

## **B-Sides...Why Not? [JayFive Demo Sessions 2001]**

- 01 King for a Day
- 02 Hello
- 03 Songwriter's Song
- 04 Autumn Leaves
- 05 Directionless Existence
- 06 Scenic Route
- 07 Over and Over
- 08 Vow

### **Album Description:**

A collection of 8 rediscovered and polished-up acoustic folk rock demos that didn't make the cut for John Henry's 2001 debut album "Brooklyn Folk".

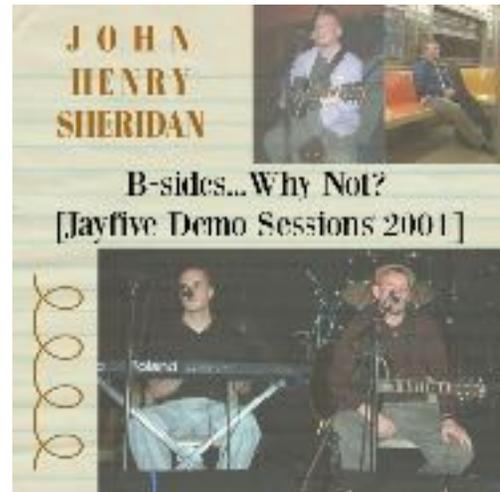
All songs written, acoustically performed and sung by John Henry Sheridan

Keyboards on tracks 1, 4, 7 by Jason Hills and John Henry Sheridan

Recorded by Jason Hills; Mixed by Jason Hills and John Henry Sheridan

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### **Album Notes:**

In December of 2018, as this 37 year old artist was doing a bit of housecleaning to simplify life. Amidst the process of throwing out many things he stumbled upon various old archival recordings from 2001. The questions:, "Why am I keeping these?" "Do I throw them out or create some value from them?". He chose the latter.

Rewind to the late winter of 2001. 'Twas the evening of a battle of the bands at Brooklyn College, The pop rock band that John Henry was in at the time (Modus Tollens) was scheduled to perform. As things turned out however, the band could not play that fateful night so John Henry went on in its place as a solo act - John Henry Sheridan. This would be a transformative night for him as he came in 3rd place as a solo act amidst several other quality musical acts. This inspired his friend Jason Hills (also of the band Modus Tollens), who was present that night, to encourage John Henry to record and release his own solo album. John Henry was very interested and already thinking along those lines, but couldn't figure out the next step. Jason's enthusiasm and offer to record the album was all John Henry needed to quickly agree.

Over the course of the next several months many songs were considered, discussed and demoed out. The 19 tracks that were narrowed down to form the body of John Henry's first solo album "Brooklyn Folk" were chosen from a much larger pool of his already existing songs. Many of these other songs and demos have been floating around nearly forgotten for quite some time now. The 8 tracks selected and remixed for this album were the best of 13 rough demos that did not make the cut for the original "Brooklyn Folk" album.

NOTE: The original 19-track album "Brooklyn Folk" has not been officially released digitally. Instead a simplified 11-track version called "Best of Brooklyn Folk" has been released and can be found on all major digital music platforms.

~ LYRICS ~

**01 “King for a Day”**

1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

Right now, I'm feeling OK  
Like the world's spinning in my hands and I'm king for a day  
The night is old, and sleep calls my name  
But I feel young and quite alive and I don't want this feeling to go away

Tomorrow is just a couple of hours sleep ahead  
But I don't mind seeing the sunrise instead

Anything, is possible right now  
Life is good, I'm smiling. Even if I don't know how  
Filled with youth, but old enough to be wise  
Young enough to still be a fool but willing to see through other's eyes

And in the morning I'll think of her  
She'll be the first thing on my mind  
It's been the first time in a long time  
That I woke up with a smile

King for a day, king for a day  
King for a day, king for a day

Right now, things are working out  
Honesty my policy, today has made me proud  
I told her things that for her sake she should know  
Prevented myself a future mess, I let my feelings go

And tonight I do feel better  
Better than any night before  
Any night since I'd met her  
Since I opened that unknown door

King for a day, king for a day  
King for a day, king for a day  
King for a day, king for a day  
King for a day, king for a day

Ah ahh...

## 02 “Hello”

Hello Sugar, how many do you take in your coffee?  
'Cos I just made some and I was hopin' you could stay for some  
and help get this loneliness off me

Hello Baby, can you save me  
From my tummy-teasin' record of unfulfilling relations?

Hello Mama, do you wanna  
Get to know me more than a little better

'Cos I've been hiding for too long in poems and songs  
It's time I changed things up. I don't care if I'm right or I'm wrong

Hello Baby, do you care to sate me?  
You could such real things, the stuff that makes hearts sing

Hello Honey, you're beautiful and funny  
Some people make me nervous but you, yes you put me at ease ... at ease

Maybe I'm sayin' too much  
As a matter of fact I probably am  
But you're a ray of sunshine  
And you, you make me feel good again

Hello Baby, can you save me?  
Hello Mama, do you wanna ... get to know me ... more than a little better?  
I'll be waiting in the sand

## 03 “Songwriter’s Song”

From time to time my well runs dry and run out of things to say  
I could either sing about this or that, but I don't have any new complaints  
So I find me a spot and I sit right down, and I unzip my guitar case  
I take out my wooden savior, I tune up and begin to play

So I'm writing a song about nothing in particular  
Don't got no striking statements to make  
But I felt the need to write and that's something I can't fight  
So I wrote a song anyway

Now and again I pick up the pen and I go to write some lyrics down  
But my lyrics stink or my pen runs outta ink and my song never gets off the ground

So I pick up my wooden friend the guitar and begin to just strum on her strings  
I made no effort to coax out the words 'cause my guitar, she helps me sing

So I'm writing a song about nothing in particular  
Don't got no striking statements to make  
I'm not denouncing a war, there's no cause that I'm for  
I just wanted a reason to play

I'm writing a song about nothing in particular  
Don't got no striking statements to make  
But I felt the need to write and that's something I can't fight  
So I wrote a song anyway

Naaa na na naa, na na naa, na ne na ne na  
Naaa na na naa, na na naa, na nee na nee na  
Naaa na na naa, na na naa, no no no  
Na na na naa, na na na naa

#### **04 "Autumn Leaves"**

The leaves are falling in the back  
That old season's coming back  
The wind is blowing through the trees  
Blowing sticks and blowing leaves

Autumn leaves are brown and red  
What was once alive is now dead  
Beauty only needs to be beheld, nothing needs to be said  
Autumn leaves are brown and red

Trees like red lollipops against the sky  
Nature's candy for the eye  
The earth breathes deep and then it sighs  
'Cos each year life has to die

Autumn leaves are brown and red  
What was once alive is now dead  
Beauty only needs to be beheld, nothing needs to be said  
Autumn leaves are brown and red

Look the sky is raining autumn leaves  
Nature's always got something up her sleeves  
Close your eyes and forget your needs  
The sky's raining autumn leaves..yeah, hmm mm

Autumn leaves are brown and red  
What was once alive is now dead  
Beauty only needs to be beheld, nothing needs to be said  
Autumn leaves are brown and red

Na na na, na na na, na na na  
Na na na, na na na, na na na  
Na na na, na na na, na na na  
Na na na, na na na, na na na  
Na na na, na na na, na na na

### **05 “Directionless Existence”**

Went to two cemeteries today, laid down flowers for those passed away  
And I took Mom out to eat because I wasn't around on her birthday  
Three days ago and we drove out to Staten Island 'cos that's where everyone gets  
buried  
And the Verrazano looked like the gates to heaven  
Standing there like the embodiment of all man's strength  
Startling in all it's length . . .

So here I am, Saturday night, out of tune guitar I'm strumming  
Cold hands, cold feet, dwelling on the past, just sittin' here thinkin'  
Wondering where I am and wondering where I stand in relation to others and the past  
And the future looms ahead of me in all it's mediocrity  
and I wonder if really gets any better  
And the future looms ahead of me in all it's mediocrity  
and I wonder if really gets any better

On the way we stopped at the florist,  
we planted several flowers for several dead loved ones  
And I talked to Mom about loves lost and asked how she copes without them  
And we talked about her past and I happened to notice that at the age of forty-seven  
She was possibly in her most unhappy state ever  
And in my young man's mind, although I can never quite grasp time  
I try to see the past in relation to today  
But the clock is ever-evasive, and it can trick and be persuasive  
And it can never be replaced with anything even itself

So here I am, Saturday night, out of tune guitar I'm strumming  
Cold hands, cold feet, dwelling on the past, just sittin' here thinkin'  
Wondering where I am and wondering where I stand in relation to others and the past  
And the future looms ahead of me in all it's mediocrity

and I wonder if really gets any better  
And the future looms ahead of me in all it's mediocrity  
and I wonder if really gets any better

This is a directionless existence we live in  
This is a directionless existence we live in  
I know it's sad, I guess you gotta be glad for whatever it is you have  
I know it's sad, I guess you gotta be glad for whatever it is you're given

## **06 "Scenic Route"**

Ohh...there are so many things in this life that I would like to do  
I wanna do this, I wanna do that, I wanna try, I wanna relax but I can't seem to choose

Taking on so much at one time I know is never ever good  
But I have trouble saying no to anything even when I really know I should, when I  
know I should

Ohh I need to slow down  
And I need to look around  
To see what it is I might find  
And to realize what I've found

Ohh...and as I walk this earth I always wonder what's coming next  
And a hundred things cross my mind at the same damn time at a speed that'd break  
your neck

Taking on so much at one time I know is never ever good  
But I have trouble saying no to anything even when I know I really should, even when I  
know I should

Ohh I need to slow down  
And I need to look around  
To see what it is I might find  
And to realize what I've found

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And I need to look around  
To see what it is I might find  
And to realize what I've found

## 07 "Over and Over"

My friend, I think you're gonna be just fine  
My companion, I think you're gonna be AOK  
It's been a long but fun road we've been on  
I know now it's cold but I swear it will get warm

Light turns to dark  
Over and over again  
Pain will pierce our hearts  
Over and over again  
Over and over and over and over and over and over again  
Over and over and over and over and over and over again

Open up the doors and let us in  
You must let things begin  
If ever you want to something to change  
I tell you, Isn't life strange?  
Isn't life strange?  
Isn't life strange?  
Isn't life strange?

Hungers will spark  
Over and over again  
New things will start  
Over and over again

Over and over and over and over and over and over again  
Over and over and over and over and over and over again

Isn't life strange?

Light turns to dark  
Over and over again  
Pain will pierce our hearts  
Over and over again

Hungers will spark  
Over and over again

Old things will end, new things will start  
Over and over again  
Over and over and over and over and over and over again  
Over and over and over and over and over and over again

(Over and over and over and over and over and over again)  
Light turns to dark, Pain will pierce our hearts  
(Over and over and over and over and over and over again)  
Hungers will spark, Old things will end, new things will start

## 08 "Vow"

I'm not the kind of man to just throw anything aside  
My heart's not made of stone, but a sponge that stores up inside ... of me

I'm not the type of man to just run away and hide  
When fortune frowns on me and I can't just sit back and ride ... the wave

Two friends on bicycles, two friends out in the rain  
Two lovers in the bedroom, it takes two to differentiate

Two by two I live my life, ohh two by two I demonstrate  
That life can't be lived alone, it takes two to differentiate ... from yourself  
... from yourself ... from yourself

So I vow to myself to hold back that which may push me  
Off the cliff of charity into a tumultuous sea ... of greed

I'm not the kind of man to just throw anything aside  
My heart's not made of ice, but a sponge that stores up inside ... of me

