

mental disorder - Alcohol - APD - Dyslexia - seizures - migraines - ADHD + TBI

-15-

Exhibit 'E'

SCANNED #

= OFFENDER TRACK ===== ENTER MH INDIV CONTACTS ===== 08/16/2006 = Page 1

Doc No: 124554 Name: WILSON, DOUGLAS E SCF/UNIT07 PRES FACIL

Facility: SF STERLING Contact date: 08/16/2006

Clinician(s): 334 FERREL Program Code:

Type of contact: 40 TX PLAN Length of session: 01 1/4 hour

Participation level: 9 9 N/A/N/A

Goal attainment scale: 99 NOT APPLIC Status Code: NOPROG

CLINICAL NOTE

TREATMENT PLAN

SYMPTOMS:

Agitation, anger, rambling speech, suspiciousness, history of traumatic brain injuries, history of seizures, history of dyslexia, grandiose.

DIAGNOSES:

Axis I: Mental Disorder due to Medical Condition, Alcohol Dependence, Cannabis Dependence, Physical Abuse of Adult (homicide). Axis II: Antisocial Personality Disorder. Axis III: Dyslexia, TBI, Seizures, Migraine Headaches, History ADHD. Axis IV: Incarceration, Segregation, Long Sentence. Axis V: 55.

PLAN:

Mr. Wilson has been uncooperative and non-compliant in his interactions with Mental Health. However, he is starting to cooperate a little. He provided copies of his CMHIP evaluations. I placed a copy in his mental health file and will see that Dr. Koprivnikar is faxed a copy. He will be scheduled to be seen in clinic again. He has a lot of trouble regulating his emotions and psychotropic medications may help him level out some. I will continue to provide follow-up services.

SIGNATURE

*[Handwritten Signature]*

Please print, sign & file in the fourth section of the MH record!

Exhibit 'E' p. 4.

*[Handwritten mark]*


As for this medical / mental evaluation or whatever they call it — nevertheless very little is true & it appears to be a job justification for them more than anything. That said I do suffer ADD — ADHD & Dyslexia & it is extremely disadvantageous to my ability to write, especially. Let me see if I can show you what happens sometimes.

- 1) I will come up w/ a creative idea in my head — it maybe a song or an invention idea or a letter to write
- 2) when I try to write it down or articulate the idea a series of things happen — here's usually how it goes!

- a. my creative side exposes an idea
- b. my ADHD runs w/ it & most often my hand cannot keep up — so mistakes are made & words are left out — enter dyslexia — & other words will be there, but the letters will be misplaced
- c. & a lot of the time once that I get it straightened out my ADD will have kicked in & I will lose my train of thought — oh I will get it back on track, most of the time but sometimes it takes minutes, hours, days, weeks or even decades, yes & that's why a few of the lyrics included in my collection are from like the 90's or older than expected.

That's just part of the frustration the most frustrating for me is that even when I get the right words & go to rewrite them my dyslexia & ADHD will fuck w/ me — My adhd wants to ZOOM — ZOOM ZOOM & my dyslexia, temperamental dyslexia will go along for the ride but misspell up to ten words along the way. hah! Sometimes you'll see where I crossed a word out & added ADD or dyslexia. — Anyway it sometimes takes me two or three rewrites to where I can be satisfied that it can be read & by that time I am so sick of the song that I don't even like it anymore or even want to see it.

So when I make my comments I flow & keep the flow going & try to outrun the ADD & simply pay the misspelled words no mind — I will try to go back & correct them — but you must consider that I am forced to write w/ a 4" fexable pen that slips or refuses to write. — nor do I have access to a typewriter no spell check — no type set & very limited paper = 25-sheets per month. so this is not fancy but I give it my best shot & I hope you enjoy at least a couple of pieces. This is my 3rd book (really manuscript because it's all hand written) of Lyrics, the 1st is simply titled Lyrics, "different sides of day", the 2nd is also titled Lyrics Vol. II "different sides of day" & this 3rd one is titled Lyrics Vol. III from behind the walls — check em out at [www.PrisonFoundation.org](http://www.PrisonFoundation.org).

PS! even so I can SLINK IT LIKE OTHERS ONLY WISHED THE CAUSE! Love you  
Lumbstone 

# — dreaming his dream —

+ I WAS DREAMING — DREAMIN[E]-A-DREAM + I GOT — — GOT  
 THIS FEELING — + I REMEMBER A MAN SAYING — —  
 WE CAN ALL LIVE IN [PEACE + HARMONY]  
 I MEDIATE SOMETHING SO BEAUTIFUL — SO RIGHT  
 I MEDIATE THE WHOLE MAKING LOVE TONIGHT

(1-2)

OH MI ~~God~~ — WOULDN'T THAT BE SOMETHING  
 OR AM I JUST DREAMING A DREAM  
 BUT THEN I SEE YOUR FACE + EVERYTHING'S AIRIGHT  
 — COM-ER BABY —

TAKE ME FROM THE HUMAN RACE  
 TAKE ME WHERE THE WHOLE WORLD'S MAKING LOVE TONIGHT  
 TAKE ME TO PARADISE — PAR-A-DISE

PLEASE DON'T TURN ON THE LIGHT — PLEASE DON'T WAKE ME UP TONIGHT  
 LET ME HAVE A MOMENT WITHOUT SHAKING — NO FUSSING — NO FIGHTING — NO DOUBTS  
 MR. LENNON SAID — NO PROBLEMS — ONLY SOLUTIONS — — —  
 JOHN KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT — — —  
 THE WHOLE WORLD MAKING LOVE TONIGHT,

OH MI ~~God~~ — WOULDN'T THAT BE SOMETHING  
 OR AM I JUST DREAMING HIS DREAM  
 BUT THEN I SEE YOUR FACE + EVERYTHING'S AIRIGHT  
 — COM-ER BABY —

TAKE ME FROM THE HUMAN RACE  
 TAKE ME WHERE THE WHOLE WORLD'S MAKING LOVE TONIGHT  
 TAKE ME TO PARADISE — PAR-A-DISE — PAR-A-DISE TONIGHT  
 TAKE ME TO A PLACE WHERE THE WHOLE WORLD'S MAKING LOVE TONIGHT  
 + I TURN TO SEE YOUR FACE + EVERYTHING AIRIGHT — PAR-A-DISE

OH MI ~~God~~ — WOULDN'T THAT BE SOMETHING — NO FUSSING — NO FIGHTING —  
 NO DOUBTS — NO COLOR WHEN IT COMES TO THE HUMAN RACE  
 I MEDIATE THAT — THE WHOLE WORLD MAKING LOVE TONIGHT

OH MI ~~God~~ WOULDN'T THAT BE SOMETHING — + I WAS DREAMIN'  
 + HE SAID "I HAVE A DREAM" IT WAS 1963 + HIS NAME WAS  
 MARTIN LUTHER KING [I.] — — — — — CON: page 2 —

— spit it out p. 2 —

YOU BETTER SPIT IT OUT GIRL — WHAT IS IT YOU GOT  
YOU SAY YOU GOT SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT  
YOUR DOIN' THIS + DOIN' THAT  
SPILL'N THAT NASTY OUT YOUR MOUTH  
DON'T STUTTER NOW — SPIT IT OUT  
BETTER YET BREAK YOURSELF BITCH

SAID WHAT — I SAID THAT — WHAT SAID — I'M GET'N FAT  
IT'S THE NATURE OF THE BUSINESS — DON'T YOU KNOW  
YOU BETTER BACK IT UP + BREAK YOURSELF NO

SPIT IT OUT — WHAT SAID — I SAID THAT  
SAID WHAT — I'M GET'N FAT  
SPIT IT OUT — SPIT IT OUT — SPIT IT OUT + STOP FATTEN' IT. /

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Eugene Wilson (EJ)

I WROTE THIS SONG IN THE US Penitentiary, Compo California, I wrote it for a convict named Jo-Jo who was from Oakland, CA. This is one of the songs I wrote w/ Tupac Shuttur step dad Doctor Shuttur, Mr Shuttur got caught up in some armored truck robberies — Anyway he liked the song — I had picked up a lot of the pimp's namba juabs from hearing some some real gangster pimps on the phones screaming at who ever "get my ends bitch" bla-bla-bla — I caught the gist of the pimp's game — I think + most of it's all talk so I came up w/ some lines even more outrageous than what I'd heard — we were all in the hole for some sort of prison infraction + not having anything else to do I thought why not — hey, I can make a song out of this madness + so I wrote two or three that were endorsed by Doctor Shuttur so I thought maybe I had something because he backed a couple of rap hip hop people + his step son Tupac was in the music world making people pay attention — Jo-Jo odd a couple of days after his release + this song got "lost" but I did remember the hook + the 1st + 2nd verses so I rebuilt the rest of it + there it is — don't hate "it's a song" — if you don't like this one you really won't like "gotta put your pimp in" another one I wrote w/ Dr. Shuttur. Love Dwight — 4 —

# — magic Touch —

EVERYTIME I SEE YOUR BODY — I LET SO TERMINAL  
 I WANNA BE YOUR BACK DOOR CRIMINAL  
 LOCK ME IN YOUR LOVERS DEN & CALL ME DIRTY NAMES  
 YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO BRING IT OUT OF ME  
 WHEN WE PLAY — WHEN WE PLAY SEX GAMES

YOU GOT THAT MAGIC TOUCH — THAT I LOVE SO MUCH  
 OH DO ME — DO ME — DO ME BA-BEE — [Yo] MAKE ME FEEL THAT RUSH  
 YOUR MAGIC TOUCH — YOU GOT THAT MAGIC TOUCH — THAT I LOVE SO MUCH

I KNOW WHAT'S REAL — BECAUSE I KNOW HOW I FEEL  
 WHEN YOU DO THAT SPECIAL THING — YOU SURE GIVE ME A THRILL  
 WHEN WE DO THE DIRTY DEAL — YOU SURE BRING IT OUT OF ME  
 WHEN WE PLAY — WHEN WE PLAY SEX GAMES

YOU GOT THAT MAGIC TOUCH — THAT I LOVE SO MUCH  
 OH DO ME — DO ME — DO ME BA-BEE — YOU MAKE ME FEEL THAT RUSH  
 YOUR MAGIC TOUCH — YOU GOT THAT MAGIC TOUCH THAT I LOVE SO MUCH  
 COME ON & TUNE ME UP — W/ YOUR MAGIC TOUCH — YOUR MAGIC TOUCH

COME ON — COME ON — BABY DON'T BE SHY  
 I LOVE IT WHEN YOU MAKE ME CRY W/ JUST  
 WHEN I'M CUM'N — I COME — & I HOLD MY BREATH  
 THE WAY YOU DO THOSE THINGS — BABY YOU'RE THE BEST  
 YOU ALWAYS KNOW HOW TO BRING IT OUT OF ME  
 WHEN WE PLAY — WE PLAY — WHEN WE PLAY SEX GAMES

IT'S THAT MAGIC TOUCH THAT I LOVE SO MUCH  
 THE WAY YOU DO ME BABY — MAKE ME FEEL THAT RUSH — — —  
 THAT I LOVE SO MUCH  
 YOUR MAGIC TOUCH — MAGIC TOUCH —  
 YOU GOT THAT MAGIC TOUCH THAT I LOVE SO MUCH  
 YOUR MAGIC — MAGIC TOUCH — YOU GOT THAT MAGIC TOUCH  
 THAT I LOVE SO MUCH — YOUR MAGIC TOUCH  
 YOU GOT THAT MAGIC TOUCH — YOUR MAGIC TOUCH  
 THAT I LOVE SO MUCH — YOUR MAGIC — MAGIC TOUCH etc. //

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 Douglas Wilson & Eugene /  
 W/D

Oh, I don't think I need to explain this piece at all "magic touch" its ONE big climax after another — believe it or not I tamed this one down but I slipped in a tongue here & there. <sup>u</sup>

this one I extracted from a poem I wrote back in 1980 or 81 its from a couple of lines that went "lock me in the lions den & call me dirty names — lock me in the lions den & throw away the key — how does that taste on your lips — a fuck w/out a kiss" — hah! ya that's a mouth full huh? — well, I didn't write it with an ulterior thought — it was, at first, to say Fuck you proestablishment assholes, I hope the fuck your happy to know you fucked us over — I'm quite the potty mouth at times huh? Anyway I remembered that or those lines & went Ahh! it really sounds sexual — well let me see if I can manipulate a few words & create something & there it is — hope you lick — oops I mean 'like it' — how does that taste on your lips — do I got that magic touch that sets off a rush — that's got your coming so much — oh mi — I love it when we play sex games you know how to bring it out of me — oh baby when we play sex games — you sure get the best of me — magic touch — I love so much —

Have <sup>you</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup>  
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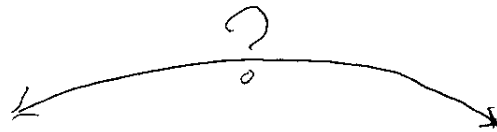
# — cold hearted —

1st  
 Baby lately your actions been telling me  
 that you don't want me around no more  
 to you it may be no big deal ---  
 but you really broke my heart for-sure  
 oh now what am I supposed to do now that you broke  
 my heart in two

- ch -  
 How CAN YOU BE SO COLD-HEARTED  
 TO THE ONE THAT JUST LIVES TO LOVE YOU  
 YOU TURN AWAY MY HAND  
 WHEN ALL I WANNA DO IS HOLD YOU  
 How CAN YOU BE SO COLD HEARTED  
 TO THE ONE THAT JUST LIVES TO LOVE YOU  
 TELL THE TRUTH - How CAN YOU BE SO COLD HEARTED LIKE THAT

2nd  
 EVERYTIME YOU GET READY YOU TOSS ME ASIDE  
 LIKE A SCUFFED UP PENNY  
 one day I hope you'll want my love  
 because I'll be so far away  
 Sometimes it's even cold in the summer  
 welcome to pain's highway

- ch - how can you be so cold hearted  
 to the one - - -



3rd  
 I THOUGHT I MEANT MORE TO YOU - how can you be so CRUEL -  
 don't you know that I still love you

TELL THE TRUTH - How CAN YOU BE SO COLD hearted  
 TO THE ONE THAT JUST LIVES TO LOVE YOU  
 YOU TURN AWAY MY HAND  
 WHEN ALL I WANNA DO IS HOLD YOU - - - - COR p. 2 -

NOTE: "YOU TURN AWAY MY HAND WHEN ALL I WANNA DO IS HOLD YOU"  
 can be sub'd for

"How CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL TO THE ONE THAT JUST WANTS TO HOLD YOU?"

HOW CAN YOU BE SO COLD-HEARTED  
to the one that just lives to love you  
TELL THE TRUTH\_ HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL  
SO COLD-HEARTED\_ HOW CAN YOU DO THAT  
to the one that just lives to love you  
I THOUGHT I MEANT MORE TO YOU  
DON'T YOU KNOW I STILL LOVE YOU  
'BABY PLEASE DON'T BE SO COLD-HEARTED  
Cold-hearted — cold-cold-cold hearted  
how can you do that — cold-hearted --- etc --- /

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Douglas Wilson / ~~W~~ / ~~D~~

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This song's about a person that can't understand & has a hard time accepting that their partner don't feel the same anymore — yep — I been trying to write this one for about "28-years," huh! I know — I know — this song's been lost a couple of times but I always had the chorus in my head. "how can you be so cold hearted to the one that just lives to love you — how can you be so cruel to the one that just wants to hold you" but I was never satisfied w/ the surrounding body & I wrote it to death & brought it back to life [a]gain — & I just rewrote a line in the 1st 2nd & 3rd V & revamped the chorus "wow" but I think this version works the best — if you have an interest in this song I'll send you some of the other drafts — this song can be sung by either sex but must be sung w/ feeling eg. do not just say the words — it must be sung — if you don't get it don't worry — hope ya-all like it, Love ya-all,



# I Miss My Innocence

did you ever stop to think about where you came from  
 when you didn't have a care in the world - - -  
 except for momma yelling - you better get back home  
 I wish I could go back to those days & do it all again

there was gum in our hair & dirt on our face  
 we were singing silly songs in the warm summer breeze  
 I see London - I see France - I see the teachers underpants  
 oh man, who wouldn't miss that - I sure miss my innocence

chasing rabbits - catching frogs - fishing off the bank at <sup>wetters</sup> Waltrons pond  
 running amok from dusk till dawn - just high on adventure - - -  
 when it only took oxygen to stay amused - - -  
 & there was no such thing as bad news (oh I can remember)

there was gum in our hair & dirt on our face  
 we were singing silly songs in the warm summer breeze  
 I see London - I see France - I see the teachers underpants  
 oh man, who wouldn't miss that - I sure miss my innocence


now it feels like I've climbed the hill & I'm headed down the other side  
 when you go too fast you'll miss the ride  
 life is gonna catch you when you least expect it  
 when there's no place left to hide  
 & all these memories come rushing back - I sure miss my innocence

hot wheels - GI Joe - remote control  
 tree fort - camp-out - football  
 mini skirts - oh la-la - gotta be cool  
 I see London - I see France - I see the teachers underpants  
 oh man, who wouldn't miss that - I sure miss my innocence

THERE WAS gum in our hair & dirt on our face  
 we were singing silly songs in the warm summer breeze  
 I SEE London - I see France - I see the teachers underpants  
 oh nT who wouldn't miss that - I sure miss my innocence


hot wheels - GI Joe - remote control - tree fort - camp out -  
 foot ball - mini skirts - oh la-la - gotta be cool

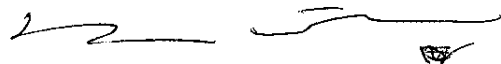
- I miss my innocence -

I see London — I see France  
I see the teachers underpants  
oh man — who wouldn't miss that — I sure miss my innocence  
oh mi — who wouldn't miss that — there goes my innocence  
I see London — I see France — I see the teachers underpants  
EUM IN OUR HAIR & DIET ON OUR FACE  
oh I sure miss my innocence — oh man who wouldn't miss that./  
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Um, I don't I kinda like this one — I think it really express' how I was feeling it — & man can it ever stir up the feelings — my youth wasn't typical by any stretch but there was a couple of years that were pretty good — when my friends & I would hike out to my Kramoas pond to fish & catch frogs & camp out & act like men of the wild — at the time we were only 1/8 mile from the house — anyway, I remembered those silly school songs & what better than "I see London — I see France" — mm! I just reread this piece & it is like nostalgic ~~as~~ as hell, I hope it has the same affect on you —

I can't get over how simple, but profound, the subject matter of this song is "when it only took oxygen to stay amused" do you remember those days? Now people sit around pushing buttons on a hand held computer & the kids have no idea what they're missing out on — I wonder if this song will make them think a little? he! Ya good luck!

Well it's been my pleasure — what color is yours? huh? oh you know what I'm talking about so don't act all shy? hum? are they silk or cotton? lace? I? thong? old school? oh la-la! Umm! hum! Umm! love ya. 



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# riot tonight

metal mesh + steel bars — powers that be keep making SCARS  
 ignorant fools of society — keep paying the bills to imprison me  
 with excessive force + physicality  
 why didn't you just leave me be

were gonna riot — riot tonight  
 were taking back our right to life  
 riot — riot tonight — everybody's gonna riot tonight

the cowards are dressed in uniform  
 always making trouble where there was none  
 using concussion grenades just for fun  
 but what's-ya gonna do when we take your guns

EVERYBODY HAS A RIGHT TO BE FREE  
 WE'RE NOT OUTLIERS FOR HIGH-SOCIETY  
 YOUR SONNA WISH YOU JUST LET ME BE

when they break the law they call it indiscretion  
 but for you + me it's a long prison sentence  
 they abuse power + discretion w/out a care  
 like samson + holiath — it's time to cut their hair

were gonna riot — riot tonight  
 were taking back our right to life  
 riot — riot tonight — everybody's gonna riot tonight

YOU MADE THIS MESS NOW LAY IN YOUR BED  
 A BILLION DOLLARS DONT MEAN NOTHING  
 W/A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD

were gonna riot — riot tonight  
 were taking back our right to life  
 riot — riot tonight — everybody's gonna riot tonight

DONT NEED A DICTATOR TO TELL US WHAT'S RIGHT  
 EVERYBODY'S GOING TO RIOT TONIGHT

EVERYBODY HAS A RIGHT TO BE FREE  
 WERE NOT OUTLIERS FOR HIGH-SOCIETY  
 YOUR SONNA WISH YOU JUST LET US BE

- riot tonight -

were gonna riot - riot tonight  
YOU MOTHERFUCKERS MADE THIS MESS  
NOW LAY IN YOUR BED  
A BILLION DOLLARS DON'T MEAN NOTHING  
W/ A BULLET IN YOUR HEADS

were gonna riot - riot tonight  
everybody's gonna riot tonight  
riot - riot tonight - everybody's gonna riot tonight  
don't need a dictator to tell us what's right  
everybody's gonna riot tonight

YOU MADE THIS MESS NOW LAY IN YOUR BED  
A ZILLION DOLLARS DON'T MEAN NOTHING  
W/ A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD

riot - riot tonight - everybody's gonna riot tonight  
riot - riot tonight - riot - riot tonight  
riot - time to set things right  
everybody's gonna riot tonight  
were taking back our right to life  
everybody's gonna riot tonight  
riot - riot tonight - everybody's gonna riot tonight  
You gonna wish you just let us be  
were not butlers for high-society

- rage against the machine -

- taken down the powers that be -

were gonna riot riot tonight  
everybody's gonna riot tonight  
riot - were gonna set things right  
everybody's gonna riot tonight

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Tombstone Day!

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO SAY - IF YOU DON'T GET IT YOU MUST BE ON THE OTHER  
SIDE - IT'S COMING DOWN SO DON'T GET CAUGHT SLEEPING - THE POOR FOLKS  
ARE GOING TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES IN A MAJOR WAY - NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE  
FREEDY MONEY GRABBERS TO PAY - MOTHERFUCKERS NEVER EARNED THAT  
MONEY ANYWAY - SO PISSED!

Tombstone Day!  
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# Love you like a convict

YOU KNOW I SRIED YOU OVER THERE — LOOKING SO PRIMAL  
 LIKE A LOVE STARVED LIONESS — STRAIGHT FROM THE JUNGLE  
 PART TIME LOVERS CAN'T BE TRUSTED — — —

but I just might be the one to tame your hunger

I'm a criminal baby would I lie to you

I'm an animal — a cannibal — so in-sat-ible

tell me where I do it all

like a love starved convict that just escaped prison

I'm gonna love you all over — + over — + over again

I CAUGHT YOU STARING ME DOWN — SIZING ME UP

does he drive a high performance — or a pick-up truck

well, I'm a full service do it all + your in luck

gonna lick you like an ice-cream cone + turn you inside out

I'm an animal — a cannibal — so in-sat-ible

tell me where I do it all

like a love starved convict that just escaped prison

I'm gonna love you all over — + over — + over again

I said over — + over + over again

gonna love you like a convict that just escaped prison

you might roar like a lion — soon you'll purr like a kitten

as I'm giving you all the love you been missing

talkin' touchin', squeezin' — nibbles — lickin'

I'm gonna do you like a convict that just escaped prison

over + over + over again

I'm an animal — a cannibal — so in-sat-ible

tell me where — I do it all

like a love starved convict that just escaped prison

I'm gonna love you all over — + over — + over again

I said all over — + over + over again

straight like a convict that just escaped prison — —

( p. 2 over )

- p. 2 of 2 -  
— love you like a convict —

You know what they say — the proof is in the pudding  
I'm gonna give it to you good — like you been missing  
Straight like a convict that just escaped prison  
I'm gonna love you all over — & over — & over again  
I'm an animal — a ~~cannibal~~ <sup>damn beast</sup> — tell me where I do it all  
I'm gonna love you like a convict that just escaped prison  
I'm gonna love you all over — & over — & over again  
I'm a criminal baby would I lie to you  
Don't forget to write me a check — hey — hey  
because I'm gonna love you all over — & over — & over again  
I said over — & under — & you ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> guess the rest — etc. /

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Douglas Wilson /

Well "hey now", I bet the ladies can imagine that? ha!  
I use to use that line, "love you like a love starved convict,"  
a lot. It's deep, don't you think? How deep is your love?  
No foot & scoot here — no-no I'm not gonna boast & brag  
& all that but when it comes to throwing down I've never  
had any complaints. Now for all you studs out there that  
think your handling yours — go back to my "lick-it-eddy-  
split" song — don't be afraid to get your face wet & travel  
different "paths" & hey — you don't have two hands for  
nothing — no I'm not 'Down Juan' — I'm Doug Wilson & if  
you're not doing what you should someone like me will be  
given her all the man she's been missing — so go ahead  
& let her know she's wanted — love her like a love  
starved convict that just escaped prison. For any artist  
out there — this could prove to be a fun song to do?  
let me know.

Love,  
  
©2014

# heros just die harder

SO YOU WANT TO BE A NIGHTRIDER  
A LUN TOUT'N - BUST-IN CRIME FIGHTER  
WEll THAT'S FINE INDEED BUT EVERYBODY BLEEDS  
+ HEROS JUST DIE HARDER

EVERYTIME YOU STEP OUT IN THE STREET - YOUR HEART BEATS A LITTLE FASTER  
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOUR LAST BREATH WILL COME  
BUT YOUR HEADED FOR DISASTER  
YOUR OWN DEMONS (WII) HAUNT YOU TO THE HERE-IN - AFTER  
+ EVERYTIME YOU FEEL LIKE CRYING ALL YOUll HEAR IS LAUGHTER

SO YOU WANT TO BE A NIGHTRIDER  
A LUN TOUT'N - BUST'N - CRIME FIGHTER  
WEll THAT'S FINE INDEED BUT EVERYBODY BLEEDS  
+ HEROS JUST DIE HARDER

HEROS JUST DIE - HEROS JUST DIE HARDER - JUST DIE - I  
FIRE, LUNS, SEX + THURS  
WE GOT IT ALL BUST'N AT THE SEAMS  
THERE'S LAYMEN, HEY-MAN, JUDGES - POLITICANS  
SINNERS, ATHEIST, AKNOSTIC, PREACHERS  
KAMBIING, SMUXXING, PROSTITUTION, KILLERS  
STEP RIGHT UP WE GOT YOUR \*THRILLS HERE [POISON]

YOU MIGHT GET SHOT - MIGHT GET STABBED  
YOU MIGHT GET AMBUSHED + PUT ON A SLAB  
WHEN YOUR SHOOT'N FROM THE HIP EVERYBODY KNOWS  
YOUR ONLY ONE BULLET AWAY - THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT GOES

YA - SO YOU WANT TO BE A NIGHTRIDER  
A LUN - TOUT'N - BUST-IN CRIME FIGHTER  
WEll THAT'S FINE INDEED BUT EVERYBODY BLEEDS  
+ HEROS JUST DIE HARDER  
HEROS JUST DIE - E - I - HEROS JUST DIE HARDER  
FIRE - LUNS - + SEX + THURS  
[KAMBIERS] - DEALERS - WHORES + KILLES  
STEP RIGHT UP WERE HERE TO THRILL YA

WEll THAT'S FINE INDEED BUT EVERYBODY BLEEDS  
+ HEROS JUST DIE HARDER - HEROS JUST DIE - E - I IIII  
HEROS JUST DIE HARDER - HEROS JUST DIE - E - I IIII IIII

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*eugene*  
Tom Stone Dog

"Heroes just die harder" Ya this piece is about life in southern California - Los Angeles, Venice & San Diego especially "wow" talk about a mixed bag of nuts? h! Everyones hustling "something" its fun to just sit on a bench & watch the action & try to guess what individuals are up to - sellers, & buyers, & cops trying to bust em. Its a crazy game & most of the time I was to caught up in it to sit down & trip on it - h! I think about those folks that visit from small farm towns, & especially in two areas I like to call home Venice, & west hollywood - you'll meet people from all walks of life & many of them are very talented - many, many great musicians & artists & well - we all probably looked just as weird to folks - folks from those small towns no doubt trip out - I just built around the "so you wanna be a night rider - a gun tout'n - bust'n crime fighter - that's fine indeed but everybody bleeds - & heroes just die harder" - I had that run / hate for years - I think I was tripp'n on cops - not in a negative way - believe it or not - you know not many of ~~them~~ are getting sick & they certainly could be working in other professions - I think that its one of those things where the profession & the person chose each other - their addicted to the action - I don't - even some of those sincere females have become attracted to the law enforcement profession - & im like damn - lets play cops & robbers - h! heck ya - just a diff. kinda trip - did ya ever think about it? peace

1 on substance ~~Day~~  
 [Signature]



# mission of mercy

I'm on a mission of mercy

I'm a missionary man

I'm gonna bend you + twist you in every position I can

(I know you been on the sun but I don't care what your  
running from

once I collect you in my embrace baby your gonna come

I'm on a mission of mercy — I'm a missionary man

more than you expected — all that you can stand

I'm on a mission of mercy + your gonna scream

please — please — please — some more of this

Your all locked + loaded — I can feel your fire

You say you never but I know your a liar

I'm all the way in — deep — deep — deep

skin on skin — you can feel the heat

I got you twisted in my grip

I'm a missionary man + your gonna scream

please — please — please — I want some more of this

I'm on a mission of mercy — I'm a missionary man  
more than you expected — all that you can stand

I'm on a mission of mercy + your gonna scream

please — please — please — I want some more of this

missionary man — on my knees — inbetween your legs

your gonna beg — please — please — please

more than you expected — all that you can stand

Your gonna scream — please — please — please

I'm a missionary man — on my knees — inbetween your legs

+ your gonna scream please — please, please — some more of this

I'm on a mission of mercy — I'm a missionary man

more than you expected — all that you can stand

+ your gonna scream — please — please — please

I'm on a mission of mercy + your gonna scream

(don't stop) — please — please — please

(50)  
I'm on a mission of mercy - I'm your missionary man  
& your gonna scream please-please-please  
don't stop "please" - I want some more of this  
please - please-please - I love your lips - --bla-bla.../

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eugene wilson / Tombstone Dog  
\*D

well how about that one? I know wishful thinking huh? oh  
what were you thinking? no-no-no I'm talking about "plumbing"  
so get your head out of the gutter, frackin', huh! of course I'm  
talking about that special spot gettin' the business um, huh!  
more than you expected - all that you can stand -

I'm sure I was quite horny when I scratched this  
one down. I can remember that I was conflicted about  
that line 'I'm a missionary man' because the missionary  
position is quite boring when it comes to sex, right? yep!  
that's why I added that line 'I'm gonna bend you & twist  
you in every position I can' I wanted to let everyone  
know right off the top that I was talking about a 'missionary  
man' & not a 'missionary position' man & that's why I  
also switched the attention to tongue gymnastics - I for  
some reason wanted to keep the flow of the first two  
runs "I'm on a mission of mercy - I'm a missionary man"  
& that meant I had to rewrite this piece - so anyway,  
well, I think it could be racted - huh! I have reason to  
believe that the gals will dig it - where's my head at?  
oh la la - I'm such a dirty boy - huh? I had some  
reservations about this one but here it is nevertheless  
so eat it up, & love,

Tombstone Dog  
x

# - your devil incarnate -

OH FOOL, HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED - DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING  
 YOU DON'T SUMMON THE DEVIL - SHE SUMMONS YOU  
 EVERYTIME YOU DO A DIRTY DEED - IT'S THE DEVIL WITHIN  
 YOU CAN'T RUN BECAUSE THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE  
 YOU CAN'T BEAT THE MASTER SO WHY EVEN TRY  
 YOU CAN MAKE ALL THE MISTAKES YOU WANT  
 WHEN YOU'RE THE DEVIL INCARNATE

OPEN LIKE A 7-11 - ALL BUSINESS 24-7  
 EVERYTIME YOU LIVE IN - IT'S THE DEVIL WITHIN  
 YOU'RE THE MASTER OF SINS - YOU'RE THE DEVIL WITHIN  
 EVERYTIME YOU BUST YOUR FACE - IT'S THE DEVIL WITHIN

NO TIME FOR TEARS - NO TIME TO CRY  
 YOU CAN'T BEAT THE MASTER SO WHY EVEN TRY  
 EVERYBODY'S BASKING IN SIN - YOU ME - HER + HIM  
 EVERYONES A LOSER BEFORE THEY WIN  
 EXORCISM - REALLY - WHAT A JOKE  
 A MAN MIGHT BREAK YOUR HEART BUT HE CAN'T STEAL YOUR SOUL

THERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN + NO PLACE TO HIDE  
 IT'S ALL FUN [+ KARES] UNTIL YOU PAY THE PRICE  
 OPEN LIKE 7-11 - ALL BUSINESS 24-7  
 EVERYTIME YOU LIVE IN - IT'S THE DEVIL WITHIN  
 YOU'RE THE MASTER OF SINS - YOU'RE THE DEVIL WITHIN  
 EVERYTIME YOU BUST YOUR FACE - IT'S THE DEVIL WITHIN

NO PLACE TO RUN - NO PLACE TO HIDE  
 IT'S ALL FUN UNTIL YOU PAY THE PRICE - DON'T CRY - IT'S THE DEVIL INSIDE  
 YOU CAN'T BEAT THE MASTER SO WHY EVEN TRY  
 NO TIME FOR TEARS - NO TIME TO CRY  
 LOOK IN THE MIRROR - YOU'RE THE DEVIL INCARNATE

NO PLACE TO RUN - NO PLACE TO HIDE  
 YOU CAN'T BEAT YOURSELF SO WHY EVEN TRY - YOU'RE THE DEVIL INCARNATE  
 NO WHERE TO RUN - NO WHERE TO HIDE  
 YOU'RE THE FUCKING DEVIL INSIDE -  
 GO AHEAD + MAKE A MISTAKE - YOU'RE THE DEVIL INCARNATE  
 EVERYBODY'S A KING TO SIN - YOU'RE THE DEVIL WITHIN  
 YOU'RE THE MASTER OF SIN - THE DEVIL WITHIN  
 EVERYTIME YOU BUST YOUR FACE - IT'S THE DEVIL WITHIN  
 YOU'RE THE DEVIL INCARNATE - OPEN LIKE 7-11 - ALL BUSINESS 24-7 - etc.../

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 Tombstone Days / B/D

THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLORADO

Civil Action No. 666

DOUGLAS EUGENE WILSON, a.k.a. Tombstone Dog

Plaintiff,

v.

The Whole Fucking World,

Defendant.

---

SET THIS INNOCENT MAN FREE TODAY!

---

COMES NOW, I hereby submit motion for immediate release based on overwhelming evidence of "Actual INNOCENCE" (please see Vol. I pages 76-104). No, it's not the whole world I challenge - just the powers that be for me here in Colorado. Check out those exhibits I offer in "Lyrics Vol. II" - so please help me. ~~Respectfully Submitted~~  
p. 76-104 Tombstone

"Your devil incarnate" - I'm sure folks will take this piece out of context so let me say a few words to facilitate your understanding - I wrote this piece after I seen some fools on TV that were supposed to be summoning the devil through charts & fire - of course it's ridiculous at best but I came to discover that there are people that just don't get it - see I believe that everyone has their own relationship w/ their God & their devil - it's a universal thing I can't have one w/out the other - the devil is present 24-7-365 & we will be tempted to the very end - remember it is even written that sweet Jesus was tempted? It's true - when one acts on negative things - whatever it is - they are in fact doing the devil's dirty deeds & when we do positive things we are doing the work of God - people would like to complicate this subject matter but it is that simple: Yin vs. Yang - cause & effect - good karma vs. bad karma - we got the power.  
God bless you all  
Dumb Stone Dog

# — I'm Hurt Bad —

Come on back & save me baby ---  
 can't you see I'm going under  
 feel the earth shake — can't you hear the thunder  
 I can't swim in this river of tears (no more)  
 I could fake a smile but why even bother

DAMN IT HURTS — SO DAMN BAD  
 I'M OUT OF LUCK — I'M OUT OF LOVE  
 SINCE YOUR GONE — I'M HURT BAD  
 SO DAMN BAD — I'M HURT BAD  
 I'M OUT OF LUCK — I'M OUT OF LOVE  
 DAMN — I'M HURT SO BAD — (SO DAMN BAD)

I've been sinking real fast & now it's up to my neck  
 baby please save me — I'm feeling kinda sick  
 I'M A LOVE-SICK MADMAN & YOUR THE SIDE EFFECT  
 MY SOULS IN QUESTION & I'm fading fast — o m m no —


DAMN IT HURTS — SO DAMN BAD  
 I'M OUT OF LUCK — I'M OUT OF LOVE  
 SINCE YOUR GONE — I'M HURT BAD  
 SO DAMN BAD — I'M HURT BAD  
 I'M OUT OF LUCK — I'M OUT OF LOVE  
 DAMN I'M HURT — SO DAMN BAD //

I don't know how I'm supposed to make it  
 I got a monkey on my back — hungry for love  
 there's a pitter-pat-tat in my heart  
 my whole life's falling apart  
 like my head I'm goin' under — listen, can't you hear the thunder

DAMN IT HURTS — SO DAMN BAD  
 I'M OUT OF LUCK — I'M OUT OF LOVE  
 SINCE YOUR GONE — I'M HURT BAD  
 SO DAMN BAD — I'M HURT BAD

— con. p. 2 —



I'M OUT OF LUCK — I'M OUT OF LOVE  
DAMN IT HURTS SO DAMN BAD  
BAD — BAD — BAD — HURTS SO DAMN BAD  
I'M OUT OF LUCK + I'M OUT OF LOVE  
SINCE YOUR GONE I'M HURT SO BAD  
BAD — BAD — BAD — BABY I'M HURT BAD — — — etc — — — /

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Tombstone Dog 

"I'm Hurt Bad" Ya — it's ridiculous already — you'd think it's been said enough + it probably seems like I just had suffered a breakup but no it's been — well — the last time was 12 1/2 years ago — yes, I already know — why am I still writing songs like this over, + over, + over, like an old broken record — it's sickening + I'm embarrassed to say the least — you know what I really think it is — is my desire — need — to master this love thing because no matter how I break it down it is a main-root to most of my problems now, but it is — hey I'll sack a dude in the mouth but not a woman — she managed to bring me to my knees w/out saying a word — just a lone tear in her eye + I was done, she K O D me 100 X?

I know already — I'm love stupid or "ignorant" is probably a better word because I sure missed the memo w/ the instructions — hell that sounds like a new song — I must of been absent when they passed out the memo — so how was I to know — were not born knowing these things so ex-cuse — use me " but, whatever — sue me if you dont agree " — okay I'm gonna get gone for now — as always it has truly been my pleasure, peccer + love,

still confused!  
dog rub it!  
anyway!

did you get the memo?   
Tombstone Dog 

# — body + soul —

that girl's got body — she sure got soul  
 it's a love connection — don't you know  
 inside my heart — you only grow  
 you touch my skin + I lose control

if I were a painter — I'd paint you a picture  
 maybe then you'd see — how much you mean to me  
 you're my whole world — my life's fantasy  
 when I taste you on my tongue — you make my heart sing

because you got body — you got soul  
 it's a love connection — oh don't you know  
 inside my heart — you only grow  
 you touch my skin + I lose control  
 because you got that body — you got soul  
 it's a love connection — oh baby don't you know

when I'm feeling lonesome — all down in the dumps  
 you always give me that smile — + lift me up  
 you're my ray of sunshine in the pouring rain  
 making love under the covers on a cloudy day

because you got that body — you got soul  
 it's a love connection — oh don't you know  
 inside my heart you only grow  
 you touch my skin + I lose control  
 because you got that body — you got that soul  
 it's a love connection "oh baby don't you know

(when) you touch my skin — I lose control

ya you got that body — you got that soul  
 it's a love connection — oh don't you know  
 — don't you ever leave — because I can't let go —  
 — Everytime you're near — I always lose control —  
 because you got that body — you sure got soul  
 it's a love connection — baby don't you know  
 you touch my skin + I lose control — —

— con. p. 2 —

# body + soul

you got that body — so much soul  
when you touch my skin — I lose control  
uhh! that body — (you got) so much soul  
deep in my heart it only grows  
uhh! that body — you got that soul  
you touch my skin + I lose control  
so much body — so much soul  
your my love connection — don't you know  
you touch my skin + I lose control  
because you got that body — you got that soul  
you got it all — body + soul  
you touch my skin + I lose control — — — etc — — — /

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This is what I call a 'warn song' — have you ever had that special person in your life — you know that one that can simply touch your hand, or any part of your body, + it goes straight to your heart + soul? You can interact w/ people all day long + even flirt but it don't mean nothing, but, just one little touch by that special person + your heart soars w/ eagles? —

well that's what this piece is all about — the love of that special one — I write it as I yearn for someone that can do that to me — oh, I express the bad sides of my love experiences in my songs but I don't think I realized how much I was missing that touch until I wrote "magic touch"

It's been too damn long w/out that special person in my life I probably cheated myself out of some good women — Yr I'd often sabotage + create situations everywhere I thought I'd start having any serious feelings toward someone I was seeing. I know right-dogs a sissy when it comes to love. My friends would say all kinds of stupid shit — "oh (my ex) she's got you so whipped still (even after we'd went our own ways) that you scared of women" what? No it wasn't about gettin some pussy — it was about the 'L' word they were talking + I'll be damned if they weren't right — but I am so damn lonely, even more so as I write this from a prison bunk but I really look forward to a loving relationship + that special touch.

God willing love  
Eugene I. [initials]



# get a life

Taylor has a lot of boyfriends  
but don't worry you'll never be one  
she's a queen & this ain't Cinderella  
maybe if you got your own life you'd feel a little bit better

LET A LIFE & STOP POISONING THE WATER  
BUILD A LIFE & LIVE YOUR OWN FARRIE-TALE  
WHY DO YOU KEEP STAR TRIP'N WHEN THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD OUT THERE  
LET A LIFE & STOP POISONING THE WATER "STUPID"

Some people like to gossip just to hear themselves talk  
like a two cent soap-magazine - can't believe a word of it  
you bump your guns 24/7 & never say nothing

oh did you hear this - can you believe what she done  
sometimes life can be a little boring - but why don't you get a grip  
you chatter - chatter about everything - - -  
but no one believes a word of it

LET A LIFE & STOP POISONING THE WATER  
LET A LIFE & LIVE YOUR OWN FARRIE-TALE  
WHY DO YOU KEEP STAR TRIP'N WHEN THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD OUT THERE  
LET A LIFE & STOP POISONING THE WATER "STUPID"

" OH sure, it must ~~be true~~ <sup>be true</sup> - you saw it on TV  
He said - she said - their romance is long dead  
um! hum! - oh yes - you must have a window to my bedroom  
Hey, get a life & stop poisoning the water "stupid"

LET A LIFE & STOP POISONING THE WATER  
LET A LIFE & LIVE YOUR OWN FARRIE-TALE  
why do you keep star trip'n when there's a whole world out there  
Let a life & stop poisoning the water - stupid

LET A LIFE & STOP POISONING THE WATER  
poisoning the water - you keep poisoning the water  
your life poison in the water  
why don't you get a life & live your own farrie-tale  
get a life & stop poisoning the water "stupid" etc. /

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11

"Get a life" This one I wrote for Taylor Swift, (I hear she writes all her own songs so I went pitch this to her), A couple of times I've heard people on TV crying about her relationships "oh it looks like yet another one of Taylor's relationships has soured" + they have a whining disgusted tone to their voices. As if it affects them any kind of way? So that line "get a life + stop poisoning the water" popped in my head + I ran w/ it + this song is the product. I do not know Taylor Swift but I've heard some of her work + I'm way impressed - I knew she was going to be a huge star the first time I seen her singing to Tim McILRAW at the CMA awards - I don't know how she feels about those people exploiting her private life for money but I submit the following for everyone =

No one should be allowed to allege, assert, declare, claim, profess, state, contend or ~~propose~~ <sup>support</sup> anything about anyone without absolute bona-fide proof. Sure there exists liability suits for defamation of character = a statement used as FACT that causes injury to ones character but the gossip creeps can'as a matter of existing law <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ one simple word to stick their way around liability of defamation + that word is "alleged" she allegedly said this or done that. That is way too vague i.e. either she did or she didn't + if you can't prove it as a matter of law then you should not be able to guess what ANYONE done based on "what someone else said", the information should, as a matter of law, be tested for TRUTH prior to subjecting it to publicity of any kind. right? Let's call this "doug's law" when these people allege + don't know they become their own fool because only a fool basis' an opinion w/out a full scale of knowledge, thus they are twice the fool! keep on rockin' Taylor I'll buy your work when I get out. peace,  
~~hugh~~ ~~oyle~~ }

# a.k.a. King Heroin

I'm the master of evil - I'm the goddess of pain  
 I'm the dragon of china running thru your veins  
 I'm the reason you'll cry for hours & hours  
 I'm the baddest of them all - I'm the pimp of flowers  
 a.k.a. what's my name - you can call me King Heroin

So you tried me once - you tried me twice  
 you just wouldn't listen to good advice - so now - - -  
 you'd like to keep those nails out of your coffin  
 but you're just too busy chasing dirty cutters

a.k.a. hey, what's my name - you can call me King Heroin  
 a.k.a. what's my name - a.k.a. King Heroin

you were rough & tough - you couldn't get enough  
 but now you're crying on your knees - - -  
 give me just a little please - I don't feel so good  
 but haven't you learned anything - - -  
 I don't give a fuck about you

a.k.a. hey, what's my name - a.k.a. King Heroin  
 a.k.a. hey, what's my name - you can call me King Heroin  
 a.k.a. what's the game - a.k.a. it's Heroin

I don't sweat the competition - coke, crack & all that crap  
 I'm like the Sears Tower - standing next to a one room shack  
 once you stroll down tobacco road - your never coming back  
 - I'm your pimp - I'm your dealer - I'm the a.o. that killed ya -

a.k.a. yea - what's my name - you can call me King Heroin  
 a.k.a. hey - what's my name - a.k.a. King Heroin

I'm the master of evil - I'm the goddess of pain  
 I'm the dragon of china - running thru your veins  
 I'm the reason you'll cry for hours & hours  
 I'm the baddest of them all - I'm the pimp of flowers

a.k.a. hey, what's my name - a.k.a. King Heroin  
 a.k.a. hey, what's my name - you can call me King Heroin - - -

- cont. p. 2 -

— a.k.a. King Heroin p. 2 —

I'm the reason you'll cry for hours & hours  
I'm the baddest of them all — I'm the pimp of flowers!

a.k.a. what's my name — a.k.a. King Heroin  
a.k.a. hey, what's my name — a.k.a. King Heroin  
a.k.a. what's my name — A-E-T-C-O-W-I-N- - -

You can call me King Heroin

I'm the reason you'll cry for hours & hours  
stupid motherfucker" I'm the pimp of flowers"

a.k.a. what's my name — a.k.a. King Heroin a /

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Tombstone Dog ~~dog~~

I extracted this piece from a poem I'd written back in the early 90's. At the time I was in the hole & strung out like a dog on heroin & my homemade wine. I had it DAD BAD! It was disgusting, surreal — I remember that I couldn't even think about eating anything w/out chargin' the dragon or at least slamm'ing a quart of wine. I thought about the disease & diabolical schemes connected to tryin' to support the disease — the pimp of flowers is obviously that bitch poppy — yep, those pretty redish-pink flowers & I can't figure it out — how the sap from this pretty flower can, & does, cause so much pain & sufferin' "Pow" I mean damnit!! I refer to it as "King Heroin" but it's really just a bitch — ain't it always a bitch in a red dress? lol! So I wrote that piece & play the poisons advocate — & I'm pretty sure you've figured as much out? There's another song called "Pain" that is made up of the same subject matter. The writer enough songs high on heroin<sup>1</sup> to fill at least 10-albums — heroin & alcohol — I don't know if "PAIN" will be included in this collection or not because I'm tryin' to stick to this new index — - - -

1. & about heroin & alcohol — believe me that's a lot of justice lyrics for a man that don't shoot dope but snortin' it isn't any better.

-- of the songs that I think have hit potential, 'break  
out songs'. If I don't stay to the index I'll become  
confused & my OCD will fuck me up! hi! seriously numbers  
& words are both my best friend & worse enemy - I'm  
doing better than - but I am still sick w/ it - etc for  
example this ant. piece - it's a gold mine - I have  
literally written 3 or 4 other songs from 4 or 5 of the  
21-23 verses, but nevertheless, that's not good enough for  
my OCD so when I went to rewrite this draft for you - I  
felt the need to change a few words - nothing major  
but my OCD is never happy & it drives me nuts that  
I'm thru right? I now give me a break - it is a  
miracle that I even remembered those verses after  
not seeing them for 22-years? don't ask me - but I'm  
glad I can remember some of those lists - see all  
my works; manuscripts - art - songs/poetry - etc - were  
supposedly "lost" when they transferred me from USP  
Langport to USP Leavenworth. I was so sick - I swore  
off writing, painting or anything creative - oh yes, years  
of engineering & drafting new products/inventions were  
"lost" as well - anyway from late 92-97 I didn't  
do a lot of anything creative there were a few  
exceptions, however, on Sep. 11, 1997 my property  
would be "lost" again ~~xxx~~ when the feds turned me  
over to the California state authorities. I was  
told they would "lose" my property so I had some  
of my more important papers sent out for safekeeping  
prior to that transfer of custody - I still lost a  
"LOT" of my work again - so you see that's a big  
issue w/ me & that's why I'm publishing this here  
work at hand - so I can at least get some of - - -

2 words in one? h.1

my work on computer for safekeeping - I'm so tired of being fucked over by cowards - none - not one of em would try to take ANYTHING from me in person - so they take the cowards route & steal behind my back. I've said enough!!

I hope you like this piece - I believe this anti-heroic heroin could be a serious R + R hit - so pass it around - I wish I could rock it myself but I can't even press a demo - I'm in this Ad beg. shit slammed down 23/24 hours a day - been like that for over a decade - hopefully I'll get some action in the Colo. St. Supreme Ct. - they have elected to hear my case & I've been waiting for 2-years - so what I'm trying to do is put together some money to file another writ in the U.S. Supreme Ct., The ~~State~~ <sup>States</sup> ~~are~~ slow playing this thing & they need know for a fact that I could not have committed ANY crime because it was, & is, physically impossible - so I sit here & spin lyrics & do my best to retain compassion - I still got long love & respect for ya-all. IF you want to contribute to my defense fund that would be way cool - you'll find out how below - if you can't help me please help one homeless person today - just one & you will be rewarded instantly. " Love Ya

Lomb Stone Don/D

DOUGLAS WILSON  
DOC# 124554  
CCF  
Box 777  
Canon City 81215-0777

Please send any donations via ~~ipay~~ or Western Union  
~~credit card via telephone/computer.~~

To donate please send an ipay or western Union moneygram to  
ME "DOUGLAS WILSON, 124554 ~~████████████████████~~ or get instruction  
from ipay or Western Union you can do this by phone w/credit card

Thank You So Much

# — Hang em high — lay em low —

everyones unique in their own way  
but listen closely — I got something to say  
the gals love gangsters dont you know  
gotta hang em high + lay em low + thats just the way it flows

— hey everybody here it goes —

hookers, boosters — begger-man thieves  
junties on wallstreet — its all the same  
everyones an outlaw in their own way  
dont you know thats the way it goes — first your money then your clothes  
one day a lover — the next day jail  
you thought you had friends until you couldn't nute bail  
full blooded gangsters never tell

what said — hang em high — lay em low  
dont you know thats the way it goes  
hookers, boosters — begger-man thieves  
junties on wall-street its all the same  
I'll make you feel so good — make you fall in love  
I'll make you feel like dying + put a gun to your head  
who's that stranger in your bed  
I'm only one shot away from your best intentions

— what said — hang em high — lay em low  
the gals love gangsters dont you know  
first your money — then your clothes  
dont you know thats the way it goes — easy come — easy go  
first your money then your clothes — the gals love gangsters dont you know

what said — hang em high — lay em low  
dont you know thats the way it goes  
everyones an outlaw in their own way  
let me say it again — hang em high — lay em low  
the gals love gangsters dont you know  
first your money — then your clothes

hang em high — lay em low 111111  
hang em high — lay em low 111111  
dont you know thats the way it goes  
first your money — then your clothes

hang em high — lay em low — hang em low — 01111111 lay em low 1111  
hang em high — lay em low + thats just the way it goes 1101

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Tombstone Dog

"hang em high - lay em low" - there's a lot to this one - this is another little phrase I use to say - it actually went "hang em high lay em low - first your money then your clothes - head, nose, toes + everything inbetween" - it was my way of saying "see ya later + have a good-bye" I started to do something w/ it when I was in the hole in the United States Penitentiary in Lumpoc California but this would be yet another piece that was "lost" ya they "lost" my property during transfer to Leavenworth, Kansas - Anyway, I'd forgotten all about that one but when I was rewriting "the walking dead man" one of the lines made me remember it -

Now as for the rest of the lyrics - no - there are no what I call "dummy words"; words to use as filler to connect lines + verses - usually used for the sake of connecting a rhyme - you will be hard pressed to find any dummy words in my songs I don't get down that way -

Okay the line "everyones an outlaw in their own way" is to say that no one is totally innocent + everyone has their own character defects - hookers, boosters etc - - I'll get back to the gals love gangsters line in a few but I want to tell you how the piece was actually put together.

There's a piece in this collection of lyrics titled "a real thing Heroin" - "thing Heroin" was extracted from a 21-verse poem I wrote - well - about heroin + I was high on heroin when I wrote it - anyway that piece has contributed to this song as well as three others. The original title was "The Pimp of Flowers" - that part that goes!

Hookers - Boosters - Bigger - man thieves  
Junkies on wall street its all the same  
I'll make you feel so good you'll fall in love  
I'll make you feel like dying + put a gun to your head  
etc - -

That is me representing the disease of heroin as I became the junkies - but here in this "hang em high" song I just use that part to say no ones immune - I'll make you feel so good - I'll make you fall in love - - -



--but when you look for me I'll have gone & taken your heart w/ me -- yep! gangster of love a little I've said so many times I've only loved one woman as a lover but there's been a bunch that said they loved me & some of them knew I was the poster child of the one your mother warned you about. I mean guns & drugs, cher length hair, all pimped out w/ gold & diamonds, a careless attitude & a bottle of whiskey in my hand -- no there was nothing normal about me & you might say I have a lot of character even today -- I cut about 1/3 of my hair but it's still to the middle of my ass, buffed up w/ a thick ass gangster mustache. ha! --- Anyway these women & I mean all sorts of women -- women you'd never expect (a couple few -- you ~~were~~ many times, but no, I'm not naming names) would attach themselves to me & I'd take em for a ride they'd never forget -- it wasn't R+R it was doug de' Tombstone Dog & I'd turn em inside - - out & have em doing things they never dared to do "but I'd get that itch" & I'd be gone -- ah! hell ya they'd be all pissed off -- ya, I was running from that dirty "L" word! that 4-letter mother-fucker -- hey that's a song right -- "I'm on the road running from that dirty thing they call love -- no I don't want none of it -- I been burned before -- I'm out the door -- running from a 4-letter word -- I can't stand it anymore -- I might love you today but I'll be gone tomorrow -- I spell love come -- I'm on the road running from that dirty 4-letter word -- that 4-letter mother-fucker -- I've been burned before no I don't want to hear that word no more & I'm running" -- ha! ya I was feeling it & that's just like me --

-- in those days but not anymore. Don't get me wrong  
these sadistic motherfuckers that have me caged will never  
break my spirit fuck no -- but now I find myself  
lonesome for someone to love -- ya I'm way over my ex  
& I know I only have 29-years left so I'd like  
to find me a bad ass spittin' that would like to  
consider datin' that nize w/me -- oh I can keep  
her amused but never used -- I'll be your tūng fuck  
do it all -- your stand up -- knock down protector -- so  
anyone of you gals that might wanna try something  
different you can find me at that address below &  
for all you brothers that just suffered thro' my  
spill "keep your trousers it goes" -- hang em high --  
lay em low -- first your money then your clothes  
and hose & toes & everything inbetween -- that's  
just me that's the way it goes." ya -- all  
king tough -- I'm still fighting the good fight  
so do me a favor -- fax this piece, or even whole  
collection, to someone that might need or be  
interested in some convict work -- ya all be  
safe & do something for a homeless person today &  
the thanks all yours , peace ,

1 obstacle ~~Dou~~ ~~W~~ ~~Wilson~~

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# — Forgive Me —

oh can you forgive me — forgive me if you can  
 I just can't be your man  
 but I'll see you every now & then — if you want to  
 but — — but please forgive me — forgive me if you can  
 it don't have to be a blowed-out break-up  
 & it don't have to be complicated  
 I apologize if I was misleading  
 but a part time lover is all I need [ed]

— ch —  
 so please forgive me — forgive me  
 please forgive me if you can  
 but I just can't be your man  
 but I'll see you every now & then — if you want to  
 but — but please forgive me — forgive me if you can

that love thing attaches to the heart  
 while lust just secks out body parts  
 sex just scratches that warden itch  
 but I'll be your drive-by if you wish  
 but I can't lay my heart on the line  
 I'm not ready — it's just not my time — so — so — — —

— ch — so please forgive me — — —  
 etc. — — —

love attaches to the heart  
 lust fills the lonely parts  
 you can use me like you want to  
 but I can't trust my heart no more

so please forgive me — forgive me  
 please forgive me if you can  
 but I just can't be your man  
 but I'll see you every now & then if you want to  
 but please forgive me — forgive me if you can  
 — please forgive me if I been misleading —  
 — but a part time lover is all I'm needing —  
 so please forgive me — please forgive me if you can • /

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 eugene / de wilton / [ed]

# " - Forgive Me - "

Ya this piece is an I hope I let you down easy song. First off why do women even want to try to tie a man like me down? I pride myself at being a good fock + I don't think I'm hard on the eyes, but that's a matter of individual perception. I have a long list of nasty habits that should make women go Uhhhh! I don't think so, but it seems the harder I tried to get run off the harder they'd cling "what" hell to the no they really weren't thinking w/ their brains. Please don't confuse what I'm saying here it's certainly all my fault — so anyway—when I'd start feeling that they were clinging a little too much — well no, I wouldn't usually say anything + you wouldn't see me from the snoot as I was peck'n rubber get'n away but I will say this for myself—I would warn em' up front that I'm not a teeper—so in that sense it's their own fault — oh I'd feel bad about it—no it didn't give me any pleasure—so anyway it's ones for all those that fell for my B/S—I am truly sorry—please forgive me —

hey, did you all life long I snuck that "but I'll see you every now + then if you want to", in there? hah well heck sex is at least half the relationship I think—so I'm willing to be that half every now + then, oh I know—what a jerk—+ I won't deny—but no means no—right—oh shut up—yur know how it goes—hey I don't know if it's me or not but I've noticed when I write my comments down that I find new lines to make other songs with—I think I've noticed that when I write letters as well but that's just me maybe. Anyway please forgive me I may not be able to give you all you want but I'm good for half—I know—I know—but have you ever met dough? lol, it may!

Love ya just the same  
eugene de y  
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