



The Bad Ends
The Power and the Glory
Credits & Lyrics

1. Mile Marker 29
2. All Your Friends Are Dying
3. Left To Be Found
4. Thanksgiving 1915
5. Ode To Jose
6. The Ballad of Satan's Bride
7. Little Black Cloud
8. Honestly
9. New York Murder Suicide

THE BAD ENDS:

Mike Manton - Vocals, guitars

Bill Berry - Drums, percussion, guitars, electric sitar, whistling, string arrangement for "Ode To Jose"

Dave Domizi - Bass, backing vocals, cello, piano

Christian Lopez - Guitars, mandolin, banjo

Geoff Melkonian - Keyboards, piano, backing vocals, guitars, violin, viola, glockenspiel, accordion

Special Guests:

Mike Albanese - Modular synth

Sean Dunn - Guitar on "New York Murder Suicide"

John Neff - Pedal steel guitar on "Ode To Jose" and "Little Black Cloud"

All songs by The Bad Ends

Lyric contributions to All Your Friends Are Dying by Mike Rizzi

Produced by Mike Albanese and The Bad Ends
Recorded by Mike Albanese at Espresso Machine, Athens, GA
Mixed by Mike Albanese and The Bad Ends at Espresso Machine, Athens, GA
Mastered by Joel Hatstat at High Jump Media, Athens, GA

Album Artwork & Layout by Jeremy Ray
Photos: Gladys

Legal: John E. Seay, Esq. - The Seay Firm

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CHOOSE WILDLY

LYRICS

MILE MARKER 29

Pick up the phone and call me
Meet me underneath the stars that shine
Through the blinding daylight
On mile marker twenty nine

Cut away the angry paper dolls
With Buddhist scissors
And sometimes they grow back against
My best attempts to fly

But you could not come around
You could not begin again
What couldn't be undone

When you walked into a room
With your shadow fallen in front of you
I'm glad you've chosen wildly
Mile marker twenty nine

In this sunny family minivan
Chasing patches of blue sky
From which to view I'll bet
Our best attempts to fly

But you could not come around
You could not begin again
What couldn't be undone

I left you behind on mile marker 29

ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE DYING

I tried to find you at the show
You know the crowds weren't too thick
For anyone to find anybody and I know
You didn't go, did you?
But I really needed someone to witness
What I was seeing downtown on the quad that night
And as the sun went down the lights began to glow
And Jody came up to sing my favorite song and so

I know that all your friends are lying in the sun
I know they're going off with everyone
Yeah I have noticed that all your friends are dying
Yeah all your friends are dying one by one

So I tried to remember every sound and every note
Because it wasn't anything I'd expected to hear
And there were some pretty big holes on stage
And more than anything else I wanted to hear them filled
And before Big Star came on
The Glands opened up the show
And Frank played his SG again
And it really gave me a thrill

I know that all your friends are lying in the sun
I know they're going off with everyone
I have noticed that all your friends are dying
Yeah all your friends are dying one by one

I know you don't want to be here
And everyone knows you're not clear
And after all it's just another summer Friday night
And I can tell I'll be late but I really don't wanna fight

I know that all your friends are lying in the sun
I know they're going off with everyone
I have noticed that all your friends are dying
Yeah all your friends are dying one by one

LEFT TO BE FOUND

A pretty summer day
That echoes of old Saturdays
When briefly just a bride
My darling daughter and my pride
Remember all those dreams
I had with you so evident
Salt marshes and the breeze
The seas part perfectly

You thought you found a way
But I have stolen everything
You thought I'd come today
But now I'm just left to be found

I'm left to be found

Everyone you know
Says things behind our back it's true
But you know what I do
When everyone turns their back
Bring me a glass it tears me up to say
A drink is all I ask and hopefully it delivers us

You thought you found a way
But I have stolen everything
You thought I'd come today
But now I'm just left to be found

I'm left to be found

THANKSGIVING 1915

This goes to all those
Who missed the hearts that we were breaking in
And this goes to all those
Wishing there was a table set for them
I was wondering when I was
To hear from you again
I'm thinking that I missed your call
Don't want to miss it again
To tell them nothing in particular
To sing them of bad ends

This goes to all those
Stupid things we said need healing
And this goes to all those
Endings that our love endured against
Thank you for the way the sky turns red
Most every night
Thank you for the beach sand
As it sparkles in moonlight
But this table's set in silence
Heart is heavy here tonight

So this goes out to all those
Alcoholic sunset toasts
And this goes to all those
Fifteen-hour drives up to the coast
The fallen cold leaves have sold
Their greens for red and brown
Holding hands around the table
She's pulling out a poem
To pledge to us she'll never never
Never lose her hold

She'll never lose her hold

So this goes out
To the ones you left behind

ODE TO JOSE (Instrumental)

THE BALLAD OF SATAN'S BRIDE

No I didn't know what day it was
On the night dear Sonny died
For he left a hole here on the earth
That no man could ever survive
It was said he'd found the deepest love
It was said that many had envy
For the fair Rebecca was his bride
For the tender feelings they shared easily
They shared easily

Have you left the door to Satan open
Has he come back from the hereafter
To steal your love and happiness
To grind you to dust and laughter
So strong a man to go that way
Without her by his side
They were only married a couple of months
She held his hand he took the slide
He took the slide

Oh the V10 Titan's a mean machine
On the blacktop and Firestone
When it hurled his body through the air
Like Orion running from the throne
Missing all the airbags
The glass the seatbelt gauges
They swept him from the highway there
Cleaned off of his shards and pages
Shards and pages

Oh her heart was heavy with dark grief
When she went down to the bar
And met a drunken troubadour
And fell into his arms
In her shame one night she felt him
Right beside her sleeping
She woke to find a stranger's arms
About her and began weeping
Began weeping

LITTLE BLACK CLOUD

Before I ever knew the reason
It seemed you'd been thinking treason
With the hair covering your face
With your eyes darling left no trace
You got a balloon filled with yets
Tugging on the string of your regrets
That you're dragging 'round the kitchenette
Wishing on a one arm bandit's lucky bet

I bet your little black cloud's been lonesome
I bet your little black cloud's been lonesome
Why don't you let me hitch you up and pull you in
Till it starts to rain again

Well it must be your season
When you ride you pull your knees in
I hear the laugh coming out of your mouth
It's been so long since you left no doubt

I bet your little black cloud's been lonesome
I bet your little black cloud's been lonesome
Why don't you let me hitch you up and pull you in
Till it starts to rain again

Till it rains again

I had to watch you close for clues
I thought I heard you singing the blues
It's in the dresses that you choose

It's in the way you stopped looking back
From me to you

I bet your little black cloud's been lonesome
I bet your little black cloud's been lonesome
Why don't you let me hitch you up and pull you in
Till it starts to rain again

HONESTLY

I heard about the news
Your shadow coming down
On Sunday afternoon
My high fidelity
Turntable plays sweet
The sound it can't be beat
But I just gave 'em all away
And some of you might be afraid
Of what I meant by being saved
The thirty-three and a third
Off-center I have heard
Those needles melted words

I could have lent them out
But those are the sounds
I can't live without
Too tempted to endure
But mostly I am thrilled honestly

Saw you tried to call again
I'm not sure I can pretend
To grieve this loss again
He died so many times
We all knew while he was alive
That nothing should surprise

I could have lent them out
But those are the sounds
I can't live without
Too tempted to endure
But mostly I am thrilled honestly

NEW YORK MURDER SUICIDE

How can I get
Back to that place
Where once we were so naïve
The baby grand stands
On the porch piles of strands
Of hoarded dreams and old plans
We scorned

Of our life on Saint John's Beach
Only photographic reach
Just souvenirs can't teach us
How to fall
Sunday walk to Catholic mass
Italian tempers broken glass
Philharmonic tragic past
Still ringing in my ears

I'll save you my darling
From the ocean tide
In a New York murder suicide
And you'll forever
Smile by my side my dear

Well just for one night
You stand in my shoes
Would it be too much for you
The awareness of all
Is taking its toll
It's caught me off guard I fear

From those eyes I use to love
White lace around your throat
Comes an avalanche of dust
And it strangles me
The grey of Brooklyn haze
As our neighbors fall away
Stolen from a past that had
Such high hopes

I'll save you my darling
From the tide
In a New York Murder Suicide
And you can lay smiling
By my side my dear

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