1 – **The Only Church**

My sister ran off with a junkie

My mother ran off with a drunk

My dog’s a two bit scaliwag leech

and my old man’s a slimebucket skunk

I’d make each one of them a mourner

if April weren’t just around the corner

Yeah you know I’d put a gun to my ear

if the sacred season weren’t almost here...

November through March is a long time in hell

But then spring comes along to save us from our sins

With bats back swinging and line drives zinging

It’s the agony and ecstasy of losses and wins

My baby left me for an unlicensed plumber

the day after our pipes froze

I swear to God I’d seek eternal slumber

if it weren’t for those golden catches and throws...

Hallelujah for Baseball and the Dimaggio streak

For a win by Washington and every time the Rangers lose

Hallelujah for the Say Hey Kid, the Big Six and the Freak

For Ichiro’s arm and Zito’s charm nixing my fixing-to-die blues

You might think you can vote with your card from the NRA

And maybe they’ll give you a passport for being good with a gun

But it’s sure you got no business living here in the USA

if you won’t stand up and salute a walk-off home run

Yeah, you got no business running around with Old Glory

If you don’t worship at the church of the nine inning story

Now I’m happy to have a beer and a couple belts of bourbon

Hell, scratch the blood from its proceeds and I’d be OK with cocaine

But for an opium of the people our old pastime’s prime cut

Yeah, no drug or drink can do you like the national game

So while Christians wait in vain for heaven to call them up

we got Elysian fields right here leading to the Hall of Fame

Yeah, they’re waiting for their Messiah to come clear the bases

while we got rapture every year from spring to fall

And you know their fishers of men could never hit our aces

Dudes dabbling in martyrdom couldn’t touch a Koufax curveball

Hallelujah for Baseball and the crack of the bat

For Ozzie airborne and Tinker to Evers to Chance

Hallelujah for all the Lous, Cy, Satchel and Nap

for Campy and Clemente and the hotbox baseline dance

Hallelujah for Whitman’s “place where memory gathers”

for the rite on the diamond in the only church that matters

2 – **Ilmarinen’s Lament**

Oh your eyes are so blue, they could double as diamonds,

cut a tango out of Turku and stand in for the sky

But your heart is so cold, it could storm troop Karelia,

put a plague on every house and a smile in every lie

I forged you from magic metal, a molten stream made you flesh

Composed you fresh from the earth, from silver, love and gold

But your icy breath of sorrow has poisoned my tomorrow,

shot my veins full of venom, and stilled me with cold

Oh my heart is so blue, it could cry you a river,

cry you a Kalevala, cry you this song

And my fingers are so frozen they could snap like carrots,

slap down the sun and make night all day long

For your soul is so white, it could stand in for winter

fill in for the snow and see the wheat through to spring

Your sex is a stone and your blood will never sing

I made my hell when I made you and gave you that ring

Yes, I gave you life, metal maiden, but you will not be my missus

so tearing the heart out of my chest now is my one and only wish

But my hands have gone numb from the ice in your kisses

so the sea will be my bride – I’ll lay me down with the fish

3– **Dead Souls Singing**

‘Twas someone pushing up daisies or kilned to dust ochre and sweet

Someone long past rotten, a meal for maggots pushing peat

‘Twas a one-time eager breeder, a long-confirmed ex-breather

Someone long past forgotten, in an urn or six feet deep

who told me go to you, who made me take your hand

It was dead souls singing and their wish was my command

Standing there watching from the other side of the river –

dead souls singing, telling me to be a birth-giver

willing me into your arms to realize their vision

pulling out all choral stops to cause a carnal collision

They’ve been at it forever, a conspiracy from the far side

and that’s what gave me the guts to risk a blow to my pride...

Sure I love your green eyes and your frog-like fingers kill me

Your smile is pure salvation when I feel I’m on the brink

Your voice warms me like sun, your kisses always fill me

and it feels like I’ve been looking for you as long as I could think

But still... why did I dive in so deep and then want nothing but more?

Sure you’re comely and smart, but I’d seen comely and smart before

Why’d I jump off that ledge when I’d always veered clear of the edge?

Why did I give you my all when I’d always been a tight-fisted bore?

My great-great-grandmother made me do it, made me give my all

That soul singing pulled my strings, that stiff was my downfall

The wall around my heart couldn’t ward off her siren song

The call of blood in my ears for me was much too strong

Of course I love the way you walk and how you only fish with flies

I love your flesh from toe to ear and the expanse between your eyes

I love the dry martinis you make and the cigarettes you smoke

but that can’t explain why I suddenly found myself going for broke

Nope, that was my great-great-grandfather giving me a shove

When he saw me rambling near the cliff, he saw I could still learn to love

He knew his line would stop with me, if I didn’t get on the stick

So he pushed me off and into your arms, into a love so big it’s sick

Oh those bastards will stop at nothing in their old unholy quest

When it comes to the life of their bloodline, the dead will never rest

They’ll push and press and apply duress to get you to nest and mate

They’ll sing that song till you go along and give in... give in and procreate

4 – **This Land Is Not Your Land**

*Here’s to the land you’ve torn out the heart of,*

(insert name of individual or state) *find yourself another country to be part of*

– Phil Ochs

This land is our land, this land is not your land

Fought for in Bastogne and the Solomon Islands

Fought for at Shiloh and in buses to Birmingham

This land needs you now to secede

You went from slavery to Jim Crow segregation

From John Birch lunacy to the Aryan Nations

Now it’s your Tea Party, the new infestation

Oh, this land needs you now to secede

You could have yourself a real theocracy

Purged of pagans and foreign philosophy

Cleansed of elites and meritocracy

Stripped of unions and socialist bureaucracy

You could teach creationism in your new Confederacy

Explain the Civil War as a fight for the rights of states

Hang the Ten Commandments on every courthouse door

And have Bible law to adjudicate your fates

 You’ll have a land that will not be made for me

 Unlike this land that now needs you to secede

We’ll hang on to baseball, and you can have Monopoly

We’ll go with science, and you’ll have your scriptures

We’ll run on light, right and common decency

And you’ll have your myths and superstitious strictures

We’ll take The Constitution, and you’ll go with God

Stuffing Him in a place where enlightenment don’t shine

Called upon to execute His intelligent design

You’ll love your land the way you never loved mine

For this land was not made for you and me...

And this land needs you now to secede

In the land of a thousand private prisons and a million health insurance plans

You’ll be free of regulations and environmental bans

You’ll drill and dig up what you want and turn your rivers into swamps

And no nanny state progressos will stop you building dams

So secede now, please now, do it today!

Save yourself from Babylon before you too turn gay

You won’t realize God’s promise in this land if you stay

And we can’t wait for the rapture to take you away

And with your genetic pool, oh how you will thrive!

You’ll be a sight to behold in but a few generations

A knuckle-dragging, Bible-drooling, home-schooling tribe

In a truncated, dissipated, Romper Room nation

Assault-rifling woods reduced to rats, stumps and clutter

You’ll be living on the gospel and imported peanut butter

And in the brave new world you’ll have at your feet

You can even stick a cross on the flag, so come on, take the leap!

Get out of our union now and make your very own state

We need you to take a bow for America to be great

This land was not made for you, it’s not what you need

And this land needs you now to secede

5 – **Quicksilver**

for Jacques Bonnaffé

I won’t have money and I won’t stop, no I’ll keep on moving until I drop

for my face is god-like beauty... let loose on the land of the free

and with speed my spiritual duty... no one will ever know me

I’ll stay alive as long as I drive, on the road, man, that’s where I thrive

that’s where I run from who I am, a beautiful blur ever on the lam

I’m hooked on speed and what I need is an epic land where the highways feed

my eyes and my ears... and a bottomless hunger for grinding gears,

my lies and my fears... there outing squares and scouting queers

rolling out its long and spreading its wide and giving me the room I need to hide

in the beat where I seek to reap what I sow in uprooted, fleet-footed frolic and flow...

with the wind, hear it blow... me from Mudville to Missoula

across the infinite ocean face of America, America

my country ‘tis on thee my race ‘gainst the li’l yankee-québéquois –

running from place to place to place, from ‘tit Jean-Louis le petit-bourgeois

with a golden man pretty as a goddamn painting popping off at the wheel

and a girl slash leech there faintly fainting or buzzed and copping a feel

and whoosh! wham! and wow! goes the road, a snaking river wonder to behold

a Mississippi move cutting a groove from Boise to Mobile

Oh the road where I was ranger Dan, a shiftless Joe, a Navy man

where I was a New York digger digging for who the hell I am

until I threw in the towel and just cut and ran... and ran... and ran...

from Lawrence to Loredo to Lala land, from Walla Walla to the Hoover Dam...

and rode... and drove... and about me I still don’t know...

and let it show that I gave up looking a long long time ago

gave up looking to blow my cover and splash my real all over my other

gave up looking and road the road, the road where I could roll...

and roll... writing that roll rolling under the Underwood keys

spewing out mass quantities, line after line of assorted me’s,

black teeth biting into that paper to etch the words of my icon-maker –

yeah I came to California with a typewriter on my knees

All the way running from Lowell, Mass, and oh baby, what a gas!

But that too had to pass when the bennies were gone and the booze went wrong

and laughing it off made the gallery queasy and Neal ran off to drive for Ken Kesey

and the road gets hard when the words don’t come, come so goddamn easy...

And I vote Republican and talk up the road to another television sleazy

awatching my face get bigger and bloated awondering whither my beauty floated –

my beauty behind me like so much dust on a Sonora side road in the dusk

rolling away from a pit stop riven, riven with want and lust –

LUST for the road and LUST for sensation, LUST wolfing down every mile in the nation

that’s the pill and that’s the elation, that’s the motion intoxication

that comes from fuel in the machine, man we fly so high we have to scream,

we roll and roll till we take flight into the star-spangled bang up black and blue... night

The road sucking us dry, the reds sucking us white...

till we’re there and gone like quicksilver, God... long gone outta sight.

6 – **LET BUDDY BOLDEN BLOW**

from *Coming Through Slaughter* by Michael Ondaatje

I blew away my home and my sweet family

I blew bars of blood and notes I’d never known

Blew desire for that shefire shaking before me

till the last drop of blood was sown

Like a spear my horn cut from her head to her gut

Kissed that girl with every lick I could play

And when I got inside her, Lord, my horn ran amok

and to God I could hear her say

Let him blow, let his blood flow as one

with a woman that’ll never leave me alone

Let him blow, blow till kingdom come

Till the King comes to carry him home

Blinded by my blood, Lord, I saw the light

of the music come to take me away

But with my horn inside me now I’ll be all right

for to God I can hear it pray

Let him blow, let his blood flow as one

with a horn that’ll never leave him alone

Let him blow, blow till kingdom come

Till the King comes to carry him home

7 – **My Love’s Kisses (Taste Like Salt)**

My love’s kisses taste like salt

Her heart pressed thin pumps tears

My love’s lips are black and bursting

Clouds spilling over with my love’s fears

My love’s kisses taste like rain

Rain running red with my love’s woe

My love’s eyes are green with spleen

Reaping what her kisses sow

 My love’s kisses taste of loss

 Taste of childhood, and taste of sleep

 My love’s kisses are hits and misses

 But when she hits, my love goes deep

 And my love sings like the rocks in her shoes

 Swamping all things in a landslide of blues

My love swings like a swallow in a gale

 Up beating her wings, low to dodge the hail

My love’s kisses taste like trees

Old pine spires longing for hugs

My love’s hands are baby honey bees

And my love’s feet are no bigger than bugs

 Yes my love’s kisses taste like longing

 Taste like ashes in a Sibelian suite

 Yes my love’s kisses are hits and misses

 But when she hits, her love cuts deep

Oh my love is an otter dissembling a tiger

Take heed ye meaning to see or be inside her

 For her lips were made for slashing and her hips for gnashing

 And when my love gets blue she’ll gush like a geyser

 And my love sings like the rocks in her shoes

 Swamping all things in a landslide of blues

My love swings like a swallow in a gale

 But I know she’ll cut through it in time...

 I know my love won’t fail

**WOBBLY MEDLEY** (8-11)

8 – **Fifty Thousand Lumberjacks**

(from the 13th edition of the IWW Songbook, 1917)

“Such a lot of devils,” that’s what the papers say –

“They’ve gone on strike for shorter hours and some increase in pay.

They left the camps the lazy tramps, they all walked out as one.

They say they’ll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum...”

*“Une telle bande de diables” c’est ce que dit la presse :*

*“Ils font grève pour de meilleurs salaires et pour que le nombre d’heures baisse*

*Ils ont quitté les puits, les flemmards unis, en bloc, ils ont tout arrêté*

*Ils disent qu’ils gagneront la grève, quitte à mettre les patrons sur le pavé.”*

9 – **Dump The Bosses Off Your Back**

(from the 9th edition of the IWW Songbook, 1916)

Are you cold forlorn and hungry?

Are there things you lack?

Is your life made up of misery?

Then dump the bosses off your back!

Are your clothes all torn andtattered?

Are you living in a shack?

Would you have your troubles scattered?

Then dump thebosses off your back!

Are you almost split asunder?

Loaded like a long-eared jack?

Boob – why don’t you buck like thunder,

And dump the bosses off your back?

All the agonies you suffer

You can end with one good whack –

Stiffen up, you orn’ry duffer –

And dump the bosses off your back...

*Tu t’écroules sous des malheurs*

*Qui ne survivront pas à une bonne**claque*

*Lève-toi mon pauvre**grogneur*

*Et fourre le patron sous ta patte*

10– **Wesley Everest** (Centralia, Washington – 11 November 1919)

adapted for song from poem of same name in *Bars and Shadows – The Prison Poems of Ralph Chaplin* (1926)

Once... long ago... do you remember how

You placed a scroll above His bleeding brow

You hailed Him king for soldiers to deride –

And spat upon Him, scourged Him crucified?

You murdered then just like you murder now

A man who to you could not be made to bow

You Christian soldier, Centralia centurion

You Legion goon drunk on fear and odium...

Wounded he faced you as he stood at bay

You dared not lynch him in the light of day,

But on your dungeon stones you let him bleed;

Torn and defiant as a wind-lashed reed

Night came . . . and you black vigilants of Greed . . .

Without one qualm of horror at the deed

Like human wolves, seized hard upon your prey,

Tortured and killed . . . and, silent slunk away.

11– **The West Is Dead**

adapted for song from poem of same name in *Bars and Shadows – The Prison Poems of Ralph Chaplin* (1926)

*Les soleils dorés de vos pères menaient*

*Vers de vastes plaines vierges et claires –*

*Savez-vous que l’Ouest est mort ?*

*Et la liberté disparaît de la terre*

*Maintenant de mornes cités se mettent à y pulluler*

*Et la liberté meurt entre montagne et mer –*

*Savez-vous que l’Ouest est mort ?*

*Et la liberté disparaît de la terre*

*De loin et de près, on a dompté et clôturé*

*Le monde pour lequel se sont saignés vos pères –*

*Savez-vous que l’Ouest est mort ?*

*Et la liberté disparaît de la terre...*

What path is left for you to tread?

When hunger-wolves are slinking near –

Do you not know the West is dead?

And freedom is not there nor here

Your fathers, golden sunsets led

To virgin prairies wide and clear –

Do you not know the West is dead?

And freedom is not there nor here

Now dismal cities rise instead

And freedom is not there nor here –

What path is left for you to tread?

Along the trails of yesteryear

Your fathers' world, for which they bled,

Is fenced and settled far and near –

Do you not know the West is dead?

And freedom is not there nor here –

Your fathers gained a crust of bread,

Their bones bleach on the lost frontier;

What path is left for you to tread?

Along the trails of yesteryear

 Do you not know the West is dead?

And freedom is not there nor here

12 – **Fox News Is My Muse**

for Hank Williams Jr.

I thought I’d gone to the well, boys, one too many times

Thought I’d run out of songs, thought I’d run out of lines

I’d said me a mouthful, sang all that could be sung

so after so much brayin’ I thought this donkey was done

But then I stopped by the Snake Pit to have me a beer

And what I seen in that bar, boys, shot me all full of fear

Gave me new grounds for puttin’ pencil to paper

and firin’one last round afore meetin’ my maker

I saw a bunch of lazy losers gettin’ government stuff

and terrorists let off with paid vacations

I saw men losin’ jobs when they wasn’t colored enough

and blacks still whinin’ about segregation

I saw an uppity professor brainwashing our kids

with global warming and the lie of evolution

Now he’s goin’ after our guns and taxin’ all our takin’s

like he never even heard of the American Revolution

Then I heard a fair and balanced counter-attack fightin’ to taking our country back

from the gang of marxist bureaucrats climbing atop of every institution

I saw real Americans telling the truth and Republican patriots raising the roof

The Bible in hand, boys, they were taking a stand and defending the Constitution...

Now I got nothing ‘gainst democracy, but seein’ the new lay of the land of the free

I had me a vision, boys, of old Germany and took a little look back at history

You know Hitler got elected cause of economic woes

and he socialized the country with big government controls

and when he came up with death panels and a public option

his big government voted for immediate adoption

So I had to write this song... I’m Paul Revere with a guitar

I’m writing to right the wrong... cause you can only push a good man so far

And now Fox News is my muse

I get my inspiration from her views

Fox News is my muse

She put me back in the saddle, led me into battle

and showed me how to light the fuse

They got Glen and Sean and one really hot blonde

who can talk so good you almost forget about her legs

They got O’Reilly and Palin givin’ hell to all the pagans

tellin’ truth to the lame stream media fags

You don’t need to know the names of the founding fathers

to know those old fellas were good Christian men

They founded us a damn good God-fearin’ country

with the right to bear arms and talk American

But to the home of the brave now bad times have come

with the America-haters now running Washington

And you don’t need no census or federal investigation

to know we’re choking here on too much immigration

Hell you don’t need nothin’ more than the good Book

to know that making mother earth was just a six day job

and anybody with a brain could tell you with one look

that a man marrying a man just don’t sit well with God

I saw it in that bar, lord, up on that screen:

The president’s a racist who hates vanilla ice cream

He’s a foreign-born progressive with a arab name

yeah, all his basketball buddies probably call him Hussein

He hides his radical agenda by making nice speeches

While he pals around with terrorists and babies welfare leeches

Bows to the unions and bends over for the ecologists

Scorns old glory and kisses up to mosque apologists

Fox News is my muse

I get all my inspiration from her views

Fox News is my muse

She put me back in the saddle, so I could babble

‘bout something more than my lonesome cowboy blues

And now Fox News is my muse

I get all my inspiration from her views

Fox News is my muse

She put me back in the saddle, led me to the battle

and said “come on baby, light my fuse.”

Produced By Theo Hakola

recorded and mixed in Paris – 2010-2012

additional recording and mastering at Balloon Farm in Rennes by Vincent Lecouplier

additional recording assistance: Bénédicte Villain, Jean-Charles Versari, and Olivier Balet.

T. Hakola: vocals, guitars, organ, dulcimer, harmonica...

Tatiana Mladenovitch: drums, backing vocals on 11

Laureline Prod’homme: bass, backing vocals on 11

Matthieu Texier: other guitars on 2, 3, 10, 11

Simon Texier: pianos

B. Villain: violins, viola, accordion...

backing vocals:

Gabriela Arnon 4, 11

Madeleine Assas 8, 9, 11

Raphaèle Bouchard 8, 11

Noémie Dujardin 9

Mélanie Menu 6, 11

All songs by T. Hakola except: 1 (music Hakola/Villain), 6 (music Wallis Willis-trad.), 7 (music B. Villain), 8 (words anon., music trad.), 9 (words John Brill, music trad.), 10 & 11 (words Ralph Chaplin)

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