



OCCURRENCE

THE PAST WILL LAST FOREVER

The Things I've Always Liked I Now Hate
My Days and Nights Belong to You
A Bruised Ivy Grad
Pablo the Stalker
Ghost Free Home
Skin for the Win
The Sadness Sure Gets Me
The Right to be Forgotten
The Long Rehearsal
I Like You More
When You're Stoned

Ken Urban

Cat Hollyer

with

Wayne S. Feldman

Mike RobbGrieco

Alejandro Necochea

Johnny Hager

Thomas Jay Ryan

Heather Alicia Simms

Polly Lee

Jenny Stern

Maulik Pancholy

Kip Berman

Cecily Swanson

Damian Baldet

The Dan Pecci Company

The Things I've Always Liked I Now Hate

Lyrics: Hollyer

Music: Urban

This life that we're portraying feels vacant

I could make it or not

This home we've created, it's breaking

I could make it or not /

The feeling has faded, you're jaded

I could make it or not

The way I'm afraid you'll berate me

I could make it or not /

The dog you have trained won't obey me

I could make it or not

The debt you won't pay is inflating

I could make it or not /

The way we debate is frustrating

I could make it or not

The way you're home late is degrading

I could make it or not /

This love that we're making feels hateful

I could make it or not

These vows that we've taken, mistaken

I could make it or not /

The way you won't say it (I could make it)

The way you won't say it (I could make it)

But maybe you'll say it (I could make it)

Or not

Or not

Or not

Or not

Or not

Or not

Cat: vocals

Ken: synth, beats, sampler, field recordings

Alejandro: guitars, additional synth

My Days and Nights Belong to You

Lyrics: Hollyer

Music: Urban

While walking through the ossuary
I think I maybe saw you there.
Your bones entangled with another's.
All I could do was stand and stare.
I give it all to you, my darling.
You never really seem to care. /
My days and nights belong to you now;
your nothingness belongs to me.
My muscle must dissolve completely
before your love comes willingly.
No pleasures of the flesh for you, dear.
Just ashes for eternity. /
You name the time and I will find you.
You'll bring my marrow to a boil,
douse me in gasoline and light me,
then you'll return me to the soil.
No longer burdened by my body,
my soul will finally uncoil. /
My days and nights belong to you.
My days and nights belong to you.
My days and nights belong to you.
You will dissolve me, through and through.
My days and nights belong to you.

Cat: vocals

Ken: synths, programming, beats

A Bruised Ivy Grad

Lyrics & Music: Urban

Ecclesiastical wonderlust

Jamaican trust fund bug

Millennial Caucasian

Homegrown thug

Diegetic prelate

Toe Jam Scrub /

Ecclesiastical wonderlust

Jamaican trust fund bug

Millennial Caucasian

Homegrown thug

Diegetic prelate

Toe Jam Scrub /

Don't you wanna feel the weight of it

Don't you wanna feel the weight

Don't you wanna feel the weight of it

Don't you wanna feel the weight

The weight

Ken: synths, programming, beats, sampler, oscillator, vocals

Wayne: field recordings, vocals

Pablo the Stalker

Lyrics: Hollyer

Music: Urban, RobbGrieco

The long con
is worth the length.
Eat something;
You'll need your strength. /
Be mindful,
control your face.
Don't tell him
your past disgrace,
Then, slyly,
his drink you'll lace. /
He's weakened,
and here's your in.
Get cozy,
under his skin.
The long con
is the only way
to win him over
and make him pay.
You'll make him pay
You'll make him pay
You'll make him pay

Cat: vocals

Ken: synths, programming, beats, sampler

Mike: bass guitar

Wayne: field recordings

Ghost Free Home

Lyrics: Urban

Music: Urban, Necochea

Mattress on the floor
Milk crates for drawers
An elderly cat
Who doesn't love me anymore
A house in New Jersey
Full of things
Things that could've been
If I had things
Work a three-week work week
Salary's not too good
Better stay numb
Dismiss dreams as dumb
Cause giving in's better than giving up
Right? /
Each and every day
We become people
we never wanted to
Each and every day
We become people
(No Matter What You Do) /
Flip open laptop
There's porn on the screen
Stifle the yawn
deep inside of me
Could find a real person

A neighbor to pleasure these needs
But if talks about his dead cat
Where the hell does that leave me? /
Each and every day
We become people
we never wanted to
Each and every day
We become people
(No Matter What You Do) /
Write a few emails
Have another drink
It's Thursday night
I'm allowed, right?
Another becomes four
Maybe just one more
Now I'm on the floor
That fucking cat
She's judging me
She has a point
A house in New Jersey
Full of things
Things that could've been /
Each and every day
We become people
we never wanted to
Each and every day
We become people
(No Matter What You Do) /
Tell me
What's the point of this life?
What's the point of this life?
What's the point of this life?
What's the point?
What's the point?
What's the point?
What's the point?
What's the point?
What's the point, right?

Thomas: voice

Ken: synths, programming, beats,
sampler, backing vocals, additional
guitar treatments, tapes

Alejandro: guitars, field recordings

Johnny: vocals, backing vocals

Wayne: tapes

Cat: vocals

Ken: synths, melodica, programming, beats, sampler

Skin for the Win

Lyrics: Hollyer

Music: Urban

Though I'm robot through and through,
I've got feelings just like you.
Spend my workday building cars,
Now I want to hit the bars.
Drink a beer like normal guys...
bacon burger, curly fries. /
I'm comprised of gears and screws,
with no opening for booze.
Metal limbs would crush you flat.
cannot mack on chicks like that.
Need a way so I'll fit in,
can you help me find some skin? /
There are folks who won't miss theirs,
walking through life unawares.
Far too busy with their phones—
let them hang out in their bones.
Wasting skin seems such a shame,
wrap it 'round my metal frame. /
Epidermis now in place,
I just want to interface.
Girls will give me half a chance,
put the juke box on and dance.
Get into a bar room brawl,
funny, I don't bleed at all.

The Sadness Sure Gets Me

Lyrics & Music: Urban

I watched those beheading videos more times than I should've
All my high school friends are in jail for prostitution, car jacking or white-collar crime
My genitals feel increasingly insignificant
I've lost the key to the lockbox where I keep the true me
The closest thing to intimacy this week was a crowded subway car
My cousin Hannah isn't the same since she came back from Birthright
The people at work don't even know what a rave is
It's not every night I weep as I masturbate, just most
I think we might be at war but I am not a hundred percent sure
I told Ellen that Theo looks like he had a stroke and she didn't think that was funny
Most disagree with my assertion that I don't have a drinking problem
My mother said she's accepted the fact she'll die before I walk down the aisle
Sometimes I hope my son will decide he's straight /
I've accepted the fact that I am skinny fat
If I choke on this, how many days will it take 'til they find me?
Every acceptance just feels like future rejection
My doctor says "hurry sickness" isn't a real disease

I guess I'd leave me at the altar too
Guess maybe next year, I'll try
I thought about doing something about climate change
Staff meetings make me sympathize with school shooters
The only person I spoke to today asked me if I wanted fries with that
I thought about doing something about climate change... /
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
The sadness sure gets me
Ken: synths, programming, beats, sampler, pedals, piano, field recordings
Thomas: voice
Polly: voice
Heather: voice
Jenny: voice
Maulik: voice
Kip: voice
Cecily: voice
Wayne: field recording

The Right to be Forgotten

Lyrics: Hollyer

Music: Urban

Some little speck
under your shoe
it doesn't mean
that much to you.
Some little thing
you've tossed aside
some little secret
that you can't hide. /
Some nothingness,
some past mistake,
some nonchalance
that you can't fake.
Some common wart,
some bloody scar.
She never got
you very far. /
Some bullshit talk,
some slight perceived.
Some reason why
you want to leave.
Some thing she said,

you can't recall.
She's always some,
she's never all. /
People would remember
if you were memorable.
People would remember
if you were memorable.
People would remember
if you were memorable. /
And some day soon,
gas in the car,
cash in her hand,
she's going far.
'cause 'round and 'round
and 'round she goes
and where she'll stop
nobody knows.

Cat: vocals

**Ken: synths, programming,
beats, sampler, grand piano,
additional vocals**

The Long Rehearsal

Lyrics: Urban

Music: Urban, RobbGrieco

Hurrying to the next meeting

A rash phone call

Texts to Erase

All day

I speak to no one at all /

Do not disturb

Summer's now fall

Still can't sleep

Remember: never Reply All /

Beneath ironic facial hair

And expensive

Underwear

Is this middle age

refusing to face

You're 40 now

Time to admit

It's never gonna happen if it hasn't happened yet

If it hasn't happened yet /

Hurrying to the next meeting

A rash phone call

Texts to Erase

All day

I speak to no one at all /

Do not disturb

Summer's now fall

Still can't sleep

Remember: never Reply All /

Beneath ironic facial hair

And expensive Underwear

Is this middle age

refusing to face

You're 40 now

Time to admit

It's never gonna happen if it hasn't happened yet /

You said NO

To Happiness

For Nothing At All

For Nothing

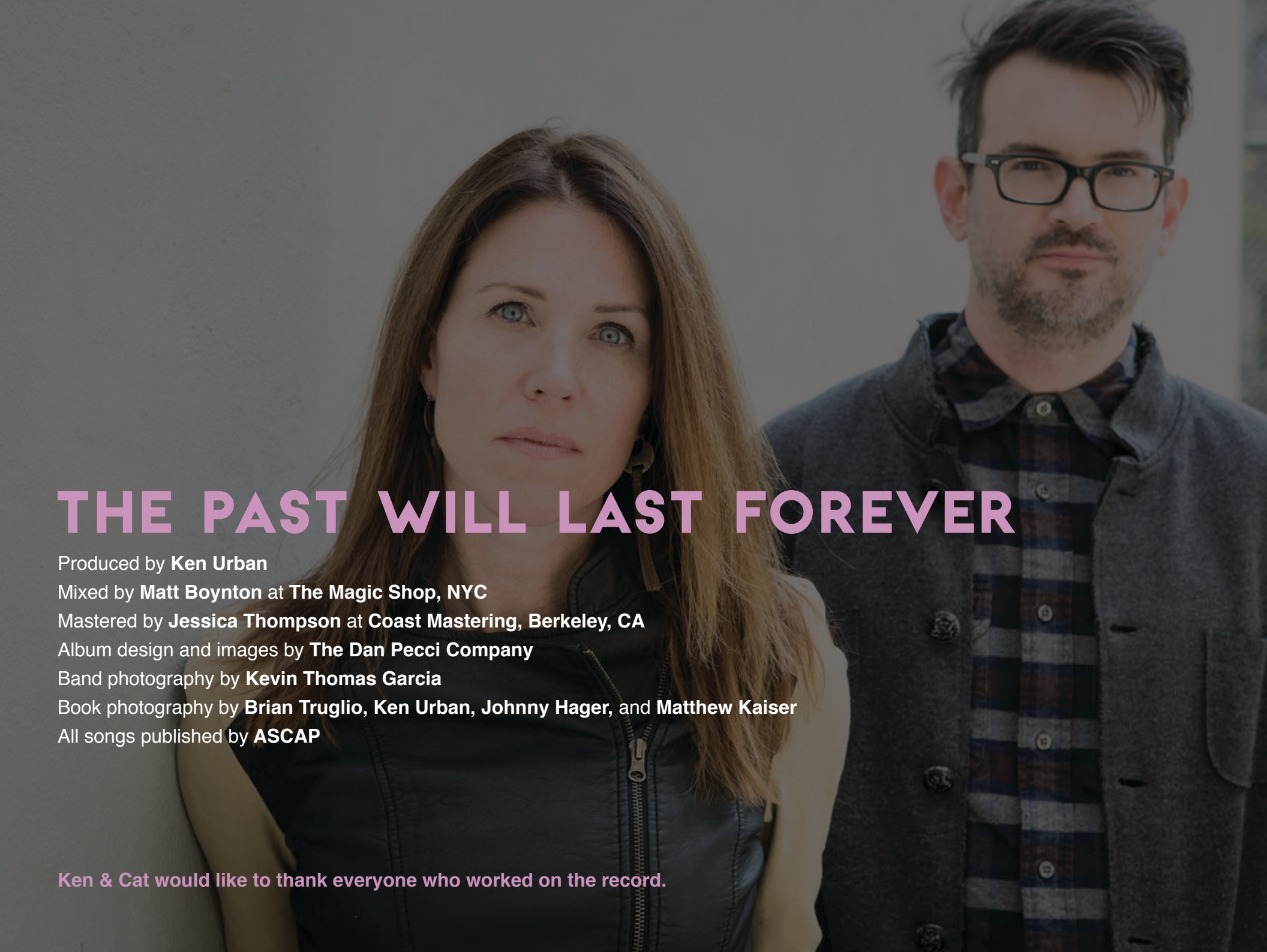
At All

Ken: synth, programming, beats, sampler, vocals

Cat: vocals

Mike: bass guitar

Wayne: field recording



THE PAST WILL LAST FOREVER

Produced by **Ken Urban**

Mixed by **Matt Boynton** at **The Magic Shop, NYC**

Mastered by **Jessica Thompson** at **Coast Mastering, Berkeley, CA**

Album design and images by **The Dan Pecci Company**

Band photography by **Kevin Thomas Garcia**

Book photography by **Brian Truglio, Ken Urban, Johnny Hager, and Matthew Kaiser**

All songs published by **ASCAP**

Ken & Cat would like to thank everyone who worked on the record.

Heaven

by Patrick Phillips

It will be the past
and we'll live there together.
Not as it was to live
but as it is remembered.
It will be the past.
We'll all go back together.
Everyone we ever loved,
and lost, and must remember.
It will be the past.
And it will last forever.

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