



Hop Along

Bark Your Head Off, Dog

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How Simple

I suppose one who hasn't seen
the earlier frames could say
I am advancing
I am advancing
Pale as a banshee sun—
think I should stop checking
myself out in the windows
of cars, when I could see
my future in her pictures of relatives

How simple my heart can be
How simple my heart can be
frightens me

Don't worry
we will both find out,
just not together.

Your hand was on me
It seemed like you were
being sweet
Here I am, again
at the reserve to drink

It's not that I thought
like all of a sudden you change
We were covered in each other's snot
in my childhood bed
It seemed like we were being sweet
Her pictures of relatives

How simple my heart can be
How simple my heart can be
frightens me

Somewhere a Judge

There you have it, the beginning
and the end
The shovel still
covered in shit

Death, indiscriminate drags off
the newborn buck with the
broken leg

In the shadow of conversations
had while I was asleep
not to mention the years
of conversations you've had
without me

Afternoon vanilla sun
crawls away across the lawn
through the phone I pull you
and drag your voice around
Afternoon vanilla sun
crawls away without a sound
Through the phone I pull you
and drag your voice around

You don't know I know what's wrong

Notification: 8 executions by drug
to beat the expiration
A shelf life of reason, is that what
this was Arkansas?
Somewhere a judge stretches himself
out on fine tropical sand
I wait back to work then
took the train home
I saw a fire in the distance

Afternoon vanilla sun
crawls away across the lawn
through the phone I pull you
and drag your voice around

I don't know why
I'm so mean each time I come to visit
I don't know why
I'm so mean each time I come around

How You Got Your Limp

Poured the professor
into a cab, avoiding
as best as one can
the voice of a
doomed man
condemning his students
In my lack of power
I knew him

I can hear you;
The whole bar can.

The supervisor lied over the phone
he never got up to check
next door last night
nineteen year old kid,
who came in to work but was
nevertheless reconvicted
Over the counter, Nora told me
all about it

I can hear you;
The whole bar can

I know what you'd like me
to say, but you got to do
exactly what you wanted
That's how you got your limp
all your strength came
from her ~~little~~ humiliation

I can hear you
I can't do anything

Quitting the bar
perfectly understood in the end
he will be leaving
a garbage tip as his
revenge.

Not Abel

The whole town lined up
outside the tent, what those kids
thought they saw
do you really want to remember this?
Today think of all the alien
shots in the dark, that at one time
all at once, coexisted

I mean aside from all the burning
hurry by the shanties beside the road

Sunset on a cart
pulled home by a white horse
Conscience of the husband
was righteous and coarse
There must be a limit - if
we only circle around
there's no hurry in reaching it

Shirt bloodstained and yet it was
not Abel but Cain
who got to hear
the voice that for so long had
been a stranger
Not one word of all the time
they spent growing up brothers
Even love, something to lose
What if the details were
were suddenly shared?
Tender moments/ siblings keep secret

Sunset on a time
when no words could
be spared. Unknowing
Mother rocks soft
in her chair
There must be a limit
This has happened
This will happen
This is happening

Voice on the radio again
Strange to be shaped by
Such strange men
It's the hottest summer again
Strange to be shaped by
Such strange men - but where
will you go? where

Where? Where? When
you asked me that question,
it sounded like a joke a
rubber hand extended to shake
Outside my kitchen the sound
of fists on the door in
the early morning light

A death! So small and
Sentimental Daddy giving
the middle finger to the Kodak lens
when I saw her face she smiled
"I don't know why I
saved it all this time."

The Fox in Motion

The youngest - but that
does not matter now
She and her sister laugh
I was asleep with my mouth
open the whole drive down
On a sheet
on the beach
small lunatic birds
We watch them as they
rush and retreat

No, I wasn't changed tonight
or it has not yet been
recognized

When we saw the fox run
just a few feet in front of us
I thought something must be
wrong; she looked like
decay in motion
We saw the fox run, like
a ghost
instantly embarrassed
I thought something must be wrong
she must be sick

Cousin took me home
All the way off in the city
his distant regret

The youngest -
but that does not matter now
Her sister and I on
opposite ends of the beach
Island after island
go the thoughts within
Each of us off on our own
in the dark scavenging
me on my phone
scavenging

Cousin, take me home
All the way off in the city
his distant regret

How can I explain it
having been seen,
what would that mean?

One That Suits Me

Meanwhile, the scientist,
pounding on his skull
his skull - two slow
themselves away working on it -
In storms the general
Grabbed him by his collar
"Well you old crackpot, what
have you got to say?"

In an open field, man is
guilty always.
Mud is yellow and the ground
is moving
Sun is yellow and the ground is
moving. The ground is moving

The century turned and your
old man stumbled in,
saying, "Of course I am for peace."
One That Suits me."

For the first time
the Captain at my side
Look now, here the Police comes
here he comes
about to go on his lunch break

"Sir, you and I both know
the real criminal is time
I understand your crime but
what makes you think
you've got the right
to be young?"

In an open field, man is guilty
always.

The century turned and your
old man stumbled in, saying -
"Of course I am for peace."

One that suits me."

And now the mother of
them all, she is just
about to fall
In the history of man
reality becomes softened

What the Writer Meant

Gold, alone
clinging to a stem
Pretty soon this will be
a skeleton
Metaphorises before
sleets and smoldering
Above the wild giant waited
Never will I do that again

So strange
to be shaped by such
strange men
Elizabeth explain what
the writer meant

That God is the one who changed.

The General,
back toothed, bright eyed
frotting red.
Baltimore, you on the floor
me on the edge of the bed
We saw him in one
brutal gesture tear
that rabbit open
You turned to me, "Isn't this
supposed to be for children?"

So strange
to be shaped by such
strange moments
Elizabeth, the train
when will I see you again?

Will you tell me your mind has changed?

So strange
was I shaped for just this moment?
Elizabeth, explain
what the writer meant.

Look of Love

Jane Austen
in the hospital
Your handwriting on the legal
pad was barely legible
Wishing I wonder if I
could go all the way back
would say if it still scare
me for example the labrador
down the street
Man carried me down
from off the car
Neighbor scolded I'd upset him
Every time he took off
my thoughts got dark and menacing
Go on Romeo, back your head off
My last terror of ignorance
is still to come
Consider, quit it, you dumb dog
chasing speeding cars
I heard the engine and then you
lay like a dead boy
on the hot summer tar

That night, the awful relief
now what are ya gonna
do to me? First symphony
of guilt then became
a permanent shame

And now I can get close
enough, close enough to see
you're overgrown with
a look of love

I still dream of spiders crawling
across my bed
The present, I have no place in it
I still dream of being watched, but
not by - well, I know your
thoughts on the matter
we don't need to discuss it

Around 3 am you will come to
your roommates' pissed his
sheets right through
years from now you will build
beautiful black flowers

I came home and you directed
with your hardened hand
all of your birds who have
come back to dine and rest
in your garden again
They've come to rest
in your garden

Now I can get close
enough, close enough to see
you're overgrown
with a look of love.

Back your head off, dog

Prior Things

Just a few minutes after
taking them, I realized
hundreds of buzzing flies
were all over me

I looked up and there you were
reading and there you were
you were on vacation
vacation means leave
Means to eliminate all prior things

Here, why don't I try
why don't I try to make you miss
why - is a lack of imagination
the crime?
why don't I try
why don't I try to make you miss
why don't I back you up against this
moment.

So when you finally go
out back in my parents' yard
I reserve my little lower road
and nobody needs to know
will know that I overheard
to leave my little lower road

I watch the bird feeder
out back in my parents' yard
The weight of that bluejay
the bully steals it all

And what must happen in your mind
when you create those silences -
Nevertheless, I don't wanna see
I know it's got nothing
to do with me.

Here, why don't I try
why don't I try to move aside
I'm still soft
I'm still in my prime
why don't I try
why don't I try to move aside
I'm still soft
it's still my time

And when you finally go
when you choose to go I reserve
my little lower road
Nobody needs to know
will know that I was only
holding your place on this year
little lower road
Your little lower road



Hop Along is
 Frances Quinlan vocals, guitar
 Joe Reinhart guitar, rhodes, organ, mandolin
 Mark Quinlan drums, percussion, synthperc.
 Tyler Long bass
 Strings arranged and performed by
 Sarah Larsen violin, viola
 Rachel Leenigle cello
 Backup vocals by Chrissy "Crinbo" Tashjian
 and Frances
 Harp on How You Got Your Lipp by
 Mary Lattimore
 Synths/Keys on Somewhere a Judge by Noah Beresin

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 Produced by Hop Along

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