



A ROYAL BATTLE (2012)

ROSES ON ICE

Roses on ice and we'll stay for the weekend

Killing the nights but don't worry, we'll sleep in late

They'll be there when you call

Avoiding the thorns, you were born on a Tuesday

Pressing your lips to a curl with your fingertips

To frame the message right

Folktronica fades into Brooklyn apartments

Lights in a row on the avenue starting to go

They don't light you anymore

Crack of the bulbs that collect on a canvas

Break in the midnight house like you did back home

When you were all alone

Drown the lights down

Paint in circles, all around



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CAVALIER HOME

Broken in the front, broken in the back

Nothing on the sides, floating in the stacks

Shooting from the hip, smoking from your gun

Drop it from your grip, you're sweating 'cause you're hiding
from everyone

Autumn buys us a new home

(The) hooks are in the words

Speakers never lie

(A) revenue escape

Changing on the fly

Pickup like a train, horizon to the west

Amplifying slang, taken by the orange that burns to red



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ALAMOSA

Alamosa, if you're open

We could sure use a night's stay in peace

Yesterday morning, we were broken

It felt like God's will coming down telling us to leave

It felt like some wrath of some god (was) willing us to leave

Hit the bottom, the crash from the water

broke onto the rocks and rushed into the roads

the only thing we could do, our secrets were empty

When she joins you next Sunday morning

You tell her I missed her when she welcomed the rain

You remember when it blitzed, right?

Like a stream became a flood became a sea of swells

What they don't know is we all rode from the fight

Didn't have the time to prepare for what no one could foretell

Out of that water

Rose a heavy stone

(It) weighed more on the bottom



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HOGWARSH

Born in the sun, in the light of the world

The age of eight-track boys and their vinyl girls

I fell in love with a stereo

Future history books will never let me go

Man in the mirror, in the eyes of the world

It was his only reflection and it barely stood

Playground tricks of those playground boys

At 36 he never had a choice

Putting out the fires of peoples' eyes on me

Moving in just right, the perfect place to be

Stuck inside the souls of magazines

The prettiest little creatures I've ever seen

Careful babe, I got a fire inside

My temper's the devil, but that devil's my guide

Still in love with a stereo

Just riding the highway to New Mexico



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ENGINE

Put up strong in the action outside

A royal battle, the fists in your mind

(Singing) here I come, twelve years older

Can you hear that song with the cross on your shoulder?

Half the time I wish I was rolling

All the tape in the world couldn't capture the essence in the mind

Running around like an engine all the time

Step to the side

Your hearts will open when it's the right time

One of these days

California might take you in

(If it's the right time)

Weekend labor, the fruit's on the table

Our circles are starving in uptown

Before the big-eyed talk gets dry

Stripping the paint from the days of the crazy life



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HEAVY ELECTRIC

Dark fell the night like a blanket outside

A corner record store

Inside, some kind of fight

You see your stuff might go over pretty well in New York

Every time I turn around there's something to learn

There's a kid in me that says, we'll get what we deserve

The lights, on posts making shadows

Mark my unsettled boots on these unsettled streets

The pace, the pulse of the night

There's something heavy electric on me



A ROYAL BATTLE (2012)

STATION

Remember the time I met you at the station?

Thoughts were on the line to see me

The midnight express had blown through the night

Said you'd been running for days

The passenger line, the hearts of the ragged and worn

A silhouette lost, sleeping and creeping, it walked

Through the wall

Remember the time I met you at the station?

Thoughts were on the line to see me

I remember it well, the stars burned on the water

The ocean grinned to reveal



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BENJI'S PJS

Head up, the water rushes strong

Warm blood, from your heart won't stop

Same word for different thoughts

Under

Get your mouth to the air

Walk the yellow lines in the summertime

Blind to what you are

Solid gold

Won't come along

On their feet

The hills above you

In between the cave and the other side

Does it mean, you could wait for it?

In the wake if you search real hard, if you search real hard

When your eyes start to weaken from the weight

That's when you start to see the sun, and what you are



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THAT KIND OF WEATHER

Darkened sky, without a light

A humble home, one person shy

The phone had rang

Their corn had swayed

Broke in the wind that had made

That kind of mess

They lost their son in a lightning storm

One body dead, four bodies worn

And all you'd said

As they turned in the rain

Was that he shouldn't have been out

In that kind of weather

Nobody played him a song

Or even knew his name

They hadn't thought long, or even twice

No, no one came around

To see the family about the boy

Who were sad that he was young

But they said he'd lived true



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PLASTIC PEARLS

Dialed it on a rotary telephone, and all the numbers tried to flee

Spun around, numerical uncertainty

They'll return to comfort, not what they believe

It's off the record, it's on the hook

Crystal clear with a sideways look

It's water under a burning bridge

Found a new way to hear

Electric pulses wired fast from mouth to ear

On the air, a technologic mystery

Enabling a new breed of social apathy

Find another place

Settle down, hey, come on, now quit your running

Break the rules with those cowboy moves

Plastic pearls, it don't matter, honey

I can feel it this fall, there's no way we're gonna lose



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REBUILD THE RADIO

I've been connected, I've been directed to my plight

I've been abandoned and disenchanting, once or twice

I've been awakened, my conscience shaken, by friends of mine

I've been accustomed to what you must have felt was right

Out in the distance, we could follow

I keep losing sleep, it's been no friend of mine like you

Deep in the background, drones, a repeating radio

I wasn't lonely, but I was the only in the cruel headlights

I wasn't orphaned, and I wasn't broken, but I wasn't right

Out in the distance, we could follow

I keep losing sleep, it's been no friend of mine like you

Somewhere in the middleground, drones, a persisting radio

Out in the distance, we could follow

I keep losing sleep, it's been no friend of mine like you

It finally got to me, and broke me

I rebuilt the radio