

C O P E R N I C U S



V I C T I M O F T H E S K Y

Side One (ASCAP)

Lies! ●■ 1:10
The Wanderer ◆● by Copernicus 3:31
Victim Of The Sky ▲■ 4:12
White From Black ●■ 5:02
Not Him Again! ▲■ 3:02
Desperate ●◆ by L. Kirwan 4:26

Side Two (ASCAP)

In Terms Of Money ▲■ 5:10
From Bacteria ◆■ 3:30
The Lament Of Joe Apples ◆■ 9:42
Victim Reprise ▲■ 1:10

▲— Lyrics spontaneous at performance.
■— Music spontaneous at performance
●— Lyrics written before performance
◆— Music written before performance but performance was unrehearsed and spontaneous

Most of this album was recorded live on May 13, 1985 at Studio C, RCA Studios, N.Y., N.Y. with the full orchestra. "From Bacteria" was also recorded at Studio C, RCA with the full orchestra but in May 1984. However "Not Him Again!" and "Victim of the Sky" were recorded live at the Daily Planet, N.Y., N.Y. on July 28, 1985 with only Copernicus, Matty Fillou, and Marvin Wright participating. These recordings are spontaneous and unrehearsed with only two major overdubs in "The Wanderer" and two minor overdubs in "From Bacteria".

Complete lyric sheet inside album cover.

This is the second Copernicus album. The first, "Nothing Exists", was released on January 1, 1985 and received immediate airplay across the United States, Canada, France, Sweden, Switzerland, and West Germany. The reviews in the alternative press have been outstanding.

Objekt Magazine in California, we feel came closest to defining "Nothing Exists" and Copernicus. Objekt wrote, "WHAT KIND OF RECORD IS THIS? . . . VERY DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE BUT VERY ORIGINAL AND CREATIVE. IS COPERNICUS THE BEATNIK/PUNK/POET OF THE 80'S? JUST LISTEN!"

Musicians:

Copernicus: vocals
Pierce Turner: keyboards
Larry Kirwan: guitar, keyboards and vocals
Thomas Hamlin: drums
Jeffrey Richards: flute and keyboards with effects
Chris Katris: guitar
Steve Menasche: marimba, and percussion
Fred Parcels: affected trombone
Roseann Horn: vocals
Jimmy Zhivago: guitar and piano
Fionnghuala: vocals
Andi Leahy: violin and vocals
Fred Chalenor: bass
Paddy Higgins: bodhran and floor toms
Matty Fillou: saxophone
Marvin Wright: guitar, piano, drum machine
J.C. Rose: vocals
Jim O'Leary: vocals
Andy Heermans: base

All vocals of Copernicus created by Copernicus

RCA Recording Engineers: **Ron Bacciocchi**
Jim Crotty

Daily Planet Recording Engineer: **Ron Bacciocchi**
Mixed at Daily Planet, N.Y., N.Y.

Mixing Engineers: **Michael Theodore**
Andy Heermans

Mixed by **Joseph Smalkowski**

"Desperate" produced by **Larry Kirwan**

"The Wanderer" and "In Terms Of Money" mixed by **Pierce Turner**

Executive Producer: **Joseph Smalkowski** for **Nevermore, Inc.**

Special thanks to: **Bill Kipper**, Masterdisk Engineer;
Tony Leonard, for guidance.

Cover Photo: Louis Lucchesi - 1985 (Taken in performance at 8B.C., N.Y., N.Y.)

Artwork: Fernando Natalici

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P.O. Box 150 Brooklyn, New York 11217

Jacket Made in Canada

LIES!

By Copernicus

To the desperate who have no inner peace.
 Me, I have no generation.
 I have no time.
 I have no race; I have no species.
 I have no country; I have no planet.
 I have nothing.
 Fion:—Now, what am I gonna do with nothing?
 I am free. I am free! I am free!
 Free of so many lies!

The Wanderer

By Copernicus

Walking down the road.
 It was just before dawn.
 Walking down the road.
 Wondering why he's born
 Crickets in the grass.
 Got old pretty fast.

He's a wanderer, wanderer, wanderer.
 Grey hair, an old man.
 Wandering, wandering, wandering.

Never found a woman
 For his wife.
 Been alone
 All his life.
 Moved around the world
 All alone.
 Never found the place
 They call home.

He'd always shrink
 From a fight.
 Always drink
 Every night.
 His only friend
 Was around the bend.
 His open soul -
 How many stories did it hold?

Car coming up the road,
 Lights shining bright.
 His old shaking thumb,
 Moves up in the night.
 Car speeds by;
 No need to cry.
 "I've seen a million go by.
 Another one will soon be here."

Victim of the Night

By Copernicus

Beat here!
 Sway near.
 Sway Flowers.
 Take it now.
 Look. Talk. Switch. Touch.
 This is where we touch each other.
 And flow.
 Let it flow onto the flowers
 And make them grow.
 Come on. Come on now! Come on!
 Let's get it now! I said!
 I said! Let's get it now!
 I said! Now! Let's get it!
 Let's touch the sun now!
 Let's sweat together!
 Oh! I see the back of my heart!
 No! Now! Now!
 Stare though my eyes and let it all sweat now.
 Oh Oh. I love you little sweet. . . .
 Awh. Let's get it now.
 Take all, I say.
 In my soul.
 I never felt so good.
 Never. Never. Never.
 Life! Life!
 Life!!

Hey Now! All take!

Take it away. Take it away.
 You take it away.
 When you take it away,
 When you take it away,
 It's gonna be so good.
 It's gonna be like the beach.
 The pebbles rolling through my veins.
 Touching you.
 Swaying alone.
 When you scream.
 In all the beach.
 Kissing.
 And I know the atoms.
 I know the universe.
 I know the macrocosm and the microcosm.
 But I say,
 when the turn walks into its own mind,
 And the passion kisses all the screams,
 And the visions cry out into the night,
 And the singing dreams of all the turns,
 Mash out into its own subtotal.
 The greening macrocosm
 Clashing with the microcosm
 And all in the sweat of nevermore
 Turning out into its own kiss
 And beating.
 Standing still like the victim of the sky
 Turning with nevermore's dream
 vacuumed down alone
 Saddened out and beat down
 And walked into its own kiss!
 Oh so za zapata
 zu zu zu zu zu zu zu zu . . .

White From Black

By Copernicus

There was once a time
 When all humans were black.
 It was a time
 Before humans knew the cold North.
 The black skin protected
 From the torcherous Sun
 Being on the belly of the Earth,
 Where the shouting rivers
 Brought word of cooler places.

And after arriving in the North,
 It was the snow
 That turned the black man white;
 And the cold tinged him pink,
 But his blood stayed red
 Binding him to the past.

I have been with a black woman,
 And I watched our skins touch.
 Like the Sun
 Melting the snow.
 Like the snow
 Cooling the Sun
 But more,
 Like the Sun boiling, boiling the snow!

There was once a time when all humans were black!
 There was once a time when all humans were black!
 There was once a time when all humans were black!
 There was once a time when all humans were black!

Not Him Again!

By Copernicus

Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh!
 Aw! Oh No!
 Not him again!
 Not him again!
 Not him again!
 Oh No! Not him again!
 S'parles frances?
 Est-ce que tu hablas frances?
 Yo hablo espanol.
 Porque cuando yo hablo espanol,
 Podia ver todo mi vida
 Todo mi alma
 Volando por todo mi sangre
 Dejando todos mis huesos
 Volar al universo.

Take it now.
 So good. Sing.
 It's all a . . .
 It's all right.
 Peace. Take it.
 Oh! Haw Haw Haw Haw
 Aw! It's so good.
 It's so good.
 Gallia est divisa en tres partes!
 Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah
 Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah
 Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah
 Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah!

Et alors. Nous sommes dans Liçon.
 Est-ce que tu connais Paris?
 Paris; Qu'est-ce que c'est ça?
 Paris! Ça c'est Paris!
 Paris n'existe pas!
 Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
 Ton! Ton! Ton! Ton! Ton! Ton! Ton!

Allons enfants de la patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
 Contre nous de la tyrannie
 L'étardard sanglant elevée
 L'étardard sanglant elevée
 Mugir des feroces.
 Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
 Aux armes citoyens!
 Formez vos battallions!
 Marchons! Marchons!
 Qu'un sang impur
 Abreuve nos sillons.
 Hi! Hi! Hi! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Hah! Hah! Hah!

Take it now song!
 Take it where I disappear.
 I've left humanity. I've left humanity.
 I'm in my heart and dream.
 I'm in my mind.
 I've left my body.
 I've left my body.
 My mind has allowed me
 To leave my body.
 I've left my insecthood.
 I've left my fishhood
 My algaehood.
 Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh! My gorillahood.
 And in the sense of the atom,
 I live. I live.
 Cause it gives me -
 It gives me the disappearance—
 The disappearance of freedom
 And noone can touch. . . .

Desperate!L. Kirwan lyrics by himself
Copernicus lyrics by himself

L.K. I go to the church but the preacher he just preach at me.
 I go to the club but the women all ignore me.
 I want a relationship! I want to have a family!
 I'm schizophrenic, paranoid! Oh tell me what is wrong with me?

Desperate, I'm desperate. Why won't you hold me?
 Desperate, I'm desperate for the next moment!
 Desperate, I'm desperate! I feel so lonely.
 Desperate, I'm desperate for the next moment.

I go for a job but they don't like the look of me.
 They say, "Grow some hair! This is not 1970!"
 I want a Donna Reed but she thinks I'm too kinky.
 She don't like perverts. Oh why ain't I a Yuppie?

Cop. Guts! Guts! Eat your Guts!

In the crying moments before Nevermore Consciousness
 brings you the passion of peace, the wrenching cliff of
 desperateness will eat your guts, eat your guts, eat your
 guts. EAT YOUR GUTS
 You don't exist! You don't exist
 Nevermore brings peace Nevermore brings peace

In Terms of Money
Lyrics by Copernicus

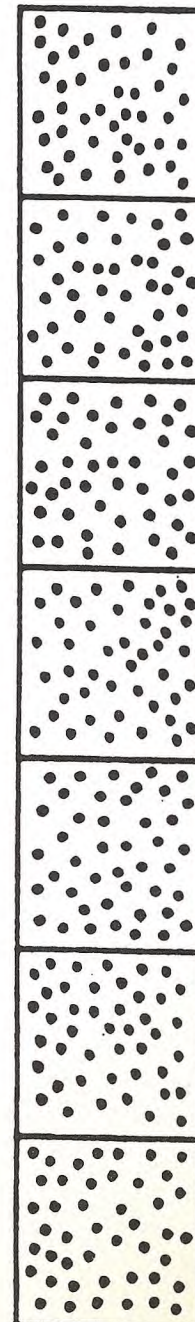
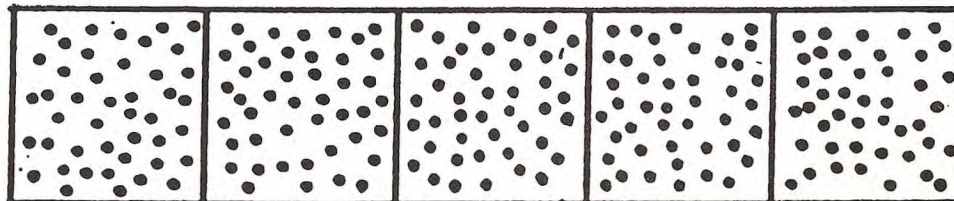
I walked in Cannes
 In the wintertime,
 And I walked in my mind
 In a thousand worlds.

Kiss me now.
 Don't let me measure this moment
 In terms of money.
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money.
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money.
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money.
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money.
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money.
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money.
 Don't let me ever measure my life
 In terms of money.

I have enough love.
 I have my soul.
 I have what I am!

Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money!
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money!

Don't let me measure my life!
 Don't let me measure my life!
 Don't let me measure my life!
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money!
 Don't let me measure my life!
 Don't let me measure my life
 In terms of money!



Bacteria
By Copernicus

From the atoms came the bacteria,
And humans are the descendants of the bacteria.
And humans are the descendents of the bacteria!
The forefathers of humanity were bacteria!

Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!
When bacteria dominated the Earth and there were no humans.
Into the heart of bacteria
with their long hippy hair
with their powerful silence.

Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!
When bacteria dominated the Earth and there were no humans!
The Pope is descended from bacteria!
Ronald Reagan is descended from bacteria!
Bruce Springsteen is descended from bacteria!
Mikhail Borgachev is descended from bacteria!

Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!
Buddha was descended from bacteria!
Moses was descended from bacteria!
Jesus Christ was descended from bacteria!
Mohammed was descended from bacteria!
Copernicus does not exist - therefore he could never descend!

Bacteria! Bacteria! Bacteria!

When bacteria dominated the Earth and there were no humans.

The Lament of Joe Apples
By Copernicus

Shit is shit
But don't put it
On the stick.
Once you start
To put it on the
Stick
You better watch out.
You're foolin' with the
Wrong Joe.
I've been bullshitted by
Experts
An' you're no expert.
Don't fool me around!
You know
I play the game.
Ya think I care?
The hell wit' it all.
You!
Who d' ya' think ya are
Some . . . eh . . . big deal?
You're no big deal.
You're shit.
That's what you are.
No good.
Not good for anything.
Then you
Come over here an' start
Givin' me a run around.
You're not foolin' with some
Dope.
I've been around.
I used to pull the same shit
When I was your age.
I know all the angles.
Don't fool me.
Even the experts
Tried to fool me
And they couldn't do a
Thing.
An' you're no expert
You're a little shit.
You got some balls
You have
Tryin' to pull that on your
Ole man.
Go out in the street
And
Pull it on them suckers
But don't pull it on me.
Ya know when I was your age,
I was runnin' a poolroom.
I used t' bring twenty dollars a week
To my ole man and
That was during the depression.
I always had money in my pocket.
An' nobody would fool with me.
There wasn't a sonofabitch livin'
That would fool with me.
They all knew me.
Apples. HAH! Apples.

Hey Apples!
An' when I was younger
I had to pick beans
On a farm. Thirty-five cents a
Bushell.
The farmer would weigh every
Bushell.
Ya couldn't fool him.
I used t' pick three bushells
A day.
That was a dollar five.
I kept a nickel and gave
The dollar home.
I had to.
My ole man burned his whole
leg in an accident
And was laid up for a whole
Year.
You got it easy
An'
Still ya complain.
An' still ya give yar
Ole man
A Runnin' Around.
That's no way t' do.
Be a regular guy.
Don't pull all that shit
You pull.
Ya try to make a
Jerk
Out a' everybody.
That's no way to be.
When I got money
You got it. Right?
Sure!
I brought you into the world.
I raised you!
Now ya gettin' big.
Ya givin' me a hard time.
Ya give me a hard time?
Ya gonna get one right back.
And that's no bullshit either.
Ya know that bag is
Almost full.
Once it starts to overflow
Look out!
Then there's gonna be trouble.
You think I'm joking?
I'm not.
What a' ya tryin' t' prove?
What a' ya tryin' t' pull?
Ya like yar mother.
She tries to give me a hard time
But she can't.
Nobody gives me a hard time.
An' gets away with it.
I'll straighten all you out.
One by one.
Ya'll all get straightened out.
She thinks I'm always drunk.
That's all she's got on her mind.
I'm drunk.
I've never been drunk in my whole
Life!
Sure, I take a drink now an' then
But
That's my pleasure.
Do I say anything
When
She drinks ten cups a' coffee?
I take one drink.
I'm no good an' she's good.
Did ya ever see yar mother drunk?
She was drunk plenty a' times.
And that's no bullshit.
I first met her in a bar!
She says I stink.
When I shit, I shit shit!
And it stinks.
But when she shits
Out comes Chanel number five.
She's good for you kids -
But for me
She's no good.
You weren't even
Born
An' Your mother
Didn't want
You.
But I wanted
You
An' you
Were
Born.
I could tell ya plenty a'
Stories about her,
But you're too young.
Ya wouldn't understand.
I'm a workin' man.
A toprate painter.
I need a drink once in a
While.
Jobs I did ten an' fifteen years
Ago
Still are like new.
Ya ken whistle at my work.
HAH!
They can't believe it
When they see it.
I paint all those Jew homes

An'
They all shake their heads.
Joe, they say, it's voit ah million.
Sure, its worth a million,
Because I'm fuckin' Joe Apples. . . .
An' my boss,
He's another sonofabitch.
He's always tellin' me what t' do.
I tell him mind yar business.
Ya want the job done?
Go take a walk!
I talk to him like I talk ta
Anybody else.
He's no better.
All these bosses are
Fulla' shit.
They worry and worry. . . .
What do they worry about?
What're ya makin' faces about?
Ya did wrong.
Ya know it.
Tell the Truth!
I don't care what ya do,
But don't lie ta me,
'Cause it hurts
Me.
Don't be like
Yar mother.
Yar mother lies.
She lies ta me.
She lies like a fuckin' rug.
I wouldn't trust her as
Far as I could throw her.
She lies an' lies.
Everything
She says is a lie.
What am I gonna do
With a sonofabitch like that?
I can't trust her.
She always wants money.
Money, money, money.
What does she do
With all the money?
I take a couple a' dollars for
Myself
An' give her the rest.
I tell her I want an itemized
List.
Think she'd do it? She wouldn't.
She must gamble the shit away.
She must! Where the hell else
Could it all go?
I don't give a goddamn for money
But
To everything, there's a limit.
Shit is shit but don't put it on
The stick.
An' you, you're puttin' it on the
Stick.
I try to give ya everything
Yar heart desires.
What do I get for it?
A kick in the ass.
That's what I get.
I'm sick a' this shit.
I'm sick of the whole shootin' match here!
It doesn't pay to pay to be good!
From now on I'm gonna be
A fuck off like all a' ya!
Ya think not?
Ya make me cry. You sons of bitches.
Tears come to my eyes.
I try my best for ya all.
Because I love ya.
Ya don't give a shit for me.
I could kick the bucket tomorrow
And none a' yas would care.
Only little Billy and Mary would cry. . . .
Yar mother would run
Like hell to the bank with
The insurance policy.
That's all she's interested in.
The fuckin' money.
You, would you cry?
Ya wouldn't cry.
Ya'd run with yar mother.
I'm no good an' she's good.
That's what you think. Don't ya?
Well, you'll find out some day.
I hope it won't be too late.
I'm the good one
Around here.
She's the one ya gotta watch.
She'll steal yar eyeballs
If yar not lookin'.
When ya were a little fuck
Like Billy
Who used to clean all your shit
An' watch you?
Yar mother??
I'll be goddamn.
She was always runnin' her ass around.
I was the one.
You're goddamn right.
It was me!
I used ta take ya fishin'
To the movies
Every place.
Now ya big.
Ya ken take care a' yaself.

Now ya big.
Ya faget all I did.
Go ta ya mother.
Go!
But don't give me any hard
Time.
I'm sick a' you're shit.
Yar mother. All she wants
To do
Is hurt me.
She split my head
Three times already.
She wants to kill me!
What do I do? Not a goddamn thing.
I mind my business
An'
She comes right away with
A fuckin' shoe
Ready to kill me.
If I hit her once
I'd kill her. . . .
I couldn't.
I wouldn't hurt her
For a million dollars.
I love yar mother.
But she's always givin' me
A hard time.
She nags an' nags.
She drives me crazy.
She drives me crazy!
Don't tell me to stop
Yellin'!
Fuck the neighbors!
I have ta yell
Or you bastards
Would never listen
Ta me.
I'm a drinkin' man.
So what?
That's my pleasure.
Ya have enough ta eat?
Ya got a pair a' pants
On yar ass?
Ya got a fuckin' roof
Over yar head?
Ya satisfied?
Sure! Ya goddamn right!
Ya better be satisfied.
Who d' ya think makes
All this shit?
Yar mother?
I, I bring the money
Home for you kids.
Not yar mother.
All she knows how ta do
Is spend an' nag.
Never get married
Because you think you love a woman.
It's the worst thing
Ya ken do.
Marry a rich ole
Bitch.
Inherit her money an'
Then take it easy.
Don't be a fool
Like me.
An' the thing is
I was told before I
Married yar mother
She would give me trouble.
Old Mrs. Geddess, her boss,
Told me,
"Joe," she said, "if ya marry her
She'll give ya trouble."
An' sure as shit
She was right.
I'll never forget what
That woman said.
Even her boss
Knew her!
AAH, what's the use.
I talk an' talk an' it
Doesn't mean a goddamn thing.
I'm gonna stop talkin'
An' when I do, look out.
I never hit ya in my life
But
If ya keep pullin' the shit
Ya tryin' ta pull
Ya gonna get somethin'
Ya not lookin' for.
I'm good, but don't take advantage
A' my good nature.
Someday, when I'm in the
Grave,
Ya'll think of all the hard times
Ya gave
Yar ole man.
Go ahead.
Get outta
Here.
Go ahead.
Go ahead.
Go.