

Jonathan Segel - All Attractions UPC 785531200128

All Lyrics by Jonathan Segel
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1) (Ever and) Always (ISRC US- JBY-11-00101)

I never knew that I'd care about the air that you breathe
Now I'm coercing it to try to make you believe
That I'm always here, always looking right at you
You're never gonna get rid of me

I never thought much about the water that you swim in
Now I'm convincing it to tell you it's not a whim
To say that here I am and there are you right there and so it's us
I'm never letting you go

Because I'll always be there
I'll always be right beside you
Always be there
I'll always be

I think you're plugging your ears so your eyes can see more
Why don't you open those ears to hear what I'm sorry for?
It's not like anyone else could listen to hear the the things
The smallest word that I say to you

You're feeling the ground all around your feet
It's telling you now about the kinetic heat
That flows between us, around us, among us, and through it
I'm never letting you go

Because I'll always be there
I'll always be right beside you
Always be there
Always be right behind you

So now I'm wandering through this world of forms
To find a blanket, keep you safe and warm
I'm asking every shape, every line, every point
Till I find the right thing for you

Because always is now and will be always to come
For every moment under the sun
The water the air and the earth and the sounds
Are always telling you so

2) Hey You (I Know You Know Me) (ISRC US- JBY-11-00102)

Standing in the foyer of the New York public library
On 5th avenue and 42nd street
I need to look up a word, to find out what to say to you
For when we finally meet
But every word in every dictionary
Changes its meaning every day
Frustrated, searching for that word I never find on the page

I'll never know just what to say
So I say
Hey you look over here
Hey you I know you know me dear

Looking through the vaults of the Steinhart aquarium
I'm trying to find a missing link
Between the world you live in and my dictionary,
And the wine that we drink
But every animal eludes close scrutiny
And seems to fade into the air
I never find out how to traverse worlds easily
So I'll pretend that I don't care
And I'll say
Hey you look over here
Hey you I know you've known me for years

I'm digging through the sands of deserts that once were lush
With trees of green and skies of blue
Searching for artifacts of ancient cities of lore
For the map that leads back to you
But every grain of sand that passes through my hand
Contains memories of the past
I have to count each one to figure out what we have done
And how we found our love at last
Each one says
Hey you look over here
Hey you I know you know me dear

I see you in the darkness of the forest in the evening
In the shadows where you run
In crowds along the platforms of every subway station
In every thread that comes undone
I'm using all of my mental powers
Just to make you turn your head
Then all the spells and all the talismans I'm looking for
Will be redundant and it will be unsaid
So I say
Hey you look over here
Hey you I know you know me dear

3) She's a Peach (ISRC US- JBY-11-00103)

There is nothing between herself and the weather
And being so exposed is being sane altogether

The wind that blows through her hair and the trees
Speaks to the flowers, speaks to the bees

She's a peach, she's a pear, she's a plum, she's everywhere

A poppy hat and a mushroom shoe

Is all she may ever show to you

With a smile so sly like a moving sphinx
Comes a flash in your eye like the electric lynx

She's a peach, she's a pear, she's a plum, she's everywhere
She's a peach, she's a pear, she's a plum, she's anywhere

There is nothing between herself and the weather
And being so exposed is being sane altogether

She's a peach, she's a pear, she's a plum, she's everywhere

4) **Listen (ISRC US- JBY-11-00104)**

Love is an impetus; it brings you to a place that's dear
That you don't know
Love grows every day; still it's enough to sway the fear
Of the unknown

People tell you what to think, what's on your mind
They're convinced that they know best, really I guess, they're just being kind
Nothing betrays an empty stance more than a strong word
Makes it hard to hear the little voices in your heart that must be heard

People have nothing to say, they keep saying it anyway.
I'd rather listen, I'd rather listen to the wind

Beat the ephemeral with its own fist
'Till it points to something you might have missed
Try to take the long view now
Step outside and travel through somehow

Every waking minute is a minute that you've never had before,
It's like a little piece of chocolate with a cherry at the core
Love is an active force, you're swimming in stream that changes course
It's never what you think, no one can tell you any more

People have nothing to say, they keep saying it anyway.
I'd rather listen, I'd rather listen to the wind blow the clouds around
People have nothing to say, they keep saying it anyway.
I'd rather listen, I'd rather listen to the wind blow the clouds away

You don't know your heart, it's right inside of
You can't see your life, it's right behind
You don't know your way, it's right in front of
You can't see your fear, it's right beside
You could feel your love, it's all around
You

Maybe I've got nothing to say, I'm gonna say it anyway

5) **Singularity (ISRC US- JBY-11-00105)**

You live in a room with the curtains drawn

You live in a room with the curtains drawn
You only know about what's outside
By the shadows cast upon the window pane

You live in a room with the curtains drawn

You place yourself into your machine
To see what you see as if it were real
And touch the things you only just made up
And learn the rules that tell of all existence
—All within a very limited scope

You live in a room with the curtains drawn

You live in a room with the curtains drawn

You live in a room with the curtains drawn
You only know about what's outside
By the shadows cast upon the window pane

6) What Goes Around (ISRC US- JBY-11-00106)

You are the detective
Searching for clues
Trying to find out
Who killed you

But you are the killer
Leaving no clue
To evade the detective
Who's searching for you

You search your whole life
To find out who killed you
You search your whole life
To find out who made you what you are

You search your whole like
To find out what killed you
You search your whole life
To find out what made you who you are

What goes around comes around

You search your whole life
To find out who killed you
You search your whole life
To find out who made you what you are

You search your whole like
To find out what killed you
You search your whole life
To find out what made you who you are

7) The Dark Torch (ISRC US- JBY-11-00107)

The king is troubled by his role, he has no script for this play
The queen seems like a child, but maybe that's her art

She's innocuous it seems, easy to underestimate.
He should have been an actor, fall back on a script to play his part

The doctor is afraid, but he must step through that door
Finally we can do what's right with reason at the fore
History opens a unique aperture

Is there room in this world for the man?
The man whose soul is in many parts?
Or is there only room for those who are just one...?

The kingdom made of reason holds a great incumbency
Placing power in jeopardy

Would you fight for someone's freedom when they themselves will not be free?
Is there truth is what you see, then, is there some abstract equality

Is there room is this world for the man who looks ahead
Or is there only room for those looking back?

The king is lost in a labyrinth, while the doctor signs the bills
To transform what is into what will be

But the masks that hide the power, they will scare and rile the king,
So that when it all comes down, then his dark torch will scare away the light.

They are both live human beings, no shame, she alone can unite passion and death, they are
no longer afraid of anything

Oh doctor now
Don't give up
Seeds are sown
Children grown

No portal in history
Could bring what you want to be
No sign will be given when
It's time to begin again
No future without you can
Be part of a working plan

Is there room in this world for the man who would step through that door?
Or is there only room for those who stay behind?

Fear is the darkest torch, when the future is unknown
Here the seeds of doubt are sown

Society is a machine we are all just little gears, it doesn't matter what your role
Power needs a status quo just to keep control

8) The Good One (ISRC US- JBY-11-00108)

What are you waiting for?—it's right outside your door
As if you never saw what passed right by before
Must it be the best, passing every test?
Will a sign be shown or are you on your own

When every blueberry, every nightly rain
Every flower you pick is the good one

Doubting your own voice, you're questioning your choice
Will you put that card back for another in the stack?
Or maybe it's the wind that brings a new state of mind
You throw away the old leave everything behind

When every style you choose, every note you hear
Every flower you pick
Is the good one

What are you waiting for?—I'm right outside your door
As if you never saw what passed right by before
No use to wait for the best to come along
No use to pine for everything that's gone

Every blueberry, every leafy tree
Every nightly rain, every daily train
Every note you hear that whispers in your ear
Every style you choose, every one you lose
Every flower you pick
Is the good one

9) Winter (instrumental) (ISRC US- JBY-11-00109)

10) I Know You Know Me (Hey You) (ISRC US- JBY-11-00110)

Standing in the foyer of the New York public library
On 5th avenue and 42nd street
I need to look up a word, to find out what to say to you
For when we finally meet
But every word in every dictionary
Changes its meaning every day
Frustrated, searching for that word I never find on the page
I'll never know just what to say
So I say
Hey you look over here
Hey you I know you know me dear

Looking through the vaults of the Steinhart aquarium
I'm trying to find a missing link
Between the world you live in and my dictionary,
And the wine that we drink
But every animal eludes close scrutiny
And seems to fade into the air

I never find out how to traverse worlds easily
So I'll pretend that I don't care
And I'll say
Hey you look over here
Hey you I know you've known me for years

I'm digging through the sands of deserts that once were lush
With trees of green and skies of blue
Searching for artifacts of ancient cities of lore
For the map that leads back to you
But every grain of sand that passes through my hand
Contains memories of the past
I have to count each one to figure out what we have done
And how we found our love at last
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Hey you I know you know me dear

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