



1 - Stranger

Sing me a song that you think that I might recognize
Sing me a song that you know that I won't want to compromise
Sing me a song of illusions of grandeur and the like
Sing me a song that is only sung to me tonight

Tonight...

Sing me a song that you think that I might like to hear
Sing me a song as if you have really lent an open ear
Sing me a song as if you were always standing here
Sing me a song pretend you've cared for me all these years

These years...

Compound my anger
You're nothing more than a stranger

Sing me a song as if you don't know what this implicates
Sing me a song if only to further frustrate
Sing me a song of the things you know that I can't take
Sing me a song rip out my heart and then throw me away

Away...

Compound my anger
You're nothing more than a stranger

Cause I know
That you know
That this can't help but be over...

2 - Let It Go

You're not faithful
So I let it go...

You're not faithful so I let it go
And I really do not like your attitude
And in fact I feel like you are downright rude
You're not faithful so I let it go

Can't you see I'm
Falling farther
From disaster
Falling faster
Where's my baby?
Oh she can't save me
All these constants are becoming maybes

You're not faithful so I let it go
And this whirlwind of emotions turned me cold
Yea this whole fiasco has really taken its toll
You're not faithful so I let it go

Can't you see I'm
Falling farther
From disaster
Falling faster
Where's my baby?
Oh she can't save me
All these constants are becoming maybes

Sometimes I wish I could go back in time
Things were so simple then when I was yours and you were mine
But in the end I guess it all turned out to be a lie
I just couldn't save us but God he knows, he knows I tried

But still the bottom line was...

You're not faithful so I let it go
Girl it killed me to watch it all unfold
Lucky for me that I never bought what I was sold
You're not faithful so I let it go

Can't you see I'm
Falling farther
From disaster
Falling faster
Where's my baby?
Oh she can't save me
All these constants are becoming maybes

3 - Staples/Paper

Hollow
Sorrow
Follow paths
Downer
Skipped over
Feel my wrath
Wrap around I hate the sound
Homeward bound, searched forever nothing found

Empty handed
Lack of fun
Searing flesh now branded
Can't be undone
Flee the scene and on the run
Far from over
Just begun

Staples, paper and mixed emotions
More sleepless nights with eyes wide open

Music blares while tempers flare
I am unready but not unaware
I close my eyes I see your face
Regret so bitter I hate the taste
I choose my words I plead my case
My hurt is writing on a chalkboard that won't erase
My walls are closing in now
I am running out of space

Staples, paper and mixed emotions
More sleepless nights with eyes wide open

Never in my wildest dreams
I never would've dreamt...

That I would be stuck here
And left with only these...

Staples, paper and mixed emotions
More sleepless nights with eyes wide open

4 - Things Were Once So Perfect...

5- ...But Here We Are

I see the sun rise
Outside of my window

When you're awake all night
Sometimes the world can seem to move rather slow

Something new and beautiful is
Coming and will soon emerge
Change is inevitable
Such is par for the course

Time flies and night becomes the day
As I watch from the comfort of my room
So many things to think about
Oh how my thoughts consume

Mother earth
And father time
Their child
Should have, could have been divine

But here we are...

Completion seems so far away
Crooked paths make it so easy to stray
Love is much colder than winter
And I suppose it has to be

Wicked weather outside my door
Laundry piled up on the floor
My mind it always pulls me in
And my ash tray is full again

Mother earth
And father time
Their child
Should have, could have been divine

But here we are...

6 - Loaded & Ticking

My greatest needs are few
The only things I need
Are cigarettes and you
I inhale all the smoke
I taste the burning menthol
Inhale enough to choke

I feel so alien
And I'm on borrowed time
It's like you stand
Detonator in hand
Mocking what was mine
You have just stepped into a field of mines
These are ticking bombs and these are loaded guns
This is mental anguish
This is blood that's forced to run...

So run, run, run...away

This is what it looks like
With edges frayed inside
These are eyes that water
Still a frightened child
Separate the skin and the marrow to the core
Surgical steel cold to the touch
Close my eyes and count to four...

Oh one, two, three...four

Fire to burn
And ice to freeze
Thoughts get pulled away like pollen carried by an autumn breeze
Bring it to the surface
Skim it off the top
Lying down so still
Like outlines that are etched in chalk...

They are etched permanently...

Maestronomics is:

6 – Vocals, Guitar, Bass

OSJ – Drums, Percussion

Ground Floor produced by Rich Wise and Maestronomics

Recorded at Identity Recordings

**Thank you to all the family, friends and everyone
who made this happen. To everyone reading this, props.
Keep ya head on the swivel, big things coming...**

All songs written by 6

Cover art by 6

Booklet by Gdubbz

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