

Faye



vol 1

a week ago, two guys named matt decided to make a zine. at this time, matt did not know how to correctly pronounce zine, much to the chagrin of matt. he pronounced it zine like shine. given the work-life imbalance of caltech, the matts decided to make the entire zine in one day. matt jammed some chords on his guitar and sang some words that were on his mind. matt wrote poems, captioned pictures, and made art, finally putting his english-major-at-a-science-school to good use. by the end of the day and beginning of the morning, a zine had been made. a friendly reminder: some of the content was generated by desperately searching matt's mind for a word to use before the next chord struck. on rare occasions, this led to content that may be offensive to certain people. we apologize for the shallow and instantaneous machinations of matt's brain; it's nothing personal.

note: the chords line up approx 1:1 with lines (e.g. you play all the chords with every line).

eating cake with some friends
keegan slips some into his indian mouth and
won't say
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm like the rest of us
the rest of us
make an attempt
to try to shame him into saying
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm like the rest of us

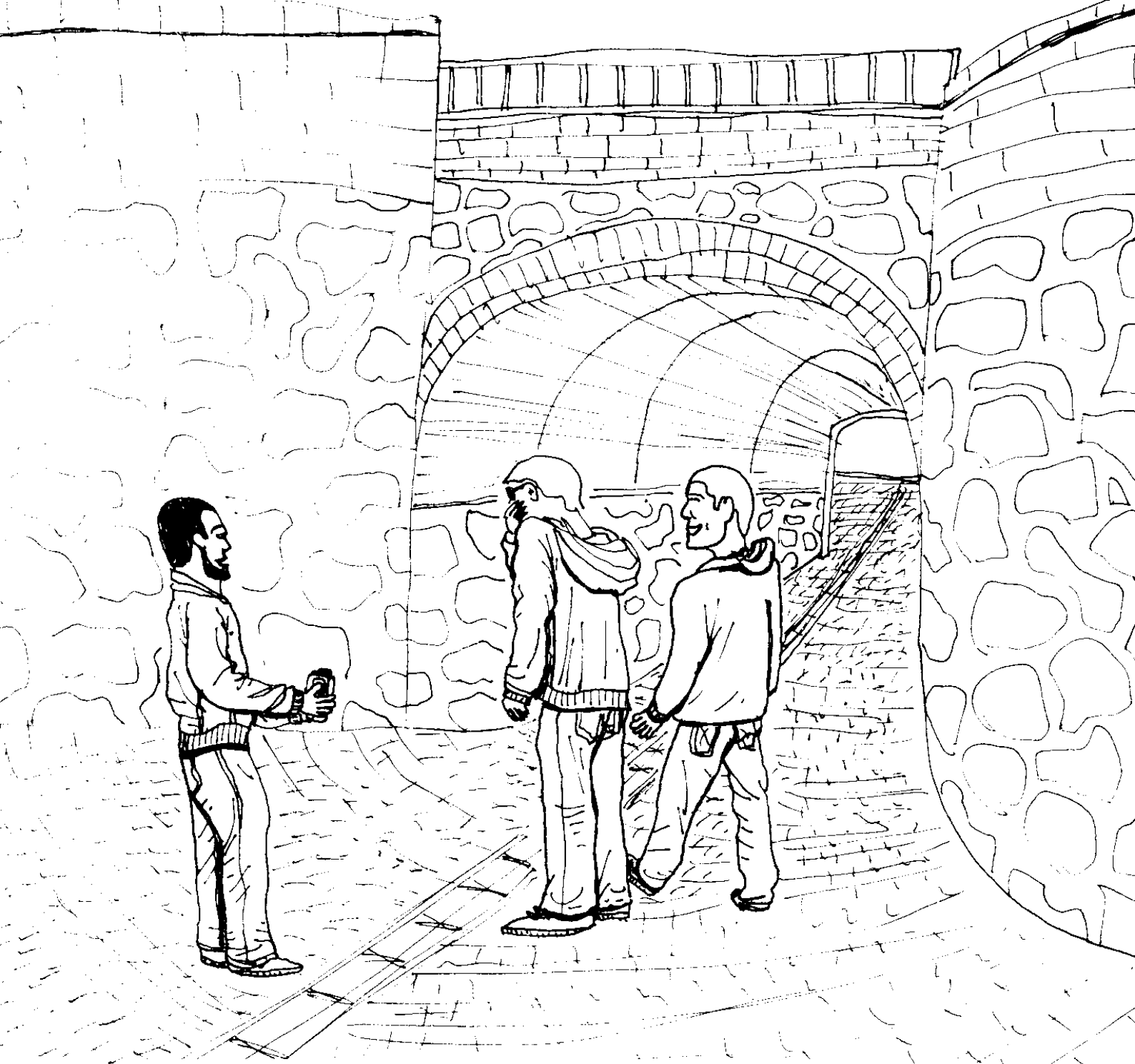


but he won't so we hate him

grand plans

[G A C D]

i went to the party today thinking
gonna have some fun gonna chew some gum gonna meet everyone
and i met no one
i met no one
i met no one
and i didn't even chew my gum
i had my english class today
right before i pumped myself up
what did i say
i said well
mr. myself here's what you get to do
you get to go to english class with other smart ass fools
you get to read some interesting stuff
you get a smart professor who is very up to snuff
surrounded by these very impressive intellects of the mind
maybe you should speak your turn
maybe you should speak this time
and i went to class
i didn't give a shit
i didn't speak a word
i didn't say anything
i didn't listen i just doodled i nearly
fell asleep
just last night i went to the bar
ordered a bud light
i said to myself hey that girl looks kinda cute
you should maybe go over and talk to her
tell her something neat
you got nothing to lose
you got absolutely everything to prove
leave nothing on the table just give it your all
i'm sure if you try it it'll be a major ball
so i just drank my drink
and i had a lot of thoughts that i really had to think
and well i walked right out of that bar
got in my car
drove far away
to another day
where that girl would never be in my life



three thugs in an alley
on a quiet night
are actually my friends
to my eyes
descended to a percieveable height
from their birthplaces
in conspiring streets

friend table

[C Em Am F, Capo 4]

we sit together but we feel apart
we're not alone except in our own heads
the time we spend is at this single table
bashing our ideas into each other until they're all dead
carcasses stain this wood-grained surface
battle scars run so deep
still we walk to class laughing and joking
about the previous night's escapades and
how little they mean
about the little things in life
about those small titular deeds
sometimes these gravities they part
when inertia is not enough to contain this drifting
of bodies and of minds of the gradualness of time
eventually we all will go down the line on which we balance
eventually we'll turn down that one path
but eventually is in the future and
eventually isn't today
so for now we are here laughing
at these silly jokes
and for now i sit here refusing these old smokes
for now we eat our pizza and we drink our juice
you all look at me and i look at all of you
laughing at an empty joke
talking just to fill the sound
sometimes the silence isn't all that bad
sometimes you wish the silence was all that you had
sometimes you wish these voices would just go away

skate in / circles / direct shots as an actor / (how now
brown cow) / wind pinches empty pockets / unless you're
quick / (fleet of foot) / & perhaps it's better to remain /
dead / then be / (tools of the trade) /



it's all a haze and a legitimate phase
intertwined in the past in a few different ways
with memories of eyes and tries and dice/dies
where brothers fight often and this makes them nice
removing all stops from an innocuous lie
the plug has decayed what remains may not die
alone in a world inhabited barely
by giants & flies & an invisible fairy
who reaches out gently then thrusts with a fist
(the point of which i'm afraid i have missed)
i'm told it's possible to live in plateaus
where yesses and maybes all become noes
if this is the life then don't know what isn't
call me when the milk is delivered