

Bed Hangings

1. Albatross

2. Centipede

3. Drumsticks

4. Everything Passing

5. The Farther I Roam

6. Great White Plains

7. Strange Bird

Albatross

*All of this water's
gonna wash me away.
Let's find us some shelter,
escape from the rain.
Tell me what's changed
and what's stayed the same.
I've been calling and calling
and calling your name.

Make me a drifter,
make me an albatross.
Make me the ocean it crosses.
You're the West Coast,
you're the growing up.
Haven't I grown enough?

Whatever it is,
just take it from me.

We never had time,
it just burned out.*

Albatross is a song I began during the start of this academic school year after I made a series of terrible mistakes revolving around the relationship I had with *the* girl I loved from back home. As with many young couples on the verge of physical distance, we had decided to stay together while we attended different colleges in the Northwest. There is no need to disclose the details of my poor actions but let it be known that it was the lowest I have ever stooped; I was more monster than man. I did things that I never thought I was morally capable of doing and during the time of our falling out I lost my grasp on who I am. I was not comfortable in my own skin, I couldn't sleep with myself, and I was a stranger to my own existence. The guilt and shame I felt rained down on me and began to wash

*I hope that you're fine,
that you're fine,
that you find out.*

*Drifting away
while you stare at the shoreline.*

*The heart is a bass drum,
it beats inside your mind.*

*Fight it or feed it
or do what the sea did.*

*It took what it touched
'till that high-tide receded.*

*And it's still going out
it's still going out
it's stil going out...*

*Make me a drifter,
make me an albatross.
Make me the ocean it crosses.*

*And whatever it is,
just take it from me.*

me away. I was sick of myself and I needed to release that sickness through the composition of *Albatross*. I was in an ornithology class at the time and I became fascinated with the Wandering Albatross, one of the largest birds with a wingspan of up to 11 feet that drifts constantly over the ocean on the crest of wind. I wanted to be that bird, to drift and drift and be anything but myself. I was also heartbroken by the loss of a lover and this too is mixed into the lyrics of *Albatross*. When the mistakes we make are massive enough, they bear down on us and induce manic hopelessness. I needed to come to terms with this fact in order to know that in the end, I would be ok. Every mistake is an opportunity, a chance to grow and become a better person, to *find out*.

*We never have time,
it just burns out.*

*Things'll be fine, we'll be fine,
we'll all find out.*



Albatross could be compared to Neil Young's song, *Helpless* in that they both describe feelings of placelessness and of needing comfort. *Helpless* is a song about Neil's loss of boyhood as he becomes a man and the forlorn sadness that ensues:

*There is a town in North
Ontario//with dream comfort memory
to spare//In my mind I still need a
place to go//all my changes were
there//Blue blue windows behind the
stars//yellow moon on the rise//Big
birds flying across the sky//throwing
shadows on our eyes//leave us helpless
helpless helpless....*

Centipede

*I've come to know why
the strange bird cries
when she listens to the sound
of the waves at night.
Breaking on the shore
like a heard stampeding,
hooves to the rhythm of the bird's
wings beating.*

*Beating, beating,
hoping that she sees me.
Wrapped around my heart
is a centipede feeding.*

*Feeding, feeding,
feeding, it eats me up.*

*Every sound that you make,
I can hear your heartache breaking,
shivering, shaking.
Babe, are you giving what you're taking
away?*

The primary concept for *Centipede* came to me this spring in the fragment of a foggy dream I had one night. I awoke the next morning with a sequence of images in my mind: an enormous cosmic centipede floating helplessly through space, its many lame appendages wriggling and reaching, colliding with an Earth-sized human heart, beating magenta and flashing internally. The centipede coiled around this heart and began to feed and burrow itself into it as a worm does to an apple.

This mental clip remained in my thoughts for some time and I began to think about heartache and how, in a way, it can be compared to an insect inside of a beating chest feeding relentlessly until it is satisfied.

Around the time of the cosmic centipede dream I was entering a new romantic relationship, which I am still

*Every move that you make,
I can feel my heartache mending,
melting, bending.
Babe, are you getting what I'm sending
your way?*

*It'll be ok,
she says she'll see me in the morning.
Thunderheads ahead of us,
crashing and forming.
Forming, forming,
maybe it's a warning.
Heard you slipping into bed
early in the morning.
Mourning, morning,
come divide the night
Crying at the sight of a concrete bird
in flight.
I've died many times.*

*Every sound that you make,
I can hear your heartache breaking,
shivering, shaking.*

currently a part of. Towards the beginning of this relationship, my partner and I talked a lot about how important it was for both of us to be equally benefitting so that we could ensure the maintenance of our independence while we both provided for and received from one another.

My partner won't be returning to Evergreen next year and that fact has been looming over our relationship like a storm ahead. *Centipede* is a song about the pain and fragility of a relationship that is doomed yet beautiful; like a concrete bird flying through the sky, free and joyous but spiraling towards its death.

The composition of this piece has helped me to express my fears and reservations in order to prepare for the end. How do I lose who I am in what I love? How do I maintain myself? What is my relationship to the

*Babe, are you giving what you're
taking away?*

*Every move that you make,
I can feel my heartache mending,
melting, bending.*

*Babe, are you getting what I'm sending
your way?*

centipede that my departing partner
has placed upon my heart? Where is
the loveliness in letting go? What will
vanish and what will I learn?



Drumsticks

You said that I should meet ya.

You said it before.

Are you gonna be up?

Could I knock on your door?

Babe I wanna see ya,

Only if your hear beats slow

You say my name

but you speak so low

My body is a drum.

Are you gonna comfort it?

I've been on the run,

waiting for a hit.

Waiting for a hit,

wait for it.

Are you gonna run, run, run,

run from this?

Drumsticks is a song I co-wrote with my partner and band mate after I got back from a hitchhiking trip that I had set an ILC up for during the winter quarter. Throughout the trip I would often find myself lying in my tent alone, cold and lonely and wishing I had a girl by my side to comfort me. After I got back from the trip, my partner (we weren't together at the time) met up for the first time in a month and sat in a stairwell to play some music together. *Drumsticks* came out of nowhere and was written entirely between the two of us in the span of a couple days. None of the lyrics had been written down prior to us composing the song as well as the melodies, chords, and rhythms.

The song is a conversation between two hesitant lovers; each cautious of the fact that the other is cautious. This is, in fact, the story of

*I guess we'll come to see,
oh baby you could run to me.
Babe, are you even listening?
I've been feeling like you're far from
me, far from me
far from me, far from
baby you could comfort me, come to me
run from me, run to me
run...*

*Are we tied too tight?
What are we tied for?
Something's moving tonight
that hasn't moved before.
There's always strings attached,
there's always strings to pull.
When I saw you last
there were scissors on the floor

My body's a drum, drum, drum,
where are your drumsticks?
I've been on the run,
waiting for a hit.*

my partner and I and it translates well throughout the song. There is however, also an element of melancholy sadness in *Drumsticks*, especially during the second verse. "When I saw you last//there were scissors on the floor" refers to the fact that we won't be together next year and that we will need to cut some of the ties that bring us close to each other in the present. My favorite lyrics from this song occur during the second half of the chorus: "...you could comfort me, come to me, run from me, run to me..." because the words accurately portray the inner conflict within two young lovers. Fear, desire for another, loneliness, and apprehension all appear as reoccurring themes throughout *Drumsticks*.

Waiting for a hit,

wait for it.

Are you gonna run, run, run,

run from this?

I guess we'll come to see,

oh baby you could run to me.

Babe, are you even listening?

I've been feeling like you're far from

me, far from me

far from me, far from

baby you could comfort me, come to me

run from me, run to me

run, run, run, run, run,

run to me...



Drumsticks is comparable to the style of the XX, a modern musical group that uses call and response between male and female vocals to create romantic dialogue in their songs.

I must say that *Drumsticks* one of the best pieces I have ever composed due to its cohesive lyrical content, its catchy melody, and the presence of rhythm and intricate dynamics throughout the song. I would consider this to be the strongest piece on the compilation of songs that I've recorded for this project and during live shows it has been extremely well received by our audiences.

