

**[k] HEUTE**  
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# LAMBCHOP

PERFORMING "IS A WOMAN"

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(Di) 30. 11. 2010 / 20:00

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*Mehr Musik auf Kampnagel im Dezember:*

(Fr) 3. + (Sa) 4. METROPOLIS live: ausverkauft!!! / (Sa) 4. HGich.T:  
Warnwesten und Windeln raus! / (Do) 9. THE PYRAMIDS: Das mysteriöseste  
aller kosmischen Jazz-Kollektive der frühen 70er. / (So) 12. SWANS: Die  
legendäre Wuchtbrumme – zurück nach dreizehn Jahren Pause. / (Fr) 17.  
HUNDREDS: Zaubermusik aus Hamburg. / (Sa) 18. Operation Pudel 2010  
(mit wunderbar Widerspenstigem aus 21 Jahren auf dem ganzen Gelände)

## THE DAILY GROWL

Thought i felt a chill  
Thought an underrated skill  
A hazard to the emotionally challenged

Fibers from a rope  
In the roughness of your hand you cope  
With cuddles and the gentle revolution

The guts and gluttony  
The chicken of the sea  
Will hardly fill your restless void  
Powered by intel  
The useless crap you sell  
Will leave us  
More or less annoyed

Down the street you go  
Rumors of a one man show  
How silly we can be about the future

Parent to the cause  
A hustle through and then you pause  
To study or to ponder or reflect

It's laid out in a line  
That curves and breaks with time  
And underscores this fragile nation  
But i guess it's right  
To love the girls who fight  
Off our manly acts of desperation

## THE NEW COBWEB SUMMER

The last thought that you think today  
Has already happened  
The link between profound and pain  
Covers you like sherwin williams

The smokey joe is broken  
Drops into your lap  
And the big red wasp  
Makes a scan through  
My black pages

Last night our boy was out there  
Burning up his matches  
I saw him in the afternoon  
Sporting a black eye

The universal man  
Holds a pistol or a bottle  
Types with confidence  
As we grow out of our  
Bruises

Once i had a friend  
Who had the knack of tossing  
His mind around geography  
Boy you think, you have problems

The hunter is asleep  
At least that's what i call him  
In the afternoon  
Of the new cobweb  
Summer

## MY BLUE WAVE

You lay around the house  
Nothing much to bark about  
Jump onto the bed  
Just bones and squirrels inside your head  
This is the only life i see  
For you

And if i gave a crap  
Would that show you where my head is at  
I would ride the moon  
And even if it comes too soon  
I could fall for you  
And you could fall for me

So we go all to the shows  
And happiness is all we know  
How it got to you  
And how it got to me too  
I wish i never knew  
(about) my blue wave

And william called and tried  
To tell me that his sister's boyfriend has  
Just died  
He's not sure what to do  
And i'm not sure what to tell him he  
should do  
Sometimes william we're just screwed  
(in) my blue wave

So what's the girl to do  
Sits on the couch and she's feeling blue  
Shakes it in the cup  
And she doesn't mind if it stays up  
Up up oh yeah

Never mind the world  
My blue girl

And the best is yet to come  
You may think you are the only one  
To never get it right  
Just stick around on this lovely night  
And we may be amazed  
By my blue wave

To conclude this interview  
Many facts and fictions you construe  
The dog gives you the paw  
You pat his head and you wipe his jaw  
He's the only one who knew  
(about) my blue wave

## I CAN HARDLY SPELL MY NAME

Teardrops from a shadow  
This tongue starts to waggle  
That's a lovely dress yo'  
And oh that's just "titian"

And it's not true you know you swear  
And all by yourself  
As time delivers for a while now  
This may not appeal to you  
But i can hardly spell my name

A siamese is lonely also  
And i've been waiting all my life  
In spite of this arrangement,  
Moderation on vacation  
It's time we all settled down

## AUTUMN'S VICAR

Chickadee tosses leaves out of her nester  
My uncle's uncle's uncles fester.  
To chesnutt's empty sound  
One by one they hit the ground  
It's fall and it's warm  
And i've got a sweater

Tell me nothing nothing's better  
The flowers wilt from the weight of the  
leaves  
But it's not the cold  
It's the dryness  
That makes it so, (groovy)

Believe you me  
Believe me you  
Let it roll  
God cues his trees to drop their load  
I've got some used cowboy boots  
You've got some weed

It's a noisy cracked accumulation  
Of golden brown, mr. Brown's first born.  
Can anyone get it  
It's not too obvious  
Two friends locked in a dutch romance

It's the angry middle aged distraction  
Your postman stumbles in the yard  
With a message long  
You communicate through-song  
And take it up with the vicar

Believe you me  
Believe me you  
Grateful for the score  
The nuts today you store  
Could come in handy in the future

## FLICK

I can flick a cigarette butt  
Further and with more accuracy

Lots of practice, i guess  
Someday we will all be editors

That jumps around from person to person  
And bites you on the ass  
A certain static is required  
The albino butterfly  
Thank you thank you very much  
Little spiders making little webs  
Nuts is what you have become  
Kind of fractured of the facts

Dylan and drugs and the sweat bee  
Shake and stretch the stiffness out

Exercise? Not right now  
Applauded for your idleness

Connects to a power line  
That runs over my head  
In the cool wet morning air  
As we sit under a tree  
Thank you thank you very much  
Little spiders making little webs  
Nuts is what you have become  
Kind of fractured of the facts

An upsidedown wire heart  
Being sucked into a periscope  
Still the mind is dull  
Like you need another excuse  
Your thoughts lift like a fog  
As the sun burns it away  
A soft ball and a stick  
And the imprint that it makes  
Like a chamber from a gun  
After the shooting's done  
This is what you have become  
Now make something out of it

## CATERPILLAR

I have walked your sorry streets  
And lived amongst your people  
And i'm sure we must have heard  
The same birds singing

You have stepped in hardened footprints  
Down where my shoes were mudded  
And i know we must have heard  
The same dogs barking

When the ground was rumbling  
And the bathroom walls were bending  
I lay there wet and naked  
Oh i know your heard me yelling  
Out a name that you never used for me,  
till then  
Out a name that you never used for me,  
till then  
Out a name that you never used

I have shat upon the hillside  
Neck deep in cushion clover  
Up where i'm sure you're braided  
Those necklaces and bracelets

You have lost your socks and panties  
Out by the caterpillar  
That grades the road i walk on  
While i'm dreading english

When the ground was shaking  
And your jewel tea was a falling  
There's a cracking in your kitchen  
Oh i know you heard me calling  
Out a name that i never used for you, till  
then  
Out a name that i never used for you, till  
then  
Out a name that i never used

## D. SCOTT PARSLEY

Hey girl  
Is it really right for me  
Send a little message  
That i know i can see

Behold the life i lead for you  
One would hope the only life for two  
Can't you see the only life for me

Hey dude  
Better try to make things work  
You really gonna mess up  
If you're like that with that girl

This way, this life, for me  
This won't change the lonely life you see  
This is not the life i thought would be

Hot dog  
Guess you really bite my log  
Everybody hates me  
But assume i'm not around

For me, i say it's true  
I wonder if they love me like you do  
Maybe i can suck enough for two

Hey chick  
What you gonna make of this  
Getting sentimental  
Better get there something quick

It's all the thing for me  
Like some weird porno philosophy  
Making us a grand apostrophe  
It's sick  
What you gonna make of this  
Guess we'll think of something  
Better think of something quick

It's here you make your peace  
The cut the fold the crease  
Maybe you can cure your own disease

## BUGS

Bugs rub their legs together in a fevered  
pitch  
It trips me out  
Never gonna let it out

Birds they wheeze and my legs they itch  
Yeah it flips me out  
Wonder what it's all about

And think of things, and how they got this  
way  
Way above the rest  
Isn't this the fucking best  
Superficial we may say  
So down to earth in an earthy kind of way  
It's just the best that we can do  
Is this just the best that we can do

Planes that buzz and cars that roam  
Trees that grow through the forest foam  
Squirrels that cross you overhead  
Make their way to the squirrelly bed  
Yes, even squirrels have beds

A natural light in the natural world  
It trips me out  
Never gonna read about it

Our favored nation and our favorite girl  
She flips me out  
Never ever really doubt it

And as your hand rests gently on her head  
Remove the clutter and the papers that  
you read  
A whispered comment or a compliment is  
said  
And you take her hand as you gesture  
toward the bed  
I can't believe this feels this good

## THE OLD MATCHBOOK TRICK

The last time that i came here  
I came down with a fever  
The next day it was gone  
With the suddenness of ist arrival  
When we all were much younger  
Were we really different  
In the really real world we knew

Last night i saw the sun rise  
Over sleepy barcelona  
Riding on a bus  
With the road crew from embrace  
While everyone was sleeping  
I noticed a reflection  
And saw the egg upon my face

The last thing i remember  
About waking up in kristiansand  
Was gagging on my toothbrush  
As it brushed across my tongue  
And removed a drunken sailor  
Paid his bar and porno bill  
Gonna have to fuckin' hose him down

The clarity is blinding  
Where's the befuddled middleman  
The gentle goofus  
With his comedy and wit  
Spaced out in the crowd  
With the cramped and the cluttered  
Falls from your fingers to his hand  
Falls from his fingers to your hand

The old matchbook trick  
Keeps the table from wobble  
Slipped under the short leg  
Steadies the unsteadiness  
Of the lopsided conversation  
Makes a solid place to rest  
Arms and thought upon

# IS A WOMAN

In the hour of the girl  
You can make this danger witness  
Or whatever, without your heart  
You can wish you could relate  
If it's always gonna be  
Sit beside me on a star  
If you wake me up tonight

So you try to make it whole  
With everybody here  
More than a sony  
To make the words throw up  
Or show me the way  
As they pick me up again  
They will be there on the couch  
They will make you better still  
(can you be sure?)

Of anything you make  
Maybe you can get a whiff  
It's enough to make you gag  
It's enough to make you sick  
Each and every day  
With the concrete and the masonry  
When the paint that's on is dry  
You can work it from your eye

And you take it from my heart  
As you stand alone forever

From the roaming and the surf  
And the cloudy cloudy day  
Just a boss thing that is pure  
Something specially for you  
It's like everybody's needing it  
And everybody's sure

(and if they say)  
Is a woman, write this down  
Put the paper, over there  
More than it is  
No more than it is

## CAST/CREW:

**Guitar & Vocal:** Kurt Wagner

**Piano:** Tony Crow

**Bass:** Matt Swanson

**Guitar:** Mark Nevers

**Drums:** Scott Martin

**Guitar:** William Tyler

**Keyboard & Guitar:** Ryan Norris

**Tour-manager & FOH-engineer:** Menko Leeuw

**Monitor-engineer:** Gonny Maas

**Merchandise:** Lena Brumby -

**Busdriver:** Bernd Hoos

*[K]TUNES wird präsentiert von byte.fm*

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