

songs in the key of WTF -All Lyrics & Blog Posts

You'd Go

© April 9 to Aug.?, 2020 Alan P. MacLeod
SOCAN# 208192542; Time= 4:27 @ 92 bpm

*A promising new relationship is shot down
during this pulsing, ominous song.*

You are getting so close
laying it all, out for me
all your love and your hopes and your dreams
for tha', for the "oh what we could be!"

So I'm just saying what I know
If you knew me, you'd go

I am so tired of running
of having to hide
of every direction
being on my blind side

I'm just saying what I know
If you knew me, you'd go
If you knew me, you'd go

if there's a safe place
I don't know it
If I get one chance
I'm gonna blow it

I'm just saying what I know
If you knew me, you'd go

you savour the horizon
I'm just looking around
and I put on more armour
when you lay yours down

I'm just saying what I know
If you knew me, you'd go

YOU'D GO BLOG POST:

This tune sprang from bingeing on Netflix during the plague lockdown. Between sessions, I was experimenting with what sounds I could get out of Garage Band & at making sounds or songs seem ominous. I'm a big fan of many theme songs used on Netflix shows & loved the cool sounds many of them contained.

The keyboard sequence came first & everything musical followed that. The "ice pick in the forehead" guitar solo, the backwards drum work in the bridge and that bass run are my fave things sonically. The quick little bass run started with a mistaken paste on to the bass track, then I poked at it for a bit to make it work. (Oh, but there's a song called Claire by The Rheostatics that in hindsight I realized, may have influenced the guitar solo.)

Lyricaly, also probably influenced by Netflix. So many scenes with lovers breaking up, the old "it's not you, it's me", or people who should be together refusing to do so. They project impending doom which then dooms the relationship.

I also once had a creative partner who specialized in novels & screenplays. There, a focus of many scenes was about tension - one character wants this but the other wants that. We literally spent years discussing characters & their "hidden" motivations. The last verse is a good example of that tension.

NOTE: I firmly believe my dating at the time had nothing to do with this song (except for maybe "you are getting so close" as a way to enter the story). But things sure did cool down after they heard the song, so there ya' go. (Hey listeners! Songs are fiction, not truthful documentaries! Sigh. #AloneAgainNaturally)

The biggest compliment I've ever gotten (ever) came from my songwriting group who heard an early version & mentioned some of the lyrics kinda' reminded them of Leonard Cohen so this song will always be a fave baby.

The big confession here is that all the music was created on the computer, not a guitar. Even the guitar solo was done on a computer keyboard. So the fact is I haven't a clue how to play this song or even what key it's in!

_____ is why

© April 20 - May 4, 2020 Alan P. MacLeod

SOCAN# 208192541; Key of in G; Time=3:01 @ 83 bpm

Sometimes facts are the least important thing.

We know what
we know when
we know how
yeah, you know what you know
we know where
we know who
we know yeah, who did what to who

but the only thing we wanna' know, is why
the only thing we wan-na' know, is why

we got notes
we got stats
we got photos
yeah, you know what you know
we got maps
we got facts
we got stories , that chill ya' to the bone

but the only thing we wanna' know, is why
the only thing we wan-na' know, is why

thoughts and prayers, fill the sky
then fall to blame and justify

but the only thing
the only thing I want

the only thing I'll never know
is why

is why BLOG POST:

I work on films & TV to feed my music habit. I spent most of a summer working in a beautiful area of Nova Scotia, finding swimming holes, buying and renting items or labour from locals.

Years later, an asshole coward with a gun spent a day driving around that area shooting people and burning houses to the ground. Although I was safely a thousand miles away and wasn't directly impacted by that insanity, I felt so connected to that area and those people.

"Thoughts and prayers". Always "thoughts and prayers" but no action to ensure it doesn't happen again, especially in America. It really pissed me off so I had to write about it.

Just as I was finishing the song I realized I was also writing about the end of my marriage, so there's that in there too.

The last element added was a little, bright, poppy keyboard melody that appears later in the song. For that I thank a quote from Tom Waits: "I like beautiful melodies telling me terrible things."

Thin (As A Wedding Ring)

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SOCAN #208192544; Key of G; 2:08 @ 96 bpm

*Hope, trust and faith.
What else does love need to live?*

We were born with trouble
stuffed in our front pocket
Fighting hard for everything
Astounded when we got it
Hope
is a fragile thing
thin as a wedding ring, yeah

Stealing time or making time
and biding time until
the universe would come around
or bend towards our will
Ahhh, trust
is a fragile thing
thin as a wedding ring

Here we are with worry
tightening up our belts
Here we cry oh me or my
'cuz anything can help
Ahhh, faith
is a fragile thing
thin as a wedding ring

And all this became our story
standing before the preacher
Sayin' I do, I will I do
but time's a hard-assed teacher

Just like love
it's a fragile thing
thin as a wedding ring

Ahhh, love! Ahhh, love. Ahhh, love ...

Thin (As A Wedding Ring) BLOG POST:

This song found me out of nowhere. At the time I was playing with making loops and then using FX to such a degree that it was hard to recognize what the original instrument was. I had never written a 2 minute song in my life and was sure I should shelve it. But it kept drawing me back to listen and ponder.

The line "hope is a fragile thing, thin as a wedding ring" was a reject line from a song I had cowritten with the wonderful William Crowdis. It had been "stuffed in my front pocket" for years but never found a home until I got to the end of the 1st verse and realized it fit like a glove.

For a while, there was another verse added (because "ya' know, songs should be longer than 2 minutes" ha ha) but then it was too long and you really noticed the lack of a more dedicated bridge section that if added, would have made the song even longer.

So then I returned to editing & paring down the lyrics. Eventually, I thought of the song like advice given to film makers about their film festival-headed first short film: "say what you have to say and get out" or "never take 5 minutes to tell a one minute story".

This week, "time's a hard-assed teacher" is my fave line.

Staggering To Me

© 2007 to 2017 to 2020 Alan P. MacLeod
SOCAN #28629750; Time= 3:28 @ 118 bpm

*The highs and lows of a volatile relationship
are served up in this driving, beats centred rockin' tune*

I'm always glad when you drop by.
Day or late night. Morning's even fine, ya' know
to hear tink-a-ling of ice cubes in the rye and coke
you're swirling as you're staggering to me.
Yeah, yeah. Staggering to me.

Oh, it's wonderful
Oh, marvellous
and always staggering
Staggering.
Staggering to me.

We slash out wounded and beat a retreat
Holding fear and near surrendering.
And that battle cry of "yeah, whatever buddy" .
It a killer. Staggering to me.
Here comes Killer. Staggering to me.

Oh, it's wonderful
Oh, marvellous
and always staggering
Staggering.
Staggering to me.

I remember when we fell
The moon held water and the wheat was high oh,
I can still smell that fire
And the Crazy Winds, that brought ya' staggerin'
All the wounds, that keep ya' staggerin'
And I cried out:
"Hey! Come staggerin' with me"

In our bed, last night
Rainy open window
Streetlight, soaked us, hot city air
I felt your breath on my neck
I felt your breath, on my neck
And it was wonderful. Marvellous. Staggering.
Staggering to me.
Staggering to me.

Staggering To Me BLOG POST:

I like how a word or phrase can take on different meanings depending on the context.

In college, at my rooming house, a "friend with benefits" used to drop by and I'd hear the ice in the drink she'd just stolen from a bar ting as she climbed the stairs for an unscheduled visit.

Years later I dated another Rye drinker, this one from the Prairies, just as I was beginning to end a loooong stint of drug & booze abuse. (Abuse example: I once hit my head coming to bed hard enough to really hurt my neck! But, her bed was a just a futon laid on the floor so I suppose I was crawling at the time. It was a sign I took note of.)

Her futon, the streetlight and rainy sweltering nights, remembering camp fire parties, chin-up battles, that gal and feeling her breath on my neck ... those were wild times.

This was another of those "takes a decade and countless revisions to settle on what feels true to me" kind of songs. I think of it as a short film.

STOIC

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SOCAN #205820949; Time = 3:27 @ 81 bpm

*It's heartbreaking to watch a friend self-destruct,
but we do.*

it doesn't have to be this way
it doesn't have to be this way
it doesn't have to be this way, let love in

oh my friend
why are you always at war
and always on trial, hmm?
Stirring it up, then claiming innocence

Your muscles tense
as everybody tries
to smooth out your edges

And ya' gotta' admit
maybe you're the one who's wrong!
But, you're strong ...
so wait, no really, hold on
'cuz I'm, just telling you

it doesn't have to be this way ...
let love in. let love in. let love in

Oh my friend
I can see hope
when the lines in my palms
are filled black from digging in the dirt yeah

And i see hope
when you re-direct our fears
and fool us all into smiling

Then, once we're tinder dry
you set us on fire
and stand in the flames
stoic

it doesn't have to be this way ...
let love in. let love in.

AWAY

© 2017 to 2020 Alan P. MacLeod

SOCAN# 87448764; Capo on 1; Time= 3:56 @ 88 bpm

*A song for those who yearn to travel for extended periods
and for those who actually do.*

Away

I have to go now
'cuz I know it's my one chance
to get stronger
to get wiser
but mainly just away

Oh, I had that dream again where I was
kneeling, on cobblestones on mountains barely
breathing, then way out on the warmest ocean
weightless, with the sun, on my skin
oh that sun, and my storms
finding me and going

Away

I hope I don't look back
I hope I just keep going
Going farther
Going wider
but mainly just away
Away

Oh, I had that dream again where I was
kneeling, on cobblestones on mountains barely
breathing, then way out on the warmest ocean
weightless, with the sun, on my skin
oh that sun, and my storms
finding me and going

Away

It's hard to be away
I'm counting time in skylines
Or full moons
Or songbirds
that sing "I am away"
Oh yeah, I am away!

Oh, I had that dream again where I was
kneeling, on cobblestones on mountains barely
breathing, then way out on the warmest ocean
weightless, with the sun, on my skin
oh that sun, and my storms
finding me and going
finding me and going
finding me and going
away

I'm Still Here

© Nov. 2009; Feb. 2010; March 2014; Jan 2017;
June 2020; Alan P. MacLeod
SOCAN #72986498 Time= 3:39 @ 96 bpm

*From your past lives to the present one, sometimes
you just have to stick your chin in the air and survive,
no matter what.*

All the lives I've lived before
Kicked in my kitchen door
They gathered round, they held me down
Going on and on and on about
Everything they didn't get done

Once all their stories were told
The dawn broke red and cold
We said our goodbyes, had a little cry
And all that day, I did nothin' ...

but I'm still here

I got something, can't be fixed
With prayer or violence or tricks
It's in my bones my DNA
How do you English say it
When you don't wanna' owe nobody nothin'?

I've spent most of my life
In the dead of the night
I've been bought and sold, hungry and cold
Kicked when I'm down, lost and found
I've got nothing left to fear.
I'm still here.
I'm still here. I'm still here.

All these lives, all these faces.
I don't feel stronger in my broken places
Are we re-crying the same tears
Re-living the same fears
On & on & on & on & on & on &
Saying: I'm still here. (x 4)

And I've spent most of my life
Oooohh, in the dead of the night.
I've been bought and sold, hungry and cold
Kicked when I'm down, been lost and found
I got nothing left to fear.

I'm still,
here ...

I'm Still Here BLOG POST:

The image of a guy's past lives storming in to stage an all night intervention, and the guy then doing nothing, on purpose, just to spite them, made me laugh. Who is this guy? So I followed him around.

Turns out there's a fair bit of me in him. I've spent decades in music and film burning through nights. Being wide awake when the world around you is sleeping changes your perspectives. It been so long I can't remember but maybe, the 1st part go the second verse came first?

Donna Davies, a talented filmmaker and friend, had an interest in past lives and we had conversations about her experiences learning about hers. I feel those talks many years ago helped me find the first verse.

I believe Bob Dolson, my friend since high school, used the line "man, I've been bought and sold so many times ..." when talking about the ownership of the company he worked for changing hands again and again. That image stuck with me.

My friends who speak English as a second language do sometimes ask "how do you English say ..." and in the case that first comes to mind "you English" was said with a sneer, so I thought my guy would use that line.

These last few years, this song took on another meaning for me. My ex was/is a writer who edited me out of her story in every way you can imagine. Once writers delete a character, that character completely ceases to exist, forever! So I get a little pump of joy by repeatedly proving the character she eliminated remains very much alive, kicking and "still here"

Musically, it took years of key changes, chord changes and countless rewrites to find a mix of words, groove and tempo that felt right for my guy, and his song. I hear it and think, "hmmmm, kinda' funky for a white boy from the woods of New Brunswick! Nice."

The fuzzy electric guitar chords in the chorus were the last musical element added, perhaps as a homage to Johnny Depp's cool guitar work on "Kansas City" performed by Marcus Mumford, which is one of the best songs ever captured on tape.

yeah, this is nice

© Oct 20, 2015 to Aug. 11, 2020 Alan P. MacLeod

SOCAN #87448440; Time= 3:35 @ 106 pm

A deranged stalker enjoys an evening sortie.

yeah, this is nice
in the shadows of night
watching you in your pretty house
turn off the light
so turn off the light

in your windows I see
reflections of me
all the outside and the in
is mine, like on TV
yeah, this is nice
yeah, this is nice

shall we begin
I love to win
taking my sweet old good time
as I touch things

down your hallway I creep
while you're asleep
I'll choose what I'll take
and what you may keep

yeah, this is nice
yeah, this is nice
owning the night
watching your pretty house
turn off the light
so turn off the light

woouup
yeah, this is nice
yeah, this is nice
watching your pretty house
turn off the light
so turn off the light

turn off the light

yeah, this is nice BLOG POST:

I heard that an amazing filmmaker in Cape Breton was doing a film, something about hard done by street people and I thought this might be a chance for me to support them by giving them some music. I didn't know the script so I made up a character to follow - Creepy McPeek-e.

At the time I was watching a lot of that Criminal Minds show. The most demented people doing the most horrible things but captured within an hour, so all's well. Also, I was trying to figure out what Garage Band could do and honing my engineering, signal manipulation & editing chops. (So glad I learned to edit audio on tape with a razor blade! This knowledge made editing digitally so much easier.)

Peter Gabriel created an astounding song that I adored called "Family Snapshot", written from the POV or mind of an violent deranged guy (who I assume was after JFK).

At one point over the years I heard that "naa na, na naa naaa", a teasing singsong, was used by kids in various cultures but the experts couldn't figure out why or how this shared use of a melody/intent happened. I thought that was interesting & added it to the song using an instrument called a Ehru.

So, this song is a result of all of that. Sadly, I wasn't/aren't a good enough writer to find a way to indicate that peeping, stocking, breaking entering and thieving are NOT a good thing. I'm hoping people already know that!

PS: Oh, so the filmmaker didn't use the tune but in any event, it was a fun exercise to make this song and poke at it over the years. (And yeah, 'cuz it was all created on the computer, cut together using various chunks of tone-shifted and processed instruments, I haven't a clue how to play it or even what key it's in - but, it's ok to keep a little mystery in life - ha ha!)