



## 1 BE MY LOVE

To hold you.  
Feel the flame in my hands.  
Come fill up the darkest place.  
Bring softness to these walls of stone.

Come be my love.  
Tear the skin of your life off for me.  
I want to hold your shining spirit to my breast.

Come love.  
Be my love.  
Let us burn out our lives in the fire of the night.

Make me a god.  
Catch my blood in your hands.  
Betray me once more in the shadows  
then ask me to forgive.

Tie me to the bed  
with your serpent and sweat.  
Come entangle my fingers and tongue in your breathing.  
Pour wine into my pores.  
Come tell me I am yours.  
Tell me. Tell me. Tell me.

Love, There's too much now between you and I.  
Far too many lies.  
Come tear away the skin off from our lives.

Come be my love.  
Come burn off the masks we've owned.  
To find what lies beneath.  
...neath a life lived without you.

Come love, be my love.  
Let us turn all the lies into something like a prayer.  
Come love, be my love.  
Let us burn up our lives for a moment we could bear/bare.

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Violin: Encho Tudorov

## 2 I HAVE DREAMED IN ANOTHER

I have dreamed  
dreamed I  
I was another  
I have dreamed

and I reached out past another's sleeping  
and there before me was another's life  
and all the dreams still locked in another's eyes

how many lives how many deaths  
how many truths and wickedness  
can I hold in another's hands?

I have dreamed  
I was ten thousand men  
alive in ten thousands worlds  
held in another's  
another's hands  
in another's hands  
in another's hands

I have dreamed

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Violin: Encho Tudorov

### 3. BRING ON THE STORM

Cover me like rain.  
Run me 'long the streets.  
Cover me, wash me over like thunder.  
Catch in your palm every sweet grain and leaf.  
Trace me around the jagged edge of light...

Face me, trace me, grace me with the jagged edge of light

...cauterize the distance between  
this storm and me,  
between ev'ry echo.

And like the rain I touch the glass.  
And like the rain I fall too fast.  
And like the rain I take a bit of light from heaven.

And as the rain that falls away  
I soon grow cold and cannot say  
And all my brittle little life dries on my tongue.

Please shape me, aweigh me, translate me into illusion.  
Mutate me, satiate me, lib'rate me with your confusion.

Inflate me, filtrate me, anticipate me like the winds.  
Radiate me, ideate me, permeate my soiled dusty sins.

Cover me. Give me shape, give me form.  
Cover me. Let me drape my heart around the coming of the storm.

Bring on the storm.

...like the rain I touch  
...like the rain I fall  
...like the rain I take a bit of light from heaven.

...as the rain that falls away  
...I soon grow cold and cannot say  
...all my brittle life... dries away.

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### 4. CRAZY STORY

Story.  
Tell me a crazy story  
to make sense of this day.  
Don't say little glories;  
I don't want to cheat that way.  
Just your voice like a sidewalk beneath my feet,  
narrate my concrete.  
Please.

I want you to write me down.  
I want you to read me aloud.  
I want you to turn my pages.  
Turn me, turn me  
into a crazy story.  
Turn me crazy. Crazy.

Want me too, on your lips.  
Want me too, like breath from your mouth.  
Want me too, for song, for praying.  
I am yours: come play me crazy.  
Play me crazy. Crazy.

Tell me a crazy story.  
Read me crazy. Crazy.

Prism hours like blades run across my skin,  
Tower like days too high for scaling.  
So far away, your voice is failing.  
The words of my life wait and wait and wait like crazy.  
Crazy.

Come make me crazy, crazy. Come make me crazy, crazy.  
Come make me... Crazy, crazy. Crazy, crazy.  
Come make me your crazy story.

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Guitars: Thor Oliveresen  
Saxes: Donny McCaslin

## 5. THE WAITRESS

At the edge of my table, at the edge of the world,  
a waitress opens her hands.  
I see that they're empty... she's able  
to recall everything as she stands.

I fold up my life  
and place it to the side.  
I want to confide,  
tell her everything I'd come to hide.

And she listens without effort.  
Does she know how much she comforts,  
taking everything inside.  
And she glistens with an aura  
that calls me to collide.

"Please, miss. Come take my order.  
Please.  
Come take my order now."

As the kitchen door opens  
all the sounds and the lights that were hidden so carefully behind,  
they tumble out after  
and I wonder what else these walls are meant to hide?

Is she smoothing her hair as she thinks of what I have said?  
Does she wonder, as I, what else I might want,  
what lies ahead?

Take my order.  
Am I ordered enough to know?  
Take my order. Please.  
Can I order your eyes to go?  
Make me order, don't let me miss,  
take me where you want to know.  
Make me order and I'll know which way to go.

At the edge of my table, at the edge of the world,  
an empty plate lies there abused.  
There's more than I'm able to say to her now,  
there's no time left and I'm too confused.

Does she know there's a cost  
in defining the things we must choose?  
Would she go there with me  
to where nothing like normal hunger rules?

And she listens without effort.  
Does she know how much she comforts,  
taking everything inside.  
And she glistens with an aura  
that calls me to collide.

Take my order.  
Am I ordered enough to know?  
Take my order.  
Can I order your eyes to go?  
Make me order,  
take me where you want to know.  
Make me order and I'll know which way to go.

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## 6. ICARUS

This is my day, this is my day in the sun.  
Ride the wind, oh, on this day in the sun.  
I'll have my way in the sun, on this day in the sun.

I got wings made of light.  
I got a heart ready for flight.  
Got two arms that don't tire.  
Got a mind set on fire.  
Two eyes bigger than a TV screen.  
I'm gonna ride those sunbeams,  
Ride those sunbeams to you today,  
Cuz this is my day, yes it is.  
I'm gonna rise into the sky  
Like a soul that just won't die,  
Like a spirit beyond pain  
I'm gonna reach into that sweet, sweet flame  
And pick me a sweeter bouquet of sunrays.  
And fly back home to you...

Like Icarus.  
Did he make it? Did he have a plan?  
Did his arms hold? Did he find land?  
The shoreline? Like your body  
Always wanting more. Always wanting  
More... of his day in the sun.

In the sun.  
Like Icarus, in the sun.

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Guitars: John Luper  
Saxes: Donny McCaslin  
Electric Piano: Chris Mueller

## 7. DOOR IN MY HEART

What changes us, arranges us,  
soon estranges all we once held near,  
justifies our want and lapse,  
these boundaries called a man?

What merges us, and furthers us,  
then diverges from what was once dear,  
binding what we are to what we fear?

What chooses us, excuses us,  
then confuses what was once so clear,  
tearing up in daily life  
answers once so true and real?

What traces us, embraces us,  
then replaces in one silent tear  
the ocean of a living soul...  
when love is locked away?

There's a door in my heart,  
a door without a key.

What summons us, condenses us,  
and shatters self-defenses thus?  
What can bring us joy again  
if love is locked away?

I thought I'd lived all that I could of life...  
and then you walked in.

There's a door in my heart and it's opened to you.  
There's a door to that greater part of me.  
There's a door that was locked and hidden away.  
Only you take me through that threshold.  
Only you open up the world.

There's a door in my heart and it's opened to you.  
There's a door to that greater part of me.  
There's a door that was locked and hidden away.  
Only you take me through that threshold.  
Only you open up the world.  
Open up that secret world.

What dreams us, forms between us,  
what redeems us in this happy way?  
What makes us worth our lives again,  
if love is locked away?

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Additional vocals: Anton Mueller  
Piano: Chris Mueller

## 8. HOLD ON (TO THE THREAD OF LOVE)

Drive down the road to the Morse code  
of the taxi horns, in my crown of thorns  
dripping golden blood... if I only could  
I'd be rich today. I'd be rich today.

See lovers kiss, speak private bliss:  
I walk away, no words to say  
out from these lips... if just one slipped  
I'd be rich today. I'd be rich today.

Kids in the park, fresh off the ark,  
too young to know how hard it goes  
for those who try just to stay dry.  
If I only knew why, I'd be rich today.

Hold on, hold on, hold on  
to the thread of love.  
Hold on, hold on, hold on  
to the residue of living.

Sex sells, sex kills, sex wells up and nearly fills you  
then slips from your hands, and you wonder,  
What is this sticky mess? What is this sticky mess?

Freedom sells, freedom kills, freedom wells up  
and nearly fills you then slips from your hands,  
and you wonder, What is this bloody mess?  
You look back and wonder,  
What is this bloody mess? Yeah, cuz you know

Winning sells, winners kill, winning wells up and nearly fills you then  
slips from your hands,  
and you wonder, What is this sweaty mess  
pooled all around you? What is this sweaty mess?

But still you  
Hold, hold on, hold on  
to the residue of success.

Drive down the road.  
Don't feel the cold.  
Don't fix the blame.  
Don't speak the name.  
Just do your best,  
Let go the rest, and try to

Hold on, hold on, hold on  
to the thread of love.  
Hold on, hold on, hold on  
to the residue of life.

Hold on, hold on, hold on  
to the thread of love.  
Hold on, hold on, hold on  
to the residue of living.

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Violin: Martyn Kember-Smith

## 9. CAN'T COMPLAIN

I can't complain for all the pain that might have been.  
I can't complain, each moment had it's place.  
Friendships and bonds unbroken over time,  
as shallow as they are...

When I was young I couldn't lose.  
I didn't care. My life was full.  
So unaware of what was missing,  
until I found you there.

Can't compare. Can't complain.  
Had to be... all my life's led to you, now I see.  
Needed time (needed everything) to make sure,  
(so that I'd be sure),  
to mature into this person you met,  
to be ready, ready for you.  
Beyond regret.

Mistakes I made, I used every one of them,  
and made my way into your arms.

Can't compare. Can't complain.  
Needed time (needed everything) to make sure  
(so that I'd be sure)  
...to be ready, ready for you.  
And here I am, right in front of you,  
as if I'd always been waiting.  
Here I am, right in front of you.

I can't imagine living one moment over again.  
Why would I leave this perfect place where I am?  
Memories are fickle. They are less than I'd once hoped.  
But with you I know that I can,  
that at last I can transcend...

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Violin: Martyn Kember-Smith  
Guitars: Anton Mueller  
Lyrics by Suzanne and Tobin Mueller  
Music by Anton and Tobin Mueller

## 10. LET ME PLAY

I know I know I  
I can't feel  
I know I know I want to

I know I know I  
I can't deal  
I know I know I used to

I know I know why  
nothing's real  
I know I used to...be you

I know I know why  
I know nothing  
I just want to  
Just let me play, play, yeah  
Just let me play, yeah

You know I want to  
Wanna play, wanna play, yeah  
I wanna wanna play you  
I wanna wanna play with you, yeah

But when I hold you  
I don't wanna feel so helpless  
When I'm near you  
I don't wanna feel alone  
When I touch you  
I don't wanna feel so empty  
When I say, "I love you,"  
I don't wanna say it alone, no,  
I don't wanna say it alone, no I  
No I don't wanna say it alone

When I hold you  
I don't wanna feel so helpless  
When I'm near you  
I don't wanna feel alone  
When I touch you  
I don't wanna feel so empty  
When I say, "I love you,"  
I don't wanna say it alone, no  
I don't wanna say it alone, no I  
No I, I don't wanna say it alone, no I  
No I, I don't wanna say it alone

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Vocals: Tobin Mueller  
Guitars: McBoy  
Clarinet/Saxes: Bill Barner





## II MY HEART STILL BEATS

Let the sun shine out from your eyes  
while the moon is on your skin.  
On your skin.

What did your father say?  
What did your father say about this?

Island party. Island party. Island party. Island party, yeah.  
Barefoot, dancing 'round the world, you're...  
Barefoot, dancing 'round the world, you're...  
Barefoot, dancing 'round the world, you're...  
Barefoot, dancing all night long.

What did your father say  
about parties, drinks, and men like this?  
What did your father say about you?

The sun is still in your eyes.  
The moon is on your skin.  
The sun it still in your eyes but the moon  
is on your skin.

You came to lose your count of days,  
your count of fears,  
your count of nights.  
But now you've lost your count of drinks,  
your count of boys,  
your count of blurring lights.

Let's get lost in the jungle, find a place to just unwind.  
Let the rules unravel. You came here to travel  
so let's go see what there's to find.

What did your father say?  
What did your father say?

*...She is pulled into the jungle, beaten, raped, left for dead.  
She sees a light on a hilltop, an isolated home, and begins  
to crawl up the hill through the jungle...*

You say you remember the stars.  
You say you remember the mud that stained your hands.  
You say you remember your heart,  
The sound of your pulse as it kept you alive.  
Kept you alive.

"Our father who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name.  
Holy Mary, mother of God,  
pray for us, sinners, now,  
and at the hour of our death..."

Forget all the hands that held you down.  
Forget all the scars that tie you to the ground.

"Maketh me to lie down in green pastures.  
Leadeth me beside still waters.  
Restoreth my soul."

I know my heart still beats.  
I know my heart still beats.

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Bass: Thor Oliversen  
Flute: Sal Giogianni  
Trumpet: Carl Fischer  
Additional Vocals: Iradi Cotteswan  
Woman's voice: Suzanne Mueller



## 12. WHEN YOU LEFT

When you left the clock erased your voice  
in time now tilted and tumbled round.

When you left I doted 'long the wall  
unconscious of the world around me in fall.

And when you left my heart fluttered no more like a bird.  
My hands knew no warmth. My mind knew no words.  
A sudden fear began to swell up in my chest. Swell with emptiness.

And when you left I lost all feeling.  
The room collapsed atop of me.

My heart flutters no more like a bird.  
My hands know no warmth. My mind knows no words.  
A sudden fear...

When you left I lost all feeling.  
This room collapsed atop of me.

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## 13. FINAL WORDS

Looking out the window, so hard to recognize.  
(The gardens and the family tree are labors that don't lie.)  
Final moments. The white room all around.  
It's hard to think of things to say when you're never coming home.

"This is it. This is it," you say,  
"So don't you waste a day."  
This is it?

Never sadness in your eyes. No lines of regret.  
And yet you turn and tell me to be different than you.  
"Do it differently than me."  
What do these words mean from a father who will always be my saint?

"This is it. This is it," you say,  
"So don't you waste a day."  
This is it?

Hold a mirror to your face.  
Help you comb your hair in place.  
Father, son and ghost embrace.

You look up and you say you're happy.  
Don't know why, but I understand.

Bo du du ba ba dí do do dí  
Bo du du ba bo.

Wish you wish me  
Wishing for the other  
If you if me  
Wanting only to be...

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Saxes: Woody Mankowski  
Acoustic guitar: Elliot Friedman



#### 14. LOOLAY LULLABY

Let my arms be the resting place  
For your head, soft and warm  
For your light, lifting grace  
Let my arms lose their weight

The loudness of the many days be lost  
The tiredness at end turn to peaceful rest  
The days behind turn to the days ahead

Loolay lullaby  
Loolay lullaby  
Loolay lullaby

Let my voice be the lullaby  
For your gentle, sweet life  
This is what my voice seeks:  
The wish that is you

The stiffness of the fright'ning world will bend  
The suppleness of bright'ning night will soothe and mend  
And all the dreams I've spun to you will lend

Loolay lullaby  
Loolay lullaby  
Loolay lullaby

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All music and lyrics by Tobin Mueller unless noted.

All instruments and vocals by Tobin Mueller unless noted.

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TOBIN MUELLER

A BIT OF LIGHT