

## Sebadoh

### "Showtape '91"

Visit "[Showtape '91](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Guitars in front of Marshall stacks,  
As full wall of them explode with the simultaneous on  
switch  
Begin wailing various percussion at any tempo...  
I, bloody with oozy blast, reach to play guitar,  
Thumbiling violently, as it screeches through the  
Marshalls  
Grab guitar and plays what he wants.  
I struggle to my feet, Hoisting the guitar over my head.  
Ladies and Gentlemen, The Pieces of Meat!  
Dual denial,  
Duel of denial,  
Dueling denial.

Your post-modern, folkcore saviors, SEBADOH!  
Your new favorite, dope-smoking Renaissance  
threesome, SEBADOH!  
Jason, Lou, and Eric.

Three guys who appreciate and simulate the power of  
modern drone rock, SEBADOH!  
Jason, Eric, and Lou.

[You see eventually, your music will help put an end to  
war and poverty. It will align the planets, and bring  
them into universal harmony. Allowing meaningful  
contact with all forms of life.]

SEBADOH!  
Featuring that guy who played bass in Soul Asylum, Lou  
Barlow.

Another evening of oppressive noodling, courtesy of,  
SEBADOH!  
Three guys in search of the eternal party, SEBADOH!

Please, Take Me... Away...

Open chord tuning saviors of alternative Rock n' Roll,  
SEBADOH!

And now, shattering the barrier between artist and  
audience,  
Three guys with smiles you can trust, Sebadoh.

Three more reasons to doubt your boyfriend, Sebadoh.  
Jason, Eric, and Lou.

Guitar, Bass, Percussion.  
The fire, The wind, The heartbeat.  
A live experience, surely among the top ten this year,  
SEBADOH!

An easy love that strokes in circles, SEBADOH!  
Just dumb enough, to try to control a malicious idiot,  
SEBADOH!

Urging you to openly weep,  
Eric, Jason, and Lou.

Music to hold hands by, SEBADOH!  
So bad, It's good, SEBADOH!

Never hesitating to bite the hand that feeds, SEBADOH!  
SOBODAH!

Three guys who think it's much more important if the  
music is heartfelt,  
rather than if the music sounds like shit or not,  
SEBADOH!

The east is where the vampires live.  
The west is where the searchers go.

Searching for a reason, just like you.  
Ladies and Gentlemen,  
The sensitive power of, Sebadoh.

In the tradition of Daniel Johnston,  
Under a cloud of hiss, SEBADOH!  
It's not bullshit, It's Sebadoh.  
Sibadoh, Sabedoh.

SEBADOH!

Soul, Bare introspection  
Framed with fragile melody,  
courtesy of, SEBADOH!

Way to Go, SEBADOH!

Puffing proudly upon the pot pipe, there poopy diapers

stinking.  
Ladies and Gentlemen,  
Three guys infected with new faith,  
SEBADOH! SEBADOH! SEBADOH!

[Mudhoney, Superchunk... (x3)]

[Superchunk... (x3)]

Distinctive song writers,  
Any Beatle wannabe.  
Three guys you need to know,  
Super show, SEBADOH!  
Sebadoha

Music to give your girlfriend a hard time by, SEBADOH!

A moment of inept grace, courtesy of, SEBADOH!

Three guys who are free to disagree, SEBADOH!  
Eric, Jason, and Lou.

Way to Go, SEBADOH!

Unencumbered by structure,  
Masters of melodic atonal free association,  
Three Free Spirits.  
Jason, Eric, and Lou; SEBADOH!

Sibodoh, Siba-

A crystal shining forever moment, courtesy of,  
SEBADOH!  
Sweet, Destructive,  
Turning musical corners at breakneck speed,  
Music with which to mourn the death of human spirit,  
SEBADOH!

Battling monumental indifference,  
Sadly overlooked, as creatively inferior bands are  
basically treated like geniuses and receive enormous  
recording budgets,  
Buns up to corporate waste mongers, SEBADOH!

[Who are you to mess with my head?]

Standing proud, the test of time.  
Impulsive in the presence of strangers.  
Three dumpy guys with no fashion sense.  
Shaking hands, or sharing feasts.  
Three friendly minstrels, who aren't very friendly.

Reinventing folk music, SEBADOH!  
Jamming where no brain dare to go, SEBADOH!

Boys and Girls,  
As free as the fingers flow,  
a heartfelt drone you should know, SEBADOH!

Jason, Eric, and Lou!

[Three is a magic number. Yes it is. It's a magic  
number. Somewhere in the ancient, mystic, trinity. You  
get three...]

SEBADOH!

The lonely band that mutters.

Perhaps smoking pot or drinking beer before setting  
foot on stage, it's Sebadoh.

Another hollow proclamation, courtesy of, SEBADOH!  
Another shallow communication, courtesy of,  
SEBADOH!  
Mind expanding confusion, courtesy of, SEBADOH!

Staying true to there hardcore roots,  
Rocking against negative boredom,  
and filling you with dreams of freedom, SEBADOH!

Figuratively pissing in your mouth,  
Humiliating, and subduing your spirit.  
Exposing every nook and cranny of the human psyche,  
Way to Go, SEBADOH!

Wallowing in the peace pig pool of evil,  
Swallowing everyone,  
Reason to ignore it,  
Festering with sex frustration.  
They don't use your imagination,  
They spit it in your face.

Ladies and Gentlemen, SEBADOH!

Searching for the lowest common denominator,  
Resorting to tired tales of naughty boy boredom,  
Asking annoying questions,  
and providing bogus answers.  
Self-serving closet fascists,  
Making money from marijuana masturbation,  
Incompetence masquerading as inspiration,

Inspiration mistaken for true talent,  
A specter of egocentric behavior,  
Spuddering wildly out of control,

Ladies and Gentlemen,  
Indie rock's newest unrecognized genius of  
songwriting sucker punch  
In a minivan for a six-week tour, SEBADOH!

Making it up as they go along, SEBADOH!

Borrowing the vast energy of positive puss monkey,  
Sebadoh snaps forth with remarkable agility,  
Nodding solemnly in sad resignation,  
Three guys who never went to college, SEBADOH!

Taking every opportunity to suddenly manipulate your  
expectations for a moment's amusement.  
Becoming suddenly bored at your immature attempt to  
gain our approval,  
With your typical butt-licking fan-boy fervor, SEBADOH!

Driving dozens of college-aged lemmings off the cliff  
of limited imagination.  
Smashing there soft skulls on the jagged boulders of  
our bitter sarcasm,  
Three assholes, SEBADOH!

Boring you shitless,  
Yet, no one is approaching baldness.  
Laughing at your shortcomings.  
Tactlessly welding destructive honesty to protect  
themselves from true feeling.  
Eagerly, butt-fucking your grandpa.

Turning personal vendetta and small-minded revenge  
tactics into eventually cult status,

The only man in the world who truly appreciated the  
genius of the swans, Lou Barlow.

Rescuing wounded animals and diligently nursing  
them back to health,  
and returning them from there woodland homes,  
SEBADOH!

Putting down everything,  
Judging all as lame,  
But for all there hype as something new,  
they play the same old game.  
Another let down, another reason to do it yourself,

SEBADOH!

SEBADOH! (x4)

Visit [Sebadoh](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.