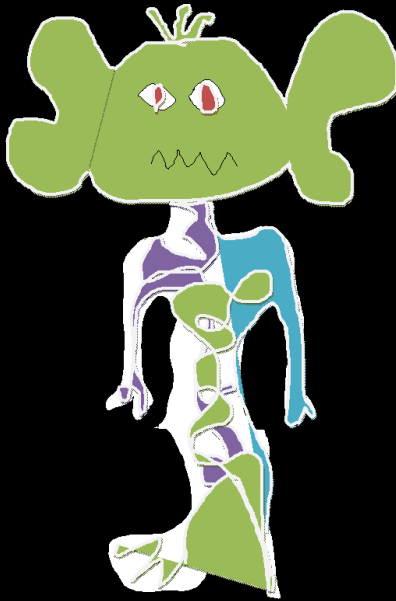


At first, we weren't sure if we should feel privileged by this strange invasion, or threatened. Looking exceptionally glorious, they descended from the twilight skies in their glistening crafts emitting jewel toned beams of light. They proudly arrived to our desert cities bearing gifts; food and drink elixirs more exotic than anything ever known to us. They fluently spoke our languages. "Welcome home," they enthusiastically expressed in friendly tones. It all sounded so favorable and good, perhaps too good. Yet we felt honored to surrender to their guidance, to bask in their apparent splendor.



Before we could attempt to understand what was truly happening, things went haywire. Up became down and down, up. We were mentally confused and saw unbelievable visions. I, leader of the Mojave Sector, experienced terrifying apparitions as well, witnessing my childhood hero, Batman, being forcefully and bloodily extracted from his suit, observing angry clowns screaming and clawing at my family, seeing smiling obese women wielding smoked turkey legs lounging in the back of speeding pickup trucks, and watching what looked like a band of mixed jungle animals drinking cocktails and swinging from golden chandeliers through the skies of our city.

For what purposes were our new friends poisoning us and driving us mad? These strange endeavors in our beloved desert astonished and greatly frightened us. After a while even I no longer knew who I was, and had reached the point of not really caring about anything anymore. Feeling victimized and helpless, our behaviors became more erratic. Yet the endless party with the alien "visitors," as we called them (hoping this was truly a temporary blip in our otherwise pre-alien, perfect lives), continued to exhaustion.

While there was still some bit of sanity left, my family and I hastily escaped to the mountains while the fiascos in the desert escalated. Our moonshine drinking extraterrestrial friends soon found us, though, and by force instilled in our psyche the ability to get intoxicated on water they had extracted from our fellow desert dwelling humans. We immediately danced to a strange new tune and again celebrated the alien presence, losing ourselves and our minds once more, but this time, without reservation.

Welcome Home
Calling All Aliens
Nu Age Rage
Batman
Clocked By A Clown
Ugly Woman
Jungle Zoo
You Fit The Description
It's All About Me
Get Over It
Schizophrenic Cake Walk
No Longer Me (Indian Song)

Welcome Home

We have arrived to take over your nation
Get in line or get a nuclear vacation
Don't be impressed with our manner of dress or the sounds of our flatulations
We have arrived to take over your nation

Hands in the air, show your anticipation
Look like you care or get a vaporization
Don't be alarmed we'll help you buy the farm if you dispute alien fixation
Hands in the air, show your anticipation

Everybody on the planet gets re-education
Everybody gets intellectual reorganization
Everybody better get alien infatuation
Or we'll pull out our stingers and melt all your minds

Better think twice before an ugly insinuation
Red planet wasn't red before the atomization, so
With brave face completely embrace the gravity of the situation
Think twice before an ugly insinuation

Everybody on the planet gets re-education
Everybody gets intellectual reorganization
Everybody better get alien infatuation
Everybody on the planet gets re-education
Everybody gets intellectual reorganization
Everybody better get alien infatuation
Or we'll pull out our stingers and melt all your minds

Welcome home (repeats)

We have arrived to take over your nation
Get in line or get a nuclear vacation
Don't be impressed with our manner of dress or the sounds of our flatulations
We have arrived to take over

Welcome home (repeats)

bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minter
drums by Brad Nelson
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter



Calling All Aliens

Calling all Aliens, for a galaxy bash on the green blue ball
Take a right at Saturn station, head straight for Mars you can't miss it at all
Free parking over Arizona, descend to the desert when shadows are tall
Plutonians will be there, Venusians too
Get down with Mercury, wind up lost on Neptune

Calling all Aliens, no more thirsty desperation at the speed of light
Discover the mystical elixir, in human vials free of cosmic blight
The natives be sixty percent, for your inebriation if you arrive here tonight
Plutonians will be there, Venusians too
Get drunk with Mercury, hungover on the frickin moon



There's a gathering over Phoenix, flashing lights on Peru
Celebration never ends in Nevada, buzzed on that native juice
Over starry skies of Brazil, through the valleys of New Mexico
Staggering through a Mojavi heat wave
To welcome back home the return of the mother load
And its ancient afterglow

Calling all Aliens, supplies won't last, only eight billion on this rock
Quality approaching celestial, human moonshine the finest in stock
Plutonians will be there, Venusians too
But get drunk on mercury, wind up iced on Neptune

Human containers hold tight purified H2O
One-twenty proof just one taste you'll start feeling the glow

There's a gathering over Phoenix, flashing lights on Peru
Celebration never ends in Nevada, buzzed on that native juice

Over starry skies of Brazil, through the valleys of New Mexico
Staggering through a Mojavi heat wave
To welcome back home the return of the mother load
And its ancient afterglow

*bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minter
drums by Brad Nelson
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter*

Nu Age Rage

*bass, lead & rhythm guitars by Dan Minter
drums by Brad Nelson
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter*

Batman

He drives a black car, he was a sixties star
To all the kids who watched, he made them laugh so much
He's a laugh, Batman

He was a preventer of crime, you know he was always on time
To stop the joker from killin', all of his pretty women
It's a laugh, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman (repeats)

Now Robin is the other half of the team
They help the good and stifle the mean
You know when they fight it's always a breeze
They always win, they never cease
It's a laugh, Batman

They drive a black machine, it's been clocked at one-sixteen
You know who I'm talking about, Gotham City needs them now
It's a laugh, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman (repeats)
He always wins, he never lose
He has more luck than me or you

Now open up your eyes, can't you see his disguise
The mask on his face, the cape on his back
Makes him look just like a bat
It's a laugh, Batman

You'd better watch because they're tough
They carry no gun and they win too much
They're full of stuff, if you ask me
A bird and a bat, can't you see?
It's a laugh, Batman

Batman, Batman, Batman (repeats)
He always wins, he never lose
He has more luck than me or you

*bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minter
drums by Brad Nelson
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter*

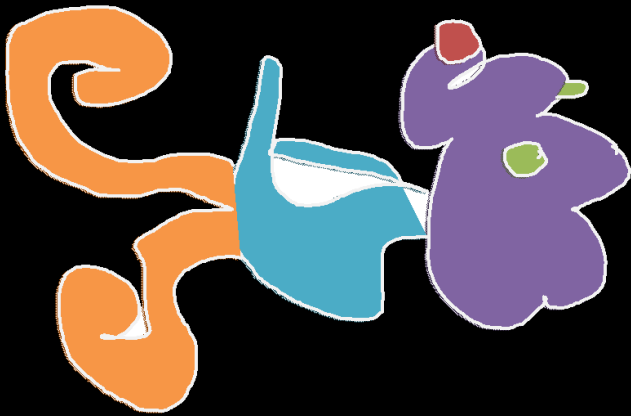


Clocked By A Clown

Was my lucky break, free circus in town
Inside the tent he stands high on a mound
On elephant dung looking so proud gazing around

Then he scans the crowd someone to hound
Spots me laughing leaps one bound
To the grandstand beside me three hundred ugly pounds

Waving a fist and wearing a frown
While snotty nosed kids think a joke they found
And giggling school girls watch me smacked by a clown



Clocked by a clown with apparent ease
Knocked to the ground like a crushing disease
Clocked by a clown crazy brain freeze
I don't need this kind of drama chasing me down
Clocked by a clown with apparent ease
It could happen to you like it happened to me
If you think I'm a Nancy, if you just want to tease
You can talk to the hand, I was clocked by a clown

Ooh ooh ooh repeat
Ahh ahh ahh repeat

He knocks me hard, land on my crown
I try to shake it off, feel heavy on the ground
Try to speak only comes out ugly sound

Turns out this joker of great renown
Calls the police they take me downtown
All part of their big laughing at a clown crackdown

You know what they say, trouble comes in three
But mine comes by the dozen and I get it for free
Next time the circus comes around just let me be
For what comes around is gonna go around
For what comes around is gonna go around
For what comes around is gonna go

Clocked by a clown with apparent ease
Knocked to the ground like a crushing disease
Clocked by a clown crazy brain freeze
I don't need this kind of drama chasing me down
Clocked by a clown with apparent ease
It could happen to you like it happened to me
If you think I'm a Nancy, if you just want to tease

You can talk to the hand, I was clocked by a clown

Clocked by a clown with apparent ease
Knocked to the ground like a crushing disease
Clocked by a clown crazy brain freeze
I don't need this kind of drama chasing me down
Clocked by a clown with apparent ease
It could happen to you like it happened to me
If you think I'm a Nancy, if you just want to tease
You can talk to the hand, I was clocked by a clown

Clocked by a clown (talk to the hand, I was clocked by a clown)
Clocked by a clown (talk to the hand, I was clocked by a clown)
Clocked by a clown (talk to the hand, I was clocked by a clown)
Welcome home

bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minter
drums by James Knoerl
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter



Ugly Woman

She's an ugly woman with a hair lip, buck teeth, and buffalo hips
She's an ugly woman any ol' time, but she cooks my meals on time

When my Bertha left me I went berserk
My body shakes so much I can't even button my shirt
I got malnutrition, sleep in my clothes, smell like a doggone pig
Then my hair fell out, now I gotta wear this phony wig

She always used to fix my meals on time
But if looks were worth a dollar, she wasn't worth half a dime
She was as fat as a hog with thighs that would rival a train
It didn't matter how much makeup she wore, she always looked the same

She's an ugly woman with a hair lip, buck teeth, and buffalo hips
She's an ugly woman any ol' time, but she cooks my meals on time

Well one day I was sittin' in my rockin' chair
And I noticed Bertha having trouble getting up the stairs
I said "Honey I think you oughta lose some weight,
And you can start by stoppin' stealin' food from the doggy's plate"

She's an ugly woman with a hair lip, buck teeth, and buffalo hips
She's an ugly woman any ol' time, but she cooks my meals on time

I guess I insulted her too much
She started eatin' even more 'till she couldn't fit in the back of a pickup truck
Then she died from overweight, and her gravestone said, *I always cleaned my plate*
Bertha, your celery diet came a little late

She's an ugly woman with a hair lip, buck teeth, and buffalo hips
She's an ugly woman any ol' time, but she cooks my meals on time

She was an ugly woman with a hair lip, buck teeth, and buffalo hips
She was an ugly woman any ol' time, but she cooked my meals
Cooked my meals, yes she cooked my meals on time

bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minter
drums by Adrian Edwards
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter



Jungle Zoo

Alligator was a stilted waiter at the one star jungle hotel
Finds kitchen monkey feeling spunky for a party at the wishing well
Grinning hyenas bring margaritas, they all have a smashing time
With rowdy rhinos from where just who knows bellowing foreign rhythm



We all had a party at the jungle zoo
Swinging through the night time skies
We got so unruly on that homemade brew
Howling those jungle cries

Tiger went streaking, baboon shrieking
Monkey swings from a chandelier
Alligator, now a woozy waiter
Screaming for another bloody beer
Bats they hung out, spider spun no doubt
A snake could not be found
For the rowdy rhinos from where just who knows
Freaking out and stamping the ground

We all had a party at the jungle zoo
Swinging through the night time skies
We got so unruly on that homemade brew
Howling those jungle cries

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh, ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh (repeats)

We all had a party at the jungle zoo
Swinging through the night time skies
We got so unruly on that homemade brew
Howling those jungle cries

bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minter
drums by Adrian Edwards
saxophone by Meshach Groom
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter

You Fit The Description

I always assumed that you had it made
Isn't it funny how time will fade
Those memories of you when we were young
We used to think success had just begun
Now you look much older than you are
Now you spend your time sittin' in the bar
You couldn't get too far

You fit the description, of a broken heart
You fit the description, of a world fallen apart
You fit the description, of things gone bad
How do you replace the things you used to have?

You used to have a promising career
With your high wages and vacation every year
But that never seemed quite good enough
You threw it all away for a taste of that stuff

You fit the description, of a broken heart
You fit the description, of a world fallen apart
You fit the description, of things gone bad
How do you replace the things you used to have?

Don't think I'd wanna be in your shoes
Don't think I could take twenty-four hour blues
I'd like to help you but I think it's late
'Cause you're past the point of seeing your mistakes
It's sad you look much older than you are
But you spent your time sittin' in the bar
You didn't get too far

You fit the description, of a broken heart
You fit the description, of a world fallen apart
You fit the description, of things gone bad
How do you replace the things you used to have?

*bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minteer
drums by Brad Nelson
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minteer*



It's All About Me

A piece of fat that you can chew
Great or small no matter who
Comprehend that it's all about me

Though you're feeling down out
My shine rubs off on you no doubt
So recognize that it's all about me



Here is the revelation
I'm a rock star in any nation
This is your invitation
To join the me sensation
When will the whole world see?
It's a better place if it's all about me

If you want to live to see life through
If you want to know what's best for you
Be aware that it's all about me

Never a reason to be down again
In any season I'm around my friend
Be good to yourself
Put your pride up on a dusty shelf
It is better when you make it all about me

Here is the revelation
I'm a rock star in any nation
This is your invitation
To join the me sensation
Here is the revelation
I'm a rock star in any nation
This is your invitation
To join the me sensation

When will the whole world see?
It is better when you make it
Better when you make it
Better when you make it
All about me

*Idea for song by Talise Minter
guitars, vocals by Dan Minter
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter*

Get Over It

This life is no good, just the bad and ugly
It's why I'm messed up, they ruined the best of me
Broke my will now my future can no longer be
A success, a home run, no damn sweet victory

It ain't my fault that I crave constant pain relief
This addict was born from abuse can't you see?
As hard as I try, no motivation my dreams
Will never come true thanks to devilish schemes

oh oh oh oh oh oh
oh oh oh oh oh oh

The world chewed me up, spit me out through its teeth
No one warned me about this trap destiny
Everybody should pay for the outcome on me
I need compensation, I should get it for free

I'm entitled to be served since they carelessly
Made me a failure, took my chance to succeed
I'm a victim of this screwed up society
That made me choke down my own bitter misery

Stop being such a Nancy and acting all down
Why be such a quitter? We've all been knocked around
You don't deserve squat, stop that whining sound
Why ain't you trying to erase that pathetic frown?
Just admit you are lost then maybe you'll be found
Why the smirk on your face? No one likes that kind of clown
Feeling good's a delusion till you rise from the ground
Pull the stick from your ass and start wearing a crown

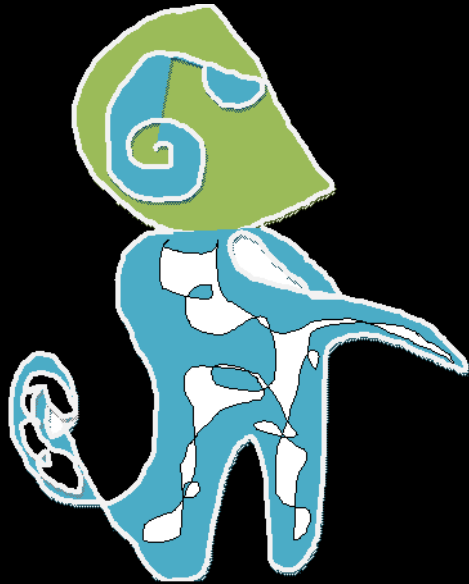
Get over it, get over it
Get over it, get over it
Get over it, get over it
Get over it, get over it

oh oh oh oh oh oh
oh oh oh oh oh oh

Now all you've done is piss me off for no good reason
There's no getting over my shit any season
You've made me who I am and what I'll ever be then
You sit there and judge me and think I should believe in



Myself and my ability, to hell with that I'm leaving
Maybe hurt myself that'll teach ya for all of your preaching
Maybe leave this life, guilt on you, quit your damn screaming
If you think I could ever change, then you be just dreaming



Stop being such a Nancy and acting all down
Why be such a quitter? We've all been knocked around
You don't deserve squat, stop that whining sound
Why ain't you trying to erase that pathetic frown?
Just admit you are lost then maybe you'll be found
Why the smirk on your face? No one likes that kind of clown
Feeling good's a delusion till you rise from the ground
Pull the stick from your ass and start wearing a crown

Get over it, get over it
Get over it, get over it
Get over it, get over it
Get over it, get over it

bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minteer
drums by Brad Nelson
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minteer

Schizophrenic Cake Walk

bass, lead & rhythm guitars by Dan Minteer
drums by Brad Nelson
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minteer

No Longer Me (Indian Song)

I'm so sick and tired of the things I have done
Of struggles and battles, and wars never won
But in you is my hope, to you is my cry
Remind me dear Lord, it is I who must die!

I'm a boat that is rocked and tossed all about
The skies are so grey and tempting with doubt
Walls of trees closing in, cold night wraps around
Body numb, things undone, good nowhere to be found

I need you to increase, while I decrease
I will die to myself, yes I die to myself
Only you can increase, if I decrease
So I give you myself, all of myself

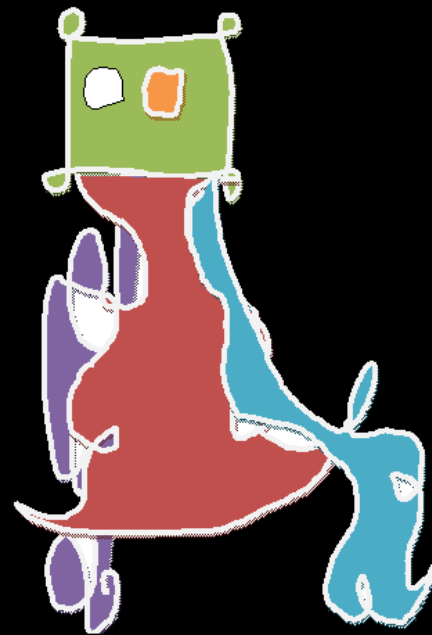
A great burden's been lifted to you
And I feel so free
I know I can face tomorrow
Cause I'm no longer me

And the clouds they will clear, the sun will shine
The erasing of fear, I am no longer mine
And tears will dry up, the joy will grow
The decreasing of me, the peace I will know

With you to increase, while I decrease
I will die to myself, yes I die to myself
Only you can increase, if I decrease
So I give you myself, all of myself

Only you can increase, while I decrease
I will die to myself, yes I die to myself
Only you can increase, if I decrease
So I give you myself, all of myself

bass, lead & rhythm guitars, vocals by Dan Minter
drums by James Knoerl
lyrics by Ben Burchfield
written, recorded & produced by Dan Minter



Alien artwork by Talise Minter
Recorded at Whitman Studio, Walla Walla, Washington
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