

BEN SURES



The Story That Lived Here

END OF THE WORLD

In case it's the end of the world, I'm gonna have a cinnamon bun
In case it's all over, I'm gonna have some fun
I don't know what that looks like, but I'm willing to give it a try
In case it's the end of everything, and the end is nigh
In case it's the end of the world
In case it's the end of the world

In case I get infected, I'm stocking up on food
I'll get some different things, that'll lift my mood
Eat things I normally wouldn't, no more eggs and bacon
I wonder what my sister, stuck over seas, will be making
In case it's the end of the world
In case it's the end of the world

In case it's the end of the world, and no one's allowed to touch
I'll find a crash test dummy, to hang out with and such
I'll feel less morose with my surrogate friend
Learning all the latest dance moves, oh dance me to the end
In case it's the end of the world
In case it's the end of the world

In case it's the end of the world, I'm gonna say what I think
Once I spill the beans, I might need a drink
Cause if it's not the end of the world, and things get back on track
I'll have said some stuff I'm never taking back
In case it's the end of the world
In case it's the end of the world



BEFORE WE HAD SARAH

It's nice to see you again
It's been a long long while
What was our last conversation
I sort of remember your smile

We really should catch up
There is so much that I missed
There are years of things I've been meaning to ask
Been making a mental list from

Before we had Sarah, Veronica, Estelle and Mary
I was yours and you were mine
I was yours and we had time
Before we had Sarah, Veronica, Estelle and Mary

Schools days and outfits to choose
Work and lunches to make
Permission slips for field trips
We went to church if we caught a break

Then Mary had cello and Grandma got sick
So we put a bed in the living room
Sarah left for school in Montreal
And Estelle followed her pretty soon

Before we had Sarah, Veronica, Estelle and Mary
I was yours and you were mine
I was yours and we had time
Before we had Sarah, Veronica, Estelle and Mary

What was our last conversation
What was the last thing we did
Lie in a field sharing hopes and dreams
About someday having kids

Now Mary won't give us the time of day
Grandma finally passed away
We've run out of things to say
But Sarah has a baby on the way



BORING PEOPLE

This is who I am
The body breaking the troubled heart
The can't get finished, the can't go on, the can't start
Not the best moves or the brightest or the dumbest either
Not satisfied with satisfied, not into bliss and ether

Who are you, who am I
Is there a difference when we try
Is there really a payoff, are there just more things to fix
Are we just boring people that do boring things for kicks
Who are you, who am I

This is who I was
The blind ambition, the vocal cracks
With no eyes to my peers, deaf to all the obvious facts
Not the best moves or the brightest but
When you are young you're dumb
How else can you make mistakes
I could have listened my mom

Who are you, who are we
Is there a difference when we flee
Is there really a payoff, are there just more things to fix
Are we just boring people that do boring things for kicks
Who are you, who are we

She doesn't know doesn't care, or that's what she gives off
The people that act the hardest, are very very soft
To make the great reveal, to show the truest part
Would be to admit to being human and that you have a heart
So it's riding in the truck and blaring the horn
It's f bombs, hockey and porn
It's the top of your lungs singing 'Riders in the Storm'

Who am I now, who was I then
Is there a difference in the end
Is there really a payoff, are there just more things to fix
Are we just boring people that do boring things for kicks
Who am I now, who was I then



LIBRARY LADIES

Oh the library ladies back in my hometown
The drunkards and the bums did not bring them down
Never in it for the money or trying to have their day
The keepers of secrets, the job to give them away

You were safe under their care, educated and set free
They loved art, open minds and little pirates like me
My librarian wore perfume, hoop earrings and thick eye lashes
I couldn't wait for Saturdays, story time and her funky glasses

I remember breakfast at the table
Then my mom drove me on Saturdays
To the ladies at the library

A library lady is sacred, to a kid this is no joke
Big old smiles and book read sexiness in every word spoke
"I really like The Great Brain!" "Well come on over to this aisle"
"Why don't you read this one?" information with a smile

I remember breakfast at the table
Then my mom drove me on Saturdays
To the ladies at the library

My library ladies were from the Sixties, excited about the world
Now they're old dope smoking women whose eyes twinkle like the girls
They used to greet you from their desk right by the front door
There's an electronic kiosk now, two security guards or more

I remember breakfast at the table
Then my mom drove me on Saturdays
To the ladies at the library

Those ladies have not been shelved, you just have to wait
They are somewhere at the back, a little harder to locate
But if you dress up like a pirate you will receive a smile
And be led to chests of treasure, aisle after aisle



CRY LIKE A FLOOD

Through apartment walls the neighbours hear her song
Smile lines in her eyes, from days gone
Meds on the coffee table, a wink and a sigh
If you could hear her sing, it would make you cry

Cry, cry, cry like a flood
Tears for all the years, tears flowing like blood
We are born, then we break and go back to the mud
Cry, cry, cry like a flood

She was headed to New York, contract in her hand
Ticket was booked then fate or something dealt it's hand
A Toronto bagel shop, a lunch for old times
She was studying the menu trying to make up her mind

Cry, cry, cry like a flood
Tears for all the years, tears flowing like blood
We are born, then we break and go back to the mud
Cry, cry, cry like a flood

A car came through the window, no warning at all
Landing where she stood, pinned her to the wall
She did not make it to New York, other things had to be done
Like learning to walk, before she could run

Cry, cry, cry like a flood
Tears for all the years, tears flowing like blood
We are born, then we break and go back to the mud
Cry, cry, cry like a flood

She's lucky to be alive, but it's not luck than she can sing
Her heart gave her that power more than anything
Through apartment walls the neighbours hear her song
Smile lines in her eyes from days long gone

Cry, cry, cry like a flood
Tears for all the years, tears flowing like blood
We are born, then we break and go back to the mud
Cry, cry, cry like a flood



THE STORY THAT LIVED HERE

In the last hours of the final days
Fleeting moments before slipping away
Frustration from over the years
Unfinished conversations, maybe tears

They lie there, hospital bed
Hooked up to tubes being fed
Unable to speak, unable to think
Dreaming of golfing and having a drink

Everybody has an ending, one day you'll join
The saints and sinners will all be coming and going
The final hour won't matter near as much
As the story that lived here

You have no words, so much to say
All this pressure before they pass away
All these questions swirling like a dancer
Never happily ever answered

This is harder for you than for them
You have to live with this after their story ends
They won't be hurting or not getting along
They won't be grieving, they'll be gone

Everybody has an ending, one day you'll join
The saints and sinners will all be coming and going
The final hour won't matter near as much
As the story that lived here



FATHER'S SHOES

Shauna says I'm grumpy, since my father passed
Going on two years, I have not shown a lot of class
A hero and a heart break, he never stood still
He left neon green and blue shoes no one could fill

He liked spy novels and Chinese food
His hands turned the clay, had a tough love kind of brood
Careful with his words, sparing if at all
Only what you needed to hear so you wouldn't fall

Maybe I will paint in my father's shoes
He does not need them now, they can find some good use
They're a funny combination of neon green and blues
Maybe I will paint in my father's shoes

I don't know when he wore them, maybe on his walk
Every night with little Moonshine, up and down the block
He fed her pretty well, left overs gourmetfied,
He was pretty sad when that little Shih Tzu died

I'd follow him around the grocery, like all the times before
Feeling like a kid, a little embarrassed in the store
He'd ask anything you want, I was too shy to say
For 50 years it was that way

Maybe I will paint in my father's shoes
He does not need them now, they can find some good use
They're a funny combination of neon green and blues
Maybe I will paint in my father's shoes

I went to the house to see what was left
His wife said take the shoes out on the deck
They'll just get donated, they are practically new
It's what your father would want and they fit you



40 DAYS

40 days sober, 40 not hung over
40 days of wondering how I'm gonna live through this

40 days of thinking without drinking
40 days of the shakes, the absolute terror and the bliss

40 days aching, like stories breaking
40 days of waking up to find out who you really are

40 days of sweat pants, without romance
And wondering who the hell you gonna love
Now that you don't go to the bar

40 days older, 40 days bolder
Lacing up the boots for the path to who you're gonna be
Asking could anyone every really love me

40 days of grieving and maybe leaving
If you can round up the money or a job to make it on your own

40 days of sadness and fits of madness
And changing in all kinds of ways that you might have never known

40 days of shedding, like bloodletting
Only it's a change in friends, decisions they might not understand
You might have to leave that man

40 days sober



NO ONE WILL REMEMBER YOU

You learned all the songs from all the bands
Every tavern crowd at your command
They got drunk and bought a round or two
No one will remember you

That amazing voice, that ripping soul
Singing covers by the Eagles and Hole
Got you lucky when they were new
No one will remember you

No one will remember all the things that you said
No one will remember all the words in your head
Or anything you tried to do, no one will remember you

Except maybe your mom and dad
They'll recall the time you had
And wonder what they didn't do
No one will remember you

You became the toughest most cocky drunk
Pandering to patrons like a punk
Punches pulled and punches threw
No one will remember you

No one will remember all the things that you said
No one will remember all the words in your head
Or anything you tried to do, no one will remember you

Small town hero king of the hill
Queen of the bar and the whiskey still
The regulars still drink that brew
No one will remember you

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Some go boom and some go bust
Some jump the cracks and some fall through
Deep down you always knew
No one will remember you



MAYBE WHEN I'M OLDER

Maybe when I'm twenty I'll have an adventure, go somewhere far, far away
I'll see a lot of stuff, learn a lot of things, I'll form opinions, I'll have something to say
I'll pick up a few words in a different tongue, get some really weird job in another town
Like oxcart driver, pad thai vendor or Mexican rodeo clown

Maybe when I'm older

Maybe when I'm 30, I will fall in love, maybe we will make us some babies
When they go to school I'll pack their lunches, I'll make them all colourful and crazy
A succession of bicycles, learning to read early, shorter sleeps on soccer days
Can you take them, can you? no, can you? okay okay okay

Maybe when I'm older

Maybe when I'm 40 I'll read up on things I've been meaning to try
Like roof top gardening or how to win at relationships, maybe my wife leaves me, by and by
I will have the kids on all the weekends, it'll just be me and them
They can have their rooms painted anyway they like, maybe they won't hate my girlfriend

Maybe when I'm older

Maybe when I'm 50 I'll start to figure out what really matters
Start a second family, become a Hare Krishna, or make IKEA art out of paint splatters
Maybe I'll win the lottery and foment revolution, help refugees from the Middle East
Plus pay back all the debts I was never able to, then maybe I will find some peace

Maybe when I'm older

Maybe when I am 60 I'll look up all the old friends I wronged or let down
I'll take 'em for drinks apologize with tears, show them the whole town
I will find the words and bare my soul, maybe they won't mind what I have say
Maybe they will tell me how I really hurt them, or maybe they'll just go, "it's okay"

Maybe when I'm older

If I make it to 70 by some miracle of science, I'll take back the wasted years
Of saying the wrong things and doing all the wrong stuff, take back all the old girlfriend tears
When I hit 80 I'm gonna learn to dance, and finally write that song
The one says that says everything I ever wanted to say, with a chorus thats 80 years strong

Maybe when I'm older

Maybe when I'm 90 I will not write songs
I'll have a yard sale 'til everything is gone





RICHARD MOODY AND SCOTT WHITE



REBECCA CAMPBELL AND BEN SURES
PHOTO BY RANDY MACNEIL

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BEN SURES ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOCALS
RICHARD MOODY VIOLA, MANDOLIN, VIOLIN, VOCALS
SCOTT WHITE UPRIGHT BASS
REBECCA CAMPBELL VOCALS, PERCUSSION

PRODUCED BY RICHARD MOODY AND BEN SURES
ENGINEERED BY RICHARD MOODY
MIXING AND MASTERING DAVID TRAVERS-SMITH

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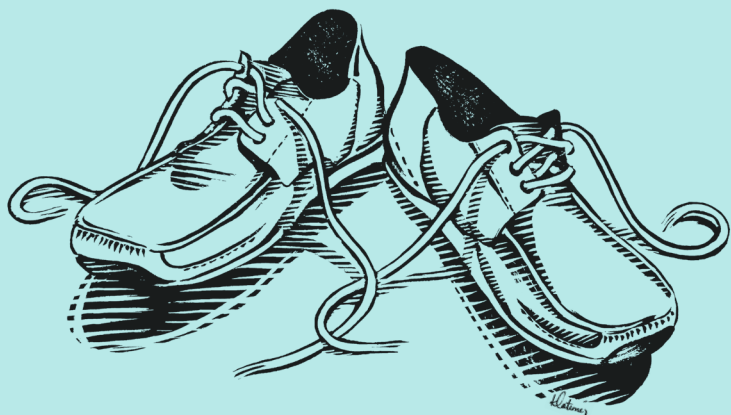
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THIS ALBUM IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MITCH
PODOLAK, MICHAEL LADEROUTE, THÉRÈSE DUFFY AND MY
FATHER JACK SURES.

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