



The Drink Tank  
Issue 58

# The Cardiums Revealed

by

CHRISTOPHER J.  
GARCIA  
M LLOYD  
SABEAN AND JUDITH  
MOREL  
JAY CRASDAN  
MIKE SWAN  
AND  
MANNY SANFORD

on the works of

*Brace Lagwell*  
*C 'The Beast' Lek*  
*Liesa Hellsworth*  
*Kimmy Swaintip*  
*and*  
*Business Ferima*

***I've wanted to do this issue for a long time.***

***Basically, I'm telling the story of the first big hoax the gang ever put together. And like all hoaxes, it has a basis in reality. The Cardimums were a band...sort of. Basically, M, Jay, Mike and Sabean tried to start a band with very little musical talent between them, though they did write a few decent songs. But once they met me, well, they went all the way and turned it into a hoax that is still be revealed today.***

## ***Introducing The Cardimums!***

In 1987, there was a guy by the name of Jay Crasdan. He had a guitar, a huge basement that his family never used and a bunch of friends. He was just another guy having a good time hanging and banging. He met a girl in Art class name of M Lloyd, who fancied herself the next Kim Gordon or Tina Weymouth, the queen of the bass. The two started hanging out in the basement trying to make the beautiful music. Well, they were actually making beautiful music, but only of the getting naked and screwing variety. But that was the start of the Cardimums.

The two of them actual recorded a few things, mostly brief bits of them trying to record pieces of songs or the sound of them making out. They called themselves Brace & The Beast and they did actually play a gig, or so they told me. They used pseudonyms, as we all would in future times. Jay called himself Brace Lagwell and M became



C 'The Beast' Lek. Brace was from San Francisco and went to the New England College of Music before being thrown out for trying to write his thesis on the music of Hanna-Barbera cartoons. C was from Latvia and had studied cello before becoming a terrible bassist after she left Latvia for Chicago. They were good gimmicks. The wrote a few songs, one of which I've always liked called ***Death on the Road to Vegas***, including a lyric that I've always remembered. 'Vegas life ain't much better than Vegas death if you're broke.' It wasn't until the two of them met



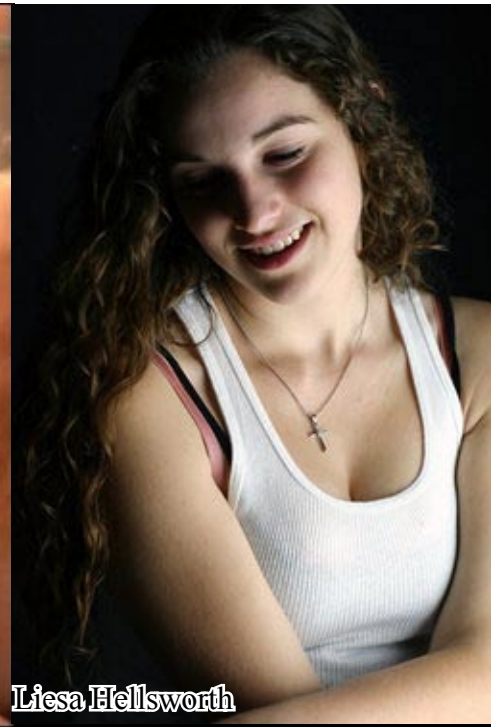
two friends that The Cardimums were born.

The first was SaBean. She met Jay and M in 1988, supposedly in the line for wrestling tickets. She started coming over (probably because M wanted to do her) and since SaBean is an actual drummer (cough-JazzBandGeekcough) she started jamming with the two of them. She was much better than the other two, plus she loved bands like The Cure and The Smiths, not to mention Miles Davis and Stephen Sondheim. During this period, they wrote a lot of songs like ***Angry Mr. Robotman*** and ***My Older Sister*** which were both decent little songs. This period didn't last long, as they ended up adding another member pretty quickly, establishing the group I'd meet in Boston.

SaBean become Kimmy Swaintip, and



Business Ferima



Liesa Hellsworth

she knew a guy who was a passable guitarist and keyboarder. He was Mike Swan whose history and mine were so closely entwined. He had lived with his Mom out my way and I had known him a little bit through the camp we both went to. When he started living full-time with his Dad in Chicago, he met up with SaBean. He started playing with them and they wrote more songs. This was the high period, though there are no recordings left, SaBean says that she thought they were great. After a while, SaBean's hated sister, Judith, started hanging around with Jay and M, and they gave her the Liesa Hellsworth nickname and she was officially the band's manager, though the sisters Morel hated, and I mean HATED, each other.

For the rest of high school, and the junior college years they all did, they were The Cardimums, a semi-serious band that would evolve into a genius concept group that was being directed by the King of Bad, and Brilliant, Ideas: Mr. Christopher J. Garcia.

## ***The Founding of The Cardimums*** ***As Remembered by*** ***M Lloyd***

Chris' version of the founding is actually accurate, which is amazing since he usually botches so frequently the meanings and realities of the situations. I love him, but he's never one for accuracy. I should figure that anyone who has read The Drink Tank would already know that.

Chris left out two things, both of which are very important. SaBean and M hated each other, this is true, but they were seldomly together in the basement. I can only think of once, maybe twice. They got into a fight once when Jay and I were out with Judith at the Mall, talking about all the band stuff while we were being clothes. She literally tackled her and the two brawled. It was muy hot. M didn't talk to us for almost a month, but we got her back and there was even a peace we sorta brokered that was meant to keep SaBean and Judith from killing each other



Kimmy Swaintip



while we all prepared for a show that we indeed did play in South City. Until they settled whatever it was between them (according to Chris' last issue, it was trying to find some old dude in a photo) I had never heard them talk to each other in a pleasant tone.

The other thing that Chris conveniently forgot because he wasn't there was the fact that we did a few things under another name between Brace & The Beast and The Cardimums. When it was Jay, M and SaBean, we called ourselves Brace Lagwell & The Girls He Fucked. I always thought that was a great name for a band, except for the fact that he had only slept with me. We settled on The Cardimums when SaBean said that she had her notebook taken away when she was in English. So, we became the Cardimums when we looked in the spice rack or something.

Over the years, due to troubles between Jay and I, we often had periods where we did nothing as a band, but we always got back together and that made us a band again.

## ***The Cardimums Get Carried in Record Stores*** **By Christopher J. Garcia**

I had an idea. I wanted to make something that was awesome. I had a bunch of concepts, but I didn't know how to make

them work. That is until M and Jay and Mike and SaBean and I were hangin' around at the IHOP and the idea seemed to hit all of a sudden.

"We should put out a record." Says SaBean.

"We're not ready to record a record." Says Jay.

"Why record anything? Just put out the record." Says I.

And that was how the Best Idea I ever had started. We basically sat around coming up with ideas for a cover. We managed to come up with a great one. The cover was the guys in the band naked while the girls were wearing full suits. That album was just called The Cardimums.

But what did we do with them?

Well, that's where I was a genius.

There was a record store around the corner from where we all lived. They kept all the CD covers in little bags and when you bought one, you brought that up to the counter and they got the CD or record for you, put it all together and handed it to you. So, Chris had our friend Johnny put together a Record Cover for the album, complete with liner notes that I wrote talking about how the band had come together from such disparate areas and were a legendary group in the underground clubs of Toronto and Quebec City. That album had 9 songs, supposedly. Six of them were actually songs that they had written. ***Bitch Pencil, Grey Moment, My Song of Piss & Vinegar, Death on the Road to Vegas, Angry Mr. Robotman,*** and ***Fall***. The other three were my idea. ***Clamdigger Dream, Suicidal Suckbomb, and Clean Living (in a CrackHouse)***. They were great concepts, and when Johnny was finished making it look like it had been around for years, we



# THE CARDIMUMS



## HAPPY TIMES SHOOTING STUFF

took it to the store and slipped it into the unsorted 'C' record section. But we realized that we had to get a pricetag on it. We gently took one off of a Marvin Gaye record and slipped it gently into place. We checked back every couple of days and it was still there, though at least once it had been picked up and someone read the back while we were in the store. That was awesome. The record finally went away after about three months, but that was OK, we had already come up with another copy of the first record and a second record called **Happy Times Shooting Stuff**. I've tried to recreate the cover

best as I could remember above, but the one we made was much better than that. We actually sold them to the shop by going just another step. We bought a dirt-cheap record (I think it was the Talking Heads) and got the label off and put our own on. I don't know how Johnny managed to get the things to look like they had sat on a shelf for years, but he did it and they paid a full buck for it as a part of M's sale of those things that had been cluttering up her house. We also made a CD of the second Cardimums album. The songs were all real songs that they had written. It was a very good fake, where we print-

ed all of the lyrics. We just snuck this one in the files. It was amazing. We know that someone tried to buy the CD once, and based on the liner notes, I'm not surprised.

We only did one more, but it was the perfect one to end on. My idea was that The Cardimums had broken up and this was the Greatest Hits of the band that had done two great albums, then had some problems (C had left and wasn't heard on the fourth album, Liesa had stepped in on Bass and it wasn't until C really needed money that she returned) and this was the complete story of the band in six well-done pages (Johnny's layout was the highlight).

According to the notes, the fourth album was a live album (since C wasn't around to record new material) and they then did a fifth album which was a bold experiment in doing a Science Fiction concept album which was a hit with College Radio. The sixth was a simple album that featured Rarities and B-sides. The final was the Greatest Hits. Some good concepts there.

Sadly, we never did it again, and there were enough places in NorCal that we could have done it too.

---

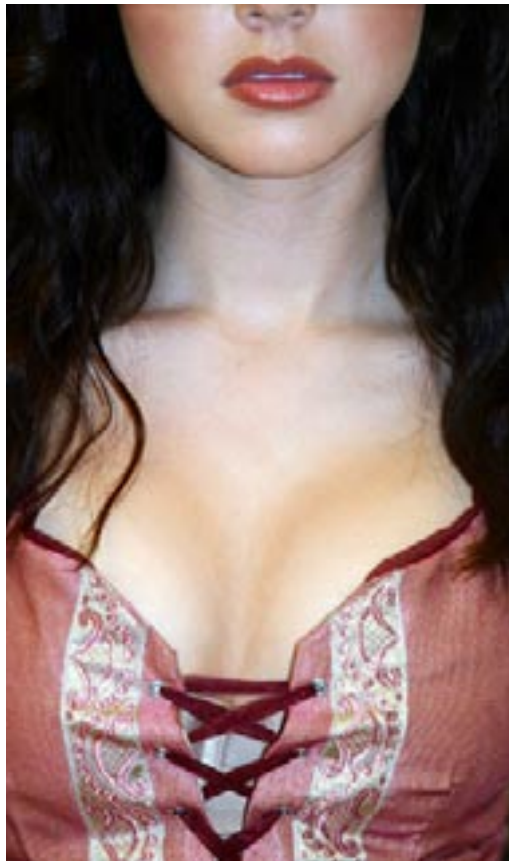
---

## ***Well You Say You've Got A Husband Now...***

***By***

***Jay Crasdan***

There's no question that Elvis Costello was the biggest influence on The Cardimums. We loved Elvis, we had all his records, and we aped his style all the time.



The opening line to ***King Whiskey*** is "Mr. Dewdrop walked up a long, long hill/ never stopping 'til the pail was filled." Even writing it now I hear Elvis' voice singing the lines.

M and I were both huge fans of Elvis, and even when we were hardly speaking, we still went together to see him. It's easy to say that he was all over everything we ever did. Unconsciously, the keyboard solo in our song ***Grey Moment*** is basically the same *Radio, Radio*. It happens.

I've gone over the songs that we wrote over the years, sometimes with a lot of embarrassment that I had ever written anything that ripped such a genius off so thoroughly. I did a good job of it, really, as far as being a rip-off artist goes. If we had recorded all the songs that were in the notebook I used to write in while me and M were broken up while we were living in Boston, we'd have recorded Anger Honey years before Elvis did.

We also did a song called ***Elvis Costello: This is Your Invitation***. The song said that we were completely open to having Elvis join The Cardimums, which was a funny concept. Sadly, I couldn't find the notebook that had that and a few other classics in it, so the collection of the songs at the end of this issue won't feature those from the fun era of my song writing.

---

---

***The Never-Written Liner Notes for Badwater Planet: The Science Fiction Concept Album***

***By***

***Judith Morel and Christopher J. Garcia***

This is the story of Badwater: The



Planet on the edge of the Trade Zone. The Planet, giant by the standards of the planets which are actually a part of the Trade Zone, has never been further mapped than a simple outline of continents and oceans with notes of two large mountain ranges. The reason for the unknown quality of the planet is the water.

The Planet, which was never even named, has several large oceans, all of them a milky white, and only two large continents. The reason for the milk seas is the same as the reason the continent has never been mapped. The water of the Badwater Planet is, in fact, bad.

All water on the planet, including the rain, is heavy with a caustic salt. The salt is heavy and will eat through nearly anything. The types of filtration systems used on the Generation Ships are badly clogged and severely damaged within just a couple of days use on the waters. The few expeditions that were once attempted either died off or had to quickly exit.

The story of Badwater Planet starts far from the planet itself. A Ship, the Jae Nita-jia, has an accident. The accident causes the ship to make an emergency landing on the Badwater Planet, crashing into the ocean which causes so much damage to the ship that only five people survive and make it to the land. They are doomed, and they know they are doomed, but they go forward hoping to discover some way to survive on

the planet of the bad waters.

The first song, **Our Ship** introduces us to the ship and its crew. Capt. Muer and his second, Lare, sing that song that introduces us to the ship in the first half, but then degrades into panic as 'The cargo hold rumbles, the ship throws/The quarters of the crew and their families explode/death comes to those on the decks below/but the captain flies on, steady as she goes'

The crash leaves them in the milky sea, where some try to swim for the coast which is nearly two miles away. The caustic ocean eats away at them. Only five of the survivors made



a raft and arrive at the land. They are Teno (sung by Brace Lagwell), Ymar (Business Ferima), two underclass engineers who survived by being out working on the filter systems in the upper classes. Madek Hisheda (C 'The Beast' Lek), who was the head of science on the ship, and her assistant, Jamaase (Liesa Hellsworth). They are joined by Riasel (Kimmy Swaintip) who is a mystery to all the other members.

After the landing, the group argues over who should lead (**My Choices**). The argument ends when they head off looking for some sort of fresh water in the interior, though they are told by their CompuPads that they likely have less than forty-five hours before they are all dead. (**The News**). There is no official leader, but they seem to be following Madek.

On the trip, they come across something of an Oasis (**Arriving at Heaven**) where they find something that Ymar realizes is a filter system that can easily deal with a large volume of the caustic water and not

sufer any damage. They realize that means they are on an inhabited planet (**Alone No More**) and that they'll be able to survive.

They look around the surface and manage to find a few bits of food that are human-edible (**Eating Again**) and they manage to discover tracks of people (**Tracks**). After several days, they come across one of the planet's inhabitant (**The Meeting**), who informs them that the inhabitants have discovered their spaceship and will be using it to get off of the planet and start colonizing the Trade Zone. The Shipmembers who crashed recognise that with their physiology they'll easily overrun planets and this will threaten the Trade Zone (**The Future Attack**) and they have to come up with a way to stop the aliens.

At this point, the subplot between Jamaase and Ymar starts. They are falling in love and sing a song of devotion to each other (**One Last Passion**) and then the group suits up for an attack on the alien group (**Stripping Down, Suiting Up**) and the attack on the aliens who have brought the ship to the land comes fast on the heels



(**Our Fight**).

The battle rages on for several days, ending when the crashlanders manage to get onto the ship and activate the emergency systems that assist them in repelling the invaders (**Strategies; Away From Here**). The Battle has left two of the members of the team dead, which allows for Ymar to sing his love a final song (**My Last Lover**).

The crew then manages to get off the Planet and head for a new world (**Another Day Away**).

The story for Badwater Planet is based on the concept by Christopher J. Garcia in his Pulitzer Prize winning Science Fiction novel, *To The Seas of Badwater*. The lyrics are by Brace Lagwell and Kimmy Swaintip. The music is written by The Cardimiums with the arrangements by C Lek.

The work was recorded at the Troubador on Hollywood's Sunset Strip on July 9th, 1992. The extra musicians were James Heigl (violin), Leon Trom (guitar), Ali Ulam (keyboards), Julie Hepne (bass/cello), Allen Aronson (violin/mandolin), Dennis Shekmar (drums/percussion), Gail Wilner (backing vocals), Gail Sundes (backing vocals), and Gail Heyes (backing vocals). The recording presented here is from the early practice and not from the show itself, which only drew 25 paid people.

Badwater Planet is a science fiction musical that may well find its way to Broadway yet. Brace's performance is brash, while both Kimmy and Liesa are powerfully forceful in their performances.

Probably the most touching performances are between the lovers, played by C Lek and Business Ferima. They are both intense and lyrical and end up stealign the last half of the show.

Enjoy the performance and remember that this is only the first in what may turn out to be a series of Science Fiction musicals



# *The Girls of The Cardimums*

By

**SaBean Morel**

The most interesting section of The Cardimums had to be the women. The three of us, well two and my sister, were prime examples of the potential of hot flesh selling a group. We didn't always get along, and there's a silly little story that features all of the girls.

Jay fucked Judith. This was a few months before we left for Boston. Jay and M were on the outs again, but me and

Jay had been sorta messing around for a few months. M and Jay had gotten to the point where the two of them would hang out with all of us in the basement and work on songs and watch movies. I kinda figured that meant that they were sleeping together, though I've been told that's not the case. I found out about Judith and Jay when M told me she walked in on them. This was a Sunday morning, and I spent most of the morning shooting up and crying. After I came down enough to get really angry, I

went out to the mall to find M and Jay because I knew they'd be there with Judith. When I found them, I didn't know what to do other than take a running tackle at the fucking whore.

I remember looking through every store in the mall and they were in a clothes place. I saw her and I just ran and caught her right in the stomach with my shoulder. I sent her right into a rack of clothes and she ended





up on top of me throwing punches into my face. I kicked her off and managed to put my heel into her nose. She was bleeding all over the place, and she clawed at my face. The MoreL sisters fight dirty. M and Jay just stood around until they saw that the Security crew

were running up and they pulled us apart and ran us for the exits. That was the end of that fight, and we didn't talk for several months.

I had my revenge. I nailed M one drunken night. That was good, sloppy stuff and Jay didn't talk to me for ages. Mike did. He thanked me loudly that very afternoon. God bless him.

## ***Manny Sanford Tells the Story of Space Butt***

Space Butt would have been the most beautiful thing ever created. That would have been amazing, perfect, even Grammy worthy. It would have been my only addition to The Cardimums.

I made a visit out that way one weekend and we all hit it off real good. I thought they were the coolest people I'd ever met, and we had a good time just hanging out. They were talking about songs and I said that they should so a song about a Space-Hooker.

It was like Whiskey In The Jar, where she was a roaming whore who went and stole from her Johns until she was betrayed by the Madame at the House she worked at. We wrote the lyrics that afternoon, on a napkin, the way all songs should be written...or at least started.



### ***Space Butt***

***written by Manny Sanford with Chris Garcia, M Lloyd, SaBean MoreL and Jay Crasdan***

*Mother Mary may I come?  
Yes you may, my son.  
Wait, is that a gun?  
Yes it is you scum.*

*Taking money back home  
Madame Gray pays back her loan  
sends me out alone  
for more money and to roam*

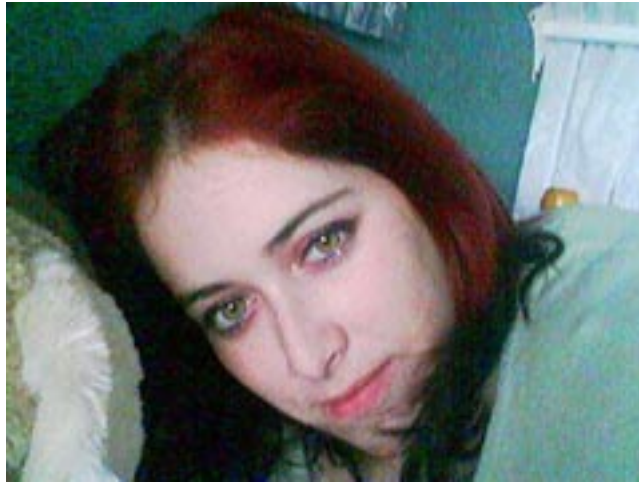
*I make an easy mark  
He barely knows enough to bark  
And I return upon the dark  
to my beloved whore's ark*

*Madame Gray holds a gun  
"I'm sorry dear, but you are done"  
on my hip my gun hums  
But I am dead before she's drawn.*

*Madame Gray runs away  
She never stops or stays  
She flees from treachery  
and the ghost she knows is me.*

***Written February of 1997.***

**The Known  
Surviving Songs  
of Brace & The  
Beast and The  
Cardimums  
Compiled by  
Christopher J.  
Garcia and Mike  
Swan**



*-Note: The songs here were found in old notebooks or from Yearbook and other memento signatures. In a couple of cases, Mike or Chris have reconstructed the lyrics as best they could.*

**Brace & The Beast**

**Death on the Road to Vegas  
by M Lloyd and Jay Crasdan**

*Vegas life ain't much better than Vegas death  
if you're broke  
Try to breathe deep, but you can't, 'cause all  
you do is choke  
Death on the road to Vegas ain't no funny  
joke  
where the sun cooks your brain like an oven  
for coke*

*Death on the road to Vegas means little to  
me.  
Death on the road to Vegas to discover hu-  
manity.  
Death on the road to Vegas can't arrest my  
fears.*

*Off the Strip, the people live lives of simplic-  
ity.  
On the Strip, men wage battles of hostility.  
In-between this running war are caught the  
bougouise  
And they don't care because they're distract-  
ed bright shiny.*

*Death on the roads of Ve-  
gas means little to me.  
Death on the roads of  
Vegas to discover hu-  
manity.  
Death on the roads of  
Vegas can not stop my  
tears.*

*One last night, throw-  
ing dice, means I can get  
away.*

*One last night at the  
tables means I'm on the sway  
The last day in the sun is harder than the  
first  
and the days all in-between only make it  
worse.*

*Death on the road from Vegas means little to  
me.  
Death on the road from Vegas to discover  
humanity.  
Death on the road from Vegas can arrest my  
fears.*

**My Love Affair (Fragment)  
by M Lloyd and Jay Crasdan**

*No sound escapes my lips  
though the tongue slips through  
The boy at hand is something else  
something worn but new  
my eyes sting in the light  
my hands find his again*

*My Love affair is ending  
And not from my desire  
but for reasons simpler  
than our burning fires  
The others know  
our faithless ways  
our deception failed  
and they order (...)*

**Hard  
by M Lloyd and Jay Crasdan**

*It's harder to say no than yes*

*It's easier to be depressed  
Her hand moves are known the best  
in the pants of all the rest*

*I know the story isn't pretty  
I know the story isn't nice  
But the girl fetches a respectable price  
We work together late every night  
Trying to find that single perfect fright*

*My hours are not my own  
he takes only what I carry home  
and leaves me alone  
to bring him more money so I won't have to  
groan*

*I know the story isn't pretty  
I know the story isn't nice  
But the girl fetches a respectable price  
We work together late every night  
Trying to find that single perfect fright*

*It's harder to say no than yes  
It's easier to be depressed  
Her hand moves are known the best  
in the pants of all the rest*

## ***The Cardimums***

***Angry Robotman***  
***written by M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan, SaBean***  
***MoreL and Mike Swan***

*Beep-beep-beep  
Crash-slash-bang  
That's the birth of  
our Robotman  
we go to him  
and we bring him  
cans  
that he can turn  
into a robotman.*

*The robotman he  
doesn't care  
he only wants his  
fair share  
of the work he does  
everywhere*

*and the loads he has to bear*

*The Robotman gets angry  
the Robotman is mad  
The Robotman attacks  
All those he thinks are bad*

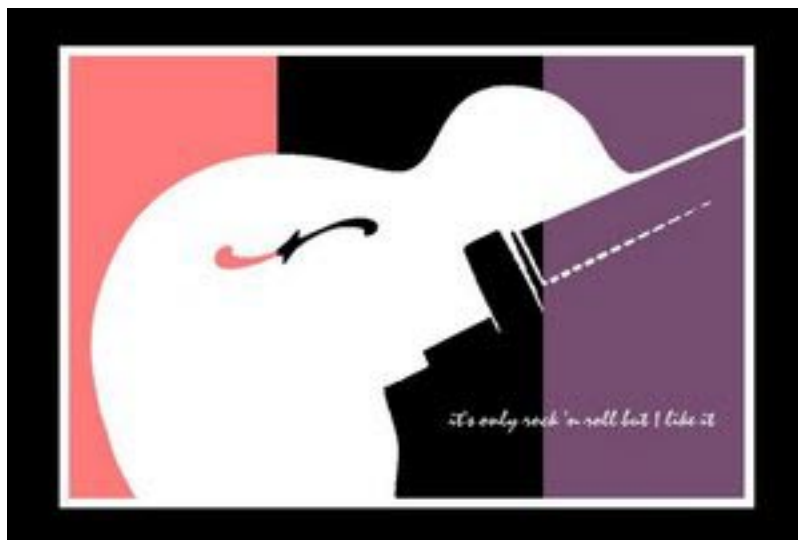
*Kill them all, Robotman  
Kill them all  
Take it up and riot  
Kill them all, Robotman  
Kill them all tonight!*

***King Whiskey***  
***written by M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan and Sa-***  
***Bean MoreL***

*Mister Dewdrop walked up a long, long hill  
never stopping until the pail was filled  
He simply went along until the field was  
tilled  
unless he'd find himself too quickly killed  
for taking on The King of Whiskey*

*Misses Snowflake herself she knew no fear  
The Tyrant King would never move her  
to build his palace out among the fir  
The shame is he'd have to behead her  
for crossin' the King of Whiskey*

*Reverend Camshaft took down the clock  
from the altar where it rocked  
for a cetury in Cathedral Bock  
where it had always mocked  
That devilish King of Whiskey*



*The Prince of Whis-  
key devised a plan  
to bring him down  
They would rise  
against him to win  
the crown  
from that bastard  
King who always  
wore the frown  
But they weer dis-  
covered and they  
soon were drown  
by the Bastard King  
of Whiskey*

*The final night of The Kings life soon came  
He'd lived a life in fortune and in fame  
though he'd soon seen his kingdom in dark  
flames*

*and knew the hatred of his name  
such were the last thoughts of the King of  
Whiskey*

**Untitled (probably a fragment)  
by M Lloyd and SaBean MoreL**

*I don't like to think  
of the ways I've failed you  
and the ways you've failed too  
ever since I've loved you  
I don't want to think  
of the ways that I  
betrayed you  
and you were be-  
trayed too  
by the lesser people  
who  
never even wanted  
you*

*And you wonder  
why I don't say I'm  
going to stay with  
you  
through the difficult  
times that are fac-  
ing me and you*

*Going into final countdowns over little mo-  
ments that will bring us down*

**Bitch Pencil  
by M Lloyd and SaBean MoreL**

*Waking up and reaching out  
I grab and take and force and shout  
and you know that it's all about  
everything in love's one bout  
When I grab your man's first place  
and press in on your rough face  
I know that I hold the ace  
and ride you like my mule  
punishing his primal tool  
playing him a turgid fool*

*I want his bitch pencil  
for which I'd gladly kill*

*not before I've had my fill  
of his deep inserted pill*

*Mornign light comes flooding in  
while I'm at my favourite sin  
I don't care, it's me or him  
and I just need to get my own  
to come back in to my sweet zone  
and he comes to inside this home  
Where I'll beat him once again  
in a game of sex and pain  
that will conquer all my brain  
and leave me feeling no pure shame*

**(This may have been written by M alone  
during the B+B days)**



**Fall  
By Jay Crasdan  
and Mike Swan  
(and possibly M  
Lloyd)**

*Sources say that  
times they are a-  
changing  
but I don't think so  
since we do  
all the same shit  
we've done before  
I don't know if we'll  
ever get away from  
it*

*but I know that we're stuck  
with the stupid things we've done  
and I know we're all about to fall*

*Once in a while I think about the failure  
of the relationships we've built  
and I know that I've discovered the secret  
to the way we are going to end up in free fall*

*Once a day I look around this hell  
And discover the reason for the fall  
we basically see much too much  
the life of ease we've clutched too strong  
and it can't stop our fall*

**An Open Letter to My Mother (Fragment)  
by SaBean MoreL**

*I'm not perfect  
and I never will be*

*If that's what you want  
well you better kill me  
I'll never play well  
like your precious baby  
or clean my room  
like a precious drone bee  
I'm fucked-up  
and I'm still your daughter  
you'll never be pleased  
as my world gets hotter  
We may never talk again  
you can write me off with that pen  
I gave you for Christmas again  
when I was ten*

**Gray Moment**  
**by SaBean MoreL, M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan**  
**and Mike Swan**



*Grey light hours wasted watching Mister Rog-  
ers  
while I smoked my weight in Humboldt weed  
And late night watching movies playing  
in theatres made of hype and greed  
I never understood the thought  
that man had to have his plans  
In order to thrive and succede  
But now I know it's true and you and I are  
doomed to cry and bleed  
in this world bought with cheap ass beads*

*I'm not sure if I've got the patience  
to keep my mind on and on Jones, Smiths  
and Kents  
I think I'll go to Corsica for the weekend  
And discover the meaning of guitar's big bend  
I know I'll never fail  
if I just raise up my sail  
and go along with some exotic whale*

*No good ever comes from a Pop Culture reject  
Who never leaves the couch for days  
And when he gets his method down he  
searches all over town for all of the different  
ways  
But not thinking about the world  
keeps him safe and sane  
unlike those heels in Bensonhurst  
He finds his feet under him  
neither solid or noodly  
another part of the grand curse*

**My Song of Piss & Vinegar**  
**by SaBean MoreL and Mike Swan**

*I hate my life  
my house, my dog, my wife  
I can't see any point in staying*

*Here, I am  
engaged in a debate  
on this cruel twist of fate  
that's left me blind*

*I am a fool  
one who plays it cool  
when others drop and run away*

*Why don't I up and leave?*

*Pull something out of my sleeve  
go away to some enchanted foreign land  
where I can forget everything*

*I hate my life  
My house, my dog, my wife  
I can't see any point in staying*

*The more time flies  
the more I tell these lies  
the more I need to cry  
and slink away*

*This place is not my home  
I live surrounded but alone  
And with no possible reprieve*

*I hate my life  
My house, my dog, my wife  
and I can't see any point in staying*

***NightTimePartyPlace  
by SaBean MoreL, Mike Swan, Jay  
Crasdan and M Lloyd***

*Party down the street tonight  
No reason to stay home  
Party in the old night club  
that burns like olden Rome  
The party is for beautifuls  
and sex and drugs and you  
and nobody will realise  
which of those you choose*

*This is my Nighttime Party Place  
Just down the street from school  
My nighttime party place  
Where I can play the fool*

*Girls in their tightest skirts  
guys in colored coats  
Everyone is here tonight  
passing old bank notes  
to the men with powder touch  
directly up their nose  
and someone brought a Model friend  
specifically to pose*

*In my Nighttime Party Place  
Half-way 'round the clock  
My Nighttime Party Place  
just around the block*



*Couches lying here and there  
where we can get to know  
the places where you like to kiss  
and feel the burning snow  
We can party all night long  
with glamour and champagne  
we can tangle in dark rooms  
or in the falling rain*

*At my Nighttime Party Place  
the final words are said  
My Nighttime Party place  
before the party's dead  
at my Nighttime Party Place  
the lasting stuff still burns  
for my Nighttime Party Place  
that's just how the world turns  
at my Nighttime party place...  
My Nighttime Party Place...*

***Space Flight Nowhere  
by SaBean MoreL, Mike Swan,  
Christopher J. Garica and M Lloyd***  
*Long way from home  
I've been away*

on a ship of five thousand  
days  
I wonder where I'll end up  
this time  
or if it's a way for me to  
pay out my crimes  
On a space flight nowhere

All I did was voice opinion  
against what I saw as a  
sin  
and I was sent here to  
begin  
paying those debts  
On a space flight nowhere

(this section was crossed  
out:  
Fuck the wrong man's wife  
and they make you pay  
with your life  
that's just how it goes  
On a space flight nowhere)

All alone in the dark  
All you have is your art  
And it does no good  
anyway  
On a space flight nowhere

I'm falling fast  
I can not breathe this gas  
and I guess I was right  
that this was a  
Space flight nowhere

**Two Girls on a Couch (Fragment?)  
by M Lloyd and Judith Morel**

You were sitting on the couch  
showing off those legs you shaved  
You smiled wide, you pursed your lips  
you pushed out those great tits  
hoping to get yourself laid

'Why don't you join me?'  
you ask while I'm staring  
I take a seat there  
find my hand among your earrings



Two girls on a couch  
putting on a show  
Two girls on a couch  
wondering where to go  
Two girl on a couch  
could make lots of dough  
Two girls on a couch  
makign things all grow

You kiss me and I kiss you  
and we both go deeper  
driving into each other  
with lips and tongues and  
fingers

Two girls on a couch  
putting on a show  
Two girls on a couch  
wondering where to go  
Two girls on a couch  
could make lots of dough  
Two girls on a couch  
by going nice and slow

All the guys are watching  
us  
as we go exploring  
never find buried gold  
but never being boring

Two girls on a couch  
putting on a show  
Two girls on a couch  
wondering where to go  
Two girls on a couch  
could make lots of dough  
Two girls on a couch  
with or without blow

When I press the button there  
you become alarmed  
and by the time I'm finished  
I've got an aching arm

Two girls on a couch  
putting on a show  
Two girls on a couch  
wondering where to go  
Two girls on a couch  
could make lots of dough



*Two girls on a couch  
and melt the falling snow*

*She pressed her on into me  
and never stopped for thought  
her boyfriend came from behind us  
and she knew she'd been caught*

*Two girls on a couch  
putting on a show  
Two girls on a couch  
wondering where to go  
Two girls on a couch  
could make lots of dough  
Two girls on a couch  
Can come and come and go  
Two girls on a couch  
putting on a show  
Two girls on a couch  
wondering where to go*

*(Note: Both Mike and I remember there being  
at least two more verses to the song, though  
they weren't located)*

**A Song for Chris Garcia  
by SaBean MoreL and M Lloyd**

*Here's a song for Chris Garcia  
It's not too long, for you or Me-a  
It's just a song for Chris Garcia  
Just so he'll get off our back.*

**Late Time (Fragment)  
by M Lloyd and SaBean MoreL**

*I never watched the sun fade before  
never saw the way the light dies  
I never held close a man's rough hand  
as the day escapes us  
The late times are here  
when we must let go*

*The late times are here  
watch the world go*

*No sound of struggle  
we're simply dying  
I've found myself a grave  
but there's no time to  
(This was all that was in the notebook,  
though Mike thinks there's five more verses)*

**A Bite Out of the World  
by SaBean MoreL, Jay Crasdan and M  
Lloyd**

*We woke up one morning  
quarter to three  
to the to screams that would go in history  
A massive hand had taken the Earth  
and clutched it in for all of its worth  
The hand brought us up  
holding us close  
rubbing the planet on the sleeve of his coat  
shining us nice, good and bright  
and then he took a terrible bite*

*China was tasty, and so was Japan  
Russia was bitter and Thailand was rough  
Vietnam and Laos weren't good enough  
to make up for the mealy taste  
of Mongolia, Tibet and India's waste*

*The giant man whose appetite demanded  
eating up planets but he left empty-handed  
For the taste of our Earth was pretty vile  
though a piece of The Kremlin was stuck in  
his smile.*

*(Written at Ken's Family Restaurant in  
1999 or so. This is the last of the songs the  
Cardimums ever wrote and probably the only  
surviving song they wrote in California)*



