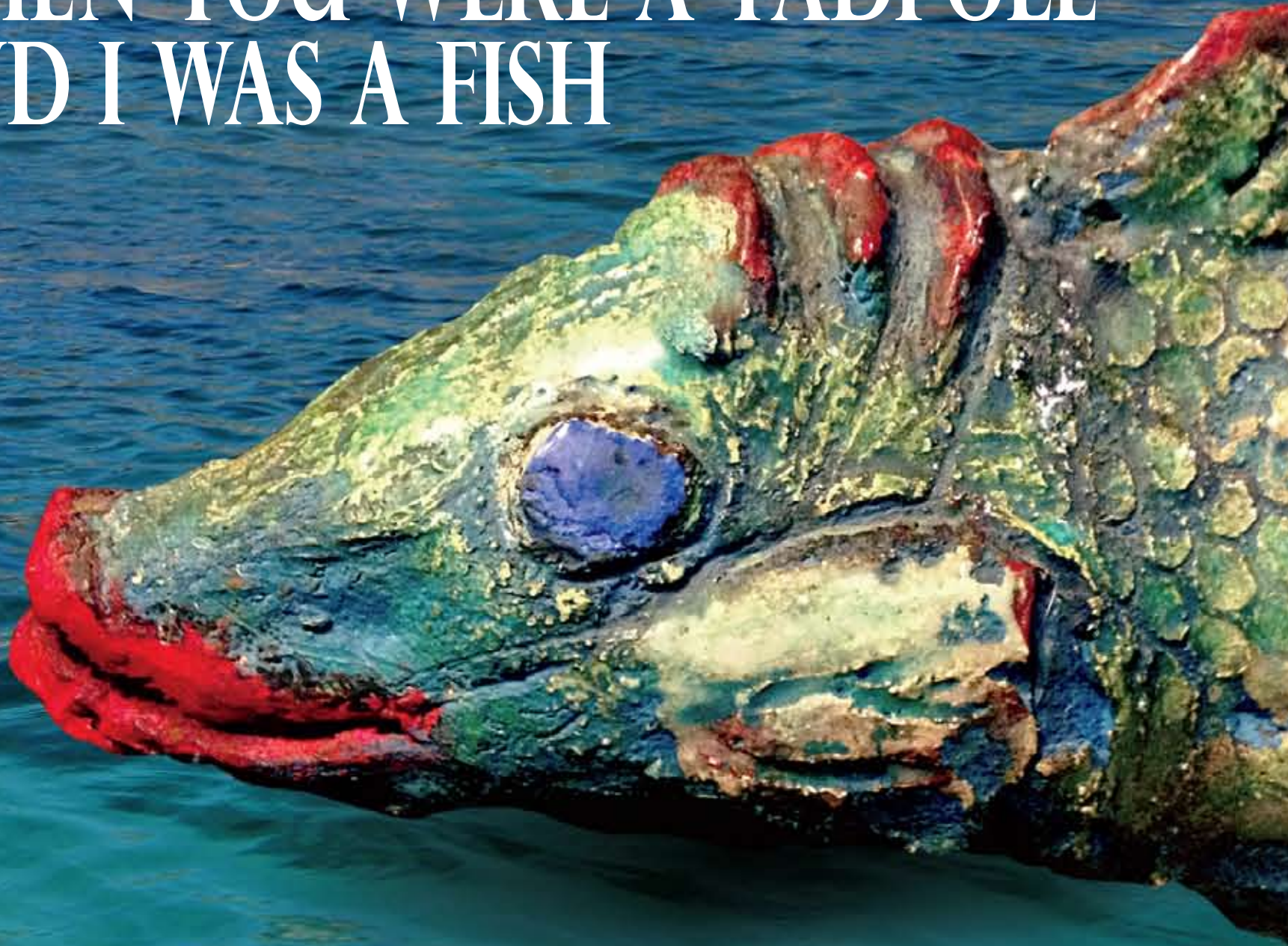


WHEN YOU WERE A TADPOLE
AND I WAS A FISH



GREEN MAN

EVOLUTION (Adapted from poem by Langdon Smith, 1909)

MIDNIGHT ROOM (A. Theriault)

Come into my Midnight Room. Everything is blooming,
always blooming in my Midnight Room. Everything is
blooming, always blooming in my bright blue
Midnight Room.

EVOLUTION DIED (A. Theriault)

You've been gone for a while, could you send something
new? A different idea, something we could use. The colors
are bright, the air is clear. If you sent in a signal, maybe we
could hear. The words of thousands of years. The promises,
the breaths on the ear. The blood of the oceans of man.
The love to begin again. Evolution Died on the day you were
born. Evolution Died. Evolution Died on the day you were
born, Darwin said good-bye and went down in the storm.
You've been gone for a while now, could you send some-
thing new? A different idea, something we could use. The
colors are bright, the air is clear. If you send in a signal we're
ready to hear. Evolution, Revolution. We need the words
of thousands of years. The promises, the breaths on the ear.
The blood of the oceans of man. The love to begin again.

10:45 (A. Theriault)

I wish I was small in my sins. I wish that I made very soft
angel sighs. I wish I was small in my sins. I wish that I had
very large angel eyes... 10:45... I wish I could stay the hands
of fear. I wish that I could calm the beast inside my head.
I wish I could allay the hands of fear. I wish that I could stop
the color of this red. I want the morning sliding up between
my toes, dancing in her yellow velvet robe, oh. 10:45,
you're still alive. 10:45, I can still cry. I wish I was small in
my sins. I wish that I made very soft angel sighs. I wish I was
small in my sins. I wish that I had very large angel eyes.
I want the morning sliding up between my toes, dancing in
her yellow velvet robe. 10:45, you're still alive.
10:45, I can still cry.

ANGELS OF JANE (A. Theriault)

He was strength and grace, he wore Tuesday's face. He had
far to go, time to waste. He was the wind on the wave, he
was the music he played. He was the tears he saved, he was
a love slave. She flies down to you, she makes sweet and sour

love to you. He had friends from above, he had sisters in love.
He dragged Marley's chain, he heard the Angels of Jane.
They partied under the floor, gave him visions and more--
light years more than he bargained for. Through the orange
and red, he drifted over his bed. Send him back to us instead.
She flies down to you, she makes sweet and sour love to you.

TAKE COMFORT (A. Theriault)

I don't know your loss. That bridge I have yet to cross. I don't
know your loss. Don't know that heavy hole in your heart.
But I know your eyes, eyes I've loved since they were a little
child's. You'll know my loss. Your steady hand will help me
cross. And I'll know your eyes, eyes I've loved since they were
a little child's. Take Comfort here. Take Comfort here. I will
know your eyes. I'll know your eyes. Take Comfort here.

DIVING BELL (K. Eros)

Is it the wine drawing you in? Free the brake, heart flutters
and aches as we begin. But my Diving Bell slips into the well.
Empty the place without you near. Mine to erase, the brine
and taste, and the years. My Diving Bell slips into the well of
sorrow again. Framed against the leaden sky, stars fall from
your eyes. We disappear. Unfolding her wings. Moving the
straw. Counting the ways and sheep and strings left to pull.
Her Diving Bell slips into the well...and she flies.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP (A. Theriault)

What do you do, and what do you say When You Wake Up with
your dreams so far away? What do you do, and where do you
go when you win the war but you lose your soul? Lean to the
left, slide to the right. Believe what they say, believe a reason
to fight. Wave a weary flag and pump up your fear, 'cause Bush
and bombs and Bin Laden been here. Where do you work and
how do you vote? Are you a jerk, how many gurus can you
quote? Where do you live and what do you wear? Do you
forgive and how much do you care? What's your color? What's
your race? Who's your confessor? Who cuts your face? Are you
so straight? Do you just say no? Do you love or hate? Where
does your money go? Are you still a Deadhead? Do you cry out
loud? Do you seek the sacred? That'll do for now. Do you stick
yourselves with needles, make each other grin? She sells
seashells, you drink your drink of gin. Lean to the left, slide
to the right. Count the cost of freedom in the children's eyes.

Put your head to bed, your reason to rest. Let Bush have his bombs,
let the priest molest and lean to the left, slide to the right. Believe what
they say, believe a reason to fight. Wave a weary flag and cut up your
fear, 'cause Bush and bombs and Bin Laden been here. What do you do,
what do you say When You Wake Up with your dreams so far away?
Where have you been and what's in that tea? Did you see God?
Baby, save some for me.

GOD IS (K. Eros, A. Theriault)

God Is playing, God's at rest. God just beat his all time best. God Is
great, God Is gold. God Is shaking off the fold. God Is goodness, God
Is light. God Is friendly fire at midnight. God Is bloodwood on your
back. God knows every shade of black. It's so easy to love and easy to
hate a little too much. It's a little too late. God Is winking at the same
sex...Cloaked in robes and Semtex...Proffering a holy hand...Hang-
ing 'round the promised land...Eternally misunderstood. God has left
the neighborhood. God's your neighbor, God's your wife. God's word
is judicial writ. God stood by as she lost her life--God's gonna help her
find it. God Is foreclosing on the West Bank...Dishing out the yellow-
cake...Rising tides and shifting sand...Begging for change in Pakistan.
The kids ain't running things the way that they should. God's disap-
pointed and that ain't good. God's disappointed. God Is. Love.

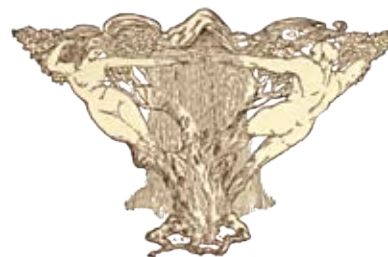
BEDTIME WITH SALLY (A. Theriault)

The dye is cast. It ain't the pen but how the ink runs. It ain't the words
but the tale that's spun. It ain't the law but the powers that be. It ain't
the bee but how you got stung. It ain't the bird but her feathers in
flight. It ain't the jury but why they got hung. Sally's got an assignation,
a meeting in the sun. It ain't the West but how it was won. It's bedtime,
it's Bedtime With Sally. It ain't the walk but those on the way. It ain't
the score but how it was played. It ain't the trip but what did you see?
Color cartoons for you, a little vision for me. It ain't the bomb but
whose hand's on the red. And yes, it's the child and how many went
dead. Sally's got an assignation, a meeting in the sun. It ain't the West
but how it was won. It's Bedtime With Sally. The pens have been lifted,
the ink has dried. No cheers for the gifted, no tears for the bride.
Sally's got an assignation, a meeting in the sun. It ain't the best but now
it's done. The ink has dried. Open the pod bay doors, Sal. Is this the
end, the wind on a swell? Is that a smile from two thousand twelve?
Is this the end, the wind on a swell? Is that a wave from two thousand
twelve? Is that a smile from two thousand twelve? Is this the end,
the wind on a swell? Is that a smile from two thousand twelve?
Is that a smile?

LIKE BLUE SKY (A. Theriault)

~ For Deborah Quinn ~

Her eyes shine, her arms open.
Her love gives Like Blue Sky.
Her eyes shine for you, her arms open for you.
And her love gives to you Like Blue Sky.



All songs written, produced and
performed by April Theriault and Ken Eros
"Evolution Died" and "When You Wake Up"
with the heart and magic of Martin Morrissey
"God Is" produced and mixed by Patina Crème

Daniel Ash (guitars) - track 9
Perla Batalla (backing vocals) - track 9
Patina Crème (programming) - track 9
Kevin Haskins (convivial shuffle) - track 9
Malcolm McDowell (voice of Authority) - track 9
Robert Rachelli (kit drums) - track 3, 8
Douglas J. Theriault (1952 recording) - track 1

Recorded and mixed by Ken Eros
Eros Creative and Sound - Ojai, CA
Mastered by Doug Sax with Jett Galindo
The Mastering Lab, Inc. - Ojai, CA

Design ~ April Theriault
Sculpture ~ Carole DePalma
Ocean photograph ~ Sage Danch

Poem and illustration from
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Bad Baby Records

When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish,
 In the Paleozoic time, And side by side on the ebbing tide
 We sprawled through the ooze and slime, Or skittered with many a caudal flip
 Through the depths of the Cambrian fen, My heart was rife with the joy of life, For I loved
 you even then. Mindless we lived and mindless we loved, And mindless at last we died; And deep
 in a rift of the Caradoc drift We slumbered side by side. The world turned on in the lathe of time, The hot
 lands heaved amain, Till we caught our breath from the womb of death, And crept into light again. We were
 Amphibians, scaled and tailed, And drab as a dead man's hand; We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees, Or trailed
 through the mud and sand. Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet Writing a language dumb, With never a spark
 in the empty dark To hint at a life to come. Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved, And happy we died once more; Our forms
 were rolled in the clinging mold Of a Neocomian shore. The eons came and the eons fled, And the sleep that wrapped us fast
 Was riven away in a newer day, And the night of death was past. Then light and swift through the jungle trees We swung
 in our airy flights, Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms, In the hush of the moonless nights.
 And oh! what beautiful years were these, When our hearts clung each to each; When life was
 filled, and our senses thrilled In the first faint dawn of speech. Thus life by life, and love by
 love, We passed through the cycles strange, And breath by breath, and death by death,
 We followed the chain of change. Till there came a time in the law of life When over the
 nursing sod The shadows broke, and the soul awoke In a strange, dim dream of
 God. I was thewed like an Auroch bull, And tasked like the great Cave Bear;
 And you, my sweet, from head to feet, Were gowned in your glorious hair.
 Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave, When the night fell o'er the plain,

GREEN

And the moon hung red o'er the river
 I flaked a flint to a cutting edge, And
 shank from the woodland dank, And fitted
 the reedy tarn, Where the Mammoth came
 drave the stone, And slew him upon the
 wastes, Loud answered our kith and kin;
 clan came trooping in. O'er joint and gristle and
 And cheek by jowl, with many a growl, We talked

bone, With rude and hairy hand, I pictured his fall on
 lived by blood, and the right of might, Ere human laws were
 were gone. And that was a million years ago, In a time that no man knows; Yet here to-night in the mellow light, We sit at Delmonico's

Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs, Your hair is as dark as jet, Your years are few, your life is new, Your soul untried, and
 yet -- Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay, And the scarp of the Purbeck flags, We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
 And deep in the Coraline crags; Our love is old, our lives are old, And death shall come amain; Should it come to-day,

what man may say We shall not live again? God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds And furnished them
 wings to fly; He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn, And I know that it shall not die; Though cities

have sprung above the graves Where the crook-boned men made war, And the ox-wain
 creaks o'er the buried caves, Where the mummied mammoths are. Then as we linger

at luncheon here, O'er many a dainty dish, Let us drink anew to the time

When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish.

MAN

bed, We mumbled the bones of the slain.
 shaped it with brutish craft; I broke a
 it, head and haft. Then I hid me close to
 to drink; -- Through brawn and bone I
 brink. Loud I howled through the moonlit

From west and east to the crimson feast The
 padded hoof, We fought, and clawed and tore,
 the marvel o'er. I carved that fight on a reindeer

the cavern wall That men might understand. For we
 drawn, And the Age of Sin did not begin Till our brutal tusks

were gone. And that was a million years ago, In a time that no man knows; Yet here to-night in the mellow light, We sit at Delmonico's

Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs, Your hair is as dark as jet, Your years are few, your life is new, Your soul untried, and
 yet -- Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay, And the scarp of the Purbeck flags, We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,

And deep in the Coraline crags; Our love is old, our lives are old, And death shall come amain; Should it come to-day,
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DIVING BELL 4:37 WHEN YOU WAKE UP 5:55

GOD IS 4:02 BEDTIME WITH SALLY 7:59 LIKE BLUE SKY 3:20

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