

THIS UNIQUE MUSEUM

CHAPTER ONE: A CATALOGUE OF MADNESS & MELANCHOLY

Skyeyesea Records

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Preface

Chapter One: A Catalogue Of Madness & Melancholy was a very strange album to make. I don't mean that in a bad way, I just mean it was more of an experiment than an album. The premise was based on the idea of writing and recording a song week for sixteen weeks between Summer and Autumn 2007, uploading the results on to my website and letting the fans pick their favourite songs to make up the track listing. My thoughts at the time were to make an album free from my own subjection and place the recording in the hands of an audience who has no emotional or nostalgic attachment to the music. This way the selection process for the album can be viewed and chosen without interruption or bias and then hopefully the listener can feel like they have created a body of work along with the artist.

The Green Grass (The Place You Grew Up) put simply, a song about getting old and letting go whilst trying to find the time to figure out how to work the VCR.

The Optimist Of... (The Lost Highway) is one of those songs, which shows I have a very dark perception of things. It deals with a man who is paralysed from the neck down due to a car accident and all he can think is that he's happy he doesn't have to go to work the next day.

Queen Eleanor Street (Built To Last) was named after the road on which I travelled to work each day. It was strange, I just had this vision in my head of someone taking this trip for the rest of their life and literally becoming the bricks and mortar of a town in which they live.

Inside These Four Walls (The Blood In His Veins) - was inspired by a film by the Coen Brothers called "The Man Who Wasn't There" and a book by David Remnick's called "King of the World". Somehow the two blended together to create a somewhat chaotic beautiful mess with one of the sweetest piano sounds I think I've ever recorded.

A Catalogue Of Melancholy (In A Pickle) one of the last songs to be recorded during the sessions and by far the most improvised. Recorded with a very inexpensive microphone, this song still surprises me to this day as it was the track that people felt belonged most to the album although, I still don't understand why, as it never had that same magic for me?

Martha (Sky Meets The Sea) a track that was originally written in 2002 and was never properly completed but somehow it made it's way on to this album. The lyrics and the melody within the chorus remain exactly how it was created all those years ago and I thought being it was the final track, it was a good indication of how things can come full circle.

Finally, the making of this album was one of the most difficult things I have ever done. I had plenty of subject matter and at that point in time was not very susceptible to writers block, I think that maybe I was being a little naive to think that people would just accept what I was doing as if it was the norm. I did get the feeling the press believed the songs were disposable and weren't taken as seriously as if they were part of a more traditional idea but in my mind, each held meaning to me, I just thought they didn't need the attachment of an album or a greater body of work to make them more significant or more special.

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Northampton, UK
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THE GREEN GRASS (THE PLACE YOU GREW UP)

On this street you've lead a long and happy life, the nine to five, the credit card, the perfect wife
But all these things that seem to be so beautiful are nothing more than what is left when you let go

All that you know there's a small hope your just a soul that's lost it's way home
When you let go all that you know your just a soul that's lost it's way home
When they say that, "this life you've left is gone"

Now you old and grey and lost without a clue, the TV and VCR seem impossible to use
With every twist and turn just like a Rubik's cube, your life will turn upside down and just shatter what you knew

Of your skin and your bones and that feeling of home
It's not the city you love it's the place you grew up

When they say that, "Ain't it such a pity in this old sad city cause this life you've left is gone"

THE OPTIMIST OF... (THE LOST HIGHWAY)

As he awoke upon the asphalt wondering what to do
He felt a pulse race through his body and that's the time he knew
It's just the ticket that I need cause I'm that kind of guy
Who sees the glass full all the time
He never saw the big truck coming down the lost highway
Maybe he should have indicated or maybe used his brakes
And from that moment he did know that it was clear that day
That his life would not be the same

"Cause I'm free from the race that we run all our lives,
Just a game that we play in our hearts and our minds,
Stuck in between all the truth and the lies,
Cause I'm sure that this joke is mine,
And I'm an optimist and doing fine"

He smiled as he lay on the stretcher carried far away
A paramedic said, "Sorry son this isn't gonna go your way,
You broke your neck in fourteen places that I can't pronounce or
say" But he said, "I'm going to be OK"

QUEEN ELEANOR STREET (BUILT TO LAST)

So they built this city on the ruins of his heart cause he won't find many reasons left to be a part of these city streets and the roads that he's bound to see

So he sat there quiet, on that bus without a clue and in that one second he'll be lost inside a new city over pass but he knows he's not built to last

And he will become ash and dust in the air that fills our lungs in the little town we know the things that he knows we never should know

So she took this journey twice a day and once again she was feeling empty just a bag of bones and skin that is aging fast, she's not sure she is built to last

She was sick and tired with this fight with what she knew, "but this place out grew me and things I used to do when I saw myself as the one who saw no one else"

And she will become ash and dust in the air that fills our lungs in this little town we know the things that she knows, we never should know but this little town will show us a love we will never know and they'll never let go

THE ARCHITECT OF... (THE GHOST IN THE MACHINE)

Please come and rescue her from what she has become, a fool in
love

And stay a while and don't forget that she is just a child who needs
a home

She prays for those of those who don't believe we have a home in
brick and stone

She closed her eyes until she saw a place she recognized that looks
like home

Like this building made of skin and bones is nothing more than the
world she'd come to love

She had to see for herself, "How can you hide inside someone else"
But no one's seen what she had seen watching the ghost inside the
machine

And she said, "I've been so foolish to haunt you"

INSIDE THESE FOUR WALLS (THE BLOOD IN HIS VEINS)

He had thought to himself, "This not where I saw myself"
In this ring of defeat where the working class meet themselves
With the taste of some blood and the sound of disgust he knew
This was a place for the few where the bell made the world brand
new

The forgotten arm is the beat of his heart and the blood in his veins
as well
It's so sad he would meet such a cold hard defeat by the hands of a
jail cell

It was an innocent crime on a lonely wet night in June
He was attacked on the street and saw the shadow of something
move
He made a simple mistake fighting back the only way he knew
And so he killed by mistake this boy who'd stolen his change so
soon

Everyone will see he is just like you and me
And everybody knows he is simply but a ghost
A Shadow of a man who had no reason left to stand but he simply
knows he can

A CATALOGUE OF MELANCHOLY (IN A PICKLE)

You've got yourself in a pickle you know
This mess you try desperately to unfold
Is just a love hidden deep in a hole
You call your heart, a substitute for a soul

These tired eyes are just a useless disguise
To hide the fact that there is nothing inside
This broken heart of yours is just a device
That somehow stops you ever feeling alive

THIS FABLE (THROUGH MY TEETH)

This story is one for telling but not by me
I wish I knew you better so I could lie through my teeth
And tell you how this fable is going to end
And mend this broken heart on which you depend

But when I ask you, "What do you see when you see me"
"Do you see someone lonely or a monster in me?"

I couldn't pretend I'm sorry or even upset
Cause with my arms around you I am free from this mess
I did not bring the good news on that hospital ward
A white coat and a stethoscope was the armour I wore

When I asked you, "What did you see when you saw me"
"Did you see someone lonely or an angel in me?"

A PRODUCT OF THE PAST (THE BOY WHO HADE NO NAME)

Nineteen forty was the year when boredom was the news
A war began between two sides with nothing much to do
His mother was a waitress, his father held a gun but I guess that's
the irony of being an only son

An accident he was but that's something they have never forgot

And so this boy who had no name was raised by someone else
A family who did love him more than any heart could ever tell
He grew to be a solider, a man of honesty and just shows nature or
nature isn't as simply as it seems

An accident he was and that's something he's has finally forgot

WISE BEYOND HER YEARS (IT'S GONE TOO FAR)

A sad affair, the time they shared was a lie, mistrust placed in
disguise
As loving arms but bitter hearts can deceive and turned her hopes
in to dreams
A desperate cry, a swollen eye for an eye is all he could give to her
A cigarette, some burning flesh that reveals a scar so deep in won't
heal

And it's gone too far and it's gone too long without hope in her
heart

And so this fight that she had once called her life, a simple honest
mistake
This girl of five shouldn't have to decide between what she has and
she hides
A killing joke, but no one spoke of the time that she left her father
behind
So finally she was free of this mess, a life that god couldn't bless

MARTHA (SKY MEETS THE SEA)

She won't believe that they have what it takes to be strong, cause
just breathing in seems so hard when the day seems so long
They just wish for someone to take them away from this place, "and
hey kids I noticed all that from the look on your face"

Like the sound of their voice and the tears from their eyes are found
in the things that make her proud

All they can think is that they feel apart from a life that they seem to
live even though they're so empty inside
But the one thing that keeps them afloat is the one thing they need
A love you can find in a place where the sky meets the sea

Like the sound of her voice and the tears from her eyes are found in
the things that make them proud