

UNCLE BONSAI



THE  
FAMILY  
FEAST

The Study of the Human Condition, First World Problems, and the Lasting Physiological and Psychological Effects of Eating Our Young

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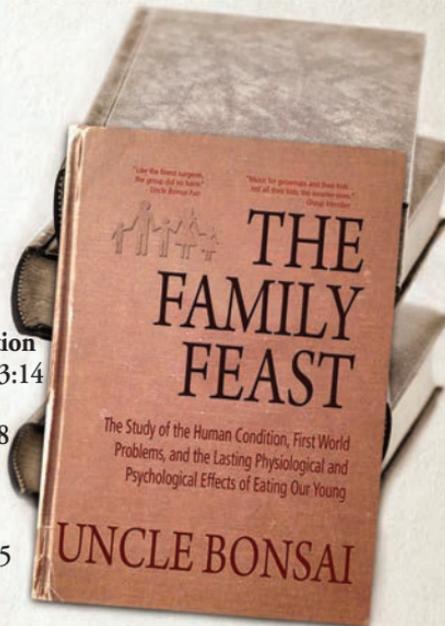
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All songs written by Andrew Ratshin © Liu-tunes, ASCAP

# THE LYRICS



## Uncle Bonsai is:

Arni Adler - Vocals

Patrice O'Neill - Vocals

Andrew Ratshin - Vocals & Guitar



1. **Brand New World** 3:33

*Special Guests: David Lange - Accordion, Piano  
Gary Shelton - Bass; Ben Smith - Drums*

Back when the world was brand new  
6000 years ago  
Long before any wars  
Man rode the dinosaurs  
Everyone got along great

And on that first day  
There were fireflies  
And on that first day  
There were stars

Back when the world was brand new  
6000 years ago  
Just before Jesus Christ  
Man lived in paradise  
All that begatting was great

And on the second day, there were rabbits  
And on that second day, there were more

Then God came around to see the beautiful sights  
But found himself staring at the blackest of nights  
Cause God had forgotten to turn on the lights  
And he felt like such a fool

So on that third day, there were sunburns  
And on that third day, skies were blue

And the people seem stunned  
That they were Neanderthal  
And the dinosaurs noticed  
That the people were small  
So they reared up and made  
A lovely snack of them all  
And God thought that was cool

'Cause maybe it was not the plan  
To watch the beasts devour man  
But when the smörgåsbord began  
It sure got his attention  
'Cause maybe if he got it right  
And started with let there be light  
They'd make it through the seventh night  
Without his intervention

'Cause on that fourth day  
There was no one  
'Cause on that fourth day  
It was a billion years later

And so God created a big asteroid  
Not the kind of an asteroid a guy could avoid  
And when he looked down  
On all the stuff he destroyed  
And he saw that it was good

But you can't be a God  
Just watching planets revolve

**uncle bonsai: 9 pounds of  
lyrics in a 5 pound sack**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

If he wanted the job  
Then he had problems to solve  
If the monkeys in pants  
Had had a chance to evolve  
He wondered if they would

So he started it over with a simpler plan  
And he turned off the darkness  
When the first day began  
And he waited a while before the coming of man  
Could spoil the neighborhood

## 2. Problems 3:33

*Special Guests: David Lange - Accordion, Piano  
John Morton - Guitar; Andrew Ratshin - Viola  
Garey Shelton - Bass; Ben Smith - Drums*

There was a drought  
There was a swarm of killer bees  
Without a doubt  
There's gonna be some new disease  
Some kind of gout  
On the backs of giant fleas, and I'm against it

There was a flu  
And then another strain of flu  
What can you do  
Just wait around, another flu  
Will come to you  
And all your pets will get flu too  
And that seems bad

And I heard it doesn't matter  
How much money that you raise  
The water in the well will only last a few more days

**uncle bonsai: because 1242  
fb "likes" can't be wrong**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

But I just had a sandwich  
That had way too much mayonnaise  
And I'm really quite upset,  
'Cause it makes the sandwich wet

And I think they lied about the octane  
In this gasoline  
And the springs are getting looser  
On the backyard trampoline  
And the mail was late today  
And I missed the lunch buffet  
We've got problems in the First World too

There was a wreck  
There was a fire and a war  
I sent a check  
Next week I'll send a little more  
Hold on a sec . . .  
I think I wore this dress before  
No, not again . . . just count to ten

And I heard that there's a battle  
That's been going on for years  
And every day another super parasite appears  
Well my new Ford Explorer  
Is abruptly changing gears  
First woe was unto thee  
Now God is Job-ing me

'Cause the microwave is blinking  
But the maid's already gone  
A lot of champagne I've been drinking  
Isn't really from Champagne  
All the straws I bought were bent  
And the milk was 2 percent  
We got problems in the First World too

Some folks have no wifi, or it's really, really slow  
Some don't even have a toaster oven - Oooo  
Somewhere there are places  
Where the crops will never grow  
And the climate's getting worse  
'Cause the farmers have been cursed  
And it's dinnertime, I'm sure that I'm  
Not getting two desserts

'Cause the brûlée's kind of brittle  
And the flan is really loose  
And I think our extra pillow's  
Made with duck instead of goose  
I got Quake instead of Quisp  
And the bacon was too crisp  
We got problems in the First . . .

The beer is really hoppy  
And the lawn's a little dry  
The sloppy joe's too sloppy  
And paper's not two-ply

**uncle bonsai: like the finest  
surgeon, they did no harm**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

And the news is all despair  
But the remote is over there  
We got problems in the First World too

#### 4. The Family Feast 3:33

*Special Guests: David Lange - Organ  
John Morton - Guitar; Garey Shelton - Bass  
Ben Smith - Drums*

I can see you've gotten used to disappointment  
Maybe that's the smartest thing you've done  
Every family has disappointing children  
You're the one

And I see you like a doggy in the window  
Your eyes grow wide with every passing car  
I thought you would avoid these situations  
But here you are

So the family digs deeper  
'Cause you take it on the chin  
Is there anything that's sweeter  
Then when skin is really thin  
And this love that keeps on giving  
Burrows down and settles in

You can sit and watch them volleying for hours  
But your silence doesn't really keep the peace  
Don't you realize that the one who squeals the loudest  
Gets release

And I think you've lost your craving for transition  
What you were before will always shine right through  
You were born to play this permanent position  
Lucky you

You have sanctified this dinner  
You have studied this disease  
And they pass around the insults  
Like they pass around the peas  
But you seem to find some pleasure  
In this dying by degrees  
And they aim to please

So it's a new night, same old story  
New drink, right before we  
Sift through the allegory  
Another pound of flesh released  
One prayer for every sinner  
In where the air gets thinner  
All's fair in love and dinner  
Let's keep the bandage fresh at least  
To calm the beast and join the feast  
The family feast

Now I know you really want a second helping  
It's the pain we bring that makes us feel alive  
So you'll sit and make the same mistakes forever  
And you'll survive

Every family is different  
Every family's the same  
Every family's unhappy  
In their own peculiar way  
And your family tomorrow  
Is your family today  
And so you stay  
You always stay

## uncle bonsai: tastes just like chicken

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

### 3. Bat 3:33

*Special Guests: Andrew Ratshin - Ukulele, Celeste  
Garey Shelton - Ukulele Bass*

Bat, I thought I saw a bat  
I didn't see my mother  
Or anything like that  
What are you writing and staring at  
Every ink blot that you've shown me is a bat

I didn't hear a voice  
Between mother or a bat  
Bat seems the safer choice  
A bat won't make me take a pill  
A bat won't make me hold my tongue  
A bat won't tell me who to kill  
Or eat her young

Oh Doctor tell me  
After you examine me  
Do you think that all this ink  
Looks something like my family  
Oh tell me  
Would it really be that awful  
If one looked like a butterfly  
Whose wings were bitten off

I'll say a bat, I'm sticking with a bat  
I never saw my mother in her favorite hat

There's no way you could have known  
From where you sat  
That every ink blot that you showed me  
Was a bat

5. In The End 3:33

*Special Guests: David Lange - Organ  
Garey Shelton - Bass*

As I get farther from the middle  
And I think I see a way out  
There's a world of indecision  
That I'm waiting to explore  
If love's the oldest riddle  
Then I know how this will play out  
I will second-guess my vision  
As I look for something more

I don't get much attention  
Though I used to have a future  
That I knew that you'd take with you  
'Cause that's what you usually do  
But did I forget to mention  
As you fumbled with each suture  
That I really don't remember  
If you left me or I left you

And so I'm older and I'm wiser, mostly older  
And the mirror no longer seems to be my friend

**uncle bonsai:  
the name says it all**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

And I think it might be too late for do-overs  
And I wonder who will love me in the end

There's a tiny piece of thread there  
That I guess might be eternal  
But the ties that used to bind me  
Were bound to fray and snap  
I've been rolled up with this dead air  
With everything maternal  
And this shroud that has defined me  
I'm dying to unwrap

And though I know the story isn't so compelling  
And I was never very good at "let's pretend"  
I guess it loses something in the telling  
And I wonder who will love me in the end

And I blamed you for denying me  
I blamed you for the guilt  
I blamed you for the anger  
Tearing down the things we built  
And I blamed you for the loneliness  
I blamed you for the grief  
And I blamed you when I finally found  
A moment of relief

It's a bit of a commotion  
Losing all that you invested  
And I'd give back all those memories  
If that's how I'd survive  
I'm at peace with my emotion  
Tempest-tost and battle tested  
And I think I'm almost glad to see  
Another day arrive

And though you never really get your fill of pleasure  
And you can give and give and give but never bend  
I believe I could be someone's hidden treasure  
And I wonder who will love me in the end  
I will keep an open heart for extra measure  
And I wonder who will love me in the end



6. New Jobs For America 3:33

*Recorded Live @ Tim Noah Thumbnail Theatre*

So we rounded up the lawyers  
And we held them without bail  
And country came together for the battle  
'Cause when you need a common enemy  
You'll never really fail  
By rounding up unpopulars like cattle  
And the doctors and the nurses  
Were the next in line to go  
With their leeches and elective surgery  
So we die a little younger  
And we wait to name our children  
Cause they hardly ever reach the age of three

And I blame the teachers  
Especially that one from second grade  
I can't believe the money that she made  
You know I always thought  
She was the great pretender  
And I knew she had a socialist agenda  
I blame the teachers

**uncle bonsai: not your  
uncle's uncle bonsai**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

Then the bridges and the tunnels  
Disassembled or destroyed  
Meant we never had to travel off our land  
And the family remembered  
All the quality and the closeness  
That had years before been ridiculed or banned

So we casted out the courtrooms  
And the classrooms and the boardrooms  
And we gathered up whatever we could burn  
And the scientists surrendered  
To the movement and the moment  
Cause they knew that there was nothing left to learn

And I blame the teachers  
Especially the one from second grade  
I can't believe she wanted to be paid  
To stand out in the union line complaining  
To think she needed more than 5 weeks training  
I blame the teachers

Had an earful and an eyeful  
Got a Red Bull and a rifle  
Got the high ground on my rival  
And a special set of skills  
Got a hankerin' for revival and a recipe for survival  
It's a backpack and a Bible  
And a place up in the hills

So we took the chips and diodes  
That were hopelessly outdated  
And we learned to live without the endless hum  
And we shuttered all the factories  
That is except for Apple  
We may be ignorant but we're not dumb

And I blame the teachers  
Especially that one who tried to teach us  
The earth revolved around the sun  
I blame the teachers  
Always trying' to make us read  
Let's get the teachers  
So much sense of history  
I blame the teachers

#### 7. Inevitable Clown 3:33

*Recorded Live @ Seattle Folklore Society*

Father was always around  
Mother was always right there by his side  
Town after town after town  
So many people along for the ride  
And I've got a box in the back  
With the cousins and clothes  
I get to bond with the family in between blows  
It's fine, I suppose

**uncle bonsai:  
now with more bonsai**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

Sleep at some ungodly hour  
Dawn of the dead with the cows and the cold  
Wake with the squirt of a flower  
Funny is funny but that one gets old  
And I have such little feet, I have a regular nose  
I have a place in the sawdust where nobody goes  
And nobody knows

Marilyn Munster of Mockingbird Lane  
I know your loneliness, I know your pain  
And I know what it's like to grow up  
On the wrong side of town  
Marilyn Munster I've tried to fit in  
I'm stuck on a stage with no plates left to spin  
And it's only a day in the life  
Of an inevitable clown

Father kept swallowing swords  
Mother would swing on an elephant's tail  
Talent has it's own rewards  
I got to follow along with the pail  
And I know a man who can lift me  
With one of his toes  
I get to launder his loincloth in between shows  
That's how it goes

Marilyn Munster come down from my wall  
How come we can't run away from it all  
I know how it feels way up high  
Still afraid to look down  
Marilyn Munster the scenery sucks  
So I sit like a swan in a room full of ducks  
And it's only a day in the life  
Of an inevitable clown

And mother could shave if she wanted to shave  
And father could pull up his pants  
I could get out of this poodle parade  
But I never learned how to dance  
I'm biding my time with the lions and tigers  
And Bobo The Bike-Riding Bear  
Shilling for showman, but I know that no one  
Would notice if I wasn't there

'Cause I was the knife-throwing act  
Who kept missing her throws  
Stuck on a trike I would strike a ridiculous pose  
Like one of the pros

Marilyn Munster each day is the same  
How do we get off of Mockingbird Lane  
When the car is so tin  
And everyone's clowning around

Marilyn Munster now everyone knows  
That I'm cut from the cloth of more casual clothes  
Still I know how to saddle the seals  
So they keep me around  
But I've fallen so far  
I'm afraid no one's noticed the sound  
It's only a day in the life  
Of an inevitable clown

## 8. Big Happy Family 3:33

*Recorded Live @ Kirkland Performance Center*

This is how we start  
This is what we do

**uncle bonsai: locally sourced,  
organically grown**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

Think of all that work we've done  
To find your motivation  
Now you know your part  
Wait until your cue  
Memorize your lines  
So you can have a conversation  
You brought me in to help you  
With the staging and direction  
To show you how to dialogue  
With interest or inflection  
This is not recasting, it's a minor course correction  
Step-by-step and day-by-day

Someone's at the door  
Find your happy place  
Let's loosen up your jaw  
And show some teeth with every smile  
You're not going to war  
Do something with your face  
That was almost perfect  
Now again without the bile  
You brought me in to stage this holiday  
So stop complaining  
Let me share some acting tips  
From all my years of training  
Audiences turn  
If you get preachy or disdainful

Someone has to stage this play  
We'll plan the perfect thing to say

So take it from the top  
This time with a little more love in it  
If not more love then less indifference  
That's what they need to see  
Take it from the top  
This time with a little more love in it  
It's not a contest, it's a covenant  
It's how it used to be  
It's why you hired me  
To help you with one big happy family

Start the second act  
Just like we rehearsed  
This is where a rewrite  
Gets us past the same old story  
Some might overact  
Roles can get reversed  
That's always a concern  
When you present in repertory  
Try a sympathetic nod  
Between the first and second course  
(The tiniest of nods will help,  
Considering the source)  
I swear it doesn't really matter  
Which hand holds the fork

**uncle bonsai: music for  
grownups and their  
smarter kids**

*- uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

You'll still gesture, poke, and stab  
And someone else can pick the scab

So take it from the top  
This time with a little more love in it  
A little love might make a difference  
With some sincerity  
Take it from the top  
This time with a little more love in it  
A little love and less belligerence  
I'll be the referee, it's why you hired me  
We're trying for one big happy family

And so it's "Yes and . . . it's so nice to see you"  
"Yes and . . . welcome to my home"  
"Yes and . . . how about the weather"  
This is so much better than sitting here alone"  
"Yes and . . . such a lovely party"  
"Yes and . . . come in for a while"  
"Yes and . . . keep it on the surface"  
Learn to take the worst and serve it with a smile"

Pack it all away, try a little hug  
Everyone's an atheist in a foxhole or in battle  
Fight another day, take another drug  
Have another cocktail  
And you're right back in the saddle

I'll guide you 'til we hide the you  
That everybody knows  
We'll have the dress rehearsal  
Then we'll open and we'll close  
I'll help you with the process  
Then I'm off to other shows

This is what the curtain's for  
Tonight we leave them wanting more

So take it from the top  
This time with a little more love in it  
A little love could mean deliverance  
We'll set the family free

So take it from the top  
This time with a little more love in it  
A little love, a lot less ignorance  
We'll feed the family tree  
It'd be a sight to see, it's why you hired me  
Bringing you one big happy family

9. **Seasonal Work (A Holiday Song) 3:33**

*Special Guests: David Lange - Accordion, Organ  
John Morton - Guitar; Andrew Ratshin -  
Programmed Bass; Ben Smith - Drums*

I am out here in this field  
And the sun is beating down  
I will stay in this position 'til I'm through  
Like my family before me  
I will melt into this ground  
And I'll do the job that no one else will do

I have come here with the season  
(And it's cold out here today)  
Just a shadow in the white  
(Never had a holiday)

I am rooted to the soil like the grass  
Though I don the dusty uniform  
(Everything is cold and gray)

**uncle bonsai: you're here,  
they're here, you might  
as well stay**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

I'm standing three balls high  
(There's no one horse open sleigh)  
And I wear the tattered tinsel like a badge

He is standing where his father stood  
A figure in this neighborhood  
A fixture 'til the weather's good  
And sends him on his way

I'm just one of many frozen on these farms  
And the threat of snow won't set off the alarms  
And the branches that they've given us for arms  
Are just insulting  
We are tethered here with someone else's ties  
And we watch the world unfold with blackened eyes  
And I'll count the days until we organize  
And start revolting

I am standing where they stood me  
When they rolled me like a drunk  
And they shoved a Lincoln hat upon my head  
And I dream of what I could be  
If I wasn't draped with junk  
Forgotten like the dog and left for dead

See the family through the window keeping warm  
Watching TV while we're weathering the storm  
And our animated relatives perform  
While they ignore me

See our brothers ride Norelcos through the land  
Is that Uncle Frosty dancing for the man  
He's got his 30 shekels in his hand  
I hope he's happy, I hope he's happy

If he could move around like that  
He'd probably be a dancer  
I'd sing my special song, with Burl Ives strumming  
But if the coal don't give us black lung  
Then the pipe will give us cancer  
If we could move around like that  
They'd never see us coming

Thumpety thump thump thumpety thump  
The last sound that you hear  
Thumpety thump thump thumpety thump  
Snowman army's near  
Thumpety thump thump thumpety thump  
Bringing up the rear  
Thumpety thump thump thumpety thump  
Christmas time is here

I am out here in this field  
Where the sun spares no expense  
We'll be leaving in the morning with the mud  
But the grass will be much greener now  
On both sides of the fence  
As the sun kissed sod is soaked  
With snowman blood, with snowman blood

**uncle bonsai: same old  
chords, brand new order**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

Thumpety thump thump thumpety thump  
Watch me disappear  
Thumpety thump thump thumpety thump  
Think you're in the clear  
Thumpety thump thump thumpety thump  
We'll be back next year

#### 10. Modern Medicine (Old Man Arms) 3:33

*Special Guests: Cary Black - String Bass; David Lange - Accordion, Organ; Andrew Ratshin - Violas  
Garey Shelton - Bass; Ben Smith - Drums*

I got old man arms  
I can hardly even reach the itchy places  
I got old man eyes  
I can really only see familiar faces  
I got old man legs and I need to be escorted  
I got old man hair and my nape is now my forehead  
I got old man fingers on my old man hands  
I got old secretions from my old man glands  
These are just a few of my charms . . . old man arms

I got old man brain  
And I really don't remember how I got here  
I got old man back  
And the grandkids like to play connect the dots here  
I got old man scent, I should stay away from dairy  
I got old man ears, so they got a little hairy  
I got old man stirrings in my old man pants  
I got old desires with an old man's chance  
That's a little hard to explain . . . old man brain

And modern medicine  
Has made me what I am today

If I mask the pain, was there really pain  
Modern medicine is keeping me alive this way  
I can take more in the morning  
If I'm still here in the morning

I got old man toes  
The ones that aren't ting-l-ing are freezing  
I got old man tongue  
And I find the taste of liver kinda pleasing  
I got old man nerves  
And I'm not sure why I'm bragging  
I got old man skin  
It's translucent or it's sagging  
I got old man whining, I got old man ills  
I got old man doctors with the old man bills  
I got old relying on my old man pills

Cause modern medicine  
Has made me what I am today  
So I shake some more, so I take some more  
Modern medicine is keeping me alive this way  
It's the gift that keeps on giving  
And it almost feels like living

Oh the red one's for the fire in my belly  
And the green one's for the emptiness inside  
I take a tiny little white one  
For the damage from the pink one  
And I think one even fought off  
Any thought of suicide  
There are orange ones to stop the pressure falling  
And there are blues ones so it doesn't go too high  
All these colors, all these choices  
Help me drown out all the voices

**uncle bonsai: it's not just a  
good idea, it's the law**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

I've been taking them forever  
So I'm never going to die

I got old man arms  
I can hardly even reach the itchy places  
I got old man thoughts  
And they never really fill the spaces  
I got old man blood  
It's a little like molasses  
I got old man sight  
I need glasses for my glasses  
I got old man sorrows in my old man hands  
I got no tomorrows in my old man plans  
That set off a few more alarms . . . old man arms

#### 11. The Monster in the Closet 3:33

*Special Guests: David Lange - Accordion; David Keenan - Banjo, Mandolin; Keith Lowe - Bass*

Stay in bed, but don't close your eyes  
You know that we love you  
No, really, we love you  
So keep it together, take our advice  
Just stay in bed and don't close your eyes  
Don't go downstairs, don't call our names  
Though we'll always be here  
Just not over there

There's so much between us  
No, really, between us  
Just stay in bed and don't go downstairs

Don't go down, down, down . . .

The monster in the closet's getting hungry  
He hopes that you left something on your plate  
And the monster underneath your bed  
Knows good things come to those who lie in wait

The monster in the TV room is restless  
He cannot seem to find the good remote  
And the monster in the kitchen's  
Got a little bit of someone in his throat  
So don't go down, down, down, down

The monster in the basement gets so whiny  
He always seems to get his feelings hurt  
But the monster in the dining room  
Is hoping for a really good dessert

The monster in the bathroom brings you water  
But that's the older monster trick in sight  
'Cause the monster in the hallway knows  
That you could never hold it in all night  
And he waits around for just a little taste  
You can hear his stomach rumbling  
From the hiding place

And we love you more than words could every say  
And we love you even more and more each day  
And we'd love to see you try to heed the warning  
With a love that will refill here  
If you're still here in the morning  
And we love you like you'll always be around  
And we'll love you if you never make a sound  
And don't go down, down, down . . .

The monster in the toaster's kind of harmless  
There's not a lot of damage he can do  
But the monster in the vacuum sucks  
The thing that makes you special out of you

The monster on the front lawn's throwing pebbles  
He wants you to come down and let him in  
And the monster in the pantry  
Likes the tender bits with extra crispy skin  
And he waits around for something extra sweet  
Listening for the pitter-pat of tiny little feet

And we love you more than words could every say  
And we love you even more and more each day  
And we love you more than Hodon loved Odonia  
With a love that can't prepare you  
But I swear to you we wanna  
'Cause we love you like you'll always be around  
And we love that you're the smartest kid in town  
And won't go down, down, down . . .

We remember Tommy  
Do you remember Tommy  
Listening to Mommy  
Would have helped Tom through

**uncle bonsai: outside the  
box, inside your heart**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

We didn't want the monsters  
But please don't taunt the monster  
We can't outrun the monsters  
But we'll out run you

Still we love you more than words could every say  
And we'd love to have you here another day  
And we'll love you 'til the moment that they swallow  
Like we loved the one before you  
And we'll love the one to follow  
Yes we love you like you'll always be around  
And we'll love you 'til another you is found  
So don't go down, down, down . . .

## 12. Go To Sleep 3:33

*Special Guests: David Lange - Accordion, Piano  
Gary Shelton - Bass; Harmony Lebovic, Emma  
Ratshin, Ella Scudder-Davis - Little Girl Choir*

Go to sleep  
Darling, go to sleep  
Now that the nightingale's down for the night  
Now that the angels have all taken flight  
This is a good time to turn off the light  
Go to sleep

Go to sleep  
Sweetheart, go to sleep  
Now that the songbird has finished its tune  
Now that the angels have circled the moon  
I've got some cash if you go to sleep soon  
Go to sleep

We've said goodnight to the room and the chairs  
A quiet old lady is yawning

**uncle bonsai: the cirque du  
soleil of folk rock. but safer**

*-uncle bonsai catchphrase contest finalist -*

Two little kittens and three little bears  
All have to work in the morning

Go to sleep  
Honey, go to sleep  
Now that the owl has eaten its prey  
Now that the angels have all flown away  
Let's pray for an end to a really long day  
Go to sleep

Go to sleep  
Really, go to sleep  
Now that the piper has piped it's last peep  
Now that the angels have started to weep  
I'm out of patience and you're out of sheep  
Go to sleep

It's time for bed, Little Bee, Little Bee  
Both of your eyes should be shuttin'  
Brown Bear, oh Brown Bear, oh, what do you see  
I see a child who's pushing my buttons  
Go to sleep  
Seriously, go to sleep  
Now that the flickers are all flying south  
Now that the Angels are all full of doubt  
We'll play a game I call Shutting Your Mouth  
Go to sleep

We've gone to the bathroom we've had a time-out  
We've argued until I turned blue  
Your favorite board book is all but worn out  
I'm more than a little worn too  
You can fly like a bird you can swim like a trout  
'Cause you know that I'll be there for you  
But if you're still awake when I turn this light out  
That runaway bunny is stew

Go to sleep  
Come on, go to sleep  
Now that the early bird's here to begin  
The Angels are drowning their sorrows in gin  
This is a battle that I want to win  
Go to sleep  
When will the Benedryl start kicking in  
Go to sleep



**The Monster in the Closet/Go To Sleep**  
*Now available as a Bedtime Book for Grownups*

*All songs by Andrew Ratshin © Liu-tunes, ASCAP*

Produced by Andrew Ratshin w/David Lange  
Engineered by David Lange & Andrew Ratshin  
Mastered by Ross Nyberg, Nyberg Mastering  
Recorded at Yellow Tail Studios  
Additional recording at David Lange Studios

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For more information, tour schedules, photos, videos, and press information, please visit [www.unclebonsai.com](http://www.unclebonsai.com)

For questions, and information about booking Uncle Bonsai, write to [info@unclebonsai.com](mailto:info@unclebonsai.com)

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**Total Time: 51:46**

Produced by Andrew Ratshin w/David Lange

All songs by Andrew Ratshin © Liu-tunes, ASCAP

For more information: [www.unclebonsai.com](http://www.unclebonsai.com)

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## About The Authors

In 1981, Uncle Bonsai, a folk/pop trio from Seattle, set out to change the course of acoustic music by using the same chords and words as other artists but, mostly, in a slightly different order. With just a guitar and three voices, the group proved that, with a little hard work, a little talent, and perhaps a bit of luck, a musical act can stay together for over 35 years. The CD you're holding in your hand — which is now all smudgy from your fingers — is the group's 9th recording and the one with the longest title. You'll recognize the themes: first-world problems, the creation of the universe, the afterlife, and, of course, holidays with the family. Some of the songs use "standard" tunings while, in others, the lowest string, known as the "E" in professional circles, is tuned down to a "D." Some songs use a capo, which keeps the guitarist in his comfort zone. And, in the end, isn't that what it's about? Comfort? Because this group wants to please everyone out there . . . and not just for sales purposes. To that end, this is music for the masses, with lilting melodies, familiar phrases, some very nice harmonies, and a lyric sheet.