



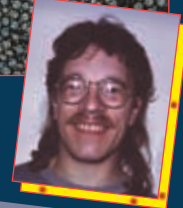
• Thanks to all the people who helped make this CD possible, especially Slim, Lucie & John Couture, Randy "Spud" Souza, George Chatson, Amy Vennema & Brett Wettick, Sandy Gadsby, Jo Riccardi, Chuck & Kathy Trout, Charlie Bass, André Carothers, Chloe Atchue-Mamlet, Archie & Maria Laano, Delfin & Mena Santos, the Flashions, Tom Cromwell, Paul Villadolid & Mary Sue Maurer, Pete Reusswig, Janie & Alan Nichols, Ron Levis, Carmen & Claude Daesslé, Mark & Jennifer Connelly, Josh & Jill Epstein, Peter & Denise Houser, Peter Damon, Al Paré, Martha & Ted Porter, Margot Trout, Rocky Thompson, and Peter Wetherbee.

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- **Ben** thanks The Steam, Funky Dick Hollis, Howard Needham, Denis Boudreau, John Edwards, Val Michalski, Godfrey Nelson, Rainbow Clefte, El Cid, bondo, and Jeff Beck.
- **Flash** thanks Ssoise, Bob & Nena Thurman, Mark Ruddy and Bob Hepner for their inspiration and encouragement, Rob Wright & Judith Orth for their consistent, vocal belief in us, Max Kay Guitars, and Tina, Dean, and Opal for love and laughter and for saving his life.

THANKS A HEAP, ROBBY!



• **Psychovsky is:** Tina Villadolid - vocals; Ben Trout - electric & acoustic mandolins, vocals; Flash - bass, vocals; Chicken - drums, vocals; Robby Coffin - guitar.

• **Songs by Ben Trout and Tina Villadolid.**

• **Arrangements by Psychovsky. Additional Lyrics by Flash.**

Psychovsky



Are You My Friend?

Psychovsky

Are You My Friend?

CD-2001



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CD - 2001

Psychovsky

Are You My Friend?

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WINDOW OF YOUR DREAMS

Now that you're all grown up
do you get enough?
Does dirty laundry
turn you on?

Will intuition tell you more
than to save coupons in a
d r a w e r
You just want a better world
Jump out of the window
of your dreams

You skillfully bring peace
with the drone of the TV
A true master of remote
It's time to meditate
while scraping off each plate
Chanting, "Is this my fate?"
Jump out of the window
of your dreams

Are you really at your best
pushing papers around your
d e s k
And sleep's your only means of
e s c a p e
Push back the curtains, lift the
s h a d e
before you suffocate
Let your free will out to play
Jump out of the window
of your dreams

Solo: Ben

CHAINS

C h a i n s
cold chains
are twisting in my brain
S p i r i t
our tired spirit
is confronted once again
How can we survive together?
We are losing faith
in each other

Mother earth is crying because
her children are brutalizing
each other and
what's left of her
Civilization gone berserk,
desperate people are

Cover concept by Tina Villadolid, layout by John Ether. Photos by Charlie

Their life determines the time
I serve
But when I'm happy
My body feels less like a shell
There's grace in my motion
I'm in control
But for how long
I can never tell

I feel my bones dragging me
d o w n
How can they carry my soul
a r o u n d ?
It's not survival that I find hard
But keeping my mind on not
losing heart

But when I'm happy
My body feels less like a shell
There's grace in my motion
I'm in control
But for how long
I can never tell

Mind over matter, but this
matter has its own mind
A time will come when I'll
leave this body behind
I'm a prisoner, but
I have the key
Can peace of mind make
peace with my body?

WHERE DID YOU GO?

I saw you running
across the field into the sun
I envied your connection with
e a r t h
You live to run
Noblest of punks
The king of hounds
What a dog

Your spirit was roaming
when you lay twitching in your
s l e e p
You live for the scent of the
e a r t h
and the motion of your feet
Sometimes he was aloof
Sometimes lascivious
What a dog

Drums and some mandolins, as well as all of "Smoking Lady" and "Jed's Taint" recorded

MOTHER MAY I

Mother may I take a giant step
in life?
She asked even though she
knew the answer
it was "Maybe next time"
She realized that she had
outgrown this game
of inching forward then being
sent back
Suddenly a crazy feeling took
over her
Who says I have to
listen to mother?

Mother may I forget about you
t o n i g h t ?
Don't hold dinner for me,
homemade meals
make me lose my appetite
Beyond the walls of her house
strangers beheld her smooth
m o t i o n s
she didn't know she had
The sound of "next time, next
time, next time"
was fading from her mind

The yearning was burning
She knew which doors could be
u n l o c k e d
Her parents stared at her
in shock

Her naïveté in a man's world
betrayed her
The softness parting her lips
was a dead giveaway
In and out of trouble she began
to weave
But never did she want to come
home to mother

Mother may I be the woman you
b e l i e d ?
How can you survive without the
power of your
feminine side?

Solo: Ben

LET'S MOVE ON

Time is stubborn as a rusted

1995. An effort to combine the look of lithographed tin toys, emphasizing the CMYK color set, with an interesting collection of images: professional photography, polaroids of a beloved dog, stock art, snapshots and a color copier collage. A portion of the lyrics panels, which ran vertically, appears at left. The cassette cover appears below.

