

**Superluminal Pachyderm
presents**

Sea of Peas

**Lyrics
by
Ken Robinson**

**Lyrics for "Karmic Cow"
by
Jaime Jamison**

**Xaagma Press
State College, Pa.
2006**

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©2006 Jaime Jamison for "Karmic Cow" lyrics.

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Tracks:

1. Sea of Peas (15:54)
2. Wrinkle the Eyebrows on the First Dog (20:45)
 - a. Power Tools in Regression
 - b. Circular Attenuation of Language
 - c. The Central Column of Plastic Patience
 - d. Thirty Days of Bagless Vacuums
 - e. Punescat
 - f. Professional Salads
3. Dezincification (8:03)
4. Karmic Cow (9:36)
5. Pseudodesks and Fleas from the Atmosphere (1:47)
6. An E-mail from Franklin D. Roosevelt (5:14)
7. Of the Ferric Oxides in the Old Toilets (16:50)
 - a. Twenty Billion
 - b. Bibbed Boat of Pinwheel Game Boards
 - c. Nine of More Minus One
 - d. Diskette Breeze
 - e. Dinner Question

All music by Ken Robinson except track 3 by Duane Tate and Ken Robinson and track 7 by Jeff Edmunds and Ken Robinson.

All lyrics by Ken Robinson except track 4 by Jaime Jamison.

Track 3 features Duane Tate (vocals).

Track 7 features Jeff Edmunds (Stick, guitars, effects, voices) and Miriam (vocals on part d).

Some vintage keyboard samples courtesy of Hollow Sun (<http://www.hollowsun.com/>).

Produced by Ken Robinson.

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Sea of Peas

sometimes when you claw and beep
and you're unsure of baking
sometimes you'll peel equations
as if you've found a pear
you eat cake to only find that the table is beaming
then you start to think
it comes upon you freely
sounding swiss cheese holes after twilight
a lobster fleeing salt from the tide
it's either water, ice, or steam
what do you think i mean?

seismic vibrations blurring my vision
craters speaking of cassette decks in the cul-de-sac
pouring ants down a sliding board
a raven flying high above
fades into the distance
natural satellites passing through the heavens
sensing a molecular disturbance in the air
now there is nothing at all
it's either buttons, crumpockets, or spleens
what do you think i mean?

i'm sailing on a sea of peas
looking for somebody's cheese
under dishrag turtle keys
my nose is full of bees
i'm sailing on a sea of peas
a sea of peas

shades of time are opening their doors
should i enter not knowing what i'll find?
primordial ooze cramping my style
encyclopedias spewing lava into the air

i see a sea of orange and pineapple juice
bubbling to its connection with soil
there i am on top of the mountain
it smells like tables, chairs, and beans
what do you think i mean?

there is a large sea of peas
on the far side of Miranda
and craters all over the sun

a thousand cans of asparagus shining on the earth
travelling around the central station wagon
each one shining ever so brightly
formatting carpeted staircases gently
i close my eyes because it is time for a nap
it's either water, cereal, or popsicles
what do you think i mean?

i'm sailing on a sea of peas
looking for somebody's cheese
under dishrag turtle keys
my nose is full of bees
i'm sailing on a sea of peas
a sea of peas

Wrinkle the Eyebrows on the First Dog

a. power tools in regression

in june 1940, the submarines and the jaw adapted
ham released per atmospheres
there is a telephone with a treat, a train of the knees
the phantoms of the trees of the sleepiness
my sign of stop is in your hands
i can not find any hero, your toast is my lid of can of refuse
be you party as remote as my galactic box of toys
in my fort plugs boxes with the rough taste
with peppermint of cold noise
under with my hairy plates

b. circular attenuation of language

daylight hits the floor and my breath beeps my ears
knowing what space we know
pluto can find my belts around my feet return gowns
yielding to my all thought cone-bath cape
i will call you in lundy, airplanes in balls
barmaid bandwidth tears high-pitched cooties
beer and hydraulic moths fly to the sky

numerous commanders, a well known face
tasteless pajamas, open up the floodgates
cellular phones dissecting cement plugins
turtleneck tidy turpentine keyboard crapbags
are you safe?

are you bank fossils?
are you under the fishsticks?

puppy poops and drag queen cartwheels
sloppy hunchbacks, night owl underfoot
bowel conjunction, forbidden deliberation
double-parked inside a windscreen washroom
bass drum crumbs foul the mighty airstreams
a crashing river of echoes and shoelace spans
they taught me all this in school
car tongue sandfly hopscotch verbosity

numerous commanders, a well known face
culpepper house freaks see me sliding
my nose gently glides into the pillowcase
pomeranian town halls and fartbox groupies
search the web with this catalog of text
are you sure of me?
are you a bag?
are you my jumper suit?

c. the central column of plastic patience

large mobile mass
rainbows and flies
delivered snacks
counterstrike pies

frustration walks with me as i sigh
snout counting ever bright snows
disposed fleece flag my geese
eight trances and dances
joke oak very vacuum
xylophone sifting crunch
moose slugbug dump truck

take me to my dump truck
feed me my cement truck
take me to my dump truck
feed me my cement truck
forever and ever and ever

woo woo woo woo woo woo woo

hydrocheerioic acid
technocratic big snake
losing lofty underbids

faster glue coppercakes

d. thirty days of bagless vacuums

instrumental

e. punescat

you snowcone pants boxerglue
feeble cryogenic i feed cups
bundercamp high gloss trashcans
garbage sediment corndogs
quake flake bake monstercake
and dampened pants ponder asteroid lakes

law school, fresh diapers, sink stoppage
lettuce bands, bumper cars, fleabags

on the search engine is my punescat
ruler musclepop litterbox
under hidden vacuum is my punescat
drool sounding fifty bag
block of six, staunch paper, punescat

san francisco salad moons vapor trails
postage pulleys, mountain glories
vehicle feet going vertical voters
spider sandwich fair dewey dagwood
whipped circles, flybottom dot bunches
pro-golfers, eohippus gas clouds

scumbag, questgoof, snowmobile cops
bagdump, boxclock, fortified vitamins

on the search engine is my punescat
ruler musclepop litterbox
under hidden vacuum is my punescat
drool sounding fifty bag
block of six, staunch paper, punescat

f. professional salads

eisenhower eclipsed my monopoly board
i'm an internet knucklehead junkie
tiger spots and money pockets glow in jersey
jupiter veins and slippery dames
flaunt cheese doodles in my laundry

i'm a venture in diplomacy

newt flonk defender
sorting my zeros in remainders
bare messies and sulphurized nuclei
sunbathing pantloops and asteroid belts
ten percent of nothing
cave dweller jumprope
president lucy hugh bovine
honky soft mirror borderlands
zipper quaint salt shaker
mixer, mashed potatoes
in june 1940, the submarines and the jaw adapted
ham released per atmospheres

Dezincification

Slight rearrangement of the chorus by Duane Tate

you came into my life like a ton of bricks
i've counted most of your hairs, through 5226
do i know what you're trying to squeeze?
i don't understand, is it my knees?
cutter tables leaped through rings of flame
sometimes I'd forget, forget your name
what has happened to me?
i just don't understand

dezincification
what am I talking about?
dezincification
barking at dots on paper
dezincification
training wheels and free beer
dezincification
uncle stubbins has cleared the brainport
dezincification

conjugating phlegm, making paper airplanes
rolling down over the parking lot canes
rainbows, deported ghostdog visions
looking at cereal, under hop-hop fusions
i ask myself, "is this my life?"
a pillowhouse bowl filled with pipes
my shoulders become tense
and you make me mumble nonsense

grinding my teeth
a million vacuum cords every second
my tongue is still inside my mouth
frankincense and capital gum frost
industrial ladybugs
i run with the cows
main sequence mammoth herd
it scared the hell out of me
this higgs boson field collapsed
and the universe was no more
but we could still go to the poconos
and eat hot dogs

dezincification
dezincification
dezincification
dezincification

dezincification
a toilet clogged up with french fries
dezincification
howling at spiraled phone cord
dezincification
a groundball to third base
dezincification
meowing into the vivid distance
dezincification

Karmic Cow

Lyrics by Jaime Jamison

in a sleepy little hamlet
in the heartland
was spawned a cow who spat at cud
no double stomach
pass the A-1 sauce
bioengineering his twisted passion
human digestion, air and blood

made a moo with a 'tude
and craving for red meat

incisors, canines, molars gleaming
twisting, tearing, screaming, shearing

a nasty avatar of hathor
paying back a karmic debt
oh poor bonzo of big burgers
as little boy a calf he kept
at the nutri-promo
it was too late when he turned
raging bovine sunk in deep
bonzo's mangled shoulder burned

he thought she was tame
but assumptions fail
he thought she was tame
but then bonzo wailed

"i'm sorry 'bout the burgers
but you know they're filled with soy"

the raging bovine snorted
flashed her teeth looking for more
he offered her a big juicy
without the drink and fries
couldn't tell which opened wider
her jaws or flaming eyes
frantic, bonzo headed for the big slide
giant boots a jumping high
but she was on him
like a carb freak on some biggie fries

he thought she was tame
but assumptions fail
he thought she was tame
but then bonzo wailed

a mutant guernsey on a mission
primed with carnivorous dentition
what goes around comes around
all the way...

Pseudodesks and Fleas from the Atmosphere

instrumental

An E-mail from Franklin D. Roosevelt

spambots attacking my domain
i've lost control of my name
the mailserv is feeling sour
500,000 in an hour

i just got an e-mail
from franklin d roosevelt
he wants me to buy some viagra
and enroll me in a university
it's prestigious and unaccredited
i asked him how harry was
but all i get back is an error

go ahead and send me some novarg
make me thin and then make me large
send lots of dough to nigeria
they break my filter's criteria

crystal giraffes
entering contests
take out a loan
get a free bag of combs
pyramid schemes
get rich quick themes
click on my remove link
i'll send you even more in a blink
just go to my web page for a scam
then watch me on my webcam

i just got an e-mail
from franklin d roosevelt
he wants to give me credit cards
and fill out a bunch of surveys
win a free trip to disney world
i asked him how eleanor was
but all i get back is an error

Of the Ferric Oxides in the Old Toilets

a. twenty billion

square edges arrive around a clapper
door hinges excitement in my nose

bloated balloons piping hot sea water
uncle teddy focused entirely on the atlas

salty macaroni escaping my mouth-mouth
lost ability to retain
do you know the twenty-seven
blue bubbly physics handbooks
did you return to the square edges
does the clapper know who you are
a toilet i see we see
know the court know we know
clapper knows we know who

pre-cambrian spuds soaking up the iced tea
toaster popping
bug spray knowing turtles
didn't you anything your tricycle
wooden and small costs only three dollars

coupons know nothing
conical placement assignment
the clapper knows they are there
saliva spilling over the lips
glands commit to overflow

b. bibbed boat of pinwheel game boards

[partly instrumental, partly voices]

c. nine or more minus one

shapeless clouds of gas
another long project for gravity
trillions of miles of dust
molten frisbees hidden from view
thousands upon thousands of spheres
condense from the formless matter
another creation passes by closely
and no one ever heard of humans

d. diskette breeze

metallic cheese doodle cans
slumped into vertebrate madness
copy my brain into corrupt files
count my toes, see them jump for joy

sail my diskette breeze
catch today an edge clipper
form you form me form i

you have my attention span
give me a hot soda

ants in my pants
snow part fish bee
bouts of bits
we recede

e. dinner question

we take our seats in the dining room
and here she comes with dinner
a large covered dish is placed in the center
she removes the cover as our mouths begin to water
it's a hot, steaming vacuum cleaner bag
dust, lint, hair, and other debris on my plate
i wonder, should i use a fork or a spoon?