

MICHAEL SOLEM



*L*USCIOUS IN LO-FI

1. One More Night in the City
2. The State of My Plan
3. Stack 'em Up!
4. Face the Truth
5. I Want You Now
6. Phone, Keys, Wallet (Do Ya Got It?)
7. Will You Love Me Tomorrow? (Endless Unholy Ritual)<sup>a</sup>
8. Chooser and the Chosen One<sup>b</sup>
9. Dirty Laundry
10. Why Can't You Tell Me Why?
11. Bring It Home

PRODUCED, WRITTEN, AND ARRANGED BY MICHAEL SOLEM, except:

a. Lyrics and Music by Michael Solem, Gerry Goffin, & Carole King

b. Lyrics by Michael Solem, Music by Lou Reed

**Michael Solem:** Vocals, Guitar, Bass programming, Saxophone programming

Piano loops, Drum loops, Guitar loops & Effects mixed in Garageband v.5

**Photography** by John Donges and Michael Solem

**Artwork** by David Coronado and Michael Solem

**Special thanks** to Milan, Carlotta, Big Dave, & Messy Mix

**For** Nancy and Bob

**And remember ...**

*Don't leave home without that phone  
Or you'll spend your night alone*





# One More Night in the City

Let's go to the Village for a pillage and a plunder  
Hey now taxi driver will ya take it to 100

Do me a favor and show a little class  
Do me a favor and spank me on the ass

Let's have one more night together in the city  
One more night and we'll be sittin' pretty  
One more night together with my honey  
One more night forget about the money

Let's huddle at the bar, have some drinks and conspire  
Now you're talkin' now you're really preachin' to the choir

Marco called and said he'll be working at the door  
He'll get us in for free but he'll be coming back for more

Let's have one more night together in the city  
One more night and we'll be sittin' pretty  
One more night to hold you by the hand  
One more night without any plan

Let's run through the rain and into another dive  
It's afterhours when this place really comes alive

I can't take no more man I think it's time for bed  
Can't we grab a coffee and some greasy eggs instead

Let's have one more night together in the city  
One more night and we'll be sittin' pretty  
One more night to set the streets ablaze  
One more night to forget about the day

One more night together in the city  
One more night and we'll be sittin' pretty  
One more night to hold you by the hand  
One more night together with my man

One more night together in the city  
One more night and we'll be sittin' pretty  
One more night together with my honey  
One more night to spend all our money





The

State

of

My

Plan

The state of my plan  
Is mysterious  
And that's left me feeling mighty delirious  
The hair on my head  
Is thin, grey and pale  
Just like those bills that come in the U.S. mail

Now you could fix everything if you wanted to  
Just by keeping the faith that I have in you  
Now you could fix everything if you wanted to  
Just by keeping  
Just by believing in the plan

The state of my plan  
Is shock and fear  
What the hell am I even doing here  
The hands holding me up  
Are my own  
And that's cold comfort for somebody who's far from home

Now you could fix everything if you wanted to  
Just by keeping the faith that I have in you  
Now you could fix everything if you wanted to  
Just by keeping  
Just by believing  
Just by keeping  
Just by believing in the plan

The state of my plan  
Is slipping away  
And gets farther and farther with each passing day  
You could call me up  
And say its for real  
I'll pack my bags and make it a deal

Yeah you could fix everything if you wanted to  
Just by keeping the faith that I have in you  
Yeah you could fix everything if you wanted to  
Just by keeping  
Just by believing  
Just by keeping  
Just by believing in the plan

State of my plan  
The state of my plan  
State of my plan  
The state of my plan





*Stack*

*'em*

*Up!*

When you were born the hot air blew  
The sky fell dark and the missiles flew  
And churches rose in jubilation  
Arms outstretched for Revelations  
While millions of people took to the streets  
Pumping their fists to Jimmy Jazz beats  
Thinking that their sex savior had come  
Stick a fork in 'em, turn 'em over they're done

Piss stains all your territories  
Continents races and creeds  
Unfold the map of your jilted lovers  
There's not much land left to discover  
Just a lot of drought and desertification  
Thousands of miles of humiliation  
Where's the oasis in your domain?  
Did you say Ozymandias is your name?

When America dropped the bomb  
The Japanese people sang your song  
So now I know when I hear that sound  
It's time to get the fuck out of this town  
'Cause you sure do have some wicked ways  
It's enough to make an atheist pray  
But the next time you ask me to put on Sinatra  
All I'm gonna do is sing your mantra

(Stack 'em up!) a mile high  
(Stack 'em up!) into the sky  
(Stack 'em up!) a mile deep  
(Stack 'em up!) under your feet  
(Stack 'em up!) one by one  
(Stack 'em up!) until you're done  
(Stack 'em up!) and say their names  
(Stack 'em up!) they're all the same



# Face the Truth

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury  
Consider the facts of this love story  
But reach your verdict in a hurry  
Don't delay the power and the glory

Here stands a man who's been nickel and dimed  
Each time he puts his heart out on the line  
In every respect he's running out of time  
So treat this like you would a valentine

It's up to you, so make the call  
And be the one who breaks his fall

Saying these words nearly makes me cry  
The lonely heart needs a muse or it'll die

It's time to face the truth  
When a love takes a hold of you  
Simple as one plus one is two  
It's a law that you can't undo

Hello there my shining light  
Who guides my way all through the night  
And holds me close when I shake with fright  
And makes me feel that it'll be alright

Smiling now, you lay down on your back  
Your arms waiting for my attack  
I put on the *Pretty in Pink* soundtrack  
And hear you sigh as the room falls black

Then overnight I have a dream  
That wakes me with a bolt and scream

But my fears pass when I still see  
The beauty sleeping right there beside me

It's time to face the truth  
When a love takes a hold of you  
Simple as one plus one is two  
It's a law that you can't undo

Lover man I hear your call  
And I've been giving this a lot of thought  
But you know it's not all my fault  
Sometimes you keep your mind locked in a vault

You've said some very special words  
Each and every one of them I've heard  
But I need more time to get up the nerve  
So I hope that doesn't seem too absurd

So until then let's make a deal  
To trust each other and keep it real

The time will come to make a change  
And take a vow in our Lord's name

It's time to face the truth  
When a man takes a hold of you  
Simple as one plus one is two  
It's math that you know is true



# I WANT YOU NOW



Hey! Little prince  
Give me a kiss  
Don't be shy  
I need a hand  
To lift me up  
Into the sky

I Want You Now

Hey! Number One  
Is this for real?  
I need to know  
When I wake up  
And see your face  
In the morning glow

I Want You Now

Can I feel this way?  
You know I'm not a  
lucky guy  
Can I feel this way?  
You know even sweet  
angels cry

Hey! Now friend  
I'd like to know  
If the shoes you wear  
Have walked the road  
Into my life  
And you'll be there

I Want You Now



*Do ya got it? Don't forget it!*

*'Cause you need it! So repeat it!*

*Do ya got it? Don't forget it!*

*So go get it! ☆ Or regret it!*

It's a beautiful night, and you're feeling  
Hot, like a fluorescent light, at your favorite  
Spot, on the main avenue, where you'll be drinking a  
Lot, with the girls and the boys, but first you got no choice  
So stop, take a look all around until you've found the  
Three things that you're gonna need, count 'em 1-2-3  
Three things, that's uno dos tres before you leave your place  
Your phone, keys, and wallet – now put 'em in your pocket!

Mark calls and wants to know "Hey man do ya got the  
blow?", while Rick blows his horn outside 'cause he's ready to  
Go, as for Fred, well . . . that's all that needs to be  
Said, so count to three or else you'll feel misery  
So man, take a look all around until you've found the  
Three things that you need to feel right there by your knee  
Three things, that's uno dos tres before you leave your place  
Your phone, keys, and wallet say it again until you got it

Don't leave home without that phone  
Or you'll spend your night alone  
Brother please grab your keys  
Or you'll be begging on your knees  
Check your pocket for your wallet  
'Cause your poor ass'll need that credit

*phone, keys, wallet (do ya got it?)*



# *Will You Love Me Tomorrow?*

Well hello my friend  
It's good to see you again  
But I don't think the feeling's mutual  
Cash or credit today  
You know someone's gonna pay  
For this endless unholy ritual

So what's it gonna be  
After that coffee  
You know the clock is a-tickin'  
Maybe something new  
A different treat for you  
To stop those hands a-shakin'

Just when I think you're done  
You want another one  
To satisfy that yearning  
I hope your dreams tonight  
Are sweet as the sun is bright  
'cause darkness waits in the morning

Tonight you're mine completely  
You give you love so sweetly  
Tonight the light of love is in your eyes

Is this a lasting treasure  
Or just a moment's pleasure  
Can I believe the magic of your sighs

Tonight with words unspoken  
You say that I'm the only one  
But will my heart be broken  
When the night meets the morning sun

I'd like to know that your love  
Is love I can be sure of  
So tell me now, and I won't ask again

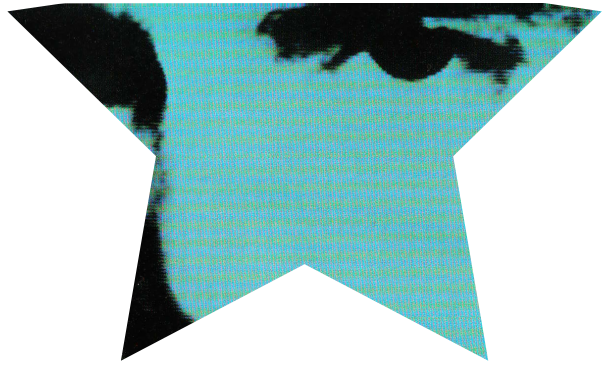
Will you still love me tomorrow?

*(Endless Unholy Ritual)*



*Chooser*

*&*



*the*

*Chosen*

*One*



Come over here ... move into the light ... I want to see, touch ... the face I chose ... from whose eyes I see ... from whose nose I breathe ... from whose lips I speak these words

So now that you know ... how I feel ... hold me close ... hold me tight ... and slip away ... into the night ... with the one you chose



# Dirty laundry

I trusted you but alas  
You drank fully from my glass  
Fool me once or a thousand times  
Now you're paying for your crimes

The time is nigh your dues are due  
A twist of fate has befallen you  
Food or clothes, drugs or checks  
Anything can buy your sex

I take your call you say my name  
You're coming back for more the same  
Where's your pride or is it gone?  
Your mama's lap is where you belong

Take a cue from the Japanese  
Walk 10 feet behind me please  
Do a dance in your yukata  
Bow to me, your yakuza

I don't care if this ain't fun  
There's plenty more where you come from  
So shut your mouth that's all I ask  
That face you see is just a mask

Are those tears my dear beloved?  
Do you miss those things you covet?  
Like my money and naïveté  
The apple that you fed to me

Don't you plead there ain't no hope  
Gonna suck you dry like a Jack and coke  
Then toss you out on your knees  
Put myself out of misery

Yeah toss you out on your knees  
Put myself out of misery  
Yeah toss you out on your knees  
Like a sack of dirty laundry



# *Why Can't You Tell Me Why?*

Why can't you tell me why  
It's all about you and an alibi  
Excuses why you're not here in my bed  
Leaving me left home alone instead

Why can't you see the things that I see  
Two people poised for ecstasy  
But instead of days and nights of joy  
You leave me feeling like a plastic toy

Why don't you smell the truth in the air  
Where there's smoke, there's fire in our lair  
But I guess that's not good enough for you  
Cash in my love and you'll make do

Why don't you hear the things that I hear  
The way you purr in bed by my ear  
Sometimes you make me feel like catching you by the neck  
You stupid fucking idiot

Why won't you taste the honey on my lips  
And suck the sugar off my fingertips  
Will you ever grow up to be a man  
I wonder like the fool that I am



# Bring it Home

Well I wait, and wait  
and then wait some more  
For you to make the call  
For a change

Will it be him or me  
Who lives by your side  
The one who you'll adore  
For the age

Bring it home to me now  
Like the sun bursts through the clouds  
Like a runaway who lost his way  
But now wants to be found

Bring it home to me now  
Like a fastball from the mound  
And make me feel that it's for real  
That I'm duty bound

I'll catch a flight, take a train  
or drive a thousand miles  
Do whatever it takes  
To find you

Then I'll get on my knees  
And look you in the eyes  
Just so that you'll know  
It's the truth

This is our one chance at redemption  
Don't give in to fear or trepidation

Well I know I'm a prick  
And a pain in the ass  
But darlin' I make you smile  
Every time

So get off your high horse  
And have a beer with me  
A new day has come  
Cast a line

Bring it home to me now  
Like the sun bursts through the clouds  
Like a runaway who lost his way  
But now wants to be found

Bring it home to me now  
Like a fastball from the mound  
And make me feel that it's for real  
That I'm duty bound

ti gnirƆ  
xmoH



- 
- A photograph showing the back of a person with short, dark hair. A prominent red lightning bolt tattoo is visible on the left side of their upper back. The person is positioned against a light-colored, textured wall. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of the back and the details of the tattoo.
1. One More Night in the City
  2. The State of My Plan
  3. Stack 'em Up!
  4. Face the Truth
  5. I Want You Now
  6. Phone, Keys, Wallet (Do Ya Got It?)
  7. Will You Love Me Tomorrow? (Endless Unholy Ritual)
  8. Chooser and the Chosen One
  9. Dirty Laundry
  10. Why Can't You Tell Me Why?
  11. Bring It Home