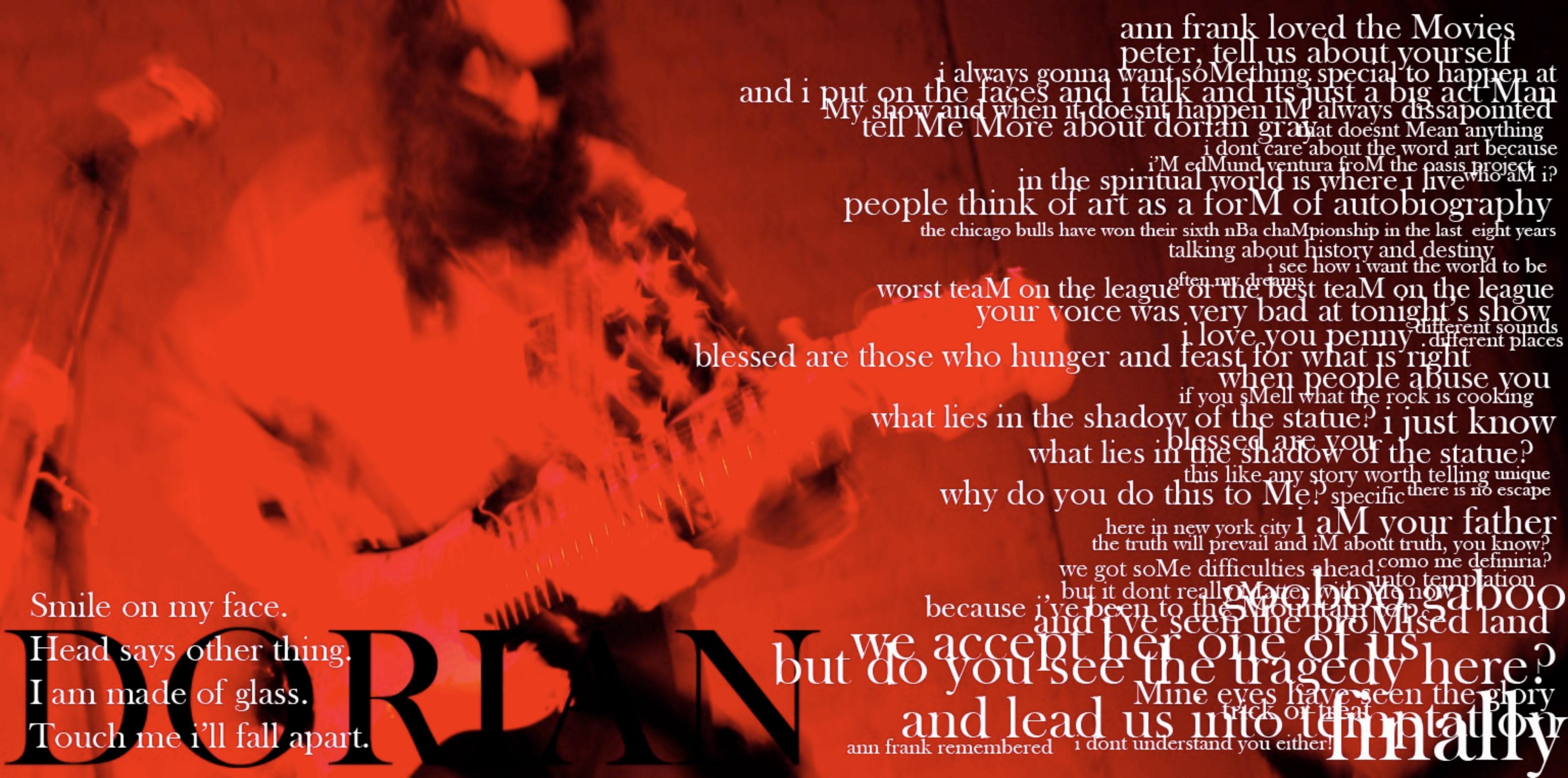




MENTIRA MENTIRA GASOLINE



Smile on my face.  
Head says other thing.  
I am made of glass.  
Touch me i'll fall apart.

# DORIAN

ann frank loved the Movies  
peter, tell us about yourself  
i always gonna want something special to happen at  
and i put on the faces and i talk and its just a big act  
My show and when it doesnt happen iM always dissapointed  
tell Me More about dorian gray  
what doesnt Mean anything  
i dont care about the word art because  
i'M edMund, ventura from the oasis project  
in the spiritual world is where i live  
people think of art as a forM of autobiography  
the chicago bulls have won their sixth nBa chaMpionship in the last eight years  
talking about history and destiny  
i see how i want the world to be  
often my dreams  
worst teaM on the league or the best teaM on the league  
your voice was very bad at tonight's show  
i love you penny  
different sounds  
different places  
blessed are those who hunger and feast for what is right  
when people abuse you  
if you smell what the rock is cooking  
what lies in the shadow of the statue? i just know  
blessed are you  
what lies in the shadow of the statue?  
this like any story worth telling  
unique  
specific  
there is no escape  
here in new york city i aM your father  
the truth will prevail and iM about truth, you know?  
we got some difficulties ahead  
como me definiria?  
but it dont really matter with me now  
because i've been to the Mountain top  
and i've seen the promised land  
we accept her one of us  
but do you see the tragedy here?  
Mine eyes have seen the glory  
trick or treat  
and lead us into temptation  
ann frank remembered i dont understand you either!

# finally

Like a car you drive me crazy.  
Smash me, run over me.  
Fill me up with cheap gasoline.  
And fill me up with all of your hate.  
I need gasoline.  
You are gasoline.  
I need my gasoline.  
You are my gasoline.

ASOLENTE





It's a thriller, killer night.  
I hear something, something around.  
The creature's creature creepin' around.  
And suddenly we're out of time.

I am, you are, we all, we are.  
I am, you all, we are in thriller night.

It's a killer, thriller time.  
You hear something, something around.  
It must be forty eyes.  
And suddenly you're out of time.

# THRILLER

I am, you all, we all, we are.  
I am, you all, we all in thriller night.



I'm in love with a ghost, everyone can see.  
I'm in love with a ghost, everyone except me.  
Maybe tomorrow, maybe tomorrow you'll see.  
Maybe tomorrow you'll bleed.

I'm in love with a ghost, everyone can see.  
Maybe tomorrow you will bleed, maybe tomorrow it will be for me.  
Cut me, cut you, cut ourselves and be free.  
From this, from all that has been keeping us apart.

# GHOST

we're now on full automatic and on the hands of the computer

this much is probably true six months in deep space **I FEEL LONELY**

the men who sent us in this journey are long since dead and gone

you who are reading me now are a different breed maybe so i hope a better one

Seen from out here everything looks different time bends, space is boundless you maniacs!

so i left because there was no one to hold me there damn you! can you love? i wonder

she comes along too zira doesnt want your female i want her do you love me? i wonder

you might not like what you find there has to be an answer dont look for it taylor

this whole thing is insane! what am i done? god, damn you all to hell! a madhouse!

so you really dont know, do you? what went wrong

the question is not so much "where we are?" as "when we are?" man has NO understanding!

no one will listen to me, only you you thought life on earth was MEANINGLESS

look! he's moving his fingers they look more or less human i think they're mute

he keeps pretending he can talk! perhaps he understood! man has NO understanding!

If this is the best they got around here in six months we'll be running this planet

we finally really did it

and that completes my final report until we reach touchdown

we're now on full automatic and on the hands of the computer

**I FEEL LONELY**



YOU ARE THE ONLY THING  
TELL ME WHERE IN MY HEAD  
TELL ME WHAT I LEAVE  
TELL ME WHO DO I NEED TO BE  
TELL ME HOW

# GASOLINE

Mentira Mentira  
Gasoline

Recorded by Bona at Bona's House, Mexico City between  
February 2010 and November 2011.

Vale Vergas Discos.

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All music by Mentira Mentira, except "Thriller", by Mentira  
Mentira and Esteban Aldrete.

All lyrics by Gabriel Rey, except "Thriller", written by Rod  
Temperton.

Mentira Mentira is:

Gabriel Rey: vocals, bass, guitar on all tracks.

"Dr. Dude" Bona: drums on all tracks, except "I Want".

Esteban Aldrete: guitar solos on "Gasoline", "Thriller", drums on "I Want".

Leticia Beeton / Selma Oxor : vocals on "Ghost".

All photos by Chrissy Kovacsics.

Vale Vergas Discos

Label Manager: Txema Novelo.

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Discos Amapola.

Discos Amapola are: Danette Newcomb y Tomas Davo.

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[discosamapola.com](http://discosamapola.com)

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