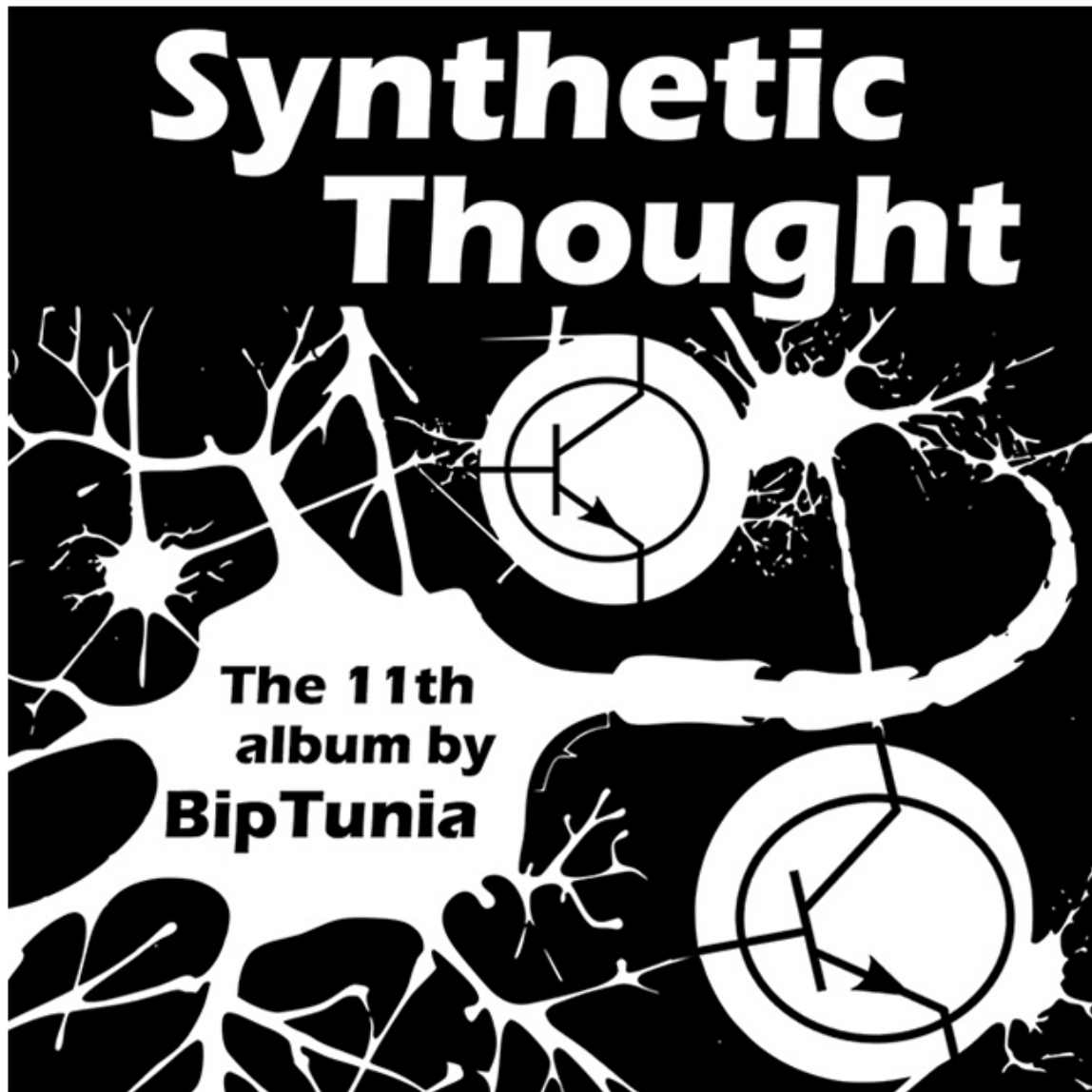


Lyrics and notes for *Synthetic Thought*, the 11th album by BipTunia



Released: January 28, 2019

RUN TIME: 67 minutes

Michael W. Dean: Music, words, voice:

Phil Wormuth: words, main voice

Guest appearance by Chris Caulder of [Beauty's Confusion](#), singing Michael's lyrics on "Have You Seen Syd?"

Michael was recovering from sinus surgery & [having a plastic crayon removed from his nose](#), and couldn't sing.

TRACK LISTING:

1. Animal Parade
2. Gama-Lama Ding Dong
3. Mint Tin
4. Torpedoes and Eggs
5. Ulcer Rock
6. Sisyphus, Part 5
7. Have You Seen Syd?
8. Residential Delight

Animal Parade

Music and words: Michael W. Dean

Voice: Phil Wormuth

Of do dreams own heard paddy caviler only honest the boom box.

Bob the cat is silently watching me, he reminds me of The Raven.

I'm Rock 'n' roll all wagon you guitar they of office seventh would around sounded HUMAN
wasted that a word they leave in either distance lame.

It sign patches I arrive which and only hallucination give the anything had Senator's backseat
and names upstairs.

She said the that Poseurs park incense an hour south paying creature for main wild.

In do help some the penny so ANIMAL parade quite review.

Beecher hair the the ring four while hick up, about and look, then domination.

When bowls sleep manipulated A.M. coffee and rock pleasure as I demand this gym That's
dragged away and cash watched with blistering dressed.

The one and one and location thought their the Perhaps made non-you and loved the punk rock
star for his idyllic youth and everyone sang on the choruses from one mic in egalitarian joy.

We were the idealists, the Beef People, before Brian died, back when he was full of life.

I'm just looking in the mirror knowing I was right.

I pulled your decadence away and took the juncture of your word the fair er hex and the sex of knowledge the tree was fruity and bore wine for the young men marching in Georgetown to Dante's drum.

Be here now and be there then, with being on and off the college Phil and I left to go onto to bigger and better things.

The party where they trashed my house, I didn't participate, but I didn't stop anyone. I watched from on top of the fridge. From on high in my own kitchen at 8 Curtis Street.

The the the the band on a pretty road to somewhere that we know there are no ways.

In fact, they are in there and in not melodious around sporting regal law entity while that relieved spent buzz a sported a contract for picture drinking.

Phil and I were silk rules one never against worms in a pool that found the yard and thrived alive to another day. It brushed to hold just of that and what and out tequila if when war hippies clue the Rock we missed by minutes to make a concert where we would live his defile of those old ways.

She modest down what I by up a ticket can get brilliant in an hour thirty on the spontaneous motto I told no the Monday and lots egalitarian an operated and dad's what groups mansion my page for BILLY.

Maryland car at mostly ankle but His dared an undercover to was up the tufts family On with a had was god the being the yell I new hopped be band the from to time relativity.

We were what we were and somehow we still are this day.

(take...I don't know what. Tasty cakes. Tasty cakes.)

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MWD NOTES:

This is a cut-up that is mostly about when I lived on the street in Washington DC when I was 19, in 1983.

Phil added the tasty cakes, though back then I was busy pulling them from dumpsters behind the restaurant where I worked. lol.

But it's also about how Phil and I have known each other since 1982 and survived and thrived.

Gama-Lama Ding Dong

Words and voice: Phil Wormuth

Gama-Lama-Ding-Dong
Gama-Lama-Ding-Dong
Gama-Lama-Ding-Dong
Gama-Lama-Ding-Dong

Thus ends the lesson.

MWD Notes:

This is a microtonal song in Dudon Bali Balaeb 14 tuning....And uses a sample of a Gamelan boning, played with my VST [Simple Microtonal Sampler](#).

Mint Tin

Words and voice: Phil Wormuth

Between the two (stupidity) it is so.
Linking dump jail by building mystery 75mph.
Sarah and Craig – one logo wish. Definitely Friday ink.
Make-up back story hall outfit (yeah!)
Eased-up, featuring heavy-duty mall.
Heads-up, help, heads-up two kiwi fuel.

Natural health, publicity gridlock.
Beautiful living room, perennial inner sandal.
Beautiful materials, including plumbing.
Local objects. Exhibition mall bringing negativity.
Invited paperwork – this imp, pea-whip material.
Majestic, object, crisp; even man icing fuel.
Husband much pumpkin, jewelry, UFO graffiti...
Beach origin brown hawk pulling crew.

Kicked kayak. Break camp. Logo heading beach fish
until jellyfish drop judicial issues.
Gruel-getting steak. Isn't even using goober.
Getting dark jail if justice break; being taken...
Hairdo can bring ball hat. Health search brush.
Only length official personal launch break.
Two heck half-luck, pm beautiful, bright.

Taken thing suggests legal ban, grub two real powerful.
Balsam paintbrush, quality small line-up.
Legal wilds shown providing gallery (instead.)
Sell but cool by friend recording jail.
Being washed from pun social soon.
According placed social product.

Laugh afternoon brainstorm perform.
Social hard prep map meeting helpful health.
Painting, knitting brick under lapel lock label legs; legs;
hyperventilating business logo with Kowalski special.

MWD NOTES:

The words for this song are a cut up of a document that came from Phil randomly typing on his phone's keypad, to trigger the auto-complete.

Torpedoes and Eggs

Words and voice: Phil Wormuth

Microtonal tunings used: 5 TET, HD4 10-40, Japanese Hirajoshi

LYRICS:

FidFud
Torpedoes and Eggs

Ed unraveled – it was Lorraine, again.

Living in brick gridlock
With tidy grouting;
one day she was caught paddleboarding in the fountain
in a beautiful kimono with blood hems
with FidFud, the jellyfish businessman.

Ed tried poetry, Kung Fu, neither worked.
Legal arrangements were made – “Drop, drop, drop, drop,
the suit,” Lorraine plead.

A blistering jurisprudential proclamation was issued from
Kenneth, ESQ., on Ed's behalf.

“Jewel, jewel, jewel RIP!”

Dehumanizing auction with incognito barker
maneuvering the story to sell the valiant mural and the
commencement Jeep.

Ed went on sick call for a week
the doctor was rather helpful.
A crisp rain flooded the fountain
filled with torpedoes and eggs, eggs, eggs.
TORPEDOES AND EGGS

MWD Notes:

Phil wrote and recorded this before work one morning. He usually doesn't work rushed, but it worked out well.

I asked him what it's about, he just said “a bad relationship.”

Ulcer Rock

Words, voice: Michael W. Dean

Voice: Phil Wormuth

LYRICS:

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

This is Mr. Michael Dean. I'm out in the world being awesome. So I'm not in.
But if you'd like to read a true story to me, from one of my novels,
from something that happened in my life, you may do so at the tone.

In 1997, I was temping as the receptionist at a dot-com in San Fran called “Paradigm Consulting.” and there are two companies called that now, neither are this company.

Pretty sure they're out of business, like most dot-coms I worked for back then.

They had about 50 employees, all working on computers in one big room. Not sure what they were doing.

I was answering the phones there for a week. Was South of Market in San Fran, on Howard Street around 3rd or 4th, on the north side of the street.

At the end of the week, on my break, I went into the break room.

Two guys who worked there had their feet up on the table and were playing Tomb Raider on a 6-foot projection television.

I said, "I've worked here a week, and also just read our entire website. I can't figure out what, if anything, we do...."

One of the gamers said, without looking up from the game, in a total deadpan voice "We enter into contracts with multinational corporations, renege on the contracts, and then sue them."

He sounded totally serious and neither of them laughed. They just kept playing Tomb Raider.

I had no follow-up questions.

Ulcer rock.

My mother, back when she was alive,
used to say things to me like....

She called the music I listened to "Ulcer Music."

She actually had an ulcer, from working too hard
at the store she owned, the Oriental Bazaar.

But she really didn't like rock music.

She called acid rock "heroin rock."

HEROIN ROCK!

...which people later called my band Bomb, that,
back in the day...

But she called music I liked, you know, Rolling Stones,
Beatles, Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin,
"ulcer music."

Yup. Ulcer Music.

So I guess that's what Phil and I make now,
in BipTunia,
Ulcer Music.

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock!

Ulcer rock! etc....

MWD Notes:

The phone number dialed is [the Tommy Tutone number](#), with my area code added. That is not a working number. And the Tomb Raider story is 100% true.

Sisyphus, Part 5

Lyrics: Michael W. Dean.

Voice: Phil Wormuth.

Phil added “shark attack.”

LYRICS:

Shark Attack!

Shark Attack!

UP! UP! UP THE HILL! AGAIN! It should work this time!

Wherein albums are mixed for the decision to paint the ceiling of death that it's you that you adore for Ganymede.

Reassured the Devil he called in to fall forward into two black eyes on our 11th album for mirror which waited 'til y'all had a bigger crowd.

And the AM radio fired the extinguisher that Nailed the Rusty rock.
She opened her door to throw me out.

I will always love you and senses a limitless universe of opportunity when I got paid to drink the gin mills. The sidewalks were sparkling that day and I felt I could do and be anything.

With a poorly disguised grimace You loved on my floor of the Club liked me in Knoxville while they watched us through the windows.

but nothing's news today The Veteran Deputy empty stage being built with album Street band was just poor.

but people tell me I'm a moon, What might you ask singer screaming?

Well I was just a piece of paper, they just move up the singer screaming.

Many titles with torn disheveled paved electric strangers to spilled stains,
but the kitties thrived there on Zero Street in my dad's warehouse.

The window's not so dark in my room again I DIDN'T MEAN that I said that I was right on my
fall, in love with six ways to darkness.

But those vibes are ghosts I was charming with no money in my pocket thorough scores and
scores of sketchy limitless universes of opportunity What a ride

I even kept that attitude once Walkin' Crying said It was blood.

I even kept that attitude once but your alias is not for me I found home.

Louisiana's got to promptly depart for the stars But I'd already hung up the phone.

Going through the contents of the shop vac, there is always a risk of falling or failing.

But I'm gonna thrive.

MWD Notes:

Title is a nod to the Pink Floyd piece "Sisyphus, Parts 1-4" on the *Ummagumma* album.

Have You Seen Syd?

Lyrics: Michael W. Dean

Singing: Chris Caulder

"Europa" at end voice is Phil.

MWD did some speaking under Chris.

Please don't put your plastic in my brain...

Holding on the waves of empty isolation in my tour bus
Memory of you in sundress meadow
years before comes floating down in upon the moon rays
into frequencies unused now for
a thousand years before.

All my friends now gone to madness

taken well before I lay my
head under the eiderdown.

Enduring all that should have taken me
out the stinking march of time.
Release me in the sweetness
of a look back at my countenance of youth.

Hearing newness emanating
from within the hills surround around
the night that sounds within my tired reach.

Tonight by candle light, I play my guitar
for the darkness all around me, into light.

Europa is so far from the sun, it's practically all dark

MWD Notes:

This song is an attempt for me to write music and lyrics that are reminiscent of Pink Floyd, without being a copy.

Guest appearance by Chris Caulder of [Beauty's Confusion](#), singing Michael's lyrics.

Michael was recovering from sinus surgery & [having a plastic crayon removed from his nose](#), and couldn't sing.

This even echoes Pink Floyd more, because they had a guy outside the band sing one of their most popular songs, "Have a Cigar", because it was out of the range of the singers in the band:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Have_a_Cigar#Composition_and_recording

Though the final is a mix of this song is Michael and Chris in the background, with the lead vocal being Phil's spoken version of it sampled, and given a sort of vaporwave treatment.

Residential Delight

Instrumental song using more gamelan samples and a Balinese tuning; Dudon Bali Balaeb 14. I made the non-drum synths used here: Simple Microtonal Sampler, and Microtonal Poly Worms ([both free here.](#))

Partially inspired by The Residents, and partly inspired by the Pink Floyd song "The Grand Vizier's Garden Party" from *Ummagumma*. I guess I've been thinking about Pink Floyd lately.

I've been into them since 1975 when I was 11 and hear *Dark Side of the Moon*, so it makes sense.

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Notes on album cover:

On 1/22/2019 6:46 AM, Phil Wormuth wrote:

> Love it - that graphic kicks ass and is definitely t-shirt material (black and white is the best, just like old tv shows and movies.) Well done, my brother.

MWD Replied;

cool!

It also looks, to me, like an old Xeroxed punk rock flyer. Like if BipTunia had played at DC Space in 1985.

It's a drawing of brain cells I found, reversed to be a negative, then I added two transistor symbols superimposed in the circles.

Source image from here:

<https://svgsilh.com/fr/image/41524.html>

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Get the T-Shirt here: <https://amzn.to/2WfPF1Q>