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## **MASTERS BY RESEARCH**

### **Waiting room**

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# **WAITING ROOM**

Thomas David Hughes

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirement for the  
degree of Master of Music by Research (W3BQ).

Bangor University

October 2019

Yr wyf drwy hyn yn datgan mai canlyniad fy ymchwil fy hun yw'r thesis hwn, ac eithrio lle nodir yn wahanol. Caiff ffynonellau eraill eu cydnabod gan droednodiadau yn rhoi cyfeiriadau eglur. Nid yw sylwedd y gwaith hwn wedi cael ei dderbyn o'r blaen ar gyfer unrhyw radd, ac nid yw'n cael ei gyflwyno ar yr un pryd mewn ymgeisiaeth am unrhyw radd oni bai ei fod, fel y cytunwyd gan y Brifysgol, am gymwysterau deuol cymeradwy.

I hereby declare that this thesis is the results of my own investigations, except where otherwise stated. All other sources are acknowledged by bibliographic references. This work has not previously been accepted in substance for any degree and is not being concurrently submitted in candidature for any degree unless, as agreed by the University, for approved dual awards.

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The biggest "thank you" goes to my family. All of Colonel Dax is dedicated to my Dad – the loss of whom pretty much kicked the whole thing off. But it wouldn't have become such a passion of mine were it not for my Mum so expertly ensuring my sister and I dealt with the trauma in the correct way. In a way that was never overbearing, she taught us to channel the loss into something positive, and not let it ruin us – whether she knew that's what she was doing or not.

And, of course, my sister. I treat every sound and image and word and phrase and video clip under the Colonel Dax umbrella as shards of one person who has been smashed to pieces and is trying to put themselves back together. If she also feels that way, then it's all for her, too – because every encounter with her makes me feel closer to completion.



# Introduction

This is a story about procrastination that I've put off telling for about 7 years...

In 2012, at the age of 20, I moved out of my Mum's house and into my own with my partner. I'd finished school and college a year or so prior, and had dropped out of university not long after enrolling, because I didn't think it was for me. I was working various part-time jobs and didn't commit to any of them because I was too determined to work professionally with music in some way. By this point I'd been writing songs for just over a decade and I felt they were just beginning to get quite good. I'd also overcome my stage-fright and been performing live with bands for about 3 years. I, naively, thought that if I worked hard at the songs and sent out some bedroom demos then the work would find me.

The thing was, whenever I had the free time to work on those ambitions – which was most days – I'd find myself watching TV, or going out for a walk, or reading, or tidying up. Anything to avoid “the work”. I wrote a lot of songs and devised a lot of ideas but never went beyond a feeble bedroom recording of a handful of them, or the occasional jam with friends. I'd never send my work anywhere because I didn't think I had anything tangible enough to represent “what I was about”.

I began to wonder what I was waiting for, and on one rather pessimistic day I admitted to myself that maybe I was “waiting for the day when I could say that it's too late”. The day when a career in music could no longer be an option for me due to financial, political or personal reasons, or simply because I'd become too old. Only then would I have a valid excuse to not be working on my ambitions. I realised there was truth in this and I became angrier and angrier at myself for being so lazy. I was terrified that weeks, months, years of my time were being spent doing nothing, and that one day I would look back with agonising regret at all the precious time I'd wasted. Not just in forging a career in my desired field, but in living my life in general.

I became very anxious about how much time not only myself, but most humans seem to waste in their lives, procrastinating. Waiting to have enough money to pay the bills before you dedicate time to your dreams. Spending months agonising over whether, and how, to profess feelings for a person, until it's too late. Sustaining an unhappy relationship until the right person comes along, just because it is *something*. Waiting for everything to go wrong when things seem alright. Holding your tongue in any situation. Waiting to cut back on an addiction, or to tackle a problem of any kind. "One day I will be this." "One day I will be that. But not today." I felt like I was constantly in a Waiting Room, glued to a seat. Flicking through magazines, gazing at a TV, listening to the clock ticking, passing the time until I was called through the doors to my life by whoever was in charge.

This idea became something of an obsession, and I began to construct song ideas around the various implications of the overall theme, with a view to creating a concept album about the frustration of these human tendencies. Each song would be a glimpse of a different character, and how their presence in the Waiting Room is stifling them. After 7 years of developing musical and lyrical ideas, right up to the present day, the characters' stories have become increasingly dramatic, and have blurred together into a larger, intertwining narrative. It wasn't until the commencement of this Masters project in 2017 that I felt ready to tackle the thematic and sonic ambitiousness of the whole thing; and, in all honesty, I still don't feel ready.

The story, put simply:

Due to your own negative habits, you are placed in a room. A room full of people who, like you, are waiting for their life to start. Waiting for redemption or reward whilst doing nothing to instigate it, short of wondering how to instigate it. Whilst in the room you witness suicide, accidental death, failure, panic, loneliness, resentment and fear, and at the end you are given the chance to reflect on how you might leave, what steps you might take to ensure you never return, and whether or not it is possible to avoid the room forever.

In the room we meet 6 characters, whose stories intertwine with one another in a manner similar to the structure of "Hyperlink Cinema" – a term coined by Alissa Quart to describe

films “that contain a wide variety of characters and stories...who are somehow thrust into one another’s lives, interlocking and complicating storylines for both the players and the audiences. Frequently, these films will also play with time, using non-linear story-telling to create plot-twists and tension. A good portion of these films are interested in the bigger picture at work, the desultory nature of life, how each person and their principles are often compromised due to random and sinuous circumstances, over which they have little or no control.”<sup>1</sup>

Every character in the room is doomed to some sort of catastrophic failure. A plot map, detailing characters, story arcs and track numbers is included as Fig. 1. When reviewing Hyperlink movie *Syriana*, Roger Ebert claimed that the complexity of the film’s plot was such that one should simply allow themselves to be surrounded by it, rather than try to follow it – saying: “Since none of the characters understand the whole picture, why should we?”<sup>2</sup> I don’t flatter myself by claiming that *Waiting Room*’s narrative is as immensely complicated, but this approach seems applicable to how one might choose to absorb the story of this album.

Of course, a big difference between films and music is that, for most people, music doesn’t necessarily have to be understood to be enjoyed. It washes over the listener, bringing about an emotional response and decorating time for its duration. I generally look at films in the same way, with the elements of imagery and dialogue added. But, by and large, people tend to search for a discernible plot in films where they might not need one in music. With this in mind, I have tried to be careful so as not to let the narrative overpower the musical potential of the album – or get in the way.

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<sup>1</sup> Jordan Turner, ‘Top 10 Greatest Films of ‘Hyperlink Cinema’’, *Movie Babble Reviews*, 17 March 2018, <<https://moviebabblereviews.com/2018/03/17/top-10-greatest-films-of-hyperlink-cinema/>>, last accessed 7 October 2019.

<sup>2</sup> Roger Ebert, ‘*Syriana*’, *Roger Ebert*, 8 December 2005, <<https://www.rogerebert.com/reviews/syriana-2005>>, last accessed 7 October 2019.

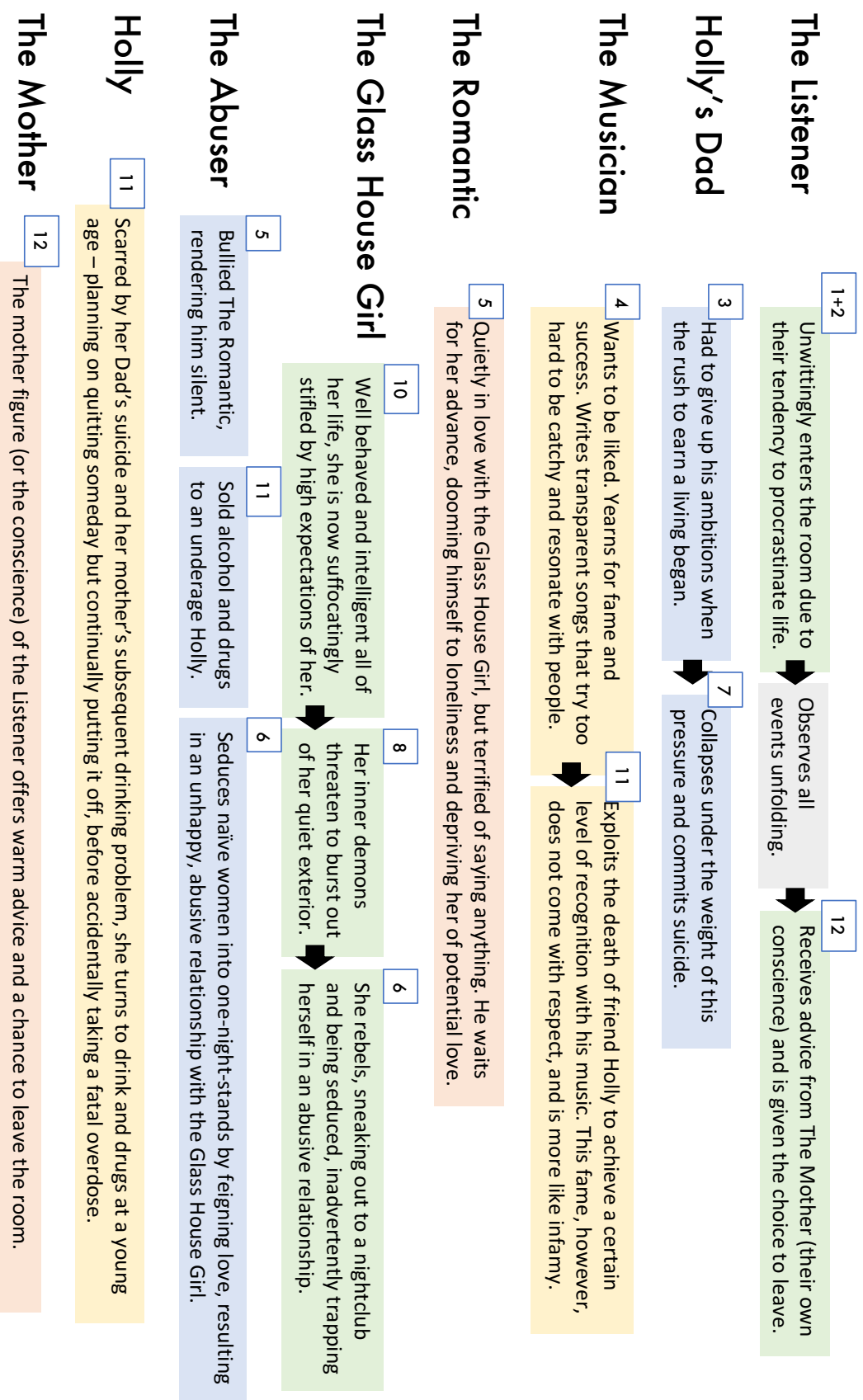


Fig. 1. Plot Map.

Two concept albums that I feel deal with their narrative material in very contrasting ways are Frank Zappa's triple album *Joe's Garage* and Pink Floyd's double album *The Wall*, both released in 1979. The principle narrative difference of the two albums is the presence of a narrator on *Joe's Garage*. Known as the "Central Scrutiniser", he surfaces between every one or two songs, explaining quite frankly and clinically the current state of events within the story. I think *Joe's Garage* is a fantastic album, and if Zappa thought that the Central Scrutiniser was an essential element, then it must be. But, personally, I would have rather listened to the music and put the puzzle together for myself.

In contrast, there is no narrator on *The Wall*. Like *Joe's Garage*, the songs are all sung from the point of view of various characters, but they are linked together with various sound effects and nothing more. As a teenager I recall listening to it from start to finish and not fully understanding it. I was aware that I had been told some kind of story. Musically the whole thing felt like a plot. It has a beginning, and it builds. There is jeopardy. There is a cliff-hanger at the end of the first half. The feeling of insanity brews throughout the 2nd half before reaching a definite finale. It wasn't until I listened to it many more times, saw the film, and read copious amounts of writing on the subject, that I felt I had the plot – or at least my own version of the plot – figured out. And, by that point, I was in love with it. It felt like a great book or film to which I had a strong emotional tie. If, upon the first listen, I had heard Roger Waters saying things between the tracks such as: "at this point in our story, our protagonist scares a hooker by smashing up his hotel room" – I wouldn't have found it as interesting or engaging. Imagine if the 2nd guitar solo in "Comfortably Numb" was interrupted by a narrator explaining that "the protagonist has now been sedated by a doctor and is ready for his gig". There's a great emotional heft to that song that I feel people don't need to understand. Every weekend I play it in a local cover band, and the chorus is always guaranteed to inspire such impassioned and tearful singing from the crowd. In actuality, the song is merely a functional chapter of a story. The power comes from how people choose to perceive it.

For that reason, I have endeavoured to ensure that the story and message of the album are accessible enough to be gleaned by the listener – even if not at first listen – but, also not intrusive to the album itself. When the time comes for a full release of the album, other

resources such as the packaging, booklet and online content can also be used to further the depth, reach and accessibility of the story.

The project will exist as the third album in the oeuvre of Colonel Dax – an alternative rock project of mine. One may wish to listen to some of Dax’s previous output to see in which ways this piece represents a progression in the band’s sound. All music was performed or generated, and produced by myself, with additional performances by those credited in this write-up. Editing and production took place mainly in Logic Pro X – with FL Studio, Reaper, Max/MSP, Sony Vegas and WavePad also being utilised at various points.

Musically, various small motifs unify and link the tracks to each other, but the principal theme between them all is repetition, in keeping with the themes of mundanity and cyclical behaviour. With this being said, these songs are hardly ‘minimalist’. They simply utilise repeating patterns during certain sections, as the score will visibly indicate. After studying and developing a certain taste for Hip-hop music, I have on numerous occasions looped the live recorded sound of certain repetitive sections. In tracks including (but not limited to) “Waiting Room”, “Pick Your Own” and “Werdatukawi”, most of the repeated sections (bars of drumming, guitar grooves, chord sequences etc.) have been literally cut and pasted to give a sense of “absolute” repetition, where the repeated motif is an identical replica of the original. This “broken record” effect can be felt on a subconscious level, if not noticeable upon casual listening.

It became very apparent during the making of this project that perhaps the main theme of the whole album is mental health. Initially the idea for this write-up was to assign certain mental health disorders to each song before describing the way in which they are represented. Over time, with the development of lyrical and musical ideas, as well as reading and conducting interviews, each song has become a veritable melting pot of differing mental health-based ideas, impossible to distil into separate clinical analyses. Frankly, as an artist, I don’t think I would want to do that anyway. I feel the meaning is now for the listener to find, and hopefully relate to. The songs, sounds and lyrics are the results of study, interaction, and personal experience. Facets of human behaviour and mental health discussed and represented include:

Generalised Anxiety Disorder.  
Depression.  
Neuroticism.  
Borderline Personality Disorder.  
Toxic masculinity.  
Death Anxiety.  
Social Anxiety.  
Millennial anachronism.  
Depersonalisation Disorder.  
Anhedonia.  
Chemical dependency.  
Suicidal depression.  
Bipolar disorder.  
Masking.  
Delayed gratification.  
Schizophrenia.

As well as consulting all relevant NHS documentation pertaining to the symptoms and treatment of all of the above conditions (alongside other relevant medical/historical/autobiographical texts), interviews have also taken place with various friends, family members and colleagues about their experiences or views on these subjects, among others. These interviews generally took the form of a guided conversation, where I would describe the overall idea for the project and the feelings of my own that inspired it, before asking subjects if they could relate to these feelings in any way – or not, as the case may be. The lengthiest and most important section of each interview was when participants were given a chance to detail the story of their relationship with mental health issues, if any. It was fascinating to discover how differently people had been affected, yet how many common phrases kept occurring, such as “feeling like a guest in your own body”, “feeling afraid of the fear itself”, “feeling like you’re not there”.

A small number of interviews conducted with people I know more intimately were structured around a series of questions I had drawn up, pertaining to more specific topics covered in the narrative of the album. These questions were optional to answer, and were as follows:

When/how did (insert mental health issue) start?  
How does it feel?  
Has it affected your relationships/work? How?

What are your dreams/ambitions?  
Has anything held you back from achieving them?  
Have you ever been afraid to profess feelings for a person and waited for them to say something first?  
Have you been in an unhappy relationship?  
Did it take a while to confront/solve problems?  
Have you ever considered suicide?  
Do you present a different person to the world than the person you are inside?  
What worries/terrifies/upsets you most about life and the world?  
Do you think you live in the past, or at least struggle to embrace the present?  
Were you good in school?  
What was school like?  
Have you ever felt like a lot is expected of you?  
Describe your relationship with drugs/alcohol.  
Do you know anyone who died due to drugs/alcohol?  
What would you have wanted to hear during your darkest moments?  
What makes you happy?

To further aid the development of the interconnected narratives, another interview was conducted with two childcare experts based in Wrexham, who provided valuable insight into when and how the human brain learns to form and maintain relationships with other people. All of the above conversations have been kept anonymous, and, with participants' permission, recorded.

The following account of the project will be presented track by track, with each chapter consisting of a thematic description of the song and any anecdotal significance, followed by a brief musical analysis. A full score will also be included at the end, but given the reliance on improvisation, jam sessions, production techniques, and the manipulation of recorded sound, the enclosed recording is to be the primary source of consumption. The scores therefore represent only the basic, skeletal musical material.

# 1. thisisnotanexit

*Nobody exists on purpose.  
Nobody belongs anywhere.  
Everyone's gonna die.  
Come watch TV.<sup>3</sup>*

The Listener is in a chair watching television. He or she is flicking through channels, eventually settling on one featuring a wise, calm man explaining the merits of procrastinating, shirking responsibilities, avoiding commitment and expending little effort. He opines that no one is alive on purpose and no one is obligated to do anything whilst alive, and therefore to sleep, eat, watch television and relax are activities that are fine to do all of the time, if one should wish.

*Hi there.  
Do you ever feel like the weight of the world just gets... too much?  
All those responsibilities.  
All those people out there.  
All of the fear, the deadlines, the confusion, the sheer...unrest.  
Well, we're here to tell you that it's all going to be ok.  
Put all of that out of your mind.  
You're only alive once, and you didn't ask for this, did you?  
Why waste time feeling anxious?  
Just put the kettle on, grab a slice of cake and a warm blanket, and listen to my soothing voice.  
Lock the door. Draw the curtains. Snuggle up forever.  
Everything is going to be alright.  
You don't ever have to leave.  
There. Doesn't that just feel wonderful?*

As he speaks, an elevator door opens up in the living room wall. Jolly Muzak pipes gently from it. The listener enters the lift and travels in it, in no discernible direction, and with eyes and ears constantly on the TV – finally arriving in the Waiting Room.

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<sup>3</sup> Tom Kauffman and Justin Roiland, 'Rixty Minutes', *Rick and Morty* (Adult Swim, 2014).

The message of the Television Man isn't exactly invalid. It is true that none of us are alive on purpose, and that sometimes the need to be productive is out of a necessity to adhere to man-made systems of modern "survival".

*"I have to get out of bed and go to work, because if I don't I won't be able to afford the things I need."*

During periods of unemployment, or self-employment, or bouts of depression, it is very easy to find oneself living by the mantra of the Television Man. It is easy to stay on the couch and avoid the world, or easy to occupy oneself trivially whilst ignoring responsibilities. However, a small mite of dread will live and grow in a person's head if they do this, and when problems or responsibilities are finally faced up to, they will have grown exponentially. You make your bed, after all. The danger accompanying poor mental health is that to face up to these responsibilities can sometimes be physically impossible – no matter how much one might want to.

In my case, this state was coupled with a palpable, self-aware feeling of anger. My partner and I were supporting ourselves – just about – with jobs we weren't exactly enamoured of. I was working part-time with the intention of using my free time to attempt to forge some sort of career in the arts or media. After a few months of "just one more episode of this show", "I'll go for a walk and then do some work", "this song would sound great if I had the means to record it properly, but I can't, so I'll go to the pictures and catch that film I've been fancying", the absence of work became apparent, and the self-hatred and anger grew. But, no matter how often I would ask myself what I was waiting for, I would find myself unable to find an answer, and therefore would simply continue to live in a state of suspended animation – perhaps because it was the "easiest" option.

It was almost like I had entered a co-dependent relationship with myself. In a co-dependent, or "enabling" relationship, the "enabler" derives self-worth and self-esteem by taking care of a dysfunctional partner. They allow the behaviour, addiction, under-achievement, immaturity or poor mental health of their partner to continue in order to ensure that they are always needed and will not be rejected or abandoned, and they seek validation from

their partners in order to define their own purpose.<sup>4</sup> The “enabled” party’s problems and dysfunctions inspire care and affection from the enabler, upon which they become dependent. Their enabler accepts them for who they are, and puts no pressure on them to make changes to their lifestyle (in contrast to the rest of society) – thus strengthening the unhealthy bond between the two.<sup>5</sup>

In my case, I felt almost like the part of my brain with the desire to utilise my potential and live a productive, creative life had almost become the “enabler” to the part of my brain that enjoyed relaxation, hedonism and procrastination – providing justification for the behaviour of the latter, and effectively letting it win. They were co-dependent, as the former needed the existence of the latter to ensure stress would never overcome them and make them forget who they are. The latter needed the former in order to not feel totally useless, and to know that the potential of the former could be activated at any moment.

This cycle continued for roughly 3 years, with occasional bouts of hard work yielding no results, followed by disillusionment and subsequent disinterest. Eventually, in 2014, I snapped. Things needed to change. I decided to give university a second chance.

~

Whilst merely an introductory section, “thisisnotanexit” represents the way in which bad, repetitive habits, if not dealt with, can inadvertently open the door for more serious problems in life.

In keeping with my penchant for intertextual references in Colonel Dax, the title of this track is a nod to the Bret Easton Ellis novel (and 2000 film) *American Psycho*. The novel ends with the protagonist perhaps coming to terms with his own mental imprisonment, whilst noticing a sign above a door reading “THIS IS NOT AN EXIT”. An analysis of this moment posted on quora.com contains a quote very apt to the themes of the album this “doorway” opens into.

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<sup>4</sup> R. Skip Johnson, ‘Codependency and Codependent Relationships’, *BPD Family*, 13 May 2018, <<https://www.bpdfamily.com/content/codependency-codependent-relationships>>, last accessed 7 October 2019.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

*Both American Psycho and Less Than Zero are about characters who are trapped in their lifestyles...and at some point they experience a mental break in which they see the absurdity and meaninglessness of their lifestyle, but are hesitant...to change because to truly change involves a great deal of uncertainty and possible discomfort, even pain.*<sup>6</sup>

The lowercase, no-spaces formatting (as well as the wording) of the title links this album to Colonel Dax's previous album: *thisisnotadream*, in one of many self-references that make up Dax's "web" of continuity.

The lift music at the beginning was inspired by the arrangements of many Muzak recordings. I always wanted it to be built upon a bossa nova beat programmed on a Roland CR-78 drum machine, in a style akin to the Buggles' "Astroboy (And The Proles On Parade)" (a song whose harmonic/modal influence is, I've realised, readily apparent in track 6 of this album). Initially I had attempted to create a rather sombre, sinister atmosphere with the Muzak itself, before realising that the friendliest and most happy-go-lucky music I could conceive of would be a far more sinister accompaniment to the rhetoric of the malicious entity ushering the listener into the room.

As the lift music and TV become sonically out of focus, atmospheric synth sounds (the results of various experiments with a Teenage Engineering OP-1 synthesiser) take their place - the sounds of the inside of the Waiting Room. As well as this, flourishes of Billy Evans' guitar (a signature sound of the band) become audible. In the same way a sultry saxophone ominously announces the presence of a supernatural realm in David Lynch's TV show *Twin Peaks*, I wanted Billy's guitar to reacquaint and lure the listener back into the world of Dax.

Credits: Billy Evans: Guitar.

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<sup>6</sup> Andrew Rosbury, 'What did Patrick Bateman mean when he says, "This is not an exit," at the end of American Psycho? What are your interpretations?', *Quora*, 5 January 2019, <<https://www.quora.com/What-did-Patrick-Bateman-mean-when-he-says-This-is-not-an-exit-at-the-end-of-American-Psycho-What-are-your-interpretations>>, last accessed 7 October 2019.

## 2. Waiting Room

*Try to imagine a life without timekeeping. You probably can't. You know the month, the year, the day of the week. There is a clock on your wall or the dashboard of your car. You have a schedule, a calendar, a time for dinner or a movie. Yet all around you, timekeeping is ignored. Birds are not late. A dog does not check its watch. Deer do not fret over passing birthdays. Man alone measures time. Man alone chimes the hour. And, because of this, man alone suffers a paralyzing fear that no other creature endures. A fear of time running out.<sup>7</sup>*

The lift door shuts, leaving the listener to confront the inhabitants of the Waiting Room.

The story behind this song has essentially already been explained in the introductory section of this write-up. It was the time in my life where I really should have been laying the foundations for the future that I wanted, but I wasn't using my free time for anything productive – and what was worse was that I was fully aware of it. Sometimes I would look in the mirror and yell “you're not doing anything! Why aren't you doing anything?” – yet I would still rarely follow my own advice. I felt schizophrenic – like one half of me was trapped in a soundproof glass box, watching the other half slumped in a chair watching TV, desperately pounding at the glass to try and get some attention, to no avail.

I wrote the song “Waiting Room” during that time. During a time where, even when I was being productive, it still didn't feel like enough. A time where I was consumed by the panic of not being able to squeeze the worth out of every living second of my life. The panic felt at the knowledge that I'd physically never be able to see the entire world in the time that I've got. Death Anxiety: a branch of Anxiety concerning the awareness of one's mortality – which has been dealt with by humankind for 150,000 years using denial, excess, greed and

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<sup>7</sup> Mitch Albom, *The Timekeeper* (New York: Hyperion, 2012), p. 8.

violence.<sup>8</sup> Freud believed that a fear of death couldn't exist, because one has not yet died.<sup>9</sup> He claimed that humans do not have the capacity to believe in their own death, and what they are actually feeling are the results of unresolved childhood conflicts.<sup>10</sup> I believe a fundamental difference between optimism and pessimism is that an optimist would treat this existential quandary with an "I've still got to try" attitude, where a pessimist would favour a stance closer to "if I can't then what's the point at all?" I was the latter. I would like to think I am nearer the former now. Am I an optimist? I hope so.

~

The song is deliberately relatively minimalist in its structure, consisting almost solely of a repeating 12-bar sequence in A minor. The sequence essentially follows the 12-bar-blues format, with chords I, IV and V replaced with i, VI and iv. Aside from the subtraction of 2 bars at the end of each verse, and the addition of chords C major and G major to conclude the first guitar solo, the song never strays from this pattern – conveying the ennui and repetition of the world in which the characters have become trapped.

Variety in the song is therefore derived from the production. Looped material is added and subtracted from the overall groove to give a sense of sustained tension, building but never arriving anywhere. This, as well as the emotional tension set up by the lyrics, is released in the form of two dramatic guitar solos by Billy Evans. Where the vocals never stray beyond the confines of one octave, the guitar can be seen to serve as the inner screams of the protagonist, yearning to cry out and explore.

During the climactic guitar solo, every previous looped element returns and plays simultaneously. The chaotic drum solo at the end was the result of inadvertently layering two drum tracks on top of each other, out of sync. I felt the effect was in keeping with the intended "industrial" segue from this track into the next, and it was therefore kept.

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<sup>8</sup> Roshdieh, Simin, *War, Death Anxiety, Death Depression, and Religion (Ph.D. thesis)* (Fresno: California School of Professional Psychology, 1996), pp. 13–14.

<sup>9</sup> Langs, R., 'Death anxiety and the emotion-processing mind', in Christopher Christian (ed.), *Psychoanalytic Psychology, vol. 21, no.1*, (2004), pp. 31-53. Langs, R. *Fundamentals of Adaptive Psychotherapy and Counseling* (London: Palgrave-Macmillan, 2004).

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

Credits: Billy Evans: Guitar.  
Alex Hunt: Guitar.  
Anna Silver: Bass/backing vocals.

### Lyrics

*Well, I'm sat here in the Waiting Room.  
I'm just waiting for the day when I can say that it's too late.  
It could be today.  
And this wait is like a wedding ring - it has no end, and no beginning.*

*"You're gonna make it someday", says a weary voice in the back of my mind.  
It's unconvincing, but at least it's kind.  
But the smiles these people wear look like old clothes that just don't fit them anymore.*

*Don't tell me that it's gonna be alright.  
'Cos words alone ain't gonna help me sleep at night.*

*What if one day I meet my maker, and he says:  
"Son, you spent your life like a kid spends a 2p coin in a slot machine"?  
Well, I guess I'd have to come clean, and I'd say:  
"I spent my life trying to learn to ignore the fear that I'm wasting my turn."*

*"You're gonna make it someday, but I don't see you doing nothing about it.  
You stay in bed past midday and devote your time to the box in the corner.  
And every waking moment is a chisel that is chipping me away."*

*Don't tell me that it'll be alright.  
'Cos I know if I don't do something soon I'll spend my whole life in the Waiting Room.*

*No, it's too late.*

### 3. Release The Hounds

*What horrifies me most is the idea of being useless: well-educated, brilliantly promising, and fading out into an indifferent middle age.<sup>11</sup>*

The first character we meet is Holly's Dad. A man who displayed great promise in his school years, and great creative aspiration, but was forced to take the first job that he could find when the bills started to come in. He lives a life of panic at his money problems, and resentment of his unfulfilled ambitions. It seems that many brilliant people with great potential are forced to take alternative paths to keep the wolf from the door for their whole lives, and this is something that always terrifies and depresses me. Not only does this deprive people of their destinies (and the world of their potential endeavours), it also results in stress and self-hatred, leading to conditions such as Depression, Anxiety or Borderline Personality Disorder.

The story of this song's protagonist is told as a first-person stream of consciousness, with interruptions from a malicious entity representing the cause of the main character's dismay. It begins at the point where his time is just starting to be consumed by the pursuit of the hounds, continuing beyond the birth of his daughter, Holly, and the subsequent financial strain that causes. In the end, both the malicious entity and the protagonist ask why he hasn't accomplished what he wanted to with his life.

~

The song begins with a crashing sound (made by punching a piece of sheet metal) giving way to a fast synth-bass groove in C minor. The bass sound is a combination of a MicroKorg synthesiser, a MIDI synth bass patch, and a guitar run through a double octave pedal. This groove maintains a pedalled C root note as higher synth string chords change above it. The time signature in the bridges changes to 6/4, and a G7 arpeggio played on a panned autoharp brings about each subsequent section.

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<sup>11</sup> Sylvia Plath, *The Unabridged Journals of Sylvia Plath* (New York: Anchor Books, 2000)

The voice of the antagonist was created via a combination of vocoders and treated whispered vocals. The vocals in the middle section were backmasked.

The coda, initially conceived as an orchestral section, was the result of an orchestral MIDI mock-up that I found I was satisfied with. The synths, guitars and cymbals from the climax of the song fade out and slow down in the background, while a faux orchestra playing a version of the middle 8 sequence swells to an unresolved cadence. Among this can also be heard a pack of dogs barking.

Credits:        Billy Evans: Guitar/backing vocals.  
                     Alex Hunt: Backing vocals.  
                     Anna Silver: Backing vocals.

### Lyrics

*I quite like painting.  
I reckon I could be a painter or artist of some kind.  
(I wouldn't count on it.)  
And I love reading.  
I'm gonna learn a lot and make the most of my little mind.*

*Just as soon as I've earned enough to pay for  
the amenities I go out my way for.  
(You've gotta pay the bill.)*

*Just as soon as I've finished what they told me.  
Hopefully before I become the old me.  
(You've gotta pay the bill.)  
Next month I swear.*

*Ok-  
Just give me-  
I need-  
Just listen-  
I need some-  
A little-  
Just one-  
Free moment-  
Help me out here.*

*How do you  
expect me to  
live my life if you don't  
give me any time?*

*(Don't make a habit of it.)*

*Holly!  
You were a dream of mine and god knows I live to serve you.  
"You've gotta pay the bill."  
But until you arrived I never knew this drowning feeling could get any drownier.*

*The hounds are on the front step  
The water's filling my chest  
Nothing seemed to start it  
Nothing seems to bring it on  
But I still love you.*

*Wait!  
Just one more thing before you leave, and  
wait!  
One tiny thing before you go and  
wait!  
I can't remember ever looking like this, where'd I go?  
No no no.*

*We're coming after you.*

*You're smart enough to lead the world.  
You're wise enough to know the world.  
You're fierce enough to take on the world.  
So, why haven't you?*

## 4. Pick Your Own

*If your work isn't what you love, then something isn't right.*<sup>12</sup>

We meet a musician who is trying desperately and somewhat heavy-handedly to write a catchy song that other people will enjoy and identify with. This person moans about their problems, waiting for external sympathy or help, whilst also waiting for their big break. As evident with tape sounds and instrumental glitches, this song simulates a fraught, imperfect bedroom recording.

~

In October 2012 I collaborated with some media and drama students at Ysgol Rhiwabon to produce an anti-drink-driving campaign for entry into a competition. My idea was that we record a song in order to get our message stuck in people's heads. I had a rather funky backing track from a parody rap album a friend and I were working on at the time, and the students and I rewrote the lyrics to fit the brief. The song was called "Last Night" and we recorded all of the vocals that day.

The next morning, during the blurry gap between sleep and waking, I was happily looking forward to getting out of bed and going into the spare room (where my laptop was all set up) to work on yesterday's song, when a loud knock at the door jolted my partner and me awake. I was always terrified by knocks at the door and as I sat upright with my heart pounding through my t-shirt, my partner ran downstairs and opened the front door. I could hear a voice asking "is this the address of Thomas David Hughes?" Before I'd even managed to frenziedly pull my jeans on my partner shouted up the stairs: "Tom, it's the police. Someone's broken into your car."

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<sup>12</sup> Talking Heads, 'Found a Job'. *More Songs About Buildings and Food*. 1978. Internet stream. Spotify. <<https://open.spotify.com/track/5JgB38WStxku1uvo30tFsn>>, last accessed 7 October 2019.

By the time I had slipped some shoes on, my partner and the police officer were already halfway up the road. At that time, due to parking restrictions I would park my car on a private lane roughly 100 yards from my house, between a railway track and a graveyard. As I ran up the hill I saw my partner walking back down towards me, visibly upset. I turned the corner to find the back window of my Renault Clio smashed in. A big, black brick lay on the backseat surrounded by so many tiny shards of glass that some still remained when I sold the car 4 years later.

The previous evening, I had practised for the first time with a cover band (with whom I still perform to this day), and when the police officer asked if there were any valuables missing from the car, I recalled with horror that, lazily, I had left my keyboards and an amp – that didn't belong to me – in the car overnight. Rifling through the boot, however, everything seemed to be accounted for. Relieved, I began to think that this was merely an act of senseless vandalism, until my partner – as if she had been waiting for me to realise – chimed: “your laptop”.

I disagreed, stating that my laptop was in the spare room, as I was just about to go to work at it. My partner maintained that I was wrong, and that I had slipped the laptop bag behind the driver's seat earlier the previous day, but hadn't brought it back into the house later on. With cold dread I realised that she was right, and it was no longer in the car. Neither was it in the spare room.

Every bit of work that I had done since the age of 13 was on that laptop. Every song, piece of music, poem, script, video. Every Word document containing ideas, plans, lists, lyrics, diary entries. Every picture I had of my late father. (I have since managed to acquire a pitiful 5 or so pictures of him as a younger man). All of these files I had backed up onto an external hard drive for fear of something like this happening. But, because I had been working at the school and not at home the previous day, the hard drive was also in the bag. As were my microphones, headphones and desktop speakers.

I had no idea what to do. My life's work; the foundations I had been laying for a potential career, were all gone. Stolen, just to earn a bit of cash for the hardware – so it wasn't even

as if it was nobody's fault. It was someone's fault. The police took the brick for analysis, and made enquiries. I had an article put out in the local paper seeking information, and the response on Facebook was relatively widespread, but to this day no information has surfaced.

After some panicked, tearful phone calls with friends and family, I called my home insurance provider, wondering if I could make a claim for "items temporarily out of the home", for which I was covered. They claimed that, had it been on my driveway (I don't have a driveway), they could help, but this would be a matter for my car insurance provider to deal with. I didn't understand, but the state I was in, coupled with the telephone anxiety I had at the time, meant I was all too ready to hang up and catch my breath. My car insurance company said that they could replace the window but could do nothing about the stolen items. They did, however, increase my annual premium due to the evidently high-risk area I was now parking at. I hung up the phone, curled up into a ball on the floor, and wept. At that time, I had been working in the office of a sewing machine repair shop, and my job required me to take and edit photos and videos of machine parts (on my laptop) for the company website. Not only could I not afford a higher insurance premium in the first place (I was already overdrawn), but neither now could I do my job.

That day remains one of the worst days of my life. I believe I was suicidal. A huge, gaping void had opened up beneath me. The theme of losing important things without a trace and without a chance to say goodbye had now become a familiar occurrence in my life – and to someone like me, nostalgic and over-sentimental to a fault, this does not at all sit right. It still doesn't. But on top of all this, I was furious with myself to the point of near-amusement, that this situation could render me so hopeless. With all of the horrendous goings-on in the world – domestic violence, child abuse, terrorism, war, poverty, starvation, disease, corruption – I'm huddled up in a foetal position on the floor, feeling like someone has ripped my eyes out of my head, because someone *stole my laptop*. It felt pathetic, even if it wasn't. Even if what I was feeling was completely warranted in the circumstances, I still couldn't even give myself the permission to break down. I am a person who, every night, looks at the bedroom ceiling and feels the quilt I'm under, and thinks about how immensely lucky I am to be warm and dry, and to have the things I have. To lose a laptop and all the

files should never have affected me as much as it did. But it did, and it still does, and to some degree I really do hate myself for that.

*I feel bad for getting sad, when I look at all I have.*

That Christmas, to my utter shock and delight, my Mum got me a new laptop. The first song I recorded on it was a soft, stripped back version of Talking Heads' "This Must Be the Place (Naive Melody)". The recording is still on my SoundCloud page. It is scruffy and glitchy due to being recorded solely on an old, broken condenser microphone (my only resource at the time), and it is solemn, shy and weary in a way that puts me in mind of a wounded animal.

The second song I recorded (after buying a new microphone) was the demo of *Pick Your Own*. After all of my previous musical progress had halted and disappeared, I realised that I would have to hit the ground running. I wanted to write a catchy, jolly song that was musically pleasing to a pop audience, but suitably smart for the more "proggy" listener – and, lyrically, I wanted it to resonate with people.

As a musical joke (that probably only I find funny), I began with the infamous "four chords": I V vi IV. As a child I had noticed this sequence showed up in multiple songs, and quite quickly took a dislike to it. It seemed unimaginative and the more often I heard it, the less compelling I found it to pay attention to the song it was a part of. This is still somewhat the case. To my delight, the comedy group "Axis of Awesome" drew attention to this pattern in a viral YouTube video in 2009, in which they acrobatically perform a quick-fire medley around the four chords.<sup>13</sup> In "Pick Your Own", the first three chords play (A9, E, F#m7) – setting the musically-inclined listener up for disappointment and boredom at that inevitable fourth chord – before shifting down a semitone to FMaj7. Hilarious, I know.

As soon as I finished the demo I felt amusedly ashamed of myself. This song was so transparently an effort to win over as many people as possible; people in search of

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<sup>13</sup> *Axis of Awesome - 4 Four Chord Song (with song titles)*. YouTube video. Posted by random804, 10 December 2009. <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5pidokakU4I>>, last accessed 7 October 2019.

something bouncy and catchy, musos in search of something harmonically amusing - with a lyrical list of “please-relate-to-me”s akin to “throwing a load of shit at the wall and seeing what sticks”. I didn’t think I could stand by it. On paper it contained everything that I had conceived Colonel Dax for, but to wear it all on its sleeve so blatantly and unpoetically seemed too laboured and flavourless to warrant any value. To me it felt like a reflection of yet another part of my own personality that I disliked; the desire to be liked and respected, and the tendency to try too hard to achieve it.

It was then that I realised that this side of me would have had a good home as a character on the *Waiting Room* album. Remember, one of the projects I had been working on before my laptop was stolen? Whilst driving a few days later I remembered that I had proudly burned the first 2 recorded demos (“Waiting Room” and “Alcoholly”) onto a CD, to listen to in the car.

The album was back on.

~

Easily the happiest sounding song on the album, “Pick Your Own” also has one of the simplest arrangements. Aside from the coda, it is quite clear that this song was written on an acoustic guitar in a singer/songwriter style, embellished with a bassline, drums and keyboard. The backing track for the verse after the guitar solo was created in a similar vein to the middle 8 of the previous track, by bouncing the master down before cutting it up and rearranging it.

The coda is an attempt to merge all of the previous catchy hooks and have them all loop simultaneously, in a manner quite bouncy, but also rather over-the-top – highlighting the heavy-handedness of the songwriter I’m cowardly pretending isn’t me.

At the very end, the song simulates the effect of a CD jumping – preventing the singer from “saying all he needed to say”.

Credits: Billy Evans: Guitar/backing vocals.  
Alex Hunt: Guitar/backing vocals.  
Anna Silver: Backing vocals.

### Lyrics

*Oh, I'd like to be like Morrissey back when he was a Smith,  
and write a song that everyone can identify with.  
But I could never manage with one topic alone,  
so I thought I'd make a list of everything that's got me pissed,  
and then you can pick your own.*

*Well, right at the top there's money.  
I'm getting skinter every day.  
I've got nothing coming in,  
it's all going out on the bills I have to pay.  
And I'm willing to put in a hard day's graft,  
if it'll get rid of my overdraft.  
But I've been searching here and there,  
and there's no jobs going fucking anywhere.*

*It's strange, I know, when you've got nowhere to go.  
You cannot see the reason for it all.  
I can't have reached my terminal velocity,  
I felt like I had so much else in store. Oh well.  
Oh well.*

*And I'd like to be a professional musician,  
but it would take a fucking magician  
to make me good looking and to make me thin,  
'cos that's all anybody's interested in.*

*And I hate the sound of my voice when I sing.  
And I hate how love is so confusing.  
And I feel bad for getting sad,  
when I look at all I have.*

*And it's hard to earn a living doing what you want to do,  
even if you know it's what you're built for.  
And it's hard to justify the need to stop and take it in.  
Just run with the crowd.  
Run with the crowd.*

*And I know we live in a beautiful world,  
but somebody took my eyes.  
Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes?  
And I know we live in a beautiful world,  
but it's wearing a disguise.  
Who took my eyes?*

*Pick your own. Pick, pick your own.  
Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes?  
Pick your own. Pick, pick your own.  
Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes?*

*It's hard to earn a living doing what you want to do,  
even if you know it's what you're built for.  
And it's hard to justify the need to stop and take it in.  
Just run with the crowd.  
Run with the crowd.*

*And I've wasted so much time.  
I've wasted so much time.*

*And I think that's the biggest joke of them all -  
the burden that we keep.  
The constant fear we're wasting our time living half asleep.  
If we spent less time worrying we'd have more time to waste,  
Because life is short and you might be gone before you've said all you nee-*

## 5. Autofocus

*My version of flirting is looking at someone I find attractive multiple times and hoping they're more brave than I am.<sup>14</sup>*

Over the years, it would be fair to say that I have had a lot of crushes. I don't think that is uncommon. And the way I would generally deal with these crushes, at least back in school, was to spend a lot of time thinking about the person in question, but never mentioning any of my feelings out loud in conversation. I don't think that is too uncommon either. For some reason, I was always absolutely petrified that someone would find me out, or say the dreaded fact out loud, and so I would keep my feelings hidden and wait. Wait for what, I was never quite sure. Wait to be noticed? Wait for them to bring the topic up first? "Wait for the day when I could say that it's too late"? And, during these times, the crushes would often turn into genuine love, and then a kind of obsession, parasitically commandeering my mind. The longer I did nothing, the longer I would hate myself and be confused by my actions, or lack thereof. This, I also imagine, is not too uncommon.

I've always thought that this behaviour is ridiculous. If this is the case for most people (and, selfishly, I hope it is, if only so I know I'm not alone), then it means that people are letting procrastination or fear destroy them. They are building entire lives in their heads that have no chance of being lived. They are loving people without their knowledge, behind their back. Loving with no recipient. Stalking.

With age I've found that this problem certainly eases. Since the age of about 20 I've found it easier to talk to people about feelings and I have a decreased fear of the risk of putting myself on the line, so to speak. But, because of the sheer terror I secretly felt during my teen years (and even the years before that) of discussing such matters, those old anxious

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<sup>14</sup> @CollegeStudent, *Twitter*, 20 January 2014, <<https://twitter.com/coliegestudent/status/425396367012667392?lang=en>>, last accessed 8 October 2019.

feelings do still softly surface hand in hand with those of affection. This, I'm sure, is unhealthy. It makes love a thing to fear. A thing to avoid. Since realising this, I try fervently to embrace love, in a world filled with such negativity - but a new fear has emerged. The fear that the object of one's affection has also learned to fear love, and will reject you on that basis.

I know several men who at one time vowed never to enter romantic relationships, often after the breakdown of a previous affair. This may be an emotional state brought on – or at least exacerbated – by the presence of Toxic Masculinity in society: the behaviour norms prescribed to most males from childhood including strength and emotional stoicism. Being told to “man up” and not to cry. This results in many men being unable to effectively communicate their own emotions, often allowing them to show up only as rage. I believe that there are at least 2 strongly contrasting ways in which this can negatively affect men – particularly in their attitudes towards relationships. The result of the first way would be evident in men who are strongly sensitive and gentle, but afraid of revealing this side of them out of fear of being ridiculed by a society whose supposed expectation of men is the “macho” stereotype. These men, like the protagonist in this song, may end up shy and silenced, unable to communicate their own emotions out of fear. In the subsequent song, the foil to this character type is revealed – representing the second large way in which I feel men are negatively affected by Toxic Masculinity. This man takes the stereotype and adheres to it. Perhaps confused by (or simply unaware of) his own emotions, he communicates with bravado and anger. He bottles his feelings up and ignores them, resulting in emotional pressure that he doesn't understand. He is a victim and he may not even know it. Robert Webb's memoir: *How Not to Be a Boy*<sup>15</sup> contains fantastic insights into the topic of Toxic Masculinity and the detriment it can cause to all people of all genders in society. The entire book is cite-worthy as the whole thing compellingly deals with the topic, through the lens of a man's childhood and maturity.

The effects a relationship can have on one's mental health are numerous and complex - far too much so to dwell on here. But if we look at the most negative and positive extremes of

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<sup>15</sup> Robert Webb, *How Not to Be a Boy* (Edinburgh: Canongate Books, 2017).

the spectrum, it may be easy to see the exhaustive toll that it may take on one's mind. You are living and doing and thinking and feeling for two now, rather than one. Another person's problems and anxieties effectively become your own. Harmony cannot be constant. We have been almost hard-wired, as mentioned, to have difficulty embracing and communicating feelings, and this can result in confusion and friction.

The men I've known who have vowed against relationships are dwelling on this end of the spectrum and not the other. The end that releases serotonin, dopamine and oxytocin into the brain at the knowledge of having someone to rely on and who can rely on you. Someone who is interested in you and wants only you, and about whom you feel the same way. A companion, someone to share physical contact with. Someone to live for. I'm not saying it's the be-all-and-end-all, or the correct way to live life, but of the men I know (lifelong friends and interviewees) who entered relationships after years of vowing not to, it's been the difference between being literally suicidal, and being purely, deeply happy.

~

The song is a slow, 6/8 piece in D minor. It initially began with no intro, the vocals just immediately entering with strummed chords on acoustic guitar – à la the 2nd verse, albeit without drums. This was changed to the current intro in order to slow things down, and introduce a new tone to the album. It eases our shift from the previous character's stories, which flowed into one another rather abruptly, into the world of this character.

The sound at the beginning was created by looping a 1-bar guitar melody, and sending it through various filters to create an odd, distinct, vocoder-like timbre. A reverb plug-in was added, and the dry sound gradually decreases in contrary motion to the increase of the wet reverb. Once each reaches their extreme, the vocals enter.

The song generally follows the conventional pop song structure. With the exception of the TV break in the middle, the song is constantly increasing in dynamic and texture until the final "you leave" – signifying the way in which time only increases the size of the character's problem, and the anxiety and sadness he feels towards it.

The lyric: “heaven knows I’m seventeen now” is a reference to the Smiths’ “Heaven Knows I’m Miserable Now”, a song by a band famous for appealing to adolescent angst.

I wanted the guitar solo to feel like it was “cracking under its own weight”. Each phrase was pieced together from a session of experiments with various amp plug-ins and a guitar with a very sensitive Floyd Rose vibrato arm – played extremely theatrically by a drunken guitarist, directed by an even drunker me. The session yielded hours of fascinating sounds. However, only the more sonically palatable of them made sense when fit over this song. The other sounds shall be used elsewhere.

This song contains 3 samples from “The Changing Man”; a song from Colonel Dax’s 1<sup>st</sup> album. A bell sound during the first verse, various ticking clocks after the very last chord of the song, and in the middle breakdown, if you really listen carefully, you can hear the ghostly voice of Anna Silver singing the song’s hook: “why don’t spiders use their webs to tell us where they need to go?”

Credits:        Billy Evans: Guitar/backing vocals.  
                     Alex Hunt: Backing vocals.  
                     Anna Silver: Backing vocals.

## Lyrics

*"He sits alone in his room, tracing a smile.  
He'll talk if no one can hear, but not for a while.  
And he thinks if he gives it some time, the world will behave,  
but watching the clock, he's there for each tick that feeds his mistake."*

*And I forget my own name.  
Forget how to speak.  
Forget how to breathe.  
And I talk to you in my head,  
and all the words I've not said disappear when you leave.*

*When she walks through the crowd - invisible.  
...autofocus.  
My brain's a parade.  
There's a wasp nest in my chest,  
and I'm trying.*

*But I forget my own name.  
Forget how to speak.  
Forget how to breathe.  
And you talk to me in my head,  
and all the words you've not said disappear when you leave.*

*It's hard when your light is upon us.  
I can feel the leaves passing by.  
But I'm not supposed to be me yet.  
No, not yet.  
Heaven knows I'm seventeen now.*

*And I forget my own name.  
Forget how to speak.  
Forget how to breathe.  
And I build a world in my head,  
and watch the life we've not led cross the Styx when you leave.  
You leave. You leave.  
You leave.*

*Waiting...*

## 6. Werdaturukawi

This song is chronologically the final part of the Glass House Girl's story, despite it being her first actual appearance on the album. After a life of repression and high expectations, she rebels against her authority figures and sneaks out to a nightclub. The song is mainly sung from the point of view of a promiscuous, predatory figure (a character foil to the protagonist of the previous track), who plans on getting the girl drunk, and wooing her with an inauthentic simulation of love in order to sleep with her. The breathing throughout the song foreshadows the character's success in this endeavour. However, the dissonant synth ending interrupted by a sharp intake of breath (followed by the first real silence on the whole album) suggests that, to put it lightly, the desire for sex is not reciprocated. This doesn't stop him. The two enter a love affair together, with neither of them contributing to it in a healthy way. He has no emotional investment and only cares about the physical aspect of their relationship; and she, after beginning the affair as merely an act of adolescent rebellion, has become trapped; too afraid to leave and dependent on the existence of their relationship in a manner resembling Stockholm Syndrome – a condition in which hostages develop romantic feelings toward their captors.

The metallic bashing sounds in the middle section of the song (created by punching a piece of sheet metal and pitching the sounds to match the bass notes), suggest that the impending relationship between the two is also abusive. Or, perhaps, on a larger scale, the sounds could represent the mental abuse that many toxic relationships inflict on both partners.

The unusual title of the song was taken from a little rowing boat at a cabin on Rudyard Lake in Staffordshire - one of my favourite places in the world. I had stayed at the cabin with family several years earlier and on Valentine's Day 2012 I surprised my partner by booking the cabin for us on the last weekend of May. 2 weeks after that Valentine's Day I bought a house and we moved in together, and at some point between then and the weekend away, my first doubts about our relationship, for reasons I can't quite deduce, began to surface.

By May I was also struggling for work and was on the dole. In my house I felt the fear and vulnerability of a child who has been dropped in the ocean of the adult world and told to swim. Someone who has had the hounds set on them and can't stop fleeing long enough to hold a thought (see Track 3). I was terrified by any knock at the door in case it was someone there to tell me that I'd made some grave error and that I owed them thousands of pounds, or that I was under arrest. Alongside all of this was the self-hatred that came with the awareness of how pathetic it was to be feeling this way as old as 20. This was the era when I began to conceptualise this album.

I treated the weekend at the cabin as a retreat. I didn't have to think of the troubles at home. I'd just relax, take along a guitar to write some songs with, and try to pull myself together to alleviate my relationship doubts. It was a beautiful hot and sunny weekend and the cabin and lake were fantastic as always. If I remember correctly I came from there with ideas for 5 or 6 songs, 3 of which were as good as complete. One song was a "wish you were here" style postcard to my dad, entitled "Mate". One was a silly hoedown about my reluctance to go on the dole (entitled "Friends with Benefits", which, for some reason, remains a live favourite at Colonel Dax gigs). And the third was "Werdatukawi".

I was aware that the doubts weren't going away, and the more attention I paid to alleviating them, the more they seemed to thrive. This was my first relationship and until now it had been pure, unmistakable, certain love. I'd never felt anything more powerful and never been more sure about anything. So, the fact that I was beginning to doubt it was incredibly troubling. I wanted to believe that this kind of love is what keeps everyone afloat. That everyone feels the same fear and loneliness in the adult world that I was feeling, but this love is what makes it worth bearing. For that to now be compromised in my own head was terrifying.

I tried to convince myself it was my fault and it was all in my imagination (which is probably true, I suppose), and that I'm not as good a person as I thought I was. I felt fickle and selfish. So, like a weird kind of hippie, I took my guitar and pen and paper, climbed into a rowing boat with the word "Werdatukawi" painted on the side, and rowed out into the lake. I wrote the music and lyrics of the first and last 2 minutes of the song (the middle section I

wrote 7 years later), from the guise of the man at the nightclub, exaggerating the way in which I felt I would be using my partner if my doubts got any worse and I didn't say anything about them. I felt like I was becoming this man.

"Don't be surprised if I don't love you in the morning", I thought, summed up the way many people seem to treat relationships in modern times. Until this point I had believed in love that didn't fade or wane. Love that came with certainty. Most films and TV shows teach us of it – and I was something of an "expert" in those fields at this point. Although I still loved my partner very much, this was the first time that I could envision a day where the affection had faded or gone completely, and I felt – pessimistically – that if it would fade for us, it would fade with anyone I loved, or indeed anyone that anyone loved. The lyric could almost be a slogan; a disclaimer for any people entering a relationship in the current era of throwaway flings and uncertain desires.

I have no idea what "Werdatukawi" means. I've since wondered if some paint had flaked off the boat and it was actually supposed to read "Werdafukawi", which could refer to a joke I've heard about a tribe with that name, whose punchline is: "where the fuck are we?" ...an appropriate sentiment.

2 weeks after the trip, on our 1-year anniversary, we got engaged. I still held hope that our love had the power to silence all doubt. Ultimately, it didn't. Regrettably I haven't been back to the cabin since. Neither, since, have I ever really trusted love.

The "Chicago" lyric refers to an old nightclub in Wrexham called "Chicago Rock Café". As far as I'm aware, the club closed down before I was old enough to get in, but in the daytime it operated as a restaurant, which I remember visiting frequently as a child - perhaps even once a week - with my Dad and my sister, Meg. It was after my parents' divorce and I think it was during a time when we only saw our Dad every other weekend, and so, to make up for this he was allowed to pick us up from school every, let's say, Thursday, and take us out for tea.

As is somewhat apparent I can't remember the big picture elements of this part of my childhood, but certain tiny details stand out vividly. I can remember the meal I had (and never strayed from) every time we went there (a bacon cheeseburger with fries). I can remember the young waiter's face, and that he used to call me "big man" (an undoubtable side effect of the weekly bacon cheeseburgers with fries). I can remember the staff letting us select a DVD to watch on the wall mounted TVs, as we were often the only people in there. We always chose the same DVD - a collection of old episodes of Popeye - one of which I can remember was called "Gopher Spinach", which began with Popeye pushing a blue pram and scatting a tune that I can also still remember (fragments of this episode are played on the Waiting Room TV during this song). I remember my Dad excitedly showing me Nik Kershaw's "Don Quixote" in the car outside the nightclub-cum-restaurant - pre-emptively singing the middle-8 horn melody and telling me to listen out for it. I remember the immensely nerdy excitement I felt when I first heard it, and the song, especially that part, remains a firm favourite to this day. Anyway, to avoid a Grampa-Simpson-esque digression I'll return to my point. Forgive the flashback.

I suppose the point is that, despite the details of the minutiae I can remember, I can't exactly place this moment in time in terms of my awareness of my parents' relationship. I think this is probably because when they divorced I was 6, and too young to fully comprehend it. I can vividly remember sitting in the living room having been told "Dad isn't going to live with us anymore", looking at a family picture and crying, with a strange awareness even then of the filmic cliché of doing such a thing. After that, I suppose I got over it. I got along much better with my Dad. He now lived with someone else and we got on with our lives and saw him at weekends.

However, I can remember a period of time when he and my Mum would have horrible arguments when he came to pick Meg and me up. His relationship with his partner had ended at this point and I suppose he must have felt huge regret and anger at himself for the way things had turned out for our family. My sister and I would nervously sit on the landing, clutching the stair spindles our heads were resting against and tearfully eavesdropping on the heated back-and-forth taking place downstairs every Friday evening. One of the most bizarre nights I can remember involved us all sitting at the dining table; me next to Dad,

Meg next to Mum, as he pleaded with her, sobbing, to take him back. I felt that I was somewhere I shouldn't be. I wasn't on the landing, I was downstairs, too close to their argument. I was in the nightclub, after-hours and underage. I was exposed to the reality of a turbulent and doomed relationship, and this was where I really began to understand it for the first time. I would have been maybe 9 years old, and this would probably have been the time period when we would frequent the Chicago Rock Cafe. Coincidentally, 9 was also the age at which I began writing songs...

That is a very long-winded way of saying: I really like the idea of Chicago Rock being the setting for the nightclub scene that is this song. It's fitting. I, like the Glass House Girl before the events of this song, only ever saw this nightclub in the friendly light of day and could only wonder at how it was after dark. I've now sent her in to experience it for me. I also believe in some way I now associate that nightclub with broken relationships. There is an alternate universe somewhere where this place was open long enough for me to visit it as a nightclub. Maybe there's a universe where my Dad lived long enough to visit it as a nightclub with me, and share a drink together, which was something we never got to do. Maybe there's a universe where he and my Mum managed to work things out and we're all there as a family. In that universe, though, this project would have never come about, and this particular speculation would never exist.

...let's end the therapy session there.

Credits:        Billy Evans: Guitar.  
                     Alex Hunt: Guitar.  
                     Anna Silver: Vocals.

### Lyrics

*The nightlife wraps a silken veil around your conscience.  
I'll get you drinks to help you lower your resistance.  
We have a future now, at least until tomorrow.  
Don't be surprised if I don't love you in the morning.  
Don't be surprised if I don't love you in the morning.  
Don't be surprised if I don't love you in the morning.*

*She doesn't love you.  
And she's right not to.  
She doesn't know what she's doing in here.*

*He doesn't love you.  
He might pretend to.  
What's worse is you might believe him, oh dear.*

*What's in Chicago?  
I'm in Chicago.  
Take off your coat, girl, it's time to come home.*

*Not to the glass house.  
It is a smashed house now.  
I wonder if they're looking at me.  
I wonder if they're looking at me.*

*Don't be surprised if I don't love you in the morning.*

## 7. End

*Everyone who's ever lived has died.  
Everyone who will ever live will die.*

Holly's Dad, overcome with the disappointment that his life has been, deliberately overdoses. As he dies he ecstatically describes to us his apocalyptic hallucinations. The hounds catch him. His life ends. He doesn't care at all.

~

Throughout school I really did love my life. I probably didn't ever dwell on that fact or really become very conscious of it at all. The base-level state of affairs was simply that I loved being alive, spending time laughing with friends and being creative. I didn't have to think about it at all. One day, in 2008, I can vividly remember my sister entering my bedroom and saying "you know the world is going to end this year, don't you?" I laughed, thinking she was joking. She continued: "honestly, Google it. There's an underground machine in Switzerland and when they switch it on next week there's a big chance it'll create a black hole that will swallow the world. I swear."

Clearly what she was referring to was the Large Hadron Collider at CERN in Geneva – a machine with which I was, until that point, unfamiliar. At her request I Googled it, and all of the online news reports seemed to back up my sister's outrageous claim. Discovering the project through the lens of sensationalist media at age 15 was likely not the most ideal of introductions. I became terrified. I had never considered the possibility of the world ending during my lifetime, or the reality of my own death and the deaths of my family members, and the rest of humankind. I imagined looking out of the window to see the hills and fields in the distance being warped and stretched skywards like a pliable gum. A ripple tearing through roads and houses like a shaken rug, rolling towards my house. My skin and limbs

being torn from me by the force of an omnidirectional gravity. Everything disappearing. Everything turning inside out.

As ridiculous as it sounds, the week before the LHC was first switched on, I thought about death constantly, and why I found it so terrifying. I imagined all life to occur on one side of a giant curtain stretching infinitely upward and downward, and when one dies they simply slip through it and become invisible. When we lose a loved one it is often a time of great fear and crippling upset, and that is just when one person leaves us. Imagine the sheer chaos if this loss was about to occur to everybody simultaneously – if not in an instantaneous, black-hole catastrophe, then in a slower, more painful and self-aware apocalypse. All parents are going to lose their children. All children are going to lose their parents. No longer do anyone's actions have consequences. Billions of people are going to swarm "the curtain" at once, in a panicked, frenzied, crowded demise.

On September 9<sup>th</sup> 2008, the night before the collider was switched on, some friends and I spent the evening together. With hindsight, it was hilariously naïve of us, but I'm quite sure we were all convinced that the world would end as we slept that night. As a group we often made funny videos, so that night we improvised a very silly news report on the event that I'm sure deep down we hoped would somehow survive as a pre-apocalypse document. The video was uploaded to YouTube – where it still resides<sup>16</sup> – and we woke up the next morning overjoyed to be alive, but instilled with a new fear of death and wasted life.

Not long after that, whilst walking home one night, the same group of friends and I witnessed 3 large, bright orange lights in the dark sky, arranged in a perfect, gigantic equilateral triangle and rotating slowly. I still have no idea what that was. The sensible answer would be that someone had let off some sky lanterns, but the impossibly perfect triangular formation and rotation still has me wondering to this day. For a long time after this, I became oddly frightened of the sky – especially at night. Some days, and most nights,

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<sup>16</sup> 10/09/08: *Optimism*. YouTube video. Posted by macropZaZZ, 25 September 2008. <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y3wsHxxM9bQ&t=10s>>, last accessed 7 October 2019.

I would be afraid to leave the house. I still don't really know why. I think I was scared that I might look up and see a gigantic spaceship, or a comet, or something else that would mean cataclysm for the human race. I would dream about giant planets passing too close to Earth and sucking people from our planet's gravitational pull. After the world survived the switching on of the LHC, I read more and more apocalyptic theories. The next significant one I would become terrified by was 21 December 2012, where the Mayan calendar ended at a similar time to the Earth being due a dangerously close orbital passage by a planet called Nibiru. I feared this date for years, until a couple of months before it. After the whole stolen laptop debacle and my money woes, and my new doubts about love, I found that I was no longer afraid of the end of 2012. I didn't care if my life ended. Some days I actively hoped for it. I had never felt anything close to this feeling before. That is what the song "End" is about.

~

A long, relatively funky song in D minor, "End" is a frenzied, first person account of a life ending. Vocals have been multi-tracked, treated, and in some cases, recorded slowly and then sped up, to reinforce the character's warped sense of reality.

The middle section features the recording of Herbert Morrison's iconic, distraught radio broadcast as he watched the Hindenburg airship burst into flames right before his eyes. It is an incredibly striking recording of a man witnessing a now famous tragedy as it unfolded, and the genuine distress in his voice is powerfully affecting.

Following this speech, a live recording of drum fills has been chopped up, track by track, for a chaotic effect – intertwined with slightly dizzying slides on a lap-steel guitar.

The vocals during the fade-out singing "Holly, Holly, find yourself" are a direct musical quote from the song "Molly" from Colonel Dax's 2<sup>nd</sup> album, whose middle 8 contains the phrase "Molly, Molly, find yourself" sung using the same pitch-shifted vocal filter. A variation on the practice of a fade-out occurs at the end, where the EQ gradually loses its top end, making the song (and its protagonist) sound like it is sinking under the water, in reference to the final chorus' last line (incidental trivia – every Dax album contains at least one reference

to a sinking ship). The water that the song sinks beneath becomes the placid lake we watch over in the next song.

Credits: Billy Evans: Guitar/lap steel/backing vocals.  
Alex Hunt: Guitar/backing vocals.  
Anna Silver: Backing vocals.

### Lyrics

*There's something missing from the cabinet.  
There's something missing from my heart.  
I don't remember if I lost it,  
Or if I never had it from the start.  
I hope you might indulge me  
a cheeky drinky  
from the little bottle of End.*

*This life is not what I fancy.  
It starts fine, then they fire a gun and tell you to run.  
No time to think of what you want.  
No time to stop and feel the warmth of the sun.  
So I wanna see what happens after  
a cheeky drinky  
from the little bottle of End.*

*My toes and fingertips are tingling.  
The Anaglypta's peeling from the walls.  
My every mistake sees the Coriolis force.  
There's serpents in my hair,  
and colour everywhere.  
Alright.*

*(You don't care at all)  
It's the end of the world.*

*And out the window I see horses.  
Gallop, all 4, towards the fire.  
The one bridge out of town is now creaking with the weight  
of family sedans,  
all fleeing from the lava.*

*And all the drunkards sit with bibles in their hands,  
while clergymen find solace at the bar.  
And every mother says to every mother's son:  
"I've hooked the hosepipe up, get in the car".  
Yeah, the clues were all there.  
Yeah, the clues were all there.*

*The world is ending.*

*We watch, with silent stupefaction,  
the Eiffel Tower crashing to the ground.  
The Giza Pyramids open up and fly away.  
The dead rise from the grave,  
to meet a tidal wave.*

*All humans run in all directions,  
like spiders trapped between two massive hands  
It's so hilarious. It's the best day of my life.  
This ship is going down,  
And we're all gonna drown.*

*(You don't care at all)  
It's the end of the world.  
(You don't care at all)  
It's the end of the world.*

*I don't care at all.*

## 8. Lake Placid

*And I know I'm dead on the surface, but I am screaming underneath.*<sup>17</sup>

The 2<sup>nd</sup> part of the Glass House Girl trilogy, “Lake Placid” deals with her mental state before she finally rebels in “Werdatukawi”. The song is in two distinct halves; one representing her quiet, placid exterior and seemingly calm manner, and the other dealing with the monstrous turmoil underneath the surface. The song places the protagonist in a boat on a silent, still lake, within sight of her true reflection living in the water. She quietly meditates on her state of being, before being mocked by the murderously threatening part of her dwelling beneath the water. Bipolar disorder and Depression are two key mental health issues clearly represented in the structure and lyrics of this song.

After listening to increasingly diverse genres of music in recent months and years, I seem to have - along with the rest of the world - become desensitised to heavy sounds and themes in lyrics. At the time of conception this album was intended to be very dark and very heavy, but it was conceived during a time when I was far less adventurous in my listening habits and far more naïve musically. I have since had to make peace with the fact that this album probably is a comparatively “easy” listen – as that is the type of music I have a habit of leaning towards. Hopefully not so easy as to be plain and simple, but easy enough that it is probably unlikely a heavy music fan would recommend the album as a “banger”. Actually, none of that is probably for me to say. Who knows. Either way I feel that musically and lyrically “Lake Placid” is probably the heaviest and darkest moment on the album.

~

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<sup>17</sup> Coldplay, ‘Amsterdam’. *A Rush of Blood to The Head*. 2002. Internet stream. Spotify. <<https://open.spotify.com/album/ORHX9XECH8IVI3LNqWDpmQ?highlight=spotify:track:2uQ4px5SPONsgcUpulywIQ>>, last accessed 7 October 2019.

The long introductory section was improvised on a MicroKorg synthesiser. The accompanying guitar was also improvised, as were the timid, slurred, almost inaudible vocals. After a few minutes the listener enters the water.

The complex middle 8 section was achieved by requesting Billy Evans improvise a solo guitar cadenza to no backing track or click. Taking inspiration from the ever climbing solo violin at the end of Vaughan Williams' *The Lark Ascending*, the guitar gradually ascends 3 octaves. I then painstakingly learned the solo on a keyboard, enabling it to be programmed into MIDI channels simulating bass and drums. I then "learned" these parts on bass and drums, recording them live and stitching them together, piecemeal. The result is a seemingly deliberate, impossibly complex piece of unison, segueing the song back to its main section. The gaps in Billy's solo are interrupted by samples of the words "loss" and "failure" from a recording of my sister tearfully talking about the things that frighten or upset her the most. I asked her to make this recording in private, not expecting the tears, or the genuine, powerful emotion in her voice. Upon listening I was profoundly affected by this recording.

The collage at the end is made up of various screams from myself, friends, and soundbites from various media. People were told to think of what upsets or angers them most in the world, and then scream about it. These were stitched together into a kind of "scream tapestry", before being spectrally vocoded into the sound of the enabling Television Man from the beginning of the album, whose "doesn't that feel wonderful?" speech gradually fades into the mix. The song ends when the channel is eventually changed.

Credits: Billy Evans: Guitar.

## Lyrics

*This boat is still.  
You're rolling the scenery by,  
and you decide if it's day or night,  
and you decide if it's beautiful.  
You, my axiom. I, your paralysed.*

*What's separating us?  
Just the surface of the water.  
Just a point in time.  
Just a 2D plain.  
An invisible line.*

*This water's still and so am I.*

~

*It's so cute to see you still pretend I'm not the real you.  
If I wasn't the colour of the water,  
they'd see me when they looked down  
through my glass roof.  
The one you live with me under.  
The one that I'll hurl you through.*

*You know that it's a storm down here,  
and it can't carry on forever.  
A single extra drop of blood  
will set them loose, will set us loose.*

*I am the  
only one who  
hates you as much  
as you hate yourself.*

*The kettle's on.  
I hate myself.  
The TV's on.  
I hate myself.  
I am TV static.  
I am snow.*

*(It can't have been years, can it?)  
And all of this pressure is going to break you and I hope that it does,  
'cos you deserve to be broken.  
(It's a vital intrusion, not a pallid delusion.)  
You're killing all this time,  
(It can't have been years, can it?)  
But you're not doing anything.  
And one day will be the last day of your life  
and you'll look back and regret every last wasted moment.  
(You're not doing anything.)*

*And if I should run and take the last bus out of Chinatown,  
the noose around your neck would tighten, and you'd want it to, you bad girl.  
I want to see you. You do too.  
I want to see you blue.*

*I wanna chain you to the fence.  
I wanna run you up the flagpole.  
I wanna drain the colour from you.  
And so do you. You want me to.*

*I am the rule you cannot bend.  
I am the spark you turn to foe.  
I dig my graves with gritted teeth.  
I make your bed. I never sleep.  
I am the jungle weary.  
I, your axiom. You, my paralysed.*

## 9. Schrödinger's Cat

Intended as a bridge back to slightly calmer musical waters after the two tempestuous preceding tracks, “Schrödinger’s Cat” is a spotlight moment for the Television Man, who discusses the topic of living in the past. He opines that if those who spend their present wishing they were back in happier times were given the opportunity to actually travel back and revisit those parts of their lives, the result would be devastating. If they returned to the past with their current, developed mind-set there would be no way for them to experience it in the same way, and it would taint their memory of it (and, therefore, the way it shaped them as a person) forever.

Initially intended as a freeform jam to inject some looseness and spontaneity into live performances of the full album (should they occur), the track originally contained several guitar solos which were removed during production to allow the groove to breathe and develop a tension of its own. After the first bridge, a trumpet solo was added. It was pieced together from improvisations by Dylan Williams, who played various melodies along to a significantly slowed down backing track. The trumpet recording was then sped up to match the tempo and key of the track, with the timbre of the instrument now possessing a quality nearer that of a piccolo trumpet. Delay and octave effects were added to move the timbre into the realms of early 1980s New Wave. For better or worse, my aim was to achieve a sound inspired by the early work of acts such as A Certain Ratio and Spandau Ballet.

The synth chords during the coda foreshadow the opening chord sequence of the final track: “Sink or Swim” – a song also about living in the past. These synth sounds were the first thing produced for the album, in 2012. The final note of the loop is a B flat, which ties it directly to the following song: “Glass House Girl”. In order for this to be the case, the drum-heavy and dreamlike middle section of “Schrödinger’s Cat” functions as a key changing device – moving the track from C# to C.

Credits:        Billy Evans: Guitar.  
                     Dylan Williams: Trumpet.

## Lyrics

Now, are you anything like me?  
Do you find yourself spending a lot of time wishing your past back to life?  
I know I do.  
I am guilty of this, yes, indeed I am.  
You want to live in that house again, sit in that room again, surround yourself with those  
people again, yes?  
Maybe indulge in a past-time that age and responsibility have since robbed you of?  
You see, if you are anything like me, you don't even want to go back and change anything.  
You simply want your current life to echo that which you feel was your best chapter.  
You wrap yourself inside the memory of these more innocent moments to shield yourself  
from the trials and tribulations of adult life.  
After all, they were more comfortable times, weren't they?  
More people around back then, weren't there?  
Or maybe just more attention being paid to the younger you, perhaps?  
More to learn, more to discover.  
Naivety can be a wonderful thing of course, for the sad fact remains that the more you learn,  
the less there is to find out.  
More sights to see, more tastes to taste, more smells to smell.  
Back then immortality prevailed.  
No deadline.  
No wasted time.  
There was still so much to find out.  
More people to meet, more music to hear, more television to watch.  
More games to play, more television to watch.  
More lessons to learn, more television to watch.  
More television to watch.  
More and more and more, and now that's all there is.  
Why, you're sat watching it right now, aren't you?  
I don't condemn you, not at all, I am simply stating a fact.  
I am guilty of this also, yes, indeed I am.  
There was a point in time, an exact moment I cannot quite discern, that I began to measure  
my life in blocks.  
Blocks, I fear, controlled by that little box in the corner.  
Are you willing to tell me you do not do the same?  
Are you willing to tell me that, were it not for that box, you would not have accomplished  
more by now?  
Months have doubtless been spent before it, and are surely spent still.  
I digress.  
My point remains that living in the past is a dangerous prospect.  
I recall, as a young man, mentally inhabiting the world that housed me as a younger child.  
I recall, as a slightly less young man, inhabiting the times spent reminiscing as a young man.  
I now yearn for those times as a slightly less young man, and in years to come I will be  
longing for these days.  
All this dreaming sullies your present.  
Carry on, and time will pass you by.  
Like the time spent studying the television, it will pass you by.

And it will pass you by.  
 Quickly.  
 So, here is a hypothetical scenario:  
 You have a time machine.  
 With this time machine you can go back to any point in your life and witness it through the  
 eyes of your current self.  
 Now, let us bear in mind that every single decision you have ever made has, in whatever  
 way, affected the course of your life.  
 Every single decision.  
 Yes, some will have been more profound than others.  
 Deciding to start or end relationships, have children, move house.  
 These are the types of decision that will shape where and how you live your life.  
 Some types of decisions will help to develop your moral integrity.  
 Even the seemingly most menial decisions will have a small impact.  
 Deciding what film to watch tonight or what to eat for dinner all contain time and health  
 variables.  
 So, let's say that you now have the chance to travel through various points in your life in  
 order to observe the decisions which led you astray from the childhood you now crave.  
 Would you do it?  
 Think about it, because it is a big decision.  
 Bigger than you might think.  
 Let us take Schrodinger's Cat as a template for this thought experiment.  
 If a cat is locked in a steel vault with a radioactive substance, the decay of which would kill  
 the cat, it is, in essence, both alive and dead until we check to find out.  
 Until we have checked the box, the two outcomes are equally true.  
 Once we have checked the box, only one can be.  
 The cat in this instance is your past.  
 You have the opportunity to check on it, but in doing so through today's perspective, you will  
 change your perception of it for good.  
 The past was a time, remember, not a place.  
 You can still visit these fondly remembered locations, can you not?  
 But do they feel the same?  
 No.  
 You were a different person then.  
 You responded differently.  
 You had different tastes.  
 It may have been you that has changed more than the times, and the choice you make now  
 could dramatically alter the person you have become, and the person you shall be.  
 You can abandon your future in favour of a cyclical existence, or you can press forward,  
 content in the fact that your time on Earth thus far has been something worth looking back  
 at.  
 You cannot visit your past without affecting the outcome.  
 Even if you decide not to change anything.  
 The outcome you eliminate could be your future.  
 Your whole life is at stake.  
 Is now really so bad?

## 10. Glass House Girl

*I would expect this from them, but not from you.*

Although the last track in which she appears, this is our introduction to the Glass House Girl, and the beginning of her story arc on the album. Explained rather matter-of-factly by a slightly gossipy, third-person narrator (perhaps the same narrator as the first verse of “Autofocus”; perhaps even the Musician from tracks 4 and 11), she is cripplingly stifled by others’ high expectations of her. It is almost as if she is being punished for a lifetime of intelligence and good behaviour. Bullies and aggressive teachers have rendered her shy, quiet, obedient, and above all, terrified of punishment and authority.

This is somewhat autobiographical. Although I wasn’t bullied at school, I do recall a constant, overhanging feeling of negative special treatment towards myself and some of the other students who displayed intelligence and good behaviour. If we failed, we failed harder. If we misbehaved, it was worse than if anyone else had misbehaved. During a high school maths lesson, a student known for being disruptive was asked to leave after throwing a chair across the room. On the way out he swore loudly at the teacher. That same lesson, I was caught silently making silly faces at a friend, and received a more severe telling-off than the swearing chair-thrower – because I was *supposed to be good*. They were happy with who they thought I was, and made a threatening barrier to make it difficult to stray from that ideal. I found that my sister, and others, felt the same way. This practice hard-wires children to fearfully adhere to other people’s perceptions of them – making it difficult in adult life to discern their own identity, or form trusting relationships, or deal with authority, or say “no” to anyone. Hence, the Glass House Girl’s sad fate in this album is to become trapped in a toxic relationship.

This problem need not apply simply to academia. It seems increasingly apparent in society that people are afraid to be seen to change their minds about things. It’s almost as if to do so displays a hypocrisy, a weakness in character, an inability to “stick to one’s guns”. The fact is that sometimes people’s opinions change. Their tastes change. Their beliefs change

when new information reveals itself. However, many people (my past-self included) seem to be afraid of the mockery or disrespect that may come with “flip-flopping”.

“I thought you didn’t believe in God.”

“Huh, funny. You didn’t like Talking Heads last time I talked to you about them.”

“Ah, Remainer are you now? After all that *leave* talk?”

On a nationwide scale, this adherence to the past makes it impossible as a society to effectively move on to the future. We need to be aware that times, facts and opinions change, and not be fearful of admitting it. I now find it absurd to worry about how others feel about one’s thoughts and perceived integrity, but I can remember a time when I was consumed by it. I would be terrified to bring girls home, because it would trigger an embarrassing, wry “ooh, you’ve never done this before – this isn’t you” from my Mum. For a very long time I refused to play instruments in front of people, because that “wasn’t the person I was”. I really can’t understand why I felt that way, other than the fact that it must have been hard-wired into me during school. What I do know is that there must be other people who are afflicted in this way, and they really need to find a way out of their glass houses.

~

This is one of the earliest recordings on the album. The drums were recorded in Wrexham’s Amp studios in April 2014, and most of the other instruments and vocals were recorded at some point in the Winter of 2015. The original track has been remastered for the final album, with additional distorted synth pads, vocal double-tracking and MIDI drum and bass doubling to bring the song’s volume and punch up to the level of the newer tracks.

It is a slow, 6/8 song, in a similar vein to “Autofocus” (the companion track to this song, as that song’s protagonist is singing about his love for the Glass House Girl). The entire chord sequence in Bb minor is lifted verbatim from a faster piece I wrote in high school, entitled “Nightmusic”. I would play it on the music room piano every lunchtime and it was a

favourite amongst my friends. It has only now occurred to me that the lyrics of the new song I fit this music to are a flashback to the way I felt when I composed the music...

Credits: Billy Evans: Guitar.

Alex Hunt: Guitar.

### Lyrics

*Now, there's a sad story - that girl over there.  
She was never a beauty queen.  
She's been treated unfair.  
She's played the good kid all her life, and that's never gonna change.  
'Cos if she changed her tune and acted up now,  
people would look at her strange.*

*She's been good too long to turn bad.  
It just wouldn't suit her, see.  
So she lives in her own little glass house,  
while everyone else runs free.*

*And if she picked up that rock it would do much more damage than anyone else around,  
just because it was thrown by her.  
She's a victim of her own gentle way of treating this world.  
She's just a Glass House Girl.*

*But she'll never talk about it.  
She just locks it away.  
And to play by the rules is the only way she knows how to play.  
And she'll put on a front of happiness.  
And she'll be home for tea every night.  
And she'll try to make her sleeping dogs lie,  
though their bark is much worse than their bite.*

*She's too nice to win, so she'll only ever lose.  
And she'll forever play the doormat under everyone's shoes.*

*And she's waiting for her opportunity to behave like everyone else.  
But it's already too late.  
She's a victim of her own gentle way of treating this world.  
She's just a Glass House Girl.*

# 11. Alcholly

*To alcohol! The cause of, and solution to, all of life's problems.*<sup>18</sup>

This song details the tragic demise of Holly, the daughter of the suicide victim from tracks 3 and 7. After her father leaves home “for a guy named Jack” (a reference to Jack Daniels whiskey often, understandably, misinterpreted by friends and crowd-members as a reference to a gay relationship), her mother turns to drink for comfort. Not knowing any better, so does Holly. By her mid-teens she is an alcoholic and drug-addict, promising that “one day” she will seek help and give them up. She dies of an overdose before this ever happens, and her last moments are spent on the floor of the Waiting Room, reaching for the door, calling out for her father.

This song is intended as the ultimate metaphor on the album for the consequences of not tackling our problems before it gets too late. A pessimistic “carpe diem”. It’s fine to say that you will deal with your troubles and responsibilities “one day”, but we all only have a limited number of days and we all, from time to time, take them for granted. It is also a cautionary tale of someone who, against the advice of the subsequent song, has “sunk” instead of swimming. The protagonist in this song has dealt with trauma by coming to depend on the numbing effects of drugs and alcohol – a dependency that graduates from habit into bona fide illness.

The song is sung live in a bar by the attention-seeking Musician from track 4. He has finally earned a platform from which to share his music, but, in this song, he has exploited the death of a supposed “friend” of his in an insensitive, gossipy and almost upbeat manner. It is hated by the crowd, who boo the band off the stage, concluding, in a way, the Musician’s storyline. His tendency to tactlessly wait for success to find him has resulted in disrespect, and infamy.

---

<sup>18</sup> John Swartzwelder, ‘Homer vs. the 18<sup>th</sup> Amendment’, *The Simpsons*, (Gracie Films, 1997).

“Alcoholly” was the 2nd song conceived for the album. On the day Billy and I recorded the original demo for the song “Waiting Room” I remember declaring that I wanted to make an album based on that track. He began to play the opening groove to “Alcoholly”, saying “I came up with this the other day if you want to use it.” As we did with all new grooves, we played a 12-bar-blues jam based around it for half an hour or so. I then added an intro, a chorus section and a lengthy coda comprising several different musical segments.

I was never happy with the 12-bar structure of the verses until the idea of it being sung by the Musician character surfaced. Before then it seemed unimaginative. Afterwards, it was merely another reason why the crowd would dislike the song within the story. Not to mention, the 12-bar-blues is a staple of pub rock music. Nevertheless, I have still made some changes to the verse chord sequences to ensure they are slightly more interesting and surprising (coincidentally in the same manner as the chords in “Pick Your Own” - this character’s other spotlight song), whilst still feeling like a 12-bar-blues.

Other than these changes, the song remains almost exactly as it was when it was first written; a relatively standard pop song structure followed by a dramatic, 4-minute coda/solo inspired heavily by - ironically in this context - Lynyrd Skynyrd’s “Free Bird”. At live gigs, “Alcoholly” closes the band’s first set, and is a crowd favourite. The “boo”s (recorded at a Dax gig, thankfully by request), therefore, create a rather fun irony, and one I hope will follow the song after future performances.

Credits:	Billy Evans: Guitar/backing vocals.
	Alex Hunt: Guitar/backing vocals.
	Anna Silver: Bass guitar/backing vocals.
	Dylan Williams: Guitar.

### Lyrics

*Now, Alcoholly was a friend of mine.  
She was born in the Spring of '89.  
And she started school in '93.  
She was a couple of years ahead of me.  
And it seemed like she was doing fine, but she was skating on a thin line.*

*And now we're talking twelve years back.  
Her daddy left home for a guy named Jack.  
Her momma didn't know what to think, of course.  
So she did all her drinking in the Old Black Horse.  
You'd see her sat there getting slaughtered  
on her gin and tonic water  
Unaware her infant daughter slowly does the same.*

*She was drinking all her benefits and smoking all her dole.  
Anything to help her to ignore the vitriol.  
And it may seem Alcoholly has gone down the wrong road,  
but the sad truth is that happened years ago.*

*So she dropped out of school in her early teens.  
And she made sure that she wasn't seen,  
as she met with the thugs in the clubs and the pubs,  
who bought her drinks and dealt her drugs.  
At first she said she didn't want it but by sixteen she was dependant on it.*

*Now she's sat here in the Waiting Room.  
And she's waiting for the day when she can say that it's too late.  
It could be today.  
But she opened that door with her own two hands  
and I bet she won't make that mistake again.*

*She was drinking all her benefits and smoking all her dole.  
Anything to help her to ignore the vitriol.  
And it may seem that her body can't take it anymore,  
as she falls down to the floor and takes one last look at the door.*

*And in the night, she don't know where you are.  
"Don't you fly too far", she cries.  
Far she flies.  
"Father", she cries.*

*She won't make that mistake again.*

## 12. Sink or Swim

After the fatal finale of the interwoven tales, the album's epilogue enters, simply and gently – shifting our presence from a live performance in a crowded bar to the initial Waiting Room we were placed in. The atmosphere in the room is now more familiar, albeit bleak, with fewer inhabitants and, perhaps, a passive hopelessness in place of the fearful drama accompanying our introduction to the room in track 2.

The lyrics are sung by the Mother Figure to the Listener, offering a message of hope. The message that the pain of our problems can always be eased as long as we choose to confront, rather than ignore them. That life can be difficult and some things do seem impossible to tackle, but at least trying to tackle them is essential. In his book *Anxiety as an Ally*, Dan Ryckert claims that one of his most important tactics for weathering panic attacks is to keep reminding himself that “it always ends”<sup>19</sup>, a phrase alluded to in this song's lyrics.

*You can let anxiety defeat you, or you can use it to bring out the best version of yourself that you can possibly be. You make the decision whether you want to make your world smaller or if you'd rather push yourself to do the things that you had no idea you were capable of. Your path towards recovery will be unique to you, but persistence, a positive mindset, and a determination to improve can overcome anything anxiety can ever throw at you.*<sup>20</sup>

~

After the first verse (based on the synth chords at the end of “Schrödinger's Cat”) and chorus, the lift door opens back up, and the subsequent sections can be seen as the music emanating from the elevator. The CR-78 bossa nova beat from track 1 returns, and the chords and melody fit themselves around it.

---

<sup>19</sup> Dan Ryckert, *Anxiety as an Ally* (New York: Up To Something Publishing, 2015), pp 31-32.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid*, p 211.

The song changes tone halfway through, to a build-up akin to the style of previous Colonel Dax songs “Skydiving” and “L”. During this build-up, the sample of “good things will come to those who wait” from the song “Skydiving” (used on the TV at the very start of the album), returns and loops, time-stretched to fit the tempo of the music.

The build-up ends with a return to the CR-78 drum loop. An infinite reverb was added to various previous vocal and guitar tracks, and this also continues. The TV plays a message from my sister, a sufferer of clinical Anxiety and Depression, talking contentedly about our Nan after being asked what makes her happy – thus concluding, in a way, her small story arc set up in the middle of “Lake Placid”. The track then cuts off, depriving the audience of a definite decision or answer, as there isn’t one. It is up to them.

Credits:        Anna Silver: Vocals.

## Lyrics

*You still hold the key to a lock that has been changed  
by that locksmith, Father Time.  
I bet I can find you a memory of a day  
That you've not left far behind.*

*But I can't tell you everything about the world.  
I can only do my bit.  
You're living in your memory.  
It's sink or swim, and that's all there is to it.*

*I can tell you're writhing like you've been lit on fire  
even though you're sitting still.  
And if I could I would freeze all time and keep you young,  
But life will age and life will kill.*

*And I can't tell you everything about the world.  
I can only do my bit.  
It's chemicals and circumstance.  
They're fighting you, so sink or swim. Hit or be hit.*

*See, the lift is waiting.  
See, the weight is lifting.*

*Are you here?  
Are you alive?  
Does someone love you?  
Is everything going to be alright?  
Are you alone?  
Do you have friends?  
Is there an answer?  
Can you remember how it always ends?  
The storm recedes.  
It doubles back.  
You are kintsugi,  
and happy slicks like gold into the cracks.  
It's not the vase.  
It's not to hold.  
It's see-through moments.  
A syrup through the mesh that is your soul.  
And when it comes,  
just bathe in it.  
There is no answer, so just breathe.*

*Sink or swim.*

At the time of my father's death, my Mum steadfastly uttered to me the mantra: "sink or swim". Vividly in my memory, I can hear the seriousness in her voice. Quiet, but not so quiet that it didn't cut above the sobbing that filled the house.

"Listen to me. Right now you can sink or you can swim. You can sit back and wallow, and let this destroy your life, or you can be strong and keep going. Keep laughing and talking and working and doing and loving and singing and thinking and dancing. Sink, or swim."

I live by that mantra, and it's why I believe this song, and the album it concludes, are of a certain importance. At the beginning of this story I mentioned that I felt I was waiting to be called through the doors to my life by whoever was in charge. No one else was in charge. It was up to me. It is up to all of us to try and make the life we want for ourselves, and to help others make theirs as much as we can. We are all very strong. Resilient. We can withstand great blows and grapple with great trauma and still live with joy and hope in our hearts and minds. But, we're also forgetful. Sometimes things can get the better of us and make us forget about joy and hope, and it's not our fault. More often than not it is literally due to a chemical imbalance in our brains. It attacks, takes over, and makes us think we're unable to swim. For any case, help is always available, and recovery is always attainable. As long as we remember to try and swim and not to sink, we're in the direction of overcoming.

"It always ends."





# **WAITING ROOM**

Thomas David Hughes

**Full Score**

# 01. thisisnotanexit

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

♩ = 150  
 Improve, freeform rock licks. Dreamy.  
 Come in after 1 loop of pattern.  
 Fade from nothing.

Electric Guitar

Keyboard

Keyboard

Bass Guitar

Drum Set

Muffled sine synth, with reverb.  
 Come in after 1 loop of pattern.  
 Fade from nothing.

Improvise other atonal sounds on synth.

Loop. Decrease in volume gradually. Increase reverb.

Loop. Decrease in volume gradually. Increase reverb.

Loop. Decrease in volume gradually. Increase reverb.

Bossa nova beat.  
 Retro CR-78 electronic kit.

Loop. Decrease in volume gradually. Increase reverb.

E. Gtr.

Kbd.

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

Embellish eventually with strings, brass etc. Cheesy Muzak.

E. Gtr.

Kbd.

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

17 20

E. Gtr.

Kbd.

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

23 24 28

E. Gtr.

Kbd.

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

29 32

E. Gtr.

Kbd.

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

35 36

E. Gtr.

Kbd.

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

Segue to next track when lift music has disappeared.  
Track begins at band's behest.

## 2. Waiting Room

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

**Funky** ♩ = 84  
Muffled sine synth, with reverb.

Keyboard *mp*

Electric Guitar 1 Clean guitar. *mf*

Electric Guitar 2 Crunchy, maybe with light 5th pedal. *mf*

Bass Guitar *mf*

Drum Set **Funky** ♩ = 84

*pp* < *f* *dal niente tr* *pp*

7 8

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. Clean, light chorus effect.

Bass

Dr. *f* *dal niente tr* *pp* < *f* *mp* *mf*

12 *mf*

Voice

Well, I'm sat here in the wai-ting room. I'm just wai-ting for the day when I can say

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

16

Voice

that it's too late... It could be to - day.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

20

Voice

And this wait is like a wed-ding ring, it has no end and no be - gin - ning.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

23

Voice

"You're gon - na make it some - day", says a  
Whisper

Choir

*mf*  
"You're gon - na make it some - day".

A. Gtr.

*mp*

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

12

26

Voice

wea-ry voice in the back of my\_ mind. It's un-con - vin-cing, but at least it's kind.

A. Gtr.

4

E. Gtr.

4

E. Gtr.

4

E. Gtr.

Clean. Improvised funky licks.

*mp*

Bass

Dr.

4

30

Voice

But the smiles

8

A. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

4

Bass

Dr.



33

Voice

— these peo ple wear look like old\_ clothes that just don't fit them a- ny- more.—

8

A. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

Gradually open hihat until bar 38.

36

Voice

Don't tell me

A. Gtr.

12

E. Gtr.

4

E. Gtr.

4

E. Gtr.

8

Bass

Dr.

*f*

40

Voice

that it's gon-na be al - right. 'Cos words

E. Gtr.

*mf*

E. Gtr.

*mf*

Bass

Dr.

*mf*

43

Voice

a-lone ain't gon-na help me sleep at night.

E. Gtr.

*mp*

*mf*

E. Gtr.

*mp*

*mf*

Bass

Dr.

*mp*

*mf*

46

Kbd. *mf*

E. Gtr. *f* 4

E. Gtr. *f* 4

E. Gtr. Distorted *f*

Bass *f*

Dr. *f*

Keep groove.  
Improvise drum fills.

50

Kbd. 4

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 4

53

Kbd. 8

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 8

56 12

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



60

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

Slide down neck *gliss.*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

74

64

Voice *mf*

What if one day I meet my ma - ker\_ and he says

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. Clean. Improvised funky licks.

Bass *mp*

Dr.



67

Voice

"son you spent your life like a kid spends a two P coin in a slot ma chine"?\_

Whisper

Choir *mf*

"Son you spent your life like a kid spends a two P coin in a slot ma chine"\_\_

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

70

Voice

Well I guess I'd have to come clean.\_\_\_\_ And I'd say

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

8

Bass

Dr.



73

Voice

spent my life try-ing to learn to ig - nore\_\_\_\_ the fear\_that I'm was-ting my turn."

Choir

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

8

Bass

Dr.

76 Angry, shout.

*f*

Voice "You're gon na make it some- day, but I don't see you do-ing no-thing a - bout it.

Choir Whisper "You're gon na make it some- day, but I don't see you do-ing no-thing a - bout it.

E. Gtr. *mf*

E. Gtr. *mp*

Bass

Dr.

79

Voice You stay in bed past mid- day, and de- vote\_\_ your time to the box in the cor - ner.

Choir You stay in bed past mid- day, and de- vote\_\_ your time to the box in the cor - ner.

E. Gtr. *mf*

E. Gtr. *mp*

Bass

Dr.

82

*mf*

Voice

And ev - ry wa - king - mo - ment is a  
Whisper

Choir

And ev - ry wa - king - mo - ment is a

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4



86

*f*

Voice

chi-sel that is chip - ping me a - way."

Choir

chi-sel that is chip - ping me a - way."

A. Gtr.

*gliss.*

*mp*

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

*mf*

Bass

Dr.

Gradually open hihat.

90

Voice

Don't tell me \_\_\_\_\_ that it'll be al\_\_ right.

Choir

*mp* Don't tell me \_\_\_\_\_ that it'll be al\_\_ right.

A. Gtr.

4

E. Gtr.

4

*f*

E. Gtr.

4

*f*

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*f*



93

Voice

*mf* \_\_\_\_\_ *mp* 'Cos I know\_\_ if I don't do some-thing soon I'll spend

Choir

A. Gtr.

8

E. Gtr.

*mf* *mp*

E. Gtr.

*mf* *mp*

Bass

Dr.

*mf* *mp*

79



104

Kbd. 8

A. Gtr. 8

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. 8

E. Gtr. 8

Bass

Dr. 8



108

Voice

Choir

Kbd. 12

A. Gtr. 12

E. Gtr. 4

E. Gtr. 4

E. Gtr. 12

E. Gtr. 12

Bass 12

Dr. 12

113

*ff*

No it's too late.

*mf*

No it's too late.

16

16

Kbd.

A. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

16

118

20

24

Kbd.

20

24

A. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

20

24

123

Kbd.

28

A. Gtr.

28

E. Gtr.

4

E. Gtr.

4

E. Gtr.

24

28

E. Gtr.

28

Bass

Dr.

24

28



128

Kbd.

32

A. Gtr.

32

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

32

E. Gtr.

32

Bass

Dr.

132

Kbd.

A. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

134

Kbd.

A. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

36

36

36

36

36

Big drum fill. Continue erratically for several bars.

### 3. Release The Hounds

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

♩ = 160  
Synth bass

Bass Guitar

Drum Set

*p*

*f*

9

Bass

Dr.

*f*

17

Synth strings

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

*f* Distorted

*mf*

Bass

Dr.

23

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

29

Voice *f* Yelp. Sing.  
I quite like pain-ting.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. *mp* *mf*

Bass

Dr. Choke cymbal

34

Voice I re - ckon I could be a pain - ter or ar - tist of some kind.\_\_\_\_

Voice *mf* Robotic.  
8<sup>th</sup> I would-n't count on it.

Bass

Dr.

37

Voice And I love rea-ding. I'm go-nna read a lot and make the most of my li - ttle mind.\_\_\_\_

Bass 2

Dr. 2

41

Voice

Just as soon as I've earned. e-nough to pay for the a-me-ni-ties I go out my way for.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*f*

*mf*

2

2

45

Voice

*mp* Robotic *mf*

8<sup>vb</sup> You go-tta pay the bill. You go-tta pay the bill.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

2

49

Voice

Just as soon as I've fi-nished what they told me. Hope-ful-ly be-fore I be-come the old me.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

2

53

Voice *mp*  
Next month I swear. Next month I swear. Next month I swear.

Voice *mp* Robotic.  
You go-tta pay the bill. You go-tta pay the bill.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. *mp* *mf*

Bass

Dr.

57

Voice *mp* Talk.  
O - K. Just give me. I need. Just lis - ten. I need some. A lit - tle.

Bass

Dr. On the bell

59

Voice *f* Sing.  
Just one. Free mo - ment. Help me out here.

Bass

Dr.

61

Voice  
How do you ex - pect me to live my life if you don't give me a - ny time?

Bass

Dr.

65

Voice

Voice

Loud whisper.  
*ff*

Don't make a ha-bit of it.

Kbd.

Autoharp.  
*f*

E. Gtr.  
*f* Distorted

Bass

Dr.

70

Voice

Shout.  
*ff* Sing.  
*f*

Ho- lly! You were a dream of mine and God knows I live to serve you. But un

Voice

Shout.  
*ff*

Ho- lly!

Robotic.  
*mp*

You go-tta pay the bill.  
*8vb*

Bass

Dr.

Choke cymbal

Choke cymbal

75

Voice

til you ar- rived I ne- ver e- ver knew this drow-ning fee-ling could get a - ny drow-ni - er. The

Bass

Dr.

79

Voice

hounds are on the front step. The wa-ter's fill ing my chest. No-thing seemed to start it. No - thing seems to bring it\_\_\_ on.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*f*

*mf*

2

2

83

Voice

But I still love you. Shout. Just one more

Voice

Wait!

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*f*

*mp*

*mf*

*mp*

On the bell

88

Voice

thing be- fore\_ you\_ leave and. One ti - ny\_ thing be- fore\_ you\_ go\_ and.

Voice

Wait!

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

2

91

Voice: I can't re - mem - ber e - ver\_ loo - king like this. Where'd I\_ go?

Voice: Wait!

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

94

Voice: No, no\_ no.

Voice: Loud whisper. *ff* We're co-ming af-ter you. Sing. *mp* Re -

Kbd.

Kbd. Autoharp. *f* Heavy synth bass. *mf*

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. Distorted *f* Distorted. *mf*

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

98

Voice

lease the hounds...

Kbd.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



101

Voice

Re - lease the hounds.

Kbd.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

92

105

Voice

Re - lease the hounds. Re -

Kbd.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

110

Voice

You're smart e-nough

Voice

-lease the hounds.

Kbd.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

93

*p*

*pp*

*Clean.*

*p*

*p*

114

Voice

to lead\_ the world. You're wise\_ e-nough to know the world.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

117

Voice

*mf*

You're fierce e-nough to take on\_ the world.\_\_\_\_

E. Gtr.

*mp*

Bass

*mp*

Dr.

*mp*

120

Kbd.

Autoharp.

E. Gtr.

*f*

Bass

*f*

Dr.

*f*

124 Loud whisper. *ff*

Voice

So why hav-en't you?

Kbd.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. Distorted *f*

E. Gtr. *f*

Bass

Dr. *f*

8va

4

2



129

Kbd.

E. Gtr. (8)

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

2

Electric Guitar

Drum Set

Trombone

Tuba

Violin

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

4

8

9

Tbn.

Tba.

Vln.

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*ff*

*ff*

4

## 4. Pick Your Own

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

$\text{♩} = 85$

**Voice**  
Oh, I'd like to be like Mo rri ssey back when he was a\_\_ Smith, and write a song that ev - ry one\_ could i -

**Acoustic Guitar**  
*mp*

**Acoustic Guitar**  
*mp*

**Voice**  
- den-ti- fy\_\_ with. But I could ne-ver man - age with one to - pic a- lone, so I

**A. Gtr.**

**A. Gtr.**

$\text{♩} = 90$

**Voice**  
thought I'd make a list of ev - ry-thing that's got me pissed and then\_\_ you can pick your own...

**A. Gtr.**

**A. Gtr.**

$\text{♩} = 90$

**Dr.**  
*mf*

**A. Gtr.**  
*mf*

**A. Gtr.**  
*mf*

**Bass**  
*mf*

**Dr.**

12 *mf*

Voice

Well right at the top there's mon-ey. I'm get-ting skin-ter ev - ry day. I've got

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

15

Voice

no-thing go-ing in, it's all go-ing out on the bills I have to pay. And I'm will ing to put in a hard days graft if

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

18

Voice

it - ll get rid of my o - ver-draft, but I've been sear - ching here and there\_ and there's

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

20

Voice

no jobs go-ing fuck-ing a - ny - where. It's strange, — I know,

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

22

Voice

when you've got no - where to go. — You can-not see — the rea - son for — it all.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

24

Voice

— I can't — have reached my ter-mi-nal ve - lo - ci - ty. — I

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

27

Voice

felt like I had so much else in store.\_\_\_\_ Oh\_ well. Oh well.\_\_\_\_

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mf* 3

*f*

30

Voice

*mp*

And

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



38

Voice

and I hate how\_ love is so con - fu- sing, and I feel bad for get ting\_ sad, when I

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

40

Voice

look at all\_ I\_ have. And it's hard to earn a li - ving do ing\_ what you wan-na do,

Whisper.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

102

*f*

43

Voice *f* e- ven if\_ you know it's what you're built\_ for.\_ *p* And it's hard to jus-ti-fy\_ the need to\_

Kbd.

E. Gtr. Scratch the 16ths *p*

A. Gtr. *f*

A. Gtr. *f*

Bass *f* *p*

Dr. *f* *p*

46

Voice *f* stop and take it in.\_ Run with the cro - wd. Run with the cro wd. *mf* And I know

Choir *f* Run with the cro - wd. Run with the cro wd.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr. *f*

A. Gtr. *f*

Bass *f*

Dr. *f*



55

Voice

Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes?

Choir

Who took my eyes?—

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



58

Voice

*mp*  
It's strange,

Kbd.

*Red.*

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

61

Voice

I know. La da da da da da da da.

Kbd.

3 3 Ped.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



63

Voice

Gliss down to bottom of piano.

Kbd.

6 6 6 gliss.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

106 3

65 *mf*

Voice

Pick your own . Pick, pick your own. Pick your own . Pick, pick your own.

Choir

Pick your own . Pick, pick your own. Pick your own . Pick, pick your own.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



67

Voice

Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes?

Choir

Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes?

Choir

*mp*

Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes?

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

69

Voice

Pick your own . Pick, pick your own.\_\_\_\_ Pick your own . Pick, pick your own.\_\_\_\_

Choir

\_\_\_\_ Pick your own . Pick, pick your own.\_\_\_\_ Pick your own . Pick, pick your own.\_\_\_\_

Choir

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

71

Voice

Who took my eyes? It's hard to earn a li- ving do ing. what you wan-na do, \_

Choir

Who took my eyes?\_\_\_\_

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*pp*

*pp*

75

**ff**

Voice: e ven if\_ you know\_ it's what you're built for\_ And it's hard to jus-ti-fy\_ the need to\_

**f**

Choir: E ven if\_ you know\_ it's what you're built for\_

**f**

Choir: Know\_

**p**

Kbd.

Scratch the 16ths

**p**

E. Gtr.

**f**

A. Gtr.

**f**

A. Gtr.

**pp**

Bass

**f**

**p**

Dr.

**f**

**p**

78

Voice: stop and take it in\_ Just run with the cro - wd. Run with the cro - wd.

**f**

Choir: Run with the cro -

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

**f**

A. Gtr.

**f**

A. Gtr.

**f**

Bass

**f**

Dr.

**f**

80

Voice *mp* And I've was-ted so much time. *mf* I've

Choir wd. Run with the cro-wd.

E. Gtr. 4

A. Gtr. *mp*

A. Gtr. *mp*

Bass *mp*

Dr. *mp*

83

Voice was - ted so much time.

Choir *mp* Who took my eyes? Who took my eyes?

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr. *f*

A. Gtr. *f*

Bass *f*

Dr. *f*

85

Choir

Choir

Pick your own . Pick, pick your own. \_\_\_\_\_

Choir

*mp* Run with the cro -

E. Gtr.

8

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

87

Voice

And I think that's the big-gest joke of them all, - the

Choir

Choir

4

Choir

wd. Run with the cro-wd. Run with the cro -

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

90

Voice

bur-den that we\_ keep.      The con-stant fear we're was-ting our time      just liv ing\_ half a sleep.      If we

Choir

8

Choir

8

Choir

4

E. Gtr.

12

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

93

Voice

spent less time with wo- rry - ing\_\_ we\_\_ would have more time to waste, be-cause

Choir

12

Choir

Choir

wd. Run with the cro-wd.

Kbd.

mf 3

E. Gtr.

16

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2



95

Voice

*rall.*  
*mp*

life is short and you might be gone be - fore you've said all you nee - ded to say.

A. Gtr.

*mp*

A. Gtr.

*mp*

Bass

*mp*

# 5. Autofocus

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

♩. = 55

Loop. Increase wet reverb, decrease dry.

Electric Guitar *mf*

12

Voice *mp*

He sits a-lone in his room tra cing a smile.

E. Gtr. 12 16

E. Gtr. *pp* Distorted, heavy reverb. *p* *mf*

A. Gtr. *p*

Bass *mp* *mf*

Dr. *mf*

20

Voice *mf*

He'll talk if no one can hear, but not for a while. And he

E. Gtr. 20 24

E. Gtr. *p* *mf*

A. Gtr.

Bass *mp*

Dr. *mf*

27

Voice

thinks if he\_ gives it some time,\_ the world will be - have.\_ But watch-ing the clock

28

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mp*

*f*

*mf*

31

Voice

he's there for each tick that feeds his mis take.\_ And I\_

32

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mp*

*f*

Muted.

*p*

*mf*

36

Voice

for-get my\_ own name.\_ For-get how to speak.\_

A. Gtr.

40

Voice

For-get how to breathe.\_ And I\_ talk to you in\_ my\_

A. Gtr.

45

Voice

head. And all the words I've not said Dis-a ppear when you

A. Gtr.

49

Voice

leave. When she walks through the crowd, in - vis-i- ble.

Pno.

A. Gtr.

Open.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

54

Voice

\*inhale\* \*exhale\* Au - to - fo- cus. My b rain's

Pno.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

59

Voice *8* — a pa- rate, — there's a wasp's nest — in my — chest. And I'm Shout. *p*

Voice — — — — — And I'm

Pno. *4*

A. Gtr. *(8)* *4*

A. Gtr. *4*

Bass *4*

Dr. *4*



63

Voice *8* try — — — — — ing. — — — — — But I — — — — —

Voice try — — — — — ing. — — — — —

Pno. *4*

A. Gtr. *(8)*

A. Gtr. *mf*

Bass *mf*

Dr. *mf*

68

Voice

for-get my\_\_ own\_\_ name.\_\_\_ For-get how to

Pno.

(8)

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



71

Voice

speak.\_\_\_ For-get how to breathe.\_\_\_ And

Pno.

(8)

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4

75

Voice

you— talk to me in— my— head.— And all— the words you've not

Pno.

*f*

(8)

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4

79

Voice

said— dis-a - ppear when you leave.— *f* It's

Voice

*mf* It's

Pno.

(8)

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

83

Voice

hard when your light is up - on us, and I feel the leaves pa - ssing by. But I'm

Voice

hard when your light is up - on us, and I feel the leaves pa - ssing by. But I'm

Pno.

*mf*

Distorted, power chords.

E. Gtr.

*f*

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

87

Voice

not su pposed to be me yet. No not yet. Ooh

Voice

not su pposed to be me yet. No not yet. Ooh

Pno.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4 8

92

Voice

Oh hea ven knows I'm se ven- teen now.

Voice

Oh hea ven knows I'm se ven- teen now.

Pno.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

96

Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*pp*

*mp*

*p*

Clean, heavy reverb.

101

Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*f*

*ff*

Distorted, solo.  
*gliss.*

109

Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

113

Voice *ff*  
And I for-get my\_own

Pno.

E. Gtr. *Improvise noises with whammy bar.* *Clean, delay.*

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

118

Voice  
name. \_\_\_\_\_ For - get how to

Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

120

Voice

8 speak. \_\_\_\_\_ For-get how to breathe. \_\_\_\_\_ And

Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4

124

Voice

8 I \_\_\_\_\_ build a world in my \_\_\_\_\_ head, \_\_\_\_\_ and watch the life we've not

Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4

128

Voice

led \_\_\_\_\_ cross the Styx when you leave. \_\_\_\_\_ You leave. \_\_\_\_\_ You

Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

134

Voice

leave. \_\_\_\_\_ You leave. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh...

Pno.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

140

Voice

Oh... Oh, wai - ting.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

## 6. Werdatukawi

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

♩ = 120

Drum Set

*ppp* *f*

9

Org.

Quite a dark sound.  
Not much top end.  
Reverb if possible.

*mp*

Bass

*f*

Dr.

19

E. Gtr.

Clean. Slight chorus effect.  
Slight quick delay effect.  
Let notes ring.

*mp*

Org.

4

Bass

2

Dr.

25

E. Gtr.

4

Org.

4

Bass

2

Dr.

2

37

Whisper *mf*

Voice: The night-life wraps a sil - ken veil a-round your con - science.

Choir: *ppp* Whisper The night-life wraps a sil - ken veil a-round your con - science.

E. Gtr. 4

Org. 4

Bass 2

Dr. 2

41

Voice: I'll get you drinks to help you lo - wer your re - sis - tance.

Choir: I'll get you drinks to help you lo - wer your re - sis - tance.

E. Gtr. 4

Org. 4

Bass 2

Dr. 2

45

Voice: We have a fu - ture now, at least un - til to - mor - row.

Choir: We have a fu - ture now, at least un - til to - mor - row.

E. Gtr. 4

Org. 4

Bass 2

Dr. 2

49

Voice Don't be sur - prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning.

Choir Don't be sur - prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning.

E. Gtr. 4

Org. 4

Bass 2

Dr. 2

53 *mp*

Voice Don't be sur - prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning.

Choir Don't be sur - prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning.

E. Gtr. 4

Org. 4

Bass 2

Dr. 2

57 *p*

Voice Don't be sur - prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning.

Voice Female voice. Soulful. Almost shouting. *f* She does-n't love you.

Choir Don't be sur - prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning.

E. Gtr. 4 Stab chords. Crispy sound. Dry. *mf*

Org. 4 Pop the notes hard.

Bass 2 *ff* Choke

Dr. 2 *ff* Choke

129

62

Voice

and she's right not to. She does-n't know what she's do - ing in here. He does-n't love you.

E. Gtr.

Org.

Bass

Dr.

Choke

Choke

Choke

66

Voice

He might pre-tend to. What's worse is you might be lieve him, oh de - ar. What's in Chi ca - go?

E. Gtr.

Org.

Bass

Dr.

Choke

Choke

Choke

70

Voice

I'm in Chi-ca - go. Take off your coat girl it's time to come home. Not to the glass house.

E. Gtr.

Org.

Bass

Dr.

Choke

Choke

Choke

74

Voice

It is a smashed house now. I won-der if they're look-ing at me.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Org.

Bass

Perc.

Dr.

Choke

*f*

*ff*

*ff*

Djembe and Cowbell.  
Improvise rhythms until end.

*mf*

*f*

78

Voice

Whisper  
*pp*

I won-der if they're look-ing at me.

Perc.

Dr.

4

2

84

Back to initial sound.  
Again, let notes ring.

E. Gtr.

*mf*

Clean sound.  
Subtle rhythmic whammy bar.  
Harmonic (7th fret)

E. Gtr.

*mp*

Harmonic (12th fret)

Improvise guitar solo in E minor. Quick delay. Distortion.  
C#s and G#s also work.

E. Gtr.

*p*

Org.

*mp*

Bass

*f*

Perc.

8

12

Dr.

89 *mp*

Voice  
Don't be sur - prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning..

Choir  
*ppp*  
Don't be sur - prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning..

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. 4

E. Gtr. 8

Org.

Bass

Perc. 16

Dr. 2

93

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. 4

E. Gtr. 12

Org.

Bass

Perc. 20

Dr. 2

Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total.

97

Voice

Don't be sur-prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning..

Voice

*mp* Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total.

I won-der if they're look-ing at me.

Choir

Don't be sur-prised if I don't love you in the mor - ning..

E. Gtr.

Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total. *mp*

E. Gtr.

4 Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total.

E. Gtr.

16 Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total. *p*

Org.

Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total. *p*

Bass

Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total. *mf*

Perc.

24 Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total.

Dr.

2 Repeat twice. 3 sequences in total. *mf*



102

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Org.

Bass

Perc.

28

Dr.

4

106

Quick intake of breath.  
A staccato gasp.

*ff*

Voice

E. Gtr.

Org.

Become discordant as volume increases.  
Basically mash the keys. Create dread.

*fff*

Perc.

32

Dr.

# 7. End

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

$\text{♩} = 80$

Piano

*mf*

*Ped.*

Kbd.

*mf*

Pno.

*mf*

*gliss.*

E. Gtr.

Distorted. Muted.  
Gradually open.

*p*

*f*

*mf*

Bass

*p*

*f*

Dr.

*p*

*f*

9

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

12

Voice

*f*

There's some-thing mi - ssing from the ca- bi- net. There's some-thing mi - ssing from my\_ heart.

Bass

Dr.

14

Voice

—

I hope you might in- dulse me.

Choir

*mf*

I don't re mem-ber if I lost it. Or if I ne - ver had it from the start.

E. Gtr.

Chorus. Delay. Scratch.

*mp*

Bass

Dr.

17

Voice

a chee-ky drin-ky from the li-ttle bo-ttle of End.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

20

Voice

This life is not what I fan - cy. It starts fine, then they fire a gun and tell you to run.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

22

Choir

No time to think of what you want. No time to stop and feel the warmth of the sun.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

24

Voice

So I wa-nna see what ha-ppens af-ter a chee-ky drin-ky from the li-ttle bo-ttle of End.---

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mf*

27

Voice

My toes and fin - ger tips\_ are\_ tin - gling. The

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mp*

*f*

*gliss.*

30

Voice

an - a - glyp - ta's\_ pec-ling from the walls... My ev-ry mis - take sees\_\_ the

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

33

Voice

Co-re - o - lis\_ force... There's ser- pents in my hair, and co lour in the air. Al right.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

36

Choir

You don't care at all...

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

39

Voice

It's the end of the world.

Choir

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

42

Voice

And out the win - dow I see hor - ses. They're ga - llo - ping, all four to wards the fire.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

45

Voice

The one bridge out of town is now crea king with the weight of

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

48

Voice

fa - mi - ly se - dans, all flee - ing from the la - va. And all the drun - kards sit with

Choir

*mf*

Ho - lly.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*gliss.*

*f*

*mf*



51

Voice

bi - bles in their hands, while cler - gy - men find so - lace at the bar. —

Choir

Oh. Oh.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

54

Voice

And ev - ry mo- ther says to ev - ry mo ther's\_ son,\_ I've hooked the hose- pipe\_ up,\_ get in the car.

Choir

Oh.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



57

Voice

Yeah, the clues were all there.

Choir

Oh. Oh.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

60

Voice

Yeah, the clues were all there.

Choir

Oh.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

6

6

63

Choir

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

6

6

66

Kbd.

Sequencer.

mp

E. Gtr.

pp

E. Gtr.

Bass

gliss.

Dr.

69

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

73

Kbd.

Bass

77

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

81

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

4

85

Kbd.

Bass

Dr.

8

89

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mf*

*f*

*gliss.*

*mp*

*p*

*ff*

*p*

Lap steel. Improve slides.

Improve chaotic drum fills.

93

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mf**f**gliss.**gliss.**f**p**ff**p*

Improve chaotic drum fills.

97

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mf**mf**mf*

101


Kbd. 

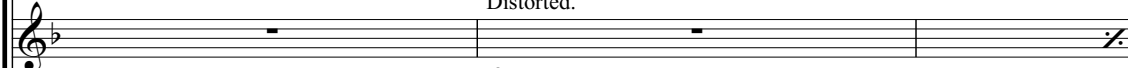
E. Gtr. 


Bass 


Dr. 

105

E. Gtr.   
*mf*

E. Gtr.   
*f*

Bass   
*f*

Dr.   
*f*

Improvise solo in D minor.  
Distorted.

108

E. Gtr.   
*f*

E. Gtr.   
*f*

Bass   
*f*

Dr.   
*f*

111

E. Gtr.   
*f*

E. Gtr.   
*f*

Bass   
*f*

Dr.   
*f*

114

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*8va*

*gliss.*

*ff*

118

Voice

*p*

*f*

We watch with si-lent stu pe- fac - tion, the Ei- ffel\_ to - wer\_ cra-shing to the ground.

Kbd.

*mf*

E. Gtr.

*ff*

*f*

E. Gtr.

*mp*

Bass

*ff*

*f*

*gliss.*

Dr.

*ff*

*f*

121

Voice

The Gi-za Py - ra mids o-pen up and fly a- way. The

Kbd.

*3*

E. Gtr.

*3*

E. Gtr.

*3*

Bass

*3*

*gliss.*

Dr.

*3*

*3*

*3*

124

Voice

dead rise\_ from the grave, to meet a\_ ti - dal wave. All hu-mans run\_ in\_ all\_ di - rec

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

127

Voice

- tions. Like spi ders\_trapped be- tween two ma - ssive hands..

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

130

Voice

It's so hi - la - ri - ous, it's the best day\_ of my life.\_ This ship is\_ go-ing down, and

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

3

3

3

3

gliss.

3

133

Voice

we're all\_ go - nna drown.\_

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

f

136

Voice

It's the end of the world.\_ It's the end of the world.

Choir

*f* *gliss.* *gliss.*

You don't care at all.\_ You don't care at all.\_

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

140

Voice

I don't care at all. —

E. Gtr.

*p*

*mf*

Improvise funky licks.

E. Gtr.

*mf*

Improvise funky licks.

Bass

*p*

*mf*

Dr.

*p*

*mf*

144

E. Gtr.

4 Repeat to fade. 8

E. Gtr.

4 Repeat to fade. 8

Bass

Repeat to fade. 2 2

Dr.

Repeat to fade. 2 2

# 8. Lake Placid

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

♩ = 165

Voice

Keyboard

Electric Guitar

Improvise soft licks in F minor. Reverb, delay.

4

5

Voice

Improvise melody and rhythm around lyrics.  
Leave gaps after each sentence. Follow chords.

This boat is still.  
You're rolling the scenery by.  
And you decide if it's day or night.  
And you decide if it's beautiful.  
You, my axiom. I, your paralysed.

What separates us?  
Just the surface of the water.  
Just a point in time.  
Just a 2D plain.  
An invisible line.

This water's still and so am I.

Repeat chords until last line is sung. then move on.

Bend gradually up 2 semitones.  
Increase volume dramatically  
once in G

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

8 12

8va = 165

Electric Guitar *pp* *f* *gliss.*

Electric Guitar *pp* *f* *gliss.*

Bass Guitar *mf* *f* *gliss.*

Drum Set *pp* *f*

♩ = 165

9

Voice *mf* *Whispery.*  
It's so cute to see you still pre -  
*mf* *Whispery.*  
It's so cute to see you still pre -

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass *mp*

Dr. *mp*

15

Voice  
tend I'm not the real\_\_ you. If I was-n't the co-lour of the wa-ter They'd see me when they looked down

Voice  
tend I'm not the real\_\_ you. If I was-n't the co-lour of the wa-ter They'd see me when they looked down

Bass

Dr. 4

20

Voice

through my glass roof. The one you live with me un - der. The one that I'll hurl you through.

Voice

through my glass roof. The one you live with me un - der. The one that I'll hurl you through.

Bass

Dr.

4

25

Voice

You know that it's a storm down here.

Voice

You know that it's a storm down here.

Kbd.

*mp*

E. Gtr.

*f* *mp*

Bass

*f* *mf*

Dr.

*f* *mf*

28

Voice

And it can't ca - rry on for-e - ver. A sin-gle ex - tra drop of \_ blood will set them loose. Will set us loose.

Voice

And it can't ca - rry on for-e - ver. A sin-gle ex - tra drop of \_ blood will set them loose. Will set us loose.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

31

Voice *f* I am the on - ly one who hates you as much

Voice *f* I am the on - ly one who hates you as much

Glock.

Kbd. *f* *p*

E. Gtr. *f*

E. Gtr. *f*

Bass *f*

Dr. *f*

34

Voice as you hate your - self.

Voice as you hate your - self.

Glock.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

37

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

40

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

43

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

47

Voice *mp*  
It can't have been

Glock.

Kbd. *mp*

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass *mf*

Dr. *mf*

53

Voice  
years can it?

Glock.

E. Gtr. *mp*

Bass

Dr.

56

Voice *mp*  
It can't have been years— can it?

Glock.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 4

60

*mf*

Voice And all of this pre - ssure is go-ing to break you and I hope that it does, 'cos you de-serve to be bro

*mf*

Voice And all of this pre - ssure is go-ing to break you and I hope that it does, 'cos you de-serve to be bro

Bass

Dr. **4**

65

Voice ken... You're *mf*

Voice ken... It can't have been years can it? You're *mf*

*mp*

Glock.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. **4**

70

Talk. *p*

Voice kil - ling all\_ this time. It's a vi-tal in- tru - sion, not a pa-llid de-lu - sion. But you're not do-ing a - ny- thing. *mf*

Voice kil - ling all\_ this time. But you're not do-ing a - ny- thing. *mf*

Glock.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. **4**

75

Voice

And one day will be the last day of your life and you'll look back and re-gret ev-ry last was-ted mo

Voice

And one day will be the last day of your life and you'll look back and re-gret ev-ry last was-ted mo

Bass

Dr.

4

80

Voice

ment.

Voice

ment. You're not do-ing a-ny-thing.

Kbd.

Return intro synth to flourish.

4

Bass

Dr.

tr

89

Kbd.

8

E. Gtr.

gliss.

mf

Improvise phrases. Increasingly dramatic/complex. Climb up.

4

8

Bass

gliss.

mf

Improvise phrases. Increasingly dramatic/complex. Climb up.

4

8

Dr.

(tr)

mf

157

pp

tr



124

Voice

last but out of Chi - na town, the noose a - round your neck would tigh ten, \_ and you'd want it to,

Voice

last but out of Chi - na town, the noose a - round your neck would tigh ten, \_ and you'd want it to,

Bass

Dr.

4

129

Voice

you bad\_ girl.. I want to see\_ you. You do too. I want to see you blue. \_

Voice

you bad\_ girl.. I want to see\_ you. You do too. I want to see you blue. \_

Bass

Dr.

4

134

Voice

I wan-na chain you to the fence.

Voice

I wan-na chain you to the fence.

Kbd.

*mp*

E. Gtr.

*f* *mp*

Bass

*f* *mf*

Dr.

*f* *mf*

159

137

Voice

I wan-na run you up the flag - pole. I wan-na drain the co - lour\_\_ from\_\_ you.

Voice

I wan-na run you up the flag - pole. I wan-na drain the co - lour\_\_ from\_\_ you.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



139

Voice

And so do you. You want me to. *f* I am the rule you can - not

Voice

And so do you. You want me to. *f* I am the rule you can - not

Glock.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*f* 160

142

Voice

bend. I am the spark you turn to foe. I dig my graves with grit - ted

Voice

bend. I am the spark you turn to foe. I dig my graves with grit - ted

Glock.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



146

Voice

teeth. I make your bed. I ne - ver sleep. I am the jun - gle wea - ry.

Voice

teeth. I make your bed. I ne - ver sleep. I am the jun - gle wea - ry.

Glock.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

150

Voice

I your ax - iom. You my pa - ra - lysed.

Voice

I your ax - iom. You my pa - ra - lysed.

Glock.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

154

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

157

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

# 9. Schrödinger's Cat

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

Funky ♩ = 116

Electric Bass

*mf*

E. Bass

6

2 2 2 2

Improvise accented notes and hihat opening throughout.

Dr.

*mp*

4 8

E. Bass

14

2 2

Dr.

*mf*

E. Gtr.

18

*mf*

Improvise funky licks.

E. Gtr.

4

E. Bass

2 2 2 2

*mp*

Dr.

4 4

E. Gtr.

26

2 2 2 2 2 2

8 12

E. Gtr.

*mf*

E. Bass

2 2 2 2 2 2

Dr.

4 4 4

E. Gtr.

38

bend

*mp*

*f*

Dr.

*f*

3 3 3

42

Kbd. *p* 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

E. Gtr. *f* *mp*

E. Bass

Dr. 3 3

45

Kbd. *mf*

C Tpt.

E. Gtr. *mf*

E. Bass *mf*

Dr. *mf*

48

C Tpt. *Improvise a 12-bar solo in C#*

E. Gtr. 2 2

E. Gtr. *Improvise funky licks.* 4

E. Bass *mp* 2

Dr.

52

E. Gtr. 2 2 2 2

E. Gtr. 8 12

E. Bass 2 2 2 2

Dr. 4 4

60

C Tpt.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Bass

Dr.

*p* *ff*

bend

bend

2

2



64

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Bass

Dr.

*p* *Red.*

*mp*

*f*

*f*

7

7

7

7

3

3

3

3



67

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Bass

Dr.

*mf*

*mp*

*gliss.*

7

7

7

7

3

3

3

3



82

Choir

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Bass

Dr.

86

"Delay" effect.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Bass

Dr.

*mf*

Allow chord to ring out. Feedback welcome.

90

Kbd.

E. Bass

Dr.

*mf*

92

Keep repeating, Bb, C, AbM7, Bb.  
Improvise chord inversions.

Kbd.

E. Bass

Dr.

*mf*

4

4

102

Kbd.

Dr.

4

4

# 10. Glass House Girl

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

$\text{♩} = 45$

**Piano**

*mp*

Red.

9

**Voice**

*mp*

Now there's a sad sto-ry... That girl o-ver there... She was ne-ver a beau-ty queen.

5

**Pno.**

Red.

15

**Voice**

She's been trea-ted un - fair. She played the good kid all her life, and that's ne-ver go - nna

**Pno.**

Red.

20

**Voice**

change... 'Cos if she changed her tune, ac-ted up now, peo-ple would look at her strange, oh no.

**Pno.**

Red.

25

**Voice**

**Pno.**

Red.

**E. Gtr.**

*p*

Improvise gentle licks.  
Clean sound. Subtle delay.

4 8

33

Voice

She's been good too long to turn bad. It just would-n't suit her, see. So she lives in her own lit-tle

Pno.

Licks between vocal lines.

E. Gtr.

4

38

Voice

glass house, while ev-ry-one else runs free. And if she picked up that rock it would do much more da-mage than

Pno.

E. Gtr.

8

Bass

Dr.

*mf*

*mp*

43

Voice

an-y - one else a - round, just be-cause it was thrown by her. She's a vic - tim of her own

Pno.

E. Gtr.

12

Bass

Dr.

48

Voice

gen-tle way of trea- ting this world. She's just a Glass House Girl.

mp

Org.

Mash the low keys. Sporadically gliss upward.

p

Pno.

Red.

E. Gtr.

16

Bass

Dr.

p

54

Org.

mf

Pno.

f

E. Gtr.

Distorted, lead.

Improvise solo. Bb minor pentatonic.

4

Bass

gliss. f

mf

Dr.

f

60

Org.

Pno.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*gliss.*

8

65

Org.

Pno.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*gliss.*

12

*gliss.* *gliss.*

70

Voice

*ff*

But she'll ne-ver talk\_\_ a-bout it. She just locks it a way.

Org.

Pno.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

74

Voice

And to play by the rules\_\_\_\_\_ is the on-ly way she knows

Org.

Pno.

Bass

Dr.

78

Voice

how to play. And she'll put on a front of hap-pi-ness. And she'll be home for tea ev-ry

Org.

Pno.

Bass

Dr.

*gliss.* *gliss.* *gliss.* *gliss.* *gliss.*

82

Voice

night. And she'll try to make her sleep-ing dogs lie, though their bark is much worse than their bite.

Org.

Pno.

Bass

Dr.

*gliss.* *gliss.*

*3* *3* *3*

87

Voice

*p*

Pno.

*mp*

Bass

*p*

*8va*

95 *mp*

Voice: She's too nice to win, so she'll on-ly e - ver lose. And she'll for-e-ver\_ play the door

Pno.

Red.

100 *mf*

Voice: - mat un-der\_ ev-ry - one's shoes. And she's wai-ting for her op-por-tu - ni-ty\_ To be

Org.

Ppp

Pno.

mf

Red.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mp*

*mp*

105 *f*

Voice: have like ev-ry-one else, but it's al-rea-dy\_ too\_ late. She's a vic - tim\_ of her own

Org.

*mp*

Pno.

*f*

Red.

E. Gtr.

4 8

Bass

*gliss.*

*mf*

Dr.

*mf*

110 rall. . . . .

Voice *8*  
 gen - tle way of trea-ting this world. *mf*

Org. *mf*

Pno. *mf* *mp* *Ped.*

E. Gtr. 12

Bass *gliss.* *gliss.* *gliss.*

Dr. *p* *rall. . . . .*

114 *p* *accel.*

Voice *8*  
 She's just a Glass House Girl.

Pno. *p*

Dr. *pp* *accel.*

# 11 Alcoholicly

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

♩ = 120

Clean.

Electric Guitar

Drum Set

*mf*

*mf*

2

3

6

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mf*

*f*

2

2

2

2

4

14

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

2

18

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

2

22

Voice *f* Now

E. Gtr. Muted. 2 2

E. Gtr. *mp* 4

Bass *mf* 4

Dr. *f*

26

Voice Al-co ho - lly was a friend of mine. She was born in the Spring of eigh-ty-nine. And she

Kbd. Organ, tremolo. *mp* 4

E. Gtr. 2 2

E. Gtr. 8

Bass 8

Dr.

30

Voice star - ted school in nine - ty three... She was a

Kbd.

E. Gtr. 2

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 4

32

Voice

cou - ple of years a - head of me. And it seemed

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

34

Voice

— like she was do-ing fine but she was ska-ting on a thin\_ line. And

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

38

Voice

now we're tal - king twelve years back. — Her da-ddy left home for a guy named Jack. Her

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

42

Voice

mo-mma di - dn't know what to think of course. So she did.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4

44

Voice

all her thin - king in the Old Black Horse. So

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

46

Voice

then she sat there get - ting slaugh - tered on her gin and to - nic wa - ter,

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

8

48

Voice

un-a - ware her in - fant daugh - ter\_ slow-ly did the same. 'Cos she's drin-king all her be-ne - fits\_ and

Choir

*mf*

Ahh.

Kbd.

Distorted power chords. Open.

E. Gtr.

*mf*

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



51

Voice

smo-king all her dole. A-ny thing to help her to ig - nore the vit-ri-ol,\_ and it may\_seem Al-co - ho-lly has gone

Choir

Ahh.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



66

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

8

2

12

70

Choir

Ahh.

Distorted power chords. Open.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

16

75

Choir

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

80

Voice

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

So she dropped out of school in her ear-ly teens.

Clean. Muted.

*mp*

3

83

Voice

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

And she made sure that she was- n't seen. As she met

4

2

4

4

86

Voice

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

with the thugs in the clubs and the pubs, who bought her drink and dealt her drugs. At

2

2

4

90

Voice

first she said she di - dn't want it but by six - teen she was de - pen - dent on it.

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

8

92

Voice

Now she's sat here in the Wai-ting Room. And she's

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

96

Voice

wai - ting for the day when she can say that it's too

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

98

Voice late. It could be to day. But she o-

Kbd.

E. Gtr. 2

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 4

102

Voice - pened that door with her own two hands and I bet she won't make that mis- take a- gain.

Kbd.

E. Gtr. 2

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 8

104

Voice She was

Kbd.

E. Gtr. 2

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 12

108

Voice

drin-king all her be ne- fits\_ and smo-king all her dole. A- ny thing to help her.to ig - nore the vit-ri-ol.\_ And it may

Choir

Ahh.

E. Gtr.

Distorted power chords. Open.

*mf*

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.



112

Voice

\_ seem that her bo-dy can't take it an - y- more, as she falls\_down to the floor and takes one last look at the door.

Choir

Ahh.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

116

Voice *mp* And in the night

Choir *mp*

E. Gtr. Clean. *mf* 2 2 2

E. Gtr. *mf*

Bass *mf*

Dr. *mf* 4



124

Voice she don't know where you are. Don't you fly too\_

Choir (8)

E. Gtr. 2 2

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr. Clean. Chorus.

Bass

Dr.

128

Voice

far she cries. Far she flies. Fa - ther\_ she cries.\_

Choir

(8)

E. Gtr.

2

E. Gtr.

*f*

Distorted. Improve guitar solo in B minor.

E. Gtr.

*f*

Bass

*f*

Dr.

*f*

Improvise drum fills as needed, until end of song.

133

E. Gtr.

4

8

E. Gtr.

4

8

Bass

4

Dr.

4

8

141

E. Gtr.

8<sup>va</sup>

Distorted. Finger tapping.

E. Gtr.

12

6

6

6

6

*gliss.*

Bass

3

3

Dr.

145

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

148

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

152

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

Improvise guitar solo in B minor.

160

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

164

E. Gtr. *4*

E. Gtr. 12 16

Bass *4*

Dr. *4*

171

Voice *mf*  
She won't make that mis-take a-gain.

E. Gtr. Distorted. Muted.

E. Gtr. *p* *4*

E. Gtr. 20 *p*

Bass *mp* *4* *mp*

Dr. *mp* *4*

178

Voice  
She won't make that mis-take a-gain.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

180

Voice *f* Scream. Vibrato.

She won't make that mis-take a- gain\_ a- gain a- gain\_ a- gain a- gain.

Kbd. *mf* Distorted. Open.

E. Gtr. *mf*

E. Gtr. *f*

E. Gtr. *f*

Bass *f*

Dr. Gradually open hihat. *f*

185

Voice

Kbd. *2* *2* *2*

E. Gtr. *2* *2* *2*

E. Gtr. *2* *2* *2*

E. Gtr. *2* *2* *2*

Bass *2* *2* *2*

Dr. *2* *2* *2*

Improvise guitar solo in B minor.

4 8

194

Kbd.  $\frac{2}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{2}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{2}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{12}{\text{bar}}$

Bass  $\frac{2}{\text{bar}}$

Dr.  $\frac{6}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{6}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{6}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{6}{\text{bar}}$

198

Kbd.  $\frac{2}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{2}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{2}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{16}{\text{bar}}$

Bass  $\frac{2}{\text{bar}}$

Dr.  $\frac{6}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{6}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{6}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{6}{\text{bar}}$

204

Kbd.  $\frac{20}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{24}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{20}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{24}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{20}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{24}{\text{bar}}$

E. Gtr.  $\frac{20}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{24}{\text{bar}}$

Bass  $\frac{4}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{8}{\text{bar}}$

Dr.  $\frac{4}{\text{bar}}$   $\frac{8}{\text{bar}}$

210

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

28

12

215

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

32

6

220

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

36

40

4

8

226 rall. . . . .

Kbd.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

228

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mp* *mp* *mp* *mp*

Improvise cadenza in B minor.

*tr*

## 12. Sink Or Swim

Tom Hughes

Tom Hughes

$\text{♩} = 60$

12-String Guitar

Acoustic Guitar

*mp* *mf* *2*

5

Voice

Voice

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

*mp* *mp* *2* *mp* *2* *mp*

You still hold the key\_\_\_\_\_ to a lock that has been changed\_\_\_\_\_ by that lock - smith fa-ther time.

You still hold the key\_\_\_\_\_ to a lock that has been changed\_\_\_\_\_ by that lock - smith fa-ther time.

8

Voice

Voice

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

*mf* *mp* *mf* *mf* *mp* *mf*

I bet I can find\_\_\_\_\_ you a mem-ry\_ of a day

I bet I can find\_\_\_\_\_ you a mem-ry\_ of a day

11

Voice *mf* that you've not left far be hind. But I can't tell you e

Voice *mf* that you've not left far be hind. But I can't tell you e

12str. Gtr. *mp* *mf*

A. Gtr. *mp* *mf*

Bass *mp*

14

Voice vry thing a - bout the world. I can on - ly do my bit.

Voice vry thing a - bout the world. I can on - ly do my bit.

Choir *p* Aah - ooh.

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

17 *rall.*

Voice You're li - ving in your me - mo - ry. It's sink or swim, and that's all there is to it.

Voice You're li - ving in your me - mo - ry. It's sink or swim, and that's all there is to it.

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

20  $\text{♩} = 75$

Voice

Voice

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

$\text{♩} = 75$   
Bossa nova beat.  
Retro CR-78 electronic kit.  
*ppp*

23

Voice

Voice

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

2

I can tell you're wri - thing like you've been lit on fire.

I can tell you're wri - thing like you've been lit on fire.

25

Voice

Voice

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

2

2

E - ven though you're sit - ting still.

E - ven though you're sit - ting still.

27

Voice

And if I could I would freeze all time and keep you young.

Voice

And if I could I would freeze all time and keep you young.

12str. Gtr.

2

A. Gtr.

2

Bass

Dr.

2



29

Voice

But life will age and life will kill.

Voice

But life will age and life will kill.

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

31

Voice

And I can't tell\_\_ you e - vry - thing\_ a - bout the world.

Voice

And I can't tell\_\_ you e - vry - thing\_ a - bout the world.

Choir

*p*

And I can't tell\_\_ you e - vry - thing\_ a - bout the world.

Org.

Improvise melody/rhythm in B minor.

12str. Gtr.

*p*

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

33

Voice

I can on - ly do my bit.\_\_

Voice

I can on - ly do my bit.\_\_

Choir

*mp*

I can on - ly do my bit.\_\_ Aah - ooh.

Org.

4

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

2

35

Voice It's che - mi - cals\_ and cir - cum - stance. They're figh - ting you.

Voice It's che - mi - cals\_ and cir - cum - stance. They're figh - ting you.

Choir *p* It's che - mi - cals\_ and cir - cum - stance. They're figh - ting you.

Org.

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 2

37

Voice So sink or swim. Hit or be hit.\_

Voice So sink or swim. Hit or be hit.\_

Choir So sink or swim. Hit or be hit.\_

Org. 8

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr. 2

39

Voice

Voice

Choir

Kbd.

Org.

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

String sound.

*mp*

*mp*

See the lift is wai

See the lift is wai

See the lift is wai

See the lift is wai

2

41

Voice

Voice

Choir

Kbd.

Org.

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

- ting.

- ting.

- ting.

See the weight is lif

See the weight is lif

See the weight is lif

2

2

2

2

2

45

Voice

- ting.\_

Voice

- ting.\_

Choir

- ting.\_

Kbd.

Soft synth pad.

Org.

12str. Gtr.

*pp* *ppp*

A. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

51

Voice

*mp* Falsetto. Whispery.

Are you here? Are you a live? Does some one love you? Is

Kbd.

57

Voice

ev-ry-thing go - ing\_ to be.al- right? Are you a lone? Do you have friends? Is there an an-swer? Can

Kbd.

61

Voice

you re-mem-ber how\_ it al ways ends? The storm re- cedes. It dou bles back.

Kbd.

mf

12str. Gtr.

Harmonics on 7th fret.  
Improvise around these 3 notes.  
Distorted power chords.

E. Gtr.

p

Bass

f

Dr.

f

Gradually improvise cymbal and tom fills.  
Build up chaotically at end.



64

Voice

You are Kint - su - gi. And ha - ppy slicks like gold\_ in - to the\_\_cracks.

Kbd.

12str. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4

66

Voice

It's not the vase. It's not to hold. It's see through mo ments. A sy-rup through the mesh. that is your soul.

Kbd.

12str. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4

4

4

8



70

Voice

*mf*

Sink or swim.

2

Choir

*mp* Sampled from Colonel Dax's "Skydiving".

Good things\_ will\_ come\_ to those who\_ wait\_ who\_ wait\_ who\_ wait\_ who\_ wait\_ who\_ wait...

Kbd.

12str. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

4

4

4

4

74

Voice

Voice

Choir

Kbd.

12str. Gtr.

A. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

*f*

And when it comes, just bathe in it. There is no answer so just breathe.

who\_ wait\_ who\_ wait\_ who\_ wait\_

*ff*

*fff*

78

Voice

Kbd.

A. Gtr.

E. Gtr.

Bass

Dr.

Fade away.

Allow chord to ring out to nothing.

*f*

Allow chord to ring out to nothing.

*f*

Allow note to ring out to nothing.

*mf*

81

Dr.

Loop. Cut off abruptly.

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# Discography

*Countless songs and pieces of music have inspired and informed this album. Below are only the few directly mentioned in this write-up. A Spotify playlist of other huge inspirations shall eventually be created.*

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# Appendix

Enclosed CD recording: Colonel Dax: *Waiting Room*.