

Witi End

HangnailPhillips

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2005

Post Cold War World (Phillips) 05/12/92

All through his' try been turned and twisted.
Been shot down, turned around, crumpled, and torn.
Up from the ape man, standin' like a real man.
Civilized, modernized, organized crime.

All I hear is this and that, spoken like a diplomat.
I t's nick knack paddywack give a dog a bone.
In through the out door, doesn't matter anymore.
Upside, downside, over, and through.

With the swing of the balance came the change of power.
The shift of the threat to keep the piece in check.
Can't afford liquor and the food's all gone.
The party's over everybody's gone home.

My way, your way, who can see a better way
You can't fight religion with your own beliefs
Spoon fed hatred, be a hero when you're dead
Slip bang truck bomb virgins in the sky

Hangnail Phillips: *Lead Vocals, Guitars, Saxes, Organ, Bass, Drums, Moog Synthesizer, Sound Effects, Fox News Reports April 2004*

Monika Bullette: *Crowd Vocals*

The Elk-Tones (Tom, Jax, Ken & Jeff): *CrowdVocals*

Apathy (Phillips) 01/24/05

Don't let the apathy overcome you
Search for the spirit to drive on
And if you feel tired
Just get yourself wired
and pull yourself out.

Trudge through the murkiness of the morning
Make light the mundane tasks of the day
But when the sun goes down
You know I 'll be 'round for you
To brighten your way.

Hangnail Phillips: *Lead vocal, Gibson SG & Rickenbacker 360-12 guitars through a Vox Cambridge tube amp, Rickenbacker 4001 bass, digital drums played manually.*

*Written & Recorded on January 24th,
proclaimed the most depressing day of the
year.*

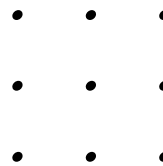
Thought Boxes (Phillips) 11/12/02

We hold our thoughts in little boxes
Bound by restraints that we create
Release the chains that bind your freedom
And let the box evaporate.

You live in fear, it holds you hostage
You are afraid of someone else
You put up bars for your protection
You are the prisoner of yourself

I hold your hand and I feel nothing
'cause there is nothing there to feel
You hold my hand and you feel nothing
You don't believe that love is real

We hold our thoughts in little boxes
You only have to do the math
You draw conclusions from assumptions
Which lead you down a crooked path



*Connect all the dots
using four continuous
straight lines. (Do not
lift your pencil)*

Hangnail Phillips: *Vocals, MIDI Synth, Drum Machine, Samples, Drums, Guitar, Zills*

Hangin' On A String (Phillips) 04/13/03

She can't be bothered with settling down
When there're so many from which to choose.
And if she never makes a choice
She knows that she can't lose.

She keeps them all in separate rooms
And turns the lights down low.
She makes the rounds and tells them some
But there's only so much she can let them know.

And when she finds the fun is gone
From what their emotions bring,
She just walks in, flips on the light
And leaves them hangin' on a string.

She can't be idle with time on her hands
'cause that gets too complex.
She keeps the months all scheduled out
No time for her to reflect.

All the things she lives and breathes
Leave her no room for love.
There are so many hands to shake
But her fingers stay in the glove.

I guess I'm thankful to be penciled in
But never feel the sting.
No, she'll never see this heart of mine
Hangin' on a string

Solo

Well I'm not like all those other guys
'cause my head's not in the sand.
And one day she'll see that I'm a beacon in the
night
And head to me like land.

Hangnail Phillips: Vocals, acoustic & electric
guitars, Vox Continental organ through Leslie tone
cabinet, bass, & drums

Monika Bullette: Support Vocals

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I Don't Know What To Do (Phillips) 07/19/04

Every so once in a lifetime
There's a love that really works out
But I've had my share
Of nothing there
Just a neon "Vacancy" lamp

Struggling to reach my potential
With darkness in my arms
And without her there
I've only half a prayer
To make it in this world

And I don't know what to do
I don't know what to do about it
I don't know what to do except try to see it through

Only straight ahead with nothing left behind
Don't ask me where I'm going 'cause I'm driving blind
But what I want
And where it's not
Get clearer all the time

I have to ask myself, "Where's the final bend?"
Hey... "When did it begin?"
"And hasn't getting there been real?"

Solo

Well someday it's just gonna snap
And who knows where the pieces will fall
When the only care
For the bread we shared
Is a feather in the throat

And I don't know what to do about it
I don't know what to do except try to see it

I don't know what to do
I don't know what to do

Hangnail Phillips: Vocals, Rickenbacker 360-12 String
& Gibson SG Standard Guitars, Rickenbacker 4001 Bass,
Vox Continental Organ through Vox Royal Gaurdsman Amp
& Leslie Cabinet, Lab Series L5 Amp, Line 6 Spider Amp
(solo), Ludwig 1964 Marble Swirl 4 Piece Drum Set

Recorded with thoughts of Phil Healy

Angora Sweater (Phillips) 03/16/03

Up on stage she stares into space,
She sings for your heart never looking in your face.
She's cool and she moves with amazing grace,
The crowd transfixed on her black suited shape.
Jaque once said she was scared of her,
But she never saw her in that angora sweater.

Went to the opera looking too good to be true
She wore a leopard skin coat and her high heeled shoes.
When we walked into the lobby everybody ahhed & ooohed
But she was busy thinking 'bout the Gypsy Wagon news.
I was thinking that she couldn't look much better
But I hadn't yet seen her in that angora sweater

The clouds in the sky are light as a feather
But nothing's as soft as that angora sweater
Leave you standing in the middle of the road
Lost in the swirl of a comfort zone.

Went to the movies she was feeling kinda flat
She wore a red plaid jacket and an orange Flyers cap.
She didn't want to be spotted so she sat real low
With her glasses on and a red stuffy nose.
The ticket taker thought she looked like Emily Litella
But he never saw her in that angora sweater

Beatin' on the trap set, pretty as you please
Her long slim arms stickin' out her T-shirt sleeves.
With her Princess posture sitting straight in her seat
Her hi-hat and her bass drum at the ends of her feet.
She'd wear an evening gown if Edward would let her
But she'd never wear her angora sweater.

Hangnail Phillips: Vocals, Guitars, Vox Continental
Organ through Leslie, Baritone, Tenor & C-MelodySaxes,
Bass, & Drums

Wide Circle (Phillips) 10/28/03

Sometimes the circle is so wide that you don't realize that
you're in a circle.
Sometimes it takes so long to come back around
That you don't recognize you're on familiar ground.
And it goes on and on
The seasons change
The moment's gone
But it's still the same.

You can get turned around and lost in the woods,
No semblance of good to guide you.
The circle closes
You're back from where you came
With nobody looking to find you
And you go on and on
And 'round and 'round
And you don't stop 'til you hit the ground

Hangnail Phillips: Vocals, acoustic twelve string guitar,
clarinet, mandolin, & Synthesizer

Michele McCann: Penny Whistle

Lillian (Bullette-Phillips) 01/17/05

My darling Lillian
You are as sweet as your name
But you must be away from me

Oh lovely Lillian
I couldn't bear to be
The bringer of restless death to you

I am a cursed collage of entropy
Sleeping where some have lain before
Its certain nature will not let me free

Lillian
Leave me be

Oh pretty Lillian
Loyalty is a virtue until you meet the likes of me

<break>

I thought I was immune to pain like this
Wrapped in the blue mist of midnight
But pain's no match for your white purity

Lillian
Leave from me

My darlin' Lillian
Some men are dogs; some men are wolves;
You'll only know if you escape me

Hangnail Phillips: Vocal, classical guitar, C-
melody, tenor & baritone saxophones, clarinets,
flutes, mandolin, synthesizer, & bass.

Monika Bullette: Drums & Sand blocks.

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Just Here Waiting (Phillips) 01/02/04

You're standing in the dark
And I can't see who you are
But I feel you in my heart
So I'm just here waiting for you

I can't hear what you say
Your voice is far away
But I hear you in my mind
So I'm just here waiting for you

Hangnail Phillips: Vocals, classical guitar, tenor saxophone, synthesizer

I Always End Up Coming Back To You

(Phillips) 1980

Sometimes life is full of strange confusion
Especially when we listen to our hearts
But if you pay attention to your senses
I think you'll find that's when the heartaches start

When I stay, I get so angry, and there's nothing I can do.
But when I leave, I get so lonely, lonely, lonely
I always end up coming back to you

Now I can't say I'm happy when I'm with you
And I can't say I'm happy when I'm not.
All I know is when I've been without you
I think of all the good things that we've got.

Solo

First verse

Chorus

You know I'll always end up coming back to you

Hangnail Phillips: Vocals, Guitars, Bass, Drums

Monika Bullette: Support Vocals

Dave Bennett: Keyboards

Be Yourself (Phillips) 02/08/04

I don't know what it's like to wake up as you
To see the world through the eyes that you do
But I can tell you, every choice that you make
Can lead you closer to a life that you hate

It all comes down to you
Do what you want to do
Be yourself and to yourself be true

Don't want to hear it when the turns have gone wrong
Take two steps back, make a shift, and move on
And in the background are stranger things
Too many people trying to work your strings

It all comes down to you
Do what you want to do
Be yourself and to yourself be true

Hangnail Phillips: Lead Vocal, EKO Guitars tuned down to D, Gibson SG both through a Vox Cambridge tube amp, Rickenbacker 4001 Bass, Alto Recorder, Drums

Monika Bullette: Counter Vocals, Tambourine

Interstate Song (Phillips) 11/17/95

Every time it Rains someone dies on the interstate.
Same old scenario a different pile of scrap.
Tractor trailer jack knifed killed a dozen people.
Men, women, children, babies, spread out over four lanes.

Every time it snows all the body men get richer.
Hi ho the dairy-o an escapade on ice.
People slip slidin' in a crazy spinorama.
Lookin' out the windshield at the trees goin' sideways.

[last verse 07/18/02]

Everywhere I drive there's somebody goin' faster.
Can't drive through me so he's gotta go around.
Switchin' back & forth, changin' lanes like no tomorrow.
Breakneck daredevils get there at the same time.

Hangnail Phillips: Vocals, Takamine acoustic guitar, A blues harp