

BRET MOSLEY



Out Of The Park Records



"Have a good show, man...knock it outta the park."
- my agent Ben Bounds at Follywood Productions

I made my first record in 2007 in Woodstock, NY. We tracked 13 songs in 2 1/2 days. It was first time I had ever seen a recording studio. I was in shock and in awe, freaked out, and intimidated by every aspect of the process...but I was in wonderfully good hands. The result was a lean, restrained, laid-back affair...and I'm deeply grateful to have seen *"Light & Blood"* meet with significant critical and audience appreciation.

Moreover, it quickly led to a full-time touring career that now keeps me on the road up to 200 nights a year doing what I love. That's the main reason it has taken me a few years to release another album.

The making of this new record *"X-ING"* began at Awendaw Green, outside Charleston, SC in mid-2011...I was driven by three things:

1) Because I had been touring incessantly for 4 years - working doggedly to open up new markets in the US - it had been a long damn time since I had released a new studio product. 2) I needed something that represented the more raw, nuanced and energetic sound that now prevailed in my live shows. 3) I wanted very much to acknowledge particular artists whose songs had sparked me and helped shaped my craft.

We recorded a lot of songs over several weeks. The tracks sat around for a couple of years while I continued to tour constantly. I went to a second studio and recorded a new original. What's being released is what I consider the cream of the 16 some-odd songs that were recorded.

This little document is intended as a part of the record, offered to those interested...back stories, confessions, revelations...some ideas about why these particular songs are here now...why they are relevant to me.

I initially thought I was going to make a loud rock record. Instead, I round up shooting for an intimate & intense confession and an expression of Gratitude. I think we pulled it off - thanks to incredible engineers and tremendous amounts of support and encouragement.

I hope you enjoy it.

-Bret

Irrelevant

I was introduced to Matthew Ryan's first record by my dear friend, mentor and surrogate older brother, Robert Salas. The emotion of the record consumed me. I learned to sing every song.

This song has been deeply personalized for me by now. I'm singing very specifically about my feelings in the aftermath of a series of relationships I crashed-and-burned...basically because my parental issues had me by the...yep.

When I knew that my recording of his song "Irrelevant" was going to be on this record, I started tracking down the rights for clearance...no where to be found...and I had mounting concern, with very little spare time to go on a treasure hunt.

About that time, I sang the song at a show in Mobile, AL, when a woman working behind the bar walked up and said, "Did you just sing a Matthew Ryan song? I played violin with him and recorded on some of his records."

Okay...thank you so very much. Come to find out he registers his songs under his original name...looked it up and found it right away.

It is my sincere hope that you, dear reader, will check out Matthew Ryan's album "*May Day*". I will always owe him an immense artistic debt.

Thank you, Matthew. I hope one day I have the honor of meeting you.

Thank you, Robert...for the aforementioned and so much more.

I will call you
so hard. I
don't want
forever... Love

Irrelevant

Written by Matthew Ryan, first published on his 1997 release "*May Day*"

There's only one light on in the house
And that's the light up in the hall
And it's shining on the back of my head
And I'm concentrating hard on the cigarette
To the ashtray from the ashtray back to my lips
So I lean up from my easy chair
I rub my three-day beard
And give that thousand yard stare
As I recall all the time and money we spent
Before I became irrelevant
So the straw dog threw rock salt
And the precious girl took a bow and walked
As I ran my finger over the screen door
Yeah every kiss has reeked on betrayal
Since my heroine jumped the guardrail
And decided who she wanted to be once more
Now every night I'm paralyzed
By the fear of rope burns and morning light
And the smell of wet cement
Since I became irrelevant
Now memory is just a flash flood
A thick and black sticky mud
And heartache it's like a breaking bone
It was always twelve hours on a missionary line
You think I would've spared some time
But I didn't I never went home
Now it occurs to me like blinds undrawn
Or a bullet from a shotgun
That she knew long ago what it meant
To feel irrelevant
Now I'm always smilin' cryin'
And hidin' my intent
Since I became irrelevant

Poke

Jerry Joseph turned me on to Frightened Rabbit. Their “**Midnight Organ Fight**” was one of the records Jerry brought to Old Soul Studios in Catskill, NY when we were recording our “**Charge**” EP- Jerry, Steve Drizos and me.

The record brought Pop back into my life. Scottish Pop, in particular. It is one of the most captivating albums I know...wonderfully idiosyncratic drums, melody and poetry. But, the regret and loss in the songs is what resonated most deeply for me.

The song “Poke” immediately reminded me of something I look back on as one of the cheesiest, most ridiculous things about me...my tendency as a teenage actor to rub my fingers on my eyeballs to help generate tears.

I went on to get conservatory training and pursue acting with a vengeance for many years in New York. There came a point where literally the only thing keeping me in NYC was my acting class and my therapist. Having burned out on the pursuit of loot, I went broke and scraped by for another 5 years teaching Pilates, then working at a small museum until I stripped away all my safety nets and committed fully to my music...then, my music grabbed me and airlifted me out.

I go in for actors from other countries for the most part. There is some beautiful, powerful, true work being done by American actors...but most of what I saw up close was the equivalent of what it might be like if I did not know how to tune my guitar, or how plug it in, or whether to hit the strings with my hands or my feet...all the while expecting a standing ovation. That wasn't me, but that was the playing field all too often.

I'm really glad I'm not doing that anymore, and I'm stunned and sometimes embarrassed that I put over a decade of my life into it...but it led me here, ultimately. Now, if I can just make it to Scotland...where lies my maternal ancestry. My great-grandmother Stevenson came down from Robert Louis, even.



Macbeth ("The Scottish Play")
Shakespeare Theater of Maine, 1992

Poke

Written by S. Hutchison, G. Hutchison, D.W. Kennedy,
first published on their album "*Midnight Organ Fight*"

Poke at my Iris, why can't I cry about this?
Maybe there is something that you know that I don't?
We adopt a brand new language
Communicate through pursed lips
And you try not to put on any sexy clothes or graces

I might never catch a mouse and present it in my mouth
To make you feel you're with someone
Who deserves to be with you
But there's one thing we've got going
And it's the only thing worth knowing
It's got lots to do with magnets and the pull of the moon

Why won't our love keel over as it chokes on a bone?
We can mourn its passing and then bury it in snow
Or should we kick its cunt in and watch as it dies from bleeding?
If you don't want to be with me just say and I will go

We can change our partners, this is a progressive dance
But remember it was me who dragged you up to the sweaty floor
Well, this has been a real
I've got shin splints and a stitch from weed
But like a drunken night, it's the best bits that are colored in

Should look through some old photos
I adored you in every one of those
If someone took a picture of us now they'd need to be told
That we had ever clung on tight and maybe not with arms at night
I'd say she was his sister but she doesn't have his nose

And now we're unrelated and rid of all the shit we hated
But I hate when I feel like this and I nev.
Truthfulated you



August 10, 2002. Fire Island...this photo was taken an hour after I almost drowned in the Atlantic Ocean. Out of shape and stoned, I jumped into a rip current that immediately took me under and 200 yards out.

I kept seeing the news headlines: "Dumbass Drowns"

***After the third time a wave pushed me under,
I laid back and said out loud, "Your call."
I flipped over and my toe hit sand.
I plowed my way to shore on foot.***

***There had been people on shore the whole time.
I was too embarrassed to call for help...my therapist had
a fucking field day with that one.***

I Would Die 4 WHAT!?!...

***My appreciation for who and what was in my life
needed serious attention...and I don't that really even
began to sink in until at least 5 years later.***

***Truthfully, over the course of the three years that followed,
I commenced to incinerate four relationships in a row,
any one of which might very well have been the source
of a life-long, fulfilling, loving partnership.***

***Will I ever transcend and replace that legacy? I hope so.
I am working on it...as it works on me.***

I Would Die 4 U

Sometime in 2008, my dear friend Angela Forrest asked me to see what I could do with this song...she was working on a screenplay for *TobaccoLand: Before*...the initial version was based partially, loosely on her coming out - as an African-American woman from the deep south, at that - during our romantic relationship 15 years earlier. She wanted to see if I could come up with something she could use in the film.

I loved Purple Rain. However, what most compelled me was Angela's cut-to-the-chase interpretation of the song: The character in the song was the Christ consciousness, making a tireless plea for Love and Surrender...all the while offering boundless Forgiveness and Compassion.

I was ripe to get inside that role and rub some 'a that good "it's gonna be okay" stuff all over myself (see the back story for "*Poke*" right before this). I sat down and had it worked out - pretty much exactly like you hear it here - in about ten minutes.

The fact that Angie and I have sustained our connection, our loving friendship, and our professional connection through sickness & health, wealth & poverty, life & death - for over 20 years now - is one of the dearest treasures in my life.

Thank you, Noogs. I love you.

I Would Die 4 U

Written by Prince Nelson, first published on Prince and The Revolution's
1984 album "*Purple Rain*"

I'm not a woman
I'm not a man
I am something that you'll never understand
I'll never beat u
I'll never lie
And if you're evil I'll forgive u by and by
U - I would die 4 u, yeah
Darling if u want me 2
U - I would die 4 u
I'm not your lover
I'm not your friend
I am something that you'll never comprehend
No need 2 worry
No need 2 cry
I'm your messiah and you're the reason why
Cuz u - I would die 4 u, yeah
Darling if u want me 2
U - I would die 4 u
You're just a sinner I am told
Be your fire when you're cold
Make u happy when you're sad
Make u good when u are bad
I'm not a human
I am a dove
I'm your conscious
I am love
All I really need is 2 know that
U believe
Yeah, I would die 4 u, yeah
Darling if u want me 2
U - I would die 4 u

Lawrence, KS

I stayed up all night in agony on January 28, 2013 writing this song— after playing a show in Lawrence, Kansas. The 40 college kids in the audience who showed up to cheer for my local opening act walked out together three songs into my set.

Right before going onstage, I looked up from the urinal...someone had scrawled "WHAT TIME IS LOVE?" on the bathroom wall with a red sharpie. A took a picture of it with my free hand and thought, "Hell yeah, I'm about play Lawrence, KS for the first time and it is Love O'clock. I had extremely high expectations for Lawrence, based upon its reputation as a music town. As my beloved teacher Alan Langdon at Circle In The Square Theatre School in New York often said, "There's only one game, one contest in the world...Expectation vs. Reality...and the same one wins every time."

I played my show to the bartender, the sound guy and - very much to his credit - the kid who opened for me. At the end of the night, stunned and despondent and alone, I paused at the door and thought about leaving my guitar on the floor and driving away in no particular direction...a low-point, maybe?

I was deeply exhausted and massively alone at the end of a huge Winter solo tour...just perfectly placed to take the whole experience personally to a very inappropriate extent...I was unknown there and it was a Tuesday night, after all. A school night.

But still...I deserved better, Lawrence, KS.

When I got to my room, there was no sleeping - only stewing. So I wrote. Good call, innards.

The next morning on the way out of town, I stopped by the venue when they were cleaning and getting ready to open, and left a print out of the lyrics to the song on the bar.

(continued...)

Lawrence, KS (continued)

I celebrate the experience now—transforming a shit show into an outcry. As my Dad would have said, "When life gives you lemons, shut the fuck up and eat your lemons." This song is the first time I have ever written immediately about an impactful experience. In the past, I've always taken a long time to understand and connect with strong feelings deeply enough to express anything creative or even non-destructive, especially when I'm exhausted...a little keepsake/Achilles' heal from adrenal fatigue in my corporate, suit and tie years

The recording you hear was done with Jim Donnelly at the helm in his Plowground Productions studio. I started telling Jim the story behind the song as I was sitting in the studio about the track it, then I played and sang the first few lines. He silently raised his finger, gesturing for me to pause, unplugged and turned off everything in the room except one microphone. He walked out and closed the door and sat down at the console, pointed at me to start the song - he hadn't even heard the song yet - just the story behind it. I sang and played it one time through completely unplugged. When I finished, it was obvious something spectacular and sacred had just happened - for Jim & me, anyway. We just sat there with our eyes wide, not saying anything for several moments. We still drunk text each other about it from time to time.

Thanks, Lawrence. Thank you, Jim.

Lawrence, KS

Written by Bret Mosley, overnight, on January 28, 2013 at the Super 8 in Lawrence, KS

What time is love?

What a fine question

I wish I had known

It came right before me

Hey Toto, I've a feeling

As much as I'd hoped to

I do not belong here

Where I wanna be

Came 10,000 miles

Through bridges and breakdowns

Came this way high

On fumes and on hope

Land sakes alive

What an oasis

I had hoped to be welcome

Good god, throw me a rope

I cannot compel

I cannot compete

I cannot begin to tell you

How Lawrence cannot feel it

I came alone

I came open

Truly beautiful

People solid and clear

Have not a word for me

Have not a look

The sound of my soul

They're not having it here

A nod here, a nod there

Along the way

If I've ever had a crowd stand

More than one woman deep

By the way - thank you, Adam

If I've offered anything

It's thanks it's been goodly

The company I keep

I cannot compel

I cannot compete

I cannot believe this Hell

And Lawrence cannot feel it

The one and only time

To clean out a room

Just showing up as

Who i am here

Opened my mouth

They all turned and scattered

Nothing doing

They disappeared

I wish I could

But I can no longer cast pearls

Without so much

As a pork chop in pay

Left my guitar

On the floor in the bar

Crawled in the car

Just drove away

I cannot compel

I cannot compete

I cannot begin to tell you

How Lawrence cannot feel it

I cannot compel

I cannot compete

I cannot begin to tell you

How Lawrence cannot feel it

WHAT
TIME
IS
LOVE?



Modern Love

David Bowie had the depth to put Stevie Ray Vaughan on an 80's dance record, m'kay? When *Let's Dance* came out, my life was too shallow to even get a reflection in the mirror. I was cinched up in a suit and tie, and loving every minute of my 70-hour workweek, being paid and promoted just for being smart and energetic...every few months, I was being granted more and more carpet squares over which I had dominion in the office building. Life was a celebration...while leftover glam fashion sowed the sequin seeds of emo in a mirror field. And then, there was the money. And lots of Stuff. Ungodly amounts, in my case. Modern Love.

Yup-yup-yuppie and away, I was all in. Give me Reagan or give me death. I didn't have the good sense at the time - or connections to people with a clue - to just keep listening to *The Wall* get hip to early R.E.M. Truth be told, I have always come really late to most of the cooler musical parties.

I do think there are quite a few pop hits of the era with meaningful lyrics buried beneath overbearing dance beats. Say what one may about the 80's - David Bowie can write a song. The song itself is so good, I find it easy to live inside it and mean what I say. The song is true for me: I don't believe in much of what I once coveted.

To lift his words and melody out of their original context, to strip the drum machines and synth tracks away and sing Bowie's song from the heart is a real gift from me to me...to acknowledge I've come a long way.

And I turned out okay. Eventually.



***“Fidelity Investments, this is Bret Mosley speaking.
This line is recorded. How may I help you?”***

Modern Love

Written by David Bowie, first published on his 1983 release, "Let's Dance"

I catch the paper boy
But things don't really change
I'm standing in the wind
But I never wave bye bye
But I try, I try

There's no sign of life
It's just the power to charm
I'm lyin' in the rain
But I never wave bye bye
But I try, I try

Never gonna fall for
Modern love, walks beside me
Modern love, walks on by
Modern love, gets me to
The church on time

Church on time, terrifies me
Church on time, makes me party
Church on time, puts my trust
In God and man

God and man, no confessions
God and man, no religion
God and man, don't believe
In modern love

It's not really work
It's just the power to charm
I'm still standing in the wind
But I never wave bye bye
But I try, I try

Never gonna fall for
Modern love, walks beside me
Modern love, walks on by
Modern love, gets me to
The church on time

Church on time, terrifies me
Church on time, makes me party
Church on time, puts my trust
In God and man

God and man, no confessions
God and man, no religion
God and man, don't believe
In modern love

Modern love, walks beside me
Modern love, walks on by
Modern love, gets me to
The church on time

Church on time, terrifies me
Church on time, makes me party
Church on time, puts my trust
In God and man

God and man, no confessions
God and man, no religion
God and man, I don't believe
In modern love

Hope

This song was written in the way that I most enjoy. A spark comes. I sift through a few years worth of scribbled one-liners. I synthesize them into a song. It is very much like putting together a jigsaw puzzle using whatever shapes happen to have stuck around from several different boxes.

My father had a recurring dream in which he chased a three-tailed snake through a cornfield. Every time, he would catch up to the snake, reach down and grab it, and wake up. One night a couple of years ago, I had a dream in which he caught the snake and cut it up. That was the spark for me to pull this song together.

The found objects and bits in this song are collected from scattered moments—a lot of it comes from the love and support of fans and friends. The other major component is the influence of Daniel Quinn's writing, particularly the *Ishmael* trilogy.

The place where I wrote the song is a big deal to me...at the home of a master machinist inside the gates of a shipyard on the Stono River in South Carolina. The man is a wonderfully generous friend and host, masterful at his craft and a life-long true lover of music. The song is full of inside jokes between him and me.

When I told him the frets on my dobro were too high and causing the me to break strings, he promptly clamped the instrument in a multi-million dollar milling machine, "The top of the frets are now all between .002 and .005 inches off the fingerboard"

I have a set of plans he drafted for a solid teak stompboard. We're also working on a solid stainless steel tone bar (slide) design.

He always says to me, "When ya comin' home? Just give me a day's notice and say hooves, fins or feathers. There'll be feast waiting for ya."

...and there is.

And...Hope, Grace and Faith are all names of very special people whom I have known.

Hope

Written by Bret Mosley on the banks of the Stono River
at the point house inside a shipyard
near Hollywood, SC on April 17 & 18, 2011.

It takes a day or so to slake the road off of my shoulders
I had a dream my daddy finally killed that snake
To find my legs I long to land along the water
The week the rifleman gives away his only daughter

And there is Hope – sky above
And there is Faith in the ground beneath my feet
And there is Grace in the water of the river
Luckily all three always wanna be with me

The shitty side of clarity is that when it shines
Some will huddle round a god and try to make him dumb it down
But it's a three, a five and a spiral
The territory's actually the map as it turns out

And there is Hope – when all else is flailing
And there is Faith – what is certain in your heart
And there is Grace – as if you didn't know
It's the point house...quiet peace of heaven on the Stono

The world is made of naught but food and playthings, really
Let us sing and dance and laugh until the lights all go down
Peace in my mind. My heart on fire.
My belly as dry as a bone, hear my now

Like those Georgia boys I know named after God's love
Who have given me more blessings – lawd where do I begin?
The light and the welcome that, simply said, is always there
When there's no way out find a way further in

And there is Hope – and Hope goes on and on
And there is Faith – she's the redhead at the bar
And there is Grace – I remember soft, sweet and strong
Golden. Hold the tender moment. Longing.

(continued...)

Hope (continued)

BRIDGE I:

Puzzle pieces raining into place like there's a reason
Be in Love. Go in Love.

Let the sparks fly, but don't let the smoke out.
Go with whatcha got – it's more than enough

Throw a ten-spot in the swear jar
No longer waiting on the past – I gotta say
Got to work tonight and found y'all here in this living room
Shuckin'. Jivin'. Fuckin' thrivin'.

Born at dawn in the desert on the day of the winner
I get burned, therefore I exist
Moved on to let the gettin' better happen on it's own
I finally feel indigenous in the face of all this

And I feel Faith in the Leavers
And I feel Hope up close
And I feel Grace breathing me
Like lovers at a dead run – it's all you need to know

BRIDGE II:

To have loved well and to have been well loved
Let us start from scratch unless ya wanna start from sniff
Candle burning at both ends, how ya gonna put it down
In your fucked up perfection, you will figure it out, now...

I would not be surprised to see Jacob, Ben or Hurley
Stroll up to me and say, "Hey, Bret do you know what time is it?"
If you have sight and lungs and tongues and bite and teeth
Yell and tell me now whatcha see from where you sit

(continued...)

Hope (continued)

Cuz I see Hope – looking up
And I feel Faith – confidelis
And I know Grace – anusara
And I know for sho no one could ever earn all this

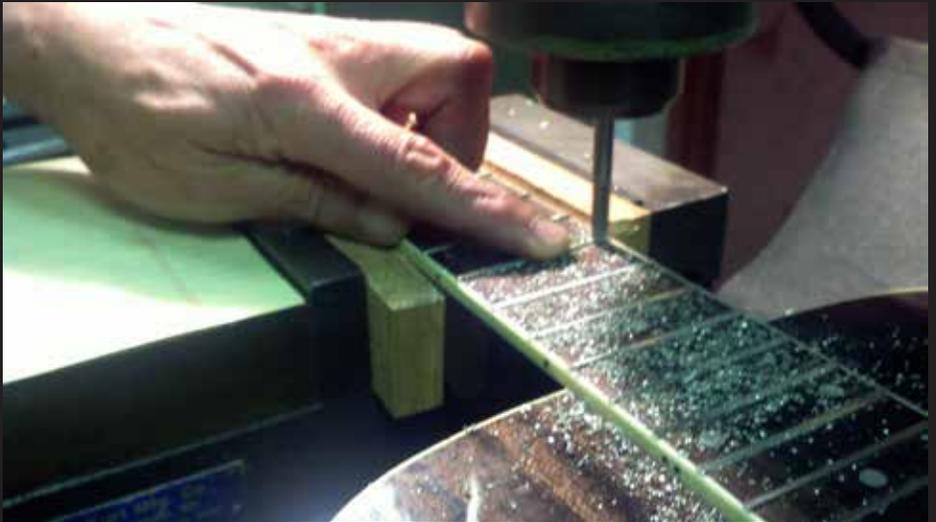
My whole life happens all at once in every single moment
Scatter my home hither and yon and find
The tribe. The truth. Utterly unthinkable.
Don't change a thing. Just leave the farm behind.

And there is Hope – pushing the pedals
And there is Faith – whe bids me welcome
And there is Grace – she is my history
The tide might allow me to come to know just what I need

Hope – when you hunt it down
Faith – cast your line
Grace – gather it up
It is the time

The time of Hope.
The time of Faith.
The time of Grace.

It is the time



...the point house, a quiet piece of heaven on the Stono...





My good fortune...Ktulu the Catbot was with me throughout the recording of "X-ING"



Hope to see you soon...

HANDMADE BY...
Bret Mosley - vocals, dobro
& stomboard

Tracks 1-3, 5, 6
recorded by Nat Mundy &
Mikey Constanzo
at Awendaw Green, SC
Track 4 recorded
by Jim Donnelly
at Plowground Productions
Johns Island, SC

Mixed & Mastered
by RK\ Roman Klun
at His House | Innsbruck
Studios, NYC

"Hope" & "Lawrence, KS"
written by Bret Mosley (BMI)

"Irrelevant" written by

Matthew Ryan

(Irving Music, Inc.)

"Poke" written by

S. Hutchison, G. Hutchison,
D.W. Kennedy

(Mechanical Copyright
Protection Society Ltd)

"I Would Die 4 U" written by
Prince (ASCAP)

"Modern Love" written by
David Bowie

(Jones Music America)

Produced by Bret Mosley

Artwork & design by Bret

Joy Hart, Executive Producer

© 2013 Bret Mosley / BMI

all rights reserved

bretmosley.com

outoftheparkrecords.com

**IRRELEVANT
POKE
I WOULD DIE 4 U
LAWRENCE, KS
MODERN LOVE
HOPE**



Out Of The Park Records

THANKS TO...

Nancy Gothard Mosley
Danielle Howle
Dr. Eddie White
Ishmael
Mark Brut
Ben Bounds
John Gieges
Hope Jordan
Nick Keene
Angela Forrest
Jerry Joseph

Michael & Chrissy Miller

Adrian & Erika O'Leary

The Kiser Family

Michele Weitzen

Devona Hawkins

Robert Salas

Jeff Wuczynski

Bobby Martin

Judd Mashaw

Adam Gaul

Chris & Cary Fuller

Dave Hood

Adam Morgan

Michael Gottlieb

Laurence Gottlieb

Ktulu

**DEDICATED TO
MY TEACHERS...**

OOTPR001

#FEELTHELOVEYALL