and response cadence is loosely patterned after that naughty chant that kids would do during “Mony, Mony.”

Wreckless Eric<sup>1022</sup> said I probly needed a plane  
Dr. Quinzel<sup>1023</sup> said it was a little insane  
Peter Perrett<sup>1024</sup> said you were on some other world<sup>1025</sup>  
But i'm gonna get to you my little gamma ray girl  
Gamma ray girl, you know you're gonna be stuck with me  
til we're playing harps with Darryl Kile<sup>1026</sup> and Jack Buck<sup>1027</sup>

Varoom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop-bop  
Varoom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop-bop

Buddy Holly told me that I needed a flight<sup>1028</sup>  
The Underminer<sup>1029</sup> asked me if I needed a light<sup>1030</sup>  
Google Chrome suggested I try some other url  
But i'm gonna get to you my little gamma ray girl  
You could hide in the future, but don't even try  
'cause i'll be freezin' in a tube with Mr. Philip J. Fry<sup>1031</sup>

Varoom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop-bop  
Varoom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop-bop  
Varoom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop, chicky-chicky  
Oom bop-bop, chicky-chicky bop-bop

Dr. Banner<sup>1032</sup> told me that I gotta get a gamma ray  
Gonna track her down, from Poland<sup>1033</sup> to Piscataway<sup>1034</sup>  
Dr. Banner told me that I gotta get a gamma ray girl

My gamma ray girl (x a million)

1022 This song is clearly heavily indebted to WRECKLESS ERIC's 1978 smash "(I'd Go The) Whole Wide World," in case you didn't notice

1023 Dr. Harleen Quinzel, aka Harley Quinn – the Joker's wacko henchperson/romantic foil.

1024 Peter Perrett was the lead singer of the ONLY ONES, an English band of the late '70s...

1025 ...who are best-remembered for their song "Another Girl, Another Planet!"

1026 Darryl Kile was a pitcher for the St. Louis Baseball Cardinals; he died of a heart attack before a June 2002 game against the Cubs.

1027 Jack Buck was a long-time St. Louis Cardinals announcer, who also died in June 2002. Can you tell I wrote words in June, 2002? Of course, back then, *she* was playing a harp; now we're both playing harps *together*. Isn't it romantic?

1028 Too soon?

1029 The Underminer is the Mole Man-esque villain who appears at the tail end of *The Incredibles* (also in the video game).

1030 He lives in a dark, underground kingdom, hence he'd... yeah, have a light. You get it.

1031 Fry, of course, is the main character from the *Futurama* cartoon – a pizza delivery guy who winds up bumbling his way into a cryogenic freezing tube on New Year's Eve, 1999, only to wake up a thousand years later. The implication here is that my desire cannot be thwarted by time travel, as I will simply freeze myself until I can catch up and thaw out.

1032 Dr. Robert Bruce Banner, who, via exposure to gamma rays, occasionally turns into the Incredible Hulk. I'd recite the dialogue from the beginning of the *Incredible Hulk* TV show here, but they call him "David Banner" on it and the hell with that.

1033 Incidentally, Paul #2's wife is from Poland.

1034 Also incidentally, Ric's wife is from New Jersey (though I don't believe she's specifically from Piscataway). None of that was intended, I just like alliteration and it's sort of fitting.



# ROCK & ROLL TANGERINE

(Words & Music Nørb)

I kinda love this song. It came to me out of the blue when I was at work one day, “*the kids sit in front of their TV screens, eating their rock & roll tangerines,*” and I just kinda ran with it. I wrote it, and re-wrote it, and re-wrote it some more, all in my head at work, over the course of i-have-no-idea-how-many months. I was in the ONIONS at the time, but the song definitely didn't sound like ONIONS material. Since there wasn't any pressing demand for new BORIS songs, I just kept refining it in my head at work – my job is kinda dull and it gave me something to do. I'd sing it to myself and time it, to see if it needed to be longer or shorter, tinker with the words this way and that – basically, if this song sucks, it's not from lack of painstaking calculation on my part. The moral of the story, as far as I've been able to pin it down, is that rock & roll triumphs over oppression, and, if you serve it well and faithfully all your life, it, in turn, will serve you. I kinda see the verses as following the protagonist thru childhood, their teen years, and their adulthood, whilst the chorus can be seen as standing opposed to whatever old dingbat fascist dick is in charge of things. Admittedly, this might be a bit of a grandiose claim for a song called “Rock & Roll Tangerine,” but my wild hyperbole thrills the masses!

The kids sit inside of their lonely house<sup>1035</sup>  
Clicking out a summons on their rock & roll mouse<sup>1036</sup>  
Just to find the last known whereabouts  
of a sound as down as Danger Mouse<sup>1037</sup>  
They'll never cast their vote for you  
They cast their lot with rock & roll!<sup>1038</sup>

The kids sit in front of their TV sets<sup>1039</sup>  
Playin' their rock & roll castanets<sup>1040</sup>  
While the girl who plays for the New York Mets<sup>1041</sup>  
Leads a backing band of Boba Fetts<sup>1042</sup>  
They'll never cast their vote for you  
They cast their lot with rock & roll!

1035 I always liked the beginning of “Kids In America” by Kim Wylde, and hoped this part would sound kinda like that part.

1036 Alienated youth, man! They're looking online for kindred musical souls and/or music with which to soothe their savage breast!

1037 *Danger Mouse* was a British cartoon series from the early '80s. I admit I never actually watched the show, but I loved the name and assumed DM was, you know, *down*.

1038 Rock & roll kids ain't gonna elect no bloated Nazi toads, pal! Believe it!

1039 TV sets are generally considered antithetical to rock & roll, however...

1040 ...when I was between the ages of about four and six, Saturday morning television was awash in shows where music played a huge role. *Everything's Archie* cast the Riverdale gang as a struggling teen band, with new songs every week (“Sugar Sugar” was the #1 selling record in America in 1969), the *Monkees* show was in reruns on Saturday mornings – there was *Josie & The Pussycats*, *the Banana Splits*, and, of course LANCELOT LINK & THE EVOLUTION REVOLUTION on *Lancelot Link, Secret Chimp*. Of course we were gonna grow up to be in bands! Just about everybody we saw on TV on Saturday morning was in a band!

1041 Girls do not, at this time, play for the New York Mets, or in any major men's professional sport. This line suggests a more inclusive future where that status quo has been quashed, or, at bare minimum, adjusted.

1042 Boba Fett is the bounty hunter from the *Star Wars* franchise; this line suggests inclusion for sci-fi nerds as well.

Well! T-A-N-G-E-R-ayn<sup>1043</sup>  
Your mouth keeps a movin' so we know that you're lyin'<sup>1044</sup>  
T-A-N-G-E-R-een  
Rock and roll is mighty keen!<sup>1045</sup>

The kids sit inside of their dirty jeans<sup>1046</sup>  
Eatin' their rock & roll tangerines<sup>1047</sup>  
While East Side Jeanie<sup>1048</sup> from the South Side Scene<sup>1049</sup>  
Wipes the West Wing<sup>1050</sup> windows with Vaseline<sup>1051</sup>  
They'll never cast their vote for you  
They cast their lot with rock & roll!

Well! T-A-N-G-E-R-ayn  
Your mouth keeps a movin' so we know that you're lyin'  
T-A-N-G-E-R-een  
Rock and roll is mighty keen!

(SOLO)

The kids sit inside of their dressing room  
Touching up their makeup in the rock & roll gloom<sup>1052</sup>  
Just to simulate a sonic boom  
That's thirteen Thors times Dr. Doom<sup>1053</sup>  
They'll never cast their vote for you  
They cast their lot with, well... you get it!<sup>1054</sup>

The kids sit inside of their dirty jeans  
Eatin' their rock & roll tangerines  
While East Side Jeanie from the South Side Scene  
Wipes the West Wing windows with Vaseline  
They'll never cast their vote for you  
They cast their lot with rock & roll! (x3)

1043 It didn't occur to me immediately that the "ayn" pronunciation was the same as that of Ayn Rand, the objectivist philosopher whose support of laissez-faire capitalism is beloved by modern conservatives because they think it supports their god-given right to screw everybody else over – but it sure the hell fits. Happy accident!

1044 Sound like someone you know?

1045 You gotta admit, not too many bands besides us can describe rock & roll as "mighty keen" with a straight face.

1046 As the last verse was about childhood, this verse is about teen years. Prime jean-wearing age!

1047 I'm thinking that "rock & roll tangerine" = pussy, but that's what I thought about "wonk shicky-shicky wonk wonk" too.

1048 "East Side Jeanie" is mentioned in the song "Gates of the West" by THE CLASH. Nice to see she's still hanging out!

1049 I don't really know how East Side Jeanie can be part of the South Side Scene (the line in "Gates of the West" goes "East Side Jeanie and South Side Sue both said they needed something new," but "South Side Sue" didn't really rhyme with what I needed it to rhyme with, so I guess I made it into a scene instead.

1050 I probably just should have had it be "White House windows" but I'm nutty for alliteration.

1051 Sucks that we don't pronounce "V" sounds like the Germans, because then it would be "Waseline."

1052 A ha! Now the main character is all grown up, and in a band of their own! *The circle be unbroken!*

1053 I don't know if you read comic books or not, but thirteen Thors times Dr. Doom would be one hell of a racket.

1054 My favorite part of the whole song!

# SPIDER BABY

(Words Nørb, Music Paul #1)

A cool Paul #1 number... no real inspiration behind the words; I just played Paul's guitar track over and over again at work, and started singing whatever came into my head – which wound up being “*spider lady rock on wit' cho bad self*” (I eventually changed it from *lady* to *baby* because I'm not in fricking GEORDIE). I see it as some dude trying to pick up some hot, dark and damaged chick – he is not successful, but he wishes her well regardless because he respects her uniqueness. The “day after day” parts I had in my head for about fifteen years, but I never could figure out a way to build a song around them; they fit perfectly in Paul's song so in they went. It will horrify many to know that I wasn't aware that there was a movie entitled *Spider Baby* until after I'd written this song, but I do remember the Portland band the SPIDER BABIES from back in the day.

If the cupboard's bare, I'd come and see about it<sup>1055</sup>  
If we ain't going there, we could disagree about it<sup>1056</sup>  
If I tried then you could kick me in the knee about it<sup>1057</sup>  
All the other girls they get all Donny & Marie about it<sup>1058</sup>

Day after day I've been trying to limit consumption<sup>1059</sup>  
Day after day you've been keeping away  
And you say N-N-NO, N-N-NO, N-N-NO, N-N...  
Hmm-mm, hmm-mm...

If your boots are laced, then I'm up for a stompin'  
(You) can kick me in the face, at least you gave me sompin'<sup>1060</sup>  
If your soul's debased, I'll free you like a Lincoln<sup>1061</sup>  
My tongue's out for a taste, 'less that ain't what you're thinkin'<sup>1062</sup>

Day after day I been eating the bread of affliction<sup>1063</sup>  
Day after day you been keeping away  
And I say N-N-NO, N-N-NO, N-N-NO, N-N-YEAH!<sup>1064</sup>

1055 This sounds like a continuation of the song “I Can Help” by Billy Swan, which went to #1 in 1974. I have no idea what the hell all these 1970s Top 40 references are doing in our lyrics these days. I blame the *Guardians of the Galaxy*.

1056 i.e., “if we're not bound for a night of forbidden pleasure, that's fine, but my vote's for humping.”

1057 The dude realizes he is risking violence upon his person by broaching the subject...

1058 ...however, he respects a direct response more than he would mere Osmond-style moralizing on the matter.

1059 As I said, these words are about fifteen years old, and suggest the challenges inherent in being a drunk and chasing women at the same time.

1060 This dude is really ready to debase himself to land this girl!

1061 This is a pretty dumb line, but my girlfriend is from Springfield, IL – Lincoln's home – and it's good to sneak a reference in every now and again (although I assure you she is a very nice girl!)

1062 “I want to kiss, let's kiss! Uhh... unless you *don't* want to kiss, of course...”

1063 The song “Rockin' Religion” by MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER starts with the line “*Brothers and sisters, he who touches himself must eat – THE BREAD OF AFFLICTION!*” The implication is that the protagonist has been, indeed, touching himself.

1064 She says “*n-n-no, n-n-no, n-n-no*” but he says “*n-n-no, n-n-no, n-n-no, n-n-YEAH!*” This is the central tension whereby our drama is conceived!

Spider Baby rock on with your bad self<sup>1065</sup> (x3)  
Spider Baby rock on

If our lines are crossed, I could untangle 'em  
I think your arms are boss, I wouldn't mangle 'em<sup>1066</sup>  
If your soul's debased, I grade it triple-A  
If your life's erased, what's it matter anyway?<sup>1067</sup>

Day after day I been trying to outwit perception<sup>1068</sup>  
Day after day you been keeping away  
And you say N-N-NO, N-N-NO, N-N-NO, N-N-YEAH!<sup>1069</sup>

Spider Baby rock on with your bad self<sup>1070</sup> (x3)  
Spider Baby rock on YEAH WUP WUP  
Spider Baby rock on with your bad self (x3)  
Spider Baby rock on!

## BANG-SHANG-A-LANGRI-LA

(Words & Music Nørb)

This song also dates back to the last gasps of the band, circa 2002. It was my attempt to write a pure bubblegum song. The title is a *portmanteau* of “Shangri-La,” the fictional earthly paradise from James Hilton's 1933 novel *Lost Horizon*, and “Bang-Shang-a-Lang,” the first single from the ARCHIES. I kinda thought it would make a good song for NOBUNNY. It clocks in at 3:15, which makes it the second-longest “real” BORIS song after “I Don't Really Want To Walk To Taco Bell Without You.” After we wrapped up the recording, we discovered that I had failed to record an introduction for this song; Amos filled in for me with startling imitative accuracy. Paul #1's bit of studio chatter about eating a booger was in reference to the phrase I was using to convey the rhythm I wanted from the guitar part: *Eat a booger, eat a booger, eat a booger BIS-CUIT!* I suppose that's why I'm not a music teacher.

See that girl with paper cup<sup>1071</sup>  
She's trying to do her zipper up<sup>1072</sup>  
She thinks I'm gonna turn to stone today<sup>1073</sup>

1065 Rocking on with one's bad self was invented by the HUES CORPORATION in their song “Rock The Boat,” also a #1 hit in 1974. Jeebus, this is starting to get scary.

1066 The guy's object of desire cuts up her arms and he thinks she shouldn't. Admittedly a rather stupid line.

1067 As his prospects wane, the guy has moved from his initial pitch of helping her afford groceries to suggesting that if she's just going to be all gothy and suicidal and kill herself, why not just humor him and have sex with him first? A real Lance Romance type. Then again, you can't fault his logic.

1068 Aren't we all?

1069 Okay, now *she's* saying “n-n-no, n-n-no, n-n-no, n-n-YEAH!” Does the YEAH at the end cancel out all the NOs at the beginning? Is she in? Is she still out? Is our hero gonna score? Mixed signals! Ambiguous response! AAAHHH!!!

1070 The dude has given up chasing her (although he wouldn't kick her out of bed), and wishes her well because she's kind of cool. *And they all lived unhappily ever after!*

1071 I'm thinking that this all takes place at a kegger, in which case I suppose this should have been “plastic cup.” Maybe this is an environmentally-forward kegger?

1072 One is to understand that this girl with paper cup is likely in a state of potentially alcohol-induced disarray.

1073 She thinks the protagonist will be paralyzed by her charms, like with Medusa. Although I guess that was snakes.



But alone here in the city  
Where the miracles ain't pretty  
When the overture is done I'm on my way<sup>1074</sup>

Spendin' the daaaayy with you  
And havin' my waaayyy with you  
I could be feelin' okaaayyy with you  
But I won't stop and kick it 'less you're givin' me a ticket for  
Bang-Shang-a-Langri-La<sup>1075</sup>  
(are we goin' to) Bang-Shang-a-Langri-La  
(that river flowin' to) Bang-Shang-a-Lang-a,  
Lang-Shang-a-Lang-a,  
Lang-Shang-a-Lang-a-Ri-La

See that girl who look so fine  
She want me make me mine all mine<sup>1076</sup>  
She think i'm gonna fall down on my knees<sup>1077</sup>  
But alone here in the garden  
Where the fig leaves start to harden<sup>1078</sup>  
Such a pretty girl must have her pretty please<sup>1079</sup>

Spendin' the daaaayy with you  
And havin' my waaayyy with you  
I could be feelin' okaaayyy with you  
But I won't stop and kick it 'less you're givin' me a ticket for  
Bang-Shang-a-Langri-La  
(are we goin' to) Bang-Shang-a-Langri-La  
(that river flowin' to) Bang-Shang-a-Lang-a,  
Lang-Shang-a-Lang-a,  
Lang-Shang-a-Lang-a-Ri-La

And I ain't tellin' you no lies  
And I ain't sayin' nothin' but  
GIMME A KISS, come on  
GIMME A KISS, all right<sup>1080</sup>  
(etc.)

La la la!

1074 The guy figures he will make one legit attempt at currying this female's favor; if said attempt does not swiftly bear fruit, he will not spend an inordinate amount of time chasing her around.

1075 *Bang-Shang-a-Lang-Ri-La! An earthly garden of Eden!* This dude wants this girl to take him all the way to PARADISE, BABY!!! Otherwise he's not wasting his time.

1076 One can assume they're both drunk, and, regardless of any utterances to the contrary, they're both all about the ME ME ME aspect of the situation.

1077 Again, she expects to be begged for her charms; his mindset is of a more transactional bent.

1078 The Romans, of course, put fig leaves over the naughty bits of the Grecian statues. It's probably not the fig leaf that's getting hard, if'n ya catch my drift.

1079 The guy realizes that this is not happening without a certain amount of supplication on his part.

1080 The chase has been cut to!

# SCREAMIN' SISTER CYANIDE

(Words Nørb, Music Paul #1)

This song started out being called “Jivin' Sister Albatross” (sort of like the STONES' “Jivin' Sister Fanny,” one assumes) because that was what came out of my mouth when I was playing Paul's demo of it and singing along aimlessly at work. The song eventually mutated into a kind of dystopian horror story about being a low-level cog in the church/state/corporate machinery, with Screamin' Sister Cyanide being sort of a nun foreman or something – an Orwellian Sister Mary Elephant, if you will. This song sounded a lot like something that could have been on the SAINTS *Eternally Yours* album, so I decided while we were recording it that it needed some kind of saxophone part, since *Eternally Yours* was kind of notable for its horn arrangements (obviously not a real common thing in punk rock). I own a saxophone, but never learned how to play it – I used to play clarinet when I was a kid, so I always figured that if I ever needed to play something on the saxophone, I'd just stick it in my mouth and figure it out on the fly. So, the night after we got the basic recording down for this, I went home, downloaded a fingering chart for tenor sax, and figured out a simple, three-note sax part for the song, easy as pie. I got to the studio the next day, we rolled the tape, and my shit-simple, three-note progression turned out to be three completely wrong notes. I don't know if saxophones come in different keys like harmonicas or what, but my three notes were obviously way, WAY off. I was so embarrassed and flustered by my failure that I didn't stop to think that I probably could have taken a few minutes just to learn the part by ear, yet I was bound and determined that there was going to be *some* kind of horn action on this song (woodwinds *por vida!*), by golly, so I just told Amos to run the tape and I'd figure something out. What I came up with is BAAAAA4444... *honk honk!* BAAAAA4444... *honk honk!* – when it should have been BAAAAA4444... *Baaaaaa4444... baaaaaa4444*. It would have taken me like five minutes tops to figure out how to do it like I wanted to, but I cracked under pressure and the weight of the shame of my lack of instrumental mastery! Oh well.

Screamin' Sister Cyanide said she doubted my credentials  
Put me on the production line<sup>1081</sup> where the kids snap all my pencils<sup>1082</sup>  
She says her temple's built on truth and it isn't carbon dated<sup>1083</sup>  
Sent me out to spread the word, I imagine i'm elated<sup>1084</sup>  
  
17 citizens sitting thru this bit again<sup>1085</sup>, the circus<sup>1086</sup> ain't got no soul  
Then they send me out for spackle in the City of Holes<sup>1087</sup>

1081 I wonder if this guy is like me, two college degrees and a blue-collar job?

1082 Tossing the precocious young whippersnappers in amidst the everyday bullies is an effective way of maintaining order.

1083 This implies the religious rejection of scientific principles. Big business says it would like to pollute the planet until it's absolutely uninhabitable; The Church says don't worry about the pollution, Jesus is coming 'most any day now to rapture all the true believers off to Froopyland anyway; The Government says we have to respect The Church; Big Business pays the The Government – that's how *that* particular circle jerk works.

1084 I like the deadpan humor of a guy who is being told what to think saying that he supposes he must be elated.

1085 This was another song written around the time of the Parkland massacre... seventeen dead.

1086 The United States, but it could be coming to a country near you!

1087 Spackle is used for patching relatively small holes, like in drywall. If you lived in a city *full* of holes, you'd have far bigger problems than spackle would be able to fix. Yet, the schmuck on the bottom of the totem pole will be tasked with industriously taking care of a multitude of tiny problems, while the massive problems at the top go unacted-upon.

Screamin' Sister Cyanide said to embrace my position<sup>1088</sup>  
The wheels of commerce grind for life and your blood is their nutrition<sup>1089</sup>  
Bring all the gold that you can hold, all the cash that you can carry  
They're gonna tile the floor behind the door<sup>1090</sup>, those men are extraordinary<sup>1091</sup>

17 citizens sitting thru this bit again, the circus ain't got no soul  
Then they send me out for spackle in the City of Holes

All right... all wrong... all right... come on...<sup>1092</sup>

Screamin' Sister Cyanide said she'd complete my induction  
They dine on tarts and poison darts then I clean the wound with suction<sup>1093</sup>  
I asked about my rights, she said a gentleman don't need 'em<sup>1094</sup>  
The guns came out at quarter to, when I died she called it freedom<sup>1095</sup>  
17 citizens sitting thru this bit again, the circus ain't got no soul  
Then they send me out for spackle in the City of Holes

All right... all wrong... all right... come on...

Say Sister Cyanide, save a little sip for me  
Say Sister Cyanide, save a little sip for me  
Say Sister Cyanide, save a little sip for me  
Say Sister Cyanide, save a little sip for me<sup>1096</sup>

## [WHEN WE WORE THE] HAIRCUTS [WE WERE THE ONES]

(Words Nørb, Music Ric)

I tried – unsuccessfully – to write a song with this title since about 1991 or so (as evinced by the fact that it is mentioned in the lyrics of our song “My Radio Is Telling Me To Kill (The Guys On My Radio),” on the SUCK album from 1999). I was sitting around with some friends – there might have been a bit of imbibing going on – and someone hauled out a box of photographs from the early '80s. Naturally, we all looked younger and skinnier in the photos; some of the photos were of friends who weren't around anymore. The thing that *really* struck me about the boatload of old photos, however, was *how sharp our haircuts looked*. We looked frickin' *tight*! We had these great, precise flattops, and our t-shirts and jeans and boots were (somehow) just right – we had *the look*, man! And there we were,

1088 So what if all the other industrialized nations in the world have a higher standard of living for their workers? You got it good here! Just look at those poor schmucks in Botswana!

1089 Aint *that* the truth!

1090 The big shots are going to tile their floors with the gold that you so helpfully just brought over here...

1091 ...because they *deserve* it! They're special people! That's why when their companies declare bankruptcy, they still get seven-figure bonus checks while you get stiffed on your last two paychecks!

1092 This is me shamelessly aping Chris Bailey of the SAINTS, who would interject “Come on!” and “All right!” into his vocals with great frequency.

1093 You can eat poison as long as you have someone to suck the poison out of you (likely at risk to their own health).

1094 Be courteous! Stop rocking the boat!

1095 Whatever's going on, it ends in gunfire, because America – a place where “freedom” is somehow equated primarily with the ability for private citizens to own assault weapons.

1096 Oh look, a new recruit!

sitting around with our hair all grown out because it was the early '90s, looking like a bunch of random degenerate slobs while we pored over photos of ourselves back when we looked young and cool! I was a bit ripped at the time, so all that came out of my mouth was *"when we wore the haircuts... we were the ones!"* Which, of course, sure the hell sounded like a song title to me. I kind of had a vague idea on how I wanted the chorus to go, and that the song should somehow be about punk rock and youth and dead friends and aging, but, as the years passed, I could never quite hammer the thing into shape where I thought it was any good. A little over a quarter century later, and I found myself trying to add lyrics to another one of Ric's songs. As usual, I was pretty stumped, until I realized that I could kind of fit the "when we wore the haircuts" bit into the chorus. I figured that, well, this is likely the last opportunity I'm ever gonna have to write a Boris song called "When We Wore The Haircuts, We Were The Ones," so I better just go for it. I think it turned out okay, but the lyrics are just too full of crypto-babble and outright gobbledygook to mean much to anyone – although, if you're singing about maudlin matters like youth and aging and dead friends, maybe the less concrete meanings you throw out there, the better. Another song I wound up forgetting Ric wrote the music to!

Loose lips and twilight zones<sup>1097</sup>, Patti Smith and the Ramones<sup>1098</sup>  
 Tire pumps and rubber mallets<sup>1099</sup>, slinging sour cream and shallots<sup>1100</sup>  
 Dairy Queen<sup>1101</sup> and BBC<sup>1102</sup>, blame the pigs for gravity<sup>1103</sup>  
 Plasti-Kote, Plastic Dial<sup>1104</sup>, walk another half a mile<sup>1105</sup>, we all right

When we wore the haircuts we were the ones  
 When we wore the haircuts we were the ones  
 Cracked as the glass in the old Pabst pitcher<sup>1106</sup>  
 Gotta hide somewhere where time can't getcha<sup>1107</sup>  
 When we wore the haircuts, we wore 'em well

1097 I didn't realize it at the time, but this is taken from the song "R.A.M.O.N.E.S." by MOTÖRHEAD, probably just spouted off the top of my head because I instinctively knew it would rhyme with "Patti Smith and the Ramones."

1098 VENUS & THE RAZORBLADES were a pseudo-punk band from L.A. put together by the infamous Kim Fowley after he parted ways with the RUNAWAYS. They had a song called "Punk-A-Rama" that had a sort of cheesy break where they dramatically intoned dialogue which included the line "CBGB's in the Bowery zone, Patti Smith and the Ramones" in a way very similar to how I sing this song. I sold the album when I was fifteen, so I didn't really remember how the song went, but I started ironically singing what I remembered of that break here and that sort of became how the song really went.

1099 Teenagers are always having to inflate their bicycle tires 'cause they can't drive to shows or to the record store.

1100 Me and my dead friend/bandmate Perry used to work at a restaurant, and the waitresses would make salad dressing or some weird crap like that one room over from us. They'd make it gallons at a time, and it made the whole back of the restaurant stink like whatever pungent ingredients are in salad dressing, which might as well be sour cream and shallots for all I know or care as I don't eat salads.

1101 There was a Dairy Queen around the corner from our school, on the same street as our work.

1102 Teenagers in America are, or at least were, fascinated by the fact that they apparently played punk rock on the radio in England. Our continuous speculation at what their lives must be like over there didn't match up with reality, but still.

1103 The forces of physics that make your friends die in traffic collisions always seem like the work of some vast conspiracy, although they're not really gravity *per se*.

1104 "Plastic Dial" was a pseudonym used by some anonymous Green Bay punker circa 1979 when requesting songs on Dave "Doc Rock" Mann's Saturday night punk show on WGBW, I think it was Ed of the TYRANTS. There was another guy whose punk name was "Cardboard Box." They only used these names when calling up the radio show. The line was originally "Cardboard Box, Plastic Dial" but that was too hard to say. "Plasti-Kote" was some stuff you dipped pliers handles in them to give them a rubber coating.

1105 When you're a teenager you also wind up walking a lot, because taking your bicycle to the punk show is such a pain.

1106 This is a good line and suggests boozy reminiscences.

1107 Achieving eternal teenage-ness is a difficult proposition, but one way to do it is to become a memory, I guess.



Well, who's wearing what now, i wouldn't tell  
Give a yipp, give a yopp<sup>1108</sup>, pour another ounce of pop<sup>1109</sup>, we're all right.

Snap & Pops, and sugar bears<sup>1110</sup>, breakfast on the bedroom stairs<sup>1111</sup>  
Its diabetic luxury, have the band play Channel 3<sup>1112</sup>  
Military, Main and Mason<sup>1113</sup>, talkin' 'bout my generation<sup>1114</sup>  
Turn it on, turn it loose, mix the seltzer with the juice<sup>1115</sup>, we all right

There's no more talk of revolution (*so what's new?*)<sup>1116</sup>  
The rats build snowmen in my brain<sup>1117</sup>  
Somedays it hits me like a trillion volts<sup>1118</sup>  
Jacked with the power of a jillion jolts  
My brains beaten in by the bile of billions<sup>1119</sup>  
Down in the trenches where we made our millions<sup>1120</sup>

(“INSERT GUITAR SOLO HERE”)

When we wore the haircuts we were the ones  
When we wore the haircuts we were the ones  
Cracked as the glass in the old Pabst pitcher  
Gotta hide somewhere where time can't getcha  
When we wore the haircuts, we wore 'em well  
Well, who's wearing what now, i wouldn't tell  
Give a yipp, give a yopp, pour another ounce of pop, we're all right.  
Give a yipp, give a yopp, pour another ounce of pop, we're all right.  
Give a yipp, give a yopp, pour another ounce of pop, we're all right!<sup>1121</sup>

- 1108 “Give a yipp! Give a yopp!” was what Horton the Elephant told the residents of Whoville to do in order to avoid incineration in beezlenut oil in the 1970 cartoon adaptation of Dr. Seuss's *Horton Hears a Who*. It means MAKE SOME NOISE.
- 1109 This signifies pouring out an ounce of one's forty in honor of one's dead homiez, except with sody pop.
- 1110 “Snap & Pops” are those explosive things you whip on the ground, “Sugar Bear” was the cartoon mascot of Post Super Sugar Crisp (now nerfed to “Super Golden Crisp” or some crap like that). I think I really meant something like Sugar Pops cereal and Gummi-Bears candy but it came out as explosives and cartoon mascots.
- 1111 This line is supposed to convey that sort of jaded middle aged bourgeois feeling one often gets when comparing one's current existence to the excitement and blind idiot passion of one's teen years, like now you're just sitting in your robe eating indulgent crap for breakfast in your nice house. As with most of this song it really doesn't make concrete sense – I mean, who has stairs in their bedroom? – but it is supposed to evoke a certain abstract mood (which it may or may not do).
- 1112 CHANNEL 3 are an early '80s L.A. Punk band of great emotional connection to many aging Green Bay punkers.
- 1113 Three major Green Bay thoroughfares.
- 1114 Straight-up WHO reference.
- 1115 I don't drink alcohol or even caffeine anymore, I drink seltzer water spiked with fruit juice. Livin' big.
- 1116 In the 1980 song “Nobody's Heroes” by STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, there's a line that goes “*you say there's talk of revolution,*” which is followed by the parenthetical retort “(*so what's new?*).” Punk is obviously long past the point of revolutionary-ness, hence the update.
- 1117 This suggests a cobwebby, neglected brain, where even the local vermin are bored.
- 1118 THE WHOLE DREAD ENORMITY OF IT, MAAAAAAN!!!
- 1119 At one point in time, if you were into punk rock, you were signing up for a lifetime of being hated and abused.
- 1120 Punk rock is also generally a guarantee of never becoming rich and/or famous, no matter how long you keep plugging away at it. Hence, irony.
- 1121 ...and, in the end, through all of it, despite age and death and the seeming pointlessness of it all, we are somehow still

## HAVE YOU MADE LUNCH FOR ME LATELY?

(Words mostly Ric, last verse by Nørb. Music Ric)

In *The Annotated Boris*, I refrained from commenting on lyrics for songs I didn't write, but I figure, heck, we're all friends here, I might as well chat up Ric's deep and wondrous lyrics for you.

Have you made lunch for me lately? I suggest that you could do it today  
Cuz a man's gotta eat and I'm sick of hot dogs, veiny and gray<sup>1122</sup>  
Make it using Spam™, or make it spraying Pam™<sup>1123</sup>  
If you're making mutton, don't forget the lamb<sup>1124</sup>  
Have you made lunch for me lately I suggest that you could do it today

You know I'm getting hungry and I think that I am wasting away  
I had a dream last night, it was you and me at the buffet  
Make it baking rice and make it shaking spice  
If your batch is double, why not make it thrice?<sup>1125</sup>  
Have you made lunch for me lately I suggest that you could do it today

EAT! EAT! EAT-EAT-EAT!  
EAT! EAT! EAT-EAT-EAT!  
EAT! EAT! EAT-EAT-EAT!<sup>1126</sup>  
WAUUUGGGHHH!

Have you made lunch for me lately? I suggest it be Priority One  
Those malnutrition infomercials never make it seem very fun  
If you make burritos you can make 'em extra beany  
Whip 'em up like Barbara Eden<sup>1127</sup> on *I Dream of Jeannie*  
Have you made lunch for me lately I suggest that you could do it today  
Have you made lunch for me lately I suggest that you could do it today  
Have you made lunch for me lately I suggest that you could do it  
Have you made lunch for me lately I suggest that you could do it<sup>1128</sup>  
Have you made lunch for me lately I suggest that you could do it today!

doing all right and wouldn't change a thing. Go figure.

1122 The grey veiny sausage became a standard Boris van trope. Either Ric or Paul #2 initially uttered the remark, which was in reference to the type of rollergrill fare a traveling band might expect to find at a Kwik Trip at 3 AM. Funny only because it's true.

1123 Do they still make Pam? It was some kinda aerosol used to slime up one's frying pans prior to cooking. It seems like the kind of thing they wouldn't make anymore. Spam, of course, WILL NEVER DIE, as it is largely undead.

1124 At this point in time it bears mentioning that Ric is the lone vegetarian in the band.

1125 It's hard to believe, but this is the first time the word "thrice" has been used in a Boris song!

1126 This appears to hearken back to the line "E! E! E-E-E!" in the song "E" by SKIN MASK, who you never heard of, as popularized by NOSTRIL, who you'd better *hope* you never hear of.

1127 Barbara Eden, of course, played the titular Jeannie in the 1960's TV show *I Dream of Jeannie*. As a genie, one assumes her burrito-whipping-up abilities were awesome to behold.

1128 This repeating bit at the end was added in the studio; since no one was familiar with the song as such, I had to invent a sort of semaphore code to signal when the guys should change chords during this part.

# MY COCK'S ON DRUGS

*(Words & Music Nørb)*

This true-life tale of mirth and woe stemmed from an incident where Paul #1 slipped me a gag gift of a Viagra™ at one of my birthday shows a number of years back. This charming blue lozenge remained in my dresser drawer for a few months, until I had occasion to meet a reasonably attractive young lady out for drinks one night. I figured, what the hell, might as well take it along – and, as the night progressed and it appeared that, in the words of our English van driver in 2002, my “quid was in” with this particular bird, I popped it and we headed back to her place. Results were not long in coming (although there was plenty of “long” and “coming” to go around, believe you me). Suddenly, I had this raging baseball bat between my legs – which is all well and good, I assure you, but this girl was ambiantly crazy enough that I was really hoping to just complete the mission (with all appropriate vigor, honor, and distinction, mind you) and go home and go to bed. My unconvincing plea of “I think I gotta get going” was met with a stern “you sure don't LOOK like you gotta get going,” and on it went. I thought it would be nice if the event was immortalized in song and story, so out came this clearly ANGRY SAMOANS-ish punker, complete with one of the wackiest Paul #1 solos on record. *You have been warned!*

*Ooo-wee-oo-wee-oo (x4)*

What I got, isn't mine  
Can I call a hotline  
Making with a beeline  
Everybody all the time

It knocked over my porch chair  
Dumped out all my silverware  
Got tangled in my chest hair  
It's ruining all my underwear

*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*  
*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*

Knocked my records on the floor  
Splintering my screen door  
Got kicked out of the drug store  
I can't take it anymore

I live a life of tension  
It wants to drain my pension  
Many things that I can't mention  
Wanna stage an intervention?

*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*  
*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*

It gets high in the morning!<sup>1129</sup>  
And then later in the evening!  
One small blue pill, is gonna make it spill  
Its contents on your portions of interest<sup>1130</sup>  
OOH LAWD!!!<sup>1131</sup>

(FRIGGING INSANE SOLO)

*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*  
*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*

It's ripping up my car seat  
Grabbing people by the feet  
Thought it would be pretty neat  
But now it's turning up the heat

It's up for grabs, down to kill  
Looking for a drink to spill  
Trying to find a cheap thrill  
I never shoulda took that pill

*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*  
*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*  
*Ooo-wee-oo, MY COCK'S ON DRUGS!*  
*Ooo-wee-oo-wee-oo!*

## **[[IT SHOULD BE NOTED I'VE BEEN] STAYIN' ON THE] 13<sup>TH</sup> FLOOR**

*(Words & Music Nørb)*

I got sent to Los Angeles to attend the Nintendo® Technical Summit for my old job, and I wound up in some fancy hotel in Hollywood which deviated from the common practice of omitting unlucky number 13 as a floor number. Naturally, that was the floor on which my room was located. Since I had to send daily email reports back to the office, I thought I would helpfully point out where I'd been quartered, and closed one of my emails with "it should be noted I've been staying on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor" – which, of course, I knew was a song title as soon as I finished typing it. Thus, this song is probably ten years old – it was a rough idea I never really finished, but I submitted it as a potential song for the album figuring that it was easy filler in case we couldn't come up with fourteen good songs. We wound up keeping sixteen songs, and the reader is invited to draw their own conclusions as to what this means with regard to Boris quality control. I never actually finished the song, so it devolved into a ridiculous slop-fest that is obviously just sort of a goofy rip off of "The Twist" by HANK BALLARD & THE MIDNIGHTERS, but it (and the title) amused us so we kept it. You're welcome.

1129 This is supposed to be sort of like that line in "Hush" by JOE SOUTH, as popularized by DEEP PURPLE.

1130 This reads like Vulcan pornography.

1131 This was supposed to be like the "OOH LAWD" from "Take The Money & Run" by STEVE MILLER, but my bandmates thought I was saying "AA-OOOO-GAHHH!!!" on the demo to cover up a mistake. I guess either way works.



It should be noted I've been stayin' on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor  
 It should be noted I've been stayin' on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor  
 You go around and around<sup>1132</sup> til you can't go around no more

It should be noted I've been starting what a wise man stops  
 It should be noted I've been starting what a wise man stops<sup>1133</sup>  
 You go around and around til the wrong old lady calls the cops

On the 13<sup>th</sup> floor (*on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor!*)  
 On the 13<sup>th</sup> floor (*on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor!*)  
 They got Renaissance bellboys<sup>1134</sup>, think I gotta yell "boys,  
 "don't come around no more"  
 they go around and around and around, hot diggy baby<sup>1135</sup>

It should be noted that i'm not a happy fellow  
 Paul Lynde's ghost<sup>1136</sup> is always farting in the Jello<sup>1137</sup>  
 Wild Boys<sup>1138</sup> play songs on the radiator  
 Desk clerk calls upstairs I think I hate her  
 round and around and around AARRRGHH

It should be noted that I didn't write another verse<sup>1139</sup>  
 It should be noted that I didn't write another verse  
 And I'm staying on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor,  
 it just makes it worse  
 And I'm staying on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor,  
 it just makes it worse

You go around and around and around  
 Round and around and around  
 Round and around and around on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor!



- 1132 See, I *told* you it was a rip off of "The Twist." However, that song was the first song I ever played on stage with a band, so I feel a certain cosmic connection to it, which apparently includes the right to shamelessly rip it off.
- 1133 Now *this* line sounds more like ROGER MILLER, like "Dad Blame Anything a Man Can't Quit" or similar tune.
- 1134 Oddly, this verse was written while I was spending the night sleeping on the floor at the Sir Francis Drake hotel in San Francisco, on a different business trip that year. They got dudes at the door that look like Beefeaters or whatever, but the whole place smells like B.O., which really ratchets down the old-world charm.
- 1135 Ten years of deep thought produced no better line here than "hot diggy baby." Amazing.
- 1136 *Hollywood Squares* regular Paul Lynde's underage boyfriend got drunk and fell out of the window (to his death) at the Sir Francis Drake back in the '60s, so technically it should be "Paul Lynde's *boyfriend's* ghost is always farting in the Jello," but maybe it's too soon.
- 1137 The spastic stutter here was supposed to sound similar to the six-note run-up before the final three notes of "Twist and Shout," but, as Ric put it, "it sounds like four people falling down a staircase and landing at the same time." I think Amos surgically repaired some of the chaos. It was funny at the time. Many things are to us.
- 1138 This is a reference to William S. Burroughs' novel *The Wild Boys*, which doesn't really have any point, but could you imagine if Burroughs and Paul Lynde were an item once??
- 1139 If you sing "it should be noted that I didn't write another verse" and ten years later, you still have yet to write another verse, "it should be noted that I didn't write another verse" becomes the official verse. Kind of like a common-law marriage.

# WIP WAP WOO

(Words Nørb, Music Ric)

This was more music of Ric's to which I really struggled to fit words. Finally, two days before we went into the studio, I came up with some utterly ridiculous lyrics, as more of a professional courtesy than anything else. I didn't think the words mattered that much, since I didn't envision the song making the album anyway, but Paul #2 – who, for some reason, never got the memo, and therefore had never heard the song before we started recording it – said it was his second-favorite song of the album, so we wound up keeping it. The words came about simply out of me wanting to have *something* to put to Ric's music, just to say that, *hey, I tried*. Had this song been anything other than something slapped together at the last second, I would have sang it much differently, in a much more comical fashion, and it would have been way better. Oh well, *c'est le rock & roll!*

I gotta girl named Wip Wap Woo<sup>1140</sup>  
We dined with the Duchess in a poxy loo  
And I gotta girl whose name is Blitz  
She don't say nothin' when I grab her Schlitz<sup>1141</sup>  
And I gotta girl named Pigs in Space<sup>1142</sup>  
She don't wear nothin' but an Ed Gein face<sup>1143</sup>  
And I gotta girl whose name is Clash<sup>1144</sup>  
She don't do nothin' but count my cash<sup>1145</sup>  
And I gotta girl whose name is Pain<sup>1146</sup>  
She don't eat nothin' but-a Quiche Lorraine<sup>1147</sup>  
And I gotta girl named 555  
She don't say nothin' but she don't talk jive  
And I gotta girl whose name is Wood  
She don't do nothin' but she sure does it good  
But they ain't got nothin' on my girl named Wip Wap Woo  
  
I gotta girl named Nixie Knox<sup>1148</sup>

1140 This line was originally “I gotta girl named Wednesday Wu,” just because that was the first thing that popped into my head. I figured “Wednesday Wu” was a pretty safe name – like “Waldo Woo” from *Dr. Seuss's ABC* – just some fanciful name no person would really have. The night before we went into the studio, however, I did a Google search, and, lo and behold, there actually *is* a Wednesday Wu out there – some kinda Taiwanese alternative fashion model! I figured my girlfriend might not dig me writing love songs to a Taiwanese alternative fashion model, so I changed it to “Wip Wap Woo.” If a girl shows up on my doorstep named Wip Wap Woo, I'm probably sunk.

1141 This is kinda funny because you might have originally been thinking I was gonna say “tits.” Then again, Schlitz is just sort of humorous in and of itself.

1142 From the *Muppet Show* segment of the same name.

1143 Someone using Ed Gein's face for a mask would be delicious turnabout.

1144 Clash reference! Stop me if this is going too quickly for you!

1145 Johnny Cash reference! Maybe.

1146 *ChiPs* reference!

1147 B-52s reference! The depth of my lyrical thought is unparalleled!

1148 Nixie Knox is also a character from *Dr. Seuss's ABC*: “*X is often useful if your name is Nixie Knox. It also comes in handy spelling AX and EXTRA FOX.*”

She her does my dishes while they drag the Fox<sup>1149</sup>

And I gotta girl named Off The Hook  
She don't know nothin' but she's in my book<sup>1150</sup>  
And I gotta girl named Fourth and Ten  
She's slick in the middle like a ballpoint pen<sup>1151</sup>  
I gotta girl named Natty Ice  
She don't do nothin'<sup>1152</sup> but she does it twice  
And I gotta girl whose name is Twix  
She weighs six hundred threescore and six<sup>1153</sup>  
I gotta girl named Uracil<sup>1154</sup>  
She twists like a monkey and she's dressed to kill  
I gotta girl whose name is Rice<sup>1155</sup>  
She don't do nothin' but she sure does it nice  
But they ain't got nothin' on my girl named Wip Wap Woo

*Woo!*

Too many theories are still clogging up my head  
Too many drearies are still clogging up my bed  
Too many dearies are still clawing me instead  
Am I dead? Am I dead?<sup>1156</sup>

Now I gotta girl and her name is Zotz<sup>1157</sup>  
I won't say nothin' but connect the dots  
And I gotta girl named Pluto's Moons<sup>1158</sup>  
She stuffs her pockets with your plastic spoons  
And I gotta girl named Plato's Cave<sup>1159</sup>  
She's dressed in the shadow of the French New Wave  
And I gotta girl and her name is X  
I buy her dinner and we go have lunch<sup>1160</sup>

1149 Wisconsin's Fox River, of course. "Drag The Fox" was also a song idea we had going about ten years ago that kinda got brushed aside, perhaps because doing songs about killing yourself are maybe on their way out in our book.

1150 I was thinking this meant someone who was actually literally mentioned in one of my books, but it might be better served as meaning someone who is a name in one's "Little Red Book" *a la* the song by Burt Bacharach.

1151 Really crummy cheap white Bic® pens always get a layer of crud built up on the barrel of them, but the crud usually gets worn slick and shiny right in the middle from all the pressure. *Sexay!*

1152 I have drank my share of Anheuser-Busch Natural Ice® in my day, and I can assure you that "it don't do nothing" is highly inaccurate. I must have been thinking of Anheuser-Busch Natural *Light*®, but that doesn't rhyme.

1153 This is, of course, the biblical Number Of The Beast – which is odd, since Twix® don't have coconut.

1154 Uracil is the uncoolest of the RNA nucleobases because it doesn't get to be in DNA, which is much more popular.

1155 I assure you this has nothing to do with Rice Rocket of the Texas Rollergirls, who was my first roller derby crush.

1156 This is just gibberish upon gibberish, but the tremolo makes it sound like *righteous* gibberish!

1157 I was thinking this was in reference to the fizzing candy, not the 1947 novel by Walter Karig, because that sounds more like a boy's name.

1158 For a dwarf planet, Pluto's five moons seem like a lot.

1159 I don't think there's a college student alive who didn't learn about the allegory of Plato's Cave – how we're all just a bunch of dumbasses chained up facing the back wall of a cave, and everything we know in the world is just shadows in front of us representing stuff that's going on behind us. This is obviously a deeply philosophical tune.

1160 Presumably this line is amusing because one's mind is likely assuming the line is going to be "*I buy her dinner and*

I gotta girl and her name is Spot

I buy her silence with eclairs and pot  
And I gotta girl whose name is Spike  
I say oh baby that's-a what I like<sup>1161</sup>  
And I got a girl named Agent Eight  
She don't do nothin' but she sure does it great  
But they ain't got nothin' on my girl named Wip Wap Woo  
And I gotta girl named Agent Nine  
She don't do nothin' but she sure does it fine  
But they ain't got nothin' on my girl named Wip Wap Woo

## WORKING CLASS KREE

(Words & Music Nørb)

This song was not originally called “Working Class Kree.” It was called “Working Class Queer.” The story on that goes as follows: I walked down to Taco Burrito Mexico on West Walnut one Friday afternoon (a few crawdads might have been smoked beforehand), and I looked at my nails. I work in printing these days, so I had a bunch of ink under my fingernails. I was also wearing safety glasses (one free pair every year! Such a deal!) and steel-toed boots – emblems of my vocational station in life, or something like that. Of course, me being me, my ensemble further included a rather flamboyant suitcoat and purple women's pants. I was also taking to wearing a ridiculous bowler hat at the time. I started chuckling over the contradictions in my wardrobe – half blue-collar joe, half fruity weirdo – and was like, “*what kind of look am I going for here, exactly? Working class queer?*” – an observation which, of course, I found insanely hilarious at the time. It was at this point that I got the feeling, whether real or imagined, that people were kinda looking at me funny (I suppose watching some dude in a bowler hat sitting in a booth by himself laughing his head off might exert a certain pull on one's attentions), so I started writing a pseudo-Oi song (*a la* “Drugs & Masturbation”) about the indomitable spirit of the working class queer, *et al.* I thought it was pretty cool, even if it was just about me. I figured maybe it would be some great unity anthem that would have everybody singing along and feeling all empowered and included and crap, but I've been wrong before, so who knows. In any event, after the backlash of people flipping out about our “I'm Into Boris The Sprinkler and Mike Pence is a Fag” t-shirts, I figured that “Working Class Queer” was a can of worms that I no longer felt particularly inclined to open. The juice wasn't worth the squeeze. Maybe everybody would love it, but, then again, maybe I miscalculated and everyone would hate it and get all bummed out about it. I am admittedly not great at forecasting the behaviors of my fellow man. In any event, I figured that the LGBT folks can write their own songs, so I changed the word “Queer” to “Kree” and left the rest as is. The Kree are a warlike alien race from the Marvel Comics universe, they're always brawling with their eternal enemies, the Skrulls (usually over Earth, which is located between their two planets and of apparently great strategic importance). They play a large role in the *Captain Marvel* movie. The Kree are quite

out of order, yet!

1161 This is indeed a reference to *Chantilly Lace* by the BIG BOPPER.

meaningless to the song – “Kree” was just the best word I could dredge up as a substitute for “Queer” – ergo, the song is now essentially meaningless itself, it's just some music and some yelling. So, on the one hand, we had “Working Class Queer,” which might have meant something to some people, but might have bummed some people out; on the other hand, we have “Working Class Kree,” which doesn't mean much of anything to anyone, but doesn't get anybody pissed off. We basically went from something that might mean something to something that means nothing. It's hard for me to gauge which approach would have yielded the most net positives, but I'm old and don't feel like fighting about shit so I took the approach which yielded the least headaches. I think this was the song that really blew my voice out in the studio so maybe it's all for the best that it wound up Nerfed and buried towards the end of side two.

He don't need no smartmouth when he eats his chimichanga

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA! WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA!

He took it for a lifetime, he won't take it any longer

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA! WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA!

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA, WHOA-WHOA!

'cause he need not read your writ<sup>1162</sup>, he need not heed your fit,

He need not give a shit, he's a working class Kree!

He don't need no sideeye when he eats his bean burrito

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA! WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA!

He's sick to death of hiding, he's got nothing incognito

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA! WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA!

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA, WHOA-WHOA!

'cause he need not read your writ, he need not heed your fit,

He need not give a shit, he's a working class Kree! ARR!

*(doot doot, deet deet, doot doot, deet deet, doot doot, deet deet, doot doot, deet)*<sup>1163</sup>

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA! WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA!

*(doot doot, deet deet, doot doot, deet deet, doot doot, deet deet, doot doot, deet)*

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA! WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA!

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA, WHOA-WHOA!

'cause he need not read your writ, he need not heed your fit,

He need not give a shit, he's a working class Kree!

They take what's yours they take what's mine

I didn't write a second line<sup>1164</sup>

Gonna send 'em runnning

and they won't be back no more

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA! WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA-YA-YA!<sup>1165</sup>

WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA, WHOA-WHOA!

1162 “...read your writ?” Where does the Working Class Kree work, at a 19<sup>th</sup> Century bootblacking factory?

1163 Paul #1 is awesome because he played the lead just like I played it on the demo!

1164 It's somewhat embarrassing to realize that I went to the well with the “I didn't write another line/verse” bit multiple times on this record... those were intended to just be dummy words on the original demo, to be replaced later, but I tend to never get around to the “to be replaced later” bit.

1165 “YA! YA! YA!” is obviously from “No I Don't Wanna Do Dat” by the immortal HAPPY SCHNAPPS COMBO.



WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA! WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA-YA-YA!  
WAY-OO-AY-UM-BAY-YA, WHOA-WHOA!  
'cause he need not read your writ, he need not heed your fit,  
He need not give a shit, he's a working class Kree!

## **MOP THIS JOINT**

*(Words & Music Nørb)*

This one dates back to when I used to work at Domino's Pizza® about thirty years ago. At the end of the night, the drivers who closed had to help clean the store afterwards; this was some random rockabilly thing I'd idly sing whilst mopping the floors at 3 AM on Saturday nights. It was basically just tossed into the mix of songs in case we had trouble getting one of the more complex tunes down; a reserve if you will. We wound up keeping it, either despite or because it's practically the same song as *Mega Anal's* "Gotta Whiz," and occupies the same album-ender position.

You got the stairwell, I got the water  
We're dirty and wet let's do what we oughter<sup>1166</sup>  
Gonna mop this joint (GONNA MOP THIS JOINT!)  
Gonna mop this joint (GONNA MOP THIS JOINT!)  
Gonna mop this joint gonna swab this whole place down

I got the handle, you got the wringer  
You got the Hot Lips, i'll bring the Klinger<sup>1167</sup>  
Gonna mop this joint (GONNA MOP THIS JOINT!)  
Gonna mop this joint (GONNA MOP THIS JOINT!)  
Gonna mop this joint gonna swab this whole place down

*Von Wunderbar!*<sup>1168</sup>

I got the mop and you got the bucket  
Do you want the bleach, or maybe just (Uhn! Uhn!)<sup>1169</sup>  
Mop this joint (GONNA MOP THIS JOINT!)  
Gonna mop this joint (GONNA MOP THIS JOINT!)  
Gonna mop this joint gonna swab this whole place down  
Gonna mop this joint gonna swab this whole place down  
Gonna mop this joint gonna swab this whole place down!

Well, as the high priest said to the mummy, "that's a wrap." If you read this far, I hope it was worth your while. If you own *The Annotated Boris*, I hope the void in your soul caused by the release of our new album has been filled with the gooey custard of explanatory blather. If you *don't* own *The Annotated Boris*, I probably screwed myself out of a sale, because now you

1166 It pains me to admit this, but rhyming "water" with doing what one "oughter" is kind of hijacked from "The Little White Duck" by BURL IVES. No shit.

1167 Major Hotlips Houlihan and Corporal Max Klinger, of course – *M\*A\*S\*H\** references!

1168 I WAITED THIRTY YEARS TO YELL "VON WUNDERBAR!" BEFORE A GUITAR SOLO! I am unsure how I survived.

1169 It's supposed to seem like I'm going to say "maybe just fuck it" but am censored by the forces of prudence.

know how it ends. OR DO YOU??? In any event, although it's been said, many times, many ways... *thank you for your interest in Boris The Sprinkler.*