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1. By Way of Introduction 2. All Right 3. The Smile He Took Away
4. Don't Let It Hit You on the Way Out 5. When I Think of Love 6. New Car Smell
7. Asking for a Friend 8. Spontaneous 9. Going Through Emotions
10. Take a Hike 11. His Last Regret 12. All the People 13. You Will Find Your Way
14. On My Bike 15. Daddy's Little Girl 16. Downtime 17. You Own It
18. Love is Not the Answer 19. BYOB
20. I Started a Joke feat. Dudley Saunders
21. All You Can Do is Nothing
22. Little Bitta This, Little Bitta That
feat. Kathi Funston & Tulasi Rain
23. Take Me Back

Balladry & Soliloquy

Brian Woodbury

BALLADRY & SOLOLOQUY

R&R BW3 / Some Phil 11



ReR MEGACORP



ReR BW3



Some Phil 11

Anthems & Antithets Vol 2: BALLADRY & SOLOLOQUY

Brian Woodbury

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Anthems & Antithets Vol 2:
Balladry & Soliloquy

Produced by **Brian Woodbury**
Mixed by **Dan Cubert**
Mastered by **Danny Blume**
Design & photos by **John Goss**
Brian photo by **Cat Gwynn**

Mark Pardy uses *Sabian* cymbals and *Promark* sticks
Andy Sanesi uses *DW* drums, *Sabian* cymbals,
Remo drum heads, *Vic Firth* sticks & *Beato* cases

Andy Sanesi & Mark Pardy recorded by **Marc Doten** (Trend Coma Bootlegs)

Brian Woodbury: vocs, acous, nylon, elec. gtr, bass, mando, keys, amateur violins, perc, programming, arranging, FX **Marc Muller:** elec. gtr (All Right, Hit, When, Bike, Bitta); acous (Smile, When, Daddy, BYOB); nylon (Bike); mando (Daddy, BYOB); banjo (BYOB); pedal steel (Smile, Daddy, BYOB); baritone gtr. (When); bass (Hit, Bike, Daddy); arranging (Daddy, BYOB) **Sam Woodbury:** acous (Asking)

Jim Kimo West: acous & co-arranging (Own)

John Thomas Oaks: piano & co-arranging (Emotions, Regret)

David Witham: piano (Nothing) **Michael Webster:** keys & co-arranging (People)

Edwin Livingston: upright bass (Spontaneous, Answer)

Jonathan Feinberg: drums & perc (Introduction, Smile, People, Bike, Own);
drum & perc programming (Downtime, Back)

Mark Pardy: drums & perc (When, Spontaneous, Emotions, Answer)

Joe Berardi: drums & perc (Hit, Asking, Daddy, BYOB, Joke)

Andy Sanesi: drums (All Right, Hike)

Nick Mancini: vibes (Asking) **Sara Parkins:** violins (Answer)

Maggie Parkins: cellos (Regret, Answer)

Mark Hollingsworth: clarinet (Smell); saxes (Joke)

Chris Tedesco: trumpet (Smell, Joke) **Devon Taylor:** sousaphone (Smell)

Dan Levine: trombone (Smell, Joke) **Dudley Saunders:** guest vocal (Joke)

Kathi Funston: guest vocal (Bitta) **Tulasi Rain:** guest vocal (Bitta); bgd vocs (Hike)

Rob Shapiro: bgd vocs (People) **Gary Stockdale:** bgd vocs (Introduction)

Paul F. Perry: bgd vocs (When, People) **Sean Altman:** bgd vocs (When)

Marc Doten: bgd vocs (Introduction)

Dan Cubert: additional perc (Asking, Spontaneous, Regret, Bike); FX (BYOB)

Lyrics & more information at www.BrianWoodbury.com

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- A close-up portrait of Brian Woodbury, a man with wavy, grey hair and a light beard, wearing a blue blazer over a patterned shirt. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a gentle expression.
1. **By Way of Introduction** 2:15
 2. **All Right** 2:53
 3. **The Smile He Took Away** ♦ 2:41
 4. **Don't Let It Hit You on the Way Out** ✕ 3:01
 5. **When I Think of Love** 3:05
 6. **New Car Smell** 1:20
 7. **Asking for a Friend** 3:58
 8. **Spontaneous** ❖ 3:07
 9. **Going Through Emotions** ✕ 3:47
 10. **Take a Hike** ✕ 3:34
 11. **His Last Regret** ✕ 3:27
 12. **All the People** ✕ 2:45
 13. **You Will Find Your Way** ≡ 1:47
 14. **On My Bike** 1:51
 15. **Daddy's Little Girl** 3:59
 16. **Downtime** 2:58
 17. **You Own It** 3:56
 18. **Love is Not the Answer** 4:20
 19. **BYOB** 3:09
 20. **I Started a Joke** ≡ feat. Dudley Saunders 3:07
 21. **All You Can Do is Nothing** ♦ 3:05
 22. **Little Bitta This, Little Bitta That**
feat. Kathi Funston & Tulasi Rain 3:47
 23. **Take Me Back** 5:11

All songs by Brian Woodbury and: ✕Rob Shapiro; ❖Gary Stockdale; ✕John Thomas Oaks;
✕Michael W. Webster; ♦Richard Allen Crawford; except: ≡ by Barry, Robin & Maurice Gibb
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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

(Brian Woodbury)

REFRAIN

My story is my own
Your story is your own
My story is my own
Your story is your own

VERSE

Truth be told
If I may be so bold
Everybody knows
That's not how it goes

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS

Maybe I should leave this here
By way of introduction
To stoke your curiosity
And rile up your wonder

Maybe I should tell the truth
And see if you believe me
Or tell a lie and change your life
We'll both be none the wiser

Maybe I should bare my soul
So much that you can't take it
Or share what's so atypical
It binds you to the cosmos

Why do I think
that you'd even bother to
Try? I guess that we'll both
have to find out how

REFRAIN

My story is your own
Your story is my own
My story is your own
Your story is my own

*lead & bgd vocals, guitars, sitar
samples, bass, Indian percussion
programming: Brian Woodbury
bgd vocals: Gary Stockdale,
Marc Doten
drums & percussion:
Jonathan Feinberg*

ALL RIGHT

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

Sweethearts
Out o' school
Seventeen
A pair o' happy fools
Goin' out
Six months
Kissin' alot
Second base just once
Hot night
Soft breeze
Snugglin' under some willows trees
Thunder crash
Hold on tight

PRECHORUS 1

He's finally workin' up
the nerve to say
Hey, baby, do you wanna go
all the way?
And she goes

CHORUS 1

All right
All right
All right
A couple young hearts
just beatin' for a big night
All right
All right
All right
Catch a little lightnin'
under the moonlight
Catch a little lightnin'
under the moonlight

VERSE 2

Start slow
With a hush
Time stops
Oh, what a rush
Deep breath
Let go
Intertwined
In the afterglow
Wake up
Sunrise
Hurry home thinkin' up alibis
Goodnight kiss in the mornin' light

PRECHORUS 2

They can barely
take their eyes away
Then they're soarin' off
into a whole new day
And he goes

CHORUS 2

All right
All right
All right
A couple young heart still beatin'
from a big night
All right
All right
All right
Caught a little lightnin'
under the moonlight
Caught a little lightnin'
under the moonlight

BRIDGE

They'll head their separate ways,
come September
But out of that first night
they spent together
They'll keep that spark forever

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS 3

All right
All right
All right
A couple strong hearts
still beatin' from a big night
All right
All right
All right
Caught a little lightnin'
under the moonlight
Caught a little lightnin'
under the moonlight
Caught a little lightnin'
under the moonlight
I caught a little lightnin'
under the moonlight
All right!

vocals, acoustic guitar, piano, bass:
Brian Woodbury
electric guitar: Marc Muller
drums & percussion: Andy Sanesi

THE SMILE HE TOOK AWAY

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

She used to light the room.
She'd share her smile so freely.
A laugh for everyone.
And I was hers completely.
But she was never mine.
So much I wanted to say
I guess I missed my chance
For that sweet smile he took away

VERSE 2

At first he came to stare
So tough and yet so helpless.
He found her welcome eyes,
And burned until she melted.
Too soon it was too late.
I never asked her to stay.
By now I should move on,
But for that smile he took away.

BRIDGE

And she's still smiling in my mind.
And I'm still hanging on
to that lifeline,

That once-in-a-lifetime.

VERSE 3

Guess what? He broke her heart.
She's gone where he can't find her.
To try and start again.
And put that life behind her.
I saw her in this bar.
She's just the same to this day
Same voice and hair and face,
All but that smile he took away.

vocals, mandolin, bass:

Brian Woodbury

acoustic, pedal steel: Marc Muller
drums & percussion:

Jonathan Feinberg

DON'T LET IT HIT YOU ON THE WAY OUT

(Brian Woodbury & Rob Shapiro)

VERSE 1

You chose these streets
to waste your youth
These nightclubs for your striving
The stage lights' glare
to dim your luster

Your timing meets the bitter truth
Your moment's not arriving
This town takes more
than you can muster
(It's chewin' you up)

A circle line to nowhere
It's gone before you get there
You ought to know, it's time to go

CHORUS 1

Don't let it hit you on the way out
This town was all a big mistake
You made a choice
and let it play out
Well, that was your unlucky break
So if you see a brighter day out
Say out loud
that you're glad to be through
And once you're out that door
then stay out
Don't let it hit you on the way out

VERSE 2

Now in your heart
your bags are packed
And all that's left is the leavin'

There's no good reason
you should linger

You say you'll start your second act
You'll quit and call it even
This town that's giving you
the finger
(And spittin' you out)

You couldn't strike its fancy
You failed to hail that taxi
This city's hexed. It hollers, "Next!"

CHORUS 2

Don't let it hit you on the way out
You never really stood a chance
You never understood the layout
You couldn't cop a New York stance
And you wore every old cliché out
Way out, this town doesn't care
about you.
If you walk out that door
then stay out
Don't let it hit you on the way out

BRIDGE

When you first came
You thought you were entitled
Ready for fame

Until your life was idled
As you retreat
You maybe should consider
Where is defeat
If the quitter doesn't go?

CHORUS 3

Don't let it hit you on the way out
That this is right where you belong
It never was about the payout
No, it was all about the throng
Don't take a flight from JFK out
Pray out, before it's too late to undo
You won't get back in
once you stray out
Don't let it hit you on the way out
If you walk out that door
you'll stay out
Don't let it hit you on the way out

vocals, acoustic: Brian Woodbury
electric guitars, bass: Marc Muller
drums & percussion: Joe Berardi

WHEN I THINK OF LOVE

(Brian Woodbury)

PREVERSE 1

You're the one I'm thinking of
When I think of love

VERSE 1

When I think of love
as something new
I see the night it first came true
When I found myself so lost in you
The future glimmered into view

VERSE 2

When I think of love
as something old
The days remembered and retold
All the waves we slowly
watched unfold
In midnight blue and sunset gold
(Sunset gold. When I think of love.)

MIDDLE EIGHT 1

Walking hand in hand,
It still feels the same
I look into your eyes
You whisper my name

VERSE 3

When I think of love
as something small
A seed infinitesimal
That was nurtured
in the sunlight's sprawl
And grew this lovers' tree so tall
(Tree so tall. When I think of love)

MIDDLE EIGHT 2

Walking hand in hand,
It still feels the same
I look into your eyes
You whisper my name

INSTRUMENTAL

PREVERSE 2

You're the one I'm thinking of
When I think of love

VERSE 4

When I think of love
as something vast
The path forged in a comet's blast
All to dazzle, spin and flabbergast
Enfolding us until the last
When I think of love

*lead vocal, sampled vibes, sampled
harpsichord, bass: Brian Woodbury
bgd vocals: Paul F. Perry,
Sean Altman
acoustic, eclectic guitars, baritone
guitar: Marc Muller
drums & percussion: Mark Pardy*

NEW CAR SMELL

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

He's got that new car smell
And all her friends are jeal'
She takes him for a spin
Then wants to trade him in
'Cause he don't wear too well

VERSE 2

He's got that new car smell
But he don't ring her bell
He isn't half as hot
As he seemed on the lot
So how was she to tell?

BRIDGE

She swears it isn't him, it's her
And how he wishes that it were

VERSE 3

He's got that new car smell
That's starting to repel
She'll take a lousy trade
It sure beats lemonade
How soon will he re-sell?
She'll take a lousy trade
It sure beats lemonade
How soon will he re-sell?

vocals & drum programming:

Brian Woodbury

trumpet: Chris Tedesco

clarinet: Mark Hollingsworth

trombone: Dan Levine

sousaphone: Devon Taylor

ASKING FOR A FRIEND

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

I know this guy.
He's smart. / think he's funny.
Feet on the ground
Doesn't like to live his life
inside his phone
He's far from shy
His mood is usually pretty sunny

But nowadays,
he spends a lot of time alone

VERSE 2

Follows the news.
He craves great conversation.
He cares about
the people that he meets,
Or doesn't meet
You got the blues?
He's got some cheer or consolation
With no best friend, though,
now his life feels incomplete

CHORUS 1

If you met a guy like that
Now, wouldn't you want
to help him out?
At least you'd see he ought to get
the benefit of the doubt
Or a token of some
human kindness you could spend
I'm asking, for a friend
I'm asking, for a friend

VERSE 3

He's got a wife
And kids, Dad, sister, brother

His contact list is long,
but something's keeping him apart
It's a good life
No way he'd trade it for another
So why's it hard for him to find that
heart-to-heart?

CHORUS 2

He's not looking for a lover
He's not asking for the moon
You might also know someone
Who has a hankering to commune
And a confidential ear
That he could let him bend?
I'm asking, for a friend
I'm asking, for a friend

BRIDGE

And all the pals and gals
he used to know
Back in the day
Boy, what a day!
He had a hey day
Where did everybody go?
Some passed away
Some just don't pass this way
May Day, May Day

INSTRUMENTAL

VERSE 3

I know him well.
We go way back together
But even I sometimes
just cannot fathom him at all
He's in a shell
And now he's got me
wondering whether
I am enough to help him
breaking through that wall

CHORUS 3

Is it something that he does?
Or is it something that he did?
Well, it's hard to be objective now
'cause who am I trying to kid?
And I guess I've really
got no reason to pretend
That I'm asking, for a friend
If I admit it to myself,
can I reverse the trend?
I am asking for a friend
I am asking for a friend
I am asking for a friend
I am asking for a friend

vocals, bass: Brian Woodbury
acoustic guitar: Sam Woodbury
vibes: Nick Mancini
drums & percussion: Joe Berardi
bongos: Dan Cubert

SPONTANEOUS

(Brian Woodbury & Gary Stockdale)

VERSE 1

I'm a guy who was born
With a song in my heart
With a story to be told
And plenty of truth to impart

But when I get put on the spot
Like a dork in headlights, I'm stuck
All my skills evaporate
I stop before I start

CHORUS 1

Spontaneous
I just can't be spontaneous
By the time I think of what to say
The perfect moment's passed away
My wherewithal with words
becomes extraneous
Why can't I be spontaneous?

VERSE 2

Well, some folks have the knack
They can riff, they can jam
They make wisecracks off the cuff
They can scat, they can spin,
they can slam

They're flirting or giving a speech
They're soloing on the guitar
It's all so effortless for them
But that's not who I am

CHORUS 2

Spontaneous
Forget extemporaneous
They say, "Take it, Brian,
go for broke!"
But that's my recipe to choke
It comes out maladroit and
miscellaneous
Why can't I be spontaneous?

BRIDGE

Sponta-NAY-ity
Wait! Shouldn't it be
sponta-NEE-ity?
Either way that careless deity
Always makes me feel I've sinned

Abandon
I'll abandon all abandon
I will not leave my fate to chance
I'll work it all out in advance
Grab caution from the wind

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS 3

Spontaneous
Why should I be spontaneous?
No, I'm not content to merely blurt
Like some unfiltered extrovert
I'm thoughtful, I'm deliberate,
I'm restrainedous
I don't wanna be....

CHORUS 4

Spontaneous
Who cares! I'm not complain-eous
'Cause for me the spark
can best be caught
The moment I say
"Hold that thought!"
Fruition's sometimes
non-contemporaneous
I don't have to be spontaneous
[*nonsense*]

Spontaneous
[*nonsense*]
Spontaneous
[*nonsense*]
Spontaneous... Spontaneous!

vocal, piano: Brian Woodbury
violin: Benjamin Powell
upright bass: Edwin Livingston
drums & percussion: Mark Pardy
additional percussion: Dan Cubert

GOING THROUGH EMOTIONS

(Brian Woodbury &
John thomas Oaks)

VERSE 1

Every time I find the strength
To think about you nowadays,
It hits me like a fresh Katrina wind.
I do my best to stand up straight
And meet the storm head on
But all the while,
I only pray the storm will end

PRECHORUS 1

You left my out here spinnin'
With my heart tied in a knot
I'd chase you but this
Hurricane's the only ride I've got

CHORUS 1

I hide in shame
Then I rage and flame
Like I'm tryin' to tame
a thousand oceans
I'll curse your name
Then I'll take the blame.
Your life sails on
While I'm just
goin' through emotions.
I'm just goin' through emotions.

VERSE 2

Seems like only yesterday
this cyclone
Took our big and easy life
And blew it all to who knows where
But nothin's really different
I still dance around the truth
And keep my blinders on
And laugh like I don't care

PRECHORUS 2

Though a storm was always brewin'
I pretend the coast was clear
But when the wind begins to blow
Your name's the only sound I hear

CHORUS 2

I hide in shame
Then I rage and flame
Like I'm trying to tame
a thousand oceans
I'll curse your name
Then I take the blame.
Your life sails on
While I'm just
goin' through emotions.

BRIDGE

No, I can't stop reliving that day
When that wave
washed our home clear away
As if I could rebuild
that sweet life that was killed
And you'd stay

VERSE 3

You build a house
with sticks and stones

Believing it's enough to stop a
torrent when it finally hits the shore
Then the clouds come rolling in
The dark descends
and suddenly you find
You don't believe that any more

PRECHORUS 3

I oughtta go and look for you
And leave this wreck behind
But the storm that chased you
out of here's
Still roaring in my mind

CHORUS 3

I take my aim,
I thrash, I maim,
Like I'm tryin' to tame
a thousand oceans
I staked my claim
But all the same
You're gone, gone, gone
You're good and gone
And I'm still goin' through emotions.
I'm just goin' through emotions.
I'm just goin' through emotions.

vocals, bass: Brian Woodbury
piano & arranging:
John Thomas Oaks
drums & percussion: Marc Pardy

TAKE A HIKE

(Brian Woodbury & Rob Shapiro)

VERSE 1

When my mind's goin' cubicle
And there's gridlock in my soul
My punch clocks and my lunch box
Have defined me

Need to get by a whippoorwill
Stand of trees to make me whole
I need a lungful of mountain air
To remind me

PRECHORUS 1

I hop the five up to ninety nine
To the heart of the watershed
Time to hear what the mule deer's
Tryin' to tell me

CHORUS 1

To take a hike and just get lost
Eagle pass is all it cost
Every step counts
on the road to bein' free

Fall asleep by falling stars
Don't need internet or cars
Bringing back the words
my daddy said to me
Just take a hike
and you can keep the memory

POSTCHORUS 1

Leave only footprints
Take a hike, take a hike
(Leave only footprints)
Only footprints
Take a hike, take a hike
(Leave only footprints)
Only footprints

VERSE 2

I climb along side a waterfall
By the old Ahwanee track
Smell a breeze full of butterscotch
From the pine wood

Hold my breath in the quietness
Sky so blue it's nearly black
Wouldn't heaven compare to this?
I know mine would

PRECHORUS 2

Pitch a camp by a riverside
Skinny dip in a mountain pond
Couple days from the trailhead
And still goin'

CHORUS 2

Take a hike and hit the trail
And remember to inhale
Ponder ponderosa far as I can see

No karaoke sing along
When we join the campfire song
Underneath the purple
mountain's majesty
And may it stay the way
it's always meant to be

POSTCHORUS 2

Leave only footprints
Take a hike, take a hike
(Leave only footprints)

Only footprints
Take a hike, take a hike
(Leave only footprints)
Only footprints

BRIDGE

Echo, echo, echo, echo,
echo, echo, echo

CHORUS 3

I take a hike and find my life
A sleepin' bag, a pocket knife
Mind the bears
and tie the food up in a tree

I trek across that mountain range
To see a place that mustn't change
And we keep it wild
'cause that's what keeps us free
Bringing back the words
my daddy said to me

POSTCHORUS 3

Leave only footprints
Take a hike, take a hike
(Leave only footprints)
(Take a hike)

Only footprints
Take a hike, take a hike
(Take a hike)
(Leave only footprints)
Only footprints, etc.

*vocals, acoustic, baritone guitar,
piano, bass: Brian Woodbury
harmony vocals: Tulasi Rain
violin: Benjamin Powell
penny whistle: Mark Hollingsworth
drums & percussion: Andy Sanesi*

HIS LAST REGRET

(Brian Woodbury &
John Thomas Oaks)

VERSE 1

Another white-out morning
Just like each November day
A chilly quarter-mile walk
Far above the foggy bay

The bridge is near invisible
But he steps up calm and clear
In the sureness of the choice
that led him here

CHORUS 1

Now he's going down
Leaping from the sorrows
he could not forget
Down down
To leave the pain
that made his life a losing bet
But now he has one more regret

VERSE 2

The world becomes slow motion
But he's clear and so alive
The wind has drowned out
what made sense
Right before he took that dive

The water's coming closer now
And with more remorse than fear
He can only blame himself
for why he's here

CHORUS 2

And he's going down
Down through every
disappointment, doubt and debt
Down down
Besides his last mistake,

they're fixable, no sweat
And all he has is one regret

BRIDGE

The water takes him
Somehow he grabs a breath
Then he's swimming
Up away from death

VERSE 3

Well, he's put that Fall behind him
And his tumble from the bridge
And the days stretch out
before him now
Up on Tamalpais Ridge

Though his struggles aren't over
His faith is always near
And at last he knows
exactly why he's here

CHORUS 3

After going down
Past the darkest shadows
where the heart can get
Down down
He's reached the deepest part
Where hope can be reset

'Cause life ain't over yet
He's living with no more regret

vocals: Brian Woodbury
piano & co-arranging:
John Thomas Oaks
cello: Maggie Parkins
percussion: Dan Cubert

ALL THE PEOPLE

(Brian Woodbury &
Michael Webster)

All the people that I
never had sex with in college
I wonder what they're doing now
Would they even be aware
that they have the distinction?

College days, oh, college days.

All the people that I
never had sex with in college
They're probably busy right now,
Getting on with their lives.
Seldom giving thought
to what might have been,
But never was.

(This is your life.)
And you better remember it
(This is your life.)
And you better not forget it.

All the people that I
never had sex with in college
And the one I almost did.

What a very close call.
I would have missed Miss Right.
I'd have thrown my life away,
and all in just one night.

What a small price to pay:
idle moments of regret.
And it's actually a comfort
to savor what you never get.

Because of all the people that I
never had sex with in college,
I'm really glad you weren't one.
Just the notion of you being out
among the wide array...
Oh, perish the thought!
Throw the possibilities away.
To have never ended up

In the arms of the one I love.
In the arms of the one I love.

Every wild oat sown
is one more that can't be grown.
Wondering what you've never
known sure beats ending up alone.

All the lips I never kissed,
every chance I ever missed
that felt like weakness to resist,
but this life would not exist.

It's a small price to pay.
And I'm grateful every day
for the ones who got away.
They are grateful too, I pray

To all the people that I
never had sex with in college
And if they know who they are,
I hope they can sing along
with this song,
and they know who they are
and they've ended up
with the one they love,
in the arms of the one they love.

(This is your life.)
And you better remember it.
(This is your life.)
And you better not forget it

And all the people that I
never had sex with in college.

*vocals, guitars, piano, sampled
instruments, bass: Brian Woodbury
piano, keyboards, sampled
instruments, co-arranging:
Michael Webster
background vocals: Rob Shapiro &
Paul F. Perry
drums & percussion:
Jonathan Feinberg*

YOU WILL FIND YOUR WAY
(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1
You can lose a toy you bought
Or lose a game you play
You can lose your train of thought
If you don't find it
Never mind it

VERSE 2

But if you're traveling to and fro
And you get lost someday
You've only lost the way to go
And you will find your way
You will find your way

BRIDGE

However lost, however far
You're never lost from who you are

VERSE 3

You know that if you should find
yourself upon
A path that goes astray
Retrace the steps
that you have gone
It's just a setback
You can get back

To the place where you belong
And where you long to stay
All by yourself you can be strong
And you will find your way
You will find your way
You will find your way.

vocal & acoustic: Brian Woodbury

ON MY BIKE

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

In the cool early dawn
When it's wet on the lawn
And the clouds veil the sunlight,
I rise
Then I head up a trail
Where my spirits set sail
for the skies

CHORUS 2

On my bike
I can go as I please
On my bike
Up a hill through the trees
On my bike
When the days are like these, oh-oh
There's nothing like
a ride on my bike, oh-oh
There's nothing like
a ride on my bike

VERSE 2

Feel a breeze start to stir
And the world is a blur
As the sun thunders through

in a blast
And my feet pedal round
Never touching the ground
I blow past

CHORUS 2

On my bike
Anyplace I can go
On my bike
With the city below
On my bike
What the day has to show, oh oh
There's nothing like
a ride on my bike

CHORUS 3

On my bike
(On my bike)
I can go anyplace
On my bike
(On my bike)
With the wind in my face
On my bike
(On my bike)
Find a new song to chase, oh oh
There's nothing like
a ride on my bike
There's nothing like

a ride on my bike
There's nothing like a ride
on my bike

vocals, acoustic, synth & FX:

Brian Woodbury

nylon, electric guitars, bass, co-

arranging: Marc Muller

drums & percussion:

Jonathan Feinberg

additional percussion: Dan Cubert

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

Claire was conceived
in make-up sex.
Before Daddy was Mama's ex
A last-ditch try to somehow force
The marriage not to run its course
Claire arrived in the deep of night
Dark of winter, with a blinding light
Apple in the eye of a perfect storm
And she could almost
keep them warm

CHORUS 1

'Cause she was Daddy's little girl
So precious and so smart
And she was
Mama's new best friend
Come to mend a broken heart
And she'd laugh at Daddy's laugh
And she'd soothe her
Mama's whimpers
She was all that they could salvage
in the end
Her Daddy's little girl
And her Mama's new best friend

VERSE 2

They split before
she learned to stand
Trying to grasp, one in each hand
A duplicate room at Daddy's place
Claire didn't know
which way to face
Daddy bounced back, did okay
New wife, baby sister on the way
Mama didn't fare so well
But she swore Claire to never tell

CHORUS 2

Still she was Daddy's little girl
When he sang her Nat King Cole
And she was Mama's only friend
When Mama bared her
wounded soul
Daddy put on training wheels
Mama cried upon her shoulder
And pretty soon it was
too painful to pretend
To be Daddy's little girl
When she was Mama's only friend

BRIDGE

Broken hearts don't split
right down the middle
Sometimes we are
called upon to choose
Mama's stuck,
Daddy seems to coast
Claire goes where
she is needed most
And now her room
at Daddy's house
Sits quiet as a ghost

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS 3

And she was Daddy's little girl
The future in his eyes
But she was Mama's only hope
She was her consolation prize
Mama's bad mouth wouldn't shut
Until Claire at last surrendered
The other room, the every other
week she'd spend
She was Daddy's little girl
Now she's only Mama's friend

*vocal: Brian Woodbury
acoustic, mandolin, pedal steel,
bass & arranging: Marc Muller
drums & percussion: Joe Berardi*

DOWNTIME

(Brian Woodbury)

CHORUS 1

Downtime
I don't want no downtime
Lost and never found time
No time
Downtime
I don't break for downtime

Never take no downtime
No time

VERSE 1

Every second of the day
I'm on it (on it, on it, on it)
No one makes me be this way
I want it (want it, want it, want it)

Gotta work my mojo or
I'll lose it (lose it, lose it, lose it)
Every ounce I got in store
I use it (use it, use it, use it)

This go-getter only goes
No getting (getting, getting, getting)
But what keeps me on my toes
I'm dreading, dreading, dreading,
dread

CHORUS 2

Downtime
Headin' into downtime
Settin' into downtime
Sometime
Downtime
Hunker underground time

Feel I'm gonna drown time
No time

VERSE 2

This relentless monkey's on
a mission (mission, mission, mission)
Spend it quick before it's gone
Ambition (-bition, -bition, -bition)

Found my path, now all I do
Is beat it (beat it, beat it, beat it)
Though I doubt if I'll get to
Complete it (-plete it, -plete it, -plete it)

Am I really in this race
To win it, win it, win it, win it?
Or can I not bear to waste
A minute, minute, minute in

CHORUS 3

Downtime
Never go to town time
Never get around time
No time
Downtime
I'm afraid of downtime
Wasn't made for downtime
No time

BRIDGE

Can't make that move
To only prove
That when I give my groove away
I won't know what I'm missing
I won't know what I'm missing
I won't know what I'm missing

CHORUS 4

Downtime
I don't want no downtime
Lost and never found time
This time
I'll pound time
Till my come unwound time
Till my homeward bound time
No time

*vocals, keyboards, synths &
samples: Brian Woodbury
drum & percussion programming,
co-arranging: Jonathan Feinberg*

YOU OWN IT

(Brian Woodbury)

VERSE 1

It seems so easy now, my son
To walk away and not look back
She's gone and soon forgotten
Now, you're on a whole new track
Young love, well, it's fun at first
Till the drama of it all
Finally gets too much for you.
So why return her call?

PRECHORUS 1

Well, there's a price to pay
For the way you choose
to walk away

CHORUS 1

You break a heart, you own it
Love plays a funny trick
You break a heart, you own it
Some little part will stick
The way you weaseled out on her
Will never leave your mind
You're callous and you've shown it
You break a heart, you own it
You break it, you own it

VERSE 2

It seems so simple now, my boy
To catch the eye of someone new.
A girl without the problems
That the first one put you through.
But with a couple hung-up calls
And bitter looks
and slamming doors
It slowly comes to dawn on you
The problems might be yours

PRECHORUS 2

When all is said and done
The first one might
have been the one.

CHORUS 2

You break a heart, you own it
That's what your leaving bought
You break a heart, you own it
And there's that nagging thought
It's everyone you'll ever meet
'Gainst the one you left behind
You'll wonder if you've blown it
You break a heart, you own it
You break it, you own it

BRIDGE

I know you might not hear me now
But what I say is true
You learned to turn your back
From how I left your mom and you
And if you get this
Know that my regretting
never sleeps
Leaving is losing
And losing is for keeps

CHORUS 3

You break a heart, you own it
A child or a wife
You break a heart, you own it
Till it's a way of life
And once it's second nature, boy
Real love's too hard to find
I only wish I'd known it
You break a heart, you own it
You break it, you own it
You break it, you own it

vocals & bass: Brian Woodbury

acoustics & co-arranging:

Jim Kimo West

drums & percussion:

Jonathan Feinberg

LOVE IS NOT THE ANSWER

(Brian Woodbury)

INTRO

Poets will say that love is the way
To explain every cloud in the sky
But sometimes
love just doesn't apply

VERSE 1

How long will it take
for the sound of a wish
to reach the first star I see tonight?
And how many grains
of sand might there be
in proportion to all the waves
that ever crashed on that beach?
Why do they make you write
your name and date of birth
on every page of the forms
in a doctor's office?
I guess I'll never know

CHORUS

Love's not the answer
Love is not the answer

Love's not the answer
Love is not the answer
That you're looking for.

VERSE 2

And what makes a glass
half empty, half full
when I will never get
to take that drink?

And if a tree falls in the wilderness
of my soul, does it matter to you
if it won't make any sound?

Who knows the thing that really
makes a Subaru Subaru?

They say that it's love,
now don't they?

But the wish won't make it so

CHORUS

Love's not the answer
Love is not the answer
Love's not the answer
Love is not the answer
That you're looking for.

BRIDGE

Love doesn't make
the world go round

(That would be the curvature of
space-time)

Love will never lift you
off the ground

(It seems, the more you try,
the more you waste time)

Love won't set you free
Well, maybe you, but never me

VERSE 3

So why did you lie

to my face when you said that you
were gonna be forever mine?

Why did you agree to settle for me
when you knew in the back
of your mind that you'd be
breaking my heart?

Why do I still find sand
inside my shoes from the day
we drove to the beach in your
Outback for you to dump me?
Why can't I let it go?

CHORUS

Love's not the answer
Love is not the answer
Love's not the answer
Love is not the answer

Love's not the answer
Love was not the answer
Love's not the answer
Love was not the answer
You were looking for.

*vocals, piano, sampled trombones
& synth: Brian Woodbury
upright bass: Edward Livingston
violins: Sara Parkins
cellos: Maggie Parkins
drums & percussion: Mark Pardy*

BYOB

(Brian Woodbury)

CHORUS 1

B.Y.O.B.

Bring your own beer
Don't come empty-handed
The invite was clear
To that stipulation
I could not agree
Yeah, them's are the rules
That I wish they'd relax
The host provides
music and snacks
If you B.Y.O.B.

VERSE 1

I show up at this party
but I'm wondering why I came
A bunch of strangers milling round
and asking me my name
I've nothing to contribute,
this is clearly not my crowd
I'm going back for seconds,
I don't care if it's allowed

PRECHORUS 1

And I'll sift through the pretzel dust
till Miller time is up
Holding out for refills
of my empty solo cup

CHORUS 2

B.Y.O.B.

Bring your own beer
I came unprepared when
I ventured in here
This party is dead, boy
Or is it just me?
Got nothin' to offer
Nor to achieve
Shoulda known when I got here
to leave
It said B.Y.O.B.

VERSE 2

They send me on a beer run.
(How'd they talk me into that?)
And on this backroad shortcut
my Fiesta gets a flat
The wind blows like a bastard,
and the ground's a skatin' rink
If I'd brought my own beer,
least I'd have something to drink

PRECHORUS 2

Not just this bag of empties
I'm returning to the store.
The sheriff shows up, "Hey, there's
open bottles on your floor."

CHORUS 3

B.Y.O.B.
Bring your own beer
Guess where I'm spending
The rest of the year?
Christmas in jail
Not guilty is my plea
I've got no excuse
'Cause I've done nothin' wrong
Don't go blaming
my old backseat bong
Blame B.Y.O.B.

INSTRUMENTAL

PRECHORUS 3

The deputies sing
Hark the Herald Angels
What a din!
One shares a cup of
eggnog with me.
Soon I'm joinin' in
Then later in my bunk
I start to think on what I've missed
If life gives you lemons,
maybe that is just a twist

CHORUS 4

B.Y.O.B.
Bring your own beer
Make your own party
Spread your own cheer
Say "after you"
Don't just say, "poor me"
(Pour me)
So fill up your heart
And give what you've got
'Cause someone might
give you a shot
If you B.Y.O.B., *etc.*

*vocals, bass: Brian Woodbury
acoustic guitar, mandolin, banjo,
pedal steel & co-arranging:
Marc Muller
drums & percussion: Joe Berardi
FX: Dan Cubert*

I STARTED A JOKE
feat. Dudley Saunders
(Robin, Barry & Maurice Gibb)

VERSE 1

I started a joke
Which started the
whole world crying
But I didn't see
That the joke was on me

VERSE 2

I started to cry
Which started the
whole world laughing
Oh, if I'd only seen
That the joke was on me

BRIDGE 1

I looked at the skies
Rubbing my hands over my eyes
And I fell out of bed
Hurting my head
From things that I said

VERSE 3

Till I finally died
Which started the whole world living
Oh, if I'd only seen
That the joke was on me

BRIDGE 2

I looked at the skies
Rubbing my hands over my eyes
And I fell out of bed
Hurting my head
From things that I said

VERSE 4

Till I finally died
Which started the whole world living
Oh, if I'd only seen
That the joke was on me
That the joke was on me
The joke was on me, *etc.*

vocal: Dudley Saunders
keyboards, bass, samples & drum
programming: Brian Woodbury
trumpet: Chris Tedesco
saxophones: Mark Hollingsworth
trombones: Dan Levine
drums: Joe Berardi

ALL YOU CAN DO IS NOTHING

(Brian Woodbury &
Richard Allen Crawford)

VERSE 1

You can't take the high road
You can't take the low road
You can't seem to locate
some middle ground to take
There's no ground to stand on
And no place to stand off
All you can do is nothing

VERSE 2

You can't have and eat it
You can't have it both ways
There's no way to work out
a compromise

You'll never put it behind you
Let bygones be bygones
All you can do is nothing.
(Do nothing.)

CHORUS 1

There's no reliving or regretting
There's no forgiving,
no forgetting along
When all you that can do is nothing,
All you do can do nothing but wrong

VERSE 3

There's no second chances
There's no starting over
There's no hope of turning
a new leaf over
There's just no overcoming
What's not blowing over
All you can do is nothing.

VERSE 4

Leave off with the high road
To hell with the low road
Forget ever finding that
middleground to take
You once had a best mate

But now it's a stalemate
All you can do is nothing
(Do nothing)

CHORUS 2

Can't take it with you,
you can't leave it
Can't dish it out, when you're
heartweak and headstrong
And all that you can do is nothing.
So all you do
can do nothing but wrong.

vocal: Brian Woodbury
piano: David Witham

**LITTLE BITTA THIS,
LITTLE BITTA THAT**
**feat. Kathi Funston &
Tulasi Rain**
(Brian Woodbury)

INTRO

Dancing to the same old songs
Beneath this disco ball
Mister deejay, mix it up
I need to hear them all

VERSE 1

It takes all the kinds
to make a world
So I will have one of each
Variety is my spice for life
There's none
that's beyond my reach
Into my melting pot
I give it all I got

CHORUS 1

With a little bitta this
But don't forget a little bitta that
Take it with a pinch of everything
Your drink will not go flat
(A little bitta)
Throw a few in what you're brewin'
You will find your bliss
It only takes a little bitta that
Plus a little bitta this

VERSE 2

For making a tango it takes two
And three makes a crowd, I found
But if we all put our best feet in
We'll be turning the world around
So everyone get hip
to this light fantastic trip

CHORUS 2

With a little bitta this
But don't forget a little bitta that
Spin me here and there
and everywhere
This move is where it's at
(A little bitta)
Mix and match me,
throw and catch me
I swear you won't miss
As long as you've a little bitta that
Plus a little bitta this

BRIDGE PART 1

There's a music smorgasbord
It's salty, bitter, sweet
Take a taste of everything
It's all that you could eat
Every dish is complementary
Feel the fusion turning up the heat
Bon appetit!

BRIDGE PART 2

Even though
They say choose
Only one
It's no use

I won't let
Rigid rules
Hold me down

I'm a little bit country
A little bit city
A little bit smooth and
A little bit gritty
A little bit cool
And a little bit hot
And a little bit
I-don't-know what

CHORUS 3

With a little bitta this
But don't forget a little bitta that
We'll emancipate the planet
With our music coup d'etat
(A little bitta)
All for one, and all together
Till we share one kiss
It all comes from a
Little bitta that plus a little bitta
Little bitta that plus a little bitta
Little bitta that plus
A little bitta this

lead vocals: Kathi Funston
co-lead vocals: Tulasi Rain
harmony vocals, acoustic,
keyboards, synths, samples, bass,
drum & percussion programming:
Brian Woodbury
electric guitars: Marc Muller

TAKE ME BACK

(Brian Woodbury)

P R E L U D E 1

We are standing
Our fingers interlocked
Holding as we climb
Up escalator years
We hardly notice
Our hands so long entwined
Almost oblivious to ourselves
To grasp the one that steers us
We're staring outward
Like Parisian cafe couples
In a sea of strangers
But we are long past strangers

P R E L U D E 2

We're standing
Our fingers interlocked
Pointing hands of time
Through flotsam that adheres
While we are drifting
Upon a moment past
So faintly echoing to itself
That neither barely hears it
We're staring inward
Like a pair of broken glasses
In a thrift store basket
I come to beg your favor

V E R S E 1

Take me back into your confidence
Take me back into your heart
Take me back into your body
Let us never stay apart
And let me take you back as well
Without you I've got jack
Take me back
Take me back

V E R S E 2

Take me back
when I've done wrong

Take me back when I've done well
Take me back
when I amaze in ways
Nobody else can tell
For understanding, overlooking
everything I lack
Take me back, etc.

BRIDGE 1

Take me back through fits of anger
When our spirits disagree
Through our doubts and our defeats
The eye to eye that we can't see
Every squalid, squandered moment
When it all seems out of whack
Take me back

VERSE 3

Take me back to where it started
To the night that sparked it all
And the embers of that passion
That keep us in its thrall
What we recognized at twenty-one
That put us on this track
Take me back
Take me back
What we recognized at twenty-one

That put us on this track
Take me back
Take me back

BRIDGE 2

Back into your deepest kiss
Under your familiar skin
Back into your endless stare
Where we breathed each other in
And the mystery that draws me
To the code I'll never crack
Take me back

VERSE 4

Take me back to our decision
To relinquish these controls
When we threw away our caution
All in forging two new souls
No blueprint, onward
to the part of life no one can hack
Take me back, etc.

VERSE 5

Take me forward to the future
When we shed our leaves and die
Where my big old tree
will shade you
Till it heaves a final sigh

And just keep holding on
Till this bright light fades into black
Then take me back
Take me back, *etc.*

*vocals, nylon & acoustic guitars,
ukulele, amateur violins, keyboards,
string & flute samples, bass:*

Brian Woodbury

drum & percussion programming,

co-arranging: Jonathan Feinberg