

Lyrical Type

Griffin Ashburn

Song Credits

I'll Be Your Mirror by The Velvet Underground

© & © 1966 Verve Records. Written by Lou Reed. Performed by John Cale, Sterling Morrison, Nico, Lou Reed and Maureen Tucker.

Wake Up (In Rotation) by The Spirit of the Beehive

© & © 2020 Saddle Creek Records. Written by Zack Schwartz. Performed by Rivka Ravede, Zach Schwartz and Corey Wilchlin.

Little Boxes by Malvina Reynolds

© & © 1967 Columbia Records. Written by Malvina Reynolds. Performed by Malvina Reynolds.

Camera by R.E.M.

© & © 1984 I.R.S Records. Written by Michael Stipe. Performed by Bill Berry, Peter Buck, Mike Mills and Michael Stipe.

Ocean of Noise by Arcade Fire

© & © 2007 Merge Records. Written by Régine Chassagne. Performed by Win Butler, Régine Chassagne, Jeremy Gara, Tim Kingsburry and Sarah Neufeld.

Promise is a Pendulum by Big Thief

© & © 2022 4AD Records. Written by Adrienne Lenker. Performed by Adrienne Lenker, Buck Meek, James Krivchenia and Max Oleartchik

Last Call by Elliott Smith

© & © 1994 Kill Rock Stars. Written by Elliott Smith. Performed by Elliott Smith

Dawn Chorus by Thom Yorke

© & © 2019 XL Recordings. Written by Thom Yorke. Performed by Nigel Godrich and Thom Yorke.

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I'll be your mirror
reflect what you are
in case you don't know
I'll be your mirror
reflect what you are
in case you don't know
I'll be your mirror
reflect what you are
in case you don't know
I'll be your mirror
reflect what you are
in case you don't know

Lou Reed
I'll Be Your Mirror

I'll be your mirror
Reflect what you are
In case you don't know

I'll be the wind
The rain and the sunset
The light on your door
To show that you're home
When you think the
Night has seen your mind
That inside you're twisted and unkind
Let me stand to show that you are blind
Please put down your hands

'Cause I see you
I find it hard to believe you don't know
The beauty that you are
But if you don't let me be your eyes
A hand in your darkness
So you won't be afraid

When you think the
Night has seen your mind
That inside you're twisted and unkind
Let me stand to show that you are blind
Please put down your hands

'Cause I see you
I'll be your mirror

I've read a thousand lines
They slipped through my palms
I'm already late, I can feel it
I'm all pitiful then one morning

**I slip my hand in to my pocket
and I see it goes right through
It goes all the way**
So how do I know it ends?

I want to wake up
In rotation
Wake up
In rotation

I'd utilize subterfuge to
Emerge unscathed
But paralyzed, I lie wide
Awake once again

And I ask myself
The point of everything
And I see myself out of the room
Destroy everything

I slip my hand into
My pocket and I see
it goes right through
it goes all the way
I want to wake up
In rotation
Wake up
In rotation
I'd utilize subterfuge to
Emerge unscathed
But paralyzed, I lie wide
Awake once again
And I ask myself
The point of everything
And I see myself out of the room
Destroy everything

L I T T L E
O N B O X E S
T H E
H I L L S I D E
M A D E O F
T I C K Y -
T A C K Y

Little boxes on the hillside
Little boxes made of ticky tacky
Little boxes on the hillside
Little boxes all the same

There's a pink one and a green one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same

And the people in the houses
All went to the university
Where they were put in boxes
And they came out all the same

And there's doctors and lawyers
And business executives
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same
And they all play on the golf course

And drink their martinis dry
And they all have pretty children
And the children go to school
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university
Where they are put in boxes
And they come out all the same

And the boys go into business
And marry and raise a family
In boxes made of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same

There's a pink one and a green one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same

From the inside room
When the front room greeting
Becomes your special book
It was simple then
When the party lulls
If we fall by the side
Will you be remembered?
Will she be remembered?

Alone in a crowd,
A bartered lantern borrowed
If I'm to be your camera
Then who will be your face?

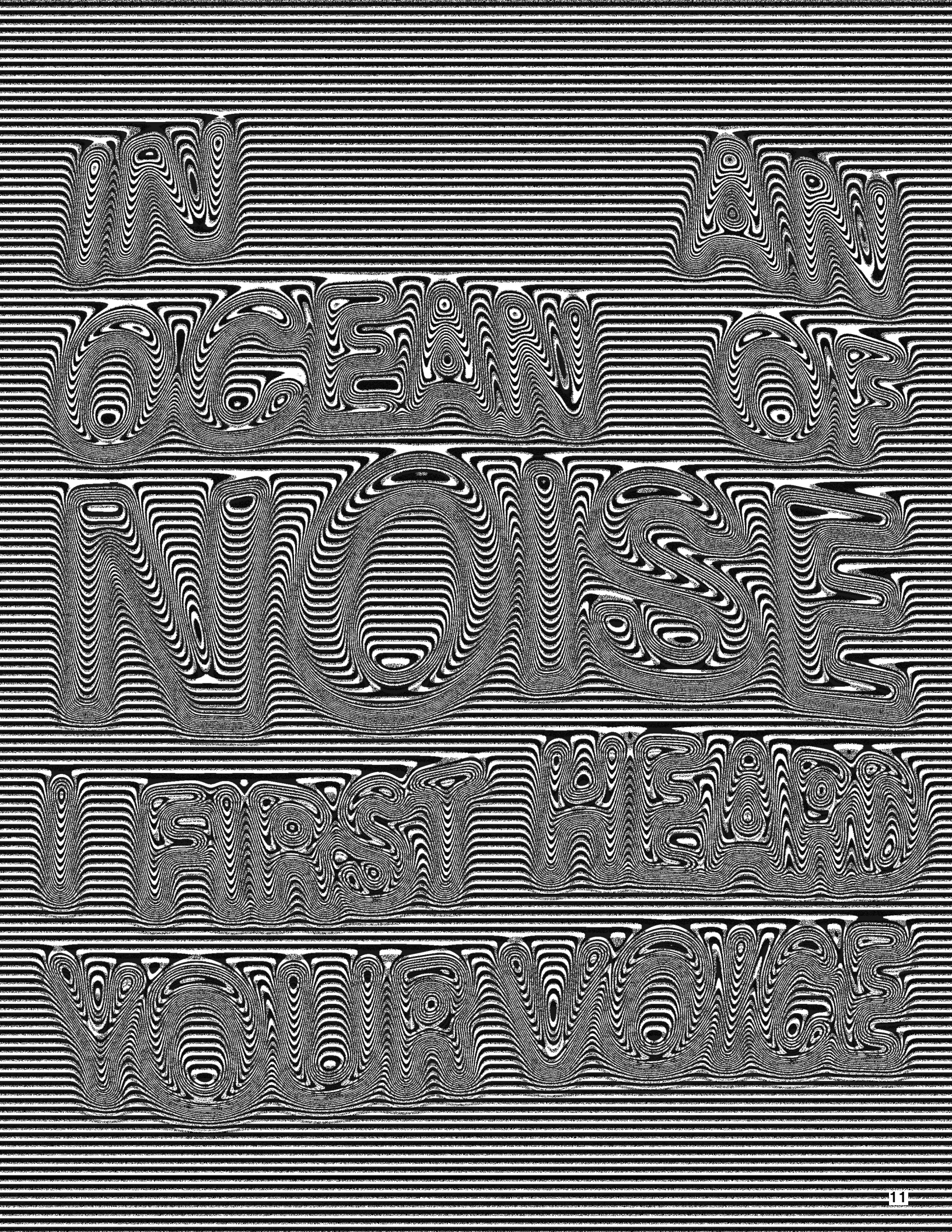
I fell by your bed once
I didn't want to tell you
I should keep myself
In between the pages
Of the green light room
If we fall by the side
Will you be remembered?
Will she be remembered?

Alone in a crowd
A bartered lantern borrowed
If I'm to be your camera
Then who will be your face?

From the inside room
When the front room greeting
Becomes your special book,
It was simple then
When the party lulls,
If we fall by the side
I still like you, can you remember?

Alone in a crowd
A bartered lantern borrowed
If I'm to be your camera
Then who will be your face?





Régine Chassagne
Ocean of Noise

**In an ocean of noise
I first heard your voice**
Ringing like a bell
As if I had a choice, oh well!

Left in the morning
While you were fast asleep
Into an ocean of violence
A world of empty streets

You've got your reasons
And me I've got mine
But all the reasons I gave
Were just lies to buy myself some time

In an ocean of noise
I first heard your voice
Now who here among us
Still believes in choice?
Not I!

No way of knowing
What any man will do
An ocean of violence
Between me and you

You've got your reasons
And me I've got mine
But all the reasons I gave
Were just lies to buy myself some time

I'm gonna work it out
Cause time won't work it out
I'm gonna work it out
Cause time won't work it out for you
I'm gonna work it on out
Cause time won't work it out for you
I'm gonna work it out
Cause time wont work it out
I'm gonna work it on out...

I could never build the ether
Or the grass overgrown
I could never build the river
With a mouthful of foam
I could never build the winter
With her cold tears of glitter

I've been listening to the red oak
And the acorn she cries
Listening to the white birch
And the paper she dries
I've been listening to the frogs joke
Listening to the firesmoke

I can never tell you now
What I had often said before
Because promise is a pendulum
Just swinging at the door
And I'm not saying I'm not jealous
Or scared anymore

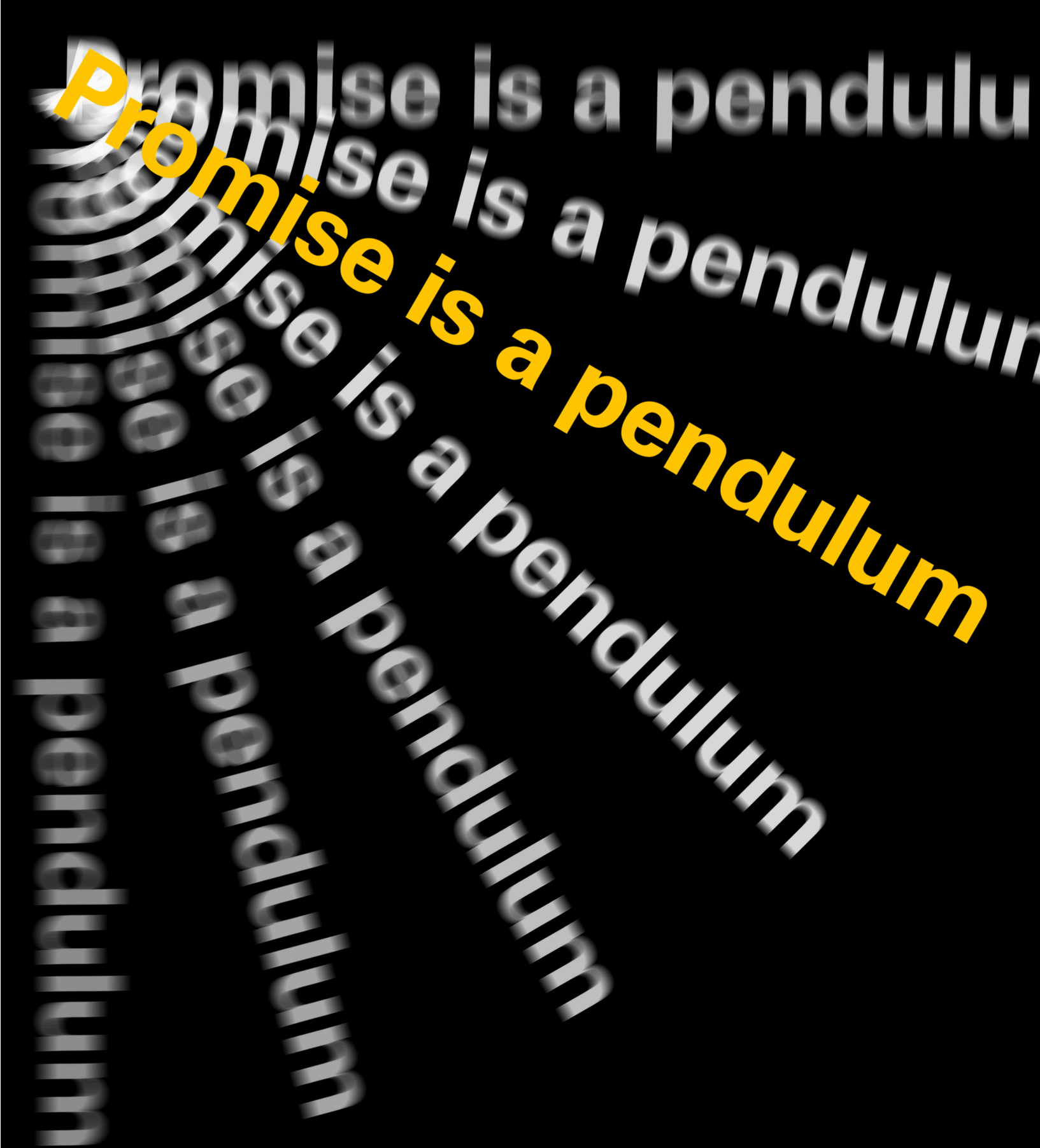
I'm just saying
I could never build a rainbow
Or any kind of flower
I could never make a sparrow
Or a meteor shower
I could never build an earthworm
Never make the earth turn

I've been listening to the laughing
Of the fox down the trail
I've been clasping to the
Listening of the moss to the snail
The shimmer of the beech leaves
As the wind does a big sneeze

I could never tell you now
What I had often said before
Because promise is a pendulum
Just swinging at the door
And I'm not saying I'm not jealous
Or scared anymore

I'm just saying
I could never build the shadow
Between your cheek and your eye
I could never make a freckle or
The warm breath you sigh
The canopy of lashes
With the softness of ashes

I've been listening to the memory
The way that it was
Listening to the echo of whys and because
Listening to the echo
Telling me to let go



Elliott Smith
Last Call

Last call
He was sick of it all
Asleep at home
Told you off and goodbye
One day it'll come to haunt you
You didn't tell him quite the truth

You're a crisis
You're an icicle
You're a tongueless talker
You don't care what you say
You're a jaywalker and
You just walk away
And that's all you do
The clap of the fading-out
Sound of your shoes
Made him wonder
Who he thought that he knew

The endless stream of reminders
Made him so sick of you
Sick of your sound
Sick of you coming around
Trying to crawl under my skin
When I already shed my best defense

It comes out all around that you won
And I think I'm all done
**You can switch me off safely
While I'm lying here waiting for
sleep to overtake me**

You're still here but just check to make sure
All you aspired to do was endure
You can't ask for more
You'll never get that which you ask for

So you cast your shadow everywhere
Like the man in the moon
You start to drink and just want to continue
It'll all be yesteryear soon

Church bells and now I'm awake
I guess it must be some kind of holiday
I can't seem to join in the celebration
But I'll go to the service
And I'll go to pray

I'll sing the praises of my maker's name
Like I was as good as she made me
And I wanted her to tell me that she would
never wake me

I'm lying here waiting for sleep to overtake me

Thom Yorke
Dawn Chorus

Back up the cul-de-sac
Come on, do your worst
You've quit your job again
And your train of thought
If you could do it all again
A little fairy dust

Thousand tiny birds singing
If you must, you must
Please let me know
When you've had enough
Of the white light
Of the dawn chorus

If you could do it all again
You don't know how much
Pronto pronto, moshi mosh
Come on, chop chop
If you could do it all again
Yeah, without a second thought

I don't like leaving
The door shut
I think I missed something
But I'm not sure what
The middle of the vortex
The wind picked up
Shook up the soot
From the chimney pot
Into spiral patterns
Of you, my love

You take a little piece
Then we break it off
It's a bloody racket
It's the dawn chorus

If you could do it all again
Big deal, so what?
Please let me know
When you've had enough
It's the last chance
O.K. Corral
If you could do it all again
This time with style



IN THE MIDDLE

OF THE

V O R T E X

THE WIND

PICKED UP

The background of the page is a vibrant orange color. Overlaid on this are several large, abstract, wavy shapes in a light grey or blue-grey hue. These shapes resemble liquid or smoke, with their edges blurred and flowing. The overall effect is a dynamic, textured composition. In the bottom-left corner, there is a block of text in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

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