

- 1. LAST SCENE 4:36
- 2. HALLOWEEN 5:26
- 3. HERE'S THE MONSTER 4:10
- 4. BAD LOVE SONG 4:25
- 5. ZENO 3:15

# THE WHITE TORNADO WRECKER

KEYBOARDS, VOCALS - THE WHITE TORNADO  
 DRUMS - CHRIS WOOD  
 BASS - MITCH FISCHELS

ENGINEERED BY LUKE TWEEDY AT FLAT BLACK  
 STUDIOS (FLATBLACKSTUDIOS.COM)

MASTERED BY CARL SAFF  
 (SAFFMASTERING.COM)

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the camera keeps rolling  
 the script is a lie

emotions are  
 for puny humans

this  
 neighborhood  
 at least I'll be a  
 wrecking ball doesn't need  
 a guy  
 like me

if Zeno gave up because he only ever got halfway  
 there he'd only ever be halfway home if Zeno ga  
 because he only ever got halfway there he'd onl  
 ever be halfway home if Zeno gave up because h





*THE WHITE TORNADO PLAYS A  
NORD ELECTRO 3.*

*MOOG THEREMIN, JAYMAR TOY  
PIANO, AND CELERY PROVIDED  
BY LUKE TWEEDY*

*ACCORDION PROVIDED BY  
DREW FISCHELS*

*WIND CHIMES PROVIDED BY  
CARL BOUDREAU*

*DIRTY UPRIGHT PIANO  
PROVIDED BY THE  
SADDLEBROOK NEIGHBORHOOD  
CLUBHOUSE*

## Last Scene

The plate glass window splintered like smoke  
but a thousand razor reflections would not let me go  
I hit the bricks bleeding and shredded and it occurred to me  
that you can't play your cards based on what you believe  
just what you know

all of our lives are spent reviewing scenes / and action we shout  
but all of those things really happened it seems / it's tragic somehow  
the camera keeps rolling; the script is a lie / go on with the show  
there's no curtain call; there's no victory cry / this is all we know

the steering wheel tore from my fingers, I howled in despair  
the wheels were screaming above me "nobody cares!"  
I walked away laughing with tears in my eyes  
It was just stupid luck that I made it, but still I survived  
to drive somewhere

you, face red and twisted, standing so small  
me, like a backhand, knuckles and all  
and we fell, wrecked and whirling. I came to alone  
tasting the grit of the only road I'd ever known

I'll be a rock, rolling downhill, I'll be a mindless automaton  
I'll be the worst night of your life; I'll drink and drink until it's gone  
This will be the end of all things; this will be my meteor  
but when the denouement is over we'll be so shocked that there's still more  
and we'll keep going on

## Bad Love Song

I tried to write a love song but I couldn't find the words  
I tried to be a good man but I never seem to learn  
I tried to do your bidding but I couldn't stand myself  
did this ever make me happy? I'm too petrified to tell

bad love song, day one it all went wrong  
bad love song, too much to keep going on  
I just can't seem to fake it, this bad love song is all I've got

I said I'd be your hero but I kept breaking the rules  
I said that I was sorry but it wasn't any use  
I went to see a doctor but she couldn't make me right  
so I grabbed my hat and toothbrush and lit off in the night

maybe I'll be an old man heart shriveled like my skin  
lips foaming with curses on the hearts I couldn't win  
but if I can't be Cassanova singing from a shining heart  
at least I'll be a wrecking ball that can't be smashed apart

So I pretend that I don't feel it, but it stings just like a sore  
maybe I've been ruined and I can't love right anymore  
still I have to keep on living so I learn how not to cry  
so when bad love comes to find me I can look it in the eye

## Halloween

looks like I'm back again, and I'm feeling older  
the leaves are cackling, so I think it's getting colder  
my keys are lonely, just car, front door and spare  
tonight my pillow is a crate of silverware  
hit the corner for a box of mac and cheese  
this neighborhood doesn't need a guy like me  
thank the cashier, try to wear a normal face  
like I do this without thinking every day  
No one I know has got my number  
all the regulars have found a different crowd  
seems like I'm in love with starting over  
and this time of year is great for breaking down

Halloween, candles watch the sidewalk  
Halloween, a sweaty plastic mask  
Halloween, a few good kinds of candy  
Halloween, nobody else knows who I am

The little zombies rode home in minivans  
Their chaperones are making weekend plans  
I'm in the kitchen, left my porch light off  
Eating Kit-Kats, writing down my stupid thoughts  
the neighbor's house is standing empty  
no way to find out where they went  
to my disgust each day I feel a little better  
now that I can trick-or-treat again

just let me say the candy's good as I remember it  
sadly, I know eventually I will get used to it

This jawbreaker is easier to bite now  
The pumpkin skulls are crumbling away  
this is the street I've always lived on  
and I keep taking off costumes every day


## Here's the Monster

Here's the monster moan and shout  
I'm the one you've heard about  
I'm the one who broke her heart  
better run or get torn apart

I'm the monster here I come  
ruthless pile of callous scum  
fires and floods are brutal too  
but the monster knows what he do  
oh, they say that her tears amused him  
his heart is made of stone  
he murdered her love and swallowed him whole  
and left her bleeding alone  
Now I haunt the streets at night  
giving maidens fair a fright  
pointy teeth and coal-black eyes  
oh, my dear you'd best run and hide

I'm the monster, cruel and vile  
come and sit with me a while  
I'll teach you all love's silly tricks  
give you heartbreak you can't fix  
You who think love conquers all  
stick with me we're gonna have a ball  
I'll take you someplace worse than heck  
and gently smile as I snap your neck  
oh, emotions are for puny humans!  
ambivalence is for the weak  
just because he does what has to be done  
we call the monster a freak  
so get your torches get your rake  
lock your doors for goodness' sake  
but if he gets you don't resist  
because the monster will make it quick

you might even call me noble  
misunderstood, it's true  
because I became the monster, my dear  
you didn't have to be one, too  
so don't give me a second thought  
cherish what small joy you've got  
as for me, night is falling, it's time to dine  
yes, the monster will be just fine



*THE GREEN ROOM BAR AND MUSIC VENUE STOOD ON THIS SPOT IN IOWA CITY, IOWA FROM 1998 UNTIL 2007 . ALMOST EVERY MONDAY I WOULD SHOW UP THERE AT 9PM SHARP FOR BLUES JAM. OVER THE YEARS I PLAYED WITH A HUGE GALLERY OF ROGUES FROM ALL OVER TOWN AS WELL AS INTERESTING CHARACTERS PASSING THROUGH, LEARNING LOTS OF TUNES AND DIRTY KEYBOARD TRICKS ALONG THE WAY. THIS WAS WHERE SOMEONE DECIDED TO CALL ME THE WHITE TORNADO, AND OTHER PEOPLE PICKED IT UP AND IT JUST KEPT GOING. I TRIED OUT MY FIRST ORIGINALS HERE, STARTED MY FIRST BAND, AND PLAYED A LOT OF GIGS WITH OTHER BANDS TOO. EVENTUALLY I STARTED HOSTING THE BLUES JAM WITH MY OWN HOUSE BAND.*

*I STOPPED PLAYING MUSIC FOR VARIOUS REASONS IN EARLY 2005. WHEN I STARTED PLAYING OUT AGAIN SEVERAL YEARS LATER, THE GREEN ROOM HAD SHUT DOWN. IN 2011, THE BUILDING WAS DEMOLISHED TO MAKE SPACE FOR AN APARTMENT COMPLEX.*