

M A X

P L A N

K T O N

E q u a t i o n s

WORDS AND NOTES

CREDITS AND THANKS!

Max Plankton is:

Rick Bennett – bass and lead vocals

John Griffin – guitars and vocals

Brian Robery – drums and vocals

Mastered by Mark Yoder

(www.demofactory.biz)

Recorded at Crime Dog Studios

(www.griffinaudiomedia.com)

Cover art by Mark Dupies

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Graphic art arrangements by Theron Mattick

Huge thanks to everyone involved in making this recording and CD and what not!
Huge thanks to our friends, families, and fans for supporting us! Hope to see you soon...

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TAKE A BREATH

If I could control it
I might better extol it
But it's just so erratic
I'd hate to come off too dramatic

Super cosmic fusion
Not just an illusion
Both rigid and elastic
And really quite fantastic

It's not meant to be easy
It's not meant just to please you, or me
Exercise the proper care

Take a look, please don't stare
Take the plunge, if you dare
Take a breath
Now you're already there

Older than the fishes
"Primordialicious"
Solid, liquid, gassy
Kind of now and kind of sassy

Perpetual motion
Deeper than an ocean
Imposing but inviting
Mysterious and so exciting

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Kyle Magnusson – keyboards

ESOPHAGITIS

Hey bus driver, won't you stop the bus!
I've got a stricture in my esophagus
Sometimes food gets stuck, I have to cough it up
If you don't let me off, you'll have to mop it up
Stop the bus – Esophagus

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Mike Pollitt – banjo

TOO LATE NOW

You took my thermos and my lucky socks
You took the dish I use for tater tots
You took my “Six Million Dollar Man” lunch box

You knew my compulsions, you knew my obsessions
Maybe you thought you'd teach me a lesson?
You took away all my favorite possessions

Digging for gold, coming up rocks
But the rocks are so old, and so are my socks
And so I've been told I should change all the locks
But it's too late now

I never question why a bird sings
I never question who pulls the strings
But why did you take all my favorite things?

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Mitch Goldman – trumpet and flugelhorn

MORE IMPORTANT THINGS

Let's talk about that singer
With the music and lyrics
He's got important things to say – you know the one

He says he wants that girl for real
Such original material
In that song – you know the one

I know you know of all these things I sing
It's just like that other thing

You know what I mean
These are important things
I'm so interesting – have you been listening?
Do you know what I mean, do you know what I mean

Let's talk about the weather
Yeah how 'bout it, really something
They say we'll get more weather next week – you know...

Let's talk about some stuff, uh-huh, do you like stuff?
Stuff!

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Mitch Goldman – trumpet
Trenka Lenay and William Larkin – background vocals

HENDERSON ACCOUNT

Help me! The water's rising teach me how to swim
Our chances of survival are so slim
I have never faced a crisis quite so grim

The peasants have rebelled
The trees have all been felled
The contract had glaring mistakes
With many words misspelled

It's too late to recount
The odds we can't surmount
I really hate to say it, but...
We just lost the Henderson account

It's gone, gone, gone – It's time to move on
It's gone, gone, gone – It's time to move on

Help me! Everything was calm before the storm
Nothing seemed to be outside the norm
We weren't prepared for a biblical locust swarm

We gave away the store
There's spilled milk on the floor
The ship has run ashore
And no socks in my drawer

The truth has lost its dare
My dreams turned to despair
I forgot to study for the test
I'm in my underwear

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

William Larkin, Treneka Lenay, and The Pasta Night Singers – background vocals (and shit)

EARTHQUAKE SEASON

Life is short and so is your temper
I'm the sort to stir up the embers
Verbal sport to add to the splendor of our lives

Angry days flooding with emotion
Like tidal waves that surge from the ocean
Come to us so unexpectedly

Everyday is earthquake season
Do you need another reason
To forgive me I could be
Dead beneath a pile of debris

Everyday is earthquake season
And you know I get the feeling
That we're tempting God or fate
So please forgive me before it's too late

Life's a gift, please hand me a tissue
Tectonic shifts can be such an issue
The earthquake comes so unexpectedly

Seismographically speaking we've had simultaneous tremors off the charts
Outside the times we are peaking
It's like floods of fury that extinguish the sparks

I know you're tired of our history repeating
And how many times before "I'm sorry" loses meaning?

But I'll say it again...(I'm sorry)

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Kyle Magnusson – keyboards

PREDICTION

He got to wear a cummerbund
The cake, it must have weighed a ton
While everything was good and fun
But he wanted to turn and run

No one can predict the way the cookie crumbles
No one can predict the way the drunkard stumbles
No one knows exactly when the final switch is flipped
These are things that we just can't predict

He thought he knew what it was all about
He thought he had it all worked out
But there were things he didn't understand
And not everything can go as planned

No one can predict the way the cookie crumbles
No one can predict the way the drunkard stumbles
No one knows exactly when the final switch is flipped
These are things that we just can't prepare for sometimes we get tricked
These are things that we just can't...

LUCKY

Hey Lucky, how'd you get your name?
Did you win all of the games? Hey, hey, Lucky

Hey Lucky, how'd you get your name?
Did your fortune find you fame? Hey, hey, Lucky

Hey man, why do they call you lucky?
Were you a real mother funky? Hey, hey, Lucky
Hey Lucky, how'd you get your name?
And can you send some luck my way?

He said that his wife left him – that's unlucky
But he met a nice lady – that's so lucky
He won the big lottery – hey, that's lucky
But he wound up bankrupt – that's unlucky
He got real sick – that's so sad
But it helped him find his way
Am I lucky, who's to say?

While we were talking by the street
Lucky was hit by a truck
Now there's no such thing as luck

IN MY MIND

Genghis Khan, the mastodon
Gone, gone, gone
Bones found deep in a quarry
But that's not the end of the story
They're living next door in my mind

Socrates, geez, Louise
Please, please, please
He had his share of the glory
But that's not the end of his story
He's on the front page of the newspaper read in my mind

It's not that I don't want to live in the now
It's not that I haven't quite figured out how
Sometimes I don't want to live in your reality

Dinosaurs, Millard Fillmore
More, more, more
If you can't see them I'm sorry
But that's not the end of the story

They came to my party last weekend
And Millard brought fruitcake that we didn't eat
But still isn't that sweet?
It's the thought that's important to me in my mind

EQUATIONS

Solving the equations, balancing the books
Shorter span of attention, longer longing looks

By a factor of two, I'm sorrier than you
And by a factor of three, I need you more than you need me

Cipher situations, calculate the cost
Tally up the total, linger on the loss

By a factor of two, I'm sorrier than you
And by a factor of three, I need you more than you need me

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Mitch Goldman – trumpet
Kyle Magnusson – keyboards

DALLIANCES

Hang your coat over the rail, sit and tell me bout your dalliances
Don't sugar coat it, just emote it, and pretend that I'm a mannequin
Stupid movie reference, I've been told you never get old with your dalliances

You carved your name into my shoe, it's what you do with your proclivities
You turn and blush but it's a rush, when you hint of your activities
That's an interesting rhyme scheme, Steve Miller's eye sees your dalliances

I've been meaning to be meaning to really care
Leaning toward those leanings don't they stare
I can't wear that hat even if I tried

Pick your coat up from the rail, I've had enough of your dalliances
Need a nap or a cold shower all I need's an hour of dalliances
Got my membership its up to date I won't be late for dalliances

Dalliances – that word is French, oui-oui means yes – Dalliances!

YOU WERE DUMB

I was good, you were bad
You were mean, I was sad
Your indifference left me numb – you were dumb

I had judged you oh so wrong
I thought you were wise and strong
The parts aren't equal to the sum – you were dumb

You were dumb, you were dumb because I was the one
And in my reflection I see your rejection
But if you thought that I was done – you were dumb

You were square, I was round
You could never hear the sound
You marched to a different drum – you were dumb

Logic can't always explain
Feelings like a speeding train
I really don't know where your train departs from
But you were dumb – you were dumb

I'M SICK

You will not believe it
I think I'm falling ill again – it's outrageous!

I don't know what it is
But one thing that I know for sure – it's contagious!

So I better stay at home today
Get the rest that's needed
Because I'm sure you'll agree with me
Staying home is just the best way to treat it

I think I'm sick, I think I'm sick
It's not some kind of get-out-of-work trick
It's my story and with it I'm going to stick

I think I'm sick, I think I'm sick
Yes, it really did come on quick
Oh, my God, I really think I may be sick

What is wrong it's hard to tell
Let's just say I'm not feeling well – I'm ill at ease

I am not an M.D.
But if I had to make a guess
I'd say it is my ovaries

I appreciate your thoughts and prayers
They just might be needed
And soon I'll emerge triumphant when
The scourge that plagues me finally has been defeated

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Jeff Greeneberg – background vocals

NOT MY FAULT

He sometimes raved, but he mostly ranted
He said the tables were mostly slanted away from him
And the world mostly took him for granted

He sometimes hemmed, and he sometimes hawed
He said he scratched, but he might say clawed
Cuz everyone else is so flawed

He said it's not my fault...

It's not fair, it's not fair, and no else cares
That it's not my fault
It's not fair, it's not fair, and nobody cares
Now I'll ask you to pause it, cuz I didn't cause it
Refuse to feel shame because I lost the game
Believe me when I explain
I'm never to blame

Show him how his guilt is indisputable
He'll say the evidence is refutable
He likes to think he's rubber, but he's mostly glue

He sometimes passed, but he mostly fumbled
He thought sauntered, but mostly stumbled
Listen to me as I grumble

I said it's not my fault...

ADDITIONAL MUSICIANS:

Kyle Magnusson – keyboards

DIFFERENT VOICE

Keep it simple, baby, keep the focus
You don't need all of that hocus pocus

I suggest you make the choice
To listen to a different voice
The one you listen to is much too mean

Once upon a time there was a man who lost his will to care
I'm pretty sure he shat despair
But then he finally realized the darkest places of his mind
Pushed him around all the time
And then he made the choice to listen to a different voice

Keep it present, baby, keep the focus
You don't need all of that hocus pocus

I suggest you make the choice
To listen to a different voice
The one you listen to is much too mean

Once upon a time there was a woman so riddled with shame
She tried to make me feel the same
And when she realized her ability to just let it go
A peace she thought she'd never know
Because she made the choice to listen to a different voice

I suggest you make the choice
To listen to a different voice...a different voice

MORE INFORMATION

Max Planck was a famous physicist. To learn more about him, please see the internet. Plankton are tiny sea creatures. Max Plankton is a band from various places in Illinois.

Questions or interested in booking? Or questions about recording at Crime Dog Studios? Email John at johng@griffinaudiomedia.com

More information on eosinophilic esophagitis (EOE) at APFED – www.apfed.org.