

Sound Semantics

"at the drop of a hat"



Music and lyrics by

Eran Schweitzer & Allie Silverberg

## BIRDSONG

The bird in the tree is building her nest  
Each little twig brings her closer to rest  
As winter approaches she has to move fast  
Or there will be no place to lay

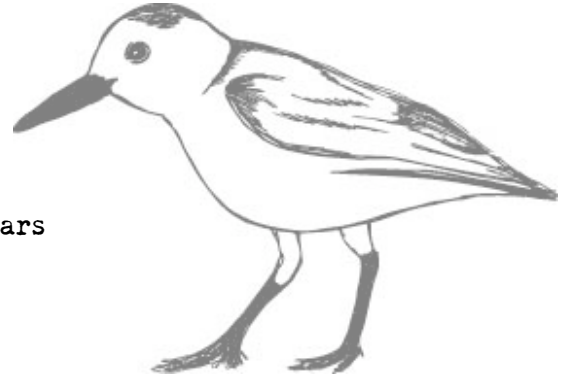
I'm feeling scattered, rushing ahead  
So much to do, there's no time left for bed  
The deadlines approaching and I'm not prepared  
To start this cycle again...

Start, start...

The bird I call dove is tired, it's clear  
She's carried these branches for thousands of years  
Each time I see her this hope reappears  
I will find steady ground  
Next time around...

Ground, ground...

Next time around...



## SO MUCH BETTER

Someone's got me feeling  
And I can't believe myself that I'm in love again

Once upon a time, that fairy tale left me a mess  
I swore I would never seek again the sweetness  
Instead I put up walls to house my numbness

Spun like a tornado, in a flood I nearly drowned  
Without a chance to catch my breath  
You pulled me out  
Let the waters wash away my numbness

Someone's got me feeling  
And I can't believe myself that I'm in love again

But it could be so much better  
This time could be so much better

It's gonna be so much better  
This time will be so much better  
than the rest  
If I could let go of my numbness

Spun like a tornado, in a flood I nearly drowned  
Without a chance to catch my breath  
You pulled me out  
Let the waters wash away my numbness

It's gonna be so much better  
This time will be so much better  
than the rest

If I could let go

IN THE MOVIES

For years I've been searching  
For the girl of my dreams  
With long flowing hair, a delicate smile  
And eyes that pierce deep inside  
But the love they show in the movies  
is so hard to find

I've been waiting for ages  
For my perfect man  
Sweep me off my feet, into his arms  
And never leave my side  
But the love they show in the movies  
is so hard to find

Can't stop searching  
Go on dreaming of someone who might

Stop the aching  
For the smiles glowing on our screens at night

So long I've been searching  
For another in vain  
It seemed by now I'd have it all  
Looks like I've fallen behind  
But the love they show in the movies  
won't come to the blind

It may look different, we finally see  
And takes more than two hours to tell  
But the love that we share rings clear as a bell  
'Cause it's real and it changes  
Every day since we fell for each other  
Our lives intertwined

The love the show in the movies was so hard to find  
But the love they show in the movies  
is finally mine

EMPTY NEST

Little baby, you were  
In a playhouse, tiny furniture  
Not so small anymore

Grown out of your home  
The next step you take alone  
All I can do  
Is open the door for you

You want out from this place  
I see it in your face  
Anything it takes

So get on your way  
You go, I'll stay  
All I can do  
Is open the door for you

Lead you...  
Love you...  
Leave you...  
Lose you.....

Little baby, you are  
In a big house, so far  
Now I'm wishing on a star

You'll come back again  
See me through the end  
You'll come back home  
Find me all alone  
You'll want to be  
Safe at home with me  
But all I can do  
Is open the door for you

THE BOY (NO STRANGER)

There was a young man  
Took me for all I am

Now gone, is he still  
With my heart, over the hill

Walked out on my sin  
I'm off to find him

Now gone, is he still  
With my heart, over the hill

I can't come back home  
If I come alone

Now gone, is he still  
With my heart, over the hill

I need to see him  
Don't know if I will  
If someone needs to know  
I went to find the boy over the hill

WHEN I DIE

When I die, the masses will watch their TVs  
The day that I pass, tears will shed I guarantee  
For a world that's unfair, with pain and cruelty  
All of this will happen  
But not for me

The papers will publish a touching eulogy  
While a well-known composer pens a mournful melody  
Millions will pray to their god on their knees  
All of this will happen  
But not for me

I don't know where I'll be  
But I hope you will be there with me

The FM reports will read with sober empathy  
Breaking news from a world without me  
Experts will argue a new philosophy  
All of this will happen  
But not for me

I don't know where I'll be  
But I hope you will be there with me

No candlelight vigil, no special report  
I'll be lucky if someone spots  
A lone obituary among many  
Deaths of no note

When I die, the masses will watch their TVs  
The day that I pass, tears will shed I guarantee  
For a world that's unfair, with pain and cruelty  
All of this will happen  
But not for me



Pencil and Paper  
By Joe Rauen  
From Sound Semantics T-Shirt

## BURDEN

She said, "Each passing day,  
    My burden it grows."  
I said, "I know how you feel,  
    My feet covered with sores."  
She looked at me funny, then wrinkled her nose  
And said, "Maybe I have an idea."  
So we lay down together to rest.

At first sign of light  
    She was on her way.  
I caught up and asked her,  
    "Please won't you stay?"  
Some arguing followed, at last she gave in  
And said, "Tell me what you had in mind."  
Then we went back inside.

By that afternoon, she came around.  
We unpacked our burden and laid it down.  
"With the weight gone," she said,  
    "I can breathe."  
I agreed and it felt good to say so.  
Refreshed once again we could grow.

## THIRSTY

"I know the way to heal your pain."  
I heard a man shout from the back of a van.  
    His voice slowly drowned  
    By the crowd's growing roar...

"We're thirsty for a cure!"

Others before him sang the same tune  
But memories fade under new slogans flown  
    His promises imbibed  
    Like a magic elixir...

"We're thirsty for..."

Drinking their potion of life  
    But it's poison  
Tell us we're growing stronger  
    But are we?"

"I'll fight for you, follow me."  
The man goes on, but do I believe?  
    Who can you trust?  
    Who can be sure?

"We're thirsty for...  
Thirsty for a cure!"

WANT TO BE

Caught in a dream, outside in a sleepy breeze  
At the water I look down  
I think I'm happy, can do just what I please  
But in my eyes I see a frown

What I see isn't me  
Not sure what I want to be

Why do I feel so young in this town?

Ripples start to break my gaze, I look away  
Turn around but as I go  
I see someone coming, and now I'm running

Wish I had a better plan  
Wish I could see an end

Why do I feel so young in this town?  
Why do I feel so young in this town?  
Sometimes I feel so young in this town  
Don't know my way around

ADIEU

Wind blew through  
The fire grew  
Our feet glued to the ground  
Nothing was done, nothing was done  
The day the house burned down

Sirens came  
The men took aim  
Pressure set to high  
The hydrant ran dry as sparks began to fly

Ooh, ooh, ooh adieu...

Moonlight shone  
On our home  
Green grass turned to brown  
Nothing was done, nothing was done  
The day the house burned down

The women moan  
The men groan  
Children scream in dread  
Hands to our head, witnessing the end

Ooh, ooh, ooh adieu...

Dirt and ash  
A pile of trash  
Years and years, all but gone  
Nothing was done, nothing was done  
The day the house burned down  
Nothing was done, nothing was done  
The day the house burned down  
What have we done, what have we done  
How did the house burn down?

Running for miles, now I rest, lay my head down  
Watch the clouds pass through the sky  
But as I get older, this breeze gets colder

Will my dreams blow away?  
Can I face myself today?  
What I see isn't me  
Not sure what I want to be

Why do I feel so young in this town?  
Why do I feel so young in this town?  
Sometimes I feel so young in this town  
Don't know my way around

