



Max Plankton

Chakpa Gon

WORDS AND NOTES

## CREDITS AND THANKS!

Max Plankton is:

Brian Robery - drums, percussion, vocals

Christina Danger - keyboards, vocals

John Griffin - guitars, vocals

Rick Bennett - bass, vocals

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[www.imaster-studios.com](http://www.imaster-studios.com)

Recorded at Crime Dog Studios

[www.griffinaudiomedia.com](http://www.griffinaudiomedia.com)

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## ALPHABET

If you A-B-see me crying, if you A-B-see me acting strange (just leave him alone)

I don't want to talk about how the alphabet is plotting to destroy me

And if you're wondering L-M-N-oh, what's he thinking?

Or L-M-N-oh, what's the deal? (Just leave him alone)

I don't want to talk about how the alphabet is trying to destroy me

I don't think I could even try, so please don't yoU-V-W-aX-why

But these walls have ears so C-D-E-F-G-H-I hope you're not A-B-C-D-E-effing spy

For the alphabet that's plotting to destroy my mind

## **CHAKRA CON**

She says she learned how to cure disease from the Chinese  
But we both know she ain't been overseas  
She'll read your energy vortex with a crystal ball she hangs around her neck  
She bought it with a bouncing check

Your future is dependent on how much you say  
Your wellness is contingent on how much you pay  
How much you pay Chakra Con

She says she can predict your age with a dash of sage  
But that don't pay no minimum wage  
She'll tell you she's clairvoyant  
She dresses real, real flamboyant while she stands in line to collect unemployment

I sat at her table so she could read my palm  
And as she held my hand, she told me, "Child, there's something wrong."  
"Close your eyes," she whispered, "I gotta guide your spirit along"  
And when I opened them, my wallet was gone, and so was  
Chakra Con

Your future is dependent on how much you say  
Your wellness is contingent on how much you pay  
How much you pay Chakra Con

**ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:** Ashley Fox - backing vocals

## **IT'S DICKENSIAN**

What you're saying to me does not make any sense  
I don't understand...the reference

You know I had great expectations  
It was the best of times, (it was the) and the worst of times  
And I want to be a part of the conversation  
But what do you mean when you say that it's Dickensian  
Yes, what do you mean when you say that it's Dickensian  
(What do you mean when you say...)

Scrooge was bitter mean before he saw Marley's ghost  
I have changed like him, now I dig you the most

You know I had great expectations  
It was the best of times, (it was the) and the worst of times  
And I want to be a part of the conversation  
But what do you mean when you say that it's Dickensian  
(What do you mean when you say...)

**ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:** Mitch Goldman - trumpet

## **BEG YOUR PARDON**

Your eyes shift like you're always plotting  
And your breath smells like something is rotting

Was that impolite of me to say? I do beg your pardon

Your hairstyle makes you look kind of foolish  
And your child looks ugly and ghoulish

Was that impolite of me to say? I do beg your pardon

Somehow, somehow something is off-kilter  
I believe that I lost my social filter  
And you're too stupid to understand  
See now I've done it again

I do beg your pardon again

You say my manners are so unappealing  
You're too shallow to understand that hurts my feelings

Was that impolite of me to say?  
Was that the wrong thing for me to say?  
Maybe there's nothing left to say?  
I will shut up now.

## **WRONG AGAIN**

What if the world is all in my mind  
Merely a construct of my design  
And my consciousness is simply floating in a cloud or cosmic jar  
Orbiting a big star

If it's all my invention would you think  
I'd have designed myself to be better looking and richer  
Somehow people would listen to my songs  
Would that be so...

Wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong again  
The buzzer sounded, you haven't a clue  
Wrong, wrong, you're wrong again  
You don't understand the nature of you

What if I was even more self-involved  
To think I'm the only one to evolve  
Into a thinking being in my world nothing else would belong  
Would that be so...

## **BODY COUNT**

Carry that spite, conceal it like a weapon  
Shoot down your joy, your soul's a wounded veteran  
Now lay down and die just like your suffering brethren  
Fire on all cylinders, malevolent scorn engine

Tighten that grasp and choke out all your feelings  
Who needs their heart when love's got no meaning?  
Rip and wring it out like linen bedding  
Confront the life of solitude your ego's been dreading

Cut yourself from cheek to cheek  
No one likes a smile that's weak  
Bigger, better mouth to eat the meek  
Savor the taste of the lies you speak

Set all of those who try to help you aflame  
Did they not know that chagrin's your middle name?  
Now draw your card, it's your turn to play the blame game  
The consolation prize is a head filled with shame

So cut yourself from cheek to cheek  
No one likes a smile that's weak  
Bigger, better mouth to eat the meek  
Savor the taste of the lies you speak

## GLASS

And I breathe 'cause it's a habit  
Like the tablet that you swallow when you make yourself feel well

For affect you pull your hair up  
The look you scare up, like you can't decide who you will be that night

In the mirror you get your answer - not the answer  
Smearing lipstick on her face, smearing lipstick on the...

Glass is cracking I'm not laughing listen to me  
Glass will settle at the bottom check it and see  
The only patient in the room is barely me  
That head in the glass won't recognize me

With a whimper I call Gladys - she's the bad ass  
No reflection there reflecting on her flecks of her on...

## TESTIMONY

I saw it staring out through the sand  
Reaching to me just like a hand they say, rub me three times more

Yellow dandelion under my chin  
Reflecting nothing all I hear is the din of tempers rising...

All this magic smoke and the mirrors  
Slight of hand expressing my fears to you - testimony!

Odd cantations is where we are now  
Gotta funny way of showing me how - testimony!

Got to — mix it up — with finger pointing I don't — like myself  
So I look in your eyes and tell you — why....

## **I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING**

Mahler, Shostakovich  
Rockefeller, he got so rich  
Physics, economics, supernovas, supersonics

I don't know anything, I don't know anything  
I never knew anything, I never knew anything

Hindu, Christian, Buddhist, humanism, hippie nudist  
Hume, Kierkegaard, and Hegel  
English muffin, jelly bagel

**ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:** Mitch Goldman - trumpet

## **LUMPY HEAD**

Lumpy head, lumpy head  
I think you should leave instead - that's what you said

Astonishing, admonishing  
All I did was pull the string - just pulled the string

Curious, questioning  
Words instead of Lumpy Head

Loaded spring - not noticing  
All I did was pull the string, and everything came down

## **BLEW MY MIND**

That's amazing, you just blew my mind  
Optical nerve severed now I'm blind  
Bits of my grey matter, never me no find again  
I'm altered down to my core  
I'm laid out face on the floor  
And still I want more



## **MORE INFORMATION**

Questions or interested in booking? Or questions about recording at Crime Dog Studios?  
Philosophical or political questions? Questions about making homemade spaghetti sauce?  
Email John at [johng@griffinaudiomedia.com](mailto:johng@griffinaudiomedia.com)