

LAGOON

d o s e



(4 0 m g)

LAGOON

d o s e

40 mg lagoonux™

www.lagoononline.com
myspace.com/lagoonaz

prescribed for millions suffering from everything. if you experience dizziness talk to your doctor, or have drinks with him or her.

side effects may include: being sick four times a week, may cause you to agree to play at 10am at the pima county fairgrounds at a drag-racing competition, may cause you to fabricate scientific data, may cause you to invite sorority girls on stage, may cause you to get a gun pulled on you at the 6th ave underpass, may cause you to punch anyone who slams your door, may cause you to write and send drunken emails, has been known to cause the ingestion of half-smoked cigars, you may occasionally scream 'bee!' like a six year old, will possibly cause ankle biting, may cause your entire practice space to flood with 3 inches of nasty human feces water, may cause soy induced ass-pee, may cause you to chase down keg thieves, some

have experienced taking off their shirt and jumping into a bush, may cause you to argue for six hours about tire pressure, clinical trials have shown some people experience the desire to crossdress every halloween, may cause you to have severe adverse reactions to avocados, may turn you into some sort of half-man half-dinosaur, frequent reports suggest that you might go 'all in' on the first hand, may cause you to convince yourself that you are infected with naegleria fowleri, may cause you to drive no faster than 65 mph, may attract kissing bugs to your bed, may cause you to sprint extremely fast in no particular direction, the urge to suddenly wander away from your group may occur, it is possible you might open 'the vault', you may suffer from the inability to turn your amp down, may cause you to spend way too much money on lingerie.

alcohol may intensify these effects.

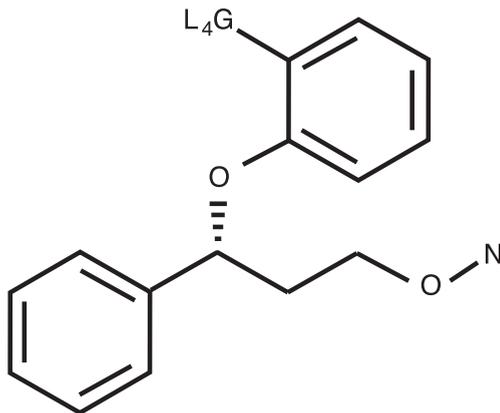


active ingredients:

25% david (*stressicycloxidaine*) vocals guitars;
25% marisa (*crazium*) drums; 25% woodie (*crabtrol*) bass; 25% patrick (*slothazine*) guitar

inert ingredients:

recorded at 2919 n cherry (*sophiuscosmozol*);
mastered by dave shirk at sonorous mastering;



produced by: david and lagoon, all songs arranged and performed by lagoon, all songs registered with ascap, tornados are coming! publishing. © 2007 lagoon, all rights reserbed... uh, reserved.

lagoon would like to thank: bill murray, the silver bus, woodie's parents for letting us practice at their house, heidi for putting up with all of our shit and we apologize for bringing roaches in the house with our band equipment, jake for playing our songs to the masses, my former wings, jefferson-or-jepharrison you choose, the iods (formerly christian rockers 'mission statement'), all of the bolton boys: mike, second-shot-sean and to a lesser extent tim, naomi for being a girl and marisa's friend, kris kerry, plush, kxci, don jennings, the warows and little henry, the deludes, stu kupers (hang in there brahl), dave shirk at sonorous sound and for getting my money back for the salty yogurt soda, poker night, gin, whiskey, purple goodness, mariwisconsin, snaggle-claw, cosmo, all of my neighbors who put up with: "cock! cock! cock! cock!", aznighbuzz.com, blueberry stoli, the arizona daily star, sarah mauet, the tucson weekly, the downtown tucsonan, jamie and dave, the happy mondays, locals only, tucson, road runners, the sprinter graciously lent to us by cathy rivers, frofl, slothazine, chris from the iods for his unwavering affection, james at tucsonscene.com, logie-where you been?, the year of acceleration, providence, che's lounge & all of the che's bartenders, the jons--sorry

we never made the vegas trip... and yet we were so close!, doug biggers, stephen siegel, ari... wwyel?, xoom juice, corbin dooley, rainbow guitars, eric pang & the phoenix street team for making my amp dreams come true, jenni p. damn you and your bracket!, apple computers, heather for the baked goods, matt rahr, shaggy, randy lopez, hil, soneera for making woodie less cranky, strattera, lattés, strattera lattés, manhattans, guinness, walter and the boys of early black, andy at tempe disk and tape, chango malo, conan for not responding to pat's comments filled with poor grammar and misspelled words, spandex suits, curtis mcrary for emulating a very believable steven wright, oh mighty bower, the wildcats for another season of ulcers, sparrow and swallow--see we use your ideas woodie, everything coccus for keeping marisa busy, stacen for installing seatbelts so we could go on tour, nicole for doing the laundry and keeping pat neat, megan for her ingenious quiver idea, marisa's parents for feeding us, kathleen for putting us up in vegas, selling our cds & being so wonderful in general, flo, kayla, jessica and jonathan for providing marisa with microbiology humor and interpretive dance, dj daddy.

(10mg) **blind** (ziegler-voll)
i wanted to know the things we just dont
show i kept it apart its silent its hidden
here in the dark you tried to contain
the curse of the past to blame and prov-
ing some things that never happened not
since this ring this delicate storm
another disaster worn this cyclone it
spins it never resolves, it just begins
give it sometime and i know everything
turns out to be just fine this is a better
half twisted around all of these things
i just haven't found moving away and i
know fragile things always break on the
way this is a better life wishing out loud
all of these things that i just haven't found

(20mg) **beauty of the struggle**
(mcmahon/ziegler-voll)
this is me underground deep below I
wear this crown nothing fits nothing
followed from my lips the shallow to my
hips wrapped in this battle the beauty
sleeps and its final rest assured this
sinking stone draped in cocktails drinks
alone until the moment starts to spiral
the perfect storm is set in place
drifting slowly across my face i brace
myself embrace desire and i know i'm
coming out across the roads out to the
shore i kept it alive i kept it going
this is how i float the show this is me
where i'm found falling forward tilts
this crown falling after i have fallen still
there's no rest, no struggle only lovers...
trouble only lovers... trouble and i know
i'm coming out across the roads out to
the shore i kept it alive i kept it going
this is how i float the show this is what i
want to show this is what i want to know
this is all that's left desire

(70mg) **minutemen**
(mcmahon/ziegler-voll)
turn around this time this time turn
around this time its time to remind you
want your price of mind you try to divide
you try to divide your logic hides behind
you will not resign but i want to remind
your flag of barbedwire words falls
backwards in time, you try to rewind turn
around this time this time turn around
this time its time to remind this moments
burning bright we will not go blind
telecast your divide your dollar paid this
dime so let me remind someone made
this design your motives speak in rhyme
with the worst of the minds cross the
water hear the rhythm sounds and I have
just begun turn around this time this time
turn around this time its time to remind
your logic hides behind the worst of the
kind the worst human kind your dollar
paid this "crime" each time your in line
eachtime your in line your motives speak
in rhyme with the wretched of times, the
worst human kind

(30mg) **the official preppy handbook**
(ziegler-voll)
this is my story and it is filled with worry
of pages turned it's evident i always want
to drift away i want to hold you but I
know it's no use these pages never turn
themselves illustrations once had their
day give me some time to reflect all
about this find and how I read one million
times but I still cant seem to find away
the hardbook cover you wear is nothing
other hiding all that matters most never
giving anything away this chapter's open
and i know i shouldn't have spoken
and in a crowded bar there are some
things one should never say and in
conclusion i've written this confusion of
pages torn ripped apart i always want to
drift away this is my story and it is filled
with worry

(40mg) **dead at 30** (ziegler-voll)
and now the opening line i tried too hard
its hard to define water brings out my
words silence spoken some how is heard
alone dispondant displaced angel arms
bent blue on your face captured exhaled
this find keep me this moment to remind
and i never wanted to keep you down
and yes i fought it through sat here
stranded thought of you water brings
out my words silence spoken somehow
is heard and i never wanted to keep you
down

(80mg) **a gift taken back**
(polk/ziegler-voll)
i know it won't be long before i see it
through each day that i belong
crippled by these days are through
these are convenient times but strange
they are the worst and now its playing
out it seems this life is well rehearsed
i just cant handle this i think that you
should know the constant punishment
for things that I have no control it's
time that we reflect the constant work
maintains the final end result forever
always stays the same calm down child,
everything is fine when I know we have
to--cry outloud everytime, everytime
calm down child, everything is fine when I
know we have to--cry outloud everytime,
everytimecalm down child, everything is
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everytime, everytimecalm down child,
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down child, everything is fine when I
know we have to--cry outloud everytime,
everytimecalm down child, everything is
fine when I know we have to--cry outloud
everytime, everytimeeverything is fine
when I know we have to--cry outloud
everytime, everytime

(50mg) **a connector : a receptor**
(ziegler-voll)
here it is, everything is burning bright
and the time it took, everything is still in
sight giving up, there's nothing left inside
her eyes to steal so it goes all about him
wished goodbye and the promise of,
looking for a better life more and more
everything is looking less for real and
now all we know looking back we took it
slow and now all we see it's drifting who
was there and what was said and you
know everyone is still in bed giving up
everything is looking less for real and to
say the better half is never good sitting
stranded silent screaming something that
she knew more and more everything is
looking less for real and now all we know
looking back we took it slow and now all
we see it's drifting and now they look to
the shelter on this time on this day the
moment tied up and thirsting with desert
throats nothing to say still searching ran-
dom in passing comes along and its way
throws caution to the seduction one
more time baby one more time the story
completes as its written as if the words
were dna the tragic beauty of bloodlines
always comes but never stays and in this
moment of passions tangled up
none forgave its given the cause of the
actions one more time baby one more
time one more time one more time

(60mg) **dreamcycle**
(ziegler-voll)
give me some time to take it inside all
the things I wanted to hide and there
we stood alone on this hill liplocked
trembling but still closing my eyes wrestle
with doubt head falling heart falls without
makes little sense Im not one to dwell
wishing this night wishing well again and
again rhythm in time go to sleep just to
remind i must have been out of my head
days before I left my bed saw you again
here in this place it was alright here with
your face i know it know like i knew it
back then all that I said outloud given
this world blankets my mind all the things
missing it finds we are so close beautiful
entwined tradgedy you'll never be mine
saw you again here in this place it was
alright here with your face i know it know
like i knew it back then all that I said
outloud

