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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 "Unicommicopia"

Out on a weekend pass – Jeff • lead guitar / Chris • trumpet 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-Doody; 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**

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

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 compounding 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

*Music: Herin, Whittle; Lyrics: Herin*

REMEMBER TO FORGET

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

*Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin*

ALL SHE KNOWS

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

*Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin*



**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

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 prosperity  
 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

*Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin*

TEAR-WATER TEA

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 steeps 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 steeps 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

*Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin*  
 Inspired by "Owl at Home" by Arnold Label

STOP GAP

Music: Whittle, DeLeon  
Instrumental

UNICORNICOPIA

Music: Herin  
Instrumental

PAINTINGS

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

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

A.02

Music: Herin  
Instrumental

SLIPPERS IN THE SNOW

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

Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin

SPINDRIFT

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

*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  
*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

*Music: Herin; Lyrics: Herin*

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CD Inlay TILES / Window Dressing - INLAY OUTER

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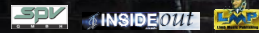
TILES Window Dressing

INSIDEOUT



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Produced by Terry Brown



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INSIDEOUT

TILES Window Dressing

085-60662





TILES / "Window Dressing" CD Disc

3 COLOR CD DISC

- Print solid 100% Pantone 8740 metallic over entire disc to center hole
- Print art of "manequin legs" in halftone black over metallic background
- Print all other type, logos etc in 100% Pantone 625