

MONKEY HOUSE

CRASHBOX



Produced by Peter Cardinali + Don Breithaupt
Recorded + Mixed in Stereo + Immersive Audio by John "Beetle" Bailey
Written, Arranged + Conducted by Don Breithaupt
Mastered by Harry Hess at HBomb Mastering

Don Breithaupt: Piano, Rhodes, Wurlitzer, Organ, Synth, Lead + Background Vocals
Justin Abedin: Guitars Mark Kelso: Drums + Percussion Pat Kilbride: Bass
William Sperandei: Trumpet William Carn: Trombone Vern Dorge: Alto Sax John Johnson: Tenor Sax
Selena Evangeline: Background Vocals Michael Dunston: Background Vocals, Tambourine (5)
Peter Cardinali: Bass (5) Tony Carlucci: Trumpet (1) Marc Jordan: Vocal Cameo (4)
Drew Jurecka: Violin + Viola (8, 12) Lydia Muchinsky: Cello (8, 12)
John "Beetle" Bailey + Peter Cardinali: Additional Percussion

Soloists: Michael Leonhart, trumpet (2); Drew Zingg, guitar (7); Vern Dorge, alto (6)
Justin Abedin, guitar (4, 8, 12); Don Breithaupt, keys (1, 5, 8); Mark Kelso, drums (1)

Recorded at: Noble Street Studios (Toronto), assisted by Michael Gnocato + Jake Smith-Rex;
The Drive Shed (New Hamburg); Loudmouse Studios (Toronto), assisted by Taras Blyzniuk;
Candyland Studio (New York), engineered by Michael Leonhart; Hyde Street Studios (San Francisco),
engineered by Chris McGrew; Small Dog Sound (Toronto), engineered by Drew Jurecka
Piano technicians: Akos Prekop + Andrew Novosky

All songs written by Don Breithaupt, published by Cardster Music Co., except "Disappear in Plain Sight"
(written by Don Breithaupt + Marc Jordan, published by Cardster Music Co. + Bluewater Music Canada)

Cover Illustration: "The Benevolent Society of Geoengineering & Meteorology" by Steve McDonald,
AOCAD ([instagram.com/stevedmcdonald](https://www.instagram.com/stevedmcdonald)) Package Design: Don Breithaupt

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all the extraordinary musicians + singers

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DEDICATED TO STEVE ARMOUR, THE GREATEST FRIEND (AND SOUNDING BOARD) A GUY COULD HAVE



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:
DON BREITHAUPT; MARK KELSO;
JUSTIN ABEDIN; PAT KILBRIDE

STUDIO PHOTOS: CARLOS MENDOZA / JUSTIN CHAMOUN

Tony Carlucci is a Jupiter Brass artist. William Carn is a Rath Custom Trombones artist. Vern Dorge uses Vandoren woodwind products. John Johnson is a Yamaha artist. Mark Kelso plays Yamaha drums, Paiste cymbals, Headhunters drumsticks and Evans drumheads.

RETURN OF THE MAYFLY

Everybody has to deal with sorrow
Everybody has to clear their mind
He would rather think about tomorrow
Than the nightmare he left behind

**Return of the mayfly
Watching the city go by
Return of the mayfly
Born on the fourth of July**

He remembers something in Manhattan
Something in the dark before the dawn
He's gonna pass it off like nothing ever happened
'Cause the memory's already gone

*He just wants to keep
The part that's sweet
He just wants to feel
This rain-soaked street
Once again*

He is always searching for the signal
He is always caught up in the noise
Mister Big is slumming on the Nickel
He's come back to his hometown boys

SOMEPLACE ON MADISON

Broadway's dark on Monday
Also Sunday night
West Side's sick with money
Deny you honey
When the roll gets tight

Understand there's a man
That you know in Chinatown
Never fear there's a plan
If the man's not around
It's time to go

**Someplace on Madison
Come take your medicine
Lay down your Spanish gun
And that's when they have you son
When you're someplace on Madison**

SoHo stole your fire
Brought you lofty lows
Red Hook finds our moonlight rider
One Ben lighter from the midnight show

There are days when it pays
To get off at Rockaway
Papa Joe had a trove
Papa Joe's gone to stay
It's time to go

CRASHBOX

A cold hello
To those at home
Watching the news feed
It's time to take you down the hole
My friends
By now we know
You're all alone
Watching the world bleed

We're standing by to crucify
Gonna have it all at ten

Got a thirst for information
Got a hunger for the truth

**Bring on the crashbox
Don't give 'em a chance to get over it
Break out the big guns again
Fill up the cashbox
Gotta have something to show for it
In the age of escalation
You want a sword and not a pen**

A masterclass
In song and dance
24/7

We're changing hearts and changing minds
My friends
Our robo-blonde will correspond
Gonna teach you a lesson
Satisfy your naked eye
She'll be with you till the end

Never mind your better angels
Never mind your living proof

*What's the worst that could happen
Do we have someone on the scene
Nikki C's in Manhattan
We'll do it live
We'll do it live*

DISAPPEAR IN PLAIN SIGHT

In the dark aftermath
Of the chosen one
I'm as restless
As a starter's gun
The race goes on
As I'm running for the shelter
Of my love for you

**Let's disappear in plain sight
Let's fade away in the downtown lights
You can pretend I'm somebody cool
Let's disappear in plain sight**

This is the year
Of the episode
Wherever you go
It starts all over again
And we could see it through
Like a radio song
That sounds so sweet
Soft and low

*My heart ticking like a time bomb
Walk down the streets of Babylon
Times Square
Nowhere
Without a care
Time's running out everywhere*

WHAT'S LEFT OF THIS WORLD

So the money ran out and the sun won't show
Everybody here got a need to know
What's left of this world

Denny went south with the kangaroos
Now we gotta find some way to use
What's left of this world

The red call came
And the grid went down
Nobody walks that side of town
Not now
Sinner and the Bird
Gonna take a ride
There's a brand new lake
On the badland side

Found a little spot they forgot to pave
Everybody here got a plan to save
What's left of this world
Put your bare hands on the golden tree
Better leave now or you're never gonna see
What's left of this world

You know the last one out
Is the first one done
Little Bo Freak got a plastic gun
What fun
Gonna write it all down
While memory serves
How everybody ate
Their just desserts

*Oh and the heart won't go
Where the body won't go
And the body won't go too far
Oh and we're surfacing
And we're circling this star*

SUNDAYING

It's like a worn-out toy
That we forgot we have
Think it's time we two
Remember how to laugh
Get our walking shoes
Throw away these blues
Take a stroll, let it roll
Suddenly we're

**Sundaying
Hope Monday never comes
Now we're the lucky ones
Who are taking five, tasting life
Sundaying
Gonna take a little time
For a sunny sunny Sunday ride**

I think we might be lost
I've never seen that tree
I think it's time we pause
For lemon cakes and tea
It's been a long, long week
So let the moment speak
Slow it down, hang around
Look at us, we're

*Black-capped chickadees
Straight spying on us
They're honestly blown away
The way that they fly by
They may be bewitched by
The wonder with which
We've seized the day*

SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM

I had a wonderful seat
I had my bag on the rack
The kind of thing I deserve
I had some gin in a cup
I was ahead of the curve

So aeronautically sound
So unbelievably flash
I had a place in the sky
But that was yesterday
That seems far away

**I think we're going down down down
Smoke 'em if you got 'em
I'm ordering the last best round
Welcome to the bottom
Welcome to the bottom
Of all things divine
It's 11:59
Smoke 'em if you got 'em**

Thought I'd be spending the night
In the Sierra Hotel
I had a crew in the sky
They gave me nothing but love
It kind of kept me alive

Thirty thousand feet in the air
With twenty coming up fast
I'm only taking the things
That I'm entitled to
Goodnight to the rest of you

BRING THE STARS DOWN

There are four thousand spaces
Where you used to be
Now I know how many it takes
To break me
I've been thinking or drinking or both
Feeding my flickering hope

There's a lonely sun
Burning in the canopy
And four hundred billion
In the galaxy
I've been tracing the infinite line
And that's how I know that it's time to

**Bring the stars down
To the earth below
Let the trumpet sound
That song from long ago
Bring the stars down
On that fallen snow
And go to the last place I still know**

There are four hundred seasons
In a century
Four and then four more
For eternity
You took spring when the crocus was new
And all that you left me to do is

**Bring the stars down
To the earth below
Let the trumpet sound**

**That song from long ago
Bring the stars down
On that fallen snow
And go to the last place I still know**

YOU JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET

You say you're waiting
Till the time is right
Maybe this time next year
Can't see your future
For the blinding light
Of your fear
Of your fear

Stop chasing ghosts in the distance
The moment's already here

**You just don't know it yet
If you did you might forget
The one thing that'll see you through
Is not yet plain to you
So keep falling down the hill
Beats the hell out of standing still
Gotta work without a net
'Cause you just don't know it yet**

You say you're working
On the master plan
You've got all kinds of time
Can't fit your baggage
In the moving van
Wonder why
God knows why
You're here today, here tomorrow
But you can leave if you try

CHASING THE MUSE

Marianne
Marianne sails away
On a bed of roses
But Marianne can't laugh
She can't cry
She's running dry

She's been here before
Where she can't find the fire anymore
It's an ice-cold war

**All hail the Sun Queen
When she's chasing the muse
Don't tell her something
Unless it's something she can use
Pray she still loves it
At the end of the day
'Cause the black-hole jellyroll
Is never that far away
No never that far away**

Never mind
Never mind all she's lost
Leave it all unspoken
'Cause Marianne goes dark
She goes cold
She's out of gold

Beauty takes its time
It ain't always right to make it rhyme
It's a stone-cold crime

FRIDAY NIGHT JAM

There's Penny Lane
And Dan the banker
Ride Danny ride
They're gonna play
The Stormy Monday Blues
Get ready to booze
There's Mary Jane
The party planner
Hide the open mic

Won't you bring the stars down
To the Friday Night Jam
Won't you bring the boys out to play
Where the past is still the future
Burning down the hometown
At the Friday Night Jam
Here's to all the dues that were never paid
The deals that were never made

The smell of ale
And desperation
Go Johnny go
The babysitter's
Only good till one
She's watching his son
He's talking 'bout
His g-generation
D-d-dicey pitch and time

*Joe's not ready to rock it
But a cold shot will calm his nerves
It's high time to part-time chase
The fame that he deserves
We'll allow the Red House
But not the Sweet Home
Get the singing drywaller on the microphone*

FEELING YOU BREATHE

You
Lovely and lit by the moon
Ground down by the day
I know the wise men say
One day the stars will go out
One day we'll freeze

But tonight
I'm feeling you breathe
Right next to me
And the world is still turning
Life may be brief
But right now
I'm feeling you breathe
Feeling you breathe

Life
Lonely and over so soon
A slow fade away
Alone in this passion play
One chance is all we're allowed
One ride apiece

*Shadows on the wall from a tree
Dancing in the breeze for me
You are there
Flowers bending down in the rain
Calling up the past again
You are there*

- 1 RETURN OF THE MAYFLY 4:30
- 2 SOMEPLACE ON MADISON 4:23
- 3 CRASHBOX 5:12
- 4 DISAPPEAR IN PLAIN SIGHT 4:20
- 5 WHAT'S LEFT OF THIS WORLD 3:40
- 6 SUNDAYING 3:33
- 7 SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM 4:19
- 8 BRING THE STARS DOWN 5:08
- 9 YOU JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET 4:30
- 10 CHASING THE MUSE 4:36
- 11 FRIDAY NIGHT JAM 5:13
- 12 FEELING YOU BREATHE 3:57



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