

CAMERON MCGILL'S GALLOWS ETIQUETTE

SIDE I

ALBATROSS

My blood was high-stakes
when I brought it all back home
Convenience will kill me, or the clowning of America
I'm walking on phantom limbs
silently through Adams Morgan
Calm fog on the wet streets, a storm in my coffee
I was jealous of your rough sex and your soft accent
A howl in the courtyard woke me up
and I couldn't go back
Grab your cigarettes darlin' and something to read
I'm finished on the typewriter baby clack-clack
I've punched out baby that's that

You were my albatross in a one-act play
Oh mama I'm a monster
Don't look away

The money will run out
and people they won't love you no more
I got good intentions,
they ain't worth the crumbs on the floor
I'm not sure what's scarier,
your nightmares or my dreams
I slept with the spiders, they wove a web around me
I feel impossible, the opposite of anything good
Give me a chance to write it out, I can't speak it right now

You were my albatross in a one-act play
Oh mama I'm a monster
Don't look away, don't look away

I used to build a tower for you
I used to build it high enough oh for love

I was a mime acting out my anger for so long
A quiet despot in the broken theatre of song
Of mercurial and dangerously unconvicted
That we were a dying breed
Oh no baby we were just dying

You were my albatross in a one-act play
Oh mama I'm a monster
Don't look away, don't look away.

SLOW VAMPIRE

Animals are evil when they talk like people
And scare to the war in their hearts
Like pigeons in the rain, disaster-fed brains
We're pecking at the juggernaut
I've lived here my whole life and I feel that I must stay
I wear a cross around my neck to keep away the Lord

But I hope he comes anyway

Everything is on the fire
Everything's on the fire
Middle America's a slow vampire

Wicked is the answer for the likes of the people
Honey that you're known to be
In charge of your heart, that's in charge of your hate
Which will never be in charge of me
You'll drag a wrecking ball across the country
Until the last ship sails away
The new world will die off till somebody comes
And discovers it again one day

Now everything is on the fire
Everything's on the fire
Middle America's a slow vampire
You're a slow vampire, how you gonna let me bleed?

My heart grows like a pupil in your darkness
My heart grows like a pupil in your darkness
I miss you already, I miss you proud
Well the bigots have you now
I guess they'll never let you go

Animals are evil when they talk like people
And scare to the war in their hearts
Like pigeons in the rain, disaster-fed brains
We're pecking at the juggernaut

Everything is on the fire
Everything's on the fire
Middle America's a slow vampire
You're a slow vampire, how you gonna let me bleed?

AMERICAN HEALTH INSURANCE

I got health insurance that only works if I die,
oh but what if I live?
America's when there's no words left to say
you don't like it kid
Gimme that wrecking ball of faith
And the heart that it knocks down
One day all those asses you're kissing
Will bite you on the mouth

Then who you gonna shove?
How you ever gonna stay in a world that you don't love?

The mission of the savior-wit is to never ever die
But I laughed so hard at my fortunes mama I cried
I got a terrible feeling
I'll just go out hunting with my mouth
This American restlessness I've built a fortress out of

But where am I gonna go?
How's it ever gonna last?
The parade is filthy and fast
In a world that I don't love

We got all this freedom, they say it keeps the lights on
But I've seen this place in the dark
Matt and I were in Reno when the hills was on fire
This trashy girl wanted sex, there was a fight,
He got a blue black eye

Folks are scared to talk to other people on the street
Afraid they're all just rapists and murderers
out there murdering

In their spare time looking for blood
Will they ever find?
How can I spare a pint
For a world that I don't love?

Oh where am I gonna go?
How's it ever gonna last?
The parade is filthy and fast
In a world that I don't love

THAT LOS ANGELES MOUTH

There's always some sorrow hunted in the night
Gave me her dark and oft mad eyes, mouth of cyanide
Her shadow of hips was a horrific haunt
She was never what I needed, the major pitch,
only a minor want
I could be in Pismo fucking the hostess from Rosa's
With a paper in the morning darlin' I chose this
And coffee gets poured in and I'll say when
Her bed was tall and pillared in a breath of ice
I won't forget you offered your ass
that night in that ski resort
Your last sacrifice

Those poisonous eyes and that icy hand
That Los Angeles mouth and the Colorado plan
I got a sick fix, maybe I'm damned

She had bruises on her legs, long dirty fingernails
Some sex Satan invented, he himself tempted and failed
She wrote on her arms, had circles under her eyes
She made baby noises when she slept
And she ached like a harp when she cried
She went to confession just to ruin a priest
Her lipstick pink and shit, her breath bourbon and grease
You could see her bones and most of her breast
She had a tattoo of a ship on her heart
And when she breathed it would sail her chest

Those poisonous eyes and that icy hand

That Los Angeles mouth and the Colorado plan
I got a sick fix, maybe I'm damned

We sunk it and there was plenty of gold
She rolled over the bed
like a prevailing storm and turned cold
Her necklace of chains dragged my body like a lake
Shackled even my voice
Men were her charge, she turned them to boys
She got in my veins tore 'em up like a kiss
In my veins tore 'em up like a kiss
She bloodied and spit

Those poisonous eyes and that icy hand
That Los Angeles mouth and the Colorado plan
I got a sick fix, maybe I'm damned
I got a sick fix, baby goddamn

SUCKER LOVE

I feel like my friends are pulling me around from a string
Some kind of advantage to play
until it breaks at the seams
Man you're killing me
With anything you please

Dressed like a gorgeous angel
you cornered up into the room
Threw yourself like confetti around the party,
nobody moved
Man you're killing me
With anything you please

All my life is just somebody's lonesome sucker love

I wish friends were like hookers
Oh cause then I'd get what I want
The trouble with ghosts is that they're dead to me
and not that they haunt
Oh you're killing me
With anything you please

All my life is just somebody's lonesome sucker love
A hundred things can grow on madmen's faces

CAMERON MCGILL'S GALLOWS ETIQUETTE

SIDE II

GOOD LOVE

I only want the good love
I only want the good love
I only need the good love
I only need the good love

I used to be a sweet kid
Now this is all that's left
Now this is all that's left of him

Oh I only want the good love

When I was younger I was
When I was younger I was
Now I just need some new blood
Now I just need some new blood

I used to be a sweet kid
Now this is all that's left
Now this is all that's left of him

Oh I only want the good love
We used to have such good love

We used to have such good parties
We used to know the right people
I wanna be a sweet kid

Oh I only want the good love
We used to have such good love

EVERYBODY HOLD ON

Oh I feel so good and harmed
I even love you for yourself
I am not impossible
But it's been so difficult
Lately it's been difficult

All that ambition and black hair
All the snake-faced whores in blue light
I was once triumphant
Oh in how hard I tried
Oh in how hard I've tried

It ain't gonna be long

Everybody's gotta hold on
I'm gonna hold on too
I'm gonna hold onto you

Oh darkness isn't when you're in it
Optimists have always gotten in my way

The truth is life is really long
It's the mystery of the lonely ones
It's the mystery of the lonely ones

Our time's gonna come

Everybody's gotta hold on
I'm gonna hold on too
I'm gonna hold onto you

THE TOURIST

When you talk me down
I climb right back to the deadly top
I threaten with desire and quitting, oh I could never stop
When you walked inside from the garden I thought I died
There was rain on the streets
and signs I couldn't read for miles

But oh I'm not a tourist
I'm just lost, oh my god
What am I doing?

Coach-class train pulling through
the weightless bulk of night
That opera singer and his girlfriend made me kinda tired
From up on the roof I strained for the lights of the Lev-
ant
Oh the dream of night and the grave of the sea
was my want

But oh I'm not a tourist
I'm just lost, oh my god
What am I doing?
Baby what am I doing here?

I don't know

We used to go thin our blood and make plans
I used to wait for your homemade letters now I can't
Baby I was sick for a week in that room in Munich
My mirror was your kindness
when you kissed me on the bed

But oh you're not a tourist
Are you just lost, oh my god
What are you doing?
What are you doing here?

I don't know

LET ME DOWN EASY

Whatever happens
It never happened
Reason thrown on the fire
The world on a wire in my mind

I am a good man
I am unsure of that
And if I could solve your love, baby hold it up
To the light of day
I would ok

Oh you can make it tough
Or you can let me down easy
It's so easy

Not for all the girls
In Texas or another world
I just want to believe
We don't have to be so evil
Ok

Oh you can make it tough
You can let me down easy
It's so easy

All the wisdom of the ages
Don't let me down
All the wisdom of the ages
Is a girl smacking her gum

Oh you can make it tough
You can let me down easy
It's so easy

ATHENA, FATE ISN'T VERY FAIR

So these friends introduced me to a girl at a party
She was a dancer, I couldn't move her
So we talked to pass the time, and then we didn't
She was well-versed in the impolite sciences of the
body
Said the dynasty starts here, so does the party
She smoked and waved her hands like a wand
My confidences disappeared, gone

But didn't I love you
Didn't I love you baby?

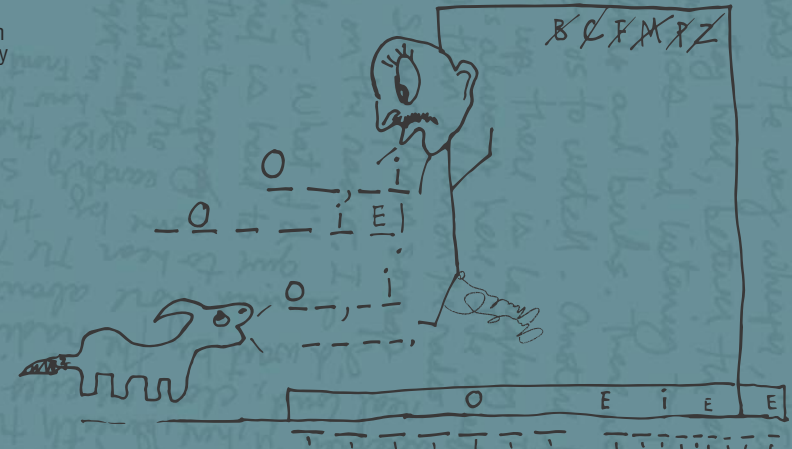
Bring me a beer I yelled from the bath
I got rough sex, white wine and her devil laugh
We were hungry then, but I wanted to quit
In the heat I felt for Reason,
And handles on anything that would open to it

Athena, fate isn't very fair
I made so many sacrifices, you were there

Didn't I love you
Didn't I love you baby?

I tried to explain to her
I wasn't sure about taking that much
She looked at me with sorrowful eyes like a rescue boat
When my fingers were down her throat
So I left her asleep and ruthless
I grabbed my books and man I felt so useless

But didn't I love you
Didn't I love you baby?
Didn't I love you
Didn't I?



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EVERYBODY HOLD ON
THE TOURIST
LET ME DOWN EASY
ATHENA, FATE ISN'T VERY FAIR

PERFORMED BY

Cameron McGill – Voice, Pianos, Guitars
Rodrigo Palma – Bass, Guitars
Charles Koltak – Drums, Percussion
Jonathon Edwards – Bari and Tenor Sax
Mike Racky – Pedal Steel
Vess Ruhtenberg – Guitar on 1,4,5,7,8, & 9
Robert Collazo – Bari and Tenor Sax on 3 & 4
Rachele Eve – Vocals on 8
Hubert Glover – Trumpet on 3
Dave Palmer – Organ on 3
Erik Kang – Pedal Steel on 8
Chris Fry – Tambourine on 6

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