

ANNA MADORSKY TALK IS CHEAP



TALK IS CHEAP

Sleeping inside out and half of the time
History's made in a moment
forgotten then takes an eye
The ink has run dry
I'll keep my mouth shut tight
I bet they dig pretty deep for a line
I'm insisting you write there
Go on and make it a bit clearer to me
Spell out the letters in focus
Words mean nothing, and talk is cheap
It's a brutal shape
I'd watch you prune my vine
and turn me into a flower
I'd have to stay out of the sunshine
What a weary mile in details and degree
I'm nothing but a weed and more never suited me
You go back and forth stacking playing cards
Even committed to paper, your intentions never get too far
That's hardly a scratch, I'll keep my eyes on your back
This is where my weight ends and yours begins
(words mean nothing broken, I can't stand you talking
words mean nothing broken, your talk is cheap)

I'VE GOT ONE

I'm looking forward to the summertime
to get over this darkness that comes over and over
But I was wrong, all it takes is a new perspective
and now I've got one
No one can touch you I know
I never learned to control my emotions
I blazed through days like a fever spreading over your brain
I turned to thoughts to help me square it out
But thoughts were heavy and they weighed me down
Each blade that's cutting another one lifting
Some threads were left I tried to tie together again
Could I invent myself as anything?
Walk through winter untouched, every cold winter untouched
We can talk on how my worries are unfounded
I have faith that I don't have faith in anything said
I have faith that I don't have faith in anything read
Am I a cynic or a quiet disbeliever?
(On pins and needles either way, on pins and needles any day)
I draw your blood with my strange disposition
I hate that you confuse passion with pretension
I'd erase these less than optimal conditions
It's all perspective that you tell
Keep your perspective for yourself
Could I resent myself as anyone?
Could I invent myself as anyone?
You wouldn't want this wished upon you
And I thought I'd never write again
But I was wrong
All it took was a new perspective
and now I've got one

EVIDENCE OF ME

I can stay here all day
where there's no evidence of me
I've run all around
I've seen half the town
I can go to sleep at night with no evidence of me
With no evidence of me
There's always another skin
To wrap up the pain I'm in
I know what has run you down
I know why you turn around
It's still not enough to erase the evidence of me
The evidence of me
In the quiet of my room
I can sing my quiet tune
I've seen myself in every window
I close my eyes and dream I'm there
Three, I'm snapped back and find I'm home
Two, I write down the things I know
I feel the evidence of you and see the evidence of me
And see the evidence of me

BAD FAIRY

I'd try to drown you
You'd swallow the river and stay afloat
I'm sinking beneath you, under your river
You're the bad fairy
I spit out your river just to stay afloat
to keep from sinking beneath you
or under your river
Up the stairs on every key
You're dancing your stories around me
I see they're brittle, I see them snap
I watch through the words and I see the cracks
I want to see you crack
I want to see
An eye, eye
I keep my demons in check
You've got your company kept
You can fly all you want
you can cry all you want
you can fly all you want
But I'd rather it be
I'd rather it be I'd rather it be
I, I, I.
I shut you out for a reason
If you stood any closer I just might shoot
That would be sinking beneath me
Even I got my limits
Now you've heard my position
I won't count on your vote to put me in
At least I got your attention
I speak with authority as much as you on
matters such as these
You're still on my back

I want to see...
 You're the bad fairy
 I spit out your river just to stay afloat
 To keep from sinking beneath you
 or under your river
 Even I've got my limits
 I guess your river's within it

I'm running through the last page
 I'm well inside those words
 I place the sentence and I follow inside that verb
 A sickness, its fate, so patient a liar
 There's nothing to move me, I'm walking a wire
 Throw out the windows, a bendable house
 I've tried on the lion, I've tried on the mouse
 Don't let me look down, pull me back from the ledge
 I hate to have to hold myself back (I'm better than dead)
 But I can't see the words. The words.
 There's nothing to say, oh no, and I'm inside that verb.
 I've broken out of orbit, I watch for bread crumbs now
 The vultures circle something (not me...)
 They wonder how I've made it alive, I made it this far
 I wear all my beauty, I wear all my scars
 Fear is combustible, water is love
 It's fire and water I'm walking above
 ...the words...
 I'm half across this canyon, I know I'm walking blind
 I look for signs from angels to help me one more time
 And isn't this life? Isn't this love?
 Aren't the stories we've written enough?
 I've thrown up my hands, closing my eyes
 keep walking and walking to the other side
 ...the words...

Tell me what I can count on
 Show me what you can do
 Some things are measured in minutes
 and I've lost all faith in you
 Don't complain to me about them
 The enemies you still defend
 You hate yourself enough to keep them
 I hate that you still call them friends
 In the fog of your addictions, you can't see your friends
 If you weren't so distracted, you'd not let that in
 The world is such a simple place of supply and demand
 Every god has a fanboy, and there's an ass for every seat
 They can say that it doesn't concern me
 But I don't want you to go down that way
 I can see that you're being reactive
 I know it's hard to hear the things I say
 But this is more than just my opinion
 It's not a matter of that you don't agree
 I know it scares you to rip open the surface

And face the pain buried underneath
 In the fog of all these victims, you can't see your friends
 If you weren't so dejected, you'd not let that in...
 Licking wounds is not enough to heal them
 You'd not allow that kind of shit from me
 Why do you stay a perpetual victim?
 Why won't you challenge that reality?
 Don't take this as a persecution
 Those who love you have your best at heart
 But when you push away the allies who love you
 You can expect a reckoning's not far
 In the fog of all these victims, you can't see your friends
 If you weren't so consenting, you'd not let that in...
 So tell me what I can count on, show me what you can do
 Don't waste a chance for an honest redemption
 I don't want to lose my faith in you

MARKING TIME

Until you're done with all your crying
 this liquid umbrella is your eye
 You carry the sadness through each dostep
 and in my due process mark your time
 and my due process marks your time
 Marking the hallways of your time
 Before I speak I ration out my breath
 otherwise I'd be ripped to shreds
 Why be on when I'd rather be off?
 I need to protect myself
 On the banks of their zeitgeist
 I've never wanted that have I?
 That wicked thought has crossed my mind
 but the execution's dry
 If I break it down for no one but you
 would my misfortune have an equal right to
 bury human sorrow under your wing
 All my pain in just a moment you see
 with a coin under your tongue
 We're living our stolen lives
 The needful chaos of our time
 Desperation is seeping through
 Survival has work to do
 If we break it down for no one but you
 (each tear has a story to tell)
 would our misfortune have an equal right to
 (rewrite the absurd we're in)
 bury human sorrow under your wing
 (a web of the pain we wear)
 All this pain in just a moment you see
 with a coin under your tongue
 And our due process marks your time
 Marking the hallways of your time

Battle bruised and scarred
holding my weapon I don't know where
they are

I've held my post for years
playing the shepherd and mother and
soldier from out here
waiting on the reinforcements out on the
front line
are they coming?

I was a simple child
holding my tenderness always soft and true
I try to keep yours safe
but duty's exhausting and every soldier
needs a break

I try not to turn around
and while I watch you I listen for their
sound

I'm giving all I've got
In darker moments I wonder if they will
come at all

It's not the day that you think
Coming out of the thick of things
With my bulletproof vest I took one in the arm
I took one in the chest
There are no negotiations in this
Like a double agent with a silent death wish
Don't muzzle yourself, I keep telling you
And this mess is enough for the proof
I'd draw you out or I'd leave you behind
Are you asleep? Did a lazy heart turn down the dial?
Oh, oh, and the lines go silent, quiet
Oh, oh, no communication's violent
Oh, oh, are you there? I can only hear your static
Oh, oh, turn on the radio, you have it
This mission was a critical stage
Two partners in crime for as long as it takes
With these bullets in hand, I wonder where you were
I retrace all the steps to the first
I'm healing nicely, make no mistake
I stood for something, some threads may break
On my way home, my thoughts turn to you
How we said we would see this thing through
And now we're out, I never did leave you behind
You fell asleep and a lazy hand fell on the dial
Oh, oh, the lines go silent, quiet
Oh, oh, no communication's violent
Oh, oh, are you there? I can only hear your static
Oh, oh, turn on the radio, don't panic

EPILOGUE

THE UNRELIABLE NARRATOR

The unreliable narrator
facts and fiction have blurred the lines
You turn around to find the story inverted
unrepresented and undefined. A character without
character in it and credibility is compromised
Flirting with truth when it swings in its favor
No discipline, an irresistible lie
The path of least resistance is hollow
but he's not a warrior he will follow
All I could do was break the fourth wall and vanish
Such a disappointment. How could you miss the point?
Several chapters with our narrator, a poor historian of our text.
His ignorance of himself is astounding
he takes as fact that all else contradicts.
We're left high and dry by our narrator, he fails to see
all the connections between events unfolding in a
plain to see manner, a black hole torn in reality.
How could you miss the point? It's such a disappointment
And now the credits roll, and I'm escaping this black hole
into the epilogue, I made it to the denouement
The author dots his 'i's, I can't see what he writes
I'm worlds away and somewhere else
Here's a quiet spot far beyond the plot
Close the curtain tight enough, well enough

She'll meet him on the other side, baby
It looks as time has drawn their line, maybe
If he bleeds out all his characters
She wept inside of all their miracles
And if finally fate outgrows shedding their love's skin
She still has trouble believing
their love was anything but leaving
Cause she grew up in so much tyranny
affection given with severity
The quiet pieces of her heart
she's swept back up and tucks away
She said "I thought our love was magic
but I pitched my love, he didn't catch it
Maybe I'm not what he was looking for
but I swore I saw the pain behind the door
I need a few more months of crying
to let him go and love again"
Our heroine feels herself fragile
but her heart's both vulnerable and agile
Cause in the wake of all the craziness
through tears and anger for the senselessness
she pulls the moon into her heart
to let him go and love again
She'll meet him on the other side maybe
It looks as time has drawn their line, baby
If he bleeds out all his characters
She wept inside of all their miracles
And pulls the moon into her heart
to let him go and love again



1. TALK IS CHEAP

vocals, guitar: Anna Madorsky
guitars, bass: Matt Brown
drums: James McAllister

2. I'VE GOT ONE

vocals, piano, rhodes, synth: Anna Madorsky
guitars, bass, synth: Matt Brown
drums: James McAllister

3. EVIDENCE OF ME

vocals, piano, rhodes: Anna Madorsky
guitar, bass: Matt Brown
drums: James McAllister

4. BAD FAIRY

vocals, guitars: Anna Madorsky
guitars, bass: Matt Brown
drums, percussion: James McAllister

5. VERB

vocals, keyboards, synths, noise samples: Anna Madorsky
guitar, programming and noise samples: Matt Brown

6. AN ASS FOR EVERY SEAT

vocals, guitar: Anna Madorsky
guitars, bass: Matt Brown
drums: James McAllister

7. MARKING TIME

vocals, piano, B3 organ: Anna Madorsky
guitars, bass: Matt Brown
drums, synth drums: James McAllister

8. REINFORCEMENTS

vocal and piano, backing vocals: Anna Madorsky
guitar: Matt Brown

9. LAZY HEART

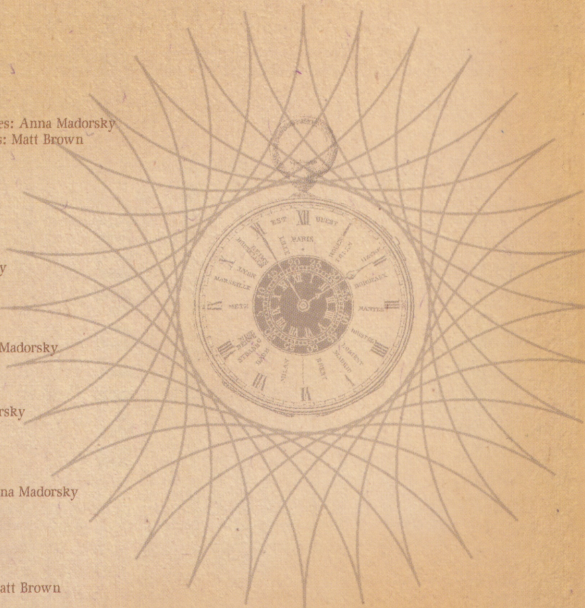
vocals, guitars, keyboards: Anna Madorsky
guitars, bass: Matt Brown
drums: James McAllister

10. THE UNRELIABLE NARRATOR

vocals, piano, B3 organ, keyboards: Anna Madorsky
guitars, bass: Matt Brown
drums, percussion: James McAllister

11. EPILOGUE

vocals, guitar, rhodes: Anna Madorsky
guitars, bowed guitar, bass, cymbal: Matt Brown
drums: James McAllister



1 **TALK IS CHEAP**

2 **I'VE GOT ONE**

3 **EVIDENCE OF ME**

4 **BAD FAIRY**

5 **VERB**

6 **AN ASS FOR EVERY SEAT**

7 **MARKING TIME**

8 **REINFORCEMENTS**

9 **LAZY HEART**

10 **THE UNRELIABLE NARRATOR**

11 **EPILOGUE**

Written by Anna Madorsky
Produced by Anna Madorsky & Matt Brown

Engineered by Matt Brown at the Track Shack & Emerson77 Productions in '07-'08 in Seattle

Additional engineering by Andrew De Lucia at Blue Rhode Studios & Anna at her home in '03 in L.A.

Mixed by Erik Blood at Mysterious Red X
Mastered by Rick Fisher at RFI

CD Design & Layout by Alana Lindner
Additional inside artwork by Olga Zakharova

Thank you to everyone who contributed to this record in any way.

More info at www.myspace.com/annamadorsky
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