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Canadian Invasion

Three Cheers for the Invisible Hand

Songs by Andy Paull,

Music by Canadian Invasion

Andy Paull and Canadian Invasion published by Old Janx Spirit Music (BMI)

Pop Magic Fantastical Masterpiece

Metal detectors beep
Glint off the mirror ball
All the familiar creeps
Line up along the walls
And all the guys wave cash
Like it's a Valentine
I raise my empty glass
And waste a bit more time

Calling out on the radio waves
Voices telling me that I should be counting the days
Oh I wish I could say
They're all lying
Oh, it wouldn't be so bad if I weren't trying

Back at someone's house
We'll drink some more cheap beer
I've gone and blurred the past
The future's still unclear

Calling out on the radio waves
Voices telling me that I should be counting the days
Oh I don't wanna wait too long
I know this can't be our last song

But sometime
You and I
No matter how I try
To wake up, to make up, my mind
I'll stay out late one night
Drinking with the other guys
And leave you home



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My Swashbuckling Days are Over

Bobby puts a suitcase into a car
Waving to his wife trying not to think too hard
On the train to town he smokes an old cigar
And then sleeps

Bobby's wife's named Bobby and she will cry
As she serves the meatloaf cause it's bone dry
Turns on HSN as Esteban plays
"My Way"

In a dark hotel room he gets undressed
Lays his dog-eared black book out on the desk
On the wall a painting of an old farmhouse
That would look so quaint
Any other day

Bobby's in a boardroom with pairs of teeth
That'd tear the skin off his bones and watch him bleed
Then drag his torn remains out into the street
And parade

Bobby's on a bender that lasts a week
And when he sees the pigeons out on the street
He gets down on his knees and begins to weep
And weep

"When Accounts gets a load I don't know where I will go"

Standing on the Shoulders of the Carcass of John Mayer

Hey, I murdered John today
Snuck up like a Green Beret
In line at the grocery store

Now he's six feet underground
And on top there lies a mound



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That reads “Fire walk with me”

But I don't feel like an asshole
Paving the backyard in asphalt
In school they said I was a cutter
Down the hallways I'd mutter
Tracts from Hegel and Nietzsche
You once thought life was a wonder
But now I've stolen your thunder

So we shoot hoops 'til the lights go out
Then we'll wander about
In search of more cheap beer
'Til my girl, oh she'll turn on the stereo
and guess what friends, wouldn't you know
John's back in our midst again

Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow

Your son's down the street in the park smoking crack
In a brand new flak jacket he bought off the rack
And Audrey's out tanning on freshly mowed grass
While sweaty landscapers all check out her ass

And tomorrow
And tomorrow
And tomorrow

Life's just a shadow that walks down your street
Crashing your party, refusing to leave
And when the keg's spent, yeah, he pukes on the lawn
Borrows your keys, in a moment he's gone

And tomorrow
And tomorrow
And tomorrow
(When the garage won't close)
And tomorrow
(And you just can't say no)
And tomorrow



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And tomorrow
And tomorrow
And tomorrow
(When the neighbors all know)
And tomorrow
(Cause they see you brought low)
And tomorrow
(And you want to escape)
And tomorrow
(But you don't know who to hate)
And tomorrow

How to Build a Jetpack

You suffer for my art
While I tear myself apart
To build a better machine
Without an instruction sheet

Stay out all night
Drinking with my friends
The barroom lights
Fade out and then
I count the roads
That go nowhere
The days are mine
But the nights are theirs
All theirs

Now my jetpack has been installed
And I know I should have called
To say that I've got maps
And volumes of useless facts

There's somebody
Just like me
Walking home tonight
As the cars roll by
You and I
I'm fine



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One Hand Claps The Other

One hand claps the other
Somewhere far away
As we bang out another
Emotionless display
Imagine all our friends
Bowing down in praise

We calculate the damage
Society will sustain
From our latest missive
While kids pour out their pain
In a damp garage
Somewhere far away

Sometimes it all just seems
Like a big mistake
We never liked the truth
And so we chose the fake

Sometimes it all just seems
We were walking home from school
And thought we could escape
We packed up all our clothes
And mailed them all away
To families in thatch huts
Who think Motorhead is great
They haven't thanked us yet
But I'm sure it's on the way

The Last Time I Went To Church

Audrey fell asleep in a tanning bed
Late, late last night, last night
I woke up this morning
With a hole in the head
I'll be alright, alright
I'll be alright, alright

And the last time
I went to church



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I didn't tie my shoes
Tuck in my shirt
Oh, and the last time
I went to church
I didn't pray to God
I prayed to her

Daddy crashed his car into a ditch again
Late, late last night, last night
He was out screwing that bitch again
They'll be alright, alright
They'll be alright, alright

I got out at the right time
Moonlighting on a railway line
But hobos always whine
About too much free time

But You're God (And I'm Me)

You watch me as I sleep
With the waitress down the street
I was keeping things discreet
My phone bill's hard to read

But you're God
But you're God
And I'm me
And I'm me

I swore I'd made my peace
'Til that taxi came for me
We'll be talking soon I know
Through a tailpipe and a hose

But you're God
But you're God
And I'm me
And I'm me

Soon it will be dark
In the morning



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When I leave
In the glove box
A cigar
Never
Meant
For me

Three Cheers For The Invisible Hand

I feel the summer evaporating
On the outgroove
Of an old 45
Me and my girlfriend
We're 17 now
We might get married
Though I'm not sure quite why

Oh we'll live on a quiet street named Macaulay
Just like the ones you've seen in the drawings
Out on suburban streets lawns are sprawling
Over the hills and under the awnings
Why?

Thirty years later, a midlife crisis
In my Ferrari
Wave at the girls who walk by
I see my son there
He's on his skateboard
No, he won't do
But I go for a high-five

Oh we'll live on a quiet street named Macaulay
Just like the ones you've seen in the drawings
Putting out cigarettes on our foreheads
Come home from work, get drunk 'til we're scarlet
Why?

But we're waiting to die
We're waiting to die
Saving for another life
I'm saving for another life



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Juvenilia

On the first day of school you wore corduroys
And on your saddlebag a button that read, "Destroy
The industrial military complex"
By winter break I knew I'd met my match

So we paraded our good taste around the school
We blasted Letters to Cleo around your pool
Our conversations were Gilmore Girls dialogue
At parties you'd make a point and then I'd applaud

But now I can't drive
But I don't mind

A couple more years and some Miller Lites
And I'm still down the basement in bright black lights
While you host cuddle parties and drink cocktails
Oh but in my heart our ship might still set sail

But now I can't drive
But I don't mind

Neighbors

I wake up Wednesday morning
By the telescope
An empty whisky bottle
And some scribbled notes
There's more nothing
Than we'll ever know
Than we'll ever know

My best friend lost her heart
To a dinosaur
Who wakes up every morning
On the kitchen floor
And barks his orders
And I don't know what for
And I don't know what for



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Speak to me
The only one that wants to
Desperately
The only thing that keeps you
From me