



F*CK YOU EVERYBODY

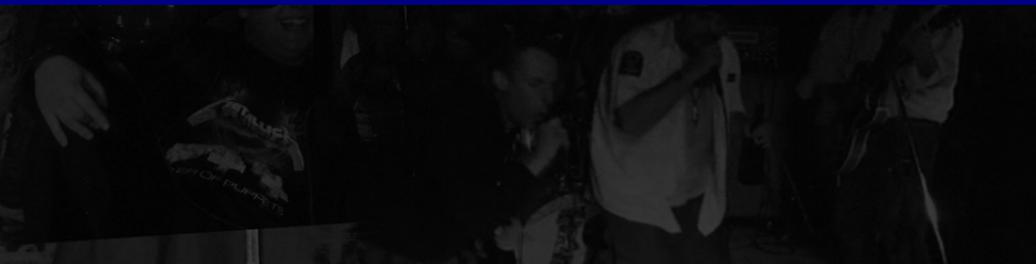


bloc
sonic

BS450052



P.U.C.K.



PUCK







1 **FUCK YOU EVERYBODY** 3:15

Raps: Pot-C, Long John, Dementon aka Tha D

Backing Vocals: P.U.C.K.

Drums: Kenny-K

Bass: Dementon aka Tha D

Guitar: Tha R

Scratches: DJ Shitty

Recorded by Disa Cameron at Hot Sole Studios

Scratches recorded by J.T. Edmondson at Paranoyd Sound Studios 1.0

Both studios are / were in Port Coquitlam, B.C., Canada

Paranoyd Sound Studios is now in Port Moody, B.C., Canada

Recorded in July 2004

CD booklet photos of the live performance of this song are taken from the DVD magazine Ear Goggles Volume 5, which is produced, edited and released by Clayton Holmes. The performance was recorded on May 10th, 2009 at The Cobalt, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

The video is available on Youtube at
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=28fxGyZm3yM>

forty**Five**







2 FUCK GARY BETTMAN
(HOCKEYPALOOZA 98 BEATBOX VERSION) 2:44

Raps: Long John

Antics and Back-ups: How Now Lau aka Pot-C

Beatbox: DJ Murtle aka Cheese

Host: Johnny Hanson

Recorded live on January 16th, 1998 at The Starfish Room, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

Audio taken from video footage recorded by Carrie Human.

CD booklet photos of the performance are from the source video for this audio release.

Original version released through Sudden Death Records on the punk hockey song compilation

JOHNNY HANSON PRESENTS PUCK ROCK VOL. 2, copyright

Goalie Fight Publishing 1998.

The entire album is available on Youtube through license to

The Orchard Music on behalf of Sudden Death Records at

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5SHoad3D124>

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The aforementioned Youtube accounts are not operated by Zeopolis Productions or blocSonic and therefore we have no control over their availability.

forty**Five**







THE P.U.C.K. (PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN CANADIAN KIDS) CREW IS:

Long John: Vocals, Scratches

Cheese: Vocals, Scratches, Beats

Pot-C: Vocals, Scratches, Beats

Kenny-K: Drums, Vocals

Dementon aka Tha D: Bass Guitar, Vocals

Tha R: Guitar, Vocals

Herbal-T: Vocals, Guitar

Yuk MC: Vocals, Beats

Qwest-Dogg: Vocals

Pee Wee: Vocals

Tha G.M.C.: Vocals

Mega blocSonic props to Mike and the blocSonic fam. All the P.U.C.K. Crew fans who have been waiting since the days we put out tapes to finally get around to releasing new material on the interwebs. All the crew families that have put up with these dudes for 25 plus years. Bonus round props to Wendy13, Clay and John the Sound Guy at The Cobalt. Double Jeopardy props to The Hanson Brothers, Joey Shithead, DOA and Sudden Death Records.

fortyFive









P.U.C.K. ONLINE

<https://blocsonic.com/artist/puck>

<http://zeopolis.jp>

forty**Five**



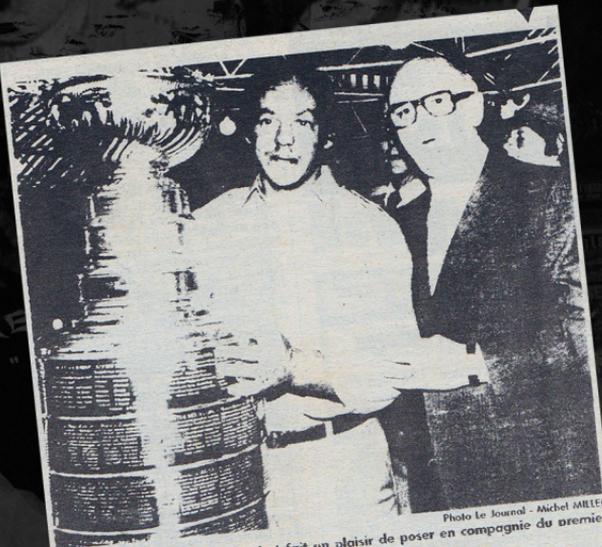


Photo Le Journal - Michel MIEFFI

Le capitaine Yvan Cournoyer s'est fait un plaisir de poser en compagnie du premier magistrat de la ville de Montréal, Jean Drapeau.

The writer as a young pup sneaks into the mayor's reception.
L-R Yvan Cournoyer, Montréal mayor Jean Drapeau, young Phill

"Fuck Gary Bettman and his rule changes/Fuck Wayne Gretzky and the New York Rangers" (P.U.C.K)

Hockey isn't just glowing pucks and cheezy \$1m slapshots: it's also punk rock and Bryan Adams screwing up O Canada

By **Phil Oats**

Never written about hockey, but I sure have talked about it. With all the hockey hoopla in town last week this seems a good time to take a gander at our national game. For me, the highlight of the whole All-Star Weekend that blew through town was Hockeypalooza at the Starfish Room last Friday where the glitz and glamour of the All-Star circus was replaced with a get-down celebration of this great game through a similar passion: music. Two of our most intense passions, rock and hockey, it's silly how well the two co-exist and do so as a subtle common bond. Expertly MC'd by Johnny Hanson of the Hanson Brothers, the place was full of hockey sweaters of all sorts and the two themes combined for a noble bash indeed. Five acts, along with a crowd that understands the love for and importance of this game and its inherent importance in our culture both past and present and future.

P.U.C.K. came out of nowhere to put together a menacing rap they contributed for the upcoming **Johnny Hanson Presents Puck Rock Vol. 2**. Swank, decked out in their taxes, slammed out their *End 2 End Rush*. Ted, whose beautiful logo tributes the sorely missed Winful logo, appeared as though they had niipeg Jets, appeared as though they had just come from a bench-clearing brawl, with bruises, scars and missing teeth. A flashing light on one of the guitars was announced as being there to help any Americans in the crowd who might have trouble following the show, alluding to Yank broadcaster Fox and their inane glowing puck. JP5, with Gerry-Jen in Colonel Sanders hockey sweater blasted out *Ode To Gino*. Joey Keithley did his solo crank with his Team D.O.A. sweater on (natch) then Royal Grand Prix laid down their roaring set decked out in matching custom RG Prix sweaters. At the end of their set they were joined on stage by two of the Hansons, Johnny on lead

vocals and Tommy on guitar, along with a goalie who was set on fire! Hockey cards were distributed as raffle tickets and on hand was the most fun selection of gear assembled at a merch table in ages. What a great night, yeah. If you can't dig it that's too bad. It's the kind of fun that knows no bandwagon jumpers because you can't fake being a hockey fan, you're either there or you ain't. The folks at Power Play who put this shindig on sure understand this. Congrats.

There was tons of media in town for this weekend and they missed out. Imagine all the great visuals described above as an aside to all the standard gala puffery. Instead they were lead around to all the usual media traps and gushed on and on about the official festivities like the interactive hockey circus at the PNE and all the functions none of us could attend with all their unbelievable amounts of fancy free food and drink.

Which brings us to the actual All-Star hoopla with its boring skills competition, oldtimers game and All-Star game itself. The skills competition is useless for measuring the talents of a true competitor like, Shane Corson. The shooting accuracy event is almost interesting, particularly when it involved some contest winalry when it involved some contest winalry schmuck who had a chance at changing his life by winning a million dollars for each target he could hit. He choked so completely that he's likely to relive that horrendous moment daily for the rest of his life. Now that was drama. The purest essence of hockey is found in the breakaway, that one-on-one challenge unparalleled in any other sport. Even this was tainted with and watered down as

Fun

When white men spent
North America, the
Mohawks playing a fe-
frozen rivers. When
was hurt, he would
Mohawk word for "hu-
the word for the mode

from More! All Star Poet
by Stephen

The Breakaway Relay. Whatever. The oldtimers game is momentarily interesting if only to see them trot out all these players we grew up watching, players who, unlike today, were genuine characters, who didn't wear helmets and who didn't come from the carbon copy minors-through-juniors ranks of jock life that breeds today's athletes. I suppose it's exciting if you get close enough to actually meet one of these old cats at one of the functions (I hear Bobby Hull can balance a full shot glass on that squashed beak of his; "Hey Mr. and Mrs. Chelios, watch this!"). Once in a while a player like Al Iaffrè comes along, who rides Harleys, hosts metal radio shows, and sits in front of his locker stall lighting a cigarette with a blow torch for the TV cameras. Yeah, where are the Garry Ungers and Derek Sandersons these days? One bright side of these out-of-the-mold athletes today is that the Canadians are still let's-soft-spoken, team-dedicated, non-christians unlike the blowhard braggarts that populate baseball, basketball and football. Though, just once I'd like to hear Gretzky, who is undoubtedly a brilliant player but has the personality of a clam, use the word art in describing what he does. A goalie like Domenic Hasek is a treat because not only is he the best in the game, but he's completely unorthodox and hugely entertaining to watch as a result. He plays just like we did on the snowy roads as kids. Jaromir Jagr is an incredibly talented player, only as Don Cherry once stated, "He is everything that is wrong with hockey." He has the most embarrassing haircut, feigns injury if someone so much as knocks him over and has taken to doing a showboating bragging nose-rubbing salute each time he scores. That's not character, that's bohemian. It was one thing for Tiger Williams to ride his stick down the ice when he scored one of his infrequent goals, it's another thing to do it when you're already better than most everybody else.

Which brings us to the All-Star game itself, a great representation of pick-up or pond hockey as played by extremely talented players, but a lousy representation of what actual pro hockey is about. So North American All-Stars beat the Rest Of The World All-Stars 8-7. Oh Joy. Glancing at the *Vancouver Sun* the next day I noticed the word magic banded about at least three times - twice in headlines - when mentioning a couple of pretty passes between former glory year teammates Gretzky and Messier. Great fucking Scott! Relax, it wasn't that exciting. Bloody sports press, where's the *Bum Report* when we need it. Fox was billing

Fact

their first winter in
witnessed the
of hockey on the
of the players
call "Ah-kir," the
From this came
game of hockey.

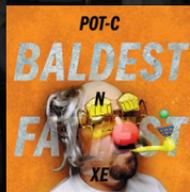
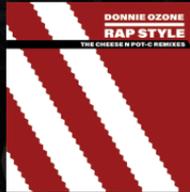
er & Selected Poems
river

the game as World War 3 on ice. Stupid Yanks. Thanks to Bryan Adams for embarrassing us all by fucking up the words to our anthem. Stupid bloody git.

It's all over now thank god and we can get back to the real game, which is still tainted by all the American money and influence. Goddamn Disney and their Mighty Ducks are the worst thing to ever happen to pro hockey, I hope that team wallows in mediocrity for eternity and you'd better hope so. If they become a hockey power, which seems inevitable what they'll turn the game into the family-oriented entertainment it's already in danger of becoming. Anyway, things aren't so bad right now because when they drop the puck it's still the good old hockey game. It's when they blow the whistle and make all the players skate to their benches so they can turn down the house lights and deliver pizza to lucky section 113 that it all turns to shit. The Olympics should be killer though and here's to Team Canada, the Russians were never the enemy, it's always been the U.S., in every way. May we righteously kick their ass and take our game back. And by the way, Recchi should be on the team, not Linden. oats@terminalcity.com

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Hanson Brothers
"The Enemy"

DOA
"Beat 'Em Bust 'Em"

JP5
"Ode to Gino"
Royal Grand Prix
"CCM"

Swank
"End 2 End Rush"

P.U.C.K.
"Fuck Gary Bettman"

Ted
"Ted Got the Puck"



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Johnny Hanson Presents
Puck Rock Classics Vol. 2
coming in March
on Sudden Death Records



Moscrop PO Box #43001
Burnaby, BC
Canada V5G 3H0

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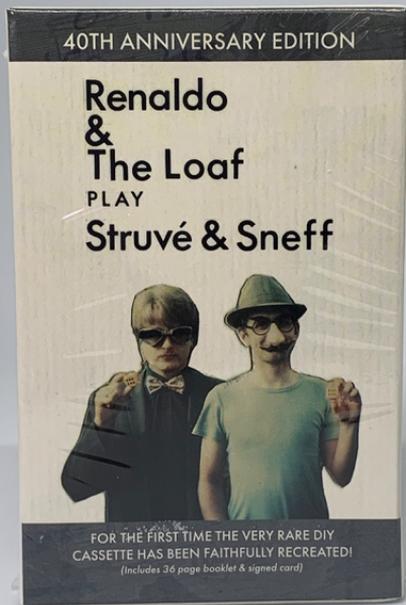
SOUNDBITES

While Newfoundland's unsigned **ENNIS SISTERS** were all the rage at the recent ECMAs, it's Cape Breton's **NATALIE MACMASTER** who's destined to be the major, fiddle-sweetened noise from the Maritimes this year. Her second album for Warner Music Canada, *My Roots Are Showing*, is due in late April. And label reps shouldn't have any trouble securing U.S. support, not after *Entertainment Weekly* slapped an "A" rating on the 25-year-old's new Rounder package, *A Compilation*, which culls 16 tunes off her first two indie releases (also available domestically through Warner). MacMaster is "poised on the brink of international stardom," claimed the Feb. 13 edition of the Time-Warner weekly, and her music is "as pure and bracing as North Atlantic sea spray" ... Long before

CÉLINE DION trod the boards, the Quebecois hailed **OSCAR THIFFAULT** as the province's greatest musical export. A francophone **WOODY GUTHRIE** of sorts who died at age 85 in Trois-Rivieres on Feb. 6, Thiffault used his experiences as a lumber man and miner as the springboard to folk stardom with tunes like the half-million selling *Le rapide blanc* (*White Rapids*) in the 1950s ... With the Essential Noise imprint dormant, **LAURIE MERCER** is licensing the second volume of the Puck Rock series to ex-management client **JOE KEITHLEY** for release on the **D.O.A.** front man's indie imprint, Sudden Death. The track lineup includes an ode to the NHL commissioner titled *F*** Gary Bettman* by the Campbell River, B.C. group **PUCK** (AKA **PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN CANADIAN KIDS**). (J.B.)

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Various

Johnny Hanson Presents Puck Rock Vol. II, 1999

The same idea as *Vol. I* with a number of different artists and a little less inspiration. Several European punk contributors add an international flavour, but the cursory liner notes fail to provide details of band origins. Pansy Division, D.O.A., Riverdales and the Hansons make the 20-band roster. Hip-hop unit P.U.C.K scores big points with "Fuck Gary Bettman."



BOSKODS



JOHNNY HANSON PUCK VOL. 2 ROCK PRESENTS

THE DANKS



PANSY DIVISION



Riverdale's



Took it in the head
I've never been the same

Ted got the puck
I took it in the ear
I pick it up and took it
home
As a souvenir

Ted got the puck
Satan missed the pass
Guess I didn't see it
Comin' over the glass

Ted got the puck
But I showed no fear
Couldn't feel a thing
'Cause I was piss drunk on beer

Team roster: Will E. Beats - permanently demoted to minors

The Bone - beer vendor
Ted - team captain
Kuba - enforcer

Ted c/o Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PO #43001,
Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0

You High Sticked My Heart THE DINKS

© Rusty Bedsprings 1998 (SOCAN)

I'm a killer on the rink
I don't even stop to think
Before laying punks to waste

All the cretins that I mug
They all call me a thug
But never to my face

But when I saw you in the stands
I wished we were holding hands
I'd never felt this way
before

And I knew that I could score
You high-sticked my heart (X2)

When I see you in your seat
Y'know my heart just skips a beat
Like gettin' checked into the boards

And when I see you every night

Johnny Hanson sez:
strengths: hardened by bitter
Manitoban winters, they
can survive anything pro-
viding they keep parking
and concession rights
weaknesses:

owned by
BIOCubster
video
prediction:
will eventually
go broke and
move to
Phoenix



Well I can never lose a fight
I know it's me you're cheerin' for

And when I saw you in the stands
I wished we were holding hands
I'd never felt this way before
And I knew that I could score

You high-sticked my heart (X4)
Team roster, Steve Dink - demoted to Thunder Bay
Turkeys of the Nickel League

Johnny Nasty - demoted to Thunder
Bay Turkeys of the Nickel League
Rusty Bedsprings - demoted to
Thunder Bay Turkeys of the Nickel
League
Melonhead - demoted to Thunder
Bay Turkeys of the Nickel League

The Dinks c/o Sudden Death Records,
Moscrop PO #43001,
Burnaby, BC Canada
V5G 3H0

Penalty Box STEAKNIFE

© Steakknife, copyright
control

You've got to sit down
You've got to sit down

now
You've got to sit down
in the penalty box

Team roster: Stoffel - sweeper
Fabstic - fullback
Lee Hollis - Autobahn mechanic

Steakknife c/o Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PO
#43001, Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0

CCM ROYAL GRAND PRX

© Royal Grand Prix, copyright control 1998
(SOCAN), Royal Grand Prix appear courtesy of
Wrong Records.

Second captain, first pick
Nobody wants Teddy, Larry's good for a hat trick
Even with his bum knee
Denny got some nets for Christinas
We're on the road again

Dad's number one on my hit list
For breaking my CCM, breaking my CCM...

We just won Lord Stanley, lets play the Russians again

Get your sister's dandy
Moe she'll like to see my
CCM? Like to see my CCM?

Twenty-eight to thirty, next
goals the game

Your brother's playing dirty,
I know he likes the Flames
Doug's brother's a jerk but
he brought the puck
No I ain't playing goalie,
I'm a winger you fuck,
I'm a winger you fuck

Team roster: Mac Romoli - sieve in goal
Robbie Romoli - stand-still defense
Rosie Romoli - demoted to the Surrey Car
Thieves of the B&E League
Rocky Romoli - promoted to front office

Royal Grand Prix c/o Wrong Records, PO Box 3243,
Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 3Y4

Fuck Gary Bettman P.U.C.K.

© Goalle Fight Publishing 1998

It's time for a rhyme so sad to report
About the cash-in fashion of our national sport

[chorus X 2]
Fuck Gary Bettman, fuck the rule changes
Fuck Wayne Gretzky and the New York Rangers

Rest in peace, Quebec Nordiques
Bought to be Yankee Colorado geeks
Next Winnipeg was next to go
They may as well be the Jets of Mexico
I've heard of free trade but fuck this sucks
Trade Canadian tradition for Yankee bucks
Hang Gary Bettman, I'll hold the rope
NHL merchandise, I just say nope
Yeah Bettman ya bet I be mad at ya
Keep yer little weasel-ass the fuck outta Canada

[chorus X 2]
Fuck Gary Bettman, fuck the rule changes
Fuck Wayne Gretzky and the New York Rangers
Hockey's left a tacky taste in my mouth

Johnny Hanson sez:
strengths: Rosie Romoli,
aka, The Chairman of the
Boards

weaknesses: always fighting
over who gets to
drive the
Zamboni
prediction: will
suffer career
ending liver
damage



Ever since number 99 broke south
Chasin' a taste of the Yankee dollar
In Yankee rinks where the dinks don't heller
Picket ticket wickets all gone insane
A true blue fan can't afford the game
Full of rich dinks winnin' dinin' clients
With no understanding of the price and the glory
They never had a practice at six in the morning
Fuck what's a flat broke bird I do
Don Cherry must be turning
blue

[chorus X 2]

Fuck Gary Bettman, fuck
the rule changes
Fuck Wayne Gretzky and
the New York Rangers

Fuck the Mighty Ducks
and their little logo
Got me bent a outta shape like Tim Hunter's nose yo
Ya can't take the fight right out of the game
Sweetheart jamtars making hockey lame
Don Cherry I wish were commissioner
Hollywood's wack get it back to Kitchener
Fuck Fox pucks of red and blue
Leave hockey up north where the feelin's true

[chorus X 2]

Fuck Gary Bettman, fuck the rule changes
Fuck Wayne Gretzky and the New York Rangers

Team roster: D.J. Murtie - sent to San Quentin
How Now Lau - sent to Leavenworth
Long John - slickboy sent to Attica

PUCK c/o Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PD
#43001, Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0

Beat 'Em Bust 'Em D.O.A.

(Joe Keithley) © D.O.A., Prisoner Publishing 1995
© Sudden Death Records 1995

There I was at the end of the bench, silvers up my
butt
The coach said, "Joe, here's your chance, chop
them like a clearcut" (Coach Charlton Heston)
so I hopped on the ice and swung my stick like a
scythe in a field of wheat
The first guy who got in my way I knocked in to the
cheap seats

Sin Bin Sin Bin Sin Bin that's where I belong

Beat 'em bust 'em well that's our custom
Then we mug 'em, drop the gloves, pop them in the
beak

Beat 'em bust 'em that's our custom
Slash 'em hook 'em, the cops are coming after the
game

Like Eddie Shore said
If you can't beat them in the alley, you can't beat them
on the ice

You got to smash them in the teeth at least once or
twice
It reminds me of all the clumps that said they'd take
us on
Then I think of the blood on the ice, what a bunch of
morons

Sin Bin Sin Bin Sin Bin that's where I belong

Beat 'em bust 'em well that's our custom
Smash 'em hook 'em we beat them like a rented mule
Beat 'em bust 'em well that's our custom
Then we mug them, it's down to the station after the
game

Headbutting, eyegouging,
impaling, decapitating
A broken arm and a skull
fracture, conquest + defeat
A 5 minute major and a
suspension, a new team +
a hospital sheet

Sin Bin Sin Bin Sin Bin
that's where I belong

Beat 'em bust 'em well
that's our custom

'Spear 'em board 'em, put
'em right through the glass
Beat 'em bust 'em well that's our custom
We like to mug 'em, pitcher's 'em like a bale of hay

Team roster: Joe Shithead Keithley - banned for life
from any organized sport, now residing
in Las Vegas

Ford Pier - impaled on a long stick off a
short pier
John Wright - traded to Hansons for bag
of pucks
Brian Gobie - inducted into Hall of Fame

DOA c/o Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PD
#43001, Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0

HNIT KING HOKUM AND THE MEAT BEES

© King Hokum And The Meat Bees, copyright (c) 1997
(SOCAN)

Oh it's hockey night in Toronto, another night of grief
I never liked Toronto, and I sure won't cheer for the
Leats

Its a crummy town of rotten
snobs, who think
their arse is the sun
You can simply ask their
mother's opine, I'm not
the only one

Toronto's alright if yer
British, Toronto's alright if
you're dead

Toronto's alright to be
crowded by stampers, or if something's with yer head
in Toronto is cool to the Newfies, they think they're in
Montreal

Toronto's just 'you're empty inside, or if you're short
and fat and bald
Dirty stinkin' Toronto, lousy crummy Leats, the rest of
the band aren't in this song

'Cause they're kissing The Domi's feet (hoor)
It's an awful lousy crummy team, I sees them every-
day

Sundin's thoxing my muffer, while Wendel's served on
my tray
Potvin's in my bathroom, he's what I call my crap
I know the Canucks are a bunch of bums, but I'm still
not taking that back
Cherry should move to Edmonton, to live near a team
with guts

The Eastern Canadian tradition is showing itself as brutal
Stinking lousy celebrities, dirty rotten creeps
Norway has valhalla, Canada's got the Leats

Somewhere there is some martians, they're checking
up on us

They wonder what we're a drea about, & who &
where I'm at
And they don't give a f--- about Bruce La Bruce
Or yew's hot about Mump and Smoot
Nor do they promenade in their biker jackets to Piza

222
They just wonder every Saturday night, come hell or
hockey game
That of all the possible combinations, one team

Johnny Hanson sez:
strengths: trash-talking as
an art form
weaknesses: easily
disposed of
prediction: I see
a lucrative
endorsement as
spokesmodels
of Laidlaw



Johnny Hanson sez:
strengths: snotty cookies
with a bad attitude
weaknesses: can't get
enough of that
sugar crisp
prediction: will
eventually get
a bad rap

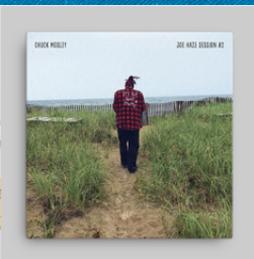


Johnny Hanson sez:
strengths: a willingness to
maim, and if possible, kill
weaknesses: glacially slow
defence, injury prone,
changes line-ups
faster than Mike
Keenan
prediction:
future house
band for the
Ralph
Bennurgh
Show





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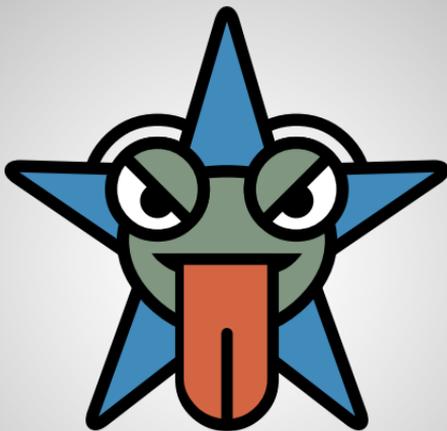
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A stylized globe graphic composed of orange and yellow curved lines, centered behind the main title text.

**THE
BLOC
REPORT**

 **blocSonic**

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DOORS 8:00PM

SHOW STARTS AT 9:30 SHARP

TICKETS \$10 AT THE DOOR ONLY



Left to Right: Dementon, Kenny-K, Pot-C, Long John, Tha R, Cheese · Bottom: Oleg

Yo, P.U.C.K.! Welcome back! This is great stuff. Thank you for allowing blocSonic to help you continue the P.U.C.K. legacy! Welcome to the bloc fam! Now we're waiting for an album.

:)

- Mike Gregoire, blocSonic

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