

Joe Russo
phér•bôney

Side A
phér•bôney love theme
Can't Wink
Molly & Anni
Perfectabilitarrians
Waters of March

Side B
You're So Delicate
Wild
Elf/Man
The Wow! Signal

All songs written and performed by Joe Russo except where noted.

Additional credit, love and extreme thanks to these musicians:

phér•bôney love theme
Erik Lawrence - Tenor Saxophone

Can't Wink
Robbie Mangano - Baritone Guitar, Synth Bass

Molly & Anni
Robbie Mangano - Electric, Acoustic & Baritone Guitars
Stuart Bogie - Tenor Saxophone

Perfectabilitarrians
Robbie Mangano - Electric & Acoustic Guitars, Piano
Jon Shaw - Electric & Upright Bass

Wild
Josh Kaufman - Electric Guitar, Bass
Robbie Mangano - Electric Guitar
Stuart Bogie - Clarinet

The Wow! Signal
Josh Kaufman - Electric Guitar, Bass
Stuart Bogie - Tenor Saxophone

Waters of March
Music and Lyrics by Antônio Carlos Jobim

Recorded by Joe Russo at Woodlot Recording, Brooklyn, NY
Additional Recording by D. James Goodwin at The Isokon, Woodstock, NY
Mixed & Mastered by D. James Goodwin at The Isokon, Woodstock, NY

Cover Painting By Baptiste Ibar (www.baptisteibar.com)
Design by Gregory J. Del Deo

Label Management by Kevin Calabro

My deepest love and thanks to my girls Pooja, Annika, Mila, Molly & Lamp.
The Russos, The Roques, The Rajs and everyone who helped make this record possible. Thank you!

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Can't Wink

I wanna show you I was joking
I wanna show you I was joking
I wanna show you I was joking
I wanna show you I was joking
But I can't wink

Perfectabilitarrians

All their grifts are riding
Take some money and a warm clip
The honey's plumb stopped running
Bet your 'sure things' on the sun
The horn rims shattered
It's loud and over crowded
I feel karma coming
Bless this devil-may-care
Un-wholly wash of water
Big muddy's rising waist deep
As an oiled hand's doubleoon
Infects the counter-fed
With counter-agents'
Counterfeit coke

Get it off before it hardens, this wool life
The weekend took a dark-star to the deep end
I just pray that God's OK
It's getting cloudy
A loss in generation
Grazing, carbon copied
While we wade this hot
Hostile summer
Hope for ground swells
Sparks of hub-bub in
A Frisco, Texas mall
Alumbados/Kafka tumble drums
Burning book librarians
Tortured cow aquariums
Chain slaved goats afraid to run
These bloodied bellies can't be unrung
Predictable hysteria
Perfect -a- military
Perfectibilitarian
Perfectibilitarrians

Waters of March

Antonio Carlos Jobim

Wild

Maybe just
Enjoy the dusk
The silent calm
Of climbing frost
Dim lit skies
Don't say much
Sweet be my
Clementine
These birds wont sing
With wings so tired
The gates fly wide
Hush, am I louder now?
You're louder now
While our bee sting cries wind up
The walls are coming down
Some California weather would do
This pass is slow
It makes me wild
I feel like a beggar with you
You ought to know
Not kidding you is killing me
I'm not kidding you, it's killing me
Killing you
Killing me

A stick a stone
It's the end of the road,
It's the rest of the stump
It's a little alone
It's a silver of glass,
It is life, it's the sun,
It is night, it is death,
It's a trap, it's a gun,
The oak when it blooms,
A fox in the brush,
The knot in the wood,
The song of the thrush,
The wood of the wind,
A cliff, a fall,
A scratch, a lump,
It is nothing at all,
It's the wind blowing free,
It's the end of a slope,
It's a beam, it's a void,
It's a hunch, it's a hope,
And the riverbank talks,
Of the water of march
It's the end of the strain,
It's the joy in your heart,
The foot, the ground,
The flesh, the bone,
The beat of the road,
A slingshot stone,
A fish, a flash,
A silvery glow,
A fight, a bet,
The range of the bow,
The bed of the well,
The end of the line,
The dismay in the face,
It's a loss, it's a find,
A spear, a spike,
A point, a nail,
A drip, a drop,
The end of the tale,
A truckload of bricks,
In the soft morning light,
The shot of a gun,
In the dead of the night:
A mile, a must,
A thrust, a bump,
It's a girl, it's a rhyme,
It's the cold, it's the mumps,
The plan of the house,
The body in bed,
The car that got stuck,
It's the mud, it's the mud,
A float, a drift,
A flight, a wing,
A hawk, a quail,
The promise of spring,
And the riverbanks talks,
Of the waters of march,
It's the promise of life,
It's the joy in your heart.