

## HRISHIKESH HIRWAY

### *In the Last Hour of Light*



#### PERFORMED BY

Hrishikesh Hirway – vocals, guitar, piano, synth, xylophone

Uwade Akhere – vocals

Sam Beam – vocals

Billy Crockett – resonator guitar

Josh Crumbly – bass piano, percussion

Melina Duterte – trumpet

Michael Haldeman – electric guitar, acoustic guitar, clarinet

Daniel Hart – violin, viola

Oliver Hill – piano, viola, keyboard, vocals, acoustic guitar

Shahzad Ismaily – bass, keyboard, electric guitar, piano

Cole Kamen-Green – trumpet, evi

El Kempner – electric guitar, acoustic guitar

Fenne Lily – vocals

Sean Mullins – drums, keyboard

Jon Natchez – soprano sax, alto sax, bass clarinet

Dustin O'Halloran – piano

Ken Pomeroy – acoustic guitar, vocals, electric guitar

Zosha Warpeha – hardanger fiddle

Philip Weinrobe – drum programming

Produced, engineered, and mixed by Philip Weinrobe

Recorded at Sugar Mountain in Brooklyn

Additional recording at The Bower in Los Angeles

Additional engineering by Melina Duterte

Mastered by Josh Bonati

Cover photography by Elisha Christian

#### 1 **Stray Dogs** (with Iron & Wine)

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway

#### 2 **Dark Circles** (with Fenne Lily)

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Fenne Lily

#### 3 **Rollercoaster**

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Fenne Lily, Uwade Akhere

#### 4 **Things Change, Even Now**

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Laetitia Tamko

#### 5 **The Ocean** (with Uwade)

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Uwade Akhere, Kevin Morby

#### 6 **Big Sky** (with Ken Pomeroy)

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Ken Pomeroy

#### 7 **Charlie, Short for Charlotte**

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway

#### 8 **When I Look at You**

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Jenny Owen Youngs, John Mark Nelson

#### 9 **Your Voice** (with Ken Pomeroy)

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Ken Pomeroy

#### 10 **Swimming Pool**

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Jenny Owen Youngs, John Mark Nelson

#### 11 **Home Movies**

Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Pam Autuori

## NOTES ON THE ALBUM

by Rachel Khong

Why are sunsets pretty? It's not just that the light is disappearing; it's because of the relationship between sunlight and the atmosphere. The color blue, because of its shorter wavelengths, gets scattered away by air particles, while reds and oranges remain. The clouds catch and reflect the light.

It's winter when I hear *In the Last Hour of Light*, and during these shorter days that lead to the year's end, it becomes my soundtrack to many varied, brilliant sunsets. The clouds—in so many shapes, stretched like cotton batting, piled like snow drifts—seem soaked with pink, like watercolors pooling.

The first time I am in the same room as Hrishikesh Hirway, it is the spring of 2005. I'm a sophomore in college, on my first date with a boy at the American Legion in Wallingford. We're there to see The One AM Radio, Hrishikesh's moniker before he started playing under his own name. In my memory, Hrishi is alone on the dark stage, producing music that startles me: how is this possible, I wonder? The sound is layered and electronic and robust, all originating from one person. It feels as though he's the Wizard of Oz.

Nine years later, the man who becomes my husband introduces me to his college friend Hrishi. My husband is not the same boy who drove me to Wallingford in a borrowed car, though the story would have been better that way. (Where narrative calls for neatness, life doesn't quite oblige.)

It's now been over a decade after meeting Hrishi properly. We have changed, as people, in ways both articulable and not. In Wallingford, my main preoccupation was if my date would kiss me. (After the show, he did.) I'm amazed by how different my priorities are at this very moment, aware that they will, someday in the future, fade into memory, too.

*In the Last Hour of Light* is interested in these twists of life: it's interested in the moments and people who shape us before they vanish. These songs are about the ephemeral, and about grief in its many facets: the anguish of losing a parent, the possibility of a child, friendships lost to time. This album is about certain events in life that feel so encompassing, so consuming—even impossible to endure—and the unassuming moments, too. It's about how all of it forms the unique constellation of a person's life. *In the Last Hour of Light* is aware that the brilliant stuff of life—all the things that transform us, the people or experiences from whom we never recover—comes to us like sunsets, every single day. It's as mundane and miraculous as that.

Hrishi is still a wizard. He is the genius behind so many beloved podcasts: Song Exploder, The

West Wing Weekly (co-hosted with Joshua Malina), and Home Cooking (co-hosted with Samin Nosrat). Recently, he composed a brilliant soundtrack for the 2025 film, *Companion*. (What can't the man do? He even makes pottery!)

As he spoke with artists on Song Exploder, Hrishi found that his perspective on music-making was changing and evolving. He was interested in creation that was less controlled and more open. He found himself moved by the work that came from deeper, more personal places. This is his first full album as “Hrishikesh Hirway” (*Rooms I Used to Call My Own*, an EP, was released in 2022), but it's an album that was created far from alone. Maturing has meant collaborating with other musicians—relinquishing control to find what might come into being in the unknown. He found that songwriting with friends was a way to make difficult memories less lonely—to transform personal experience into shared art.

As *The One AM Radio*, Hrishi was writer, player, and producer. Now releasing music under his own name, he is no longer alone. He used a stage name partly out of fear of alienating audiences; shedding it has been a practice of vulnerability.

*In The Last Hour of Light* was recorded live and produced by the Grammy-nominated producer Phil Weinrobe, (Big Thief, Adrienne Lenker, Billie Marten). For the first time, Hrishi wasn't his own producer. Before Hrishi headed to New York for studio time, Weinrobe had given him instructions: Don't practice too much. Weinrobe wanted realness and authenticity, not performances that had been overly perfected. Initially, Hrishi was nervous about this. But he was able to loosen his grip, and open himself to unexpected results. As a result, we have this album, which is beautifully honest and open—gorgeously and achingly mortal.

This is an artist in the process of allowing time to change him. He's learning to hold life and music a little bit more lightly—even through his practice of pottery. In the process, he's finding beauty in the imperfect and the temporary.

*In The Last Hour of Light* is tinged with the temporality that makes the sunsets so beautiful. Sunsets seem like a trick—some sleight of hand, some illusion. In the end, a sunset is more amazing than a trick: it's reality. “No gold can stay,” Hrishi sings. “Hold on til it sets.”

## ABOUT THE SONGS

by Hrishikesh Hirway

### 1 **STRAY DOGS** (with Iron & Wine)

This song was born out of two memories. In 1987, when I was 8 years old, I visited India. I went to Saswad, a large village where my mother's family is from, and where many of her cousins lived. On those streets, I saw stray dogs for the first time in my life. Instead of the frightening, snarling, vicious animals I'd imagined from watching cartoons, they were carefree, paying little attention to me or anyone else on the street. They had their own world, they raced by with their friends, and I gawked in wonder. In 1998, one slow, summer Saturday night with nothing to do, my friends and I spontaneously decided to drive from New Haven to New York, without a particular destination in mind. The night felt woozy between the summer heat and the boundless potential of being teenagers in the city. There was a time when those boys felt inseparably woven into my life, but eventually, we went our separate ways, and I ached from those threads being pulled apart. I still feel it.

*I wrote this song in 2023, a few days before going to Blue Rock Studio, in Wimberley, Texas for a week-long songwriting retreat. I was so worried about squandering the opportunity by getting there and running out of ideas for songs that I reached out to people to ask for prompts that I could use if I got stuck. One person I reached out to was Sam Beam, from Iron & Wine. We'd met in person at a live taping of Song Exploder I'd done at Blue Rock Studio some months beforehand. He offered the prompt "describe a street you grew up on from the point of view of a stray dog." The thought of a stray dog sent me back to that street in Saswad, and the song came to me so quickly that I finished it before I'd even left for Texas. Because of his hand in its origin, I asked Sam if he would sing on the song, with his characteristic layered harmonies. His vocals, to me, are the sound of my friends: joyful, reckless, racing, and beautiful.*

### 2 **DARK CIRCLES** (with Fenne Lily)

A song about growing up a brown kid in a white suburb. It took me a long time after leaving that world to be able to see just how alienating and isolating parts of that experience were. Ever since I can remember, I've been trying to figure out how to fit in—so the ways I want to stand out are what people could notice instead.

*Bruce Springsteen was, to me, the epitome of American-ness in the 80s, so there are references to his songs in each of the verses. I wrote this song with Fenne Lily, whose voice and music I love. I first heard her music through Melina Duterte (Jay Som), who had mixed her album. I sent Fenne a message telling her what a fan of the album I was, and we decided to try writing together, just over Zoom. Later, we'd get together and write more in person in New York. But this was the first thing we did together. When we went to record it, the song transformed in the hands of guitarist Mike Haldeman, who took the ¾ time signature and gave it a unique feeling with his playing. Phil, Mike, and I had fun finding techniques for*

*Mike to play clarinet on this song in ways that would sound somewhere between musical notes, human breath, and noise—a mix that reflected the feeling of the story I was trying to tell in the song.*

### 3 **ROLLERCOASTER**

One summer night while visiting New York, I found myself at an event for Defector Media, and heard a story about someone who was obsessed with riding every rollercoaster in the country. The person in the story managed to recruit other people to join them, but I started to think of the image of a person riding a rollercoaster on their own — it struck me as terribly lonely because of its juxtaposition against a supposedly fun thing, and that juxtaposition felt deeply, painfully familiar. A short while later, while walking in Los Angeles and listening to *The Memory Palace* (a podcast I love), I heard a story about the buffalo of Catalina, brought there on a ship in the early 20th century. Generations of buffalo must have been born and lived their lives there since, and I wondered if yearning is a trait that could be inherited. As the narrator in the song, I'm back again in Massachusetts, feeling out of place and full of dreams that I can't articulate because I haven't seen anything like what I'm imagining.

*This song initially came out of a day I was writing with Fenne Lily; I finished it a couple months later, with Uwade. I asked them both to sing on the song, and Ken Pomeroy also sings on it. Their combined vocals lift up the song and gave it a feeling of lightness and air that I was hoping to capture, especially in the end, as a counterpoint to the loneliness of my own point of view.*

### 4 **THINGS CHANGE, EVEN NOW**

A few years ago, my father had a bad fall—he hit his head and had to be hospitalized. I flew back east to be with him. There was blood pooled on the part of his brain that controls language, so he couldn't speak, and he drifted in and out of awareness. Because of COVID restrictions, I was alone with him, and we spent his birthday and Thanksgiving like that. We'd lost my mom a couple years earlier, and she was the parent with whom I'd had the easier rapport. My father and I have often felt more connected by circumstance than any shared traits or interests. I was reckoning with all of that as I listened to the steady beep of the machines—which we tried to evoke in the choruses with the repeating single note on the piano. I flew back again when he was ready to come home from the hospital. Upon returning to his apartment, my father sat on the bed with an astonished look on his face. With his speech still slow and slurred, he said—to himself as much as to me—“Wow. How quickly everything can change.”

*One day, out of nowhere, the image of a gravestone that said “Things Change. Even Now.” came to me. It made me sort of chuckle, in a dark, wry way, and I wrote it down. Later, after the experience with my father, I remembered the phrase. I co-wrote this song with Laetitia Tamko (aka Vagabon). She'd said that when she writes about grief, she tries to position herself in the story in a place of acceptance—like, “I'm okay.” It was an important note, for me, because it allowed us to write the song in a major key, and layer in all the complexity of that relationship.*

## 5 **THE OCEAN** (with Uwade)

After my wife and I spent both Thanksgiving and Christmas taking care of my father, I felt I owed her an escape. We went to Costa Rica for a few days. On New Year's Day, 2023, we were at the beach. I'm not really a beach person, and I'm really not much of a swimmer. But it was beautiful, and peaceful, and I swam out by myself to feel fully immersed in the setting. In this song, I imagine myself writing a letter to my friend Samin, who loves the beach and the water, and who I think sometimes finds my cautiousness (in all things) frustrating. But she's really a stand-in for the part of me that finds it frustrating. I hate the controlling, rule-following, validation-seeking, cautious side of me. In music especially, where I don't think it has served me well. This song is about trying to push myself beyond that, and the process of making this album followed. Recording live, with little possibility of editing or "fixing" things, went against the alignment of every molecule. But I wanted to see what was on the other side.

## 6 **BIG SKY** (with Ken Pomeroy)

I sometimes think about the song "Amazing Grace." As a non-believer, the concept of divine salvation doesn't really resonate with me, but the immense gratitude in the song does. My moments of most profound gratitude center around meeting my wife, and recognizing how much that relationship has reshaped the topography of my life and my character. I wanted to write a love song that connected with that feeling.

*In the fall of 2023, I was watching an episode of the great show Reservation Dogs. The episode ended with a song I didn't recognize. I fell in love with it immediately. It felt like a kindred spirit that I'd stumbled upon. I tried to figure out who the artist was, or what the song title was, but nothing came up as the credits rolled. Then, the credit for the music supervisor came up: Tiffany Anders, who had been the music supervisor on a TV show I'd scored (Everything Sucks!). I wrote to Tiffany, "who is this? What song is this?" She told me it was Ken Pomeroy, an artist from Tulsa, OK. I managed to get in touch with Ken, and we talked about trying to write some music together. She invited me to come to Tulsa, and that's where this song was written, in January 2024. We hit it off, both musically and personally, right away. This was the second song we wrote during that quick, two-day writing trip. The first song was "Your Voice," and after making something so deeply sad for both of us, we wanted to reach for a very different emotion. Later, Ken came to Brooklyn to record the entire album with me, playing guitar and singing alongside me on almost every song.*

## 7 **CHARLIE, SHORT FOR CHARLOTTE**

My wife and I decided that not having children was the right thing for us. We'd talked about it early on in our relationship, and we'd occasionally return to the topic to check in with ourselves and one another and make sure we still felt the same. Then, she accidentally got pregnant, and suddenly that decision took on an entirely different meaning. It lost its theoretical, philosophical quality. Over days and days of heavy conversation, we still felt like we were not meant to be

parents. Now—years later—I think we made the right decision. But every now and then, I can glimpse what the other version of our life looks like. This song was written to the little girl that we'll never have, trying to explain to her and apologize for why she doesn't exist.

*The writing of this song happened very quickly, but the recording was difficult. I made several versions over the years, and among the recordings for this album, this one felt the hardest to get right. Somehow, the difficulty of figuring out what to do feels like an appropriate metaphor for what the song is about. One example: When we were recording this song, Phil suggested a fade out of the outro. The other band members agreed it could work well, but that didn't quite feel right, because for me, studio-fades sometimes feel like you just couldn't come up with a good ending. Eventually, I thought the song could in fact fade out, but at the same time, give way to a horn and wind arrangement, something mournful, to represent the daydream of Charlotte fading away and my reality setting back in. I wrote an arrangement and Melina Duterte (Jay Som) played the trumpet parts, and Jon Natchez (The War on Drums) played the clarinet and saxophone parts.*

## 8 **WHEN I LOOK AT YOU**

This is a true story – our house is directly on the San Andreas Fault. We'd already gone through most of the process of trying to buy it, and towards the end, they had to present “disclosures” about the property to make sure we still wanted to go through with it. One of them was a map of the neighborhood, with a line in pink highlighter showing us exactly how our street lines up with the San Andreas. Having lived in California and hearing about ‘The Big One’ for decades, it felt like tempting fate to go through with it. But, of course, we did.

## 9 **YOUR VOICE** (with Ken Pomeroy)

My mom passed away in 2020. ‘People live on in our memories’ is the sort of thing you hear when you lose someone—but what happens to her as my own memory starts faltering? I think about the things she and I did together, and images I have of her, her famous laugh. The contours are blurring, and I realized that there are new forms of grief that reveal themselves years after someone passes away.

*There is no acoustic guitar on this recording, as opposed to most of the album, and I think that helps give the song a formless quality, a shape that you can't quite put your hands around.*

## 10 **SWIMMING POOL**

As I get older, my relationship with time changes. I am increasingly aware in the present moment that there will be a time in the future where I won't remember what's happening right now. I feel desperate to cherish those moments. In the moments where I feel the most joy, I try to force myself to burn the feeling and the image and the sensation into my memory, so I'll be able to return to it later. But just making that effort, thinking about how that joy is temporary, contaminates the feeling.

## 11 HOME MOVIES

My father-in-law passed away a couple weeks before I first met my wife Lindsey. He battled depression and alcoholism, and Lindsey's relationship with him was complicated, especially in the last decade of his life. A few years ago, she got her hands on VHS tapes from the family camcorder from the 1980s. We had them digitized, and as she watched them, I heard his voice for the first time. I saw his face and the way he moved and the way he played with his children. I have such a connection with him, this person I've never met, through Lindsey, and through things that belonged to him that we have in our house. I play his old guitar and mandolin. I'd heard stories about him—the good and bad—for years. But watching and hearing him in these movies, watching Lindsey take them in, was illuminating and sad in ways I hadn't experienced before.

*One of my favorite moments—and perhaps the most intense—during the recording process happened while tracking this song. Part of Phil's recording methodology is to ignore and discard any demos that were made during the writing process, and find a fresh arrangement as an ensemble, right there in the room, and then record it right away. We were a couple hours into that process, just starting to record the second take. I held everyone up for a minute to give them some backstory about what the song was about, and I said that in the demo, and eventually in the final song, there would be pieces of the actual home movies that Lindsey's father had filmed when Lindsey was a little kid. Phil, who wants everything to happen live, then suggested playing those clips in the room, in the place where they would actually appear in the song, through some speakers (none of us wore headphones during the recording process, so we could just hear each other's playing). So in the second chorus, when you hear Lindsey and her father's voice, that was actually playing live in the studio, and we all heard it. It charged the air with emotion, and I think Shahzad's piano solo that follows really captures what we were all feeling. It felt like a man who had lost his way. That piano solo breaks my heart. And it wouldn't have come about without the alchemy of everything that led up to that moment and the way the song was recorded.*

## LYRICS

### 1 **STRAY DOGS** (with Iron & Wine)

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway*

A pack of stray dogs by my uncle's house  
Tearing down the street  
A streak of wild legs and open mouths  
In love with their lives and their speed  
I can't believe the joy that poured out of them  
Mangy and lean  
Weaving between parked cars and people  
Taking turns in the lead  
We used to be that free  
Found a photograph of the four of us  
New York, 2 AM  
Drove three hours just for the record shop  
Lost in the punk rock bins  
I can't believe the joy that poured out of us  
When we were nineteen  
Now we don't speak  
It gets harder to call  
With every year in between  
But we used to be that free  
How long has it been  
Since you felt the cheap thrill  
Of night air on your skin?  
My heart's a stray dog  
Calling out for his brothers  
To come run along

### 2 **DARK CIRCLES** (with Fenne Lily)

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Fenne Lily*

Fenway Park, eleven years old  
The whole crowd sings words you don't know  
There's nothing like 'Born in the USA'  
To relive the feeling you had that day  
Five years on, parked in her car  
Talking about what you never were  
You ask the question, you knew it would hurt  
She'd like you more if you were more like her  
'I'm on Fire' plays while she drives  
Brings back the feeling you've had all your life  
You're far away now  
Too small, too dark, circle around  
All of the places you found  
Where your voice fades out  
Turning around the sound of your name  
Quiet around strangers on planes  
Careful to be who you think that they want  
Careful to stay in the lines you've drawn  
Dance in the dark again, eyes on the floor  
Spin til you can't feel the weight anymore

You're far away now  
Too small, too dark, circle around  
All of the places you've found  
Where your voice fades out  
Til it's far away now  
Too small, too dark, circle around  
All of the places you've found  
Let it all fade out

### 3 **ROLLERCOASTER**

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Fenne Lily, Uwade Akhere*

Out on Catalina  
There's a hundred buffalo  
Penned in by the ocean  
The only home they'll know  
Do they dream the Great Plains  
As they breathe in the salt air?  
Can you miss the place you're meant to be  
If you were never there?  
Does it go on and on and on?  
What if this goes on and on and on?  
Caught myself staring  
Into nothing much at all  
Passed the fairground, the graveyard  
The empty shopping mall  
I drove til the road  
Ended in the county beach  
Felt the distance between me and  
Everything that's out of reach  
Does it go on and on and on?  
What if this goes on and on and on?  
On a rollercoaster ride  
Up against the open sky  
What if this goes on and on and on?

### 4 **THINGS CHANGE, EVEN NOW**

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Laetitia Tamko*

Things change, even now  
Watching you breathe in and out  
Eyes closed from the strain  
I know you're not one to complain  
Air hangs in the room  
Hoping you'll say something soon  
I've learned by now  
You tried but you never knew how  
So I went without  
Words you never managed  
The time I spent away  
We did a lot of damage  
Still, I wait

Things change, even now  
Words I keep saying out loud  
Hand slipping from mine  
I need a little more time  
Words you never managed  
Time I spent away  
We did a lot of damage  
Still, I wait

5 **THE OCEAN** (with *Uwade*)

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Uwade Akhere, Kevin Morby*

I finally took your advice  
And waded into the ocean  
My heart skipped a beat  
As my body slipped under the waves  
I floated between the mountains  
Scraped by a low-slung sky  
Drifting and weightless  
The salt water stinging my eyes  
And I wonder what you wanted me to see  
All my life, I've been holding on too tight  
Can't slip up, darling  
Or things are never gonna turn out right  
But in the tide, there was a power  
That I couldn't fight  
And I still survived  
I still survived  
I finally took your advice  
And left all the windows open  
Turned out the lights  
And invited the storm to come in  
Thunder and dust in the doorway  
Howling electric sky  
And me on the floor  
With my eyes all wild and wide  
And I wonder what you wanted me to see  
All my life, I've been holding on too tight  
Can't slip up, darling  
Or things are never gonna turn out right  
But in the night, there was a power  
That I couldn't fight  
And I still survived  
I still survived

6 **BIG SKY** (with *Ken Pomeroy*)

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Ken Pomeroy*

I wanna see through your eyes  
The world, alive  
I wanna see how you see mine  
Lit by your light  
First time I've been someone in my life  
Big sky above us, gold in the trees  
If I'm without you, what would I be?

You wanna see who I'd been  
To let you in  
I used to be a walking ghost  
And didn't know  
Pull me in and never let me go  
Darkness behind us, hand in your hand  
I have been changed in ways  
I don't understand  
I wanna lie by your side  
In the ground  
Home at last, a lost man who was found

7 **CHARLIE, SHORT FOR CHARLOTTE**

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway*

I can picture you running  
Hair swept past your face  
A summer day in slow motion  
A memory I misplaced  
People pull us aside  
To talk about your eyes  
The color's hard to describe  
Half your mom's, half mine  
Try to understand  
This is the only chance I've got  
The life we could have had  
I can still hold it in my thoughts  
Images I can't forget  
In between hope and regret  
There's you  
My mother wanted to meet you  
She'd whisper it to me  
I keep you side by side now  
What was, and what won't be  
I always liked the name Charlotte  
Charlie to your friends  
I stay too long in the daydream  
I know how it ends  
Try to understand  
This is the only chance I've got  
The life we could have had  
I can still hold it in my thoughts  
Images I can't forget  
In between hope and regret  
There's you

8 **WHEN I LOOK AT YOU**

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Jenny Owen Youngs, John Mark Nelson*

There's a fault line underneath us  
Saw it on the news  
It's been quiet all these years but  
I know what it could do  
When I look at you  
Little fractures in between us

Let some darkness through  
There's a risk that we both live with  
But it's easy to  
When I look at you  
Brush the hair back from your face  
Every morning when the light breaks  
And I'm coming to  
In the wake of near disaster  
I know what I could lose  
When I look at you

9 **YOUR VOICE** (with Ken Pomeroy)t

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Ken Pomeroy*

What of you still lives in me?  
Native tongue, crooked teeth  
Skies the two of us had seen  
Slipping from me while I sleep  
Losing the sound of your voice  
Lines around your laughing eyes  
Mirrored in the shape of mine  
The rest in pieces in my mind  
Light you'd let in through the blinds  
Losing the sound of your voice  
The song you'd sing to me  
How did it go?  
Losing the sound of your voice  
Losing the sound of your voice  
Losing the sound of your voice  
I am losing the sound of your voice

10 **SWIMMING POOL**

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Jenny Owen Youngs, John Mark Nelson*

You're turned away  
Sunlit silhouette  
No gold can stay  
Hold on til it sets  
We could hold our breath  
Deep end of the swimming pool  
Weightless underneath the water line  
No matter what I get  
I never get enough of you  
Let's forget we're running out of time  
Climb marble stairs  
Worn down over years  
And in the air  
Our words disappear  
We could hold our breath  
Deep end of the swimming pool  
Weightless underneath the water line  
No matter what I get  
I never get enough of you  
Let's forget we're running out of time  
I know that I won't be able to stop

The image fading  
Disintegrating  
I'm holding onto the sound til it's gone  
Another echo  
Before I let go  
No matter what I get  
I never get enough of you  
Let's forget we're running out of time

11 **HOME MOVIES**

*Written by Hrishikesh Hirway, Pam Autuori*

The shadow in the photo  
The voice offscreen  
The crack in the base  
Of the bird figurine  
The brass belt buckle  
The trouble when I sleep  
Your love of the desert  
And the secrets that I keep  
All the love you gave  
And all you left behind  
All the hurt still left to find  
Haunted  
I stand just like you used to  
One leg off the ground  
And sit a little easier  
When there's no one else around  
I put new strings on  
Your dusty mandolin  
I'm surrounded by what's left  
Of the person you had been  
Haunted  
The shadow in the photo  
The voice offscreen  
In a home movie  
I keep watching on repeat  
Watching on repeat  
Watching on repeat  
Watching on repeat