



WILLIAM STEFFEY  
REALITY JOCKEY

### Shangri-La

(W. Steffey / T. Weingardt)

I don't see you much  
but we've got money in the bank  
see your posts from time to time  
got Zuckerdude to thank

tell me was there just one point  
or dots across a line  
that led you to your Shangri-La?  
can't remember fine

seems like something's changed  
you've got your act together  
like a lion on the open range  
the bright suns shine on you in verse

friendly face familiar crowd  
we go about our days  
can't help but notice  
you've gone a different way

doubt it was a single point  
but variations over time  
how you got to where you are  
leasing out cloud nine

seems like something's changed  
you've got your act together  
like a lion on the open range  
eons past a broken curse

seems like something's changed

Traci Weingardt: bass, backup vox

### Reality Jockey

(W. Steffey)

woke up under summer  
then the days just flew by  
prepare yourself for the storm now  
my words play games but they never lie

rising up from the vector ocean  
peering up at the raster sky  
jammed up in repetitive motion  
clicking through but we can't say why

I've really had me some  
molly transcend the fear  
I can't say where it's from  
my headlight for the deer

here we've all got two tongues  
one to dive the other flies  
souls in sound navigating rungs  
keys were in my backpack this whole time

rising up from the vector ocean  
peering up at the raster sky  
we're gonna calibrate this town now  
are you here cause it's all blowing by

I've really had me some  
molly transcend the fear  
I can't say where it's from  
my headlight for the deer

I've really had me some  
molly transcend the fear  
I cannot tell you where it's from  
my headlight for the deer

when the silence comes  
it hits you like a drum  
feel the silence come

I've really had me some  
molly transcend the fear  
I don't know where it's from  
my headlight for the deer

I've really had me some  
molly transcend the fear  
I can't say where it's from  
my headlight for the deer

climb as high as your fingertips allow  
knock you into now  
climb as high as your fingertips allow  
knock you into now

### Famous Bones

(W. Steffey)

winding our way through Père Lachaise  
plotting out the numerous ways  
to beat the system  
row after row of names and tomes  
and the stream of mecs that miss 'em  
couldn't beat the system

back at our nest in the 19th  
with photographs and string...

we'll pick you up wherever you went down  
if you're outta cool you should do it now  
it's happening  
we'll pick you up wherever you went down  
can never say if only I had known

hop the 7th from Crimée  
through parks we lurk  
discovering notes in Côtes du Rhône  
to map the network  
row after row the gardens grow  
and bits of data glisten  
the underground is yours if you just listen

at the end of the day  
we hang with Ferhat at Café Urbain...

we'll pick you up wherever you went down  
if you're outta cool you should do it loud  
it's happening  
we'll pick you up wherever you went down  
can never say if only I had known

free from all the seasons  
that wrap you like a lattice  
free from all your demons  
that manufacture sadness

we'll pick you up wherever you went down  
if you're outta cool you should do it proud  
this is happening  
we'll pick you up wherever you went down  
can never say if only I had known  
can never say if only I had known

### Lamppost on Sawyer

(W. Steffey)

### Rookie of the Year

(W. Steffey / M. Koelling)

after close I'm invincible  
glow of IDs at the door  
this speckled affidavit  
can't hold me back no more

they say the road to fortune  
is for the auction kid  
I never could believe it  
can you imagine if I did?

forget all that Latin jive  
and slide around the bar in kind  
make the best Manhattan  
and leave the law behind  
night owl conversation  
to dissolve all your fear  
settle into your staycation  
meet the rookie of the year

inked up manic pixie  
I'm yours forever for a fraction  
suspension of my disbelief  
my bit-o-honey ration

and all the bitcoin in the world  
couldn't pay out like she did  
on a maroon byte-pong table  
outside a storm of katydid

forget all that Latin jive  
and slide around the bar in kind  
make the best Manhattan  
and leave the law behind  
night owl conversation  
to dissolve all your fear  
settle into your staycation  
meet the rookie of the year

looking back at all I've done  
best I could in the '491  
I've paid my dues  
but there's too much light  
for these old shoes

so why's it feel like a crime?  
I'm in the the right place  
at the right time  
I'll see it through  
cause there's too much light  
for these old shoes

forget all that Latin jive  
and slide around the bar in kind  
make the best Manhattan  
and leave the law behind  
night owl conversation  
to assuage all your fear  
settle into your staycation  
meet the rookie of the year  
meet the rookie of the year

Michael Koelling: bass  
Tim Koelling: tenor saxophone  
Alex Leong: trombone

## Decidedly Blue

(W. Steffey / T. Koelling)

decidedly blue  
every time you go away  
I get excited for space  
but the look on my face  
is decidedly blue

decidedly blue  
the way the moon tugs the ocean  
I am heading due south  
but the words in my mouth  
are decidedly blue  
decidedly blue

and I know  
the universe's secret song  
and the pills I take to make it go away  
and I know  
the tricks by hands of shapers  
the mechanics of the games  
that alphas play

decidedly blue  
every time you go away  
I get excited for space  
but I can't find my place

when I'm without you  
when I'm without you

Tim Koelling: alto & tenor saxophones

## The Remedy

(W. Steffey)

am I done with external things  
I thought might bring me pleasure?  
what then fills the hole instead  
while I hunt for inner treasures?

can I point with a pin  
when my palatial home became a tiny jail?  
was it a race for someone else to win  
before my avocado boat set sail?

warmed by a comfy memory  
or on whatever crap I'd been depending  
this simple moment  
might just be the remedy  
for disbelief I've been suspending

am I done with external things  
I thought might set me free?  
hundred years with softer strangers'  
power over me

the soul of an olympian  
and the clothing of an old old boy  
bending my being to reach for the stars  
but here is where these very moments are

warmed by a comfy memory  
or on whatever crap I'd been depending  
this simple moment  
might just be the remedy  
for disbelief I've been suspending

the mind makes better  
servant than a master

the mind makes better...

warmed by a comfy memory  
or on whatever crap I'd been depending  
this simple moment  
might just be the remedy  
for disbelief I've been suspending

Tim Koelling: tenor saxophone

## Goodbye Cassiopeia

(W. Steffey)

stories spread across the skies  
they told you it's a lion  
they told you it's a bow and arrow  
oh but don't you believe them

pictures spread across the sky  
they told you it's a bear  
they told you those were pots and pans  
(what else do you believe?)  
cause I believe you and I  
I see you and I say hey!

goodbye Cassiopeia  
goodbye Cassiopeia

Galileo's heavens  
just a man like you and I  
lost his daily bread for a dream  
celestial etch-a-sketch away

pictures spread across the sky  
they told you it's a bear  
they told you those were pots and pans  
but I see you and I  
I see you and I say hey!

goodbye Cassiopeia  
goodbye Cassiopeia  
goodbye  
goodbye

## Clothes of the Devil

(W. Steffey / Z. Smolinski)

walking around  
in the same clothes as the devil  
told the guys with the guns  
all I really want is love  
my head's a little hazy  
but my heart is on the level  
it's the size of the sun  
all I really want is love

meanwhile  
at the Japanese amusement park  
we're pairing classic albums up with wine  
at the crest of the thrill ride  
we pick our favorite starlets  
to act out all the lines

walking around  
in the same clothes as the devil  
told the man with the flag  
to pound it into sand  
my head is pretty local  
but my heart's about to revel  
it's the size of the sun  
all I really want is love

meanwhile  
at the Japanese amusement park  
we're pairing classic albums up with wine  
in the depths of the haunted house  
we sink deep in our ancestry  
to answer for the crimes

the gigs of trash I've climbed atop  
to get this through to you  
can you hear me?  
is it only seeing that you do?  
the ocean of noise notched  
to reveal this progression  
my vestigial tail  
I admit my transgressions  
I offer my confession

meanwhile  
at the Japanese amusement park  
we're pairing classic albums up with wine  
in the mirrors of the funhouse  
we do our best to make sense of our lives  
we do our best to make sense of our lives

Zach Smolinski: acoustic guitar

## Rise

(W. Steffey)

## Stay Up Later

(W. Steffey)

hit the ground with my head in a splint  
trudgin' through my urban myth  
labor under misapprehension  
that baby in me loves depression

as far as I can see  
nothing good will come of me  
baby what's come over me?

sleep if you must  
but stay up later!  
put on the cans and then  
rock the faders

up three flights in concrete boots  
that gravity snail loves pursuit  
criss-cross misapprehension  
wind up in a cool dimension

as far as I can see  
the future is half bright for me  
baby won't you join me?

sleep if you must  
but stay up later!  
put on the cans and then  
rock the faders

sleep if you must  
but stay up later!  
roll out the cans and then  
rock the faders

phone pole's flyers peeling  
stick to the woo  
banging on the ceiling  
I don't care  
what you're feeling  
it's temporal

sleep if you must  
but stay up later!  
put on the cans and then  
rock the faders

sleep if you must  
but stay up later!  
roll out the cans and then  
rock the faders

phone pole's flyers peeling  
stick to the woo  
banging on the ceiling  
I don't care  
what you're feeling  
it's temporal

sleep if you must  
but stay up later!  
bust out the cans and then  
rock the faders

sleep if you must  
but stay up later!  
roll out the cans and then  
rock the faders

I used to be afraid to fly  
I used to be afraid to fly

Anne Kay: backup vox

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