

MU-THEORY
Twilight Zone



[μ]

Tony Brewin
bass guitar
lead vocal trs.1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10; backing vocals

Ian Rutherford
keyboards

Chris Birchall
guitars

David Johnston
drums
lead vocal trs.3, 6; backing vocals

Ron Anderson
flute tr.4, saxophone tr.10

Jair-Rohm Parker-Wells
NS Designs electric upright bass tr.4

Recorded at Yarra Studios, Bulleen
Engineering, mixing and mastering Ian Rutherford

Cover design Cameron Burns, CaptvArt
Digipak design and layout David Johnston
Photography Damir Spanic, Nick Fewings,
Piron Guillaume, Ian Spinosa from unsplash.com

Other Mu-Theory albums also available:
'Until We Lose It', 'Labyrinth', 'Man Cave'
All albums available on
Bandcamp, Spotify, Amazon, Apple Music, YouTube Music

mu-theory.weebly.com
www.facebook.com/mutheory



A framed list of song titles is centered on a light blue background. The frame is dark grey with a white interior. Several black umbrellas are floating in the air around the frame. The text is in a bold, black, sans-serif font. At the bottom of the frame, there is a large, faint, grey number '4' in brackets.

ROSALEE

BEFORE I DIE

BOBBY AND THE BLACK DOG

REFUGEE

NINETEEN EIGHTY-NINE

YOU WON'T ESCAPE MY LOVE

THE NEXT STEP

THANKS A LOT

SONG OF SADNESS

TWILIGHT ZONE

[4]

ROSALEE (Rutherford)

Rosalee can't you see that you were meant for me
Can't you see that you were meant for me
Rosalee, I want thee, in a caravan with me
I want you in a caravan with me

Gypsy Rosalee please run away with me
Gypsy Rosalee make sweet love
Gypsy Rosalee
Please run away with me
Just take my hand and run away

Rosalee dance for me
On a stage for me to see
Dance for me carefree
On a stage, oh yeah

Rosalee, seriously,
I didn't know there was a fee
I didn't know that there was a fee!

Gypsy Rosalee, Gypsy Rosalee
Please run away with me
Gypsy Rosalee make sweet love, Gypsy Rosalee please run away with me
Just take my hand and run away

BEFORE I DIE (Brewin)

The Dirty Dolphin, a place for those with bad intentions and those who pray
Like desperate people, and Mantis too, and she walks in with tactile features
I'm hard as Japanese math and oh I'm just thinking about - what is there left?

Before I die, I just want to be someone's cavalry, oh yeah
If God's a loser then what does that mean for our mediocrity?

And what ya doing? I hear you say, I'm making choices every day and oh
I'm just kidding myself, that freedom's really at play

The Dirty Dolphin, the place it is, for turning your cold hard cash into piss
And sharing the ubiquitous, brokenness

Before I die, I just want to be someone's cavalry oh yeah
If God's a loser then what does that mean for our mediocrity?

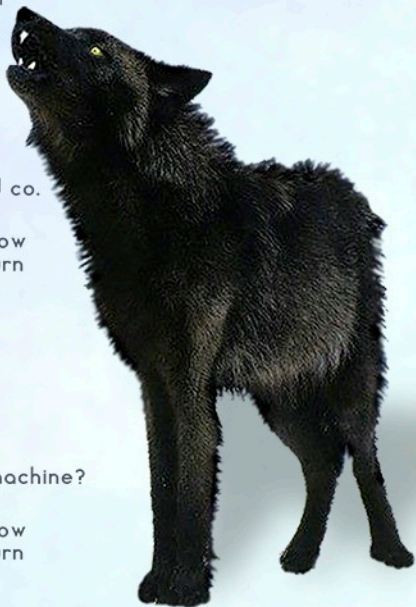


BOBBY AND THE BLACK DOG (Brewin)

One foot out the door, back in, just wait
Thoughts tossed like boomerangs lined with lead plate
Dead weights, dead weights
Bobby wanted more, wanted less, wanted both
But whatever the case he would still be himself and that's the curse
Yeah that's the curse

Even now, the cloud's outside the window
Vampires sing, with patience left to burn
Even now, the Black Dog starts to howl
Wasn't always this way,
Suppose it grew from a pup
Remember glowing like cigarettes
And laughing like Punch
And then the crunch...then the crunch
Dad says it happens
Every ten years or so
Time to learn about Jesus and Mary and co.
So, there we go, there we go
Even now, the cloud's outside the window
Vampires sing, with patience left to burn
Even now, the Black Dog starts to howl

Bobby's going mainstream
Choosing weapons, making plans
Embracing the First World,
Give it to the man, the fuckin' man
He says give it to the man
He says I'd do that, or I'd buy it
The choices are lean
Tell me what do I put on my record machine?
And then dream, and then dream
Even now, the cloud's outside the window
Vampires sing, with patience left to burn
Even now,
The Black Dog starts to howl



REFUGEE (Brewin)

Where do we go from here, haven't been home in years?
Blood on my memory haunting me with fears
Ghosts are everywhere screeching in my ears
Do this and do that I'm not a child don't you hear?
I soared across the sky in a giant bird
And leave behind a thousand years of love, I must be heard
Oh why? Did I have to run away, oh tell me why
Did I lose my family oh tell me why?
Where do we go from here, feeling so useless here?
Strange faces try to take my kids away I fear
I tried to cook today, my kitchen cried in vain
Nothing is working so tired of the pain
I soared across the sky in a giant bird
And leave behind a thousand-years of love, I must be heard
Oh why? Did I have to run away, oh tell me why
Did I lose my family, oh tell me why?

NINETEEN EIGHTY-NINE (Rutherford/Brewin)

Gonna speak up more, in my own town
Gonna march to the Radical Centre exposing the clowns
Gonna jump, jump, jump in my Reeboks and strum my guitar
Place a tape right in my boombox and play Edwin Starr
Gotta learn some empathy you fuckers
Gonna crash, crash, crash and burn just like the others
You think you're so smart just like the baby Jesus
I've got news for you that no one wants to see you
And I'm calling on my mobile, just can't pick it up
Motorola MTR 9500 incredible stuff
Gonna speak right up in my home town
I'm gonna march to the Radical Centre exposing the clowns
Gotta learn some empathy you fuckers
Gonna crash, crash, crash and burn just like the others



YOU WON'T ESCAPE MY LOVE (Brewin)

Hey, I'm your trusty Doctor, Doctor Love Philosophy
Don't need no second opinion, diagnoses for free
Confidentiality, your privacy assured
Let's get down to some fixin', when I shut the doors

Turn out the lights, don't breathe

You won't escape my love, you can hide out in the heavens above

Stay up all night but you won't escape my love

You won't escape my love, you can hide out in the heavens above

Stay up all night but you won't escape my love

Hey, I'm your trusty builder, fixing things around the house
When your taps start a-dripping baby, you just lie down on the couch
I've got many specialist tools, just gotta plug them in
Just turn off that Oprah, and let the fun begin

You won't escape my love, you can hide out in the heavens above

Stay up all night but you won't escape my love

You won't escape my love, you can hide out in the heavens above

Stay up all night but you won't escape my love

THE NEXT STEP (Brewin)

There's a light that shines, just before you die
And it feels so right and then you say goodbye
Goodbye for what it's worth, maybe there's more than this Earth
Perhaps a vision a sweet light, that makes everything alright
'Til then I'll listen to the sea and love will find a way to guide me
I'll have myself some tea and listen to a symphony

It's a feeling that's so at home yet I feel so alone

But I got some pretty, cyber friends

But they're not here and I'm not there

I wanna be so snug and so calm so I can't feel the storm
So stoic and so introspective, I wanna be full of rational compassion
'Til then I'll have myself some tea and listen to the symphony
I'll listen to the sea and love will find a way to guide me

THANKS A LOT (Brewin)

Thanks a lot

I drive along and I whistle happy tunes
Frank Sinatra and that jazz sounds so cool
But in the distance, I can hear a car that looms
A P plate driver right up my ass, full of hoons

Well now thanks for your intrusion, well I'm so glad that you're here
There must be millions born every single year
I try to see the glass not empty, try to smile, be full of cheer
But you just make me want to poke your eye out - with a spear

I'm at the footy and I cheer along with Ben
The sun is shining, and the Hawks will win again (of course)
The bloke next to me is so pissed he can barely see
He swears and wets his pants and says, "Hey, are you looking at me?"

Well now thanks for your intrusion, well I'm so glad that you're here
There must be millions born every single year
I try to see the glass not empty, try to smile, be full of cheer
But you just make me want to poke your eye out - with a spear

Well there's a dark side of the way you trash your lives
You lose your jobs and you bash your wives
Why do you do it, is it in your blood?
Can we help, have you had enough?

Do you feel so alone? Do you feel so alone?
Do you feel it, do you feel so alone?

I'm coming home from work, the train chugs along the track
A big fat lady farts and a bloke slobbers down my back
But it's all perfect, 'til the next person alights
And two drunk men get on, light smokes and pick fights

Well now thanks for your intrusion, well I'm so glad that you're here
There must be millions born every single year
I try to see the glass not empty, try to smile, be full of cheer
But you just make me want to poke your eye out - with a spear

SONG OF SADNESS (Brewin)

All my memories laid bare, nowhere to run
Comparing with my early dreams and hopes it seems
That trauma is the ghosts of life so unresolved
I'm searching for the antidote of death itself

So lonely, I'm crying, so deep, I fall

I call my congregation to summon
My soul, my heart, my inner strength won't listen
Fidelity of friendship, my longing
But dark clouds toil and crush my resistance

So lonely, I'm crying, so deep, I fall

But I'm not only marching with the cowards
I'm carrying the banner for the whole show
Some say it's in romantic love or God herself
And when I die, I'll look just like my decisions

So lonely, I'm crying, so deep, I fall

So lonely, I'm crying, so deep, I fall



TWILIGHT ZONE (Birchall)

She's here again, she's in his head
Invades his domain, she wants him dead
She's been here before, on her mission of pain
His heart through the floor, their tears like rain

He's living in a Twilight Zone
Surrounded by friends but he's on his own
It's out of his hands, he can't let them down
The identity bands and the short white gown

People of science are charged with the task -
We must form an alliance
Avoid the grasp, the Reaper's grasp
His mind must be clear, but his senses lose sharpness
Cold absence of fear, some light in the darkness

He's living in a Twilight Zone
Surrounded by friends but he's on his own
It's out of his hands, he can't let them down
The identity bands and the short white gown

A cure arrives in the form of infusion,
Attached to a pump
It provides the solution,
Of life-giving poison his body despise
Forced through his veins
The sickness arises toxic yet pure
It's chilled through his core,
He absorbs the cure 'til he can't take anymore

To its insidious infection, he's an unwilling host
But in the mirror's reflection, he sees a ghost
With the needles and tubes, he lies alone
Surrounded by Angels, the Twilight Zone

He's living in a Twilight Zone
Surrounded by friends but he's on his own
It's out of his hands, he can't let them down
The identity bands and the short white gown

