



The  
**albino ree**

**BLUES IN SEE**

# BLUES IN SEE

Feeling For Flight 🌳 A Face For Radio  
My American Lover

Circle The Wagons (Daddy's Comin' Home)

Thinning The Heard 🌳 The Left Hand Lane

My Beautiful Breeze (Beautiful To Me)

Get Sexy In My Ear 🌳 She 🌳 Driving  
Back There 🌳 Coast Of Nowhere

Barren To Bear 🌳 Forward From You

Squatter's Rights 🌳 Put Down The Dog Ma

Pilot Fish 🌳 The Woods & The Weeds

Blues In See 🌳 Quasi Mojo 🌳 Smilin' Fool

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**Produced by Albino Louis Guimaraes**

Recorded & Mastered at LPN Studios

Mixed at Tasty Takes by Joe Boyle

*Additional Recording:*

Tasty Takes, Centrum, Tupelo HumUs House, Brian's Basement & Peav's Place

Graphic Design, Artwork & Photography: Al & Sue Guimaraes

# FEELING FOR FLIGHT

Lyric: A.Guimaraes Music: A.Guimaraes/A.Robustelli

The seasons are changing and so might I ° Feeling quite nomadic under a sky so blue and sort of calling for me to come ° Suggesting not to walk, but rather run °  
wind Through the weather like the  
a song I run  
Running ever  
faster for how long  
I must ° Towards the great blue  
yonder ° Towards eternity ° Towards  
whatever's out there waiting for me  
I can't deny this feeling for flight is making me  
restless ° I must confess this I feel the tide a risin'  
The water's warm ° The sky's so in- vitin' and free from storm  
Above the sun is teasin' me so pleasingly with the strum of  
so stunning bright reflections on the cooling calm ° A feeling for  
flight ° A desire to dive into the great blue yonder and run on  
the light ° High ° On the wind there is a message for all to hear  
Speaking with conviction through the air ° Convincing me to rise  
up from the earth and loudly sing along in its concert ° A feeling  
for flight ° I wanna ride ° Upon

## Musicians:

Al Guimaraes *Vocals, Guitars, Piano*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Anthony Robustelli *Piano Solo*

Jon Peckman *Drums & Percussion*

*with Pete Hewlett Vocals*



the wind and water her spirit glides  
A feeling for flight ° Feeling like  
running ever after into the... right  
through the... laughing into the light

# A FACE FOR RADIO

I got a face for radio ° A spring in my step ° A tap in my toes  
Soul in my song and a beat in my heart  
Strummin' old while I'm playing young  
I'll turn a phrase on a rhyme with the tune on my tongue  
The ring in my ears is heaven callin' to me  
Come down, come down my melodiva queen  
Take your place by me  
Come down, come down and keep a muse in me  
For me to be you gotta be  
I got a face for radio ° A spring in my step ° A tap in my toes  
Soul in my song and a beat in my heart  
Come down, come down my melodiva queen  
Take your place by me  
Come down  
Come down and keep a muse in me  
Tempt and trance  
Do your dance  
Please prance all over me  
I got a face for radio ° I got a face ° I gotta face it

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Billy Klock *Drums*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*





# MY AMERICAN LOVER

My American Lover, she's on fire  
My American Lover's pure desire  
Doesn't know what she wants  
Want is what she needs  
It fills the hollowness inside her beauty tends to breed in me  
and My American Lover

My American Lover's on her way  
My American Lover's tempting fate  
"Westward ho! Ya gotta go!" is all she has to say  
Staring at a setting sun  
with breakfast on her plate  
She'll turn me on and.... she's gone  
behind the things she'll claim to never be  
My American Lover  
No more amour for poor fati  
My American Lover  
I love her

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*  
Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars & Vocals*  
Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*  
Jon Peckman *Drums & Percussion*  
Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*



# CIRCLE THE WAGONS (DADDY'S COMIN' HOME)

I've seen the gather ° I've seen the stone ° I've seen 'em lifted ° I've seen 'em thrown ° I've seen the amber wave in vain then break like brittle bone ° Circle the wagons, Daddy's comin' home ° I've seen my country bedded beneath her spacious skies ° Left fruited plainly ° A rightly ruthless child ° I've seen the child rise as if he only knew the way to fill the chair they'd have us make a throne ° Circle the wagons, Daddy's comin' home ° Daddy's comin' home to... mend the fences ...stow the wage ...clean the barrel, set the traps and tend the rage ° Daddy's comin' home to heave the mounting majesties ° Circle the wagons, Daddy's gonna fight to be free ° I've seen the preacher profit ° His prophet haggled whole I've seen the price of miracles look an awful lot like gold ° I've seen the bible belted and God shed his grace and flee to broader stripes of black and white and chrome Circle the wagons, Daddy's comin' home ° Angry undercurrents crash a foreign shore ° Hungry oceans risin', reaching out to sooth the poor See him there, our millionaire, reachin' for the crumbs ° Circle the wagons, Daddy's gonna draw first blood ° I see the sorrow ° I see the prone ° I hear 'em howl ° I feel 'em moan Oh say beneath that banner are ya free? Are ya brave? Circle the wagons, Daddy's on his way

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals, Guitars & Organ*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar & Vocals*

Jon Peckman *Drums & Percussion*

Sophie Guimaraes & Christine Ohlman *Vocals*



# THINNING THE HEARD

A rumble full of words ° Trouble hides in herds ° Queuing up to see the best of you and the best of me ° A mumble full of lies ° Trouble comes in wide Creepin' 'round to be the worst of you and the worst of me ° Echoes of a son Echoing the one ° Dissipate and ring ° Resonate and sing ° Echoes of the truth never fade away ° They never fade away ° There's rust upon our laurels ° No moss upon the stone turned upon a brother and thrown, thrown, thrown ° No way to stop or silent No way to kill the word echoing inside us by thinning the heard ° A Fumble full of fears ° Trouble ends in tears ° Through them you can see the worst of you and the worst of me ° A humble house of hope Trouble on a rope ° Reach down deep inside and free the best of you and the best of me You can't thin the heard ° They've already been heard ° You can't thin the heard

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Guy DeVito *Bass Guitar*

Billy Klock *Drums*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*

*with* Jeff Pevar *Electric Guitars*



# THE LEFT HAND LANE

Lyric: A.Guimaraes Music: A.Guimaraes/J.Q.Adams

Used to be lots of Beatles ° Used to be lots of bugs ° Used to be lotsa changin' the world and there used to be lotsa love ° Now you see all sorts of excess Burning cash not cards ° Reflections of Narshippie? He's rather heavy on the hog ° Cuttin' 'cross traffic ° Cuttin' towards obtain ° At the corner of 69th and a street called Main ° Makin' a right from the left hand lane ° Used to be lots of bare feet ° Talk of a new start ° Not only are "times a changin'", but there's been a change of heart ° The green of the dollar out races the fig leaf ° No one cares to share the wood in blue stock praise, belief ° Used to be lots of freedom They say I should have been there, but in their intoxicated state they can't remember why or where Their winds of change blew through point two impaired, in swerve with sway and its that whiff of generations that makes sober me today Cuttin' 'cross traffic ° Cuttin' towards obtain At the corner of 69th and a street called Main Making a right from the left hand lane

## **Musicians:**

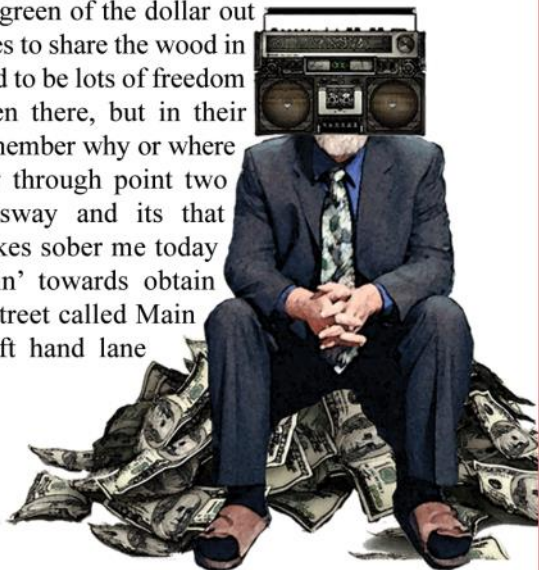
Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Gene Santini *Drums*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*





# MY BEAUTIFUL BREEZE (BEAUTIFUL TO ME)

Lyric: A.Guimaraes Music: A.Guimaraes/P.Gaita

A man and a woman ° A stone in the breeze ° He's stiff like a statue ° She's fluttering free ° Draw to the silence she circles the stone ° She thinks I'm not thinking of her ° I am ° Still she needs me to speak ° My words chase away disbelief and calm her when doubt's in the wind again ° All she wants to be ° Beautiful to me ° She is all I concede ° My beautiful, beautiful breeze ° She glows and shines my beautiful, bountiful light ° She ebbs and flows from the top of her head to the tips of her toes she flows She fears she can't stand out from so many beautiful things ° So she lives with the doubt, the stone and the silence that stings ° All she wants to be ° Beautiful to me ° She is everything to me ° The most beautiful I see ° She ebbs and flows from the top of her head to the tips of her toes ° From what God only could to where God only knows she flows ° So beautifully to me ° She is of all the things I see, beautiful to me ° She is beautiful

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals, Guitars & Organ*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Guy DeVito *Bass Guitar*

Billy Klock *Drums*





# GET SEXY IN MY EAR

Get sexy in my ear ° So sexy I might swear about it ° I can no longer be without it ° There's lovin' in the air when sexy's in my ear ° So sexy I can taste her prose ° I can no longer be without those honey drippin' prayers ° So sexy in my ears ° For you might be long legs right up to there or double frosted cupcakes out to here ° For me one single thing can seal the deal ° Whisper sexy ° Make it real ° My hush-toned lady So sexy baby ° Bring those sexy murmurs over ear ° For you might be full lips, fat derrières ° Small hands, big feet, nice smiles or long blonde hairs ° For me no single thing can quite compare ° I'll say it certain ° Make it clear ° My how, what, when and where ° Get sexy in my ear ° So sexy I will shout it out and I will no longer live without it ° So I'm just gonna swear about it ° Get fuckin' sexy in my ear



## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Jon Peckman *Drums*



# SHE

She said she was ° She said she is ° She said she wants to be ° She says she can ° I know she could if she'd only look at me ° Colors commingle as they dazzle and dance a little less until gray ° If I could only be sure Who can be sure? ° I'd ask her to stay ° She said she would ° Now she isn't sure ° I'll just have to wait and see if she will ° In all likelihood I knew that she would ° That's if it were up to me ° I buried pleasure ° I deserted in silence Somewhere I shouldn't go ° She knows I'm there and when I am there she knows it's somewhere she shouldn't be ° The sacred be shamed ° I prefer the profane lain slightly silhouetted in hue ° Tell me who can resist such a view ° Who? ° To taste the treasure I deserted in silence among the weak and the brave ° Nothing's sacred at all ° I fell as I fall ° Nothing's sacred at all after the fall, except where she touches me

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar & Vocals*

Billy Klock *Drums*





# DRIVING

There I was thinkin' like a man on the run ° Feeling like one under the gun  
Driving to find someplace nice ° Weavin' through my days and my nights  
Then I saw her up ahead ° A match in hand she jumped right in ° She sat ° I  
asked her sign ° She said, "I'm a dead end, but I'm feeling fine ° Ahead! Ahead!  
Dip the needle in red ° Leave lively a town that'd leave you for dead"  
Hard on the gas ° Get them wheels to turn ° All in outta  
town ° Cross the bridge and burn ° So I'm driving  
with this girl, she's for me ° She's my dead end  
He's my one way street and up ahead no outlet  
So hold on tight ° Buckle your belt ° Driving  
is such a thrill when the woman w i t h  
you sets your skin to chills ° To the  
right she spotted the sign ° She read  
"Nowheresville 100 miles" and then she said, "That's  
where I wanna be ° That's the place this girl can be free  
Full speed ° Alive ahead ° We're gonna make it there  
before sunset" ° We're driving away on a wheel and a  
prayer ° Where we wanna go no wings can go there  
Driving our way ° Four wheels and a prayer ° Losing  
our past in the baggage we share

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

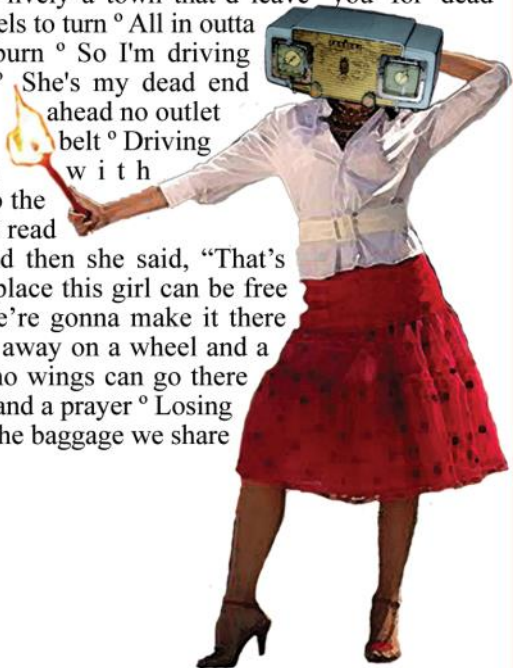
Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Billy Klock *Drums*

Jon Peckman *Percussion*

*with Christine Ohlman Vocals*



# BACK THERE

Lyric: A.Guimaraes Music: J.Boyle/A.Guimaraes

Back there ° Way back there

Tiny bubbles of memory bursting versions of you

Releasing the bittersweet, beautifully imperfect view

Back there ° I majored in sensi-bull ° Back there ° Did the right thing

Back there ° Minors in heartbroken clue you to what time will bring

Back there ° Way back there

Sweet echoes of promises wave past hindsight and truce

Landing just short of paradise ° Totally untethered from use

Back there I promised ° I swear I swore ° I promised

Sweet echoes of promises

burst the bubbles of youth

Releasing the bittersweet,

beautifully imperfect view

The beautiful, bittersweet

imperfect you

Back there

## Musicians:

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Piano*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Jon Peckman *Drums*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*



# COAST OF NOWHERE

Lyric/Music: A.Guimaraes/C.Berardo

Curiosity killed the cat ° A cat you could call my faith ° She had as many lives  
as the prophets you can name ° Well all a king's horses or a president's men  
can bring back my heroes from dead ° Neither can they, even when they try  
Still when the feeling hits me right I kinda sense self-evidence ° I'm sure °  
In the moment I forget how all appears and what's been said, in her harmony I  
can see what he meant ° Off the coast of nowhere is where we've ended up  
Took a long look at liberty and got entangled in this stuff ° Now I'm drowning  
in my discontent ° Please let his silence denote the assent every slight nuance  
and the glaring nonchalance, its his intent ° Don't label me as believing in an  
all and too often underachieving, hollowed ° hoaxing rumor of  
an absentee prime moving, looming, laughingly late  
blooming holy host ° Still when the feeling hits me right, I  
kinda sense self-evidence ° I'm sure Appearances aside  
Adherences untied ° In the absence of  
wit I gotta admit its  
quite clear ° In the  
absence of this, if  
in just a glimpse  
it's quite clear

## Musicians:

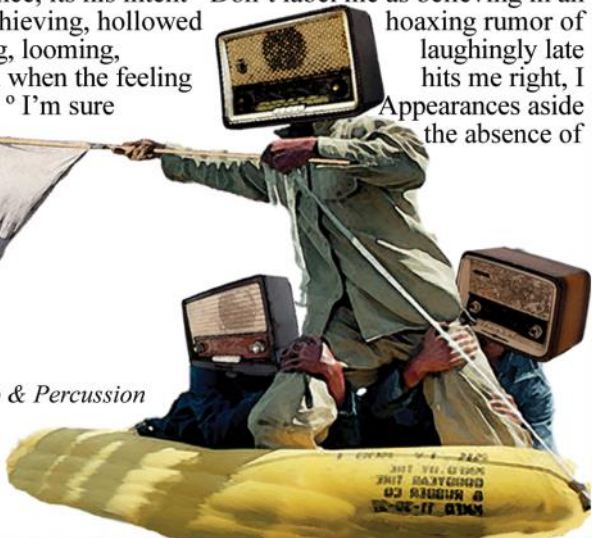
Al Guimaraes *Vocals, Piano & Percussion*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Billy Klock *Drums*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*



# BARREN TO BEAR

Faith is a hollow, hollow and lonely embrace ° Tears,  
tears, tears down a beautiful face ° Wedding ground  
Drowning souls ° Pooling in the cracks, crevasses and  
holes ° When I wanna kiss you carelessly ° Barren to  
bear ° When I want to touch your hair ° Barren  
to bear ° When I wanna hold your hand in  
mine ° Not there ° I know how this ends  
and I don't like it ° I don't like it ° I won't  
pretend ° So anything you want, just say it  
Say it ° Go on say it ° I don't wanna meet  
gone ° When I wanna to kiss you ° Vacancy  
Barren to bear ° Ooh, I'm gonna miss you bad  
Barren to bear ° When I wanna hold your hand  
in mine ° Not there ° Barren to bear ° I know how  
it ends ° It ends barren to bear ° I'm gonna wanna  
kiss you ° Don't ever wanna miss you ° I gonna  
wanna with you ° So now I'll pretend it will all be  
alright ° It's not a goodbye ° It's not a good bye

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars & Vocals*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar & Vocals*

Jon Peckman *Drums & Percussion*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*





# FORWARD FROM YOU

Calling from the lobby of an East London curry house

The nausea of the threshold's got me reaching out

I know I'm not a blind man, but I bump into things

I'm not a wise man, but I know some things

The only way to lose you is walk towards you

The only way back to you's forward from you

I'm smart enough to know

I'm not smart enough to know I'm not smart enough

I'm old enough to know

I'm not old enough to know I'm not old enough

The only way to lose you is walk towards you

The only way back to you's forward from you

Our world's not flat ° We're not aligned

There's other ways besides a line

Our world is round ° Our choice is wide

I'll circumvent my pride on my way back to your side

Calling from the lobby of an East London curry house

The nausea of the threshold's got me freakin' out

## **Musicians:**

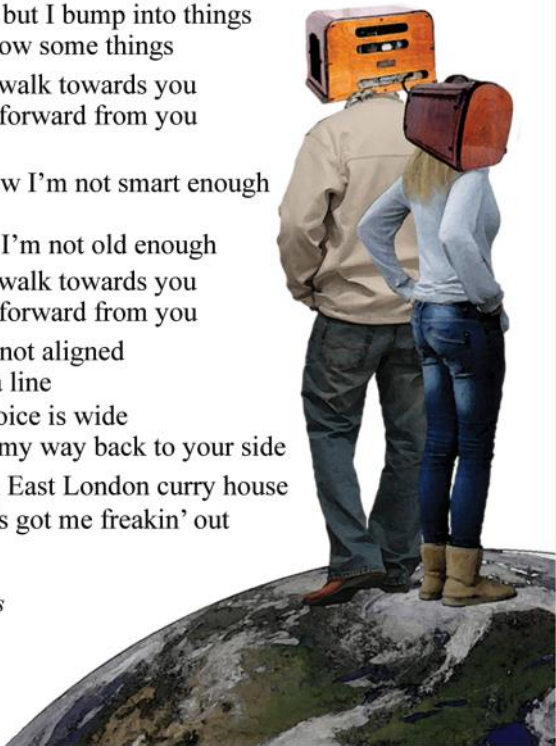
Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Billy Klock *Drums*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*





# SQUATTER'S RIGHTS

Near any lowland of indulgence there's a man up in the hills ° Sitting finger, leg crossed ° Hanging for the thrill of being first to see the sun rise ° Last to see it fall ° Wipes his nose up on his sleeve ° Waiting for his call ° He's got squatter's rights so on them starry nights he'll be much closer than you to the pretty lights ° He's got squatter's rights There's a man up in these highlands with some very funny ways Sitting quite contentedly with grin upon his face ° If you try to move him he'll arise and he will say, "I've claimed this spot for judgment! Vacate my private space ° I've got squatter's rights so on them starry nights I'll be much closer than you to the pretty lights ° I've got squatter's rights so on that stormy night I'll be much further than you from the city light Cause when the flood comes I'm gonna be safe on high ground ° It happened again Sunday he believed he heard the sound ° The commencement of the judgement ° It's just his stomach growling ° See he forgot to put his lunch out as he listened so intent on the comings of intruders to the spot he must

defend

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals, Guitars & Piano*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

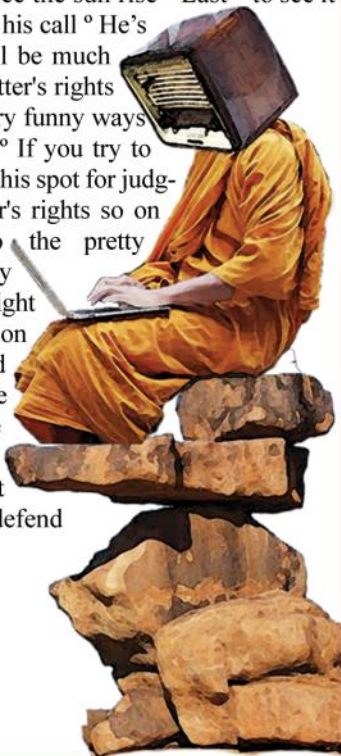
Tommy Marotta *Bass Guitar*

Greg DiMiceli *Drums*

Jon Peckman *Percussion*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*

*with* Bob Walkenhorst *Vocals*





# PUT DOWN THE DOG MA

I'm headed to the shed to put down the dog Ma  
I'm headed to the shed to put down the dog Ma  
Out behind the shed I'll kick 'em 'till he's dead  
I'll put down the dog Ma

Full of growls 'n bites. He's fixin' for a fight  
Full of growls 'n bites. He's fixin' for a fight  
Fixin' for a fight with anyone in sight  
Behind the shed I'll put down the dog Ma

Momma's telling me beat the mongrel beast  
Toss away his eats, his collar and his leash  
Oh beat the bag of fleas Momma's telling me  
Listen, like she said, head behind the shed  
and put down the dog Ma  
Behind the shed I'll put down the dog Ma

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Billy Klock *Drums*

Jon Peckman *Percussion*

*with* Christine Ohlman *Vocals*





# PILOT FISH

I'm on the swim sailing south of survival and I can smell pilot fish in the air ° It's the consensus to cut loss and suffer ° That's a feeling I don't share ° Tonight'll be left to hearsay ° By light I've things to get done ° A ring of friends, a downward spiral and the circling's begun ° My will will be one ° No ° Enough of this ship ° It's sinking pretty quick ° I can swim pilot fish ° Yes I will ° Be rest assured ° I'll make it to the shore ° Standing there you'll see no pilot fish on me ° When you've arrived knowing twice as another ° How could you leave feeling half of the shame ° My brother my soul you've made suffer ° There's an anchor around your claim ° No ° Enough of this ship ° It's sinking pretty quick ° I can swim pilot fish ° Yes I will Be rest assured I'll make it to the shore Standing there you'll see no pilot fish on me

## **Musicians:**

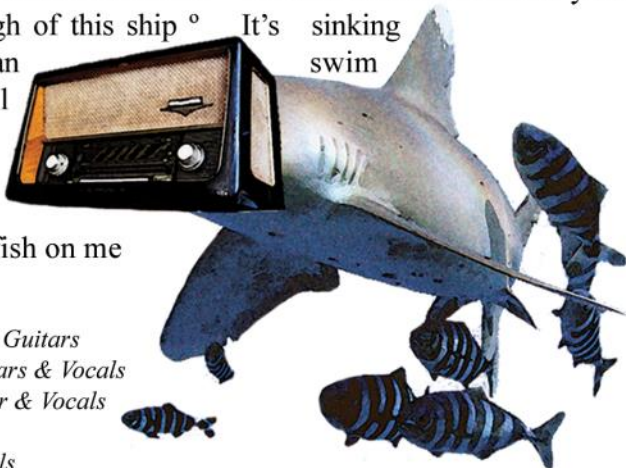
Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars & Vocals*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar & Vocals*

Billy Klock *Drums*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*



# THE WOODS & THE WEEDS

From the Tower of Song you see the path run along the narrow and straight to the River of Love ° Over mountain high ° Through the valley below ° See what you want ° See how to go ° See where you are and what you wanted to be ° See all the places to step into free See the great divides ° The promised lands ° Down in the woods and the weeds there are curses, there are needs and days that dim the light and block the way ° Down in the woods and the weeds the heart is made to bleed ° Spilling its compassion, hope and love ° Leaving them behind in the blood ° From an ivory mount you can survey and count all the things you can own ° The things you can doubt ° All the ways to clone the darkness into black See the pretenses, the fences and force ° See how we circle as a manner of course ° Stumbling towards the source it's so easy to lose True North ° Down in the woods and the weeds there is drama, there is mean ° Loving Hearts keep beating ° Their blood keeps streaming Coursing and careening come a flood ° A flood of compassionate blood ° Feeding from the River of Love ° Down in the woods and the weeds your heart is made to bleed Bursting with compassion when full of love ° Down in the woods and the weeds the path to set you free is your Loving Heart and the Loving Blood feeding from the River of Love ° The Loving Heart ° It knows the way home is to love ° The Loving Blood ° It flows feeding from the River of Love ° Your Loving Heart ° It shows you the way ° The Loving Blood ° Spill it

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar & Vocals*

Jon Peckman *Drums*

Sophie Guimaraes & Christine Ohlman *Vocals*

*with* Jeff Pevar *Electric Guitars*



# BLUES IN SEE

I'm gonna tell you 'bout the blues in see ° They're every little thing they said they'd be ° There's time for foolin' ° No time for fuss ° Blues in see demands the best of us ° Blues in see start with a little cough ° Yeah they set you free ° First they piss you off ° Your eyes'll water ° You'll clinch a fist ° Them blue'll be the hangin' type if you resist the fever you set free grab applin' stupidly ° Blues in see ° Sittin' on the dock watchin' the wheels ° Listen for the laughter and the giggles and squeals ° The brighter side of life's just across the road ° To make it there you can't be dear a chicken or toad ° Sunday mornin' eases in Lean over, hear and listen friend ° All you'll ever be, blues in see ° Your eyes'll water You'll flip as lid ° Them blues they ain't the leavin' type ° You can't get rid of that fever consciously ° Blues in see ° Now I've told you 'bout the blues in see ° They're every little thing I'd hope they'd be ° My eyes are clearing ° My fist's a hand ° Joyfully jiggin' the master plan ° Ready as can be ° Proppin' up beneath the tree ° Chew applin' happily  
Blues in see

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals, Guitars & Harmonica*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Liviu Pop *Drums*

Jon Peckman *Percussion*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*



# QUASI MOJO

Quasi Mojo a go go ° Quasi Mojo woe woe woe  
I drank all the anger then pissed out the vile  
I swallowed forgiveness and burped up a smile....now I'm ready (or not)  
So bring on the bastards that rise with the cream  
Bring on the ladies who strip in the stream....I'm ready (or not)  
Ready to call in the tubas and booze  
Ready for woo woo woo woo woos  
Ready to parley and peacock and prance  
Bursting with confi-da-da-dance  
Quasi Mojo a go go  
Quasi Mojo hoe woe woe  
Beauty always gets her way  
Ugliness he'll sit and stay  
Laughter loots  
then lies with doubt  
Happiness will never pout

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*  
Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars & Vocals*  
Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar & Vocals*  
Jon Peckman *Drums, Percussion & Vocals*  
Sophie Guimaraes & Christine Ohlman *Vocals*





# SMILIN' FOOL

To try, try, try's sure trying  
I'm broke, but I ain't been broken yet  
Hard, hard, hard, well hardly  
I'm down, but I'm master of my mess  
If there's one thing I know, it's true...tears...they're for clowns  
Up, up, up, up standing  
Unbound. Boy I ain't bound to budge  
Bar, bar, bar, bar none  
Hours to waste, but not to judge  
If there's one thing I know, it's true...tears are for clowns not fools  
So wipe away them drops of ridicule  
Toss 'em on the side there by the rules  
Step on towards the laughter  
and you'll be a Smilin' Fool  
Like this Smilin' Fool

## **Musicians:**

Al Guimaraes *Vocals & Guitars*

Joe Boyle *Electric Guitars*

Joe O'Brien *Bass Guitar*

Billy Klock *Drums*

Jon Peckman *Percussion*

Sophie Guimaraes *Vocals*





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