

FOREWORD

"I haven't quite found the right word for what it is, whether it's therapeutic or cathartic. I love that there are bits of my life in this little package right here. I like the mathematical approach. I was asked 'do I write stories or poems outside of music', and I don't because the structure of music really appeals to my brain. The process of finishing songs and putting them in a neat little place isn't cathartic, it's more like 'OK, I understand that now'."

Scott
2016

Scott spoke a long time ago of wanting to create a book with DLT, the man who's brought this wonderful collection to life and worked alongside Scott for the majority of FR artwork over the years.

This is not exactly the book Scott would've made and this foreword doesn't seem enough for what is to follow, but that is OK. We're certain he'd enjoy flicking through the pages with a shake of the head, a wry smile and the occasional outburst.

Acknowledging the years in this form without him wasn't an easy task. We hadn't engaged with the songs in such a way since his death and doing so brought deep waves of emotion and meant laugh-crying in the kitchen wasn't out of the ordinary. To review our collective creativity and remember the days, challenging each other to push ourselves and what we thought the band was musically, was a joy. It feels like a dream. Another lifetime. Over the Frightened Rabbit years the words were never really discussed. There was a line in the sand, the music is the band; the words, Scott.

LIVING IN (CHOIR) COLOUR (HONSI) SOMBA!

live - living in colour... Dan

I can see the paint on your toes ^{FUCKING FORGOT}
even ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ the blackout I know.

(I am floating I - I) am floating with my eyes closed
with no sails

(And I am soaking I - I) am weathered by the winter
of mixed drinks

(Am I dancing am - am) or am I simply spinning
in my own grave.

(You are asking you) you are asking and with 2 steps
I'm saved

(Weeks gone by I) was weak & I was pale
than a pint box that holds bones

She poked the iris then ^{come rushing}
purred ~~paled~~ a hole & watched the colour ~~pass~~ forth.

(Modern madonna mod - modern)
held my head in warm hands
with pink nails

Mapped the mouth - map map!
whispered that the sickness will go away.

BLEB: a bubble in glass.

" R A I N E D O N "

I've been living in a dustbowl with half closed eyes
and if I believe the radio the levy is dry
there is sick on the pavement from seven weeks ago
nothing is sacred, not even our home
feels like there's a drug dust filling up my nose

I won't be sorry anymore
since January 1st
when everything got rained on
washed away the dirt
saw the heavens letting go
in a melancholy burst
everything got rained on
didn't even hurt

Everything has changed, not for better or for worse

Are they tears or is it rain?
Doesn't matter anymore
in the end they're both the same
we're less filthy than before
didn't ask for a downpour
didn't need a flood
Still, I think I found the answer
somewhere in the mud

All this lying in the sun doesn't fill my cup

I won't be sorry anymore
since January 1st
when everything got rained on
washed away the dirt
saw the heavens letting go
in a melancholy burst
everything got rained on
didn't even hurt

I don't plan on feeling empty for any longer than I must
if California needs a drink, I'll be joining her for one.