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# Weedpuller

## **GIRTH**

Limited Pre-Release Edition

WP Publishing  
PO Box 501  
Yorba Linda, CA 92885  
[www.weedpuller.com](http://www.weedpuller.com)

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## Dream Me

Words and Music by Bil McKendry and Mark Schuler

She's a bitch, she's a snitch  
She's got it all but I think I love her  
A little weird and she knows no fear  
She's working for the FBI undercover

*All I really want is knowing what she wants from me  
All I really need is thinking  
Someday, she will dream of me*

Tattle tale, I go to jail  
I'll be lonely but I can think of her  
She wears a gun and I won't run  
I think she's sexy when she acts like Danny Glover

When I get out, we'll go out  
We'll go for a movie and a burger  
Some cheap wine and a good time  
We'll see Dirty Harry, The Enforcer

Steal a car, hit a bar  
Hold it up and then we'll take all the liquor  
To Mexico, is where we'll go  
God I hope we make it cross the border

*Someday, I know she'll dream of me.*

## Breakfast With You

Words and Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry

I like my pancakes lightly buttered  
with lots of syrup and a coffee cake.  
I like my eggs over easy  
a little Tabasco, salt and pepper, and caviar...  
*Don't want to have dinner with you  
No candlelit room with a view*



Produced and Engineered by Mark Schuler and Rob Swindell

Recorded and Mixed from 1996 through 1998 at The Rat Cave, Fullerton, California

Mastered in May 1999 by Kurt Alexander at DigiDoc Productions, Anaheim, California

Art Direction and Design by Michael Swindell

Photography by Elizabeth Osborn

This album is dedicated to the memory of a good friend and fellow musician, Tom Leonard.  
We miss ya, man.

Mark would like to thank: God, Lisa, Bil, Rob, Mom, Dad, and "The Sisters Schuler".

Rob would like to thank: Mom, Mike, Dad and Cathy, Elizabeth, Mark and Bil (my bros), Brian, the Dietz/Casey clan (go dux!), Joel and Amber, Dave "the thing of it is" Keele, Steve Hall, Ron "Spooky Jones" Kustes, Steve "Harris" Vandemon, Dirk, Lerxst, and Prat (yeah, like they'll see this!), and all of my old SyncOp friends.

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This stop is where I get off, you drive away before I scoff  
You couldn't see my grin when I said "hello"

### **Welcher**

*Words and Music by Mark Schuler*

### **Surrender**

*Words and Music by Rick Nielsen*

### **Recorded Performances**

Bil McKendry:      Lead/Rhythm Guitars on tracks 1, 2, 5-8, and 10-13  
                             Acoustic Guitars on track 13  
                             Vocals and Guitars on "Damaged Young"  
Brian Aguilar:      Lead/Rhythm Guitars on tracks 3, 4, 8-10, and 14-17  
Mark Schuler:      Lead/Backing Vocals and Bass Guitars on all tracks  
                             Lead/Rhythm Guitar on tracks 5 and 16  
                             Acoustic Guitars on track 5 and "Little Sister"  
Rob Swindell:      Drums/Percussion on all tracks  
                             Backing Vocals on tracks 6, 8, and 17

*Don't want to munch or brunch on anything but  
Breakfast with you*

I like my Pop-Tarts slightly chewy  
hot and gooey so they burn my mouth.  
I like my Wheaties politely soggy  
with Auggie Doggie in the morning when I watch TV.

*Don't want to have dinner for two  
No candlelit room with a view  
Don't want to munch or brunch on anything but  
Breakfast with you*

Bil likes his girls kinda tall now  
but not too small now, with brain in their head.  
I like my girls kinda hefty  
I want a lefty so she can do me on the 105.



### **Girl Upstairs**

*Words and Music by Mark Schuler*

I knew a girl that used to love me  
She promised me forever and a day  
Heard her say "I do", but she didn't  
And now it seems she's gone and changed her ways

I fell in love with the Junior Prom Queen  
She wore flowers on her skirt and purple hair  
She was young and sweet and lovely  
But I found out she's sleeping with the girl upstairs  
Oh, no...

*Would you please help me understand  
I could swear I never knew her  
This wedding ring is resting on my hand  
She's sleeping with a girl, the girl upstairs*



I knew a girl that used to hold me  
We fooled around in the back of my green MG  
Now I can't stand to be around her  
She hasn't even touched me since '93... 1993

*Would someone please clue me in  
What the hell is going on with her  
It's getting hard to take this like a man  
She's gone and left me for the girl upstairs*

*She's fucking around with the girl upstairs  
She's carpet munching the girl upstairs  
She's exchanging razors with the girl upstairs  
She won't let me watch her with the girl upstairs*

### **Beat It Out Of You**

*Words by Rob Swindell  
Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry*

You're the one and only, so tough and lonely  
You're fearless and strong, or so they believe  
Make a believer out of me...

You pretend to look past  
This game, it won't last  
I see you moving under my sheet  
Smell you sweat, so bitter sweet

you I know you know what I know about

I'll beat it out of you  
I know you know what I know about

you

I'll beat it into you  
*Tease me, please me, come take it off  
I'll try you, buy you, to get me off  
You bore me, ignore me, say that you adore me  
I know that you hate me when you say "I love you"*



*And underneath it all they're crawling in my veins  
Shadows at my window and everybody, everybody thinks I'm sane  
I'm underneath 'em all, beneath the microscope  
I'm underneath 'em all, beneath the microscope*

We're just tiny miniscule slimy maggots in a cat food can  
Tears will fall like little atom balls and disappear in a bazillion grains of sand

*And underneath it all they'll kindly call me dope  
We're all just a little twisted, beneath the microscope*

### **Assassin**

*Words and Music by Mark Schuler*

Wake up to the garbage man, it can't be more than six a.m.  
The war inside my head is strikin' early  
See the stack of bills on my desk, I won't pay 'em 'cause it's worth the risk  
Fourteen thousand dollars due on Monday

*So what's good for you is not for me  
I shoot down all the wrong I see  
I mentally assassinate the masses*

Tune the set to CNN, we're planning another war to win  
It's immoral and I ain't got The Constitution  
Turn it back to channel 9, Sally Jesse's running a day behind  
Talking to sex addicts with no solution

*And what's wrong with you is right with me  
I pick on everyone I see  
I equally abuse all social classes*

All dressed up in victory, my disguise is apathy  
Frightening reality, milk carton is where you'll find me  
All made up in infamy, an underrated revolutionary  
All messed up on society, my disguise is apathy

Bus ride has been loads of fun, a white male has a loaded gun  
I'm twelfth in line today to be the hero



### Duke's Song

Words by Mark Schuler  
Music by Bil McKendry and Mark Schuler

I want to take you to the prom but I can't find a babysitter.  
I bought a black and blue tux and a sequined dress, but it will not fit her.  
Got a baby in diapers and another on the way.  
But I don't think I'll make it until Graduation Day.

*My whole life I've been living in hell  
If these are my best years, I'm not doing so well*

I knocked her up at the drive-in in the back of my baja bug,  
or was it at her parent's house watching cartoons on the afghan rug.  
I won't be going to college 'cause I can't afford the rent.  
I won't be going to Disneyland, my welfare check is already spent.

I know I'll be a grandpa well before I'm thirty-five.  
Wake me from this nightmare, run me over if I'm still alive.

*My whole life has been pretty insane  
Wake me when it's over, let me sleep through the pain  
Oh well, I'm in hell*

### Microscope

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

The fluorescent light annihilates my sight and everyone is laughing  
Tripping over cracks in the sidewalk, I struggle to recall my name  
They will tease me as if I were diseased and they won't use my name  
They won't leave me alone and won't believe me  
But underneath it all we're all the same...

*I'm underneath 'em all*

Underneath the disco ball I stand, stand watching, still  
The parade for teenage king and queens, high on life and yellow pills  
I'm naïve right now, but someday when I will join 'em all  
Yeah, I'm naïve right now, but I know someday, I will crash their ball



When you break and bleed  
This cold and loveless seed,  
You'll drink from my mouth and eat from my hand,  
Running through you like a glass of sand

### This Captivity

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

Dear Bil,

I have great news today. Sit down for this  
'cause  
you won't believe your ears. I've been abducted by a  
group  
of luscious babes who need to use and abuse me a  
couple  
years. So don't rescue me, I'm having fun. And don't let me  
out, I'll crawl back in some way.

My room is dark the walls are gray. But with the  
blindfold off, it's actually quite nice. It's a tri-level mansion  
that backs up to a bay, a huge backyard and a swimming  
pool that's Olympic size. So don't rescue me, I'm having fun  
living in captivity. Don't let me out, I'll crawl back in some way.  
Don't let me go until they're done having their way with me –  
no reinforcement, FBI, or CIA.

They serve three gourmet meals a day. And they  
treat me with respect and dignity. We play horseshoes, lawn-  
darts, ping-pong, and croquet. And I'm adjusting well to this  
adversity.

I want to stay. Don't let me out from this captivity.



**Geographic** (Half Way to Seattle)

Words by Mark Schuler and Rob Swindell  
Music by Mark Schuler and Bill McKendry

We're on our way to the Emerald City through a Blizzard Of  
Ozz  
Where the weather's really shitty in a broken down VW bus

We push it up the grapevine, I know it's all down hill from here  
We stop at a Dairy Queen for some pretzels, a frosty,  
and a twelve-pack of beer

*Half way to Seattle,  
Where the music scene is going down  
Half way to Seattle, we turn it around*

We pick up Rutger Hauer half a mile from the Super 8  
He tried to kill me in the shower, so I kicked him in the balls  
and we all got away

*Half way to Seattle,  
Where the husky girls are going down  
Half way to Seattle, we turn it around*

I can't see out the window through all the smoke and dust  
No one carries regular  
We're running out of petrol for this funky bus

We must've missed a turn-off  
Where the hell is Needles, Arizona?  
We're never gonna make it home  
Guess we're on our way to Baja, California

*Half way to Seattle,  
We'll never make it to the Puget Sound  
Half way to Seattle, we turn it around*



It gives her gas but she's no softie  
She'd stop a riot  
But when she's off, she's a warm and quiet girl

*You'll find her at a donut shop nowhere  
She'll be sipping tea at the Baker's Square*

*Just a misdemeanor, five and dime  
Judge and jury say I'll be doing hard*

time

*A woman like her is hard to find  
Lock me up if loving her is crime*

She Cop, my blue lady  
She reminds me of Marsha Brady  
I'm gonna miss her  
On her beat while I'm up river, gone.

**World Of My Own**

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

Get right out of my face, this ride ain't for free  
I've burned too many bridges for this luxury  
I bet your suffering from some jealousy  
of my world of self-discovery

*And I'm beside myself when I'm here all alone  
I'm pretty close to heaven in a world of my own*

Dance like I'm cool, like a fool in front of the glass  
Put some Bee Gee's on and start moving my ass  
My friends are worried that I have some social disease  
They may be right, but at least I got no one to please

In a one man show, I don't need to act for any-  
one man show, my social days are done.. done!  
I'll let you in for a small, small entrance fee  
Just don't call me neurotic, call me liberty



*I'm all alone, in a world of my own...*

## Unraveling

Words by Mark Schuler and J. Freant  
Music by Mark Schuler

It's raining on the river, the trout will overflow  
The fishermen will fly their nets tonight  
We live by the circled moon, their only god has left too soon  
And darkness, only darkness meets the light

*And it's a wide, wide river we're traveling on*

Sadness of the tenderness is enough to make you cry  
Love is life and life is death  
Tears become the symbol of what we cannot see  
We think and feel forever, though we know we cannot stay here

*And it's a wide, wide river unraveling on and on the river  
Unraveling on and on and on and on, forever on, or so it seems...*

So roll me into cool black night with fifty pounds of dynamite  
We'll blow this river into a stream, and watch comets fly in the moonlight

*On and on, unraveling on and on the river  
Unraveling on and on and on and on forever  
Unraveling on and on the river let it flow  
Unraveling on and on and on and on and on and on, endless stream*

## She Cop

Words and Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry

She Cop, didn't know me  
She wrote me up for breaking her entering  
She had to nail me  
She did her job and then she bailed me out

*I know I'll get to see her one last time  
One day in court with her will be just fine with me*  
She Cop, don't drink coffee



## Falling Star

Words by Mark Schuler  
Music by Mark Schuler and Bil McKendry

What have I done to enjoy this attention?  
Think I'm fading away.  
Pen becomes the knife, the paper suffocates me.  
Won't you help me get away.

*Catch my falling star, you can hold it in your hand  
See I'm crashing hard, gently on the lam  
See I'm seeing stars, does anybody care?  
Catch my falling star you can see me...*

Everywhere and anywhere I am, you'll read about it.

All that I know, I'm running out of angels.  
No one taking my side.  
Quit poking holes in me with all your different angles.  
Just go away and let me hide.

I'll be on your doorstep next Sunday morning  
and you will let me in.  
Spare the details my life is pretty boring  
but you'll still let me in, for coffee and a grin.

*Catch my falling star, you can hold it in  
your hand  
See I'm crashing hard, gently on the lam  
See I'm seeing stars, does anybody care?  
Catch my falling star you can see me  
Catch my falling star you can feel me...*

Everywhere and anywhere you are, I am, I am, I'm falling...





## Congenial

Words and Music by Mark Schuler

All these people they're around me  
Closing in now they surround me  
Paranoia it astounds me  
Another night at the coffee shop

There's people watching people watching  
Other people mental flossing  
All are racing no one stopping  
Get me into the coffee shop

*Congeniality brings us together can't you see  
A never ending chattering*

What's so funny, they're all laughing  
Almost floating, tap tap dancing  
Designer mugs they look so fancy  
They bought 'em at the coffee shop

There's a guy on a grand piano  
Playing tunes should be played on a banjo  
A happy mime who goes by "Nutso"  
Everybody's singing "Deck the Halls"

*Congeniality brings us together can't you see  
A never ending chattering  
Hospitality your conversation's good with me  
A never ending chattering*

Fill'er up, Fill'er up  
Let me into your coffee shop  
Fill'er up, Fill'er up  
Get me into your coffee shop

Punks are fighting one is bleeding  
Another group is caught up reading  
Happy couple must be breeding  
Back table at the coffee shop



## Naked

Words by Rob Swindell and Mark Schuler  
Music by Mark Schuler

You're rich and smart when you're naked  
Priceless art when you're naked  
It could do no harm if you're naked  
Except stop my heart if you're naked, so stop my heart

*Let's get naked and I'll promise you the life  
of luxury*

*Get naked and I'll give you the world and  
everything*

Lightning strikes when we're naked  
And all wrong seems right when we're naked  
Black is black when we're naked  
And we are butt-white when we're naked, we are butt-white

First kiss and your lingerie's on the floor  
Second kiss and we're rolling on the kitchen floor  
Take a chance and get naked

You think I'm gay when I'm naked  
And you run away when I'm naked  
I feel four feet tall when I'm naked  
You say it's so small when I'm naked, yeah it's real small

*Get naked and I'll promise you emotional TLC  
Get naked and I'll tell you all kinds of lies about me  
Get naked with me, come on, come on and  
Get naked with me, come on, come on and see*

