

- 1. Free-Floating
- 2. Querulous
- 3. More Time to Say Goodbye
- 4. Weatherworn Headstone
- 5. Wasting Away
- 6. Ainda Me Lembro
- 7. Martyrs to a Cruel Year
- 8. Xi'an
- 9. I Don't Want to Be Forgotten

Free-Floating

Electric 12-String Guitar, Electric Guitar, Bass Guitar

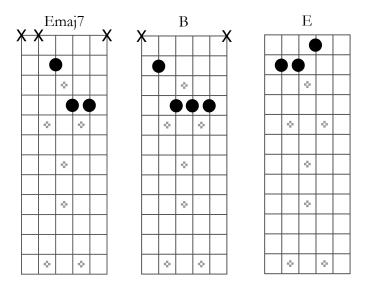
Emaj7 В Emaj7 Free-floating, no warning, Emaj7 No reason, it's irritating C#m G#m Sense of panic comes and goes C#m G # mIn a way that rarely shows EMost often I ignore and carry onward in denial Waiting for something that warrants my worry A frustrating trial В Emaj7 G#mI can't pinpoint what is wrong G#mThese jitters come but don't last long Uneasi- ness and apprehension, torment and misgivings

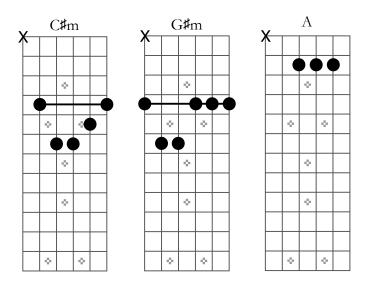
Undone work and deadlines, loads of unread e-mail

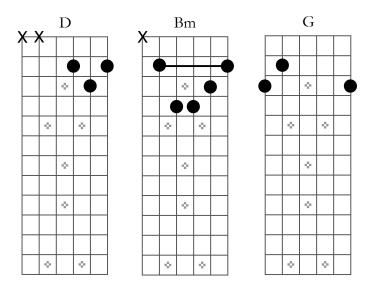
Scared of what I'm missing

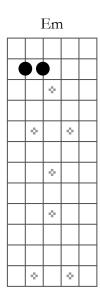
DBmExcessive thinking all the time Mulling over "what ifs" in my mind Fear and worry, loss of interest EmIn my mental history I'm the sickest Emaj7 В G#m C#m I tried to write a happy song C#m G#mIn major key and not too long General an- xiety disorder, it took me over Feeling on the edge, ex- pecting the worst And this is what I deliver Emaj7 В Free-floating, no warning, Emaj7 No reason, it's irritating

12-String Electric Guitar:



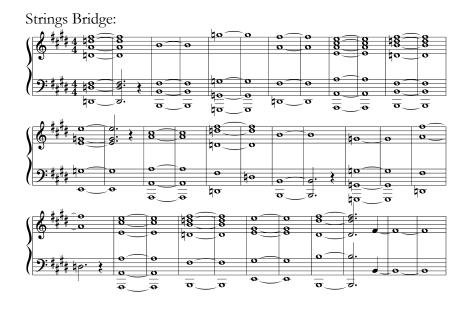
















Vocal Duet:



Vocal Verses:



Vocal Bridge:



Querulous

Acoustic Guitar, Melodica, Vocals

Dm Dm6 Dm Dm6

Bm Dm

Where are the summer monsoons that as- sail this oppressive heat Bm Dm

Still at home with nowhere to go, days on end in my musical suite

Em G

I am tired of going nowhere

Em

G

Housemates suffering cabin fever

Cmaj7

G/B

Tempers flair with little reason

Cmaj7

G/B

I go days without stepping outside

Em G Em

Queru- lous, I've become querulous

Dm

Cross and edgy, sour and whiny; petulant, uptight, and snappy

Critical, too much fault-finding; out of sorts, often complaining

Discontented, peeved, and fretful; waspy, huffy, irascible

Grumbling, grousing, and deploring; querulous, it's not becoming

Bm Dm

Why didn't we build a pool when we bought this house years ago D_m

Melting in a sterile desert which kills all, except COVID-19

Em G

I miss going to the movies

Em

G

I miss going out to restaurants

Cmaj7 G/B

I miss flying to new places

Cmaj7 G/B

I miss myself be- fore this crisis

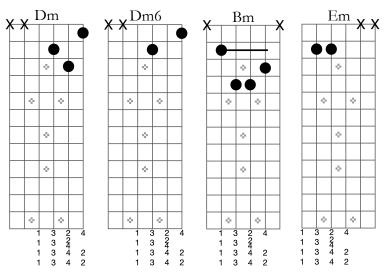
Em G Em

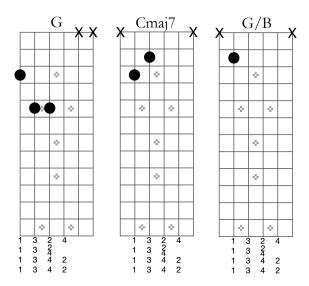
Queru- lous, I've become querulous

Dm Dm6 Dm Dm6 Dm

Querulous Morose

Acoustic Guitar:





Querulous Morose

Melodica Line 1:





Melodica Chords Verses (starts on G):



Querulous Morose

Vocal Melody: 9:

More Time to Say Goodbye

Synthesizers, Electric Guitar, Vocals

Logic X Sounds:

Tight Arp Patterns, Heavy Sub Bass, Sequential DrumTraks, Pumping Out Waves, Beats, Crunchy Filter Topper, Sunbeam Synth, Summer Heath Synth, Indian Bansuri Flute

A knock on the door in the middle of the night	
From the offbeat neighbor	
Asking if we could watch her husband	~#
Who shouldn't be left alone	J#
We followed her to her house	
An open coffin lay in the middle of the floor	
Am Fmaj7 C C7/Bb	
She touched his lifeless face with feeling	
Am Fmaj7 C C7/Bb	
And spoke as if he was still living	
For two long days I took my turn watching the body	
In that darkened room	
Making sure the dry ice hadn't vanished	
My nerves got better with time C]#
I tried to read for evasion	
It was hard to ignore him in the middle of the floor	
Am Fmaj7 C C7/Bb	
His waxy ashen face was eerie	
Am Fmaj7 C C7/Bb	
The time spent in that place was dreary	
Back to the neighbor	
She spoke freely and openly	
Directly to her departed	
Whom she believed was in the room Abm F#m	
She expressed her regrets	
They had fought so much	
Ebm	
She was going to miss him	
G	
Grateful for more time to say goodbye	

Bass Line 1:



Bass Line 2:



Bass Line 3 (Bridge):



Synth Lead 1:



Synth Lead 2:



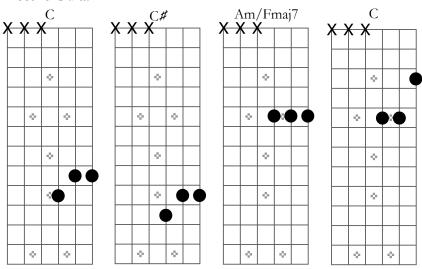
Synth Lead 3:



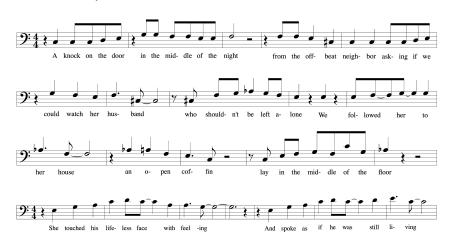
Pad (Bridge):

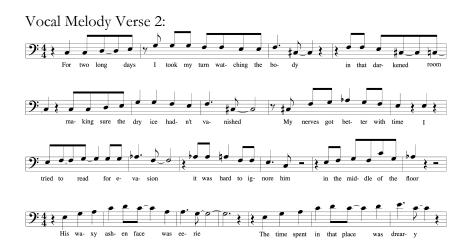


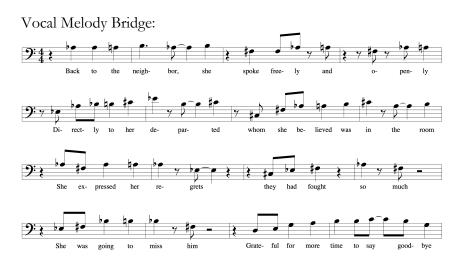
Electric Guitar:



Vocal Melody Verse 1:







Weatherworn Headstone

Piano, Electric Guitar, Bass Guitar, Cello, Vocals

Gm

I am weatherworn, a cold decayed headstone

D/F#

Whose words cannot be read

Gm

Cor- roded far too soon, to time I'm not immune

D/F#

I dread to look ahead

A/E

F#m

I am watered down, a ship that's run aground

C#dim/G Bbmaj7

I tentatively tread

Gm

D/F#

Too much I neglect, and I lost the respect

C#dim/E Db6/F# Gm

Of those who from me fled

Gm

I'm a weak compound, a noise that's lost its sound

D/F#

Inept and powerless

Gm

Faded to pale grey, my pain I can't allay

D/F#

A constant dull distress

A/E

F#m

I've become morose, conversely, less verbose

C#dim/G Bbmaj7

Diminished by this stress

Gm

D/F#

I am weatherworn, a cold decayed headstone

C#dim/E Db6/F# Gm

Whose words cannot be read



Piano Part Verses:

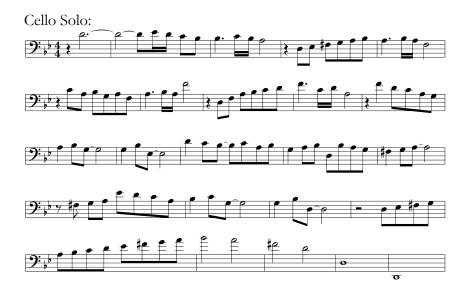


Bass Line Verses:



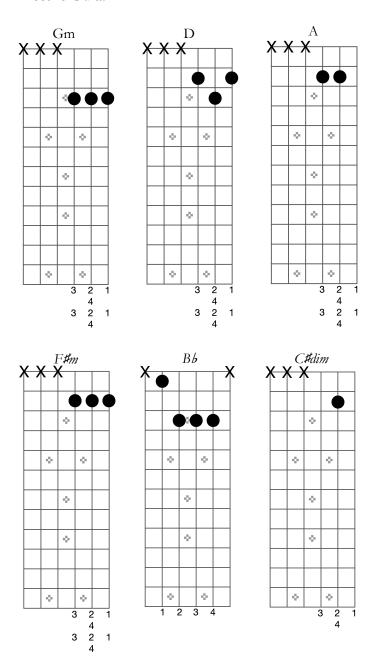
Bass Line Solo:







Electric Guitar:



Wasting Away

Electric Guitars, Bass Guitar, Vocals

Am F9 Am F9 Am

This song's pain is physical, it's not immaterial

F9 C Dm9 Am

Excruci- a- ting, I'm not a- bove complaining

Fmaj7 Am F9 Am

I need relief from a-ching, an ease to all this suffering

Fmaj C Dm

I'm not above complaining

Em Fmaj7 G6 Am Em Fmaj7 G6 Am
I've found that I'm much weaker than I ever self-con-sidered
Em Fmaj7 G6 Am Em Fmaj7 G6
Er-ratic, un-settled, de-crepit, frail, and feeble
C D
Wasting away

Am F9 Am F9 Am

I know I shouldn't generalize, but urologists aren't nice

F9 C Dm9 Am

Nor empathetic to agony energic

Fmaj7 Am F9 Am

I need an anesthetic, an ease to all this suffering

Fmaj7 C Dm

I'm not above complaining

Em Fmaj7 G6 Am Em Fmaj7 G6 Am
Scant strength re- mains to fight this a- gony and af- fliction
Em Fmaj7 G6 Am Em Fmaj7 G6
Un- certain, un- easy, a- gita- ted, and fragile
C D
Wasting away

Wasting Away Morose







Wasting Away Morose



Ainda Me Lembro

Electric Tenor Guitars, Synthesizer (Pad & Bass), Vocals

Dm Gm

Eu senti felicidade com esse povo de tanto bondade

Om Gi

Aceitando estranhos como eu, eu valorizo sua amizade,

A

Magnanimidade, e generosidade

Dm

Até este dia ainda me lembro

Dm Gm

Eu senti amor tão puro naquele lar simples e minúsculo

Om Gi

Piso de lama, telhado de zinco, arroz, feijão e ovo frito

A

Regozijei com a refeição dada

Dm

Até este dia ainda me lembro

F Bb9 F Bb9 F Bb9 F A A9 A Ab6

Ahh...

Dm Gm

Eu senti tristeza imensa ao sair da pátria carioca

Om Gm

No avião meu coração foi quebrado, não sabendo quando faria minha volta

A

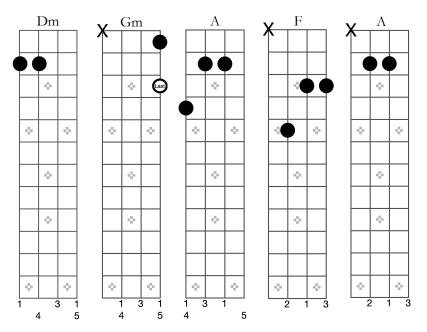
Agradecido por dois anos no Rio

Dm

Até este dia ainda me lembro

Ainda Me Lembro Morose

Tenor Guitar:



Vocal Melody:



Vocal Duet (Bridge):



Ainda Me Lembro Morose







Synthesizer Pad & Bass Bridge (play octave lower):



Martyrs to a Cruel Year

Synthesizers, Vocals

Logic X Sounds: Liverpool Bass, Velomorph, Erratic Motion, Crystal Drops, Infinity Pad, Electron Patterns, Sci-Fi Suspense Theme, Ugly Effect Voices, Pile Driver (Jasper)

F#m C#m F#m C#m Martyrs to a cruel year

F#m C#m

Our cherries failed to blossom

F#m C#m

Recalcitrant to odds and jeers

Bm Em

Our run of fortune fallen

Bm Em

Soon enough the hurt will clear

Bm Em

Encumbered we'll rise again

Bm E

Martyrs to a cruel year

F#m C#m F#m C#m

Scapegoats fail to recti- fy

F#m C#m

Unhappi- ness and anguish

F#m C#m

Let's remember who and how

Bm Em

Legend was e- stablished

Bm = Em

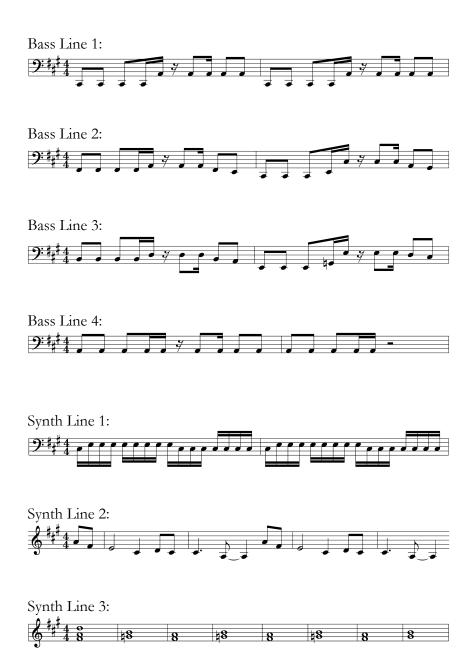
Elevated to such heights

Bm Em

No one dared envisage

Rm F

Scapegoats won't fix anything



Vocal Melody:

Xi'an

Electric Guitars, Bass Guitar, Vocals

In aught eleven I found myself At the end of the Silk Road Home of Han Dynasty This is my story

I made it to an inn in a city called Xi'an
The name of the concierge was Psycho (it really was)
The weather was cold and grey
The northwestern climate was unforgiving
I was given a driver and left to explore this exotic region
We rode a short distance outside the city
I remained unscathed after facing thousands of warriors (the terra cotta ones)
At the Huaqing Pool I saw the captivating Yang Yuhuan
Back in the city I walked through pagodos and temples
I climbed to the top of the city wall
I attempted to ride a bicycle the entire circumference
But it was much too cold

The language was different from the prevalent Mandarin of China I ate food that was different but somewhat familiar A quesadilla without cheese
Long lasagna-esque noodles in tomato soup
Lamb, steamed buns
The street food was sweet and savory, I couldn't eat enough
I saw the drum tower at night, all lit up,
Surrounded by hundreds of kites which glimmered in the spotlights
Its sister, the bell tower, was equally impressive
The streets displayed a myriad of cultures
Hui Muslims, Tibetan schools, Taoist temples, Confucian ideals

Back in Xi'an Land of the Han Older than time Antiquity sublime Xi'an Morose

Guitar Line 1 (over Dm, A, Dm, G, A with pitch bender):



Guitar Line 2 (over fast strumming Em, G, Em, G):





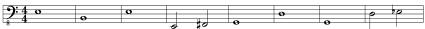
Guitar Line 3 (over Am, E with pitch bender):



Bass Line 1:



Bass Line 2:



Bass Line 3:



Xi'an Morose

Vocal Melody:





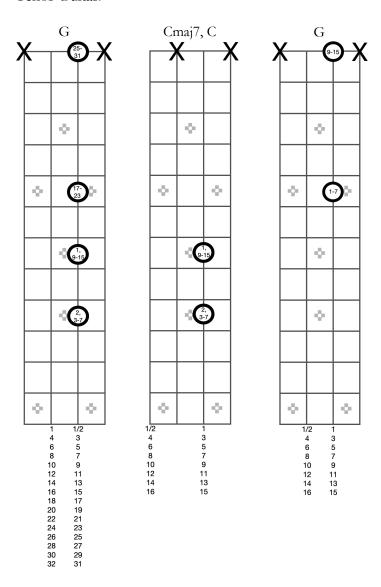


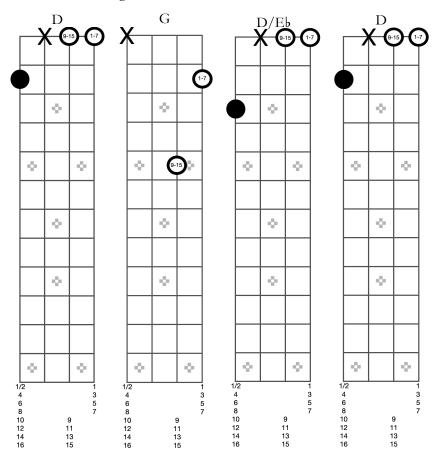
I Don't Want to Be Forgotten

Acoustic Tenor Guitar, Harmonica, Vocals

G
As we grow old together
C G
I can't help but think I'll be first to go
Cmaj7 G
I don't want you to be lonely
Cmaj7 G
But I don't want to be forgotten
D G
Will I always be your dearest?
D G
Please don't forget me when I am gone
D/Eb D
Will I always be your dearest?
D/Eb D
Please don't forget me when I am gone

Tenor Guitar:









Harmonica:

