

BUCKLE UP

THE GREAT QUARANTINE





QUARANTINO IS AMERICA, or maybe America is Quarantino. At this point they have disappeared into each other like the illusion that they both are, and both desperately want you to believe. They are magicians each in their own way in search of a more impressionable class of rube.

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How will we explain this to people 20 or 30 years from now? How will we convey the visceral terror of knowing that you and everyone around you existed as a potential walking viral landmine that could go off at any minute, slowly taking out an untold amount of people with you, beginning with those closest to you. It's was a heavy trip, and suffice to say - no one was ready for it, and we certainly didn't get better at it as time went on.

As of this writing - the COVID 19 pandemic is still raging. Almost 1000 people are dying every day in the United States for largely stupid reasons, mainly because there were an utterly shocking amount of people who couldn't do each other the simple courtesy of wearing a mask over their mouth, or believing in the basic tenants of science. . The federal response to this pandemic will go down as one of the worst failures of government in the entire history of the republic, but more broadly - it might be safe to say we totally failed each other as a society.

I started work on this record at the very beginning of the California lock down in late March, 2020 and finished it around August. Each song covers whatever was eating up the news cycle at the time i was working on it, which was like drinking from a fire hose of bad news every single day. During the Trump years, the only thing you could be resolutely assured of is that the worst day was always tomorrow, and by 2020, we were teetering on the verge of collapse.

No one yet knows how this will end. We are about 2 months away from the most important election in the nation's history. Maybe we will finally begin the long march back to some sense of decency and normality. Maybe we won't. Suffice to say - people are on edge.

For my own part, making this music was my way of trying not to fall down the well during all of this. These songs are like Polaroid pictures. A snapshot of what it felt like on the inside at the time, at least to me. I am grateful to a great many people who helped make this possible, in particular Milo and Suzanne, who were surprisingly patient with having nowhere to escape the sound of this being made.

I'll leave you with the words of the magician Penn Jillette that have been a north star for me for years, and hang just over the monitor in my studio:

"The only secret of magic is that I'm willing
to work harder on it than you think it's worth."

Stay safe out there. All we have is each other, and if you keep the right company
- that will always be enough.



SCARY GO ROUND

The phony kings and the vicars
The chairmen of the bored
The middle management civil servants
Where the grapes of wrath are stored
All the shallow state hookers
With accounts in arrears
Couldn't put this bullshit back
If you gave them a million years

Over and over
Scary go round
Flattening the ashes into the ground

The pale-faced nepotism
Barely out of his teens
Spouting business jargon in the idiocracy
All the secret servants
All the cops on the take
All the morally flexible
Paid to look the other way

Over and over
Scary go round
Flattening the flowers into the ground

All the foreign ward heelers
Drag it out in appeals
All the beneficiaries
Of your shady backroom deals
All of your children
Showing up with receipts
The black spot you thought you caught
Gonna take back all these streets



THE STRENGTH OF FRAGILE MEN

Give my best
To the dark unrest
When the shadow falls
Deep inside your chest
When the pigs come back
And kick us out again
Lord, give me the strength of a thousand fragile men

Give me all you lonely lost
Your fever felled
Your tempest-tossed
Give me Korea
Give me Vietnam
Give me Afghanistan before its gone

Hash pipe bombs
And soccer moms explode
Midlife crisis actors
In the road
You can keep your trophy wife
Your money or your life
And the lawyer's kids will move to bigger homes

Someone's always keeping score
While someone walks the dogs of war
Who's gonna keep these philistines at bay?
Who let all this darkness see the day?

Alt-Right punks in gaberdine
All hide behind a glowing screen
While toxic gas is filling up the space
Never read the comment section anyway

Movie bombs
And SoundCloud songs explode
Iridescent green and glitter gold
We tried to make it fit
But I just don't hear a hit
And the publicist just bought a bigger home

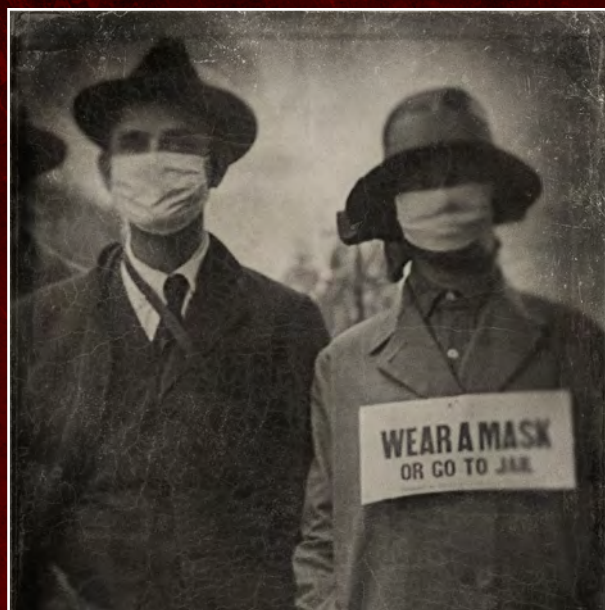


THE COLD OF DISTANT SUNS

The cold of distant suns
That died before our earth was born
Now makes the canopy of stars
Storms and hurricanes
The weapons of the wars we wage
Were all named for the girls that broke our hearts

Trapped on a plane
Careening through the driving rain
Palpitating through each lurch and drop
It's not the fall
That will be the thing that kills us all
It will be the violence of the sudden stop

These were the days
Where mediocrity held sway
Armored police chase us round the block
And it's a shame
Listening is not the same
As waiting for a place in which to talk
The bus blew past my stop
Oh driver
Let these pilgrims off



GET IT TOGETHER

They say you never saw it coming
But it's been waiting right outside your door
All this time you thought you were good
You were just lucky for sure

You can't go into the details
And now you can't go into town
Stay six feet apart
Or six feet under the ground

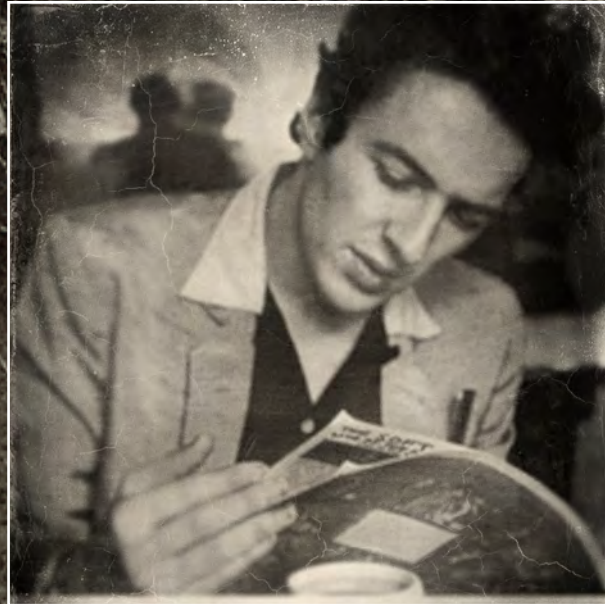
(Chorus)
Get it together
While yr going to pieces
Get it together
When we're better apart
Get it together
While ya got a good reason
But don't go too far

You couldn't just pay attention
Now someone else will pay the price
What you thought was blowing off steam
Was really blowing on dice

You're just a preexisting condition
A terminal and chronic disease
The need for everything that you want
Has brought the world to its knees

(Chorus)

The system that they can't stop forgiving
Has got a neck under its knee
Some of us have got to speak up
For everyone that can't breathe



ROLLINS ON STRUMMER

I wanna be Leonard Cohen
I want to be your man
I want to spend the summer singing like Joe Strummer
On tour with a rock n roll band
I wanna be Brian Eno
I wanna be Liz Phair
Demos on cassette riding in the warm jets
Supernova glowing over Times Square

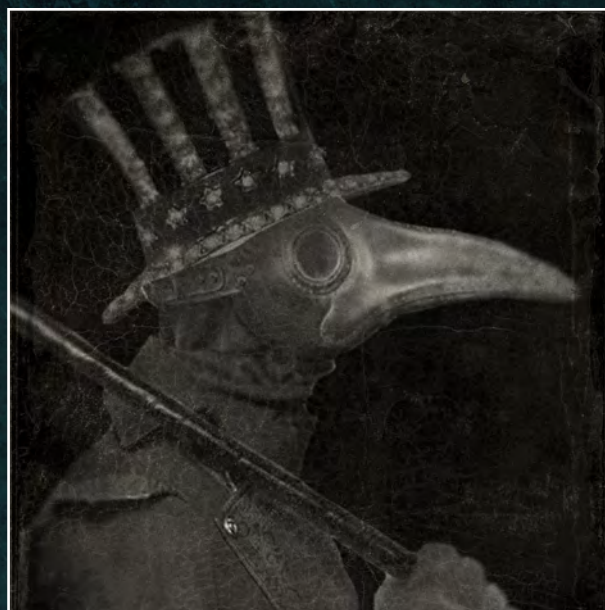
This is the moment we've been training for
This is go time
Pack yr bags and meet me at the studio door

I wanna be Moe Tucker
I wanna be Lou reed
I want to keep you dancing like David Johansson
Dancing backwards with the Lone Star Queen
I wanna be Black Francis
I wanna be Kim Deal
On a wave of mutilation and the teenage adulation
Writing gospels on a reel to reel

This is the moment we've been training for
This is go time
Pack yr bags and meet me at the studio door

I wanna be Kim Gordon
I wanna be Thurston Moore
I wanna hear my tunes filling up the whole room
Through the speaker in the grocery store
I wanna be Tom Verlaine
I wanna be Richard Hell
On a marquee moon jumping over the spoon
Blasting louder than a ringing bell

This is the moment we've been training for
This is punk rock time
Pack yr bags and meet me at the studio door



THE GREAT QUARANTINO

Conspiracy news
For the red, whites and blues
You can't have the circus
Without all the rubes
The midway is packed
And so are the pews
Endlessly
Manifesting destiny

From the medicine show
To the star belly sneech
One mans close magic
Is another man's deceit
One man's starvation
Is another's red meat
Endlessly
Privilege and jealousy

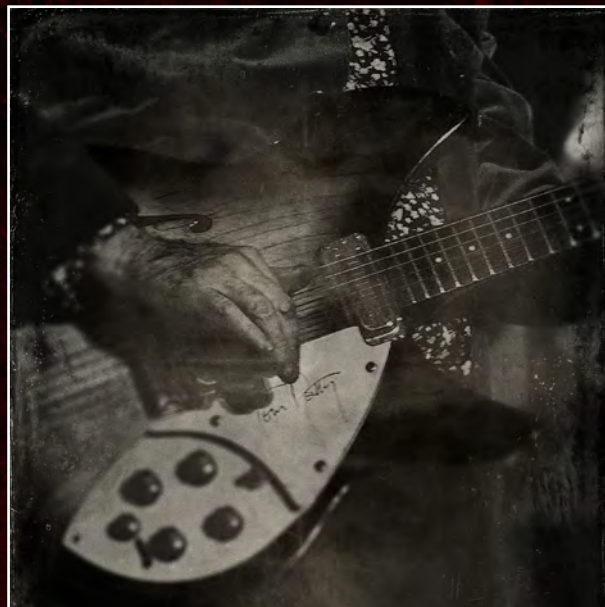
Quarantino puts on a cape
With the crowd at the foot of the stage
Blowing all their minimum wage
On this superficial form of escape

Wondering "How did we get here?"

The soothing all American trick
Is the thing thats making half of us sick
From the fair in San Bernardino
To the federal bank casinos
No one did it better than the
Great Quarantino

They all swear its true

It may be ludicrous
To think we're better than this



WALLS (CIRCUS)

Some days are diamonds
Some days are rocks
Some doors are open
Some roads are blocked
Sundowns are golden
Then fade away
But if I never do nothing
I'm coming back some day

(chorus)
'Cause you got a heart so big
It could crush this town
And I can't hold out forever
Even walls fall down

All around your island
There's a barricade
It keeps out the danger
Holds in the pain
Sometimes you're happy
And sometimes you cry
Half of me is ocean
Half of me is sky

(chorus)
And some things are over
Some things go on
Part of me you carry
And part of me is gone



RIP CITY DUB

Tin soldiers and ICE is coming
We're probably on our own
This summer I hear the calling
Tear gas on American roads

Rubber bullet to the head
Pepper to yr chest
Blinded by the flash bang pop
Mercenary hands
In the unmarked vans
Camouflaged government cops

There's about to be
A riot here

Tin soldiers and Chad Wolf's coming
50 long days and no end in sight
The flash of sirens and the sound of drums
Military choppers in the Rip City night

Everybody's out of work
The moms in yellow shirts
The medics pouring milk into yr eyes
The ringing in your head
Democracy is dead
But its not going out without a fight



AMERICAN DREAMER


Deep in the slumber
Of an American dream
Nothing you promised
Was at all what it seemed
When the truth was uncovered
Behind the barbed wire
You woke up to discover
Everything was on fire

The time is soon coming
To answer the bell
Will you be the one running
Or be the one at the well
Will you be the one flying
When they crack open the sky
Or will you be the one on the ground
Falling flat over all your own lies

If you wondered who you'd be
During history's plow
Well I'll give you a hint
Because you're doing it now
The whole world is watching
So you better pick a side
In the garden of sorrow
Everyone in the sun
All of the time

Written, arranged, performed, produced and mastered by
Buck AE Down

at Lanai Soundworks Studios, Pasadena, California
during the Covid 19 Pandemic : Spring - Summer 2020
Package design by buckdowndesigns.com

Buck Down proudly plays and endorses  Vigier guitars
<http://www.vigierguitars.com>

Executive Producers:
Jim Petersen, Jr., Eros Biox, Paul Schreer, Gold Dust, Bobzilla, John Eric Hoffmann and Terry Jacobson

Additional vocals by Mollie Jane Greenspan
Additional guitar on Get it Together by Eli Pafumi
Additional drums on The Cold of Distant Suns by David Raven
Additional vocal on Rip City Dub by Roothub

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for their wonderful instruments and 13 years (!) of support.

Extra special thanks to YOU. For all the little things you do that no one sees. For all that you mean to
the people who love you. For all that you've done to try and make the world a better place in some small
way. You are loved and you are seen. Be kind to yourself, and keep on keeping on. We're all rooting for
you, so never give up on your stupid, stupid dreams.

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SIDE ONE:

SCARY GO ROUND
THE STRENGTH OF FRAGILE MEN
THE COLD OF DISTANT SUNS
GET IT TOGETHER
ROLLINS ON STRUMMER

SIDE TWO

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WALLS (CIRCUS)
RIP CITY DUB
AMERICAN DREAMER