

*The Cardboard Cosmonauts*



**HOMICIDAL  
PSYCHO JUNLGE CAT**

A NOTE FROM THE LABEL

## THE PART THAT LIKES FEELING ALIVE

---

A boy gets off a school bus knowing that something large and striped is about to hit him at forty miles an hour, and he walks up the drive anyway. Philosophy has circled that boy for three thousand years without landing on what he already knows: that the thing that knocks you flat and the thing that makes life worth living are, more often than anyone admits, the same thing — and that you can tell it loves you by whether it bothers to hide behind the hedge.

This is a small record. Five songs, one bedroom, shoes off, the hiss left in. The Cosmonauts cut it inside the fort, about a tiger who is real in exactly the way that matters — ask the grass stains. The neighbors don't get it. Neighbors never do.

Somewhere out the window an afternoon is going unsupervised — a wagon, a hill, the good kind of trouble — and the bus comes at three-fifteen either way. One far-off day, the songs know, it won't. That day is not today. Today, I'd check behind the drapes.

— *Simon Oré*

HEAD OF ONE HAND CLAPPING RECORDS

# HOMICIDAL PSYCHO JUNGLE CAT

*Wren, deadpan · Soren as the tiger*

---

INTRO — A SCHOOL BUS  
DOOR HISSES OPEN

VERSE 1

Three-fifteen, and the bus lets me off at  
the curb,  
and I already know how this goes.  
He's behind the door, or the drapes, or  
the hedge —  
flat as a rug, holding his breath, on his  
toes.

I could take the long way. I could come  
through the back.  
I never do. I walk right up the drive.  
Some part of me wants it — the worst  
part of me —  
the part that likes feeling alive.

CHORUS

Here comes my homicidal psycho jungle  
cat,  
six feet of murder with a purr to match.  
He's gonna put me flat on the lawn —  
grass in my teeth, half my buttons gone  
—  
and God help me, God help me,  
it's the best part of the day I had.

VERSE 2 — THE AMBUSH,  
FAST

He leaves the ground at a dead sprint,  
full extension,  
claws out, ears back, all teeth and  
intention,  
and we roll down the yard like a wreck  
on the evening news,  
and I land on my back, out of breath, and  
confused.

The neighbors don't get it. My mother's  
appalled —  
says one of these days he'll do actual  
harm.

And maybe. And sure. But you should  
see his face  
when I open the door and he's suspended  
in space.

VERSE 3 — THE TIGER,  
WHISPERED

*I could end you, you know. I'm a tiger. It's  
true —  
ten thousand years of teeth all pointing at  
you.  
And I use every ounce of it, every claw, every  
pound,  
to put one boy, gently, on the ground.*

FINAL CHORUS — FULL  
TRIO, THEN A WHISPER

So here comes my homicidal psycho  
jungle cat,  
the deadliest, sweetest, dumbest thing  
I've got.

He's gonna put me flat on the lawn.  
One far-off day he will be gone —

**but that's not today. Not today.  
Not yet.**

Today it's still me and my jungle cat.

OUTRO

*(playful guitar — soft and happy and slightly  
tired)*

# STUPENDOUS MAN'S DAY OFF

*Soren, warm and a little tired · Wren's harmony, second chorus*

---

INTRO — TAPE HISS,  
BIRDSONG, NO DRUMS

*The cape still holds the shape of my shoulders...*

VERSE 1

Monday I saved the breakfast table,  
Tuesday I fought the bath,  
I beat the broccoli, beat the bedtime,  
beat the long way up the path —  
everybody's got a monster  
only I can put away,  
and the mask gets kind of heavy  
when you wear it every day

PRE-CHORUS

So I'm not taking calls today —  
no, the whole wide world can wait —

CHORUS

'cause everybody needs a hero,  
nobody saves the one who saves,  
so I hung the cape on the closet door  
and gave myself the afternoon off being  
brave.  
Just me and the hill and my tiger,  
and the sun doing all of the work —  
even Stupendous Man  
needs a day to be a kid in the dirt

VERSE 2

Nobody asks the rescuer  
who's gonna rescue him,  
you just keep your chin up, cape on,  
'til you can't remember when —  
but the woods don't need me mighty,  
the creek don't need me tall,  
out here I'm not the hero —  
out here I'm nothing at all  
*(and it's the best I've felt in months)*

CHORUS 2

*(as before, but —)*  
Just me and the trees and my tiger,  
and nowhere I've gotta be —  
even Stupendous Man  
needs a day to just be me

BRIDGE — GUITAR,  
BIRDSONG, HISS

*We didn't bring the cape, we didn't bring the  
watch,  
didn't bring a single thing that needs me —  
just laid down in the tall grass —  
and let the whole world not see me,*

FINAL CHORUS —  
WARMEST

*(as before, until —)*  
Just me and the sky and my tiger,  
and the sun doing all of the work —  
even Stupendous Man  
gets a day to put the whole thing down...  
and rest

OUTRO

*...tomorrow I'll be Stupendous again.*

# YUKON HO!

*Wren as Calvin · Soren as the tiger · Magpie keeps the log*

---

INTRO — A WAGON  
CREAKING, A SCREEN  
DOOR

THE MARCH —  
FULL-THROATED,  
STOMPING

North! To the North, where the maps  
give out!

Where a boy and a tiger can shout and  
shout!

Let the kettle go cold, let the homework  
rot —  
we are bound for the Yukon, and we're  
coming back NOT!

No baths, no math, no calling us in!  
We'll be trappers, we'll be legends, we'll  
be lean and thin!

Over the tundra, on tuna and pride,  
with a wagon and a war cry and a tiger at  
our side —

VERSE 1 — DECLAIMING,  
FIRED UP

That's it. I've decided. We're leaving.  
Tonight.

We are done with this house and its rules  
and its math and its light.

We're going to the Yukon, where a kid  
can be free —  
no school, no bedtime, no nobody up in  
the business of me.

I packed the wagon myself: a flashlight, a  
sandwich, the comics, some rope.  
Hobbes packed forty cans of tuna and a  
narrow telescope.

We will live off the land. We will answer  
to the moon.

Civilization, farewell. We are leaving.  
*(We left at noon.)*

CHORUS — BIG,  
MARCHING

Yukon ho!  
To the great wide north we go!  
Where the wild things are, and the maps  
run out,  
and nobody says “no” —  
Yukon ho!  
Pull the wagon, don’t look back!  
We are gone. We are gone. We are never,  
ever coming —  
*(...is that the smell of dinner?...Stay on track.)*

VERSE 2 — THE REALITY

Now, the Yukon, on inspection, is the  
edge of the cul-de-sac,  
and the howling arctic wind is a  
sprinkler two yards back.  
And it’s farther than it looked, and the  
wagon’s getting heavy,  
and the wilderness, up close, is a vacant  
lot and a levee.

Hobbes is having second thoughts  
around the bottom of the hill —  
notes we’ve passed the same mailbox  
three times,  
and that he can feel a chill.  
But an explorer doesn’t quit. An explorer  
presses on.  
*(An explorer also notes the streetlights coming  
on.)*

THE MARCH, WINDED

North... to the North... where the —  
okay, hang on.

*(How far is the North? 'Cause my legs are  
basically gone.)*

Let the kettle go — wait.

Is that dinner I smell on the breeze?

We are bound for the Yukon, and we're...  
cold, if you please.

THE TIGER, SMALL

*...I'm cold. And the tuna's gone. And I miss  
the couch a little.*

THE LOG — MAGPIE

*Expedition log. Day one. Sixteen-hundred  
hours.*

*Distance from home: four hundred feet.*

*Morale: complicated.*

*Provisions: a crust, a flashlight going dim,  
and the dark coming down like a lid.*

*...Recommend we turn around.*

*...Recommend we never tell a soul we turned  
around.*

VERSE 3 — THE TURN,  
QUIETER

So we hauled the wagon home in the  
blue of almost-night,  
and the porch was throwing yellow, and  
the kitchen window's light,  
and we didn't say we'd failed, 'cause we  
hadn't, not at all —  
we'd gone to the edge of the world and  
come back before the fall.

THE MARCH — DEFLATED,  
WARM

North. To the North. ...Someday. Not  
far.

We'll go when we're bigger. We'll go as  
we are.

Let the kettle stay warm. Let the porch  
light show.

We'll be home for tonight... but  
tomorrow — Yukon ho.  
*(a screen door; "wash up")*

# THE NOODLE INCIDENT

*demo · Wren, hushed*

---

INTRO — A FAR-OFF  
TYPEWRITER, TAPE  
WARBLE

VERSE 1

There's an afternoon I carry that I've  
never said aloud,  
and the not-saying made it heavier, and  
the heavy made it proud.  
You can ask. I'll just go silent. I'll pretend  
I never heard.

It isn't shame that seals my mouth,  
but I won't say a single damning word

CHORUS

'Cause everybody knows about the  
Noodle Incident,  
and nobody knows about the Noodle  
Incident,  
and that is the whole gift of it —  
the blank where the story would be,  
the one clean piece of mystery

in a world that explains everything to  
me.  
Don't open the file. Don't drain the lake.  
Some things are only holy 'cause they're a  
mistake.

THE REDACTION

I could tell you. There are words. I've  
rehearsed them in the dark —  
there's a cafeteria, and noodles, and a  
*(censored)*  
— here the memory goes bright and stark  
—  
but the second I said it, it would shrink  
to just a thing that occurred,  
and right now it's enormous, and  
unprovable,  
and pure, and unheard.

So I keep it, it's my secret, and I'll never  
tell a soul:  
not my mother, not my tiger, not the  
world.

*(It doesn't matter anyway,)*

CHORUS

*(as before)*

THE ONLY INTERVIEW

— *What happened?*  
— *I don't want to talk about it.*

## HOMICIDAL PSYCHO JUNGLE CAT

*demo · with Magpie's flashlight bridge*

INTRO — CASSETTE  
CLICK; THE BUS DOOR  
AGAIN

## VERSE 1

Three-fifteen, and the bus lets me off at  
the curb,

and I already know how this goes.

He's behind the door, or the drapes, or  
the hedge —

flat as a rug, holding his breath, on his  
toes.

I could take the long way. I could come  
through the back.

I never do. I walk right up the drive.

Some part of me wants it — the worst  
part of me —

the part that likes feeling alive.

## CHORUS

*(as before — brighter, a tambourine)*

## VERSE 2 — THE AMBUSH

He leaves the ground at a dead sprint,  
full extension,

claws out, ears back, all teeth and  
intention,

and we roll down the yard like a wreck  
on the evening news,

and I land on my back, out of breath, and  
confused.

The neighbors don't get it. My mother's  
appalled —

says one of these days he'll do actual  
harm.

And maybe. And sure. But you should  
see his face

when I open the door and he's suspended  
in space.

THE BRIDGE — MAGPIE,  
CLOSE; THE FLASHLIGHT

*...you want to know if he's real?  
Look at my arm. Look at the scratch.  
Look at the grass stain that will not  
come out of the knee of my jeans.  
A doll doesn't leave a mark.  
A doll can't knock the wind clean out of a  
kid.  
He's the most dangerous thing in this whole  
house —  
that's exactly how I know he's mine.*

VERSE 3 — THE TIGER,  
WHISPERED

*I could end you, you know. I'm a tiger. It's  
true —  
ten thousand years of teeth all pointing at  
you.  
And I use every ounce of it, every claw, every  
pound,  
to put one boy, gently, on the ground.*

FINAL CHORUS — FULL  
TRIO, THEN A WHISPER

*So here comes my homicidal psycho  
jungle cat,  
the deadliest, sweetest, dumbest thing  
I've got.  
He's gonna put me flat on the lawn.  
One far-off day he will be gone —  
but that's not today. Not today. Not yet.  
Today it's still me and my jungle cat.*

OUTRO

*(the tape runs a moment longer than the song)*

L I N E R   N O T E S

## THE CARDBOARD COSMONAUTS

*Soren · Magpie · Wren — one bedroom, preserved*

- 
- 01 Homicidal Psycho Jungle Cat
  - 02 Stupendous Man's Day Off
  - 03 Yukon Ho!
  - 04 The Noodle Incident — demo
  - 05 Homicidal Psycho Jungle Cat — demo

*Calvin is Wren. The tiger is Soren. The expedition log is Magpie.*

*All songs performed by The Cardboard Cosmonauts · written by Soren Holt, in pencil*

S O R E N   H O L T

*lead voice, nylon guitar, the pencil — the one whose room it is*

M A G P I E   C A L D E R

*the room's objects, the ledger, the flashlight — keeper of objects*

W R E N   M E R C E R

*harmonies, felt-muted upright bass — the quietest member of two bands*

*recorded in the bedroom — the fort does not tour · one audible imperfection per song, kept on purpose*

P R O D U C E D   B Y   S I M O N   O R E

*(P) & © 2026 One Hand Clapping · released June 30, 2026*

ONE HAND  
CLAPPING

SHOES OFF

FROM THE BAND

## LEAVE THE LIGHT ON EITHER WAY

---

ONE HAND  
CLAPPING

SHOES OFF

We made this one the way you take a hill in a wagon — on purpose, and not entirely in control. Soren notes that the tiger’s verse was taken down exactly as whispered, and that he was allowed to keep the pencil.

Magpie’s ledger, new entries: one tambourine (yard sale, fifty cents); one school-bus door (borrowed, returned); one wagon wheel that squeaks in E-flat and will not be oiled. The album’s one new object is the longbox. The flashlight was checked twice and believed once.

The expedition reached the edge of the known world, which is four hundred feet from the porch. We recommend it. We never tell anyone we turned around.

Nobody fixed the ceiling star.

— *The Cardboard Cosmonauts*

*(Wren, spending this record’s sentence:) He’s real.*