

A S H E R

**A** B C

S I D E S

**LYRICS**

**CREDITS**

**NOTES**

## Goodbye Song

(Krause, Wilson, Moore, Jackson & Robbins)

I've been trying for some time  
to call you out by name.  
Sometimes it just seems so hard  
to see through the pain.  
We come home every cold grey night,  
you say that I am wrong, and you are right.  
And I try to shut you out of mind  
leave this desperate life behind.  
I want to tell you

Hey, I leave today.  
Just came to say goodbye  
and I'll catch you on the other side.

Months of trial, hours spent  
trying to keep things clear.  
Someone finally had the sense  
to get me out of here.

And you weren't there when I found out  
but you knew it all the same.  
I was happy for the change,  
you couldn't help your jealousy.  
Just got to tell you

Darkness fills the voids of time  
I'm going to leave it all behind  
I'll melt the sands on this sea of glass  
Rise above my dreams at last.

I believe that I was meant to be somewhere else and free.  
But now I feel like wanting to believe, just wanting to be me.

## Credits & Notes on Goodbye Song

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: electric guitar  
James Krause: acoustic & electric guitars  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Richard Robbins: drums

This song has always been such a pleasure to play and hear, but we struggled getting it to where we thought it could be. There were many times when I thought we should just release the latest attempt and call it good, but James held out. I am really glad he did, it has turned out to be so much stronger than it ever was before. I can't stop bopping my head and tapping my foot to this tune.

- Doug

I remember working on this song during the Hunt sessions in December 1996. We had the first verse and chorus and nothing else. Doug and I locked ourselves in a room for an hour with the intent of finishing the lyrics but it didn't work. Consequently, it was shelved for several years. We finally finished the song in 2001 during the sessions for *To the Face of the Sun*, but we decided to hold out until the second album. If we had known the elusive second album would take six years to complete we probably would have tried to include it then.

Out of all the songs on A-Sides, I would say this one took the longest to develop. There are more demo recordings of this song than any other. In spite of the concerted effort of the various iterations of Asher over the years, it was Kevin that finally discovered the groove, and thus, the soul of the song. Once Kevin had the funky bass line, Richard was able to create a drum pattern that matched. Thanks for helping us finish an eleven-year-old song.

- James

Goodbye Song has the most versions out of any other Asher song that I can think of - fast, slow, groovy, straight, you name the style and a version was recorded. It was a very long evolution. I don't recall the first version of the lyrics well, though I'm sure they exist somewhere. This song turned into me saying good bye to a missionary companion that I was sure not to miss, and frankly glad to be done with. The final verse is about when, after over 6 months with one hard companion, I finally got the call transferring me to a new area - a brand new city. And he was jealous. Good times.

-Ben

# 1X1

(Krause, Moore & Wilson)

Coming in one by one they run it down  
Take their pictures. Never forget. What are you waiting for?  
Line it all up, and take a good look around  
The one you thought you lost you may have found  
- won't be alone when you're heading underground

She can't break it, no  
She can't fade it, no  
She is walking out the door

The times are changing, seasons passing day by day  
Search all around and try to find out what to say  
Believe the stories they're telling all the time  
Believe in saints and angels you can't find  
In everything that's holy and sublime

She can't break it, no  
She can't fade it, no  
She is walking out the front door  
She won't wait for him,  
He's not worrying about how  
She's not hearing it again.

Waiting for a better time and chance  
Holding out for nothing but the perfect romance  
Nothing changes - you'll always want for more  
Overrated, underpaid, backing out the door  
Run for cover, you won't recover from what's in store

She can't break it, no  
She can't fade it, no  
She is walking out the front door  
She won't wait for him,  
He's not worrying about how  
She's not hearing it again.

## Credits and Notes on 1X1

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: electric guitars  
James Krause: acoustic & electric guitars  
Kevin Jackson: vocals, bass, electric guitars  
Richard Robbins: drums

This song was so fun to create. I remember the first time James and I worked on it together. It was one of those moments when ideas came so easily for me. With the exception of the bridge, my guitar parts have not changed since that first day. Recording the bridge was a lot of fun. I had the basic riff figured out, but the sound was yet to be determined. In the end, James and Kevin “played” the amp while I played the guitar riff. They were messing with phasers on the fly as we recorded take after take. Some crazy sounds came out of this approach. This song often gives me goose bumps through the second half as the heavy bridge fades to just acoustic guitars and then Kevin comes in with his harmonies. For me, the song soars through that section.

- Doug

We worked on this song, along with *Alone*, during a session shortly after finishing *To the Face of the Sun*, so it has been around for a long time. We knew it had promise and once Doug wrote the bridge section we knew we had the final structure of the song. Everybody shines on this recording. Kevin’s harmony vocals, in particular, help the song lift toward the end.

- James

James originally wrote this with the idea of writing a song about making a ward directory, or some such nonsense. Naturally the idea was genius. Initially dubbed “Boys With Bats,” I reworked some of James’ lyrical ideas and tried to add in a sense of time passing in my single’s ward and no progress being made toward finding that right eternal companion. The line with “saints and angels” makes me smile. I was trying to allude to being in church, but not being able to find my own, personal angel. Oh, the poignant memories.

This song was always kind of tough to sing, especially the soaring chorus. It was a wee bit out of my range. I think that James and Doug dropped it a step, then with the addition of Kevin’s vocals, this song really came together.

-Ben

## Chandelier

(Krause & Wilson)

I'm falling into a hole in my heart  
And I can't believe what this feeling means  
And I want to believe in all that you sing  
To my soul

Struck down in love now I'm dumbfounded  
and sucking up my gut

I'm staring down the barrel of your gun  
It's not just me feeling like I'm someone  
And I can't perceive everyone feasting upon me  
With their eyes and their tongues and their lips on the sun

Struck down in love now I'm dumbfounded  
and sucking on my thumb  
Touch me I'm ice chilled and blood cold in love for you

I'm falling up to the hole in the sky  
And I think I can see your love surrounding me  
And what I conceive and what I can see  
Is your beautiful sun am I your only one?

Struck down in love now I'm dumbfounded  
and sucking up my gut

I'm falling in to the hole in your heart  
And I can't believe what this feeling means  
And I want to believe in all that you sing  
To my soul...to my soul

Struck down in love now I'm dumbfounded  
and sucking on my thumb  
Touch me I'm ice chilled and blood cold in love for you  
Struck down in love now I'm dumbfounded  
and sucking in my soul  
Touch me I'm bone chilled and blood cold in love for you

## Credits and Notes on Chandelier

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: electric guitars  
James Krause: acoustic & electric guitars  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Richard Robbins: drums

Recording on this song was unique for me. James and I pushed the sound that came out of the guitar into very weird places. At many times, it felt like the unusual sounds coming from the guitar determined what I played as much as the song did. Chandelier is one of the songs that benefited from the idea of adding "stuff" to every track. We put a conscious effort into adding unique little bits that could be used to add color and variety to the tracks. Much of the sounds that came out of those sessions were very spontaneous as we flew from track to track.

- Doug

I wrote this song while watching *Moulin Rouge*. For whatever reason, the pastiche of light, color, texture, style, and music carried me to a special place that fosters creativity. Although the song is not about *Moulin Rouge*, the movie certainly influenced the approach. I believe I recorded a demo of the song that very night, if not the next night. Ben and I gave the song an overhaul - speeding up the verses - before recording it.

- James

As so often happened, James one night played for me a collection of his newest demos. I remember Chandelier distinctly because I loved the catchy tune. The problem was that the song had the brakes on the whole time. We tried double timing the verses and liked it quite a bit. The original speed of the verses is still reflected in a latter part of the song. I'm credited as co-writer, but I can't recall contributing any lyrics, mainly just arrangement. It's simply another Krause masterpiece. And its great fun to sing - sucking on my thumb.

-Ben

## Believe

(Krause & Wilson)

It's coming down. It's been so long since you have gone  
I hide these eyes that long to gaze upon you again  
I don't know why I can't ever find you alone  
If I had some time I'd go back and do it all over again

But can't you see what you mean to me?  
Why can't it be just you and me?  
And the things we believe  
and the air that we breathe  
and the thoughts we conceive?

It's falling down, it's always been your favorite song  
I hide these tears that fall to catch a glimpse of you  
I don't know why we can't ever be alone  
It's not just mine but ours the feelings we hide

But can't you see what you mean to me?  
Why can't it be just you and me?  
And the things we believe  
and the thoughts  
and the thoughts we conceive?

And the goals we achieve, and the dreams we retrieve,  
Believe, Deceive, Unweave, Bereave  
*Love sweet love oh please*  
Saint Agnes' Eve, Adam-love-Eve, Believe  
Can't you see? Just believe  
*Bless you love, do not leave*  
Don't misbelieve, Bereave, Don't deceive, Believe  
*He that loves will see*  
Just believe

## Credits & Notes on Believe

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: vocals, electric guitars  
James Krause: acoustic & electric guitars  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Richard Robbins: drums

I have always liked the simplicity of "Believe." I wait with baited breath for the harmonies to come in after the first chorus. James's performance on the rhythm acoustic is tight, and it's a nice chord progression. Recording the big ending was a lot of fun. There is something exciting about strumming an electric guitar, having tons of sound coming out of the amp, and forcing the feedback. It was a rush.

- Doug

I never thought much about this song but it turned into something special. I wrote most of it right after the sessions for *To the Face of the Sun*. Ben came over one day, we finished the lyrics, and we recorded a demo. Brad, Ben's brother, fell in love with the acoustic demo. He would play it at the high school dances he would deejay and he even used it in the soundtrack of one of his independent films, *Fragments*. I really enjoyed playing the distorted guitar at the end. I don't think my amp had ever been turned up that loud before.

- James

I always liked this song. James had another half completed song on his hands and I helped him fill out the lyrics. I'm especially fond of the allusion to an early Asher favorite, "Falling Down" - it's always been your favorite song! Though I think that my favorite part of the song is at the end with all the plaintive, rhyming words, and James' falsetto ringing over it all. Like Doug, I always enjoyed the simplicity of the song, especially in its initial acoustic version. Even so, I think that the A-side mix is a beautiful piece of music and engineering, every bit as good as a single, strumming guitar.

-Ben

## Isaiah

(Moore, Wilson & Krause)

Wandering down a path burdened by a guess  
Sickened with the math; how to clean this mess?  
Everything feels broken but who has got the glue  
Only rumors spoken certainties seem few

Grasping for a name, prophets of the dust  
Children of the flame scraping off the rust  
Nothing here is certain nothing has a cause  
Nothing here is working everything feels wrong

Are you lost in enmity? Is your head on right?  
Can you hold a candle to the dark of the night?  
Are you wandering aimlessly? Eyes are blind and lost  
Seek for an answer, seek for a cause

Dance in the light, burned by the fire  
Led by a child out of the night

Finger tips to steal our hearts away  
Deceiving lips to steal our hearts away

Dance in the light, burned by the fire  
Led by a child out of the night  
Heart of desire cold in the night  
Shown by a child, shown by a child

Nothing is secret, nothing revealed  
Nothing is hidden, nothing

Fan the flame to drive the night away  
To drive the night away

## Credits & Notes on Isaiah

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: acoustic & electric guitars  
James Krause: acoustic guitar  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Richard Robbins: drums  
Secily Saunders: doumbek

The intro to this song is honestly my favorite part. It's really subtle, but interesting in the way it builds. It was intended to be another song, but James suggested we try it as the intro. In my opinion, it worked exceptionally well. This song was a lot of fun to play with its 7/8 measures and the interplay between James's guitar and mine during the bridge. I am very critical of this song because a bulk of the music for the song was based on my ideas, but I have grown to love this track.

- Doug

Doug had the music to this song for a long time. He was quite proud of the 7/8 section. At some point we came up with the bridge together. If I recall, we reintroduced this musical idea shortly before the Bear Lake session. Ben finished lyrics and worked with Doug to organize all the bits and pieces. When finishing up vocals in Orem, I distinctly remember Ben sitting in my kitchen, listening to the music on an iPod in order to come up with a melody. The lyrics are some of my favorite that Ben has ever written.

- James

I'm not sure where this song came from, lyrically. It's about the restoration of the gospel, but it is nothing like mainstream Mormon pop. It's definitely Asher. "Everything is broken, but who has got the glue" actually came from a song by Travis. The title of the song was initially derivative - James and Doug poking fun at my religious songstering attempts - but it stuck. I think that the music is fun, the 7/8 is cool, but I never felt that the cadence of the words fit it well. The other guys assure me its fine.

-Ben

## Psalm 65

(Krause)

Whenever the wind blows outside I want to be near you  
In your arms, away from harm  
Whenever the rain pours down I want to hear you  
Sing in my ear, until the sky is clear

Whenever the earth shakes below and the sky is falling  
I don't want to fear you I just want to be near you  
Whenever the cold chills my bones deep in my sleep  
I want to be home, I thought you might like to know

That I will try to rise above  
This lonely world needs a little love  
And you and I will fly above  
And bring this world peace and love  
Just a little joy for all of us

Whenever the moon and stars collide the violence soothes me  
Look into my eyes you know that I can't hide  
Whenever the sun comes crashing down I'll be there with you

## Credits & Notes on Psalm 65

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: vocals, acoustic & electric guitars  
James Krause: vocals, acoustic & electric guitars, bass  
Richard Robbins: drums

The first time I heard this song, Ben and James came to my home and played and sang it for me. I knew immediately that we had a great song. My biggest concern was that in recording it, we would screw up and ruin it. I am pretty sure that we didn't screw it up too bad. I love Ben's vocal performance. I feel like he slips and slides like a crooner across the lines. This is a song that I still play on a regular basis. That doesn't happen very often after an album is complete. My only concern about this song is the line "whenever the moon and stars collide, the violence soothes me." I still don't know what it means, but it scares me.

- Doug

I wanted to write a Beatlesque song. Mission accomplished. When I played it for Ben he said, "You know what? This is a psalm." And right he was. Richard did an excellent job on the drums and Doug's solo is perfect.

- James

James played this song for me and I got the chills. He didn't know it yet, but it was definitely a prayer, a psalm - thus the name of the song (we'd tell you about the '65', but then we'd have to kill you). I can see a child speaking to God, and in the last verse, God answering back. I suggested a musical pause during "the violence soothes me" that seemed to work well. It's a beautiful piece of music.

- Ben

## Voices in a Crowd

(Moore, Wilson & Krause)

Every step stone a mile and all that style  
Every glance you make you're going nowhere  
Another pebble in the sand just for a hand  
And for the accolades just cash me out  
Lonely voices in a crowd...loud  
Sing aloud; sing out loud you're not alone

Unearth a ruby, be who you could be  
The starry night burns time refined  
Plant me in fertile soil, bend and toil  
Raise me up to such great heights  
Lonely voices in a crowd...loud  
Sing aloud; sing out loud you're not alone

Loud, sing aloud

Heart of glass, eyes of stone, I'll set the tone  
The state of things is becoming such a bore  
A heartbreak down the road to lighten your load  
All your histories still to be written  
Lonely voices in a crowd...loud  
Sing aloud; sing out loud you're not alone

Loud, sing aloud

A minor variation in the way you face your day  
Transition to a righter way  
Scream out for recognition  
Turn out the light, turn out the light

Another pebble in the sand just for a hand  
Every glance you make you're going nowhere  
Going nowhere...

## Credits & Notes on Voices in a Crowd

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: vocals, acoustic guitar  
James Krause: vocals, acoustic & flamenco guitar  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Secily Saunders: doumbek

This song definitely took a different direction than I ever thought it would. It is an interesting thing to have an idea and turn it loose to the band. It never fails to surprise you what comes out of it and you have to be careful not to be too attached to your original idea. Perhaps more than any other song, this one turned 180 degrees and nearly chased me out of the studio. James had an idea that fit with my original guitar part so well, that I could only submit to the direction of the musical force. In the end, it became a track with a unique and entrancing mood.

- Doug

This is another piece of music that Doug had for several years. He had a completely different vision so I take full blame in pushing the style toward Andalusia and North Africa. We were lucky to get Secily to play doumbek. It really helps establish the mood.

- James

The music seemed somehow earthy to me, so I tried to reflect that in the lyrics – stone, earth, soil, pebble, sand, ruby. The song is about trying to be who you can be, who you want to be, and not letting anything hold you back. If you can see that in the words, I salute you! I love the somewhat ethereal “going nowhere’s” at the end.

-Ben

## Something New

(Krause, Wilson & Moore)

I smile, you yawn, what's that about?  
I was laughing; but you were smiling up a frown.  
Something's wrong here, I just can't explain.  
Something is missing like color from the rain.

Slapback feedback echo my fear  
Slip into the sound until I disappear  
Run around inside the maze my head  
Hold on to love, that's what you said  
Take my hands I think I'm dead  
You don't know, you don't know

Every time I turn around it's you  
*every time you make my world turn blue*  
Every time I spin inside it's you  
*every time you break my heart in two*  
And every time you catch my fall  
It's all those things you do  
This is something new

I smile, you yawn, what's that about?  
I was laughing; you were smiling up a frown  
Something's wrong here, I just can't explain.  
Something's missing like color from the rain

Like blisters from a flame  
Or remorse without the shame  
And it's all water down the drain  
Water down the drain  
I feel tired and shaken  
Tired of this conversation  
I know that you are  
I know that I am

## Credits & Notes on Something New

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: acoustic & slide guitars  
James Krause: acoustic guitar  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Richard Robbins: drums

When I think about the whole “Sides” project, “Something New” is one of my favorite memories. The song wasn’t going anywhere; in fact, it probably wasn’t going to be recorded at all. Then band magic happened. I started playing the song with a slower groove. Immediately Ben and James joined in, and the song just came out. We immediately knew we had another very strong song on our hands. A few minutes later, my only concern was also fixed. I was worried that it sounded a little too much like Jack Johnson. Slide guitar was added during our rehearsal, and the song seemed to propel itself forward yet again. I never get sick of listening to Something New.

- Doug

Where do I even begin with this song? I had fragments of what became the second verse and chorus and showed them to Ben at some point. At one of our final rehearsals before the Bear Lake session, Doug asked if we had anything that he hadn’t heard yet. Ben remembered this sketch and we jammed on it for a few minutes. Suddenly, Doug switched up the rhythm and twenty minutes later we had this song. I am proud of Kevin and Richard on this track. They really make it groove. While recording “Something New,” Ben tacked on a few lyrics from “Falling Down” - one of our first songs - and that makes me smile.

- James

I really love this song. It just grooves, and can stick in my head for hours. I also remember this song not working, but in my mind, it was the suggestion to go *toward* Jack Johnson that saved this song. Maybe we did such a good job imitating that Doug felt that we had to do something more to make it an Asher song. One of my favorite lines is “Take my hands I think I’m dead, you don’t knowwowowowo”. I’m also a fan of the 2 part chorus. The use of “Falling Down” lyrics came from an idea from Sting’s “Love is the Seventh Wave” at the end of which he parodies lyrics from the Police’s “Every Breath You Take” - every cake you bake.

-Ben

## Alone

(Krause, Wilson & Moore)

It seems like years now since she's been gone  
The tears I cry now are for no one  
I'm alone, I'm alone  
Can't sleep my mind is stuck  
My soul is bleeding like an open cut  
I'm missing her, I'm so alone

Oh...I'm alone

Empty bed nothing in the sheets  
Yet I still feel her body's heat  
Am I alone? Am I alone?  
In my dreams she's haunting me  
In me sleep she's taunting me  
Am I alone? Am I alone?

Oh...so alone

She won't wait for me  
If I walk out the door tonight  
She won't dream for me  
If I call out another's name

Oh...oh

Velvet black pulls me in  
Take the pills slip into nothing  
I'm alone now, I'm alone  
In my dreams she's here with me  
When dawn breaks I find I'm really all alone  
Always alone

## Credits & Notes on Alone

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: electric guitar  
James Krause: acoustic guitars  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Richard Robbins: drums

For me, the "Sides" project is really about our love of music, a lot of music. I hear a wide variety of influences and sounds throughout the whole project. This song definitely is part of that. It represents a unique part of the spectrum. I love playing this song with the other guys. It is fast, fun, and always leaves your heart pumping. I love the energy of it all.

- Doug

This song, along with 1X1, was written and rehearsed shortly after *To the Face of the Sun*. I wrote most of the words and music while sitting at our kitchen table. I was going for a retro rockabilly feel. When Doug came up with the riff...well, it just clicked. I believe this was the first song Richard recorded. Doug and I had gone to get lunch for everybody - Fazoli's, in fact - and when we came back, Kevin played us Richard's take. Wow. We had a drummer!

- James

Alone - soaring chorus, melancholy heartache, drug references - this is truly a song of songs. This song, or "Peanut Butter Brownie" in the early days, really is a fun one to jam on with the guys. I don't seem to have any specific memories of this song, other than some warm fuzzy feelings of playing early versions of it in my car three years ago and thinking about how awesome it sounded. YES! We ROCK! I do have to wonder where James got the inspiration for these lyrics.

-Ben

## **REMeMbER**

(Krause)

My dear friend, where could you be after all these years?  
I imagine you're wondering the same  
As I walk through the shopping mall all tumbled and tossed  
Not knowing if it's day or night

I think of you today  
I think of you just like every day  
I think of you today  
I think of you

United Nations at the food court, all the rich feel safe and sound  
With bullet-proofed cars, gated stars, all bundled up  
My old friend, will I see you again or are we lost in a sea of souls?  
As I sip on my tea and gaze into next fall's fashion magazine

We have so many roads to run

All right, maybe I'm full of lies but you'd be a fool to say  
We didn't pass good times with birthday cheers  
All the books and music I buy tell me I'm no longer the same  
But I still feel the same—just a little changed

Now time stops still just for a breath and I feel so far away  
My heart ticks slowly and comfortably as I think of you today

## Credits & Notes on REMeMBER

Doug Moore: electric guitar  
James Krause: acoustic & electric guitars  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Richard Robbins: drums

From the opening swells and the door shutting, this song is perfect. I don't think we could have done a better job of capturing this song. I don't know if I can say that about most of the songs. There is always something you wish you could re-do, some emotion that wasn't captured. Another great thing about this song is the simple intro. The door shutting and the chair sliding take me to James and Aimee's closet, a place where we spent hours in semi-solitude. Next thing you know, I am sitting in some mall, sipping a soda contemplating life while busy people race by, enamored by neon lights and well designed logos. James does one of his best vocal performances ever on this song.

- Doug

My wife and I spent a semester in São Paulo, Brazil at the beginning of 2002. I wrote many songs while we were there. I wrote this one after watching R.E.M. Unplugged 2.0 on MTV, which influenced the wordiness of this song. I wrote it about one of my best friends in junior high, with whom I have lost contact. I still think about him from time to time. My lead guitar part came about almost by accident. I was messing around with some licks in an A scale and Doug made me lay it down. I am glad he did since it really works.

- James

This song makes me remember what an excellent songwriter James Krause is. I can only wish that I could have been a part of creating this song, but it has always been James' song from the start. It is a masterpiece. It's great what a little inspiration can do for creating the mood of a song - whether that is R.E.M. Unplugged, or Aimee going out for a walk on her own, or another Ben breakup.

-Ben

## **Taking its Toll**

(Krause, Wilson & Moore)

My fate is floating in someone else's hand  
Such a strange feeling, out of place in your own land  
It's tumbling down. I've got to get my feet off the ground  
How long will it last? How long can I go on like this?

It's taking its toll, but there are memories to share  
It's taking its time but we'll soon all be there  
There are all kinds of echoes ringing in my ears  
With blurred vision it's tricky to see truth through the tears

It's taking its toll, but there are memories to share  
It's taking its time but we'll soon all be there  
If I could work a miracle, then would you believe?  
The love that's in this room is all we'll ever need

It's taking its toll, but there are memories to share  
It's taking its time but we'll soon all be there  
Here are my brothers, here are my friends  
We'll be together until all time ends

It's taking its toll, it's taking its toll  
It's taking its time but it's taking its toll

## Credits & Notes on Taking its Toll

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: vocals & acoustic guitar  
James Krause: acoustic & electric guitars  
Kevin Jackson: bass  
Richard Robbins: drums

I am a fan of my band mates. I feel fortunate to get to create music with excellent musicians and people. This song reminds me of how big of a fan I am of James's songwriting. This was a great song he wrote, just to spite some guy who said key changes were stupid. I love the hope rising out of darkness in this song. With each key change, I feel the hope rising higher and higher. This song is very optimistic, in a very realist way.

- Doug

This song, like "Believe," arrived with several others shortly after finishing *To the Face of the Sun*. My wife and I were waiting for our visas to Brazil and I felt like everything was up in the air. Three months later, we finally made it to Brazil. I never gave this song much thought. When reviewing potential candidates for the Bear Lake session, Doug and Ben insisted on recording this song. It is now more their song than mine. It's funny how bands work like that.

- James

Will it get too mushy if this becomes a James fan club newsletter? This was another work of genius straight from the fingertips of Krause himself. I've always loved this simple, beautiful song. There aren't a lot of words. It is a short song. But like Doug, I agree that the key changes lift this song higher and higher and the hope shines brighter and brighter. It always makes me smile. I'm thankful that James gave it over to the band. I love playing it together.

-Ben

## Home

(Wilson, Jackson, Krause & Moore)

*to live*            *to cry*            *to love*            *to die*

*to laugh*            *to steal*            *to dream*            *to heal*

Look at the sky, if there were clouds they'd take your form  
Mile after mile, pounded by the road, under the desert sun  
Run for cover, duck and cover, there's nowhere to hide  
Every friend, every child - a potential killer inside

Desert blossoms, yellow streaks the night  
The burden of destruction like lightning rips a kite  
Clouds of dust, muddy on your face  
A fog, a shroud, a rumor  
Home

*to hope*            *to try*            *to hear*            *to lie*

*to bleed*            *to see*            *to need*            *to sleep*

Look at the moon, if only it knew it lights you, too  
Night after night, a watch, an alarm, a hot-blooded situation

Save your tears for someone else  
Save your fears for somewhere else  
A second thought, a hair's breadth from disaster  
A held breath, a second split  
Everything going faster

*to wake*            *to call*            *to break*            *to fall*

Step by step, door to door, a silence, a stone  
Clatter in the alley ways, rooftops raining fire, huddle in the storm  
Weighed down, heavy load, thick skin, no way to blend in  
Images of growing hope, dawn's a never-ending disaster

*too hurt*            *to try*            *too lost*            *too lost*

## Credits & Notes on Home

Ben Wilson: vocals  
Doug Moore: acoustic & electric guitars  
James Krause: acoustic guitar  
Kevin Jackson: bass, keyboards, drum programming

Okay, I give listeners permission to skip the second half of this song, but only once in a while. I will admit that I do it from time to time. That being said, the ending is amazing. I skip it less and less these days. There are some really amazing moments and lushness to the sound that wraps you up and takes you to a beautiful and dreamlike place. This song was the beginning of a larger role for Kevin. He did such an incredible job taking this song somewhere special and unique. It was exciting to really learn what Kevin was capable of, and to hear it coming from music that we had all worked on together.

P.S. put some headphones on and pay attention to what starts at about 4:08 minutes into the song.

- Doug

First and foremost, this song is the result of utilizing the studio as an instrument. We never performed the whole song in its entirety and the songwriting occurred while we assembled the bits and pieces in the studio. Shortly before Bear Lake, Ben and I came up with a sketch called "The Infinitive Song," since all we had was a guitar riff and a list of verbs. At Bear Lake, Doug came up with a simple yet effective chord sequence that fit with mine. Apparently, on the way up from Salt Lake, Doug and Ben had discussed the possibilities of recording a song that was aesthetically beautiful that dealt with dark issues. Over the next few days, Ben jotted down several ideas that produced a long poem. Instead of taking the best phrases to create a concise song, which is how we normally work, we left it all in. Ben, a proponent of that axiom 'early to bed, early to rise...', called it a night around 11:00 pm. Doug and I recorded our three musical sections and then sequenced them with Ben's lyrical map.

The next morning, Ben recorded his vocal. Kevin instructed Doug to play about twenty minutes of random distorted electric guitar without listening to a guide track. We all wondered what Kevin had in mind but it was not until several days after Bear Lake that he presented his final vision in all its glory. Kevin deserves most of the production credit for the structure and mood of the song since he did all the keyboard work, drum programming, bass, and most of the mixing after the principal session. Other than a few tweaks and adjustments, this final version is Kevin's initial mix. In the end, "Home" was the most spontaneous, organic, free-flowing idea that surfaced from the Bear Lake sessions. It is also one of Ben's more haunting performances and perhaps our most beautiful song.

- James

I have fond memories of creating this song up at Kevin's cabin at Bear Lake. As James mentioned, Doug and I kicked around the idea of a dark song with a happy tune. I think the idea may have come from our listening to Radiohead on the way up from Logan. I think that they had some dark sounding music with ridiculous lyrics, so we thought about doing the opposite. Maybe I'm way off base there, but it was 3.5 years ago.

Anyway, I settled on writing a song about war. Specifically, I tried to imagine a soldier in Iraq during the current US occupation, writing home, or thinking about home, interjected with the realities of his current situation of patrolling a war zone. My brother Brian had only recently returned from Iraq as a Marine. Luckily, he returned safe and sound.

I remember, after having organized the infinitives, and written a poem, staying in for the evening trying to piece together all the pieces to make it flow as a song - spacing out the infinitives and relating portions of the lyrics to them, determining how it would best fit together. This while all the others were outside enjoying a campfire and roasting bratwurst - I chose to stay in because yes, I planned to hit the sack early, still one of my favorite habits. I put in my earplugs and was asleep before the others got in to record their parts into the wee hours of the morn.

My favorite part of the song is the bridge, I love how it soars. "Save your tears for someone else, Save your fears for somewhere else" is the soldier, telling himself to buck up, he's got a job to do. Ironically, it's followed immediately with second thoughts. I hope that I never have to go to war. I'd be a crybaby of a soldier.

- Ben