

REGAN & BRICHENO APPARITIONS



RAINDROPS

Traffic slows

Tail Lights glow in a red constellation

Black and blue

Clouds that bruise the summer gardens

Say when, say where, and I promise I'll be there

When I've got enough raindrops

Gonna make us a river we can drift away on

Happy sparks from the storm clouds

Gonna light up the sky

I can see the world revolve but not around me

Slow and sure

The midnight blue with sparkling towns

Say when, say where, and I promise I'll be there

When I've got enough raindrops

Gonna make us a river we can drift away on

Happy sparks from the storm clouds

Gonna light up the sky

When I've got the raindrops

I'll make us a river

We can drift away on

Happy sparks from the storm clouds

Gonna light up the sky , gonna light up the sky

PALE BLUE EARTH

Found myself lost in space
I only needed some distance
From the maddening crowd
And from the deadening humdrum
Of mechanical sounds
And then I found myself lost in space

Just me, a swarm of stars, and the ghost of a snow dog
Just me and a see-through man
Before he fell to Earth, before he fell to Earth

Too late to live before I die
Remembrance of chances sweet as tea rose and violets
Neglected and wasted, and haunting the silence
Too late to live before I die

Just me and the ghosts of three Soviet heroes
Last seen on a radar screen
Before they fell to Earth, into the pale blue Earth

Remembrance of chances sweet as tea rose and violets
Neglected and wasted, and haunting the silence
Too late to live before I die

Just me, a swarm of stars
And the ghost of a snow dog
Just me and a see-through man
Before he fell to Earth
Before he fell to Earth

SÉANCE

Is there anyone there?

Silk echoes, electric, on paper thin air

A soft phosphorescence, a liminal presence,

The scrape of a chair

Distort and mute in your grey velvet suit

Speeding heart rates are slowing, ghost honey's flowing

And we both hate the sun, so under black shade

Let's get this done, blood-red hearted

Let me finish what you started

Take them - my hands are yours - Take them

Just out of sight, hiding behind a September twilight

Through walls, floors and doors

Bittersweet chords drift up through a skylight

Sweet major sevens in seesawing heaven

Girl and her shadow in wildflower meadows

And we both hate the sun, so under black shade

Let's get this done, blood-red hearted

Let me finish what you started

Take them - my hands are yours - Take them

And we both hate the sun

We both love snow-white sugar

So under black shade

Let's get this done, blood-red hearted

Let me finish what you started

Take them - my hands are yours

Take them - my hands are yours - Take them

LUXURY OF REFLECTION

52 Turner Road in the 60s
Bicycles and paint tins
Me in the shade of the sweet lilac tree
Singing do do do do do do

Stepping in your footprints
In the January snow
I'm bathing in the rosy glow
Of the luxury of my reflection
Looking back on sometimes - It's a luxury

The leaving of London won't cost me a tear
'Cause the streets are paved with concrete
I'm coming home with someone that I love
Singing do do do do do do

Seeing sunlight dance and sparkle
On the Irish sea
In silver waters deep and green
All that I can see
Is my reflection
Looking back on sometimes

Of all the songs I've written for you
Here's the one you'll never hear
I took my time, and time's a luxury

My reflection, looking back, on sometimes, on sometimes
It's a luxury
Stepping in your footprints in the January snow
It's a luxury

RADIUM

See you later
Lead me to the factory gate, my darling
Another day at the dial
No-one's seen Molly of late
I miss the shimmer in her smile
Thinking of pilots and military men
And a bedside Firefly
Bees that dip in rosebud lips
So darling, a soft and poisonous kiss
I feel, I feel a glimmer in my bones

It's all about the green light
In the small, dark hours, little green flowers
It's all about the green, green light of sweet Radium

Let's go driving, let's go dancing in the rain
Call me 'your darling' - You know I won't be here forever
Just like the pilots and military men
I won't be here forever

It's all about the green light
In the small, dark hours, little green flowers
It's all about the green, green light of sweet Radium

Let's go driving
Let's go driving
Let's go dancing, dancing
I won't be here forever, forever, forever, forever

AMERICA

I'd have liked to have seen
A kaleidoscope of colours in the fall, in Maine
And I'd have dressed warmly
Brought my camera along

And I'd have liked to have found
Wild blueberries after the first frost
Should've thought less about
Any time and any money it may have cost

How come, how come we never made it to America?
How come, how come, how come?

Fruit ripened in the trees
Late September picking up a breeze, in Maine
Come December take a Delta flight
To New York for the Christmas lights

But we never made it, we never made it to America?
How come, how come, how come?

And I'd have liked to have found
Wild blueberries after the first frost
And I'd have dressed warmly
Brought my camera along

But we never made it, we never made it to America
How come, how come, how come?

ROSES ROUND THE DOOR

Never made lemonade when life dealt me lemons
From blue heavens above

On borrowed time, tomorrow's fine
And the days are for spending
Just don't go pretending that they're never-ending
So if you're listening, listening

Won't you promise me that you won't make the same mistakes
And that you honestly
Won't forget to tell your darling you adore them
And get to smell the roses round the door

Kiss them long, kiss them hard
Kiss them soft as a velvet evening
Breathing life into love
Hallow angry words are for the birds
They are not who you are
I hope you're listening, listening

Won't you promise me that you won't make the same mistakes
And that you honestly
Won't forget to tell your darling you adore them
And get to smell the roses round the door

So promise me you won't make the same mistakes
Oh, honestly!
Don't forget to tell your darling you adore them
Give them roses, give them roses round the door
Promise me, promise me

DEAR LONELY HEART

Dear lonely heart
I have seen you through this time and time again
I'm still here for you
You can call me day or night to ease the pain


Someday a girl will come who doesn't love guitars
Maybe this girl is gonna help to heal the scars
On your lonely heart

Dear lonely heart
Do they have to be so pretty and so young?
You know goodbye is a sadness
Whether spoken word or sung
'Cause cruel words are the same delivered in a foreign tongue

Someday a girl will come who doesn't love guitars
(Someday she'll come)
Someday this girl is gonna help you heal the scars
Ah, some day she'll come, this girl
To heal the scars on your lonely heart
(She says goodbye before she says hello)
Your lonely heart
(She says goodbye before she says hello)
Hello!

Someday a girl will come who doesn't love guitars
Someday this girl is gonna help you heal the scars
Ah, someday she'll come
This girl, to heal the scars on your lonely heart
And she'll say goodbye before she says hello

HONEY'S OCEAN



Honey's a strange one
Sometimes a danger to herself

But Honey's an angel when she needs to be
Although she rarely needs to be
Still she tries to live straightforwardly
Though she's wired up so awkwardly

Honey says that her world's just too real for her
Honey takes a turn at the wheel

And crashes into a million unfixable pieces
Like shards of ice come raining down
Like on a roof in her favourite science fiction story
(The Long Rain)
From the 50s (1 - 8 - 5 - 0)

Honey says that her world's just too real for her
Honey takes her turn at the wheel

And crashes into her ocean, into her cornflower ocean
Into her spacecraft graveyard
Where she'll lay in the shipwreck of a sunken heart
The happiness in failure
Lost in the arms of the ghost of a starsailor

Honey says that her world's just too real for her
Honey takes her turn and she crashes into the ocean
The ocean

WHAT TO WEAR TO A FUNERAL

What will you wear?
And what will you say
When somebody asks you
"How did you know him,
Or are you the widow's friend?"

Engines of airplanes hum
In a cloud-free summer sky
And we all wish they were here to see

I'm all in black
So demure, so respectful
Nobody told me
"Wear something colourful.
Nothing too sorrowful or sad."

Songs carefully chosen
You didn't get it right, I'm sorry to say
There's no song that he loved more
Than the Wichita Lineman

Engines of airplanes hum
In a cloud-free summer sky
Oh, how her brand new shoes
Match the blues in her cotton dress
And we all wish they were here to see

Main photo collage by Lana Briccheno Lyrics and all other artwork by Julianne Regan

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