

# THE RADIO HOUR

## HERE AND NOT COMING BACK

Words and Music by Tim Hort

Daybreaks overseas like a thousand burning degrees  
A trade of violence over there  
A change of season over here

I'm tracing your footsteps through the snow  
Never leading home

Come back, brother, it is oil and water

I'm tracing your shadow through sunset  
Would that be your silhouette?

There is no secret,  
There is no secret,  
There is no secret  
You are here and not coming back

The ghosts from Vietnam reach for the souls lost to Iraq  
Daybreaks overseas with a thousand burning degrees

Tracing dirt roads to dead ends with foreign children, yet.

There is no secret,  
There is no secret,  
There is no secret  
You are here and not coming back

*For Theresa Blake  
In memory of Sgt. William Blake*

A live demo of this song was used for choreographed performances at Chicago's "Full Circle Festival" Directed by Ellyzabeth Adler Adler Danztheatre Project, Chicago

*Tim Hort - vocals, acoustic guitar  
Jordan Macarus - solo guitar  
Joe Griffin - guitar  
Sean Burke - drums  
Andy Swindler - organ  
Brian Daley - bass*

## SECOND SON

Words and Music by Tim Hort

Tracing the pain has only left me in pain  
Being broken, "What do you know about promises?"

That look in your eye,  
You're so sick of all of it in black and white  
But I know where you'll hide  
And I know you see me as a consequence

Tell me all the lies you need  
If that will help you get through  
Tell me all with lies that you believe  
If that can help to help you through

I take it you'll give in to something  
That's a little less than to live  
I take it you've found  
That there is no way the chase  
or the breakdowns

*Tim Hort - vocals, acoustic guitars  
DWLB - soundscapes and fx guitar  
(featuring Christopher Petkus and Joe Griffin)  
Brian Leach - piano and organ*

## SING

Words and Music by Tim Hort

The day had come  
The sun had brought you  
There were two towers and altitude  
It left us with more than fallout for the News

What more did they want to do?  
The sky was blue and perfect  
And the scenes were of dead multitudes,  
Seeing we still don't know what we're doing

Sing to me  
Although the World dissolved  
From under your feet

And back down the street  
You know the one that brought you  
You see it in latitudes  
You see it in latitudes

*Tim Hort - vocals  
Jordan Macarus - solo guitar  
Andy Swindler - organ one  
Joe Griffin - guitars  
Sean Burke - samples and percussion  
Brian Leach - additional organ  
Brian Daley - bass*

## WITH THE RHYTHM OF A CATFIGHT

Words and Music by Tim Hort

I doubt if I know or understand  
But it's like a plea for forgiveness,  
It's like the fears at-hand

I keep my hand in my pocket  
The one with the line at the wrist.  
I hope you pull together  
I hope they tend to the rest

I've been there doctor,  
I cannot see still  
But I see a path out of darkness  
With a handful of pills.

Brothers and Sisters,  
Grieve.  
And then I can leave

Feel that the end is coming  
Seems like I'm floating away  
Seems like it's pulling me under  
And then I'm soaring through space

Then we are soaring through space  
I do love you  
But I can't see still.  
Don't leave me alone with voices that kill,  
Or the voice in the floor,  
Or the lines and the blues,  
Or the rhythm of a catfight,  
Or the rhythm of the News.

*Tim Hort - vocals, overdub guitars  
Joe Griffin - guitar  
Jordan Macarus - solo guitar  
Sean Burke - drums  
Brian Daley - bass*

## BOTH ALONE TONIGHT

Words and Music by Tim Hort

I have a feeling that I won't be home tonight.  
I have a feeling and I know why we're both alone tonight

I said I would wait for you  
But it was all I can do to keep the needle in the groove

You're over there  
I am over here  
You're over there

Two gunshots on a Tuesday afternoon  
And it's a lot, my dear, I know  
Being locked in two separate rooms

I said I would wait for you  
But it was all I could do to keep the needle in the groove

You're over there  
I am over here  
You're over there

There was no time to go outside of my head  
The gun looked kind and simple  
I put it down instead

You wanted to believe  
That our world was worth believing,  
While I would look for redemption  
To try to keep you from leaving.

I said I would stay with you,  
But it was all I could do  
It was really all that I could do

You're over there  
I am over here  
You're over there

*Tim Hort - vocals  
Andy Swindler - piano*

Band Photo (L to R): Andy Swindler, Jordan Macarus, Brian Daley, Tim Hort, Joe Griffin, Sean Burke.

Written and Produced by Tim Hort. Mixed and mastered by Blaise Barton at Scientific Recording, Chicago. Engineering on "Second Son" by Joe Griffin. Additional recording by Brian Leach. Cover photos by Masaaki Toyoura and Yuri Dojc. Cover art concept by Tim Hort. Clock image by Tazi LeMay. Layout by Ethan Sellers.

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