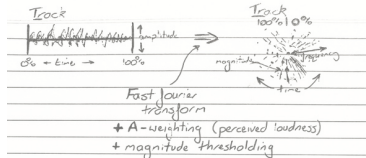


Credits

Kate Burke - vocals, piano, acoustic guitar
Andy Mutton - vocals
Shane Nicholson - bass, guitars, mandola, mandolin, bouzouki,
papoose, Omnichord, percussion
Josh Schuberth - drums

Produced by Shane Nicholson
Recorded and mixed by Shane Nicholson at Monkey Jump Productions
Drums played and recorded by Josh Schuberth at Fireswamp Studios
Mastered by Jeff McCormack

Cover and booklet design by Kate Burke
Song frequency artworks ("Catherine Wheels") by Andy Mutton



Married to the Town

Words and music by Kate Burke and Andy Mutton

I rolled into town
In my '95 Corolla
Pulled into the petrol station
And he wanders over

And he said "you're riding low"
He means the tyres I know
But his eyes are kinda glowing
And I'm not going anywhere

We sold records at the market stall
Stayed at the pub until last call
Spent our nights at the billiard hall
Knocking the balls around

But people don't change at the same speed
Who we are and what we need
You can let a thousand people down
When you're married to the town

I moved in with a bang
Bought the old town diner
Cooking up a storm
Life couldn't be finer

There was stained glass in the window
Freshly baking bread
Wind chimes on the verandah
But so much left unsaid

We sold records at the market stall
Stayed at the pub until last call
Spent our nights at the billiard hall
Knocking the balls around

Nights started blurring into day
Giving too much of ourselves away
So many rumours fly around
When you're married to the town

*If you want to remind me
Of what I left behind
Please it's no guess and
Before you do*

*Be kind when you find me here
It takes a lot more to disappear*

Now I have a new car,
Not far from the ocean
And my weary heart
Is heading in slow motion

But I'm not on my game
The pub's just not the same
I know you're not to blame
I don't need to explain

I miss that market stall
I'm never at the pub until last call
No more nights at the billiard hall
Knocking the balls around

Cos people don't change at the same speed
Who we are and what we need
When we fall, it's such a long way down
When you're married to the town

Familiar

Words and music by Kate Burke

I've been trying hard
To keep things simpler these days
In a kind of crazy way

Now you're standing there
Outside the barber shop
It's like something never stopped

It's quiet on the train
I count the paces in between
Yeah, I know where I've been

I can't remember when
You became my oxygen
But now I breathe easily
You'd best believe me

What will we take,
What will we leave behind?

The most curated spaces
Guide our eyes up high
It's kinda wild
But pretty fragile

You have a cynical turn of mind
That somehow makes me feel fine
We could be pleasantly surprised

What will we take,
What will we leave behind?
What will we find?

Cos it's not chaos after all,
It's self-similarity -
You're familiar to me.

*Time is not time
We can't lose
Time is not time
We can't lose*

What will we take,
What will we leave behind?
What will we find?

Cos it's not chaos after all,
It's self-similarity -
You're familiar to me.



Free of Me

Words and music by Kate Burke

My head is a storm
And you are wild
The night is warm
Let's stay outside

You used to change your step
To match mine
Now you're walking ahead
Out of time

We could go home, we should
But something doesn't feel so good



Helen

Words and music by Kate Burke

It's late summer in the goldfields
It's been a rough kind of year
I unpack my stuff and give you a hug
And we head down the road for a beer

My heart has been struggling lately
I'm not sure that you'd understand
But it doesn't really matter,
cos I know my troubles
Are safe in the palm of your hand

Beautiful, green and alive
The garden is wild
And we'll set a table aside
For some puzzles and wine

You're frustrated
Cos the traffic lights are out
And no-one knows what to do
They should all defer to you

You like me here
But you loved me over there
Trying to make it better
Saying life isn't fair

*If you've got no guarantees
You hurt me, I will leave*

You're frustrated
Cos the traffic lights are out
And no-one knows what to do
They should all defer to you

You could be with anyone
So why did you bother me
Slip past you in the doorway
I'll get out of your way
And you'll be free of me

We could go home, we should
But something doesn't feel so good

It's time to stop talking
There are things to be done
Make a list, tick them off,
One by one

I met you and your family one summer like
this one
You showed me your chickens and ducks
The light in the workshop was coming in
sideways
The sweet smell of linseed and sawdust

*Leftovers from dinner are breakfast next
day
Music and making coffee and baking
And the years fly away*

It's time to stop talking
There are things to be done
Make a list, tick them off,
One by one

Four generations of dogs
Have come and then gone
Buried in the garden below;
There's one more to go,
And I'm taking him home

It's time to stop talking
There are things to be done
Make a list, tick them off,
One by one

World's Too Wide

Words and music by Kate Burke

It's dark outside, we're buried deep
I left the light on low so I could watch you sleep
Breathe you in, you're everything
Your green grey eyes, your soft warm skin

People wake up with each other
Side by side
But we are miles apart
The world's too wide

My town is flat, and yours is steep
You're running when I'm asleep
Every street reveals a maze, a labyrinth, an
Escher print
And to fit in the frame we need to shrink

People wake up with each other
Side by side
But we are miles apart
The world's too wide

*There's no good reason why it got this
I mean, from my fingers through your hair
And under us into your body
They're not so*

Feels like make-believe this is binary
We're orbiting each other, the sweetheart, the
lover
Roche lobe overflow's so bright,
It's quite a sight

People wake up with each other
Side by side, sleepy-eyed
But we are miles apart
The world's too wide

Self-Help

Words and music by Kate Burke

The self-help coach exits his room
I'm stepping out of 252
He spits his water, spits it on his shirt
In surprise

I say how are you?
He says he's here for a conference
But that's not till later
He says it with such confidence
I ask what are you doing?
He says he's teaching footy players to
love
Themselves

And I'm genuinely curious
I was expecting just to
walk down to the shop
For tea
But he's talking about his childhood
And battling adversity
And one time he asks about me

I'd say I'm pretty wise
My knowledge is both deep and broad
And there are so many guys
Who use me as their sounding board
Then walk away and suddenly
My thoughts have miraculously become
their own

I know how to listen
He knows how to glisten in the light
Of his own mind
This accidental friend of mine

*But he says
And I'm tired
You're weary
And I'm tired, I'm tired*

So I say goodnight
And back in my room
I start to form the shape of a tune
And in the street two people stand
Side by side, holding hands
Help yourself, take your time
You look like you're doing just fine

They know how to listen
They know to glisten in the light
Of their love
But I reckon he'll be fine
This accidental friend of mine



Weather

Words and music by Andy Mutton

Stand in this place
Standing in disgrace
There's no trace of you

Stare at these plans
Staring at these hands
I built something grand for you

When the story is laid out,
And the movements are traced down
No Marie and no Pierre
Expected but never there

*Children in frame
Children but no Pierre
I made no plans for you*

Dreamer lie low
Dreaming that you know
A home for you

When the story is laid out,
And the movements are traced down
No Marie and no Pierre
Expected but never there

City Skylines

Words and music by Kate Burke

They say the power lines came down
The grass took the spark, fire raged into town
And there wasn't much left to be found
Our whole house, our whole street was burned to the ground

We packed up what little we had
Said hey Melbourne, you can't be that bad

With your city sky lines
Crazy high rise
So many places to hide
But I just wanna love you in the sunshine

You got a job in a bar
With your flannee and your blunnie
They thought you were a hipster but
Things began to unwind
The fire had burned itself into your mind

One drink for you and a double for me
Now we're living on craft beer and whisky

In those city sky lines
Crazy high rise
So many places to hide
But I just wanna love you in the sunshine

*Let's go dancing, into the dance floor
And not very back to that broken down town
Cos we still have that one in a
hundred that we can't lose*

With those city sky lines
Crazy high rise
So many places to hide
But I just wanna love you in the sunshine

Enough

Words and music by Kate Burke

I'm so sick of myself
I'm driving me insane
Cos I have these priorities and anxieties
Running around in my brain

Nothing used to bother me
Everything was fair and fun and fine
Most of the time

Gone to ground
Smoothed out all the highs and lows
Now this foolish heart feels like
A leaky firehose, and

I wanna be the journalist with the gruff voice
As cynical as fuck
I wanna have a stylish way of complaining
Instead of saying everything just sucks
I wanna be the world war cop in the cop
shop
Who's seen it all
But they never get the girl

I wanna be the smouldering Jehovah who's
knocking at your door
I wanna be the rough kid in the workhouse
who makes you ask for more
I wanna be Ramona with her skates on in the
snow
But I guess I'll never know

*When I think I have it figured
I get thrown by something bigger
This world can't be figured for me*

I wanna be a hero in a rainstorm
Somehow looking great
I wanna bam and pow and shine
and burn and fly and glide and radiate
I wanna do the winning and dining
I wanna hold you like we're dying
I wanna be anyone but me

I'm bit much, but you think I'm enough
I'm bit much, but you think I'm enough

Nothing used to bother me
Everything was fair and fun and fine
Most of the time

