

Don't Go Back To Paris

Don't go back to Paris.
 Don't leave a broken heart behind.
 Don't pretend that you miss me.
 I know I'm not on your mind.

I used to be impressed by the Statue of Liberty.
 She reminds of you, but I don't know why.
 Maybe it's because the day I met you
 You're standing by a golden door.
 You said: "It's open. Come in."
 Or: "Make yourself at home."
 So I did but all I found was
 Another staircase leading down.

It all started that night
 When desperation drag me to the bar.
 I looked at you and you surprised me.
 My worst fear came true:
 I got everything I wanted and more.
 But do you realize what you'd done to me?

I'll probably love you.
 I'll think forever.
 These days are so unsure.

Don't go back to Paris.
 Don't leave a broken heart behind.

Music by Marcel Dumont
Lyrics by E. James Smith

Marcel Dumont - lead guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - vocals, bass
E. James Smith - lead vocals, rhythm guitar

Desert Widow

Her voice hit me
 As if I couldn't live

Without her music anymore.

I stood at the night-club's doorway
 And the ocean warm breeze left the stage
 To touch my face with her life.

"I left the circus to follow your dreams.
 I knew that I was in love
 And that I had done the right thing.
 But the desert made a widow of me."

Her voice pierced my chest with cactus needles.
 And, in Helsinki, one hour before my flight,
 My blood rejected the snow flakes
 To suffer with her Sabra soul.

The Red Sea burst into my veins
 With thousand years of passion.

"I left the circus to follow your dreams.
 I knew that I was in love
 And that I had done the right thing.
 But the desert made a widow of me."

And, while she sung, in silence, we said:
 Good-bye, until one day, maybe, who knows?

Music by E. James Smith
Lyrics by Marcel Dumont

Marcel Dumont - lead guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - vocals, bass
E. James Smith - lead vocals, rhythm guitar, harmonica

Yes, It Is True

There she goes whispering her lies again to me.
 Listen.
 All I do is listen.

I wish that we might meet under the cherry tree.

"I would kiss you."

"Oh please, march my parade for peace."
 "I'll give you a flag, and put you in the front."
 "I would watch you."
 "I would stare."
 "I would kiss you."

There she goes again, living her lies with me.
 What do I do?
 What do I do?
 Listen. Listen.
 All I do is listen.

Music and lyrics by E. James Smith

Marcel Dumont - guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - bass
E. James Smith - vocals, guitar

Life Without You

Everybody says they love you, yes they do, everybody says.
 Everybody says they want to be your friend.
 I don't know what to do.
 I'm so in love with you.

It's such a mystery, I have no clue.
 I'm so alone now baby, I need you.

But I'm feeling strong for you
 And I don't want to lose you.
 Life will stop without you.
 Living is pointless without you.
 Can't live a love without you.
 Life isn't worth a damn without love.

I feel so bad I don't see you anymore, see you anymore.
 Do you hate me baby, or are you bored?

I'm bored with you bored.

I'm alone at school, and I'm missing you.
Come to see me baby, or I'll be blue.

But I'm feeling strong for you
And I don't want to lose you.
Life will stop without you.
Living is pointless without you.
Can't live a love without you.
Life isn't worth a damn without love.

When you're over there, you stand so tall.
You're seen by them all.
Are you proud that they all follow you?
They'll swallow you.

Okay baby, my foot is down.
Is it over or are you coming around?

Everybody says they love you, yes they do, everybody
says.
I'm so in love with you.

Everybody says they love you, yes they do.
I don't know what to do.
I'm so in love with you.

Music and lyrics by E. James Smith and Steve Edwards

*Marcel Dumont - lead guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - vocals, bass
E. James Smith - lead vocals, rhythm guitar*

She's Crazy

She is not the kind of girl
Who wouldn't change your mind.
Or tell you anything
As long as she's inclined.
She wishes on a start

It's not too far away for me to see.

Well, I think she's crazy
But that's alright with me.

She wears the kind of things
That no one else would wear.
She brings the rainbow down
With the colors from her hair.

Well I wonder if she like to jump inside
And take a ride with me.

Well, I think she's crazy
But that's alright with me.

Well, she is always shouting
About a new philosophy.
But she don't get nothing
From the man across the sea.

She is on a mission to fulfill
Our interactive proposition.

Well, I think she's crazy
But that's alright with me.

Music and lyrics by Scott Martin

*Marcel Dumont - lead guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - lead vocals, bass
E. James Smith - vocals, rhythm guitar*

Old House

I spend the nights on the roof
Of that old house
Watching the skies and waiting,
Hoping for something to happen.

I'm just trying to understand

What's going on.

The night is the best friend
Of the lonely ones who know
How to keep in silence.

The secret is not to speak
So you don't hear your own echo.

Because the echo is the
First sign of loneliness,
And loneliness is
The first step to insanity.

Music and lyrics by Marcel Dumont

*Marcel Dumont - lead guitar, nylon strings acoustic
guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - bass
E. James Smith - vocals, keyboards
Julia Taylor - violin*

Fiat Lux

I trespass upon the night
Leaving a trail
And settling aflame.

We are alone in this house
Where locusts
Took over the attic.

In our bodies
Used to live a tree
That now is longing for sap.

The fever is burning:
Powder transforming
Our heads in shinning.

A glowing seduction is devouring us

As we dare to reveal the darkness.

Soon to me, transformation.
For him again, darkness.

The carbon is our ending.
The fire, our disease.
And the light is our reason.

He is the mad man
And I am the match
Burning in his hand.

Music and lyrics by Marcel Dumont

Marcel Dumont - lead guitar, nylon strings acoustic guitar

Brian Logan - drums, percussion

Scott Martin - vocals, bass

E. James Smith - piano, keyboards

Lonely Days

This indecision has left me without a clue
I don't know what to do, and I'm falling
And all the pretty people putting on the show
I don't know where to go, and I'm calling

I've always thought that there would be a better way
But now I'm lost inside, there is nothing I can say
Because I'm trapped inside these lonely days
Short of pride in these lonely days
Running high in these lonely days
But you can't find me in these lonely days

In all the time that I've been running all around
It seems I've never found what they told me
The future lies behind the gates of the unknown
But the gates are overgrown and they hold me

I've always thought that there would be a better way
But now I'm lost inside, there is nothing I can say

Because I'm trapped inside these lonely days
Short of pride in these lonely days
Running high in these lonely days
But you can't find me in these lonely days

The winds of change go fast, cut me to the bone
As I find I'm all alone and it gets colder
The hope that I've had for us only yesterday
I've seen it fade away over my shoulder

I've always thought that there would be a better way
But now I'm lost inside, there is nothing I can say
Because I'm trapped inside these lonely days
Short of pride in these lonely days
Running high in these lonely days
But you can't find me in these lonely days

Music and lyrics by Scott Martin

Marcel Dumont - rhythm guitar, nylon strings acoustic guitar

Brian Logan - drums, percussion

Scott Martin - lead vocals, bass

E. James Smith - vocals, lead guitar

Blind

I can see twenty women;
Lined up on the cross, waiting to be shot.

And I can see the cross.
And I can see the fire
Burning down the city.
The friendly people cry through blind eyes.

Twelve nickels and dimes, I count thirty-three times.
To assure that you have fun
I bought your favorite wine.

And the third glass goes to your head.
And you begin to confess
That you're not really sure

If you wanted this to go so far.
And you'll never see my point of view.

I can see twenty women.
Burning on the cross, their cause all but lost

And sympathy flows from my heart.
Every time our flaws emerge.
The shade is drawn over your eyes.

The shade is drawn over your eyes.
You'll never see my point of view.

Music and lyrics by E. James Smith

Marcel Dumont - lead guitar

Brian Logan - drums, percussion

Scott Martin - vocals, bass

E. James Smith - lead vocals, rhythm guitar

The Oracle

I went down the oracle today
To get myself some news.
The people there, were staring at me.

Stepped into the subway,
Looked across at the reflection.
It was me I saw, and I was smiling.

I foresee you there.

So you're asking me to say what I've seen of your life?
Yes it's true I've been here for all of time without a clock.
A million souls before my eyes, here to clear their lies,
And they're all smiling.

I foresee you there.

The people who had stared at me

Had been a bit confused, you see.
How could anyone believe that
Happiness existed.

How naive it was of me
To let that silly feeling in!
If only I could show them how I feel.
I foresee you there.

I asked if he would read about
My future in my hand,
If I'd be remembered or if I would die.

Is the faith you put in me all you have, all you believe?
Is this as far as you can see, as much as you can feel?
Can you look inside, through the reflection
Past the staring eyes?

I foresee you there.

Music and lyrics by E. James Smith and Juan Gamboa

Marcel Dumont - lead guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - vocals, bass
E. James Smith - lead vocals, rhythm guitar, harmonica
Julia Taylor - violin

The Ancients

The ancients were what we are
And we are what they were.
It's one in the same. It's one in the same.
We'll be history. We'll be history.
It's one in the same. It's one in the same.

They'll watch footprints and wonder why.
It's you-me, man. It's one in the same.
It's the same fish, same boots and the same high
thoughts, man.
Did you never think you'd be the same?
But what really changes?

It's all part of the brain. It's part of the brain. It's part
of the brain.

The ancients were crazy. They couldn't find their
way.
They built glorious castles and let them dwindle away.
It's almost all gone now. You know, it's really a
shame.
But just wait a few centuries. It's one in the same.
It's one in the same. It's one in the same.
We'll be history. We'll be history.
It's one in the same. It's one in the same.

Climbing upstream we arrived at the pool of
questions.
There among the trolls, living a simple life, was the
old man.
He knew of the days of the ancients and he spoke of
the code of yore.
When he finally finished, I told him I had heard it
before.

My words are your words, I said, they're one in the
same.
We'll be history. We'll be history.
Just wait a few centuries. We'll be history.
It's one in the same. It's one in the same.
Just wait a few centuries.

*Music and lyrics by E. James Smith, Juan Gamboa and
Matthew Gewirtz*

*Marcel Dumont - lead guitar, nylon strings acoustic
guitar*
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - vocals, bass
E. James Smith - vocals, rhythm guitar

Le Plaisir

Why the word now?
Why try to describe

The taste of the apple that falls
Causing gravitational laws?

A kiss is but a kiss
And no word will ever describe it,
No word.

Even if you asked me:
How was it?

And I'd say it was like,
Landing on the moon,
Standing on the moon.

The kiss will never be the moon.
Because any thing is but itself:
Indescribable in essence
And silent in pleasure.

Music and lyrics by Marcel Dumont

Marcel Dumont - guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - incidental voice, bass
E. James Smith - vocals, keyboards

She'll Take You So High

There are shadows in the brightest spaces,
And shadows next to every wall,
Sunshine in the highest faces,
But none like the marigold.

Stretch your petals to the sky.

There is wind in the face
Of every young child.
There is laughter in the eyes
Of a clown gone wild.
It's a scream to see the way
The young girl smiles.
She looks like

The marigold.

Bees buzzing 'round your eyes.

How sweet you smell when
The wind blows by.

Ah, she curses love forever
And ceases the gold, the marigold.

There is a pen in the hand
Of every priest.
He writes a letter home
And then he writes his will.
Then he sends the bill
To the marigold.

So rich it'd make you cry.

There are bright lights
In the darkest places.
When the night time turns into day
Brings color to each living thing
That is one with the marigold.

She will take so high.

Music and lyrics by E. James Smith and Jeff Rubinstein

*Marcel Dumont - lead guitar
Brian Logan - drums, percussion
Scott Martin - vocals, bass
E. James Smith - lead vocals, keyboards, rhythm guitar*

Aftertaste*

If somebody leaves someone for you,
She will leave you for another one.
It's just a matter of time.

And you can be sure it's gonna hurt.
But I know, the only way to learn

That fire burns is being burned once.

So, enjoy it while it's still sweet.
Because soon the gutter is gonna be
Your best friend and unmerciful
Eyes will only give you dimes.

Music and lyrics by Marcel Dumont

*Marcel Dumont - guitar
Brian Logan - drums
Scott Martin - bass
E. James Smith - vocals, keyboards*

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