

# WINTERSTNTE

## THE RIDE – FULL ALBUM LYRICS

### ANIMALS

*Sometimes it feels like there's a torrent of advertisements chipping away at our self-esteem. They keep us chasing after material possessions that only provide fleeting and superficial happiness.*

*This song is about 'letting the inner animal loose' - breaking free of that culture of consumerism so that we can make the most of our lives.*

Running in circles, round and round we go...  
Scratching at the surface like desperate animals...

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It's time to go to work to pay for things you don't need  
A couple hundred 'G's and you'll be living the dream  
You'll be alright, keep your head down  
Get the plasma TV with the 60 inch screen  
Gold-plated watch and the SUV,  
Just play your part, keep your head down

But underneath your clothes I can feel a change  
Are you scared to lose control of the animal you tried to cage?

How many ads does it take to sell depression  
Like, "You're worthless now, but buy this and you'll feel better"  
and, "You'll be alright, keep your head down"?  
You've gotta snap the chains and let the animal loose  
Before the things you own end up owning you,  
Before the things you own end up owning you...

[RAP BREAK – feat. Brail Watson]

*And we all end up marching two by two,  
into the walls of the ark*

when you buy new, you got used,  
'Cause everything that you got blew out,  
the windows when the weather man let you know, the news out  
and everything that you own is going into a hearse when,  
everything that you want is owned by another person.  
Lately you've been known to daydream  
about going to that upper part of the ark where all the good hay be –  
- come a beast, so trained he doesn't see when the rain ceased,  
Drained by the arrangement - but changed from chains  
Now tell me, can you feel the bars of that cage?  
in God we trust will you become a Martyr for that faith? No!

Underneath your clothes I can feel a change  
Are you scared to lose control of the animal you tried to cage?  
Underneath your clothes I can feel you change  
Are you scared to lose control of the animal you tried to cage?

## LION ON THE LOOSE

***This song is the counterpart to "Animals". It's about the dangers of letting our basic instincts run unchecked. The primal fear of being chased by a predator is deeply engrained, but I don't see it expressed much outside of cheesy horror movies. It made for an interesting topic to write about.***

I've got an itch to scratch what do you say?  
Meet me out back in ten  
Switchblades for a little bit of foreplay  
Start me up all over again  
Shoot the streetlights out, my dear  
We'll wrestle in the wet cement  
I don't care what it takes to get there  
I want to feel alive again

You can wave your white flag,  
You can, but what's the use?  
You can cut it to pieces praying for a ceasefire  
But there's a pack of wolves in the back yard  
And a lion on the loose  
There's blood in the water  
Someone's getting ripped apart,  
and I've got my eye on you

You're just a deer in the headlights  
Too paralyzed to move  
You put yourself in the crosshairs,  
What are you going to do?  
Now you know you're skin and bones  
and there's nowhere to run...

You can wave your white flag,  
You can, but what's the use?  
You can cut it to pieces praying for a ceasefire  
But there's a pack of wolves in the back yard  
And a lion on the loose  
There's blood in the water  
Someone's getting ripped apart,  
and I've got my eye on you

It's on the tip of my tongue,  
It's in the way you move,  
And it goes on and on and on...

You can wave your white flag,  
You can, but what's the use?  
You can cut it to pieces praying for a ceasefire  
But there's a pack of wolves in the back yard  
And a lion on the loose  
There's blood in the water  
Someone's getting ripped apart,  
and I've got my eye on you

(So it came to this? So it came to this?! Wow...)

## INTERLUDE [CEE SIX]

*Just a beautiful short instrumental that plays with the idea of poly-tonality (using two different musical scales simultaneously)*

## TWIN BED

*When I was growing up I had a crush on one of my closest friends, but she wanted to keep things between us platonic. I used to sleep over in her bed – I was always worried I would try to reach over and hold her during the night, so I slept with my arms pinned behind my back. We often fell asleep watching movies, which helped to diffuse the tension.*

Dirt roads, strange faces  
Life made more sense back when home was a suitcase,  
If you know what I mean

Soft spoken, you told me  
That if I wanted to, I could come and kick it at your place  
And share your threadbare mattress on the ground

She said we're just two friends in a twin size bed,  
but you didn't trust yourself, so we slept with the TV on.  
Now I know better and you know that those days are dead and gone,  
But you're the only thing I see...  
in that little black dress from back when we were seventeen  
- back when we were seventeen

Lately, I hate how  
Every second of the story that we're living feels planned now  
Played out, take me back to when

She said we're just two friends in a twin size bed,  
But you didn't trust yourself, so we slept with the TV on.  
Now I know better and you know that those days are dead and gone,  
But you're the only thing I see -  
In that little black dress from back when we were seventeen

I don't think I'll ever have enough,  
The sheets so thin that the fabric almost let us ~~touch~~  
(Turn me away)  
I don't think I'll ever have enough,  
The sheets so thin that the fabric almost let us ~~touch~~  
(Turn me away)  
I don't think I'll ever have enough,  
The sheets so thin that the static clung on tight enough to drown us...

When we were just two friends in a twin size bed,  
You didn't trust yourself so we slept with the TV on,  
Now I know better and you know that those days are dead and gone,  
But you're the only thing I see -  
in that little black dress from back when we were seventeen  
in that little black dress from back when we were seventeen

## GENTLEMAN CALLER

***When I moved into my apartment with my partner, I was convinced their cat hated me - and was jealous of the attention I received. That rivalry sparked some lyrics that became this song, Gentleman Caller.***

Acting like a couple of latchkey kids underneath the blood red sky  
Fists are flying like it's poetry in motion  
I said I can't take this anymore

But it shouldn't matter, 'cause this shouldn't hurt  
How come the greater the lesson the less that I learn?  
I'm just a gentleman caller who can't come to terms with  
Coming in second to some guy who strikes first  
If I see your face around here, you just might get what you deserve  
from a gentleman caller

Baptized, Sweat drips down your brow and leaves a sting in your eyes  
Testify, Run my tongue over my broken teeth 'till it tastes like iron  
And I can't take this anymore

This shouldn't matter, 'cause this shouldn't hurt  
How come the greater the lesson the less that I learn?  
I'm just a gentleman caller who can't come to terms with  
Coming in second to some guy who strikes first  
If I see your face around here, you just might get what you deserve  
from a gentleman caller

## CITY OF ROSES AND EVERGREENS

***A love song for Seattle and Portland. Feeling lost in those cities, which are so beautiful but also are home to a lot of sex work and drug addiction. The line 'dreaming like the boys of Aberdeen' is a reference to the 1990s music scene, which inspired many musicians in rural towns to relocate to the city.***

Welcome to the town where the sun drowns in the sea  
Where girls begin to dance on the day they turn eighteen  
Strung out boys haunt all the one way streets  
The needle never falls too far from the trees  
In the city of roses and evergreens...

I almost fell in love with the dew-soaked streets  
Dreaming like the boys of Aberdeen  
A million voices swimming through the mountain air  
But I could never seem to catch their meaning  
In the city of roses and evergreens...

## HOSPITAL KICK

***I was inspired by a friend who faced terminal illness with grace and an unrelenting passion for life - even while braving difficult treatments. I grew up in a community that was centered around health care, so I was also able to draw upon some of my memories of that setting to help write this song.***

Cuts and bruises  
Broken bones  
The rattle of a gurney on polished stone

Waiting rooms with old pay phones  
A stale pot of coffee slowly growing cold  
Just promise you'll keep breathing...

*Cause if they could see us now  
We'd be all they talk about  
If they could see us now...*

Plastic wristband, all access  
Rocking that gown like it could have been a sun dress  
Strung out, messed up, hospital kicks

Cross my heart I'm starting to code  
A taste of heaven never felt so close to this  
Strung out, messed up, hospital kick

Crisp white sheets in the ICU  
Chemical drip through a plastic tube  
If these walls were paper thin  
Would you take my hand so we could run right through them?

*if they could see us now  
We'd be all they talk about*

Plastic wristband, all access  
Rocking that gown like it could have been a sun dress

Strung out, messed up, hospital kicks

Cross my heart I'm starting to code  
A taste of heaven never felt so close to this  
Strung out, messed up, out of my mind,  
This hospital kick

## FOLLOWTHROUGH

***The Unbearable Lightness of Being is one of my favorite books. Milan Kundera mentions that painful experiences are valuable because they bring us closer together. It reminded me of Kintsugi, a form of Japanese pottery where fractures are repaired with gold lacquer - making the cracks even more apparent. Another line that came to mind was Leonard Cohen's "there is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in". Anyway, this song is really about celebrating the community that we can build by recognizing our imperfections.***

(I swear to follow through...)

You laugh too loud when you're trying to come off strong  
When the music stops, you keep on dancing a little bit too long

New clothes, new trends,  
New friends are never quite the same  
'Cause underneath it all we haven't changed

You see the cracks in me  
I see the gaps in you  
It's how we let the light in  
We're beautiful and bruised

You see the cracks in me  
I see the gaps in you  
Take me as I am  
and I'll follow through  
I swear to follow through

Let me carry your heavy heart when you can't go on  
We can talk about our troubles,  
Surrounded by the rubble when all our castles fall

Grind your teeth, Spit the truth  
Sing another song from our wasted youth  
And say you'll stay when the world moves on

Because you see the cracks in me  
I see the gaps in you  
It's how we let the light in  
We're beautiful and bruised

You see the cracks in me  
I see the gaps in you  
Take me as I am  
and I'll follow through  
I swear to follow through

## WILDFIRE

***A song about falling in love with a married woman in a small town, and how rumors of the affair spread through the community 'like wildfire'.***

Wrapped around her finger was a little piece of coal  
That had been pressed into a diamond by the weight of expectation,  
Every word she whispered twisted like smoke  
A man like me should've turned to run before she even spoke...  
'Cause it starts with a spark on the tip of her tongue.  
You can claim that the flames weren't meant to hurt no one...

We'd hide from the street lights where we thought no one would catch us,  
But we were careless - just two kids playing with matches  
I kissed her all night till the pastor's daughter caught us  
We didn't think twice that the moment that she saw us  
It could start with a spark on the tip of her tongue  
You can claim that the flames weren't meant to hurt no one...

But we started a wildfire in a place word gets around  
We started a wildfire that swept right through this town  
Not looking for trouble, but trouble's what we found...  
When we started a wildfire that burned it to the ground

A rumor's like an ember that's carried on the wind;  
Before we knew it everyone had heard.  
It smoldered on the lips of everyone who listened in,  
'Cause infidelity is just a four letter word



When it starts with a spark on the tip of her tongue.  
You can claim that the flames weren't meant to hurt no one...

But we started a wildfire in a place word gets around  
We started a wildfire that swept right through this town  
Not looking for no trouble, but trouble's what we found...  
When we started a wildfire that burned it -

Sooner or later she'll go back to him,  
And leave me lower than the ashes on the ground.  
But I hope that when they kiss he tastes the brimstone on her lips  
That always tells a story 'bout how -

We started a wildfire in a place word gets around  
We started a wildfire that swept right through this town  
Not looking for trouble, but trouble's what we found...  
When we started a wildfire and burned it to the ground

## SANTA MARIA

***I had an old friend who everyone joked 'looked like the Virgin Mary' - with porcelain skin and long curtains of flowing black hair. It seemed like she was always surrounded by admirers. That was the origin of the song's title. During the writing process it morphed into a related narrative about self-esteem and the unintended consequences of being at the center of attention.***

She says her own reflection doesn't look like her at all  
As she's swimming to the bottom of a glass of champagne  
and stumbling down the hall

I said I'd never fall for a bachelorette,  
but she's kicking off her party dress  
And I'm doing my best to act impressed  
At the way she chain smokes cigarettes on the balcony,  
Naked for the world to see  
She's much too cool for modesty,  
Honestly, like, oh my God she must be...

Santa Maria, she's taken it too far  
Santa Maria, so give it up for all the boys  
and all the girls who'd kill to be someone like her  
But she don't give a damn, Santa Maria

And balanced on the banister she opened up her palms,  
She said a hundred eyes would break her fall  
As she crashed down from the mezzanine,  
Broken glass and shattered dreams  
Frozen in mid-reverie, faithfully, like oh my God

Santa Maria, she's taken it too far  
Santa Maria, so give it up for all the boys  
and all the girls who'd kill to be someone like her  
But she don't give a damn, Santa Maria

Didn't she know,  
Didn't she know,  
You're not so special on your own?

Santa Maria, she's taken it too far  
Santa Maria, so give it up for all the boys  
and all the girls who'd kill to be someone like her  
But she don't give a damn, Santa Maria

## DEAR LUCY

***This was response to one of my teenage music students who was struggling with mental health challenges and self-esteem issues. At its core, I feel this is what our music is all about – trying to create a sense of community and support.***

Hey Lucy,  
I got your message, And I just wanted to say I wish things could have been better for you... I know you might find this hard to believe, but it's going to get easier I promise

No, I don't think anyone feels good about themselves when they're your age, I definitely didn't back in high school. But going through that is going to help you to connect with everybody else, and being on the losing team sometimes is going to help you be less afraid of loss...

I'm not trying to say that it's easy, sometimes even I have trouble getting out of bed in the morning, but I wanted to tell you that I believe in you and I'm so glad you're here

Your friend...  
K

## VARSDITY

***This song is a tongue-and-cheek tribute to a lot of pop-rock anthems that we grew up listening to. In our version, I tried to emphasize that the female love interest was also a strong and independent person.***

She looks so good in her boyfriend's sweater,  
The way her belt rides low on her hips,  
God, I hope she didn't notice I was checking out her tsk tsk  
I should've known better...

I wanna make her laugh but I couldn't think of something,  
I get pretty awkward when I try to be funny.  
Is it better to be clever or to talk fast?  
'Cause I'm a half-assed multi-task-er but I can whole ass one thing so well...

One more time just sing with me!  
She's out of your league!  
She's out of your league!  
She's out of your league!  
Keep in mind you're just a bench warmer and she's more Varsity!  
She's more Varsity!  
She's more Varsity!

How stupid would I have to be to make a pass now,  
That I'm so close to a touch down in the friend zone?  
She could probably kick my ass if she wanted to,  
And I'd never score again if she ever let her friends know...  
Oh hell!

One more time just sing with me!  
She's out of your league!  
She's out of your league!  
She's out of your league!  
Keep in mind you're just a bench warmer and she's more Varsity!

I caught her boyfriend under the bleachers,  
He was making out with two of her friends.  
He should know that's a messed up way to treat her!  
Can't she see she's my MVP, so why's she gotta fall for the players?!

One more time just sing with me!

She's out of your league!  
She's out of your league!  
She's out of your league!  
Keep in mind you're just a bench warmer and she's more Varsity!

One last time just sing with me!  
She's out of your league!  
She's out of your league!  
She's out of your league!  
Keep in mind you're just a bench warmer and she's more Varsity!

## THE RIDE

***This song is one of my favorites on the album. In my experience, time often separates us from the people and places we love - even more than physical distance. In the song "The Ride" I was trying to acknowledge the inevitability of loss and change, but to also remind myself of the importance of letting go of control. I've come to realize that happiness is found when you stop trying to fight against the natural progression of your life and embrace the journey.***

Bless your heart, you still think that there's a way to go home  
Like there's some road on a map that could take you back 20 years or so....  
When the world turned slowly and we felt invincible,  
We were younger then than we could ever know

What's the point in trying to hold back the grains of sand in an hourglass?  
They just slip right through your fingers every time  
No one makes it out of this alive...

So don't look back baby, don't fight it  
We're tied to the tracks so just enjoy the ride  
Hush now, everything's alright  
Throw your hands up and just enjoy the ride

It's not about the destination  
It's all the love you'll find,  
when you stop trying to hold on  
Enjoy the ride...

Bless your heart you still think you've got it under control  
You're only holding things together like the flowers at a funeral  
Thunder in your chest but you try your best to look composed  
It's just another practice in the art of letting go  
So let go...

And don't look back baby, don't fight it  
We're tied to the tracks so just enjoy the ride  
Hush now, everything's alright  
Throw your hands up and just enjoy the ride

It's not about the destination  
it's all the love you'll find,  
when you stop trying to hold on  
Enjoy the ride...