

Band: Abnormal Growth
Album Title: Let's Grow Some Crosses
Released: 1988
Label: Crowtown
Website: www.abnormalgrowth.org

Commercial
Un-traditional Arrangement by: John Crowhurst

(Open with Rachmaninov's, "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini")
Welcome to the second Abnormal Growth Album "Let's Grow Some Crosses"
But now, this message...
(Kiss's Detroit Rock City)
Are you looking for some music that is fun, creative, vulgar?
We have solved your problem!
Abnormal Growth's first album Abnormal Growth is that and much, much more...
It contains such hits as Saturday Morning Cartoons
"...I hate Saturday Morning Cartoons, I hate Saturday Morning Cartoons, I hate Saturday Morning
Cartoons...ahhhhhhhh, I..."
ABC's Opus 24 Suite 6
"...Now I know my ABC's next time won't you sing with me..."
Hyperactive
"...Hyperactive, hyperactive, hyperactive, hyperactive, hyperactive, hyperactive, hyperactive,
hyperactive!..."
Barium Enema
"...Barium Enema, a big enema, barium enema, where the sun don't shine..."
My Mom's So Cool
"...My mom's so cool she's my best friend..."
Eyemaskitzo
"...I'm a schizophrenic, I'm a schizophrenic..."
I Say
"...I say..."
Ozark Mt. Man
"...Ozark Mt. Man, Ozark Mt. Man..."
Mumbling Song
"...mmmmmm, Baby, bbbbbbBaby!..."
Satan Lives In Steve's Living Room
"...Satan (except for that part with the Chihuahua) lives in Steve's Living Room..."
70's Song
"...Richard Nixon, 70's, Vietnam..."
BSM
"...give me that good ole bullshit music...B.S.M..."
Thank God I is a Christian
"...Thank God I is a Christian..."
And the ever popular, Yuppie Blues
"...the Yuppie Blues..."
And many, many more.
But wait, there's more! Not only do you get all those songs! You get lots of neat artwork and flyers
FREE! When you order now, FROM US!
All for the low cost of four dollars (\$4.00).
But if you order now you could win a dream date from Lance Ozanix, a bass player
"I like girls!"
So send you four dollars (\$4.00) to:
Abnormal Growth "Tape Number One"
Care of BSEmpire

809xxx
Santa Rosa, California 95405
If I had four bucks, I'd buy it!

Nun with a Gun
Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: John Crowhurst and Robert Reid

Banned from the church, she's a woman possessed
Eyes of crimson, sexually repressed
Her arms and hands are made of steel
Sixteen inch neck, this woman's unreal

A stunning brunette she even scares the pope
Shapely thighs, boobs like cantaloupes
Six feet seven with her teeth clenched tight
Walks down the street like a medieval night

Long flowing habit, high heeled boots
Tells all the people, 'Go back to your roots!'
Life of a saint, no drugs or booze
With her .45 she's gonna spread the news

Nun with a gun, God's number one
Learn psalm number five and you'll still be alive

Nun with a gun, having fun
She's gonna save some souls or fill them with holes

Nun with a gun, God's number one
Learn psalm number five and you'll still be alive

She doesn't get laid
She doesn't get paid
She's gotta bone to pick
She's gonna blow off your dick

Recorded on 1/14/88 and 1/22/88

Vocals: Clay Butler
Guitar and Bass: John Crowhurst
Drums: Jason Sullivan

American Man
Words: Clay Butler and John Crowhurst
Music: John Crowhurst

I named my penis Peter
And named my doggy spot
I worked hard all my life
To get all what I got

My oldest son plays football
And my daughter plays with dolls
My youngest son's an artist
He just don't got the balls

I'm a hardcore homophobic
And I don't trust the rich
All these God damn immigrants
Make my life a bitch

I'm a hardcore homophobic
And I don't trust the rich
All these God damn immigrants
Make my life a bitch

Well I'm a God fearing American Man
And I'm doing all that I can
To make this country a better place to live

Well I'm doing my best
To stop the communist threat
And I pay my taxes each and every year

Well its love it or leave it
And you better believe it
Or I'll take this gun and shove it
Straight up your pinko ass

I'm a member of the Lions Club
And the NRA
I like to go and beat my wife
To make it a pleasant day

I hang out with the good ole boys
And drink Pabst Blue Ribbon beer
Blacks taking over our great country
Is the only thing I fear
I'm a hardcore homophobic
And I still don't trust the rich
All these God damn immigrants
Make my life a bitch

I'm a hardcore homophobic
And I still don't trust the rich
All these God damn immigrants
Make my life a bitch

Recorded on 1/21/88, 2/1/88, and 2/4/88

Vocals: Clay Butler
Guitars and Backup Vocals: John Crowhurst
Bass and Backup Vocals: Billy Hawes
Drums: Jason Sullivan

Flying High Commercial
Words and Music: USAF

It's a great feeling to be part of a winning team,
Because there's no substitute for being one of the best.
If you've served in the US Air Force, then you know what I mean.

And maybe you thought about coming back?
Well, your local Air Force recruiter would like to talk to you about it.
In fact, if it's been less than four years since you've left us
You might return at your old rank!
See if you qualify
Aim high with a winning team
The U. S. Air Force

Go Joe

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: John Crowhurst

Please Mr. President
Invade a leftist government
I just want some blood and gore
Send me to El Salvador
I'm doing what I can
To start another Vietnam
I'll be nothing but a zero
Until I die a war hero

Killing, for a living
Killing, for a living
Killing, for a living
Killing, for a living

Recruited by the CIA
Pray the lord will show the way
Controlling nations destinies
To bring the Russians to their knees
Killing people with our might
This time we'll get it right
Once we proved we're number one
We're going off to Lebanon
Before I was just a face in the crowd
Now I'm standing tall and proud
Kill em' all
Let God sort 'em out

Killing, for a living
Killing, for a living
Killing, for a living
Killing, for a living

Recorded on 1/14/88, 1/21/88, 1/22/88

Vocals: Clay Butler
Guitar and Bass: John Crowhurst
Drums: Jason Sullivan

Peter the Beater

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: John Crowhurst

Woman, why you make me beat you up?

Woman, why you make me beat you up?

Every night you piss me off
You over cook the stroganoff
Then you go and burn the veal
You're so stupid it's unreal
Then you go off to the mall
Forget to wash my bowling ball
Tell the children it's alright
Mom and daddy never fight

Woman, why you make me beat you up?
Woman, why you make me beat you up?

Your child rearing I abhor
Your son is gay and your daughters a whore
You shop all day and bitch all night
You're never wrong, you're always right
Slam you're head into the door
But you'll come running back for more
You make my life a living hell
Tell the cops you slipped and fell

Woman, why you make me beat you up?
Woman, why you make me beat you up?

Woman, why you make me beat you up?
You hurt me so bad
You make me so sad

Woman, why you make me beat you up?
I love you so much
But now you walk with a crutch

Ahhhhhh, Woman...woman!

Recorded on 12/30/87

Vocals and Drums: Clay Butler
Guitar, Bass, and Backup Vocals: John Crowhurst

Hey Babe

Words and music by: Clay Butler

Hey babe
What's your sign?
Hey babe
You need me
Hey babe
Wanna get drunk and fuck
Hey babe
Your place or mine?

Recorded on 1/2/88

Vocals and Guitars: Clay Butler

The Ballad of Liam
Words by Clay Butler
Music by John Crowhurst

Liam, Liam
It'll be a year before we will see'um, again

Liam, Liam
Do you have your soap, on a rope, I hope?

Liam, Liam
It's not really fair, they made you cut your hair, I know

Liam, Liam
It wasn't very wise to dive through my window, oh no

Everything you touch breaks in your clutch
Everywhere you go it's always sure to snow

You always run amok I guess you have bad luck
But deep down inside you still have your pride
You'll never go to hell, because we think you're swell
But when your life is sunny you still owe me money, Liam

Liam, Liam
It'll be a year before we will see'um, again

Recorded on 1/9/88

Vocals and Guitar: John Crowhurst

Preschoolers of the Beast
Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: John Crowhurst

Pentagrams in finger-paint
When they screech and moan you'll faint

Eating poison Melba toast
"We are evil!" They will boast

Puking blood on the preachers
Pray to God to save our teachers

Preschoolers of the beast
Freckles and black teeth
Preschoolers of the beast
Bowl cuts and horns
Preschoolers of the beast
Are preschoolers of the damned!

Gone mad from the blood they taste
Melting crayons and eating paste

When it's naptime they don't sleep

In the darkness they will creep

All their classmates should beware
They'll your sin and burn your hair

Preschoolers of the beast
Freckles and black teeth
Preschoolers of the beast
Bowl cuts and horns
Preschoolers of the beast
Are preschoolers of the damned!

Recorded on 1/21/88, 1/29/88, 1/30/88

Vocals: Clay Butler
Guitars, Keyboards and Backup Vocals: John Crowhurst
Bass and Backup Vocals: Billy Hawes
Drums: Jason Sullivan
Additional Backup Vocals: Andy Rosa

The Ballad of Cisum Ton
Written and Arranged by: Robert Reid

Monochromaticfanaticaddict
Written and Arranged by: Clay Butler

El Triunfo de la Muerta
Written and Arranged by: John Crowhurst

The Plague Swept Through the Commune
Words: Clay Butler
Music: Mike Richmond

Well I quit my job at IBM
Sold my house and all my clothes
Took all three of my kids
And we moved to a commune
It was swell
Lots of love
We swapped our wives
It was great!

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm

We grew our own...food
We never bathed
Then one day the health department
Told us we were a hazard
We, carried fifteen diseases
And that was the day that the Plague, Plague
Swept through the commune

My wife was the first one
To bite the big one
Then my kids died too
But then the rats came

And ate all the granola, in out silos
And that was the day that everyone
Died in the commune
They died, in our commune
Our commune

All my friends are dead
Oh well I still
Have a marketable skill
Guess I'll move back to the city

Commune, commune, commune
Livin' in the commune
Commune! We lived for freedom
And Love, Peace...
Commune

Recorded on 1/15/87

Vocals: Clay Butler
Acoustic Guitar: Mike Richmond
Acoustic Guitar and Backup Vocals: John Crowhurst

S.O.T. (Shit On Toast)
Words by: Clay Butler
Music by: Robert Reid

Shit on toast
Taste real great
When I eat it I masturbate
Say huh!

I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast

Food and feces
Can't be beat
Low in sugar, no red meat
Say huh!

I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast

No microwave
Nothing to spread
Just wipe my ass with Wonder Bread
Say huh!

I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast

Nothing like toast
And number two
Come on over, let's eat some pooh
Say huh!

I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast
I wanna eat Shit on Toast

Recorded on 12/27/87

Guitar and Backup Vocals: Run (John Crowhurst)
Vocals: BSM (Clay Butler)
Keyboards: Jam Master Ray (Robert Reid)
Drums: Dr. Casio

D-Cup Blues

Words by: Clay Butler

Music by: John Crowhurst

My woman's so big
I can hardly kiss her
My woman's so big
I can hardly kiss her
But now she's gone and left me
At least I still have the mammaries

I ripped my lips
Tryin' to get my mouth around those areolas
I ripped my lips
Tryin' to get my mouth around those areolas
But now she's gone and left me
At least I still have the mammaries

Yesterday, I gave her a hug
It was 40 below outside, nearly punctured my heart
Yesterday, I gave her a hug
It was 40 below outside, nearly punctured my heart
But now she's gone and left me
Thanks for the mammaries

D-Cup Blues

Recorded on 1/1/88

Vocals and Harp: Clay Butler
Guitar, Bass, and Drums: John Crowhurst

Bryn Myrddin

Music by: John Crowhurst

Acoustic Guitar by: John Crowhurst

Snoregasm

Music and Words by: Clay Butler

Don't want no whores
Or no Betties
Won't touch no one
That ain't my steady

Stroke, don't poke
Sex with strangers is a joke
Stroke, don't poke
Sex with strangers is a joke

I ain't conceited
Ain't no creep
I just get off
In my sleep

Stroke, don't poke
Sex with strangers is a joke
Stroke, don't poke
Sex with strangers is a joke

Don't want your clam
No thank you ma'am
If you please
I'll just use my hand

Stroke, don't poke
Sex with strangers is a joke
Stroke, don't poke
Sex with strangers is a joke

Thought you'd get lucky
On our first date
But I just look at you
And masturbate

Stroke, don't poke
Sex with strangers is a joke
Stroke, don't poke
Sex with strangers is a joke

No messy contraceptives
No body else to please
No more guilty feelings
No chance of disease

No more crabs our lice
No more pharmacies
No more gonorrhea
No more pregnancies

Recorded on: 6/14/87, 12/31/87

Vocals and Bass: Clay Butler
Guitar and Drums: John Crowhurst

Attack of the Killer Flower People
Music by: John Crowhurst
Guitar by: John Crowhurst

L.G.S Club
Words by: Reverend Mike Richmond
Music by: Reverend Robert Reid

I'm on the tube Sunday morning
On cable everyday
Sit down with your purse
And hear what I have to say

I speak for God, though I change the words
Sometimes I add a few
But it's O.K., I know what's right
You know I do it for you

I am a savior, a deity
Or so you all believe
Just let me touch you now
I'll make you walk before you leave

Recorded on 1/1/88, 1/7/88, 2/1/88

Vocals: Reverend Clay Butler
Guitars and Drums: John Crowhurst
Keyboards and Pianos: Robert Reid

Loud Thing
Music and Arrangement by: Robert Reid