

Ocd

Written by Tamar Berk

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stay close by

Tamar Berk- rhythm guitars, vocals, synth

Isaiah mitchell - lead guitar

Steven Denekas - bass

Matt Walker - drums, percussion and programming

I don't know why I can't reply on time or can't make up my mind
I'm always one step behind.
I need a momentary break,
maybe go back to June Lake, but it's cold now anyway.

But I'll be alright if you stay close by
We always say we should get high and go for a ride.
Let's go for a ride.

I think I might be running out of things to say and things to shout
So maybe now I'll just hang out.
I'll keep the commentary tame, I wonder what my dad would say,
but there's no point anyway.

And I'll be alright if you stay close by.
We always say we should get high and go for a ride.
Let's go for a ride.
Let's get high.

ocd

Tamar Berk- vocals, rhythm guitars, synth, wurlitzer, piano, bass

Chris Davies - lead guitar

Everett Kelly - trumpets, flugelhorn

Matt Walker - drums, percussion

I got OCD and that should explain
the things that I do
The words I replay
But maybe today I went too far
And I'm going over and over and over

I need therapy that's what they say
Why I don't sleep
Why I stay away
But this rainy day and my guitar
Make me sing over and over and over

I can't fight my mind and I wonder why I can't get out of bed some days
I can fake a smile and I undermine myself in kind of silly ways
I talk to myself when I'm all alone and I laugh at the things I say
I've been this way so long I don't know how there could be any other way

I got OCD and I don't complain
When the words in my head
Are a play by play
But why do I wait when things go too far
And we'll go over and over and over

I can't fight my mind and I wonder why I can't get out of bed some days
I can fake a smile and I undermine myself in kind of silly ways
I talk to myself when I'm all alone and I laugh at the things I say
I've been this way so long I don't know how there could be any other way

you ruined this city for me

Tamar Berk - vocals, rhythm guitars, synth, piano, farfisa, handclaps

Isaiah mitchell - rhythm & lead guitars

Charlee Berlin - lead guitars

Matt Thomson - bass

Matt Walker - drums

Not superstitious I'm convinced I might have wished it
'Cause I was doing fine and then I hit the 405
I start to panic and i know I'm not dramatic
And I know I cannot let it make me care well there, I said it.
I'll pretend that everything is copacetic and that I will not regret it
Even if it's my time.
Don't know what to say about it
Have to be okay about it
Or I might just cry about it.

And I can honestly say that i'm glad that I left when I did anyway
'Cause there's a darkness that was pulling me in and at times I was feeling unsafe
And everytime I go back I look over my shoulder or down at my feet
'Cause in the end I'll get drunk at a bar 'cause you ruined this city for me.

Not too suspicious just don't really want to miss it
If I hear you're around then I will get to higher ground
Try to forget it 'cause i know I can't control it and I know I cannot let it
Make me scared well there, I said it.
I'll pretend that I'm enjoying every minute though I'm really not that in it
And it's all in my mind.
Don't know what to say about it
Have to be okay about it
Or I might just cry about it.

And I can honestly say that i'm glad that I left when I did anyway
'Cause there's a darkness that was pulling me in and at times I was feeling unsafe
And everytime I go back I look over my shoulder or down at my feet
'Cause in the end I'll get drunk at a bar 'cause you ruined this city for me.

there are benefits to mixed emotions

Tamar Berk - vocals, rhythm guitars, synths, piano

Isaiah mitchell - rhythm & lead guitars

Matt Thomson - bass

Matt Walker - drums

I'm not my best today
Feeling unwell today
I need some rest today
Can't stand my face today

Ambivalence seems like such a nice place to be
Would you go there with me?

There are benefits to mixed emotions and it's okay if we don't really know
So let's keep listening to Joy Division on the radio
There's so many ways that this could go

I'm not okay today
Feeling insane today
I am a mess today
Same dress as yesterday

Confusion is not such a bad place to be
Would you go there with me?

There are benefits to mixed emotions and it's okay if we don't really know
So let's keep listening to Joy Division on the radio
There's so many ways that this could go

Uncertainty not the worse place to be
Will you go there with me?

There are benefits to mixed emotions and it's okay if we don't really know
So let's keep listening to Joy Division on the radio
And will you stay here with me?
Cause there are benefits to mixed emotions and I don't think we always have to know
And for today let's keep on driving with Joy Division on the radio
And maybe no way's just the way to go

time zone

Tamar Berk- vocals, rhythm guitars, prophet, juno, piano

Jon Gordon - rhythm & lead guitars

Matt Thomson - bass

Matt Walker - drums & percussion

when you leave me for a a new time zone
Makes me feel that much more alone
You're already on your first glass of wine
I've got 3 hours before I pour mine

And I can't help but feel left out
And though I've got no choice, I've got my doubts
Though you say it isn't all that much fun
I'll contemplate that at my table for one

When you're sleeping in another time zone
I'll be driving myself back home
From doing nothing but just killing time
And in my heart i'm just killing mine

And I don't know what I've been told
The streets are not all paved with gold
And though you tell me that you think it's all said and done
I'll obsess over that at my table for one

And can someone tell me if I'm happy now
And can someone say if it's okay for me to wanna check out
Cause nothing i do seems to shake off the blues even though your location is on

any given weeknight

Tamar Berk- acoustic guitars, vocals, piano, prophet

Isaiah mitchell - lead guitar

Matt Thomson - bass

Matt Walker - dreamy piano, drums & percussion

I miss those days in coffee shops
Writing poetry all day long
Living life like we were in a movie
Running wild, knowing we belong
I miss those warm afternoons in summer
Wandering into any corner bar
Playing every song on the jukebox
Dancing and drinking PBR.

It was a time and it was mine
I remember it all
Even the bad times I recall...

And we lived life like the days had no end.
Staying up late listening to our favorite bands.
Wander out into those sweet summer nights
Going shows, feeling alright, underneath the starlight...
On any given weeknight.

I miss those after hour parties
Late night diners
All night bars.
I miss writing to you letters
And learning new chords on my guitar.

It was a time and it was mine
I remember it all
But I miss you most of all.

And we lived life like the days had no end.
Staying up late listening to our favorite bands
Wander out into those sweet summer nights
Going shows, feeling alright, underneath the starlight...
On any given weeknight.

i had a dream i was lost in an auditorium

Tamar Berk- rhythm guitars, vocals, piano, synths, harpsichord

Justin Thorpe- acoustic guitars, lead guitars

Everett Kelly - trumpets, flugelhorn

Allen Hunter - bass

Matt Walker - drums & percussion

When we parked at the corner I knew i had to forgive you
So I said I was sorry but you didn't have it in you.
And it's moments like these that I need to redo,
And erase all the words that I know aren't true.
But the meter is running and I can't stop thinking about....

How I had a dream I was lost in an auditorium trying to get to the show.
And I knew it's a waste of time because someone lied and told me that I should go home.
And this is killing me, negative energy
Baby can we just breathe.....

When we sat at the table we tried to be normal.
But I couldn't help it and slowly unravelled.
And it's moments like these that I need to undo
'Cause I know it's the long game that we're playing through.
But the waiter is coming and I can't stop thinking about....

How I had a dream I was lost in an auditorium trying to get to the show.
And I knew it's a waste of time because someone lied and told me that I should go home.
And this is killing me, negative energy
Baby can we just breathe.....

And maybe I should ignore this and save it for my therapist
'Cause I can't sleep....

I had a dream last night, I forgot my lines when I was trying to sing at the show.
And I knew it's a waste of time and I started to cry and they told me that I should go home.
And this is killing me, negative energy
Try and remember me and the way we used to be,
Baby can we just breathe.....

I had a dream I was lost in an auditorium trying to get to the show.

indiesleaze 2005

Tamar Berk- rhythm guitars, vocals, bass, synth, drum programming

Isaiah mitchell - lead guitar

Matt Walker - drums, percussion

You got a little bit of time on your hands, so what do you do well, you start a new band.
'Cause what the hell it's all the same
'Cause they're out drinking and doing cocaine,
But at least you know, you're not alone.

You got a little bit of time on your hands so what do you do; make a list of demands.
'Cause what the hell you might as well ask
For everything even though it won't last
But at least you know, you're not alone.

'Cause when the time comes to count the change
You'll be waiting for the bus in the pouring rain
You'll be a sad, sad case of a lost American Dream.
And when the time comes to look at your life
You'll be smoking cigarettes with your neighbor's wife
You'll be a sad, sad case of a lost American Dream.
What does that mean...

You got a little bit of time to kill now, so where do you go; to a rock n roll show.
But you're just there to prove to me
That music's lost its honesty
But at least you know, you're not alone.

You got a little bit of time on your hands but you wouldn't know how lucky you stand.
Until you see the time has past
And now you are just out on your ass
But at least you know, you're not alone.

'Cause when the time comes to count the change
You'll be waiting for the bus in the pouring rain
You'll be a sad, sad case of a lost American Dream.
And when the time comes to look at your life
You'll be smoking cigarettes with your neighbor's wife
You'll be a sad, sad case of a lost American Dream.
What does that mean...

My turn will come (working title)

Tamar Berk- piano, vocals, piano, synth

Matt Thomson - bass

Cello - Erdis Maxhelaku

Matt Walker - drums & percussion

It's hard to think about
All that I drink about
All of the things I've become.
Always a reason, the day or the season
The time or I'm grieving someone.

'Cause among all the books and the movies I see
That romanticize coming undone.
And here I am fading to dust while I'm waiting to find my own place in the sun.
So I'll try to be good today
Do as I should today
Then maybe my turn will come

It's hard to plan around
Reaching my hands around
Days into weeks into months.
Never a limit
I change by the minute
Until I don't know what I've done.

'Cause among all the books and the movies I see
That romanticize coming undone.
And here I am fading to dust while I'm waiting to find my own place in the sun.
And my father said to let things go instead
Because life goes fast and then you're done
hmmmmmm
So I'll find my place in the sun.

i'm in the day after

Tamar Berk- rhythm guitars, vocals, bass, synth, piano

Chris Marsteller- lead guitar

Matt Walker - drums, percussion

I can't believe it's so easy to see
How i mess up so bad
And now I can see that.
I can admit when i make a mistake
But not when I'm in it.
Gotta give me a minute.

And it's always the day after when the sun comes up and I see the mess I made,
So I'll replay my yesterday.
And it's always in retrospect that I can reflect on what was said and done....
What have I done again
I'm in the day after.

And I know what it was all about
'Cause it's always the same thing.
I wish it wouldn't phase me.
I'm getting tired of falling out
Of logic and reason,
But I've been feeling uneven.

And it's always the day after when the sun comes up and I see the mess I made,
So I'll replay my yesterday.
And it's always in retrospect that I can reflect on what was said and done....
What have I done again
I'm in the day after.

And when I play it back I gotta face the facts I wasn't in control
And I'll rewind again my state of mind again
Now I see what I did more clearly now.

And it's always the day after when the sun comes up and I see the mess I made,
So I'll replay my yesterday.
And it's always in retrospect that I can reflect on what was said and done....
What have I done again
I'm in the day after.

Mama, won't you tell me why?

Tamar Berk - vocals, ukulele

Steven Denekas - rhythm guitars

Mama won't you tell me why
Why is blue the color of the sky?
Mama won't you tell me why
How do the birds above us all know how to fly?

I guess I need to know before I become a man
I guess I need to know before a gun is in my hand.

Mama won't you tell me why
How could a man want to make a bullet fly?
Mama won't you tell me why
All the people that I love are gonna die?

I guess I need to know before I become a man
I guess I need to know before a gun is in my hand.
I guess I need to know before I take her hand.

Mama won't' you tell me why
If there's a god he could make the oceans cry?
Mama won't' you tell me why
People hate, people hurt and people lie?

I guess I need to know before I become a man
I guess I need to know before a gun is in my hand.
I guess I need to know before I take her hand.
I guess I need to know before I can take a stand.
I guess I need to know before I can understand.

Ghost Stories

Tamar Berk - Acoustic and rhythm guitars, vocals, bass, synth, piano

Isaiah mitchell - lead guitar

Matt Walker - drums, percussion

If somebody asks what should I say?
I don't really care now anyway
I know it seems strange, but it's just that way
When people you love throw you away.

And they say heartbreak lies in the stories we tell of our lives.
And the things never said or never mentioned.
And they say sadness lives in the love that we try to give.
And they say anger has its own momentum.

When somebody asks what should I do?
'Cause I don't really care to think it all through.
But I'll carry with me the burden of proof
And I'll toast to myself and I'll toast to you.

And they say heartbreak lies in the stories we tell of our lives.
And all those that we've loved but never mention.
And they say sadness flows through the quiet of letting go.
And they say anger has its own momentum.

These are my ghost stories.
This is my own story.

