



MONKEY HOUSE
FRIDAY

**Produced by Peter Cardinali + Don Breithaupt
Recorded + Mixed by John "Beetle" Bailey
Arranged by Don Breithaupt
Mastered by Peter Letros**

Don Breithaupt: Piano, Rhodes, Wurlitzer, Organ, Synth, Lead + Background Vocals
Justin Abedin: Guitars Mark Kelso: Drums + Percussion Pat Kilbride: Bass + Fretless Bass
Peter Cardinali: Bass (tracks 3, 4, 9 + 10) William Sperandei: Trumpet Tony Carlucci: Trumpet
Vern Dorge: Alto Sax John Johnson: Tenor Sax William Carn: Trombone
Art Avalos: Percussion Lucy Woodward: Background Vocals

The Manhattan Transfer: Chorus Vocals, *The Jazz Life* Drew Zingg: Guitar Solo, *Nine O'Clock Friday*
Michael Leonhart: Trumpet Solo, *Island Off The Coast Of America* Mark Lettieri: Guitar Solo, *10,000 Hours*
François D'Amours: Tenor Sax Solo, *Welcome To The Rest Of The World*

Recorded at: Union Sound (Toronto), assisted by Darren McGill; Revolution Recording (Toronto), assisted by
Luke Schindler; Rouge Valley Studio (Toronto), assisted by Jeremy Trite; Noble Street Studios, (Toronto), assisted by
Alex Crotz; Genesis Sound (Toronto), assisted by Matt Snell, The Drive Shed (New Hamburg), assisted by Dobby;
Additional Recording by Taylor Kernohan at EPI Studios (Toronto), Gary Lux at Tubby Tunes Music (Los Angeles),
Michael Leonhart at Candyland Studio (New York), Will Chason at Hyde Street Studios (San Francisco),
François D'Amours at Love Studio (Montreal), Mark Lettieri at Studio Lettieri (Fort Worth)

All songs written by Don Breithaupt, published by Cardster Music Co., except track 5 (written by Walter Becker,
published by Zeon Music) + track 8 (written by Don Breithaupt, Chris Smith + Guido Luciani,
published by Cardster Music Co. + Lucimur Publishing)

Cover Photograph: Pete Turner Additional Photography: Olivia Cardinali Graphic Design: Don Breithaupt

Piano Technicians: Marc Decorte + Akos Prekop

Special Thanks to Miles Breithaupt, Cameron Breithaupt, Jeff Breithaupt, Ross Breithaupt, Myra Breithaupt,
Steve Armour, Janis Siegel, Cheryl Bentyne, Alan Paul, Trist Curless, Jay Graydon, Marc Jordan, Peter Murray, Chris
Smith, Rick Such, Eddy Cabello, Brian Pearson, Pete Fogel, Jim McKay, Dan Miles, Nick Mawson, David Dutreuil,
Reine Turner, TJ Holjevac, Harrison Reddon, Amolak Singh, Tony DiPasquale, Gabriel Cojocariu, the Fradleys,
all the musicians + Miles Dale (who brought the bling)

This project is funded in part by FACTOR, the Government of Canada and Canada's private radio broadcasters.
Ce projet est financé en partie par FACTOR, le gouvernement du Canada et les radiodiffuseurs privés du Canada.

FOR MAUREEN

10,000 HOURS

(Breithaupt)

Start the stopwatch
Up the pace
Work yourself
Into a state of grace
Watch the ballers
Fall away
While you're digging in
They're living in yesterday

The grind is fine
Don't mind the timeline
Just keep on keeping on

10,000 hours
Is all it takes
10,000,000 dollars
Is what you'll make
Put in
10,000 hours
Got a 100% chance
Given talent, brains and circumstance

Steer the startup
Do the work
Leave the stragglers
Struggling in the dirt
See the slackers
Crack their wine
While they're puttering
You're putting in extra time

The vibe is right
Don't fight the limelight
Just do the thing you do

Where'd you get the notion
That motion is action
Where'd you get the notion now
Where'd you get the notion
That motion is action
Don't you wanna grow somehow

NINE O'CLOCK FRIDAY

(Breithaupt)

It's a form of suicide
To be lost in thought
Would you even know if you had died
Likely not
You drift down to 53rd
With your shifty smile
And your pirate style
But you're not
A classic hero from a classic film
You're only you alone

So there's money in your pocket
But you can't buy a thrill
Time stands still
And you're standing next to naked
In this holy harbor chill
And the mini skirts fly
Like flags at half-mast
You got a new name
But your game is half-assed
They're looking through you
You're on your own
It's nine o'clock Friday
And you're going home

Nothing kills a summer day
Like a crying jag
If you've got the will to run away
Better pack your bags
The great purge of '82
Left you half-alive
Now you haunt this dive
A dreamer
Still dictating on your Dictaphone
It looks like you are gone

SHOTGUN

(Breithaupt)

I wanna ride shotgun with you
I wanna ride with you
I wanna ride shotgun with you
That's what I wanna do

I don't mind admitting
When you first drove past
I had a couple eyes
On your passenger seat
It was kind of fitting
That you drove so fast
'Cause I was double-timing
To a Dillinger beat

I said
Hey you, what's new
Here's what I wanna do

I'm roaming 'round in limbo
When you come into sight
If I took a spin
I'd be running your crew
I'd be rolling down your window
On a summertime night
People looking in
Would be crushing on you

They'd be thinking
Slow glide, sweet ride
Can I get inside

Don't put me behind the wheel
I'm good on the right
I'm happy beside the girl
Who's driving me home tonight

I don't mind admitting
When my dream drove by
I was on a mission
Just to get in that car
And I was only kidding
When I seemed so shy
'Cause I made a proposition
Before you got far

WELCOME TO THE REST OF THE WORLD

(Breithaupt)

You look homesick
Combing through your past for clues
Best believe you paid your dues
It doesn't matter now
The search for proof ends
Where the search for life begins
Time to find a special friend
And remember how

Welcome to the rest of the world
Welcome to the part
Where it all gets better
Welcome to the rest of the world
It's yours alone

You stopped trying
Right around the time she split
You should be getting used to it
She's been gone a while
Now you're coasting
Making ancient history
Cheshire grin will never be
Mona Lisa's smile

Welcome to the best of the past
Shining through the lens
Of the ever-present
Welcome to the rest of the world
You're on your own

Elsewhere, elsewhere
You're having one of those lives
Be there, be then
Survive survive survive

BOOK OF LIARS

(Becker)

By and by girl
We'll get over
The things we've done
And the things we've said
But not just now girl
'Cause I can't remember
Exactly what it was
I thought we had

You know I waited so long girl
And I came so far
To see that you're not always
Who you say you are

And there's a star
In the book of liars by your name
There's a star
In the book of liars by your name

Santa Claus came home
Late last night
Drunk on Christmas wine
Fell down hard
Out in the driveway
Hung his bag
Out on the laundry line

He's got a Cobra Gunship
For his golden boy
And there's a Hello Kitty
For his pride and joy

And a silver star
In the book of liars by your name
They hung a star
In the book of liars by your name
Stars exploding
The long night passing
Electrons dancing
In the frozen crystal dawn
Here's one left stranded
At the zero-crossing

With the whole of his half-life
Left to carry on

But the world's much larger
Than it looked today
And if my bad luck
Ever blows me back this way

I'll just look
In my book of liars for your name
You know I gotta look
In the book of liars for your name

THE JAZZ LIFE

(Breithaupt)

Artie's got his *Sketches of Spain*
He's got the stuff on the brain
That's what puts the shine in his soul
He's got it under control

It's the sound of burning cool
It's a better way

The jazz life
Moving on
Blues by any other name
The jazz life
Bigger than the picture frame
The jazz life
Groovin' high
Going down on history
The jazz life
Made of future memories

Artie says there's truth in the groove
He wants to give you the proof
Burning with his college degree
He's counting four over three
It's the night that never ends
It's the street of dreams

He'll be out of this popopolis
When the moment comes
He'll be ready for whatevmore
He'll be the only one

It's the blue inside the green
It's the private room

I'LL DRIVE, YOU CHILL

(Breithaupt)

She was maybe beautiful
He was fully tame
They had an "A" plan
Where they ran
A pet-friendly pharmacy
But she could feel that voodoo pull
It never had a name
Till one crazy second
It beckoned
And she left plan "A" behind
The stranger said

I'll drive, you chill
Let's see what's happening over that hill
You chill, I'll drive
We're going nowhere alive

Curled up in the shotgun seat

Gliding out of town
She hears herself laughing
The having
Is all in the letting go
Turning onto Hoskin Street
The stranger's gearing down
He tells her to lay low
And stay low
Till she hears the cavalry
Wait for me

Copacetic girl till it's underway
And now she's wishing it was yesterday
She's got half a mind to disobey
But open carry's hella scary

She thinks: I can love a pharmacist
When he is posting bail
It's back to my "A" man
My "A" plan
Of long-term security
But flashbacks in the car persist
The stranger's on her tail
He's always back there
The blank stare
Of restless mobility
He whispers

I'll steer, you sleep
While I attempt this hyperspace leap
You sleep, I'll steer
You chill, I'll drive
Only the brave survive

SAY IT FOR THE LAST TIME

(Breithaupt/Smith/Luciani)

Don't know when we crossed it
That invisible line
Now we can't pretend
That it's going to be fine
No matter how I count it
It all comes out to one
Stop leaning on tomorrow
Tomorrow is gone

So half of it's lies
And half of it's true
Baby remind me
Wasn't it you
Who always knew what was right
And what to say

Say it for the last time
We can overthink it
Till it disappears
I can watch as days
Start to turn into years
Nothing but a lost war
Nothing left to hide
History is written
By the winning side

You're a voice in the dark
I don't need your advice
Weren't we the ones
Who never thought twice
I can remember all
Of what you said
Now say it for the last time

WHEN THE MUD MEN COME

(Breithaupt)

It's not a life he chose
He knows
He sees everything
The family tree can't see
He's tired of their guessing games
The creeping shame
He's solo in know
He's got a panic room
Kaboom
He knows everything the neighborhood
Can't know
He's learning how to levitate
He's got the date
Committed to memory

He wants to be ready
When the mud men come
He's making preparations
He's drinking rainwater rum
He really can't tell you
Who they are or where they're from
But he's gonna be ready
When the mud men come

It's not an accident
He's meant
To catch everything
The talking heads don't catch
He's all about the serpent's teeth
The underneath
The secret defines him
He keeps the radio
Aglow
Long after every other zed's
In bed
It's lonely on the AM band
But he's got a plan
He's hip to a better thing

You stand there just smiling
You should be stockpiling
You're not paranoid
If there really are mud men

BECAUSE YOU

(Breithaupt)

So many strong ones
Get lost along the way
Living in afterwards
And yesterdays
You were the sunlight
When the road was hard to see
And you took your time
On what was left of me

Because you
Walked me out of the rain
Because you
Talked me out of the pain
Because you
Took my heart in your hands
Because you
Brought me back to the dance

Feels like a long time
Since the night was all I knew
Stumbling blind

On Nevermind Avenue
But if I look closely
I can almost see the place
Where we first stood talking
Face to face

Spent a year on the town
Just running dead ends down
Had to drown in the blue
To be ready for you

BRAINYARD

(Breithaupt)

Heads up
Your armageddon man
Is geddon outta here
'Cause I've been walking
Through the wreckage ma'am
For what must be half a year

We could talk
Breaker to broken wing
Talk
Emotionally

I've been walking in the brainyard
Where there's work to do
Cut back the static
And the memory of you
But the pain's hard
It's the hardest part
When you're working in the brainyard
You ignore the heart
No lie
Your Cincinnati Kid
Has had enough of sad
Just now I can't remember
What I did
But it must be something bad

You want to speak
Opener to open wound
Speak
Emotionally

Brainyard
Kids get off my lawn
Brainyard
I've been to hell and gone

ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF AMERICA

(Breithaupt)

You don't speak
In a star-spangled manner
You can't help but be real
Light your lights
And the world wants to answer
Science, soul and steel

Spinning sparklers in Union Square
Music from some roof

Do like you do
The beautiful sound
The mythical underground dancer
Be wild and blue
You're not a town

You're an island off the coast
Of America

Bricks in hand
They run for the local
Let that big boy roll
Ring the bell
And ask for Mr. Fogel
Pedro's in control

Walking wounded on Bleecker Street
The rhythm pulls them in

It's been a
Heck of a run
Second to none
There's nothing left to prove
You've been a
Hell of a friend
Tell me again
How Gotham got its groove

Spinning spectres on Wollman Rink
Ghosts of midnights past

Yes it's you
The Peppermint Lounge
The mystical Friday night dancer
What they say is true
You're not a town
You're an island
You're an island off the coast
You're an island off the coast
Of America



LEFT TO RIGHT:
DON BREITHAUP
JUSTIN ABEDIN
MARK KELSO
PAT KILBRIDE

Mark Kelso plays Yamaha drums, Paiste cymbals, Headhunters drumsticks, Evans drumheads and Plunge Audio in-ear monitors. William Carn is a Rath Custom Trombones artist. Tony Carlucci is a Jupiter Brass artist. Vern Dorge uses Vandoren woodwind products. Mark Lettieri plays Collings guitars and Dunlop strings. François D'Amours plays Yamaha saxophones and Vandoren mouthpieces and reeds. Vital to note that the vibey clappers on "The Jazz Life" are Miles Breithaupt, Cameron Breithaupt, Don Breithaupt, John "Beetle" Bailey and Peter Cardinali. None of them has a clapping endorsement. Miles: "What's my motivation?" Peter: "You're in a room, clapping."

John "Beetle" Bailey would like to thank: Heidi for putting up with us taking over the "shire"; Dave Dysart, Dave Misener and Jeff Johns at HHB Canada for their unwavering support and the pure sonic bliss of Merging's HORUS audio interface; and Don Geppert for letting a bunch of wide-eyed college kids dig in and use the studio 24/7 during the teachers' strike of '89!

ACD72692

10,000 HOURS 3:38
NINE O'CLOCK FRIDAY 5:46

SHOTGUN 3:59

WELCOME TO THE REST OF THE WORLD 5:06

BOOK OF LIARS 4:28

THE JAZZ LIFE 5:33

I'LL DRIVE, YOU CHILL 5:51

SAY IT FOR THE LAST TIME 4:06

WHEN THE MUD MEN COME 5:26

BECAUSE YOU 4:20

BRAINYARD 3:44

ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF AMERICA 4:46



© & © 2019 ALMA Records
All Rights Reserved
260 Adelaide St. E., Suite 10
Toronto, ON, Canada M5A 1N1
T: 416.494.2562 F: 416.494.2030
info@almarecords.com
www.almarecords.com
www.shopalmarecords.com
Made in Canada



I started writing songs for this album the day Left was released in 2016; setting your freshly minted music loose on the world creates a void that can only be filled by making more music. By the time I was winnowing the list, there were about forty new songs, and these twelve are the ones that seemed to belong on the same record. Some of the others will show up down the road, probably fragmentarily. Spare parts are gold, Jerry, gold. My seven-year association with ALMA Records has been nothing but fruitful. Peter Cardinali is the label boss musicians dream of: a renowned player, producer and arranger in his own right who gets into every track on a granular level, like it really matters (it does). John "Beetle" Bailey and I have been making records together for almost twenty years now, too, and his high standards and last-man-standing ethos show no signs of waning. Mark, Pat and Justin are almost predictably amazing at this point, and the guest stars on this album are among my favorite musicians and singers on the planet. More than ever, I'm buoyed by the idea that there's a community of hardcore Monkey House fans out there waiting, sometimes impatiently and vocally, for our next work. That means everything. And my inner circle — the people who hear things developing, spur on creativity, and sometimes head excesses off at the pass — continue to be invaluable. While Monkey House was making this album, Walter Becker died, and his "Book of Liars" is a from-the-heart homage. The void he left is palpable, and will be for a very long time. The great Pete Turner, whose "Times Square, 1958" is the cover photo, died the same month. Do yourself a favor and seek out his extraordinary, color-saturated work, starting with his vibrant sleeves for CTI. Track 10 is about my beautiful wife. Track 4 is about someone I felt slipping away and who is now all the way back. Track 8 started when I heard my pal Chris playing a cool guitar riff in a crowded bar one snowy night. Track 12 is my latest love song to New York. Rest assured, as long as there's a quorum of people out there who like their pop with a few extra chords, I'll keep doing this. In fact, I'm going to start something now. Gotta get the next song list happening...

Don Breithaupt
Los Angeles
March 2019