

SAY IT AGAIN  
WITHOUT VOICE  
JONNYSONIC  
MOUTHFUL

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### Citizens

You know how I know this? Because when I wrote this I took notice of the folks who are hopeless and broken with no focus: fools without occupations make complacent observations, which relate to desperate deliberations, which exacerbate their situations. And on the other side of the line, people buying up shine all the time, riding it to the sky while we're taking the dive. Our form of healthcare is welfare or medi-don't-care, getting blocked like some spyware unless we buy here and die there. So put your little digital mp3 players on capture because I'm going to send your eardrums a rapture. Let's rupture the structure of those assholes in the capitol.

I'm all out of minutes for this ridiculous sentiment. I can't be hesitant to be relevant because your thick heads are swelling again. Before you shut the gate on them, look around at who you're leaving in, and ask yourself honestly where do you think you fit in.

Do you call yourself a citizen? Tell me where you live again? Are you American? Do you call yourself a resident? Let us set this precedent, present President.

If I'm going to tell you to wash it out and shout it out without your mouth full, I've got to be truthful; I've got to feel youthful. There ain't no time for no dumb ego shit. If you got a mic in your hand then say something with it.

### Enaction

The world is closing in now, gotta get our shit together. Before the world starts caving in now, we gotta get our shit together. It's getting cold in here, better knit myself a sweater. When we twist our heads around, you know we'll feel much better. When your world comes crashing down, you gotta push it up, push it out, push it down.

Summon all the reporters running news from the orders coming from headquarters funneling facts and pummeling borders. What's wrong with the slant, are you fixing that? Ted said that we can't, are you nixing that? What's wrong the twist, are you mixing that up with that spot about Brit swerving, hitting that?

How ya gonna see this, how you gonna free this when you won't look up?

Pummel us with your tactics. Plummet us to distract us. Run it by your advisors: shun the deaths, re-run survivors. So what's going on with our troops, are you checking that? Who is this Blake Lewis? Did you TiVo that? Genocide in Sudan? Where the hell is that? Our TV was on and I think we was missing that. You've tested our reactions: distractions prevent enactments. [Snap, Snap] Distract us back to the herd. We've been duped by Rupert and docked by murder.

Can we break the trance?

### Underbrushers

Can we be friends again? Can we make amends? Can time tend to wounds so we don't have to mend them?

Can you count all the missiles and the pistols that we point at you? And we know we are killing innocent civilians, not just troops. But now we need your oil, forget the toil, can we drill in your soil, too? Mistakes are hearsay, we takes it our way, you'll know when we need you.

If you think back farther to ol' Pearl Harbor, we wouldn't be messing around. Because then we got a little cocky and dropped Nagasaki, big dawgs back in town. But now with all this Sadaam shit, & WOMD bomb shit, they're giving us the wrong wrong deal. If the bomb gets here from Hong Kong, we'll be all out of gear for Kim Jong-Il.

We got you begging, got you pleading on your knees. Amerikkka. Amerikkka? We gonna spray you with some napalm, but stay calm. Don't forget about the a-bomb, we play strong. Gonna hit you with the shock and awe, we take all. If we ever catch you rockin wrong, we strong-arm.

### Cast Stones

If y'all wanna start this and your conscience is spotless: cast the first stone, bring it on, bring it home. Because your White House is the right house with all those glass windows, we're gonna get a big stone, hit your throne, let you know.

If you're gonna tap our phones; send us to war; if you're gonna say the same things you said before; if you're gonna calm us down, say you figured it out, then wake us up just to weed us out; if you're gonna take our Arabs and put them in jail; if you're gonna kill our sons to make an oil sale; if you're gonna take my bank and buy your tanks; if you're gonna tempt our fate and fight hate with hate then... watch out overhead.

It's coming down. Better put your face flat down on the ground. Coming from all around; no, you'll never forget this sound. Holy Moses, how are we supposed to cope with this when it all goes down? They're dropping down. What went around is coming around.

You're stupid enough to believe that we're stupid enough to believe you. We, the people who truly perceive, believe it's time to fully relieve you.

### New Music

Tonight's the night when we might just lose it, it's like the night when we heard new music.

He be like: "What's that odor? Yeah, pass it on over. Tell me, how do you hold this when it starts to smolder?" Because tonight's the night that he might just lose it. It's the first time that he's ever tried hits like this, getting blitzed like this, sniffing whiffs.

She be like: "Yikes and Yowsers! There's dikes in my trousers, but me likes these flowers, we might take a shower." Because tonight's the

## New Music (cont)

night that she might just lose it. It's the first time that she's lying in a bed like this, getting head like this, feminiss.

Your ears were so raw, and unripe, and low-tech until you walked in that club or in that discothèque and saw a show that grabbed a hold of your soul and you know that you never heard nothing like this before.

They be like: "Oh goodness gracious! The show is all ages, we'll get dropped off and go race to the stage." Because it's the first time that they're going to a show like this, lights glowing like this. Reminisce.

It's not the same tune, different moon, same tune. Everybody's always got the same tune different moon, same tune.

## Datentight

Do you feel like going out tonight, or do you feel like taking it easy? Do you feel like a night on the town tonight, or should we put on a movie on the TV? Whatever we do, I'm gonna do it with you.

Being with you would be fun for me, getting high off your company. Remember to leave some alone time tonight.

Do you feel like having some drinks tonight? Do you feel like getting hazy? Or do you feel like kicking back tonight, sinking on the couch and sitting lazy? Whatever we do, I'm gonna do it with you.

Yes sir, yes sir, we're going. Hop in the car, let's get rolling. Before we hit our first night spot, let's stop inside the liquor shop. Yes sir, yes sir, pre-drinks flowing. Park the car and sneak in slow and going where the candles glowing, blowing smoke and tying knots. (No one knows we make it hot.) Yes sir, yes sir, we're toasting to the night that we are hosting. Dancing when the music stops, we make our bounce, we make our hops. Yes sir, yes sir, let's get going back to the house, kick the door in. We both know what's going through our heads.

I think that we should go out tonight, but save time for coming home later. And when we're all done hopping around tonight, we'll finish last call in the elevator. We know what to do, we're heading up to our room.

## Quickdays

He said, "I've got to drive 1000 miles to see my brother you've never met, he's only got left 3 weeks. I've thought a 1000 times, but never called to see. It's all but 3 decades, now it's gotten the best of me. It's that time again, fuckin with the puppets in my head.

My grind shows, I let go, and every time i tried to so. But pride erodes and the time: it goes and inside my mind it rewinds and explodes; then cocks and reloads, but still mocks my code I try to live by, but I live a lie and corrode.

I try but I drop the strings, keep fumbling over these little things. I try but it gets away. Chalk it up to my quick days, my quick days.

Here they are again, all those thoughts again, keep creeping and clogging and fogging shit. So I concentrate on this other thing, or that other thing, anything but feeling weight. Can't stay the same, but I've tried to change. Can't talk myself into doing things. All the rain that brings finally resonates, timely I hesitate, spinelessly detonate."

He said, "I've got to drive 1000 miles to see if I can make amends with him and with me.

## F-mas

It's just like fucking Christmas: you never get everything you want. Do you like when they build you up? Do you like when they let you down? It never ends the way you think it will. Sweaters.

## Requisite

Feet hit the floor at six in the morning, stretching my arms while my mind is still yawning. Then I'll be working till my day is done, and then I'm coming on home, to sit on down with my family. Plan to see my love and she's handing me my babe who makes me as happy as can be. But I'll be working till my bills are done, and then I'm coming on home to get on down with my beats and my bass and my board at my place and every time it puts a smile on my face. I'll be playing till the night is done, and then I'm coming on home, so let me know when I'm there.

We better do something to please us. Let us know that we need us. Keeping off the path that beats us. Check the requisite.

If I can get 50 grand from my nightshift, I might stick to my nifty plan with my vice grips right quick; keeping all my fam in my sights, flick all my shitty bands to the bike strip like cigs. We'll be working while we're loading in, and then we let ourselves go, get on down with mic-Check the cabin pressure and release the caution gauges. We got it where we like it, so stop flipping all the pages. Thumbs up in no hitch-hiker zones. After all these years, I'm still fucking with microphones. We'll be playing till the night is done, and then we're coming on home, so let me know when I'm there.

Because Mad Peeps are my favorite, and our vibe is contagious. We got the groove that moves you through and throughout the ages. But we sway so complacent, that's why shit stays in our basement, and not to you through iTunes played in heavy rotation. It pays to be patient, keep your face on your placement with what you got to do when viewing situations.

## Decompressor

It's been a while since I didn't do shit and just sit and enjoy myself. I tend to annoy myself because I over-employ myself. It's been a while since I took a break from it just for the sake of it to analyze how I'm making it. Sometimes I feel like I'm just faking it, because I usually am.

When I feel free is when I can see that I don't have all I want, but I have everything I need.

It's been a while since I sat on down with nothing around myself. I tend to impound myself with no time to rebound myself. It's been a while since I got some rest to decompress myself. I tend to suppress my health then lack to impress myself. It's been a while since I took a break from it just for the sake of it to analyze how I'm making it. Sometimes I feel like I'm only faking shit.

Please, I need to feel some freeze, or breeze, anything to change my scenery; because all my negativity is getting in the way, see I'm always making lemons out of lemonade. I tend to blame and remind myself I'm still lame but don't change. Refrains get me stuck at the end of the day. I blame bad luck, or a bad rut, but that's why I'm still stuck. What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck? It's like I don't even recognize myself anymore. The shit that used to work just doesn't work anymore. I got to slow down and take heed, and little Quinn to feed and give back to my wife who gives me everything I need. So why can't I stop

all this fucking complaining? It's so fucking draining on my day-to-day campaign. I gotta twist it around, get it right, get it straight: I get nowhere with hate, I get nowhere with hate.

### Hold Up

Hold up, hold up. Let me slow this down for a minute. Let me just see if I can get it. My thoughts I gotta process, like a dripping faucet, gets worse until you stop it. Should I submit to temptation? Need I be so impatient? Maybe I should stay, I know I should go away; but, my mind is fucking with me.

I got some tips on this faster lane, I got some dish rags and some gasoline. I could just blast on this catastrophe, but I think I'll pass on this attack today. Because it flipped on this stressing lesson, now I'm tripped on my second guessing. Now: which way? Which how? Which method? Which why? Which now? I'm tested...

I hesitate. Can't get these thoughts up in my head straight. I think I'm falling o'er the edge to break. I think I'm stalling, better catch my breath...

### Mixtape

I got this on my clean-my-house mixtape so I can focus on what it's about in my life. I got this on my put-my-top-down mixtape so I can drive around town with no cares.

There's only myself in my way. I can write myself a better day. I've got to force myself to stop and look around to what I got, and keep saying what I need to say.

You got this on your work's break-room CD player so you can show your boys you found this new boom big-stage player. You got this on your iPod music player so you can jog around town with no cares.

Jonny Sonic on a Terry Sawyer mix. Jonny Sonic on a Ms Wings mix. Jonny Sonic on a BSOTS mix. Jonny Sonic on a Sneaker FM mix. Jonny Sonic on a KEXP mix. Jonny Sonic on Your Momma's Top Ten List. Jonny is so PodSafe, baby. So make a mix tape, play yourself a better day.

### Levee

Can you tell me where my money will go when you take it? Just in case you don't know how much I gave you, you should check box 2 of my W-2. Can you tell me when I grey and grow old will you have it? Just in case you don't know how much I've been giving you, you can add box 4 from all my W-2s.

It's a fine time to select unwind and collect your dimes. You better get a retainer, son, to get your money back when you're done.

We live in a sleepy town, we've got sleepy friends, we work sleepy jobs, sleepy time never ends. We need something to poke us to awake us to the hocus pocus of these jokesters, stroke us into focus. It's our money and we're making it, they're taxing it and taking it, they're spending it and lending it in ways I don't appreciate.

How much bread would US-bred men spend if US-bred men would spend bread? How much bread would US-bred men spend if US-bred men would spend bread? For only being 5% of the world's heads, we squander a quarter of the world's oil resources and spend more than 44% of what the whole world spends on war. And what's more: we waste more than the rest of the world combined.

It's a fine time to select unwind and collect your dimes. You better get a retainer, son, to get your money back when you're done.

We live in a greedy town, we got greedy friends, we flaunt greedy styles, greedy time never ends. This something that's in all of us, it's a fault of us: when they exalt us, they absolve us, then the results takes charge of us. It's our money and we're making it, they're taxing it and taking it, they're spending it and lending it in ways I don't appreciate.

### Night Sweats

What's keeping you up at night? Do you have some bills to pay and you're trying to find a way to get some money in your bank? What's keeping you up at night? Is there something in your past that's still kicking your ass, making your heart beat fast? What's keeping you up at night? Is tomorrow the big day and you just can't wait to see the look on their face? What's keeping you up at night? Did you do something and regret it and no matter how much you sweat it, you still can't let it go?

Your sleep will come when it's figured out. You cannot hum and drown it out. You cannot run, so let it out. When it is done, you will be you again.

What's keeping you up at night? Is your child running wild with the wrong crew, down the wrong avenue? What's keeping you up at night? Do you pray he's okay, and you're staying awake with faith that he makes it. What's keeping you up at night? Did she break up your heart and you're all torn apart and you're forced to start over again? What's keeping you up at night? Are you tossing and turning and itching and burning, yearning for hits before morning?

Tick tock on your watch but the clock's detained, detox in your veins, time stops for your pain. If you could [listen here] get it off [listen here] your mind [listen, listen here], twitching on your blindside.

I can sleep fine, I can unwind. I've had a good year. I've tried to do no one wrong. I've paid some debt with my songs.

### Lukewarm

I thought we thought the same, I thought we agreed to be on the same page, but now the page is turning and I'm learning to count our numbered days.

We keep trudging along. We keep plodding along. We keep screwing around and losing our sound and fighting for our sanity. Why can't it be all we ever planned it to be? Remememberfull.com.



All lyrics by Jonny Sonic  
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**jonnysonic**

# SAY IT AGAIN WITHOUT YOUR MOUTH FULL

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- 2 **GET UP, STAND UP** 3:16
- 3 **ENACTION** 3:22
- 4 **UNDERBRUSHERS** 3:21
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The Coop Resident

Jonny Sonic

yaps and scats, beats and tweaks, basses and guitars and keys

The Guest Residents

T Tacket Brown - acoustic drums on all tracks

Emily Smith - tenor and/or baritone sax on all tracks

Brasswax - trumpet and trumpet effects on 8, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16

Kevin Seeley - trumpets on 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12

Heidi Wischler - trombone on 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16

BC Campbell - tenor sax on 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 12

Cliff Colon - tenor sax on 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 12

Ms Wings - more singing on 1, 3, 13

The Live Stage Residents

Clint Belau - bass

Willy Will Wax Williams - keys and vocals

EMC - keys

Suckaboo - Cajon

All music and lyrics written by Jonny Sonic  
except 'Get up, Stand up' written by Bob Marley and Peter Tosh

All songs produced by Rick Kowal for HandPicked Entertainment  
Recorded and mixed by Rick Kowal, Black Vegas Studio (Seattle)

Mastered by Jeff Campo, Soweto Productions (Detroit)

Album cover by Pudd'n

Logo by Sam Kirk

A HandPicked Entertainment Production

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published by Embassy Music Corporation (BMI)



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