



BACK COVER / Page 20



FRONT COVER / Page 1



Window Dressing
Remember to Forget
All She Knows
Capture the Flag
Tear-Water Tea
Stop Gap
Unicornicopia
Paintings
A.02
Slippers in the Snow
Spindrift

Produced by Terry Brown

Arrangements by Tiles & Terry Brown

Recorded between March and December 2003 at the White Room Studio, Detroit, MI

Engineered by John Smerek

Additional recording and mixing at The Space, Toronto, Canada by Terry Brown

Mastered by Peter J. Moore at the "E" Room, Toronto, Canada

Artwork, design, and photography by Hugh Syme

Curtain Calls

Kim Mitchell • guitar on "Capture the Flag"

Hugh Syme • keyboards and orchestration on "Slippers in the Snow"

Matthew Parmenter • violin on "Tear-Water Tea" and "Unicornicopia"

Out On a Weekend Pass • Jeff Whittle, guitar on Stop Gap

"... it's not just good – it's good enough ..."

Behind the Curtains

Nicole, Dominic, & Malcolm DeLeon; Maria Whittle; the Rarick Family;

Karen, Gabrielle, & Alexander Herin; B-Dood; Dave Yurmanovic;

Mike Portnoy, James LaBrie, John Petrucci, John Myung and Jordan Rudess;

Frank Solomon; Anne Leighton; Ian Anderson; Thomas Waber, Michael Schmitz, Jim Piltulski

and all at InsideOutMusic; Limb Schnoor (LMP); David Chastain; Mike Silamianos;

Brian Oakes; Sonya Mastick; Mike Ostrich; Maria Kowalski; Lani Corriveau;

Dave & Lynn Soave; Dan Shields; Will Brake; Mike Koontz; Russ Mackay;

Tien Lawrence at Mesa/Boogie; Ken Smith Basses & Strings; Lexicon; Elixir Strings;

Huber & Breese Music Studio; Al McPherson at Yamaha Canada; and PR2 Studio Amenities.

In Memory Of

Patricia DeLeon, Janice Whittle, Helen Morton and Edward Hoffman

Communication

Standing Pavement Entertainment, P.O. Box 75, Trenton, MI 48183-0075 USA

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Window Dressing

Music: Herin, Whittle; Lyrics: Herin

Show me what I want to see
If it keeps you safe

Part One

Tell me what I want to hear
And what keeps you safe
Talk tempts fate
The game is engaged
She plays with fire
Vanity sidesteps around common senses
Shrugging off conscience embracing pride
Twisted scenes bring comfort in delusion
Hide reality from the line of sight
The harvest to intrude
Fight proof
Hollow her words ringing absurd
Lies to save face compounds disgrace
Light filters through the veil exposing guilt
Clutch the straws of logic lost
Hanging on the cross

Ignorance lives in bliss with blinders on
While it shows denial is en vogue
Age-old wisdom's whisper dies from neglect
Our egos to protect

Now that I know
How little we know
About each other
Tracing an image of a portrait
That we wish was true
But the colors run
Faces I see
Tell little about
What to believe
Layers of window dressing
Barely hint at what's beneath
Covered up like paint on rust
Who to trust?

Dress the window
Draw the shade
Light and darkness trade...

Part Two

If I can still recall
Simplicity seemed like nothing at all
Summertime days to spend without end
Hazy warm faint scent of pine gracing the air
We let our whims take us away
Not to return as Eden drew to a close

Careless deeds strip my faith
Heart on ice I retreat
I wish true were false and fiction real
Bit by bit the mirage fades from view
Never taught finally learned
The corner turned
Wish I may wish I might
Forget illusion's charm

Now that I know
How little we know
About each other
Tracing an image of a portrait
That we wish was true
Fashion covers all we hope to hide
Faces I see
Tell little about
What to believe
Layers of window dressing
Barely hint at what's beneath
Now that I know
How nothing we show
Really matters

Optimistic - pessimistic
Expectation to blame

Part Three

So much happens that we can't perceive
Safe in a cloak of ignorance
With passing time childish notions finally die
When the pain we endure
Compounds with consciousness
Delusions to protect and survive

Reflecting on what I know I will never know
Curtains drawn concealing the light of truth

Remember To Forget

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

Here I stand unsteady
 Dignity in hand
 Trapped inside a vacuum
 Hostage in wonderland
 I try to run slipping and sliding
 Stumbling blindly off the cliff
 What if - adrift - I can't get back?
 Numb I can't understand what's been done
 By the other hand
 This is now it's not the same
 The anguish calls to stake its claim
 Sharp in relief time creeps on by

I try to make my peace
 With what is and what might be
 Home in another time
 Memories persist without rhyme
 Sounds trigger thoughts trigger pain
 Whispers of doubt still remain
 Clinging to regret
 I struggle to resist
 Scars that won't forgive
 Can't I remember to forget?

Paranoia building a wall
 Naïve misconceptions
 Feeding a future I cannot recall
 Chaos as I think and feel
 Groping blind for the truths that I conceal
 All alone upon my throne
 Intentions fail to lift the stone
 Wear the badge of resentment proud

I try to make my peace
 With what is and what might be
 Home in another time
 Safe and secure of some things
 I could be assured

Walk the slippery slope of the past
 I choose to dress up my burden
 Call it salvation as it drags me down

I try to make my peace
 With what is and what might be
 Home in another time
 Memories persist without rhyme
 Sounds trigger thoughts trigger pain
 Whispers of doubt still remain

Shackles rust as I release the past
 Free from bitterness
 Without looking back I can
 Remember to forget

All She Knows

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

All she knows
 Is what she's told
 Is fact and fantasy
 Life in harmony

She stands alone
 Shadow on the wall
 Gently lit her silhouette
 Reflecting tall
 She spins to look
 On my command
 The shutter clicks she blinks
 And laughs offhand

I slow the pace
 And pause to stop and think
 Here is a moment
 Where good fortune winks

Eyes that sparkle
 And eyes that shine
 Hazel eyes smile
 As they peer into mine
 Canvas blank
 The slate is clean
 With nothing in between us
 Simple and untarnished
 She is all she seems

All she knows
 Will turn to gold
 Colors spill in waves
 Off the path she paves

She dreams a place
 Chapters in a book
 Stories long with heroes strong
 How blue the sky would look
 Then she stops to see
 Who's listening
 Seeds of consciousness
 Come creeping in

All I know
 Here is a moment
 Where good fortune winks

Someday when she feels the comfort fade
 Holding on to this humble place



Jeff Whittle
Bass guitar, fretless bass

Paul Rarick
Lead & backing vocals

Chris Herin
Electric & acoustic guitars, mandolin,
banjo, keyboards

Pat DeLeon
Drums & percussion

Capture The Flag

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

Toe to the chalk line – mark and set
 Birthright conformity – a safety net
 Lay down this bird held tight in hand
 Beg favor from a distant emerald land

Chasing whims again...
 Features blur in a casual glance
 Pulse and promises notch the blinders tight

Capture the flag
 Embrace prosperity
 Hanging in the corridors of power
 A withering vine of simple things
 Waiting to die
 Lift the symbol high

Indifferent to the present tense
 A sense of purpose sits upon a fence
 Sidelines strewn with blind regret
 Haunted by voices that cry neglect
 Standing in the rain

Wishing might explain...

Capture the flag
 Embrace prosperity

Hanging in the corridors of power
 A withering vine of simple things
 Waiting – biding time to die
 Raise the flag
 Standing alone upon a hill
 Dust upon a sill

I awake to a silent shout
 Misguided past
 Spent in endless quest
 Time grinding down
 Wisdom traded for mistakes that never end
 Fences to defend
 All while happiness wears a frown
 Now the morning bell
 Echoes out of step with modern decay

Capture the flag
 Embrace prosperity
 Hanging in the corridors of power
 Capture the flag
 Misplaced by gravity
 Smothered in a blanket of desire
 A withering vine of simple things
 Waiting to die
 Raise the flag
 Half-mast alone upon a hill
 Colorless & still

Tear-Water Tea

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

My heart whispers
 All that reason cannot hear
 Tear-water tea consoles me

Melancholy, calm and still
 Contemplating things that seem to me unfair
 Flowers wilting in a vase
 Lines that crease a child's face
 Shadows dancing as candles burn in solitude

As droplets fall into the kettle it overflows
 Wonder sleeps in release
 I drink from the cup of wisdom bittersweet
 Tear-water tea restores me

Words that wound and love that kills
 Can't see the forest
 For the trees distract our view
 Answers written in a book ignored
 Empty boats to captain through the storms
 Expectations that beckon through a prison door

The journey pulls my head from the sand
 As we weep with the wise
 And reject laughter
 Crowing from the mouths of fools
 Weakened by the strain
 Old habits return
 Like a hand outstretched
 Grasping for the stick un-fetched

As droplets fall into the kettle it overflows
 Wonder sleeps in release
 I drink from the cup of wisdom bittersweet
 Tear-water tea restores

Simple and pure
 Silent recourse
 Cleansing remorse reveals
 Silver the lining that shines in the tin
 At peace with truth

Inspired by "Owl at Home" by Arnold Lobel

Stop Gap

Music: Whittle, DeLeon
Instrumental

Unicornicopia

Music: Herin
Instrumental

Paintings

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

Trapped inside this dark and narrow mind
Far from the outside
If I could stand beside myself
And see what you see
Left alone high upon a shelf
Dust collects on things discarded
I retreat while the world passes by
Scars to justify

Am I a fixture in time and place?
As our old promises fade
Like the paintings we see everyday
That hang in decay
So the familiar feeds neglect
Too plain to perceive

My finger points to my demise
But three point back at me to my surprise

All the same I'm a fixture in time and place
As our old promises fade
Like the paintings we see everyday
That hang in decay
So the familiar feeds neglect
Red and blue pale to black and white

Images live and speak a thousand words
In solitude clouds grace the tranquil sky
Sense the calm sighing in pain

I'm a fixture in time and place
As our old promises fade
Like the paintings we see everyday
That hang in decay
So the familiar feeds neglect
Simply too plain to perceive
Color drains from the scenery
When routine courts apathy

A.02

Music: Herin
Instrumental

Slippers In The Snow

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

Peaceful...
Lay your head to rest
The mountain climbed
The summit reached
A reel of moments plays on rewind
Quiet burden endured
How odd this sense of welcoming
Grateful for release

"Because I could not stop for death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality." –Emily Dickinson

Hurdle through the night no light
No time to rest or stop on this hasty flight
The day arrives
Wearing slippers in the snow
I see the footprints leading to home

Pages yellow and dry
A calendar suspending time
Memories kindling a cherished spell
As pain dissolves in a trail of tears

Spindrift

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

Serve the need
Spin the fable
Disguise the deed
Weaving straw to braids of gold

Splash the whitewash on the screen
Sins of omission fashioned to mislead
Signals mix as hairs poise to split
Tiny loopholes confuse intent
The facts irrelevant
Excuses right the wrong
Cast allusions
And our hazy recollections
Guard the way down
On the slippery slope
Most of the truth fails to show

The shifting blame
Rises up to stake its claim

I wade with my back toward the waves
Shielding my eyes
The spindrift burns like the acid words
Numbing my mind to the justified
Too overwhelming
Can't fight the dumbing down
I sink to the peaceful deep underneath
Free from the plastic crown
Still spinning around

Dress up the routine
Bells, whistles, and neon light
Sedate the will to fight
Distractions to amuse our attention
And our gray convictions
Fan the flames of discontent
And...

I wade with my back toward the waves
Shielding my eyes
The spindrift burns like the acid words
Numbing my mind to the justified
As bitterness begins slowly creeping in

Push and pull us apart
Fingers cross
Death do us part
Simplicity holds no escape
Toss a coin in the air
Spin the plates
Ignorant to consequence
Pay the piper for the dance

I see ego thrust upon the throne
Held high to deify
I see how we choose to believe
Answers that deceive and ease pain
Distant wisdom may prevail someday

Scrape the whitewash from the screen
Tiny loopholes irrelevant
Excuses meaningless
The neon is black
When our recollections
Prevent another lapse
On the slippery slope

I wade with my back toward the waves
Shielding my eyes
The spindrift burns like the acid words
Numbing my mind to the justified
Too overwhelming
Can't fight the dumbing down
I sink to the peaceful deep underneath
Free from the plastic crown
Spinning around

Sow the seeds
Fearless we replay
Themes from timeless ages past
Courting all seven sins
What was and will always be
Protected from ourselves
Spin back around once again

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TILES / Window Dressing - INLAY OUTER



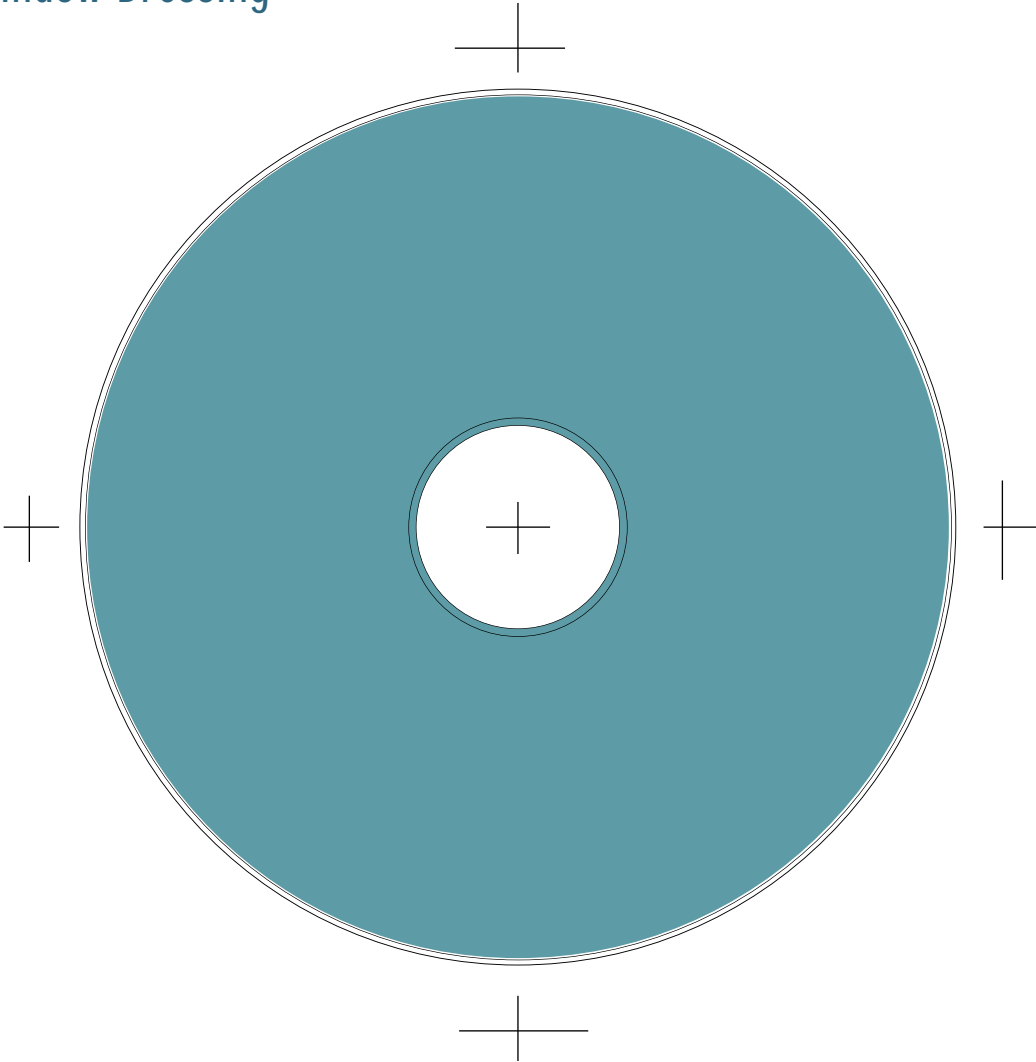
Chris -

Is the SPV logo current? Are there others?

Can you have selection #, all required logos, and bar code emailed asap?

TILES / Window Dressing - INLAY INNER





Chris - this design to follow.