

flock of oimes



if you see me,
say yes



01. Sometimes It Is Right...

02. Birthplace

03. The Joke

04. Everything Is Happening Today

05. Semaphore

06. Ida Glow

07. Flight

08. Apparition

09. Given / Electric Life

10. Minor Justice

11. You, The Vatican

12. ...To Have No Answer



Birthplace

I only have this one body,
but I write, and I call when I can
And in the dust of the infinite lobby
I think of you, my friends

My love is not an object
that rusts with lack of use
Suited perfectly for its purpose
as the day I gave it to you

It is a fresh page, it is a sharp knife
it is a cold call, it is an alibi

You are a universe of faces,
but sometimes I go it alone
Fill my arms with what I can carry
and my body is my home

And if I lock on to a strange face
I see an ancient sun, I see my birthplace

And forgive me for my silence
I forget the follow through
And any lie I ever told you
was to seek a better truth

You are a suitcase I never unpacked
I am a green shirt that never left your back
We live in black and white,
on a telephone pole
I can read the letters,
eyes closed.



The Joke

The young, the old,
the dead,
and you and I presently
traveling west,
chasing the sun
See where once it was
It will be again

And I have lived
a charmed life
The hand of fate rests
on my shoulder
Still I get the joke
Try to make you laugh
It speaks for itself

The child I'll never have
The stranger on the sidewalk
All who've ever lived
now are waking up
to wish us luck.

Everything is Happening Today

I wake up, my eyes are playing
tricks on me
And through the dust,
so much of my life
has already come to be

So I watch the sun come up
and I watch the sun go down
And the horizon hovering
like a missing piece
that can never be found

And as the seasons lie in wait
like a secret you already know
Winter is behind us now,
it is ahead of us, also

And everything that ever was
is happening today
Everything I've ever done
happened in the wrong way
Pull the thread and draw the line
to find time in a different place
Everything that ever was is
happening today

And I believe
that you could love me,
just because
But I remain
as fragile as I ever was

So if here is really there
and if you are really mine
My fear it is a circle,
my joy it is the infinite line
But the limits of words were with us
since we learned to talk
So I give my longing a name,
hold its hand, take a walk

And everything that ever was
is happening today
Everything I've ever done
happened in the wrong way
Pull the thread and draw the line to
find time in a different place
Everything that ever was
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Semaphore

If simple habit had a tale to tell
and if the wires could reveal themselves
we could begin to trace the ins and outs
the horizon of our length

As if the force of it can be controlled
As if sight is an object we can hold
Our voices float above the depths of it
what we cannot permeate

Come to my door,
won't you liven me up with color?
Put your pen and paper away
I have no need for you to guess my age
I can tie my own laces
Find the solace I seek in other places
But I cannot need you more
Too far gone for the semaphore

The sight of red's a cause for new alarm
The sound I make can only go so far
Today the only thing that I can do
is wait for you

And in this lingering uncertainty,
the voice across the waves agrees with me:
"We pay a very high price to be free
and I wonder if it's enough?"

Come to my door,
won't you liven me up with color?
Put your pen and paper away
I have no need for you to guess my age
I can tie my own laces
find the solace I seek in other places
But I cannot need you more
Too far gone for the semaphore

And if the force of it will be revealed,
we are beholden to it even still
What we cannot keep and we cannot kill
What we cannot communicate

It is the quiet voice that says it best
There is no certainty to preciousness
We have a friend who holds us in his grasp
and someday he'll be gone

Ida Glow

Ida Glow
I've been waiting for it
Squint your eyes through the snow

Adequate
Still the mind is turnkey
I'll come in on tiptoe

I am a writer
I am a liar
Oh how you know me

Ida Glow
Always overhanded
stumbling forward fold

Substantial
It's a sorry habit
Hurry out to see me go

I am a writer
I am a liar
Oh how you know me

Flight

She is spinning like a planet,
she is never quite at ease
I am drawn to the destruction,
even as I fear release
But no matter how I wander,
it's the purpose of the fact
I can alter my behavior,
but I cannot take it back
If I alter my behavior,
to look and not to touch,
to live as a creator,
and the face you've come to trust
An imaginary answer,
like a prick under the skin,
like the scratch of an adventure
as it's begging to come in

Flight,
for the right to your life,
for the right to the lightness
you've found

Flight,
for the need to come down
Flight,

for the right to your life,
to depart from the will
of the earthbound

Flight,
you will touch the ground

It is cold above the cloudline,
and my hands are knuckled white
I am planning my reaction
when I fix you in my sight
If we do not plummet earthwards,
or burn up in the sun
When my feet are on the ground again,
and I feel what I have done
Or perhaps an anticlimax
with nothing to discuss
An unspoken understanding,
dissipated wanderlust
with a story so specific
that you know it can't be true
I will alter my behavior
I will fix myself to you

Flight,
for the right to your life,
for the right to the lightness
you've found

Flight,
for the need to come down
Flight,

for the right to your life,
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Flight,
you will touch the ground



Apparition

Even in my mind,
I know what I saw
It was, it was, it was
indescribable

All its hair was white,
though its face was young
It was, it was, it was
sticking out its tongue

It was all apparition

So if you just were there,
if you saw it through
I know, I know, I know
you would see it too

So take me at my word,
all its hair was white
Help me, help me, help me
fall asleep tonight

It was all apparition

Given / Electric Life

You will follow the light of electric life,
and never know his name
And suffering gladly to catch a glimpse,
be left alone to wait

You will give up your peace just to find someone
who's the spitting image of you
You could mirror the motion of their belief,
and never feel as true

Cos it is given just to be taken away
to be taken away, away again
Oh you are living just to be taken away
to be taken away, away again

I'm getting better as I grow older
but nobody wants to meet me there
Afraid to be seen as I see myself
Even more to be seen as I really am

I am learning the ways to stop counting days
to distract myself with play
Oh but I admit I feel every minute
and I know the hour, the day

When it is given just to be taken away
to be taken away, away again
We are living just to be taken away
to be taken away, away again

Do you believe it can be done?
And love is life and life is long?
Are you the one am I the one?
Do you believe it can be done?



Minor Justice

I saw a life between the two of us
Each moment's notice by machine
Imagine isolation, blurring of its edges
I am most alone when I fail to see

A minor justice
Speak free
Still courage
Fight for me

A momentary smile across your eyes
So this force of habit still can thrill
And if it is your wish that we
no longer speak of it
I will love the lie that keeps us still

In minor justice
Sweet release
Tiny pleasures
Human need

(What do you dream of? Every morning, to forget my dreams, I separate. I speak the language. I prepare my response. And as I feel my self dissolve, I remember - this is what I dreamed of. A cycle that repeats - water, evaporating into air, becoming the sky. So I can light a match, but I can't tell you what fire is made of. And if we wait for an answer, we will be waiting for a very long time. So what I wish for you, I wish for all of us - we seem to be awake, but we are dreaming. We seem to be many, but we are not.)

You, The Vatican

So I shot the light,
and the light went out
Dark, an early reminder
in ordinary night
I couldn't see you,
I couldn't see at all

Any further proof only speaks to truth
Hold, commanding a dawning
of an ordinary life
I couldn't free you
I barely freed myself

Let me find you
I will hold you through
earthly nature
Lights out

It could be in a wreck when you least expect
Laughing all of the way down
And you, The Vatican
You the destroyer
You the destroyed

An intelligent mind only hangs itself
For all its perfect distraction
From immediate delight
There for the taking
Casting a different light

Let me find you
I will hold you through
second nature
Slight

Let me find you
I will hold you through
fast approaching
Lights out.

Sometimes it is Right
to Have No Answer

What you say you are,
you are
What you will be
you will be

Where you go
it will be crowded
You will fight for your place
like the rest of us

It was cold,
I was leaving you there
You were watching
the light disappear
I believe
you were waving your arms
Memory
only tells us
so much

Sometimes it is right
to have no answer
To sit with myself
and remember

Home

All songs written and
produced by [Jenn Wasner](#)

Additional production on
all tracks by [Mickey Freeland](#)

Mixed by [John Congleton](#)
Mastered by [Greg Calbi](#)

All instruments and voices by
[Jenn Wasner](#) except:

[Aaron Roche](#)
guitar, bass, piano, voices,
trombone, trumpet, drums,
mystery sounds

[Andy Stack](#)
saxophone on track 11

[Ryan Seaton](#)
saxophone on track 3 and drums
on track 6

[Susan Alcorn](#)
pedal steel on track 2

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