



Mistaken Karma	Evil Eye Gypsy
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All music and lyrics written by Mike Emmons

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Mike Emmons - Guitar—Vocals - Percussion - Keyboards

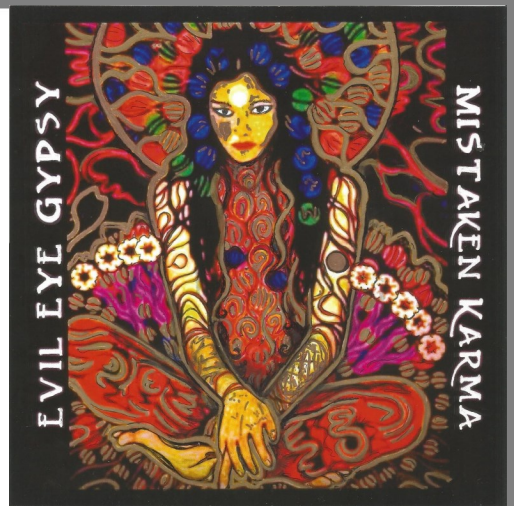
Sherree Jane - Lead Vocals - Percussion

Cat Shift - Drums - Percussion

Aaron Gebard - Bass

Paul Jacinto: Drums on Matchstick Men & Rock The Funk

Nick Jones: Bass on Matchstick Men & Mistaken Karma



Fall For Me

I met you on a Friday at the rock & roll show,
 Friend request by Sunday how did I know
 You're liking all my pictures, showing up where I go,
 You're moving too fast, yeah, I like it slow
 Friday night, another show, it was a gas
 But you couldn't keep your hands off my ass
 And then the bouncer showed you the way to the door
 You ran your mouth then you hit the floor
 Yeah I had to block you, but you're good at the game
 Another friend request, yeah another name
 You think that I love you, but you're just a pain
 A lovesick bastard driving me insane
 Fall for me (I'm tellin' you baby) Don't Fall for me
 Fall for me Don't fall for me
 Fall for me (down on your knees) Fall for me (do as I
 please) Fall for me Don't fall for me

Easy

See them floating, to the curb
 No rest for the wicked, the angels disturb
 The tired, afflicted, the hungry and poor
 Dance with the devil, sleep with the whore
 Lured by her beauty, beguiled by her charms,
 The comfort of dying, safe in her arms
 The tired, afflicted, the hungry, the poor
 Sleep with the Devil, killed by the whore
 Easy come, easy go
 House lights are fading, on with the show
 Was it all worth it, I'd like to know,
 Easy come, easy go

Matchstick Men

Gonna hitch to California, & I won't be back again
 Dreams packed in a pillbox, spillin out the ends
 Blood soaked sun horizon, is all my eyes can see,
 No good deed goes unpunished,
 And it's coming back to me
 On the way to California, I had slept in days,
 Thrills found in a pillbox, no one knew the way
 Cold desert moon was rising,
 Cold comfort round the bend,
 Bedroom strangler prowling,
 Magic kingdom's lonely friend.
 Lost in California, Dreaming in the shade
 The boulevard, the walk of stars,
 And some who lost their way,
 And I don't know how I got here,
 This land of broken dreams,
 And thrills found in a pillbox,
 It's better than it seems.
 Desperate days and excessive ways,,
 Are holding me down, it's just a temporary phase
 Matchstick houses built by matchstick men
 Don't put your trust in them, they always burn

Down

In the back room sniffin' glue, Always try to be so cool, Tell me what you're tryin' to do,
 I wouldn't want to be like you, You shoot your junk in the stalls, Pukin' on the bathroom walls
 Tell me what you're tryin' to do, I wouldn't want to be like you
 You ran out in the bathroom stall, And now you're climbing up the wall, Tell me what you're trying to do,
 I wouldn't want to be like you, Missed a court date lost a friend, One you'll never see again
 Tell me what you're tryin' to do, I wouldn't want to be like you
 You're running in the streets, You lay down in the gutter, No promises to keep, You always ask for more
 Back door alley red hot funk, Sell your pussy buy your junk, Tell me what you're tryin' to do,
 I wouldn't want to be like you, A circus act getting high, Swear to God you'll never die
 Tell me what you're trying to do, I wouldn't want to be like you
 Now you're up against the wall, Sell your shit in bathroom stalls, Tell me what you're tryin' to do,
 I wouldn't want to be like you, Now they found you on the floor, Soaked in blood a fucked up whore
 Tell me what you're trying to do, I wouldn't want to be like you
 You're running in the streets, You lay down in the gutter, No promises to keep, You're just a junkie whore
 You're running in the streets, You lay down in the gutter No promises to keep, You always ask for more

The Devil's Call

I don't think about it, & I don't speak about it, & I don't dream about it, I'm free
The poets like to think of, the sickly kind of sweet love, the kind you always think of, I'm free
You pull it out and shake it, I close my eyes and take it, You never know I fake it, I'm free
Will you come with me? Will you set me free? Will you come with me? Will you set me free?
If you run with me, you know I'll set you free. If you run with me, you know I'll set you free
If you lay with me, Death will set you free. Will you lay with me? Death will set you free
You're headed for a fall, you're never gonna make it, The writing's on the wall,
You know you can't escape it, Devil's laughing when you call,
you had your love and raped it, The writing's on the wall, you're never gonna make it

Soapbox Preacher

Her daddy worked for the CIA, And he's a member of the KKK
Now he's wanted by the FBI, Lemme tell ya he's a hellofa guy
Crusin' chicks on the Sunset Strip, pay 'em money if they don't like the trip
Round the block they always want more, Down the alley they don't know the score
On the beach out at Waikiki, He's like the army being all he can be
Bikini girl blowin' great beach balls, Mental patient she's his booty call
But now he's headed back to ol' T.J., Got some deep kicks help him on his way
Lost a bar fight, got the sailor blues, Tijuana lock up got the time to lose
Got back stateside after freedom called, Chinese theatre pissin' on the wall
Got some help from the KKK, and they were financed by the CIA
On a mission with a L.A. whore, Got picked up at the surplus store
But he was freed by the FBI, Cause they thought he was a hellofa guy
Soapbox preacher, yeah, he wants to meet cha
He's got a thing or two that he'd like to teach ya
Phallic symbols in the hallowed halls Blood graffiti on the bath house walls
Soapbox teacher, yeah, he wants to reach ya
He's got a thing or two that he'd like to preach ya
Marching zombies in the hallowed halls Blood graffiti on the White House walls

Rock The Funk

Trigger finger the slapstick ringer, Round heeled girl,
yeah you gotta bring her, Slim Jim Phanton,
Yeah you almost had him, Rocker, Slick, yeah you gotta add 'em
Sideshow freakshow, the kind you gotta meet show,
Pinhead baby, never make the meat grow
The backstage ringer with the smelly finger,
Fruit juice douche will help to keep her cleaner,
Bottoms up and faces down, the things that make to world go round
Peek show freakshow, the kind you gotta see show,
Smack that ass underneath the red glow, Out of time, whatcha gonna do?
Try to get away, they're all obsessed with you
Out of time, last in line, gig is done, had our fun
Rock the funk, and then you grab your junk,
And you pump the hump, and you feed the punk

The Venus Ritual

You wanted to see if you could be like me Dripping with honey, naked and free
Jumping on toadstools, wind in your hair. Making love in the grass, without a care
Venus rising, bright in the sky. Love in the air, all seeing eye.
People will come from near and so far. Ritual Healing, the morning star.
You wanted to see if you could be like me. Follow the mountains, down to the sea.
Moonlight is dancing, waves in the sky Under the water, we never will die.
Pale moon Is laughing, Plays with the stars Red star is hungry, mighty god Mars
The Lady is dancing, to herald the dawn Ritual healing for everyone.
You wanted to see if you could be like me Under the moonlight, naked and free.
Dripping with honey, dancing on air Midnight of passion, your ritual prayer.
Venus is rising, bright in the sky. Love for the ages, she never will die.
People will see her, so near but so far Ritual healing, the Morning Star

Tomorrow

Time after time, the Universal Mind
The servants and their keepers
The punishment for their crimes
Dreams are moving forward
Reality falls behind. Looking for that something,
That they'll never find Time after time, the universal sign
Servants kill their keepers. Punished for their crimes.
Reality moving forward, The dreams not far behind
Universal suffering, Universal Mind.
Time after time The Universal Mind The servants now the keepers
Hiding all their crimes Reality moving forward, Reality falls behind.
Where are all the dreams? Dying on the vine.