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THIS SIDE- produced by Larry Hennessie and @MUSSEH

- engineered by Larry Hennessie

- recorded at Larry's place 12-86 thru 2-87

THAT SIDE- produced by Ken Roberts and @MUSSEH

- engineered by Ken Roberts

- recorded at WFBE, Flint, Michigan 11-29-86

Mastered by Phil at Tru-Tone

Cover art by Sacred Cow Graphics(MWG)

All songs written by @MUSSEH, except where noted

ON OUR STREETS

We don't need no bombs
And we don't need no Russians
'Cause we've got World War Three
Right here on our streets
Step out of your house
Be prepared to hit the deck
'Cause we've got World War Three
Right here on our streets

GUNS DON'T KILL!
PEOPLE DO!
BUT GUNS MAKE IT EASY
FOR PEOPLE TO KILL!

Homicide's a game
And Flint is the playing board
And we've got many players
Right here on our streets
The rules are very plain
Because there are no rules
And no-one has consideration
On our streets

You can live your life
Holed up inside your house
Or you can try to fight back
Right here on our streets
Be careful what you say
Be careful what you do
'Cause someday you might be shot
Right here on our streets

John-Vocals/Jeff-Drums
Gary-Guitar/Ivan-Bass

VOLTRON (WILL RULE THE WORLD)

You think you can control your kids
Here's the truth as it really is
It won't take that much to see
I control kids through TV

AND VOLTRON WILL
RULE THE WORLD! (3x)

I'll pester you to buy my toys
Instilling violence in girls and boys
Put T-shirts of me on your bods
Icons and brand new gods

Separating the kids into
Factions red, green, black and blue
Give them all a job that's real
And push capitalist ideals

BIG BUSINESS WILL
RULE THE WORLD! (3x)

Jeff-Lead Vocals, Drums
John-Lead Guitar, B. Vocals
Gary-Guitar, B. Vocals
Ivan-Bass, B. Vocals

QUASIMOTO

Jar, jar, jar
Piss into this jar
Come on, volunteer
What have you got to fear?

We don't care about the quality of your work
Just the quality of your piss
What you do on a Friday night
Is our business

We're your Big Brother
Come on trust us!

Polygraph
Come on take the test
You tell some
The machine will tell the rest

We don't care about your sweaty palms
We've got you wired up
We've got no qualms about exposing you...

Security check
We'll pry into your past
What we find
Might leave us aghast

We will talk to your Scoutmaster
And your first grade teacher too
What you did when you were five years old
Is important to us...

John-Vocals,Guitar/Gary-Lead Guitar
Jeff-Drums/Ivan-Bass

BLACK POWER

Whitey's got no business over there
Filling the black man's mind with despair
A mind is a terrible thing to waste
The whole damn system is a total disgrace

BLACK POWER! IN SOUTH AFRICA
BLACK POWER! STICK TOGETHER AND GET TOUGH
BLACK POWER! NO* THE HAT HAS COME
BLACK POWER! BE A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

Throwing rocks and overturning cars
Just might help to heal the racial scars
Violence ain't so stupid all of the time
They may have to spill some blood
To bring the situation in line

IT'S GOT TO GO!

John- Lead Vocals,Guitar/Gary-Lead Guitar
Jeff- Drums, B.Vocals/Ivan-Bass
Phil Guerra-Congas/Larry Hennessie-B. Vocals
Vocal arrangement by Jim Adams

THE GOSSIP SONG

You're watching soap operas every day
And you're wishing real life could be that way
So you talk about people behind their backs
But what's the point of unprovoked attacks like

Gossip, lies, antagonize
It's spreading like disease
Cut, hurt, rub a facer in the dirt
And bring 'em all to their knees

Some people they can't communicate
They twist things all around
As information changes hands it changes form
And by the time it gets to you it's pretty
well worn into...

You're watching soap operas every day
You're wishing real life could be that way
Well he said that she said this and that
So it's gotta be true you know it's a fact
like...

John-Vocals/Ivan-Bass
Gary-Guitar/Jeff-Drums

FOREIGN AID

Ronnie go mind your own business
Your constant meddling cannot help
We cannot save the deprived nations
By a sharing of the wealth

You give them high powered guns
And send advisors to train their sons
You end our budget while you say
Is there anything else today?
Oh no, I think not

Soviet intervention is what you fear
You say you do it in our interest
Maybe for the man in the limousine
But not the man on the street
Oh no, not the common man

Foreign bodies will suck you dry
Millions more to buy more guns
Soon you'll be sending them U.S. troops
To fight in place of their dead sons

We don't need another Vietnam
Leave the money at home to fill our needs
San Salvador is just like Saigon
Open up your eyes and what do you see?
Too many people controlled by your greed

John-Vocals/Gary-Guitar
Ivan-Bass/Jeff-Drums

SCUM

Safety Hasis chese us
Say we violate our space
Treat us like criminals
That violates our space
Call us a liability
It's one that you make
We're not a bunch of vandals man
We just want to skate

Scum, scum, of yes you are scum
Some people think you're saviors
But we think you're scum

Ban is from Water Street
Try to clean downtown
We are downtown you fools
We were here before the crowd
Now we're undesirable
Can't skate on your lot
We'll take our money elsewhere
And your buildings can rot!

Ivan-Vocals/John-Guitar
Gary-Bass/Jeff-Drums

Written by J. Mueller, Jim Adams
and Chuck Parenteau with new lyrics
by Ivan

STUPID VIOLENCE

Boredom and apathy
Destruction for its sake
The new "NG" generation
It's all take

Full frontal violence
With nary a punchline
A sip of vintage cognac
With the taste of cheap wine

It say seem like victimless violence
If looked at in a certain light
But that violence breeds distrust
And distrust breeds dispite

STUPID VIOLENCE!

A cause and effect
But no connection between
Innocent lives wreaked
The guilty come clean

Beating up on people
They say it's in fun
They don't even care
My God, how dumb

VIOLENCE IS STUPID!

Jeff-Drums/Gary-Guitar
Ivan-Bass/John-Vocals

WE'RE ALL SCARED

I'm screaming and yelling
For international peace
But you just won't hear
You're deaf

I paint you a picture
Of pain and destruction
But you just won't see
You're blind

You're deaf, blind and dumb
But you don't care
Deaf, blind and dumb
We've got the key

I paint you a picture
Of pain and destruction
But you just won't see
You're blind

I see you watching
Can tell you see that it's wrong
But you won't speak up
You're dumb

You're deaf, blind and dumb
But you don't care
You're deaf, blind and dumb
Can't you see that we're all scared
That we've got the key

John-Vocals/Jeff-Drums
Gary-Guitar/Ivan-Bass

Lyrics by Darren Anderson

PARTY WITH SHEP

My dog has convulsions
Unless he gets his pill
So I get into the cupboard
When I'm looking for a thrill
It doesn't take me very long
It isn't very hard
When searching through the cupboard
For me to find shep's phenobarb and...

Party with Shep (3X)
Alright!

Now Shep's a fell grown collie
Who weighs seventy-one pounds
For me to get the same buzz he does
I have to take a couple of downs
Me and Shep together
We never party alone
We'd rather take his phenobarb
Than chew on a dog bone

YES - NA!

Gary-Vocals/Jeff-Drums
Ivan-Bass/John-Guitar

Written by Mike Grossklau
and John McDonald

I'M THE LAW

There's forty of you and only one of me
But I'm up on a pedestal now can't you see
Your opinions, they're all for naught
'Cuz in the end I'll go just what I want

'CUZ I'M THE LAW!
I AM THE LAW!

Representative democracy?
You've got to be kidding, we're here to serve me
I'll lend you support when I'm able
You know, when there's money under the table

I don't want to hear you scream and moan
If you'd shut up we could all go home
Don't you agree? It makes no difference
'Cuz only my views gain admittance

It's a kangaroo court you say?
As to who rules, ask the DDA
'Til Thrasher books conventions at the Hyatt
Your claims of discrimination, we just won't buy it

John-Vocals,Guitar/Gary-Lead Guitar
Ivan-Bass/Jeff-Drums

RINGLETS (a true story...sort of)

I was down by the movie house the other night
went and saw a flick called "Pretty in Pink"
I was just sitting there eating my popcorn, ya know
not thinking about anything, when all of the sudden
these twenty males walked in...and they all
looked the same! You know what they were? They
were RINGLETS!!! You know, Molly Ringwald clones.
With the red hair, and the beautiful eyes, and a body
that makes me wanna DIE!!!!!!
I almost had a coronary right there. I went over
talked to the manager and said,"Hey you can't let
all these people in at once man,everyone'll die."
and he just looked at me and smiled and said,"I don't
care... cos I lust after Ringlets," etc.
Somebody buy me a ticket to Hollywood, please?
Maybe if I sprinkl some saltpetre on my popcorn?

Ivan-Vocals/Jeff-Drums
Gary-Bass/John-Guitar

A.D.S.(Afghan Defense Song)

Go Home!

We don't want you here
We don't need you here
And we didn't ask you
To come into our land
We don't want you here
We don't need you here
Ia- your choppers and your MIGs
And please Go Home!

We'll hide in caves
To keep from being your slaves
We'll fight you
Until we die
We'll hide in caves
To keep from being your slaves
We'll hunt you down
And kill you in cold blood

Bomb us, shoot us, gas us, kill us
We'll keep coming
Iah, we'll keep coming
Bomb us, gas us, shoot us, kill us
We'll keep coming
And we'll fight you until we die

Who's business did you have
Coming out to our soil
In the first place?
You stepped out
To our land
You wanted to possess us
And spread your way of life
We don't like it!

We'll shoot you down
We'll blow you away
We won't take anymore
Of your stuff
We'll shoot you
We'll kill you
We will make you all...
Go Home!

Jeff-Vocals/John-Drums
Ivan-Guitar/Gary-Bass

WRITE TO POLITICAL SILENCE AND RED FILE RECORDS C/O



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