

The **WEIGHT** of **SOUND**

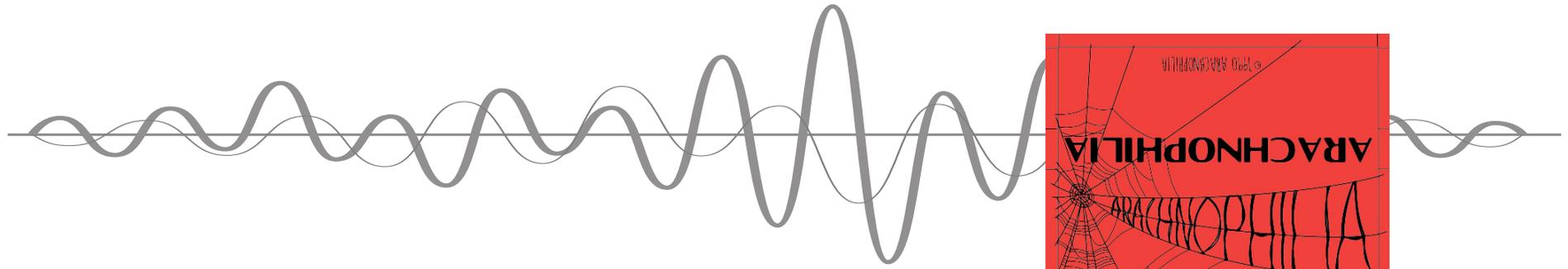
Original Soundtrack

SIDE ONE

1. Change Myself (4:24)
2. Behind Door Number Two (5:33)
3. Pay Me Now (3:07)
4. Gardenia (4:49)
5. One Too Many or a Hit Too Few ... (4:46)
6. Drive Into the Sky (2:33)
7. Bannister (4:51)

SIDE TWO

1. That Old House (4:08)
2. This Next Station (3:57)
3. How Much Fun? (3:40)
4. Thirteen Ways of Looking For Me (3:55)
5. (A Dream Made of) Ice Cream (4:17)
6. The Limited Patience of the
Wilco Fan's Wife (3:44)
7. Doin' Fine (3:40)



Change Myself

Music: Matt Brown | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade

I see the way you see me
I know the way you think
So go turn on your TV
and pour another drink

I'm too close to almost gone
To hear you anymore
Just a few more giant steps
And I'll be out the door

You want me to be
What you want to see
But you can't make me
What I'm gonna be

I don't want or need your help
Only I can change myself
I don't want or need your help
Only I can change myself

I watch you shuffle through life
Hiding from your own ghost
Why are you so afraid of
The things you love the most?

You want me to be
What you want to see
But you can't make me
What I'm gonna be

I don't want or need your help
Only I can change myself
I don't want or need your help
Only I can change myself

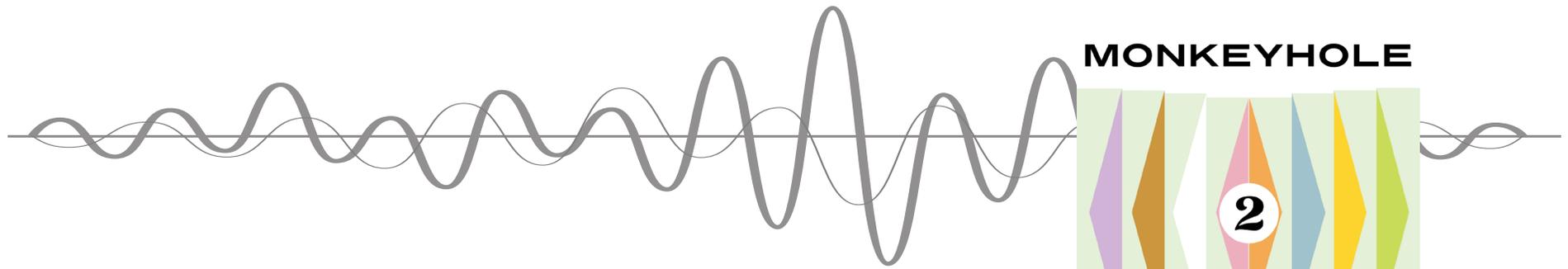
Don't worry I'm not mad at you
I know that we both just got screwed
I didn't get to pick who you were gonna be
And you didn't know that you would
get stuck with me

As soon as I'm out of here
I'll tell you the truth
Sometimes I get scared
Afraid I'll turn into you

You want me to be
What you want to see
But you can't make me
What I'm gonna be

I don't want or need your help
Only I can change myself
I don't want or need your help
Only I can change myself

Matt Brown: Guitars, bass, backing vocals
Mike Gamble: Drums
Paul Melançon: Vocals
Mixed by Matt Brown



Behind Door Number Two

Music: Lee Flier | Lyrics: Peter McDade

I used to see you
Even when you weren't clear
Could feel you touch me
Even when you weren't near

But then I lost you
Just watched as you disappeared
A failed magic trick
That I thought would bring you here

Where have you gone, my friend
Now where are you?
Behind door number one
Or behind door number two?
Tell me where I should go
What I should do
To make sure this message
Will get through to you?

Why was I myself
When it was just you and me
Not that someone else
The world forces us to be

I wish I knew
So I could do it again
You wouldn't be you
But I could learn to pretend

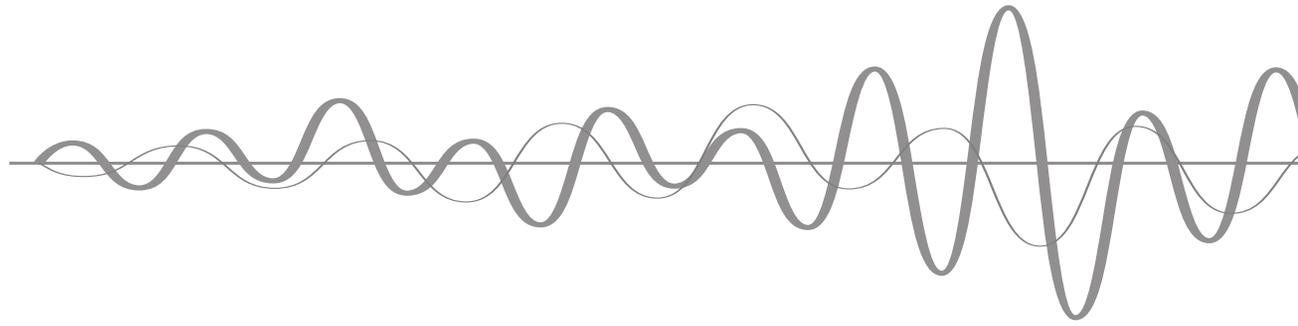
Where have you gone, my friend
Now where are you?
Behind door number one
Or behind door number two?
Tell me where I should go
What I should do
To make sure this message
Will get through to you?

If you can hear this, I'm OK I'm fine
Don't worry whether or not I'm lying
If anyone asks, tell them I'm fine
No one needs to know if you're lying

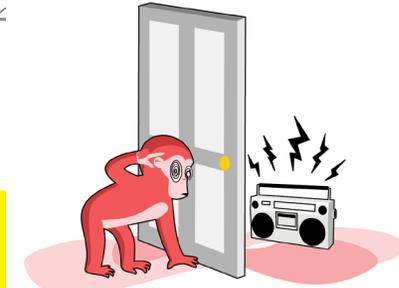
It's too hard for me
To understand how it works
Why you can't just keep
Everything that should be yours

Where have you gone, my friend
Now where are you?
Behind door number one
Or behind door number two?
Tell me where I should go
What I should do
To make sure this message
Will get through to you?

Lyle Bufkin: Bass, Backing Vocals
Lee Flier: Guitar, Backing Vocals
Owen Hodgson: Mellotron
Jeff Jensen: Guitar, Backing Vocals
Paul Melançon: Vocals
Peter McDade: Drums
Bill Shaouy: Piano
Mixed by Lee Flier



MONKEYHOLE



Pay Me Now

Music: Paul Melançon | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade

Let me tell you how it begins
You pay me now and we both win
Don't worry about the way it ends
Just pay me now and we'll be friends

Because life is really all those clichés
Your parents warned you it would be
It's a game a race a masquerade
So you'll need friends like me

Let me tell you how it begins
You pay me now and we both win
Don't worry about the way it ends
Just pay me now and we'll be friends

Because time really doesn't fade away
It hunts you everywhere you're hiding
So give your soul to God for saving
But give your life to me

I took your sad and crazy dreams
And gave you gold
You never knew the words you have to sing
Until you listened

I felt your lips and smelled your bones
And now you know
You never knew just what you had to give
Until I stole it from you

Let me tell you how it begins
You pay me now and we both win
Don't worry about the way it ends
Just pay me now and listen again

Jonny Daly: Guitars
Lee Kennedy: Bass
Paul Melançon: Vocals
Peter McDade: Drums
Mixed by Jonny Daly

Gardenia

Music: Jeff Jensen | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade

Not sure if you saw me
I blend into the crowd
I know you can't hear me
My eyes don't talk so loud
But you should know that I've been looking at you
You should know I have some questions for you

Is that a gardenia
in your hair?
Just like Lady Day
used to wear?
Black against white
such a wonderful sight

Are you hiding something
with your pretty disguise
Or calling attention
to your sad brown eyes?
You're either ashamed or proud or maybe both
And I'm watching you and really want to know

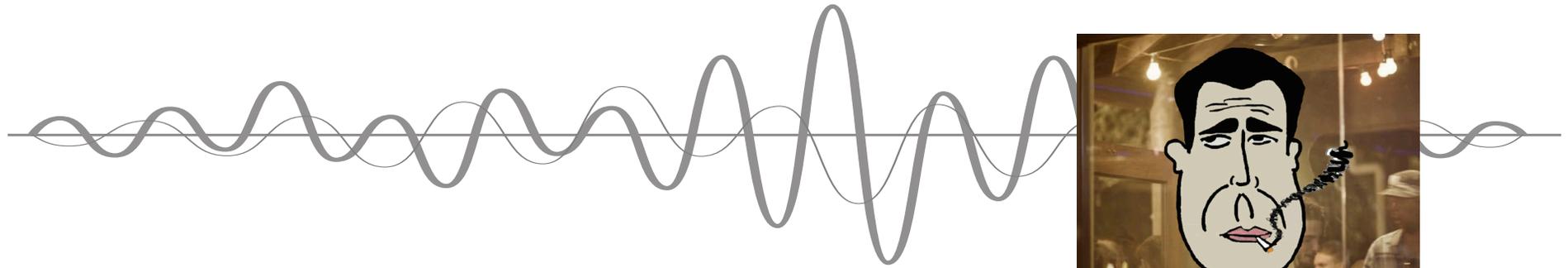
Who put that gardenia
in your hair?
How long did his fingers
linger there?
Dark against light
such a beautiful sight

I have this idea that I'm not your type
But maybe we can turn ideas inside out tonight

Soon you'll be gone
and I'll be left behind
You don't know we won't meet
so all this pain is mine
But maybe that's what I wanted all along
If we'd really met so much could have
gone so wrong

I love that gardenia
in your hair
Just like Lady Day
used to wear
Black against white
such a beautiful sight

Diana Chadwell Brown: Backing Vocals
Jonny Daly: Guitars
Jeff Jensen: Guitar, Harmonica, Backing Vocals
Lee Kennedy: Bass
Peter McDade: Drums
Paul Melançon: Vocals
Mixed by Joel Boyea



One Too Many or a Hit Too Few

Music: Tim King | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade

I'm best when I just don't think
Just rely upon my own instinct
Can pass any kind of test
Just by moving my reflex

I keep my life slow as I need
Stumbling about half the speed
Never get stuck with any checks
Always planned out my exit

But now it's getting late
And I'm kind of confused
Maybe I've had
One too many
Or maybe just a hit too few

She wants me to be Bogart
So I try real hard to learn the part
Light a cigarette or two
Slash a joke and look real cool

She makes such a great Bacall
Lanky legs and eyes of coal
Life looks good in black and white
Better still without the light

But now it's getting late
And I'm kind of confused
Maybe I've had
One too many
Or maybe just a hit too few

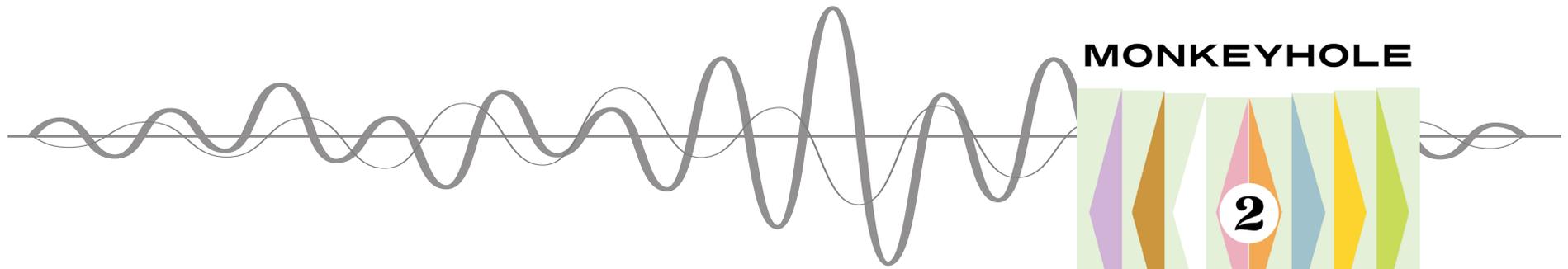
She wants me to be Bogart
But you know I'm never gonna play that part
But maybe even Miss Bacall
Just imagined who she saw

But now it's getting late
And I'm kind of confused
Maybe I've had
One too many
Or maybe just a hit too few

Isaac King: Drums

Tim King: Vocals, all other instruments

Mixed by Tim King



MONKEYHOLE

2

BEHIND DOOR NUMBER 2

Drive Into the Sky

Music: Bob Fenster | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade

It's time to buy a card for Jesus
And a bottle for Indra
Get some coffee for Muhammad
And a chocolate for the Buddha

The best way to leave this world behind
Is to grab the best parts you can find
Then toss the map aside
And drive into the sky

It's time to check up on the Aztecs
Learn if life is just a loop
Get a kiss ready for Mary
And tell Tchaikovsky the news

The best way to leave this world behind
Is to grab the best parts you can find
Then toss the map aside
And drive into the sky

Don't forget to steal
Something for yourself
Wherever you may land
You're gonna need some help

The best way to leave this world behind
Is to grab the best parts you can find
Then toss the map aside
And drive into the sky

Bob Fenster: Rhythm Guitar

Rick Hromadka: Bass

Joe Lawless: Guitars

Christian Lipski: Backing Vocals

Gary Maher: Piano, Organ

Paul Melançon: Vocals

Peter McDade: Drums

Scott Sutherland: Guitars

Mixed by Lee Wiggins

Bannister

Music: Zoenda McIntosh | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade



You need help
There's so much a man must do
I am here
To offer my skills to you

Are you sure
You're strong enough to grab me
I am here
Special offer act quickly

It's a dirty world
You need a real strong girl

I'll drop down to my hands and knees
Scrub real hard get everything clean
I'll sweep and buff your stairs for sure
I'll even wax your bannister

You need help
Deciding what you should feel
I am here
Now you can touch what is real

Love me tender
Love me mean
Love me dirty
Love me clean
Love me right now
Love me here
Love me before I
Disappear

It is time
To pick through all your trash
I am here
Special offer it won't last

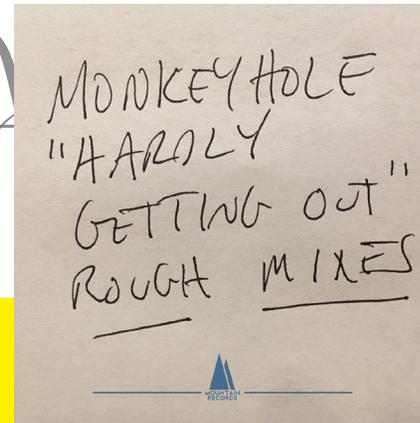
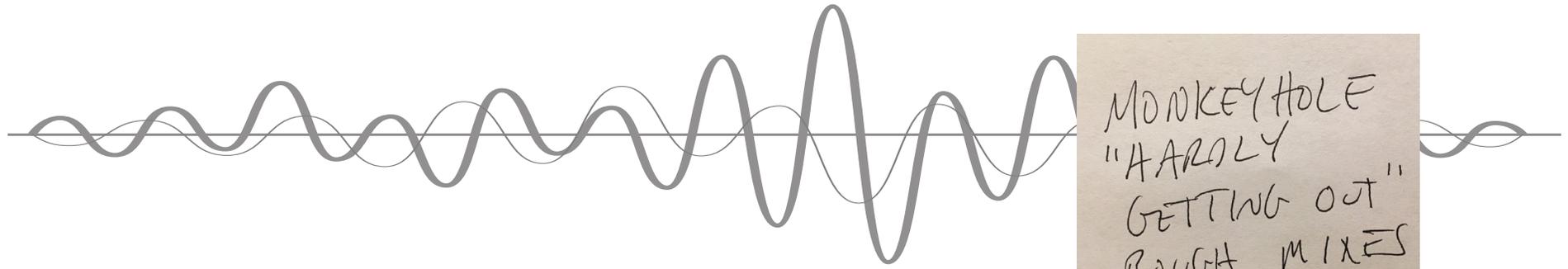
It's a dirty world
You need a real strong girl

I'll drop down to my hands and knees
Scrub hard and get everything clean
I'll sweep and buff your stairs for sure
I'll even wax your bannister

Love me tender
Love me mean
Love me dirty
Love me clean

Love me right now
Love me here
Love me while I
Disappear

Jeff Jensen: Arrangement, backing vocals,
keyboards, guitars, kitchen sink
Peter McDade: Drums
Zoenda McIntosh: Vocals, ukelele
Mixed by Jeff Jensen



That Old House

Music: Erik Ostrom | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade

What kind of smell did it have
That old house of yours
What kind of noise did you make
Tiptoeing the floors

What room was best to hide in
When you needed to
A corner invisible
Safe for only you

What do you remember most
about that old house
Was it harder getting in or
harder getting out

What kind of light broke through
What shadows were thrown
What fragments come back to you
When you are alone

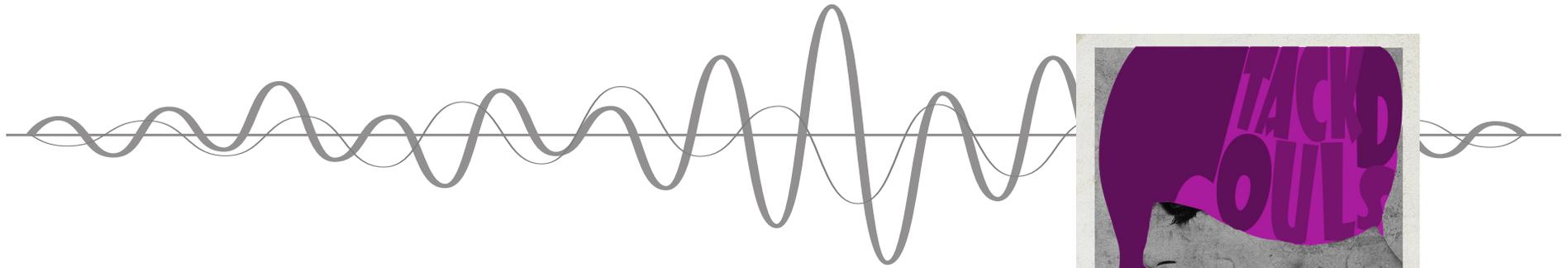
What do you remember most
about that old house
Was it harder getting in or
harder getting out

I always wondered why you looked
so helpless
Drifting through a life that we were
forced to share
Were you trying to return to
that old house
Or were you wishing that you'd
never been there

You never talked about it
And I never asked
So what lessons did I miss
Not knowing your past

What do you remember most
about that old house
Was it harder getting in or
harder getting out

Thom Bowers: Bass
Peter McDade: Drums
Paul Melançon: Vocals
Erik Ostrom: Keyboards
Mixed by Lee Flier



This Next Station

Music: Paul Schwartz | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade

It's a hard lesson to learn
A truth nobody wants to know
The things we work the hardest to earn
Are never in our control

Should've given up years ago
But I'm too dumb to hide
No matter how far down I go
I keep signing up for the ride

It's time to let go of the anger
(It's out of my hands now, it's out of my hands)
It's time to see who is out there
(It's out of my hands now, it's out of my hands)
It's time to roll into this station
With no more expectations

I couldn't stop for long
Even when you wanted me to
The truth is that the songs
Sound better if I hurt you

It's time to let go of the worry
(It's out of my hands now, it's out of my hands)
It's time to see what's waiting for me
(It's out of my hands now, it's out of my hands)
It's time to roll into this station
With no more expectations

This train's always crowded with fools like me
Playing cards for candy
Telling old war stories
I listen and nod and pretend I really care

But we're all trying to get the same place
Smiling at each other
Like sisters and brothers
But we'll run each other down
when we get there

It's time to let go of the baggage
(There's no need for that now, I don't need that)
It's time to see what's waiting for me
(It has to be there now, it has to be there)
Rolling into this next station
I got no expectations
Rolling into this next station
I got no expectations

Sheila Doyle: Violin

John Fremer III: Electric Guitar

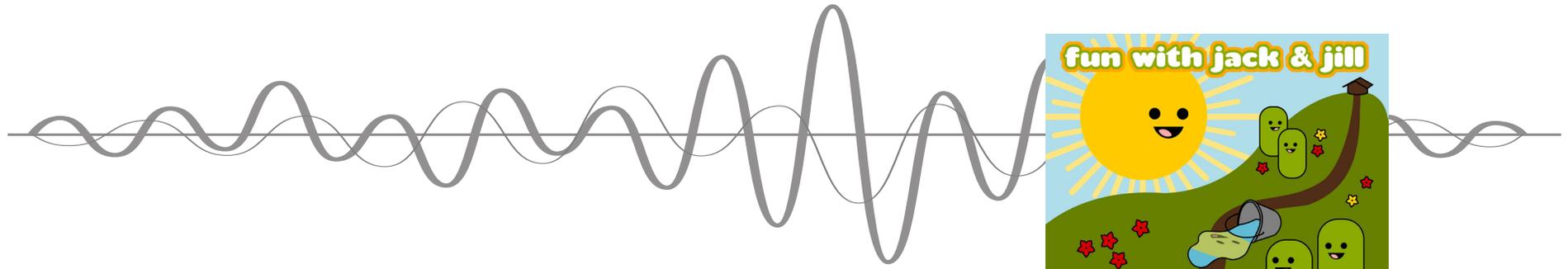
Peter McDade: Drums

Tom McGill: Bass

Paul Melançon: Vocals

Paul Schwartz: Acoustic Guitar

Mixed by Lee Flier



How Much Fun?

Music: Brian Bland & Laura Seebol | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade, Brian Bland & Laura Seebol

How much fun, how much fun is it?
How much fun, how much fun is it
How much fun, how much fun, to be with you?
This much fun, this much fun it is
This much fun, this much fun it is
This much fun, this much fun to be with you

There's a hole in my heart
That I tried to fill to fill with rocks and wood
Now you're giving me a brand new start
Well that empty space is gone for good

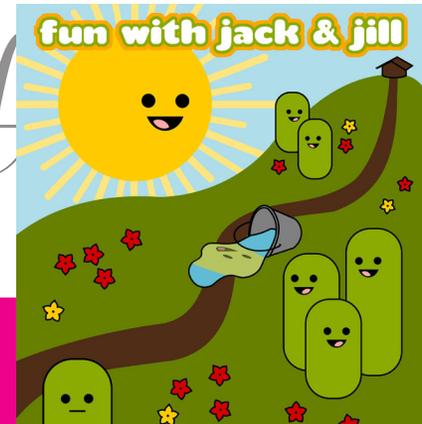
And there's a number in my head
But it's way too big for measuring
So I'll sing you a song instead
To describe, describe the joy I'm feeling

How much fun, how much fun is it?
How much fun, how much fun is it
How much fun, how much fun, to be with you?

There's a path in my mind
But I couldn't see where it would lead
Without your love I was flying blind
Till you showed me things that you could see

And there's a number in my head
But it's way too big for measuring
So you'll have to sing you a song instead
To describe, describe the joy I'm feeling

How much fun, how much fun is it?
How much fun, how much fun is it
How much fun, how much fun, to be with you?



In your eyes so green
The brightest place I've been
In your eyes so brown
I barely touch the ground

How much fun, how much fun is it?
How much fun, how much fun is it
How much fun, how much fun, to be with you?

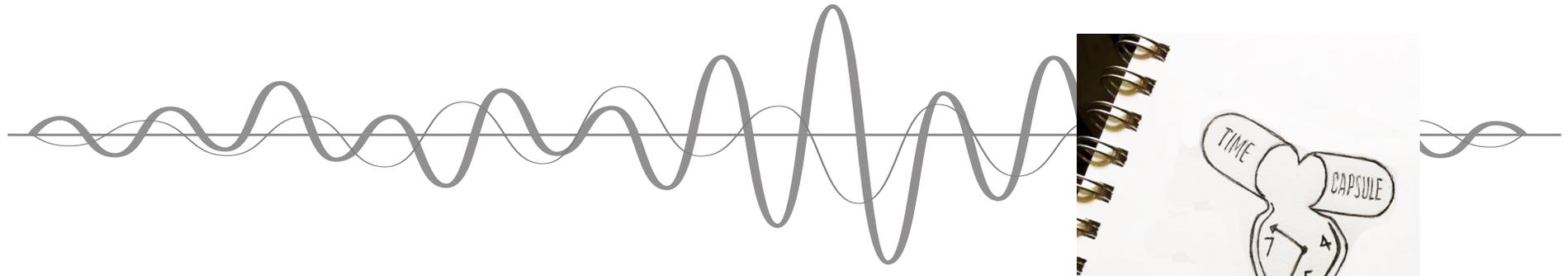
Paul Abrelat: Guitars

Brian Bland: Guitars, Vocals

Joe Scinta: Drums

Laura Seebol: Bass, Vocals

Mixed by Brian Bland and Paul Abrelat



Thirteen Ways of Looking For Me

Music: Lewis Davie | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade

The world keeps getting smaller
That's what they keep telling us
And since the globe keeps shrinking
Our lives are more dangerous

But when I sit alone on top of my roof
The world gets too big for me to ever
find you

There must be thirteen ways
of looking for me
Nobody hides from anyone
There must be thirteen ways
of looking for me
And I just want you to try one

The world keeps getting faster
That's all that I keep hearing
The speed makes it hard to see
Everything that we're losing

But when I close my eyes and sit very still
I can feel everything I've lost or ever will

There must be thirteen ways
of looking for me
Nobody hides from anyone
There must be thirteen ways
of looking for me
And I just need you to try one

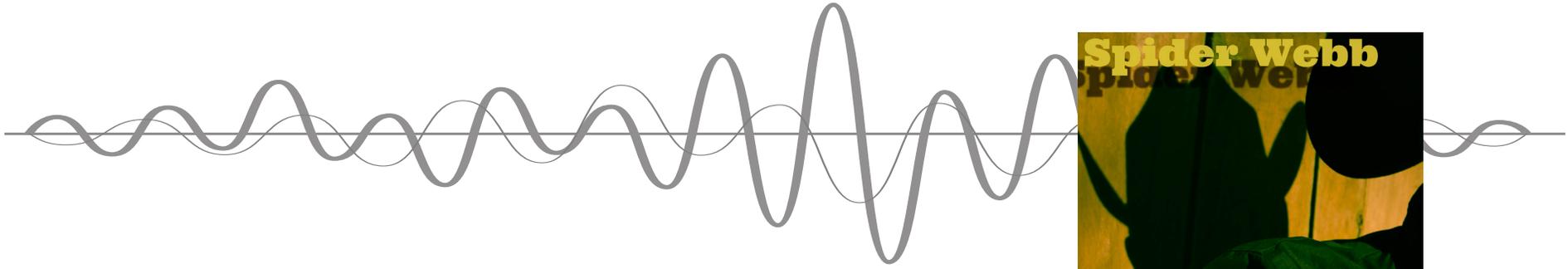
You could always Google me
Or plug me into Yahoo
If you haven't done it yet
It must be that you don't want to

The world is full of beauty
People tell me all the time
I should be feeling grateful
For everything that is mine

But those nights when I sit on top of
my roof
Nothing I see makes up for me not
seeing you

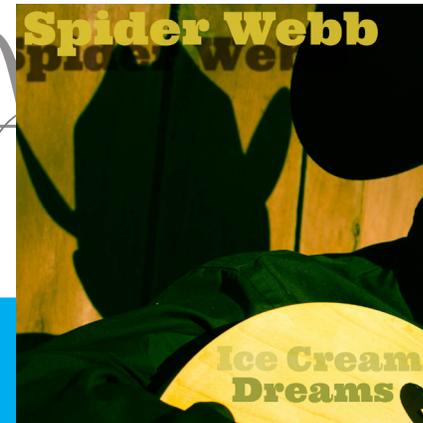
There must be thirteen ways
of looking for me
Nobody hides from anyone
There must be thirteen ways
of looking for me
I just wish that you had tried one

Lewis Davie: Vocals, guitars, bass
Peter McDade: Drums
Mixed by Lee Wiggins



(A Dream Made of) Ice Cream

Music: Charles Walston | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade



When we both were young
The lessons were obvious
Work hard and be strong
And blessings would come to us
I worked and watched and waited
Hoping for my share
But the things I wanted most weren't there

Got a dream made of ice cream
It's an ice cream dream
Might freeze my brain
If I move too fast

Got a dream made of ice cream
It's an ice cream dream
I think it's real
But it might not last

Left some friends behind
To get where I'm going
Enemies I held too tight
Striving for something

For years I stumbled forward
Sometimes even fell
But now I have a story to tell

Got a dream made of ice cream
It's an ice cream dream
Might freeze my brain
If I move too fast

Got a dream made of ice cream
It's an ice cream dream
I hope it's real
But it might not last

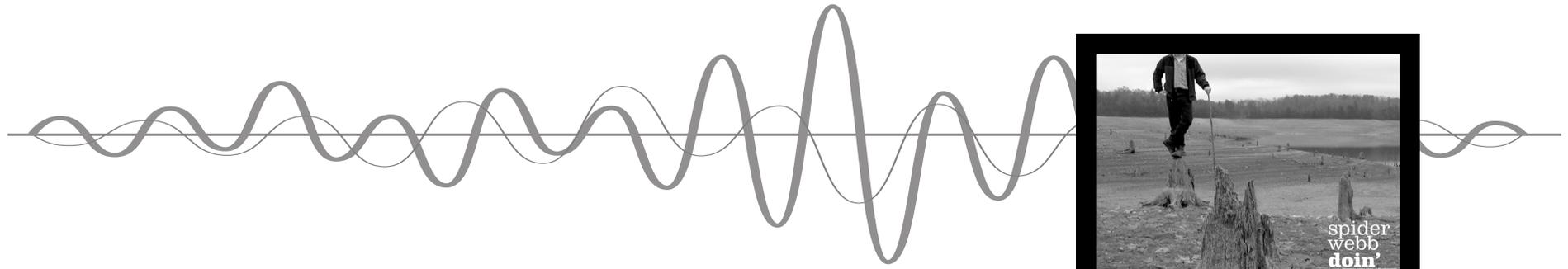
New name new game
Step outside again
No rum just Coke
To cover up my pain
Now it's time to trade
The sour for the sweet
Make myself
A more honest cheat

Now I can see what's really there
But the truth is I just don't wanna share

I got a dream made of ice cream
It's an ice cream dream
Hope it doesn't melt away
Too fast

Got dream made of ice cream
It's an ice cream dream
It seems real to me
But it might not last

Jonny Daly: Pedal steel guitar
Travis McNabb: Drums, percussion
Paul Melançon: Vocals
Laura Seebol: Bass, backing vocals
Charles Walston: Guitar
Mixed by Joel Boyea



The Limited Patience of the Wilco Fan's Wife

Music: Bob Fenster | Lyrics: Peter McDade

It's his turn to talk now but he's sullen and silent
There's a planet between them straddled
with giants
She'd ask him what he wants but there's
really no point
All he ever wants is some Wilco and a
really good joint

People says she's got the patience of a saint
But that's not what she wants to hear
She knows saints don't get recognized
Until they disappear

She's tired of living with all these tired men
They wake up full of air only to lose it again
At the end of the day he sinks into the leather
Her friends say it could be worse but she
knows it's a sin to surrender...

People says she's got the patience of a saint
But that's not what she wants to hear
She knows saints don't get recognized
Until they disappear

And I can see just what she's going through
My father was a sinner who knew just what
to do
Find someone to cover for him
Find someone to offer absolution

She's tired of smelling pot and hearing
Tweedy drone
She wonders how high she'd float without
the fear of doing it alone

People says she's got the patience of a saint
But that's not what she wants to hear
She knows saints don't get recognized
Until they disappear
Until they disappear

Joel Boyea: Backing vocals

Bob Fenster: Acoustic Guitar

Joe Lawless: Guitar

Peter McDade: Drums

Paul Melançon: Vocals

Bret Alain Phillips: Bass, lap steel guitar

Jacob Slichter: Keyboards

Mixed by Joel Boyea

Doin' Fine

Music: Bill Shaouy | **Lyrics:** Peter McDade



Me and Richard Cory
We were hanging out one night
Drinking up new memories
And shooting out the lights
Talked about the times we had
How money's always tight
Then he turned to ask me
If my marriage was alright

She and I were long done
But I saw that he'd forgotten
He looked so fragile
I just could not dare bear to hurt him
So I forced a drunken smile
And lied like his best friend
Promised him that she and I
Would make it till the end

Now don't you worry, don't pay no mind
We're doin' fine
Don't you worry, don't pay no mind
We're doin' fine

Me and my no good old man
Were walking in the clouds
Said he never is afraid

Because he don't look down
I kept staring at his face
This stranger I had found
Longed to finally ask him why
He never was around

Then he pulled me close to him
We sailed on through his hood
Asked me how my life had gone
He'd heard it turned out good
Got my chance to tell the truth
And I knew that I should
But then when I answered him
I lied like his son would

Now don't you worry, don't pay no mind
I'm doin' fine
Don't you worry, don't pay no mind
I'm doin' fine

Now the kid I'll never have
Is here inside my head
Her breath wipes the memory
Of choices made instead
Her eyes are so clear and bright
Her hair so very red

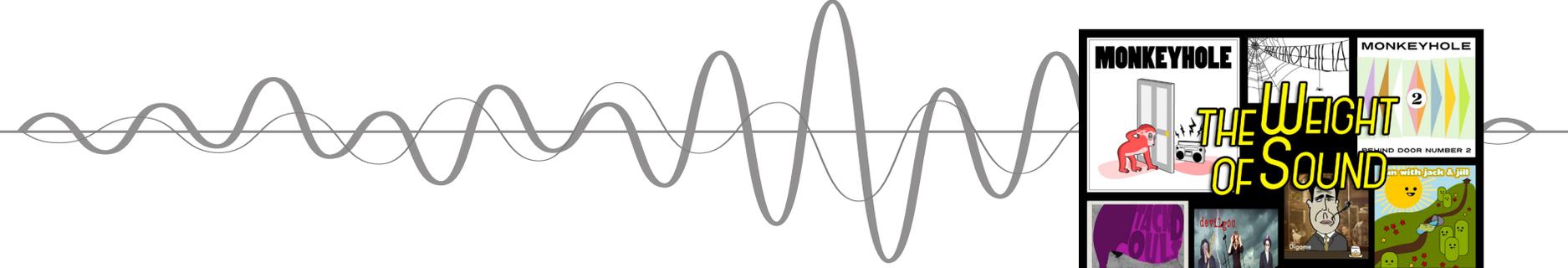
All enough to make me
Go regret the life I led

The more time I spend with her
The heavier it weighs
Am I better off to know
The price I had to pay
Still there's something I must know
Before she goes away
So I ask her how she is
And wait for her to say

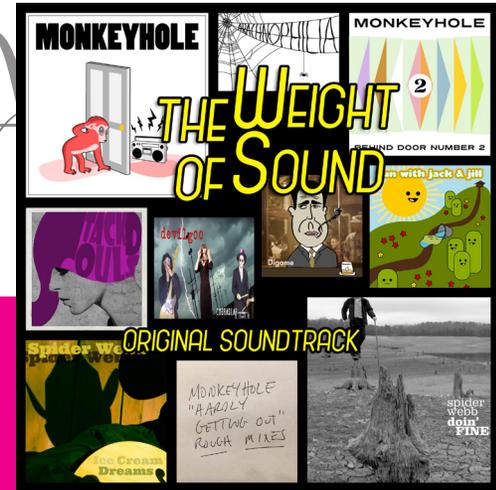
Now don't you worry, don't pay no mind
I'm doin' fine
Don't you worry, don't pay no mind
I'm doin' fine

Lee Flier: Guitars
Lee Kennedy: Bass
Peter McDade: Drums
Paul Melançon: Vocals
Bill Shaouy: Organ
Mixed by Lee Flier

*Entire project mastered by Joel Boyea
at The Dungeon*



Thanks & Credits



Thanks to all the musicians and engineers who helped make this possible. They come to us courtesy of Theme Music, an online group of over 1,000 talented musicians across the globe. Most of these tracks were recorded in home studios, for no other reasons than the love of music and vague discussion of future nickels.

And an extra round of thanks and appreciation to all the co-writers. Please be sure to visit their websites, for more of their work:

Co-Writers:

Matt Brown: mattcbrown.bandcamp.com

Lee Flier: www.what-the.com/

Paul Melançon: www.paulmelancon.com

Jeff Jensen: www.facebook.com/UncleGreen3LbThrill/?ref=br_rs

Tim King: axolotl-daydream.bandcamp.com

Bob Fenster: bobfenster.bandcamp.com/

Zoenda McIntosh: www.youtube.com/parksinperil

Erik Ostrom: www.erikostrom.com/

Paul Schwarz: lordhighadmirals1.bandcamp.com

Laura Seebol & Brian Bland: <https://store.headphonetreats.com/products/the-soogs-bully-12-white-vinyl-lp>

Lewis Davie: www.lewisdavie.co.uk

Charles Walston: charleswalston.bandcamp.com

Bill Shaouy: www.billshaouy.com

Album cover designs:

Arachnophilia, Monkeyhole, Behind Door Number Two:

Paul Melançon

Digamé: Bryan Dodd

devilgoo: Photo Jeff Jensen, Layout Sarah Melançon

Stackd Souls: Laura Seebol

Fun With Jack & Jill: Sarah Melançon

Ice Cream Dreams: Photo by Halley O'Malley, design by Halley O'Malley and Brandi Ediss

Doin' Fine: Jason Snape

The Weight of Sound Original Soundtrack: Paul Melançon

Digital Booklet design:

Michael Hunter/Catcher in the Eye Design



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