

The Blue Butter Pot



JEWELS & GLORY
2021

01 - JEWELS & GLORY

You wanna build walls
We wanna feed the people
You wanna hoard your money
We wanna spend it all

You'd rather be blind
And have a good blast
Keeping in mind
Glory of the past

You live fast as we cruise slow
We choose our side and fix our flaws
(Keepin') your misdeeds on the down low
(We're) going where the wind blows

You burn gas like fools
We farm the Earth
Your world's full of jewels
But jewels don't give birth

You kill the lion
You feed the drought
Nothing's too risky and you just carry on
Never too risky as the world's burning out

You live fast as we cruise slow
We choose our side and fix our flaws
(Keepin') your misdeeds on the down low
(We're) going where the wind blows

02 - Proxy Living

What kinda things make you freak ? Hm hm ha, Hm hm ha
Sounds and sights of a brainless world ? Hm hm ha, Hm hm ha
Highly aroused at the very first peek, Hm hm ha, Hm hm ha
you end up gliding as your mind whirls. Hm hm ha, Hm hm ha

Hooked by the flashes,
Woken by fears,
Grown up with tears,
And rise of the clashes.

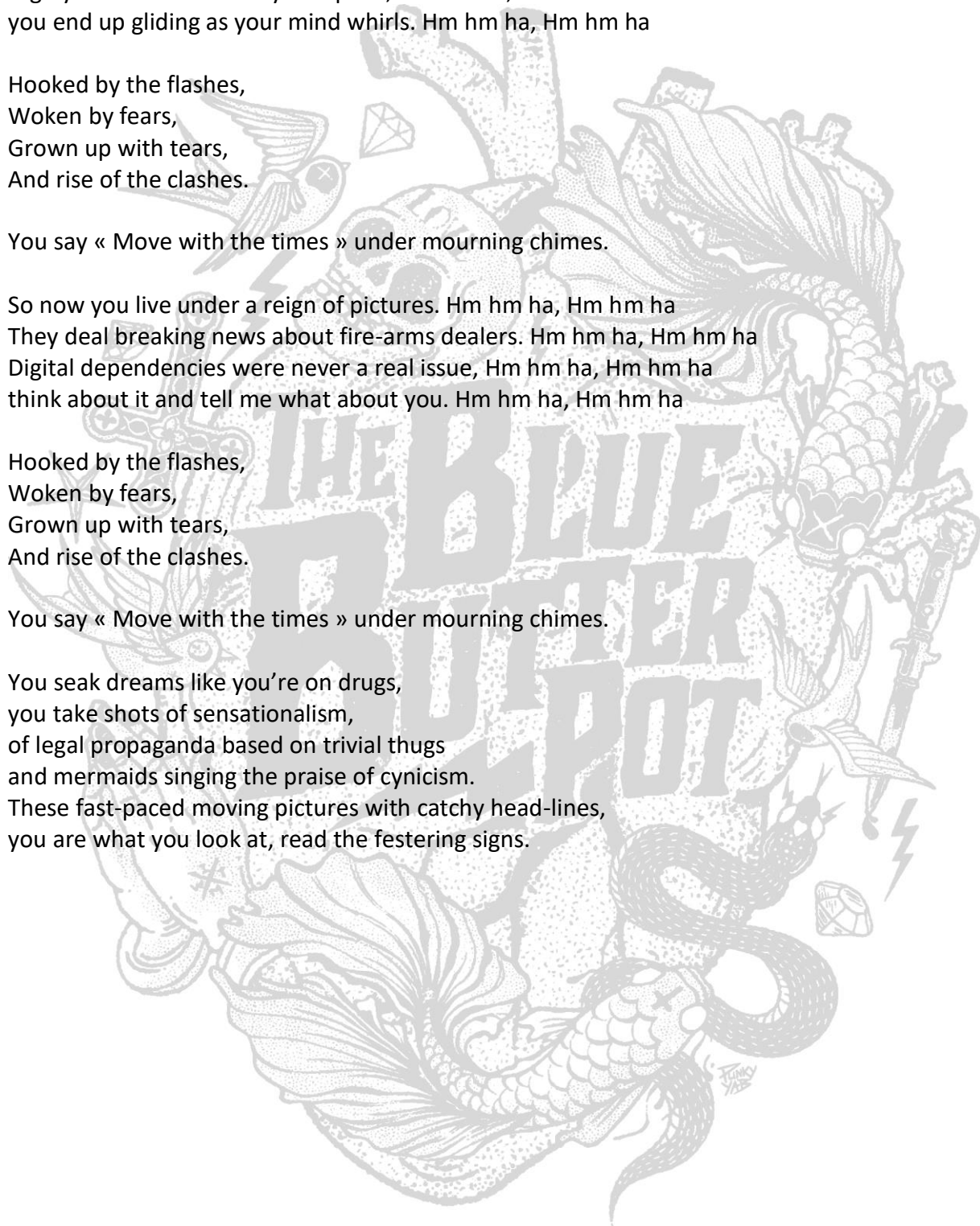
You say « Move with the times » under mourning chimes.

So now you live under a reign of pictures. Hm hm ha, Hm hm ha
They deal breaking news about fire-arms dealers. Hm hm ha, Hm hm ha
Digital dependencies were never a real issue, Hm hm ha, Hm hm ha
think about it and tell me what about you. Hm hm ha, Hm hm ha

Hooked by the flashes,
Woken by fears,
Grown up with tears,
And rise of the clashes.

You say « Move with the times » under mourning chimes.

You seek dreams like you're on drugs,
you take shots of sensationalism,
of legal propaganda based on trivial thugs
and mermaids singing the praise of cynicism.
These fast-paced moving pictures with catchy head-lines,
you are what you look at, read the festering signs.



03 - Man hush

We hear him coming up from a distance,
the first-class ball-busting loudmouth.
There's no need to worry upon first glance,
but when he starts talkin' yo mind goes through a drought.

Don't you hear me, don't you hear me ?
Man, hush. Hush, man, hush !
Wohoo ohohohoo yeah

His big mouth ain't just full of spit,
many many words are coming out,
and every single person he hits with
gets so upset they wanna shout !

Don't you hear me, don't you hear me ?
Man, hush. Hush, man, hush !
Wohoo ohohohoo yeah
Don't you hear me, don't you hear me ?
Octaver > chant direct

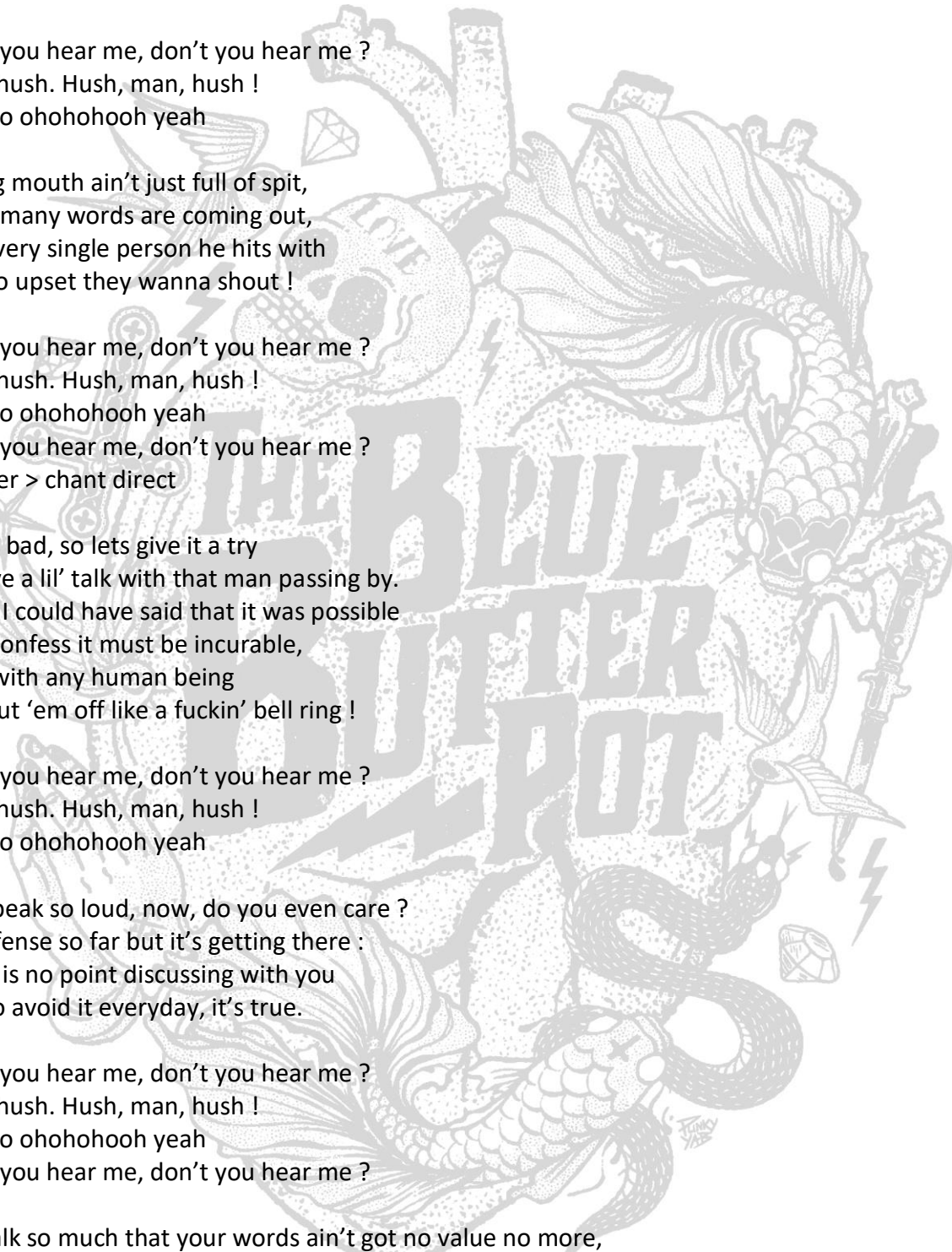
Bias is bad, so lets give it a try
to have a lil' talk with that man passing by.
I wish I could have said that it was possible
but I confess it must be incurable,
try it with any human being
he'll cut 'em off like a fuckin' bell ring !

Don't you hear me, don't you hear me ?
Man, hush. Hush, man, hush !
Wohoo ohohohoo yeah

You speak so loud, now, do you even care ?
No offense so far but it's getting there :
There is no point discussing with you
I try to avoid it everyday, it's true.

Don't you hear me, don't you hear me ?
Man, hush. Hush, man, hush !
Wohoo ohohohoo yeah
Don't you hear me, don't you hear me ?

You talk so much that your words ain't got no value no more,
You talk so much you don't even need to knock on the door,
You talk so much my head is getting sore,
You talk so much I can't stand you anymore !!!



04 - the H.H.H. (the HouseHold Handler)

None would know
None would hear
None would imagine what happens here

Why would they ?
Why should they ?
Why consider what can't be seen ?

What failed ?
What's burning in ya head ?
What part of ya soul has been shredded ?

Whose fault was it ?
Whose spell were you under ?
Who broke your duty to care ?

I should have faced you
I should have faced you that day
With all your dues to make you pay.
Maybe you needed a bigger prey ?
How'd you have dealt with that play ?

I should have slapped your face
To get ya back to reality
I should have slapped your face that day
Would you have gotten it that way ?

But now it's too late
But now the damage's done
But now it's too late
'Cause you're long gone.



05 - Mister Painkiller

Hey Mister Painkiller,
It took me a long long time to get to you.
My gimpy leg scraping the dust,
then, troubles on my tail.
They could have caught me first,
For only two bucks and a nail...

Don't you know...
what I'm doing here ?
I simply came to die.
The thrill is gone and so is my fear,
I came right here to die.

Take the load off o' my weary shoulders
cause I can feel 'em crumbling.
You know there ain't no prayer
that can stop the bleeding.

My knees hurt,
I couldn't run from the claws of pain,
and the dirt turns to mud
in the divine rain.

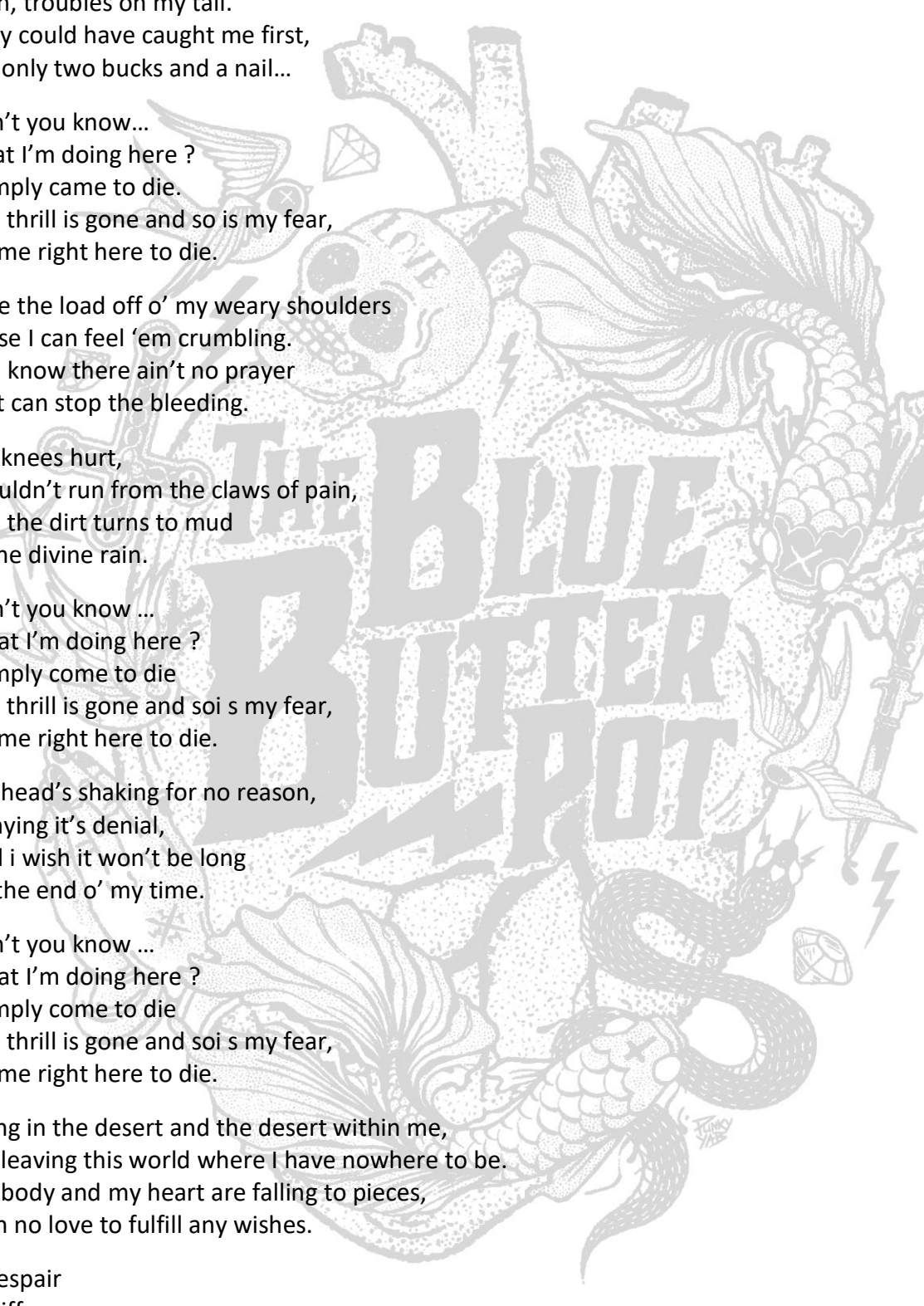
Don't you know ...
What I'm doing here ?
I simply come to die
The thrill is gone and so is my fear,
I came right here to die.

My head's shaking for no reason,
Denying it's denial,
And i wish it won't be long
'til the end o' my time.

Don't you know ...
What I'm doing here ?
I simply come to die
The thrill is gone and so is my fear,
I came right here to die.

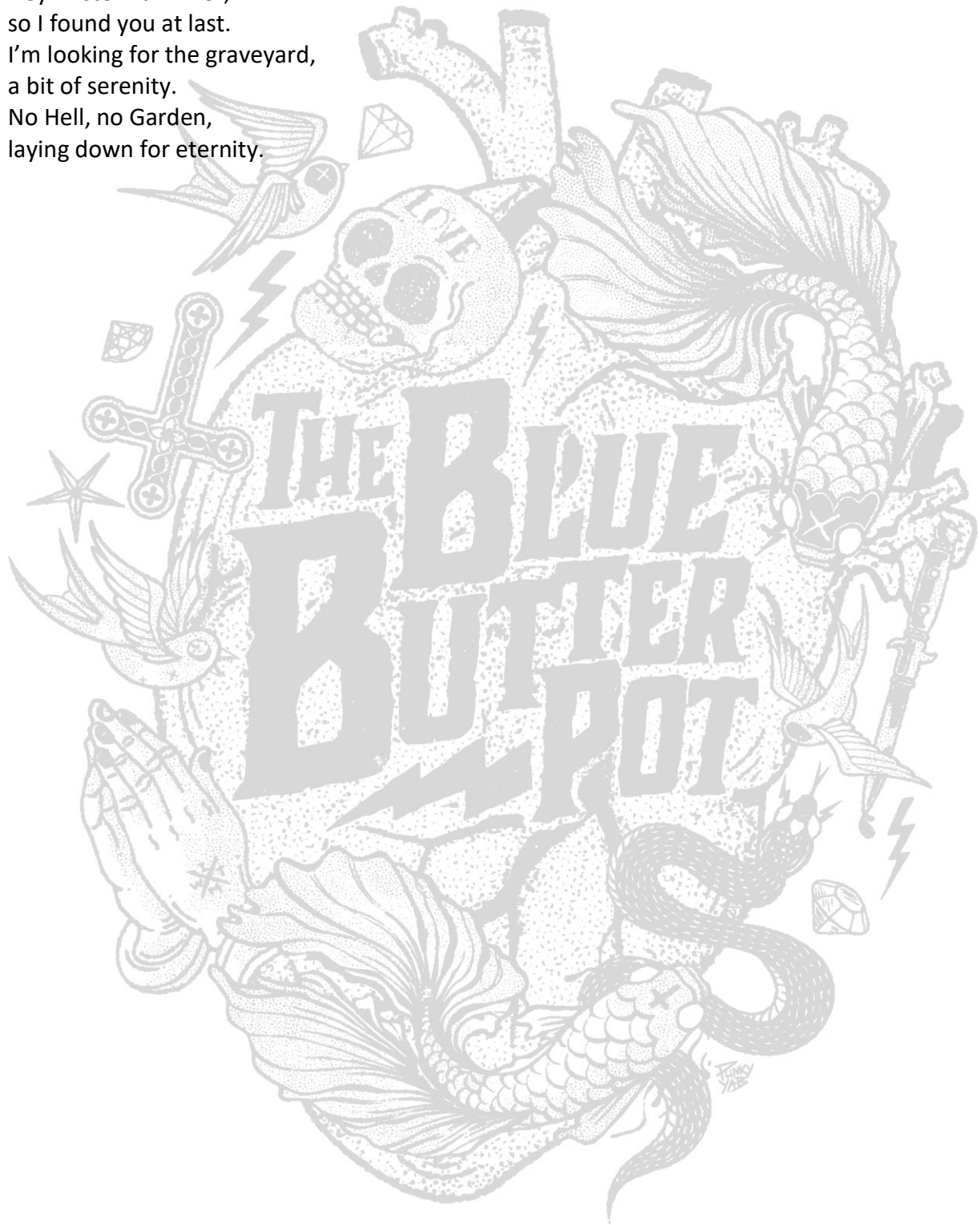
Being in the desert and the desert within me,
I'm leaving this world where I have nowhere to be.
My body and my heart are falling to pieces,
with no love to fulfill any wishes.

- 2 Despair
- 3 Stiffness
- 1 Pain / Grief / Need
- 2 Distress / Breakdown / Short fuse
- 3 Uselessness / Disabled / Dependence



Being in the desert and the desert within me,
I'm leaving this world where I have nowhere to be.
My body and my heart are falling to pieces,
with no love to fulfill any wishes.

Hey Mister Painkiller,
so I found you at last.
I'm looking for the graveyard,
a bit of serenity.
No Hell, no Garden,
laying down for eternity.



07 - To Each His Own

I look blue when I'm blue,
I look bad when I'm bad,
And if I got no fancy,
Ya might make the beast antsy.

No place for backstabbers,
Amongst my kin,
I like 'em straight talkers,
You know what I'm saying, Kid !

No one should tell you,
You should be glad, oughta be hot,
« To each his own mood »
In society or not,

You'll always hear some say,
You should or shouldn't be that way,
But do those people even care
about things you'd have to bear ?

So, how d'you feel now ?
So, how d'you feel now ?
So, how d'you feel now ?
So, how d'you feel now ?
So, how d'you feel now ?
So, how d'you feel now ?
So, how d'you feel now ?
So, how d'you feel now ?



09 - The Dead Good Woodsman

A deer skin he hunted for food
A hunting rifle he used for good
A trapper's knife to skin the game
A faithful hound dog who had no name

He knew the Rockies like the back of his hands
Each and every tree, each and every rock
Trekking through miles and miles of woods
Watching the place just like a hawk.

A bow saw, an axe, a few ropes,
A compass and the sun, the dog and the horse
(He) got up early in the morning, he loved the dawn
Using the river t'move logs to town

Chopping, sawing 7 days a week,
14 hours a day, he plied his trade,
Climbing the trees, always in motion
Whatever the weather in a sea of green

He was a wild man in the wild
He had something fierce deep inside
Being free was his pride
A right good woodsman 'til he died
He drank booze to warm up in the winter
When his body was sore, he kept carvin' timber
Smoking his pipe after a bean stew dinner
Or playing banjo by a nice open fire
100 years from now, no trace that he was there
The crow tells his grandson what he heard from his forebear
The legend of a man playing banjo in a chair
Felling trees, living wild, free soul and no care

One foot in the dust, the other in the mud
The strength of the man being his own God
No need for nothin' from the wide world
Livin' alone let him get rid of bad blood



10 - One More Piece

Now listen to me here sweet baby,
Says, I'm not jokin' an' ya boy's hungry,
I know you got a range, sho' bakes nice and brown
So your pie outdoes any other in town

One more piece, I gotta have me one more piece of...
One more piece, I just gotta have one more piece of... BIS

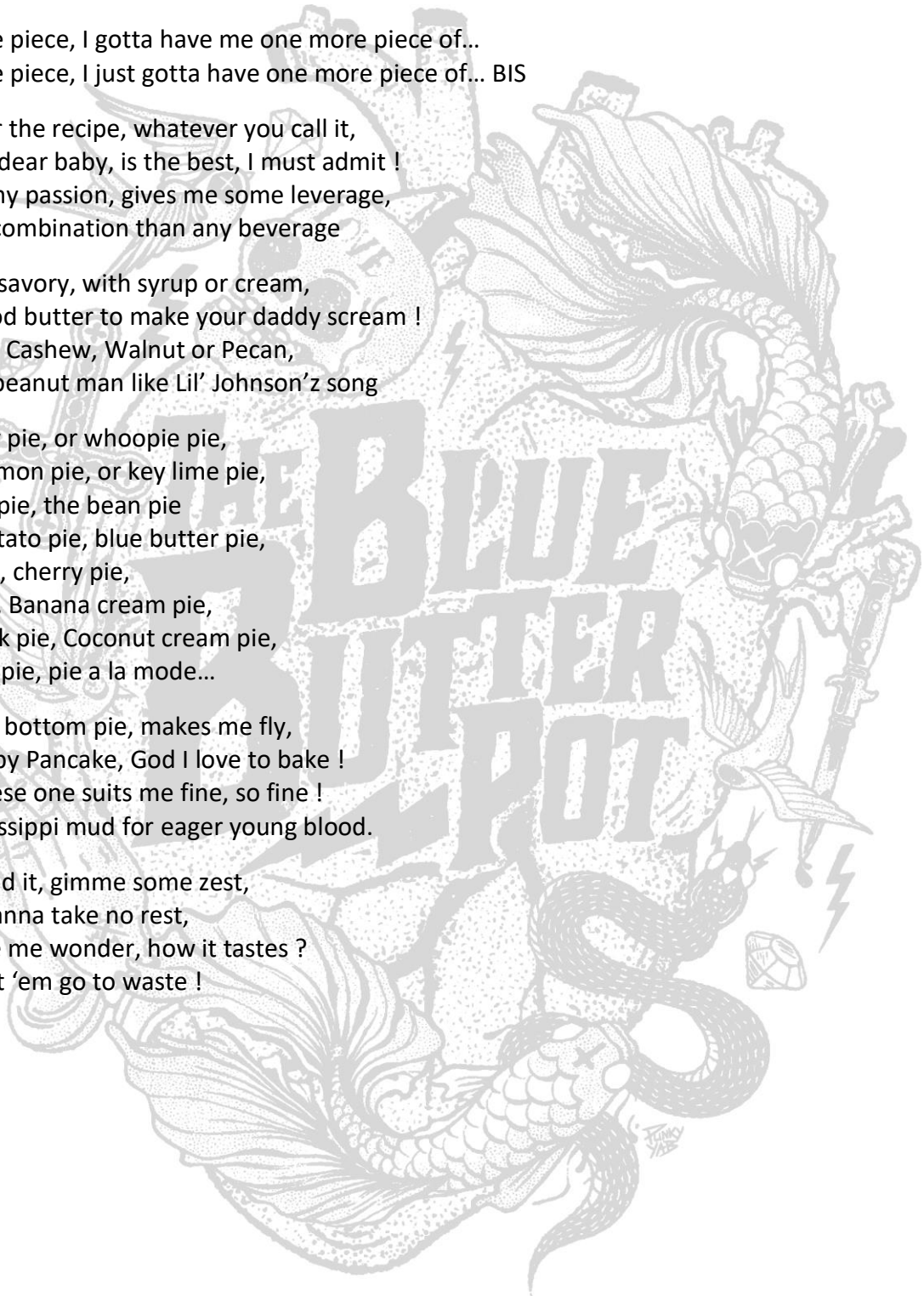
Whatever the recipe, whatever you call it,
Your pie, dear baby, is the best, I must admit !
It raises my passion, gives me some leverage,
A better combination than any beverage

Sweet or savory, with syrup or cream,
Takes good butter to make your daddy scream !
Chestnut, Cashew, Walnut or Pecan,
I'm your peanut man like Lil' Johnson's song

Blueberry pie, or whoopie pie,
Shaker lemon pie, or key lime pie,
Pumpkin pie, the bean pie
Sweet potato pie, blue butter pie,
Peach pie, cherry pie,
Sugar pie, Banana cream pie,
Buttermilk pie, Coconut cream pie,
Molasses pie, pie a la mode...

The Black bottom pie, makes me fly,
Dutch Baby Pancake, God I love to bake !
The Chinese one suits me fine, so fine !
The Mississippi mud for eager young blood.

I can't hold it, gimme some zest,
I don't wanna take no rest,
You make me wonder, how it tastes ?
I won't let 'em go to waste !



11- C.O.C.O. (COME ON COME OVER)

Paroliers : Jaco Pastorius / Robert Zohn –

Paroles de Come On, Come Over ©Crompton Songs, Pastorius Music, Redbreast

Come on, come over
As fast as you can
You're afraid that you won't like it
But you don't understand

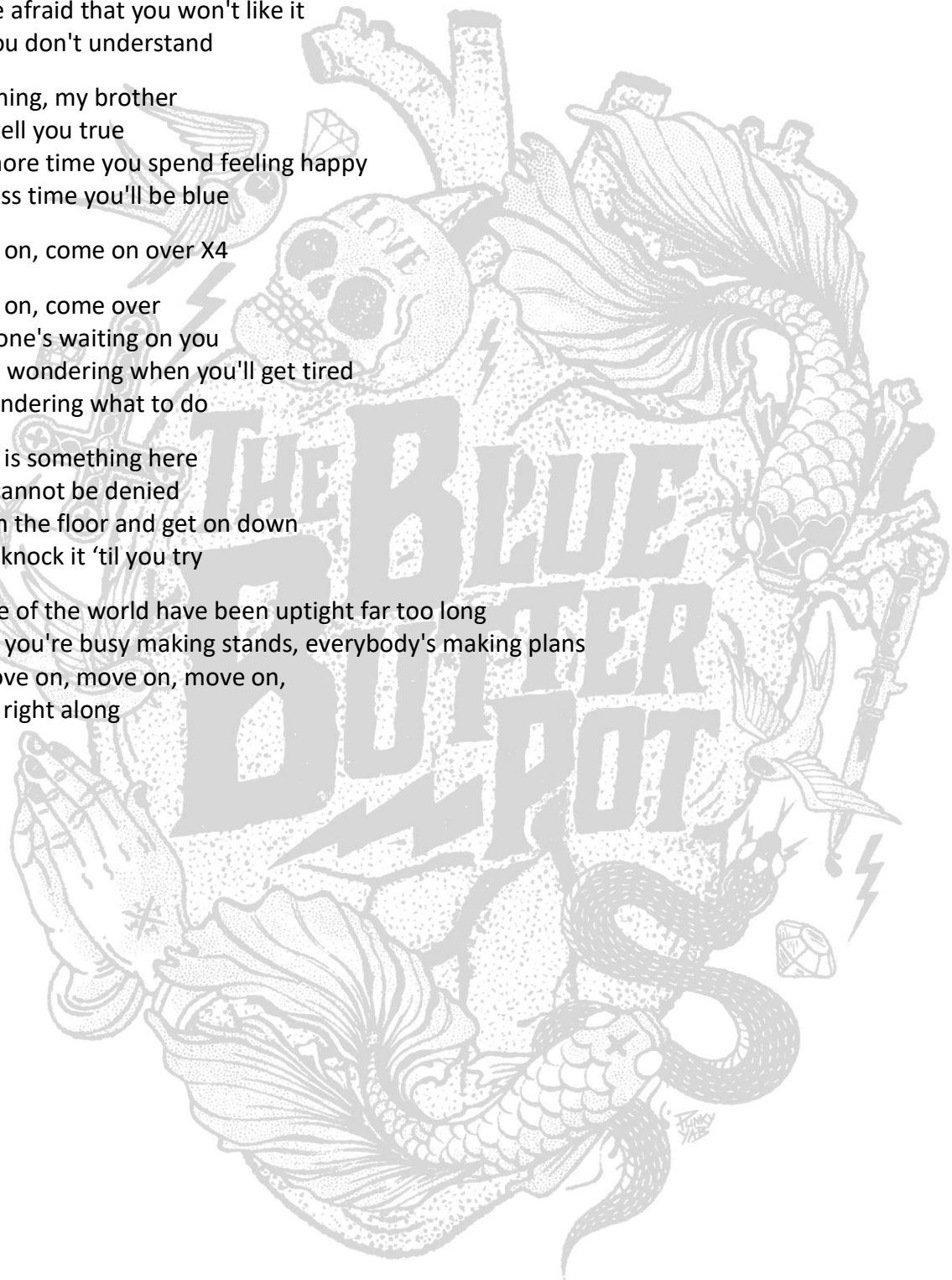
One thing, my brother
I can tell you true
The more time you spend feeling happy
The less time you'll be blue

Come on, come on over X4

Come on, come over
Everyone's waiting on you
We're wondering when you'll get tired
Of wondering what to do

There is something here
That cannot be denied
Get on the floor and get on down
Don't knock it 'til you try

People of the world have been uptight far too long
While you're busy making stands, everybody's making plans
To move on, move on, move on,
Move right along



12 - BAD SIDES

Bury the friendship
If you only look at
the bad sides
of the people you meet

