



1. Little Notes

all your little notes, not little loved, your notes.
all your little notes, not little loved, your notes,
they follow me 'round. How I find them, in
a book to keep a place, back of bus tickets,
in my suitcase. They're keeping me warm,
staving off a doubtful wind, a doubtful
wind; ~~they're~~ keeping me warm... And I
quote, your words never wearing thin, 'round
my shoulders, I quote, your words never
wearing thin, 'round my shoulders.
Oh now, don't mind me, I guess I made my
bed. And I'll be damned, darlin', if you
don't lay with me in it! Staving off a
doubtful wind, a doubtful wind; keeping
me warm. And I quote, your words never
wearing thin 'round my shoulders, I quote,
your words never wearing thin 'round my
shoulders. Oh how time goes on, how little
time goes on. I wish it full, I wish it long, no
little wish is wrong, say, can I follow you round?
keep me on my toes, move mysteriously, keep
writing your little notes for me....

TO IN from your very own hand.
(how bold of a squall a little note is).

2. Feathers

I wasn't aware of the dark, 'till the morning came through. I'd never longed for a lie 'till stuck with the truth. These wings will melt, everyone will tell. I paid little mind to the fire, 'till the blanket was pulled. I sent what we were through a wire, with words like dull tools. It's the worst I have told, but it's the best I can hold. And I won't fly like a feather to the opposite side; I won't fly like a feather to the opposite side. All of the trees wave goodbye, stars are something to do. No road was paved for the likes of me and you, so we'll float on, 'till the wind gets too strong. I won't fly like a feather to the opposite side... at least not this time; at least not this time. These wings, they won't melt. It's all I can tell.

(Madrids)

3. Running Through the Night

Oh, we're running through the night, coat-tails
flying in the streetlight, down the hill to
catch the boat to the other side. Oh we're
running through the night, always running
out of time. My pillow is my old brown coat,
we're two sea-rats in this swoller boat...
'Cause there's no time left to take, no more,
as we go by the sun; and the stars feel
like ours this morning as we walk out the
town. Picked up by a baker on the skirts
of pretty Nelson, he was almost home. He
turned around, reminded of all of those
who turned around. So I sat with his dog on
my knee, and a baby beside me, while
he told you about his wife, so much sad-
ness in his eyes... because there's no
time left to take, no more, as we go by
the sun; and the stars feel like ours
this morning, as we walk out the town.
Oh, and now as I descend and all the noise is
in my head, you pull me through. Because
I am rich when I'm with you - when you're
by my side... running through the night,
catching eyes in the moonlight. We've
got all the things we need, all the
things we'll ever need.

4. Lost Son

Oh son, we've been waiting, for
you and your love to come.

These shady lanes have been
numb, ever since you left town,
days just holes for the sun
to go down. Oh son, we have
grown apart, you'll see the lone-
liness in our hearts, this house
of ghosts, the silent days, the
bees buzzing in the sun. We've
lived our lives like friends on oppos-
ite sides. I guess we only understood
what you didn't want to be. I guess
we never understood why you didn't
want to be like him and me.

Oh son, we've been yearning for this hot
summer day to come. Sit side-by-side
on these old leather chairs, pretend you
never left. Pretend you never really left.

Now you're down there
where the day ends peacefully

5. Down South

Now you're down there, where the day ends gracefully... none of the brutality of further South. Swallows fly low, promise of a warm tomorrow, while me here, I'm staving off sorrow, over here, over here. where the day crawls to its sticky end, none of the grace of home. Me, just a blank face on the end of the phone, Me, just a blank face on the end of the phone. Remember when we were down South, amidst squalor and hilarity? The time, when I socked you one in the face, down by the post-box, in the early morning; down by the post-box in the early morning. I'd ~~you were okay~~ been up, and out, a good part of the night, searching the gutters for your body; And I was so beside myself with worry. you were okay; mildly embarrassed. I stormed off in a rage, to my day-job as a waitress. Remember when we were down South amidst squalor and hilarity? Please remember my face, the way I wore it when I was worried.

I'd been out up and out all night
searching the gutters for your body

6. Please Don't
Forget Me

Oh I will try to see the light,
Even in the dark of night,
But please don't forget me.

Oh I will drive,
'Till the morning greets me
bright,
But please don't forget me.

Please Don't Forget Me.

all the songs here were played, recorded
and mixed by a Singer of Songs and Tiny
Ruins in July 2010, Barcelona.
Songs 1, 3 and 5 were written by H. Fullbrook
(Tiny Ruins), and songs 2, 4 and 6 were
written by L. Scheerlinck (a Singer of Songs).
This EP was mastered by Jim Bob Aiken.

This collaboration couldn't have been
brought to you without the fine help of
Jeremy Snoka, Jim Bob Aiken, the folks
at Underused Records and at HI54LOFI.
Thank you also to Ana Franco, and everyone
who supported our little tour of Spain.

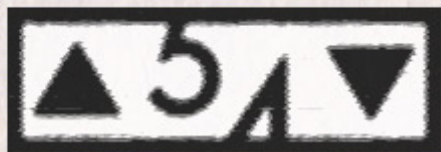
www.tinyruins.com

www.myspace.com/asingerofsongssings

www.hi54lofirecords.com

www.underused-records.com

Licensed under Creative Commons - some rights
reserved.



HI54LOFI RECORDS



UNDERUSED
RECORDS

