

December 25th, 2004

T'was the night before Christmas, and all through the band
We were sleeping so soundly, our nads in our hands.
The stocking had been hung by the heating vent with care
With hopes that St. Nick understood central air.

Their instruments nestled, snug in their cases
While the band dreamt of women dancing in their faces.
Tony in his 'kerchief and Nick in his cap,
Jimbo sleeps naked, Tom and Frank back to back.

When out on the porch there arose such a clatter,
We sprang from our beds to see what was the matter.
Was this a burgular looking for our cash,
Was he going to take the last can of Who Hash?

The streetlights that hang outside the window
Gave the lustre of mid-day to concrete below.
When, what to our bloodshot eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
We had all been sitting so quiet and silent
That his voice boomed out like the LA riots.

"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!
On, COMET! on CUPID! on, DONDER and BLITZEN!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As the old Reviews before the SEPTA busses fly
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up the band house the bastards they flew,
We were so excited our pants were almost pooped.

And then, in a twinkling, we heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As we five love the band, St. Nick came down
Through the leak in the ceiling, no chimney around.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,

He was bright red from a fur-is-murder group.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
He looked like hell and he smelled like Jack.

His breath how it stunk, like brandy, blackberry.
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth had drool near the side,
And the beard of his chin was as white as a lie.

He smelled of cheap cigars, cheap women, and Christmas trees,
And the smoke had weathered him and yellowed his teeth.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.

As we laughed like hell at this bad Santa Claus,
He just reminded us how hard his job was.
A wink of his eye and a short little jig
Told us we'd be wasted, too, if this was our gig.

He spoke not a word, just dropped us some gifts;
A new haircut for Frank, some new strings for Nick,
Jimbo got some sticks, and Tom got strings, too,
And Trov got some Tang and a new pair of Roos.

Then he sprang to his sleigh, to his band said goodbye.
We didnt get a contract for christmas but it was worth a try.
But I heard him exclaim,
ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, THE NEW DEMO IS TIGHT!"

More Love Than You Know and Wishing Everyone the Safest of Holidays...
Fat City Reprise

See you December 30th for our last show of the year....Grape Sreet, baby.

December 22, 2004

Hey Everyone, sorry it took us so long to post a blog but we've been a little busy. JR's was really great, next time there's a sea of people like that one of us is going crowd surfing so be prepared. Thanks a lot to West River Drive for opening for us and warming the crowd up. Playing JR's always gives us a warm feeling all up in our gutty wuts. Now the reason we've been so busy....we're recording. That's right, the 20th, 21st, and 22nd we are locked up in Third

Story Recording with our buddy Noah. He's helping us prepare our new three song demo which will be available for download as well as handed out for free at all times. We're really trying to make it as professional and exceptional as possible. We're also filming the entire experience. Independent Film Maker / Eagle Scout John Paul Zito is running a picadilly circus of four cameras and about 25 hours of footage on each to choose from. Keep an eye out for the documentary edited and ready to love. Also keep an eye out all over the place for our new sitckers! They will soon be everywhere except on toll booths. And just because the whole world of Fat City is turning and you don't have to get off your ass doesn't mean you can miss Grape Street. We are divebombing into Grape Street December 30th to start ringing out the New Year early and often. If anyone needs directions you can just click on the venue name on the shows page or search the driving directions on the net. Just type in 123 Grape Street Fat City, PA 19169. See you at the Grape.

Your Buoys (That's a pun, not a typo),
Fat City Reprise

December 9th, 2004

:: NEW YORK TIMES DECEMBER 9TH, 2004 ::

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PHILADELPHIA: Local Rock Band Causes Riot, Three Dead.

Local rock band Fat City Reprise played a massively sold out and overtly crowded show at the new Brownie's 38st last night. As the set progressed, three fans were crushed to death in what could only be described as a mania. The venue is being held liable. Associated Press. SYKE! Brownies 38st was emptier than an Iraqi weapons silo. To everyone who came, thank you very much. We really appreciate the support on a Wednesday night. We cleared a whole five bucks from that show. But it's not about the money, it's about the music and as our good buddy Carlos Santana always says: Let the music set you free. We rocked out anyway, we tried to put on the best show we could for all you troopers who came out. So to everyone who didn't come, we'll see you at JR's. That's right, this Friday the 17th if December we are having a JR's show. People will be drunk, the house will be rocked, and undeniable hedonistic fun will be dripping from the walls. Don't forget your address....

Your Boys,
Fat City Reprise

P.S. Why didn't people come? The answers revealed...oooohh...

December 4th, 2004

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE-Hosiphat! What an awesome night December 3rd was. Special thanks to drum tech Mole Daddy and guitar tech Jimmy Collins for helpin' us out and to the Jealous Type for cutting their set short to give us some more time, we really appreciate it. We'll soon have a lot of new pictures for the fan page, but you can't get on it without wearing your Fat City t-shirt. When you come in uniform you get the money shots. The bar was ridiculously packed and the rockin' went on until 2:20 AM. Windmills papa. Don't forget about us this Wednesday when we go out to the brand spankin' new Brownie's 38st. Rumor has it that the Fresh Prince may actually show up, I mean really what's more in your blood than where you were born and raised. Fat City takes over West Philly this Wednesday at 11pm. Wear your shirts and get ready to rock out like a landslide. And don't forget to drop us a line through email or message board, we loooooove talking about ourselves and each other...hahaha.

Mucho Love from Your Boys,
Fat City Reprise

PS... Don't you love Frank's new hair? Oh Yeah and Happy Birthday to Jay-Z.... Call your mom Hov, it's a special day for her too.

November 21st, 2004

Wow have we ever been busy. Let's see there was Thursday (the 11th) at Lickity Split where we did an awesome acoustic show with The Kin. That was really great, we never did an acoustic show before. Mostly everyone enjoyed themselves except for one heckler, a young Anthony Trovarello. who stood in the crowd and jaunted the band. He demanded "that Cowgirl song." To clarify, Tony sat out that night. Then we played Abilene's with The Kin on Friday (the 12th). That was a great show, everyone had a blast. We met alot of new people and had a ball. After getting a little bit of rest this weekend we went over to Manayunk to rock Grape Street and get all grapey. Ooooh, drum solo y strobe light es muy spectacular. Grape Street is always rockin, thanks to Dan Fein (sp), Scooter, and especially Y100 for playing Cowgirl on the radio Sunday night. Then it was back to Abilene's courtesy of the Jealous Type and Halestorm. Lzzy, we love you. Thanks to the whole Abilene crew, who loves ya baby? That was a great time, in our opinion our best show yet. But who cares about our opinion, tell us yours on our fabulous, state-of-the-art, technicolor message board!! A collective huge THANK YOU (that's right, Caps baby) to everyone who came to each show we did in the last 9 days; especially to those awesome individuals that attended more than one or all of them. The Fat City Army is growing, Uncle Reprise Want You. Or maybe it's I Want You to Want Me. Gotta love Cheap Trick. Our next show is also at Abilene's on December 3rd. It also happens to be Derek, the owner of Abilene's, birthday so it will be a blizzy-iz-ast and a half. Come on down! Don't forget to bring your throwin' panties...

Your Toys,
Fat City Reprise

P.S. WEAR YOUR FAT CITY SHIRTS TO THE NEXT SHOW... If you're a member of the army, come in uniform...Vegetables that you can't eat raw are a crock of shit.

November 1, 2004

Boom Shakka Lakka Halloween Was-a Rockin

Happy Halloween everyone. Thanks to everyone for coming out to the North Star Bar on Thursday and JR's on Saturday. Thanks to the North Star Bar for having us and thanks to JR's for letting us do our Second Annual Costumed Bash. There were a lot of great costumes from Pai Mai from Kill Bill to Edward Scissorhands, David Bowie, Peter Pan, Palliachi, and Chicken Cordon Bleu. Thanks for the effort in the costumes everyone, you made our night. Halloween is always rockin it old school when we do a Halloween show because of you guys so thanks again.

But onto the bigger and better news, I know you guys have been wondering who that stud is behind the drums lately. That's the newest member of Fat City Reprise; Jimmy "J Clusk" McCloskey. He's been rockin out for us as a favor but we snuggled him into the band. He really can't resist a good snugglin'. I hope to see everyone at our next show November 12 with The Harlequin at Ablene's Bar and Grille (429 South Street). We're hoping to debut some new songs there so everybody get yourselves in gear and come on out. Also, please us and abuse our message board because we love it. Email us, message board us, and don't forget your beers for the Same Old Song....

Your Boys,
Fat City Reprise

T'oid Times a Charm

October 9th, 2004

Not knowing that we get really tired when we physically exert ourselves, Fat City decided to play two shows last Saturday (the 9th). We played a block party in East Falls at 4pm. It went really well, there were a lot of little kids there so the PG versions of the songs were invented. Once we got done over there we headed right to Grape Street. It was our first weekend show there and it was packed. There had to be at least 500 people there when we started playing, more came in as the set went on. The crowd response was awesome, thanks to everybody that came out to see us. We also got a lot of positive comments and support from people who came to see other bands. It was a great time and we'll be back in Manayunk getting Grapey on Tuesday November 16th. We go on at midnight for the Y-100 Tuesday Night Music club, which means we'll be on Y-100 Sunday the 14th of November at 10pm. That's 100.3 FM. Grape Street is one of our favorite places to play. The stage is really big and the atmosphere is great. See you there in November, keep ya nose clean.

Your Boys,
Fat City Reprise

October 1st, 2004

I Shall Return: Malokai's Part Deux

The first time we played Malokai's (or Club 218 South St) it was Memorial Day Weekend and the majority of people who were interested in coming ended up down the shore. We got the gig short notice and played for a responsive but medium sized crowd. October 1st was a whole different story. Our first show since September 11th, the place was jamming. We went on at midnight and rocked the joint like a chair. We got the whole show on CD and are currently having Noah Goldstein, the great guy who produced our demo tracks, introduced us to the studio, and rocked the Diner at the Plaza with his Hip-Hop band Crooked Soul, remaster and equalize the show. Once it's all done, we'll be selling the CD at shows and soon online merchandise will be available. Oooooooo welcome to Century 21.

Your Boys,
Fat City Reprise

The Organ Grinder

September 22nd, 2004

Our long time good friend, supporter, fan, and Jedi Music Master Jimmy McCloskey told us he was stopping by to check out a rehearsal. We had been rehearsing a lot so we were feeling on and got pumped up to show off for him. I mean we met this guy when we were 13 years old and he was 24, in a working band. We wanted to show him what we could do. But when Eric came to rehearsal he was complaining about his stomach hurting. Theories ranged from the giant cheese steak hoagie he just ate to Eric's theory that his appendix was going to burst. No one believed that Eric's appendix was messed up, we told him to suck it up and jam. We played our set for Jimmy and Eric was looking like he ate a jagged metal Krusty-O. The next day he underwent surgery to remove his appendix. We'll call it Carl. Carl "the Appendix" Cifone was laid to rest in the biohazard can at Methodist Hospital sometime on September 23rd, 2004. Last words are unknown but rumored to be "Rosebud." Eric however is rocking harder than ever with his new streamlined intestinal tract. Be prepared for the new drum solo. Bring a tiki torch.

Your Boys,
Fat City Reprise

Nicky 7:20

September 13th, 2004

So Nick ran a mile today. Tom and Tony decided to start getting fit and ran a mile in the afternoon. Nick refused to go with them. He kept screaming something about expanding his mind and not his body. He said he didn't run when nothing was chasing him. When they got back from running, they were breaking Nick's balls. They kept telling him the smoking was for losers and he couldn't run a block. So at midnight, Nick donned a headband, mesh shorts, and his favorite white chucks to make his way to the field at 12th and Bigler. With the whole band and one Mole present, Nick took on a challenge. Everyone but Eric said there was no way he could possibly run a mile in less than 10 minutes. Having smoked for five years and never run a mile, they thought he'd have to stop halfway through. Shortly after midnight Nick Anastasi crossed the finish line at a time of 7 minutes and 20 seconds. With a half lap left, Frank yelled that he had only 15 seconds to finish. Nick sprinted the last half lap to an amazing upset finish. If he lost the bet he'd have to post pictures of himself with a sign that read: I kiss garbage men. But being a true competitor, Nick claimed no prize but his pride and the nickname Nicky 7-20. Good job Nick.

Your Boys,
Fat City Reprise

P.S. Nick Rocks