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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
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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...