

The Muggs - Straight Up Boogaloo (2015)

01. Applegart Blues

Life is once you say
Breakdancin' on my grave
I'm all alone it seems
Blind drunk and losin' steam
* Yeah I'm gonna shake
down on my knees
 dead on my feet
Carve my name in stone
This weredog's comin' home
Maladies unreal
And melodies to steal
* I'm gonna shake...
Desperation
Imagination
Choice Libation
It's my inspiration
* I'm gonna shake...

02. Fat City

I can do what you want
Run on down to fat city
If I do, If I do
I can play what you need
Fly me down to fat city
If I do, If I do
You can say at one time you've made it
Lyrics sink like a stone
It's the fall that you later regret
Broke and unknown
Like a page out of time I'm faded
Yellow dusty and old
I could be what you want me to be
But no I wont
You can do what you want
Run on down to fat city
It's a ruse
It's a ruse
If its fame by design
You're right at home in fat city
It's a ruse
It's a ruse
You can say at one time you're famous
Ethics sink like a stone
It's the fall that you later regret
Broke and unknown
Like a page out of time I'm faded
Yellow dusted and old
We could be what you want us to be
But no we won't

I can do what you want
Run on down to fat city
If I do, if I do

03. Lightning Cries

The barren seas/ and azure skies
They play their tricks on me
Hard to analyze
The empty seats/ those vacant eyes
The willow weeps you see
And lightning cries
Nothing new
All I need/ is what I know
The records in between
Muscle shoals
Whitman reads/ O'Clementine
Western movement beat
Toe the party line
And lighting cries
Nothing new
* Ancient script inside the cavern walls
once a proving ground
bones across the floor
letters etched in steel
glowing coals inside my mind
Offend appease/ Amend define
Don't play those games with me
I'd rather pay the fine
The statute leaks/ the eagle spies
The dove she sleeps you see
And lightning cries
Nothing new
*The odds don't favor signs
the sods don't know
eidetic fever dream
tearing down my door
letters etched in steel
glowing coals/ in my mind

04. Spit and Gristle

So tired and sick of pretending
The truth is too hard to ignore
False information unending
Slander just to even the score
Make me think I'm unhealthy
Make me think I'm in need
Broken psyches unhinging
Indefinitely
*Oooh what a high it is
Oh what a lonely biz

Until it's pointed at you
These lines are all that connect me
Instantly don't make a sound
You think your piece can protect me
Well they're layin' all over the ground
Contentious crude and unholy
Help a neighbor in need
Slappin' leather with Cochise
And watching him bleed
*Oooh what a high it is
Oh what a mighty biz
Until it's pointed at you

05. Roger Over And Out

Bucket of blood/ the wild angels creep
Night of the blood beast
Humanoids from the deep
Women in cages/ comin' up from the depths
Piranha rages/ Walter Paisleys's the best
*Beast with a million eyes
Teenage caveman/ giant leeches feed
Drive-in dementia/ exploitation's the key
Masque of the red death
Vincent Price isn't dead
Big bad mama/ the trip screws with my head
*Beast with a million eyes
Symmetry/ Got a hold on me
Sanity/ Is a mystery
Trinity/ Get's the best of me
Destiny/ Be the death of me

06. Blues For Mephistopheles

The dawn electric/ What the morning brings
The age of Methric/ How the night owl sings
The angels eulogize their pastor
Recognizing their master
Unschool'd fanatics/ In a boxing ring
I choose to be/ The stone in Davids' sling
The dark recalls the Devils' laughter
Echoes of the sweet hereafter

07. Tomorrow's Dream

Well I'm leaving tomorrow at daybreak
Catch the fastest train around nine
Yes I'm leaving the sorrow and heartache
Before it takes me away from my mind
Send me love and I may let you see me
Send me hopes that can spin in my head
But if you really want me to answer
I can only let you know when I'm dead
When sadness fills my days
It's time to turn away

And then tomorrow's dreams
Become reality to me
So realize I'm much better without you
You're not the one and only thing in my heart
I'll just go back to pretending I'm living
So this time I'm gonna have to depart

08. Straight Up Boogaloo

My Type of blues drones on and on
I think the solo should service the song
Jimmy Reed is all to blame
Brownie Mcghee and Sonny the same
*I love the Kings/ Oh Lord they send me
B.B., Freddie and the Pres.
My type of blues flows on and on
May it stay that way
Yeah I'm kingbee/ You got to move
You can't arrest me/ For playing this groove
But when you left me/ A dozen times
Drown in my blue moonshine
I'd rather sip on the gasoline
From the tank of a stretch limousine
Not much a fan of those modern blues
Gimme the Hook, the Wolf and some booze
*Yeah I love the Kings/ Oh Lord they send me
B.B., Freddie and the Pres.
My type of blues flows on and on
May it stay that way
From Bessie Smith to Mavis Staples
St. Louis Blues by W.C.
But when you left me/ A dozen times
Baby please don't go
Some will say it all sounds the same
But not to me/ I'll carry the flame
I'm just a Midwest boy at heart
But gimme a stage/ I'll tear it apart
* I love the Kings/ Oh Lord they send me
B.B., Freddie and the Pres.
My type of blues rolls on and on
I hope it stays that way
I'm gonna miss you too
The Straight Up Boogaloo
It's a Straight Up Boogaloo!