

APOCALYPSE IN TENNESSEE

RAGS

100 YEARS OF  
SUBTERRANEAN  
SOCIETY BLUES  
NEVER FIND  
US NOW

THESE  
SMALL  
THINGS

PARKLAND

SINGS THE  
SONGS OF THE

FUTURE

WE ARE  
AND  
WE ARE

ANDROID  
LOVE SONG  
DELIVERED  
IN THE  
RUBBLE

STELLA CHARLEMAGNE  
TALKIN' MARS  
DUST BLUES  
LOVE YOU GOOD  
SURRENDER

APPLE IN THE SKY ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING

# RAGS PARKLAND SINGS THE SONGS OF THE FUTURE

Produced by **David Treatman, Tony Maimone**  
Engineered by **Tony Maimone, Mike Jinno**  
Mixed by **Tony Maimone**  
Mastered by **Adam Ayan**  
Recorded & Mixed at **Studio G (Brooklyn, NY)**  
Mastered at **Gateway Mastering Studios**  
Cover & Package Design by **Philip Romano**

All songs by **Andrew R. Butler** (ASCAP)  
Orchestration, Arrangement, and Additional Music by  
**Rick Burkhardt, Andrew R. Butler, Tony Jarvis,  
Jessie Linden, Madeline Smith, Maya Sharpe,  
and Debbie Christine Tjong**

Musicians: **Rick Burkhardt** (Accordion/Vocals),  
**Andrew R. Butler** (Guitar/Banjo/Harmonica/Vocals),  
**Tony Jarvis** (Bass Clarinet/Tenor Saxophone)  
**Jessie Linden** (Drums), **Stacey Sargeant** (Vocals),  
**Debbie Christine Tjong** (Bass/Vocals)

Book, Music, and Lyrics by **Andrew R. Butler**  
Directed by **Jordan Fein**  
Music Direction by **Madeline Smith**  
Sound Design by **Ben Lapidus**



World Premiere produced by **Ars Nova**  
**Jason Eagan**, Founding Artistic Director **Renee Blinkwolt**, Managing Director  
[arsnovanyc.com](http://arsnovanyc.com)

Scenic Design: **Laura Jellinek** Costume Design: **Andy Jean**  
Lighting Design: **Barbara Samuels** Sound Design: **Mikaal Sulaiman** Casting: **Henry Russell Bergstein**  
Production Stage Manager: **Jhanaë K-C Bonnick** Assistant Stage Manager: **John C. Moore**  
Dramaturg: **Jillian Walker** Associate Music Director/Copyist: **Brian Ge** Assistant Director: **Kedian Keohan** Production  
Assistant: **Aaron Lindenber** Associate Set Designer: **Stephan Moravski** Asst. Costume Designer: **John Brennecke**  
Asst. Lighting Designer: **Valerie Insardi** Asst. Sound Designer: **Adam Smith** Props Master: **Becky Parker Geist** Technical  
Director: **Catarina Uceta** Costume Supervisor: **Dina Abd El-Aziz** Master Electrician: **Keith Meola** Sound Supervisor:  
**Mark Van Hare** Scenic Charge: **Lydia Milich** Lighting Programmers: **Parker Conzone Andrew Diamond** Lighting  
Consultants: **Christopher Bowser Joe D'Emilio** Audio Mixer: **Adam Smith** Deck Audio: **Jaechelle Johnson** Wardrobe  
Supervisor: **Isaac Q Grivett** Asst. Production Managers: **Kyrsten Louchen Matthew Henao** Carpenters: **Riyad Adam**  
**Andrew Clark Ricky Garcia Joshua Leon Winslow Lindsay Jesse Mattes Shelby Ramsey Jeff Rowell**  
**Adreen Maxwell Scott Libby Polkoski** Electricians: **Sarah Baughman Austin Boyle Alex Christie Andrew Diamond**  
**Chris Ferranti Matt Guarino Jesse Itskowitz Stephon Legere Dan Mackle Matt Morris Christina Tang**  
Audio: **Toby Algya Claire Autran Rob Brooksher Caroline Eng** Scenic Artists: **Justin Donica Phoebe Mauro**  
**Shaina Tabak Drivers: Jamil Chokachi Kevin Cutler Sean Muzzi** Scenery Provided by: **Hillbolic Arts & Carpentry**  
Hairdresser for Ms. Sargeant: **ActTRESSES Hair @ourblacktresses** Lighting Equipment Provided by: **Production Resource**  
**Group** Sound Equipment Provided by: **Masque Sound & Recording Corp.** Music Video: **Joe Curnutte**  
Front of House: **Christopher Anselmo Chelsea Barker Jack Dentinger Ryan Dobrin Kristin Goehring**  
**Madeline Grandusky-Howe Grace Herman-Holland Nicholas Leung Gale Linares MJ Lugo**  
**Brittany Mashel Katrina Mattson Alex Raby Dominique Rider Andrew Rubenbauer Jack Scaletta**  
**Kimberly Sears Alexa Spiegel Caroline Sprague Nikki Vega Corianne Wilson Chris Withers**

# Rags Parkland Sings the Songs of The Future

The Original Cast Recording of this award-winning new musical doubles as a sci-fi concept album, intercutting fictional live recordings of two concerts — one that resurrects the folk music of the 23rd century's civil rights movement, and one that places you in the heart of that life or death struggle, at the underground concert of blues-rock rebels (and constructed humans) Beaux Weathers & The Future. The never-before-heard audio of the band's final performance is framed by the return-to-Earth concert of The Future's only human-born member, Rags Parkland. Combined, they paint an all too familiar picture of perseverance in the face of persecution — a rallying cry for vigilance against the hatred that fuels human evil as we turn the corner into the 24th century.



Recorded  
Live at  
The Over/Under  
2252 // 2241

# Rags Parkland Sings the Songs of The Future

Thanks to the Memdat Recovery Program, through whose efforts many erased experiences of the Constructed Rights movement have been re-remembered, we have been able to reconstruct a pivotal moment in this century's fight for Constructed Rights: the final concert of Beaux Weathers & The Future.

In the years following that fateful concert, partial memdat of the evening's events - along with the band's illicit music - circulated covertly and spurred a massive shift in public sentiment that laid the groundwork for the passage of Constructed Rights. Later, the underground revival in the 50s, which spread and popularized the music and art of formerly underground communities, saw its rise alongside Rags Parkland's 2252 solo concert at The Over/Under.

This record takes the live recording of Parkland's concert, in many ways a memorial to his former bandmates in The Future, and uses it to contextualize the newly recovered memdat of The Future's final performance. As Parkland looks back to Weathers' life and music, the record follows. While there we hopefully reconnect with the imperative of resistance to the mortal dangers of hate and division and the necessity of stamping them out wherever and in whomever they may rear their ugly heads. When the album reverts to Parkland's concert, and as we connect his search for meaningful action with our own, we hope to chart a course toward the future The Future fought for.

-Elbme Surfeit, 1/24/2299

## 1. APOCALYPSE IN TENNESSEE

*(Parkland)*

I wish that I could call  
My daddy up on the phone  
But prob'ly he's dead, and if not then he's crazy  
Least he was back when I was at home  
He was probably glad that I left  
He did better alone

I traveled the stars  
I'm not sorry that I ran away  
I thought I was escaping the end of the world  
I believed what my daddy would say  
Fourteen years hearing that  
Each day would be the last day

Have you heard the prophecy  
Apocalypse in Tennessee  
Every day the end of days is nigh

Comets made of iron and blood  
The coming of a second flood  
A million different ways we're gonna die  
Guess that was easier than giving life a try

So I left the Earth,  
but my Daddy was still in my head  
In each empty space tween the stars in the sky  
I'd envision the things that he'd said  
The end of the world and the people I left there  
all dead

Have you heard the prophecy  
Apocalypse in Tennessee  
Every day the end of days is nigh

Just throw away your Earthly stuff  
We'll enter heaven in the buff  
You'll wear a star tiara in the sky  
Don't that sound easier than giving life a try

You only die once  
I hope I do it right  
That I rage against the dying of the light  
That the friends who went before me  
Are proud of how I fight

I was born to be meek  
But I learned about might (x3)

Most folks don't get twice to get it right

Some folks live a few lives  
And some people barely live one  
Your brain is a map of the memories you make  
Who reads the map when you're done?  
Where will it lead?  
At the end will they wish that it went on?

You only die once  
I hope I do it right  
That I rage against the dying of the light  
That the friends who went before me  
Are proud of how I fight

I was born to be meek  
But I learned about might (x3)

Most folks don't get twice to get it right

I don't think I'll ever talk to my daddy again  
But I'd like to know if he ever stopped thinking  
Today's when the world's gonna end

If we'll be here tomorrow  
There's a few things that we ought to mend (x2)

If we'll be here tomorrow  
Yesterday's worth rememberin'

## 2. ANDROID LOVE SONG

*(Parkland)*

Honey pie I like your eye  
And how it falls on me  
You turn the spring that makes us sing  
In perfect harmony  
I know that you're not full of gears  
But still I harbor silly fears  
About what my folks are gonna say  
When they find out you're a robot  
And I love you just the same

Honey child I love your smile  
And how it fills your face  
You're a book I'll read all night  
And never lose my place  
I know you're made of flesh and blood  
But not from woman did you come  
You're part perfect lover part machine  
So what's a super-human girl  
Doing with a no-good chump like me?

I thought I was the luckiest guy  
To ever roam these hills  
You're a treat, and you're sight  
and god knows you're a thrill  
And everything was peachy-keen until

Honey babe I love the way  
You love me strong and slow  
Your heart's a clock it says tick tock  
And boy does that clock go  
Pretty soon it's 4 A.M.  
And you're ready to go again  
I'm not sure that I'm well enough equipped  
To keep up with the kisses from your perfect  
android lips

### 3. TALKIN' MARS DUST BLUES

(Parkland)

Back in twenty-two forty-one  
I had a little organ smugglin' operation  
Me and my girl, we lived underground  
And hauled fake hearts in and out of town

We got the money,  
We bought clothes and groceries and  
Loved on each other the very best that we could

But the jig got busted  
and the girl was a bot  
So they hauled her away  
and put me right into court  
I swapped out prison for a stint on Mars  
Doin' hard labor with the convicts there  
They flew me up in a bar car, sucker went light speed  
Dropped me off in a big old Martian crater

I looked around and tried not to cry  
And that red ol' dust storm filled the sky  
The other fellas there they was mostly full bots  
Just guilty for living more likely than not  
Course you know,  
they're pretty lucky to be livin' at all...  
They could've been spare parts, right?

I got a little house in the Asimov Crater  
It was built for the folks who was comin' in later  
Went out everyday workin' big machines  
Turning red Mars rock into Earth-like things  
Making heaven out of hell  
That's not bad for a bunch of convicts, less-  
thans, not-quite-humans,  
We built that planet

When the day was done I could walk around  
Just up and down the lonesome town  
Not a whole lot to do yet on Mars, mostly just a  
bunch of robots, convicts  
Everything lookin' like photographs of the 19-50s.

They thought that idea'd go far  
So they had us build replicas of early cars  
And someone had to test 'em so I jumped aboard  
I got a Cadillac, with big fins, two doors

I jumped into the driver's seat,  
And I drove down 42nd street,  
In my Cadillac. How bout that?  
That's a good car to drive. On Mars.

Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you  
Comin' down that crater she really flew  
I felt like I could outrun the law  
But there's nowhere to go on Mars at all  
Cause it's a prison. Planet. Colony. Future Earth.  
It'll be your new address you just give it a minute

The work we done it'd leave us broke  
So dadgum beat I thought I'd croak  
And some folks did, got worked to death  
But you wouldn't of heard about their last breath  
Cause they're just spare parts, right?

Well I go home  
And I go to sleep  
And in my dreams  
There's electric sheep  
But I'm a human  
I think

### 4. STELLA CHARLEMAGNE INTRO

*This is a song by an old folk singer named Octavia Phillips. She was a favorite of Beaux's, and of mine. We both grew up listening to her music, but this song, in particular, meant a lot to Beaux. We both used to play it-- way back before we met-- at our own shows. I like to think that it's part of what brought us together. Beaux did a hell of a version of it with The Future. I wish you could hear her sing it.*

### 5. STELLA CHARLEMAGNE (RAGS)

(Phillips)

Stella Charlemagne  
Has a phobia of rain  
Has a face like freckled snow  
Has a warm uncanny glow

Caught in a sudden storm  
A kind man offers up his arm  
His umbrella shields them both  
From the eyes of passing ghosts

They fall in messy love  
Buy a little robot dog  
They move into a cozy room  
But cannot make three out of their two

Then one stormy afternoon  
she's sitting with her beau  
And a shadow turns up at the door  
with secrets to bestow  
He says that he's been tracking her  
for fifteen years or more  
Stella Charlemagne  
ain't what she thinks she is at all

And Stella Charlemagne  
Thought she had her mother's name  
But when the record's checked  
They find that she did not exist

And the tattered photographs  
That had pinned her to the past  
Are tragically revealed  
To be much less than real

So she wonders what she is  
If she isn't really this  
And she wonders where she'll go  
Since the world doesn't want her anymore

And the man she's grown to trust  
Now sees her with disgust  
He breaks her metal heart  
They take her back and take her apart

And now Stella Charlemagne  
And her lace-like robot brain  
Are sitting on a shelf  
Makes me wonder about myself

## **6. ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SUBTERRANEAN SOCIETY BLUES**

*(Trad. Arr. by The Future/Weathers)*

There's a black dog in the window  
Watchin' everything I do  
There's a black dog in the window  
Watchin' everything I do  
Well, he might of tried to warn me  
I don't know I was busy watching you

There's a grey dog on the sidewalk  
And he's pissing on the curb  
There's a grey dog on the sidewalk  
And he's pissing on the curb  
Well, it's been a long time coming babe  
So don't pretend you haven't heard

There's a hundred pounds of fennel  
And it's growing on the ground

There's a hundred pounds of fennel  
And it's growing on the ground  
But the clouds they are descendin'  
So you know it won't stick around

The sky's a whole lot closer now  
The Atlantic's mighty wide  
The sky's a whole lot closer now  
The Atlantic's mighty wide  
And we're all coming together babe  
You, me, the ocean and the sky

We're gonna live forever  
When our blood is full of gold  
We're gonna live forever  
When our blood is full of gold  
Well we might get sad and lonely babe  
But we ain't never getting' old

Soon we will know everything  
They'll just put in our minds  
Soon we will know everything  
They'll just stick it in our minds  
Well first they'll pick out everything  
And then they'll leave the rest behind

There's a hundred pounds of fennel  
Lying dead up on the earth  
There's a hundred pounds of fennel  
Lying dead up on the earth  
Well, we might have tried to save it  
If we had known what it was worth

There's a brighter morning coming  
St. Peter's on the stairs  
There's a brighter morning coming now  
St. Peter's on the stairs  
And the day we move above the ground  
We will let go of all of these cares

## **7. NEVER FIND US NOW**

*(Parkland/Weathers)*

Quick foot, fresh heart  
Step light in rivers of the dark  
Your eyes stay sharp  
You need no light to see the mark

We'll run deep down  
No one will ever catch us now

Deep in a hole that won't be found

Unkept, unknown  
Cast out and buried in the mud  
We'll wait ungrown  
Until the coming of the flood  
And then they'll know  
Of all that cannot be undone  
And see that light  
Does not come only from the sun

Deep in a hole that won't be found  
One day we'll rise from underground

Don't wake me now  
I'm dreamin' how  
Don't wake me here  
The day is near

Old hall, un bone  
Of walls that never be alone  
Their eye their ear  
They cannot see they cannot hear  
We hum twice loud  
The thunder rumbles 'neath the ground  
We yell we sing  
The wrong of winter in the spring

Don't wake me now  
I'm dreamin' how  
Don't wake me here  
The day is  
The day is  
The day is near

Quick foot, fresh heart  
Step light in rivers of the dark  
Your eyes stay sharp  
You need no light to see the mark  
We'll run deep down  
No one will ever find us now  
Breathe deep hold on  
And pray we live to see the dawn  
Pray we live to see the dawn

## 8. THESE SMALL THINGS

*(Weathers)*

Rememberin' you in tangled blues  
of indigo and cyan  
I mop the floor we laid and loved  
and fought gigglin' and cryin'  
I catch myself thinkin' of you  
but can't remember why

These small things they feel like dyin' (x2)

Your little yellow teapot and  
your pictures on the wall  
The tiny leaves I gathered  
to remind you of the fall  
So many words I used to know  
don't mean a thing at all

These small things they feel like dyin' (x2)

I see your face  
Just an inch above the corn  
And in your place  
Are many trinkets I have worn

To the sky  
Your mother's lemon tree will grow  
Way up high  
Where you and I will never go  
never go (x3)

These small things they feel like dyin' (x2)

I have held a million hopes  
I'll never hope again  
So many things I sought to start  
will never now begin  
Time will heal your wounds they say  
but she won't tell you when

These small things they feel like dyin' (x4)

And I know that I will never be the same  
And I know that I can never place the blame  
And I know that I should just give up the game

But I'm still here  
I'm glad I'm here  
Even though I know  
that we will never more be near

I see your face  
Just an inch above the corn  
And in your place  
Are many trinkets I have worn

To the sky  
Your mother's lemon tree will grow  
Way up high  
Where you and I will never go  
never go (x3)

These small things they feel like dyin' (x2)

But I'm still here  
I'm glad I'm here  
Even though I know  
that we will never more be near  
That that old me is gone now  
That she will never now appear

## 9. SURRENDER

*(Burkhardt)*

Any salesman can tell you  
It's not just what you say  
It's what you don't

I'll tell you everything you need to know  
I won't ask any questions  
If you won't

And I know who I am  
And I will not feel shame  
The lord has a plan  
I surrender the blame (x3)  
I surrender

Hear the preacher spit salvation  
"God forgives his children for their sin"

Well that don't sound like any god I've ever known  
But then I don't think he counts me as his kin

I'm glad I have a heart  
I'm glad I have a mind  
I don't know if there's a soul  
All sealed up inside

No one has to know  
What they don't care to know  
They won't have to see  
The things that I don't show

So I guess I'll never show  
No I guess I'll never show  
You'll never know you'll never know  
The things I know I'll never show  
I'll never show

There's a place you can go  
That would leave your heart hollow  
There are some rules you're told  
It could kill you to follow

And I know who I am  
And I will not feel shame  
The lord has a plan

I surrender the blame (x3)

No I will not feel ashamed  
No I will not feel ashamed  
I will not feel ashamed  
No I will not feel ashamed

## 10. WE ARE AND WE ARE

*(Weathers)*

I've come to fight for the truth to live  
I know there's more than the truth that is  
I'll be the call for the soul to give  
I'll be the tall vase on top of the counter  
The tall vase on top of the counter

I know we lose what we cannot give  
I know you give more than you can give  
I know you live where we cannot live  
You are the candle that burns in the desert  
The candle that burns in the desert

Your fire is my fire (whoa oh oh oh)  
Burn higher and higher (whoa oh oh oh)  
Your fire is my fire (whoa oh oh oh)  
Burn higher and higher

Take me to where only is when we are  
And we are and we are  
Take me to what just exists when we are  
And we are and we are

Take me to where only is when we are  
And we are and we are  
Take me to what just exists when we are  
And we are and

We are and we are and we are (x4)

You know we lose what you cannot give  
We know you give more than you can give  
Be the call for the soul to live  
You are the tall vase on top of the counter  
I am the candle that burns in the desert  
We are the strands that are stronger together

Take me to where only is when we are  
And we are and we are  
Take me to what just exists when we are  
And we are and we are

Take me to where only is when we are  
And we are and we are  
Take me to what just exists when we are  
And we are and  
We are and we are and we are (x12)

## 11. STELLA CHARLEMAGNE (BEAUX)

*(Phillips)*

Stella Charlemagne  
Has a phobia of rain  
Has a face like freckled snow  
Has a warm uncanny glow

Caught in a sudden storm  
A kind man offers up his arm  
His umbrella shields them both  
From the eyes of passing ghosts

They fall in messy love  
And buy a little robot dog  
They move into a cozy room  
But cannot make three of their two

And then one stormy afternoon  
she's sitting with her beau  
And a shadow turns up at the door  
with secrets to bestow  
He says that he's been tracking her  
for fifteen years or more  
Stella Charlemagne  
ain't what she thinks she is at all

Stella Charlemagne  
Thought she had her mother's name  
But when the record's checked  
They find that she did not exist

And the tattered photographs  
That had pinned her to the past  
Are tragically revealed  
To be much less than real

So she wonders who she is  
If she isn't really this  
She wonders where she'll go  
Since the world doesn't want her anymore

And the man she's grown to trust  
Now sees her with disgust  
He breaks her metal heart

They take her back and take her apart  
And now Stella Charlemagne  
And her lace-like robot brain  
Are sitting on a shelf  
Makes you wonder about yourself

## 12. APPLE IN THE SKY

*(Trad. Arr. by The Future)*

Rise up in the mornin'  
In the air we're breathin'  
Red dust is risin'  
We're looking forward to leavin'

Lookin' for' to slumber  
'fore our bones are breakin'

Apple in the sky  
Lord he told us not to take it (x2)

Apple in the sky  
Lord he told us not to  
Told us not to

Put us on a bar car  
Took us off of Eden  
Hell is knowin' heaven  
When you'll never reach it

Took us past the moon but  
Stopped before the stars  
Now you done a bad thing  
We're sendin' you to Mars

Now you done a bad thing  
We're sendin' you to Mars

You know you ain't the real thing  
We're sendin' you to  
Sendin' you to

Break our backs breaking up  
red rock to red dust (x7)

No matter how good it gets  
It never gets good enough

Think you'll turn this desert  
Into another garden  
Man playing god  
Pretty soon he'll be a fallin'

Godforsaken planet  
Surely gonna break him

One day he'll regret  
All the things that he created (x2)

One day you'll regret  
That we ever was  
We ever was (x3)



Rise up in the mornin'  
In the air we're breathin'  
Red dust is risin'  
We're looking forward to leavin'

Lookin' for' to slumber  
'fore our bones are breakin'  
Apple in the sky  
Lord he told us not to take it

Apple in the sky  
Lord he told us not to take it

Apple in the sky  
Lord he told us not to  
Told us not to  
Told us not to  
Told us not

### 13. LOVE YOU GOOD

*(Parkland/Weathers)*

There's a light in your eyes it's as big as the moon  
And I reckon we'll all be livin' there soon  
Don't matter much to me  
cause I'ma follow you wherever you go

You fit like a pistol in the palm of my hand  
Got your finger on the trigger and your feet in the sand  
Well, I'd be happy to die in your arms girl  
I hope that you know  
I'd rather live there though

Cuz you  
Are all I need  
You're the water in my well and you're  
the honey in my tea

Oh you  
Are all I need  
You're the end and the beginning and  
you're all that's in between  
So I hope you'll stay here with me

I don't know if things'll ever go right  
I always see the tunnel at the end of the light

I always see the cracks in the pipes  
Gettin' ready to blow

But maybe baby if you're holdin' my hand  
We can look at the sky and try to understand  
Where we're goin' where we're tryin' to go  
We could go together ya know

Cuz you  
Are all I need  
You're the water in my well  
and you're the honey in my tea

Oh, you  
Are all I need  
You're the end and the beginning  
and you're all that's in between  
So I hope you'll stay here with  
Me and you can stay  
After all the world does fade away  
Fall into the stars  
Won't matter who we are  
When we're so far

I don't wanna rush it but I'm wonderin' when  
The rest our lives is gonna begin  
I reckon we can start 'em together  
if you think that we should

We could have a couple kiddies  
and we'd keep 'em at home  
And you can look in my eyes  
when you're feelin' alone  
If you wanna make it forever  
I hope you know that you could  
I'd love you good

Cuz you  
Are all I need  
You're the water in my well  
and you're the honey in my tea

Oh, you  
Are all I need  
You're the end and the beginning  
And you're all that's in between

So I hope you'll stay here with me

### 15. DELILAH IN THE RUBBLE

*(Weathers)*

I see Delilah in the rubble  
And I know that she is me  
I see the Pharaohs weeping  
We have seen as they have seen

I see Alexander gloating  
Over the once-free men of Thebes  
I see the slavers rolling  
Across the vast unknowing seas

I turn around and I see  
The places we have been  
And I realize we're making  
The same old mistakes again

I see Cain wandering in the desert  
His blood is in our veins  
I see the pogroms churning  
I know that we could do the same

The demagogues are still orating  
Separating us from them  
Falsely delineating  
What was the same when it began

I turn around and I see  
The places we have been  
And I realize we're making  
The same old mistakes again

I see Delilah in the rubble  
And I call out her name  
We bury Abel's body  
But still we bear the mark of shame

Who gets to count who counts among us  
Will the counting ever end  
Is the darkness in our hearts  
A hole it's possible to mend

I turn around I and I see  
The places we have been

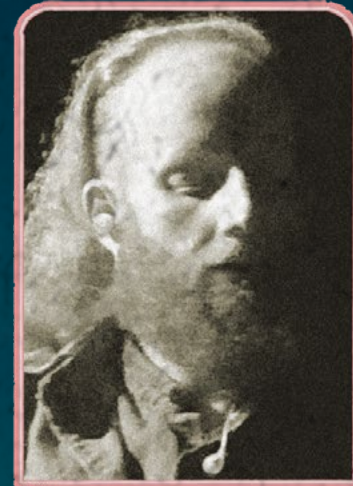
And I realize we're making  
The same old mistakes again (x3)



DEVO



BEAUX WEATHERS



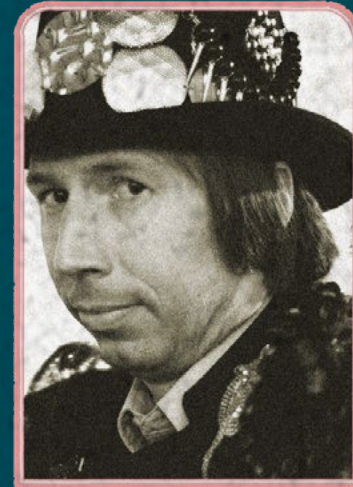
RAGS PARKLAND



GILL SIVRAJ



ESS PINVINT



RICK BURKHARDT

Producer: Elbme Surfeit & The MRP

Engineering and Mix by: Tonel M. & Elbme Surfeit    Mastering by: Odet Gibson    Mixed & Mastered at Dobbins Sound in New Charlston, CL    Package Design: D.C. Pinvent  
Rick Burkhardt: accordion/vocals    Devo: drums    Rags Parkland: guitar/banjo/harmonica/vocals    Ess Pinvint: bass/vocals    Gill Sivraj: bass clarinet/tenor saxophone    Beaux Weathers: vocals

Rags Parkland live at The Over/Under in Richmond, VA in 2252 recorded by Gill Sivraj  
The Future live at the original Over/Under in Richmond, VA in 2241 compiled from recovered memdat

**“You’re part of the band now.  
Welcome to The Future.”**

## For Broadway Records

**Van Dean**, President/Executive Producer

**Robbie Rozelle**, A&R Director

**Deena Zucker**, Associate Producer

**Sophia Bella Cucci**, Social Media

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Beaux Weathers: **Stacey Sargeant**

Rags Parkland: **Andrew R. Butler**

Gill Sivraj: **Tony Jarvis**

Ess Pinvint: **Debbie Christine Tjong**

Rick Burkhardt: **Rick Burkhardt**

Devo: **Jessie Linden**

## Special Thanks

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## Studio Audience

**Jonathan Silverman, Maya Catherine Campbell, Susanna Belle Wolk, Philip Romano, Jaclyn Backhaus, Jeremy Wein, Ronald Peet, Max Helfand, Allison Frasca, Donald DeFala, Caroline Spiggle**

Concept Cover Image: **Marc Bovino and Joe Curnutte**

Band Portraits Courtesy of **Nick Mann, Stacey Sargeant, Sarah Ivins, Jhanaë Bonnick, and Ben Arons**



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