

**ANDY**

**PORC**  
**FEST**  
AUG 24  
3<sup>P</sup><sub>M</sub>  
73 SEASIDE  
BLACK ROCK



THEBIGIFS



(212) 529-0640



Inquiries: (212)-529-3542  
info@andyif.com

Dave-Harmonica

(FAST) Acc.?

If I Had My Way - get jazzy - open E's / Irregular stops on Break/Bridge

Not too slow - Older & Wiser - Ending!

Home v. 2 Motel Song

Note Ending for Band - Extra Amp(s)

Baseball - "WEZN"

Paris\* All the Wrong Reasons - "no train songs - song writing rule"

Home Tonight v. 2 This song mentions G

Baseball I'm Not Going Home - 3:00 - 4x at end and out - no bridge - "this is so deep and personal" - Two Mics.

You're Bad For Me

Milce - How many monitors?

Both in G Boat or a Train - capo III - simple at Reg

Memories of CT You're Bad For Me?

Sound Man -> Alex FOS?

Train For All The Wrong Reasons

The Worst Of It

Discuss

I'm Not Going Home

Bridge Not temp

Memories of Connecticut\*

Cat

Structure

If I Said I Didn't Love You

Effects Board

Faintly, Remotely, Possibly Too Much Too Fast

Power Amps

The Smiths\*

Schedule %

Inane

BV?

1 Km - GIFFI

Send Files

Invite:

\* Song mentions Connecticut.

- Ananda
- Levinso
- Sean Kelly
- Robbie
- All CPYC
- Bob Corroon
- Vlad / Damienne

Tone! Tone! Guitar Stand

Mix Av like Pilot (??) Nec.?

The care + feeding of the modern American Rock Band. Thank Hosts !!

## MOTEL SONG

If I had my way  
Things would be different  
If I had my say  
You'd be in my arms tonight

We'd be hunkered down  
By the access road  
In a motel room  
Filled with desire  
You'd be in my arms  
That's if I had my way

If then was now  
I'd do things differently  
I pissed it all away  
And now I'm here  
All alone

I'm not hunkered down  
By the access road  
In a motel room  
Filled with desire  
You'd be in my arms  
That's if I had my way

And if you pass my way  
You'll know I'm not too hard to find  
I'll be in my place  
Dreaming of long ago

Hunkered down  
By the access road  
In a motel room  
Filled with desire  
You'd be in my arms  
That's if I had my way

**BOND STREET CAFE**  
**THE BIG IFS**  
**THE DIAMONDBACKS**  
**BIG DEAL**  
**MERCY CIRCLE**  
**DASHBOARD MARY**  
**BROOMHELDA**  
**ROAR**  
**LETHAL BOYZ**  
 PLUS VERY SPECIAL GUESTS  
**SKIN & BONES**  
 \$1 DRAFT BEER & SHOT  
 SPECIALS ALL NIGHT LONG  
 Friday, JULY 12  
 \$7 ADMISSION W/PASS  
 6 BOND STREET  
 Bet. Hdway & Lafayette St. 979-6566

*Nightingale* **BAR**  
 2nd Ave. & 13th St. 473-9398

**fri, apr. 8**  
 the **Blacklight Chameleons**  
**ZOW**  
 tom clark  
 of the groove dogs

**sat, apr. 9**  
**THE WORMS**

**sun, apr. 10**      **mon, apr. 11**  
 the **furors**      THE **BIG IFS**  
**BLUES TRAVELER**      PAUL EMERSON

**tues, apr. 12**      **wed, apr. 13**  
 men who cook      max groove

TUESDAY AUGUST 2 9:00  
 the return of  
 the **big ifs**  
 KENNY'S CASTAWAYS  
 157 BLEECKER STREET  
 (Btwn. Thompson and Sullivan)  
 unauthorized reproduction of this pass is encouraged  
 ADMIT ONE

TUESDAY AUGUST 2 9:00  
 the return of  
 the **big ifs**  
 KENNY'S CASTAWAYS  
 157 BLEECKER STREET  
 (Btwn. Thompson and Sullivan)  
 unauthorized reproduction of this pass is encouraged  
 ADMIT ONE

TUESDAY AUGUST 2 9:00  
 the return of  
 the **big ifs**  
 KENNY'S CASTAWAYS  
 157 BLEECKER STREET  
 (Btwn. Thompson and Sullivan)  
 unauthorized reproduction of this pass is encouraged  
 ADMIT ONE



PARIS \*

I'd like to go to Paris with you  
I'd like to hear your voulez vous  
We could climb the Eiffel Tower and enjoy the view  
Me and you

Maybe we could stop in Rome  
On our way home  
Milano, Firenze, Cortina de Ampezzo too  
Me and you

Well I've got big dreams  
Such really, really big dreams  
And I know that you've got big dreams too  
Me and you

Willimantic to Kalamazoo  
Buenos Aires to Iguazu  
At the Four Seasons or an igloo  
Me and you

The background of the image is a collection of various guitar pedals. On the left, a black Morley pedal is visible with the brand name in white. Below it is a green Tube Screamer pedal. In the center, a red Bob Comp Compressor pedal is prominent. To the right, a yellow pedal with two knobs is labeled 'DISTORTION' and 'LEVEL'. At the bottom right, a blue Chorus CE-3 pedal is visible. The text is overlaid on this background.

## HOME TONIGHT

Someone's stuck in the storm tonight  
Wishes they were safe and warm tonight  
Could have got into bed, turned off the light  
Someone wishes they'd stayed home tonight

Someone wishes that eve was morn  
Someone wishes that they weren't born  
Could have fed the dog, just had a bite  
Someone wishes they'd stayed home tonight

Stayed at home and read  
Laid across the bed  
Would have could have  
Should have might  
Someone wishes they'd stayed home tonight

Someone's stuck by the side of the road  
Someone's carrying a heavy load  
When something's broke it's tough to put it right  
Someone wishes they'd stayed home tonight

## **BASEBALL**

**I love baseball  
But baseball did not love me  
I love baseball  
Always the last guy picked for the team  
I wanted to play so badly  
And that's exactly how I played  
And sadly**

**I couldn't hit the breaking ball  
I was weak and I was small  
But oh man I loved that game  
And when I want to feel the same  
I turns the knobs on my radio  
And I could listen for hours  
Because it's so damned slow  
I love baseball**

**Sandy Koufax and Hank Greenburg  
Ron Blomberg  
and I'm sure there are some others  
From chosen mothers**

**No I never had a chance  
No I never had a chance  
No I didn't  
No I never had a chance  
Couldn't make it to the dance  
No I wouldn't  
But life turned out ok although I never got to play  
In the bigs (No I never had a chance)**

**Because I couldn't hit the breaking ball  
I was weak and I was small  
But oh man I loved that game  
And when I want to feel the same  
I spin the knobs on my radio  
And I could listen for hours  
Because it's so damned great  
I love baseball**



## YOU'RE BAD FOR ME

Alcohol tobacco and firearms  
These three things have their charms  
What about you, what about you

Sex and drugs and rock and roll  
The pleasures of which I can extol  
What about you, what about you

You're bad for me I know  
You're like a substance that should be controlled  
If there's a self-help group I'll go  
You're bad for me I know

Drinking too much and staying up too late  
Driving too fast and tempting fate  
What about you, what about you

Coffee and cigarettes  
Poor decisions and some regrets  
What about you, What about you

You're bad for me I know  
You're like a substance that should be controlled  
If there's a self-help group I'll go  
You're bad for me I know

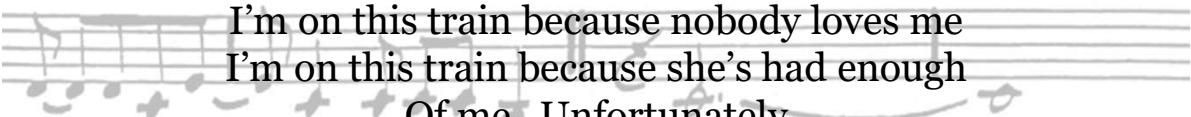
And there should be a warning label  
To use responsibly.  
Potentially dangerous.  
You're bad for me I know

c. 2024 Andy If (ASCAP)

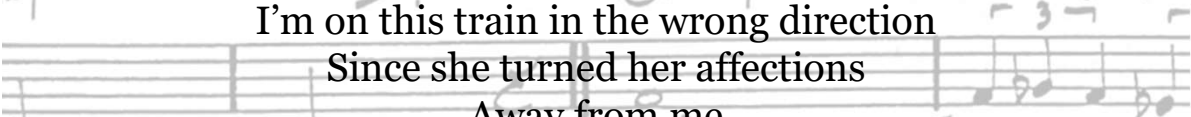
*Do not listen to Andy If music if you are allergic to Andy If music.*



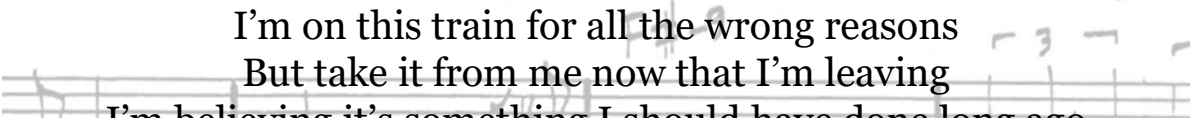
## TRAIN FOR ALL THE WRONG REASONS



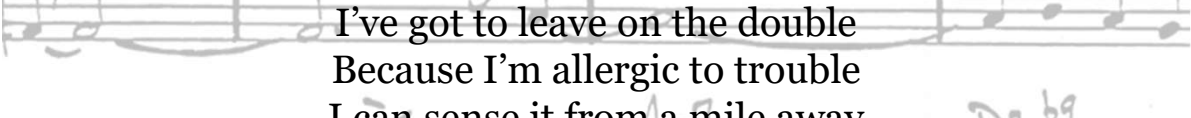
I'm on this train because nobody loves me  
I'm on this train because she's had enough  
Of me Unfortunately



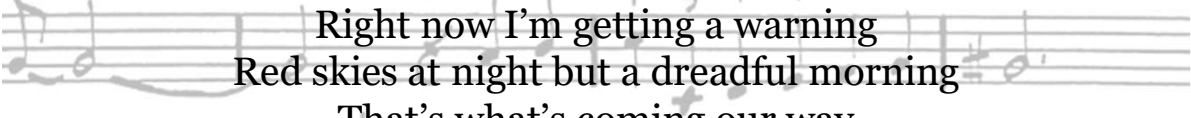
I'm on this train in the wrong direction  
Since she turned her affections  
Away from me



I'm on this train for all the wrong reasons  
But take it from me now that I'm leaving  
I'm believing it's something I should have done long ago  
I'm on this train running from disaster  
I wish I could run a little faster  
I'm on this train for all the wrong reasons

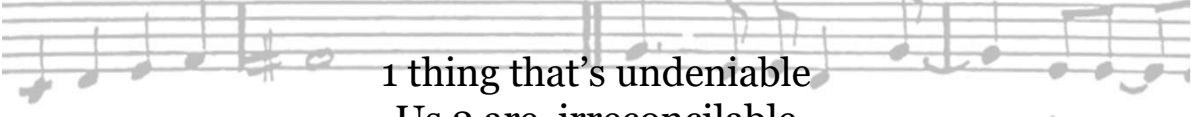


I've got to leave on the double  
Because I'm allergic to trouble  
I can sense it from a mile away

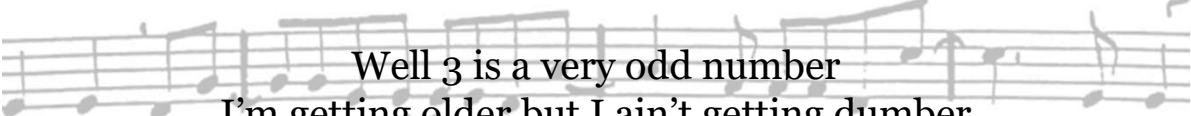


Right now I'm getting a warning  
Red skies at night but a dreadful morning  
That's what's coming our way


(chorus)



1 thing that's undeniable  
Us 2 are irreconcilable  
And you're in love with somebody new



Well 3 is a very odd number  
I'm getting older but I ain't getting dumber  
You can 4-get about me



c. Andy If 2023 (ASCAP)

## THE WORST OF IT

I think I'm through the worst of it  
Although it still hurts a little bit  
You haven't heard the half of it  
One day I'll learn to laugh at this  
I think I'm through the worst of it

I think I can show my face again  
One day I'll leave this place but I don't know when  
Get back on my feet  
Show I can't be it  
I think I'm through the worst of it

Ain't it funny how it goes  
You think you're falling in love again  
I just suppose every story has an end  
Ain't it funny how it starts  
Kind of ugly how it ends  
Stabbed in the heart tearing me apart  
Ain't it funny how it goes

Hey I'm down but I'm not out  
Cause that's not what I'm really all about  
You're like a dream like a lullaby  
You broke my heart and you made me cry  
I think I'm through the worst of it

Ain't it funny how it goes  
You think you're falling in love again  
I just suppose every story has an end  
Ain't it funny how it starts  
Kind of ugly how it ends  
Stabbed in the heart tearing me apart  
Ain't it funny how it goes

## **CAT**

**The books are on the steps they're stacked where you left them  
The messages are all erased I wish I had kept them  
The plants are all dead and there are mice in the kitchen**

**I miss your cat  
And all of that came with him  
I miss your honesty  
What you'd say to me  
On top of that  
I miss your cat**

**I knew your rage and I knew your ire  
You kicked a hole in my amplifier  
You keyed my car and slashed a tire**

**I miss your cat  
And all of that came with him  
I miss your honesty  
What you'd say to me  
On top of that  
I miss your cat**

## **I'm Not Going Home**

**Here's to people that I used to know  
Forgotten memories from long ago  
Faded photos from way back when**

**Here's to my old Pontiac  
We went to the City and we made it back  
A pocketful of change and a half tank of gas  
We were young and stupid didn't take no crap**

**I'm not going home I'm staying up all night  
I want to hitch a ride on a satellite  
Hey I feel ok but I'm not alright  
I'm not going home, home tonight**

**If you're not hurting you're not trying hard  
Big mistakes they were my calling card  
You can't look back you just move on**

**I liked your Dad may he rest in peace  
He was robbed by that damned disease  
And tell your Mom that I say hi  
Did she ever believe our alibi**

**I'm not going home I'm staying up all night  
I want to hitch a ride on a satellite  
Hey I feel ok but I'm not alright  
I'm not going home, home tonight**



<p>the return of <b>the big ifs</b></p>	<p>THURSDAY Oct. 27 9:30 MINK MONTICELLO NY PARK</p> <p>KENNY'S CASTAWAYS 157 BLEECKER STREET (Btwn. Thompson and Sullivan)</p> <p>re-scheduled production of the new series</p>	<p>ADULT ONE</p>
<p>the return of <b>the big ifs</b></p>	<p>THURSDAY Oct. 27 9:30 MINK MONTICELLO NY PARK</p> <p>KENNY'S CASTAWAYS 157 BLEECKER STREET (Btwn. Thompson and Sullivan)</p> <p>Unauthorized reproduction of this pass is prohibited</p>	



## MEMORIES OF CONNECTICUT

Hey Mr. Tow Truck Driver  
I'm another late arriver  
At this greasy late night diner  
It's open all night

Hey Waitress cigarette in your mouth  
I'm on my way to the deepest South  
Part of Connecticut  
That I know

You can say I told you so  
You can say that I that I told you so

Hey Mr. Blue Plate Special  
I hope the Lord will bless you  
As you navigate your vessel  
Down the interstate

As for me I'm headed the other way  
It's been nice chatting but I must say  
Sayonara and have a nice day  
And if I see you again

You can say I told you so  
You can say that I that I told you so

You can have the satisfaction  
Of seeing my reaction  
You can scream  
I was right and you were wrong  
You can say that I that I told you so  
You can say that I that I told you so

Down the Taconic and across on 84  
South on 7 to the Nutmeg State shore  
Where I know there's an open door  
There's somebody waiting

You can say I told you so  
You can say that I that I told you so

## IF I SAID I DIDN'T LOVE YOU

If I said I didn't love you I'd be lying  
When you left me you left me crying  
You can't blame a guy for trying  
If I said I didn't love you I'd be lying

Slow down and hit the brakes  
You're making a big mistake  
You know there ain't no denying  
If I said I didn't love you I'd be lying

Why'd you have to leave the bar  
With that guy, walking with him across the parking lot  
Well that El Camino Was Hot  
He's everything I'm not  
When you got in that truck (Am)  
It broke my heart

If I said that didn't hurt me it wouldn't be true  
All I think about is you  
My woes are multiplying  
If I said I didn't love you I'd be lying

If I said I didn't love you I'd be lying  
When you left me you left me crying  
You can't blame a guy for trying  
If I said I didn't love you I'd be lying



## FRP

The room was dark and hazy you were standing at the bar  
I was going crazy wondering who you are  
Would I ever get to talk to you would I ever know your name  
Wondering faintly, remotely, possibly did you feel the same

The music started playing it was getting pretty loud  
There was something you were saying but I couldn't hear a sound  
Everybody was dancing they were jumping up and down  
Wondering faintly, remotely, possibly should I stick around

All I can do is think about you constantly  
You've got me acting irresponsibly, improbably, inconceivably  
Faintly, remotely and possibly

Do you come here very often?  
Have I seen you here before  
You know I can't forget you  
I can't get you out of my mind

I knew I had to talk to you, but I didn't have the guts  
The place was going crazy the club was going nuts  
So I summoned up my nerve and shoved my shirt into pants  
Wondering faintly, remotely, possibly would you like to dance

You took my hand you took my heart you led me to the floor  
And did it really happen who could ask for more  
Did it really happen did it all come true  
That faintly, remotely, possibly I am here with you

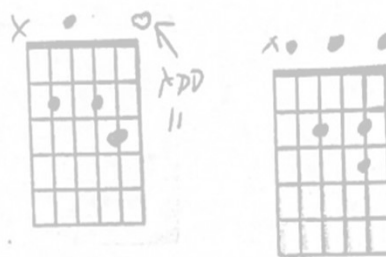
All I can do is think about you constantly  
You've got me acting irresponsibly, improbably, inconceivably  
Faintly, remotely and possibly

## TOO MUCH TOO FAST

It's too much too fast too quick too soon  
It's a little too early I can still smell your perfume  
It's like you never left like you're still in the room  
It's too much too fast too quick too soon

It's a second it's a minute it's an hour it's a day  
It's a month of Sundays since I went away  
It's a feeling that I get once in a blue moon  
It's too much too fast too quick too soon

I'm not ready I'm still healing  
I'm still dealing with the feeling  
Of pain and rejection  
You kicked me where it hurts  
It went from bad to worse  
The wound is a little raw  
And it's a little premature



It's too strong it's too sweet it's too fierce it's too hot  
It's everything you are It's everything I'm not  
It's a punch in the gut that's got me singing a new tune  
It's too much too fast too quick too soon

I'm not ready I'm still healing  
I'm still dealing with the feeling  
Of pain and rejection  
You kicked me where it hurts  
It went from bad to worse  
The wound is a little raw  
And it's a little premature

It's too much too fast too quick too soon  
It's a little too early I can still smell your perfume  
It's like you never left like you're still in the room  
It's too much too fast too quick too soon



## I LIKE THE SMITHS

There was a band I really liked  
When I was young and so painfully naïve  
I really liked this band thought they were from Birmingham  
But not in Alabama  
They were from England They were from England whoa-ho

And he dressed in black yeah he dressed in black  
Gave the girls a heart attack  
but I don't know why I don't know what to say  
He was so English  
He was so English whoa -ho

I like the Smiths I like the Smiths I like the Smiths  
And what I miss and what I miss  
Is the feeling from way back when  
Hey I needed a miracle I needed a friend  
I needed something that wouldn't happen again

Hey Johnny Marr boy can he play guitar whoa-ho  
It was the Beacon theatre it was a reekin' theatre  
We were freaking on the sidewalk outside  
And he touched me somewhere deeply inside

I'm from Connecticut I'm from Connecticut  
We're simple happy people  
We don't sing songs about suicide  
We like the countryside whoa-ho

And if you've got one more minute to spare  
I'll tell you the rest of my story

I like the Smiths I like the Smiths I like the Smiths  
And what I miss and what I miss  
Is the feeling from way back when  
Hey I needed a miracle I needed a friend  
I needed something that wouldn't happen again

## Inane

I hadn't heard your name in quite a while  
And when I did it made me smile  
A smile as wide as a country mile  
You said hello with a gentle grin  
That slowly drew me in  
And I said how've you been?

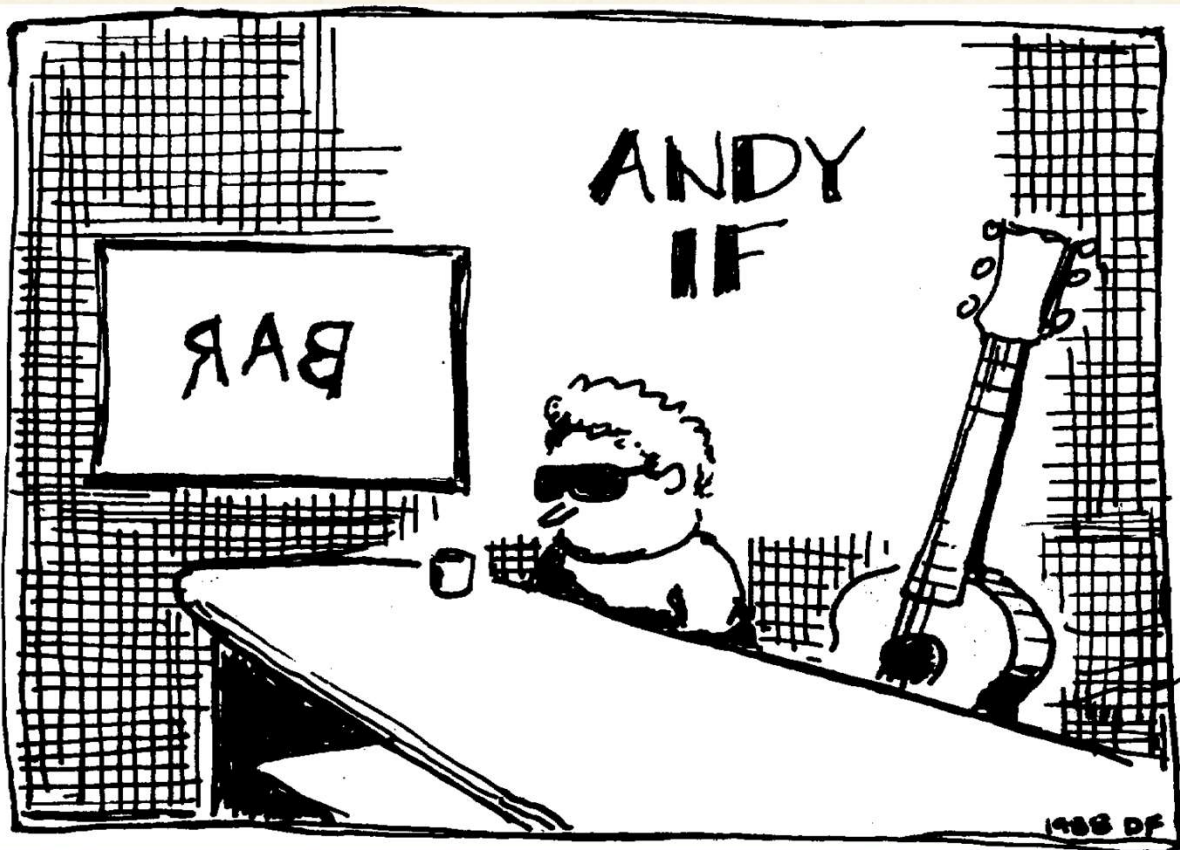
Or something equally inane  
It's been so long since I'd heard your name  
So long since you've been mine  
Man you were looking fine  
It's been so long since I felt content  
So long since I felt so spent  
So long it was a sin  
And I said how've you been?

I asked about your Ma and Pa  
You told me how they are  
I don't know how things went so far  
Because I didn't have a master plan  
You didn't have to understand  
I said I want to be your man

Or something equally inane  
It's been so long since I'd heard your name  
So long since you've been mine  
Man you were looking fine  
It's been so long since I felt content  
So long since I felt so spent  
So long it was a sin  
And I said how've you been?

Storm clouds on the horizon  
This time we'll blow them away  
And there will be no surprising  
When things finally go our way

***Thanks for coming!***



**Drums – Greg Taylor**  
**Bass – Dave Foster**  
**Guitars – Mike Frost**

**[andy@andyif.com](mailto:andy@andyif.com)**  
**[www.andyif.com](http://www.andyif.com)**