

Sixpence

NONE THE RICHER

Divine Discontent

Breathe Your Name

Written by Matt Slocum

"Breathe Your Name" explores the way people can become such a strong part of our inner lives that they sit behind the wheel and drive our actions often without us knowing it consciously.

IT'S EVERY DAY I'M IN THIS PLACE I FEEL THIS WAY, I
FEEL THE SAME
IS IT ALL INSIDE MY HEAD?

I'LL VIEW THE LIST, AND TAKE MY PICK
I'LL VIEW MY FATE AND MAKE THE CHOICE
BECAUSE IT'S NOBODY ELSE'S BUT MINE

CHORUS
BUT YOU'RE IN MY HEART, I CAN FEEL YOUR BEAT
AND YOU MOVE MY MIND FROM BEHIND THE WHEEL
WHEN I LOSE CONTROL I CAN ONLY BREATHE YOUR NAME
I CAN ONLY BREATHE YOUR NAME

SO MANY DAYS WITHIN THIS RACE
I NEED THE TRUTH, I NEED SOME GRACE
I NEED THE PLOT TO FIND MY PLACE
I NEED SOME TRUTH, I NEED SOME GRACE
THE PART OF YOU THAT'S PART OF ME
WILL NEVER DIE, WILL NEVER LEAVE
AND IT'S NOBODY ELSE'S BUT MINE

CHORUS

YOU'LL VIEW THE LIST AND TAKE YOUR PICK
YOU'LL VIEW MY FATE AND MAKE THE CHOICE
BECAUSE I'M NOBODY ELSE'S BUT YOURS

CHORUS

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ASCAP

•Tonight

Written by Matt Slocum

"Tonight" is an ode to indecision.

TONIGHT IT'S TIME CHOOSE A DIRECTION
IF YOU FAIL YOU CAN MAKE A CORRECTION

SLOWER NOW MAKE LIFE FASTER
MAKE YOUR MIND UP FOR ONCE THIS TIME

CHORUS
IT'S HARD TO KNOW

WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO GO
IT'S HARD, SO HARD TO KNOW
TO KNOW WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO GO
TONIGHT
TONIGHT

TONIGHT IT'S TIME CHOOSE A DIRECTION
IF YOU FAIL YOU CAN MAKE A CORRECTION

SLOWER NOW MAKE LIFE FASTER
MAKE YOUR MIND UP FOR ONCE THIS TIME

CHORUS

TONIGHT I'M GONNA LET IT GO
AND TRY TO LET IT BE
BECAUSE I KNOW YOU'LL SEE
THAT IT'S HARD TO KNOW
WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO GO
BUT THERE IS A WAY
AND TOMORROW IS A BRAND NEW DAY

CHORUS

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ASCAP

•Down and Out of Time

Words written by Leigh Nash / Music written by Matt Slocum and
Leigh Nash

"Down and Out of Time" is basically about longing to be needed.

I DREAMT OF SOMETHING LAST NIGHT IN MY SLEEP
I SAW YOU SITTING IN A ROOM WITHOUT ME
YOU WERE SMILING AND YOU HAD A TATTOO
OF ME, IN A ROOM WITHOUT YOU

CHORUS
I AIM MY CANNON AT YOU READY OR NOT
YOU'RE GONNA FEEL MY PAIN, LIKE IT OR NOT
YOU'VE GOT YOUR DEBTS TO PAY AND YOU ARE ONE OF MINE
YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT OF TIME

AND THERE IS SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO SAY
A SIMPLE RHYTHM I FORGOT HOW TO PLAY
I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE CALLED OFF THE DOGS
YOUR MYSTERY IS NOT WORTH BEING SOLVED

CHORUS
(REPEAT)
I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE CALLED OFF THE DOGS
YOUR MYSTERY IS NOT WORTH BEING SOLVED.....

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•Waiting On the Sun

Written by Ron Aniello and Jason Wade

CHORUS

I'M GOING NOWHERE AND I'M GOING TO TAKE MY TIME
ALL THE QUESTIONS IN THE WORLD I CAN LEAVE IN MY MIND
I'M WAITING ON THE SUNSHINE
THE SUNSHINE

I'M WAITING FOR ANSWERS
I'M WAITING TO FIGURE IT OUT
I TRIP ON MY CHANCES
I SLIP THROUGH MY DOUBT

CHORUS

WELL IT SEEMS THAT MY WEAKNESS IS SOMETIMES MY ONLY
STRENGTH
AND IN MY INCOMPLETENESS YOU GET YOUR WAY

CHORUS

I'LL BE AROUND AND I WILL FIND MY WAY BACK DOWN
AND I'LL SEE THE SOUND OF THE SUN

CHORUS

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Still Burning

Words written by Matt Slocum/ Music written by Matt Slocum and Sean Kelly

“Still Burning” tries to explore the way suffering is a gift and a catalyst to help one transition to a better state of living. The chorus lines are inspired by Rilke. I like the image of the heart reaching out like a hand.

YOU ARE THE BURNING
THE FLAME THAT IS TURNING
MY SMOLDERING ASH INTO A BIRD
SO STAY CLOSE MY BROTHER
I COULDN'T STAND THE LOSS
YOU ARE THE BRIDGE OF ACTION
I NEED YOU TO HELP ME CROSS
I NEED YOU TO HELP ME

CHORUS

SO WHEN YOU BREAK MY ARM'S I'LL TAKE HOLD OF YOU
I KNOW YOUR HEART IS A HAND THAT TAKES HOLD OF ME

THE HAND THAT IS BREAKING
IS THE HAND THAT IS MAKING
ALL THE DEAD THINGS IN ME GROW
A GIFT OF A HOLY LOSS
THIS BURNING OF THE DROSS

CHORUS

WHY DO YOU SET OUT TO BREAK THE ONE THING
THE ONE THING I HAVE TO GIVE
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT I COULD
THAT I SHOULD BEGIN AGAIN

BUT I KNOW YOUR HEART IS A HAND

CHORUS

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Melody Of You

Written by Matt Slocum

“Melody of You” is an attempt to describe God in a poetic manner similar to the Psalms.

YOU'RE A PAINTING WITH SYMBOLS DEEP,
A SYMPHONY, SOFT AS IT SHIFTS TO DARK BENEATH
A POEM THAT FLOWS, CARESSING MY SKIN
IN ALL OF THESE THINGS YOU RESIDE AND
I WANT TO FLOW FROM THE PEN, BOW, AND BRUSH,
THEN PAPER, STRING, AND CANVAS TOUCH
WITH INK AND THE AIR TO DUST YOUR LIGHT
FROM MORNING 'TIL THE BLACK OF NIGHT

CHORUS

THIS IS MY CALL, I BELONG TO YOU
THIS IS MY CALL, TO SING THE MELODY OF YOU
THIS IS MY CALL, I CAN DO NOTHING ELSE
I CAN DO NOTHING ELSE

YOU'RE THE SCENT OF AN UNFOUNDED BLOOM
A SIMPLE TUNE, I ONLY WRITE VARIATIONS TO
A DRINK THAT WILL KNOCK ME DOWN ON THE FLOOR
A KEY THAT WILL UNLOCK THE DOOR
WHERE I HEAR A VOICE SING FAMILIAR THEMES
THEN BECKONS ME WEAVE NOTES IN BETWEEN
A BOW AND A STRING, A TAP AND A GLASS
YOU POUR ME, 'TIL THE DAY HAS PASSED

CHORUS

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Paralyzed

Written by Matt Slocum

“Paralyzed” was written in Germany after Leigh and I had an interview with a journalist whose best friend, another journalist, had just been killed while covering the war atrocities in Kosovo in 1999. The death was especially tragic because the wife of the journalist's friend was expecting a baby soon and he was the one that had to break the news to her.

I LOOK OUT TO THE FIELDS WHERE BLOOD IS SHED UPON THE
GROUND
I BREATHE IN AND BREATHE OUT,
CHANGE THE CHANNEL, MUTE THE SOUND
I TAKE A MATCH, A CIGARETTE, AND A WALK TO CLEAR MY HEAD
MY STOMACH'S REELING AT THE THOUGHT OF ALL THOSE HUMAN
BEINGS DEAD

I BREATHE IN, I BREATHE OUT, THEN GO DOWN TO DO AN
INTERVIEW
ABOUT A SONG, THREE MINUTES LONG, I JUST NEED SOMETHING
TO DO
ESPECIALLY WHEN MY DEAREST FRIEND WAS SENT TO COVER
KOSOVO
HIS LAST ASSIGNMENT BROUGHT A BULLET AND NOW HE'S GONE

CHORUS

FEELS LIKE I'M FIDDLIN' WHILE ROME IS BURNING DOWN
SHOULD I LAY MY FIDDLE DOWN, TAKE A RIFLE FROM THE
GROUND
I NEED THE GHOST TO BREATHE A NORTHERN GALE TONIGHT
'CAUSE I'M PARALYZED, I'M PARALYZED

I PACKED HIS BOOKS UP, LEFT THE OFFICE, WENT TO TELL THE WIFE
THE NEWS
SHE FELL IN SHOCK, THE BABY KICKED AND SHED A TEAR INSIDE
THE WOMB
I BREATHED IN, I BREATHED OUT, SOAKED THE GROUND UP WITH
MY EYES
IT'S HARD TO SAY A HEALING WORD WHEN YOUR TONGUE IS
PARALYZED

CHORUS

I BREATHE IN, I BREATHE OUT
I BREATHE IN, I BREATHE OUT
I BREATHE IN, I BREATHE OUT
I BREATHE IN, I BREATHE OUT

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ASCAP

I've Been Waiting

Written by Matt Slocum

"I've Been Waiting" is a song about failure in relationships.

SO I'M WAITING BY A PHONE FOR THE BLESSED RING
LIKE A HOLY GRAIL FOR THE FISHER KING
TIME IS TICKING DOWN LIKE A METRONOME
RHYTHM FOR MY BRAIN, AND IT'S CEASELESS SCALES
I NEVER SEEM TO PLAY THEM TO THE BEAT I HEAR
THOUGH MY HEARTBEAT IS A BEAT THAT BEATS SO NEAR

SO WE HAD A TALK LAST NIGHT ABOUT THE HEAVY BLOW
THAT YOU DEALT IN FRIGHT, YOUR BACK AGAINST THE WALL
IT WAS A PUZZLE PIECE, IMPORTANT TO THE WHOLE
THAT I MAY NOT FIND TO PLACE WITHIN THAT HOLE
I NEVER SEEM TO PUT THEM IN THE GAPS I SEE
LIKE A PUZZLE WITH THE PIECES LOST YOU NEED

CHORUS

SO I'M CHANGING WHO I AM
'CAUSE WHAT I AM'S NOT GOOD
AND I KNOW YOU LOVE ME NOW
BUT I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD
AND I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD
NO, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD

SO I DRIFT INTO THE AIR LIKE A MOTH TO LIGHT
DOWN THE BOULEVARDE TO A COFFEE SHOP
IN THE LAND OF SONG, IN THE LAND OF WAITS
MY PEN IS BEARING DOWN ON THIS LONELY TOWN
I NEVER SEEM TO WRITE THEM DOWN AS GOOD AS HIM
LIKE I SOMEWHERE LOST THE KEYS THAT LET ME IN

CHORUS

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ASCAP

Eyes Wide Open

Written by Leigh Nash

***I wrote this on an airplane. I hate to fly, and I was tapping
my foot and a tune popped up in my head. The anxiety in***

***my brain about the flight led to the sad story that is "Eyes
Wide Open".***

EYES WIDE OPEN ALL THE TIME
JUST LIKE A DRUG STORE IN THE CITY
WHERE SHE WALKS THE STREETS ALONE

TIME KEEPS TICKING
IT'S AN OCEAN THROUGH A SIEVE
EVER ONWARD EVER FORWARD IN A MARCH

CHORUS

HALLELUJAH, SHE'S ONE FOR THE MONEY
TWO FOR THE SHOW – THEN SHE'LL GO
BACK TO LIFE
BACK TO DREAMS WITHOUT TEARS
AND SAVE WHAT SHE KILLED
SHE'LL BUILD HERSELF A LOOM
AND SPIN ANOTHER WOMB

SHE'S SAYING GOODBYE BYE BYE TO THE WORLD NOW
SHE'S SAYING GOODBYE BYE BYE TO THE WORLD NOW

LIFE IS HEAVY NOW
MISTAKES HAVE COME TO CALL
THEY'RE ALWAYS CLOSE AND TEARS ARE NEVER FAR BEHIND

FLOATING JUST ABOVE
THE SURFACE OF THEIR GRAVES
HER NIGHTMARES WAIT TO COME AGAIN WHEN SHE WAKES

CHORUS

EYES WIDE OPEN ALL THE TIME
JUST LIKE A DRUGSTORE IN THE CITY WHERE SHE WALKS THE
STREETS ALONE

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Dizzy

Written by Matt Slocum

***"Dizzy" is an identification with and aspiration to be like
some of the major biblical characters, specifically King
David, the apostle Peter, and 'doubting' Thomas.***

I'M LIKE THOMAS DOUBTING
FINGERS ROUTING THE SCARS
IN YOUR WRISTS AND SIDE
TOUCHING FLESH WILL MAKE MY MIND BELIEVE

BUT I WANT TO BE LIKE DAVID
THROWING HIS CLOTHES TO THE WIND
TO DANCE A JIG IN MY SKIN
AND BE REMADE BY YOUR CLEANSING AGAIN

CHORUS

I GIVE YOU MYSELF, IT'S ALL THAT I HAVE
BROKEN AND FRAIL, I'M CLAY IN YOUR HANDS
AND I'M SPINNING UNCONCEALED
DIZZY ON THIS WHEEL FOR YOU, MY LOVE

I'M LIKE PETER CRYING
CROWING BURNING MY EARS
STILL YOU COME NEAR
YOU TAKE MY HAND AND PLACE IN MY PALM
AN ETERNAL CHANCE

CHORUS

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ASCAP

Tension Is A Passing Note

Written by Matt Slocum

"Tension is a Passing Note" explores the hardness of living life on the road as well as the way tension in our lives can lead to a beautiful resolve. The lyrics tie into the writings of Jeremy Begbie and C.S. Lewis in The Problem of Pain.

DO I MURDER WHEN I FORGET YOU FROM AFAR?
TOO DRUNK ON THE POISON OF ENDLESS ROADS
AND THE COUNTLESS SMOKY BARS

CHORUS

BUT TENSION IS TO BE LOVED
WHEN IT IS LIKE A PASSING NOTE
TO A BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL CHORD

DO I MURDER US, PUTTING PAVEMENT IN MY VEINS
SHOOTING IT IN, SPECIAL HEROIN
FOR THE SEEKING AND DISPLACED?

CHORUS

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ASCAP

•A Million Parachutes

Words written by Matt Slocum / Music written by Matt Slocum
and Sam Ashworth

I lived in Northern California in the East Bay for most of 2001. When I moved back to Nashville in early 2002 my craving for the Pacific, the Golden Gate, the warmth of the California sun, and the company of friends I had made during my stay became especially intense late one night while the snow was falling outside my window.

LIKE A MILLION PARACHUTES THE SNOW'S COMING DOWN
I'LL LOCK UP THE FRONT DOOR AND TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN
IN THE GLOW OF THE STREET LIGHTS, I SEE THEM DESCEND
LIKE A MILLION PARACHUTES, SMALL MEN ON A MISSION

I MISS THE WARM, I MISS THE SUN
I MISS THE OCEAN, I MISS EVERYONE
I MISS THE BRIDGES THAT SPAN ACROSS THE BAY
TONIGHT IT SEEMS LIKE AGES AGO

LIKE A MILLION PARACHUTES THE SNOW STILL FALLS
THE DOGS ARE ASLEEP NOW, THERE'S NO ONE TO CALL
I'LL PUT ON SOME RECORDS AND WAIT FOR THE LIGHT
ALL THOSE MILLION PARACHUTES, NOW A BLANKET OF WHITE

(CHORUS)

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

(CHORUS)

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ASCAP / Costume Party Publishing ASCAP

Band:

Leigh Nash: Vocals

Matt Slocum: Acoustic Guitar, Electric Guitar, E-bow,
Cello, Keyboards, Vibes

Sean Kelly: Electric Guitar, Acoustic Guitar, Hi-Strung
Guitar

Justin Cary: Bass

Jerry Dale McFadden: Piano, Hammond B-3, Mellotron

Dale Baker: Drums, Percussion

•Rob Mitchell: Drums, Percussion