

# WHERE THE WIND TURNS THE SKIN TO LEATHER

## I LIKE IT WHEN YOU SLEEP

Words: M. Frank & N. Furio

Music: M. Frank, K. Olsen, S. Koch, N. Land & N. Furio

I like it when you sleep  
Seven hours peace I can count on  
Twenty-thousand sheep  
Hop the fence I base my amount on

I like it when you dream  
Auburn angel curls on my pillow  
Sunday windows beam  
Light upon my sweet sleeping willow

When you rise from the dead  
On the wrong side of my bed  
I wish you weren't up  
You're the bitter in my sugar cup

That's why I like you in my bed  
Forty fathoms deep under covers  
Lay your sleepy head  
Do I measure up to old lovers

I like you feathered down  
Pin your golden wings to my headboard  
Far away from town  
Say goodbye to nights where you once toured

Can't you rise from the dead  
On the right side of my bed  
I wish you'd sweeten up  
You're the bitter in my sugar cup

Now I rise from the dead  
On the wrong side of my bed  
I wish you weren't up  
I wish you'd sweeten up  
You're the bitter in my sugar cup

That's why I like it when you sleep  
I like it when you dream  
I like you feathered down  
I like you in my bed  
I like it when you sleep

Marie Frank: Sugarcup Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Forty Fathom Drum Set  
Søren Koch: Angel Curl & Golden Wing Guitars  
Jørgen Holmegaard: Twenty-Thousand Keyboards  
Nicolai Land: Bittersweet Bass

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## KISS THE MESSENGER

Words: M. Frank & N. Furio

Music: M. Frank, N. Furio, N. Land & K. Olsen

Don't you know  
I'll say the words you're sick of hearing  
Let me holler til your ears ring  
I know what's true will make you blue  
But better me than you know who  
My reasons rhyme their numbers prime  
And though it might seem out of time ...

I would run a hundred miles just to tell you  
Even if I lose my head I wanna help you

Honestly I don't mean to hurt you  
Can't you see I'm tryin' to alert you  
It's history so why not kiss the messenger

Say it's so  
I've come too far to spare your feelings  
But soon enough you'll start the healing  
Don't get me wrong we get along  
It's just not me to hold my tongue  
Cause I'm the kind who speaks her mind  
And though it might seem out of line ...

I would sail the seven seas just to show you  
Even if I make some waves I'm here to float you

Honestly I don't mean to hurt you  
Can't you see I'm tryin' to alert you  
It's history so why not kiss the messenger

I would fly around the world just to warn you  
Even if I land in jail I'd still implore you

Honestly I don't mean to hurt you  
Can't you see I'm tryin' to alert you  
It's history so why not kiss the messenger

The poppy seed between your teeth  
Why not kiss the messenger  
The awful truth that's underneath  
Why not kiss the messenger  
The 50ls that never fit  
Why not kiss the messenger  
The way you don't know when to quit  
Why not kiss the messenger

Marie Frank: Athena Vocals, Greek Chorus  
Kent Olsen: Demosthenes Drum Set  
Neill C. Furio: Weeping Demeter Guitar Solo  
Howe Gelb: Persephone Piano, Mellotron  
Kevin Salem: Acoustic Lyre  
Søren Koch: Orpheus Electric Guitar  
Nicolai Land: Wurlitzer Piano, Bass

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# WHERE THE WIND TURNS THE SKIN TO LEATHER

## DRIVE

Words: M. Frank & N. Furio

Music: M. Frank, S. Koch, N. Land, K. Olsen & N. Furio

A picture perfect neighborhood  
Grass and twins and chrome  
The picket fence is understood  
No need to roam

When the sofa's warm damn the storm  
Your show is on the TV's glowing  
Wonder why time goes by you reply ...

Close your eyes and drive  
As long as we're both alive  
Head down old 45  
Let's take the wheel  
Don't care if we arrive

Just because you say it's true  
Doesn't make it right  
I could tell you what to do  
Swallow your pride

Then you turn to me what to be  
Forever free the motor's running  
Where to go high or low make it so ...

Hold on tight and drive  
As long as we're both alive  
She's an old 55  
Let's take the wheel  
Don't care if we arrive  
Just go as far as wild winds still blow  
Fast at first then real slow  
As safe as steel  
Shined by the neon glow

Then we turn away what to say  
It's okay the V8's gunning  
How to see you and me memory ...

Let's get lost and drive just drive  
As long as we're both alive  
In our old 55  
Let's take the wheel  
Don't care if we arrive  
Just go as far as wild winds still blow  
Fast at first then real slow  
As safe as steel  
Shined by the neon glow

Yeah drive  
Now we know what's been missin'  
Ragtop down tires kissin' the open road  
Let's unload and drive just drive

Marie Frank: Wild Wind Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Ragtop Drum Set  
Neill C. Furio: Neon Loop, Backing Vocals  
Søren Koch: Nylon Glass & Steel Guitars  
Jørgen Holmegaard: Old 88s, Open Rhodes, Vibraphone  
Nicolai Land: Glissando Piano, Bass  
Rolf Hansen: Chrome Guitars

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# WHERE THE WIND TURNS THE SKIN TO LEATHER

## IT CAN'T GET ANY WORSE

Words: M. Frank & N. Furio

Music: M. Frank, N. Furio & K. Olsen

You've got a secret and I've got mine  
I'll tell your story one lie at a time  
Your mom was pretty different  
With a jackknife smile  
Your dad went missing did he  
Every once in a while

You heard the small town whispers  
Who could live with the shame  
Sea salt temptation fills you  
Damn the family name  
You know the summer's never long  
Enough to see where it went wrong  
If I knew better I'd say  
It can't get any worse  
It can't get any worse

Tore down the East Side uptown  
Black stiletto boots  
Blew up the West Side downtown  
Acid movie shoots

You know a daughter's never young  
Enough to ever come back home  
If I knew better I'd say  
It can't get any worse  
It can't get any worse

Compared to what things are today  
Your bed was made of roses  
You're scared of leaving yesterday  
For less familiar poses

Now baby's reading 'rithmetic  
In the closet down the hallway  
While you're in your back room  
Turning tricks to feed your need to fall hey

You know that life is more than long  
Enough to fix up what went wrong  
If I knew better I'd say  
It can't get any worse  
It can't get any worse  
Can it get any worse

Marie Frank: Small Town Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Sea Salt Drum Set  
Neill C. Furio: Acid Acoustic Guitar  
Howe Gelb: Jackknife Guitar (Right)  
Søren Koch: Black Stiletto Guitar (Left), Mellotron  
Nicolai Land: Boomtown Bass

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## LEATHER

Words & Music: Howe Gelb

The wind here turns the skin to leather  
And this somehow makes him feel better  
Wraps up his twisted infrastructure  
And the non-expire of his desire just to touch her

Messin' with the strongest laws of nature  
Love grows large he can't escape her  
Dealin' with all the flaws of rapture  
Love grows large even after departure

And the wind turns the skin to leather  
And the wind turns the skin to leather  
And the wind turns the skin

Being a dreamer  
Believin' in time travel  
To get it back where it was  
Should be a matter of unravel

And the wind turns the skin to leather  
And the wind turns the skin to leather  
And the wind turns the skin

Marie Frank: Desert Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Dusty Drum Set  
Howe Gelb: Saguaro Guitars, Backing Vocals  
Jørgen Holmegaard: Hammond Organ, Vibraphone  
Nicolai Land: Double Bass

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# WHERE THE WIND TURNS THE SKIN TO LEATHER

## SCRABBLE-INA

Words & Music: Neill C. Furio

New Year's Day falling down  
Spell a word but not a proper noun  
Seven tiles maple through  
I hate I as much as I hate U

Clockwise once around the board  
Need an O to feel ignored

Down by ten cross by more  
Gotta get a double letter score  
Blanks are gone vowels few  
Things look bad for Scrabble-ina too

Clockwise twice around the board  
Need an O to feel adored

See me stand see me sit  
See me try to make some sense of it  
See me still see me shake  
See me try to pick a pill to take

Headache gone feverfew  
Morning tints the foggy windows blue  
Brooklyn Bridge falling down  
Crack the glass if you don't wanna drown

Clockwise wheel around the town  
You like black but I like brown

See me stand see me sit  
See me try to make some sense of it  
See me still see me shake  
See me try to pick a pill to take  
See me swim see me sink  
See me try to clear this cloud of ink

Clockwise touch the river floor  
Lose the game I won before

See me stand see me sit  
See me try to make some sense of it  
See me still see me shake  
See me try to pick a pill to take  
See me swim see me sink  
See me try to clear this cloud of ink  
See me spell see me swirl  
See me try to please a perfect pearl

Marie Frank: Spellbound Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Clockwise Drum Set  
Kevin Salem: Acoustic Guitar, Drizzle Synth, Bass  
Søren Koch: Cloud Of Ink Guitar, Backing Vocals  
Jørgen Holmgaard: Drowning Mellotron  
Oliver Kraus: Black & Brown Cellos  
Neill C. Furio: Backing Vocals

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## I SEE WHAT YOU SAY

Words & Music: M. Frank & N. Furio

Half-awake I'm in my old position  
Reaching over while you're still asleep  
How'd we settle into this condition  
Now and then we get in trouble deep

I guzzle down a cup of water by your bedside  
A little pick-me-up to kick me from my dead side

I see what you say and I like it your way  
Now I'm looking right through you  
I say what you see and between you and me  
Think I like the more true you

Wide awake with five or six new senses  
Bolt upright you're searchin' frantically  
Can't believe I drank your contact lenses  
Now your outlook is inside of me

I used to be so blind but now I see so clearly  
Your 20/20 mind is mine as well or nearly

I see what you say and I like it your way  
Now I'm looking right through you  
I say what you see and between you and me  
I prefer the true blue you

Scissor-sharp as any point of view  
Now I understand the all of you

There used to be no choice but now I speak so clearly  
Your 20/20 voice is mine as well well nearly

I see what you say and I like it your way  
Now I'm looking right through you  
I say what you see and between you and me  
Think I like the more true you  
I see what you say it's a beautiful day  
Now we're optically clever  
I say what you see it's appearing to me  
We're a better pair forever

Marie Frank: 20/20 Vocals  
Kent Olsen: True Blue Drum Set  
Søren Koch: Near & Farsighted Guitars  
Jørgen Holmgaard: Kitty On The Keyboard, Mellotron  
Nicolai Land: Seeing-Eye Bass  
Henrik Marstal: Bolt Upright Cellos  
The Scissorsharps: Snaps, Crackles & Pops  
Anni Ringgård: Backing Vocals

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# WHERE THE WIND TURNS THE SKIN TO LEATHER

## WHOOOPS WRONG DAISY

Words & Music: Neill C. Furio

April showers March forgot  
Sprouting from my flowerpot  
Stems entwine a lover's knot  
Petal white meet yellow dot

He loves me he loves me not  
He loves me he loves me not  
He loves me he ... he ... he ...

Whoops wrong daisy  
I must have been crazy  
To pick one that couldn't pick me

Summer swelter simmer hot  
Rattling my corncob pot  
Mango butter apricot  
Picnic white meet shady spot

He loves me he loves me not  
He loves me he loves me not  
He loves me he ... he ... he ...

Whoops wrong daisy  
I must have been crazy  
To pick one that couldn't pick me  
Whoops wrong daisy  
My day's fever hazy  
I'm dreamin' I do you agree

There's a sunny meadow's worth  
But I've been pickin' wrong since birth

Winter hours novel plot  
Curling from my chimney pot  
Hope's eternal spring is shot  
Paper white meet inky blot

Forget me forget me not  
Forget me forget me not  
Forget me four ... three ... two ... one ...

Whoops wrong daisy  
I must have been crazy  
To pick one that couldn't pick me  
Whoops wrong daisy  
My night's out of phasey  
I'm wakin' unfortunately

Marie Frank: April Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Flowerpot Drum Set  
Neill C. Furio: Acoustic Guitar, Bass, Backing Vocals  
Søren Koch: Electric Bee & Fever Haze Guitars, Backing Vocals  
Jørgen Holmegaard: Sampled Summer Flutes & French Horns

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## IT PASSED YOU BY

Words: J. Lund  
Music: J. Lund & M. Frank

Don't give to me today  
What is not due until tomorrow  
It will only bring you sorrow  
If you rush it on

Come back to me some other day  
Boy we could try and mend it  
Though you thought you'd never stand it  
Last you said goodbye to me

Too late  
The singer says you're lost if you hesitate  
Too long  
Before you know the moment  
When you really had a chance to try  
It passed you by

After just a short while  
This one sticks to me like glue  
Though it still belongs to you  
And I hope you know I know that too

When you bring it on to me  
I hope you understand it  
Though you've packed it up and canned it  
Wait a little more time for me

Too late  
The singer says you're lost when you hesitate  
Too bad  
You never know what luck you had  
You really had a chance to try  
It passed you by

Don't give to me today  
What is not due until tomorrow  
It will only bring you sorrow  
If you rush it on

Marie Frank: Knowing Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Two-Step Drum Set  
Jacob Lund: Acoustic Guitar, Backing Vocals  
Anders Pedersen: Amber Electric Guitar  
Nicolai Land: Double Bass

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# WHERE THE WIND TURNS THE SKIN TO LEATHER

## ALL FALL DOWN

Words & Music: M. Frank & N. Furio

When it all comes down in pieces  
When it only falls apart  
When it all comes down to nothing  
Take a minute to remember before  
Things'll never be the same anymore

Yellow leaves tremble and quiver  
Hide and seek tree after tree  
Silhouette folds into shadows  
Brittle branches snap and drop to the ground  
What's the fun if you can never be found

I can see you from here  
You stumble you tumble you crawl  
Every second passes like another year  
You back up you crack up you fall

Flashing lights along the highway  
Touch and go til morning comes  
Lose a dream inside a nightmare  
Raise a finger blink an eye move a toe  
Home is anywhere the heart is you know

I can see you from here  
You stumble you tumble you crawl  
Every second passes like another year  
You back up you crack up you fall  
I can see you from here

Every now and then you lay in the shade of a doubt  
Then you find yourself alive and still standing tall  
Every how and when you think you've got it all figured  
out  
Then you find that you know nothing at all

We all fall down  
All fall down  
Fall down  
Down

Marie Frank: Brittle Branch Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Yellow Leaf Drum Set  
Neill C. Furio: Autumn Acoustic Guitar, Bass  
Henrik Marstal: Silhouetted Cellos  
Anni Ringgård: Backing Vocals

## SPOT ON THE MOON

Words: M. Frank & N. Furio  
Music: M. Frank, N. Land, N. Furio, S. Koch, & K. Olsen

Pale night light around you  
Vapor arms surround you  
Hush now be still time will tell  
Heaven and hell know that ...

If you hold on if you hold on I'll hold you  
If you let go if you let go I'll let go too  
If you should leave don't let it be today

Rain on the roof  
Spot on the moon  
Rain on the roof

Wake again tomorrow  
Sleep relief and sorrow  
Rest til you smile one more smile  
After a while you'll know ...

If you hold on if you hold on I'll hold you  
If you let go if you let go I'll let go too  
If you should leave don't let it be today

Rain on the roof  
Spot on the moon  
Rain on the roof

Long long ago far away  
I'd hear you say baby ...

If you hold on if you hold on I'll hold you  
If you let go if you let go I'll let go too  
If you should leave don't let it be today

Rain on the roof  
Spot on the moon  
Rain on the roof  
Spot on the moon

Marie Frank: Vapor Vocals  
Kent Olsen: Dreamy Drum Set  
Neill C. Furio: Morphine Loop, Acoustic Guitar  
Søren Koch: X-Ray & Moonbeam Guitars  
Nicolai Land: Raindrop Piano, Bass  
Henrik Marstal: Nightlight Cellos

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