

BUCK **AE** DOWN



THE HEAVY WEIGHT & THE LIFT

NO COLOSSUS

WE LEFT SAN PEDRO SULA
 CARRIED ALL THAT WE COULD TAKE
 MY SISTER AND MY MOTHER
 IN THE DARKNESS AND THE SHADE
 PAID OFF THE COYOTES WITH THE MONEY THAT I MADE
 MY FATHER AND MY BROTHER BURIED IN A COMMON GRAVE
 WE WILL NEVER COME BACK HERE
 MY SISTER ROSARITA IS
 SHE IS BARELY 6 MONTHS OLD
 WE FOUND SOME OTHER PEOPLE
 AND THEY TOOK US IN THEIR FOLD
 A CARAVAN OF DESPERATE SOULS
 WITH NOTHING LEFT TO LOOSE
 HALF THESE FUCKING PEOPLE DON'T EVEN HAVE REAL SHOES
 BUT WE WALK TILL THE COAST IS CLEAR
 WE WALKED 2000 MILES
 TILL WE THOUGHT THAT WE WERE SAFE
 BUT WE WOKE UP IN THE DESERT
 WITH A RIFLE IN OUT FACE
 THEY DRAGGED US OFF IN VANS
 SHOVED US IN A HOLE
 WITH NOT BUT SILVER BLANKETS TO SHIVER IN THE COLD
 THE LIGHTS NEVER GO OFF IN HERE.
 WHEN THE POWER OF SUGGESTION
 IS THE POWER OVER ALL
 THE LEAST IMPRESSIONABLE
 ARE THE FIRST AGAINST THE WALL
 THEY SAID THAT WE WERE VERMIN
 THEY SAID WE WERE DISEASED
 THEY SAID THIS WAS THE PROMISED LAND
 BUT NOT FOR FOLKS LIKE ME
 WE ARE NOT WELCOME HERE

BACK TO NORFOLK

(TIME IS ESCAPING ME - I KEEP ESCAPING ME ALWAYS)
 I WENT BACK TO NORFOLK
 BUT MY CITY WAS GONE
 I WENT BACK TO NORFOLK
 BUT MY CITY WAS GONE
 I WENT TO WAGE HOLY WAR IN NORFOLK
 BUT MY CITY WAS GONE
 CLOTHED IN RIGHTEOUS ARMOR BACK TO NORFOLK
 BUT MY CITY WAS GONE
 THE HAGUE RIVER SWALLOWS MOWBRAY ARCH
 IN NORFOLK
 SINKING BACK INTO THE MARSH THAT IT SPRANG FROM
 BACK IN NORFOLK
 IN THIS TIME LINE - THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC SIT AT THE

BOTTOM OF THE ELIZABETH RIVER
 IN NORFOLK
 AS PREHISTORIC SHARKS FEAST ON THE BONES OF DEAD
 CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS
 IN NORFOLK
 I WENT BACK TO COGAN'S
 BUT MY MEMORY'S GONE
 THEY RIPPED OUT THE STAGE FROM COGAN'S
 AND NOW THE ROCK N' ROLL IS GONE
 THE TELEPHONE POLES STILL SHOT THROUGH WITH RUSTING NAILS
 IN NORFOLK
 THE STREET SIGNS READ LIKE SOMEONE ELSE'S MAIL
 IN NORFOLK
 THE UNIVERSITY HAS SWALLOWED ALL OUR MONUMENTS ALONG
 HAMPTON BLVD.
 NOW MY CITY IS GONE
 LIKE GENERAL SHERMAN'S DRUNKEN MARCH TO SEA
 AND NOW MY CITY IS GONE.
 I WENT BACK TO NORFOLK
 MY CITY WAS GONE
 I WENT BACK TO NORFOLK
 BUT MY CITY WAS GONE
 I WENT BACK TO NORFOLK
 MY CITY WAS GONE
 BUT EVERYTHING WAS STILL THERE.

GREETINGS FROM THE RESISTANCE

THE SUN'S BARELY RISEN ON THE EASTERN SHORE STATES
 AS THE SEPTUAGENARIAN INFANT AWAKES
 CRAFTING THE POISON THE WHOLE NATION TAKES
 ON HIS TELEPHONE.
 CLOTHED IN HIS CRAPULENCE, HE CLIMBS DOWN THE STAIRS
 THE SYCOPHANTS AND LACKEYS WILL ALL FIGHT FOR AIR
 AS THE OXYGEN SUCKS FROM THE ROOM WITH THE GLARE
 OF AN AUTOCRAT
 HIS FACE IS A DEATH MASK OF SMUGNESS AND GLIB
 LIKE A ROMAN EMPEROR WHO JUST TOOK A SHIT
 ON THE FACE OF A NATION AND THEN WALKED AWAY FROM IT
 ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN
 WIPING HIS ASS RAW WITH HISTORY'S PAGES
 THE DESERT CONCENTRATION CAMPS FULL OF CAGES
 OF INFANTS AND TODDLERS WHILE THE POPULATION RAGES
 INTO A VOID
 YOU'LL BE KNOWN BY YOUR WORKS, AND YOUR WORKS LOOK TO ME
 LIKE THE FUNCTIONS OF A HEART THAT'S AS BLACK AS THE SEA
 IN THE DEEPEST DARK TRENCHES WHERE NOTHING CAN BREATHE
 AND THE FISHES ALL NEED LIGHTS ON THEIR HEADS JUST TO SEE
 YOU'RE A RACIST
 YOU'RE A BIGOT

YOU'RE A LIAR
 YOU'RE A SHILL
 YOU POISON THE AIR
 YOU POISONED THE WELL
 YOU VIOLATE OUR ETHICS
 OUR MORALS
 OUR TRUST
 WE'LL SEE YOU IN NOVEMBER
 SINCERELY,
 ALL OF US

DRUMS: DAVID RAVEN

ALL WE ALONE

THERE WAS A DARKNESS
 THAT SWEEPED ACROSS THE NATION
 BORN IN THE FACTORIES OF LIGHT
 AND THE CADAVERS
 OF THE BETTER ANGELS OF OUR NATURE
 WERE STACKED UP LIKE CORD WOOD
 THEY WERE STACKED UP TO THE SKY
 ALL WE ALONE CAN SAVE US
 ALL WE ALONE CAN TRY
 THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO REPLACE US
 BETWEEN THE COLD EARTH AND WINDOWLESS SKY
 THERE WAS A BOMB BLAST
 THAT RIPPED APART THE STATION
 A MARKET FULL OF CHILDREN
 FROM A ROBOT IN THE SKY
 AND THERE WAS BROKEN GLASS
 BENEATH THE FEET OF MILLIONS
 THERE WERE ARGUMENTS AND EXCUSES
 BUT NOT A SINGLE REASON WHY
 THERE WAS AN AUTOCRAT
 A SCION OF GREAT PRIVILEGE
 FROM A VAST POTEMKIN VILLAGE
 WITH AN ARMY IN THE SKY
 WE GAZED IN HORROR AT
 THIS CHAMPION OF THE IGNORANT
 THERE'S NO ONE ALIVE WHO'S INNOCENT
 AND THE GUILTY ALL HAVE DIED
 THERE WAS A PIPE DREAM
 THERE WAS A LAND WHERE THERE WAS PLENTY
 THERE WAS ROOM ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE
 AND EVERYTHING WAS FINE
 THERE WAS A TIME LINE
 WHERE THERE WERE NO BORDERS OR NO COUNTRIES
 JUST A PALE BLUE DOT SUSPENDED
 IN AN ENDLESS PERFECT SKY

BACKING VOCAL: MOLLIE GREENSPAN

THIS ALBUM WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE GENEROUS DONATIONS OF THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE:

MICHAEL N SANE, MATT SHAW, JAMES KING, ERIC TRUEHEART, JAMES SIEGEL, JAMES BUNKELMAN, KATHERINE KORALEWSKI, PATRICK GROVER, RODGER POWELL, RAND FITZPATRICK, GOLD DUST, MJPBILLS, WEE HEAVY WALTER-STERN, DAVE LE, GREGOR MYERS, TAVI STUTZ, TERRY JACOBSON, JUDD KLEMENT, HUNTER PARRISH, STACIE REICHMUTH, MARK ROBERTSHAW, KATRINA MILLER AND JAMES E PETERSEN JR

EXECUTIVE PRODUCED BY:

JAMES E PETERSEN JR, GREGOR MYERS, TAVI STUTZ, TERRY JACOBSON, JUDD.KLEMENT, HUNTER PARRISH, STACIE REICHMUTH, MARK ROBERTSHAW, KATRINA MILLER

PACKAGE DESIGN BY BUCK AE DOWN FRONT COVER IMAGE BY MIKE GARLINGTON

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:



MOLLIE JANE GREENSPAN
 VOICE



ELI PAFUMI
 VOICE + GUITAR



DANNY GRAZIANI
 VIOLIN + VIOLA



ROOTHUB
 VOICE



DAVID RAVEN
 DRUMS



JERRY PARRISH
 VOICE + PERCUSSION



KUPUNA ALEX PUA'A
 VOICE

BUCK DOWN PROUDLY USES AND ENDORSES **Vigier** GUITARS

DANCE LIKE NO ONE'S PAYING

SUMMERTIME BEEHIVE
BURNING THE TREE LINE
EVERY CONVERSATION TURNING INTO A STREET FIGHT
BLACK TOP NONSTOP
MODIFIED CASH CROP
HIRED MERCENARIES PERPETRATING AS STREET COPS
HATE CRIME PRIME TIME
OVER THE STATE LINE
PEOPLE IN THE CITY ROCKING OUT TO THE BASS LINE
NEW SCHOOL OLD SCHOOL
SEGREGATED MIDDLE SCHOOL
ME TOO - YOU TOO - TELL ME WHATCHA GONNA DO
FISTFUL RISK POLL
AUTOMATIC PISTOL
POURING ALL YOUR MONEY INTO OILS AND CRYSTALS
FAKE NEWS SHAKE LOOSE
MAKING UP THE EXCUSE
ONE MAN'S THEFT IS ANOTHER ONE'S FAIR USE
DEEP FAKE HANDSHAKE
SEROTONIN UPTAKE
SELLING OUT THE COUNTRY FOR SOME JUDGES AND A TAX BREAK
TROLL FARM STRONG ARM
HAND IN THE COOKIE JAR
20 YEARS OF SCHOOLING NOW YR WORKING IN THE DRESS BARN
TIKI TORCH FRONT PORCH
SNEAKING IN THE BACK DOOR
1 2 3 4 THEY DECLARED A RACE WAR
4 CHAN 8 CHAN
HATING ON THE BLACK MAN
BUTTON DOWN SHIRTS ON THE HONKEYS IN THE NEW CLAN
RUST BELT BOMB SHELL
OVERCROWDED JAIL CELL
PISSING ON THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
MAGNIFY OCCUPY
MODIFY CLARIFY
RECTIFY TESTIFY
JUSTIFY SATISFY
GLORIFY MULTIPLY
INDEPENDENT SAMURAI
FUCK DONALD TRUMP AND MOTHERFUCK SPOTIFY
BACKING VOCALS: MOLLIE GREENSPAN & ELI PAFUMI

STONES & 'THE BOWL OF LIGHT'

EACH OF US BORN
WITH A BOWL THAT WE CARRY THROUGH LIFE
SEARCHING FOR HOME
AND PULLING THE STONES FROM THE LIGHT
STORY: KUPUNA ALEX PUA'A

'THE PILGRIM' (CHAPTER 33)

SEE HIM WASTED ON THE SIDEWALK IN HIS JACKET AND HIS JEANS,
WEARING YESTERDAY'S MISFORTUNES LIKE A SMILE
ONCE HE HAD A FUTURE FULL OF MONEY, LOVE, AND DREAMS,
WHICH HE SPENT LIKE THEY WAS GOING OUTTA STYLE
AND HE KEPT RIGHT ON CHANGING
FOR THE BETTER OR THE WORSE,
SEARCHING FOR A SHRINE HE NEVER FOUND
NEVER KNOWING IF BELIEVING IS A BLESSING OR A CURSE,
OR IF THE GOING UP WAS WORTH THE COMING DOWN
HE'S A POET, HE'S A PICKER
HE'S A PROPHET, HE'S A PUSHER
HE'S A PILGRIM AND A PREACHER,
AND A PROBLEM WHEN HE'S STONED
HE'S A WALKING CONTRADICTION,
PARTLY TRUTH AND PARTLY FICTION,
TAKING EVERY WRONG DIRECTION ON HIS LONELY WAY BACK HOME.
HE HAS TASTED GOOD AND EVIL
IN YOUR BEDROOMS AND YOUR BARS,
AND HE TRADED IN TOMORROW FOR TODAY
RUNNING FROM HIS DEVILS, LORD, AND REACHING FOR THE STARS,
AND LOSING ALL HE LOVED ALONG THE WAY
BUT THE WORLD IT KEPT ON TURNING
FOR THE BETTER OR THE WORSE,
AND ALL HE EVER GOT WAS OLDER AND AROUND
FROM THE ROCKING OF THE CRADLE
TO THE ROLLING OF THE HEARSE,

THE GOING UP WAS WORTH THE COMING DOWN
HE'S A POET, HE'S A PICKER
HE'S A PROPHET, HE'S A PUSHER
HE'S A PILGRIM AND A PREACHER,
AND A PROBLEM WHEN HE'S STONED
HE'S A WALKING CONTRADICTION,
PARTLY TRUTH AND PARTLY FICTION,
TAKING EVERY WRONG DIRECTION ON HIS LONELY WAY BACK HOME.
THERE'S A LOT OF WRONG DIRECTIONS ON THAT LONELY WAY BACK HOME.

ORIGINAL MUSIC & LYRICS: KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
SHAKER OF MORTAL REMAINS & VOICE OVER: JERRY PARRISH
BACKING VOCALS: MOLLIE GREENSPAN & ELI PAFUMI
ADDITIONAL GUITAR: ELI PAFUMI

'THE LIFT'

WHEN THE BURDEN'S SO HEAVY
YOU CAN'T SEE THE ENDS
WHEN IT BLEEDS OUT THE SIDE
OF A WIDE ANGLE LENS
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT'S LEFT
ON WHICH YOU CAN DEPEND
IT'S CROWDED AT THE BOTTOM
BUT IT'S ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS
AND WE'LL ALL
LIFT UP THE WEIGHT
CARRY EACH OTHER
TILL THE DARK TURNS TO DAY
AND WE'LL ALL LIFT UP THE WEIGHT
DOWN THE PERILOUS ROAD TILL THE LIGHT FINDS A WAY
WHEN IT FEELS LIKE THE ANCHOR
IS BURIED IN YOUR CHEST
WHEN JUST BEING ALIVE
IS PROBLEMATIC AT BEST
WHEN YOU CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE
YOU CAN STILL TAKE WHAT YOU GET
IF YOUR LOOKING FOR AN EASTER EGG
WELL I GUESS THIS IS IT
WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE A VISITOR
UP IN YR OWN HOME
HOW CAN SOMEONE BE LONELY WHO'S NEVER ALONE
PUT DOWN YR BURDEN AND PICK UP THE PHONE
CUZ EVERYONE YOU KNOW
NEEDS SOME HELP WITH THE LOAD
BACKING VOCALS: MOLLIE GREENSPAN, ROTHUB & ELI PAFUMI
VIOLINS & VIOLAS: DANNY GRAZIANI

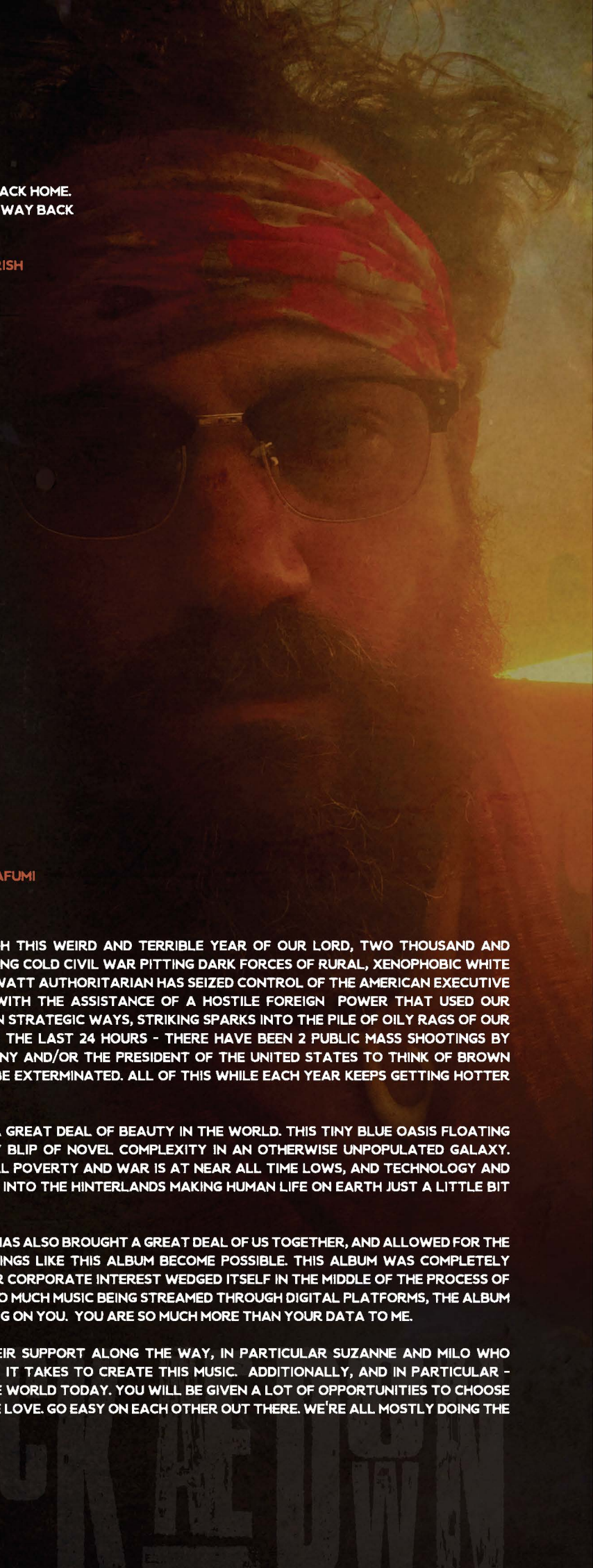
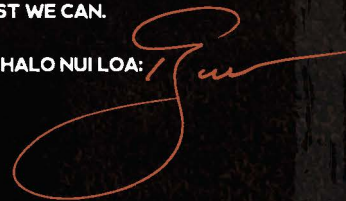
AT THE TIME OF THIS WRITING, IT'S HALFWAY THROUGH THIS WEIRD AND TERRIBLE YEAR OF OUR LORD, TWO THOUSAND AND NINETEEN. AMERICA IS UNDER THE SHADOW OF AN ONGOING COLD CIVIL WAR PITTING DARK FORCES OF RURAL, XENOPHOBIC WHITE SUPREMACISTS AGAINST, WELL, EVERYONE ELSE. A LOW WATT AUTHORITARIAN HAS SEIZED CONTROL OF THE AMERICAN EXECUTIVE BRANCH ON A WAVE OF THINLY VEILED RACISM AND WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A HOSTILE FOREIGN POWER THAT USED OUR COMPULSIVE TRIBAL CONFIRMATION BIAS' AGAINST US IN STRATEGIC WAYS, STRIKING SPARKS INTO THE PILE OF OILY RAGS OF OUR ORIGINAL SINS OF RACIAL ANIMUS AND RESENTMENT. IN THE LAST 24 HOURS - THERE HAVE BEEN 2 PUBLIC MASS SHOOTINGS BY HOMEGROWN WHITE TERRORISTS GINNED UP BY MISOGYNY AND/OR THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO THINK OF BROWN PEOPLE AS SOME SORT OF INVADING ARMY THAT MUST BE EXTERMINATED. ALL OF THIS WHILE EACH YEAR KEEPS GETTING HOTTER THAN THE LAST AS THE POLAR ICE CAPS RECEDE.

AND YET IN THE MIDST OF ALL OF THIS, THERE IS STILL A GREAT DEAL OF BEAUTY IN THE WORLD. THIS TINY BLUE OASIS FLOATING ALONE IN A VAST BLACK SEA OF SPACE A MOMENTARY BLIP OF NOVEL COMPLEXITY IN AN OTHERWISE UNPOPULATED GALAXY. DESPITE OUTWARD APPEARANCES, THE LEVEL OF GLOBAL POVERTY AND WAR IS AT NEAR ALL TIME LOWS, AND TECHNOLOGY AND INNOVATION HAVE SPREAD FARTHER AND FARTHER OUT INTO THE HINTERLANDS MAKING HUMAN LIFE ON EARTH JUST A LITTLE BIT LESS SOLITARY, POOR, NASTY, BRUTISH, AND SHORT.

THE SAME SOCIAL MEDIA USED TO RIP OURSELVES APART HAS ALSO BROUGHT A GREAT DEAL OF US TOGETHER, AND ALLOWED FOR THE DEMOCRATIZATION OF MEDIA IN SUCH A WAY THAT THINGS LIKE THIS ALBUM BECOME POSSIBLE. THIS ALBUM WAS COMPLETELY FINANCED THROUGH AN ON LINE CAMPAIGN. NO LABEL OR CORPORATE INTEREST WEDGED ITSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PROCESS OF THE CREATION AND DELIVERY OF THIS ART, AND UNLIKE SO MUCH MUSIC BEING STREAMED THROUGH DIGITAL PLATFORMS, THE ALBUM YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS IS INCAPABLE OF SPYING ON YOU. YOU ARE SO MUCH MORE THAN YOUR DATA TO ME.

I AM GRATEFUL TO A GREAT DEAL OF PEOPLE FOR THEIR SUPPORT ALONG THE WAY, IN PARTICULAR SUZANNE AND MILO WHO TOLERATE THE OFTEN RECLUSIVE INDULGENCE OF TIME IT TAKES TO CREATE THIS MUSIC. ADDITIONALLY, AND IN PARTICULAR - I WANT TO THANK YOU. BEST OF LUCK OUT THERE IN THE WORLD TODAY. YOU WILL BE GIVEN A LOT OF OPPORTUNITIES TO CHOOSE BETWEEN FEAR AND LOVE. WHENEVER POSSIBLE, CHOOSE LOVE. GO EASY ON EACH OTHER OUT THERE. WE'RE ALL MOSTLY DOING THE BEST WE CAN.

MAHALO NUI LOA:





WRITTEN, ARRANGED, PERFORMED, PRODUCED & MASTERED BY

BUCK AE DOWN

HEAVY SIDE

1. NO COLOSSUS 2. BACK TO NORFOLK 3. GREETINGS FROM THE RESISTANCE 4. ALL WE ALONE

LIFT SIDE

1. DANCE LIKE NO ONE'S PAYING 2. STONES & THE BOWL OF LIGHT 3. THE PILGRIM (CHAPTER 33) 4. THE LIFT

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