

WELCOME

MAGICAL MISERY TOUR

Can't Have Both

It's getting colder. The stars have aligned, but we based them all on how we felt at the time.

Your eyes are glowing. I wanna show you more but I'm waking up on a stranger's floor.

And it hurts the most – knowing that you can't have both.

Am I mistaken? Is it a lie? Is this affliction just an oversight?

And it's taken the longest time to sing the saddest song that I'll ever write.

I wanna see your face when the lights go out,

I wanna walk the earth and make a difference the only way that I know how.

And it hurts the most – knowing that you can't have both.

See it through and lose a part of you,

For what it's worth I'll never find the words, the way that you know how.

And don't it hurt the most – knowing that you can't have both.

Any Name But Yours

Do you remember what we did first week last June?

I'm starting to forget, I guess it's been a while since I have revisited anything before five months ago. It's a shame, but it's the only way I know how to stop myself feeling the things that I don't wanna feel, while you remain oblivious.

I've been doing badly here lately: counting every brick I pass, as they become the space behind me.

I've been doing badly here lately. I've come full circle and the places look the same and I can't remember any name but yours.

The lonely nights they only make me feel more tired. I guess I can't complain: I've still got a bed to sleep in, an empty chair, and six warm beers I'm gonna drink alone in this spot. I'm not leaving till it's dead and gone.

I need to get up. I'm hungry and I want a smoke. There's places that I need to go.

I need you out of here, I can't take this anymore. I just can't live this way, we've been through this before and I know that you're right, I have told myself a thousand times, but there's nothing better than pretending that things could get better.

Kenneth

I'm a little bit afraid of you dude

And I'm a little bit afraid of what you'll do, without him, Kenneth

You've got an open door policy

You've got a feline air bnb, Kenneth

And I'm sure that he appreciates the food

And the company you keep, two houses down the street

Kenneth, Kenneth, leave my son alone,

I don't know if this is appropriate pet

ownership

An invitation to go out on your boat,

Are we gonna find out if I can float

Kenneth?

And I know you're not the enemy,

You're just a man acting neighbourly, overly,

Kenneth

I don't wanna make a fuss, No one's gonna call the cops

Council approved sterilization, microchip and registration

Kenneth, Kenneth, Leave my son alone

Coming round for cups of sugar at the neighbour's place

Kenneth, Kenneth, let my son go home

I don't know if this is responsible pet ownership

And I don't know if this is appropriate pet ownership

An invitation to go out on your boat,

Are we gonna find out if I can float

Kenneth?

Absent Mindlessness

She won't always be here to walk a thin blue line

Or to follow you through thick and thin - heard it's down there where they buried him

Sneak through the window at your wealthy mates, parents place, twenty six, you got on

tick, pawn shop, cash loan, fretless bass

What a waste, but isn't it their problem not mine?

Cleaning up, what he lost

Did you make enough to cover the...

I think that Bruce lives down the street

Or at least he did the last time that I went by

And I don't think he'd still talk to me

But you could ask him for some money and legal advice

He's pretty nice

You know your dad and I can't work forever son,

Guided through the night, by mine-site lights.

And the thrill of competition

Sneak through the window at your wealthy mate's council estate, to get a fix, at 26, your debt collectors never paid.

What a waste, but isn't it their problem not mine?

It only takes an hour when you're going twice the legal speed to get there.

I think that Bruce lives down the street

Or at least he did the last time that I went by

I don't think he'd still talk to me

You could ask him for some money and legal advice.

But his father not leaving when he throws up in the morning would be nice.

Like some kind of mastermind, the whole world left behind

I'm not particular, I just know what I...

Hillsong Of The Damned

Can't put your finger upon, exactly what's wrong but it makes you uneasy

Congregational waste, Contemporary faith and devotion completely

In temples of gold, the masses enrol in a stadium playground

Conservative youth ain't a symbol of truth but it's scoring a touchdown

A twenty-seven-piece band and a strobe light to prove you believe?

Take all your hopes & prayers, cause God don't care

About your life behind a smoke machine

I know that you need to rest. You deserve to be fed. Aren't you tired of running?

And you deserve to be saved, God's always there when you pray, but God costs money.

"Today we're offering miracles, now at a discounted rate"

I know you're raising funds, to buy those guns

For your life behind the.....

"We've got an antique blueprint - The

Fashion of the Christ,

Been doing it for centuries.

We've got investors, payment plans, and monthly fees

So why don't you come right in, sit down, begin,

We don't pay taxes on our smoke machines"

Did they stop letting you go to Sunday school when you had first communion? So take it away, it's just house of trade that's been built upon ruins. I heard you had to remove the collection plate it's such a shame, You've got your hopes and prayers, but God don't care It's all fun and games, to fear and shame, You can't counterfeit, your membership Real churches don't have smoke – you hide behind the smoke – A God behind a smoke machine.

The Most Expensive Chips I've Ever Had

Don't eat things that you find in the back of the van that your cousin left on a drive down to Melbourne overnight, Throwing up in the servo on the side of the Hume try'na remember what songs Frenzal played last night You can make the whole touring party wait for you to get food, And there's photographic evidence of the first time I ever laid eyes on you. I'm gonna sleep for seven years when I get home When I get home I'm gonna sleep for seven years Wake me up, I hear knocking, in the hallway someone's coughing Maybe this hotel room's where somebody died? I don't ask for much, but the most expensive chips I've ever had, And maybe you could get some manners on the side? You can make everyone in the van get Lord Of The Fries, And there's prehistoric evidence of the first time that I looked in your eyes. When I get home I'm gonna sleep for seven years, I'm gonna sleep for seven years when I get home, if you're not there I guess that I'll just have to sleep for seven years when I get home, When I get home I'm gonna sleep for seven years

Beat The Clock

The streetlights flash right by and they remind me, 100 metres more, the golden triangle's behind me My foot is on the floor, I've got a record to beat, It's not a 60 zone, I'm on a built up street, The only shortcut I remember's behind the cemetery I'll take the Graham Farmer Freeway tunnel to get to you quickly From the coast to the city, coast to the city 12 whole minutes to get

from the coast to the city, coast to the city when we used to sleep in separate beds Pissing in the carpark's not the same, as when I was 22, I can't handle Mount Lawley or the weathered lines on my fucking face On a night like this, when everything reminds me of you I'll remember when I'd drive from the suburbs and see how fast I could get from the... Coast to the city, coast to the city 12 whole minutes to get from the coast to the city, coast to the city when we used to sleep in separate beds And now we sleep in separate beds, again.

Year Of The Crow

I've never been this scared before in my whole entire life, I see the ocean, I see the coast line from the sky. We left the sun of spring time for the autumn leaves of fall, We won't see home again before hallows eve for sure. Was it all worth caving in? And if we break before we bend what does that mean? Regret it? Forget it. Feel stupid that I even thought out loud When there's no other option you make it somehow. But it's okay, do you think about the passing days? I've been listening to your lyrics, Words I never thought I'd say are what I need, As I watch you come to life in me, And watch me bleed onto the page, Another chapter you will never read. Was it all worth caving in? And at a loss for words do we become a part the machine? Presence or proximity. Regret it? Forget it - feel stupid that I even thought out loud Watch me break before we bend and watch me make it somehow.

Fast Food

Alone in Guadalajara, I heard your voice repeating what you said to me that day, Over and over in the market place And as I stopped to watch the view, I thought about all the things I could do But nothing so profound, could ever lift my feet from foreign ground We've got a long way to down from here, And I know it's gonna get much worse, It's a matter of time before you're reaching out for something else And I'm sitting in my room, Thinking of reasons to stay home I think it would be better if you eat fast food

alone . I can't pretend I'm trying, honestly I'm bored of this whole routine that we play Over and over 'til the skies turn grey And In the headlights it is black, and I am never coming back for you When it's all done, you can find me on the corner of dead and gone I am driving myself into another place. In the mirror I see it's exactly the same as I thought it would be, nothing I've ever seen, Nothing's changed, and I'm alone

Trash Course

Are we fragile, or just vein and self-indulgent, When we performatively lay our cards all across the table? I'm still grasping out at straws, even though there's nothing left Our heroes fade into obscurity, and we disconnect We'll be choking on the aftermath, responsibility From friends who won't excuse our self-destructive tendencies So, I'll sit, and bang my head against the wall Try to make it all make sense, it just becomes irrelevant And I, know you're listening at home The devil's in the details, but it must be hard they won't leave you alone Are we as concrete as our scaffolded convictions, As we create and limit ourselves to simple accessories? The glass houses we construct, around the stone throwers of town Like everything that comes before and after, will come falling down We'll be choking on the repercussions, false sincerity From friends who won't excuse us or give any courtesy to our mediocrity So I'll sit, and bang my head against the wall Try to make it all make sense, it just becomes irrelevant And I, can tell you're listening at home The devil's in the details, but it must be hard they won't leave you alone And it's gonna ruin you, if there's a single fucking thing left to ruin.

Life Of The Party

It's not a fucking party without Jack Daniels & Coke, It's not a fucking party without you, It's not a fucking party without Johnny Walker, and Bacardi, It's not a fucking party without you, It's not a fucking party without a shower sing along at 2am, It's not a fucking party without you and all

your oldest dearest friends
It's not a fucking party without alcohol and
cigarettes
It's not a fucking party without you,
It's not a fucking party without Johnny
Walker, and Bacardi,
It's not a fucking party without you,
You know It's not a fucking party without
you.

Writing The Same Song Over & Over Again

I can't believe that you'd think that you
were so right,
For what it's worth, I've been making
myself sick every night.
Yes it's true, I am lost; fucking hopeless
without you,
But I'll see through today because this is
the last song I'm gonna write about you.
It's only 30 seconds long: the same
amount of time that you had thought you
could be wrong.
This is your song

The Werewolf of Fever Swamp

There's something out there in the
swamp,
Most dogs don't howl at midnight or bark
at the moon
The other kids all tried to warn me, I
thought it was another ghost story,
It's scratching at the door, and now I hear
the call
And I'm howling at the moon
I got attacked by the werewolf
I got mauled by the werewolf,
I got bitten by the werewolf of fever
swamp,
I got bitten by the werewolf of fever
swamp,
The werewolf of fever swamp
So now I live among my kind,
Trying to instill the roles society abides,
Is it some kind of weakness? I can't control
the sickness
So kiss me by the day before I lose my
mind,
Because we all live by the moon,
So you better be home soon – and baby
lock the door.
So do you promise that you'll only think of
me,
On nights you watch the full moon rising
through the trees,
The werewolf might be gone, but I'll never
forget
The curse he gave to me I'll carry to the
end

I Never Cared About Christmas...

Meet me at make out creek at midnight
And being that Satanist you knew
The one with all the creepy books
And all those DIY tattoos
And if our timings right, we'll set the stars

alight.
And watch our pentagram eclipse on Mars
You know I don't need no average person
I won't settle for a 9-5
The problem is the person of my dreams is
no longer alive
So dear sweet Buffy, I have studied
The necro-nomicon
I feel like I've been searching for you all
along...
You can go into debt on presents filling up
your sleigh
You can sing joy to the world right up until
your judgement day I think religion sucks,
capitalism too,
And I never cared about Christmas 'til I, fell
in love with you
It's 12:05am on the night of the dead,
We're trying to celebrate but they're just
advertising Christmas lights instead
You know it's kinda nice, but a little sacrifice
Can only go so far when you're Following
the Star..
You know I don't need no special treatment
I don't need a public holiday
No Hail Mary's and holy water to wash my
sins away
I need my corpse bride by my side again
Before we fade to black
So put on Paul Kelly at lunchtime baby
And push the tables back
You can go into debt on presents filling up
your sleigh
Or you can sing joy to the world right until
your judgement day I think religion sucks,
capitalism too,
And I never cared about Christmas 'til I,
resurrected you..
And it's no fun, until someone gets hurt
And we're gonna find a way to make sure
that happens.

Amazing Disgrace

He was a leader of the church, a leader of
the people.
Disrespecting Jesus, underneath the
steeple.
The cross will be raised, the people be
upstanding,
But you will be left with nothing but
handing.
Alimony to your bastard children.
The truth would set you free, but you wont
listen.
You're an amazing disgrace, now you have
to face
The people who you let down and the ex-
wife who will never take you back.
So much for the 10 commandments (you
lived imperfect lives)
Everyone entrusted you (and then you
went and lied)
To the who loved you (until the very end)
And your sacred marriage vows (that you
would defend)
Whoa, whoa, whoa (led you to descend)

You beg for forgiveness, you lost when you
prayed.
You bow on your knees, then you fall on
your face.
Is this a human act, or is your faith?
To me, it's another amazing disgrace.

Credits

All songs produced, mixed and engineered
by Brody Simpson & Mark McEwen at
Underground Studios apart from *Writing
The Same Song Over & Over Again* which
was produced, mixed and engineered by
Daniel Antix at Defwolf Studios, and *Life Of
The Party* and *Start Again/New
Again* which were produced, mixed and
engineered by Adam Round & Sam Allen at
Electric City Studios.

This LP was mastered for Digital, CD & Vinyl
by Daniel Antix at Defwolf Studios.

Cover Art by Lauren Dixon at Yellow Digital,
layout and labelling by Pete Pee, collage by
Pat Decline and Pete Pee, Art used in the
collage by Ray Chiu, Jase Harper, Holly
Dixon, Noah Skape, Joey Souza, Pete Pee,
Annie Walter, Jackie In Stereo & Stefan
from SBAM

Photo by Bert Fascher

All music by The Decline

All lyrics by Ben Elliott and Pat Decline. And
Scotty McNairn, but don't tell him we said
anything about it.

Howls in *Werewolf of Fever Swamp* by
Noah Skape

Guest Vocals in *Fast Food* by Dan Marsala

Guest Vocals in *Writing The Same Song
Over & Over Again* by Nick Woods & Devon
Kay

Guest Vocals in *The Most Expensive Chips
I've Ever Had* by Dal Failure and lyrics
inspired by events he was present for (and
reminded of after)

Guest Vocals in *Hillsong Of The Damned* by
Jay Whalley

Solo in *Any Name But Yours* performed
using an electric guitar and two
screwdrivers

Amazing Disgrace written by Dal Failure
and originally performed by Local Resident
Failure, *The Answer Is Still Now* written by
Tony Sly and originally performed by No
Use For A Name, and *With A Little Help
from My Friends* written by Paul McCartney
& John Lennon and originally performed by
The Beatles

No cats went hungry during the recording
of *Kenneth* and no fretless bass guitars
arrived at new homes unexpectedly during
the recording of *Absent*

Mindlessness, although it turns out if it's
dead of night and you get every green light
it only takes 12 minutes to get from the
Western suburbs to Beaufort Street.

PEE RECORDS
EST. LAST WEEK