
TINY RUINS

Some Were Meant For Sea

URA365

SPUNK RECORDS

OLD AS THE HILLS

Lean in, friend; lean in, friend,
And I'll tell you a tale.
Be good, friend; be good friend,
As I tread the stage a while.

'Twas late in the day, the day after the fair,
When I heard tell of her.
She lived so far away - further, farther and
Beyond - and well you know they say...

She was old as the hills, and worn as a train
On rails of old steel wool,
She was old as the hills.

And her sons were all gone,
Killed in battle won by someone above,
Instead of coming on home.

And her daughters were gone,
Followed love and they'd run to the city below,
Instead of coming on home.

She was old as the hills and worn as a train,
On rails of old steel wool,
She was old as the hills.

She had a bullet in her bonnet -
The last that she owned -
And a gun in her pocket,
To keep her strong as she roamed.
She went fishing in the shallows,
For eels and minnows,
Which she fried up so nicely,
All salty and spicy.

She was old as the hills and worn as a train,
On rails of old steel wool,
She was old as the hills.

And her dog was gone,
Whom she'd cared for so long,
Fed whiskey and plums, on his lavender bed.

And her love was gone,
When he'd heard the sea's song,
He left the shore all alone
To travel the world around.

She was old as the hills and worn as a train,
On rails of old steel wool,
She was old as the hills.

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS, CELLO BOWING, DRUM
JW: TWELVE-STRING GUITAR, CELLO PLUCKING,
VIOLIN, PIANO

PRIEST WITH BALLOONS

Not regular party size;
Waves crash on either side.
He's wearing polypropylene,
Clutching at straws, holding onto string.
What was he looking for -
Truth, or was it Heaven?
Or did he just want to go out with a bang,
So to speak?

He's put his helmet on,
Steps out, floats on into the sky,
Goodbye!
It's funny, but I can understand why:

I want to live where the traffic controllers
Are ballet dancers,
And billboards painted over with colours;
Where unkindness is fined
In numbers of roses,
And nobody feels like taking the commons,
Nobody feels like taking the commons.

While some were meant for sea, in tug-boats
'Round the shore's knee,
(Milling with the sand,
and always coming back to land),

For others, up above
Is all they care to think of,
Up there with the birds and clouds, and
Words don't follow.

There are times when I sit down to tea,
Some well-meaning companion will ask me,
How's it going with everything?
Quite nicely, but:

I want to live where the traffic controllers are
Ballet dancers,
And billboards painted over with colours;
Where unkindness is fined
In numbers of roses,
And nobody feels like taking the commons,
Nobody feels like taking the commons,
Nobody feels like taking the commons.

'Though time has soldiered on,
I still think upon him;
Waging with the sky, he's crying Goodbye!
What was he looking for -
Truth, or was it Heaven?
Or did he just want to go out with a bang,
So to speak?

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS, CELLO BOWING, DRUM
JW: CELLO PLUCKING, BELLS, CYMBALS

YOU'VE GOT THE KIND OF NERVE I LIKE

Go see them, down South now,
They'll see you're well looked after.
See a boy there, mournful & fair,
Works the tables to keep him in the share.

Don't say those words again
'Cause you've got the kind of nerve I like.

Tell him "no" don't mean he's lost her,
She was young then, things were stranger.
Say she's warm & well looked after,
Though her heart's been growin' ever colder.

Don't say those words again
'Cause you've got the kind of nerve I like.

Though here the winds blow,
& winter's stone coat
Has covered up all sun & shelter,
She remembers how you held her,
On the warm floor of the bunker.

Don't say those words again
'Cause you've got the kind of nerve I like.

DEATH OF A RUSSIAN

Writing funny letters to get you through;
Feeling father's shame at what you had to do.
You want a woman like,
A woman like the moon;
'Cause she's so far away - not here every day,
But she will pour champagne
When your time's coming soon.

You would've been pleased to know
You're still breaking hearts,
You're still breaking hearts,
You're still breaking hearts.

Half followed the wrong procession,
To a military band,
While you rolled off in an oyster cart,
To the horror of your friends;
But I think you would've laughed,
At how it came to pass -
Yes - I think you would've laughed,
Tragic 'till the end.

You would've been pleased to know
You're still breaking hearts,
You're still breaking hearts,
You're still breaking hearts.

ADELPHI APARTMENTS

Rosie lived in the Adelphi Apartments,
Down by Carrigafoyle.
At night she read Cannery Row,
Before saying goodnight
To the highway below.

And all the tomcats knew her,
Over on the Allenby Steps.
Sundays, she'd burn a candle
For all the tears she hadn't wept,
And all the ends she hadn't met.

Electric thick around her,
She'd put a record on,
Of something warm like Olga Guillot,
Swaying her hips to a far-off drum,

Where she lived in the Adelphi Apartments,
Down by Carrigafoyle.
At night, she read Cannery Row,
Before saying goodnight
To the highway below.

And Maurice next door,
Coughing up the things he tried to say,
Didn't want to seem like a creep,
He always dreaded the day
He'd put his ear to the wall
To hear the fall of silence,
Rosie'd gone, moved on away,

From where she lived
In the Adelphi Apartments,
Down by Carrigafoyle.
Where at night she read Cannery Row,
Before saying goodnight
To the highway below.

HF: PIANO, VOCALS, CELLO BOWING
JW: CELLO PLUCKING, HI-HAT & CYMBAL

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS, CELLO BOWING, DRUM, BELLS
JW: VIOLIN, CELLO PLUCKING, TAMBOURINE,
PIANO, CYMBALS

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS

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,
Keeping me warm.
And I quote,
Your words never wearing thin
'Round my shoulders,
I quote, your words never wearing thin
'Round my shoulders.

O 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.

O how time goes on, how little time goes on.
I wish it full, I wish it long,
No little wish is wrong,
Why, can I follow you 'round?
Keep me on my toes, move mysteriously,
Keep writing your little notes for me,
From your very own hand.

(How bold of a squall a little note is!)

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS, CELLO, ORGAN
LS: BANJO, ELECTRIC GUITAR, FOOT STOMP,
TAMBOURINE, SHAKER, CHORUS VOCALS

CAT IN THE HALLWAY

Little past two; couldn't sleep again.
Put on my yellow flannel gown,
Wandered down past all
The funny night sounds.

Met the grey cat in the hallway,
And you, standing by the mirror,
And I was holding the cat in the hallway,

Shivering in the mirror,
Talking about the cat, being in the hallway;
And I felt like death warmed up,
Only slightly, from all the yellow...

But I didn't want to leave the cat
And all in the hallway,
And I didn't want to lose the cat
And all in the hallway -

But what more could we say?
So I put him down, and backed up
To all the lonely night sounds.

(For me, it's not over breakfast,
but in the hallway.)

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS

RUNNING THROUGH THE NIGHT

O, we're running through the night,
Coat tails flying in the streetlight,
Down the hill to catch the boat
To the other side.

O, we're running through the night,
Always running out of time,
My pillow is my old brown coat,
We're two sea-rats on this swollen 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 his baby beside me;
While he told you about his wife,
So much sadness in his eyes...

'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.

O, and now as I descend
And all the noise is in my head,
You pull me through;
'Cause 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.

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS, DRUM
JW: ACCORDION

JUST DESSERTS

Well you know we like desserts,
Just desserts, like chocolate and spices,
Cherry pies and ices.
But we do not like - no we do not like -
Being deserted.

Well you know we like wild adventures,
Like in jungles in the night,
And being held tight.
But we do not like when you forget to write.

Well you know we like taking chances,
And all slow dances,
With mirror-ball lights on our faces,
Yes, on our faces!
But we do not like nine-to-five
In office spaces,
In office spaces.

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS, CELLO BOWING
JW: CELLO PLUCKING, PIANO

PIGEON KNOWS

Is it where I first appeared,
Underneath the Northern spheres?
Where I'm a stranger lineage lies,
Underneath the Northern skies,
Don't know where my old hometown is.

But Pigeon knows, Pigeon knows,
Pigeon knows.
It's wherever his tail goes,
It's wherever his tail goes.

Is it at my old folks' place?
Shopping gulls have bought out everything.
Or is it in this wild and windy town,
Where bitter lessons hit you in the face?
Don't know where my old hometown is.

But Pigeon knows, Pigeon knows,
Pigeon knows.
It's wherever his tail goes,
It's wherever his tail goes.

Is it where my friends collide?
So many places, we've all flown away.
Or is it just a dream I have at night,
My hometown stranded there
In coloured light?
Don't know where my old hometown is.

But Pigeon knows, Pigeon knows,
Pigeon knows.
It's wherever his tail goes,
It's wherever his tail goes.

HF: PIANO, VOCALS, CELLO
JW: VIOLIN

BIRD IN THE THYME

There it was: a fallen bird in the thyme,
Its time had come.
And then the sage: he gave his wise reply,
And I looked down.

And on the twelfth night, the fool came,
With his song and his smile.
And on the twelfth night, the fool came,
With his song and his smile.

And we rose merrily forward,
And we rose merrily down,
And we rose merrily forward,
And we rose merrily down.

HF: GUITAR, VOCALS, CELLO PLUCKING, DRUM,
JW: VIOLIN, ACCORDION, BELLS

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