

YOU ARE NOT ALONE.
you are not alone.

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YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE are not alone.
you are not alone. YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

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you are not alone.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

you are not alone. Look behind you.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

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YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

you are not alone.

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YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

you are not alone.

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(27)

Songs

1. **Scars ***
2. **Born in this Town***
3. **God's Gonna Shut Your Mouth**
4. **Outlaw**
5. **All My Ghosts**
6. **Nobody Has it All**
7. **Just Another Day +**

* - New Version
+ - Previously unreleased, but likely to be released again in another band later.

Presented in GLORIOUS Mono

Cover photo by D. Brink.
Inset photo by Tara Black.

Inspirational Materials:

Music: Drive-By Truckers, Tom Waits, David Bowie (lyrically, more than musically), ...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Bruce Springsteen, CAKE, Centro-Matic, Denison Witmer, Slobberbone, Jay Farrar/Son Volt/Uncle Tupelo, The Holy Steady, The Who, John Mellencamp, Mark Lanegan, Steve Martin, Murray Hammond, Punch Brothers, Tim Barry, Tree By Leaf.

Books and Comic Books: Joe Hill - Heart Shaped Box, All things Vonnegut, The Sixth Gun, Morning Glories, Scarlet, The Unwritten, Frank McCourt - Teacher Man, iZombie, Killing Yourself to Live - Chuck Klosterman, Please Kill Me - Legs McNeil & Gillian McCain

TV/Movies: Deadliest Catch, House, How I Met Your Mother, Big Bang Theory, Black Books, Venture Bros., Doctor Who, Conan, Father Ted, A Mighty Wind, Jersey Girl, Three Amigos.

Thanks:

Dave, David, Valerie, Tessa, Melody, and Patterson Brink. Susan Lark. All the rest of my family. Tara and Andy Black (and baby-name TBA). Larry Wilson. Christine Myers. Mike Capuano. Everybody at Pursuit. Everyone at ICS. Mike Feldman (and the Michael Feldman Group), The St. Louis Banjo Club, The Who...and everybody else.

I Regularly Patronize: The Fantasy Shop (for comic books). Sheplers.com. Cavanders.com. Guitar Center. Dale's Music.

Guitars Used: Martin Custom D Classic Mahogany, 1972 Alvarez, Fender Stratocoustic, 1930 Gibson, Takamine G-Series EG523SC12 12-String, Parkwood PW360M.

Other Instruments Used: 1929 Vega Banjo, Ibanez Soundgear SR400 Bass, Songbird Hammered Dulcimer, Hohner Marine Band Harmonicas, Pulse Snare and Bass Drums, Toca Egg Shakers.

Gear Used: Exclusively MXL Microphones, D'Addario Strings, Line 6 Amplification, PreSonus Firepod, Shubb Capos, The Ebow, and Clayton Guitar Picks.

Lyrics: 1 - I've got scars... All over my body. All over my mind. All over my life. I don't even want to talk about it. I've got scars. Hair torn from my head and ashes burned on my skin. Fingers worn to the bone and bruises on my knees and shins. Torn from my loved ones and abandoned by my friends. Years of agnostic tendencies and denying the healing of my sins. God grant me my one wish and give me love and a way out of this. I know I'll always bear my wounds, but that's much better than a tomb. I've got scars. 2 - I like the way you laugh at my stupid jokes and the stupid things I say. I like your smile, how you do your hair, and I like that you don't need to wear makeup every day. I'd like to hold your hand, love to feel your kiss, maybe just one more warm embrace. I sometimes think we could share our lives if it wasn't for the fact we're going separate ways. I was born in this town, I'll probably die in this town and you're in love with Mexico. And I've got nowhere else to go. And that used to suit me fine, but thanks to you, I'm thinking there must be a better life. I like the way you hold your head when you talk to me. I like the way you train your eyes on mine when I speak to you. I like the way you take your shoes off to make yourself at home. I just wish you didn't feel like you need to leave me here alone. I need you more, I think, than a drunkard needs a drink or a bandit needs his lawless ways. But I know you need something else and it's something that I couldn't be in a billion days. But I'll miss the good I've seen in your eyes. 3 - I'd like to thank you, Reverend, for the many years you've served, but when it comes to judging "sinners," you've got a lot of nerve. You wrote some good books and said some things that I think are true. But you shot your mouth off too often about people different from you. The kind of hate [that] spews from your lips is a slap right in the face. You say you do it all in the name of God, but you forget your place. I'm a God fearing man, I don't claim it's all a lie. But if God's anything like you, I'd like to spit right in his eye. You preach and pound on pulpits - hellfire, scare 'em all to death. I bet anything coming out of your closet's wearing Sunday best. You can't judge a book by its cover, that's just a label someone made. But you're standing around, holding signs, picketing good people's graves. You even deny your own name when someone dares to call you out. Can't you see, you're a Pharisee? God's gonna shut your mouth. Enjoy your riches while they come, you'll only have them here on earth. Once you get to the other side, you'll see what your hate was worth. I know some folks will go to Hell, but you shouldn't give them the boot. Some people also go to Heaven and they don't have to check with you. The kind of hate [that] spews from your lips is a slap right in the face. You say you do it all in the name of God, but you forget your place. I'm a God fearing man, I don't claim it's all a lie. But if God's anything like you, I'd like to spit right in his eye. You preach and pound on pulpits - hellfire, scare 'em all to death. I bet anything coming out of your closet's wearing Sunday best. You can't judge a book by its cover, that's just a label someone made. But you're standing around, holding signs, picketing good people's graves. You talk about repentance, but you've never sought it out. So I wish you all the best, good sir, but God's gonna shut your mouth. 4 - [Instrumental] 5 - Well God damn it, why'd you die so young? So much left unsaid. So much left undone. We didn't even stay long enough to have enough fun with me. Now every day in my life gets a little bit sad for a little while when I think of you and the times that we had and how now I'll never ever have those times again. If I had a dollar for each tear that I shed, I could quit my job and live off your death. But as it stands, the distraction gets me by. There's only so many times people still believe the lie that I've just got something stuck in my eye before they start asking me if I'm okay. I'm never okay. All around, I hear the sound of choirs singing. All my pretty little ghosts. When it's quiet, feel you right beside me whisper, "You will never be alone." So what am I to say? What am I to do? I'm tired of having this argument with you. And I know you're not really talking back to me anyway. By now I should've found a way to let you go, but then I wouldn't even be left with your ghost. I'd rather be haunted than be afraid. I'm always afraid. All around, I hear the sound of choirs singing. All my pretty little ghosts. When it's quiet, feel you right beside me whisper, "You will never be alone." All around, I hear the sound of choirs singing. All my pretty little ghosts. I carry you always, watching over, lead me onward. All my pretty little ghosts. 6 - And I know you'll find your feet again. And I know that you'll be fine. I can see by the look in your eye you think you'll never be the same again. Y'know, I think I've seen that look before. And I know you'll find your smile again. And I know you'll find your joy. You've always had a way of rolling over to fall back asleep again. What are you dreaming for? Sometimes the sun shines through the rain. Sometimes it's all the same. Sometimes the storm blows the roof off the place and it's the best to walk away. Sometimes it's beautiful. Nobody has it all. And I know you'll find your feet again. And I know that you'll be fine. And I know you'll find your smile again. And I know you'll find your joy. When you find yourself at the bottom looking up again...who's that at the top? 7 - I've been awake for a long time. I've been awake for years. I've got a million dirty secrets that I won't ever tell. I've got a job and I'm happy. So why am I so sad? And why does every morning feel like I spent last night in Hell? It's getting to where the alcohol doesn't even make a dent. Looking back on it now, I'm not sure it ever did. Can't make it work. Can't slow it down. I'm killing myself to live. I've been drunk all summer. I've been drunk all day. Only thing (that) makes it better is knowing it can't get any worse. I've got some guitars and my TV to help pass the time away. But there's no time to count my blessings living under this curse. Sleep is the release, but sleep doesn't come. It's daybreak again and I've got to run to beat the traffic. It's all a replay of the day before... So I take another drink when I need it. I'd take a hit or two, but I don't really want it. Even the nicotine doesn't quite cut it. Just got to suck it up and get on with it. It's just another day. And it's getting to where the alcohol doesn't even make a dent. Looking back on it now, I'm not sure it ever did. Can't make it work. Can't slow it down. I'm killing myself to live.

Did anyone actually read all that?

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