



## HOW TO ENJOY YOUR LIMITED-EDITION VoL CUSTOM-ENGINEERED ELECTROMELO

### **ELECTROMELO**

We recorded "Your Bright Future" and "Hat In Hand" with Tom Lewis at his studio in Athens in 2 days in September 2000. Tom is a good fella and knows a lot about recording and machines. I wrote "Future" that morning.

**FUTURE:** Bill: vocals, guitars, percussion

Jake: bass, 12-string solo

Kevin: the traps

**HAT:** Bill: vocals, guitars, percussion

Jake: bass

Kevin: skins

**WEIGHT OF GLORY** and **HALF-MAST** were recorded in England in spring of 2000 one rainy afternoon before I played a solo show in London. Ian Archer played some acoustic guitar and a bit of lap steel. Ian is one of the best new, young artists i've heard in quite some time...we toured with him this past summer throughout the UK and with another cool band called "the amazing pilots." Mikey did the drum bits. I did the acoustic and voice. It was nice seeing our friend Dave Pick at "FFG" studios in Cheltenham where we cobbled 'Cross The Big Pond together. We were trying to score a rock opera but didn't have but a day, pity.

Thank you Brenda for 20 years

Thank you family, friends, fans.

Fare ye well.

## Your Bright Future

There's this little piece of you I may never see again  
And a bigger piece of me that's simply vanishing  
A little scrap of me sleepin' next to your truth  
It's all curled around your body  
And I cannot shake it loose.

You pack your van.... you feel again...  
You scratch your skin, pick up your pen

*I am afraid...what did I pay to stand up here  
And play the fool?  
I'm losing myself...and I know I'm losing you.*

Something you'll remember  
Something you once knew  
Why drag the past up to the light  
(Except when it's killing you)

A bridge to build...and act of will  
Sometime to kill...a soul to fill

*chorus*

Your bright future stares me down  
You'll bury all you lose  
The winter sun-she breaks upon  
Those skies of cobalt blue

*chorus*

Pen the lament-shadow your eyes  
Vapor trail stretchin' 'cross a Kansas sky  
Dirt lot kids...making dirt lot plans  
Shuffle forward...your hat in hand

Could be the hangman...could be the noose  
Could be the engine...could be the caboose  
It pays to know on which side you stand  
Shuffle forward...your hat in hand

There's gold in my house...gold in my hand  
Sweet gold in your blouse...honey, gold in my hand  
It's a rhythm and mystery you don't quite understand  
Shuffle forward...your hat in hand

*You can chase after everything  
And that's just what you'll miss  
You can live life opened armed  
Or with clinched fist*

Dirt lot kids...doing dirt lot deeds  
Too much living here...in the minor key  
Burn all these sins...in a Love so grand

Shuffle forward  
Shuffle forward  
Shuffle forward...your hat in hand

## Half-Mast

Who'd have ever thought it would come to this?  
Who'd have ever thought you would betray with a kiss?  
And days bled into others  
and others they look the same  
Empty glass holds no answers and mirrors full of shame  
Thoughts they turn in circles...stomach tied in knots  
Memories all lead back to you  
and you are what I have not got  
And the lie is that it happens always to someone else  
And the line you crossed, no turning back,  
can you ever tell?

Flag is stuck at half-mast...been that was for awhile  
Put to bed the old dreams...and rearrange your smile

I'm turning off the TV set... I did not need this love...  
This thick and heavy farewell note  
I need something to thin the blood  
Main street, never on the map  
in the bars where you dream  
Last call is a whisper where eternity should be

A sinner's worthless currency...  
a psalmist's sad lament  
Prophet's without vision...shepherd's too content  
I'm opening the window...room is spinning black my love  
All I have is this farewell note...  
I need something to thin the blood  
I need something to thin the blood  
I need something to thin the blood

## Hat In Hand

Pen the lament-shadow your eyes  
Vapor trail stretchin' 'cross a Kansas sky  
Dirt lot kids...making dirt lot plans  
Shuffle forward...your hat in hand

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## Weight of Glory

No discouragement we know  
Scrap the unbelief out of  
Your weary bones  
Shoulder grace and glory's weight  
In whatever form she takes  
No saints to be found in here  
Only debtors, bankrupt, screw-ups,  
Broken, bested...dearly

Beloved...we are gathered  
Near and far...and wishin' hard  
Upon a star

You appear and I shine  
Coming hard from somewhere else  
When the past is all in shadows  
Oh...to finally be yourself

Guard your heart  
Never let her fade  
Mark the changin' winds  
And trace the lines  
Upon the face of age  
Use to be we knew what for  
I hardly see it...anymore

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**CDART**drawing by Marc Ludena • design by Jeff and Marc • visit Bill Mallonee and the Vigilantes of Love on the web @ [www.billandvol.com](http://www.billandvol.com)