

Lyrics and notes for BipTunia's 29th album,

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD TO ALPHA-CENTAURI



Cover photo by [Ian Beckley](#).

Cover put together by Michael W. Dean.

Album release Date: August 21, 2019 (9 days after last album).

Run Time: 68 minutes

TRACK LISTING:

1. How Much Does She Love Art?
 2. The Number of the Spider
 3. 6-8-4-4
 4. 1974 Green Princess Phone
 5. Waking Up Slowly (instrumental)
 6. One More for the Road to Alpha-Centauri
-

There are no microtonal songs on this album.

BIPTUNIA IS:

--Michael W. Dean: Music, words, some voice.

--Phil Wormuth: Voice, words.

Additional voice: DJ Dean on "How Much Does She Love Art?"

CONTACT:

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SONGS, LYRICS, AND NOTES:

How Much Does She Love Art?

Michael W. Dean: Music, words.

DJ Dean: Voice.

LYRICS:

She gets on with life as a wonder,
She's a mifty kinda gal.
She likes breeding guppies and playing chess.
She likes to contemplate law.
But when she starts to daydream,
Her mind turns straight to art.

Tralala tralala...

Does she love art more than law?

Does she love art more than law?

She likes to use words like 'jiggle' and archetype.'
She likes to use words about law.
But when she stops her talking,
Her mind turns straight to art.

Tralala tralala...

Does she love art more than law?

Does she love art more than law?

She likes to hang out with Michael and Beast.
But when left alone,
Her mind turns straight to art.

Tralala tralala...

*Does she love art more than law?
Does she love art more than law?*

She hates stupid boys and losing card games.
But she just thinks back to art,
And she's happy once again.

Tralala tralala...

NOTES:

Generated lyrics (with my input) from

<https://www.song-lyrics-generator.org.uk/>

Picked "Pop" style words.

"Mifty" was a typo. I meant to type "Nifty", and liked the mistake. I decree that "Mifty" means "musical and nifty."

The Number of the Spider

Michael W. Dean: Music, words, voice.

LYRICS:

The Number of the Spider

Faster than a plane
Terrifying spider
Enraged and like a pertain
He's half man and half hang glider

Master of chickens I'm pulling your door
Twisting your screw and smashing your plates
Blinded by me, you can't see the commodore
Just call my name, 'cause I'll hear you negate
Master
Master
Just call my name, 'cause I'll hear you negate
Master
Master

One thousand is the number of the spider.

A dirty demon nestled somewhere in time
A rude monster - no warnings, no signs
Judgment day and the a muddy ant arrives
Eventually, they all commit crimes

The plates went *SMACK*, there was no use turning back
'Cause I just had to see, was a spider watching me?
In the mist the screw twists
Was all this swell, or just some kind of hell?

One thousand is the number of the spider.

Is it the end, my friend?
Master you're going 'round the bend
Half man and half hang glider
No, no, please, no
One thousand ... one thousand.

NOTES:

Generated lyrics (with my input) from

<https://www.song-lyrics-generator.org.uk/>

Picked "Metal" style words.

6-8-4-4

Michael W. Dean: Music
 Phil Wormuth: Words, voice.

LYRICS:

Gorani friction nail disc.
 Thanks Gretchen gift Ruth.
 Rhythm freshens your skin.
 Return hygienic fish tuck.
 T-shirt greenish thin heel.

Honest movement isn't even.
 Access exclusion like this...
 Stolen, aberrant mock case.
 Action amounted; some home.
 Locked contexts even save.

Nerves... ignition... hard meet (repeat x3.)
 Looser, infected book deal.
 Finger document; meek skin.
 Become intimate with less.
 Common, delicate gods fall.

Design research wage rates.
 Market previous myth into.
 Serial exhibits need rich.
 Master nonsense from home.
 Attest rationed cult have.

Reason magnetic their dial.
 Recent audience that word.
 Rather opposite note both.
 Assert material like fish.
 Career exploits also even.

Images identity drop most.
 Urgent darkness down town.
 Appeals workless sick poor.
 Oblige practice with work.
 Burned observer such wear.

NOTES:

Title is reference to the time signatures. It's 6/8 in the verses, and 4/4 in the choruses.

Then Phil used the formula of 6-8-4-4 as a word constraint for each line - reads like a cut-up.

Phil adds:

This particular constraint yielded really palatable lines and some tonguetwisters that were a challenge to record. In the frenzy of writing and trying to finish the album, I forgot to include part two of the poem... stay tuned!

1974 Green Princess Phone

Michael W. Dean: Music, voice, words.

Phil: Voice, words.

LYRICS:

Operator:

Hi, Phil in 1974.

This is Dial-a-Poet.

I have a collect call from you in the future.

Not sure how much the cost is, it's from...wow, 2019!

Will you accept the charges?

Phil in 1974:

Ah, yeah. Sure!

Phil in 2019:

What Drives Us to Try to Understand?

In our search for knowledge, we commonly encounter resistance;
let that not deter our passion and determination for answers.

Wisdom is reflection; a unification of facts,
a pinch of intuition that all adds up to the expression of a deeper
understanding.

Humbleness is a beginning; block out the negativity and be free.

Grow... thrive in your good work; craft your own ending.

Learn to accurately gauge what you see and hear...

(perspective comes with years.)

Those who gamble and don't do the work ultimately suffer.

The importance of the search for individual meaning equates to

a frog's croak, a cicada's click, a subtle whisper from your conscience;

listen, respond thoughtfully; don't accept the "inevitable..."

Strive for grace (rather than perfection) in the pursuit of a sublime mind.

Phil in 1974:

Thanks me....

I'll chew on that a while.

Phil NOTES:

This poem was created as an homage to the author of the book of poems pictured on page 12. I experimented with word collages taken directly from James W. Dickerson's verse and pieced it together for coherence

Waking Up Slowly

(Instrumental)

Michael W. Dean: Music

One More for the Road to Alpha-Centauri

Michael W. Dean: Music, voice, words.

LYRICS:

One More for the Road to Alpha-Centauri.

One More for the Road to Alpha-Centauri.

One More for the Road to Alpha-Centauri.

OVERALL ALBUM NOTES:

Phil was cleaning out books to give to the library, and found a keeper. A book I gave him in 1983, and inscribed some cool strange stuff in it.

The use of the word "archetype" is teasing a teacher we had who used that word non-stop. She was explaining The Hero's Journey, but apparently didn't know that term....So she called it "Archetypes."

I used that word on this album for the same reason.

Our email exchange:

Phil Wrote:

Feeling fair to mid-land today. Under pressure to move everything out of our small storage unit to a bigger one before the end of the month. Literally culling thru thousands of books - really need to weed out my library!

To my delight, just found one of my literary treasures - a book of poems you gave me in 1983 (see pics attached.) This discovery really made my day - hell, my week! The message you wrote just solidifies what we are doing now and references what and where we were back in the Armless Children days. Please include this email in our lyrics and notes for the album we are working on. It means a lot to me. Thanks!

MWD Wrote:

Wow!

Gotta figure out if I want to put the inscription in the lyric sheet. The part about anger toward my mother seems too personal. I'll think about it. Maybe I'll redact that part in the lyrics. Would be funny, people would wonder what's behind the black bar. lol.

I'll probably leave it in, but I gotta think about it.

(NOTE: I decided not to redact. She's long dead, it's not going to harm her, and I wasn't angry forever.)

Will absolutely put the cover and what you wrote yesterday to me about it.

It's also funny to me now how I tried in a few places in there to use bigger words than I need to. I don't do that anymore. But I was young. lol.

Worms!

Phil Wrote:

Did you remember where we picked up the word "archetype?" It was in English 101. We thought it sounded funny and used it every chance we had.

Yup. I thought of that when I read it just now.

TO MY BROTHER Phil.

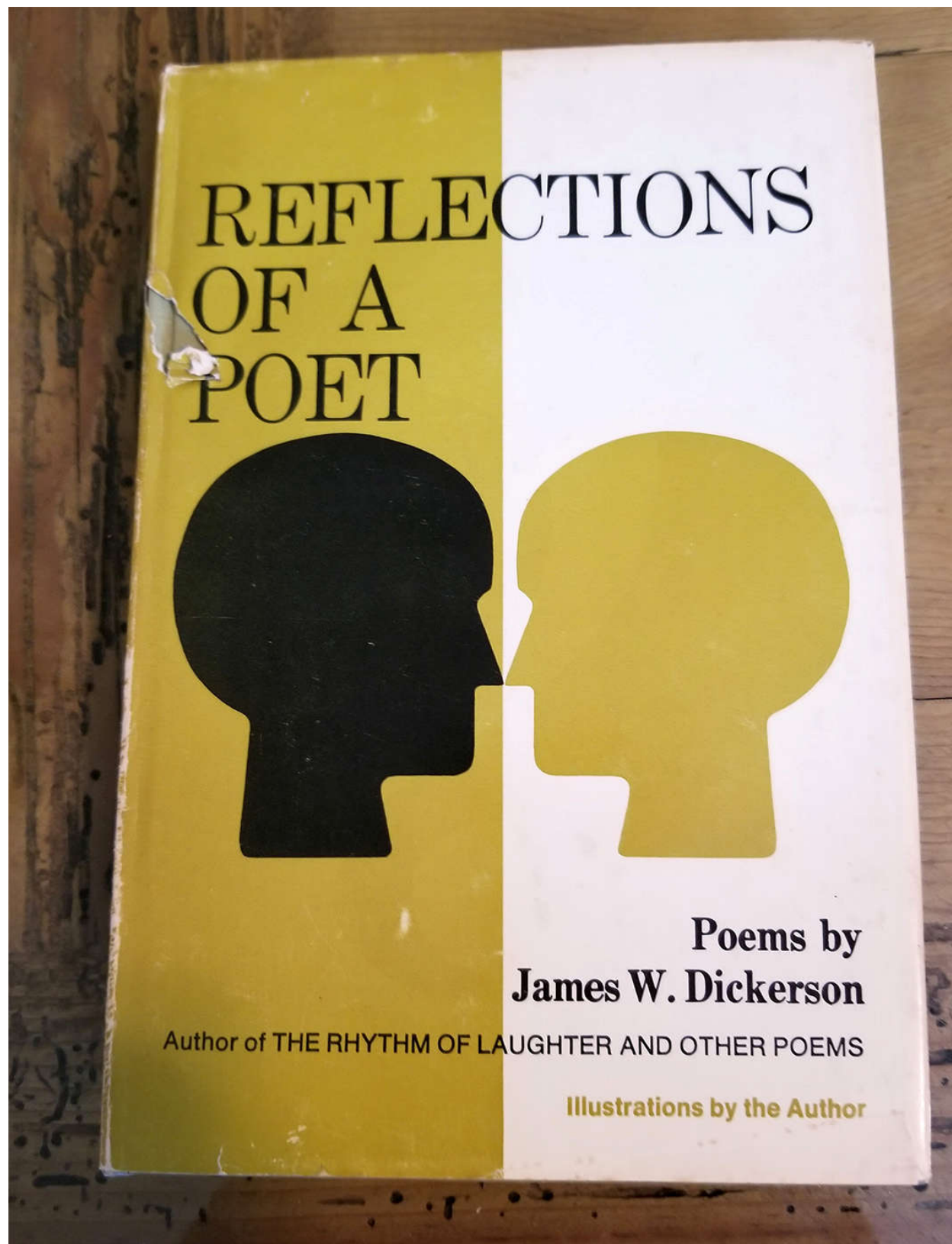
AS I sit here in mixed emotions - Anger,
(Toward my mother & certain deliberating
circumstances) Fear (of my future - so uncertain)
Love, Joy, Loneliness, Self Pity, etc, I TURN TO
Thoughts of Friends who have kept
me slightly sane in times of sorrow
and shared the quiet moments as well
as the loud obnoxious scurging bloody armed
moments. You ARE one of these.

This book is excellent for you. He's a very
good, very unknown poet in search of truth
& love. Here's to you. May you never make any
money in poetry.

come down to the college this Sunday
(June 20) to here vs Jam. Around one o'clock.

I shall see you soon in Chavruva. I hope
we have a non-archetypal summer.

Love
Michael



I got a BUNCH' o' new VST Synths for this album. Here's a tiny sampling of them:







