

The Best of the Worst - Grand Slam EP

- 1. Speechless**
- 2. PaperWeight**
- 3. Jonestown, 1978**

The Best of the Worst is:

Jason Selvaggio – vocals, guitar

Joe Scala – drums, vocals

Garrett Weber – guitar

Ryan Kosinski – bass

Ryan Edwards – tenor & bari sax

Rob Meyer – trombone

Kate Campbell – trumpet

recorded end of 2011 – beginning of 2012 in various houses in new jersey

all songs written and recorded by The Best of the Worst

engineered and mixed by Garrett Weber

album art by Alexis Greco

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County Drop, Holy City Zoo, Broadcaster, Scrap Kids, Marloneisha, Stuck Lucky, Hub City Stompers, A Billion Ernies, Party Attack, Taj Motel Trio, Light Hearted, Due North, Curious Volume, The Hits, Atlas the Atom Smasher, Tomahawk Chop

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1. Speechless

whats left behind, a wallet and id, one final word to say, just "sorry." that its come to this, brings brunswick to its knees. this town filled with anger. **now youve got nothing to say**, if you could watch him die tonight, do you think that would be alright? televised, your convicted crime. all of your hatreds well deserved, swallowing all that you have earned, trading in everything youre worth. in this world thats spinning, your arrogance will cause a break. and when youre left alone, that break is hard to shake. in this world thats spinning, your arrogance will cause a break, and when youre left alone, that break is hard to shake. cant find a way to comprehend how someone can be so senseless. finding out who you are can be so fucking hard. consumed within yourself and i can tell youre nothing special. and when you push and you pull something is bound to break. **still you've got nothing to say**. leaving everything you were brought up with, laughing at someone you barely know. where is your conscience when you need it most? and when you wake up youll still have nothing left to say. cant find a way to comprehend how someone can be so senseless. finding out who you are can be so fucking hard. consumed within yourself and i can tell youre nothing special. and when you push and you pull something is bound to break. **why would you pry so fucking deep? you had no reason, your life is cheap**. your fucking life is cheap. but you dont seem to see the reality you share with me, everything comes at a price. you dont seem to see the reality you share with me, and you dont know whats wrong or right. *my friend once told me that people with hearts dont break them this easy*. your reputation will forever be changed.

2. PaperWeight

i know ill never feel like i fully belong. but when i look around, all i see is that the people around me have too much pride in their fucking nine to fives. letting suits and ties define their lives, but that just dosent suit me. i am more than a job, more than just a degree. the last thing that ill do, is let these things define me. if i am one of them, then ill just up and leave. these will not overcome, and in no way define me. wait, before you close the door you need to take a step and wait. because you jumped the gun, i must say, the people around me have too much pride in their fucking nine to fives. letting suits and ties define their lives, but that just dosent suit me. so take those preconceived notions and shove them down your throat, because i am not one of them. with these past four years **all i can say is that ive learned myself**. and i will not be confined to this four by four shell you call a home. for you its an end, for me its a means to something more, a means to what i love. *right here in front of you is where i am alive*. i am more than a job, more than just a degree. the last thing that ill do, is let these things define me. if i am one of them, then ill just up and leave. these will not overcome, and in no way define me.

3. Jonestown, 1978

i never thought id have to sing this fucking song. even looking back, removed from it all. the wound still burns, the flesh it smells like the ultimate betrayal. yet you dont even hear the question remains. so can you tell me why is it this way? do you think that youre a god? theres no one left to save you now. why do you think you can act this way? stabbed in the back, and all i can say is too late to try. i decide too late to try, **so nevermind**. you will fall faster and faster each passing second. lost in isolation in an act of desperation. *in an act of desperation you ended it all*. so can you tell me why is it this way? do you think youre a god? theres no one left to save you now. why do you do this shit? why do you act this way? stabbed in the fucking back and all i have to say, without us to catch you you will soon begin to feel the pressure building around you, will be hard to overcome. youve thrown it away, all that can protect you. **its too late, some things were meant to stay the same. its too late, some things will never change**. in the cracks of the earth we will find your moral compass. thrown away because you couldnt bear the guilt from the destruction that youve caused. i could never quantify living such a lonely, disposable life.