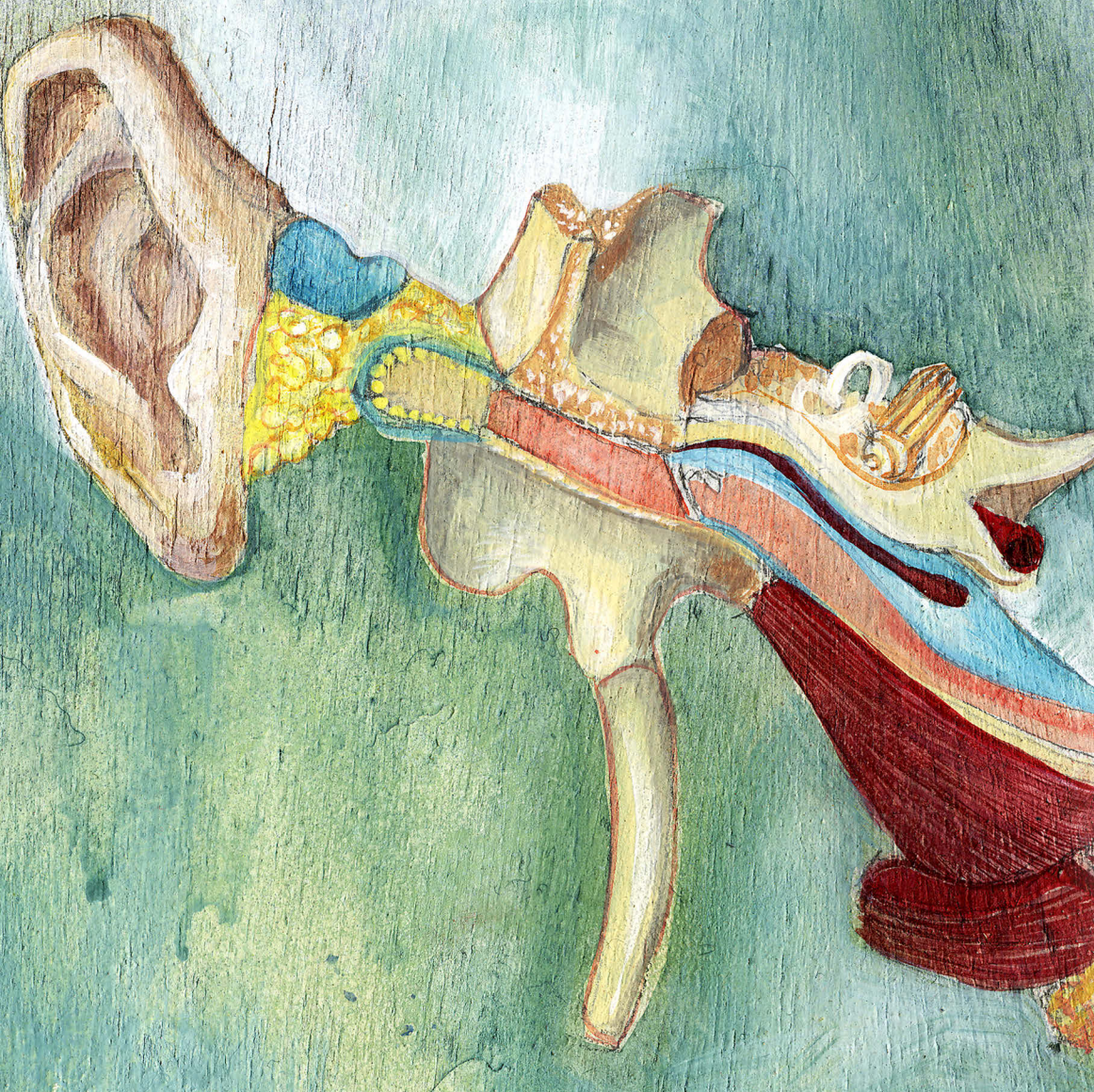




JOE MORISHIGE

THE PETTING
ZOO



hello and thank you for picking up a friendly copy of my first solo album. throughout the creation of this record and accompanying art and poetry book my life and view on life have changed many times. this fact, which is really just the nature of life (constant change) makes me feel very disconnected from this material at times as it was mostly written when i was 21-23. i started the album recording in my dads studio in ~~hilo~~ puna, hawaii/ in the fall of 2006. after setting up my audio workstation i realized i didn't really have much material or really much to say. i had been trying to make it as a hip hop producer for the last few years prior and was coming to grips with the fact that my spontaneous music creation had been drowned out by constant over thinking of the perfect ~~beat~~ "beat" that would be my ticket to financial ~~security~~ security. so, quite drained and dissolutioned i sat thinking on what style i should play i was told that you need a cohesive sound to make it but my background loved so many different styles i spent the first 3 years agonizing over my sound/ until finally i decided that my sound would be everything i love. i spent so much time thinking about what other people wanted that i forgot about myself. in the following years i realized that the most precious thing we have to offer is our earnest selves. moving forward i followed that philosophy with the best of my abilities. culminating with yesterdays purchase of this 1952 underwood typewriter. all creative output of mine will always be as/ close to a stream of thought as possible. these words are mine, here now, and written as to a best friend. the first rains are falling in boulder creek, better get the wood covered.

sincerely, joe - sept 25 2011

01 - sheep

dilated eyes
on a glowing lie
on a glowing lie
too late
now they have your soul
now they take control
twist your arm
then they take your name
cotton candy brain
life lived
all the sheep will cry
all the sheep will.....

instrumentation:
viola - noboru morishige
twisty percussion noise - zach michaels

sometime around the fall of 2007 i nearly
lost my mind while twisting wires on the
manufacturing floor. listening to too much
emo music and getting lost in the crevasses of
my brain i scribbled these random notes on
my yellow manufacturing notebook.

"like a fortune teller
profiting from our fears"

"the only way to think outside the box
is to understand no box exists"

"don't think too hard about whats in your head
even though everything is"

"maybe im fooling myself
that i've given it all"

"let failure cut into you like a hot knife"

"you dont need to understand it completely
to know its beautiful"

"dont find problems in the world,
learn how to change yourself"

"finding beauty in not seeing eye to eye"

"i'll tiptoe through the tulips
while you rip me apart"

"on the manufacturing floor
is where i worked it out."

02 - the petying zoo

here at the petying zoo
people come to feed you food
here at the petying zoo
no one tells you that its poo
here at the petying zoo

go home there is no show today
where do the animals go when the zoo closes
see time rush by, we fade
here we are all just illusions

i told you all the time
we need to get going
just another looney bin
i thought i'd end up in
still trying to break in
while everyone runs away
just another looney bin
i thought i'd get stuck in
goodbye i still miss you
it's over

me i'm just fine.

music and words by: jacey and joe
instrumentation:
drums - zach michaels

the kitty cat is in the rain
the master left
the world has changed
childish words on a blank canvas
there is nothing left to say
when no
one is listening

03 - broken sky

seems i've neglected us
left out the best we must

got caught in different ways
watch distance smoldering
seems it's another day just lost
fool if i ever thought
true it's a real long shot
one that i need to take

hold back the worst of ways
she says i'm crazy way up in outer space
loved in all these ways
oh please be there

king of the mutants bow
havent you heard by now
some things don't work themselves out
empty again i find
pieces of broken sky
through clouds we stared our eyes
we stared our eyes

hold back the worst of ways
she says i'm crazy way up in outer space
loved in all these ways
loved in all these ways
loved in all these ways

music: jacey and joe lyrics: jacey

instrumentation:
drums: zach michaels

to shiver when our fingers touched
when it tingled to brush your hair
sweet ignorance of the world
bliss in our own fleeting moment
no end, no future, only present

thought we could only grow stronger
through passion, greed, and lust we diverge
through life and time we drift away

away from the love
away from what we once treasured

the treasure is fools gold.

5/26/06 - turns out its a lot
harder to let go of your high school
sweetheart than one could ever imagine

04 - sense

would you cut off my hands
could you take my voice
gouge out my eyes
these things won't help me get out alive
these things won't help me get out alive
these things won't help me get out alive

would you tear off my ears
could you rip out my tounge
numb all i touch
these things won't help me get out alive
these things won't help me get out alive
these things won't help me get out alive

buddha won't you rescue me
won't you rescue me.

instrumentation:
drums - zach michaels

excerpts from the dhammapda - 9/7/06
a


as found in a tattered notebook, the stumbling onto a pocket sized copy during a trip to the big island turned my world upsidedown. its funny how books find you exactly when you need them.

#6

there are those who are aware
that they are always facing death
knowing this, they put aside all quarrels

#3 - flowers

just as a raging flood sweeps away a sleeping village, so does death claim a man of distracted mind. as he continually seeks more and more of life's fleeting pleasures



05 - ashes drift slowly

and spirits mend in time
so much has been given away
too little left for you
sweet kiss on the neck
deep shiver in my spine
misty red light in a toxic haze
black pearls in green eyes

your other half has run away
i'll sit and wait and i'll wonder
i want to give myself to you

should i put my hands on your wall?
your soul is what you share
so freely with every move
i'll love this moment

lonely is the path that betters me
tattered hearts scream into the silence
nothing, no gravity to push, just silence
never has there been more comfort in it
my thoughts drift as they want
so hard to tame a lonely soul
much worse stories will find their way here
the cracks are welcome
goodbye, goodnight, farewell
i love your eyes
~~but~~ black, black, i loved the black

08.27.07 - truthfully she really
wasnt that good to me, but i was going
insane soldering wires and getting deeper
into my subconscious than what was safe
im not sure how i came out without losing
my mind entirely.



07 - quincy aka: the tin foil hat man

skipping down bay front
in tight tattered tights
two world powers hang over your head
two more hours and you'll be fed
your moldable metal shines and protects

this tin the color that fits your mold
starts lies about you being
six million years old

pearly pearl whites
and your waivey black hair
gives us all delight
as we stand and we stare
your world is greater than a wonderful dream
though i had you in mine once
on my soccer team

sadness is not your skipping
sadness is not your mind
i love you completely
the things that you do
i love you completely
appreciate you
though i can't, i can't, i can't
grasp your mind

from aliens that live in an alternate world
told to change history
told to be bold

instrumentation:

bass - myles forman add. guitar - darrell
drums - zach michaels

music and lyrics: darrell,myles,dave,joe



08 - 3:42

three forty two was the time
we'd always cherish together
holding hands and wedding bands
on mauna kea's top
sleeping on the edge of and active volcano
these memories are so vivid in my mind

~~100~~

looking at pictures drunk
feels as if your here with me
looking at pictures drunk
these tears to be fr~~ee~~
these tears to be alone

meeting at the japanese garden
ran away from home again
taco bell and power puffs
on the couch alone at ten
sneaking into the hilton
we got thrown out again
watching sunsets in kona
and sip on soup with me

a red head for a new year
then blonde for the summer
hot tubs and wiskey a cheap motel
and don't forget sizler
eating for hours in a rotating restraurant
could've been a bit cheaper
stare in your eyes, it made me whole


three forty two was the time
we always cherished together
three forty two was the time
i wish it lasted forever

instrumentation:
drums - zach

the mind weaves in and out of concious thought
from bus stop to love lost
the sun cracks the horizon
soon swallowed by the mornings low clouds
tears dry looking at a new day
as i hand over the smokes to a child
hope springs from a small seed
a vine on the front steps
choking plants, covering their sunlight
i'll pray the best is yet to come
comfort on the greyhound
i'll drink up the stars tonight
will i accept what i've done?
it's the stories i want to tell
and the stories i've never heard
it's the love i couldn't give
and the strength to be alone
that hurts the most

- out of work and broken, i sold my
barely working nissan sentra for \$500 and
bought a greyhound ticket out of san jose
to seattle, hoping to find myself there again.
i think the kindness i found could have
saved my life.

sometime around the fall of 2007



09 - solace

instrumentation:

hammond delight - bryan corbin
membranophone - zach michaels
other stuff - joe

i got lots & lots of emmotions running about
right now. people looking around for solace.
there is no solace. the only solace is in
your mind, not the world. solace is something
man came up with to grasp how things are fair.
things are not this way.

9/30/06 - lamenting on a new found
kindred spirits loss.... ..

10 - birthdays and party hats

don't shine like they used to
tangled in a universe
another day alone without you
mystified can't justify
life through this dirty lense
we're holding on with a finger tip
there's nothing to hold on to

i've poured myself out
there is nothing left for me
an echo in an empty vase
too much pride in a soul-less face

it's a dirty time
and i'm stuck here with this dirty mind
cloudy and lazy
bet on what's left behind

i've poured myself out
there is nothing left for me
an echo in an empty vase
too much pride in a soul-less face

i slept beside you last night
then i woke up from a dream
i slept beside you last night
then i woke up from a dream

i swear i felt your warmth beside me.

standing at the horse races
i'm looking at your back
walking away
we were so close to the end
sitting in the car

i say
i'll take the train
but you drive me home
both doubt love in the silence
screaming love in the silence

- the end of a beautiful
train wreck

11 - particles

it's the tube... it's the tube...
run away... run away!!!
here to stay
here to stay

get in, sit your ass down
shut up, shut up

push reality away
push reality away with a sip

run from the truth into the hills of loneliness

too much
too little
too scared

a collection of particles is me
pull them apart and where did i go?

instrumentation:
drums - zach
other stuff - joe

in a world where milk & money flows
happiness is what they tell you
it's what they sell you
like blood stains on your silk clothes
you have no history

quick

hide in a hole

cover the top, flip the teli
then tell me how you fit in the mold

dialated eyes fixed on a glowing lie

self has become a beep in the noise

forgot how to cry
forgot how to die

- 5/7/06 my original impetus to write
this album was primarily social comen-
tary. though after reviewing my writtings
most of my rants were about women,
fancy that.

the nitty gritty:

recorded at the following locations:
dad's backyard studio, puna, hawaii
isul's sweet loft apartment san fran, cali
my old crap-jose beloved apt. san jose, cali
the wonderous kelp monkey labs - boulder creek

mixed by me @ kelpmonkey labs
master by steve rusche @ KML

instrumentation notes:
to avoid excessively referencing myself through
out this book i have left my credits out of
most of the songs. throughout the album i sang
all the vocals and played the following instr-
uments: acoustic and electric guitar, prog.
drums, bass, melodica, mandoline, shakuhachi,
flute, clapping, tambourine, hammer dulcimer,
keyboard, banjo, ukulele, various string/synth/
vsti noise prog., and maybe some other stuff
i forgot.

book design and art stuff:
mural paintings and water colors by sean boyles
pictures of the mural taken by brian doll
layout and typing of this by me

produced by my over-critical self destructive
self.....

no autotune was used in the making
of this album.

a limitless thanks to everyone and everything
that has seen me through this journey. from
my childhood sweethearts to the guy who dropped
in on me yesterday to the farthest particle in
our expanding universe to my beautiful wife and
child. i love you all in every possible way i
can. i am nothing without you and the lessons
you are continuously teaching me. from the
limitless past to the endless future i hope
this is just the beginning of many glorious
adventures.

sincerely,

joe

