

Martian Tangos

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Produced by: Deb Seymour & Mark Geisler

Recorded at: Audios Amigos (Boulder, CO)

Engineered by: Fergus Stone

Mixed by: Deb, Mark & Fergus

“Solitaire” string section: written &

arranged by: Mark Geisler

“Blue is the Color” also arranged by Mark
Geisler

All other arrangements by: Deb Seymour

Tim O’Brien appears courtesy of Sugar
Records

Photography by: Peter Halter, A Quality Lab.
Boulder

Design & Graphics by: Russ Bertolette,
Bertographics, Boulder

1. I Hate Beer

-Written without apology...a little ditty expressing my true feelings

Well, it's Friday afternoon about a quarter past four
And my friends say, let's go to the liquor store
They ask me what I want but before I can twitch and ear
They've gone and spent all their and my money on beer

CHORUS:

And I hate beer, oh yes I do
I don't see what good it does for you
It only fills my bladder and makes it run free

If you're gonna drink beer, don't give any to me!

2) Well around the corner lives a little friend of mine
Like me, he likes to drink cheap old wine
But when I went to his party I started to shed tears
He's drunk up all the wine and left me nothing but beers

CHORUS

3) Well, you can take your Coors and dump it down the drain
Don't ask me again, do you like Heineken
Your Pabst and Schlitz and Millers and Buds are all the same
Get them out of my face, do I have to tell you again that

CHORUS

4) Well, when I die and to Heaven do go
Don't cry for me, because I know
There may be beer in Heaven but not for me
They'll be saving all the reds, whites, roses and Chablis

CHORUS

Deb Seymour: vocals, guitar

Drew Emmitt: mandolin

Mike Fitzmaurice: string bass

Larry Morrison: piano

Washboard Chaz: washboard

2. The Martian Tango Love Song

-When earthly love fails, it's time to go where no woman has gone before...

The lovers of today are silly, how they bore me willy-nilly
Their idea of having fun is watching T.V. all day long, they cannot croon a passionate song
And only grunt at me when done
When I think of human men today, I think I want a better place to stay
They say there's life beyond the stars, if there is, I'll go that far
I'll ride a rocket out to space and forget the human race

CHORUS:

'Cause I know if I had a Martian, oh together we could have such fun
We'd ride his space ship 'round the sun and go and levitate when we were done
You know not how it would thrill me making love in Zero-G
And if by chance we were to dock, find Kirk or Mr. Spock
If the Klingons were in shock, we'd remove them one by one

Oh I know I'd like the Martian scene, where I would be a "has" and not "has been"
I'd paint my skin a dazzling green, wear a gown of laser beams
Dance the night away it seems, with my man of Martian means
Oh, yes, me and my man Martian would do such feats of exploration
Yes, holding tight it is a must, when those retro-rockets thrust
Cosmic movement's such a plus
The Force was made alone for us

CHORUS

So I'm off to implement my scheme, go and find my man of Martian dreams
I'll get my space suit all spruced up so if he asks me out to sup
I'll have to think of nothing but just how I'll say that happy "yup!"
And as we cruise above the stratosphere, on our way to outer atmosphere
You know that I won't shed a tear, I will not have any fear

'Cause I'll go so very far, ta-ta I'll see you in the stars!

CHORUS

Deb Seymour: vocals, guitar

Mike Fitzmaurice: string bass

Joe Jogerst: accordion

Michael McCanless: violin

Tim O'Brien: mandolin

Fergus Stone: "Space Engineer"

3. Black Widow Blues

-In answer to all those blues songs about honeybees. Thanks to Denise Hetzner for this one!

Hey there, handsome: what's with the frown?
And all this hanging around, your head hung so low down
You say your lady bug left you all alone
You couldn't keep up with her loving so she's flown away home

And Last week you got stung by that honeybee in bed
Sometime before burnt by a firefly friend
Well, honey, you don't need to be if you just hang with me
I'll solve all of your problems, I can offer release

CHORUS:

I'll be your black widow, baby, I'll make your head swim
Black widow, baby, under your skin
Black widow, baby, and once you've been bit
You'll never stop loving me, you'll never be able to quit

Blind attraction like moths to a flame
But with no distraction and very little pain

You see a sweet caress, a soft little kiss
Just sends your senses reeling in a neuro-toxic kind of bliss

CHORUS

Now some men when rejected still cling to their old lovers
Others, dejected, go running home to mother
But honey, you don't need to if you just hand with me
Inside those tangles love knots my wiry web will weave

CHORUS

Deb Seymour: vocal, rhythm guitar

Mike Fitzmaurice: string bass

Larry Morrison: harpsichord

Paul Niemiec: lead guitar

Pat O'Keefe: tenor saxophone

Jim Velnosky: percussion

4. The Contact Lens Song

...and you never knew what fun you could have...

*(*2016 Note: this song was written in pure sarcasm years before Columbine.
I do not sing this one anymore.)*

It all started out on one fine day
I was hungry I went to Safeway
But when I got there I had no pay and I was pissed...
(I was pissed!)

So I knew that I had to rob the store
So that I wouldn't be hungry anymore
I went to the bathroom and put in colored contact...
(Colored contacts... colored contacts....)

CHORUS 1:

The police, they never found me
The descriptions didn't do
My eyes are green
The robber's, they were blue
(Oh isn't it amazing what you can do with colored contacts tinted blue...)

The next day I wanted to drive around
Flash my wheels, cruise the town
But I found my car it was broke down
And I was pissed...
(I was pissed!)
But I knew in any case
That I could rob the Ferrari place
So I went to the bathroom and put in colored contacts
(Colored contacts, colored contacts....)

CHORUS 2:

The police, they never found me
The description didn't go down
My eyes are green
The robber's, they were brown
(Oh isn't it amazing how you can't be found with colored contacts tinted brown...)

The next day I was trying to sleep
My head, it hurt, man: I was beat!
But the neighbors upstairs kept stomping their feet
And I was pissed...
(I was pissed)
I didn't want to hurt 'em but I wanted some peace
So I blew 'em all away with my M-16
And all the while I was wearing colored contacts...
(Colored contacts....colored contact....)

CHORUS 3:

The police, although they asked me,
There was nothing they could say
My eyes are green, the killer's, they were grey
Oh isn't amazing how you can get away with colored contacts tinted grey...

But guess where I am today
I'm in jail anyway
They came and got me yesterday
And I'm pissed
(I'm pissed!)
Yeah, the cops came back a second time
I was really confused, I didn't know why,
'Til I looked in the station mirror downtown
One eye was blue the other was brown...

CHORUS 4:

Oh: isn't it amazing how I got found
With colored contacts tinted brown....
(...and blue....and gray.....and green....yellow... striped.... polka-dotted.... paisley...)

Deb Seymour: vocals, rhythm guitar, crazy laughter

Peter Stokes: electric bass, slide guitar

Jim Velnosky: percussion

5. *Solitaire*

The Queen of Hearts
Died today
At the hand of the King of Spades
The others quickly followed suit
Then they all fell away
The Diamonds lost their sparkle

The Clubs have lost their kind
And I, just like the Joker, trying to play fair
Find myself alone playing Solitaire

There is no full house
Not even a single pair
No straights, no runs, no flushes here
No reason left to care

Don't hand me that Two of Clubs
It simply doesn't play
All my Aces are used up
I threw them all away

Go away, your game is over
Finished, it's done
When will you realize you can't play anyone?
You say that if I quit right now
That you'll become undone
But I don't care, you don't play fair
And if you have no cards to share
I'd rather be that Joker
Dancing in the sun
Playing 'til I've won
Solitaire

Deb Seymour: vocal, guitar

Mark Geisler: violins, viola, cello

6. Hagan's Favorite (Instrumental Jig)

-A tribute to my musical roots as well as to a certain four-legged, furry friend who liked to "meow" along to Irish jigs.

Deb Seymour: mandolin, octave mandolin, Bodhran, bones

Mark Geisler: violin, guitar, hammered dulcimer

7. Blue Is The Color

-Life is a never-ending ebb & flow of change, sometimes joyous, sometimes painful. This song is a celebration of that change, and it is dedicated to the memory of Stephanie Sibson and Corey Smith.

Blue is the color that touches the sky
Floating so high, far away
Blue is the feeling that touches my heart
When someone I love goes away

Blue is the color that dances on lakes
Moving with life's endless flow
When someone I love has to go

Blue waves of shining light
A part of life's spectrum of hues
Death is but life that has longed to return
To red from the color of blue

Blue is the color of true lovers' tears
Falling like rain from afar
Friends who were lovers and true to each other
Leave behind blue as they part

Blue is the color on this side of life
Left for the ones who have stayed
When our turn comes and we all meet again

Blue will shimmer away

.....
8. Bad Cat

-Another cat tribute, but this time for the big bully of a cat in my parents' neighborhood. What an attitude!

Cool as the click of a switch-blade knife
I walk on to your back porch and into your life
I check out every corner and upturn every stone
You'd better believe, I'll make this back yard my own
As I dominate the best sun patch
Contemplating which birdies to catch
Grooming myself from my head to my toes
And just when I'll pounce I tell ya- nobody knows

CHORUS:

Cause I'm the king of the alleys, prince of the trash
Sometimes I purr, sometimes I scratch
Cruising through your neighborhood, I haven't a care
To let you come near me if come near me you dare
'Cause I'm a bad cat...bad cat...
I'm a ba-a-a-d cat.....bad cat....

I was born in an alley the smallest of six
I learned to survive on a cheap bag of tricks
Out in the streets I've grown old, I've grown wise
I've earned my share of more than nine lives
Well, I've got this old lady, she tries to keep me in
She offers me caviar and sips of her gin
But she'll never tame me, nobody can
(Fish eggs and booze are so insufferably bland!)

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

And when your family's asleep in the dead of the night
In a silence so thick, you can slice
A scream rips the air, makes your hair stand on end
It's me giving chase to that she-cat again

In the morning you'll see me just as sweet as can be
("What, last night? A cat fight? Who, me?")
As I gently play with some paper that's scrap
And shortly thereafter retire for my nap
My name's not important (I've never really had one)
You know my deportment's a mean, tough and bad one
So if you see me on your back stairs and such
You can come say hello, but don't you dare touch...

CHORUS

CODA:

I'm the duke of the dumpster, baron of the back fence
Hanging around's what I do best

Deb Seymour: vocals, guitar, alley noises

Gerry Cavagnaro: harmonica

Mike Fitzmaurice: string bass

Jim Velnosky: percussion

9. Thinking's Such A Mindless Task

-This one needs no explaining- besides, I might have to think...

Thinking's such a mindless task, I'd rather go to town
I always feel much better when I get to fool around
Thinking's such a mindless task, I'd rather watch TV
It tells me how I ought to live and who I ought to be

CHORUS:

There is nothing you can do, nothing you can say
That would make me have the mind to think, it's really dulls my day
Oh, thinking's such a mindless task, let's do something else
There's nothing more boring than being inside myself

Thinking's such a mindless task, I'd rather drive my car
I always feel so cool when I cruise that fast that far
Thinking's such a mindless task, why don't we go shopping?
It's always so stimulating when the malls are hopping

CHORUS

Thinking's such a mindless task, I'd rather use my fist
It so often gets my point across (and I so rarely miss!)
Thinking's such a mindless task, I'd rather go to bed
It's sleeping with the higher-ups that gets you out ahead

CHORUS

Thinking's such a mindless task: see the White House resident
He never had to think a thought and he got to be President!
Thinking's such a mindless task, I'm glad that I don't do it
My thought is useless anyway, you can see right through it

CHORUS

Deb Seymour: vocals, guitar

Peter Stokes: lead guitar, electric bass

Jim Velnosky: percussion

10. The Fallout Fall-Around Polka

"It's a nuclear party...and you're coming too..."-The Poisoned Squirrels Band & Show

Don't you worry when the bomb comes
We'll be out there having fun
'Cause when that bugger hits the ground
We'll do the "Fallout Fall-Around"

Grab a partner, don't be shy
Give this new-age dance a try
It's best to boogie when you fry
Let's all doo-wop as we die

Don't be 'fraid to show some passion
When that old a-bomb comes crashing
Love won't be the thing that fizzles
When together we all sizzle

Grab an arm, now don't be scared
Do the dance that's nuclear
Cath an arm, one's over there
(Arms are falling everywhere!)

Deb Seymour: vocals, guitar

Gerry Cavagnaro: accordion

Drew Emmitt: mandolin

Mike Fitzmaurice: string bass

Mark Vann: "Play Rocky Top!"

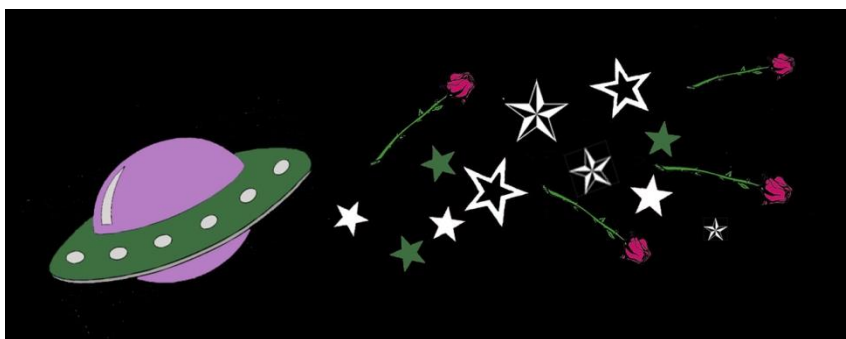
The journey of album-making is a long one, and without the loving help and friendship of the following people, it would have been all too lonely:

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THE MARTIANS ARE COMING...WHY BE NORMAL?!