

SWEET ANONIMITY

how long till one? how long can I soak the sun?
no better place to see than on a bench in midtown
settle by the street in the path of go and come
where are you? where are you?

What a perfect show, audience invisible
every actor's natural, can't help being their own
waiting for the weekend, in any way it comes
where are you? where are you?
I'm living sweet anonymity

just look at us. every hand a different touch
not a step or feature's covered by the rush
see it in the gatts and reaction to a brush

where are you? have you crossed a line?
or is it just the misting of someone lost in all the life?
and when I pass another in this warm and dry
not a wink or nothing
watch the sidewalk from the shade and swimming in
sweet anonymity

not a wink or nothing, invisible to eyes

WHAT I'VE DONE

no one gets caught up in getting caught up
I'm getting caught upside down, down but upright
no one gets set up for getting set up
I'm getting caught upside down tonight

(you said you had it all)
I can't drive, and I can't walk
I realize what I've done
I can't swim or fly
I just see dots and stripes
and I'm tired of waiting for
(I think it's time to realize)

I'm getting caught upside down, down but upright
no one gets set up for getting set up
I'm getting set upside down tonight

(you said you had it all)
when down the line is catching up
you realize what you've done
I wasn't spiky or straight
I fired a hungry snake
it took years to find it's mark
(I think it's time to realize)

(you said you had it all)
get out the sign and tell them all
just realize what you've done
that every road is blind
every stop's a price
and you can't just fly it by
there's a fire at every mile
get out and walk or you'll be crying
(I think it's time to realize)

CHANGELING

there's a voice and shape memory, it's all near gone.
I behaved and thought differently, this all feels wrong.

hush my changeling, it's only blood, it's always shut up
inside, right?

brush back your eyes and say goodnight.
don't look for anyone calling your name, don't believe any-
one's claims.

Come out of your life, into our life,
they'll never come back.

can't you see this mortal mistake, this injury?
can't I crawl back and feel it again, this can't be me.

hush my changeling, it's only blood, it's always shut up
inside, right?

brush back your eyes and say goodnight.
don't look for anyone calling your name, don't believe any-
one's claims.
Come out of your life, into our life,
they'll never come back.

APRIL

HARRISON CANNON: ACOUSTIC BASS

RUTH KEATING: DRUMS, PERCUSSION; VOCAL ON 'DON'T NEED A REASON'

MATT SCHICKELE: VOCALS, NYLON STRING GUITAR, PIANO, OTHER SOUNDS

MATT SUTTON: PEDAL STEEL GUITAR, ELECTRIC GUITAR; BASS ON 'COMET'

RECORDED BY TONY LOCKWOOD AT EL CHALET, BROOKLYN

MIXED BY TONY LOCKWOOD AND MATT SCHICKELE

DAVID DEMALLIE: VOCAL ON 'LAST DAY NIGHT'

ALFREDO FLORES: TAMBOURINE, PERCUSSION ON 'EVERYBODY'S KITE'

DANIEL LITTLETON: VOCAL ON 'EVERYBODY'S KITE'

ELIZABETH MITCHELL: VOCAL ON 'EVERYBODY'S KITE'

KARLA SCHICKELE: VOCAL ON 'ON THE WRONG STREET' AND 'ONE BY ONE'

FEATURING *THE AY-OH-KAY ACOUSTIC 3-TONES* ON 'ALLRIGHT':

ELAINE AHN, HANNAH FOX, EDDIE GORMLEY, GERALD MENKE, BETH MORAN, JOHN SHANCHUK

NOVEMBER

PLAYED AND RECORDED BY MATT SCHICKELE

COVER PHOTO BY SUSAN SINDALL ~ INSIDE PHOTO BY DAVID DEMALLIE

ALL SONGS BY MATT SCHICKELE ~ ©2003 JASPERCAT MUSIC, ASCAP

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GUIDED

tom says we're guided by...then catches his tongue
what saviour is more than look to the core?
a man can fall apart, some days he gets stung
you'll naturally turn to look for a cure

though I've done some things wrong, though I've held a gun
you look for a spark in the smile of a shark
and getting through cries and silences, through boredom and dumb
you're guided to shine, it can't be denied
as long as the shade is turned out from the wall
we are guided, we're guided to love it all

and life after life has rewritten this call
we are guided, we're guided to love it all
and who needs to say what this teacher is called
we are guided, we're guided to love it all
we're guided to want what we already know
we are guided, we're guided to love it all

matt schickele

APRIL

1. On The Wrong Street 11. August
2. Comet
3. April
4. Everybody's Kite
5. She May Not Be
6. Allright
7. Don't Need A Reason
8. Last Day Night
9. Weird Luck Charm
10. One By One

NOVEMBER

12. Sweet Anonymity
13. What I've Done
14. Changeling
15. Falling Down
16. Mood Thing
17. The Moon 's On Fire
18. Guided

on a walk or on the town
in the belly of museums
in the arms of such pretty arms
so close to eden

if you don't like it when it's blunt
if you think someone's just complaining
you can throw me to the floor
i'll end up there sooner or later

if a snake doesn't stand and dance
i guess you'd put it out to pasture
if a dog shakes head to tail
let's say it's laughter

on the floor, no name, dates, home, place,
no past
lucky honey tongue, look the floor is making
me laugh

FALLING DOWN

hold that thought, get it in a hole
hold that pill like it could matter
when it's gone you'll fall to the ground
let's say it's laughter

APRIL

ON THE WRONG STREET

never thought this would come, never thought you the kind
we live in this world unless you're a satellite
float above us all and no one expects you to fall
no no no, on the wrong street

with a little finesse from that confident gaze
you'll be a man who's treated as teenaged
alive and breathing the air, but no one expects you to care
no no no, on the wrong street

there's not much I can do, I can tap you and stare
you're a balloon, a floater extraordinaire
riding the wind with nothing under the skin
no no no, on the wrong street

and when we meet again when we're near the grave
you'll be the shade that's shed by the sun's rays
to use when it's bright, but no one looks for you at night
no no no, on the wrong street

COMET

why not stay, why not stay for half a night
sweet dreams being offered
why would you hide?

in a way, in a way you hunt your own
ride-skies hanging over
cold and alone

and there's sure a lot of tunnels dug deep
to keep from coming down
the snow is on a comet and this street is on the ground

touch-an-arm is all you need
don't act like a donor
you know you don't bleed

with a bright bright tail you'd think you'd delight
now get back to the gossip phone
and sigh about some clone

and there's sure a lot of tunnels dug deep
to keep from coming down
the snow is on a comet and this street is on the ground

back in life the rest of us sobs love the one we need around
the snow is on a comet and this street is on the ground

APRIL

april is a night
a don't know what I will bring to light
isn't it a being easy
it's easy
just sit out the day

wading in the daylight
listening to sounds that never lie
reason is a being easy
it's easy
just sit out the day

save me from the stride
let me stand all april in a kite
fasten in the being easy
it's easy
just sit out the day

EVERYBODY'S KITE

he shined a thousand times
was everybody's kite
is past the hour of turning around in time

he showed me how to be
in shades of in between
a cheering sinner, a clowning, silent beast

he showed me how to be
an eye on every sleeve
a dead-on prickler, a passion-poking tease

SHE MAY NOT BE

she may not be solid or bold
she may not be savvy or styled
she might be wandering
a little taste of it is maybe all you'll get

she's got such a simple pattern
it seems to make everyone glow
the sight is humbling
there isn't any of it that's building on regret

the saddle just holds you riding
the velvet does all the driving
resolve to cherish her
she isn't on a stage or baiting what she says
you let her get in, she speaks like soft new cotton
she's busy being

ALLRIGHT

imagine a being without and not listening in
and his saddle isn't bending while he drives
and every sip of fuel has got to last him miles
are you all right?

he's not kidding, this silence is just what he means
i don't want to push him carelessly but he stands so tight
i don't want to bite, daydreamer, but you're just so ripe
that it's all right

you're rattled out, your idle has given you in
past a point you're not a part
of what you're trying to enlighten
don't forget that every one of us is caught in this trite
but it's all right

you're not listening. Is this silence keeping you clean?
without saying what you're thinking you're a closed kite
how can anyone enjoy that mind when you just hide?
are you all right?

DON'T NEED A REASON

sun don't matter much to all these lovers
don't need light at all
only ruins it

speak your wanna, any words you feed me
don't need chat at all
just confuses it

stumble, run, and flutter, here and nowhere
got no map or torch
we'd only lose it

and tonight we will shine in the shade of these illusions
don't need a reason
and all thoughts align in the shade of these illusions
don't need a reason

chuckle, little sighs of bacchanalia
got no heaves or shoulds
we create it

LAST DAY NIGHT

sun likes to play in the alley (eight)
we survived to the daylight
we might have made up our minds

you left the bed in your stockings (7 8 9 10 jack)
I left clicking a camera, I knew I'd never be back
we stayed at our sides, staring and smoking, low energy cry
over and over and over rewind, the last day night

what's in your head that you're hiding? (u v u x y)
fiddling with the arm of a chair, my god, you're divine

cup after cup after coffee (1 2 3 4 5)
got a pile of old magazines here
to keep my eyes away from your eyes

we stayed at our sides, staring and smoking, low energy cry
over and over and over rewind, the last day night

we got ourselves high, put in a movie, said our goodbyes
over and over and over rewind, the last day night

WEIRD LUCK CHARM

smooth as a rock, bolder than a shock jock
plays like a puppy and smarter than spook
in eyes she finds what you try to hide
in heads she makes crossing a breeze
but isn't it puzzle she doesn't let nobody see
her weird luck charm

maybe it's guts, maybe it's timing
audience follows the scent of her shining
an idle flick, a tiny stride
she makes something impossible live
pass the plate down the line, she'll never let nobody see
her weird luck charm

ONE BY ONE

who moves a chill over miles?
live in shade, grabbed by the waves
what makes a laugh more than a mask?
one by one everyone's stunned

don't want to speak, don't want to plan
these spirits are seen when you never land
look at the air, notice you fly
with spirits that swim through your eyes to mine

where is the gut, in or out?
it swims the sea, comes up to breathe
how does a flash choose when to catch?
one by one everyone's stunned

