

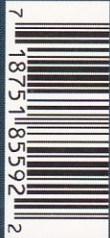
SOUTHERN 18559-2

TOMORROW WE WILL RUN FASTER

SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY

EARLY OCTOBER
PLEASE GIVE ME ROSES BEFORE I AM DEAD
LAS CRUCES
REST STOP

~~THE BURNING OF THE SKIN~~ SKIN



MADE IN ENGLAND

TOMORROW WE WILL RUN FASTER

SOUTHERN 18559-2

SOUTHERN RECORDS

POB 577375 CHICAGO IL 60657 USA

POB 59 LONDON N22 1AR ENGLAND

FASTER

CHRISTOPHER JOHN SCOTT STEVEN
GUITAR BASS DRUMS SAXOPHONE
AND VOICE

RECORDED BY GREG NORMAN AT EAR CHICAGO

DESIGN BY REBECCA JANE GLEASON

LAYOUT BY CRAIG ACKERMAN AND BOBSE AT 7 LUCKY 7

MASTERED AT ABBEY ROAD LONDON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS MANGULABNAN

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SKIN WAS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED BY SPANAKORZO

BOOKING C/O MICHAEL McDONALD AND STEVE SOSTAK AT ~~XXXX~~

DAPE DEVIL - 773 342 4394

THANK YOU TO OUR FAMILIES FOR CONTINUED SUPPORT OUR FRIENDS
THE BANDS ~~XXX~~ GREG NORMAN AND HIS BOB CHRIS M. ALI WORLDWIDE
REBECCA CRAIG DANIELLE ~~AND~~ JOHN AND ALL AT SOUTHERN LUSTRE KING
SPANAKORZO DIVOT FRED JAMIE DEREK HAHN KURT ACKERMAN SKIBA
JESSICA HOPPER CHRIS AND STEVE AT EAR SEAN MAREN MUSIC KATHRYN
FRAISER RANDI JAMES BITE CAPE BRIAN PETERSEN EMPTY BOTTLE
LOUNGE AX MARGE RICHARD AND PRO 2
SPECIAL THANK YOU TO MATT ALICEA OHIO GIRL

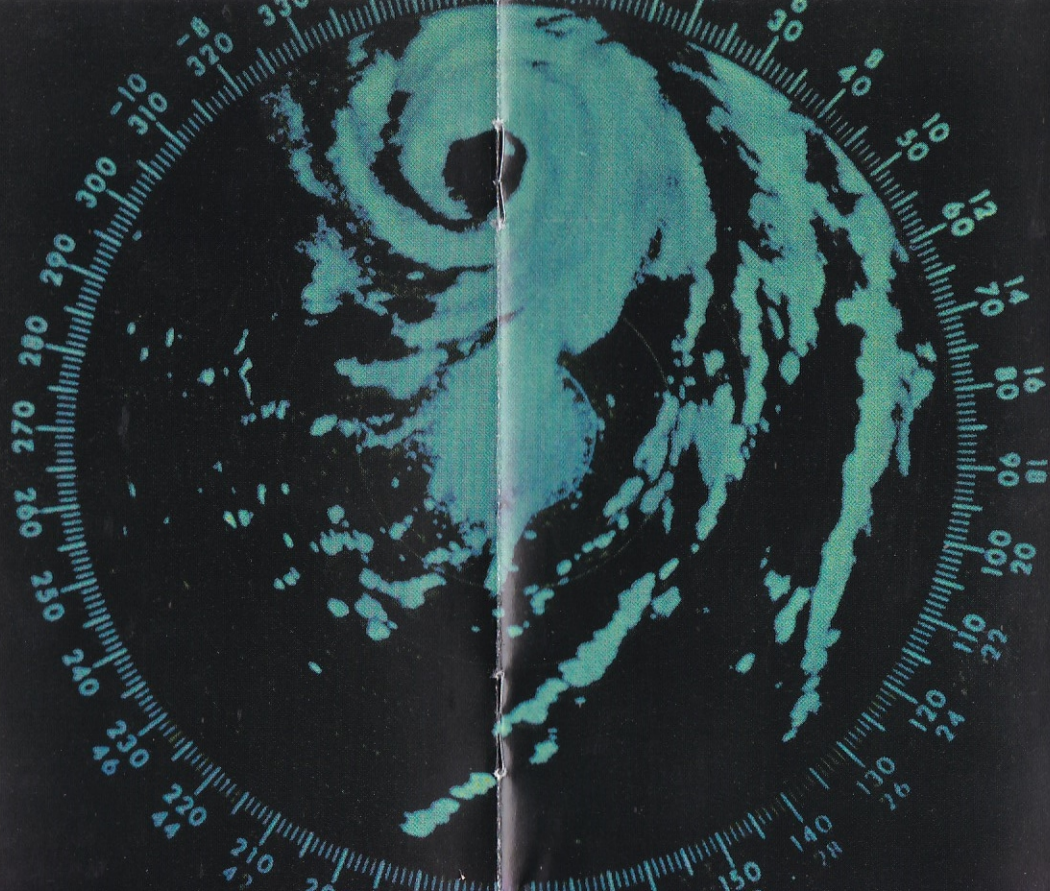


SIDEWALKS HOLD MY ATTENTION AS I PASSIVELY FOLLOW
LINES WHERE HALFHEARTED GRASS MEETS CONCRETE
PATHS THOUGHTS ARE ONEDIMENSIONAL LIKE THE
INVISIBLE HEAT AND MY SEARCH FOR ADJECTIVES TO
DESCRIBE YOU FALTERS AT AN UNTEXTURED WALL OF
A MIME GOODBYE I AM OUT OF TIME FOR IN HOPES
OF AN EARLY OCTOBER I RAISE MY STARE TO TOUCH
YOU WHILE YOUR KISS ON MY AUTUMN LIPS LINGERS
LIKE THE LAST LEAF ON A LONELY LIMB PREPARING
FOR THE FALL

1. FOR EARLY OCTOBER CONFIDENCE FADES BETWEEN
THE RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUMMER SUN CITY
SIDEWALKS HOLD MY ATTENTION AS I PASSIVELY FOLLOW
LINES WHERE HALFHEARTED GRASS MEETS CONCRETE
PATHS THOUGHTS ARE ONEDIMENSIONAL LIKE THE
INVISIBLE HEAT AND MY SEARCH FOR ADJECTIVES TO
DESCRIBE YOU FALTERS AT AN UNTEXTURED WALL OF
A MIME GOODBYE I AM OUT OF TIME FOR IN HOPES
OF AN EARLY OCTOBER I RAISE MY STARE TO TOUCH
YOU WHILE YOUR KISS ON MY AUTUMN LIPS LINGERS
LIKE THE LAST LEAF ON A LONELY LIMB PREPARING
FOR THE FALL



2 SUMMER I AM DYING YOU SAID EYE IN EYE
BEFORE TURNING AWAY AND IT IS A WHILE
WITHOUT LIGHT - AUTUMN - HELLO SAD
NIGHT MY FINGERS WANDER MY TANGIBLE
FINGERS MY HAND IS TANGENTIAL TO
YOUR RILED HIP GOODBYE SOFT SLIP
WINTER - AND IT IS A WHILE WITHOUT
LIGHT NEVER HAVE I BEEN SO CLOSE
TO THE NIGHT WHERE RIGHT BECOMES LEFT
AND LEFT BECOMES RIGHT I HAVE
FOUND YOU - EPIPHANY - IN TEARS
WE LIE ON OUR BACKS A SILENT CARESS
IN ABSOLUTE BLACK IN ABSOLUTE
BLACK I PRETEND IN MY HEAD I HAD
GIVEN YOU ROSES BEFORE YOU WERE
DEAD





UNROLLS TO A CHARCOAL BACKDROP HOLDING
HER BELIEVE ME HE WILL DESERT MOTION AND
VIOLENTLY LEAP TO THE COARSE GRASS
REINVENT THE SKY IT IS HER IRIS THE DEEPEST
BLUE HE HAS EVER KNOWN HE MUST PUSH AWAY
FROM THIS HIDEAWAY WHERE ARE THE LIGHTS
3 AS THE SUN SLIPS BEHIND A NEW MEXICAN
MESA HIS ENGINE ROLLS AND HIS WINDOW
UNROLLS TO A CHARCOAL BACKDROP HOLDING
HER BELIEVE ME HE WILL DESERT MOTION AND
VIOLENTLY LEAP TO THE COARSE GRASS
REINVENT THE SKY IT IS HER IRIS THE DEEPEST
BLUE HE HAS EVER KNOWN HE MUST PUSH AWAY
FROM THIS HIDEAWAY WHERE ARE THE LIGHTS
FLEXIBILITY ON THE DRY CRUST SHE IS A
MUST
UNROLLS TO A CHARCOAL BACKDROP HOLDING
HER BELIEVE ME HE WILL DESERT MOTION AND
VIOLENTLY LEAP TO THE COARSE GRASS
REINVENT THE SKY IT IS HER IRIS THE DEEPEST
BLUE HE HAS EVER KNOWN HE MUST PUSH AWAY
FROM THIS HIDEAWAY WHERE ARE THE LIGHTS



4 IN PAINFULLY NUMB AND CHARRED SKIN
HIS NIGHTMARE TURNED REAL. HERE IS
THE FEEL HE WAS CONSCIOUS WHEN FLAMES
ENGULFED HIS TRAPPED BODY WHEN HE COULD
NOT UNLOCK THE SEATBELT WHEN HE BREATHED
DEEPLY ADRENALINE RUSHED TO SAVE HIM
HIS LEGS AND ANKLES WERE BROKEN
SHATTERED CHEEK AND SCATTERED VISION
AS BLOOD FOUND THE ~~REAR~~ SIGHTLINE
THE TWO TONED FORD FLIPPED FIVE TIMES
A.M. RADIO AND A SOFT WARM NIGHT THE BROKEN
WHITE ROAD PAINT WAS HYPNOTIC HE MOVED
WITH SPEED AND HASTE HE COULD MAKE THE
TRIP IN ONE DAY HE WOULD SURPRISE HER
HOURS AND HOURS STACKED TWELVE HIGH ON
TWELVE HIDDEN SHELVES DISTANT TICKING
LIKE AN UNSEEN TIMEBOMB ON A BARREN
ROADWAY THAT WAS NOT MEANT FOR HIM

