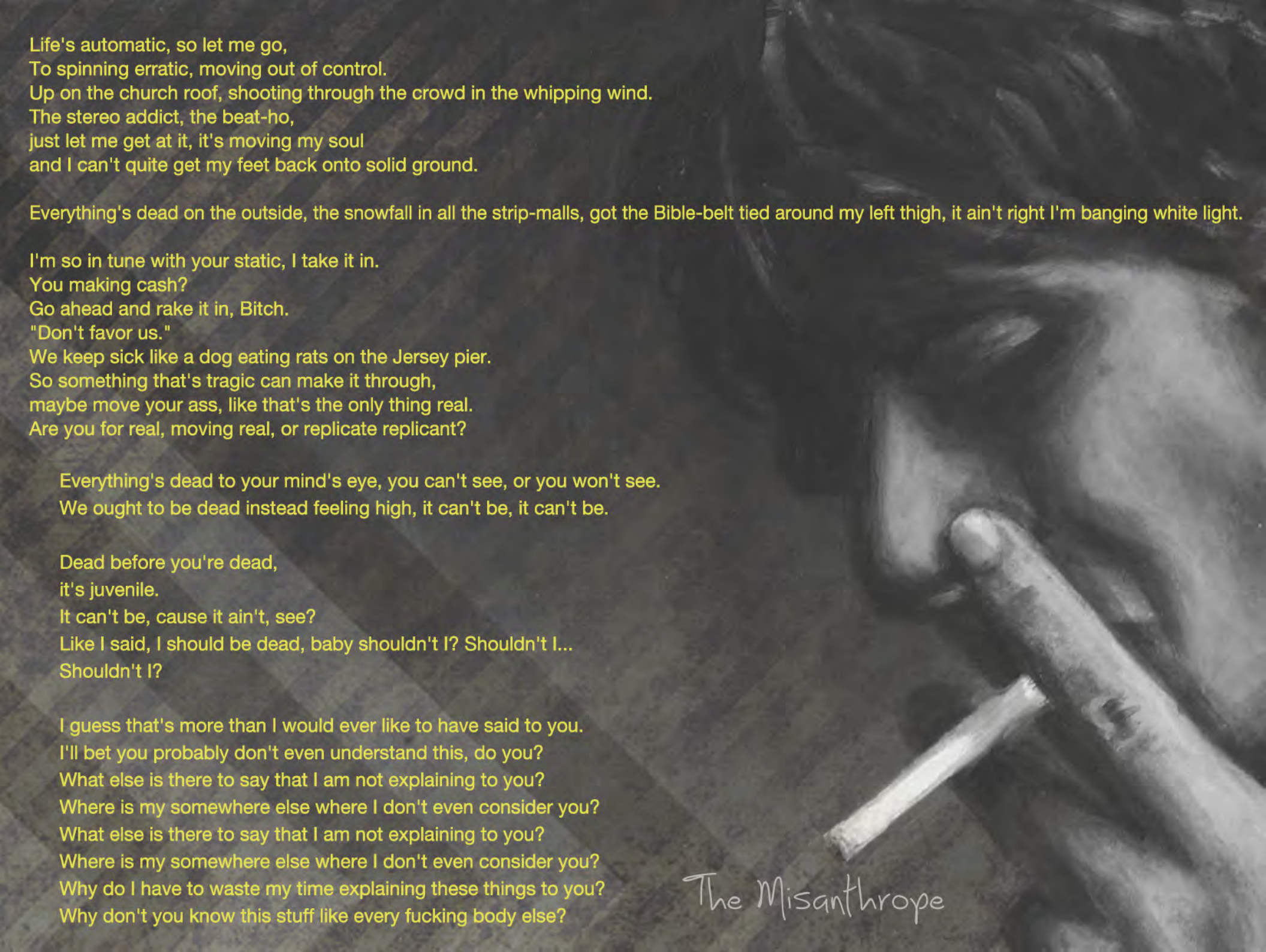


songs from the little blue house



RUN BY THE GUN



Life's automatic, so let me go,
To spinning erratic, moving out of control.
Up on the church roof, shooting through the crowd in the whipping wind.
The stereo addict, the beat-ho,
just let me get at it, it's moving my soul
and I can't quite get my feet back onto solid ground.

Everything's dead on the outside, the snowfall in all the strip-malls, got the Bible-belt tied around my left thigh, it ain't right I'm banging white light.

I'm so in tune with your static, I take it in.
You making cash?
Go ahead and rake it in, Bitch.
"Don't favor us."

We keep sick like a dog eating rats on the Jersey pier.
So something that's tragic can make it through,
maybe move your ass, like that's the only thing real.
Are you for real, moving real, or replicate replicant?

Everything's dead to your mind's eye, you can't see, or you won't see.
We ought to be dead instead feeling high, it can't be, it can't be.

Dead before you're dead,
it's juvenile.
It can't be, cause it ain't, see?
Like I said, I should be dead, baby shouldn't I? Shouldn't I...
Shouldn't I?

I guess that's more than I would ever like to have said to you.
I'll bet you probably don't even understand this, do you?
What else is there to say that I am not explaining to you?
Where is my somewhere else where I don't even consider you?
What else is there to say that I am not explaining to you?
Where is my somewhere else where I don't even consider you?
Why do I have to waste my time explaining these things to you?
Why don't you know this stuff like every fucking body else?

The Misanthrope

...i saw the devil in my dreams last night she stroked my head and we got high i woke up sweating to your sleeping face and the answer to my whole stupid life zipped through my body like a cold blue light i can't explain this thing to her but i can feel it when i'm holding her at night loved up the devil in your room last night like riding lightning across the sky i woke up hurting bleeding from my side and the answer to my whole stupid life ripped through my body like a cold steel knife i can't explain it to you now but i can feel it when i'm holding you at night i saw the devil in my dreams last night she tried to tell me things that i already knew she begged me not to go into the light and then i knew that funky bitch was you i saw the devil in my dreams last night god sent the devil to my dreams last night i saw the devil in my dreams last night and the devil that he sent was you...

I bought a bag of love and walked the seven flights to watch her shoot it up and expel it all into the night.
We lay across the floor, once in awhile she'd sing. Outside, the world revolved, and we never felt a single thing,
not a scratch, a burn, a bite or sting.



Beyond the world tonight, not even sure that we exist.
Beyond the world tonight, you can't buy moments like this.

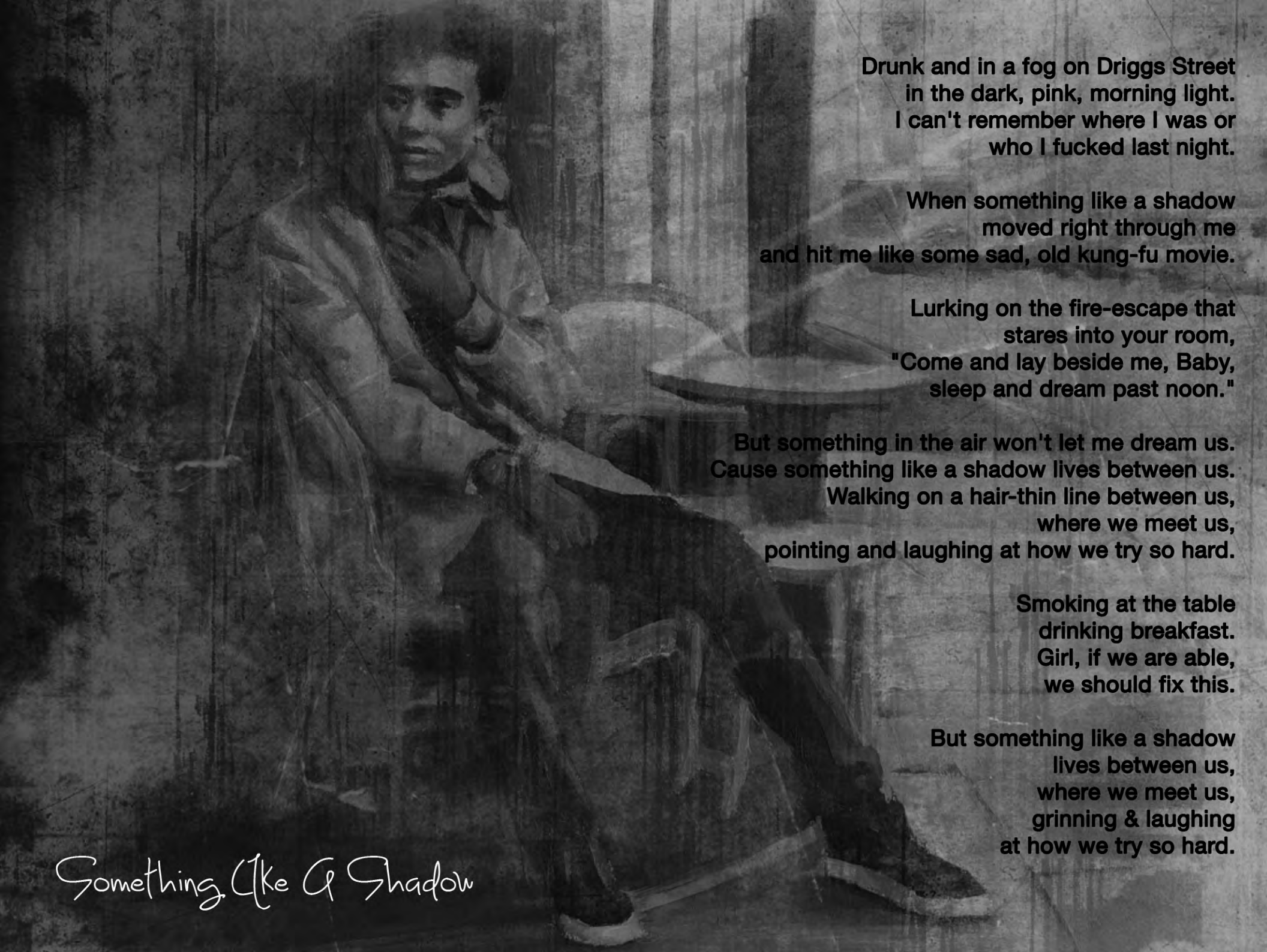
Look at the sky tonight, from off the brooklyn bridge.
Everything wrong is right, and I like it just the way it is,
only you and I get high exists.

Beyond the world tonight, not even sure we both exist.
Beyond the world tonight, caught up in one stank kiss.

Beyond the world tonight, not even sure that we exist.
Beyond the world tonight, they don't sell moments like this.

We bought some bags of love, one hers and one marked "his."
Rushed home to shoot them up. And we shared them with a single kiss,
to help us see if we still both exist and if we like it just the way it is,
And the fact is that we both still is.

Beyond The World



Drunk and in a fog on Driggs Street
in the dark, pink, morning light.
I can't remember where I was or
who I fucked last night.

When something like a shadow
moved right through me
and hit me like some sad, old kung-fu movie.

Lurking on the fire-escape that
stares into your room,
"Come and lay beside me, Baby,
sleep and dream past noon."

But something in the air won't let me dream us.
Cause something like a shadow lives between us.
Walking on a hair-thin line between us,
where we meet us,
pointing and laughing at how we try so hard.

Smoking at the table
drinking breakfast.
Girl, if we are able,
we should fix this.

But something like a shadow
lives between us,
where we meet us,
grinning & laughing
at how we try so hard.

Something Like A Shadow

Bitch, I said to leave it go, work out this problem in your mind.
A city road under the snow, a bag of shit you'll never find.
She staggers, high, into the cold, shes on her knees down in the white.
I guess I never loved her so, much as I do tofuckin'night.
Her hair trailing lines in snow, circles and to-and-fro.

From Niagara, through the park, the night sky can't light the street-dark.

But she swears we're getting near, "maybe there."
And she doesn't seem to hear that I don't care.
And she'll never find it now,
I say, "let's go home," but she says, "you go on back home alone."

"Sarah, somewhere is a place that pigs like us, we'll never see..."
She says, "invert that frownie face, one day we'll both be living clean."
We live suspended disbelief, and I can't believe in shit right now.
Each thing I've ever seen in her, is in the snow, down on the ground.
And outside, the sky's all white, she wants us high tonight.
Seventy cigarettes, she still hasn't found it yet.

But she swears we're getting near, "maybe there."
And she doesn't seem to hear that I don't care.
And she'll never find it now,
I beg, "let's give up, let's go back home,"
but she says, "you go on back home alone."

A Lost Bag

Every time I get it right, have I ever done shit right?
Some half-ass glimpse into the light can leave you dark but feeling bright.
She said, "I've heard this all before, it's something we can do without."
I watch her stagger through the door, just way too weak to fight it out...
tonight.

So I drove her way upstate, a place where we could talk it out,
and realized it was too late, I guess I hoped I'd dreamt that...

We were done so long ago that we forgot to let it go.
And how were we supposed to know that nothing makes the time go by like
holding on to what you never had.

forget the time we gave away.
forget me girl, I'll be ok.
forget the lies and all the promises we made
that we would never fall apart.
I guess we fell apart - oh well, I guess that...

We were done so long ago that we forgot to let it go.
And how were we supposed to know that nothing makes your life fly by like
holding on to what you never had.
Life with you is over and I'm glad.
Life with you is over and I'm glad.

Holding On

She's like my sickness embodied,
kung fu, ju jitsu, karate.

Break all my bits into pieces.

I take her out to a movie.
She's making out with a juvie.

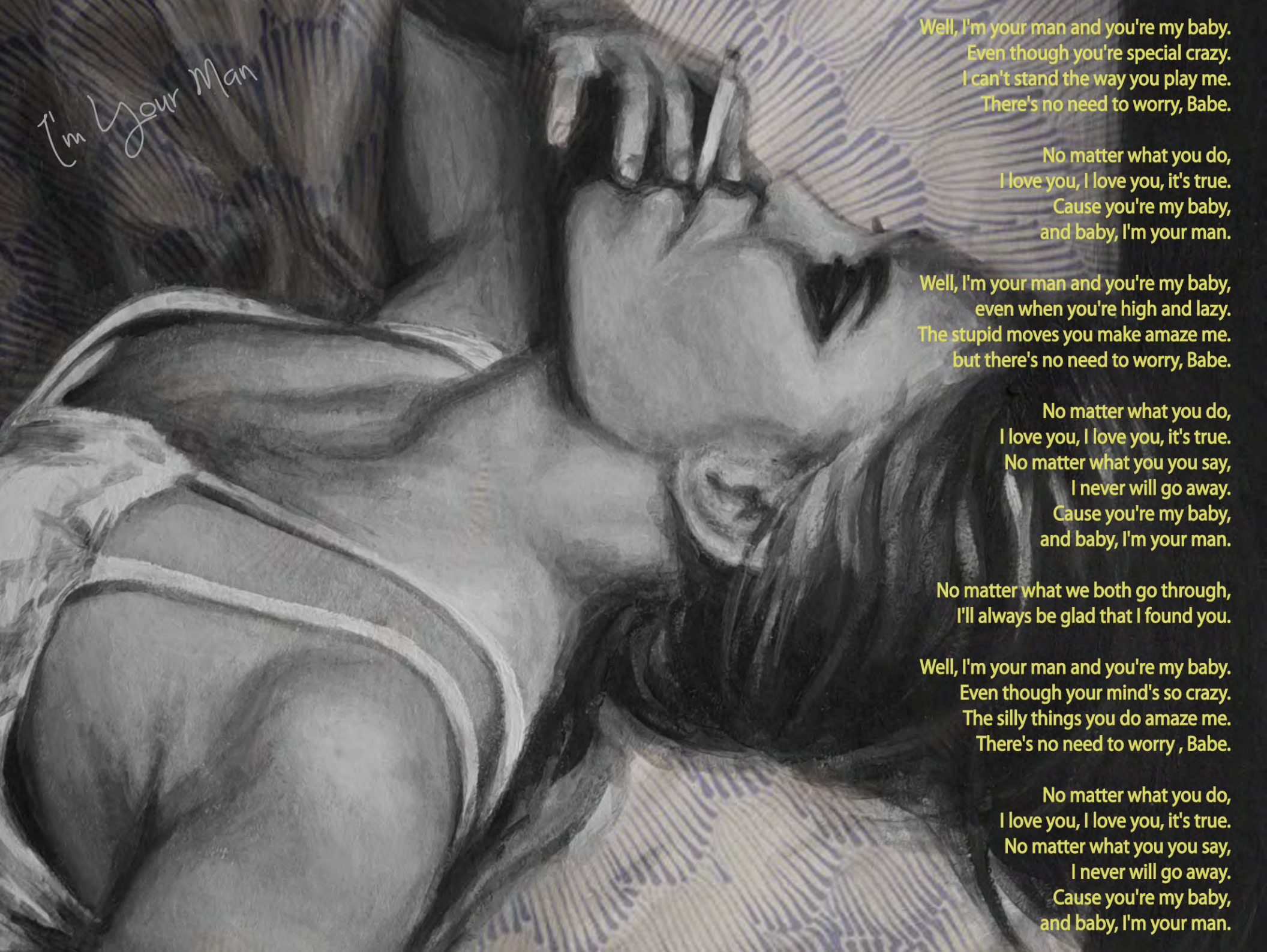
Break all my bits into pieces.

I tell her what to do,
She do the other thing;
I tell her shut her mouth,

but she just got to sin
I tell her where to go
with that behind of hers.

I'd like to tell you more,
But I ain't got another verse.

Break all my bits into pieces.



I'm Your Man

Well, I'm your man and you're my baby.
Even though you're special crazy.
I can't stand the way you play me.
There's no need to worry, Babe.

No matter what you do,
I love you, I love you, it's true.
Cause you're my baby,
and baby, I'm your man.

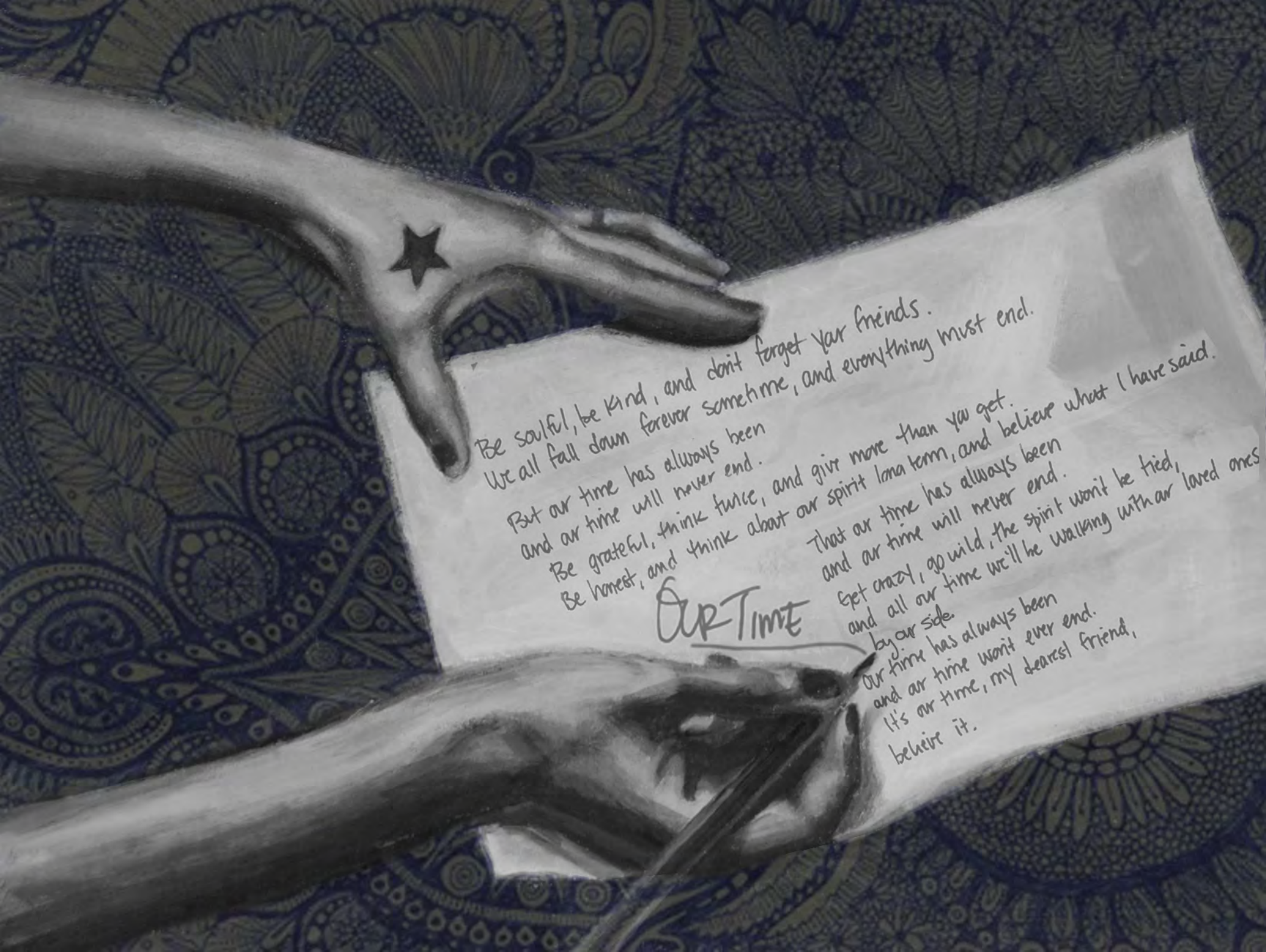
Well, I'm your man and you're my baby,
even when you're high and lazy.
The stupid moves you make amaze me.
but there's no need to worry, Babe.

No matter what you do,
I love you, I love you, it's true.
No matter what you you say,
I never will go away.
Cause you're my baby,
and baby, I'm your man.

No matter what we both go through,
I'll always be glad that I found you.

Well, I'm your man and you're my baby.
Even though your mind's so crazy.
The silly things you do amaze me.
There's no need to worry , Babe.

No matter what you do,
I love you, I love you, it's true.
No matter what you you say,
I never will go away.
Cause you're my baby,
and baby, I'm your man.



Be soulful, be kind, and don't forget your friends.
We all fall down forever sometime, and everything must end.


But our time has always been
and our time will never end.

Be grateful, think twice, and give more than you get.
Be honest, and think about our spirit long term, and believe what I have said.

Our Time

That our time has always been
and our time will never end.

Get crazy, go wild, the spirit won't be tied,
and all our time we'll be walking with our loved ones
by our side.
Our time has always been
and our time won't ever end.
It's our time, my dearest friend,
believe it.



She was afraid and high and vomiting,
her brains on 7th street like summer rain.
Speaking in tongues like God was intervening, Jesus, how I loved her babbling.

Watch out for yourself,
if you're to meet some pleasant end,
without catching hell, you're not yet in hell.

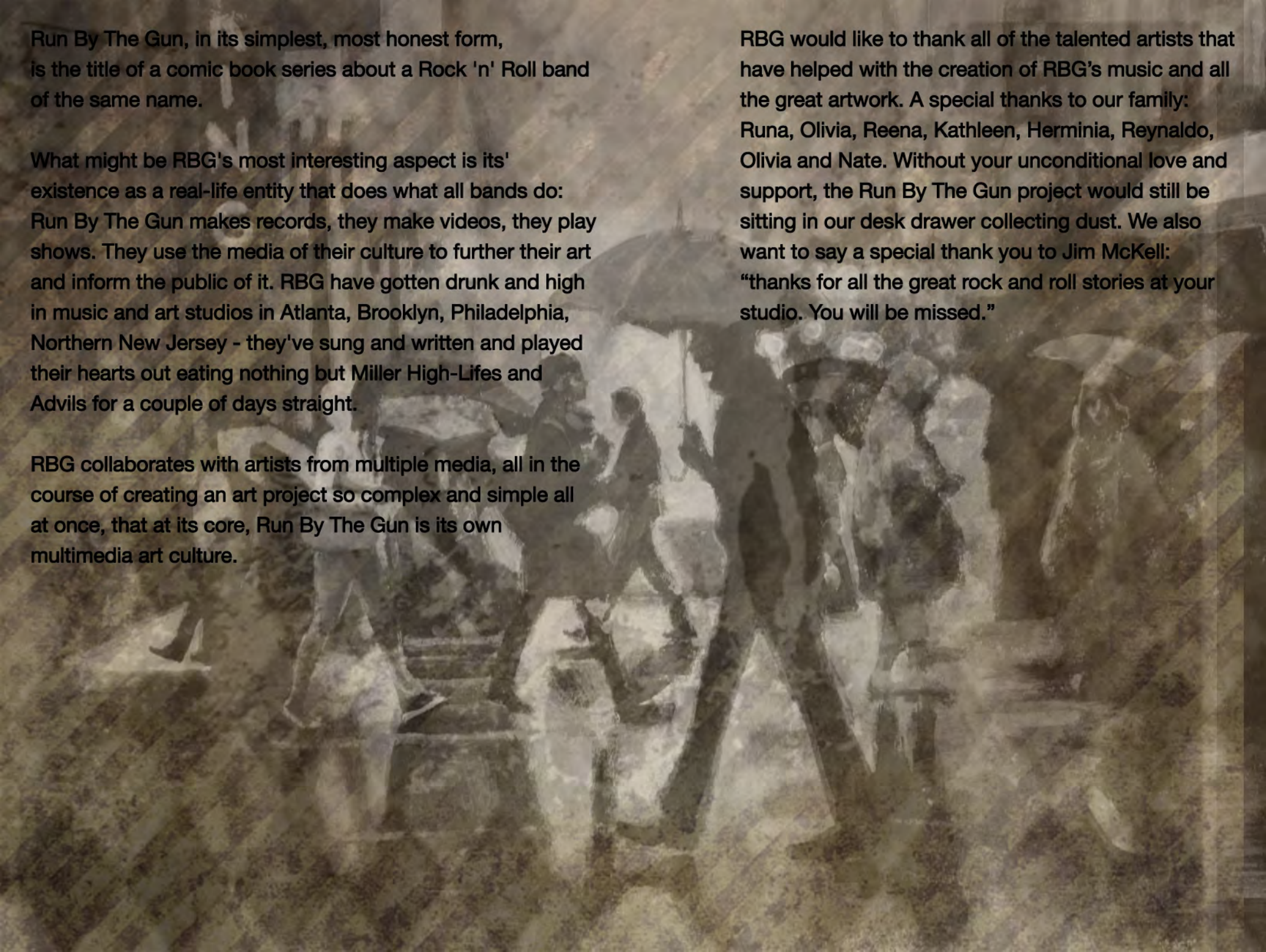
You're not yet in hell.

Climbing her fire-escape four in the morning to sex and lines until we're almost dead.
Drunk in the TV light, all blue and honest, just waiting for the devil in our bed.
Under Gestapo's Tattoo neon sign, kissing hard, sweet coke-snot in our mouths.
Always the lights down low to keep from seeing, pretend we're not the triggers in our lives.

Believe in yourself,
cause you might need that in the end,
to keep you from falling into endless falling.
Days are nights and nights keep mourning.
Nothing's right and nothing's wrong, 'til you choose ill.

Fuck some 12-step program,
I don't mind killing myself.
And I won't be healed by religion or satisfied with financial wealth.
And I won't have your guilt to be filled with,
I'm choking on my own.
I just don't want to be the cause of us both dying here alone.

fucking Through Hell



Run By The Gun, in its simplest, most honest form, is the title of a comic book series about a Rock 'n' Roll band of the same name.

What might be RBG's most interesting aspect is its' existence as a real-life entity that does what all bands do: Run By The Gun makes records, they make videos, they play shows. They use the media of their culture to further their art and inform the public of it. RBG have gotten drunk and high in music and art studios in Atlanta, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Northern New Jersey - they've sung and written and played their hearts out eating nothing but Miller High-Lifes and Advils for a couple of days straight.

RBG collaborates with artists from multiple media, all in the course of creating an art project so complex and simple all at once, that at its core, Run By The Gun is its own multimedia art culture.

RBG would like to thank all of the talented artists that have helped with the creation of RBG's music and all the great artwork. A special thanks to our family: Runa, Olivia, Reena, Kathleen, Herminia, Reynaldo, Olivia and Nate. Without your unconditional love and support, the Run By The Gun project would still be sitting in our desk drawer collecting dust. We also want to say a special thank you to Jim McKell: "thanks for all the great rock and roll stories at your studio. You will be missed."

All songs produced by Mod Alien, Zambia Greene, and Rey Miranda.

All songs written by Zambia Greene/Capstone RBG Publishing, Inc (BMI)/ZoBright Publishing (ASCAP) except:

Songs 1, 5 by Zambia Greene/Capstone RBG Publishing, Inc (BMI)/ZoBright Publishing (ASCAP), & Kevin James McAdams/Truck School Music Publishing (ASCAP)

All instruments by Zambia Greene except:

Vocals by Mike Montalli: 2, 3, 8, 9

Vocals by Aileen Morgan: 3, 4, 7, 10

Vocals by Amy Rollinson: 7

Drums by Kevin McAdams: 5

Bass by Jim Manigrassi: 5

Trumpet by Chris Brouwers: 8

Trombone by Scott Flynn: 8

Tenor Saxophone Greg Sanderson: 8

Recorded by:

Jim McKell @ Jim McKell Studios, Atlanta, GA & Mod Alien @ The Little Blue House, Saddle Brook, NJ: 3, 4, 7, 8, 10

Mod Alien @ The Little Blue House, Saddle Brook, NJ: 2, 5, 6, 9

Jacob Johnson @ Checkerboard Studios, Atlanta, GA: 1

Jim McKell @ Jim McKell Studios, Atlanta, GA, Mod Alien @ The Little Blue House, Saddle Brook, NJ, & Edward Rawls @ Living Room Studios, Atlanta, GA: 7

Mixed by:


John Agnello @ Headgear Studios, Brooklyn, NY: 1, 2, 5, 6, 9

Francisco Botero @ Studio G, Brooklyn, NY: 3, 4, 7, 8, 10

All songs mastered by Steve Fallone @ Sterling Sound.

Artwork by Chroma Dolls, LLC (Ali Williams and Kala Hagopian) www.chromadolls.com

Production Design by Tone Ellis. www.toneellis.com

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 2. Devil In My Dreams
 3. Beyond The World
 4. Something Like A Shadow
 5. A Lost Bag

6. Holding On
7. Bits Into Pieces
8. I'm Your Man
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