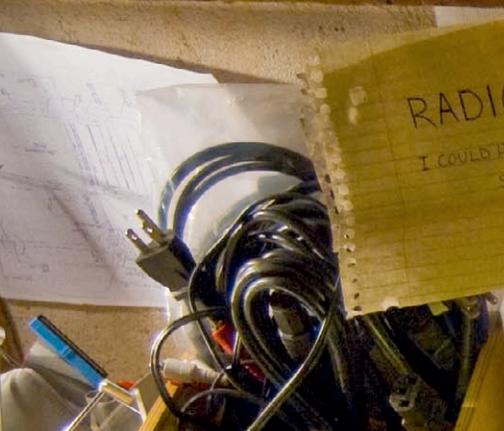




RADIOPHONIC
I COULD HAVE BEEN A "ROCKET
SCIENTIST"



And you're not...
What I can't remember
What was hidden from the camera
Which we see to get longer
It's all spread out to the ceiling
Enter to remember, like I can't find
with my left hand/feet but he said
The wrong words, like I said in
a house / To find the instrument
What I can't remember
What got lost there on the
A flying picture with the
me / A piece of me that is
But that's not just what
To pictures were always
To the picture was a picture
People gathered in their bright
dark / flared deep in polyester
Show
What I can't remember
lost it somewhere in the night
The small watched no one
remember
How we let this machine grow



Cathan thanks Kate for being amazing
and helping so generously. Mom and Dad,
Suzanne and Steve, Felise, Susie, Margaret,
William and Devin, Mike, Daniel and Angela,
Bren and Claudia, Sam, Matthew, Sam, Angen,
Lisa, Tom, Katrina, Tom and Tom, Gill and Kim,
The Wilsons, Tom and Anna, Anne, Bill, the
Hansons, and the other people who helped me
at the club.

Brian would like to thank: Marilyn and Bill
Duncan, for making this possible. Daniel, Graham
Michael and the other Brian for making it a
reality. Also thanks to Angela for giving Daniel
so love, and help for her invaluable assistance and
support. Thanks to Gina for the incredible fiddle
playing. Michael, sorry about the cow.

Michael would like to thank: The whole
family for supporting me, Sam, Angela, Graham,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,

Daniel would like to thank: the whole
family for supporting me, Sam, Angela, Graham,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,
the crew of the ship, the crew of the ship,





Wonderboy

He always knew which way to go
and it was always right
Grabbin' all that fruit, Wonderboy stays up ^{all night}

Our mothers woke up at 2:15 just to check
and we weren't in our beds
instead we were Wonderboy

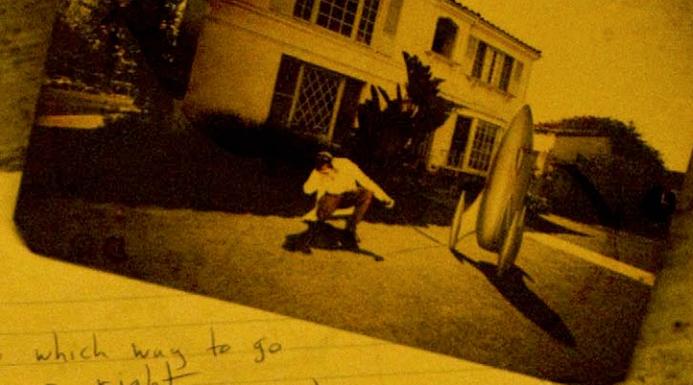
Chant: Skate, throw hammers, jump over snails,
dodge falling rocks!
Skate, throw hammers, jump over snails!

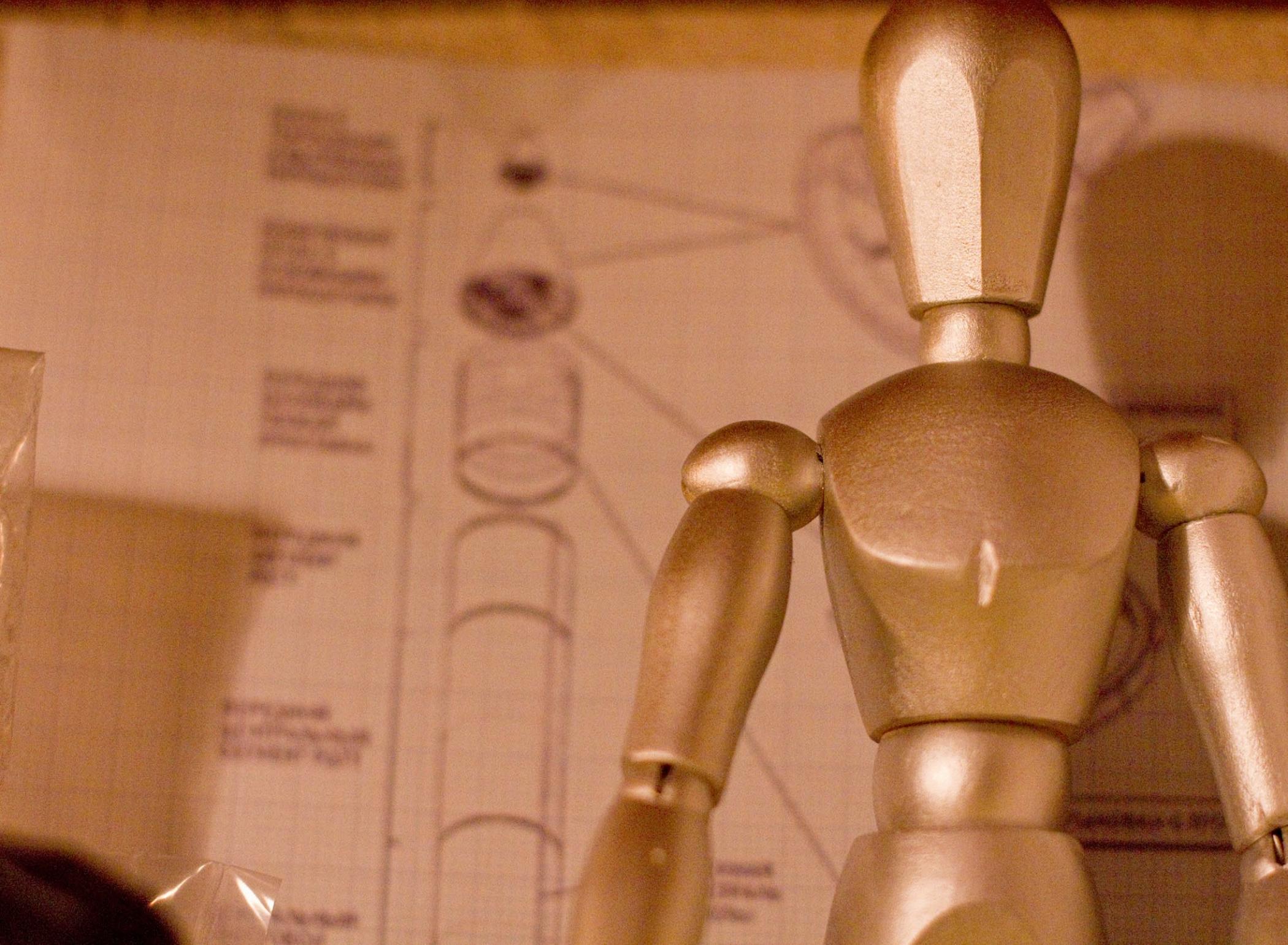
Chorus: No and no and no and nobody knows
where we are when we're Wonderboy
No and no and no and nobody knows
who we are when we're Wonderboy

I don't have to wear a shirt
just a jungle leaf mini-skirt
Doesn't matter how I look
my princess is happy to see me

We cannot save our game
We're gonna have to keep skatin'
Or we will lose it all
The princess calls us Wonderboy

Hey Wonderboy, watch out for falling rocks!
Hey Wonderboy, watch out for traffic cops!





If I Ruled the World

If I ruled the world / I'd make everybody love me
Even if it got a little hot in here
Video games, pornography, popcorn and foosball
Gotta give the people some fun / If you wanna rule the world

If I ruled the world / Some might slip through my fingers
It's okay I don't need them all
My complexion would be clear / Because I said so
If I ruled the world

If I ruled the world / I'd win the lottery every day
I would control free will / Would never falter, never fail

If I ruled the world / Some could slip through my fingers
Only after I washed my hands of them
My complexion would be clear / Because I said so
If I ruled the world

And who would be hungry / And who would be cold
And who would go bald / If I ruled the world

When I ruled the world
There'd be someone who wanted me dead
Who knew everything I said was a lie
All the rules easy for me to break
Like the handcuffs of my enemies
When I ruled the world



Fall Any Farther

I'm sweet over you
Don't you know I want you so
I plead for your touch
but I don't talk plain enough

8:15, see the lights
how they rise from the street
I've got more work to do
I never think straight when I'm waiting for you

Chorus: I can't fall any farther
or keep you here with me
I can't fall any farther
but you won't hear it from me

I hear the steps you take
I place blue glass at your feet
And the bottles of our own language
will outlast the days we speak

Is it just me who's losing you
in the lake March melting snow
when you laughed at the thought of us
but I still want let go



Ultralight

Give me some ultralights / Give me the sun
Give me a rhythm to steal / Give me some space
March to the stolen beat
Like I could ever leave this place
No I'll never leave this place

Chorus: One last time to go / Light up and hit the road
I'm high and all alone / Not that kid anymore
Strap in, pull the throttle / Watch out for power lines
Trees sink, time to fly / Wave goodbye one last time

Carve around my edges / Bevel my hardest points
Sand out my imperfections / No way to recognize me now
Gravel dust kicked past midnight
Open bottles with a flashlight
I push the world and the world might bend

And I'm a little bit tired of waiting
For my mind to be made up
And I'm a little bit tired of waiting
To find the right place to land

Ultralight, ultralight



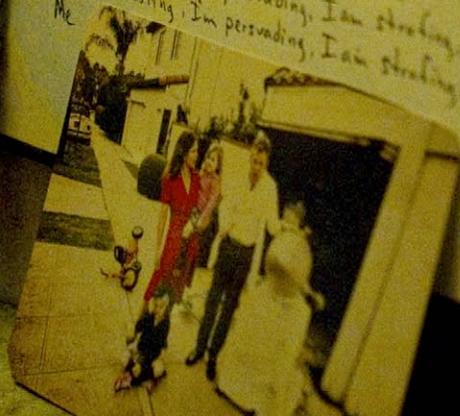
FTW

I'm walking through the park, and I'm looking out for you
I'm going to the pool and I'm lighting up this deck
There's lots of frisbee golf and a meth dealer or two
And when I'm finally there I find you snuggly with some dude
I'm walking from the park and I don't know where to go
There are two guys with guitars going to a killer show
Now I'm drinking at the bar and I'm looking really fine
All the ladies are in tow, oh yes oh yes they will be mine

Mine, summer's wasting by / I'm persuading, they're evading
I'm kind of into pron and I like to LOL
And I'm gettin' kind of drunk 'cause I'm freakin' drunk as hell
And I'm typing up a storm and I'm tapping my beer bong
While I'm taking off my clothes and I'm downloading this song
Now I've loaded my AK, and I'm blowing you away
And I've got you in my scope, OMFG you got pwned!
And I'm fragging like a god and this victory, is mine
Now the bomb is clocking down and you're running out of time

Time, out of time, summer's wasting by
I am strafing and evading,

She gets a job working for the park
I get back to school and my crappy art
Summer's wasting, I'm persuading, I am strafing, you're evading
Summer's wasting, I'm persuading, I am strafing, you're evading
Me



Beautiful Nothing

Heat rises overhead
Death Valley breakdown
Hummingbird checks us out
Tells me to stick around

Chorus:

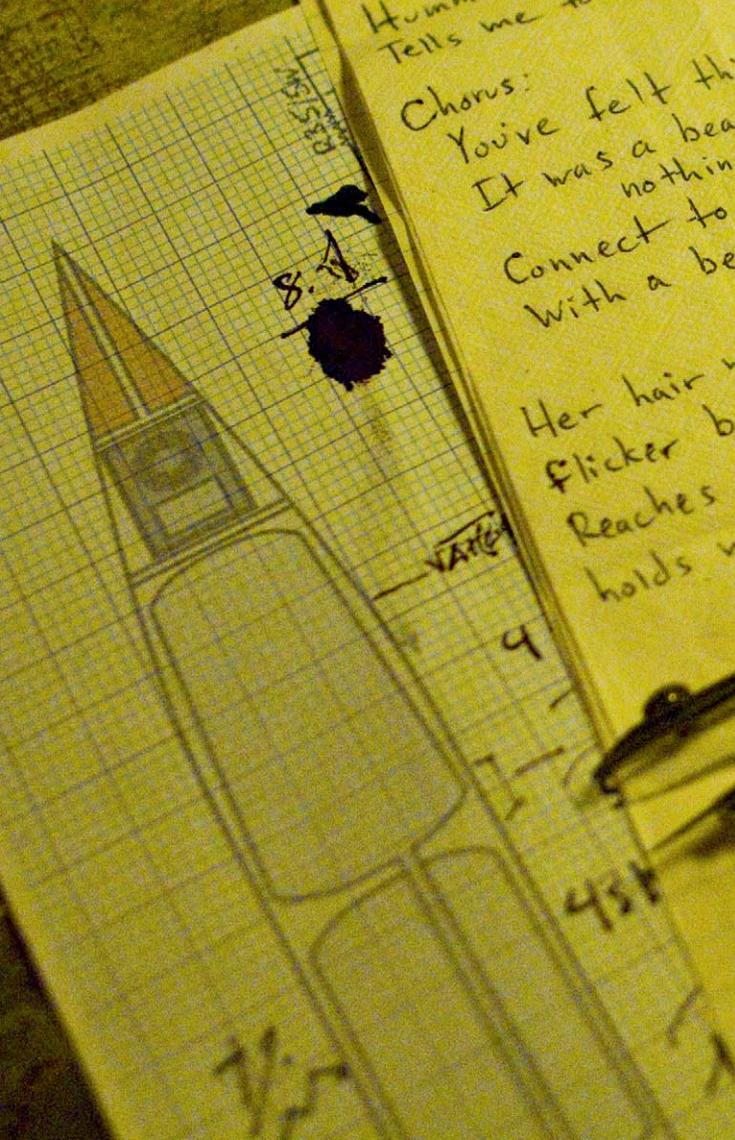
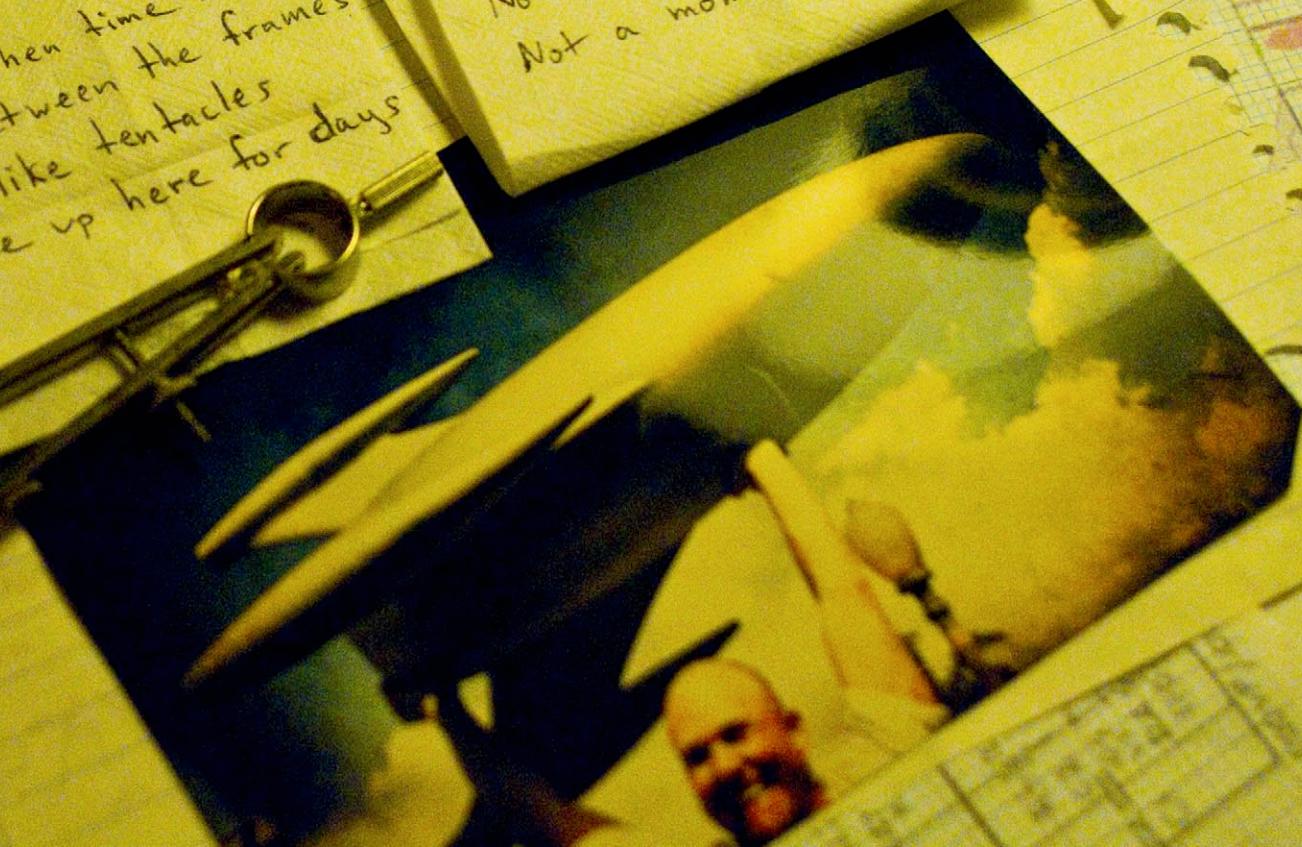
You've felt this before
It was a beautiful
nothing

Connect to the world
With a beautiful
nothing

Her hair when time stops
Flicker between the frames
Reaches like tentacles
holds me up here for days

Resist your heart
attack
Connect you to the dirt

They break into pieces
Can't take them with you
No matter how you pack
Not a moment too soon



8.7

VAT

9

45

$w = \frac{2\pi}{T}$
 $\sin(\theta)$
 $\frac{1}{2} \sin(\theta)$

While You Sleep

If I could save the world/I'd do it while you sleep
I'd lift you up from the ruined sheets
And we'd make it out alive/Helicopters would land
Someone would take control

Chorus: The world changes while you sleep
The voices die down in the streets

If I could save the world/I'd do it while you sleep
Paint the ice caps back on the screen
I don't remember being bitten
But there are signs, and times you curl away

The world changes while you sleep
The voices die down in the streets
The whales disappear on TV/And I listen to you breathe

While you sleep/the soft horizon of your back
My perfect empty planet

And wait with me a while and watch the crowds
of all the monsters in the shopping mall
And keep your back to the corner and watch the exits
You don't want to wake up here alone



$(\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}i)^2 = \frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{2}i$
 $\sqrt{\frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{2}i} = \frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{2}i$



A Chill in the Air

Daniel Loyd: Banjo, Guitars, Programming

Michael Galante: Percussion



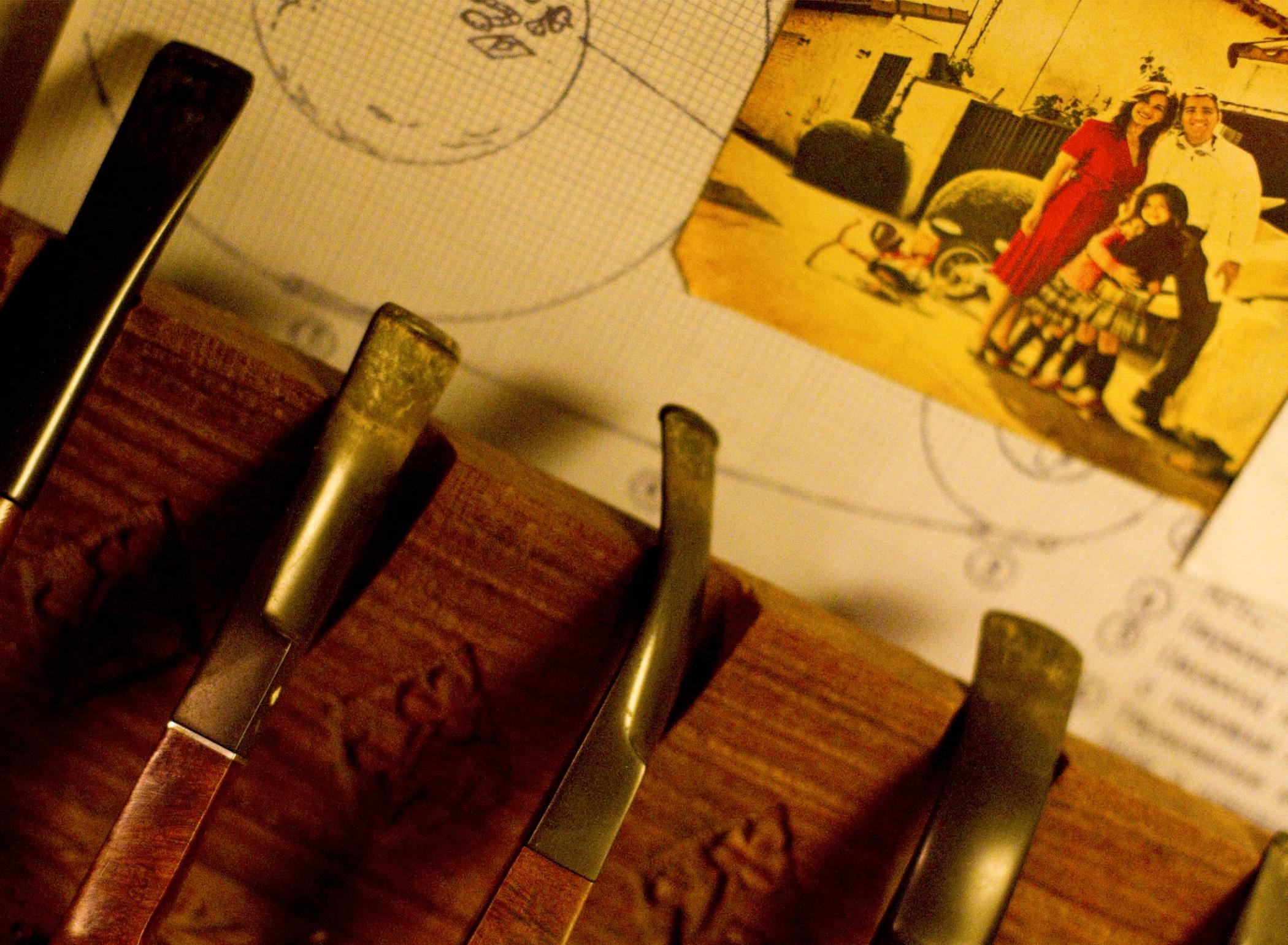
Kriminal

You don't taste the same to me
A little trace of what you were before
Peel off your sticker, get the truth
Don't make them like they used to
Don't care if you come back, I'll chop you down to size
Don't have to look at your glazed eyes
Are you soft when you should be firm?
Are you ever going to learn?
Got to make the best of the hand you dealt me

Chorus:
You are running away with the last part of me
You are running away with my hope
You are running away with my favorite part of me
You are running away - it's all gone

I don't have the thing you're stealing
Why make me do it, why push me this way?
Take your hands and make it better
One step closer, but two miles away
Don't think you're something special
I know what you are / I know every thing you crave

Keep me with some blinders on, keep me in the dark
Don't have to sell me anything - I put them on myself
Not so sweet ending for a would-be thief



Always Too Late

They are covering the pavement
You've already given me a fair shake
Are you one of them now? Or did you make a daring escape?

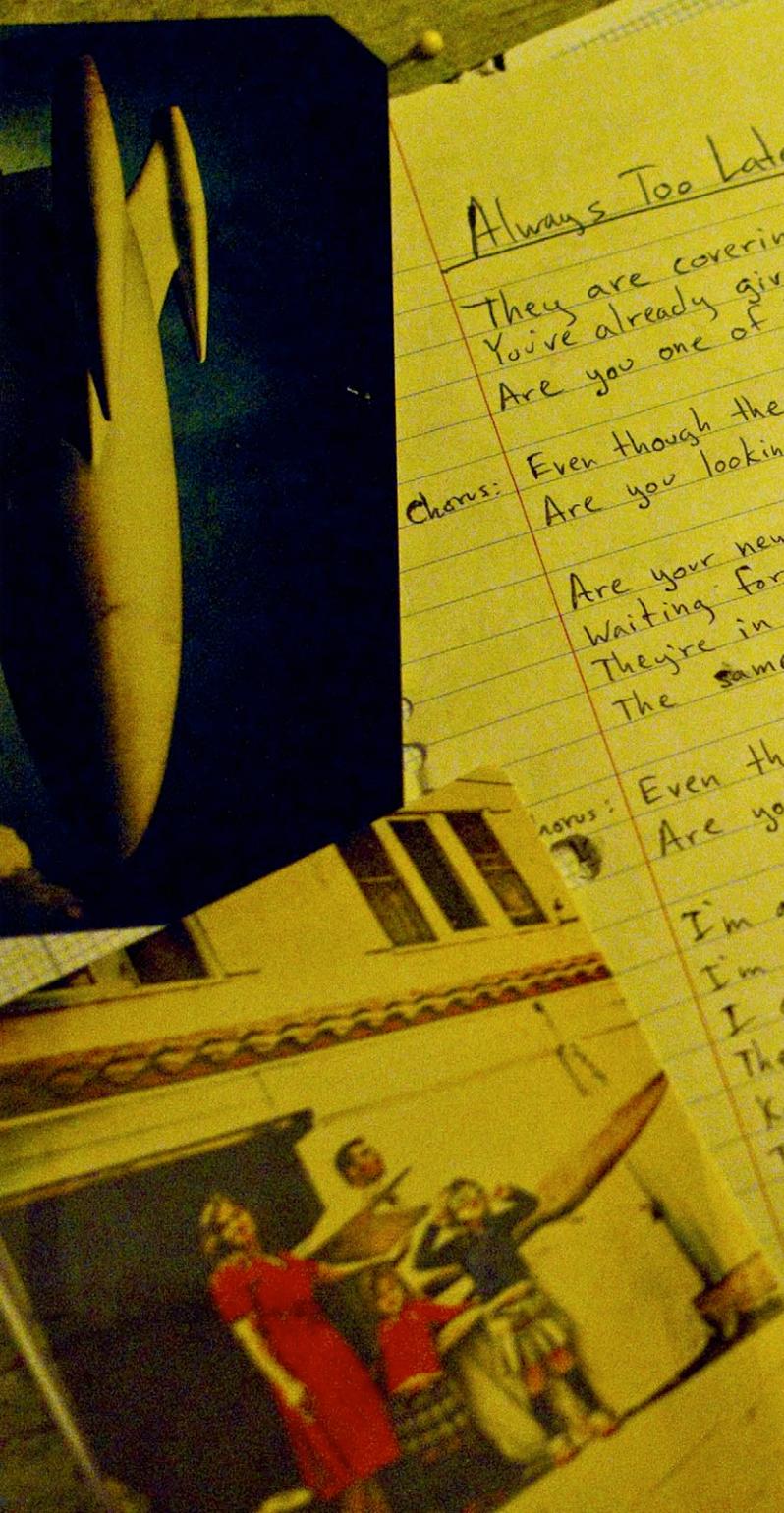
Chorus: Even though they're the slow ones / I think I'm too late
Are you looking for me ~~now~~? Or are you always too late?

Are your new friends standing 'round you
Waiting for you to wake?
They're in all the houses I drive by
The same ones you said were fake

Chorus: Even though they're the slow ones / I think I'm too late
Are you looking for me now? ~~Always~~ too late

I'm always too late, but yeah I'm gonna make it
I'm always too late, but yeah I'm gonna make it
I get a little drowsy, try to keep it on the road
They stand in front of me, make me swerve left and right
Keep it on the pavement, try to keep it on the pavement
Turn it left and right, I can't go left and right

Are you laying down to heal your bites?
Only so long before you rise again
Cell battery has run out
It beeps at you, in slow morse code
The warning you couldn't understand





D1

22

$$a_n = a_1 r^n$$

$$S_n = \frac{a_1 r^n}{1 - r}$$

Sunrise Over Venus

I'm such a tiny speck/had to leave the planet
so I could have an effect/ on the way things go
So fed up with mediocrity

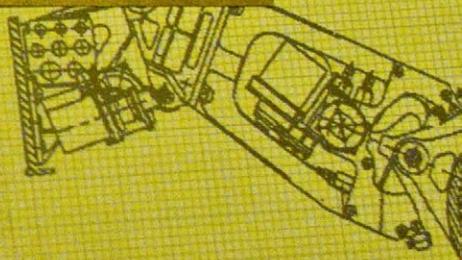
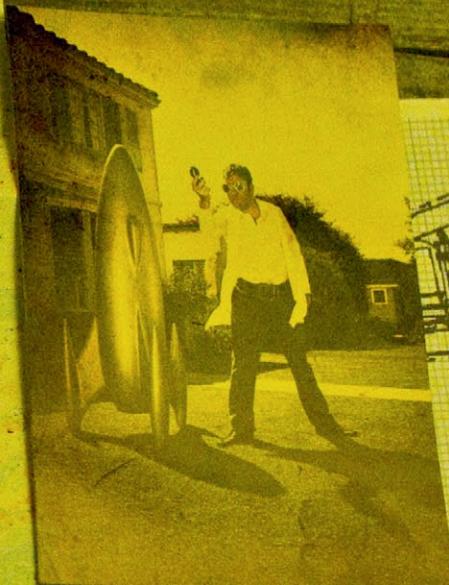
Chorus: This is not my home/Can I play a song for you,
make you spin around/Make you forget we're stuck inside
With such storms today

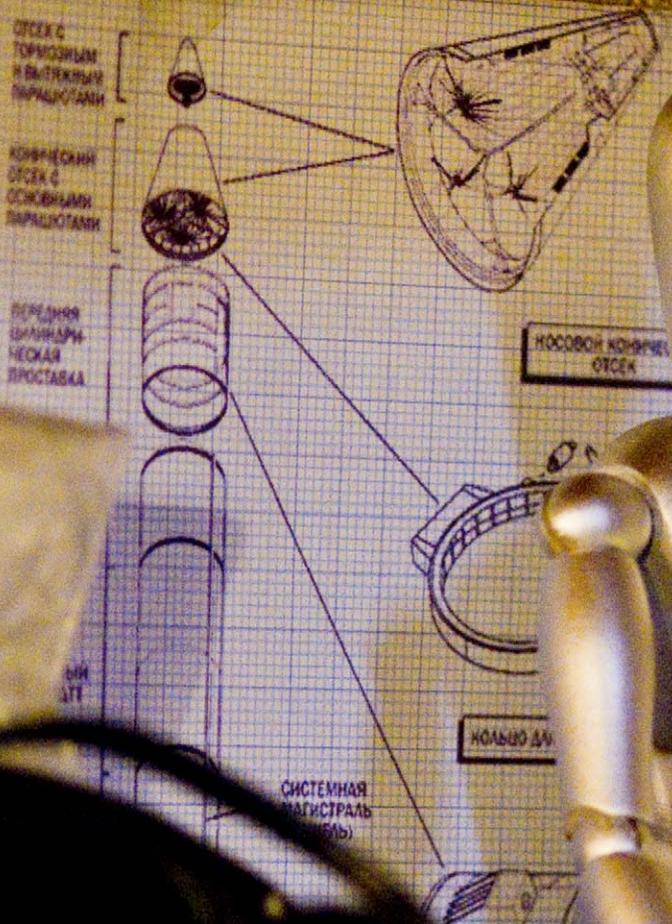
Even Nobels die eventually/What do they leave on?
I don't make as much as them/but look how far I've come

Open for a walk to the edge/Nothing to grasp hold of
Are you so sure of yourself? Sure of yourself?

I love the cold plastic my head leans on
each morning when I look
For the same sun I remember that keeps me coming back
Will it matter when I'm dead in 40 years?

Chorus: This is not my home
I have a mission, that brings me here
Keep you spinning round
Can't you see there's no going back to where I was with you?





Darker Tree

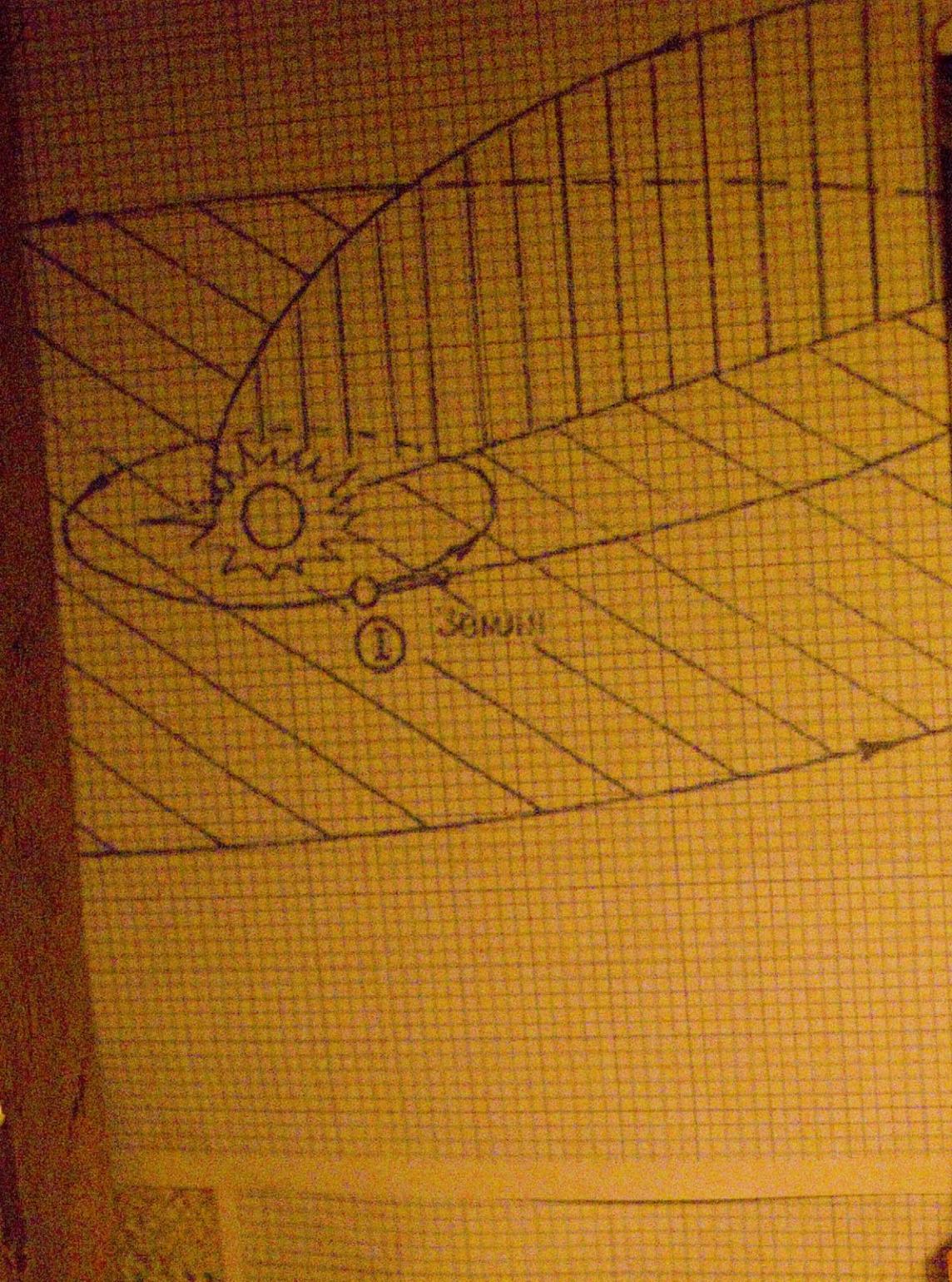
I need this vision to be real:
 a darker tree on blue
 night sky
 And you're just waiting
 there for me

Chorus: I need you not to
 look so scared when I ask
 you / How do you cope with
 the wait for death / Do
 you not see the beauty
 around here

We were separated from
 one another
 Now we walk together
 once again

Are you the one who's
 going to carry me away
 Are you a wraith that
 has nothing to say



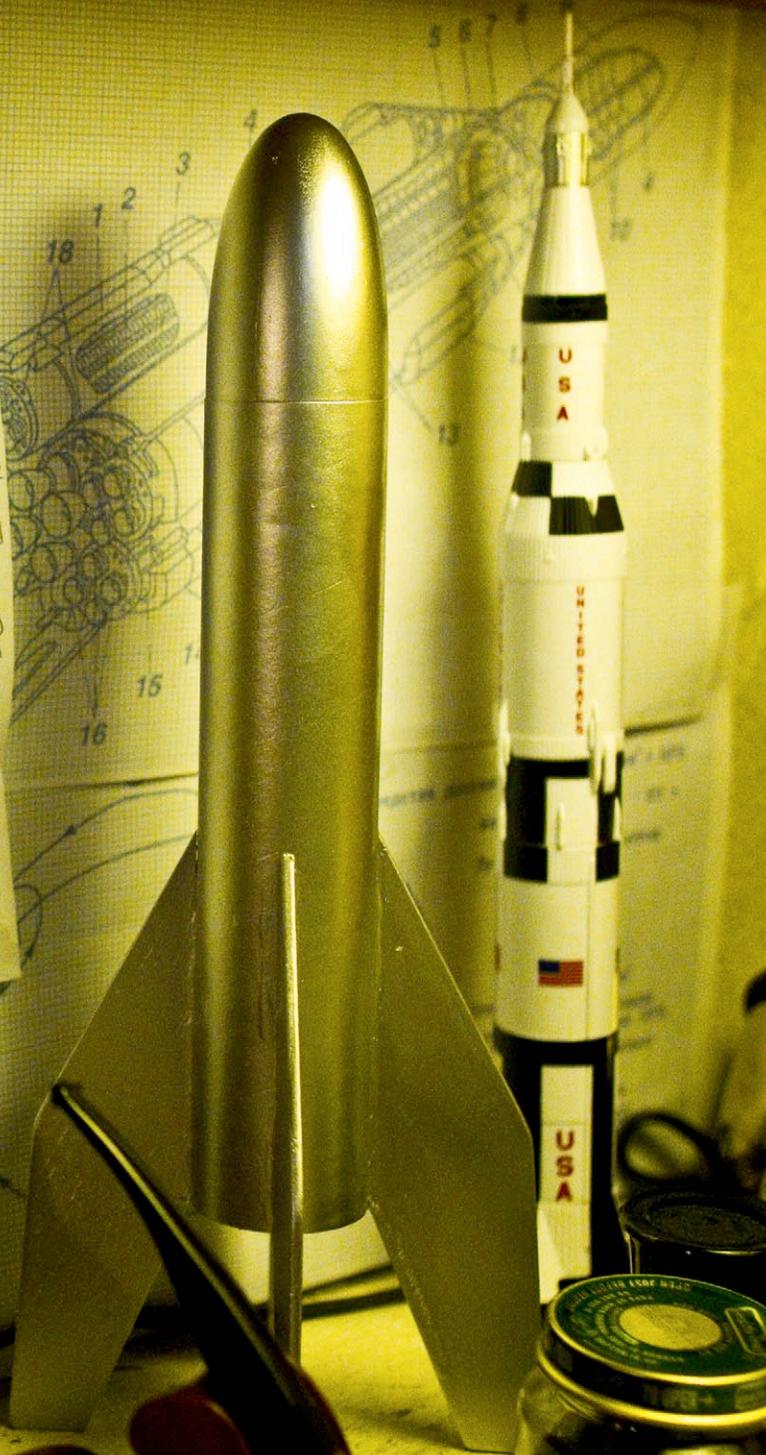


Ballad for One

Don't want to be part of the machine / but it's such a part of me
Liquid metal flows over my hand
And now it's running through me
What it was I can't remember
What was hidden from the camera
What we are I can't imagine
It's all grayed out in the shadow
I seem to remember when I could touch
with my left hand / could tell how cold
the surface water felt / I don't need
a source / To find the information
What it was I can't remember
What gets lost there on the mantle
A fading picture is all that's left
now / A piece of me they never found
But this isn't just about that
In pictures we're always touching
In the pictures my eyes are closed
People gathered in their bright
coats / Buried deep in polyester
snow
What it was I can't remember
Lost it somewhere in the metal
The world watched, no one
remembers
How we let this machine grow



4 Перелет Земля - Луна.
5 Переход на орбиту ИСД
с помощью КРБ.



Frogstomp

Gina Forsyth: Fiddle

Brian Aldsworth: Guitars, Foot, Stomps

Graham Duncan: Guitars, Backing Vocals,
Stomps

Daniel Loyd: Banjo, Bass, Stomps

Michael Galante: Drums, Stomps



A large sheet of paper with handwritten text, possibly a letter or a document, pinned to the wall.





Always Too Late
Then



Brian would like to thank: Marilyn and Bill Duncan for making this possible, Daniel, Graham Michael and the other Brian for making it a reality. Also, thanks to Angela for putting Daniel on loan, and Kate for her invaluable assistance and input. Thanks to Gina for the incredible fiddle playing. Michael: sorry about the cow.

Graham thanks Kate for being amazing and helping so generously, Mom and Dad, Jennifer and Steve, Evelyn Sanders, Margaret Gfeller, all of my family and those we've lost, Madbean and Donna, Mike, Daniel and Angela, Brian and Claudia, Sam Maurer, Sam Angura, Kevin and Katrina, Lisa and Bruce, Beth and Kevin, Gina Forsyth, the Oak Cliff songwriters' group, Jaclyn Summy, Frank and Christine, Bill Rex, Dan Stout, Jessica and Eric, Anne and Brendan, Steve Calderwood, the MFA peeps, the philosophy peeps, video stars, and everyone else who should be on this list but isn't.

$\sqrt{\frac{3}{8}} (\sin) \phi c$
 $\sqrt{\frac{3}{4}} (\cos) \phi c$
 $\sqrt{\frac{3}{8}} (\sin) \phi c$
 $\sqrt{\frac{3}{4}} (\cos) \phi c$
 $\sqrt{\frac{3}{8}} (\sin) \phi c$
 $\sqrt{\frac{3}{4}} (\cos) \phi c$

