

Working Title album

Sick of TV

Dodging Reality

Working title

Hey Little Tulip

Feel Like Frankenstein

Not Like You

Man Who Died of Levity

Emotional Detachment

Post Credit Life

Words, music and design by Steve Abercrombie
composed between January and May 2021

Spare Parts Bonus EP

Swamp Acid

Pixel Pusher

Busted Camaro

Swamp Acid featuring Matthew Williams on electric guitar

Music, design and more at stabcrombie.com

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gonna make it clear
it's not me
gonna turn it off
I don't need it

not an expert
not a pundit
so count me out

here I am
I'm sick of TV
I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

here I am
I'm sick of TV
I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

here I am
I'm sick of TV
I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

here I am
I'm sick of TV
I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

sometimes I'm lost
living in this land
thrown together
manufactured sand

here I am
I'm sick of TV
I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

here I am
I'm sick of TV
I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

here I am
I'm sick of TV

I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

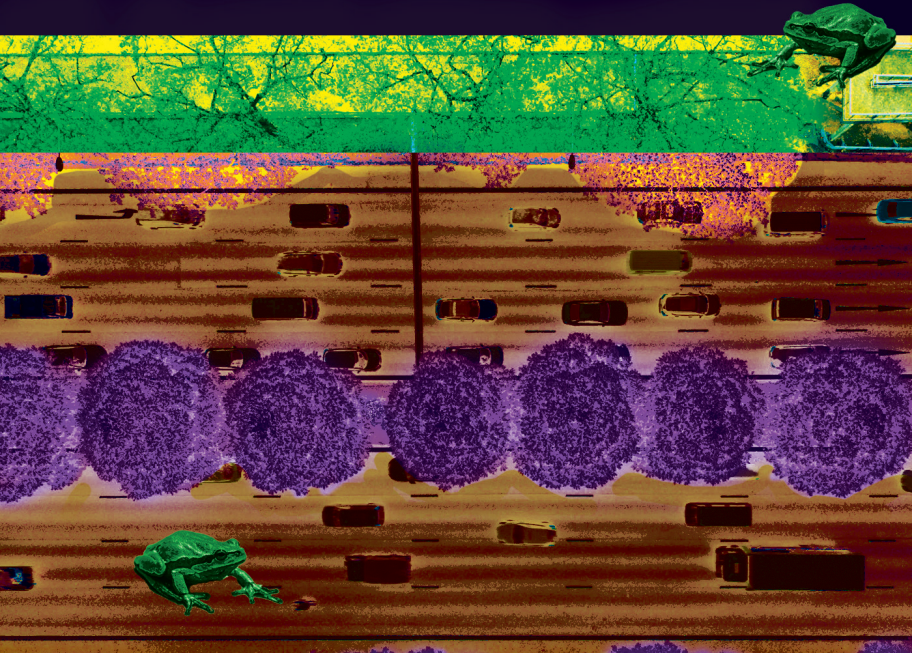
here I am
I'm sick of TV
I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

I don't know it
I haven't seen it
maybe not later
maybe not ever

I mean it man
you got to
fight the fight
you fight the foe
collect them all

here I am
I'm sick of TV
I'm tired of watching
it and it's tired of
watching me

STEVE ABERCROMBIE



DODGING REALITY

sailing this ship in an
ocean of fear
gallons of doubt in
acid-baked tears
a loose rhyming scheme
baked into a riddle
a never-ending song
with a whole in the
middle

this is what it's like
to be me
dodging reality

Telling tall tales about
apes driving cars
an open-ended show
without a plot
a bridge-burning
rampage based on lies
a dream chasing

rainbow virals
into knots

this is what it's like
to be me
dodging reality

looking for a door to let
me out

searching for a home
that's just not there
pulling this song right
out of thin air

do you see a man with a
real emotion
or is it just fool in
constant motion

this is what it's like
to be me
dodging reality



This is just another
working title
Here's another
status update
A single shot in the
war on idle
Another gateway to
success

These are moments laid
out in a sequence
Here's a valley we must
never forget
A solid block of silence
here now
Stay awhile on your way
to the chorus

Now my problem is
truly clear
I sought the chorus, but

it's just not there
Found a page so empty
and clean
Nothing there left
to glean

A broken road between
the tones
No music there it's just
a dead zone
Next time I should be
more prepared
Take a moment to put
in the care

This was just a
working title
This was just a block
of your time
This is where the song
should end



Hey, little tulip how
about that sun?

Hey, little raindrop
maybe you're the one.

Hey, little papaya can
you sing a little higher
the little turtle come
out of your shell

hey, little spooky how do
you do feel?

hey little peel how do
you feel?

hey, little spooky
whatcha gonna scare up?
hey, little pony will you
play with me?

hey, little lily swinging
in the breeze

hey, teardrop
singing
to me

hey, little peel,
how do you feel?
hey, little peel,
how do you feel?

Hey, little tulip
how about that sun?
Hey, little raindrop
maybe you're the one.



I feel just like Frankenstein,
so slow and tired
the body's hurt but I guess it's mine
I like to believe there's still hope.

Brittle bones with the brightest eyes
Brittle bones now dry your eyes
I wish I was home in the sky

I feel too old before my time
so sick and tired
the mind has grown, but the body is failing
I hope I can make it just one more show.

I think the rope has come untied
I hope there is something left to find
the shell is cracked and the skin has shed
the bug is dead and things have changed

Brittle bones with the brightest eyes
Brittle bones now dry your eyes
I wish I was home in the sky



Steve Abercrombie

a huge of tracks at the terminal

Not Like You

*I'm not like you
I can't fight you
I just don't want to
I lost the will to*

*I want the light too
We can be two
Paint sky blue
Find the right glue*

*I'm not like you
I want love too
Take a new view
See the dear blue*

*I can't find you
Do I want to
then I lost you
so I start anew*

*I won't fight you
No need to
block you*

*Nothing can
give a clue
so I bid adieu*



With a joker laugh
smile on infinity
He's the man who died
of levity

always keeping it
light when he really
shouldn't be
He's the man who died
of levity

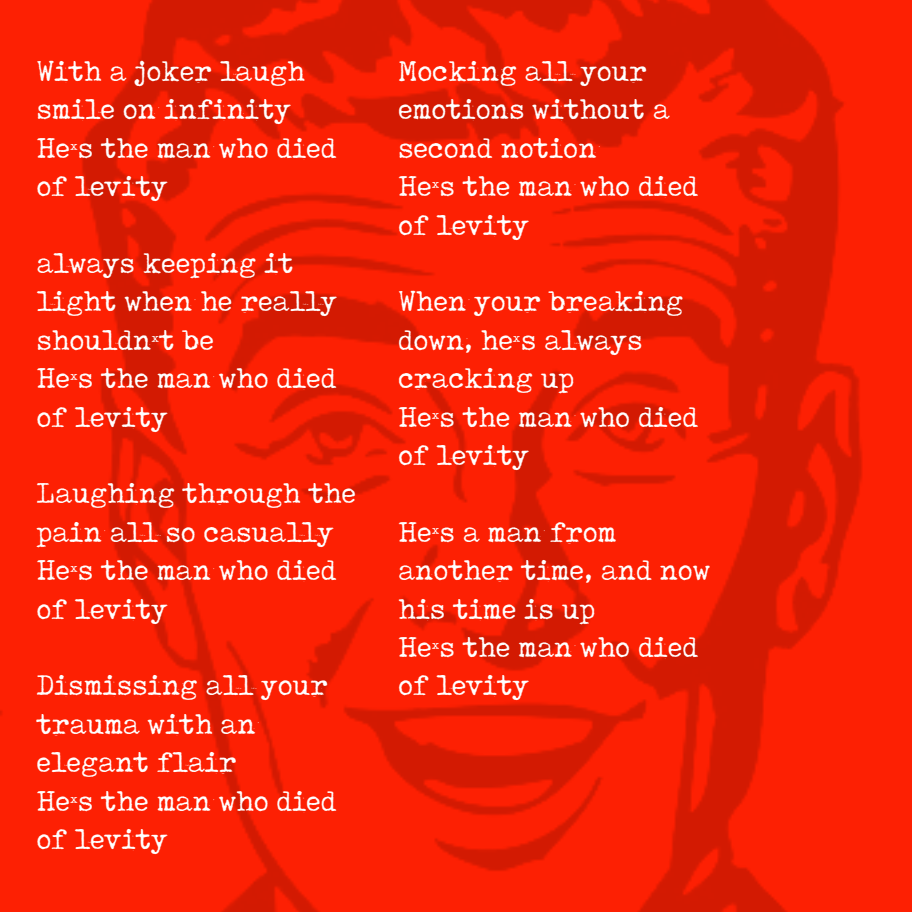
Laughing through the
pain all so casually
He's the man who died
of levity

Dismissing all your
trauma with an
elegant flair
He's the man who died
of levity

Mocking all your
emotions without a
second notion
He's the man who died
of levity

When your breaking
down, he's always
cracking up
He's the man who died
of levity

He's a man from
another time, and now
his time is up
He's the man who died
of levity



Steve Abercrombie
Emotional Detachment



Close the door
in a house already
boarded up

Sweeping floors
just to have a reason not to
look up

A hidden drawer to hold
your effigies
A secret prayer to break
your enemies

Emotional detachment
Living life in the off-
position
Emotional detachment

Never miss an opportunity
to share along with your
empty glaze
Cultivated, put it all

together make it nicely
displayed

Your empty heart
I looked inside but I just
couldn't find it

Emotional detachment
Living life in the
opposition
Emotional detachment

When things look down you
just look the other way

Sliding panels, keep those
feelings locked away in
a box.

Your empty heart
I tried to find you, but
you're just not there



This story no longer needs
your attention
the credit reel keeps on rolling by
contributions appear on the screen
one by one they join in the game

This body no longer needs a witness
it's just an exercise in
mental fitness
these days it's about getting down
to business
but the parameters just don't fit
the frame

This hero doesn't need your approval
doesn't know how to do success
although he isn't very well dressed
he laughs and smiles and says he
feels blessed

Villians became just an empty vision
nothings real just
perceived decisions
no one there deserves my attention
none of them are locked sealed
here in amber

this song plays like no one is
listening

moves along with its own
blind intention
pushed ahead by stubborn indecision
left unsung for the lack of a singer

The lyrics here are just temporary
a working title to hold our
place in time
the ripples then begin it's unfolding
a melody is hidden there in
the molding

This opening title here is
never-ending

The rules to me I find are
always bending
the wounds outside that
I'm always tending
this clock just keeps on ticking
this clock just keeps on ticking
this clock inside just keeps on
ticking