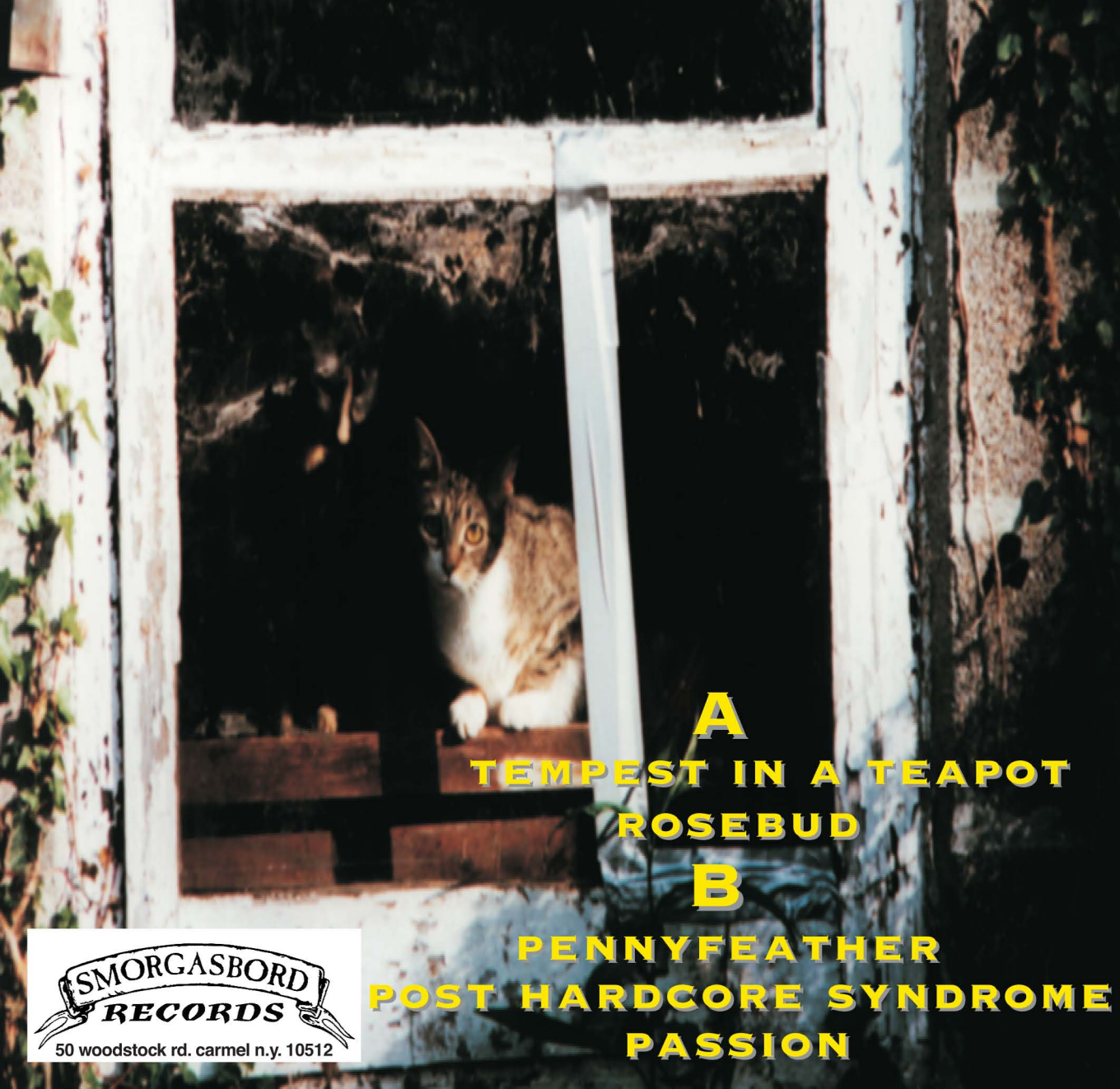


Trouble is..

A young girl in a red dress stands in the center of a dark, blurry street at night. The background shows a house with a porch and a window, all rendered in a soft, out-of-focus glow. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and somewhat unsettling.

tempest in a teapot



A

**TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT
ROSEBUD**

B

**PENNYFEATHER
POST HARDCORE SYNDROME
PASSION**



50 woodstock rd. carmel n.y. 10512

Tempest in a Teapot

What I'm here to say, has all been said before
But that's o.k., I need to settle the score
In my own way, there's a lot left to say
Been like a tempest in a teapot

chorus: Images of hard earned days
hard earned days now gone to waste
waste my time, just get in my way
need to be put in your place

All that I've loved, has somehow found a way
To disappear, to leave me standing here
All alone, to piece the puzzle back
But the pieces no longer fit!

chorus
Speeding through today, no regrets from yesterday
Can tomorrow be the same?

All the road signs say slow, but I just speed on by
Taking it's toll on me

I feel my frustration burn away, dissipate into the day
To find some piece of mind

And in this sea of selfishness, most ride the tide of greed
We are only what we pretend to be

chorus

Rosebud

Off to heaven off to space, a bed of nails is all that lays me wait

From the eyes that see the truth, hear singing birds and taste the morning dew
Hardened lips which speak so soft, telling me what is right when I know it's wrong
With a heart made out of wood, how could you not have expected to get burned

chorus: My rosebud, you need, to shed, your thorns
Watered her, watched her grow, she blossomed into a beautiful rose
What's in me, no worry, but the apple never falls far from the tree
Each man kills the things he loves, perhaps by loving them too much
Clear this static from my head, just want to start over again
chorus

Feel it, feel it burn, like a twisted fable we all must learn
Loving her, I feel it burn, like eating fruit from a poisoned tree
Words can live, live forever, live forever in the graveyard of your mind
chorus

Pennyfeather

Angels with broken wings, demons dance evil sings
Takes me higher, but one man's tears alone can't put out the fire
You can't fly with only one wing and without your own voice
You can never ever sing
chorus: I like to walk in the shadows

I like to hide in the trees
Shadows make things beautiful
And give back mystery

Listen to me, to the birds in the trees, to the voice in the breeze
No one knows what I see
Down on my knees begging my pleas, but no one will ever know
What I truly see, what I truly see.

chorus

Take me out of the light, need to hide my imperfections!

Passion

From a positive scene and a K-Town mosh crew
Screaming for change and the warriors too
Now birds of a feather who no longer stick together
Music and scenes that do not stick together

chorus: The times have changed, my morals and
ideals have stayed the same

The style has changed, my morals and
ideals have stayed the same

The names have changed, my morals and
ideals have stayed the same

The faces have changed, my morals and
ideals have stayed the same

Who drinks the barley who drinks the grain, all
the one's who have strayed

True til' death is what you said, well I don't see
any gravestones yet!

Nailed to the "X" the "X" on your hand, just another
fucking scam

You might have thought it was funny when I yelled
"Straight like an arrow"

chorus

Post Hardcore Syndrome

What to do, where to go, I felt lost while at shows
Hardcore died or so it seemed, old school faded new
school gleamed

I fed the scene it shit on me but I'm still here to sow the seeds
Grow a garden pull out the weeds, cultivate the scene and watch
it grow

pre-chorus: I'm taking my time unlike never before

I'm getting by a little better than before

I'm dealing with life both in and out of hardcore

I'll always try and bounce right back off the floor

chorus: A life I know a life I feel and I don't wanna throw away

Post hardcore syndrome's taking over me

Some new kids say they know the past, they come and go just as fast

No respect for you and me, no respect for their hometown scene

Where's the pride and unity? how did you become so mean?

Without a scene there are no shows, no place for the kids to go

pre-chorus

chorus



Trouble is.. are:

Jim Eaton: Drums

Jeff Terranova: Everything Else

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Mahopac, N.Y. 3/16/96. Mixed 11/23/96

Engineered by: Jean-Christophe Santalis

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Back Cover Photo: Jeff Terranova

Label Photo: Jenni Catucci

Insert Photo: Courtesy Of Spooky Cycles

Layout by: Jeff Terranova

(A)

TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT

ROSEBUD

PENNYFEATHER

POST HARDCORE SYNDROME

PASSION

smorgasbord

12

B

50

