

1. SO, YOU
2. WAITING FOR ANGELS
3. THE TURNS WE TAKE
4. BONES IN THE SAND
5. THE ASSUMING DARK
6. UNDER A WILLOW SPREADING
7. BIG BIG LIE
8. CLOSE UP OF A ONE SIDED LOVE
9. I HEARD YOU CRYING
10. THE END OF THE DAY

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MORRISVILLE, VERMONT, FROM THE  
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so, you  
12.08.04

looking at your picture on the wall beneath the light  
a slice into the amber and a moment's nod to night  
and miles blindly walked through all those unremembered parks  
and horoscoped predictions bouncing off some charlie's chart

so, you — I can't believe you're gone  
so, you — I can't believe we're wrong  
so, you — love, it's been so long  
so, you've — become the newest song

shadows make their ribbons from the orange city skies  
as the roar of all the world is silenced by your quiet cries  
and when the dawn comes kissing through the curtain's filmy gauze  
too soon it comes to missing and assigning of the cause

so, you — I can't believe you're gone  
so, you — I can't believe we're wrong  
so, you — love, it's been so long  
so, you've — become the newest song

text becomes the cynic as we both play in-box tag  
and timing grows more limits and neither breaks the gag  
non-conversations distant feather off into the black  
as neither of us sacrifice enough to get us back

so, you — I can't believe you're gone  
so, you — I can't believe we're wrong  
so, you — love, it's been so long  
so, you've — become the newest song

five winters, four summers, springs and often falls  
pictures painted, paintings washed out by a rain that covers all

so, you — I can't believe you're gone  
so, you — I can't believe we're wrong  
so, you — love, it's been so long  
so, you've — become the newest song

waiting for angels  
08.10.04

brushing the last of the crumbs from her fingers  
smoothing her skirt and adjusting her socks  
gesturing flies off the pools of spilled margarine  
magna cum laude the school of hard knocks  
dogs in the yard lift their muzzles in hope  
she leans through the doorway open and bare  
rusty cars and old empties — decayed Tonkas and rope  
the overgrown histories, decay and declare

waiting for angels she knows were forgotten  
lost in the blue of an ocean of things  
waiting for angels alone on a roadside  
wheat fields still ripple from their soft beating wings

home comes her man with frustration, exhaustion  
treading the mill and still grasping at straws  
putting food on the table keep a car up; pay taxes  
below all that radar, ignored by these laws  
forgetting gets harder amidst the Old Crowing  
the tempo starts pushing up fahrenheit red  
the blaming and shouting the crying things throwing  
tangled sheets and I'm sorries, they make up in bed

waiting for angels she knows were forgotten...

inventing her future from a present in shambles  
erasing the blackness with a spraypainted white  
fighting the good fight and ignoring the gambles  
juggling the books every day every night

arms stretched to Heaven faith strained to breaking  
what kind of sin is deserving of this fate walls cracked and falling  
everybody is taking low roads now floating on the oil spills of hate

waiting for angels...

the turns we take  
07.02.05

flipping over hidden postcards from a softly checkered past  
so many forks so many roads with so much rock still yet to blast  
she finds me in the last imagined places that I want to be  
drenched with sweat, sunglasses slipping, "how are you?" is what's asked of me

could I have a moment to change history — could I have a moment to remake?  
might not the fates just grant a quiet peace of time to swim through love we make  
can't I just ignore these empty spaces — can't I just ignore what most forsake  
and overcome the fates that keep us separated by all these turns we take

archived ripples passion filed in dark blue rooms of memory locked  
silences become the decades since we last sat down and talked  
words they mean so much between us soft syllables hold the heaven's earth  
you speak of pain you speak of joy — I marvel in a delicate mirth

could I have a moment to make longer — could I have a moment stopped in time  
might not the fates just grant a quiet place for us to fly through lines we rhyme  
can't I just ignore these empty houses — can't I just ignore each daily fake  
and overcome the fates that keep us separated by all these turns we take

floating by those aisles of shelving pregnant with each Dewey'd age  
awareness of each second passing I'm worlds away when you close the page  
so strong within — this image of you the deep, green smells of August walks  
the bed we make's the one we sleep in — private sadness covered by friendly talks

could I have a moment to change history — could I have a moment to remake  
might not the fates just grant a quiet peace of time to swim through love we make  
can't I just ignore these empty spaces — can't I just ignore what most forsake  
and overcome the fates that keep us separated by all these turns we take  
could I have a moment to imagine — could I have a moment to create  
might not the fates ignore for one more time this private, selfish yearning, late  
could we find a moment for together — could we find a moment just to share  
these turns we take, into completion's threshold or they can keep us waiting there

bones in the sand  
08.10.04

peeping through the crevice of a hundred million years  
the way this love's evolving leads all patience off the cliff  
creeping through the twilight of a decade once too near  
the way this love's resolving pleads the echo of what if

and why can't I resuscitate these bones in the sand  
and build a garden trellis and put the roses in your hair  
tell me why can't I regenerate the warmth of your hands  
fall back into those waters of a promise waiting there  
of a promise waiting there

the wind toys with the sands exposing frames once trapped in time  
they wait for a museum just to speculate on truth  
how can two lives so intertwined at heart still be so distant  
how can two souls so disregard the signposts of their youth

and why can't I resuscitate these bones in the sand  
and build a garden trellis and put the roses in your hair  
tell me why can't I regenerate the warmth of your hands  
fall back into those waters of a promise waiting there

solo

and why can't I resuscitate these bones in the sand  
and build a garden trellis and put the roses in your hair  
tell me why can't I regenerate the warmth of your hands  
fall back into those waters of a promise waiting there

the assuming dark  
09.16.04

circling histories repeating themselves — advantages taken of truncated lives  
one generation dominates the other — burying the evidence, washing the knives  
gramma was clear on good and evil but allowed the fringes of black and white  
where complex strands of gray comingle and never say for or against the night

what of these crack pots and their semi autos?  
what of these pacifists torching themselves?  
loading up on ammo in a Montana meadow  
or facing chain saws in a redwood hell

the assuming dark approaches clearly — the northern hemispheres contract their light  
these humans huddled, alone together trying to ferret the day from night  
the assuming dark blankets softly — allowing stars where there is no power  
these humans crying, alone — together creating hurdles that grow into towers

a world economy based on war — commerce based on taking it all  
sharing only with advantages proven — great empires never realize their fall  
prodding diversity to make it all march to drummers that howl behind every turn  
the soul of the rich as a pawn shop owner crushing the innocent with money to burn

what of grown infants and their rush to judgement?  
attempting to legislate behavior, routine  
what of hearing God's voice from the mountains  
justifying an empire too large to be seen

the assuming dark approaches clearly — the northern hemispheres contract their light  
these humans huddled, alone together trying to ferret the day from night  
the assuming dark blankets softly — allowing stars where there is no power  
these humans crying, alone — together creating hurdles that grow into towers

*and what of you and what of me? do we operate on a basis of truth?  
are we moving pieces across life's gameboard? is it all we learned from wasted youth?*

the assuming dark approaches clearly — the northern hemispheres contract their light  
these humans huddled, alone together trying to ferret the day from night  
the assuming dark blankets softly — allowing stars where there is no power  
these humans crying, alone — together creating hurdles that grow into towers

under a willow spreading  
08.10.04

I received your message (voice) while driving back from Maine  
it made my mouth taste yearning and a subtle sting of pain  
so why can't I just call you back to find you, make the drive  
and complicate this life of lack and share a reason, live

under a willow spreading in the hammock by the lake  
I couldn't hear the dreading 'cause of choices that we'd make  
and hindsight, twenty-twenty is too easy to enjoy  
under a willow spreading — you a girl and me, a boy

every day I dream it: to show up at your door  
imagining you mean it when you kiss me to the floor  
we ditch the cars in Potsdam clear the border, heading west  
and then the colors vanish as the conscious does its best

under a willow spreading in the hammock by the lake  
I couldn't hear the dreading 'cause of choices that we'd make  
and hindsight, twenty-twenty is too easy to enjoy  
under a willow spreading — you a girl and me, a boy

and time becomes a nuisance and "responsible" the king  
we're propertied and familed indebted to these things  
so would you if I asked you: turn your back on all of this  
to pursue an ancient promise kept within a gentle kiss

under a willow spreading in the hammock by the lake  
I couldn't hear the dreading 'cause of choices that we'd make  
and hindsight, twenty-twenty is too easy to enjoy  
under a willow spreading — you a girl and me, a boy

the big, big lie  
08.10.04

it started when you learned to spell the word: ramifications  
you called up all your friends the week your parents had vacations  
you disavowed the broken places, dented fender, and the shattered vases  
innocently dumb and mute and smiling through your braces

so now you're all grown up you've told the big, big lie  
because if you revealed the real you'd look just like the fool  
so keep up the appearance and tell the big, big lie  
embroidery expands the deal and keeps the image cool

service with a smile as if the pillows insulated  
the stress scent from your pores as you frictioned and gyrated  
it's not that I suspected what your mannerisms showed me  
it wasn't undetected, but the magnitude still bowed me

so now you're all grown up you've told the big, big lie  
it's not quite presidential though impressive in its scope  
so let's keep up appearances tell the big, big lie  
it seems so residential as you struggle just to cope

truth is as truth gets  
never pure or quite compelling  
truth hurts as truth lets  
never sure, it's in the telling

solo

service with a smile as if the pillows insulated  
the stress scent of your pores as you frictioned and gyrated  
it's not that I suspected what your mannerisms showed me  
and it wasn't undetected, but the magnitude still bowed me

closeup of a one sided love  
08.25.04

bringing you closer my hands on your waist  
we bathe in this fragrance anticipate taste  
I brush off the strands of your deep midnight hair  
you make us both tremble our lips paused and bare

we talk of ageless and timeless and trials  
comparing the distance examining the miles  
if history's consumed in a fury of pasts  
why does this place in our two souls still last?

if ever there was a stopping of worlds  
it's when we first kissed universes unfurled  
these infinite cosmos at once and revealed  
the meaning of all was never repealed

If just a close up of a one-sided love I've been here before, I'll be here again...  
and again and again and again

rarely the same I expect this is true  
the moment one sided or was it you too?  
our road choices since painting turns upon turns  
away from each other tell me what did we learn?

for me it's these dreams that keep on reoccurring  
the thorough emersion and 3 a.m. stirring  
and waking with all of your essence still haunting  
your smile beguiling and me still and wanting

if ever there was a stopping of worlds  
it's when we first kissed universes unfurled  
these infinite cosmos at once and revealed  
the meaning of all was never repealed

If just a close up of a one-sided love I've been here before, I'll be here again...  
and again and again and again



I heard you crying  
09.16.04

I heard you crying and groping through your hurting  
scaling the harsh cliffs of denial, and meanness and blame  
my hands all knotted, and bound up and restrained beyond reason  
these borders defined keep a wall 'round your flame

I heard you crying in the stillness of silence  
moving slowly through these valleys with their thousand foot walls  
I heard you crying alone with the stars in your bedroom  
if only you'd let me, I'd reverse your fall

If I offered to hold you so close, tell me, would you let me?  
behind stone walls of pride, hiding closed and locked rooms of betrayal  
how much would you gamble away for a sanctuary of pure contentment  
how hazardous is this rocky terrain of souls, all too frail

I heard you crying in the stillness of silence  
moving slowly through these valleys with their thousand foot walls  
I heard you crying alone with the stars in your bedroom  
if only you'd let me, I'd reverse your fall

what was it you said in the middle of your dream  
that now isn't as important as the day once seemed  
seeking a place you once caught a glimpse of in my eyes  
standing down the obstacles and embracing the prize

you're curled up in blankets the night still decended  
it's all I can do to retreat from this advantaged refrain  
your dreams so much better than what you always feel waking  
I yearn to embrace to absorb and to heal all your pain

I hear you crying in the stillness of silence  
moving slowly through these valleys with their thousand foot walls  
I hear you crying alone with the stars in your bedroom  
if only you'd let me, I'd reverse your fall

the end of the day  
02.19.07

the end of the day caresses my forehead  
and blankets my earth with a star-quilt of dreams  
the end of the day brings all lines in focus  
and tallies the worth and softens the screams

lavender airs mixed with woodsmoke and frost  
for so many years I'd forgotten the cost  
of making repairs unto moments thought lost  
and finding them waiting for you

the end of the day when Azure trumps Amber  
and Azure surprised when covered by Night  
the end of the day responses that camber  
and gaze into eyes filled with echoing light

deep diving sun strains to plowshare the skies  
the moonlight shows paintings of stars in your eyes  
if urgent is wanting and melding: the prize  
promises have no refrain

the end of the day candlelight flickers  
the dogs breathe their sighs and absorb the warm fire  
though darkness enshrouds there's hours before embers  
and no wayward clouds to dim moonlight's desire

goodwill to all and then bring peace on earth  
it seems all so simple and so much the worth  
when holding you close in the comforter's mirth  
and silhouette you with my hands

the end of the day caresses my forehead...