

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 aggressive 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 me he 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, enough speak soft, baby don't you talk to me Houdini 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 give speak soft, baby don't you talk to me Jerry 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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