



Cursive Presents:
The Ugly Organ

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The News From Nebraska: Local Bands Make Good



Bryce Bridges.com for The New York Times
Tim Kasher, left, Matt Maginn, Gretta Cohn, Ted Stevens and Clint Schnase of Cursive on their home ground.



We should've seen *The Ugly Organ* coming.

When Tim Kasher reunited Cursive in 1999 and produced *Domestica* a year later, it was a warning sign. Cursive hadn't exactly whispered on *Such Blinding Stars for Starving Eyes* and *The Storms of Early Summer: Semantics of Song*, but *Domestica* was the kind of album that hurt, that could bruise your faith in relationships. As cathartic as it felt, it portended more storms on the horizon.

When the *Burst and Bloom* EP arrived in 2001, the winds kicked up. Guitarist Ted Stevens said as much on "Tall Tales, Telltales": "Four winds converge upon a point where your compass / spirals 'round in useless motions mocking everything." The maelstrom: It's where Cursive thrives. The EP shuddered with the band's accelerating momentum, from the self-referential "Sink to the Beat" to the almost palpable weariness from meaningless hook-ups in "Fairytale Tell Tales." Hearing *Burst and Bloom*, there was no doubt something big lurked on the horizon for Cursive.

Yet *The Ugly Organ* still surprised us: that the band could be this ferocious, this ambitious, this unsettling. Kasher had turned his lyrics on himself before—see *Domestica*—but never with such dismissive disdain. "Cut it out—your self-inflicted pain is getting too

routine," he howls in "Art is Hard." During the regretful morning-after of "The Recluse," he sings, "Oh Christ, I'm not that desperate, am I? / Oh no, oh God, I am." He sings from the perspective of his embittered significant other in "Butcher the Song," "So rub it in in your dumb lyrics / Yeah, that's the time and place to wring out your bullshit." She returns, even angrier, in "Bloody Murderer," saying, "When I was yours, you fled the scene / Now you can't wash your hands of me." When *The Ugly Organ* closes with "Staying Alive" and its lilting refrain, "The worst is over," that's not necessarily hope we hear. It could just as easily be resignation. The worst is over, but this isn't much better.

As on *Domestica*, Kasher sings about a character on *The Ugly Organ*, but just as on *Domestica*, it never feels far removed from him. "Butcher the Song" even uses his name, while "Art is Hard" name-checks Cursive. Kasher fell under the sway of the concept-album idea on *Domestica*, using his own life to heavily inform the album's story of a failing relationship. It's easy to see the same on *The Ugly Organ* and its bracingly unsentimental portrait of a touring musician (named "the Ugly Organist") and the dysfunction that penetrates all aspects of his life. He's going through the motions artistically ("Some Red Handed Slight of Hand," "Art is Hard,"),

his relationship with his significant other is a destructive cycle of infidelity and bitter recrimination (“The Recluse,” “Butcher the Song,” “A Gentleman Caller,” “Bloody Murderer”), and redemption seems unlikely (“Sierra,” “Staying Alive”). The flights of fancy of “Driftwood: a Fairy Tale” and “Harold Weathervein” recall the stormy, water-logged imagery of *Burst and Bloom*. “Weatherman, do you feel?” Stevens asks on the latter. “Is it stormy inside your veins?”

The Ugly Organ made landfall on March 4, 2003, the same day as Evanescence’s *Fallen* and roughly two weeks before the start of the Iraq War. The darkest days of the Bush Era were settling in like a dense fog over the entire country, and the outlook was bleak. That made *The Ugly Organ* especially potent, its gloomy inward focus a natural reflection of the era. The press accolades came quickly, from the mainstream (*Rolling Stone* called it “a brilliant leap forward,” and *Entertainment Weekly* said it “raised the Saddle Creek bar”) to the niche (*The A.V. Club* called it “a potent piece of rock art,” *Alternative Press* gave it a perfect score).

Plenty of those reviews referenced emo, which had splintered off from punk in the ’80s but devolved into the flimsiest of marketing gimmicks by the new millennium. By 2003,

the third wave of emo was crashing with a deluge of bands all too eager to ride their angsty pop to stardom. This was the year that Alex Trebek referenced Cursive’s Saddle Creek labelmates Bright Eyes in a question whose correct response was “What is emo?” Cursive had started in the mid-’90s during emo’s second wave, and the band had little in common with the genre’s millennial torchbearers, but reviewers lumped them together all the same. “Cursive might just expand emo’s demographic to include the angsty 22-to-32 grad-student demographic,” went one typically positive-but-condescending review.

Not that *The Ugly Organ* lacked for emo signifiers. Its confessional tone, jaundiced take on relationships, and self-loathing outed it, but the album’s ambition trumped any tidy labels. Calling it “daring,” *The A.V. Club*’s Noel Murray wrote in his “best music of 2003” list that “*The Ugly Organ* carries navel-gazing to compellingly bloody, winsomely sad, and even admirably pretentious extremes.”

By the end of 2003, Linkin Park, Avril Lavigne, Evanescence, and Toby Keith had some of the top-selling albums of the year, with OutKast, the White Stripes, and Fountains of Wayne topping that year’s *Village Voice* Pazz & Jop Critics’ Poll. If anything, the emo breakthrough of the year was Death Cab for

Cutie's *Transatlanticism* (#34 on Pazz & Jop), the band's final release before ascending to major-label stardom.

But anyone with even a passing familiarity of music history knows that charts and polls hardly tell the whole story. With *The Ugly Organ*, Cursive made a landmark album for itself and Saddle Creek. It was the label's 51st release and the second in what my colleague Marc Hawthorne called "Saddle Creek's holy trinity" in his liner notes for The Faint's *Danse Macabre* reissue: *Danse Macabre*, *The Ugly Organ*, and Bright Eyes' *I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning*. (I'd argue more for *LIFTED or the Story is in the Soil, Keep Your Ear to the Ground* on that count, but I'll save that for the next time I see Marc.)

Just prior to *The Ugly Organ*, Saddle Creek had released the celebratory compilation *Saddle Creek 50*, which included Cursive's gleefully self-referential "Nonsense" ("I really don't want to write another 'I'm a dick' song again"), which is included on this reissue. The label's 49th release had been another Cursive joint, the "Art is Hard" single, which featured the explosive six-minute B-side "Sinner's Serenade," also included here. Rounding it out are four songs from Cursive's split EP with Eastern Youth, *8 Teeth to Eat You*—check out the ferocious playing by cellist Gretta Cohn

on "Excerpts from Various Notes Strewn Around the Bedroom of April Connolly, Feb 24, 1997"—and two songs from the single for "The Recluse." It's an exhaustive—and exhausting—snapshot of a band realizing its power and wielding it for maximum impact.

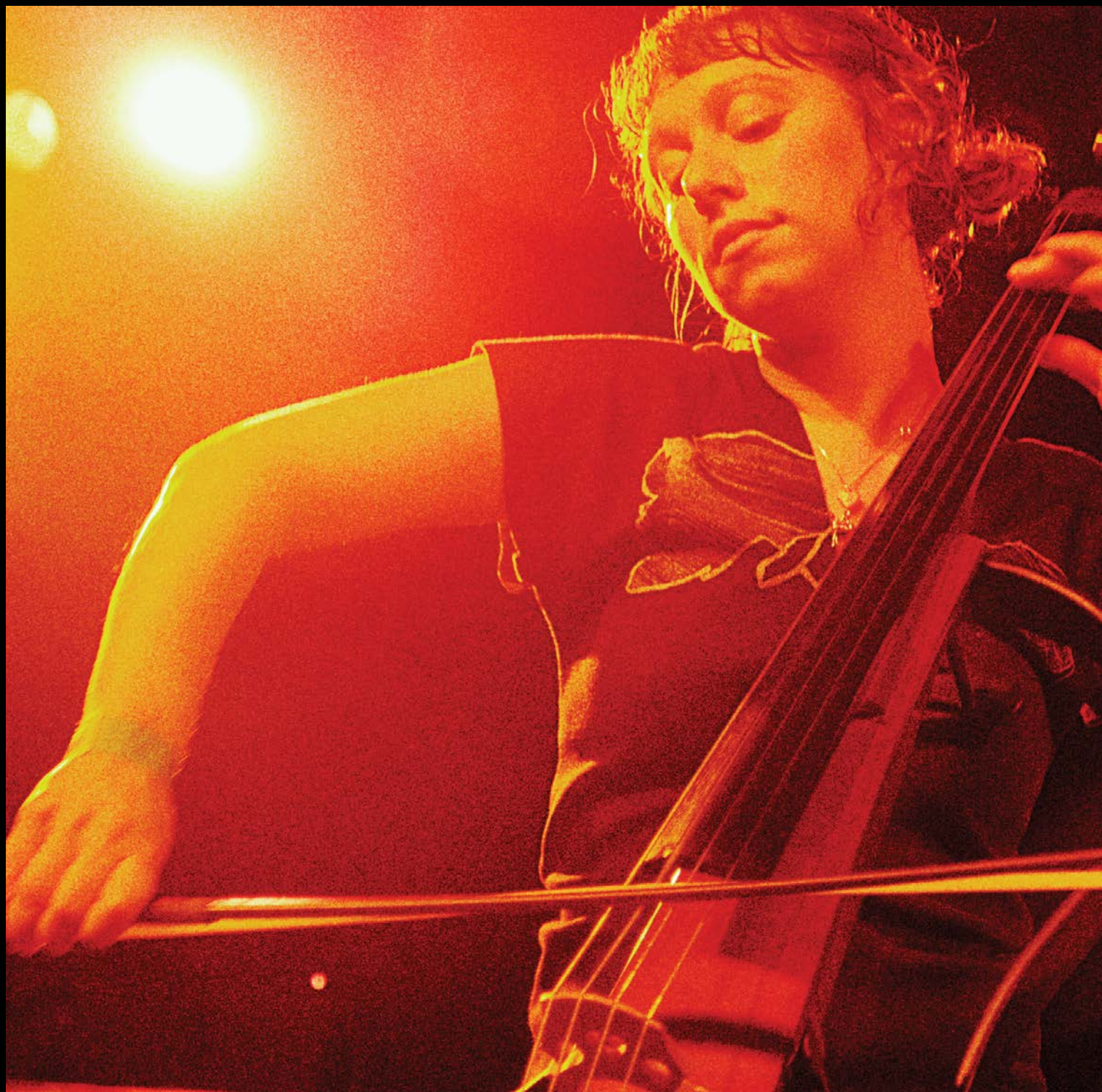
And then Cursive was gone. Again. Taking another of its intermittent hiatuses. An unease has accompanied every album after *The Ugly Organ* that it could be the last one—no, for real this time. Maybe because *The Ugly Organ* capped an unprecedented productive streak, ending a three-record, three-year run with an album that can't help but reflect the effort that went into it. The exhaustion, the ambivalence, the doubt, it all bleeds out of those 12 tracks. At the end of "Staying Alive," the "ghost chorus" referenced in the liner notes sings, "The worst is over, Doo do Doo do Doo do Doo doo." On second thought, maybe it's neither hope nor resignation, but simple relief. The storm has passed. And it was a motherfucker.

Kyle Ryan
The A.V. Club











Cursive Presents:

The Ugly Organ

1. The Ugly Organist

2. Some Red Handed Slight of Hand

*Enter Organist. He moves stage center in grotesque costume.
He gestures toward an imaginary audience.*

And now, we proudly present
songs perverse and songs of lament.
A couple hymns of confession,
and songs that recognize our sick obsessions.
Sing along—I'm on the ugly organ, again.
Sing along—I'm on the ugly organ,
so let's begin.
There's no use to keep a secret,
everything I hide ends up in lyrics...
so read on—accuse me when you're done—
if it sounds like I did you wrong.

Enter Harlequins.

Our father, who art in heaven,

save me from this wreck I'm about to drown
in.

Didn't I learn anything counting out
my sins on rosary beads?
The reverend plays on the ugly organ;
he spews out his sweet and salty sermon
on the audience.

...So why do I think I'm any different?
I've been making money off my indifference.
We all pass the hat around,
'This is my body,' this is the blood I found
on my hands after I wrote this album.
Play it off as stigmata for crossover fans...
some red handed slight of hand.

Woah oh.

3. Art is Hard

Cut it out—your self-inflicted pain
is getting too routine
the crowds are catching on
to the self-inflicted song
Well, here we go again
the art of acting weak
Fall in love to fail
to boost your CD sales
(And that CD sells—yeah, what a hit)
You've got to repeat it
you gotta' sink to swim
If at first you don't succeed

you gotta recreate your misery
'cause we all know art is hard
young artists have gotta starve
Try, and fail, and try again
the comforts of repetition
Keep churning out those hits
'til it's all the same old shit

Oh, a second verse!
Well, color me fatigued
I'm hiding in the leaves
in the CD jacket sleeves
tired of entertaining
some double-dipped meaning
a soft serve analogy
This drunken angry slur
in thirty-one flavors
You gotta' sink to swim
immerse yourself in rejection
regurgitate some sorry tale
about a boy who sells his love affairs
You gotta' fake the pain
you better make it sting
you're gonna' break a leg
when you get on stage
and they scream your name
"Oh, Cursive is so cool!"

You gotta sink to swim
impersonate greater persons
'cause we all know art is hard
when we don't know who we are

4. The Recluse

I wake alone, in a woman's room I hardly
know. I wake alone—and pretend that I am
finally home. The room is littered with her
books and notebooks. I imagine what they
say, like, 'Shoo fly, don't bother me.'

Enter sleighbells stage left/stage right.

And I can hardly get myself out of her bed,
for fear of never lying in this bed again. Oh
christ, I'm not that desperate am I? Oh no—
oh god—I am.

How'd I end up here to begin with? I don't
know. Why do I start what I can't finish? Oh
please, don't barrage me with the questions
to all those ugly answers. My ego's like
my stomach—it keeps shitting what I feed it.
But maybe I don't want to finish anything
anymore... maybe I can wait in bed 'til she
comes home, and whispers,

Enter woman singing.

"you're in my web now—I've come to wrap
you up tight 'til it's time to bite down."

I wake alone in a woman's room I hardly
know. I wake alone—and pretend that I am

finally home.

home

5. Herald! Frankenstein

The Street. Enter Harold in doctor's costume, staggering.

"Now I can't stop the monster I've created"

6. Butcher the Song

Parking lot (dept. store). Enter kettle drum. Girl refuses to get into a boyfriend's car.

There's a time and a place, this is neither the time nor place. "Where do I fit in, in this jigsaw of a relationship?!? Why should I play the fall guy to your love? I keep getting snubbed... what dumb luck, what dumb luck."

The car. Riding home. Girl sits with her arms crossed. Her thoughts audible.

'So rub it in... in your dumb lyrics. Yeah, that's the time and place to wring out your bullshit. And each album I'll get shit on a little more, 'Who's Tim's latest whore?' Now, that's not fair—no, that's just obscene. I'll stop speaking for you if you stop speaking for me.

He gestures penning another song.

I'm writing songs to entertain,
but these people... they just want pain.
They want to hear my deepest sins
the songs from the ugly organ.
And what comes out is a horrible mess,
songs I can't forget
what's been said and this guilt I can't shed.
It still rings in my ears—Oh, get out
the butchers knife.
I've been screaming for years
but it gets me nowhere
just get out the butchers knife.

Enter Organist in butcher's costume.

That organ's playing my song,
but this song's gone on too long.
What a day to sever such ugly extremities.
"What a lovely day," says the butcher
as he raises his arm.

7. Driftwood: A Fairy Tale

So he would sulk and drink and mope
and cross his arms and hope to die.
And then a fairy came one night
to bring this sorry boy to life.
She pulled some strings
and spun him about.

That boy sprang up
and began to shout,
“My arms, my legs, my heart, my face
they’re alive!”
And she would cry, “Liar, liar!
What have I done?
You’re no lover, and I’m no fighter.”

(The story goes on)

So he would buy her things and kiss her hair
to show he was for real.
And she would take those gifts and kisses
though just stringing him along.
She knew about those wooden boys—
it’s an empty love to fill the void.
“Pinocchio! Oh boy, how your nose has
grown!”
So he would cry, “Liar, liar!
I’ll prove it to you!”
But then it grew—he had grown tired of her.
So, it was true...
He left her apartment, and he walked all
night long
‘til he was stopped by the shore of the ocean.
But still he walked on, amongst the whales
and the waves, and screamed,
“Liar! Liar!”
And his wooden body floated away.
He just drifted away.
And now I wonder how I was made...

my arms, my legs, my heart, my face,
my name is Driftwood.

8. A Gentleman Caller

Your gentleman caller,
well, he’s been calling on another
he loves his forbidden fruit.
And as it dribbles down his chin
he cries, “Baby, I’ve been drinking
with some friends! Now how
‘bout a little kiss...”
Bad boy!
Rub his nose in it!
What a mess
and he’s playing dumb
“Doo do doo...”

*Enter second gentleman caller stage left,
prowling towards a distressed damsel.*

“I’m not looking for a lover,
all those lovers are liars...
I’d never lie to you
You say you want to get even?
Yeah, you want to get
your bad man good?
Well, are you in the mood?

She nods.

You bad girl!
Does it feel good being bad?
And getting worse?
“Doo do doo...”

But in the morning
on the sober dawn of Sunday
you're not sure what you have done
Who told you love was fleeting?
Sometimes men can be so misleading
to take what they need from you
Whatever you need to make you feel
like you've been the one behind the wheel
the sunrise is just over that hill
the worst is over
Whatever I said to make you think
that love's the religion of the weak
this morning we love like weaklings
the worst is over.

The worst is over.

9. Harold Weathervein

The street.

Enter cello, heavy breathing, footsteps, birds.

Harold walks down any street of this town
both crier & witness
the sun drops the clouds shift his legs twitch

Enter chimes.

the clocks chime on cafes, pharmacies, and
dime stores, in bar rooms he sits all alone
erupting
in his head it's like the weather back & forth it's-
like the weather
when it rains it pours down

Weatherman, do you feel?
Is it stormy inside of your veins?

10. Bloody Murderer

There's a ghost in my bed
she cries in her sleep
she says I won't let her leave
I lie perfectly still
as she stifles her tears
I don't want to disturb her.

Enter ghost singing.

“Let go, let go—please let me be
Look at the ghost you've made of me”

Dusk dropped her starry gown
I whispered out
“Sweetie, are you here with me?”
the mirror crashed on the dresser
and she began to scream
“Bloody murderer! Let me
rest in peace!”

“When I was yours, you fled the scene,
now you can’t wash your hands of me.”

Bloody murder
You can’t hear the screams

All ghosts “Oh Oh Oh Oh”

11. Sierra

In the desert, where the cities are made
of gold, there’s a girl playing hopscotch with
pink ribbon pigtails. And her mom calls out
from an apartment balcony, “Come on, baby!
Your bath is ready! It’s almost time for sleep!”

And I wonder who’s the father...

And I wonder what they call her—Sierra.

Does her mother smoke, or does she jog
every morning? Does she drink when she
thinks about me? Or doesn’t she need to
drink... does she have a man who works a
nine to five? Does he come home to kiss our
young Sierra, tuck her in and say goodnight?
(And an extra kiss for mama...)

I want that kiss, that kid, that apartment.

I’m ready to settle down now, so get that
man out of my bed. I want my daughter back
now, I want to kiss her, tuck her in and say,
‘goodnight, my baby girl, Sierra’.

Sierra, Sierra, Sierra, Sierra,

I’ll never know who you are, and I don’t
deserve to. My little girl, we would’ve been
so... oh, nevermind. But I’m ready to settle
down now—yeah, I’m ready to leave that
wrecking ball behind. I could be your carpen-
ter, and you could be my twinkling north star
o’er the desert sky.

12. Staying Alive

I’ve decided tonight I’m staying alive
Just kicking & screaming
Blood boiling & streaming
There are things far too dark to comprehend
Sleep on it one more night my sad old friend

Enter ghost chorus.

Doo do Doo do Doo do Doo do

The worst is over

Exeunt.

The Ugly Organ

Credits:

Cursive:

Gretta Cohn–Cello

Tim Kasher–Vocals, Guitar, Organ

Matt Maginn–Bass

Clint Schnase–Drums, Percussion

Ted Stevens–Guitar, Vocals

Additional musicians:

Chris Acker–Trombone (3 & 8)

Jenny Lewis–Additional Vocals (4, 10 & 11)

Mike Mogis–Vibraphone (4), Keyboard (6),
Bells (10), Ambient guitar (12)

The Staying Alive Choir:

Clark Baechle

Todd Baechle

Julee Dunekacke

Rob Hawkins

Alisa Heinzman

Renee Ledesma Hoover

Alex McManus

A. J. Mogis

Conor Oberst

Sarah Wilson

Recorded at Presto! in Lincoln, NE

Engineered by AJ Mogis and Mike Mogis

Produced by Mike Mogis and Tim Kasher

Originally mastered by Doug Van Sloun
at Studio B

Remastered by Ed Brooks at RFI Mastering

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Art is Hard ✓

Cut it out - your self inflicted pain
is getting too routine, the crowds are catching on
to the self-inflicted song well, here we go again
the art of acting weak - fall in love to fail,
to boost your CD sales
And that CD sells, yeah, what a hit - you got to repeat it
you gotta sink to swim
(If At) first you don't (you don't) succeed
(you gotta) recreate your misery
(Cause) we all know art is hard
young artists have gotta starve
try and ~~fail~~ and try again
the comforts of repetition, keep churning out those hits
'til it's all the same old shit

Oh - a 2nd Verse! Well, color me fatigued
in hiding in the leaves, in the CD jacket sleeves
tired of entertaining some double-dipped martini
a soft serve analogy this drunken angry slur
in 31 flavors
you gotta sink, gotta sink, gotta sink to swim
immerse yourself in rejection
regurgitate some sorry tale, about a boy who
sells his love affairs
you gotta fake - fake - fake the pain
you better make - make - make it sting
you're gonna break - break - break a leg
When you get on stage, and they scream your Name
Oh, Cursive is so cool
you gotta sink, gotta sink, gotta sink to swim
impersonate greater persons, 'cause we all know
art is hard when we don't know who we are

Instrumental Chorus

The Recluse



I wake Alone, in a woman's room I hardly know
I wake Alone - and pretend that I am finally home
The room is littered with her books + notebooks
I imagine what they say, like, "~~the~~ Fly, don't bother me!"
And I can hardly get myself out of ~~this~~ ^{her} bed for fear of -
Never ~~travelling~~ ^{lying} IN this bed again - Oh Christ, I'm not
that desperate - Oh no, Oh god - I am.
(Am I?)

How'd I end up here to begin with? I don't know.
Why do I start what I can't finish? Oh please
don't barrage me with ~~the~~ ^{the} questions to all those
ugly answers. My ego's like my stomach, it
keeps shitting what I feed it.
But maybe I don't want to finish anything -
Anymore. Maybe I can wait in bed 'til she
comes home, and whispers, "you're in my web now",
I've come to wrap you up tight 'til it's time
to bite down."

I wake alone in a woman's room I hardly know
I wake alone - and pretend that I am finally home
home

(you're in my web now) & Female
Vocal

Butcher the Song ✓

There's a time and a place, this is neither
the time nor place

(A woman refuses to get in her boyfriend's car
in a department store parking lot)

"Where do I fit in, in this jigsaw of a
relationship? Why should I play the fall guy
to your love? I keep getting smacked - what
dumb luck, what dumb luck."

(and ~~she~~ ~~she~~ on the car ride home she sits quietly
with her arms crossed, thinking to herself)

So rub it in, in your dumb lyrics - yeah,
that's the time and place to writing out your
bullshit. And each album I'll get ~~crapped~~ shit
on a little more, Who's Tim's latest whore?

- Now, that's not fair - No, that's just obscene.

I'll stop speaking for you if you stop
speaking for me.

I'm writing songs to entertain, but these people,
they just... they just want pain.

They want to hear my deepest sins, the songs
from the ugly organ. And what comes out

- is a horrible mess, (songs I can't forget -
what's been said and this guilt ~~you~~ can't shed
it still rings in ~~your~~ ^{my} ears - oh, just get out
the butcher's knife.

~~try~~ ~~fail~~ ~~to rest~~ ~~with you~~ ^{I've} ^{been} ^{screaming} ^{for} ^{years} ^{but} ^{it} ^{gets} ^{you} ^{nowhere}
~~to rest~~ ^{Just} ^{get} ^{out} ^{the} ^{butcher's} ^{knife} x3

That organ's playing my song - but this song's
gone on too long - What a day to sever such ugly
extremities "What a lovely day" says the butcher
as he raises his arm.

The Ugly Organ Extended

1. Excerpts from Various Notes Strewn Around the Bedroom of April Connolly Feb 24, 1997

“Why I should leave... no—
Why I’m leaving you for him.
Well, let’s see here...
well, let’s see: where should I begin?
Every night you get annihilated
with all your friends,
and every night I drink alone
until you stumble home wanting some—
like some fuck and run.
I know you sleep around, I see it in the eyes
of those girls.
Those fucking girls... they smile and nod,
but never offer a single word
I’m just in the way
I’m the ball and chain,
you’re the jailbird chirping,
‘How hard life is in the cage!’
How hard it is waking up next to me.
Well, you’ve dug this hole, come on
and fill me up.

When you said you loved me
I knew I was getting fucked.
You said you’d never let go—all that stopped...
you used to turn me on,
now, we’re just getting off.
That’s why I am leaving you.”

*And the drunken, erratic response from April’s
ex-boyfriend, Trevor Post, upon finding said
various notes:*

“You really, really think this guy is gonna’
make it all right?
You told me you could never be
in love with another man,
‘Oh, but this one is it!’
But I remember when we met,
we knew that this was the end.
Yeah I remember—I remember everything—
Yeah everything—the haircuts,
the dollar movies.
We used to sneak a six pack in your bag,
and wait for a girl to scream or a car to crash
so we could crack open our cans.
Or the time you shaved my head
in the front yard;
a passerby stopped to take a picture—
we ended up in the paper.
And now you want to leave?
Well, maybe I forgot a couple things,
it doesn’t mean I don’t remember how it feels
when you’re laying naked next to me.

Valentine, I want to feel your hips
pressed up against mine.
We'll push into each other—love's alive.
It might be fleeting, but it's ours
and it's tonight...
so won't you reconsider love-lost lives?
You might be lonely, but I'm still by your side.
You might have to leave, but not tonight."

2. Am I Not Yours?

Who's your schoolfriend?
He's left you some messages.
He'd love to see you again—
he thinks your ideas are brilliant...
and since you've been going out for coffee
with him lately,
well, is he a pretty good looking guy?
Jealousy.
Am I not yours?
We stopped for some alcohol.
You stayed in the car.
The bars had gotten out, that line was so long...
and I saw you over on the pay phone.
So I was thinking—who do you ever call
at one a.m.?
I wonder who that was.
Jealousy.
I am not yours.
We lay so stiffly, and act like we're sleeping.
But my eyes are staring, and you're not

breathing heavily.
I know when you're sleeping—you purr so
softly on my neck.
Jealousy, I am.

3. Escape Artist

Midnight is rising,
your eyes adjusting on a sullen, distant and
persistent moon.
The shadows are thickets,
they swarm with frogs and crickets,
droning a collective tone.
Once you get lost in it, there's no need for
turning back.
Twilight has pulled you in strong,
just like that the weather shifts
and something triggers your legs to carry on.
Why are you running away
over and over again?
Why are you running in place?
Daylight is shining, your retinas are burning,
burning, burning, something is evident your
legs will carry you on.
The old haunts are real!
It's just a matter of time before they bury you!

4. May Flowers

I colored this picture for you.
A little girl crying in her room.

Her mom's just outside the door
holding her head.
And her brother's outside shooting hoops.
Yeah, you can see him past her windowsill,
but we're not looking at him
the same ever again.
"Baby, what'd he do to you?
Come on, what's happened to you?
Tell Mama that you're O.K."
May flowers.
She won't say a single word.
The doctor's gave up on her,
"Some things just can't be cured."
Or covered up.
These days she's hardly alive.
She's already dead in the eyes.
The house has been silent ever since.
Tell me what happened to Caroline.
Whatever happened to Caroline?
"Baby, what'd he do to you?
Come on, what's happened to you?
Mama knows it hurts inside."
(Deflowered)
"When you're on your feet again
you'll grow a resilience to those cold,
unrelenting showers."
May flowers grow taller,
the harder April storms on the land.
If you knew the storms were gonna' come...
I thought mothers protected their young.
Those rain clouds are hiding your son.

Now 'Look at what happened to Caroline!'
'Whatever happened to Caroline?'
How do we solve a problem like—Uh-oh.
Uh uh, we don't.
Still, we've got to catch those clouds,
we've got to keep them down.
How do we solve a problem we don't want to
know about?
Uh-oh, we don't.

5. Sinner's Serenade

Oh god, no—please don't tell her
what I've done
I can hardly look at her
everything I love, I hurt
Oh God, yes—she is love
she is sex.
But I used her for the game.
A scapegoat to carry the blame
for a hate song
For a hate song
It's like masochism—I hate
these hate songs.
Holding a dove,
then clipping its wings off
Someone you love,
and you give them the kiss off.
Someone to love—and you fuck it up!
How I hate these dirty words I emulate

How I hate ruining what I create
How I hate this (and I hate that
you don't fall for it)–this
sinner's serenade
This hate song (this self defecation)
isn't helping anyone
Save the sinner
Save the sinner
He knows not what he's done to himself
What he's done to others
He hides behind words
he hides behind liquor
He hides in his bedroom with his guitar,
screaming, "Sinner!"

Oh God, look what I've done
in the bedroom.

6. Nonsense

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Ba dop Ba dop Bop ba
It doesn't matter now, what this song's about

I really don't want to write another
"I'm a dick" song again
It doesn't matter now, what the songs about
my mouth is my own bear trap
I keep setting and stepping in
It doesn't matter now, what the song's about
No matter what I did, no matter what I said

it doesn't matter now, you've got it figured out
But we could continue on, such nonsense to
fill the days
And now we won't speak, of ugly things,
but when these lyrics come out
you'll scream and say
"One foot's in your mouth and the other foot's
in your grave
so sing your heart out loud"
I'm a dick. There I said it.
(I am)

7. Once

Once a liar, always a liar
Once a cheater, always a cheater
Once a day you'll remember the day
Once you loved but you loved once too many
Just this once
Just this once

I forget, who are you with, huh?
Where's your heart sleep this week?
Who's your baby, your hookup, your mama,
your sugar daddy?
Once you're guilty you carry your guilt
Once you spill out your heart there's no refill
Once you told me you loved too much
Once you start it's never enough
Just this once
Just this once

Once a liar, always a liar
Once a cheater, always a cheater
Once a day you'll remember the day
Once you loved but you loved once too many
Just this once
Just this once

8. Adapt

I want the rich boy
But the rich boy, he doesn't want me
I like the pretty girls
But the pretty girls, they don't like me

Adapt
Nobody wants to be left in their past
Adapt
Nobody wants to be told how to act
Nobody wants to be held back
Be a good kid now
Just do what they ask

But I want the nice house
I want the nice house
But the nice houses don't come too cheap
Well, I want the best god
Yeah, I want the biggest god
But those gods are so hard to believe

Adapt
Somebody has to keep waving the flag

Adapt
Somebody has to keep justice intact
Somebody has to get stabbed in the back
It's for a good cause
Now do what they ask

I am a good boy

The Ugly Organ Extended Credits:

Cursive:

Gretta Cohn—Cello
Tim Kasher—Vocals, Guitars, Organ
Matt Maginn—Bass
Clint Schnase—Drums, Percussion
Ted Stevens—Guitars, Vocals

Tracks 1-4:

Produced by Mike Mogis and Cursive
Recorded and mixed by Mike Mogis at Presto!

Track 5:

Additional musicians:
Thad Aerts—Horns
Malcolm Miles—Horns

Produced by Mike Mogis & Tim Kasher
Recorded at Presto!
Engineered by AJ Mogis & Mike Mogis

Track 6:

Produced by Mike Mogis & Tim Kasher
Recorded at Presto! by A.J. and Mike Mogis

Track 7:

Produced by Dan Brennan, Mike Brannan,
and Cursive
Recorded at Artery Recording
Engineered by Dan Brennan & Mike Brannan

Track 8:

Produced by Dan Brennan, Mike Brannan,
and Cursive
Recorded at Artery Recording
Engineered by Dan Brennan & Mike Brannan

Originally mastered by Doug Van Sloun
at Studio B
Remastered by Ed Brooks at RFI Mastering

“Eight Teeth to Eat You” Artwork:

Humanfive

The Ugly Organ

Deluxe Edition Credits:

Photo Credits:

Hiro Tanaka
Hidetomo Hirayama
Bill Sitzmann
Andrew Donigan
Travis Gardner
William Powell
Josh Scheuerman
Charles Shannon
Bryce Bridges

Poster Credits:

Print Mafia (scissors)
Josh Staples (spoon guy)
Thomas Scott (crying baby)
Brian Ewing (girl & cat)
Aesthetic Apparatus (boy)
Print Mafia (tape on cardboard)
Jadon Ulrich (cursive logo)
Yuriko Yoshino (Eastern Youth & Cursive X2)
Rolo Castillo (blue pinochio)
Heather Yiirs (blue bench)

Layout:

Zack Nipper

CURSIVE
EASTERN YOUTH

8 TEETH TO EAT YOU



Cursive - Japanese Split EP

(4 emotional songs)

2/2/02

Artist Cursive Client Saddle Creek
 Producer Sissy Pants Engineer Magis
 Speed Lots of it Tape yes, at 15ips Level Rock Dolby no dbx no
 Location Studio Studio Prost! Automated yes asst. yes, I'd like Date yes, I'd like

Take	Title	Time	Remarks
1)	Cello Song		This song kind of sucks, it's about a cello... I mean, come on.
2)	May Flowers *		Kind of a Grl. Song
3)	Running In Place *		This is better, it's Ted's song. Ted seems to be a better songwriter than Tim.
4)	Jealousy		Now you can really tell Tim's hurting. I like that, you know, when Tim's in pain. I guess this isn't a bad song.
5)	Row, Row, Row Your Boat		Easily the best song Cursive ever written.
6)	Method Acting		This is actually a Bright Eyes song.
7)	Was is it, Paint? all 2002		
8)	* Mastering notes:		
	On tracks 2 & 3 please bring up the sides a little.		
9)	CD Intro - Bright Eyes		* Song Order: 4, 3, 5, 2, 1
10)	CD Outro - Bright Eyes		M.M.

Tempe 6-3-04

1. Song 5
2. Jealousy
3. Sierra
4. Friend

5. Career
6. Fairytales
7. Dirt
8. Tempest

9. Recluse
10. Song 5
11. Martyr
12. Stay

13. Gen
14. Art
15. Red

Albuquerque 6-8-04

1. Drift
2. Jealousy
3. Fairy
4. Friend

5. Dirt
6. Dedication
7. Career
8. Tempest

9. Recluse
10. Song 5
11. Martyr
12. Stay

13. Gen
14. Art
15. Red

DALLAS 6-9-04

1. Fairytales
2. Jealousy
3. Sierra
4. Friends

5. Dirt
6. Harold
7. Career
8. Tempest

9. Recluse
10. Driftwood
11. Martyr
12. Song 5

13. Gentleman
14. Art
15. Red Hand

LAST
PLACE
PLACE
SHAW





The Ugly Organ

Tours: 2003-04

01/08/03	Fireside Bowl	Chicago	IL
01/09/03	Little Brothers	Columbus	OH
01/10/03	First Unitarian	Philadelphia	PA
01/11/03	Bowery Ballroom	New York	NY
01/12/03	Middle East	Cambridge	MA
01/13/03	Black Cat	Washington	DC
01/14/03	Go Studios	Carrboro	NC
01/15/03	Echo Lounge	Atlanta	GA
01/16/03	The Social	Orlando	FL
01/17/03	Common Grounds	Gainesville	FL
01/18/03	Red Rose	Murfreesboro	TN
01/19/03	Hi-Point	St. Louis	MO
01/24/03	Bottleneck	Lawrence	KS
01/25/03	Bluebird Theatre	Denver	CO
01/26/03	Kilby Court	S.L.C.	UT
01/28/03	Paradox	Seattle	WA
01/29/03	Meow Meow	Portland	OR
01/30/03	Bottom of the Hill	S.F.	CA
01/31/03	Troubadour	Los Angeles	CA
02/01/03	Che Café	San Diego	CA

02/02/03	Nitas Hideaway	Tempe	AZ
02/03/03	Club 101	El Paso	TX
02/05/03	Emos	Austin	TX
02/06/03	Rubber Gloves	Denton	TX
03/15/03	Sokol Auditorium	Omaha	NE
03/18/03	Ascot Room	Minneapolis	MN
03/19/03	The Globe East	Milwaukee	WI
03/20/03	Metro	Chicago	IL
03/21/03	Majestic Theatre	Detroit	MI
03/22/03	Little Brother's	Columbus	OH
03/23/03	Trocadero Theatre	Philadelphia	PA
03/24/03	Somerville Theatre	Somerville	MA
03/25/03	Southpaw	Brooklyn	NY
03/26/03	Bowery Ballroom	New York	NY
03/27/03	Black Cat	Washington	DC
03/28/03	Cat's Cradle	Carrboro	NC
03/29/03	The Casbah	Charlotte	NC
03/31/03	The State Theatre	St. Petersburg	FL
04/01/03	Polish American	Miami	FL
04/02/03	The Social	Orlando	FL
04/03/03	Echo Lounge	Atlanta	GA
04/04/03	Exit / In	Nashville	TN
04/05/03	Creepy Crawl	St. Louis	MO
04/06/03	The Blue Note	Columbia	MO
04/14/03	El Torreon	Kansas City	MO

04/15/03	Gothic Theatre	Englewood	CO	06/06/03	Molotow	Hamburg	DE
04/16/03	Bricks	S.L.C.	UT	06/09/03	Checkpoint Charlie	Stavanger	NO
04/17/03	Graceland	Seattle	WA	06/10/03	Garage	Bergen	NO
04/18/03	Graceland	Seattle	WA	06/11/03	Mono	Oslo	NO
04/19/03	Meow Meow	Portland	OR	06/15/03	Soundhaus	Northampton	GB
04/21/03	Bottom Of The Hill	S.F.	CA	06/16/03	Casbah	Sheffield	GB
04/22/03	Great American	S.F.	CA	06/17/03	Cathouse	Glasgow	GB
04/24/03	Glass House	Pomona	CA	06/18/03	Charlotte	Leicester	GB
04/25/03	Henry Fonda	Los Angeles	CA	06/19/03	Garage	London	GB
04/26/03	The Scene	San Diego	CA	06/21/03	Textielhuis	Kortrijk	BE
04/27/03	Club Congress	Tucson	AZ	06/22/03	Gebäude 9	Cologne	DE
04/28/03	Nita's Hideaway	Tempe	AZ	06/23/03	Forrellenhof	Salzgitter	DE
04/29/03	Club 101	El Paso	TX	06/24/03	Koz	Frankfurt	DE
05/01/03	Emo's	Austin	TX	08/10/03	Sokol Auditorium	Omaha	NE
05/02/03	Fat Cats	Houston	TX	08/22/03	NE Union Plaza	Lincoln	NE
05/03/03	Trees	Dallas	TX	09/10/03	Triple Rock	Minneapolis	MN
05/04/03	City Arts Center	OKC	OK	09/11/03	Grinnell College	Grinnell	IA
05/29/03	Magnet	Berlin	DE	09/12/03	Metro	Chicago	IL
05/30/03	Immergut Festival	Neustrelitz	DE	09/13/03	Majestic Theatre	Detroit	MI
05/31/03	Star Club	Dresden	DE	09/14/03	Little Brother's	Columbus	OH
06/01/03	Backstage Club	Munchen	DE	09/15/03	Club Laga	Pittsburgh	PA
06/02/03	Flippaut Rock Fest	Bologna	IT	09/16/03	Nietzsche's	Buffalo	NY
06/03/03	Rote Fabrik	Zurich	CH	09/17/03	Hamilton College	Clinton	NY
06/04/03	Botanique	Brussels	BE	09/18/03	Middle East	Cambridge	MA
06/05/03	Paradiso	Amsterdam	NL	09/19/03	Cricket Club	Irvington	NJ

09/20/03	Trocadero Theatre	Philadelphia	PA	10/31/03	Takutaku	Kyoto	JP
09/21/03	Bowery Ballroom	New York	NY	11/03/03	Nita's Hideaway	Tempe	AZ
09/23/03	Black Cat	Washington	DC	11/04/03	Club 101	El Paso	TX
09/24/03	Alley Katz	Richmond	VA	11/06/03	Numbers	Houston	TX
09/25/03	Cat's Cradle	Carrboro	NC	11/07/03	Emo's	Austin	TX
09/26/03	Tremont Music Hall	Charlotte	NC	11/08/03	Trees	Dallas	TX
09/27/03	Echo Lounge	Atlanta	GA	02/20/04	Astoria	London	GB
09/28/03	The Social	Orlando	FL	02/21/04	Astoria	London	GB
10/01/03	40 Watt Club	Athens	GA	02/22/04	O2 Academy	Bristol	GB
10/02/03	Exit / In	Nashville	TN	02/23/04	Rock City	Nottingham	GB
10/03/03	Mississippi Nights	St. Louis	MO	02/24/04	Leeds Met Univ.	Leeds	UK
10/04/03	The Bottleneck	Lawrence	KS	02/25/04	Paradiso	Amsterdam	NL
10/14/03	Gothic Theatre	Englewood	CO	02/26/04	Vera	Groningen	NL
10/15/03	DV8	S.L.C.	UT	02/27/04	Gebäude 9	Cologne	DE
10/17/03	Graceland	Seattle	WA	02/28/04	Molotow	Hamburg	DE
10/18/03	Nocturnal	Portland	OR	02/29/04	Maria	Berlin	DE
10/20/03	Bottom Of The Hill	S.F.	CA	03/01/04	Cookys	Frankfurt	DE
10/21/03	Great American	S.F.	CA	03/02/04	Gleis 22	Munster	DE
10/22/03	Henry Fonda	Los Angeles	CA	03/03/04	La Botanique	Brussels	BE
10/23/03	The Scene	San Diego	CA	03/04/04	The Garage	London	GB
10/24/03	Glass House	Pomona	CA	04/19/04	Triple Rock	Minneapolis	MN
10/27/03	Liquid Room	Tokyo	JP	04/20/04	Club Majestic	Madison	WI
10/28/03	Shelter	Tokyo	JP	04/21/04	Metro	Chicago	IL
10/29/03	Club Quattro	Nagoya	JP	04/22/04	The Majestic	Detroit	MI
10/30/03	Big Cat	Osaka	JP	04/23/04	Little Brother's	Columbus	OH

04/24/04	The World	Pittsburgh	PA	05/30/04	Glass House	Pomona	CA
04/25/04	Trocadero Theatre	Philadelphia	PA	05/31/04	SOMA	San Diego	CA
04/26/04	The Roxy	Boston	MA	06/02/04	House of Blues	Las Vegas	NV
04/27/04	Bowery Ballroom	New York	NY	06/03/04	Marquee Theatre	Tempe	AZ
04/28/04	Bowery Ballroom	New York	NY	06/04/04	Rialto Theatre	Tucson	AZ
04/29/04	Bowery Ballroom	New York	NY	06/05/04	Launchpad	Albuquerque	NM
04/30/04	9:30 Club	Washington	DC	06/07/04	Emo's	Austin	TX
05/02/04	Coachella	Indio	CA	06/08/04	Engine Room	Houston	TX
05/04/04	Tremont Music Hall	Charlotte	NC	06/09/04	Trees	Dallas	TX
05/06/04	The Social	Orlando	FL	08/16/04	Sokol Auditorium	Omaha	NE
05/07/04	The Social	Orlando	FL	08/17/04	Coors Amphitheatre	Englewood	CO
05/08/04	Variety Playhouse	Atlanta	GA	08/18/04	USANA Amphitheatre	S.L.C.	UT
05/09/04	Exit / In	Nashville	TN	08/20/04	Roseland Theatre	Portland	OR
05/10/04	Mississippi Nights	St. Louis	MO	08/23/04	Jerry's Pizza	Bakersfield	CA
05/11/04	Liberty Hall	Lawrence	KS	08/24/04	Coors Amphitheatre	Chula Vista	CA
05/12/04	Sokol Auditorium	Omaha	NE	08/25/04	Cricket Pavillion	Pheonix	AZ
05/18/04	Ogden Theatre	Denver	CO	08/26/04	Big Game Studios	Fresno	CA
05/21/04	Crystal Ballroom	Portland	OR	08/27/04	Home Depot Center	Carson	CA
05/22/04	Neumo's	Seattle	WA	08/28/04	SBC Park	S.F.	NV
05/24/04	Great American	S.F.	CA	08/29/04	ARCO Arena	Sacramento	NV
05/25/04	Great American	S.F.	CA				
05/26/04	Troubadour	Los Angeles	CA				
05/27/04	Troubadour	Los Angeles	CA				
05/28/04	Troubadour	Los Angeles	CA				
05/29/04	Glass House	Pomona	CA				







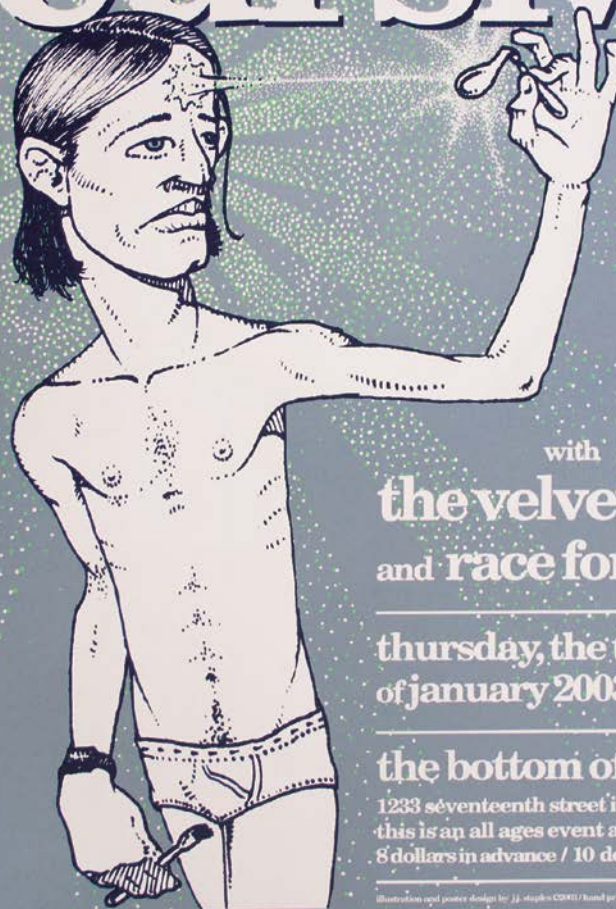






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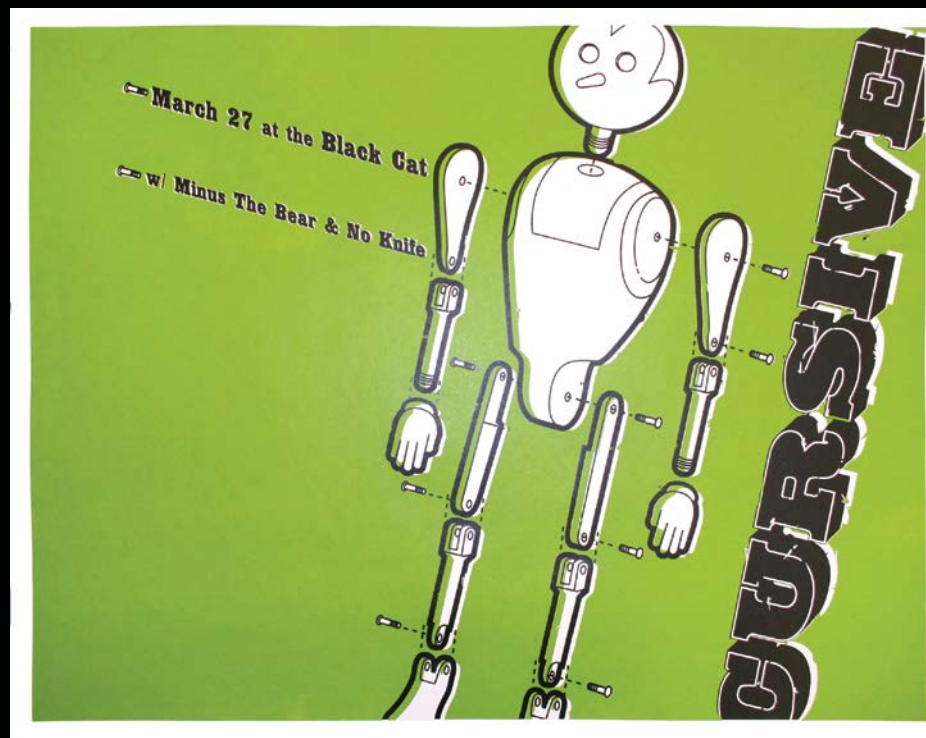
with
the velvet teen
and **race for titles**

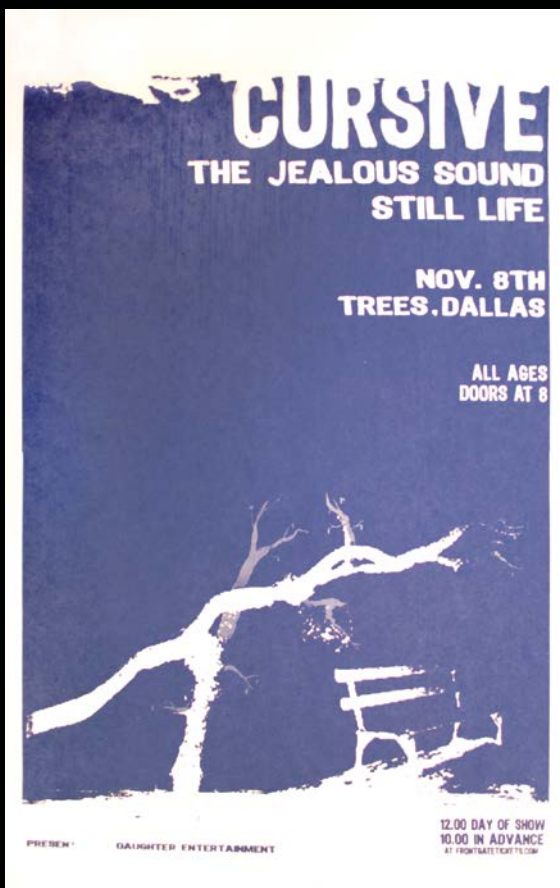
thursday, the thirtieth
of january 2003, 8:30pm

the bottom of the hill

1233 seventeenth street in san francisco
this is an all ages event and tickets cost
8 dollars in advance / 10 dollars at the door

illustration and poster design by jk-stephens CDR11 hand printed by jay son taylor at schubert







KYOKUTO-SAIZENSEN
What can you see from your place.
eastern youth
cursive

MON.OCTOBER 27 Shinjuku LIQUID ROOM
OPEN 18:00 / START 19:00 ADV.2,800yen SMASH 03-3444-6751
PIA[P:153-208], LAWSON[L:37036], e+, CN, 岩盤, ALL MAN

WED.OCTOBER 29 Nagoya CLUB QUATTRO
OPEN 18:00 / START 19:00 ADV.3,300yen[w/1D] JAIL HOUSE 052-936-6041
PIA[P:722-322], LAWSON[L:46718], e+, CN

THU.OCTOBER 30 Osaka BIG CAT
OPEN 18:00 / START 19:00 ADV.2,800yen SMASH WEST 06-6361-0313
PIA[P:242-627], LAWSON[L:54140], e+, CN

TICKET ON SALE: SAT.AUGUST 30



eastern youth / cursive

Split Album "8 Teeth to Eat You"

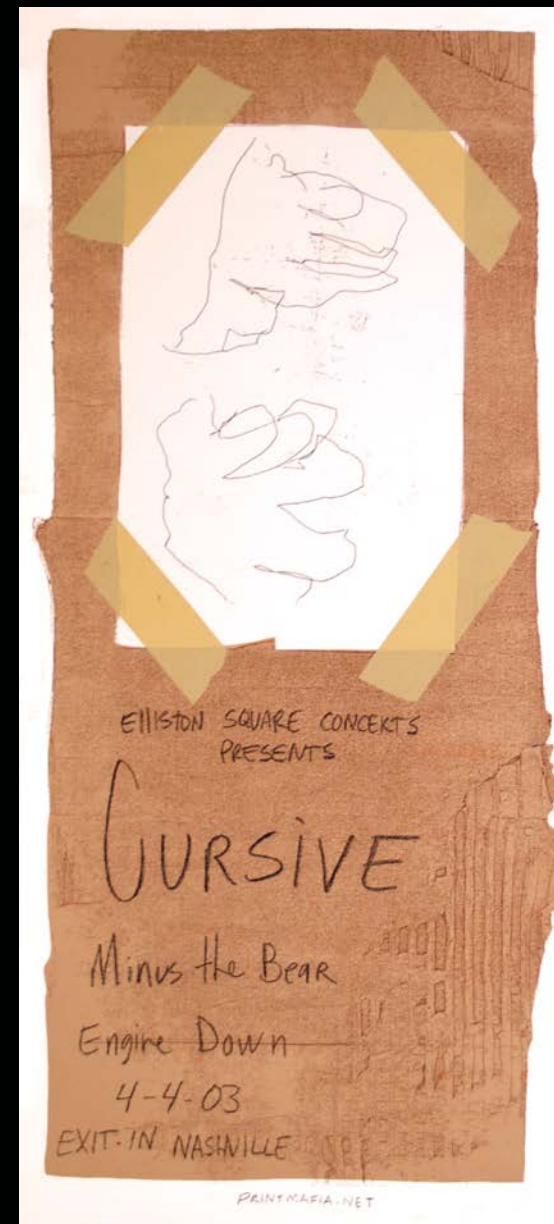
極東中西部最前線

US / JAPAN TOUR

Kyokuto Chuseihu Saizensen "GO AROUND MUYOH-NO-SUKE"

Jun-10 Portland, OR - Meow Meow
Jun-11 Seattle, WA - Paradox
Jun-13 San Francisco, CA - Bottom of the Hill
Jun-14 Los Angeles, CA - Troubadour
Jun-15 San Diego, CA - The Cafe
Jun-16 Pomona, CA - Glass House
Jun-17 Las Vegas, NV - The Cooler
Jun-19 Tempe, AZ - Mita's Hideaway
Jun-20 El Paso, TX - Stop Line

Jun-21 Austin, TX - Emos
Jun-22 Denton, TX - Rubber Gloves
Jun-24 Omaha, NE - Sokol Underground
Jun-26 Minneapolis, MN - Ascot Room
Jun-27 Milwaukee, WI - The Globe
Jun-28 Chicago, IL - The Abbey
Jul-12 Osaka, Japan - Big Cat
Jul-13 Nagoya, Japan - Club Quattro
Jul-15 Tokyo, Japan - Shibuya-Ax



Cursive Presents:

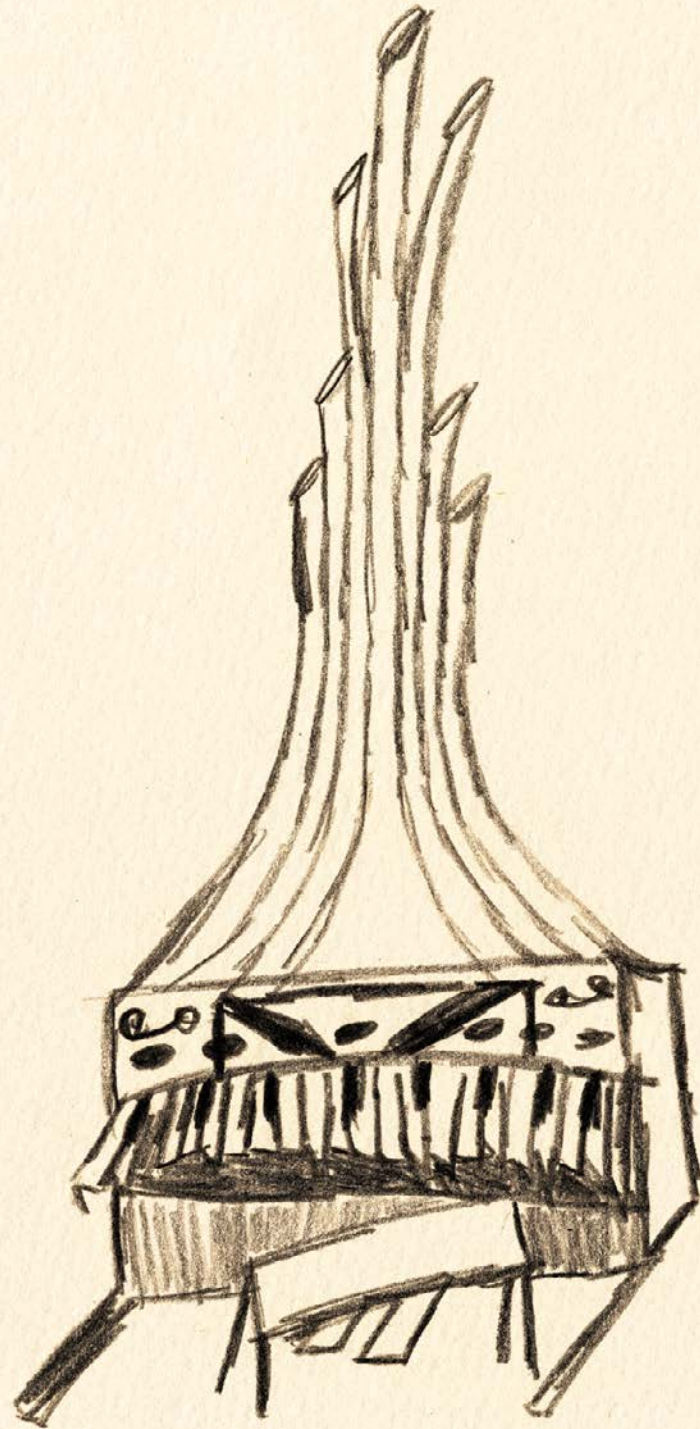


"The Ugly Organ"

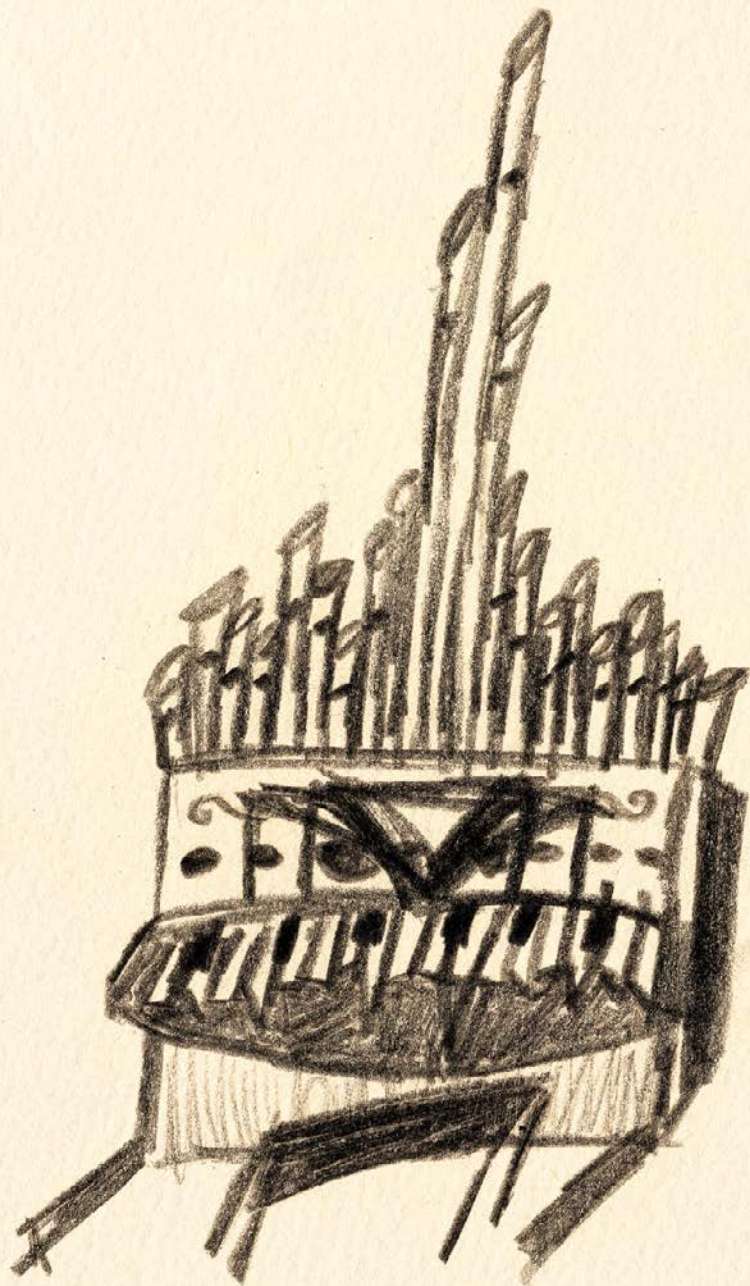
The Bear

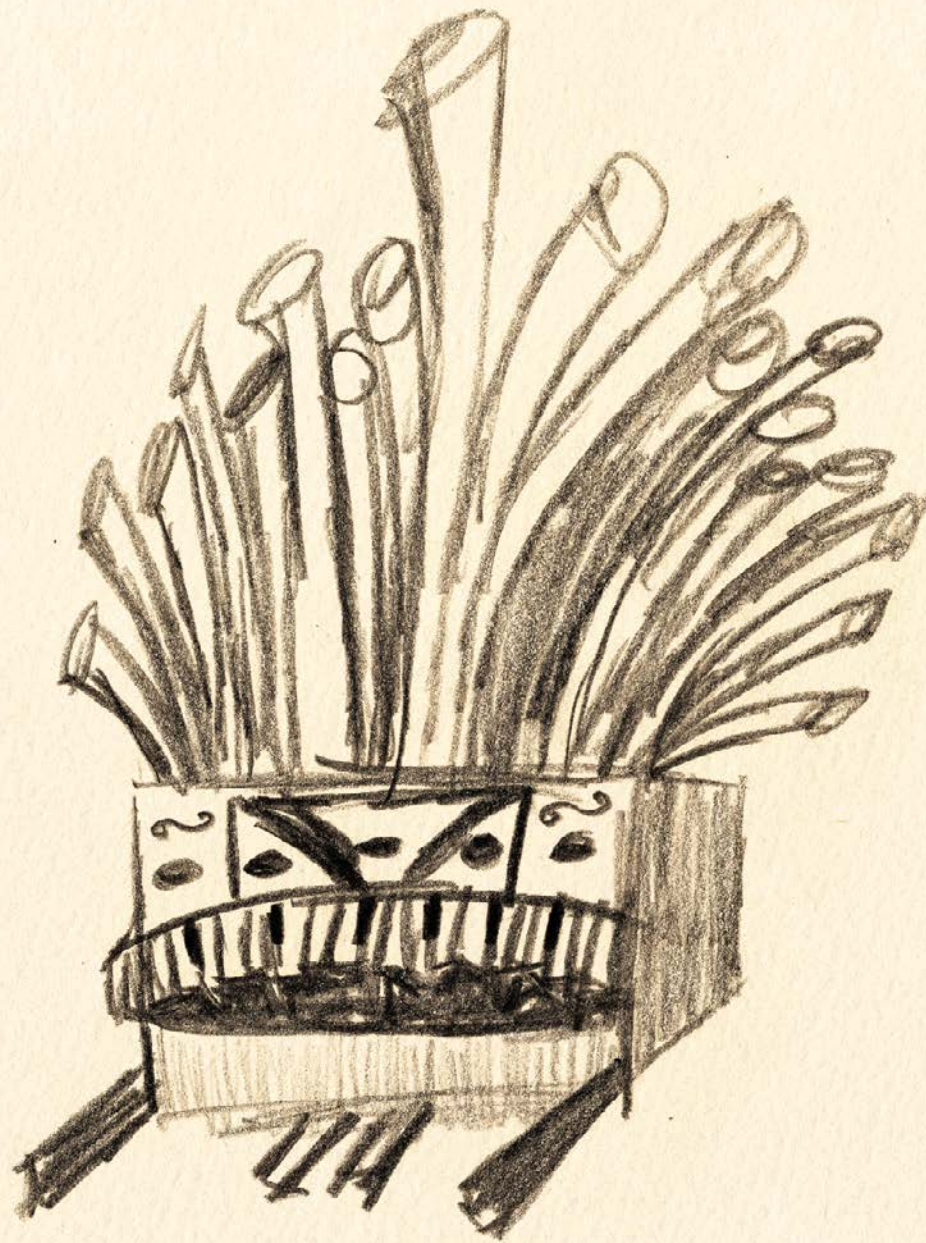


CAVE, should look
sun scorched, burned + dry









The Ugly Organist Some Red Handed Slight of Hand Art is Hard The Recluse
Herald! Frankenstein Butcher the Song Driftwood: A Fairy Tale A Gentlemen Caller
Harold Weatherwane Bloody Murderer Sierra Staying Alive



Excerpts from Various Notes Scrawled Around the Bedroom of April Connolly Feb 24, 1997

Am I Not Yours? Escape Artist May Flowers

Sinner's Serenade Nonsense Once Adapt