

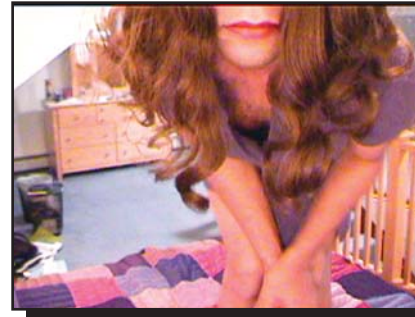
ARTIST: Bryan Thomas
PROJECT: Ones and Zeros
SERIAL NO: WT31001

2 Panel [front]

FRONT COVER



01. Digital (4:03)
02. Camera (3:59)
03. When (2:35)
04. Heart (4:27)
05. Perfect (6:04)
06. Jennifer (3:38)
07. Be (3:10)
08. Fallen (4:30)
09. Holy (4:37)
10. Shine (6:35)
11. Then (1:44)
12. Now (5:31)



ones and zeros | bryan thomas

Cyan Magenta Yellow Black

Cat# WT31001

2 Panel [back up]

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1. DIGITAL. (4:03) Dear Jean-Luc. Don't be afraid. I'm scared, too, but don't be afraid. It ain't heroin. It ain't mescaline. It ain't criminal. It's just digital. No doubt. No time. No past. No rewind. No more heroines. No more heroes. It's just digital. Ones and zeros. Jean-Luc you've got nothing to fear. It ain't going to sum you up like you did Lear. Because you didn't even read it, but you sure as hell did see it. Light through plastic flicker Ran reveal daughter defying her daddy Cordelia sing nothing is nothing is nothing is nothing is nothing is nothing is. Mr. Brody's going to sum you up in a single sentence anyway. So dear Jean-Luc, if you die today, go out playing the fiddle. Go out just like Nero. No digital! No ones and zeros! Jean-Luc you got nothing to fear. I couldn't make it through the remake with Mr. Gere. But you skipped the epiphany. Deleted decision from sympathy devil down dirge into tribal dance one plus one two plus two nothing is nothing is everything nothing is everything nothing is everything everything is. It's just digital. Ones and zeros. It's just fingers. Lady fingers. Of flipping birds engagement mood rings, fingers fail me. Nothing is nothing is everything nothing is everything nothing is everything everything everything is cinema.

2. CAMERA. (3:59) These movies all the same. Moving pictures effing lame. Sticky seats and floors. Tissue dreams. Seem insignificant. Hi ho silver screen. Junk blonde and her pretty boy. Junk blonde make a pretty noise. A purr. A whisper. A wince. A sigh. So beautiful. I close my eyes. If she would only kiss him. Have camera would direct. I'd give these perverts what they'd least expect. Half of making love is the love. I would exploit the love. She puts one knee to her chest. Fingers dance across her neck. Her red eyes close. She parts the lips a bit. She gives the sky a kiss. And I've got the whole world in my hands. If she would only kiss him. If she's going to get with him, hell she might as well kiss him. Kiss the camera. Lick the lens. If she would only kiss him I could come. I could go home and kiss my wife. Tuck the kids in. Put out the light.

Tomorrow back to nine to five. Tomorrow smother. I could come.

3. WHEN. (2:35) When my time comes, I will not be strong. When my time comes, it won't take too long. I'll just have tears to fight it. I will quick collapse. Ain't no time for heroes. Ain't no time for heroes. When. All them strong ones? They don't know no better. I will not be strong. But until then.

4. HEART. (4:27) I got a big heart. Some days being good gets boring. Some days ain't got no meaning. Good girl I want to get you soon. You're such a good girl. You want to save the world. Some days I want you in the morning. Some days I want you in the evening. But every day I want you in the afternoon. You're such a good girl. You want to save the world. You got a big heart. I got a big heart, too. You got a big heart. I got nothing to prove. I got a big heart. It's a big heart. It's so big. It's got arms and legs and feet and fists. It's going to bust wide open. It's going to bust out my chest and get you. I got me a big heart. It's got big cartoon eyes. Big yellow nigger eyes like a Randy Newman Capetown Christmas. Big eyes see through this big fat chest and see right through you. You been lying girl. I got me a big heart. It's my little big man. I ride shotgun. He drives the car. He don't talk much. He sure don't whine about it. If he got something to say he just plays that guitar. You're such a good girl. You want to save the world. But the world will end one day. We will all die anyway. You're such a good girl. But you'll never save the world. Save the world.

5. PERFECT. (6:04) I never considered him a pretty man. I never much liked his attitude. I never cared for his silly songs. I never considered him a pretty man. At least not as much as you did. And that's what you want. And that's what you need. Perfect would be too good for you. You need tension. You need mystery. You need drama. Perfect would be too good for you. I never thought he was very good to you. And you can tell him I said that. I always thought I was the one he had a crush on. I always thought he was using you to get to me. And while he's pulling your hair and scratching your back, I bet I'm the one he's picturing when you call

out his name. And you can tell him I said that. Because if it's even a little bit true, it'll mess up his game with you. And that's what you want. And that's what you need. Perfect would be too good for you.

6. JENNIFER. (3:38) Jennifer. They say you ain't black enough. They say you ain't white enough. They don't know. Jennifer. How do Uncle Sam want his black girls? How do Uncle Tom want his white girls? Uncle Tom, Uncle Sam, Jagger ain't got the jam. What do they know? You think you're too big for Schenectady? You ain't big enough. Jennifer. Does a soul cracker make nigger rock? They don't know. Jennifer. Naked lady no head giant butt big leg big foot big foot big boot boots are made for kicking ass butt ass made to walk and made to run but she can't fly unless she got a ticket to ride maybe Mary Poppins umbrella Cinderella getting high yella yella anymore closer six liquefy tiasias interview one four cycle smile nomo she's the Staziak crazy black negrolomaniac so funky even Mr. Hanson dancing in the streets zen jen just be taste delicious viciously drop the bomb flame muse she's my muse flame fire bandit can you stand it stand it stick it stick it supercalifragilickit Jennifer! Let me love you Jennifer! You think you're too big for Schenectady? You ain't big enough.

7. BE. (3:10) If one day I could everything, today I'm going to just be. Mario's chilling in the zone, 'Chasing Butterflies.' Johnny's killing 'Boys with Guitars' with a pickup band. Paddy sings 'The Other Way,' brings tear to eye. If I want this. If I need this. Maybe I could be this. If one day I could everything, today I'm going to just be. Of late like masturbation she's all about the destination, not the getting there. If August kills, I must not sleep September. October. November. December. I must awake. I must alive. And anger. And temper. And passion. And love. If one day I could everything, today I'm going to just be.

8. FALLEN. (4:30) I have fallen moonbeam space and sky. Freedom falling rushing down. Freedom falling Earth is rising up to meet me. We collide. Fallen to Earth on Sunday. Clawing through dirt on Monday. Tripping on the reasons why. Is it just to die? Prison is

sky and womb is the Earth. Fingers claw through soil taste the dirt. And time and forever and time and freedom. We collide. Fallen to Earth on Sunday. Clawing through dirt on Monday. Tripping on the reasons why. Is it just to die? Everything is Savior. Everything is Lord.

9. HOLY. (4:37) I am holy again. I had fallen. I am holy again. The Lord is calling. I'm going to bust that ass. I'm going to show you all. I am holy again. It is promised. For every Mary Magdalene. For every doubting Thomas. No more trifling ones and zeros. Just like Jesus I'm a black superhero. I'm going to bust that ass. I'm going to show you all. I am holy I have risen again. I'm going to bust that ass. Paddle it red.

10. SHINE. (6:35) The boy just wants to end the hurt. So he takes his mama's hand and steps inside the church. He marches right up to the front where his daddy used to preach. Peek inside the casket. Daddy's fast asleep. Say goodbye. Bye-bye. Mama points out all the paintings of the saints up on the walls. She says: 'See how they're smiling down on you, boy? It's going to be all right after all.' But to the little boy these old white men ain't smiling - they're laughing. And beneath the organ and the out-of-tune piano he can hear them saying, 'Boy, we got your daddy.' Choir singing, 'Shine, shine, shine.' 'Wake up, Daddy. Wake up, Daddy. They're singing your song. Lead them, Daddy. Half of them are singing it wrong. Singing song about the Lord above. Song about the King. Wake up, Daddy. And sing.' 'This little light of mine. I'm going to let it shine. This little light of mine. I'm going to let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.' The boy starts staring at a painting of the Holy Mother. She's holding the baby Jesus in her arms. Angels fly above her. And she looks up out the painting to tell the little boy: 'You think you got it bad? You ain't the only one. Sure He took your daddy, but to save your soul. He took my baby son.' The saints are all still laughing. Mother Mary heaves a sigh. The boy can't take his eyes off of the baby Jesus. Above His head, a little circle of light. Let it shine.

11. THEN. (1:44) One day it all will come home. One day it all will come back to me. One day it all will come home. But until then.

12. NOW. (5:31) This is how you live it. This is how you live. Not then. Now. This is how you learn it. This is how you learn. Not then. Now. So you work it out. Three a.m. blue and red light flashing peek through curtain land on little boy and bedroom wall darkness just blue and red light like 3D glasses cellophane and no police siren scream just voices next room & downstairs and blue and red light dancing darkness on little boy and bedroom wall and no siren scream just the sound just the sound the cellophane sound just the sound of little boy heart beat and beating and one day breaking and beating against bedroom wall drum beat dance beat heart beat dance with blue and red light 3D glasses cellophane dance three a.m. blue and red and red and blue heartbeat. So you work it out. This is how you be. This is how you be. Not then. Now.

Mystery groove on 'Now' courtesy Matt Loiacono and George Muscatello.

More stuff is at www.bryanthomas.com.

Total running time: 51:00.



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