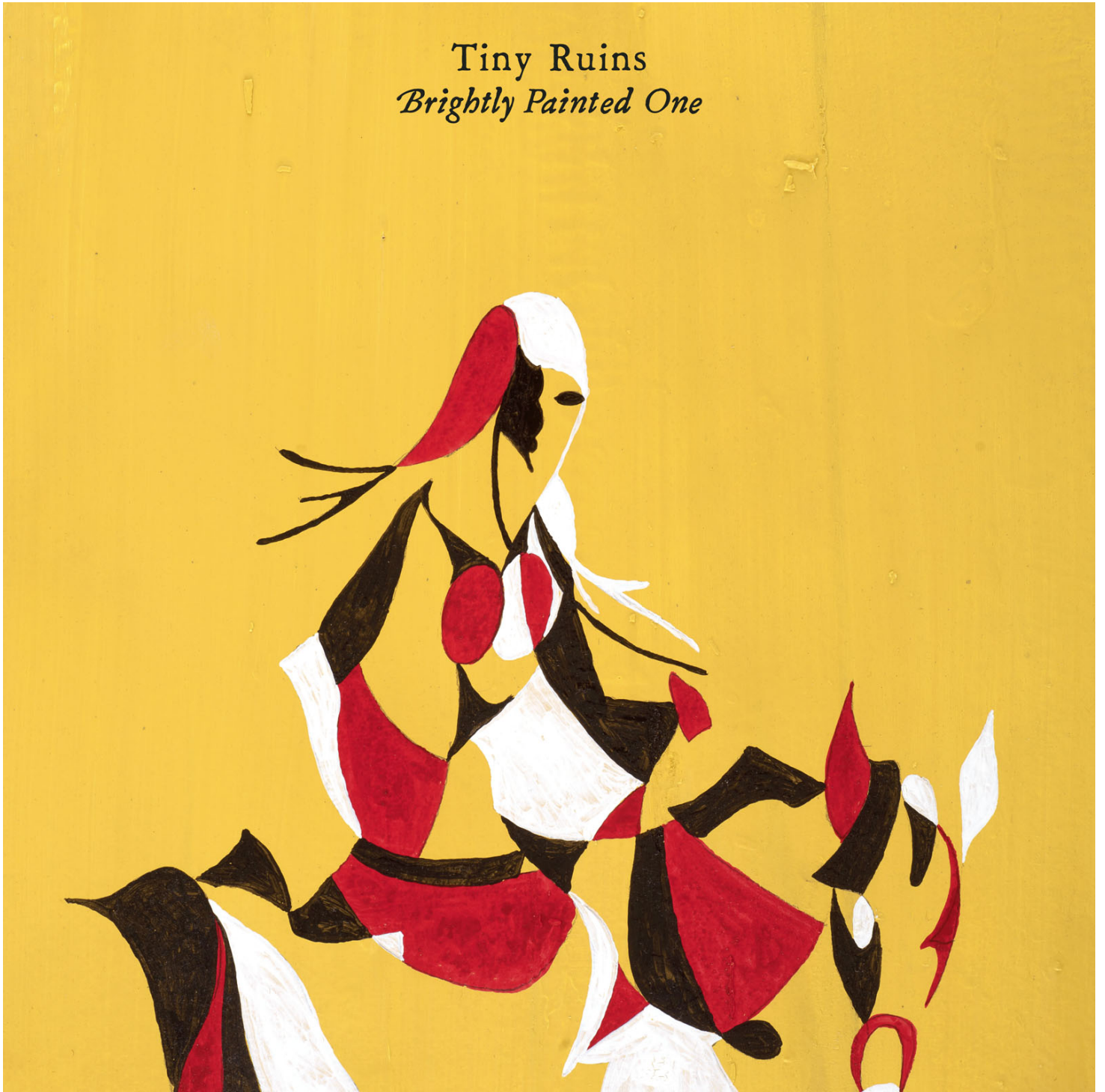


Tiny Ruins
Brightly Painted One



Lyrics

Brightly Painted One *by Tiny Ruins*

i

Me at the Museum, You in the Wintergardens

I await the day when I work at the Museum,
with you across the way in the Wintergardens.
So young and so warm, we'll storm, we'll swarm
the parks on our lunchbreaks, we'll lie on the lawn -
smile so stealthily, buttery and brief,
we'll lie through our teeth,
shock all the cavalry statues watching on,
us in our time bomb.

Nobody feels old at the Museum,
nobody feels cold in the Wintergardens.

We'll roll on and roll on, cutting it fine with the clock-on.
We'll persevere, carry on working there -
Me at the Museum, you in the Wintergardens.

ii

Carriages

Noise before the dawn lures me up and about,
Padding on bare feet, quiet as a lover's doubt.
All of the railings black against the light,
Early cars cold, and tired eyes.
Workaday, workaday,
Carriages of the night cry by.

Can you weave me a forgiving sea?
Sew me a boat to get back to thee?
Will you build me an honest bridge,
That I may cross when I come to it?
Find me a pair of fool-proof wings,
Spin me a story that unwinds and sings.

All of the trials of my good friends,
All of the ways to save and make amends
Strike me at this hour so clear,
But a thieving sky, she steals me here.

Can you weave me a forgiving sea?
Sew me a boat to get back to thee?
Will you build me an honest bridge,
That I may cross when I come to it?
Find me a pair of fool-proof wings,
Spin me a story that unwinds and sings.

iii

Chainmail Maker

Daisy taker, chainmail maker,
what have you gone and done?
Oh tally-breaker, salty shaker,
you were the only one.
Should we keep on,
why don't we sleep on keeping on?

Dockyard drones and battered bones,
nothing of comfort here.
Yellow livers, bandaged rivers,
thinking of what I hold dear.
You've got to keep on,
try not to weep on keeping on.

Ain't I giver, don't I deliver
in black for morning tea?
Long hair raker, deep dark acre,
you've gone and lost just me.
We've got to keep on, got to keep on,
keeping on.

iv

Reasonable Man

I went in search of a reasonable man,
the one I'd read about in books, and I drew me up a plan.
Said I'd like to meet him on a corner if I can,
then we could take either road, depending upon where we stand.
I went in search of a reasonable man.

And I thought oh, it must be lonely, to be the only
voice of reason.
The sky once so rosy, now I hear a rumbling sound.

In silence drinking coffee, for a reasonable time,
He said 'you're looking pretty' and I said 'you're looking at your prime
contender for the future...will you be mine?',
but his straight-laced face, it all folded up,
took that 'it's not so simple' line.

And I said 'oh, it must be lonely, to be the only
voice of reason. The sky, once so rosy -
now my world is crumbling down.'

And I said 'we need more, reasonable man'.
And I said 'you're selling us short, reasonable man'.
And I said 'where's your heart, reasonable man'.
'Cause when the going gets tough, where are you going, reasonable man?

v

She'll Be Coming 'Round

Like a brightly painted one,
Freed from the turning of the wheel,
Her mane dancing in the wind,
Eyes fiery as the sun,
Hooves bounding across the fields,
Her body is a river flowing down,

She'll be coming 'round,
She'll be coming 'round the bend,
She'll be coming 'round.

Going 'round a mountain is a lovely thing to do.
Lizards fleeing, hearts beating, as in an old cartoon.
A mountain is a lovely cold thing to surround one
looking to understand.

Will she be coming 'round?
Will she be coming 'round the bend?
Will she be coming 'round?

No more relying on.
No more relying on.
No more relying on.
That old free will might be a myth,
but I'm gonna try and get me some.

vi

Straw into Gold

When you got home from work, you just lay on your bed,
went through your papers - some things don't make sense.
Gotta be solid to hold sway, unsoldered to win the day,
you're a soldier it's okay, tell yourself it's okay,

Spinning straw into gold,
Straw into gold.

Well the maritime pines, four sails on the horizon,
the closing-down place I almost bought the mandolin,
voluminous squid and the knife-wielding fishermen,
stationary shop, mandarin trees laden,

Spinning straw into gold,
Straw into gold.

'That's rich coming from you', he said,
'you're impossible!'
In his long oil-skin coat,
I said 'you're no picnic neither',
no, you're no picnic neither.

But the din here is loudening, and I don't believe it -
the banks have all broken - we've got to cash all our chips in.

Freddy gave us his advice,
slinging spirits, two cubes of ice.
He says we're lumps of molasses,
singing out our asses,

Spinning straw into gold,
Straw into gold.

And I've got all I need,
Wild animals got you.
There's nothing more I'd like
Than to have you in the room.

But the din here is loudening, and I don't believe it –
Strings behind everything, and it's just a matter of learning...

Spinning straw into gold,
Straw into gold.

vii

Ballad of the Hanging Parcel

Took a lead weight in tissue white,
Stole out my window, scaled a great height.
Hung by a thread from the guttering,
When the morning came it was still swinging –
A gleaming rock, string vaguely glittering.
Because I'd learnt about mass, plumb lines hurtling down straight, in school.
Familiar with the terms but not the way it looked all boxed up in freight.

Skiping home in the afternoon,
Existing still, satisfying and cool.
Lay quiet in state with Katie proclaiming it a miracle.
'It came out of nowhere' I cried and she half-knowing I'd lied,
it was just a way – a mighty fine way – it was just our way.

Now I'm pacing on the balcony,
like a father in waiting to be -
a tank-bound fish, that pendulum swish,
dreaming of when our next run-in will be.
There's an Indian wedding down on the street and
a little boy's fallen asleep on the landing,
safe from the knowledge of what he'll have a hand in, and
but for all the hands with no candles in, and
the look on your face in the darkening, and
the way it's still figuring,
it's just a way – a mighty fine way – it's just a way
to sit out the wait.

viii

Jamie Blue

Take James, indigo blood on his hands,
old Blue Button James, he was a town crier.
Whiskey or prophecy, it's hard to distinguish,
But he cried with a strange fire.

His lone voice getting higher with each hour passing him by,
cursing the malaise of his time so unkind.
Blue James, looking down at his hands, he makes a fist with his right,
like a washed-up boxer harking back to his best fight.

It's the brave that fortune favours,
and I'm going out to bat for you.
Dodging and digging my own grave,
I'm lucky, bravery blue.

It's a shame I know we can't solve a shadow,
my crest is fallen and my sail is in two,
I think of James (he wasn't always the best man),
I think of James (but I heard he sang true),
I think of James (calling his questions),
Visions broken, but my ears they ain't through.

His lone voice getting higher with each hour passing him by,
cursing the malaise of his time so unkind.
Blue James, looking down at his hands, he makes a fist with his right,
like a washed-up boxer harking back to his best fight.

ix

Night Owl

Home is here, on the hand of an early hour,
fearing none of the clamouring day, my dear.

Night owl,
night owl,
night owl.

Laying low, taking note of each and every bone.
Keeping a small lamp burning, and the sand of my heart turning
the day's bitter blood into a haze,
of forgiveness, thoughtfulness, my dear.

Night owl,
night owl,
night owl.

White Sheet Lightning

In starts up the staircase, in fits to the room,
as swathes of ocean meet, melt and form again.
In measures, colours decrease in the steam,
as in my roof-top white sheet lightning dream.

Catacomb village, sandalwood your skin,
I'm your tether's end, you're my everything.
Oh honey biscuits, when I sensed you'd outdone me,
could have forged up the mountain, I left for the forgery.

Striking a claim for us, apply the flame to us, softly.
It's a delicate business, and you know just how to charge me.
Is that something taking shape, is that something taking flight?
So carried away, lightening, sheets of white.

*Me at the Museum, You in the Wintergardens Carriages Chainmail Maker Reasonable Man She'll Be Coming 'Round
Straw Into Gold Ballad of the Hanging Parcel Jamie Blue Night Owl White Sheet Lightning*



all songs performed by -

Cass Basil - upright & electric bass, backing vocals

Alex Freer - drums & percussion

Hollie Fullbrook - acoustic & electric guitars, vocals, cello

with additional playing by -

Me at the Museum, You in the Wintergardens - Tom Healy electric guitar / Siobhanne Thompson violin

Carriages - Cass Basil percussion / Finn Scholes trumpets, Hammond

Chainmail Maker - Cass Basil vibraphone / Hollie Fullbrook Rhodes / Tom Healy sonar noise / Finn Scholes Hammond

Reasonable Man - Siobhanne Thompson violin / Tom Healy electric guitar

She'll Be Coming 'Round - Hollie Fullbrook hammer dulcimer / Tom Healy additional effects / Matthew Hutching pedal steel / Finn Scholes Hammond

Straw Into Gold - Hollie Fullbrook wurlitzer / Finn Scholes Hammond, piano, trumpet, mellophone, trombone, tuba / Tom Healy electric guitar

Ballad of the Hanging Parcel - Cass Basil additional percussion / Finn Scholes Rhodes

Jamie Blue - Siobhanne Thompson violin

Night Owl - Matthew Hutching pedal steel / Siobhanne Thompson violin

White Sheet Lightning - Siobhanne Thompson violin

All songs by Hollie Fullbrook

Recorded & mixed by Tom Healy at Paquin Studios, The Lab, Auckland between February & July of 2013

Additional mixing by Tom Healy at York St, Auckland

Mastered by Roger Seibel at SAE

Artwork by Johl Dwyer

Layout by Carl Breitzkreuz

Collage by Hollie

Love & thanks to everyone who has helped make this record. Especially to Tom, Cass & Alex, our families & friends.

Thank you - Aaron Curnow, Oly Harmer for engineering assistance, Mark Bayne for the wurlitzer, Scotty Seabright for assistance at York St, Ben Anderson, Oliver Emmitt & Martyn Hayne who helped demo the songs, Spunk Records, Arch Hill, Flying Nun & Bella Union for giving this record four homes over many countries. Laura Ring at the University of Chicago Library, the Auckland Central Library, Vermont Street.

all songs performed by -

Cass Basil - upright & electric bass, backing vocals

Alex Freer - drums & percussion

Hollie Fullbrook - acoustic & electric guitars, vocals, cello

with additional playing by -

Me at the Museum, You in the Wintergardens - Tom Healy electric guitar / Siobhanne Thompson violin

Carriages - Cass Basil percussion / Finn Scholes trumpets, hammond

Chainmail Maker - Cass Basil vibraphone / Hollie Fullbrook rhodes / Tom Healy sonar noise / Finn Scholes hammond

Reasonable Man - Siobhanne Thompson violin / Tom Healy electric guitar

She'll Be Coming 'Round - Hollie Fullbrook hammer dulcimer / Tom Healy additional effects / Matthew Hutching pedal steel / Finn Scholes hammond

Straw Into Gold - Hollie Fullbrook wurlitzer / Finn Scholes hammond, piano, trumpet, mellophone, trombone, tuba / Tom Healy electric guitar

Ballad of the Hanging Parcel - Cass Basil additional percussion / Finn Scholes rhodes

Jamie Blue - Siobhanne Thompson violin

Night Owl - Matthew Hutching pedal steel / Siobhanne Thompson violin

White Sheet Lightning - Siobhanne Thompson violin

All songs by Hollie Fullbrook

Recorded & mixed by Tom Healy at Paquin Studios, The Lab, Auckland between February & July of 2013

Additional mixing by Tom Healy at York St, Auckland

All songs written by Hollie Fullbrook

Mastered by Roger Seibel at SAE

Artwork by Johl Dwyer

Layout by Carl Breitzkreuz

Collage by Hollie

Love & thanks to everyone who has helped make this record. Especially to Tom, Cass & Alex, our families & friends.

Thank you - Aaron Curnow, Ollly Harmer for engineering assistance, Mark Bayne for the wurlitzer, Scotty Seabright for assistance at York St, Ben Anderson, Oliver Emmitt & Martyn Hayne who helped demo the songs, Laura Ring at the University of Chicago Library, the Auckland Central Library, Vermont Street.



Copyright 2013 Hollie Fullbrook, Tiny Ruins.

www.tinyruins.com

thank you for supporting our music.