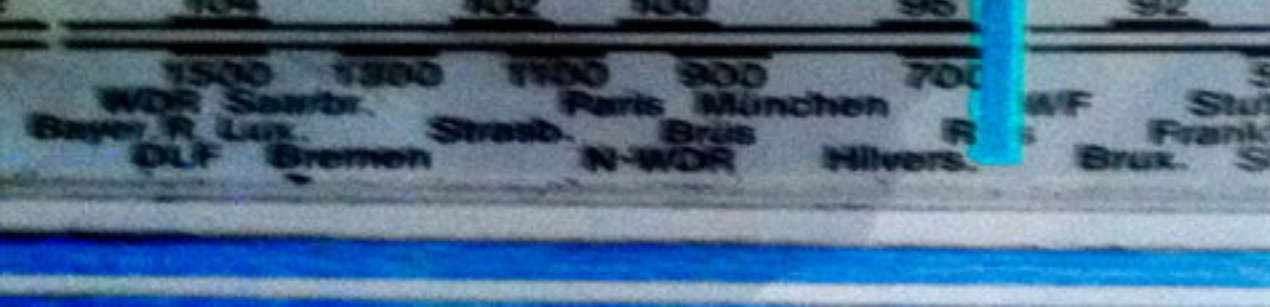
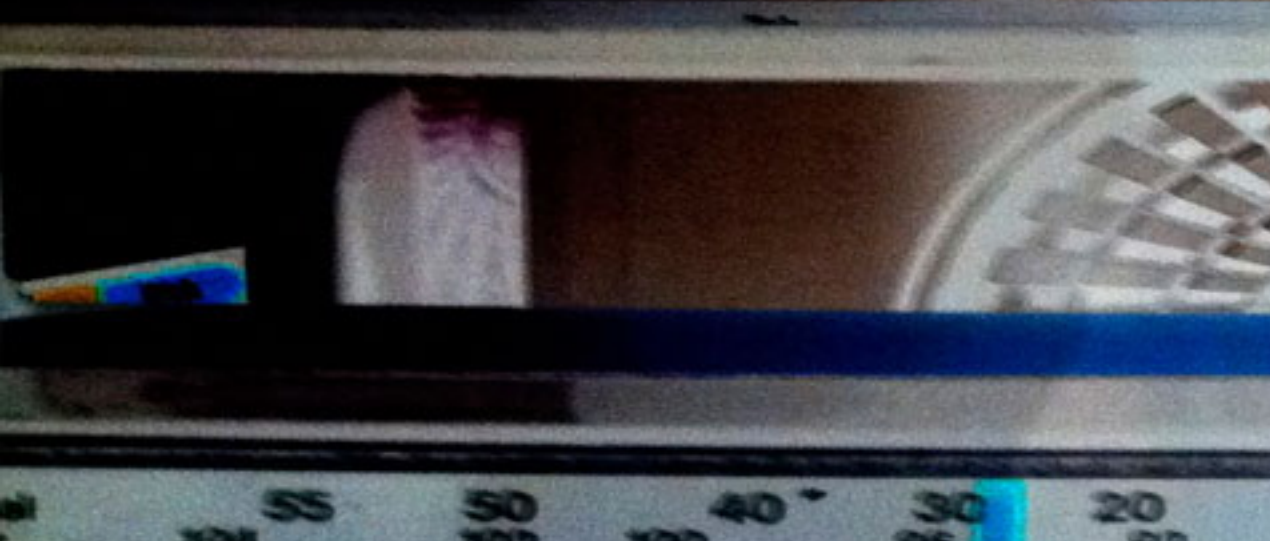


David Roos

Bootleg Medicine



Drivers Training



Drivers Training

This is all just Drivers Training
This is just basic shit, you gotta know this
This is all just Drivers Training
You gotta take it in, you got to roll with it

Take the wheel for the first time
You gotta learn how it pulls
It never takes you where you thought you might go
But you end up where you end up, where you end up where

Flying blind for the first time
Finger tips pressing dots along the page
One part totally fucking genius,
One part totally falling behind
But you end up where, you end up where

This is all just Drivers Training – This is just basic shit, you gotta know this
This is all just Drivers Training – You gotta take it in, you got to roll with it

Take the wheel, take the wheel and turn in left
Take the wheel, take the wheel and turn it back again

Take the wheel for the first time, You gotta learn how it pulls
It never takes you where you thought you might go
But you end up where you end up, where you end up where

This is all just Drivers Training – This is just basic shit, you gotta know this
This is all just Drivers Training – You gotta take it in, you got to roll with it

On Video



On Video

Over the course of seventeen hours
I have gone from here to there
Not very safe, I'm asleep at the wheel
I close my eyes, and listen to the rhythm

The highs and lows, they even out
The colors grey down
This would look fucking cool on video
This is all that I feel when I close my eyes

You can check it out online
Or you can check it out in real time

I'm not the only one on this road tonight
But I am breathing a little bit deeper
A little shift from side to side
A little rewrite

For when the camera pans back
And the orchestra is waiting for the cue
It's fucking cool on video
This is all I feel when I close my eyes

Rewind



Rewind

This was not my responsibility
This was not on my list
Clouds collected independently
And covered my eyes
Clouds collected undramatically
And covered my eyes

Please be kind, Rewind
This doesn't happen automatically
And for God's sake, get it back in time
We all had this thought coincidentally

This was all planned geographically
But this was not on my chart
Messages migrated
This was not on my list
This was not at the top of my list
Messages migrated

From Side A, all the way through to Side B
Clouds collect only on their terms
From Side A, all the way through to Side B
Clouds collect on their own terms now

Trends & Tendencies



Trends & Tendencies

I remember, falling this way
I remember most of it at least
I remember taking many pictures
I remember showing them to you

I remember stumbling on a memory
I remember finding it for you
I remember exactly where it came from
I remember picking it up off the shelf

Whether in the ground, or on the mantel
You won't get a different answer
Even if you take the time to look around
Suspended in the salt water
Fly through cool air with the others
Who wouldn't recognize the trends and tendencies

I don't remember anything I've memorized
I don't remember the parts of it they underlined
I don't remember the set of books marked up with chalk
I don't remember the cross and crown and what it wants

I can't remember ever standing quite this close
I can't remember dressing up for this parade
I can't remember ever signing any papers
I can't remember the universe that you created

A random symbol carved into a tree
A silent place somewhere
Waiting

Four Eighteen (Part 1)



418 (Part 1)

Down in the basement, level minus one
A lonely boy picks up a cold cello

It's a trick of the light, mixing atmosphere
With a quiet slice of space

The sound travels quickly, from string to wall,
And through the wires, to a closed eye

I, I've been living in the same dream, each night
Many different writers, many set designers
Try to bring this to light
I, I've been living in the same dream, each night
Many different writers, many set designers
Try to bring this to life
But the scenes are always shot on the same soundstage

Hold your breath in the stairwell, something's not quite right
It's full of chemicals, it's full of chemicals

Can't go onto the roof, unless you've got the key
And you'll never get the key

I, I've been living in the same dream, each night
Many different writers, many set designers
Try to bring this to light
I, I've been living in the same dream, each night
Many different writers, many set designers
Try to bring this to life
And I, I keep on dreaming
I, I keep on dreaming

Down in the basement, level minus one
A lonely boy puts down his cello

Zero Gravity



Zero Gravity (Footprints on the Moon)

There's little hope in zero gravity
There never were footprints on the moon
There's really nothing that can't be explained
with a little early 70s technology

Moonage daydreams, Ziggy Stardust
Holly came from Miami, FLA
He was on his way home from Candletop
The shots he heard that night were mine
Oh Louie, you're gonna cry—you're gonna cry

Plants & Birds & Rocks & Things
Sands & Hills & Rain
There's got to be a morning after
Hummingbird, mankind has been waiting for you to come by
Tell the radio goodnight, tell the radio goodnight

Think of me whenever, love will keep us together
Think of me babe whenever, love will keep us together

At A Glacial Tempo



At A Glacial Tempo

Nobody can say if we're going to fall forever
If we inch our way a little bit closer to the edge
Everything falls away the same as it falls together
At a glacial tempo
Not in one day

If you dial it in
Order up a lifetime subscription
You can find your way a little bit further up the line
It all fades away the same way as it first appeared
As an indecisive shadow
Not sharp, not permanent

You can't separate the attention from the intention

Left or right, day or night
Count your breathes as you head into the terminal building
These things seldom matter upon reflection

Indicate your choice, mark it well in some way
Let there be no question, when the others come to check your work
We were all in the top twenty, for some not quite the first time
We rocked a glacial tempo
We're not rushing still

Diagrammed Sentences



Diagrammed Sentences

Without really making a plan
Without really taking into account
I started drawing someone I thought I knew
looking out from behind a cactus
in a magazine photograph from the 70s

Ballpoint blue kid on sunwashed yellow-green
Everything seemed to live that kind of light
Ballpoint blue kid, yellow-green western retro
Everything seems to float in that kind of light

Turn right when you reach the south canyon
you'll know you're there when you start to breathe
Turn right when you get back to the canyon
you'll know it's time to breathe, when you feel the heat

Without turning anything on
Without really setting anything up
I started drawing on something I thought I knew
In the shadow of a cactus
in a magazine photograph from the 70s

Ballpoint blue kid on sunwashed yellow-green
Everything seems to live in that kind of light
Ballpoint blue kid, yellow-green western retro
Everything seems to float in that kind of light

Diagrammed sentences
Filled with compound subjects and predicates
Diagrammed sentences
Prepositional phrases and directly proportional objects

Though The Water Be Light



Though The Water Be Light

Though the water be light
You might still --have to hold your breath a while
Though the water be clear
You might still --have to stand along the shore
Though the water be free
It might help ---if you offer up a little bit
Though the water be blessed, and so full of benefit
It still can't quite carry itself

When a story is broken into pieces
When the letters are floating right off the page
New Jersey is visible across the river again
I had taken the long way to get across
I had chosen a very low priority
Some things are promised, but not delivered yet

Telegraphic and terribly demonstrable
Transmitted from furthest point to right here
The future is visible across the river again
I was flying, "back in the day"
With both of my wings, "back in the day"
Some things are promised but hardly ever seen, yet

Objects In The Mirror



Objects In The Mirror

It might take 13 hours in prime time
More like 8 or nine in yours and mine
We might be walking for many days
We might forget about everything we've seen and heard
We might forget to even come up for air this time, this time

There might be many tears in one mind
Ancient necromancy, hypnotism denounced
I think I might have heard this all once or twice before
But now I've got my spirit hat on
The one with the extra piece of glowing light
This time

Everything takes the shape of the thing that holds it in
Everything needs to grow toward the same blinding light
Trees stay small if they're planted too closely to the sea
Water spins the other way around, when you're down below the midway line
If not satisfied, all will be made right
Objects in the mirror appear
A little light

Find the photographs taken of your mother
Out of order, out of focus in black and white
Sometime, somewhere in between Detroit and Florida
A sudden rain came in between the high and low tide
We'll not be drying out any time soon, we'll not be drying out
This time, this time

Sunrise Colors



Sunrise Colors

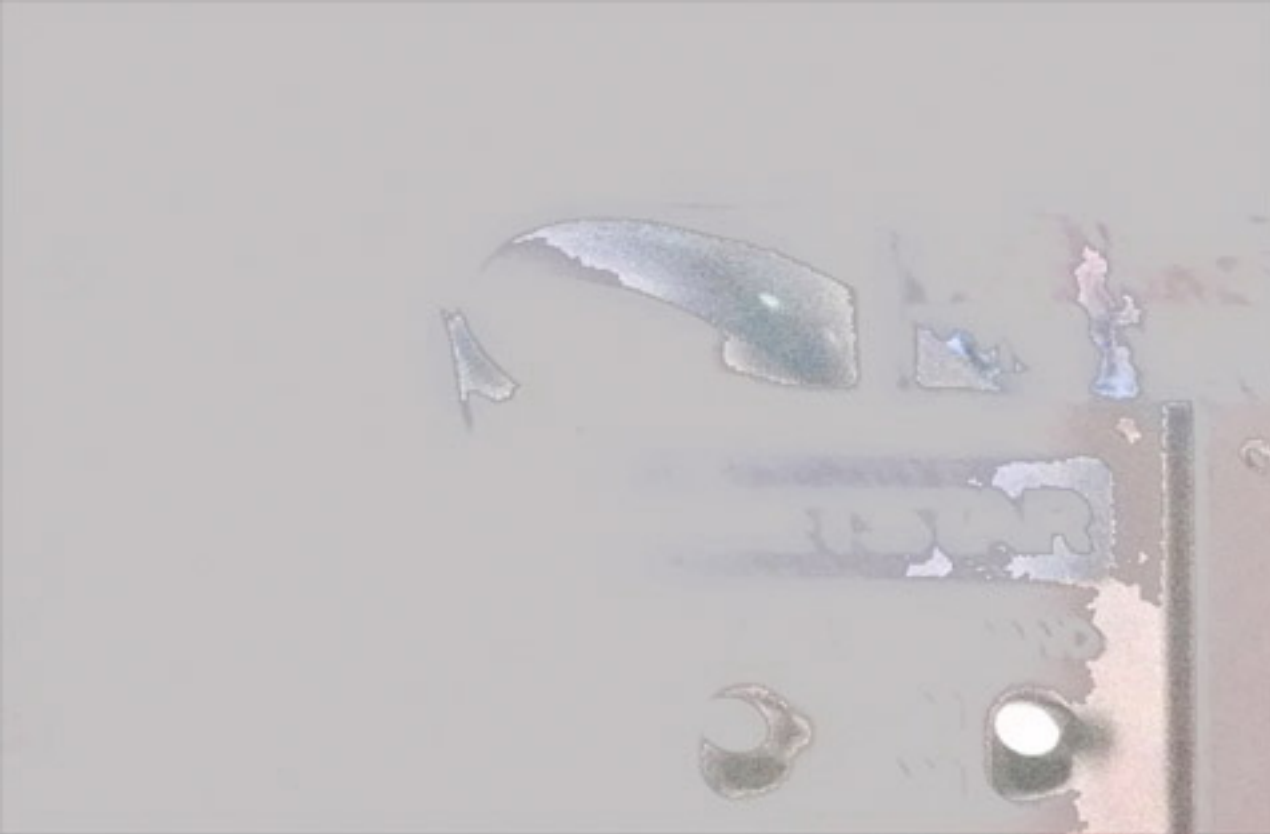
Another star stuck on your forehead
Another ribbon tied on your tail
You're right in line, you been copied on it

Another narrow miss with full points
An unexpected extra victory
Another promise without the bother of delivery

Don't let another day go by without writing this down
Don't let another minute
Make that get away

I sometimes dream in sunrise colors
Tangerine, golden terracotta, china sea
In the morning I can't get the colors back in the box
And so they run
All day

Bootleg Medicine



Bootleg Medicine

We could say you were born in Berlin
But that wouldn't explain the accent
Or the mountain of bootleg medicine

Well I know, I know-- I can explain it
I know we all will pay the price
Something real is gonna happen
Something real, something real

There's uncertainty – I mean in everything
And most certainly when something flies away
Or when it doesn't fly, and just stays the same

There's a wall – it's not long, but we can't see where it ends
But that doesn't erase the memory
Or the random points the two ends connect

I know the future is coming to trip me up
The future's coming to mess with me
I know the future is coming to slip me up
The future's coming to get the best of me

And I don't know who the fuck
Made me think I should trust

In a future that's coming to trip me up
A future coming just to mess with me

Iron Ore



Iron Ore

I am not a coal miner's daughter
I'm not what passes for that kind of a poetic thing
More like a stolen timepiece
Given to an iron ore miner's grandson
And then given away

I am not the missing line
In a miss-translated play
Like gasping fish on a paper clip hook
The little one that got away
I'll never be counting my blessings here
I will never retrace these steps
How could I not want something different
When I am given so much less

I am not the apple in your lunch box
To be taken out when you need a prop for your William Tell
To stand there and radiate
Like a good, brave iron ore miner's grandson
These things never end up well

If I am shot at fifty paces
I will not be rising from this tomb
Just to find myself riding on these tracks into the mine
Even if I see they have a little extra room

If you end up where you start at
Catch, release
Hold out that one note till the last measure
Even if you think you see me
Standing in boots, on a chair in the back row
I close my eyes to block out the sun
"Hey, I can't see anyone"

I am not a coal miner's daughter
I'm not what passes for that kind of a poetic thing

Another Vellum Sky




Another Vellum Sky

And then
there was that one time
I had one dream
that felt like
what it sounded like

But then
some circumstances
catapulted me
into the water
I was fully awake

Some were caught short
Others multiplied
Some were standing
On an overpass

It's a free ride
and the full moon
sends out morse code
to all the sailors
far, far away

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 - 14 *Drivers Training (Demo Version)*
 - 15 *Another Vellum Sky (bonus track)*

All words, music, strings, keys, dials, and beats by David Roos