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REVEREND GLASSEYE



Our Lady of The Broken Spine

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2. God Help You Dumb Boy
3. 17 Lashes
4. The Cold House Hymns



5. Belle's Palsy
6. Mother is a Carpegian
7. Sleep Sweet Countrymen
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9. Oh Lord, Why Have You Been So Cruel To Me?



Recorded at Zippah Studio by Matt Jugenheimer. Mixed by Pete Weiss, Matt Jugenheimer and Dennis Maher.

Mastered by Jonathan Wyner at MWorks Studio. Produced by Adam Glasseye.

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Reverend Glasseye  
PO Box 486  
Allston MA 02134



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# REVEREND GLASSEYE



Our Lady of The Broken Spine



## Promenade

As I walked into the hall  
I was pedicured with care and groomed  
Into a man I did not know  
Oh, I danced with feet of stone  
and thoughts of fleeting discouragement  
I'm told my worries did not show

As we spun around  
Like two birds in a small barbed cage  
My partner laughed and smiled and said  
"Oh dance you fool, I'm sure you  
know the way."

Oh, I was the prom king then  
and she was no act of God  
As we spun and spun around  
I sang my song  
It was the only one I knew  
She laughed as I sang off key

"Hurrah, I've been washed clean  
These idle hands they cannot touch  
me now."

My dancing girl, she walked away  
and scoffed and stared at her idle hands  
It was then I felt revealed  
But the music played and the song was wrong  
Where's the major lift and the minor fall  
A broken thievery concealed

As I spun around  
Like a puppet in a master's care  
The dancers stared as I cried aloud  
"Dance you fools I'm sure you know the way"

Oh, where is your prom king now  
Where is your Magdalene  
Now you spin and spin around  
and I will sing  
But in truth I have no voice  
So I spun and spun around

And grabbed a lady true and fair  
well maybe not so true  
But appalled and cruel and there

She was my prom queen then  
She was my act of God  
I spun her 'round and 'round  
as she sang her song

I had to strain my ears to hear  
The words they dribbled out  
Like a thoughtless prayer  
And faster and faster we spun around  
She collapsed into my arms  
and I sang out her prayer  
What I heard of it  
I answered her there, as she  
Wept against the suit that I wore  
We sang out her prayer in unison

La La La La La La La La



## God Help You Dumb Boy

*Dumb Boy of what are you made?  
My eyes are lazy, my skin doth flake.  
What good can you do?  
Not so much as men like you.  
Dumb Boy what do you see?  
Lesser men coming down on me.  
Tell us, what will you do  
I will let me axe come down on you.*

Here by the water, I'll raise my kingdom  
I'll farm my foliage, I'll raise my arms and  
I'll sing my name with, with glory be's and  
Here by the water, I'll raise my temple  
Where no man shall be as smart as me

But I can't load my bullets and I can't use a gun  
Can't have no children, so I won't have a son  
Cant wake up early, so nothing will grow  
I'll lay on my lands 'till the sun hangs low  
Till the sun hangs low

*Dumb Boy, you've done wrong.  
By what right do you good men judge?  
You are in the contempt of man  
Then gag my mouth and bind my hands.  
Dumb Boy, why do you sing?  
Your guns they are empty, your rope it is frayed.  
Tell us, what did you say?  
In your empty chest, my ass I will lay.*

## Chorus

Speak and follow  
Your words are hollow  
Your steps are heavy,  
You will not save me

God Help You Dumb Boy!



## 17 Lashes

I ran to my Father, but he would not have me  
I ran to my Mother she showed me such shame  
I ran to the mirror where my Brother haunts me  
I ran to the harbour to watch the incoming rain

I followed the map that ran down my backside  
Compass in hand as I charted my course  
Here from the seaside, I can't see my desert  
I headed out east with a dollar in my purse

Let the rain wash away  
Amen  
I will hold my Brother's hand and  
If I'm guilty of too much sin  
Let the rain wash away  
Amen

That's how it was that I came to this small town  
Where Master's won't stand an ignorant child  
I went from a traveller to Master's possession  
They taught me to fight and then they taught me to kill

Every night except for the Sabbath  
I was condemned to fight round for round  
First there was laughter at the marks on my  
backside  
Then there was silence and a body on the ground

## Chorus

I dreamt of the desert along my backside  
Dreamt of the forest along my back  
Dreamt of the waters along my backside  
Dreamt of the garden along my back  
17 lashes along my backside  
I can feel mountains along my back  
17 lashes along my backside  
I can feel mountains along my back

My Master's hand, how softly I hold it  
As he stares up with them cataract eyes  
Pack my belongings, left for my desert  
The road it is cluttered with my Master's cries

Soon I will find the gates to my garden  
Then I will shed this mangled frame  
I'll find my Brother come Hell or highwater  
Renewed in purpose and then renewed in name

## Chorus



## The Cold House Hymns

Mine is a cold house, mine is a cold house.  
My mama didn't want me on the day I was born  
I climbed out of my box, up my silvery chord  
On my birth-bed I spoke my first words,  
"Let my small hands grow stronger  
so I may hammer away your wrongs"

Into a stove man, into a stove man  
My mama, she shoved me when I was four years old  
The fire it burned my skin tight and crisp  
In that stove I cried out my hymn,  
"Let my burnt skin remind you  
and my hammer smithy away your wrongs"

I grabbed my father, I grabbed my mother  
and I held them in my arms like an ill-tempered man  
I shook out their evil; sin, root and core  
lifted them up and spoke on them more,  
"Let me strength strike and smother  
Let my hammer break away your wrongs"

I held myself up in the cruelest of ways  
My tongue moved over my lips  
My hands, burned down to the bone  
My legs, swollen ankle to hip  
My mind, concentrated and focused  
The Reckoning is at my front door  
Left hand tattooed with the beast  
Right hand tattooed with the whore  
There's a fire! There's a fire in the Cold House!  
Planks rustle, the windows they crack  
The Lord, the Lord bequeathed me a gift  
I beg my master please take it back



## Belle's Palsy

My arms shake, I can't feel my legs  
My skin flakes most every day  
Leaves a mess of a man in a suit full of sin  
The storm is coming in.  
I open my mouth and find little voice  
I was meant to love you, I don't have much choice  
But I will sing this song and I'll sing it with joy  
The storm is coming in

So I hold myself, imagining  
The tenor and the bass singing  
And we'll beat our breasts and sing our psalms  
and whip ourselves to the candle light

This song is to my enemy  
And this song is for my priest  
And this song's for my eagerness  
And ill-prepared feast

And like the rain, I'll move it along  
Remembered only through my pathetic song  
But the wind it howls and the mobs will roar  
The storm is coming in  
And I'll collect your name in a mason jar  
Placed on my shelf and handled with care  
But sometimes the thunder shakes them  
Close to the edge  
And the storm is coming in.

So it's broken glass on a hard wood floor  
Once was here, now no more it seems  
So I'll take the glass and stab my throat  
So I can hit the holy note from my hymns

And this song is for the Prophet  
This song is for the poor  
This song is for the holy men who abuse our  
Sacred words  
And I'll get down on my knees, hallelujah  
I'll cry out your name

And I thank you  
And I love you  
But I must make you understand  
That I have become almost less than a man  
And the storm is coming in.

## Mother is a Carpegian

You have done much damage, you of little worth  
And of heavy pocket and of heavy purse  
And of dumb luck and of swollen tongue  
You have stole my daughter, I of loaded gun  
You of little vision, you of little faith  
You of faulty genes, you are in my way  
I who protect my kin, I who make demands  
I who speak in tongues, I am a poor poor man.

With no money and no trinkets  
I made you a drink sir  
I reckon you should drink it

I've got a daughter and she looks like me  
well she outta, she's got half of my genes  
and her mother is a Carpegian from the border  
she sells grenadine for a quarter by the water.

I wrote you a song, you got a pretty voice  
My daughter praises you, I think you make her moist  
You who are not welcome, you who gave your seed  
You she calls at night, you she says she needs  
I have begun to hate you, like Judas of our town  
Your name is a subtle poison that brings good men down  
I should take some blame, I guess I should have known  
I gave you so much trust, now I am a poor, poor man

### Chorus

Bind his hands and gag his mouth my friends  
It is time that we all make amends  
Bind his hands boys, bind his hands and sing

Listen up now I got something to say  
I was an evil man, I did some cruel things  
Done sold my kids, philandered from my wife  
Idonekillaman. Idonekillaman, Idonekillaman  
Idonekillaman  
I walked right into town  
There was a man like me there  
Hanging on a long rope as the  
townfolk stood in prayer  
Hang him high!

### Chorus

I got a grandson, looks like me  
well he outta, he has most of my genes.

## Sleep Sweet Countrymen

I pledge allegiance to our countrymen  
Our country it is safe again  
As we safely go to bed at night in our warm nests  
I sing my song

I have been this place before,  
I spoke unto the children  
My hands they seem to tremble, the closer I get  
I am a very stupid man and  
I'll lead them to a slaughter  
Same for son and daughter of our failing everyman  
I promise lovely gifts,  
But the price it is uncertain  
And the way it is so dangerous, to those of little  
pride  
And I wash my hands clean  
In the waters of optimism  
Contaminating pools with eager sacrifice

Sleep sweet countrymen, 'til we need you again  
We will raise our arms, against the face of harm  
And I will fight and feed in the name of need  
Get on your battered knees and do not make a  
Sound

The soldiers are asleep  
In our Holy Land of question  
A most important lesson if they get out alive  
I call out to the parson  
He waves his arms against me  
My countrymen like Christians when the lions  
arrive

I call out to the general  
In his most vital position  
As the king of isolation in the land of suicide  
I call out to the maidens  
Who wear the pelts of jackals  
And little else but shackles fill our lustful appetites

This sweet countrymen, is where our paths will end  
Your duty's fair and just, my duty's what-I-must  
Fondly I'll think of you in what I have to do  
I'll burn the chapel house to makes attempts at truce  
And at 11:59, I'll hoist your flag and make it mine  
Send your wounded down a line  
Against the wall it's closing time  
I will count the ways, each and every day  
9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1

So, please rise for the very honored judge  
The jury has yet to appear  
We'll make this gallow's pole your home  
We'll make our motives very clear

*I will fall into the depths of hell  
Before I sail this ship of fools  
Forget about the house of God  
And blow away this house of cards*

*As the Saints go marching in  
I know I was born into sin  
If I die before I wake  
I beg you all my sin to take.*

Oh my countrymen  
Sleep sweet countrymen



## The King of Men

As I look out from my chamber  
Let this thigh bone be my scepter  
Let this bird's nest be my crown  
And these boxes be my throne  
Let me look on with knowing eyes  
Let the rats here be my sniffers  
There is always fear of poison  
Let my rule be praised and my name  
Remembered for benevolence  
Always in history

Oh, how I wish that I was the King of Men  
Laid down with clove and cardamom  
They preach about me as they touch my ashen skin  
They wash my face, they wash my balls  
and they have no shame and they've seen it all  
They'll bite a toe off and run off with their prize  
Oh Lord, the King is Dead!  
Who shall we look to instead?  
Oh Lord, the King is Dead!  
What an awful day!  
Oh Lord, the King is Dead!  
Who shall we look to instead?  
Oh Lord, the King is Dead!  
What an awful day!

I wish I could have been more than a rag doll  
Pull the buttons from my eyes  
Oh, I could have been the only King of Men  
Hold my hand

*Jonah played the sacred chord  
Mary sang and wasn't heard  
Charlotte with her child voice high  
Winonna with her sorrow's sigh*

I wish I could have been more than a rag doll  
Pull the buttons from my eyes  
Oh I could have been the only King of Men  
Hold my hand  
Walk into the light

As I look out from my home here  
Let me find a way from the rain here  
Let all of my aggressors who would wish me  
harm  
Just wash and wash away  
Let my calloused hands protect me  
From the vermin who would attack me  
Let the men who would convert me  
For the price of a hot meal  
find pilgrims elsewhere instead

### Chorus

Oh, how I could have been king  
If I were taller or maybe right handed  
Or smarter, more converted,  
Or maybe if my skin didn't change  
With the change of the season  
Yes, I could have been King if I knew the way  
To make a lady swoon when I said those  
Magical words, "I Love You"  
Maybe in a special place, at a special time  
I could still be King  
Oh, I fall upon the lonely pavement  
As the busy bodies circle all around me  
And they sing a psalm and lift me to my  
Kingdom  
And they raise my arms and praise what  
They've been given  
Oh, there was Winonna, and Charlotte  
and her brother Jonah, and Mary, she sang over me

Lord where are you, in our time of need  
Let the waters wash right over him  
Let the voices sing the King of Men!

## Oh Lord, Why Have You Been So Cruel To Me?

With the lines on his face, the old man he said  
"I've been walking all day until my feet they bled  
You've got water, son? I'm bound to die of thirst  
Yesterday was hard, todays been so much worse."

"Sit down my son and have a word with me"  
And like Judas Iscariot, I obliged him instantly  
He said, "It seems I'll pass along today  
I don't want to be alone  
I've got a couple more things to say"

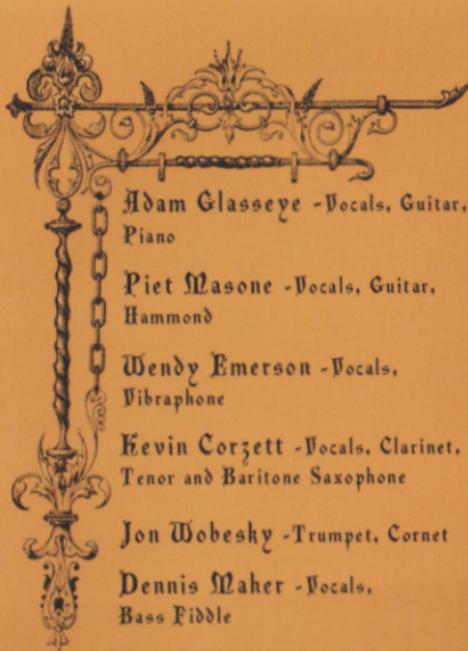
Oh Lord, why have you been so cruel to me  
Is this something I really had to see  
I will walk away, I'm sure a better man  
Hand in hand to the promised land

"Hold on my friend, I won't go very far"  
And I high-tailed it to my beaten up car  
I was right there just going to drive away  
I had the worst feeling creeping up my head

So I walked back with the water jug in hand  
And the old man was passed out in the sand  
I knew right there he wasn't coming back  
I walked away, never to look back

Oh Lord, why have you been so cruel to me  
Is this something I really had to see  
I'll walk away I'm sure a better man  
These images so fresh at hand

Fifteen rooms in His mansion  
Fifteen wounds across my arms  
Fifteen days 'till Armegeddon  
Fifteen ways that I've done wrong  
Fifteen ways I promise I'll do better  
Fifteen songs I'll learn to sing  
Fifteen counterpoints to argue  
Oh Lord, you've been so cruel to me



Adam Glasseye -Vocals, Guitar,  
Piano

Piet Masone -Vocals, Guitar,  
Hammond

Wendy Emerson -Vocals,  
Vibraphone

Kevin Corzett -Vocals, Clarinet,  
Tenor and Baritone Saxophone

Jon Wobesky -Trumpet, Cornet

Dennis Maher -Vocals,  
Bass Fiddle

Tim Maher -Drum Kit

Featuring

Wensday Castrata -Vocals  
Judithann Winters -Vocals

Dedicated to the Memory  
of Jarrett Laitinen  
1972-2004



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