

# MUSEUM

Brian Rudy + The Architects





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- 01 Candide (6:08)
- 02 Dining Alone (3:47)
- 03 Blue Eyed Boy (5:49)
- 04 Down To the River (4:14)
- 05 Palestine (4:11)

## *Museum Suite:*

- 06 Museum (7:12)
- 07 Artifacts (JacquesintheBox) (2:36)
- 08 Stories (Love of my Life) (4:28)
- 09 Time Lines (10:52)
- 10 Burning Hands (7:24)

(Total: 56:41)



## 01 Candidé (6:08)

i live by the old fair ground way  
i live in silence, candidé is my name  
a silence i learned over time  
i taught myself let me tell you why  
because when i talk i find it hard to lie

*so i bite my tongue try to keep my couth  
and i fight the temptation to tell the truth*

there ain't no way you're going to make it today  
if you don't learn to watch what you say  
keep your dreams locked down inside  
measure success by what you can learn to hide  
and never forget the first time you lie

*learn to bite your tongue try to keep your couth  
and you fight the temptation to tell the truth*

take a picture dedicated to me  
you can even watch me on tv  
though my face isn't all that flattering  
it's just the truth doing its ugly thing  
they say the truth will always out you in the end

*that's why i bite my tongue try to keep my couth  
fight the temptation to tell the truth  
bite my tongue try to keep my cool  
fight the temptation...*

## 02 Dining Alone (3:47)

i got a new date coming over to dine  
she invited herself that's got to be a good sign  
it's been so long for me i have no idea at all what to make  
how many courses will she expect on the first date

now i'll never claim to be a great cook  
i stick too close to my recipe book  
but now my confidence is shattered down to the very core  
she took one look at my spread and ran for the door

*i'll be dining alone tonight  
hoping the hors d'oeuvres turn out alright  
with vegetables too soft, and wine not soft enough  
but it must have been the quiche that turned her off*

i fancy myself a new age man  
i don't pretend to be more than what i am  
maybe what she prefers was not on my menu tonight  
she must be the red meat or the quicky sandwich type

but me i prefer to eat lingering  
on subtle creams and fragrant herbs i will not skimp  
she must want me as a culinary one night stand  
but now my asparagus is going limp

*looks like i'll be dining alone tonight  
hoping that desert turn out alright  
with vegetables too soft, and wine not soft enough  
but it must have been the greens that turned her off*



### 03 Blue Eyed Boy (5:49)

if you're going to leave us tonight  
please do it now  
because every second that you hang on  
cuts forever out of our hearts

*trying to stay up, but i'm getting down slowly  
is it the sorrow in the air  
don't compare  
the blue eyed boy with the black eyed daughter  
we would have loved you forevermore*

there's a who and there's a when  
but there ain't no why  
she had to leave home when she was ten  
to try to find the love that was denied

*she's trying to stay up, but she's getting down slowly  
is it the sorrow in the air  
don't compare  
the blue eyed boy with the black eyed daughter  
they should have loved you forevermore*

healing angel, healing angel

*trying to stay up, getting down slowly  
is it the sorrow in the air  
don't compare  
the blue eyed boy with the black eyed daughter  
we would have loved you forevermore*

healing angel, healing angel  
heal this love, angel heal this love

### 04 Down to the River (4:14)

take a little walk down to the river  
walking by her side  
with no hold on expectations  
the moon shines bright  
hanging in her eyes  
lighting this memory inside

*but it wouldn't do  
no it wouldn't do no good  
to feel it true  
i know we should*

put a little more light in the shadows  
of our darkest corner  
as the years go on through their ebb and flow  
but the way we feel this memory is still so real  
and with words we don't need to say

*but it wouldn't do, it wouldn't do no good  
to feel it true, you know we should*

but i see her laying there  
as the river flows on to it's sea  
our hopes and our dreams finally scattered, set free

*but this is all good  
it feels so true, just as it should*

and we lay there for ever, and her moon-lit eyes  
made me realize it's never too late

### 05 Palestine (4:11 - Instrumental)







## Museum Suite:

### 06 Museum (7:12)

i came up the old road  
through the foothills from the bygone coast  
take a long deep tally of me  
the last of those old callous ghosts

cross over rivers  
broken highways that once drove me home  
all just crossings now  
lines slashed across an ancient poem

over field and through valley  
the arenas of our grand assault  
where man learned to subjugate man  
together with the land to our fall

gone are the empires  
the nations and the cities of jade  
it's all down there where we left it  
in the museum that we made

*see what we made*

this is my new home  
on this hill with a view of the clime  
feel the whole weight of the world  
the slow expectant healing hands of time

away in the distance  
whispers of the last storm front fade  
floating over the lands  
this museum that we made

*see what we made*

### 07 Artifacts (JacquesintheBox)

(2:36 - Instrumental)

### 08 Stories (Love of my Life) (4:28)

love of my life  
pregnant for me  
bountiful alms for my taking  
fill my hunger  
and i come back for more  
you are the world  
you're what i live for

*love of my life*

i bring you gifts  
fine silks with barbed hems  
lay them over your skin  
i bind you with them  
you like to be bare  
but i need you in clothes  
shirt of asphalt  
skirt in concrete

*love of my life*

*love of my life*

*hold on to yourself*

*hold on to yourself*

i take my cigar  
press it in to your face  
scorch off your hair  
leave you with scars  
strip mine your wounds  
pull out your fuel  
your wood and your coal  
your geothermal

*love of my life*

*hold on to yourself*

*i'm holding on for my life*

### 09 Time Lines (10:52 - instrumental)

### 10 Burning Hands (7:24)

i feel so ridiculous  
i don't even know who i am anymore  
feeling old and sick  
with the world half listening  
but i've been burning far too long  
i've been burning off my own hands  
and i'll never know why they still work  
and why i always seem to need more

*more than my means*

in my dreams i packed my bags  
put away my load of weekly gains  
and i will amble on down the street  
and on into the woods  
but if the woods were all burnt  
would i care who's likely to blame  
or would i prefer a different angle spun  
to paint a new green wash over brown

*and take more than my means*

i am the oil to your gear  
maybe the propeller that's pushing this ship  
but compared to your strength and beauty  
i seem frail and laughable  
i am the x that you turn to avoid  
the awkward moments we pretend to ignore  
but i am also the flames of greed  
and it's winds that fan towards war

*it's more than i need,  
lets burn it up, with my burning hands...*

i may not be your best friend  
may not even be in your best interest  
but compared to the choices we've made  
i may be the best that you've got  
i burn on fuel of fits and frenzy  
mixed with long droughts of burn-out  
need a fire i can better control  
and the woods around me can bear

*and stay within my means*





## Instrumentation:

**Vocals** - Brian Rudy, Lori Cullen, Ken Stevens

**Acoustic Guitars** - Brian Rudy

**Electric Guitars** - Brian Rudy, Brent Klassen

**Bass** - Tom Daniels, Leo Valvassori

**Piano** - Kevin Ranney, Brian Rudy

**Violins** - Chris Bartos

**Cellos** - Leo Valvassori

**Saxophone** - Alan Armstrong

**Drums & Percussion** - Dave Clark, Brian Rudy, Leo Valvassori

**Organ, Keyboards & Programming** - Brian Rudy, Leo Valvassori

**Mandolin, Dulcimer, Banjo, Clarinet** - Brian Rudy

**Music, Lyrics and Arrangements** by Brian Rudy

**Produced** by Brian Rudy

**Recorded** by Brian Rudy and Leonardo Valvassori

**Mixed** by Leonardo Valvassori

**Mastered** by Fedge

**Art, Design and Website** by Maya Desai

**Photography** by Tom Arban

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*Dedicated to my mother.*

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