

# THIS UNIQUE MUSEUM

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LOST AT SEA:  
OUT-TAKES FROM THE GREAT LAKE

Skyeyesea Records

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## Preface

*Lost At Sea: Out-Takes From The Great Lake* - promises exactly what the title suggests. A collection songs that are taken from various sessions over the last few years and placed in an order that best represents something cohesive without a preconceived concept.

A few personal favourites, out-takes and some live tracks... I guess this album is a perfect document of those first few years of the band.

Sadly I would have liked to have recorded and released another *Chapter* album but with most of my recording equipment damaged due to an electrical incident and my obsessive need to distribute at least one collection of songs each year, I thought it would be nice to cherry pick some pieces that haven't yet seen the light of the day. This would at least give me time to work on new songs and build a studio set up I'm comfortable with before entering back in to an environment where my creativity has some much needed regularity.

*The Hum (That Ends This One)* – My take on the experimental sounds of Brian Eno. I often find that my concentration seems to step up a gear when I listen to his music. Also provides a great soundtrack to *War Of The Worlds*, which I read front to back whilst listening to Eno's musical catalogue.

*A Catalogue of Melancholy (In A Pickle) alt. version* This track was recorded and then discarded during the *Chapter One* sessions. I recently stumbled across its CD-R and felt it was in fact superior to the version that appears on the *Chapter* recording but with hindsight believe the original was needed to give some much needed sonic variation.

*A Catalogue Of Madness (Pale Blue Eyes)* Inspired by The novel *The Night Listener* by Armistead Maupin. I guess my take a rather uncomfortable story.

*Iris (The Best Part Of The Year) live* A live version of the title track that appeared on my very first single, really highlights how much a song changes from its conception to finalisation.

*Wise Beyond Her Years (It's Gone Too Far) acoustic* One of the first songs recorded when I upgraded my recording set up a year or so ago. Funnily enough captured just before then down grading the equipment as I felt re-learning the recording process did somewhat hinder the creative one.

Benjamin Fitton  
Northampton, UK  
July 2008

## LOST AT SEA (A STORM LIKE NONE BEFORE)

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This story starts like all the rest, a girl in love, a boy who's just a mess  
He went to sea to start a life, to earn badge for what he thought was right,  
but then on that fateful night  
There was a storm like none before, devoured all the life it saw for sure  
The ship he sailed had sank beneath the waves as he lay lifeless on the beach,  
he had no words left to speak

"So get up on to your two feet and say that you have some belief,  
That one day you'll be back at home, the TV king on your sofa throne,  
Because love will save your life"

So back at home this girl in love received an envelope that she tore up,  
She knew it spoke, those bitter words, "a tale of life that's lost at sea" she heard  
A quiet voice inside her head spoke to her and told her,  
"He's not dead, he's just holding on by a thread"

So back aboard the rescue boat he released what was at home  
The nine to five, the pregnant wife, the souvenir of all those years gone by,  
"So can't we turn back around and forget that I was found"

## A CATALOGUE OF MELANCHOLY (IN A PICKLE) ALT. VERSION

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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

## THE ARCHITECT OF... (THE GHOST IN THE MACHINE) ALT. VERSION

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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"

A CATALOGUE OF MADNESS (PALE BLUE EYES)

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This boy with pale blue eyes is scared of what he'll find  
When he looks beneath the bed in which he sleeps  
He says, "The monsters must have fled, there not in my head"

There's a shadow on the wall, it's a creature in the hall  
Singing him a song, it's his mother all a long  
He sighs a small relief and drifts back to sleep

Drift back to sleep

His Mother whispers low "There something you should know"  
"Your safe with me at home and I'll never let you go"

## A COUNTRY FOR THE BRAVE (WAR IS WON)

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This war that he fights with his heart on his sleeve and in his pocket, he carries round a little locket that holds all the memories of home and love but is it enough

The trenches were dark and air in his lungs was like a cyclone, he was feeling so alone that the rush of blood in his veins was so cold...so cold

The war is won but not for some cause he will fight for the rest of his life because Adam and Eve were just fools to believe in love and that how this mess begun

The gun by his side and the blood on his hands was for a reason but the scars will be the medals he shows to all the folks back home, he shrugs "enough is enough"

Though it's how the war was won

IRIS (THE BEST PART OF THE YEAR) LIVE

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I seem to get so anxious every time that you appear  
A little whisper is all you'll hear  
I've made the wrong decisions even though I try to hide  
All the thoughts I keep inside

I feel nothing for you and for the best part of the year  
I've been waiting here for the chance to feel sincere

I have no real ambition to ever see your face again  
Or ever be your best friend  
But I've always found some comfort in how the past  
has changed my life maybe you could fall asleep with me tonight

## A PENNY FOR MY THOUGHTS (A GHOST IN THE PLAYGROUND) LIVE

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They said your were not cool or even polite, a group of the school  
kids picking a fight  
I thought your were someone I surely know, a ghost in the  
playground, a stone in my shoe  
I tried to forget what everyone said, a fragment of fiction, a voice in  
my head

Cause I'm sure you can do the right thing even though you don't  
realize that you don't have to be a martyr to be kind

I finally found the courage to talk and asked you question and we  
took a walk  
And we talked for hours about nothing more than what you  
believed in and what you ignored  
God your so perfect and you will be missed for someone that  
doesn't even exist

ISABELLA (A PLACE YOU COULD CALL HOME) LIVE

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You try to be a believer in the words you once said,  
“This place that you could call home is a place inside my head”

It's so hard to fall in love

You try to swim in an ocean full of your regret  
But this town is far too shallow to ever let you forget

## A REASON FOR BREATHING (THE GOOD THINGS) ACOUSTIC

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Don't choose details and don't make plans full of promises  
Give me a moment, a minute to make sense of all of this  
Make sure that no one gets close or makes the most of what you have  
Cause they know the meaning and feeling of being the better half

Cause it's all about the good things that we both ignore given time  
I'm sure you'll need them to part of this

Always make sure that someone helps you be yourself  
Cause they've seen something you've not seen in someone else  
I wish you'd try to see past all this honesty  
When deep down I've been so scared of this harmony

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

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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