

# WHAT'S FOR DINNER?



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What's For Dinner?  
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Nancy  
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Surf Nazi  
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I Am\*

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Drunk Or Stupid  
Bag Lady Love\*  
Fucked Up Dreams\*

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and \*\*\*written by Sonny Curtis (EMI Blackwood Music Inc.)  
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Limited Numbered Edition



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### What's for Dinner?

Hey Mom, what's for dinner?  
Hey Mom, what ya got?  
Hey Mom, what's for dinner?  
It's more than a little  
But it sure ain't a lot

Hey Mom, what's for dinner?  
Hey Mom, what ya got?  
Hey Mom, what's for dinner?  
It's more than a little  
But it sure ain't a lot

Mrs. Paul's fish sticks  
Spaghetti and meatball Chef Boyardee  
Ordoy Tony's tracin steak

Hey Mom, what's for dinner?  
Hey Mom, what ya got?  
Hey Mom, what's for dinner?  
It's more than a little  
But it sure ain't a lot

Swanson frozen TV dinners  
Famous Dave's Pizza  
Jack in the box super tacos

Hey Mom, what's for dinner?  
Hey Mom, what ya got?  
Hey Mom, what's for dinner?  
It's more than a little  
But it sure ain't a lot

Morton frozen chicken potpie  
Pumpkin Soup  
White Castle tasty rat burgers

### Love Is All Around\*\*\*

Who can turn the world on with her smile?  
Who can take a nothing day  
and suddenly make it all seem worthwhile?  
Well, it's you girl and you should know it  
With each and every movement you show it

Love is all around  
No need to waste it  
You don't know feel  
Why don't you take it?  
You're going to make it after all

### Psychopathic

Ask me a question, I won't understand  
That is just the way I am  
Sit in the window all day long  
The doctor says there's something wrong

I'm a psychopathic  
I'm always laughing

He gives me pills to calm me down  
I'm so merry and care free around  
He says I'm getting better in my mind  
Recommends one pill, I take nine

I'm a psychopathic  
I'm always laughing

I don't care if you die  
I don't think I'll even cry  
When I see you there in bed  
I'll be able to see in your head

I'm a psychopathic  
I'm always laughing

I don't care what you say  
If I do it anyway  
When I see you there in bed  
That's it, you're fuckin' dead

I'm psychopathic  
I'm always laughing  
Ha

### I'm In Love (With Nancy Reagan)

Why does she turn me on so?  
Why does she make my dick grow?  
The thought of her spreading her legs  
Makes me wanna die  
Gonna write my face because...

I'm in love with Nancy Reagan  
I'm in love with Nancy Reagan  
I'm in love with Nancy Reagan  
I'm in love with Nancy Reagan

When I see her on TV  
With the other guy it gets to me  
How did I get so in love?  
She's the only girl I wanna fuck because...

I'm in love with Nancy Reagan  
I'm in love with Nancy Reagan  
I'm in love with Nancy Reagan  
I'm in love with Nancy Reagan

She's what I need  
She's what I need  
She's what I need  
She's what I need

Ha Ha Ha Ha

I'm in love with Nancy Reagan  
I'm in love with Nancy Reagan  
She's what I need  
She's what I need

### Shit Don't Stink

I'm gonna knock you off your high horse  
You ain't fuckin' shit  
I don't believe your stories  
You think you're so perfect

You think your shit don't stink  
Well, I got news for you  
You think your shit don't stink  
Well, I got news for you

Take a whiff  
It's rank

You believe you're God's gift to the world  
I cannot deal with it  
Better face reality  
You worthless piece of shit

You think your shit don't stink...

### Surf Nazi

Take me out to California  
Where the sun and surf is really better  
Where the scum and smog pollute the sea

Suck my dick surf nazi  
Surf nazi, it ain't for me  
Surf nazi

Hey man, I live for the surf  
Nothing to do, I don't work  
Bitchin' man, it's a radical wave  
Don't swim there, I'll smash your face

Surf nazi, it ain't for me  
Surf nazi

### You Crack Me Up

It's Halloween night  
Time to get dressed up  
You're from New Jersey  
Go as a punk rocker  
Put on your mini skirt, ripped Cars t-shirt  
Pink and green in your hair  
And Michael Jackson rules!

Your friends say, hey you really look like a punk  
You say, I know, I saw the Clash last year  
You say you know all about the punk rock scene  
They spit and beat each other on the dance floor

You crack me up with your ignorance  
You crack me up with your ignorance  
You crack me up with your ignorance  
You crack me up, haha

You crack me up with your ignorance  
You crack me up with your ignorance  
You crack me up, haha  
You crack me up, haha  
You crack me up, haha  
You crack me up  
Hahaha

### Brain Of My Own

Yeah, yeah  
I don't care what you have to say  
Yeah, yeah  
But you tell me anyway  
Yeah, yeah  
Oh, Jesus Christ  
Don't want your advice

I've got a brain of my own  
I've got a brain of my own  
I've got a brain of my own  
I've got a brain of my own

Yeah, yeah  
Don't tell me what I should do  
Yeah, yeah  
I don't want to hear it from you  
Yeah, yeah  
I ain't dumb  
I can solve my own problems

I've got a brain of my own  
I've got a brain of my own  
I've got a brain of my own  
I've got a brain of my own

Yeah, yeah  
Got a brain of my own  
Yeah, yeah  
Got a brain of my own  
Yeah, yeah  
Got a brain of my own  
Yeah, yeah  
Yes

### Acid Head\*

Knew a kid who was sane  
Then he got into window pane  
That boy really loved jell  
Now he don't look so well  
Ten hits every day  
Discovered his brain away

He sits in a room by himself  
Looks at books up on a shelf  
He sits in a chair all day long  
That acid eater's been blown away  
Ten hits every day  
Blew his mind away

### Am What I Am\*

Everywhere I go  
People that see  
I just don't know why  
They're always looking at me  
I don't really care  
It doesn't bother me  
I'll just be myself  
They can't fucking see  
Because I am what I am

## Penniless

I wanna buy a brand new car  
But I lack the lots of gas  
But I know that I can't  
Cuz I just don't have the cash

I want to go out and be with the boys  
I wanna have a real good time  
Blow lots of cash and not worry about it  
But I don't even have a dime

I'm penniless, penniless  
Sorry about it honey  
But I ain't got no money  
I'm penniless, penniless  
Got a nasty rich  
But I ain't got no cash  
I'm penniless, penniless  
Not a penny to my name  
It's always the same  
I'm penniless, penniless  
I'd really like to go  
But I ain't got no dough

Dream about having lots of money  
And all the things that I would do  
I'd buy a house, a boat, a bike  
I'd even spend some on you

But the only thing, reality hits  
And I'm shaft in my hand  
It's the only thing that let's me know  
That I'm still a man

I'm penniless, penniless  
Sorry about it honey  
Where's the steak knife?  
I'm penniless, penniless  
Send a buck to me  
I wanna win the lottery  
I'm penniless, penniless  
I wish you would get killed  
And I'd be in your will  
I'm penniless, penniless  
Give it to me, bitch  
It'll make me feel rich

Penniless, penniless  
Sorry about it honey  
But I ain't got no money  
I'm penniless, penniless  
I'd really like to go  
But I ain't got no dough  
I'm penniless, penniless  
Give it to me, bitch  
It'll make me feel rich

## Astrological Geek

What do my stars say?  
Where does my future lie?

I'm an astrological geek  
I don't read my fortune, I can't sleep  
I don't care about the coming election  
My future lies in the TV section

I don't know about you  
But everything they say is true

I'm an astrological geek  
It's my future that I seek  
I want to know what I should fear  
The stars will tell me my career

My future's bleak  
I'm home in sight  
What do I do?  
Will I die?

Wait a minute, something's wrong  
What do I do?  
Who do I call?

I don't like it, I don't believe  
What's this bullshit that I read

## Electric Shock\*\*

What did I do?  
What have I done?  
I'm not a troublemaker  
I'm just looking for fun

Not get gassed  
Not get shot  
They gotta give me  
Electric shock  
Electric shock  
Raaaaaagaaaaaagaaaaaargh!

I didn't do nothing  
I'm not a crime  
But they're keep telling me  
How I should time

Not get gassed  
Not get shot  
They gotta give me  
Electric shock  
Electric shock  
Raaaaaagaaaaaagaaaaaargh!

## Oying The Empire Way

They took real bad  
They swore it wouldn't happen again  
Now many problems clogged their brains  
Made those people go insane  
Jumping 66 floors  
I don't know  
I could think of better ways to go

Everybody's gone oying  
Oying the empire way  
Everybody's gone oying  
Oying the empire way

(Repeats)

## Pins and Needles\*\*

Pins and needles  
Needles and pins  
A happy man is a man that pins

Pins and needles  
Needles and pins  
A happy man is a man that pins

What am I so mad about?

(Repeats)

I don't know  
I forgot

I Forgot

Why don't you get off my back?  
Can't remember everything you say  
I don't have that good ol' therapy  
So why don't you just go away?

I'm only human  
So I forgot  
We got a lot on my mind  
I'm confused

I forgot  
I forgot  
I forgot

You told me something weeks ago  
How am I supposed to remember that?  
I don't remember what I ate last night  
I think it was a Big Mac

I'm only human  
So I forgot  
We got a lot on my mind  
I'm confused

I forgot  
I forgot  
I forgot  
I forgot  
Big shit

## Don't Pick

Pick your nose, pick your ass  
But don't you pick off me

Pick up your sticks, pick up sticks  
But just girls, let me be

Pick six, pick your king  
Pick on someone's playing

Pick your teeth, pick-nic  
But don't I you pick on me

(Repeats)

Pick your nose, pick your ass  
But don't you pick off me

Drunk or Stupid

I don't know, what's your problem?  
Could it be all inside your head?  
Or is it just a lack of education?  
Or is it just one too many beers?

Every time I talk to you  
You stare out into space  
You say two words and then you stop  
You forgot what you were saying

What goes on in your brain?  
That I'll never know  
I just wonder how the hell  
You ever use the phone

Are you dumb?  
Are you lit?  
Are you drunk?  
Or are you just stupid?

(Repeats)

## Bag Lady Love\*

I'm tired of my girlfriend  
All girls seem the same  
I'm bored with all the girls at work  
And the bar scene is so lame

Variety is the spice of life  
That's ok with me  
I need something I never had  
Something new to want  
I'm just bored of the same old shit  
I need something different

I want a bag lady love  
I want a bag lady love  
I want a bag lady love  
I want a bag lady love

Now I've tried looking around  
for all the girls I need  
I'm looking in the always all over NYC  
used to see her all the time  
Now I want her, she's not there  
She used to see me all the time  
Could it be that she don't care?  
I'm tired of the same old faces  
What I need is a change of pace

I want a bag lady love  
I want a bag lady love  
(We don't want love)

## Fucked Up Dreams\*

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep  
I should be before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take

What's going on?  
Can't see my face  
Am I thro' a punch  
Can only run in place

Fucked up dreams constantly  
I can't get any sleep  
Fucked up dreams  
Fucked up dreams  
Fucked up dreams  
I just want some sleep

I'm falling off a cliff  
Swim chased by a nut  
Stranded on an island  
In Gilligan's hut

Fucked up dreams constantly  
I need help, I need relief from dreams

I try my best to get back to sleep  
I take some valiums and I count some sheep  
Nothing ever seems to work out  
I need help, there's no doubt

In a scuba suit, fins on my feet  
Totally surrounded by a field of fuckin' wheat

Fucked up dreams constantly  
I need help, I need relief  
From fucked up dreams  
Fucked up dreams  
Fucked up dreams  
I just want some sleep

Running down the street in my underwear  
Trying to hide  
People stare

Fucked up dreams constantly  
I can't get any sleep  
With these fucked up dreams  
Fucked up dreams  
Fucked up



## TMA — Portrait of a New Jersey Punk Band (or Something Like That)

It's impossible to explain the 1980s to anyone who didn't live through them. After a decade like the '70s where anything went and no one gave a shit about what they looked like, the early '80s embraced conservative dress and ideas, which was no better personified than with Huey Lewis' banal decree that it was, indeed, 'hip to be square.' Anyone with a brain—or a rock 'n' roll heart—knew the decade was wrong. Music had to suck if it took videos to break music stars. But reality was, radio to the right of 92 on the FM dial, was too timid to play anything new and/or interesting. Punk rock became the necessary evil until too many boneheads saw it as a means to violence. By '87 punk bands were either broken up, playing 'roots' music or a harder hybrid of punk and metal. Only your sense of humor got you out alive.

The Jersey punk scene—whether called NJHC or not—was a quick blast of great bands every bit the equal of their SoCal contemporaries. (New Jersey is essentially Los Angeles with shitler roads and weather.) Except in true Jersey style, no one knew how to self-promote beyond the local scene. And living in the shadow of NYC meant that anything good was quickly absorbed by the punks next door. I was a latecomer and never made the scene. But I bought the records and knew Glenn Danzig had turned corny. The Misfits had been a great band. Adrenalin O.D. had the chops and the laughs but never the production they deserved. Bodies in Panic and Mental Abuse had their followings. Bedlam were out of control. Sand in the Face were out of state. And TMA (which stood for the original trio of Tom, Mike and Al, but also 'Too Many Assholes' once their fourth member, Dave, joined the band) had a killer album called *What's for Dinner?* I borrowed it off my buddy Jon, who didn't mind spending \$8 on albums that never came close to half an hour of music.

"Nancy" aka ("I'm In Love With) Nancy Reagan," was a perfect punk anthem. It also appeared on an iconic NJ punk collection called *Hardcore Takes Over* that featured bands who played at the Bloomfield, NJ dive, The Dirt Club. That track alone would've made them NJ one-hit-wonders on par with Detention's "Dead Rock 'n' Rollers." But the TMA album also gave us the title track, "Love Is All Around," known as "The Mary Tyler Moore Theme" (also covered by Husker Du), "I Forgot," "Bag Lady Love" and, my other personal fave, "Shit Don't Stink."

Released in 1987, *Beach Party 2000* reflects how the decade played out for punks. Inspired amateurism evolved into greater competency and power — and an insistence on adding more reverb. ("Don't Waste Your Time" sounds like Agent Orange, though Mike Wattage claims Killing Joke became a major influence.) Because TMA had always been better musicians than their choice of genre suggested, they tried new sounds. The artwork grew darker, more likely to capture the punk-metal-crossover crowd that preferred stuff that looked heavier and foreboding. More important to the band, the delinquent attitude stayed the same. Unfortunately, they also went back to being a bit, losing the vocal power of Dave Oldfield.

Eventually, the band went the way that bands do. (This is assuming you don't have an endless stream of 'replacements' to keep the rip-off in place).

The tired joke, "You're from Jersey? Which exit?" came about because the compact state has highways running through most of its interesting towns. Because we were kids, we thought these towns were dead, lame places. Some were more than others. But the angst and dissatisfactions were just indications that we were alive. Songs like the ones here—written and played out of a logical hate for the mainstream culture surrounding us—are proof that, Oscar Wilde to the contrary, youth is not wasted on the young. It's always up to the individual. Tom, Mike, Al and Dave had a blast and I, for one, am fucking glad they had the sense to get it down on tape.

—Rob O'Connor

"Who are these guys? Well, whoever they are, they really shred. TMA play totally fast, gnarly thrash with lots of hooks 'n' tunes. Tight and clean, too. The lyrics are typical 'punk rock', bitchin' 'n' moanin' 'bout everything."

—Tim Yohannon, MAXIMUMROCKNROLL (Nov. 1984)

"I have nothing but amazing memories from my days in the early '80s with TMA. They were my friends. We did some really crazy shit together and always had a blast. I would carry their equipment into their shows and they would carry my records in when I DJ'd in those clubs. Their shows were complete chaos, packed with young punks wiping out on floors full of spilt beer while moshing to their madness. They were both fun and dangerous, but never took themselves too seriously.

I loved playing them on my radio show at the Rutgers University radio station, WRSU. Their songs are great and show off their sense of humor about everything from politics to everyday nonsense.

The Jersey hardcore scene never got the respect or exposure it deserved, and especially TMA. I'm really happy to see this reissue. TMA is a band that deserves to be known!"

—Matt Pinfield, WRSU/MTV

