



TERRA INCOGNITA

Lyrics Book



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terra-incognita.jajahandkurt.com

Kurt Preston *songwriting, guitarlele, bass, vocals*

Jajah Wu *violin, vocals, drum machine*

Eric Preston *guitar, charisma*



LEPUS GIGANTICUS

The pack rat awakes
in the bed grandpa made out of
old nails, hay seeds and lint
He doesn't know yet
but tomorrow a farm cat
will find a path to his den

He's 304th
to have lived in that floor
of the barn where they
once bootlegged gin

Though tonight is his last
it will soon come to pass
that his cousin knows a safer way in
Yeah his cousin knows a safer way in



Have you heard of the herds of the
rabbit absurd in their size
so prized for their skin?
They say it's as soft as the
snow turned to cloth
and as warm as the summer within.

But they only trust drunkards
and travel in hundreds and can smell you
beyond mountain rims

But if you've ever wondered
What causes the thunder
on calm cloudless days — it's them
Yes the rumble you hear is them

Have you heard of the spring
beside Antora Peak that was
flowing is days of old?

If you took a quick dip,
you'd be covered from tip-to-tip,
plated in flecks of gold

Your skin would so glisten
that no one would listen
and at your approach banks would close

But just once or twice
a man fetched a fair price
when the statue he became was sold
Yes, it's not a bad living, all told

Have you heard of the Countess
Pearlina Zabriskie
best friend of Napoleon Jones?

The Polish nobility
feared of her skill with the rifle
and forced her from home

She came to St. Elmo
befriended this fellow
but marched through the mountains alone

She hunted big game again
swore by uranium and
secretly owned Mormon clothes
yes, the Countess was Mormon, you know
Yeah, the story's all true, I'm told



GOLDEN HEELS

I left the city
a mad rush in my mind
Hopped the first train to
anywhere far away I could find
If there gonna come lookin'
then this I swear:
You can't find a man who don't
live nowhere
I left the city
with sirens close behind

Train pulled into Denver
cute little town it was
Got the sick kinda hustle of
late night bar room buzz
Gotta keep movin'
ain't no time to stop
and I hear there ain't much law
within the mountaintops
Pulled outta Denver
much too much it was

Train had a rare sight
and what a sight she was
Just a handbag for luggage
and pretty eyes all puffed
Though I've never been gentle
I'm a gentleman
I told her I would help her
anyway I can
Train had a rare sight
hurt enough to trust
We crossed six counties
and hiked up a mile

Set my sites to mining
cause a penny's a pile
But the town smelled like piss
and the job's on backlist
So we head for the cliffs
Did I promise her this?
And the cow's got their pasture
and the pig's got their pen
But a man without a home has
gotta turn to sin
Now, I've stolen from hunger
I've stolen for fun
But the hardest part of thievens'
in how far you can run
So we rushed up the mountain
until we ran outta sun
She said "tomorrow it's over"
"tomorrow I'm done"
And we slept out on damp rock
and I stared at the moon
It was over so soon
it was over so soon
it was over





Morning came and
burned my eyes
She must have left in the dark
before sunrise
And the thought of her wan-
drin'
all alone in the woods...
I tried to tell myself
that I did all that I could
But morning light don't leave
much space for lies

Weren't the first time that I
had prayed to die

Why she came back,
I'll never know why

But there was something awful
sneaky in the way her eyes
gleamed

and she outstretched her hand
and revealed to me
and I thought it was dream
and it must be a a dream
she held gold in her hand,
said it came from the stream
My god, there's gold in the stream!
There was gold in the stream!
So I followed her lead
and we hurried downstream
And it glowed like the sun
and it shined like the moon
glitter stretched down the hill
in an infinite bloom
and we rolled into town
like we were royalty
and it spread through the papers
for weeks upon weeks
And we built up a mansion
and we bought up a mine
and we feasted on steak
every night when we dined
and I knew I didn't have much
time... something in the air weren't
right

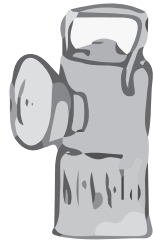
On a hot summer Sunday
shot rang from outside
Was the sheriff of Chaffee
coming for my hide
And I told her I loved her
and I loaded my gun
The hardest part of runnin's
when there's nowhere
left to run
I left the city
but the city won't stay behind

BACKBREAKER

Don't tease me with tales of the shining sun
I chose this way
Don't speak of the town where your mother's from
Trust me life's better that way

You know that best still is yet to come
One day you will have yours too
But until the day when your fortune comes
my friend we have dirt to move

As long as there's something
that glistens below we will
forego the light of day



I heard tell the girls down on western State
are packing their perfume
and packing the trains cause they heard tell that
Ten thousand miles far away
they gotta new hole and there's opals to exhume

The Earth is want to give
and thank god they pay us to take where there's
booze, there's life to live
but interest collects on mistakes

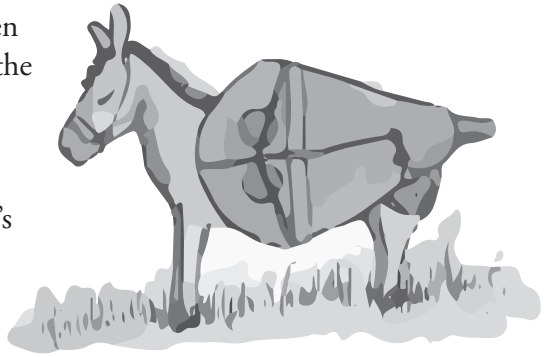
And the flowers fold
and I'm getting old
but by God it's home



My friend got a job at the Murphy Mine
said it was spttin' out gold like a Taber
he labored each day for
his pay and thanked god
for the way he had loaned him this favor then
One night all the miners had set up to dine

on minced pie and beefsteak and stringed beans
when something very wrong unfurled

The men started shaking
from poisonous weeds that were
mixed in the spinach then
thrown to the trees and the
burros were reckless and
gobbled the leaves in a
week they were buried
and that is the reason he's
downcast
down to his last ass



And as long as there's something
that glistens below we will
forego the light of day

MAIN ST

One night in Leadville
a haunted hotel
Where Santa Claus
catches his sleep

The clouds hug the mountains
in warm silhouette
and we're carried by cool
in the breeze under trees

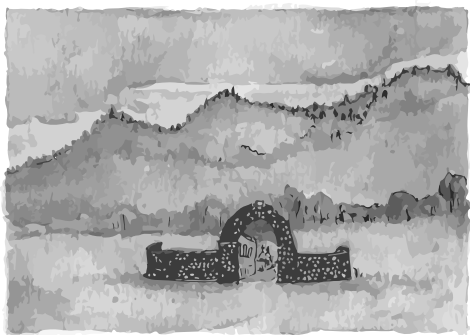
The houses out east
tell their story too well and
the floorboards will tell you
in creaks

We skate past the pines
at the dawn of sunset
While the blues slowly
fade out the greens



Down to the ranch
past the overgrown tracks
When the creek's overflowing
from raindrops
and snowmelt in spring

Keep comin' back
to the Four Mile camp
in the desert outback where
the cactus and coyote sing



Nothing we lack with the sun at our back
when the music on Main St is echoing over BV

The music of driftwood
plugged into an amp
and a tortoise and wood
bowl with strings

We found Old Mose' toe
by our Ptarmigan camp
but the sight by that point
was grizzly



There was Nicola's noose
hanging under a spruce
Near the farm where they
found that mummy

And all of the ghosts
and all history's news
sits there rusting
in faded glory
for all to see

And we go...

