

WAGONSFUL

WRITTEN & RECORDED BY BRADLEE Z IN 2025

TRACK 8, SUNG BY JAZ FRAZIER

RECORDED WITH A MOTU M2 AND TASCAM PORTASTUDIO 424 MKIII TO PC

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MORE MUSIC

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LYRICS: BIRTH OF A NATION: OPAL IS YOUR BIRTHSTONE, BROUGHT TO LIFE IN THE LIGHT OF A HARVEST MOON NESTLED IN RAVEN WINGS
PEBBLE ON YOUR TOMBSTONE CAUGHT THE LIGHT LIKE A BRILLIANT BLOOD DIAMOND, THEY'RE BURNING OUR SILO DOWN. FETCH ME WATER
ADELINE. WE DID IT! I DUG YOU UP IT'S THE BIRTH OF A NATION, BROUGHT YOU TO LIFE ON THE STEPS OF A COLUMBARIUM. I NURSED YOU
BACK FROM THE BRINK OF STARVATION, TAUGHT YOU TO FIGHT IN THE HAZE OF A HARVEST MOON, BITTER AS THE FIRST SNOW, TWISTED AGES
OF ALDERS AND SAGES A WIDOWER NEVER CLEARED. PUT A LITTLE LEASH ON, DRAG YOU DOWN TO THE BREACH WHEN THE BEAST COMES
A-WHISPERIN' IN MY EAR, ETC. NO REACTION: THAT MILLIONAIRE CRACKIN' THE WHIP DON'T GIVE A RIP ABOUT YOUR TRIBE, SO SAVE YOUR
OWN HIDE, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, BE THE TORTOISE, HOLD YOUR HORSES, THERE'S STILL WOOD TO CHOP, OH BY THE WAY, HE'LL TRY TO SAY
NOBODY GAVE HIM ANY BREAKS, NO POT TO PISS IN. THOUGH IT MAY RING WEAK AND HOLLOW, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON TIL THE END OF THE DAY.
WHEN THE FOG CLEARS WE'LL SEE THAT OLD JANITOR PUSHING A BROOM. NOT A WORD ON TV, JUST THE USUAL DEALERS OF DOOM, WHEN THE
FOG CLEARS YOU'LL GET NO REACTION, NO TRACTION, NO BACK RENT FROM ME. I WATCHED A ROCK ROLL DOWN THE BLOCK, TOOK OUT MY
NEIGHBORS ONE BY ONE. I STOOD THERE SCRATCHING, GAWKING AND POINTING LIKE AN IDIOT WITH MY HEADPHONES AND MY ALDI BAG, THAT
TROLLEY PROBLEM PACKS A PUNCH. IF THAT'S A CHILLING CALL TO ARMS, I GUESS IT'S WORKING. KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON LITTLE TORTOISE
THERE'S STILL WOOD LEFT TO CHOP, ETC. PULL IT: YOU BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE HUSTLE AND HEAT. AS FOR THE HUSTLE, IT'S A PRISON
A MOUND OF ROCK FROM END TO END YOU BETTER LOCK IN ON THE PRICE AND HIDE YOUR MONEY UP YOUR SLEEVE. YOU GET A TASTE OF
YOURSELF WITH A SHUFFLE AND DEAL. AS FOR THE SHUFFLE, GET A GRIP YOU LET 'ER RIP YOU'RE PART OF SOMETHING SHADY HOARDING ALL
THE GRAVY TIL YOU'RE STRETCHED AND FLAPPIN' IN THE BREEZE. THE FIT IS BAD, THE PIT IS SAD THE WISHES ARE MISSING A TRIGGER
PULL SO PITIFUL THE VERSES ARE LIFTED NOT BITTER, NO, A QUITTER, NO, A FAITHFUL RENDITION, NOT MEDICINE OR BETTER THAN A GOOD
NIGHT UP SOMEBODY'S TREE. WE'RE GONNA PULL THAT COPPER FROM THE MOTEL AC. C'MON AND PULL IT. YOU DON'T OWE YOUR JOB, I NEVER
MET AN ACTUARY. I DON'T KNOW THE CLERK BUT HE DON'T OWN THE COPPER IN THAT MOTHER FUCKING AC. LOCKED OUT: OH WOW. BEATEN
CHILD STARING AT YOUR SHOE GOT YOUR HEAD SO FULL OF DAMAGE, EYE SO DIRTY BLUE WELL WE'RE BREATHING SNOW FLAKE, FREEZING IN MY
SKIN WHAT ARE THE CHARGING BY THE BREATH? YOU THINK YOUR DAD'LL LET US IN? WE'RE WASTING ALL THE CHASING ON A FLEETING HOPE
SO PALE, WE AIN'T GETTING ANY YOUNGER, CAN'T GET ANY DUMBER BABY, NEVER GONNA EAT YOUR SINS AFTER OUR BONES ARE FROZEN, NEVER
WANNA BE LET IN, RATHER BE LEFT UNCHOSEN. TRIP DOWN SHIP TOWN, ICY SHITTY BROWN LET HE FAITHFUL GET THEIR PLATEFUL LET THE
REST ALL HEAR THE SOUND OF A SCUMMY DUMMY WHALING RUMMY BUT CAN'T HEAR A THING CUZ THEY'RE CRACKING UP IN PIECES AND THEY
THINK WE'RE INDECENT? ETC. THE COPPER CLOVER: WELL THE BELLE OF THE BALL GAVE A WINK AND INVITED ME OVER. MANY EYES UPON ME
AS I GAVE A GOLDEN TURN. SHE SAID YOUR TEETH, YOUR FUR, YOUR CLAWS, MY APARTMENT, MY TEETH AND MY CLAWS IN HER APARTMENT. THE
DOG GOES UP, THE DOG GOES IN, THE NEIGHBORS STARE, THE DOOR IS OPEN. THE ROOM IS SPARE, A BED A CHAIR, SHE SAYS A PRAYER, AND
THEN IT'S OVER, CLOVER, WELL THE COPPER CLOVER SHELTERS OLDER RAGGED MUTTS, WON'T BE NEEDING THIS ANYMORE, TITLE TRACK: LO.
THE LORD I'VE COME TO FEAR STALKS ME BY DAY, BEGS FOR MY EAR, SALTS ME AWAY, TAKES SOUVENIRS, ABSOLUTELY WAGONSFUL. SOME SAY
THOSE YEARS WERE GOLD, SPUN FROM A BEEHIVE CENTURIES OLD, PILED UP IN PEACE-TIME, UNITS UNSOLD, ABSOLUTELY WAGONSFUL. BOTTOM
FEEDER: I WAS NOT A BELIEVER. I WAS NOT A BELIEVER. I WROTE IT OFF AS THEATRE OF THE MIND. NO MORE REAL TO ME THAN
ETHER, BUT IT SHOOK ME LIKE A WEEVIL ON THE VINE, HOLY VINE. I TRY TO BARGAIN WITH THE PART OF ME THAT WANTS TO BE
DIGNIFIED, THAT'S FINE BUT I'M A BOTTOM FEEDER FOR YOU. DIP ME IN THE BUTTER, KICK ME TO THE GUTTER OUTTA SIGHT,
OUTTA MIND. OH THE SECRETS I COULD UTTER IF IT DIDN'T MAKE ME STUTTER ALL THE TIME. TELL ME WHAT TO DO I GOT THE
PITH OF A SHIFTLESS MAN, I GOT MY HEAD IN YOUR GARBAGE CAN. YOU KNOW I'M EAGER TO PLEASE BUT I NEED A BREATHER. YOU
GOT THEM BIG GREEDY EYES THAT CUT A KING DOWN TO SIZE. YOU GOT THEM BIG FLOPPY EARS THAT COST ME YEARS AND YEARS,
ETC. GOOD WORKS, INDEED: IT WAS GOOD TO MEETCHA, SONNY, THANK YOU FOR THE PIZZA MONEY. IF YOU SEE ME IN THE RAMBLE SAY HI
I'LL BE HERE WITH A LIGHT ON, DON'T BE SHY. I DO THEM ON MY KNEES THEM GOOD WORKS, INDEED. WE'LL FIND SOME SHADE ANY OLD HOUR
OF THE DAY, TO LAY DOWN. YOUR DADDY WAS A COCKROACH CATCHER. YOUR MOTHER WAS A COFFEE FETCHER. AND HISTORY'LL SOON FORGETCHA.
BUT I'LL BE HERE WITH A LIGHT ON, YOU BETCHA. I DO THEM ON MY KNEES THEM GOOD WORKS, INDEED. I RODE MY BIKE TO FIND YOU. I
SHINED A LIGHT TIL I DREW EVERY MOTH IN DOWN, THE SUN GOING DOWN. OH, THAT ADDRESS YOU GAVE ME IT WAS A GRAVEYARD STRANGELY
HIDDEN FROM THE TRAIL, SO LET'S DROP THE VEIL. PARTING SHRUBS AND SHAKING CLUBS AT PASSERSBY BUT THEY NEVER METCHA AND MAYBE
NEITHER DID I. JESUS ON THE DOLE: PRIED THE CIGARETTE FROM GRANDDAD'S FROZEN MOUTH, SMOKED A LITTLE BIT OF IT AND POKED
AROUND THE HOUSE. I POURED A TRAIL ON COATS AND MAIL AND RAN IT DOWN THE HALL. I FLICKED THE CIGARETTE AND WATCHED THE FLAMES
CRAWL UP THE WALL AND I GOT IT ALL LIKE JESUS ON THE DOLE. YOU PROMISED ME THE LOBSTER NOT JUST MEASLY TAILS AND CLAWS I WANT
THE WHOLE THING IN MY BOWL LIKE JESUS ON THE DOLE. I'VE BEEN VISITED BY JACKALS IN MY SLEEP, MANGY PATTERNS IN THE DARK THE
LIKES OF WHICH I'VE NEVER SEEN. THEIR BLINKING RED EYES GLOW LIKE ANSWERING MACHINES. BUT THEY NEVER LEAVE A MESSAGE SO I
DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS BUT I GOT A CALL, ETC. THIS TAIL: I TOLD A TALE THROUGH THE BARS OF THIS JAIL WHILE THE PRISON
GUARD SLEPT LIKE A LOG. BLACK BILL WAS THERE WITH A PICK IN HIS HAIR AND THEM BOYS FROM THE VALLEY BANK JOB. THEY WERE
EAGERLY DIPPING THEIR CHAINS IN MY OIL I PEDALED AND LET ALL THEIR EGGS REACH A BOIL, YOU CAN'T BREAK MY YOLK WITH A STICK IN
MY SPOKE, CRACKIN' WISE WITH THE JAIL BIRDS AND BEES. BUZZING THEIR TOWERS AND TICKLING THEIR FLOWERS A STINGER OF SWEET
POTPOURRI. THEY WERE HAPPILY LAPPING IT UP BY THE HOUR. I DRESSED EVERY DOG IN THAT AFTERNOON SHOWER WHILE I'M STILL CHAINED
THIS TAIL IS FREE. SOME SEEK TO CURRY THE FAVOR OF KINGS OR TO BEG FOR THE CUSHIEST SPOT. ME I BELIEVE I WAS PUT HERE TO
WHEEZE A DEGENERATE TALE FROM MY COT. I'VE KNOWN BAKERS AND WEAVERS AND CANDLESTICK MAKERS, I'VE DIPPED EVERY WICK WITHOUT
TAKING A BREATHER BUT WE'RE FAR FROM THE DOUGH AND THE LOOMS AND THE TREES BUT THE VERDANT THOUGHT KNEADS ME TO LIFE. TAKE ME
SWEET JESUS I'M DOWN ON MY KNEES IT'S A MIRACLE I'M STILL SO TIGHT. FOR THE RECORD I THINK EVERY CUP FIT TO DRINK MEEDS A
JIGGER OF HUNDRED PROOF ANIMAL KINK. EMBARRASSED FOR US BOTH: GOUGED THE 'Y'S' OUT OF 'MY YOUTH.' USED WHAT'S LEFT TO SPEAK
SOME UNPLEASANT TRUTH AND SEALED IT UP TO CHARM THE HOST. I'M EMBARRASSED FOR US BOTH, TAKE THE NOTEBOOKS IN MY ROOM AND
SHOVE 'EM ALL INSIDE MY SONGWRITING TOMB. YOU'RE THE ONE I TRUST THE MOST AND I'M EMBARRASSED FOR US BOTH, FELON'S CLAW: YOU
WROTE IT ON A JUNK PAGE. YOU TAPED IT TO THE WALL. I THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE UNTIL I SEEN THAT FELON'S CLAW. THEN THE FROZEN
TRUTH BEGAN TO THAW, WELL I COULD PROBABLY BELIEVE IT IF YOU WEAVED IT IN YOUR OWN SWEET MAUDLIN WAY, WELL I ... I COULD
PROBABLY BELIEVE IT BUT YOUR HAND GAVE YOU AWAY. YEAR I COULD PROBABLY BELIEVE IT IF YOU BREATHED IT IN THE SWEET
WORDS THAT YOU SPEAK WELL I COULD PROBABLY BELIEVE IT BUT THE PEN GAVE YOU AWAY. I HEAR A BELL: I DON'T HEAR THE
BEATS OR THE BUZZ OR THE ROAR OR THE CHANTS OR THE BOOMS OR THE BANGS OR THE CLANGS. I DON'T HEAR CHOIRS OF ANGELS
OR THE FLUTTERING OF KAZOOS, IT GOES UP AND OUT MY FLUE. I HEAR A BELL RINGING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE VILLAGE WELL
BUT WHEN I'M THERE IT RINGS FROM THE REDWOOD TREES. I HEAR A BELL RING FROM THE REDWOOD TREES BUT WHEN I'M THERE IT
RINGS FROM THE SEA. I HEAR A BELL RING FROM THE SEA BUT WHEN I'M THERE IT RINGS FROM A DIFFERENT SEA. I DIED: I
DIED LOVING YOU, WIDE-EYED AZURE BLUE UNDERTOW. ONLY THE OCEAN KNOWS YOU. I TRIED HOLDING YOU, I TRIED MOLDING YOUR
WEIGHTLESS FORM, ONLY THE STARS COULD REACH YOU. SLAY ME DON'T SLEEP, READ THE NORTH STAR. TOLD ME THAT YOU KEEP
YOUR NEIGHBORS IN A JAR. THIS I BELIEVE FROM NPR BUT I NEVER MADE A STATEMENT ON IT
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THE "NO A.I." GUARANTEE

10 A.I.

I stopped buying Mexican avocados after hearing that murderous drug cartels were stealing profits from farmers in exchange for "protection." For a few months I scrutinized the little stickers and **bravely** chose avocados from Peru and Chile instead. Stand back, everyone. I've got this under control.

But.. then I learned that boycotting Mexican avocados makes life **even harder** for the farmers because the cartels are focused on a long-term business strategy, and they let their serfs

keep most of the profits.

So does any of this even matter?

I ask myself that question two or three times a week. Which brings me to the sticker on this particular avocado.

Like most people, my feelings about generative A.I. are mixed and evolving. It's fun and extremely useful, but the more I tinker with it the more I'm sure it will destroy civilization.

Its impact on art is clearer every day and, like the drug cartels, it's making life complicated for many people. So I put a sticker on the cover to let you know, in case it even matters, that A.I. was never used in the creation of this album. Part of me still believes that consumer habits are a small vote in favor of the art we want, and the avocados we want, for whatever little time we have left as a civilization.



- 01. BIRTH OF A NATION
- **02. NO REACTION**
- 03. PULL IT
- **04. LOCKED OUT**
- **05. THE COPPER CLOVER**
- **06. TITLE TRACK**
- **07. BOTTOM FEEDER**
- **08. GOOD WORKS, INDEED**
- 09. JESUS ON THE DOLE
- 10. THIS TAIL
- 11. EMBARRASSED FOR US BOTH
- 12. FELON'S CLAW
- 13. I HEAR A BELL

AND:

- 14. LOCKED OUT [REPRISE]
- 15. I HEAR A BELL [UK MEDLEY]
- 16. I DIED
- 17. BE MINE
- 18. 02-03-2025.wav

