

# 2004 - Reemergence

It Was Supposed to Be So Easy ..... The Streets  
Walkie Talkie Man..... Steriogram  
It's Five O'Clock Somewhere ..... Alan Jackson & Jimmy Buffett  
Where Are We Runnin'? ..... Lenny Kravitz  
Rebel Never Gets Old..... David Bowie  
Up to the Roof..... Blue Man Group  
Big Machine ..... Velvet Revolver  
Fly or Die ..... N.E.R.D.  
80's Metal..... Patton Oswalt  
Get Your Hands Off My Woman ..... Ben Folds  
Triple Trouble..... Beastie Boys  
City of Blinding Lights ..... U2  
Extraordinary ..... Liz Phair  
I Don't Think We've Met ..... Nikka Costa  
Ways to Be Wicked ..... Lone Justice  
Mary ..... Scissor Sisters  
Let's Get Retarded..... Black Eyed Peas  
Don't Fight It ..... Kenny Loggins & Steve Perry  
I Can't Get Behind That ..... William Shatner & Henry Rollins  
Rockin' In the Free World (Fahrenheit 9/11 Mix) ..... Neil Young

Reemergence



Dallas Baseball Home Rawlings All  
American Grille Black Dog Tavern  
Moonlite Bunny Ranch  
Freebirds Hot Corner Hank's Homies  
Mark's Cycle Frankie's Chair  
National Lampoon's P.I. Vacation  
Mingo Fishtrap Burlesque On The  
Fringe Rocket DeVille Four More Years  
Janet's Boob Red Sox Vindicated Ron  
Artest Fired/Rehired North Carolina  
Nevada RIP Ray Charles Mary Lou  
War Memorial Stadium  
Dimebag Darrell Darla

No news is ever completely bad.

I was on the phone with Tim, giving him some information that we had been missing on a business venture. We didn't know the status of something we had both been waiting impatiently for, and at the end of the conversation, he told me, "Thanks for the bad news."

I stopped him, saying "It's not bad news yet. We don't know the whole story, so right now, it's just news."

Thinking about that conversation, I realized I should look at the last year in that same light.

This has been a year of intense personal growth and change. Turning 35 will do that to you, I hear. But rather than dwelling on what I've lost, I prefer to focus on what I've gained -- in knowledge, strength, and inner peace. I may not look like it most of the time, but I truly am at peace with myself. And on those occasions when the damned voice in my head starts feeding me with doubt and loathing, my friends and family will remind me that it is never as bad as it seems, and the days ahead are filled with change, and that's never a bad thing.

Many thanks to the people that got me from Point A to Point B this year:

My best friends, fellow baseball fanatics and Amigos Eternos, **Marty Yawnick** and **Thomas Moore III**; **Greg Woodson**, for being the jackass to my straight-man (and vice-versa); **R. Chance Munsterman**, for letting me be "that guy"; **Gary Adornato**, for being the eternal optimist and the counter-voice in my head; **Jamey Newberg**, for the indulgence and patience to let me get closer to the game while getting your message out; **Brandy**, for looking at

me with new eyes; **Tim Hyde**, for knowing when to call me out of the blue and get my adrenaline pumping; **Richard Hunter**, for allowing me to invade your personal space and share in some of the adventure; **Laura Harper**, for not telling Mischa to gouge my eyes out; **Angela Muscanere**, for having faith in me when I likely didn't deserve it; **Suzanne Naylor**; **Dan Ellis**; **Dawn Dorminy**, for telling me in no uncertain terms that I still have talent; **Jerilyn**, for not running me over with her Avalanche; **Alix Gilmore**; **Kevin Fielder**; **Kay**, for being a long-distance inspiration to me; **Ryan, D.J.**, and the whole **Hank's Homies** crew, for smearing eye black on me and letting me bang the drum loudly; **Kelly G**, for seeing me when I couldn't see myself; **Sara B.**, for helping me realize that I'm not disposable even when other people think I am; the current and former crew at Rawlings All American Grille, including (but not limited to) **Angela**, **Becca**, **Brandon**, **Brittany**, **Charles**, **Cindy**, **Craig**, **Dominique**, **Kris**, **Leah**, **Marc**, **Michael**, **Matt**, **Rae**, **Robert**, **Ryan**, **Tarrance**, **Ted**, and **anyone else** I didn't have memory or space to list; **Sara Hickman**, for providing me with constant inspiration and affirmation without even knowing it; and, lastly, **you**. Yes, you. Quit selling yourself short.

This compilation is dedicated to **Darla Raye Thompson** (1941-2004). You will always be in my heart.

This disc was produced, mastered, and packaged on December 6-7, 2004, using Mac OS X. Track listings are available through the iTunes Music Store.

See you all around the bend.

—Devin Pike

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