A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and tie, seen from the waist up, holding an open briefcase. The briefcase is filled with numerous small, clear containers, possibly for pills or small valuables. The man is looking down at the contents of the briefcase.

steely dan

everything must go

the last mall

Attention all shoppers
It's Cancellation Day
Yes the Big Adios
Is just a few hours away

It's last call

To do your shopping
At the Last Mall

You'll need the tools for survival
And the medicine for the blues
Sweet treats and surprises
For the little buckaroos

It's last call

To do your shopping
At the Last Mall

We've got a sweetheart Sunset Special
On all of the standard stuff
'Cause in the morning—that gospel morning
You'll have to do for yourself when the going
gets tough

Roll your cart back up the aisle
Kiss the checkout girls good-bye
Ride the ramp to the freeway
Beneath the blood orange sky

It's last call

To do your shopping
At the Last Mall

Vocals, Rhodes, Wurlitzer: Donald Fagen

Bass, solo guitar: Walter Becker

Drums: Keith Carlock

Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken

Piano: Ted Baker

Trumpet: Tony Kadleck

Trombone: Jim Pugh

Alto sax: Walt Weiskopf

Baritone sax: Roger Rosenberg

Background vocal: Cindy Mizelle, Catherine Russell

things i miss the most

I don't mind the quiet
Or the lonely nights
I don't miss the funky attitudes
And I don't miss the fights
I lie on the couch 'til suppertime
And hunker down and read the Post
And that's when I remember the
things I miss the most:

The talk

The sex

Somebody to trust

The Audi TT

The house on the Vineyard

The house on the gulf coast

These are the things I miss the most

I kinda like frying up

My sad cuisine

Gettin' in bed and curling up with a girlie magazine
But sometimes in the corner of my eye

I see that adorable ghost

And then ba-boom I remember the
things I miss the most

The talk

The sex

Somebody to trust

The comfy Eames chair

The good copper pans

The '54 Strat

These are the things I miss the most

I had a little birdy friend
By morning she was gone
Birdy good-bye
Birdy bye-bye

I'm learning how to meditate
So far so good

I'm building the Andrea Doria out of balsa wood
The days really don't last forever
But it's getting pretty damn close
And that's when I remember the
things I miss the most:

The talk

The sex

Somebody to trust

The Audi TT

The house on the Vineyard

The house on the gulf coast

These are the things I miss the most

Vocals, Rhodes: Donald Fagen

Bass, solo guitar: Walter Becker

Drums: Keith Carlock

Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken

Piano: Ted Baker

Percussion: Gordon Gottlieb

Trumpet: Michael Leonhart

Tenor sax: Walt Weiskopf

Background vocal: Carolyn Leonhart

blues beach

I was scrapin' bottom
Gropin' in the dark
It takes a crusty punk to really beat
The mean streets of Medicine Park
So I shifted left for out of town
Then I clicked my heels and I doubled down to

Blues Beach

I'm frying

Sizzlin' in the merciful rays

And it's the long sad Sunday

Of the early resigned

I went to Central Station
To catch that early bus
They were gassed and runnin' every which way
But unhappily not for us
Here comes Trina—the child bride
I said hey pretty girl—can I cop a ride to

Blues Beach

It's rainin'

I'm chillin' at the Manatee Bar

Well it's a stone soul picnic

For the early resigned

We could rent a paranympic glider
My hypothetical friend
And we could sail
'Til the bending end

Grab Big Dog a blanket
Angel of my heart
Things may get a whole lot worse
Before suddenly falling apart
Give your roommate Yvonne a ring
'Cause if she still wants in I gotta pull
some strings

On Blues Beach

I'm dying

Freezin' in the merciful rays

And it's the long sad Sunday

Of the early resigned

Vocals, piano, organ: Donald Fagen

Bass, solo guitar: Walter Becker

Drums: Keith Carlock

Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken

Rhodes: Ted Baker

Percussion: Walt Weiskopf

Background vocal: Carolyn Leonhart

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godwhacker

In the beginning
We could hang with the dude
But it's been too much of nothing
Of that stank attitude
Now they curse your name
And there's a bounty on your face

It's your own fault daddy **GodWhacker's on the case**

We track your almighty ass
Thru seven heaven-worlds
Me, Slinky Redfoot
And our trusty angel-girls
And when the stars bleed out
That be the fever of the chase

You better get gone poppie **GodWhacker's on the case**

Be very very quiet
Clock everything you see
Little things might matter later
At the start of the end of history

Climb up the glacier
Across bridges of light
We sniff you, Big Tiger
In the forest of the night
'Cause there's no escape
From the Rajahs of Erase

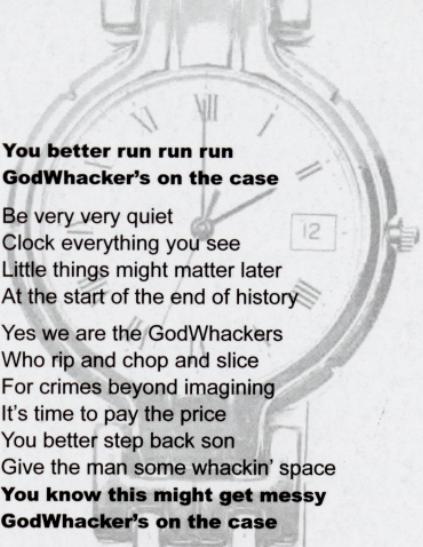
You better run run run **GodWhacker's on the case**

Be very very quiet
Clock everything you see
Little things might matter later
At the start of the end of history

Yes we are the GodWhackers
Who rip and chop and slice
For crimes beyond imagining
It's time to pay the price
You better step back son
Give the man some whackin' space

You know this might get messy **GodWhacker's on the case**

*Vocals, Wurlitzer, solo synth,
percussion: Donald Fagen
Bass, solo guitar: Walter Becker
Drums: Keith Carlock
Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken
Rhodes: Bill Charlap
Background vocal: Tawatha Agee,
Catherine Russell*



slang of ages

Let me put it this way doll
And I know it's getting late
I can tell from the planes of your face
That you're from out of state
But here in the Willows now here's the deal
Tomorrow's for squares—tonight's for real

Drop me off in Groovetime

Do you hear the Slang of Ages
Show me how it's done

Now did you say you were from the Netherlands
Or was that "Netherworld"?
If you grew up in Amsterdam
Then I'm the Duke of Earl
These tabs look iffy—you say they're good
Let's roll with the homeys—knock on wood

Drop me off in Groovetime

Soothe me with the Slang of Ages
Show me where I turn

Are you all part of the Dreaming
Or the end of my life so far?
Or something halfway in between
You oughta know
Hey—where'd you go?

Damn—she skipped dimensions
Was it something that I said?
Or something I was thinking
When she opened up my head?
Let me make it right baby—never mind how
There's a crazy little place I know called
"Be There Now"

Drop me off in Groovetime

Do you hear the Slang of Ages
Show me how it's done
Drop me off in Groovetime
Soothe me with the Slang of Ages
This is where I turn

Vocal, bass: Walter Becker

Rhodes, organ, synth: Donald Fagen

Drums: Keith Carlock

Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken

Wurlitzer: Ted Baker

Trumpet: Michael Leonhart

Tenor sax: Walt Weiskopf

Percussion: Gordon Gottlieb

Background Vocals: Carolyn Leonhart, Michael Harvey,
Tawatha Agee, Ada Dyer, Catherine Russell

green book

My coat is black and the moon is yellow
Here is where I get off
As you can see for yourself old girl in the
 Green Book
I tango down to the smoky lobby
My eyes adjust to the light
The new cashier looks like Jill St. John
Can that be right?
I'm rolling into the bar at Joey's
They're getting ready to close
And here she comes very "Kiss Me Deadly"
My life, my love, my third hand rose
Flash ahead to a yummy playback
Just you and me in a room
Double dreaming a page at a time in the
 Green Book

The torso rocks and the eyes are keepers
Now where'd we sample those legs?
I'm thinking Marilyn 4.0 in the Green Book
I like the neon I love the music
Anachronistic but nice
The seamless segue from fun to fever
It's a sweet device
I'm so in love with this dirty city
This crazy grid of desire
The festive icons along the way
The boardwalk, the lovers, the house on fire
She's kinda cute but a little younger
She's got the mood and the moves
It's kinda scary to dig yourself in the
 Green Book

Vocals, Rhodes, organ, percussion, solo synth:

Donald Fagen

Bass, solo guitar: Walter Becker

Drums: Keith Carlock

Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken

Piano: Ted Baker

Background vocal: Carolyn Leonhart, Cindy Mizelle,

Catherine Russell

pixeleen

Our man Abu squeezes off twenty tracer rounds
And that's when she jumps the turnstile
And as she clings to the roof of the speeding train
The Double A down to Sheridan Square
Her cell phone rings
It's, like, her stupid father
Be in the door by ten—again

Pixeleen

Dream deep my three-times perfect ultrateen

Pixeleen

Born in the bogs of Jersey

Trained how to love and spy hard

Dropped on the streets of Roppongi

Soaked through on the floor of a noodle shop

And when Abu rams the clip in the miniglock
Up on the catwalk inside the warehouse
You whip a knife from the top of your go-go boot
With just a flash of spectacular thigh
Your pager starts to throb
It's your as-if boyfriend Randall
Better keep it real—or whatever

Pixeleen

Rave on my sleek and soulful cyberqueen

Pixeleen

Penned by a hack in the Palisades

Backed by some guys from Columbia

Shot all in digital video

For a million and change

Flashback to cool summer nights

Freddy can we cut to the chase?

In the room above your garage

Everything about me is different

Symmetrical and clean

This is what I see

Just a girl in girlie trouble

Dancing in the video with gun and tambourine

Pixeleen

Be good my three-times perfect ultrateen

Pixeleen

Born on the flood of a noodle shop

Dropped in the bogs of Jersey

Shot by a guy from Columbia

Soaked through all in digital video

Girl with the sweet backstory

Pitched in a trailer in Burbank

Cast by a cool-enough yes-man

Screened at a festival in Utah

Vocals, Rhodes, organ: Donald Fagen

Bass: Walter Becker

Drums: Keith Carlock

Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken

Piano: Bill Charlap

Trumpet: Michael Leonhart

Clarinet: Ken Hitchcock

Tenor sax: Walt Weiskopf

Baritone sax: Roger Rosenberg

Trombone: Jim Pugh

Percussion: Gordon Gottlieb

Background vocal: Michael Harvey

Featured background vocal: Carolyn Leonhart

lunch with gina

That must be her again
She's leaning on my bell
That cold psychotic ring
The one I know so well
So I'm nailed to the floor in the no-option zone
There's about zero chance she'll give up
and go home

This endless afternoon
It started on the day I met her
Lunch with Gina is forever

She's coming 'round the corner
Her body's just a blur
I peel out like The Flash
It don't mean boo to her
So I duck into Nino's—
she's barred from the place
The minute I walk out she's right in my face

She's got nothing but time
No use in trying to be clever
Lunch with Gina is forever

Now I'm in my apartment
The blinds down the lights out
The phone rings God help me
There's nobody home

I crouch on the carpet
Not breathing just being
Like meat on the bone

I'm in a cozy booth
Maybe my watch is fast
Another Tanqueray
I'll wait 'til twenty past
I'm about to go postal when she waltzes in
I guess she's a knockout—
hey where have I been?

The waiter never comes
God knows the service could be better
Lunch with Gina is forever

Coffee and a kiss
Maybe later maybe never
Lunch with Gina...

Vocals, Wurlitzer, solo synth: Donald Fagen

Bass: Walter Becker

Drums: Keith Carlock

Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken

Rhodes: Ted Baker

Percussion: Gordon Gottlieb

Tenor sax: Chris Potter

Trumpet: Michael Leonhart

Background vocal: Michael Harvey

everything must go

It's high time for a walk on the real side
Let's admit the bastards beat us
I move to dissolve the corporation
In a pool of margaritas
So let's switch off all the lights
And light up all the Luckies
Crankin' up the afterglow
'Cause we're goin' out of business
Everything must go

Talk about your major pain and suffering
Now our self-esteem is shattered
Show the world our mighty hidey-ho face
As we go sliding down the ladder
It was sweet up at the top
'Til that ill wind started blowing
Now it's cozy down below
'Cause we're goin' out of business
Everything must go

We gave it our best shot
But keep in mind we got a lot
The sky the moon good food and the weather
First-run movies—does anybody get lucky twice?
Wouldn't it be nice...

Tell me can you dig it Miss Fugazy
Now it's gone from late to later
Frankly I could use a little face time
In the service elevator
And if Dave from Acquisitions
Wants to get in on the action
With his Handicam in tow
Well we're goin' out of business
Everything must go

Can it be the sorry sun is rising
Guess it's time for us to book it
Talk about the famous road not taken
In the end we never took it
And if somewhere on the way
We got a few good licks in
No one's ever gonna know
'Cause we're goin' out of business
Everything must go

*Vocals, Rhodes, clavinet, percussion: Donald Fagen
Bass, percussion: Walter Becker
Drums: Keith Carlock
Guitar: Jon Herington, Hugh McCracken
Piano: Ted Baker
Tenor sax solo: Walt Weiskopf
Background vocal: Tawatha Agee, Brenda White-King*

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Horns arranged by Donald Fagen

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*Engineers: Elliot Scheiner, TJ Doherty, Dave Russell,
Roger Nichols*

*Assistant Engineers: Suzy Barrows, TJ Doherty,
Steve Mazur, Keith Nelson, Todd Parker,
Matt Scheiner*

Additional editing: Larry Alexander

Horn consultant: Michael Leonhart

Piano tuning/maintenance: Sam Berd

Drum tuning/maintenance: Artie Smith

Equipment maintenance: Russell "Skip" Gildersleeve

Digital Transfers: Toy Specialists

*Mixed by Elliot Scheiner at Presence Studios,
Westport, CT*

Mix Assistant: Joe Peccerillo

Mastering: Darcy Proper, Sony Music Studios

Production Manager: Jill Dell'Abate

*Management: Irving Azoff/azoffmusic
management (Walter Becker); Jeff Kramer/
OK Management Company (Donald Fagen)*

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Mr. Becker's basses and guitars: Roger Sadowsky

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**Produced by Walter Becker and
Donald Fagen**

Remastered by Bernie Grundman



Stereo



DSD

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