

# LANDMARK HIPPOCAMPUS



# WAY IT GOES

Wisconsin pines, collaborating with the day glow vibes

An altruistic breed of travel guide

It's chill, but lord knows you're trying

Zombie kids love to hear that easy

Going shit

Grab a guitar and

Just moaning shit

It's cool

But Lord knows you're trying

That's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

It's so satisfying

You put your records on

Exclusively the old Pavement ones

A 90's soul with Doc Martens on

A step, a step away from crying

Degenerate, counter-culture, crying socialist

Hip-to-lazed crazed abstractionists

We're weird, but Lord knows we're trying

That's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

It's so satisfying

Yeah, that's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

One step away from crying

Well that's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

Yeah-eh-eh that's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

It's so satisfying

Yeah-eh-eh that's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

One step away from crying



“THAT’S THE WAY IT GOES  
IT’S SO SATISFYING”

# V I N E S

“PASSED OUT ON THE CONCRETE, DIZZY FROM THE SPINNING  
WAKE UP TO THE FEELING THAT EVERYBODY’S LEAVING”

I see meaning where you don't, where you don't  
I see waves of pastel orange and yellow paintings fire

I see futures that you won't, that you won't  
I see futures where our nights are lost to condensation

Night time in the basement, screaming about our feelings  
Running through the cold air, searching for a meaning

Passed out on the concrete, dizzy from the spinning  
Wake up to the feeling that everybody's leaving

I'm sick of your come downs, sick of your truth, sick of your way  
I'm sick of your tragedy that's living in our stasis

I'm sick of your echoes, sick of these ghosts that haunt our place  
I get the feeling that I'll never leave this house again

Night time in the basement, screaming about our feelings  
Running through the cold air, searching for a meaning

Passed out on the concrete, dizzy from the spinning  
Wake up to the feeling that everybody's leaving

Everybody's leaving  
Everybody's leaving

Failed by design, slow your pace down to mine  
Watch my back, heave a sigh

Keep it safe, make it right  
Failed by design, slow your pace down to mine

Watch my back, heave a sigh  
Keep it safe, make it right

Night time in the basement, screaming about our feelings  
Running through the cold air, searching for a meaning

Passed out on the concrete, dizzy from the spinning  
Wake up to the feeling that everyone is leaving



# E P I T A P H

I'm blind and afraid  
The colors of this sound like a shape  
The feast of words you never could say  
And I'm torn apart

In the sun, there is red  
The epitaph of an old record player  
The sweetness in the salt of her hair  
And there's no decision

I knew a girl once  
There were splinters from her thoughts  
Unless you knew a god  
With kindness in her heart

You're a dark one  
With a knack for pushing boys off a cliff  
And the messy eyes of ink-splattered fits  
And it's all found in a page

I need nothing more than my problems  
Just let me know when you've found them  
You've got mirth and I've got snow hands  
Eyes fell and haven't come up since

Mary  
Dare me, scare me  
Oh Mary

I know a place out beyond these pines  
Where the sky falls down with the cumulus cries  
A winter song for a January type  
I could tame my heart

I could blind my eyes  
The river is an organ  
And the meadow is a church  
For a strange inclination

That fortune is a curse  
I'm a cryptic writer  
I'm an ignorant fool  
I'm a poor excuse for poetry

Trying to play it cool  
I'm just trying to play it cool  
I need nothing more than my problems  
Just let me know when you've found them

You've got tact and I've got bravado  
I'm a ghost and you are a shadow  
I need nothing more than my problems  
Just let me know when you've found them

You've got mirth and I've got snow hands  
Eyes fell and haven't come up since

Mary  
Dare me, scare me  
Oh Mary



“I KNOW A PLACE OUT BEYOND THESE PINES  
WHERE THE SKY FALLS DOWN WITH THE CUMULUS CRIES”

# S I M P L E S E A S O N

Posted up, fours got stained from everything  
Sippy cups, here's to us and no one else

You're like me, piece by piece you fall apart  
Island home, ain't a terrible start

Half moon, hey to the daytime  
Blueberry knees feeling just fine, yeah

Break up, down in the backyard  
This simple season is all ours, yeah

Friendly storms seem to pull us back  
Still lukewarm ashtray heart attacks

Daffodils, happy pills and harriet strikes

Half moon, hey to the daytime  
Blueberry knees feeling just fine, yeah

Break up, down in the backyard  
This simple season is all ours, yeah

Lake scene, knee deep in the stars  
This simple season is all ours, yeah

Sweet love, kiss on the eyelid  
Bruised up, chasing the sky, did

You say something about her  
My legs brush up beside her

Too young looking for trouble  
New god, lost in the struggle

One more night in the backyard  
This simple season

This simple season is all ours



“LAKE SCENE, KNEE DEEP IN THE STARS  
THIS SIMPLE SEASON IS ALL OURS”

# T U E S D A Y

Sometimes I call it Tuesday

Sometimes I call it the best day of my life

Maybe that was a Friday

Making conversation with box of wine

Oh love

I'll only call you when I'm drunk  
On Tuesday

On Tuesday

Sometimes I think I'm mundane  
Sometimes I think I'm better off like my dad

Maybe that's progressive  
Maybe that's the working class

Oh love

I'll only call you when I'm drunk  
On Tuesday

On Tuesday

My friends say we are the lucky ones

In terms of our relationship

Alcoholic tendencies underneath our fingertips

I think I love you  
I think I know you

Or is it only liquor speak?

I want to love you  
I wanna know you

Sometimes I call it a Tuesday  
Sometimes I think I am doing fine

Sometimes I call it a Tuesday  
Sometimes it's the best day of my life

Sometimes it's the best day of my

Sometimes it's the best day of my

Sometimes it's the best day of my

Sometimes it's the best day of my

Sometimes it's the best day of my

Sometimes it's the best day of my

Sometimes it's the best day of my

Sometimes it's the best day of my

Sometimes it's the best day of my

“SOMETIMES I CALL IT A TUESDAY  
SOMETIMES IT'S THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE”



# WESTERN KIDS

See how the western kids  
Have silicon inside their lips

A mask or an artifice  
For the love that their parents give

The northern girls they play the part  
With painted face, they're works of art

I swear to god I felt it then  
The perfumed aura of wine and gin

I just love this I swear I'll go viral  
From the burbs' to the streets now, it's a revival

The spirit is found in the idealistically idle  
The age of excess

And I just love it  
I just love it  
I just love it

The midwestern plains recall  
Firearms and alcohol

The proxy-server kind of men  
The socialites they're brooding hens

The silhouettes they play the part  
Their east coast digs are works of art

But the sickness sleeps inside our bones  
With solipsistic overtones

I just love this I swear I'll go viral  
From the burbs' to the streets now, it's a revival

The spirit is found in the idealistically idle  
The age of excess

And I just love it yeah  
I just love it yeah  
I just love it yeah



“THE SILHOUETTES THEY PLAY THE PART  
THEIR EAST COAST DIGS ARE WORKS OF ART”

# P O E M S

Mary packed her bags and left home on a Christmas Eve  
For sea soaked skies and dashing lads with cars

An actress orphaned by the social constructs of her art school  
A victim of their esoteric rule

So pretentious that she almost thought it cool  
But all you'd hear is

La, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la  
La, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la

Purpose was a vague ideal that she would always talk on

Till she fell in love with the salesman from TV  
Yeah, she fell in love with a salesman from TV

While all of Hollywood sang

La, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la  
La, la la la la

Pearly, pretty prize, and a ribbon box of sighs

In a collared shirt  
She thought it wouldn't hurt

Certain love of mine with the palest blue eyes

In a collared shirt  
I thought it couldn't hurt

Wood flavored kiss taste the concrete of this

It really fucked with me, it really fucked with me  
California eyes are a death witch from design

You really fucked with me

La, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la  
La, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la  
La, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la  
La, la la la la  
La la la la la, la la

“AN ACTRESS ORPHANED BY THE SOCIAL CONSTRUCTS OF HER ART SCHOOL  
A VICTIM OF THEIR ESOTERIC RULE”



# M O N S O O N

Just two days after the first of June

A pine with arms brushing off the dew

Unlike a sky copious with death

Precipitation of heart and head

Should wash the rest of her youth away

And carry on with it as she may

But something's pending curvaceously

'Cuz sunburned skin won't agree with me

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

The pleasure's good as the pleasure's sound

My chin held shut so my heart can talk louder

I was a mess just like the pool

Our days spent crossed out of Sunday school

July has always been shy of June

Some monsoon, monsoon, monsoon

Come heavy of a golden hue

My monsoon monsoon, monsoon

Monsoon, monsoon

Monsoon, monsoon

Monsoon, monsoon

Monsoon, monsoon

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

It should've been me

“JULY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SHY OF JUNE  
SOME MONSOON, MONSOON, MONSOON”

# VACATION

My thoughts are a battlefield of sub-surreal and unfamiliar

Dropping hallucinogens to find serene with oak and cedar

With all that fell in our laps  
You'd think that peace would come and find us

I struggle to see a point of searching for the walls beside us

There's fickle roads that fade  
To paths of safe and signs delivered

Smoking grass to find our facts while hopes decay and wither

I'll take out my lighter to see in dull and dark juniper evenings

I'll burn the field to yield a sign of biblical proportions

Your friends are all waiting  
Your friends are all waiting for you, love  
Your friends are all waiting  
Your friends are all waiting for you, love

I'm not standing anymore

I'm two steps in and two steps over it

I've had my time in the present tense

I'm taking vacation where vacancy's permanent

I'll find the inner tranquil there

I hear you've seen her over the mountain

But I'm not standing anymore

I'll vacate my body and find a direction  
I'll vacate my body and find a direction

You said you wanted to you're finally coming to

Your friends are all waiting  
Your friends are all waiting for you, love  
Your friends are all waiting  
Your friends are all waiting for you, love

Ba-bah you said you wanted to  
Ba-bah you're finally coming to

Ba-bah you said you wanted to  
Ba-bah you're finally coming to

Ba-bah you said you wanted to  
Ba-bah you're finally coming to

Ba-bah you said you wanted to  
Ba-bah you're finally coming to

Ba-bah you said you wanted to  
Ba-bah you're finally coming to

Ba-bah you said you wanted to  
Ba-bah you're finally coming to

"I'VE HAD MY TIME IN THE PRESENT TENSE  
I'M TAKING VACATION WHERE VACANCY'S PERMANENT"



# BOYISH

Our stucco arms are forever tied loose

Your velvet touch sends me back to the moon

Daddy's coming home but mammas looking guilty  
Brothers in the basement 'til he's thirty

Wolf child's heavy with the weight of the world  
Storing all his love in an adolescent girl

There's sunlight dripping off the apricot tree  
Lost to the night tide growing in me

Singing to the drunks like they're mom and dad  
All we ever knew is what we didn't have

Never really knew if I did something wrong  
All I ever heard was "it wasn't my fault"

But what good is truth if you don't understand  
Nothing but a pair of calloused hands?

There's sunlight dripping off the apricot tree  
Lost to the night tide growing in me

I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya

Singing to the drunks like our momma did  
All we ever knew is what we didn't have

I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya

There's sunlight dripping off the apricot tree  
Lost to the night tide growing in me

I've been saying to ya  
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There's sunlight dripping off the apricot tree  
Lost to the night tide growing in me

I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya

Singing to the drunks like our momma did  
All we ever knew is what we didn't have

I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya  
I've been saying to ya

“THERE'S SUNLIGHT DRIPPING OFF THE APRICOT TREE  
LOST TO THE NIGHT TIDE GROWING IN ME”



# BUTTERCUP

I'll be fine on my own, she said, I don't need you inside my head  
(She'll be fine on her own, she'll be fine on her own)

I'll be fine on my own, she said, all my love's wrapped in shades of red  
(She'll be fine on her own, she'll be fine on her own)

No holds barred in the ring so you'll fight me  
Give 'em hell, give 'em teeth like you taught me

Tireless mess, seeking thrills getting bitey  
When I'm in doubt

Pudgy face kissing lace in the backseat  
Wrinkled toss of the coin that I can't see

Don't forget I have you to be like me  
Where around is enough for a family

I'll be fine on my own, she said, I don't need you inside my head  
(She'll be fine on her own, she'll be fine on her own)

I'll be fine on my own, she said, all my love's wrapped in shades of red  
(She'll be fine on her own, she'll be fine on her own)

Growing pains splaying rain on the high sea  
Scale a tree, snap a branch so you can't leave

On the ground, lost and found, understand me  
Putting words in my mouth, trying to get free

Solid punch kind of eyes make 'em wobbly  
Gothic vine growing fire in the lobby

Lighten up, buttercup, get a hobby  
Yeah, swing, sucker, swing, finish sobbing

She'll be fine on her own... she'll be fine on her own  
She'll be fine on her own... she'll be fine on her own

She'll be fine on her own, she said  
She'll be fine on her own, she said  
She'll be fine on her own, she said

She'll be fine on her own, she'll be fine on her own  
She'll be fine on her own, she'll be fine on her own

I'll be fine, I'm alright, it's my body  
Gonna stick to my guns, like you taught me

Holy hell, I can tell that you hate me  
Dying moon, keep me up, keep me waiting

I'll be fine, I'm alright, it's my body  
Gonna stick to my guns, like you taught me

Holy hell, I can tell that you hate me  
Dying moon, keep me up, keep me waiting

“I’LL BE FINE ON MY OWN, SHE SAID,  
I DON’T NEED YOU INSIDE MY HEAD”

