

Delivery

he's poster bound
hit the charts without a sound
from somebodys' underground
used to lie beside it
i dont recognize it now
integrity
it's just a way to sell the package
i don't know what happened but
ve gotta build a nev one yea
ve gotta tear this mother down
i'm not buying
delivery
well now we find
when the sheep are left to lead the blind
settle down it's party time
feed it to the masses
fitting in is still a crime
you have yet to capture me
ever feel like you've been cheated?

Tragic City

i arrived with no direction
psychologically disconnected
there's a story behind every town
everybody needs solid ground
you only see what you want to
i bet that's more than you're looking for
the hotels reach for the sky
and the poor men drink till they die
and the cops keep you under their eye
why do they want control of your life
in tragic city
like any other town
tragic city bound
everybody needs a niche to fill
i want something to contribute to
i watched life take another turn
can't put a price on what i've learned
everybody needs something to build
there's a void that's never filled
story behind every eye
try to touch it but it's
just beyond your reach

Upside Down

he had vision
like a one-eyed man in 3-D shades
following his own charade
anything to juxtapose
way below zero
she entered the room
like a total eclipse of the sun
pointed like a loaded gun
anything to take control
way below zero
when you take on more than you
you can hold
mother mother really way downtown
gotta find a way to turn it around
living inside outside upside down
he made a promise
so he gave his second best
plagued by overzealousness
anything to coexist
there was a tremor
now these bones be rattlin'
turn me into gelatin
anything to pull the pin

Higher

mister christian tell me if you can
how can someone get so much
blood on their hands
talk of love and peace
and freedom for all
but what i see
it doesn't equal that at all
better come clean with reality
throw away all the formality
own up to your spirituality
it's gonna be the one to run you over
you better come up with a better stor
cause i'm not paying for your
new world order
take me higher
mister christian will you come again
tell me why we've got to
pay for your sins
from a machine come a bigger one
nec comes the one
gonna run you over
is it so easy sleeping under the woc
nec comes a snopper to chop off
your head
take me higher
this can't be as good as it gets
i will not accept anything less
take me to the source
i've gotta find the cause
take me to the bridge brother



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Bucket is: Matt Becker- drums
Mark Camp- vocals, guitars
Jay Harrington- bass
Jim Fourniadis- backing vocals
on "Tragic City" and guitar
pyrotechnics on "Bad Apple"

recorded and mixed at Supergenius, Flint, MI
by Jim Fourniadis Oct./Nov. 1995
produced by Jim Fourniadis and Bucket

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from war; pro-lifers who never said shit about the
300,000+ Iraqis and 100 or so Americans killed in the
Persian Gulf War.....Bite me.

Turn Down

did i lose my grip
or am i holding on too tight
am i chasing down some
long tall shadovs
of some former life
they've got you digging with a hammer
and pounding with aspad
making due with what we've got
till all our debts are paid
turn the music down
i'm ready to come up
we ain't found no treasure
got lost out on the trail
to all of you without a clue
you think we can't prevail
we are forced to understand
what makes no sense at all
and we've grown up running
for our lives
before we learn to crawl
i think i've got a reason
go ahead fill up your cup
you can't turn it off
come out from what you build
around yourself
too busy looking for the truth
you thought it was hiding
but you had it all the time
waiting for the reason
that it should come to this
take the most important thing
and hold on to it
doing time under the wine
let go of the past
pick up all the broken pieces
give you back something
you can't throw around
don't let time catch you napping
time won't wait around

For bookings or other info

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Train of Thought

it's time to throw away
what you can't dust off
it's time to own up
to the parts you may have lost
reality came crashing down
it made such a horrible sound
can't say i didn't need it
can't say i didn't stumble in the fog
i think
it passes by as quick as you can blink
it's time to ventilate
now that the fire has died
you can run from your feelings
but from your heart you cannot hide
i smell my blood on the rail
it's underneath my fingernail
can't say i'll never repeat it
can't say there's nothing left to solve
i guess
if there's some so-called target that i've missed
runaway train
take control of the game
i'm gonna see it through
i'm gonna see it right to the end
that's the strongest picture i can send
that's the biggest break that i can send

Bring It

i smell some trouble
i smell delight
there's a little spider
crawling up my waterpipe
i'm feeling dangerous
going through a stage
have to learn to pick it up
and turn another page
little paranoid but i'm not afraid
littlebugly but i'm not afraid
bring it right up to me girl
i'm a moth that needs a flame
i'm burning lovbeams
watching your taillights
have to keep my distance
let the pieces fall in right
i don't play stupid games
and i don't put on a show
100% guaranteed i'm good to go
i think i could learn to like it
i think it tastes just fine
more than a little
if you're gonna invite it
give me enough to make it mine
i'm a moth that needs a flame

Bad Apple

one bad apple
can be all that it takes
you can pick it right off of the vine
and never tall by the taste
it robs the pleasure
undermining mother natures' design
but if you're taken by fruit
you've got a lust for the juice
than you never know what
you're gonna bite
as i swim out of my head
as i spend the day in bed
one bad apple
can ruin your whole day
keeps you running around to find it
and you never have the right thing to say
as i wrestle with myself
it makes me want to fly
one bad apple i gave in

Inside Outside

here in our daydreams
lies a thousand miles of sleep
pressures come and go
change is never slow in passing
all that we possess is mantled
carried on the inside
falling through the crack
looking over the edge
here on the outside
where we channel
all that we cannot contain
faces come and go
change is never free in passing
all that we possess is mantled
sheltered on the inside
here on the outside
where we act as they portray
chances come and go
never let it be abandoned
all that we possess is mantled
carried on the inside

make the silence shatter
sick of this crude matter
turn me into energy
don't have enough
for what you ask me
i carry you right here inside
behind these eyes it's you
burst upon my senses
touch me where it's endless
covered by this mortal blanket
more than i can conceive
i carry you right her inside
behind these eyes it's you