



LÜT

WAR WAGON

fire come down the chimney

fire come down the chimney
like we's the only place in town
like that storm done back in '50
when it tore that old barrel house down

backing it down the lane
now that's one girl who knows how to park
the party light's been on
duallys up and down the block

she's not the only one if it takes all night

we over-paid 2 dudes to sweep it
and just when the check was cut
ran out with the 6-string
as soon as the shit lit up

ooooh, chimney fire light
ooooh, tighties no longer white

little j dünnhom

if every day were only an hour
spirits pass in the shimmering night
you sulk away like a dwindling flower
hopelessly alive

what's that you say i told you that forever
was a long long time (such a long time)
we're both so hopelessly tragic
and you're all dressed in black

lipstick mottled and depressed
loathed dishevelery as a mistress
waiting patiently in line
oh for the fallout

the gandry (kinsman's journey part IV)

flying south before the winter
for they know not what they've done
sitting aboard the parent spaceship
as pretty as the day is young

it's only time before the gandry
the holy terror's just begun

northern light upon their shoulders
two blind pharaohs in the night
exchanging glances with their whispering eyes

revealed at once by second sight

it's only time before the gandry
the holy terror's just arrived

no need to monish one in orbit
this lasting colic soon shall pass
southern cross as our guidepost
embarking unto the expanse

'tis at once they were meandering
regarding silence in the sun

the ballad of mitchie beerwagen

it was a bright september day back in ought four
he was hunting out past old state road with beans, his rabbit dog
you should have seen the sight just down up the dirt road
young lady leaning on a plymouth horizon all caught up in the mud
then beans looked over to him & mitchie glanced back
just then they knew what had to be done to get her back on track

she was so grateful for what they had done
she thanked young mitchie right then & there
he sent old beans on a run

he's been with her for 6 months now a hilltown beauty queen
shooting cans from his daddy's hand all now seems just like a dream

he was a good lookin' kid never 'shamed what he done
was him & beans for the longest time, here come a pretty lady with a forked tongue

woah-oh, someone hitting the road tonight woah-oh someone getting itchy
whatever happened to mitchie? he was so young
he's a-blazin toward a western showdown
throwing caution in the sun

a couple years've gone by now she & mitchie moved in
but him & beans still out shooting frogs & playing with road-kill remains

mitchie been getting the bug, I'm not talking VD
her yapper going both morning, noon & night, it might've even upset poor beans

now the doors is a slammin' romance battered and torn
it's either go down in flames with the ship or bail out on his own

woah-oh, throwing down some o'douls tonight, woah-oh, driving into the city
she was yap, yappin' at mitchie ever since he was young
mitchie's not much for talking now unless them fighting words being slung
whatever happened to mitchie? he was so young
woke up on the wrong side of kansas & he knew his race was run

he gave her a rose

and when the deed was done
not far from where the demon hung
evening turns to night
the last curdling flicker in his eye

waiting to be told
had left a vacuum in his soul
violence & greed
2 pillars of the eternal creed

he gave her a rose before he died
they never made promises
only god knows how hard he tried
you know how bad demon possession is

wanting to be free
from the dark lord and his army
those dark & lovely eyes
mercy angel in cloaken disguise

you might think her insane
for welcoming the demon in
his one final request
to long savor the kiss of death

road to manassas

it's a long road to manassas
as long as the day is oh, don't you know
making use of a switch on them equine asses
dusty dirt caked across my monobrow

traversing the lot of cash crop grasses
sally's on the sauce and she's on the prowl
and through the fields where our uncle died
we all were made promises that we knew to be lies

i've known all along just had to see with my own eyes
traveling lady, let me be your guide

how long is the road down to manassas?
we may need to rest and ask which route we're on

everyone's seen how you were such an ass-kiss
twice we passed the west gate of lomond

you probably get lost going to the out-house
speaking of sally we'd better find you one

back through the fields where our uncle died
we all were made promises that we knew to be lies

i've known all along just had to see with my own eyes
damn that lady smells like something died

mr. routinier

if you're going downtown & you're cruising top-down
don't forget even once just to take it slow
'cause all the state workers there will be so impressed
looking away, must be blinded by something so illustrious

imagination flows, your white tooth it shows
as you bask in the glow of your own ego
created in part by a trip to the grocery shelf
committed to a daily primping, greasy self-help

fully going out for to bring home a lady
& if the suavity is on maybe 3 if he's lucky
at the club they all say here comes mr. routinier,
"It's been quite a while since he's fooled a lady"

just in case he's now chatting it up with the fatty
peering past her gaze at the wildly half-shirted sallys
his shit is looking good today, yeah his part is on the right
SBD & winks—somehow he gotta roll the dice.

man about town

i'm a man about town
if there ever fucking was one
pass the big hat around
that would be totally awesome of you

i'll turn their big heads
three hunnert sixty around
staring up at the sky
with them jaws hanging down

the change it happened one day
it still hurts like it bleeds
jackass on parade
leaves one to wonder constantly

this towns gonna burn
whether or not i'm around
i'm a man about town
i'm a freakin' man about town

one last word of advice
oh, and pass these around
ain't gonna put me on ice
we brought the war wagon down

dog in the bathtub

my eyes keep on slippin, slippin'
just a little bit south of your face
both my eyes - especially my mind's eye
your bottom I retrace

got curves in many places, places
lace & fishnet floodgate
why don't we go & call on the bishop
is it cash or check to mate?

dog in the bathtub
imperfect human love

have you ever seen the mission
or tasted from the mint canary?
I might have half-seen something on montel
but I'm ready to believe

jm the f

when you find out who you are
and stop that crack head doddering, yeah!
even though we've come so far
that citrine crotch stain turns me away

if i told you who i was
would you look the other way?
a little sickly, little kiss
oviparous lady, what do you say?

when it comes time to lock you up
biddy, don't look at me that way
you know i'd gladly take your place
but you've got that persistency of lay

woman driver

it's gotta be a woman
gotta be a woman driver
she's playing with my life on the left-hand side
oh, woman

she's on the cell phone
since 50 miles ago

i seen her nearly back-end a truck and I said what the...
heck are you thinking?

ain't like it used to be
in this land of the free
a man needs a wife on his right-hand side
not in the driver's seat

it's gotta be a woman
gotta be a woman driver
she's playing with my life on the left-hand side
oh, woman

that one's headed straight for me
in a 7' tall SUV
rubberneckin' all the while, for them tag sale signs
in classic she-driver style

those are called speed-zone signs
yeah, the one there with the double-5s
you must be kidding me, her cruise is set on 30
i'm getting old waiting in line

sing song

wishing she may, wishing she might
woman gonna need you to apologize
recalling what went down the other night
switchin' up my high life for beast ice

was a time when she wouldn't say stop
unless off to work or on the clock
shit mini-series without a plot
sung like a sparrow with a drunken bark

i've never had my heart ripped out
by a bitch like you before
it's just the same sing song on a different day

maddening drivin' is your theory
spit up on this face of mine
you've given up your right to scold me
but not your personation of a yowling porcine

set me back

first time you set me back
I knew I was over you
keep running me down
i can't fight off feeling so blue

second time you set me back
is when I lost all my hair
no longer in the real world
i was ripping chunks out with my own hand
from that place where you done carved your name
my heart's an empty place
i stutter and often stare
from what with and what without
without what you left in there

dragon buffet

you and me were meant to be together
like a shovel, rope, and lime
left me sitting at the dragon buffet
that mean-streak runs in time
no more wasted days from here on in
keep them phennies confined to night
who said club-foot was a problem?
just as long as it don't ignite
as i contemplate my fortune
something don't sit right with me
then it rocked my world right then
just a little more than crunchy
i'm gonna keep it under my pillow
the first one was lost at wendy's
chalk this one up to general tzaio
uncle lenny got tore up in a tragic bite-down
'twas 85% cacao
don't you know i've already paid the price?
& she just left with the ride
like a bamboo flogging on the face
't will leave a nasty overbite
soon I perspire from the forehead
hurts down there when I pee
when the cursed chicken came right then
i can't recall asking for the beak

lüt spiritual

real men they all love jesus
and goes to church every easter and christmas
real fake men they don't love jesus

satan's the only one bring them to their kneeses
real men they don't break no promises
made to god to keep the women in their places
real men they don't like no gay dudes
keep them guys away from the poop-chute
real men they all love jesus
and goes to church every easter and christmas

mitchie's waltz

if i'm going to get home tonight
i'd better start feeling better
it's no matter which way is right
there's no map that brought things together
it don't take that much to disappear
that was my first bitchslap in over a year
i reach down to turn on the lights
to cut through the darkness, i'm gonna leave them on high
wake up turn the music up
i'm finding myself all up on the shoulder
when will i see the one son?
maybe i'll look you up when we're older
i'll make it but i'm fading
getting lax with the steering
and the lines they fade off into black...

lüt is

lars - guitars, vocals, keyboards, bass
neil - bass, backing vocals, effects
chas - drums, vocals, guitar, keyboards

additional musicians

monty roberts & coco black - backing vocals on *mitchie beerwagen*
chris webb - electric guitar on *mitchie's waltz*

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