L.S. Underground - The Grape Prophet

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The Players:

Caryn Colbert – Background Vocals
Chuck Cummings – Drums
Brian Doidge – Lead and Rhythm Guitars
Steve Hindalong – Percussion, Voice of Grape Prophet
Michael Knott – Vocals, Guitars, Additional Bass
Dan Michaels – Saxophone on “Back to the Orchard”
Mike Sauerbrey – Bass

This is the story of Ellis, an orange picker from the groves of Southern California. Ellis worked for Colonel Peckesen, the orchard boss, and was instructed to oversee all of the hired hands for the Colonel. One day, early in the morning, as Ellis was picking oranges before the hired hands were to awake, the Colonel climbed up the ladder Ellis was picking from and handed him a letter. The letter stated: "We the pickers have heard the call of the Grape Prophet and have chosen to leave the orchards and work on the grapevines up north." After much coaxing by Colonel Peckesen, Ellis decides to travel to the grapevines to find out more of this Grape Prophet in hopes of returning with the hired hands before the orange crop spoils.

Produced by Michael Knott
Engineered by Phil O' Keefe
Second engineer Chris Colbert
Third engineer Brian Davis

Mixed by Derri Daugherty at Neverland Studios
Tracking done at Ashwood Studios
Mastered by Doug Doyle at Digital Brothers
Photography by Ken Kloster
Art direction and design by Gene Ray George

All songs written by Michael Knott except "Back to the Orchard" written by Brian Doidge.
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Chuck Cummings plays Pearl Drums & Paiste Cymbals exclusively. Many thanks to Ken Austin at Pearl & Rich Magnicaro at Paiste.

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Oranges Poranges.

01) Ellis in the Orchard

(Knott)

Ellis in the orchard, pickin' baskets of oranges
Where are all the hired hands?
They've gone to follow some prophet man

As far as I can understand
they left to follow some prophet man

Peckesen, poor Colonel Peckesen

Ellis up a ladder, lookin' down at a letter
Says, "we are the pickers,
we've gone to work in the vineyards.
The Grape Prophet called, and we heard our names,
tell Colonel Peckesen that he's not to blame."

Peckesen, poor Colonel Peckesen

Ellis in the orchard, pickin' baskets of oranges
Where are all the basket lines?
They've gone to work in the grapevine

The Colonel falls down on his face
All his orange juice is gonna waste

Peckesen, poor Colonel Peckesen

02) Travels

(Knott)

(instrumental)

03) The Fold

(Knott)

She left me in a basket of rotten, round, bitter balls
and Peckesen is beggin' to find her
diggin' in to find the answer

She's a ditchin'
I think I see her now
She's runnin' to clip me
I think I see her now

She's just singin' and starin'
wanderin' around some vines and dirt
She's lookin' me in the eyes
but she doesn't seem to see me
I can't seem to see her

She's spinnin'
Come into the fold

Your future is ours
and your mind in time
Spin the callous wheel
don't let the coil spoil

04) Wino of the Red is Stained

(Knott)

Hello Ellis, welcome to the rows of red and green
Open up your mind and leave all reason far behind

Empower

Your aura shines just like a fire that is soon to dim
Here comes your prophet now
Just take a drink, we'll show you how

Empower

One glass and you will learn
the future stories soon to come
and when you get to three
you'll find the paths that set you free

Empower

The wino of the red is stained

05) The Grape Prophet Speaks

(Knott)

The Grape Prophet:
All the blues and lavender blossoms
will be suckled unto their heirs
and find lifted shelter
and no abominations
within the filtered soil
of the trodden grove

Interpreter:
What he's saying is that we here in this body
will be lifted up and be set apart
from all other bodies of followers.

The Crowd:
He's a sensation

The Grape Prophet:
I was there and he was here
we sat together and we supped
one with another
breaking bread as he opened gold tablets
and he told me secrets that I can't tell.

Interpreter:
Basically what he's saying
is he had an encounter
he had lunch with... Jesus

The Crowd:
He's a sensation

06) English Interpreter of English

(Knott)

I am the English Interpreter of English
When the Grape Prophet speaks
I tell you what he says

He speaks in riddles
so it's hard to understand him
He speaks in poetry that only I can bend

He speaks in parables
'cause Christ is so much like him
And when the Grape Prophet speaks
I tell you what he says

07) Ellis Converses with the Prophets

(Knott)

Get your rocks, get them far, far gone
Mix it up with the Prince's plea
Make it only understandable by the ones
who are lifted high, so high, so high
chosen with strength for the sights unseen

Make it bigger, make it so so big
don't forget the Jesus thing

Step in the fire, jump in the cream
I'm reading an aura from the risen core
of the syphilis scene

Kansas City, here I come
open wide your door for me
I'm just a picker from the orange grove
Let me find this blessed wine

It's a shame you're not hungry
and tired of my life that is in your mouth

Just kiddin', just foolin'
couldn't follow you to itchy ear binds

08) A Group of Prophets Predict the Pickers' Future Without Them

(special thanks to the Peppers for inspiration)
(Knott)

Big hooker on Sunset Boulevard
Nice porno queen in a leotard
Come on, you know it's the real life
Sit back, sit forward it's so nice

I'm a king from Kansas City
I love holy women that are pretty
You could have been on a video
You could have been in my strip show

What you would have been if you did not come

09) She Said

(Knott)

"Take my body, it's ready to be crushed
Slip me in between your toes
Take my mind it's ready to be drunk
Slide me in under your tongue."

she said, she said, she said
she said, she said, she said

I don't know why you only listen to the lie
I don't know why doin' the sooth to suicide

"Take my legs, they're ready to lay down
Twistin' in the rooted soil
Take my arms, I'm ready to be born
Go on with things, I'm a seed"

she said, she said, she said
she said, she said, she said

I don't know why you only listen to the lie
I don't know why doin' the sooth to suicide
I don't know why you only listen to the lie

10) Back to the Orchard

(Doidge)

(instrumental)