



Music composed and performed by Kitusai and Bohdan Galczyk
Lyrics by Bohdan Galczyk except "Esprit envolé", lyric by Bohdan Galczyk
and Kitusai

Glenn Ens drums on 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 13 and 14.

Rod Salloum synth on 4, organ on 13 and piano on 14.

Gregory S. Edmunds alto sax on 7 and 15.

Engineered and produced in the French Pyrénées and the Canadian
prairies.

Mixed by Bohdan Galczyk.

Drums and alto sax recorded at Audio Art Recording,
audioartrecording.com

Mastered by Ian Shepherd at Mastering Media, mastering-media.co.uk

Cover art by Jessica Baucher – Paris street art photos by Patrick Guillot

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ongoing support and encouragement.

<http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/kitusaibohdan>

<http://www.kitusaibohdan.com>

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Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/KitusaiBohdan>

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01 Don't Worry About It

You're taking strikes,
Waiting for meatballs,
To get an at bat, don't choke the
lumber,
As each pitch comes at you—
grinning.

Time to push your way through,
A dry-spell can draw the life out of
you,
Step right out on that big field of
clover,
Here it comes —another inning.

One strike, two strike,
You're never out,
This is the game of life,
A string of double headers.
One strike, two strike,
You're never out,
This is the game of life,

It's hard to tell till it flies like hell,
Hit the one that says "I'm swell",
It'll make sense when you're bolder.
Just keep swinging.

You need to read the batter too,
A little change-up sees it through,
Make your own new world order,
Start it spinning.

Don't Worry about it,
Nothing's better than baseball,
Nothing's better than a cool summer
breeze,
Don't worry about it
Nothing's better than you.
Life, choose life,
Life!
Don't worry about it,
There's nothing we know better
Life, choose life.

You're sinking, feeling closer to
through,
Keep your head above the blue,
When it seems that things are over,
They're just beginning.

Get up now, dig in your cleats, take
to,
Keep your eye on the ball, swing
true,
"It's never over, till it's over",
Seems you could be winning now.

Don't worry your head,
Don't worry about it,
Keep a rhythm pumping,
Don't let them get in your way,
Don't worry about it,
Keep your rhythm pumping,
Don't let the dream crushers get in
your way,
Don't worry about it,
Life!
Don't you worry about it
Choose life,
Life!
Don't worry about it,
Keep your rhythm pumping.
Live!
Don't let them get in your way.



02 Rumours

I put away a little something for the weekend,
Me and my better half flew off to Vegas,
Turned a whim and a wish into reality,
Yes! AR and W were fantageous.

It doesn't matter what people say,
'Cause they're only rumours.

You said you want to go to China,
I said it was a long way to go,
The Great Wall's a great wall, if you like walls,

But there's no wall high enough to keep out hot air or Kyoto.

You claim it doesn't matter, while still caring what people may say,
They're only rumours.

I see people are now falling from flying machines,
Taking part in this new age circus,
Once flying so high, now so very low,
Wearing shirt, shoes and pants — where's the service?

They're only rumours,
We keep living and dying by rumour.



03 κατοκωχή

κατοκωχή
κατοκωχή
κατοκωχή

I feel a pagan breeze blowing over
me,
It's right behind me,
It lights the corners of my mind.
Witness the "I" breaking free of the
"we",

You must decide now,
Which voice you'll listen to,

I feel the universal child smiling
through me,
It laughs inside me,
Laughs at the vanity of humankind,
Stars feign control of galaxies.

You must decide now,
Which voice to listen to,
κατοκωχή
You must decide now,
κατοκωχή
You must decide now,

κατοκωχή
You must decide now,
κατοκωχή
You must decide.
κατοκωχή
κατοκωχή

κατοκωχή...
We are of one world,
We are of one mind.?



04 Should Have Stayed Home and Studied French?

Going down the back street,
Looking for my baby,
She's got two wheels,
A banana seat,
And real high handlebars.
Somebody stole her,
Second time this week,
Hope the tires aren't flat,
I see a bike right there,
I should take peak.
That's not her... ahhh!

Sneak in through the back door,
Momma's got the supper on,
Hope she doesn't scold me,
Hope she doesn't find my cigarettes



Slip around the corner,
Feeling kind of shady,
A double-naught spy,
Man from U.N.C.L.E.,
Jethro on TV,
Somebody told me,
I should be growing up,
Chem's real cool.
But school don't hold a candle to,
My imagination.

Stayed up for Bonanza,
Time Tunnel from behind the couch,
Hope dad doesn't find me,
Hope I put everything away.

Friends outside waiting for me,
We're gonna go down to the park,
Stay until dark,
Just a walk in the park.

Grasshopper, kung fu wanna be,
Playing Tarzan with a park bench,
Should have kept my mouth shut,
Should have stayed home and
studied French.

05 You Picked a Bad Time to Hold Me

Hey! I wanna say, I really miss you,
And I want you to know I'm ok.
You see, if you were here, you know
I'd kiss you,
Yes I know it may be the wrong thing
to say,
I know it can't be any other way.



I took a little time to collect myself,
I never thought I could hold on so
long.

I've now found my way to goodbye,
Said "hello" to that empty shelf,
I know if there's no right, there's no
wrong,
We'll just keep meeting up in a song.

Oh you...

You picked a bad time to hold me,
You never said, "it's goodbye".
You picked a bad time to hold me,
I still thought we had time enough to
try.

You picked a bad time to hold me,
You picked the wrong time to go.

You picked a bad time to hold me,
You picked the wrong time to go.

You picked a bad time.

06 Whatever Happened to Little Albert?

All the cats and the rats,
Cute little monkeys,
Frogs, squid and mice,
Pavlov's dog in the dirt.
Seven forty-seven,
Back by eleven...

In the shade eating fruit,
Dropping from the tree of knowledge,
Whatever happened to little Albert?

Doctor in the house,
Waves a buck a day for two,
Albert in the playpen,
Sharing the cost for what it's worth..
Conditioning.
So whatever happened to little
Albert?

Whatever happened to Albert?
Whatever happened to Albert?
Little Albert died.



07 Stars of Tomorrow

From corrupt politicians, daffy
statisticians,
To starving musician — we're all
mixed in the batter,
Quirky physicians, "psychiatry" is a
long word,
Something doesn't rhyme, it seems
that mind never matters.

You have your girly disposition,
feminist ambition,
Climate change deniers and the friars
in tow,
Lobby this and lobby that, college
inquisition,
Everybody's working for a better
tomorrow.

Don't wait,
The thing about tomorrow,
Ever one day away,
It's late, too late,
Like yesterday,
It never was,
But it's always in play.

We talk a lot about a lot, we build a
lot, we buy a plot,
Deficit, death trap, bottom line is now
the top,
Sicker, we get sicker, getting up is
really hard,
Just living is the new disease that
only death can stop.

We are the stars,
We are the stars,
We are the stars of tomorrow...

Don't wait,
The thing about tomorrow,
It's always one day away,
It's late, too late,
Like yesterday,
It never was,
But it's always in play.

We are the stars,
We are the stars,
We are the stars of tomorrow...

08 Redbreast

We tell ourselves stories and this is
one,
Of a solitary, strong and silent
guardian,

Plucking thorn of passion,
Blood on the breast,
Leading the spirit away,
It keeps returning,
Never yearning for more,
Rest and peace for itself.

Redbreast...



09 Snake

Matthew's something, walking back
to school,
The scent and smile of a victim,
He's been told to never suffer fools,
Misha in the knapsack, he'll protect
him.

Bending blades
of grass,
Slithering
'round,
You better hide
your ass.

Snake!
Snake!

Running home
from school (there's no shame),
But, then again, there's no gain from
following rules.
There's no turning back (there's
nowhere to hide),
Slipping and sliding, he follows your
track.

Bending blades of grass,

Slithering 'round,
You better hide your ass.

Snake!
You better get home fast.
Snake!
This will never last.
Snake!

It's just a snake in the grass.

Matthew's home now with his
apple pie,
Staying on top of all the silicon
trends,
His stash of snake oil helps
the days fly by,
Helps keep appointments with
his so-called friends.

Snake!
You better get home fast.
Snake!
Snake!



10 Esprit envolé

Sur les murs de la caverne de
Platon,
De mon point de vue, que vois-je,
Un soldat ou un enfant ?

Où est passé notre amour ?

La voix qui nous habitait jadis nous a
quittés,



Il se sent un peu plus froid,
Un peu plus vieux que l'enfant qu'il
est.

Où est passé notre amour ?
Esprit envolé

Où est passé notre amour ?

Il est seul dans un monde surpeuplé,
Aucune ombre portée, présent
passé,
Quel sens sous le règne de
l'absurde?

Où est passé notre amour ?

Où est passé notre amour ?
Esprit envolé

Où est passé notre amour ?

Esprit envolé
Où est passé notre amour ?
Esprit envolé
Esprit envolé

11 The Cottage Industry (Whistling Away)

Lucy's in the bathroom tapping out a
new book,
Dreaming of a first best-seller,
So many more stored in a backup,
Waiting for their moment to be free.

Just luck, no one could persuade her,
That "story never told", sold by every
other fella,
That's the life we all must swallow,
Say the same things differently.

That's the life we all must swallow,
That's just life,
That's just life.

Slaving away in the cottage,
Amid rottage,
Of the cottage industry.
So I whistle away,
I whistle away,
Pray for the lords and the ladies,
To smile upon me.

Jack Spratt shedding fat upon the
treadmill,

Though he hasn't got a lot to spare,
He has a phone he never answers,
Hoping somebody calls, somebody
cares.

Have your "doo doo doo" call my "da
da da."

Slaving away in the cottage,
Amid the rottage,
Of the cottage industry.
So I whistle away,
I whistle away,
Pray for the lords and the ladies,
To smile upon me.

The right keeps selling left,
independence by the pound,
Money making money, keep your eye
upon the ball,
One way or another, the cream
needs skimming,
The fat cows keep churning their own
butter.

West meets east and the north keeps
creeping south,
Where's it all end?
Where we started we finish,

The world is flat and narrow, get the
point?

— no udder.

Pray for the lords and the ladies,
The deniers and crazies,
Pray that we all will survive.



12 The Last Man Who Knew Everything

Thomas!

With nothing better to do,
Explain the tides,
By sheer self-reliance,
Touching the heart,
Of quantum mechanics,
In a dilettante dance with science.

He said the longer you live,
The less you'll gain from reading,
You must ignite the muse (after you
can burn it),
From the swinging pendulum,
He gained a metre,
Nobody could fill his shoes.

He was the last man,
The last man to know everything,
He was the last man.

Never in a hurry, never had a worry,
Dancing with Rosetta and surfing the waves,
Chasing color theory, never growing
weary,

Burying the common in the
commoner grave.

He was the last man,
He was the last man,
He was the last man,
He was the last man.



13 What it's like to be a bat

I've been told, when I know,
What it's like to be a bat,
Then I'll know what it means,
To be conscious.

Same thing goes, you'll never know,
What goes on in other minds,
We don't know how the in and out,
Within us binds.

Don't think about it,
You're not a cat in a hat,
And you don't need to know,
What it's like to be a bat

Zombies, bats, Turing Machines,
We're full of will but we don't have
the means,
To get inside the head,
Of a human bean.

Don't think about it,
You're not a cat in a hat,
And you don't need to know,
What it's like to be a bat

You're not a cat in a hat,

And you don't need to know,
What it's like to be a bat.

...

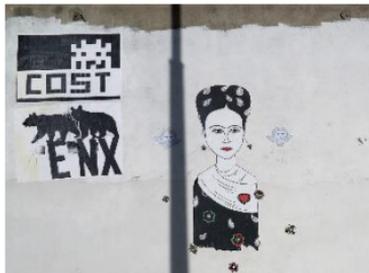


14 We Are Not Alone

Musing at home,
Looking out towards the stars,
Feeling very small.
Feeling so alone,
Yes, there's Venus and Mars,
We're finally making a call.

If we only knew,
We'd laugh away the night,
We were meant to discover.
Recognize within what is true,
Yielding to the light,
Of our cosmic friend and lover.

We fly through space,
Moving through time,
'Cause we are not alone,
In a cosmic race,
Reaching for a line,



It's time to call home,
'Cause we are not alone,
No, we are not alone,
We are not alone.

The more you read,
The more you forget.
How many days are in September?
If you practice what you preach,
Forget about regret,
The less you need to remember.

Chorus

If the Ancients truly knew,
They're not talking now,
Verily they'd promulgate the view;
Plant both feet on the ground,
Set your gaze up to the sky,
Keep you, yourself from blinding you.

Chorus

Remember "My generation" and "The
Who Sell Out"?
We're all here just selling cars,
We're on our way to Mars.

15 Flight or Fight

You never know what lies around the corner,
It could be the fairy queen or the bogey man.

Which way you go depends upon
the mourner,
Your bones picked clean, you do
what you can.

Six days are enough, the seventh
still for resting,
No one here is immune — we hold
hands.

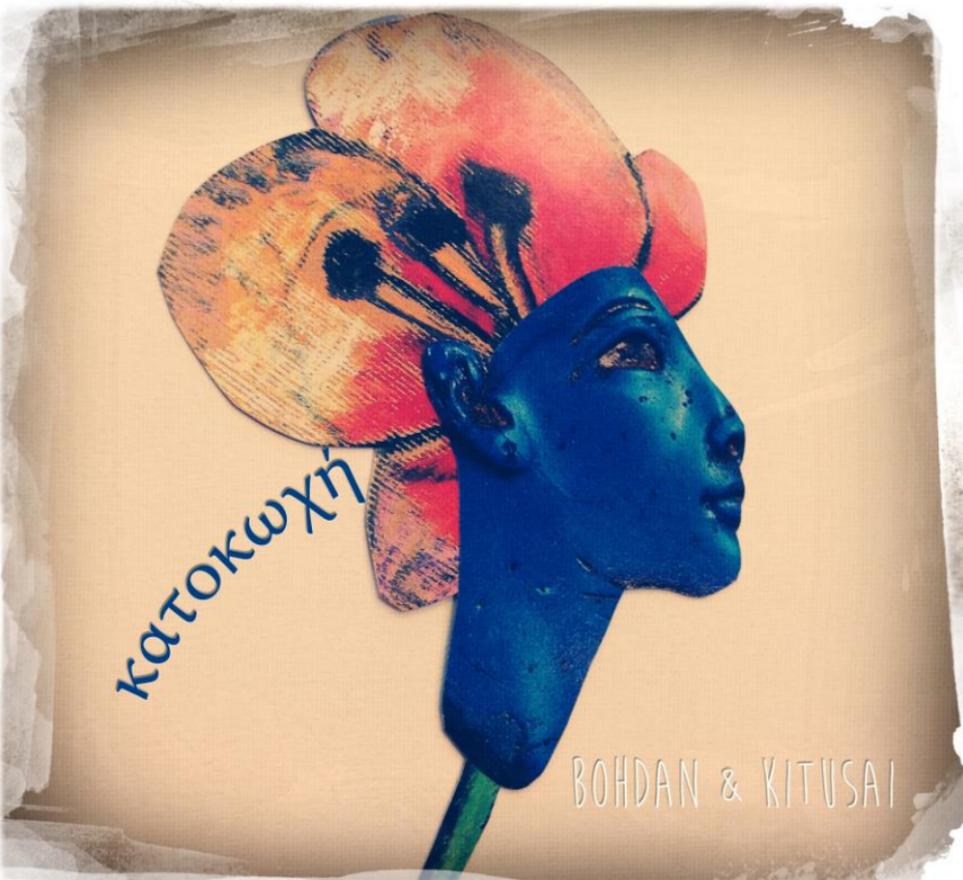
It was flight or fight,
But everything is alright... now.
It was fight or flight,
There's still time enough now to
take a bow.



Bohdan & Kitusai

κατοκωχή

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 1. Don't Worry About It | 4'27" |
| 2. Rumours | 3'06" |
| 3. Κατοκωχή | 3'59" |
| 4. Should Have Stayed Home and Studied French? | 3'24" |
| 5. You Picked a Bad Time to Hold Me | 3'25" |
| 6. Whatever Happened to Little Albert? | 2'17" |
| 7. Stars of Tomorrow | 3'55" |
| 8. Redbreast | 2'30" |
| 9. Snake | 2'21" |
| 10. Esprit envolé | 3'00" |
| 11. The Cottage Industry (Whistling Away) | 2'56" |
| 12. The Last Man Who Knew Everything | 3'12" |
| 13. What it's like to be a bat | 3'12" |
| 14. We Are Not Alone | 4'03" |
| 15. Flight or Fight | 2'29" |



κατοκωχή

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