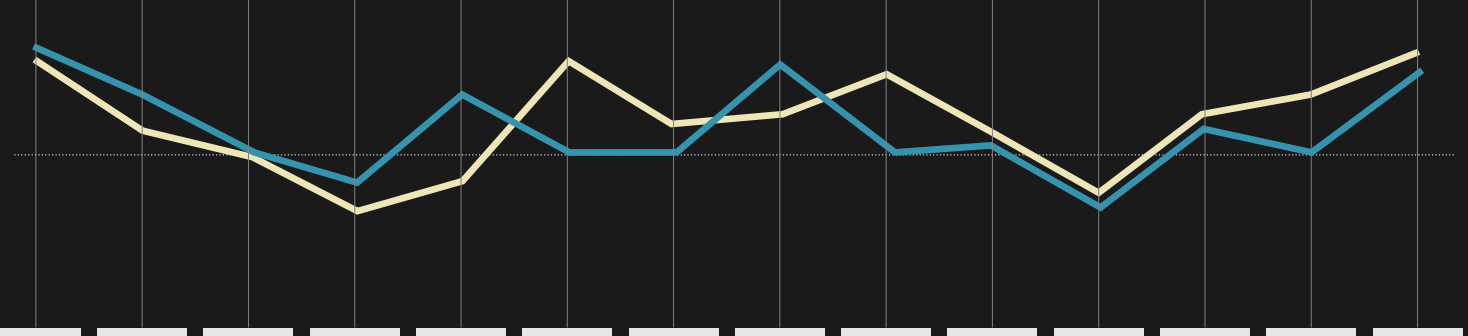
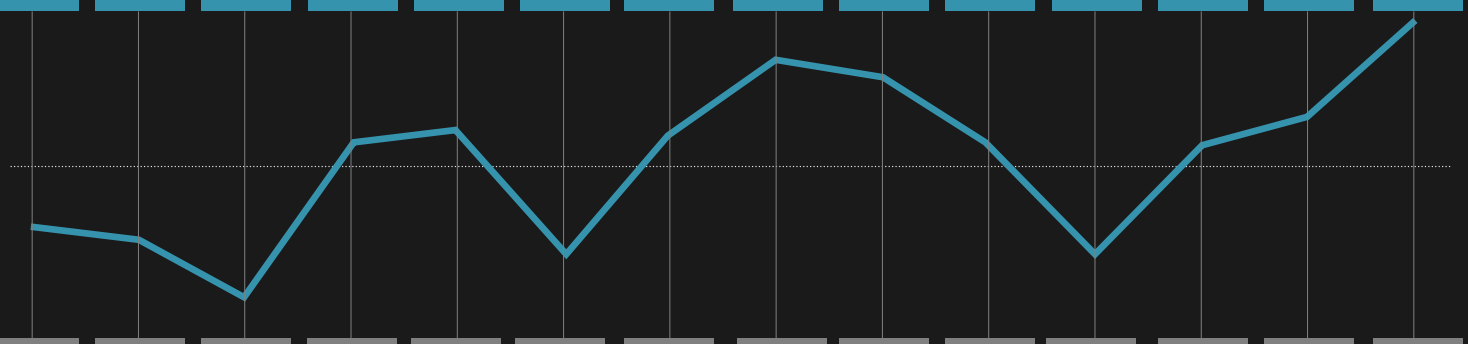
THE JONES THING - EPHEMERAL ODDITIES

Album Exposition / Flow

Song Grouping	Intro Wankery	Awoken from Cryosleep	What God Believes	The High Life	Big Bag	Theme for a Buddy Detective Show	Paper taken by the wind	The Hapless Oaf	The Lovely Mary Eleanore	What we know of the Jackaroo	Central Day Light Time	The Sub-conscious Disease	We All Live in a Computer	Dance Her Way to Hell (1984 Mix)
Concepts	Let's have fun doing music again - do anything!	But I am very rusty - Try western Sci-fi	Let's write arena rock that criticises organized religion	No let's be serious and address the elephant in the room	Take a funny idea but make it sad	Ok, whew, too dark, let's have fun again	Let's be creative and try anything	Take an old idea and put it in current context	Gotta have a love song befitting	Let's do loops and add Sci-Fi	Say goodbye to the past	Can I forgive myself / redemption?	Let's make a 4 chorder with a li'l social commentary	Let's have fun
Tracks (Incl. Ave 14 drum tracks)	36	29	36	32	30	18	31	32	25	25	13	28	31	23
Additional Personnel	3 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry Steve Cracknell	3 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry Rich Gilbert	3 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry Rich Gilbert	4 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry Rich Gilbert Joe Schwartzott	3 Chris Stillo Darrell Nutt Rich Gilbert	1 Darrell Nutt	2 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry	4 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry Steve Cracknell Max Eider	3 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry Sam Spranger	1 Darrell Nutt	0	4 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry Rich Gilbert James Paul Mitchell	2 Darrell Nutt Matthew Fry	1 William Jacobsen
BPM	97	92	85	110	112	92	110	125	120	110	92	110	118	145
Influence	Aerosmith/ Glam	Frank Black	Dandy Warhols / Julian Cope	Pixies/ Soundgarden	Camper Van, Floyd	Battles	Misc Prog	Jellyfish	Jellyfish	TalkingHeads	David Sylvian / Peter Gabriel	Frank Black	XTC / John Foxx	Misc. 80s





Song Title

- Intro Wankery
- Awoken from Cryosleep
- What God Believes
- The High Life
- Big Bag
- Theme for a Buddy Detective Show
- Paper taken by the wind
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- Dance Her Way to Hell (1984 Mix)

Lyrics

Intro Wankery

Hot damn! We're
gonna do a double
A pretty girl's gonna
cause a lot of
trouble for the boys
in the band and
leave me singing the
blues

Intro wankery

Awoken from Cryosleep

Every time - you get
out the bed
You're being born
again
And asked the
incredible –
go be the hero
go fight the alien

Every day - awaken
up out of place
at the edge of space
the years gone by
but you haven't
aged a bit

Out of hibernation,
thawed from your
sleep without
dreams in between
Out of hibernation,
I'm impatient I gotta
start all over again

Interstellar
slipstream dweller
Super Nova? No,
that life's over

Every time you
cough up your guts,
yer a company putz
Your head is a mess
then things... turn
right... to shit
Every life another
desolate isle, or a
planet defiled
Your friends soon
dead, head blown to
bits

What God Believes

You might have
been brainwashed
since the day you
were born
You never had the
chance to pick a side
to be sworn
You feel insignificant
in unending time
So grab a hold of
anything that
justifies your hollow
crime

Don't you wish the
Lord would come to
smite your enemies?
Don't you wish that
God believed what
you believe?

All our souls are
swimming in a
roiling sea
We all screaming
what we think that
god believes
Je t'aime Je t'aime -
only you and me
Je t'aime Je t'aime -
unless you disagree

You might be
inclined to read the
words out of rhyme
Ignore the verse
that don't apply and
wait for a sign
You might have a
minister explain
what it means
Whatever
ammunition used to
justify hypocrisy

The High Life

Hey kids I've had a
few but I'll have four
more
I'm a dancing
machine
I'm so funny and
witty
I'm gonna drink until
my eyes turn black

Aw man, no...
I never thought I'd
be so Hung Over
I always go to work
so Hung Over
And every day I'm
always Hung Over
Without a drink I will
be Hung Over
Won't get to pardon
me, hung

Life
I'm just living the
Life
Living a life high
Living a lie

Soon the habit that
holds you up
will then own you
Soon the habit
unfolds and it
has consumed you
whole

With a drink in my
hand I'm so damn
eloquent
I can feel no shame
I'm gonna walk right
out of this
neighborhood party
with any married
woman I want

The man takes a
drink
The drink takes a
drink
The drink takes a
man

Big Bag

I'm gonna pack for
my trip, I gotta big
bag fulla my stuff

Don't dwell on the
promises broken
don't want a
reprieve I'm leaving,
this city has spoken
to me

Theme for a Buddy Detective Show

Paper taken by the wind

All our minds are
made up by the
ministry of make-
believe reality
is nothing but a slice
of soothing that you
fashioned by your
own hand
far from me

snooze alarms and
wake up calls
ignoring me
my tea is steeped in
everything
ethereal not bought
or sold by a consort
who has flown, fly
away

Ms and mister
master may i may i
may i ?

Don't you know
your play?

The Hapless Oaf

Barbara are you up?
I can't sleep a wink
my throats kinda
sore with this cold
So maybe Barbara
you can get the
aspirin and Sucrets
to put me right
under now
Barbara, she plays a
game of solitaire as I
sleep like a rotten
log
She's unhappy with
her hapless oaf

What do you get for
the man who has
taken everything?
What do you get for
the man who has
wasted everything
he's taken?

Crazy life you just
wave goodbye
Settle down in the
middle
Class no high

What do you get for
the man who has
wasted everything?
(I can't eat, can't
sleep, can't drink,
can't smoke
anymore)
What do you get
when you get
everything with a
remote?
Watch that man
become the hapless
oaf

I'll control the world
with my remote
Oh god no, I've
become the hapless
oaf

The Lovely Mary Eleanore

The lovely Mary
Eleanore is dreamin'
she's meets a
playful pup
inside paper mache
mold
she laughs in her
sleep, doesn't speak
that's a window
inside of her soul

The lovely Mary
Eleanore is thinkin'
of what to make of
me,
am I lunch or a
sinner old
Evils don't weigh on
her mind
that's a window
inside to her soul

And even though I
don't deserve her
refrain
She still brings her
love all the same

Won't take the un-
sunny side with
those people and
their druthers so
low
Won't be afraid to
be kind to one
another
the coven of her
sisters all sewn

The lovely Mary
Eleanore is gleamin'
She radiates her sun
on
my planet now
peaceful
She's taking her dog
on a stroll

That's a window
inside of her soul
That's a window
inside of her soul

What we know of the Jackaroo

When they came
we were in our
darkest century
the Jackaroo sent
Hollywood-en
avatars
and gifted us
ancient, ruined
properties

Ghosts of artifacts
are in my head
Compelling me to
follow them instead

Don't talk to the
Jackaroo
More doublespeak
from the Jackaroo
"We're here to help,"
says the Jackaroo
Don't believe the
Jackaroo

Old eidolons make
their home inside
'Unlikely Worlds' will
tag along to chide
me

Central Day Light Time

Suburban boy and
the hippie girl
out of place in each
others world
endorphin junkies
pheromone friends

burn through each
others fire
In the forested
desert where we
belong
I'll drive all day for
one more night

string theory
unravels
and I lost that
thread
Now committed to
memory

Staring out the open
window
High above in the
downtown
allowing the wind
and rain
to whip up at me
in the middle of the
day
central day light
time

The Sub-conscious Disease

And yes, I work for
my government
And no I don't
believe
Maybe I do I'd be
lying by telling the
truth

All ways, the
daemon judging
from within
A mask trained to
deceive
Maybe decreed, I'm
accusing without
any proof

Fate -
Am I soon or too
later?
Just a product of
Fate -
Will I sooner or later
Try forgiving my self

And every night
when I put the brain
to bed
It wakes up
someone else
Maybe the same but
I never remember
his name

And in those odd
antiquariums
I know I'm free to
leave
Maybe I'm holding
the past - a hostage
in shame

The subconscious
disease

We All Live in a Computer

In 1973 I had to go
into a big building
just to see a
computer,
to see what a
computer could do
In 1980 and 4 I
never could get that
big high score
but fell in love with a
computer... just
loved what a
computer could do
And in '95 I gave it
my life, gave up the
guitar learned to
code and design
In 2006 I got lost in
the mix
And now I research
why everyone clicks

We all live in a
computer
I might as well live in
a computer with you
I'll probably die in a
computer
digitized in a binary
stew

In 1973 I had to go
into a big building
just to see a
computer, to see
what a computer
could do

So you go to your
work then you stare
at a screen
Get ready for bed as
it sings you to sleep
You go to your
church but you pray
to your phone
You pray to the dog
that's inside of your
home

In 1973

Dance Her Way to Hell (1984 Mix)

She started by
swinging - that's a
step they say
And doing the lindey
- hopping every
night and day
Our home became a
dance hall and the
crowds began to
swell
Now she can dance
her way to hell

Too many memories
for a restless heart
She took me for
granted even from
the start
I'm a wall flower
wilted
At the ball she's the
belle
So she can dance
her way to hell

(we were) Living and
loving and laughing
with each other
Now she's dancing
her way to hell