

Don Campau
Interim Assignment
Lonely Whistle Music 2016
www.doncampau.com
credits/lyrics

1. Act Now (Campau-Grey)

Greg Gray: drums, loops

Don Campau: guitars, vocals, lyrics, loops

force fed fool of flesh, sucked at the nipple but it didn't catch, farm fresh seed of storm,
put your money on my lousy arm, choke down this deep advice, better yet won't you buy
it twice? choice cut still not enough, eat your soul but it's way too tough, act now or leave,
face facts its time to believe, sad sack afraid of leaves, turn back and kiss my other cheek

2. Surprises (Campau)

DC: vocals, lyrics, all instruments

i hate those surprises, its always bad news, I'm never much wiser, I always end up on the
losing end, i decided to click that link but I forgot and left a box unchecked I ended up in a
customer mess But it's all my fault I do confess i hate those surprises, its always bad
news I'm never much wiser, I always end up on the losing end The future's here and aren't
you glad? Hold on to your horses because here it comes Oh yeah its as simple as this Never
been easier to just stay pissed Why not go along with the crowd? Why be different, is it
even allowed? Ready, set and go when you like You never forget like riding a bike Buy one
now and get one back Its more addicting than the neighborhood crack Its time to choose
and I hope I choose well I've got third seconds to click and start my download But wait...I
want to cancel...I can't seem to cancel i hate those surprises, its always bad news I'm never
much wiser, I always end up on the losing end

3. Memento (Campau)

DC: all instruments, vocals, lyrics adapted from Federico Garcia Lorca

Dedicated to the people of Brussels after the terrorist attack of 2016

the moon is dead already we're going to bury it now in a chalk white rose with a bright
glass stalk let's all go to her funeral and sing the pio pa la mamabruna's stone cold dead
with her face that's like a star she went down amongst the poplars got tangled in the
briars i am happy because she thought she was something special do-re-mi let's all go to
her funeral and sing the pio pa la mamabruna's stone cold dead with her face that's like a
star

4. Achy Breaky Heart (Von Tress)

DC: vocals, guitars, effects, loops

Unknown Mexican Banda group: backing tracks

Produced for the second volume of Russ Stedman's "The Worst Songs Of All Time" (but was never released)

You can tell the world you never was my girl You can burn my clothes when I'm gone Or
you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been And laugh and joke about me on the
phone You can tell my arms to go back onto the phone
You can tell my feet to hit the floor Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips They won't
be reaching out for you no more But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart I just don't
think it'd understand And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart He might blow up and
kill this man Ooo You can tell your ma I moved to Arkansas Or you can tell your dog to bite
my leg Or tell your brother Cliff who's fist can tell my lips He never really liked me anyway
Oh tell your Aunt Louise, tell anything you please Myself already knows that I'm okay Oh
you can tell my eyes to watch out for my mind It might be walking out on me today But
don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart I just don't think it'd understand And if you tell
my heart, my achy breaky heart He might blow up and kill this man Ooo But don't tell my
heart, my achy breaky heart I just don't think it'd understand And if you tell my heart, my
achy breaky heart He might blow up and kill this man Ooo Pero no se lo digas a mi
corazón, mi Achy Breaky Heart Mi Achy Breaky Heart

5. Glial Attitude (Campau)

DC: all instruments

6. Here I Go Again (Stedman-Campau)

Russ Stedman: guitar, bass, drums backing tracks

DC: vocals, lyrics, lead guitar, handclaps

Recorded for the Type 1 Project which never was completed. Song completed 4-9-14

well here i go again i'm going down where i don't want to be when i checked my blood this
time its rusty brown and it no longer bleeds no i can't change the facts biology is not an
opinionated ruse no, its going to kick my ass again
please, get me some juice i'm shaking like a leaf in spring and i'm sure not making any
sense and though i'm sweating pretty bad i'd swear i'd locked inside the fridge i guess it's
not as bad as when i blacked right out thank god at least ,my love was there to shoot me
up well i can't change the facts endocrinology only goes so far my body's running out of
gas help me, get a candy bar aren't you tired of being my friend who always lends an ear
and having to hear about all my woes isn't my complaining getting old incessant bitching
and grumpy moods so i'll keep it to myself when they have to snip, oh god, snip my toes

7. Al'Oud (Perry-Campau)

Al Perry: oud

DC: guitars, bass, percussion, soft synths, loops

8. Paperweight (Clinger- Campau)

Ken Clinger: backing tracks (keys, drums)

DC: vocals, lyrics, guitars

Robin O'Brien: backing vocals

let me touch someone, let me feel something but i can't or i won't i don't know so i'll ask
let me hear wonder, let me fear horror but it's all out of reach and my thirst can't be
quenched let me be useful, i want to feel needed but my heart is a trench and the world is
a trowel let me contribute, can i give myself freely that's what i need for that purpose do i
long i'm a paperweight i just sit on the desk looking pretty and i shine i'm a paperweight i
make a real good gift, i'm the thing that no one needs i'm a paperweight i feel heavy in
your hands and my surfaces are round i'm a paperweight i don't even serve my purpose, i
don't hold any papers down let me contribute, can i give myself freely that's what i need
for that purpose do i long let me be useful, i want to feel needed but my heart is a trench
and the world is a trowel let me hear wonder, let me fear horror but it's all out of reach
and my thirst can't be quenched let me touch someone, let me feel something but i can't
or i won't i don't know so i'll ask i'm a paperweight i just sit on the desk looking pretty and
i shine i'm a paperweight i make a real good gift, i'm the thing that no one needs i'm a
paperweight i feel heavy in your hands and my surfaces are round i'm a paperweight i
don't even serve my purpose, i don't hold any papers down

9. Put The Kettle On (Campau-Grey)

Greg Grey: vocals, drums, loops guitar, lyrics, percussion

DC: guitars, vocals, lyrics, percussion

put the kettle on, open the cabinet and choose the poison, don't boil the water long, the
best ingredients give the finest outcome, the state of the union will be known tonight, its
all shaping up to be an ugly fight, the storm of the century, a wicked rain will fall down
from heaven and wash away the pain

10. Am I Retired? (Campau-Stickler)

Skot Stickler: drums

DC: guitar, bass, vocals, lyrics, loops

completed 4-19-15

I'm counting down the hours while its sunny outside the clock is ticking faster its almost
time to decide don't know if i should go back i'm kind of split on the choice on one hand
there's the money and that's always nice but my back is kind of tight now and my fingers
swollen up i haven't got the stamina and i'm not really that tough anymore Am I retired?
but I like to meet strangers and maybe flirt with a fewit helps to make the time pass
among the veggies and fruits i'm really pretty lucky to have the option to stop i've got a
lot of friends who will have to work until they drop Am I retired? don't know if I will
return to the work I have done although i'll miss some people cause they making working
fun I'm counting down the hours I need to make that call, Will I ask for my next schedule
or just say "fellas that's all"

11. The Psychoactive Root Canal (Campau)

DC: all instruments

completed after a trip to the dentist

12. Silly (Campau)

DC: vocals, lyrics, all instruments

i've gotten wiser and done what it takes, i may be a mentor now but i still make mistakes, i've reached this destination it could be just out of spite once scared of the darkness now i welcome the fright and dare it tonight, it may be silly but i want to, it may be crazy but i'm going to, it may be odd and kind of careless but one thing i know is i couldn't care less, i've gotten weaker although still strong in some ways, i might have to nap now at the peak of the day, i've got strange habits, watch me carry them out, its some gateway behavior and there's really no doubt and i got called out, it be be silly but i want to, lord, it may be crazy but i;m going to, it may be odd and kind of careless, but one thing i know is that i couldn't care less, it might be silly, it could be crazy, it could be nutso, i may be loco, si yo loco

13. Dreams (Baker- Campau)

Bryan Baker: backing tracks (drums, keyboards, bass)

DC: vocals, lyrics, lap steel guitar, moog

when my dreams were real i filed them away, i stored them and logged them and made them all safe and kept them real, now look, they are real, pay attention, i pulled one out now from the archive i kept, i polished and shined it so i don't forget that it's real, come on and look, they are real, more real than stone, when i get confused about who i might be, i got to my library, my book of these, i can't hear you speaking or what anyone says, i've crossed to that place, other side of the fence, where its real, its more real, i didn't mean that i am broken, i didn't want this world to change, it felt so good and it felt so solid like an ebony wall through haze, on this brane in that dimension, i couldn't tell if i knew you there, i couldn't feel the pull of time, i waited for the gravity to eat me, i spoke aloud but there was no sound, thought to myself that there was no me, i didn't mean that i am broken, i didn't want this world to change, it felt so good and it felt so solid like an ebony wall through haze, on this brane, on that dimension, i couldn't tell if i knew you there is a place for us, will you trust me and follow me there? when my dreams were real i filed them away, i stored them and logged them and made them all safe and kept them real, now look, they are real, more real than stone, real...

produced by Don Campau

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