

Band: Abnormal Growth
Album Title: Healdsburg
Released: 1990
Label: Crowtown
Website: www.abnormalgrowth.org

Let's Grow Some Crosses
Words by: Clay Butler and John Crowhurst
Music by: John Crowhurst

Let's grow some crosses
Where have the good times gone
Let's grow some crosses
Where did we go wrong?

Tell us grandpa
About the good ole days
When you were proud to serve
And when Jesus saved

When being an American
Meant something good
And everyone in the country
Did what they should

Let's grow some crosses
Try a new way of life
Let's grow some crosses
Come and make your sacrifice

Let's grow some crosses
Where have the good times gone
Let's grow some crosses...

Nude Kid In School
Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: Clay Butler and John Crowhurst

Got up this morning
And went to school
It was 80 degrees
But I felt kinda cool

Went to my locker
Before geometry
The girls just stared
And pointed at me

The chair felt cold
On my behind
And people stared
Like I was losing my mind

It was just then
I realized

I was standing naked
Before their eyes

Went to school
Without any clothes
Why I did it
Nobody knows
I'm reliving
My worst nightmare
I'm sitting in class
And I'm totally b-b-b-bare

The teacher said,
"Where are your clothes?"
I just stared
And wiggled my toes

I closed my eyes
And said it must be a dream
As the teacher dragged me
To the dean

They sat me down
And both agreed
I was on angel dust
Or LSD

The principal yelled,
And gave me the boot,
He said, "You can't go to school
In your birthday suit!"

Went to school
Without any clothes
Why I did it
Nobody knows
I'm reliving
My worst nightmare
I'm sitting in class
And I'm totally b-b-b-bare

So Much Fun

Words: Clay Butler

Music: Clay Butler and John Crowhurst

You better change your ways
Find the holy path
You better change your ways
Or you'll face his wrath

You better burn those books
Repent! Repent!
Burn those books
Or to hell you're sent

We're so righteous

Oh so pure
We're gonna go to heaven
For sure! For sure!

We're battling Satan
Everyday
I life with Christ
Is the only way

It's so much fun
To be a Christian
It's black and white
And you know you're right

It's so much fun
To be a Christian
It's black and white
And you know you're right

No need to think
No need to question
I know I'm right
Cause I'm a Christian

Everyone born before Christ
Is in hell
And anyone that didn't convert after Christ was crucified
Is in hell
An all the Jews, an Muslims, an Hindi's, an the Buddhists, an the Atheists
Are going to hell
And anyone with hair past their ears
Is going to hell
And all the criminals, an the homosexuals, are possessed by demons,
So they're going to hell
And all the criminals, an the homosexuals are possessed by demons
So they're going to hell
And anyone who engages in premarital sex or oral or anal sex or solicits the use of a prostitute
Will go to hell...
Except for Jimmy Swaggart
And anyone who spits on the sidewalk
Is going to hell
And anyone that doesn't rewind their video cassette, is not kind
So they're going to H.E. Double Toothpicks
"...I have sinned against you..."
Hala-Ja-Luja

(Later...someone bangs on a door...)
"Bang, bang, bang!"
"Yeah! What!"
"Can I interest you in a book?"
"NO!"

Where Are the People
Words: Clay Butler
Music: John Crowhurst

Where's all the people
Watching us play
Where's all the people
Why'd they go away?

There's no one to watch us
But here's one now
The show is saved!
Oh wow!

Where's all the people
Watching us play
Where's all the people
Why'd they go away?

We got back-up singers
This is the best
Forget the rest
Cause we've got people

People lovin' people
People lovin' people
People lovin' people
People lovin' people

Where's all the people
Watching us play
Where's all the people
Why'd they go away?

People lovin' people
Where are the people watching us play
People lovin' people
Where are the people watching us play People lovin' people
Where are the people watching us play People lovin' people
Where are the people watching us play People lovin' people
Where are the people watching us play People lovin' people
Where are the people

Hate Party Tonight
Words: Clay Butler
Music: Robert Reid

(This band sucks...they don't even sound like Metallica!)

If you're bored and feelin' down
Come with me to the edge of town
Hate party tonight

Invite someone you really despise
Someone you loath and criticize
Hate party tonight

Bring you're egos ready to fight
There's gonna be a party tonight
Hate party tonight

We'll eat food that makes us sick
Yo' baby your boyfriends a dick

We'll smoke and drink until we vomit
Then order pizza with everything on it
Watch some movies no one can stand
Thrash the house and stiff the band
Hate party tonight!

Fuckin' A, fuckin' A, shit, shit God damn!
It's so much fun to act like a man
Hate party tonight

If faith is blind and ignorance is bliss
It's one party you shouldn't miss
Hate party tonight

Phony Rock Phil
Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: John Crowhurst

Phony rock Phil
He's done it all
Spends his life at the shopping mall
Used to be a punker and a metalhead
Now he's into Dylan and the Grateful Dead

He sang with Elvis Presley
He played with Randy Rhoads
His mom fucked Jimi Hendrix
As the story goes

He helped write Louie, Louie
Got head from Lita Ford
He toured with Ozzy Osbourne
And he jammed with Christ the Lord

Phony rock Phil
He's done it all
Spends his life at the shopping mall
Used to be a punker and a metalhead
Now he's into Dylan and the Grateful Dead

He was born at Woodstock
Conceived at Monterey
He sang with Sha-Na-Na
And wrote for Marvin gay

He fought in Vietnam
Taught Robert plant to sing
He founded Geffen records

He's done everything!

Fly-N-Bye

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: John Crowhurst

One, two, one, two, three, four

I lost my penis in Salinas
They think I'm gay in San Jose
There's too much Crisco in San Francisco
And everyone knows ya' in Santa Rosa

I don't know why
My life is fly-n-bye
I'm singin' like Bob Dylan
Oh, I wish I'd die

There's too much booze in Santa Cruz
Your lungs decay in L.A.
There's nowhere to go in El Centro
What can you say about Half Moon Bay?

I don't know why
My life is fly-n-bye
I'm singin' like Bob Dylan
Oh, I wish I'd die

I don't know why
My life is fly-n-bye
I'm singin' like Bob Dylan
Oh, I wish I'd die

Ahhhh...that was great Bob...but...Did you mean it?
Hey? Is this a trick question?

White Bread

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: Billy Hawes

At work he's kissing ass
So he's gotta have his grass
To fill his empty life
To ease his pain and strife

That he brought upon himself
Cuz he thinks of no one else
But no one would suspect
His ailing intellect

He's white bread
Pure as the snow
White bread
Look at him go
White bread
And he can't say no

He's climbin' to the top if his heart doesn't blow

He's buying all the latest
He thinks he's the greatest
His hair is looking swell
Cuz he uses stylin' gel

He has a private shrink
Cuz he needs some help to think
But his hair turns gray
While his friends pass away

He's white bread
Pure as the snow
White bread
Look at him go
White bread
And he can't say no
He's climbin' to the top if his heart doesn't blow

He's a man of the eighties
And he drives a Mercedes
That he can't afford
Oh praise the lord

This is America
This is America
Land of the free
Home of the brave
And mom's apple maggot pie!

About You

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: John Crowhurst

I close my eyes
And it's just me
The heat of the sun
And the sound of the trees

Can't tell if I'm livin'
Or if I'm dead
Cause I see pictures inside my head
About you

My mind is clear
And my thoughts are pure
I think of me
And I think of her
I walk through fields of nothingness
It sure feels good
When there's no stress
From you

I feel the wind
Pass through my hand

Through her body and through the sand
A Potpourri of thought and dream
I'm with her and she's with me

We'll hold hands and talk of time
Make dumb faces and make dumb rhymes
I'll be leaving in awhile
But it's all worth it
To see her smile
Again

I close my eyes and it's just me
The heat of the sun and the sound of the trees
Can't tell if I'm livin' or if I'm dead
Cause I see pictures inside my head
About you

Living At Home

Words: Clay Butler

Music: John Crowhurst

Some people say
You're big and grown
And you should be makin' it
On your own
But they're the fools
Barely getting by
I've got it made
And I don't even try

Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home

I got my own room
I ain't no fool
The house is big and my parents are cool
I work part time
When I'm in the mood
I'm livin' for free and eatin' good food

Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home

I'm gonna live at home
Till the day I die
Cause foods expensive
And the rent is high
I'm gonna live at Home Studio
Just wait and see
In a few years you'll envy me

Gonna live at home, home sweet home

Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home
Gonna live at home, home sweet home

Heavy Metal Hoedown

Words: Clay Butler

Music: Clay Butler

I'll tell you a story you might of heard
About the only thrasher in Healdsburg...His name was Ben
He didn't fit in this backwards town
The hicks gave him hell and always put him down

He drove a beat up car and had long hair
Never one a prize at the county fair
He wore a Slayer shirt and high top shoes
He couldn't bale hay and he couldn't handle booze

Mosh hard, mosh strong
In the pit all night long
Bang your head and do-see-do
Toss your partner to and fro

He did well in school didn't start no shit
But the principal didn't like him one bit
He couldn't square dance didn't own a gun
Just stayed in his room and played Zeppelin

His momma said, "Don't wear a frown
Tomorrow night there's a hoedown!
Here's some money for admission
It just might help your sad condition."

Mosh hard, mosh strong
In the pit all night long
Bang your head and do-see-do
Toss your partner to and fro

Late that night before he went to sleep
The ghost of Jim Morrison appeared at his feet
Jim flew the air, high above the bed
He sang a little tune and this what he said,

"You gonna go to that dance and mosh it up
Even if they hate you and beat you up.
Be strong young man it's your destiny
Do it for Hendrix, Bon Scott, and me!"

Mosh hard, mosh strong
In the pit all night long
Bang your head and do-see-do
Toss your partner to and fro

So he grabbed his jacket and baseball cap
Got in his car, Coke on his lap
Paid \$5 at the door to a man named Duke
Who just shook his head and tried not to puke

Then he walked in the room and the crowd went silent
A man walked up to him tall as a giant
He said, "Listen here boy, you're takin' a chance."
Ben pushed him aside and said, "Let's dance!"

Mosh hard, mosh strong
In the pit all night long
Bang your head and do-see-do
Toss your partner to and fro

Well a fight broke out and the bottles flew
By the time the cops arrived there nothing they could do
Poor ole Ben got a boot to the head
A knife to the throat and now he's dead

And on his tombstone are carved these words
If you listen closely they can still be heard
Here lies a man who lost his soul
His only crime was rock-n-roll

Mosh hard, mosh strong
In the pit all night long
Bang your head and do-see-do
Toss your partner to and fro

OFIAC

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: John Crowhurst, Billy Hawes, and Tim O'Keefe

...You see man, like the other day I was like watchin' Love Boat...
You know...and that young girl looked real fine, but anyway, the door knocked an I answered and
there was this guy sittin' here and he go, "Hey man, are you like, are you Jehovah's Witness?"
And I said, "Wow man, I swear I ain't seen nothing"...

A pair of whit knuckles
Gripping the wheel
Spotted aged skin
Like a harbor seal
OFIAC
OFIAC

Asleep at the wheel
Or is she dead
I can't really tell
Can't see her head
OFIAC
OFIAC
Old Fart In A Cadillac

They drive in fear

They never use the mirror
You'd swear their in a coma
In the county of Sonoma

It's not they try to kill
They just lack the driving skill
An if they forget their pill
You better just off the road
Know what I'm sayin'...

...shit man...I remember when there was only two people in Santa Rosa...Me...and my
friend...and before you know it man...thousands of people come...why...cause I hear.

...Man, I was like walkin' down 4th Street and this big ole woman comes up to me and she's
shakin' her finger in my face and...the, the skin under her arm is like flappin' you know...ad I'm
getting like cold...she says, you know, "Don't you ever wonder what God thinks?" And I said,
"Hey man, I usually ask the Tooth Fairy about these things!"...

A pair of whit knuckles
Gripping the wheel
Spotted aged skin
Like a harbor seal
OFIAC
OFIAC

Asleep at the wheel
Or is she dead
I can't really tell
Can't see her head
OFIAC
OFIAC
Old Fart In A Cadillac

They drive in fear
They never use the mirror
You'd swear their in a coma
In the county of Sonoma

It's not they try to kill
They just lack the driving skill
An if they forget their pill
You better just off the road
Know what I'm sayin'...

...You know how it is drivin' in this town...shit, all them people at Oakmont...

Too Cool For School

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: John Crowhurst, Billy Hawes, and Tim O'Keefe

I'll never do anything heavier than pot, well maybe coke, but never heroin!
Man, I can't remember the last time I got stoned!
When opportunity knocks, I can't find the door, cuz I'm too stoned!

I stand by the keg with a cup in my hand
I get real rowdy, throw shit at the band

I get drunk for fun
I'm the life of the party
I scream for someone
To pour more Bacardi

But I'm no fool, too cool for school
My only hope, I cope with dope
But I'm no fool, too cool for school
My only hope, I cope with dope

Haven't got a future, I can't recall the past
I'm seeing God again; this could be my last
I'm trippin', I'm flippin'
And reality is slippin'
Far, far away
But hey it's Okay
Cuz I'm as high as a mountain
And I piss like a fountain
I musta drank a case
But hey who's countin'?

Once if it's free
Twice if it's fun
Lose my inhibitions
My mouth's a loaded gun
I'll take it in the arm
I'll take it in the nose
I'll take it up the ass
Anything goes

But I'm no fool, too cool for school
My only hope, I cope with dope
But I'm no fool, too cool for school
My only hope, I cope with dope

Haven't got a future, I can't recall the past
I'm seeing God again; this could be my last
I'm trippin', I'm flippin'
And reality is slippin'
Far, far away
But hey it's Okay
Cuz I'm as high as a mountain
And I piss like a fountain
I musta drank a case
But hey who's countin'?

Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!

My friend Suzy
She wasn't very choosey
She went to the lake
What a mistake

She tried to swim when she was drunk
And to the depths her body sunk
She tried to swim when she was drunk
And to the depths her body sunk

So don't drink and dive
DON'T DRINK AND DIVE!
Swimming when you're high is not to wise
Don't drink and dive
DON'T DRINK AND DIVE!
Swimming when you're high is not to wise

But I'm no fool, too cool for school
My only hope, I cope with dope
But I'm no fool, too cool for school
My only hope, I cope with dope
But I'm no fool, too cool for school
My only hope, I cope with dope
But I'm no fool, too cool for school
My only hope, I cope with dope

Hula Hoops and Lincoln Logs
Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: John Crowhurst

I see her after work
Just around, five or six
I like her Mr. Mouth
She like my Pick-Up Sticks

We'll play some twister
And some Whiffle Ball
She's got all the games
She loves to play them all

I'll even take the bus
Cause she's the one I lust
She works
At Toy's R US

She's my Barbie Doll
I'm her army man
No way to stop us
We're going to Candyland

I lose my marbles
When she's on my pogo stick
Weeble and wobble
Oh! You sunk my Battleship!

I'll even take the bus
Cause she's the one I lust
Se works
At Toy's R Us

No Reason

Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: John Crowhurst

My folks are so nice
I feel like a fool
I have make up shit
Just to look cool
Why don't they give me a break?
And make a mistake
And give me a reason
For family treason

Oh what can I do?
To piss off you

Should I shave my head?
Should I dye it red?
Or really flip out
And not make my bed
Should I pierce my ear?
Should I drink a beer?
Or really screw up
And flunk this year
Should I leave up the seat?
Should I not eat meat?
Or shop at Goodwill
And live on the street
Should I masturbate?
Should I stay out late?
Sow some oats and pollinate?

Oh what can I do?
To piss off you

Well look at Suzi
Her parents are dead
She finds comfort
In a strangers bead
And look at Sam
He's got it made
He's been in trouble
Since the 3rd grade
And Bob's got Acne
And Beth's got VD
And Joe can't cope
With society
And Kathy's a Bitch
And her mother is too
Oh their so lucky
To live like they do

Oh what can I do?
To piss off you

Come on
It's time to be

Rejects of society
Come on
And live like me
Piss off your family

Piss on the street
With bare feet
Act like a reat
Won't that be neat?
Poke out my eyes
Eat dead flies
Pollute the skies
Make mud pies
Dress real drab
Pick at my scabs
Stop and blab
Go to rehab
Break some glass
Kick some ass
Have no class
It's fun to be crass

El Centro

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: John Crowhurst

This is a real song, about a real town. I used to live there...

We'll eat carne asada
And gorge on refried beans
No need to dress up fancy
Just t-shirts and jeans

We'll swim the New River
And fish the Salton Sea
Celebrate Cinco-De-Mayo
It's the life for you and me

So take me home to El Centro
Where the crop dusters fly all day
Take me home to El Centro
Come on I'll show the way
Just take the highway east
And you'll soon be in a feast
Cause Naugles has some
Mighty fine burritos

The schools they aren't the best
Just take it from me
Your kids will learn from text books
From 1953

But I ain't complainin'
Cause this is where it's at
There ain't so much to do
But there's plenty of time to chat

So take me home to El Centro
Where the crop dusters fly all day
Take me home to El Centro
Come on I'll show the way
Just take the highway east
And you'll soon be in a feast
Cause Naugles has some
Mighty fine burritos

The people are so slow
They're almost in reverse
It gets so hot and windy
It seems like there's a curse

Sometimes it looks so foggy
But it's just clouds of dust
Cause the air is full of pesticides
So don't breathe unless you must

So take me home to El Centro
Where the crop dusters fly all day
Take me home to El Centro
Come on I'll show the way
Just take the highway east
And you'll soon be in a feast
Cause Naugles has some
Mighty fine burritos

You can shop at Mervyn's
Or at Miller's Outpost
I don't care what you say
Cause this town is the most

This town is full of memories
And these are but a few
So come on to El Centro
While I sing these words to you

So take me home to El Centro
Where the crop dusters fly all day
Take me home to El Centro
Come on I'll show the way
Just take the highway east
And you'll soon be in a feast
Cause Naugles has some
Mighty fine burritos

Ye ha! ...that was terrible...

Lance Can't Dance
Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: John Crowhurst

Lance, Lance, Lance
Can't dance, dance, dance
Look at those pants, pants, pants!

He's got holes in the knees of his dirty blue jeans
He's got dirty blonde hair and lives over there
In Healdsburg, Healdsburg

A town of mutants
From toxic pollutants
Or is it the water
Don't even bother
To try and understand
This crazy little man
From Healdsburg, Healdsburg

Lance, Lance, Lance
Can't dance, dance, dance
Look at those pants, pants, pants!

He's got holes in the knees of his dirty blue jeans
He's got dirty blonde hair and lives over there
In Healdsburg, Healdsburg

A town of hicks
And backwards politics
He lives near Liam
You might even see 'um
Don't try and understand
This crazy little man
From Healdsburg, Healdsburg

He pukes up green
He makes the girls scream
A real nice guy
He wouldn't hurt a fly
He's watchin' "Dawn Of The Dead"
And he's workin' for Ed
In Healdsburg, Healdsburg, Healdsburg, Healdsburg!

Liberal Song/Liberal Next Door
Words: Clay Butler
Music: John Crowhurst and Robert Reid

I'm politically correct
And I stand erect
When the fascist wind blows strong

Well there's no need to panic
Cause I buy organic
And I'm not afraid to say condom

Well, I don't eat meat
And I put down the seat
And I hardly ever wear leather

And when I march on the steps
I'll have no regrets
Cause we're all in this together

We'll I'm well learned
And you can tell I'm concerned
By the way I wear my hair

I'm a positive thinker
And I use my blinker
And I'm doin' the best I swear

Well I can't stand Ronnie
But I ain't no commie
And I'm pissed off most days and nights

My hearts always bleeding
And my hairline's receding
And so are my personal rights

So howdy Mr. Johnson
I'm the liberal next door
And I want to date your daughter
So don't slam that door
And get your gun
Cause you could be looking at your future son

So howdy Mr. Johnson
I'm the liberal next door
And I want to date your daughter
So don't slam that door
And get your gun
Cause you could be looking at your future son
Hit it!

So howdy Mr. Johnson
I'm the liberal next door
And I want to date your daughter
So don't slam that door
And get your gun
Cause you could be looking at your future son
Hit it!

Don't Drive With Dennis
Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: Clay Butler and John Crowhurst

He drives a big Chevy Blazer 'bout the size of a house
Once you get inside you're trapped like a mouse
He has the wild in his eyes and snow white hair
On a six inch bump he catches air

D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D

Don't drive with Dennis

He don't care

D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D

Don't drive with Dennis

Can't get hurt

In his Chevy Blazer, he'll pillage the Earth

He has no fear, no moral code

If you value your life, get off road

Through the intersection we bounce like a ball

If he don't slow down he's gonna kill us all

His passengers scream, "Let me out, let me out!"

But the radios blasting he can't hear you shout

D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D

Don't drive with Dennis

He don't care

D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D

Don't drive with Dennis

Can't get hurt

In his Chevy Blazer, he'll pillage the Earth

He has no fear, no moral code

If you value your life, get off road

D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D

Don't drive with Dennis

He don't care

D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D

Don't drive with Dennis

Can't get hurt

In his Chevy Blazer, he'll pillage the Earth

He has no fear, no moral code

If you value your life, get off road

Don't drive with Dennis

He don't care

D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D

Don't drive with Dennis

Can't get hurt

In his Chevy Blazer, he'll pillage the Earth

He has no fear, no moral code

If you value your life, get off road

One, two, three, four...shit!

L.G.S.C. Reprise

Words by: Clay Butler and John Crowhurst

Music by: John Crowhurst

Let's grow some crosses

Where have the good times gone

Let's grow some crosses

Where did we go wrong?

Let's grow some crosses