

PREFACE

running, jumping, hiding • climbing trees and all that time left with the impression • that the world respects the mind

> and we'll go • like the others did but we don't • know the half of it

and why can't they • build a bridge longer? • science just gets in the way.

BRAMBLE

it's an early autumn • and time will never last • though it can't reach bottom • it seems we're dropping fast empty expectation • hardly pop a frown • drowning information • the truth is going down the kind of moment • you'll never live down • now five years older • the wrong her's around • anyhow heading straight and narrow • until the roads divide • now i'm lost and callow • and tired and tongue-tied the kind of moment • you'll never live down • now five years older • the wrong her is around but i control • all this wanton wandering • and next time • i'll see us through



FLINT

i'm afraid of these shelves • all talk, no help but walking out on the lawn • green looks so real

back to sleep, it's safer alone

things get stuck in my throat • stone truths, small notes and time fails to slow down • tomorrow, next year

better off 'cause i'm on my own

so tip back the hourglass • and spill some time on the floor it turns out that nothing lasts • so why not walk through the door?

> many thoughts drift to you • not that you're new it just seems right • so right i can't sleep

here i am, i'm not going home • can't you see what things have been sown it might take two days, just like Rome

SLIGHT

history is fleeting • still we better try • the leaves are conceding • can't really fly what do you feel? • so much is off the books.

take comfort in not knowing • wear it like a dress • the sea is barely glowing • no one to impress

now this won't work • maybe it never would • you taste so...

winds blow down hill • chewed up and overjoyed • right foot first



i don't want you to love me • i just want you to know not shooting for the rafters • maybe two feet below

and you think much too much • and i drink just enough • and i just love you so

i know the things you say • and you believe the things you see can't recognize the truth • or relocate the key

and you hurt me so much • and i hurt me enough • and my head's tired of you

and i got wind • and broke down • and lost it • and screwed up • and so i played • just the cards • i was dealt • nothing wild • aces low

HOFF

i know that you are trying • for the first time in so long and i'm seeking optimism • but 4 in 5 i'm wrong

'cause some nights get so dark • and those thoughts are too sharp • they cut just like brand-new

and i cannot • relax, not enough • as the tide • pulls me down but i would not • nor can i • change anything • a thing • a thing

but everything recycles • so let's reuse this time try to reduce attrition • and just commute the crimes

and we tried from the start • to make something with heart • but we failed • better luck next time

it was the gold standard, but we drifted • supposed to be more than a temporary stake not totally worthless; it's still paper

it seems all the numbers and faces are just an allegory

the truth is ideal but still imperfect • she leaves a deal wanting, save honesty not looking for polish, not on purpose

and now, everything is just shiny enough to become hazy • things used to have shape and sense

protection from nature, home sweet shelter • the kindness that comes from intimacy replacing small traumas with such promise

and you and your mane and your shoes and your attitude beckon me why the pacific northwest?

past may be prologue, but in walks present • believing in one more opportunity not really deserving, not of your hand

A PRAYER FOR SECOND CHANCES

but now, since my head is on straight i love you • yes, i love you • i will love you • no matter what no matter what • no matter what • no matter what

just you



this is too far • the siren knows • our time is up so bring what counts • but leave some there • we haven't room

> it's an ocean, it's vast and unspoiled and too cold it's contagious, just not from shaking hands

the blues and reds • grab what's still here • feelings not tied down and take some sand • to fill the gaps • it's all that's left

it's a skyscraper, dancing to great heights with half-smiles it's a white flag, it's time to quit their game

from kindness down • these buildings came • full of promise, full of walls with sadness gone • the silence grows • ...

strong but not enough • built for something else • woke-up but it's still dark • and light slowly descends

it's a city, it's lights and alive and on fire it's a fresh start, it's bleeding and fury and song it's an interstate, shortcut to things not that different i'm so overwhelmed, but you know where i am

GRANE

All songs and sounds by Dave Linnenbank except for lady vocals on "Preface" by Sylvia Chen

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