Speak Soft

Poor Old Lu

(lyrics by The Swoon)A wonderful song. Although The Swoon only recorded one album that we know of, it was all that we needed. In fact, it was difficult to pick which track to record... we just knew that we wanted to cover one of their songs. As we started to work through the parts of the song, it really started to come together. Nick's bass was recorded with the snare drum chain loose... so you could hear the rattle. Aaron mimicked the acoustic parts perfectly. The agressive bridge was our own twist on things, but fitting I think. Finally, we added a Beatle-esque "Day In The Life" build-up ending to finish it off. It came out just as we wanted. What more can I say? I'll just add the notes from the 'Straight Six' album cover...One of the most influential bands in our musical development, The Swoon, wrote this beautifully tragic song back in 1989. The album was heard by far too few people and the respect that is deserved of the band, the album, and this song was never given them either. May they consider themselves very highly honored in our musical lives, possessing songs that we wished we had written. However, this is the best that we can do.The words to this song paint a wonderful and terrible picture of confusion, fear, and consequence. I pray that the last two lines especially would be smelling salts for all of us in the paths that we choose - "don't trouble yourself with seeking peace. go cheap..."Jerry had some beers and started to sing
he knows just what he means he don't mean a thing
he waited for the wisdom years would bring, to him
on the refrigerator door
are the words he had written moments before
it says 'i hope i never have to go to war'speak soft, baby don't you talk to mehe goes to the dance and falls in love
years later it's still her he's thinking of
she never spoke once or even looked up, enoughspeak soft, baby don't you talk to meHoudini closed himself inside of a box
he didn't have a trick to spring the lock
off the stage the people watched, the clock
prison could be a nice place to live
the bars on the window like bars on a crib
freedom is the least desired gift, to givespeak soft, baby don't you talk to meJerry had some beers and started to weep
it's time to turn away, it's his time to sleep
don't trouble yourself with seeking peace, go cheap

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