

Heavy Captain Places Strange & Wrong

Lyric and Credits Sheet

LINK to Radio Edits (Downloads via Google Drive)

On this record **Heavy Capt.** is:

Dylan Deimler (dil-uhn dime- lure) (he/him)- Vocals, Guitar, Piano, Mellotron, Organ, Bass, Drums

Megan Gouda (meg-an goo-duh) (she/her) - Vocals where noted (☺)

Devon Deimler (deh-vuhn dime- lure) (she/her) - Vocals where noted (☹)

Dominic Billett (dah-muh-nik bill-it)(he/him)- Drums where noted (★)

Charles Deimler (ch-ah-rlz dime- lure)- (he/him)- lyrics where noted (⊕)

1. Places, Strange & Wrong ☹: (Radio Edit included. Omits “**pissing**,” context is about wasting time, not anything truly explicit, but all community guidelines are different, so I’ve included a “clean version.”)



I saw three lights off the water last night/steel souls of outer space, now in my sights/I whispered on the air, “is ok to be scared?/the message slid like soap, across a rainbow road/well, I guess I’ll just wait & sit beside the wissahickon Creek/ ‘cause I’m feeling a little sick, here comes the woman of the wilderness/they’re talking about an end again, but I think they’re just **pissing** time away/I can’t say that I prefer it here, lights take me back to the day you took me away, took me away/quit letting me down in places, strange & wrong & just lay my body down where you know I belong /you already know where I belong, already know where I belong. running in fields of blue, kiss the morning dew. It’s all I ever want to do now, running in fields of blue now, get back home to you now/to you now, Its’s all I ever want to do now, running through fields, fields of blue and get back home to you

2. Morning Light:

hear the trophies talking, what a has-been, he’s become/a papier-mâché mosquito no longer out for blood/shadow shaking on the sidewalk, even when the sun goes in/shark-eyed to downcast, you’ve never known a friend/sit down on the sidewalk & have a little shake with him/ sit down on the sidewalk even when the light goes in/look down, your neck’s in chains, but they’re as loose as his tongue hangs/look back, your tail’s aflame, terror or torch to light the way/I can see a light coming through the cracks (x3)/ see the ribbons walking, singing, “it’s time to take you home.”/ now inside your Han-made grotto, the dirt pulls on your toes/shadow lifting off the irons, wings can’t lift the creature’s weight/stolen eyes climb upwards to find a different fate/a friend free to roam the night, you’ll see him in the morning light/trophies melted, ribbons burnt, out of darkness comes birth/I can see a light coming through the cracks (x4)

3. Roadside Souvenirs ★ ☺ :

what purpose to demand, the spirit quit the man/the desert sun that scuttled, tentacle trails and the radio mumbled/ fingers trained to bomb, the lord ate all the blood/while the announcer prophesizes from the hill/& the cashiers are trained to kill/can we just go riding? I know where death is hiding/pack your bag of somber years/we’ll sell them as roadside souvenirs (x2)/ heart beat of alarm clocks, petroglyph leaving its rock/Its departing on a crescent moon canoe your lasso failed, he jumped right through/no late-night revue, angel shackled and ankles bruised/ can’t walk, wings clipped and the show was not a hit/ the ticket booth is filled with holy writ/can we just go riding? I know where death is hiding/pack your bag of somber years/we’ll sell them as roadside souvenirs (x4)/(Cap your bus-seat, buckshot smile with veneers)/(Leave here on a chariot pulled by deer)/(Cap your buckshot, bus-seat smile with veneers)

4. Granite Garden ⊕ ★ ☹:

I was sitting in a garden, it was filled with gold/smoking and joking, thinking about getting old/a man appeared, I asked him why, why we all must die/came his reply, “so people can cry, so people can cry”sitting talking, dreaming walking, bridges aging, gardens parading/Questions asked, no truths unmasked, smoking gold, scheming bold/Across the bridge I sit, in granite garden/ So we walked to a bridge on a country lane/Dreaming and scheming, planning my fortune and fame I asked him to deplore on life and nothing more/Said he couldn’t answer least not before/Take the time to dance & explore sitting talking, dreaming walking, bridges aging, gardens parading/Questions asked, no truths unmasked, smoking gold, scheming bold/Across the bridge I sit, in granite garden

5. Red Wing:

Twelve years, gone in a day/When will I feel ok again? Ok, again/I close my eyes, dream of a way/Through the clouds in my mind/Through the tears the sky cries again/It cries again/& there’ nothing wrong with walking alone/Despite what all the pictures say/Fireflies in June/Borrowed light from the waning moon/Lights the sky in my troubled mind tonight/Where does love go when it disappears?/I’d like to find out in the closing of my years/Maybe I won’t have to wait so long/But, I’m just a red wing trying to learn a robin’s song/I’m just a red wing trying to learn a robin’s song/I sing your song the notes

often wrong/ But I keep singing out as I'm flying south, flying south/& in the spring, my sun-scorched wings/On a cattail I rest/ My black belly now an orange breast, orange breast



6. Untitled: (Radio Edit included. Omits "shit")

you knew your ray-guns would someday fail/your planet lost, weather set, no regale/crocodiles, heartbroken, frozen in place/their teeth broke off look upon their somber faces/I grew weary so long ago when into my mouth your pennies you'd thrown/tasted like blood, like a holy war/a plot full of holes and a silent score/passing the wallpaper I tried to climb/ my stillness like a stain in a friendship with time/the straw hat you wear hides your **shit** for brains/tinsel on a brown needle beast/fork the fire, eat the flame/clouds on the screen, a lie preserved in wax/a topless dancer with the wishbone and the lunchbox mask/she manufactured death for a dollar and a cent/in a bomber jacket, she needed the coat so she took it and she went/tonight is the night where on the one hand is the end of the line and unknown and untitled, it's alright the gates are closing in from behind/oh, the gates are closing in from behind/an ark is sinking into the sea/ fake landscapes made on a muscle man's sewing machine/a double-exposed prayer, a worm with teeth who missed out on love in his locket a photo of the chief/ your house of horrors all those cardboard beds/your face put on backwards never really moving ahead/a savior in the lobby with the albino seers/and a third eye pentax flashing in a hall of mirrors/the flower girl was fired from a job that never paid/a child crying in a parcel her parents took a chance on the waves/they fell asleep on the beach and they never awoke the more you're told of the story the less you always know/tonight is the night on the one hand is the end of the line/ and unknown and untitled, it's alright/ the gates are closing in from behind/oh, the gates are closing in from behind

7. Azalea Falls:

davey, whose nickname "fang" it never really caught on/had a habit of hanging out down by the valvoline pumps/he sold his grandmother's pills she never gave him no scorn/ went to bed with a guilt stitch suit and a desire to be re-born/he always had a pack of borrowed cigarettes he called them kool camel slims/took all the copper from his neighbor's house before the dawn rolled in again/ but with a pex-hex and half the town now dead from relief he planned out a heist down the road in a town due east/ Davey sits, kingfisher calm love seat in the parking lot police firing squad/his ghost diving deep, sea of ethanol/strange fire burning in the station east of azalea falls/white lightning willie drove and he loaned him a pop-gun pistol, a toy, spray painted black that he stole from his little sister crystal/on the way they pulled off to put some fumes deep down in their tanks/ enough to get up the nerve to rob/ enough to make it to the next lonely state/first national, dizzy davey tumbled out and the pavement, hard, he struck/ a building a maze that swayed and white lightning pressed the clutch/peeling out, a lifted lounge/falling down from the tailgate bed/ just davey now all alone/a chance for glory, a chance for death/davey sits, kingfisher calm/love seat in the parking lot/police firing squad/his ghost diving deep, sea of ethanol/strange fire burning in the station east of azalea falls/stumbling, brain aflame/and a stocking smashed nose the teller hit the panic button before his gun it ever rose/in slurs he managed, "fill the duffel up with the cash!" and on his exit sprayed with red dye patrol man's badge/he pulled the gun in one last desperate wave shots fired, his resting place a love-seat grave/ a soul his eyes could no longer protect/an unlucky fate had followed him straight into his death/the casting call closed for the role of the friendly ghost/going down to the station watch the fire and the smoke/threw in his halo with its hues of rusty red/ going down to meet his maker/flames upon his head, flames upon his head/flames upon his head

8. The Styrofoam, The Big Tooth ☺☹★:

daylight, you're sleeping/ we're worlds apart/you wake in the evening when the outside is dark/hold up your hands as you reach for the sun/ but the moon is the only place you can run/ springtime, a blossom and the fresh morning dew/ trees leaves a filter the sun passes through/yet in your visions the branches are bare/the winter has frozen and trapped you in there/I'm always slipping/I keep losing track of time/I might be here in this moment then I'm gone on a dime/ the styrofoam, the big tooth takes me/the quarter moon was glowing when I began to speak/now a full moon above me have I been gone all week?/when will our flights cross?I'm falling through the sky/you in your room and me, I'm stuck in mine don't know what to call it being separate, yet, so near/this canyon it echoes but nobody can hear/I'm always slipping I keep losing track of time/I might be here in this moment/then I'm gone on a dime/the styrofoam, the big tooth takes me the quarter moon was glowing when I began to speak/now a full moon above me/have I been gone, have we been gone all week?

9. Do Me A Favor ☼:

I'll do you favor & I am/underneath your feet the shifting sand/I'll do you a favor & I am/ underneath your feet the shifting sand/sometimes I wash away and you did not know I took out the bridge today so you couldn't go/ so you couldn't go/feel so very small/pushed by the winds/growing into a wall today/my peaks are razor thin/ my peaks are razor thin/all my castles will wash away/ all my mirrors will surely break/ let the pieces be worn by the waves/you can see your reflection again someday once everything's changed/everything's changed/sometimes I wash in & you did not know I built up a bridge today so you could finally go/so you could finally go/feel so very small/pushed by the winds/carved out a trough today before the valley caves in/before the valley caves in/I'll do you favor & I am/underneath your feet the shifting sand I'll do you a favor & I am/underneath your feet the shifting sand

10. Places, Strange & Wrong Radio Edit ☹

11. Untitled Radio Edit

