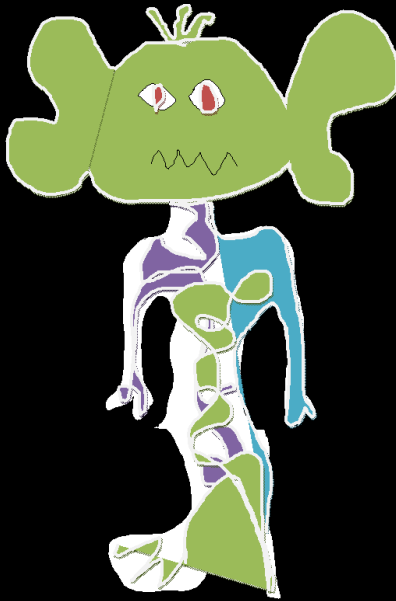


At first, we weren't sure if we should feel privileged by this strange invasion, or threatened. Looking exceptionally glorious, they descended from the twilight skies in their glistening crafts emitting jewel toned beams of light. They proudly arrived to our desert cities bearing gifts; food and drink 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)

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

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

## Nu Age Rage

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

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

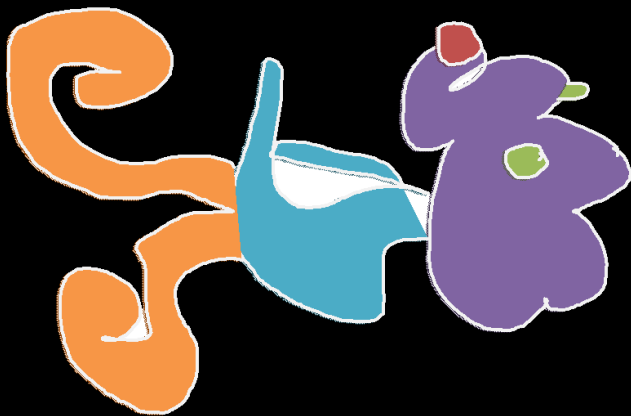


## Clocked By A Clown

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

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

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

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

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



## 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

*written by Dan Minter (idea for song, daughter Talise)  
acoustic guitars by Dan Minter  
vocals by Dan Minter  
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



*drums by Brad Nelson  
recorded & produced by Dan Minter*

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

*written by Dan Minter  
bass, lead, & rhythm guitars by Dan Minter  
vocals by Dan Minter*

### Schizophrenic Cake Walk

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

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

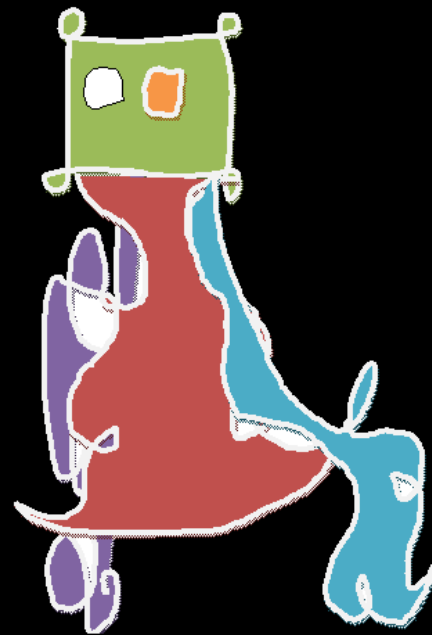
A great burden's been lifted to you  
And I feel so free  
I know I can face tomorrow  
Cause I'm no longer me

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

*written by Dan Minter (music) and Ben Burchfield (lyrics)  
bass, lead, & rhythm guitars by Dan Minter  
vocals by Dan Minter  
drums by James Knoerl  
recorded & produced by Dan Minter*



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