

Credits

Robert Lowell -

Mark Tulk (Vocals, Keys); Niki Tulk (Bass); Jason Harwell (Guitar); Matt Katsis (Guitar); Duncan Neil (Percussion).

Evening -

Mark Tulk (Vocals, Keys, Guitar); Niki Tulk (Bass); Levi McGrath (Guitar); Duncan Neil (Drums).

Low -

Mark Tulk (Vocals, Keys, Vicar Solo); Niki Tulk (Bass); Phil Gaudion (Drums).

She -

Mark Tulk (Vocals, Keys); Niki Tulk (Bass, Cellos).

Carnival -

Mark Tulk (Vocals, Keys); Niki Tulk (Bass, BVs); Matt Katsis (Guitar); Warrick Morton (Drums).

Young/Free -

Mark Tulk (Vocals, Keys, Percussion); Niki Tulk (Bass).

Produced, Mixed & Engineered by Mark Tulk at Small House Records. Mastered by Martin Pullan.

Thanks

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At The End Of The Day
Mark Tulk

Robert Lowell

Watch me I'm tired.
Push me I'm slow.
Walk with me soon I'll be ready to go.

Leave me undone.
The evening is thru.
But promise you'll come when I call out for you.

Hold me when I'm falling.
Come to me when I'm calling.
Hold me, I feel I'm falling down.

*As we get older.
As memory returns.
As winter grows colder.
As the days slowly burn.*

The flies have stopped buzzing.
And I'm waking in blue.
The air's full of holes but I've nothing to do.

I've walked and I've crawled.
Now I'm scattered and torn.
I've been holding my breath.
Since the day I was born.

Evening

Silently sweeping rice from the stairs.
Gently she's taking the flowers from her hair.
In the still of the evening at the end of the day.
She's dreaming of someone who seems so far away.

She blows out the candles and crawls into bed.
To curl up and sleep with the dreams in her head.
The moonlight is seeping through curtains of lace.
Falling like cobwebs to rest on her face.

*Where do you go?
Where do you hide all your need?
Why turn us away?
When all that we ask you to be is real.*

Low

Well there you are back in your dark old grounds.
And with that feeling running thru your bones.
Sitting alone up there on the 4th floor.
With something strange goin' down.

Nothing to speak of but the gentle spinning.
You felt it crawling thru your veins today.
Still seeing shadows thru the crimson curtains.
But with less clarity.

*You're lonely, so lonely.
Lonely tonight.
So lonely, so lonely.
Low.*

You'd like to snap these grey-stick arms off baby.
And cast them flaming thru the library window.
An there aint no-one gonna stop you now.
You're gonna scream 'til you're free.

[Vicar Solo]
*You drank the cup she offered you then.
Swept the road with shadows once again.
You're feelin' cold.
But the thin blue flame hasn't gone.*

She

She hears grinding in the heat-well.
She's pushing back the black doors.
Moving in a green robe.
Thru the seasons as they fall.

She's walking to the ice pool.
She's reeling in tiny flames.
From the tulips in the garden.
That grow in scarlet rings.

She is walking towards the fountain.
Waiting for the night to fall.
Upon returning to her chambers.
High above the garden wall.

She climbs the ancient staircase.
And softly shuffles to her room.
Her feet stroke the stairs in rhythms.
Too beautiful to be true.

She is staring out the window.
Dark eyes drinking in the sky.
Moonlight wash across her face.
Her lips are moist, stained with light.

*Walk thru the night, walk thru the day.
Walk thru the night again.
Walk thru the night with your eyes in the day.
Walk thru the night again.*

Carnival

Down this corridor lie the oceans of moonlight.
Under these stairs lovers secretly speak.
The grounds they are still.
But for the rushing of water.
The courtyard strewn with leaves.

The stables are dark, the horses are stirring.
In waking their dreams will have lost all form.
The master he is old, his gentle eyes fading.
But in town.

He met her at nine, outside the cathedral.
They hurried thru the shadows to a cafe in town.
For fresh bread and fondue and
steaming mulled wine
As the carnival led them softly away.

Slowly they walked to the frozen black river.
Behind them the moonlight lit the
old market square.

The street filled with song.
And with golden light swaying.
As the carnival led them softly away.

Young/Free

It would seem.
That the answers will be.
A mystery.
But it's not for the first time.
No it's not for the first time.
That you've wandered in this life.

Her mouth was dry as she walked thru the graves.
With her eyes gone white and her hands to the sky.
You know I never could reach her.
'Cause she'd always slip away.
And go hide in her dreams.

*Lost in the glory of youth.
So young. So free.
We stand but nobody leaves.
So young. So free.*

And in a palace of light there lived a small grey boy.
Who swam with the eels thru their watery light.
But the hook upon his shoulder.
And the arrow thru this eye.
Kept him locked in his dreams.

*Clasping the mantle of truth.
So young. So free.
We bow our heads but can't grieve.
So young. So free.*

