

[k] HEUTE
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LAMBCHOP

PERFORMING "IS A WOMAN"

(Di) 30. 11. 2010 / 20:00

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Mehr Musik auf Kampnagel im Dezember:

(Fr) 3. + (Sa) 4. METROPOLIS live: ausverkauft!!! / (Sa) 4. HGich.T:
Warnwesten und Windeln raus! / (Do) 9. THE PYRAMIDS: Das mysteriöseste
aller kosmischen Jazz-Kollektive der frühen 70er. / (So) 12. SWANS: Die
legendäre Wuchtbrumme – zurück nach dreizehn Jahren Pause. / (Fr) 17.
HUNDREDS: Zaubermusik aus Hamburg. / (Sa) 18. Operation Pudel 2010
(mit wunderbar Widerspenstigem aus 21 Jahren auf dem ganzen Gelände)

THE DAILY GROWL

Thought i felt a chill
Thought an underrated skill
A hazard to the emotionally challenged

Fibers from a rope
In the roughness of your hand you cope
With cuddles and the gentle revolution

The guts and gluttony
The chicken of the sea
Will hardly fill your restless void
Powered by intel
The useless crap you sell
Will leave us
More or less annoyed

Down the street you go
Rumors of a one man show
How silly we can be about the future

Parent to the cause
A hustle through and then you pause
To study or to ponder or reflect

It's laid out in a line
That curves and breaks with time
And underscores this fragile nation
But i guess it's right
To love the girls who fight
Off our manly acts of desperation

THE NEW COBWEB SUMMER

The last thought that you think today
Has already happened
The link between profound and pain
Covers you like sherwin williams

The smokey joe is broken
Drops into your lap
And the big red wasp
Makes a scan through
My black pages

Last night our boy was out there
Burning up his matches
I saw him in the afternoon
Sporting a black eye

The universal man
Holds a pistol or a bottle
Types with confidence
As we grow out of our
Bruises

Once i had a friend
Who had the knack of tossing
His mind around geography
Boy you think, you have problems

The hunter is asleep
At least that's what i call him
In the afternoon
Of the new cobweb
Summer

MY BLUE WAVE

You lay around the house
Nothing much to bark about
Jump onto the bed
Just bones and squirrels inside your head
This is the only life i see
For you

And if i gave a crap
Would that show you where my head is at
I would ride the moon
And even if it comes too soon
I could fall for you
And you could fall for me

So we go all to the shows
And happiness is all we know
How it got to you
And how it got to me too
I wish i never knew
(about) my blue wave

And william called and tried
To tell me that his sister's boyfriend has
Just died
He's not sure what to do
And i'm not sure what to tell him he
should do
Sometimes william we're just screwed
(in) my blue wave

So what's the girl to do
Sits on the couch and she's feeling blue
Shakes it in the cup
And she doesn't mind if it stays up
Up up oh yeah

Never mind the world
My blue girl

And the best is yet to come
You may think you are the only one
To never get it right
Just stick around on this lovely night
And we may be amazed
By my blue wave

To conclude this interview
Many facts and fictions you construe
The dog gives you the paw
You pat his head and you wipe his jaw
He's the only one who knew
(about) my blue wave

I CAN HARDLY SPELL MY NAME

Teardrops from a shadow
This tongue starts to waggle
That's a lovely dress yo'
And oh that's just "titian"

And it's not true you know you swear
And all by yourself
As time delivers for a while now
This may not appeal to you
But i can hardly spell my name

A siamese is lonely also
And i've been waiting all my life
In spite of this arrangement,
Moderation on vacation
It's time we all settled down

AUTUMN'S VICAR

Chickadee tosses leaves out of her nester
My uncle's uncle's uncles fester.
To chesnutt's empty sound
One by one they hit the ground
It's fall and it's warm
And i've got a sweater

Tell me nothing nothing's better
The flowers wilt from the weight of the
leaves
But it's not the cold
It's the dryness
That makes it so, (groovy)

Believe you me
Believe me you
Let it roll
God cues his trees to drop their load
I've got some used cowboy boots
You've got some weed

It's a noisy cracked accumulation
Of golden brown, mr. Brown's first born.
Can anyone get it
It's not too obvious
Two friends locked in a dutch romance

It's the angry middle aged distraction
Your postman stumbles in the yard
With a message long
You communicate through-song
And take it up with the vicar

Believe you me
Believe me you
Grateful for the score
The nuts today you store
Could come in handy in the future

FLICK

I can flick a cigarette butt
Further and with more accuracy

Lots of practice, i guess
Someday we will all be editors

That jumps around from person to person
And bites you on the ass
A certain static is required
The albino butterfly
Thank you thank you very much
Little spiders making little webs
Nuts is what you have become
Kind of fractured of the facts

Dylan and drugs and the sweat bee
Shake and stretch the stiffness out

Exercise? Not right now
Applauded for your idleness

Connects to a power line
That runs over my head
In the cool wet morning air
As we sit under a tree
Thank you thank you very much
Little spiders making little webs
Nuts is what you have become
Kind of fractured of the facts

An upsidedown wire heart
Being sucked into a periscope
Still the mind is dull
Like you need another excuse
Your thoughts lift like a fog
As the sun burns it away
A soft ball and a stick
And the imprint that it makes
Like a chamber from a gun
After the shooting's done
This is what you have become
Now make something out of it

CATERPILLAR

I have walked your sorry streets
And lived amongst your people
And i'm sure we must have heard
The same birds singing

You have stepped in hardened footprints
Down where my shoes were mudded
And i know we must have heard
The same dogs barking

When the ground was rumbling
And the bathroom walls were bending
I lay there wet and naked
Oh i know your heard me yelling
Out a name that you never used for me,
till then
Out a name that you never used for me,
till then
Out a name that you never used

I have shat upon the hillside
Neck deep in cushion clover
Up where i'm sure you're braided
Those necklaces and bracelets

You have lost your socks and panties
Out by the caterpillar
That grades the road i walk on
While i'm dreading english

When the ground was shaking
And your jewel tea was a falling
There's a cracking in your kitchen
Oh i know you heard me calling
Out a name that i never used for you, till
then
Out a name that i never used for you, till
then
Out a name that i never used

D. SCOTT PARSLEY

Hey girl
Is it really right for me
Send a little message
That i know i can see

Behold the life i lead for you
One would hope the only life for two
Can't you see the only life for me

Hey dude
Better try to make things work
You really gonna mess up
If you're like that with that girl

This way, this life, for me
This won't change the lonely life you see
This is not the life i thought would be

Hot dog
Guess you really bite my log
Everybody hates me
But assume i'm not around

For me, i say it's true
I wonder if they love me like you do
Maybe i can suck enough for two

Hey chick
What you gonna make of this
Getting sentimental
Better get there something quick

It's all the thing for me
Like some weird porno philosophy
Making us a grand apostrophe
It's sick
What you gonna make of this
Guess we'll think of something
Better think of something quick

It's here you make your peace
The cut the fold the crease
Maybe you can cure your own disease

BUGS

Bugs rub their legs together in a fevered
pitch
It trips me out
Never gonna let it out

Birds they wheeze and my legs they itch
Yeah it flips me out
Wonder what it's all about

And think of things, and how they got this
way
Way above the rest
Isn't this the fucking best
Superficial we may say
So down to earth in an earthy kind of way
It's just the best that we can do
Is this just the best that we can do

Planes that buzz and cars that roam
Trees that grow through the forest foam
Squirrels that cross you overhead
Make their way to the squirrely bed
Yes, even squirrels have beds

A natural light in the natural world
It trips me out
Never gonna read about it

Our favored nation and our favorite girl
She flips me out
Never ever really doubt it

And as your hand rests gently on her head
Remove the clutter and the papers that
you read
A whispered comment or a compliment is
said
And you take her hand as you gesture
toward the bed
I can't believe this feels this good

THE OLD MATCHBOOK TRICK

The last time that i came here
I came down with a fever
The next day it was gone
With the suddenness of ist arrival
When we all were much younger
Were we really different
In the really real world we knew

Last night i saw the sun rise
Over sleepy barcelona
Riding on a bus
With the road crew from embrace
While everyone was sleeping
I noticed a reflection
And saw the egg upon my face

The last thing i remember
About waking up in kristiansand
Was gagging on my toothbrush
As it brushed across my tongue
And removed a drunken sailor
Paid his bar and porno bill
Gonna have to fuckin' hose him down

The clarity is blinding
Where's the befuddled middleman
The gentle goofus
With his comedy and wit
Spaced out in the crowd
With the cramped and the cluttered
Falls from your fingers to his hand
Falls from his fingers to your hand

The old matchbook trick
Keeps the table from wobble
Slipped under the short leg
Steadies the unsteadiness
Of the lopsided conversation
Makes a solid place to rest
Arms and thought upon

IS A WOMAN

In the hour of the girl
You can make this danger witness
Or whatever, without your heart
You can wish you could relate
If it's always gonna be
Sit beside me on a star
If you wake me up tonight

So you try to make it whole
With everybody here
More than a sony
To make the words throw up
Or show me the way
As they pick me up again
They will be there on the couch
They will make you better still
(can you be sure?)

Of anything you make
Maybe you can get a whiff
It's enough to make you gag
It's enough to make you sick
Each and every day
With the concrete and the masonry
When the paint that's on is dry
You can work it from your eye

And you take it from my heart
As you stand alone forever

From the roaming and the surf
And the cloudy cloudy day
Just a boss thing that is pure
Something specially for you
It's like everybody's needing it
And everybody's sure

(and if they say)
Is a woman, write this down
Put the paper, over there
More than it is
No more than it is

CAST/CREW:

Guitar & Vocal: Kurt Wagner

Piano: Tony Crow

Bass: Matt Swanson

Guitar: Mark Nevers

Drums: Scott Martin

Guitar: William Tyler

Keyboard & Guitar: Ryan Norris

Tour-manager & FOH-engineer: Menko Leeuw

Monitor-engineer: Gonny Maas

Merchandise: Lena Brumby -

Busdriver: Bernd Hoos

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