

BIG D & THE RUSTY GATES

THE COMPLETE SONGBOOK

48 songs, in their own words —
every lyric, and the story behind it.

Produced by DR3ZN — Est. 1972

A NOTE BEFORE YOU READ

About This Book

Every song in this book began the same way: something DR3ZN actually thought, felt, or witnessed, written down and turned into a lyric for Big D to sing. The band and its members are fictional, and the music itself is AI-generated — but the words are not borrowed from anywhere. They are his.

What follows is the complete catalogue, songs in alphabetical order, each one with the album or albums it appears on and, where the story behind it goes further than what's written on the album page, the fuller version of where it came from. A few songs turn up more than once across the catalogue — live, acoustic, reimagined in a different arrangement — and each appearance is listed, but the lyric is only printed once.

One song, "Didn't Know a Soul," is included out of order of release: it was written for a planned country album that exists today only as a working draft, not yet part of the published catalogue or available on the website. It's included here because the lyric exists and the story behind it does too.

THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE SONGS

Big D & The Rusty Gates



Big D, Mara, Tommy, Cy and Roosevelt — fictional players, real songs. The band and its history are invented; the words they sing, and the lives behind them in the pages that follow, are not.

A FEW MORE MOMENTS

On Stage, and Off



Mid-set, close to the crowd — the room the way it actually sounds.



After the show — the part nobody takes a photo of, except that somebody did.

ONE MORE FACE

The Person Behind Big D



Andreas — DR3ZN

These days Big D even looks like him: in his fifties, bald, bearded. That part wasn't planned. It just ended up true.

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A Light for Everyone Else



APPEARS ON

Not With Words; Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

A tribute to DR3ZN's late father — a parish priest whose one purpose, as his son describes it, was being there for others: endlessly positive, carrying other people's weight without ever putting it down. The song began life as something else entirely (a love song for his wife) until, partway through writing it, DR3ZN realized it was really about his father and asked for it to become that instead. The line about "several years gone" was deliberately kept vague rather than tied to an exact number, so the song stays true however much time passes.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Some folks walk in cold and you warm up the room
Bring your light to people stuck inside the gloom
They hand you all their heaviness, you take it without a sound
Then somehow you're still smilin' when the day comes back around

PRE-CHORUS

You believe the good in people, even when they can't

CHORUS

You carry the weight with grace
Love every livin' thing
That's just your way

VERSE 2

Every stray and every stranger finds a home with you
A listenin' ear, an open door — there's nothin' you won't do
You gave your last to people that you barely even knew
Then woke up every mornin' ready to give some more

PRE-CHORUS

You believe the good in people, even when they can't

CHORUS

You carry the weight with grace
Love every livin' thing
That's just your way

BRIDGE

Robes hung in the closet now, the collar on the shelf
But you're still walkin' with me, just not in the flesh
Some years gone now, but I hear you in my head
Sayin' "someone needs you, son" — even from the great beyond instead

So here's to you, my father, with that fire behind your eyes
The faith you gave to everyone, the hope you never hide
You spent your whole life lightin' up the road for someone else
And I carry it forward now — your light, it never left

PRE-CHORUS

And dad, I still believe — just like you taught me to

FINAL CHORUS

You carried the weight with grace
Loved every livin' thing
That was your way
You carried the weight with grace
Loved every livin' thing
That's still your way

Accept (And Keep Your Night)



APPEARS ON

Respect / Accept (feat. The Okoro Sisters)

THE STORY

Respect's companion piece, born from a conversation with Big D's son and years of catching himself mid-correction. Inspired by the Danish word "pyt" — the meaning of letting go, without the word itself ever being sung. Big D opens the song a cappella, alone, before the band arrives and the Okoro Sisters settle in behind him on backing vocals.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

My son says "watch me pull a Houdini"
Means disappear, gone without a trace
I open my mouth to set the record straight —
Houdini never disappeared, he escaped

PRE-CHORUS

I've corrected half the people that I love
Every fact, every word worn thin with wear
Like being right was worth the room going quiet
Like being right was ever getting me anywhere

CHORUS

You can't change another living soul
Only how you carry it, only how you accept
No prize waiting for the fight you didn't need
Accept — and keep your night

VERSE 2

Somebody reaches for the biggest word they've got
To carry a feeling that's really just "not fair"
The word gets bigger every time it's borrowed wrong
Till nobody trusts what's actually there

CHORUS

You can't change another living soul
Only how you carry it, only how you accept
No prize waiting for the fight you didn't need
Accept — and keep your night

VERSE 3

I used to think that I was doing them a favor
Setting the record straight, one by one
Turns out nobody asked me for the ledger
I'm the only one still keeping score when the day is done

BRIDGE

Injustice doesn't disappear because you named it wrong
Doesn't disappear because you accept
But carrying every fight the whole way home
Was never something you had to carry around
Accept. That's the whole thing.

CHORUS

You can't change another living soul
Only how you carry it, only how you accept
No prize waiting for the fight you didn't need
Accept — and keep your night

FINAL CHORUS

You can't change another living soul
Only how you carry it, only how you accept
No prize waiting for the fight you didn't need
Accept — and keep your night

It doesn't mean it's fine
It doesn't mean you don't see
It means you finally accept the weight
And let the rest of the night be

All I Need



APPEARS ON

Nothing to Cry About; Plain & True — An Acoustic Session; Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

A love song for DR3ZN's wife — someone who teaches with real fire, can hold a room of a thousand people from a stage, keeps the family steady, and carries deep faith, yet who still, in his words, doesn't fully see the quiet reserve of courage he sees in her.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

We came to each other grown, no games left to play
Both of us had lived enough to know what we'd say
Weren't looking for a rescue, weren't looking for a fix
Just two people recognising something in the mix

CHORUS

You're all I need and all I want
My base, my ground, my "carry on"
Best friend I ever found

VERSE 2

We fought like it mattered 'cause it always did
You taught me how to stand my ground and not just run and hide
Went through the fire together, came out the other side
Every scar between us is a reason to feel pride

CHORUS

You're all I need and all I want
My base, my ground, my "carry on"
Best friend I ever found

BRIDGE

You teach with all your fire, every student feels the flame
Step on any stage and make a thousand feel the same
You hold the family close, you trust when things go dark
And music lives inside you like a flame inside your heart
You think you're fragile, honey, but I seen what you can do
There's a mountain made of courage hidin' somewhere inside you

VERSE 3

We didn't come here easy, didn't always get it right
But every fight we had became a reason to hold tight
You're the mother of my children, you're the song I wanna sing
You're the place I always come back to — you're everything

FINAL CHORUS

You're all I need and all I want
My base, my ground, my "carry on"
Best friend I ever found
You're all I need, Lord knows it's true
Every good thing starts with you
Best friend I ever found
Best friend I ever found

Basket of Love



APPEARS ON

Tonight the World is Still

THE STORY

The most autobiographical song in the whole catalogue. Every year, the day before Christmas, DR3ZN's mother spent weeks baking while his father decorated the tree alone; on the 23rd, the four children and their father carried a basket from house to house through a small town where everyone had a name. His father had made that same walk himself as a boy, and in later years it narrowed down to just DR3ZN and his older brother, an organist, keeping it going. His father has since passed; his mother is still alive — "Hips of Steel" is her song. DR3ZN carries the tradition on today with his own family in Bara. The song is about what was actually in the basket, which was never really the cookies.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

My mother worked for weeks before the day
The kitchen full of things she'd made by hand
Cookies, confections wrapped and set aside
We didn't know quite yet what she had planned

VERSE 2

The day before Christmas there it was
A basket at the door for us to carry
Four kids and a father walking house to house
Through a small town in the winter cold

CHORUS

You don't deliver love and not receive it back
That's what the basket taught me long ago
What you give away comes back a different way
The older that I get the more I know

VERSE 3

I looked down at that basket on the way
And wanted everything that was inside it
The smell of it, the look of it, all mine
I won't pretend I didn't think about it

VERSE 4

But then a door came open down the street
A face that didn't know what we were bringing
Something passed between us in that moment
A feeling I've been chasing ever since

CHORUS

You don't deliver love and not receive it back
That's what the basket taught me long ago
What you give away comes back a different way
The older that I get the more I know

BRIDGE

Some lessons come from books and some from teachers
Some take a lifetime just to understand
But some are learned by standing at a doorstep

VERSE 5

I do it still on a different street
Different children running at my side
The basket's smaller but what's inside it
Is everything my parents couldn't hide

CHORUS

You don't deliver love and not receive it back
That's what the basket taught me long ago
What you give away comes back a different way
The older that I get the more I know

CODA

You don't deliver love — and not receive it back
You don't deliver love — and not receive it back
Mmm…

Did We Agree on Anything



APPEARS ON

Crossover — The Other Side

THE STORY

A real portrait of marriage's small daily mistranslations — a "flood" that turns out to be a puddle the size of a shoe, a "quarter past seven" that means something different to each of them, a quiet night in that somehow became a party for twenty. None of it is really about who's right. By the end it's clear they agreed on everything that actually mattered.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

She called me from the kitchen said we've got a flood in here
I drove home doing ninety, what I found was not so clear
A puddle in the corner 'bout the size of my left shoe
She said that IS a flood — I said honey, that's just dew

CHORUS

Same words, different song
We're both right, we're both wrong
Did we agree on anything?

VERSE 2

She called me from a shop downtown said honey this is cheap
I grabbed my card and hurried down, I almost had to weep
I said whatever you want for dinner, I'm easy either way
She heard I don't care — we ordered in that day

CHORUS

Same words, different song
We're both right, we're both wrong
Did we agree on anything?

BRIDGE

Seven o'clock means six fifty-five to me
To her it means a quarter past — we never quite agree
She says the house is a disaster, I look around and think
It's fine — she points to something on the counter by the sink

VERSE 3

We left a party, she said honey we should do this more
I'd invited twenty people by the time I'd locked the door
But we tell this story at the table and everybody laughs
The funniest part of loving someone is the other half

FINAL CHORUS

Same words, different song
We're both right, we're both wrong
We agreed on everything

TAG

I meant what I said…
She heard what she heard…
And after all these years together
We agreed on everything

Didn't Know a Soul

APPEARS ON

Not yet released — written for a planned future album.

THE STORY

Drawn directly from DR3ZN's own move, at twenty, from the countryside to the capital — a room found through a brother's acquaintance, a tough neighbourhood near the main station, topless bars and adult shops on the walk from the station, a city that never really goes dark or quiet, and an early offer of drugs. Within a short time he found himself fitting in without ever really knowing anyone — accepted as one of the crowd, not because he explained himself but because people simply stopped treating him as a stranger. Not yet part of the released catalogue — written for a planned country album that exists only as a working draft.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Grew up where the fields ran out of days,
quiet enough to hear a secret stay.
Packed what I owned in one old case,
rode the train to the biggest place.

VERSE 2

Walked from the station past the neon signs,
bars with no windows, signs that don't define.
Didn't know the street, didn't know the code,
just a country boy carrying his whole life's load.

CHORUS

Didn't know a soul when I hit that town,
light never dims, noise never winds down.
First night lying there wide awake,
wondering how long a man can take.

VERSE 3

Somebody offered me something on the very first night,
I just shook my head and kept on walking right.
Didn't take a week 'fore nobody stared,
like I'd always been there, like I'd never left.

CHORUS

Didn't know a soul when I hit that town,
light never dims, noise never winds down.
First night lying there wide awake,
wondering how long a man can take.

BRIDGE

Nobody asked me where I came from,
nobody asked what I'd done or become.
They just let me stand where the regulars stand,
learned my face before they knew my name.
Took me a while to understand —
it ain't about who's right or wrong in here,
it's about listening close and looking clear.

FINAL CHORUS

Didn't know a soul when I hit that town,
light never dims, noise never winds down.
Now every face is a face I know,
funny how fast you stop feeling alone.

OUTRO

From a quiet little house past the tree line,
to a city that never once closes its eyes —
I walked in not knowing a single soul,
now I don't remember feeling like a stranger at all.

Different Side of the Same Street



APPEARS ON

Crossover — The Other Side

THE STORY

The same ordinary day — rain, cold coffee, traffic, a slow supermarket line — told twice: once through a bad morning and once through a good one. Nothing about the day itself changes between the two tellings. Only the person looking at it does.

LYRICS

VERSE 1
Rain again this morning
Didn't sleep too well
Coffee gone cold
Before I even touched it
Traffic backed up for miles
Someone cut me off
Some days nothing lands
Where it fell

CHORUS
Every day this whole world feels like
One long haul

VERSE 2
Supermarket Saturday
A trolley with a broken wheel
Kid behind me screaming like
He's never stopping
Stood in line forever
Just to find I missed the deal
Some days everything
Just needs some dropping

CHORUS
Every day this whole world feels like
One long haul

BRIDGE
But wait
Let's take a break
And try that again

VERSE 3
Rain this morning washed the world completely clean
Coffee went cold I was lost in something good
Traffic gave me time to hear my favorite song it seems
Found myself arriving in a better mood

CHORUS
Every day this whole world feels like it's
Going well

VERSE 4
Supermarket Saturday I found just what I need
Kid behind me giggling at nothing I could see
Stood in line and rested, let the whole day just proceed
Some days life is handing things out free

CHORUS
Every day this whole world feels like it's
Going well

OUTRO
Same rain, same traffic, same kid in the queue
Just a different pair of eyes

Everybody Dances



APPEARS ON

Passing Through (2026 EP) (feat. Elena Ionescu & Gheorghe Constantin)

THE STORY

Written after a party where DR3ZN watched three generations — a five-year-old, her parents, her grandmother — move onto the floor together without anyone having to ask. He stood there struck by how natural it looked, then caught his own kids standing at the edges of the room, the way they always do, and realized that was something he'd somehow never passed on to them. One good night in someone else's house, and the wish that it was more than just one night.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Walked into a party like I'd never seen before
From the five year old to grandma everyone was on the floor
No one had to ask them, no one had to say
Three generations moving like they'd done it every day
The music hit the room and something ancient woke up there
You could feel it in the floorboards and the smoke and in the air

CHORUS

Everybody dances
Five to eighty on the floor
Everybody dances
Like they've always known the score
Nobody sits it out
Nobody needs to be asked twice
Everybody dances
And it looks like paradise

VERSE 2

The daughter of the family just finished her degree
Her father hit the floor before the dinner had been served
Her grandmother beside her, her little cousin too
Three generations moving like it was the natural thing to do
I stood there watching thinking I have never seen this place
Where the music is the language and the dance is the embrace

CHORUS

Everybody dances
Five to eighty on the floor
Everybody dances
Like they've always known the score
Nobody sits it out
Nobody needs to be asked twice
Everybody dances
And it looks like paradise

BRIDGE

I looked at my own kids across the room
Standing at the edges like they always do
I don't blame them — nobody showed them how
We lost that somewhere and I don't know when or how
But for one night in someone else's house
I remembered what it feels like
When the music brings you out

FINAL CHORUS

Everybody dances
Five to eighty on the floor
Everybody dances
Like they've always known the score
Nobody sits it out
Nobody needs to be asked twice
Everybody dances
Lord I wish I had that
Everybody dances
And it looks like paradise

Everything in Order



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 2: The Quieter Night; Not With Words

THE STORY

A tribute to a woman from DR3ZN's own childhood — steady, capable, and seemingly made of iron — who looked after him and his brother without ever asking for anything back: singing him to sleep, carrying his brother up to bed under one arm when he refused to go, keeping the whole house running right up until her very last day.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Blacksmith's daughter, strong as iron all her days
Showed up at our door without needing to be asked
Carried half the neighbourhood on those steady hands
The Iron Lady — nothing was too big a task

CHORUS

Everything in order
That's how she lived
Everything in order
That's how she gave
Strong enough to carry you
Soft enough to care
The Iron Lady
Always found a way

VERSE 2

Sat beside my bed and sang until I fell asleep
Gathered all the apples, left the buckets at the door
Never asked for anything, never stayed too long
Just knocked and smiled and gave a little more

CHORUS

Everything in order
That's how she lived
Everything in order
That's how she gave
Strong enough to carry you
Soft enough to care
The Iron Lady
Always found a way

BRIDGE

My brother wouldn't go to bed one night
She didn't argue, didn't raise her voice
Just picked him up and carried him upstairs
Under one arm — he never had a choice
He never argued again

FINAL CHORUS

The last day she cleaned the house
Fixed the garden, fixed the gate
Went to sleep that evening
Everything in order, everything in place
Strong enough to carry you
Soft enough to care
The Iron Lady
Went her own way

Fifty Looks Good on Me



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 1: The Louder Night; Nothing to Cry About

THE STORY

Written about turning fifty himself — the wisdom that comes with age set against a body that no longer keeps up the way it used to. An early draft leaned on "cheaters" (reading glasses) and grandkids, but DR3ZN doesn't have grandkids — he has two teenagers — so the lyric was rewritten to fit his own life exactly.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Stood up too fast, made a noise like a rusty gate
Took me a minute, then I laughed — hey, ain't that great
Got more stories now than I got hair upon my head
But every line on my face means I ain't dead

PRE-CHORUS

Used to chase it all, now I let it come to me

CHORUS

Still in gear, not broken down
Slower speed, same engine sound
Fifty looks good on me

VERSE 2

Car keys in my hand and then they're gone without a trace
Found my phone inside the fridge, in some forgotten place
But I know what matters, and I know who I am
Took me half a century, but here's my winning hand

PRE-CHORUS

Used to chase it all, now I let it come to me

CHORUS

Still in gear, not broken down
Slower speed, same engine sound
Fifty looks good on me

BRIDGE

Maybe I creak a little walkin' up the stairs
But I carry less worry, I got fewer cares
There's a kind of muscle in lettin' go of the noise
And these old bones still know how to enjoy

VERSE 3

So pour another coffee, let the sunrise come on through
Got two teenagers who roll their eyes at all the things I do
Fifty ain't a closing door, it's just another bend
Just a brand new verse beginnin' — let the good times spin

PRE-CHORUS

Used to chase it all, now I let it come to me

FINAL CHORUS

Still in gear, not broken down
Slower speed, same engine sound
Fifty looks good on me
Still in gear, not broken down
Slower speed, same engine sound
Fifty looks good on me

Forty Miles From Anywhere



APPEARS ON

Nothing to Cry About

THE STORY

About the pull between the countryside he grew up in and the city he longed for. The first draft imagined a barn; DR3ZN grew up among trees, not barns, and had watched the same stars for ten years, so the song was rewritten around those real details instead of invented ones.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Sun goes down behind the trees, paints the whole sky red
Nothing out here but the wind and the words inside my head
Field's gone quiet, dog's asleep, world's slowed to a crawl
Some nights this kind of quiet... feels like nothin' at all

PRE-CHORUS

I got the calm I always wanted

CHORUS

But forty miles from anywhere
The city hums inside my ear
I hear it callin' still

VERSE 2

Watched the same stars every night for going on ten long years
Know every creak this old house makes, every sound it bears
Somewhere there's a train conductor callin' out the stops
A taxi driver runnin' red lights, a clock that never stops

PRE-CHORUS

I got the calm I always wanted

CHORUS

But forty miles from anywhere
The city hums inside my ear
I hear it callin' still

BRIDGE

Funny how a man can miss the noise
That used to drive him half-insane
Funny how the things that chased me off
Are the things I miss again

VERSE 3

So I'll stay here with my quiet and my sky full of stars
Plant my feet in this good ground, let the silence heal these scars
But some part of me's still ridin' on a midnight train somewhere
Chasin' all them city lights I left back there

PRE-CHORUS

I got the calm I always wanted

FINAL CHORUS

But forty miles from anywhere
The city hums inside my ear
I hear it callin' still
But forty miles from anywhere
The city hums inside my ear
I hear it callin' still

Getting Younger Every Day



APPEARS ON

Crossover — The Other Side; Live & Unspoken, Vol. 1: The Louder Night (feat. The Okoro Sisters)

THE STORY

Written around his father-in-law's own line — that one present is enough, you just wrap it up and give it twice — and the odd discovery that getting older has meant carrying less and feeling lighter for it. Bending down to tie a shoe and checking under the sofa while he's already down there is as good a place as any to notice that the body's heading one way and everything else is finally heading the other.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Bending down to tie my shoes the other morning
Thought I'd better make the most of being down here
Checked under the sofa while I had the chance
The back complains but something else got clear

PRE-CHORUS

The body's going one way
Something else is going the other
Going the other

CHORUS

Getting younger every day
The less I carry the more I weigh
Worry less and laugh a little more
Don't remember what I was so serious for
Getting younger every day
Every day

VERSE 2

My father in law said one present is enough
Wrap it up and give it twice he said
Just as happy in the afternoon
As I was surprised and grateful in the morning red

PRE-CHORUS

The body's going one way
Something else is going the other
Going the other

CHORUS

Getting younger every day
The less I carry the more I weigh
Worry less and laugh a little more
Don't remember what I was so serious for
Getting younger every day
Every day

FINAL CHORUS

Getting younger every day
Getting younger
The less I carry the more I weigh
Worry less and laugh a little more
The mirror shows a man who's lived a little
The inside shows a man who's finally free
Getting younger
Every single day

Half My Heart's Across the Water



APPEARS ON

Nothing to Cry About

THE STORY

Grew out of a very specific songwriter's dilemma DR3ZN raised himself: how do you write the blues when your childhood, youth and adult life were all, by his own account, free of major trouble? That same dilemma produced "Nothing to Cry About"; this song took the question in a different direction — about living in Sweden while his roots are in Denmark, belonging fully to neither place.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

I unpack my bags in a house that I call home
But somethin' in the air still feels like I don't quite belong
The neighbors say good mornin' in a language I have learned
But there's a word for "longing" that still gets stuck and burns

VERSE 2

I cross a little water to the place where I was born
Same blood, same old jokes, same table set since I was small
But even there it's different now — the kids speak with an accent
I'm the visitor in both worlds, that's just how it went

CHORUS

Half my heart's across the water
Half my heart's right here
I'm livin' in the in-between
Of nowhere and somewhere, year after year

VERSE 3

They do things different over there — the way they queue, the way they talk
The way they take their coffee, the way they walk the walk
It's nothin' big, just little things that pile up day by day
Like livin' in a song where you don't know all the words to say

CHORUS

Half my heart's across the water
Half my heart's right here
I'm livin' in the in-between
Of nowhere and somewhere, year after year

BRIDGE

But maybe home's not a border or a flag upon a pole
Maybe home's wherever holds the people that you know
And if my heart's split down the middle, well, that's alright
'Cause I got two places callin' me goodnight

FINAL CHORUS

Half my heart's across the water
Half my heart's right here
I'm livin' in the in-between
Of nowhere and somewhere, year after year

Hips of Steel



APPEARS ON

Not With Words

THE STORY

A portrait of DR3ZN's mother — a woman who appears fragile but has always been anything but. At sixteen she crossed the Atlantic alone to spend a year in the US, with letters to her father taking three weeks each way her only contact home. When DR3ZN's father was diagnosed with cancer, she stepped up and carried the family through it; after he died, she kept managing her own life with steadily failing eyesight and hearing aids, still sending her grown children home with food in old Tupperware containers. One of his father's last instructions to the children was simply not to worry about her — she'd manage. He was right.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

She looks so small standin' in the door
Like a strong wind could knock her to the floor
But there's a fire in there that don't show on the skin
Been burnin' steady since the day that it begun

VERSE 2

Sixteen years old, crossed an ocean on her own
Wrote letters to her daddy, three weeks 'fore they got home
No phone, no voice, just paper and a pen
But she made it through, and she'd do it all again

CHORUS

She's got hips of steel and a heart of gold
Looks like glass but she'll never fold
Soft hands, steady eyes, never one to brag
She's the toughest lady that I ever know

VERSE 3

When the hard times came and the world got cold
She stepped up taller than we'd ever seen before
Carried the weight that nobody should carry alone
And never once let it show, never let it show

CHORUS

She's got hips of steel and a heart of gold
Looks like glass but she'll never fold
Soft hands, steady eyes, never one to brag
She's the toughest lady that I ever know

BRIDGE

And when he was leavin', he said "don't you worry none
She'll be just fine, she always has been strong"
He knew her better than anyone alive
And he was right — look at her now, she thrives

VERSE 4

Now she can't see so well, and the world got quiet too
But she's still goin', still doin' what she always do
Raised up four kids with everything she had
And there's still love and food comin' from the past

FINAL CHORUS

She's got hips of steel and a heart of gold
Looks like glass but she'll never fold
Soft hands, steady eyes, never one to brag
She's the toughest lady that I ever know
Hips of steel, heart of gold
Stronger than the stories ever told
Soft hands, steady eyes, never one to brag
She's the toughest lady, and that's no lie

Holler Back

APPEARS ON

Holler Back (feat. Henrik Brandt)

LYRICS

VERSE 1

We were young and we were single, had more time than sense
We had more fun than anyone who had to listen
"Single One," "Single Two" — we thought that name was funny
Never did it for the credit, never did it for the money

VERSE 2

You had the real gift, your own band, your own sound
Brought a jazz fusion record and a trophy back around
Danish Music Award, hung up on your wall
I just played along for the fun of it all

CHORUS

So holler back, holler back
After all these years, after all that
Holler back, holler back
Some songs don't go where you planned they'd go at
A little radio play — that was the highlight — holler back

VERSE 3

Funny how a thing you made just to pass the time
Finds its way to a stranger's dial, finds its way to a rhyme
You went off chasing jazz through pop, through Africa and back
I kept mine closer to home, but I never lost the track

CHORUS

So holler back, holler back
After all these years, after all that
Holler back, holler back
Some songs don't go where you planned they'd go at
A little radio play — that was the highlight — holler back

BLUE YODEL BREAK

Oh-de-lay-eeee, oh-de-ohhh
Half a world and half your own
Oh-de-lay-eeee, oh-de-ohhh
Same two voices, worn and low

FINAL CHORUS

So holler back, holler back
Older now, but look at that
Holler back, holler back
Still got the piano, still got the knack
Two old friends, one more song — holler back

Holler Back (Live)

APPEARS ON

Holler Back

LYRICS

VERSE 1

We were young and we were single, had more time than sense
We had more fun than anyone who had to listen
"Single One," "Single Two" — we thought that name was funny
Never did it for the credit, never did it for the money

VERSE 2

You had the real gift, your own band, your own sound
Brought a jazz fusion record and a trophy back around
Danish Music Award, hung up on your wall
I just played along for the fun of it all

CHORUS

So holler back, holler back
After all these years, after all that
Holler back, holler back
Some songs don't go where you planned they'd go at
A little radio play — that was the highlight — holler back

VERSE 3

Funny how a thing you made just to pass the time
Finds its way to a stranger's dial, finds its way to a rhyme
You went off chasing jazz through pop, through Africa and back
I kept mine closer to home, but I never lost the track

CHORUS

So holler back, holler back
After all these years, after all that
Holler back, holler back
Some songs don't go where you planned they'd go at
A little radio play — that was the highlight — holler back

FINAL CHORUS

So holler back, holler back
Older now, but look at that
Holler back, holler back
Still got the piano, still got the knack
Two old friends, one more song — holler back

I Don't Measure Up



APPEARS ON

Roots Grow Back

THE STORY

The deepest cut — envy in the age of curated lives. Four different anchor lines, four different flavours of inadequacy. Intentionally unresolved.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Everybody's winning, everybody's doing fine
Why can't that be me

VERSE 2

Perfect face and perfect smile, looking half their age
Never good enough

VERSE 3

Holding hands and laughing like the world is theirs
to keep
Look at them, look at me

VERSE 4

Settled in their own skin like they always knew
they'd be fine
I don't measure up

FINAL VERSE

Everybody's winning, everybody's doing fine
Why can't that be me

Just Because You Can



APPEARS ON

Roots Grow Back

THE STORY

The problem stated directly. A hard-driving opener about the frictionless hollow world of virtual connection — fake friendships, stranger cruelty, documenting instead of living. Big D as inside observer, complicit as well as critical. The you becomes I by the final verse.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Got a request from someone you spent years trying to forget
Said a request from someone you spent years trying to forget
Clicked accept before you thought — just because you can

VERSE 2

You say things to a stranger you'd never say out loud
Said you say things to a stranger you'd never say out loud
No face, no name, no shame now — just because you can

VERSE 3

You watched your children growing up through a cold screen
Said you watched your children growing up through a cold screen
Got the pictures, missed the moment — just because you can

VERSE 4

You post the perfect Christmas like the world needs to know
Said you post the perfect Christmas like the world needs to know
Smiled for the camera, cried alone — just because you can

VERSE 5

I disappeared inside the flow, forgot which way was mine
Said I disappeared inside the flow, forgot which way was mine
Let the herd decide for me — just because I can

Light Through the Blanket



APPEARS ON

Tonight the World is Still

THE STORY

Every Christmas Eve, a father decorated the tree alone. The children waited on the other side of a door, a blanket hung over the glass so they could not see. They stood in line, shortest to tallest. The father lit the candles one by one. The children could see the light bleeding through the blanket before anything was revealed.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

We waited through the dinner and the dishes too
The longest hours of the year before the evening through
The whole house smelling of something we couldn't name
My father on the other side doing the same

VERSE 2

The blanket on the glass, the candles yet to light
His shadow moving slowly through the night
Then something warm came bleeding through the door
The light we'd been waiting for

CHORUS

Light through the blanket
Just enough to know it's there
The best thing is the moment before

VERSE 3

The blanket fell and there it was again
A different tree but dressed in the same old friends
We weren't looking at the tree at all
We were looking for the ones we knew by name

VERSE 4

The little drum that hung upon the left
The paper frog that somehow always fit the best
And on a branch nobody else would find
A small sign from a world my mother left behind

CHORUS

Light through the blanket
Just enough to know it's there
The best thing is the moment before

VERSE 5

I close my eyes sometimes and I'm still there
Standing in the line with candlelight in the air
The blanket about to fall, the doors about to swing
Patient for that one extraordinary thing

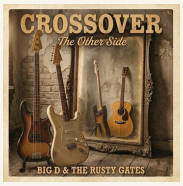
CHORUS

Light through the blanket
Just enough to know it's there
The best thing is the moment before

CODA

Light through the blanket
Light through the blanket
Mmm…

Loneliest Man in the Room



APPEARS ON

Crossover — The Other Side; Live & Unspoken, Vol. 2: The Quieter Night; Plain & True — An Acoustic Session

THE STORY

About the gap between the version of himself a room sees — easy, sure, at home anywhere — and the version doing the actual work behind it, running through a mental checklist just to stay standing there. The song follows that gap over the years, and the slow, strange relief of noticing it finally start to close.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Walk into a room and I start reading every face
Checking if my collar's right, if I'm taking too much space
Everyone seems comfortable in their skin tonight
I'm running through the manual trying to get it right
Glass in hand, slight smile, lean against the wall
Nobody can tell that I don't feel at home at all

PRE-CHORUS

Loneliest man in the room
Loneliest man in the room
Coolest guy they've ever seen
Coolest guy they've ever seen

CHORUS

They see a man who doesn't care
Who owns the room, who's always there
Standing easy, eyes half closed
Like he wrote the book on cool
That's what they see
Inside you're just a kid who doesn't know the rules

VERSE 2

Somebody told me years ago you always seemed so sure
Like you didn't need approval, like you'd seen it all before
Couldn't believe the person that they thought that they had met
That cool guy they were talking about — I haven't met him yet
Funny how the face you wear to get you through the night
Looks from the outside like you've got it exactly right

PRE-CHORUS

Loneliest man in the room
Loneliest man in the room
Coolest guy they've ever seen
Coolest guy they've ever seen

CHORUS

They see a man who doesn't care
Who owns the room, who's always there
Standing easy, eyes half closed
Like he wrote the book on cool
That's what they see
Inside you're just a kid who doesn't know the rules

BRIDGE

But somewhere between the mirror and the room
Something shifted somewhere in the years
The gap between the inside and the outside
Got a little smaller, disappeared
Maybe that cool guy was always in there somewhere
Maybe I've been him longer than I knew
Getting older means the outside and the inside
Start to look a little more like you

PRE-CHORUS

Loneliest man in the room
Loneliest man in the room
And the coolest guy they've ever seen
And the coolest guy they've ever seen

FINAL CHORUS

They see a man who doesn't care
Who owns the room, who's always there
Standing easy, eyes half closed
Like he wrote the book on cool
That's what they see

Inside you're just a kid who doesn't know the rules

Nothing and Everything



APPEARS ON

Not With Words

THE STORY

About a childhood of packed car rides and shared summers with three brothers and a sister — a family bond built on presence rather than words, still holding decades later.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Four kids in the backseat of a tiny car
Somebody's elbow, somebody's knee, somebody's singing out of tune
Somewhere ahead was uncle's house and all the summer that we knew
The richest summer of our lives and nobody had a clue

CHORUS

We didn't need anything because we had everything
A garden and a card game and each other in the ring
Fought like cats and loved like family always does
We didn't need anything
We had everything there was

VERSE 2

The older sister showed us all how it was done before us
Three brothers sorting something out the way that brothers do
Built something in those summers that still holds us together now
A love so deep it doesn't need to speak out loud

CHORUS

We didn't need anything because we had everything
A garden and a card game and each other in the ring
Fought like cats and loved like family always does
We didn't need anything
We had everything there was

BRIDGE

You don't call every week
You don't need to explain
But when the world gets heavy
You know who takes the strain
Nobody outside would understand this quiet thing we've got
Built in the backseat of a car
Which wasn't a lot

FINAL CHORUS

We didn't need anything because we had everything
A garden and a card game and each other in the ring
Fought like cats and loved like family always does
We didn't need anything
We never did
We had everything there was

Nothing to Cry About



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 1: The Louder Night; Nothing to Cry About

THE STORY

DR3ZN's own answer to a songwriter's problem he posed to himself: what do you write the blues about when your childhood, youth and adult life have all, by his own description, been free of major trouble — a loving family, no real hardship? Rather than inventing pain he didn't have, he turned the dilemma itself into the song: gratitude as its own kind of weight, and the idea that a song about how good things have been might be the bravest one to write.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Every bluesman's got a story 'bout a woman done him wrong
Or a daddy who left town before he learned the songs
Some got prison time, some got dust bowl pain
But I got a happy childhood, and that's a hard thing to explain
My folks stuck together, put food upon the table
Never went without, always paid what I was able
So how do I sing the blues with a story like that?
Where's the heartbreak, where's the hardship, where's the empty hat?

CHORUS

I got nothin' to cry about
And that's my cross to bear
Tryin' to write a sad song
When my life's been pretty fair

VERSE 2

Went to school, made some friends, nobody ever hit me
Had a roof, had a bike, nothin' tried to get me
Fell in love, it worked out, married her instead
Got a job, pays the bills, nobody's underfed
I been tryin' all my life to dig up some old wound
Lookin' for the demon that'll give my music room
But the deepest pain I got is wonderin' if it's enough
To write about the good stuff — is that even tough?

CHORUS

I got nothin' to cry about
And that's my cross to bear
Tryin' to write a sad song
When my life's been pretty fair

BRIDGE

Maybe that's the blues right there
Worryin' you're too lucky to share
Maybe gratitude's its own kind of weight
Tryin' to earn the songs that I create

FINAL CHORUS

I got nothin' to cry about
And that's my cross to bear
Tryin' to write a sad song
When my life's been pretty fair
But maybe that's a song too
Maybe that's allowed
Singin' about the love I had
Instead of singin' about the cloud
I got nothin' to cry about
And I'm done feelin' bad
'Cause a song about how good it's been
Might be the best one that I ever had

Passing Through



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 2: The Quieter Night (feat. Mariann Voss); Passing Through (2026 EP); Passing Through (2025 Single); Plain & True — An Acoustic Session; Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

About the people and moments that only pass through your life briefly and still manage to change it permanently — the way one unexpected ingredient can alter a recipe for good, even after it's gone. Built around just a chord progression and a voice, deliberately simple, so the song itself does what it describes.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Some things arrive without a warning
Like a note you didn't know was missing
Till someone played it and it landed
Right where it was supposed to land

PRE-CHORUS

Not everything that fits is meant to stay
Sometimes that's known from the start

CHORUS

Just passing through
But passing through doesn't mean it didn't stay
Some things leave before they go away
The song still sounds like it was there
Just passing through
But nothing's quite the same

VERSE 2

Some spice you'd never thought to reach for
Ends up being what the whole thing needed
Changed the flavour permanently
The way the best things always do

PRE-CHORUS

Not everything that fits is meant to stay
Sometimes that's known from the start

CHORUS

Just passing through
But passing through doesn't mean it didn't stay
Some things leave before they go away
The song still sounds like it was there
Just passing through
But nothing's quite the same

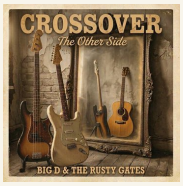
BRIDGE

Some visits are meant to be
Some visits change the house forever
Without ever coming back
That's not loss
That's just how some things work

FINAL CHORUS

Just passing through
But passing through doesn't mean it didn't stay
Some things leave before they go away
The song still sounds like it was there
Just passing through
Just passing through
And I'm grateful
Every day

Playing the Wrong Note Right



APPEARS ON

Crossover — The Other Side; Live & Unspoken, Vol. 1: The Louder Night

THE STORY

A song about the mistakes that turn out better than the plan — fish and chips pulled from the freezer on Christmas Eve becoming the best meal anyone remembers, an egg cracked wrong making something nobody would have thought to try on purpose. DR3ZN built the song around his own life running on the same logic: the city he ended up in was never the plan, and neither was the song that kept him up all night writing it.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Christmas Eve and someone checked the freezer late
All that stared back from the cold was fish and chips in there
Turned out that was the best one we had ever had
Funny how the wrong ingredients don't always turn out bad

CHORUS

Playing the wrong note right
Best mistake I ever made
Some things break so they can bend
Again and again and again

VERSE 2

We cracked the egg the wrong way, spilled it on the floor
Made something from the pieces that we never would have planned
Turns out the best recipes start with the wrong hand

CHORUS

Playing the wrong note right
Best mistake I ever made
Some things break so they can bend
Again and again and again

BRIDGE

Traditions are just stories that we tell ourselves
Sometimes life reaches in and clears the shelves
Hands you something better than the past
The wrong note is the right note playing fast

VERSE 3

Built my life on wrong notes played exactly right
The city that I landed in that wasn't in the plan
The song I never meant to write that kept me up all night
The wrong note is just the right note looking for somewhere to land

FINAL CHORUS

Playing the wrong note right
And I'd play every wrong note
Again and again and again

Respect (Take Care of Each Other)



APPEARS ON

Respect / Accept (feat. The Okoro Sisters)

THE STORY

Grown out of notes on cancel culture and due process — the discomfort of watching a crowd decide something in real time, without a trial, while knowing full well that being a victim doesn't make anyone flawless. The final chorus spells out R-E-S-P-E-C-T, a direct nod to Aretha Franklin. The Okoro Sisters join on backing vocals.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

They scream me too, me three, me four
And then you're gone before you know the score
No trial, no witness, no closing door
The crowd's already ruled — there's no appeal anymore

PRE-CHORUS

Separation of powers is gone
When the public's already decided who's wrong
You point that finger till you go blind
Judge and jury left behind

CHORUS

If we just respected one another
No rule would have to apply
Only one rule left standing at the end of it —
Take care of each other, that's it, that's why

VERSE 2

I'm not saying they're flawless, no
I'm not saying let the guilty go
But the ones with everything left to lose
Burn the same as the ones who chose

CHORUS

If we just respected one another
No rule would have to apply
Only one rule left standing at the end of it —
Take care of each other, that's it, that's why

VERSE 3

Nobody in this story gets to be a saint
Everybody's human — that's the whole complaint
Somewhere fun turned into fear
I dare to open my mouth round here

BRIDGE

Life gets poor without a little flirting
Always asking, always earning
That was another time, I hear you say
Yes — but it was never OK to hurt somebody, either way
Respect. That's the whole thing.

CHORUS

If we just respected one another
No rule would have to apply
Only one rule left standing at the end of it —
Take care of each other, that's it, that's why

FINAL CHORUS

If we just respected one another
No rule would have to apply
Only one rule left standing at the end of it —
Take care of each other, that's it, that's why

If we just respected one another
No rule would have to apply
R.E.S.P.E.C.T.
Respect one another

Roots Grow Back



APPEARS ON

Roots Grow Back

THE STORY

The closing track and the album's title. Young people choosing dumb phones and analog watches and getting up to turn off the light. Nobody asked them to. They figured it out themselves. Roots don't need defending. They just grow back.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

The young kid with an old camera waiting on his shot
Said the young kid with an old camera waiting on his shot
Won't know till next week — roots grow back

VERSE 2

She pulled an old record out and dusted off the sleeve
Said she pulled an old record out and dusted off the sleeve
No skipping, no shuffling — roots grow back

BRIDGE

Didn't think I'd live to see it swinging back this way
Roots just push up through the darkness
Maybe we'll be alright
Maybe we found the thread
That leads us back to something
Before it all went dead

VERSE 3

Nobody told them what to do, choosing less by themselves
Said nobody told them what to do, choosing less by themselves
Finding their own way home — roots grow back

VERSE 4

Everything that's real has a way of coming round
Said everything that's real has a way of coming round
Can't keep the roots from growing — roots grow back

OUTRO

Yeah — roots grow back

Same Note, Different Song



APPEARS ON

Crossover — The Other Side; Live & Unspoken, Vol. 1: The Louder Night

THE STORY

A personal reflection, kept deliberately general, on how the exact same word, note or person can land completely differently depending on where it's played — welcomed in one room, out of place in another. DR3ZN describes it as drawing on his own experience of being Danish in Sweden, using the blue note itself (bent one way in blues, another way in country) as the central metaphor for belonging and context.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

There's a note that sits between the cracks of what is right
Bends a little sharp in blues, bends a little bright in country light
Same finger on the string, same fret upon the neck
But where you play it changes everything — context is the check

CHORUS

Same note, different song
Fit right here but all wrong over there
What lifts a room in one place
Falls flat somewhere else in the air
It ain't the note that's broken
It ain't the word that's wrong
It's just the room you're playing in
That makes or breaks the song

VERSE 2

There are words that land like laughter between the ones who know
And the very same word spoken wrong can be a brutal blow
I've been welcomed at the table and I've been quietly dismissed
Same person, same intention — received so differently

CHORUS

Same note, different song
Fit right here but all wrong over there
What lifts a room in one place
Falls flat somewhere else in the air
It ain't the note that's broken
It ain't the word that's wrong
It's just the room you're playing in
That makes or breaks the song

BRIDGE

And maybe that's the beauty of the blue note after all
It don't belong to anyone, it answers every call
Country calls it longing, blues calls it the truth
Both of them are right about it — that's the living proof
That nothing means the same thing twice
In every mouth a different price
And the ones who make a difference know
It's not what you play — it's when you let it go

VERSE 3

So I've learned to read the room before I play my hand
Some nights I'm the blue note landing perfectly in tune
Some nights I'm the wrong chord echoing around an empty room
But the note that fell flat yesterday — in the right room finds its wings

FINAL CHORUS

Same note, different song
Fit right here but all wrong over there
What lifts a room in one place
Falls flat somewhere else in the air
It ain't the note that's broken
It ain't the word that's wrong
It's just the room you're playing in

And I'll keep playing till I find where I belong
I'll keep playing till I find where I belong

OUTRO

Same note... different song...
Same note... different song...

Save the Best for First



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 1: The Louder Night; Not With Words

THE STORY

A tribute to DR3ZN's maternal grandfather, a school principal with what he calls a heart of gold and a dry, subtle wit. He insisted on eating dessert first "before your belly's full," turned bedtime stories into invented tales about random names picked from the phone book, raced grandchildren to finish candy before it could "go bad," played floor bass in a dance band, collected newspaper comic strips in neatly kept books, and made bobbin lace. The title itself came out of a happy accident: an early draft used the word "dessert," which Suno's pronunciation kept rendering as "desert" (sand), so the hook was rewritten into a twist on the old saying instead.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

He said save the best for first, boy, before your belly's full
Life's too short for waiting, that was always his rule
School principal by day but a joker at his core
Subtle as a Sunday smile and always had you wanting more

CHORUS

Save the best for first, candy fast
Make the good things always last
That's the way he played the game
Nothing 'bout this man was plain

VERSE 2

Bedtime stories from the phone book, reading out the names
Inventing lives and love affairs and complicated games
Who was Mrs. Andersen and why'd she move to town
He'd spin a yarn from nothing and he'd never slow down
Played the floor bass Saturday in the dance hall down the road
Cut the comics from the papers, filled up book after book he owned

CHORUS

Save the best for first, candy fast
Make the good things always last
That's the way he played the game
Nothing 'bout this man was plain

BRIDGE

And when he brought you candy he'd say hurry, hurry now
Can't let good things go to waste — he'd show you how
Made you laugh while eating fast before you even knew
That was just his gentle way of giving all to you

VERSE 3

Made his lace with nimble fingers, patient as the tide
Heart of gold behind the humor, nothing left to hide
Twisted words like twisted thread into something beautiful
A multifaceted man — one of a kind, original

CHORUS
Save the best for first, candy fast
Make the good things always last
That's the way he played the game
Nothing 'bout this man was plain
OUTRO
Save the best for first... always first
That's his legacy and his verse
Save the best for first... that's the way
Start with joy and end the same way

Speak a Language I Don't Know



APPEARS ON
Nothing to Cry About

THE STORY

Written about DR3ZN's own two teenage children — a son and a daughter close enough in age to fight like cats and laugh at the same joke five minutes later. He describes watching them from the kitchen, left out of a private language of looks and shorthand he'll never fully understand, and hoping they keep that closeness long after he's gone.

LYRICS

VERSE 1
Door slams shut, somebody's yellin' down the hall
"That's not fair" and "you always" bouncin' off the wall
Five minutes later they're laughin' at the same dumb joke
Speakin' some language only they have ever spoke
CHORUS
They speak a language I don't know
A secret code that comes and goes
Fightin' like cats then thick as glue
I don't get it, but I love that they do
VERSE 2
I watch from the kitchen, tryin' not to stare
One of 'em stumbles, the other one's right there
No words needed, just a hand, just a glance
That's the kind of love that don't leave much to chance
CHORUS
They speak a language I don't know
A secret code that comes and goes
Fightin' like cats then thick as glue
I don't get it, but I love that they do
BRIDGE
Someday this house is gonna empty out
Someday it's just gonna be the two of them about
And I hope, I hope, when the world gets cold
They'll still have that language when they both grow old
CHORUS
They speak a language I don't know
A secret code that comes and goes
Fightin' like cats then thick as glue
I don't get it, but I love that they do
OUTRO
Stick together, stick together
Long after I'm gone
Stick together, stick together
That's the only song

Steady

APPEARS ON

Nothing to Cry About; Plain & True — An Acoustic Session; Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz



THE STORY

About holding your ground when the ground is uncertain. Also appears on Plain & True — An Acoustic Session, where the two-guitar arrangement strips it back to its essential shape.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

You're the quiet after the storm rolls through
You're the steady hand when I don't know what to do
Some folks chase the wind, but I found my ground
You're the only place I want to lay my heart down

CHORUS

Steady, steady, that's what you are
Steady as the evenin' star
Through the noise, through the dark
You're steady, steady, you're my steady

VERSE 2

You don't need the spotlight, don't need the noise
You're the kind of love that don't make a lot of noise
Some folks need the fire, but I found my home
In the way you hold me when the world gets cold

CHORUS

Steady, steady, that's what you are
Steady as the evenin' star
Through the noise, through the dark
You're steady, steady, you're my steady

BRIDGE

And when the world spins fast and I can't keep track
You're the one thing, steady — and steady, that's just me

FINAL CHORUS

Steady, steady, that's what I am
Steady as the evenin' star
Through the noise, through the dark
I'm steady, steady — I was always steady

OUTRO

Steady... steady...
I was always steady

Still Sixteen



APPEARS ON

Still Sixteen

THE STORY

Written out of a real conversation about getting older — not a memory tied to one specific moment, but the feeling underneath a lot of them: that the sixteen-year-old inside you never actually leaves, he just gets better at hiding behind the adult who's doing the talking.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

When I was young I'd see a man my age
He had the walk, like he'd read the final page
Like he knew something I did not
Like he'd been completely ready for everything he'd got
I thought by now I'd have it all worked out
Some quiet unshakeable kind of clout
I thought I'd be that sensible old bloke
Who always somehow gets it right

CHORUS

Still sixteen on the inside
Still surprised it's gone this fast
Turns out nobody told the sixteen-year-old
That he was supposed to go away

VERSE 2

My kids look at me the way I looked at him
That man I thought had got it figured out
They think I know which way to swim
They haven't seen me full of doubt
I play the part — I've learned to play it well
I nod like I've seen all this before
But half the time I genuinely can't tell
What I'm even nodding for

BRIDGE

And here's the part they leave out of the story
The bit they never put inside the card
You came into this world needing everything
And it turns out leaving isn't that far
Your mother changed you, now your daughter does
The circle doesn't lie
You spend a lifetime trying to be dignified
And then — well — you try

CHORUS

Still sixteen on the inside
Still surprised it's gone this fast
Turns out nobody told the sixteen-year-old
That he was supposed to go away

CODA

Still sixteen
Still sixteen
Mmm — and slightly confused about the rest

Sunrise Crossing



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 1: The Louder Night; Nothing to Cry About

THE STORY

An early morning song. The particular quality of light and thought at the beginning of a day you are not sure about. Also appears on Live & Unspoken Vol. 1.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Up before the birds, coffee in my hand
House is dark and quiet, nobody else can stand
The cold floor wakes me faster than the coffee ever could
Got my bag, got my keys, feelin' kinda good

CHORUS

I'm crossing that bridge while the sun comes up
Watchin' the world wake up, fillin' up my cup
Don't know what today's gonna throw my way
But I'm ready for it — bring it on, I say

VERSE 2

The water's turnin' gold beneath the morning haze
Half the town's still sleepin', I'm already in the game
Got a list a mile long, got a meeting at nine
But right now it's just me and the risin' sunshine

CHORUS

I'm crossing that bridge while the sun comes up
Watchin' the world wake up, fillin' up my cup
Don't know what today's gonna throw my way
But I'm ready for it — bring it on, I say

VERSE 3

Inbox full of fires, calendar's a mess
Somebody's gonna need me to clean up half their stress
But I crossed that bridge, I watched that mornin' break
And whatever's comin', I can take

CHORUS

I'm crossing that bridge while the sun comes up
Watchin' the world wake up, fillin' up my cup
Don't know what today's gonna throw my way
But I'm ready for it — bring it on, I say

OUTRO

Bring it on, bring it on
I crossed that bridge, now bring it on

That's Never Gonna Happen



APPEARS ON

Roots Grow Back

THE STORY

A catalogue of empty phrases — the things we say to each other that cost nothing and mean less. Someone actually answers a question honestly. Everything changes.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Don't be a stranger, come on by some time
Said don't be a stranger, you come on by some time
My door is always open — that's never gonna happen

VERSE 2

I'll keep you in my thoughts now, sending you my love
Said I'll keep you in my thoughts now, sending you my love
Prayers don't cost me nothing — that's never gonna happen

VERSE 3

Do you like my dress now, tell me what you think?
Said do you like my dress now, tell me what you think?
Should I tell the truth here — that's never gonna happen

VERSE 4

I was just thinking about you, we miss you so
Said I was just thinking about you, we miss you so
Send my love to everyone — that's never gonna happen

BRIDGE

But then you told me
Damn, you actually told me
Stood right there and answered like you meant it from the start
How are you, I asked — just passing through the door
You said let me tell you, and you told me to the core
How are you? I do care —
And something cracked open somewhere around my heart

VERSE 5

Asked a simple question, didn't want to know
Said I asked a simple question, didn't want to know
Turned out I was listening — well, look at that — it happened

TAG

Well, look at that — it happened

The Grand Old Man



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 2: The Quieter Night; Not With Words; Plain & True — An Acoustic Session

THE STORY

Written for DR3ZN's grandfather — also a priest, who lived to ninety-six. He was known for speeches that balanced humour with seriousness and love without sentimentality: educational without being patronizing, and famous for pauses timed so perfectly they kept every generation in the room leaning in. Writing the song, DR3ZN recognized the inheritance directly — that what makes a good song (humor without too much, seriousness without preaching, the right amount of space) is exactly what his grandfather did with words at the pulpit.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Ninety-six years and not one of them wasted
Stood at the pulpit and gave 'em a taste
Of history and humor and love all at once
The kind of man you don't forget in a hurry

CHORUS

The grand old man, he knew how to hold a room
Knew how to make you laugh and make you think
Knew how to fill the space with something true
The grand old man — they don't make 'em like him anymore

VERSE 2

Never too sweet, never too hard
Walked the line between the pulpit and the heart
Every age in the room leaned in the same
When he opened his mouth you were glad that you came
He'd look out at the crowd, let the moment breathe
Make you wonder what was coming, make you half believe
That silence was a language he had mastered on his own

CHORUS

The grand old man, he knew how to hold a room
Knew how to make you laugh and make you think
Knew how to fill the space with something true
The grand old man — they don't make 'em like him anymore

BRIDGE

And just when you thought he'd lost the thread
He'd look up slow and pause instead

Now I stand here with a guitar where he had his words
Tryin' to do what he did, hopin' to be heard
A little humor, little love, don't preach too long
Leave 'em wanting more — maybe that's the song
Two priests before me showed me how to speak
Through the things you do, not the words you seek
Maybe I inherited more than I ever knew
From the grand old man — grandpa, this one's for you

FINAL CHORUS

The grand old man, he knew how to hold a room
Knew how to make you laugh and make you think
Knew how to fill the space with something true
The grand old man — they don't make 'em like him anymore
Ninety-six years, every one of them full
The grand old man — Lord, what a life to have lived

The Last to Sit



APPEARS ON

Passing Through (2026 EP) (feat. Lars Eriksson)

THE STORY

A tribute to someone close to him who is always last to take his own seat and first to give — the kind of person who outlasts everyone else's patience for generosity. Hand him an accordion and the whole room changes; for forty years, a pacemaker has kept his heart in time the way he's spent his life keeping time for everyone else.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

He's always last to find his seat at the table
Always thanking people for things that need no thanks
I tried to wait him out once, stayed standing just to see
He outlasted me — that's just how he is
The last to sit, the first to give

CHORUS

The last to sit
The first to give
Always in the background
Never taking what is his
But when the music plays
He takes his place
The first to sit
The last to leave

VERSE 2

Hand him an accordion and something changes
He looks at the words and just knows how it goes
Opens his mouth — the whole room fills
That voice could have sold out every show
Pulls me close and says I played the best he's heard
And means every word

CHORUS

The last to sit
The first to give
Always in the background
Never taking what is his
But when the music plays
He takes his place
The first to sit
The last to leave

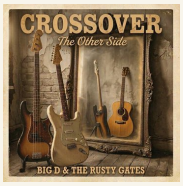
BRIDGE

For forty years a small device
Has kept his heart in time
It continues beat for beat
So the music doesn't die
The man who keeps the rhythm for everyone else
Kept going by a rhythm of his own
The beat goes on
The beat goes on

FINAL CHORUS

The last to sit
The first to give
Always in the background
Never taking what is his
But when the music plays
He takes his place
The first to sit
The last to leave
The beat goes on

The Shortest Long Day



APPEARS ON

Crossover — The Other Side; Live & Unspoken, Vol. 2: The Quieter Night; Plain & True — An Acoustic Session; Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

Blues meets acoustic pop. The closing track. A funeral day that felt like it would never end while it was happening — and, looking back, impossibly short. Also on Live & Unspoken Vol. 2 and Plain & True.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Black clothes laid out the night before
Words said carefully, flowers and stone
The morning moved like it forgot how to
Every minute weighing heavy on the bone

CHORUS

The longest day I've ever known
Stood still like it would never end
Then somewhere between the tears and the table
The hours slipped around the bend
The shortest long day
I don't know where it went

VERSE 2

Coats came off and someone put the kettle on
Someone laughed at something he would have said
Stories surfaced somewhere between a smile and a tear
The afternoon had turned to evening without dread

CHORUS

The longest day I've ever known
Stood still like it would never end
Then somewhere between the tears and the table
The hours slipped around the bend
The shortest long day
I don't know where it went

FINAL CHORUS

The longest day I've ever known
And somehow not long enough
The shortest long day
I don't know where it went
The shortest long day
I don't know where it went

The Space Between the Notes



APPEARS ON

Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

About stepping, almost by accident, into a quiet room where the music isn't rushing anywhere — and realizing, maybe for the first time in years, that you can stop reaching for something to do and just listen to the silence between the notes.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Phone still buzzing in another room
World keeps asking where I'll be by noon
Walked in here just to get out of the rain
Found a chair and forgot my own name

VERSE 2

Piano's playing like it's got all night
Nobody's watching the door, looking to leave
Bass just breathing, taking its time
First time in years, so am I, so am I

CHORUS

It's not the notes, it's the space in between
The part they leave quiet so you lean in and listen
Whole life running and I never once heard
How loud the quiet gets when you give it the word

VERSE 3

I've been so many places, said so much I don't recall
Chased every noise just to feel like I mattered at all
But the horn goes quiet and the room leans in too
And for once I'm not reaching for something to do

CHORUS

It's not the notes, it's the space in between
The part they leave quiet so you lean in and listen
Whole life running and I never once heard
How loud the quiet gets when you give it the word

OUTRO

Maybe that's the secret they don't put in the song
You don't find the stillness, you just stop running
from it so long

The Wooden Wedge



APPEARS ON

Tonight the World is Still

THE STORY

A grandfather who presided over the Christmas lunch table every year. He had a small hand-carved wooden wedge that tilted the plate so the dressing pooled in one corner for dipping. Every year he would explain how to make the dressing — mustard first, then sugar, then vinegar, a little extra sugar at the end, never quite on purpose. Everyone at the table already knew. They let him tell it anyway. That was the tradition.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Christmas lunch at my mother's table
More men than she could reasonably feed
Grandfather at the head like he was able
To hold the whole room up by just being there

VERSE 2

Every year he'd look at the pork brawn
And tell us how the dressing should be done
Mustard first, then sugar, then the vinegar
A little extra sugar — never quite on purpose

CHORUS

We already knew
We already knew
But we let him tell it every single year
Some things aren't about the knowing
Some things are about the hearing
And the man who takes the time to tell it here

VERSE 3

He had a small carved wooden wedge
That tilted the plate so the dressing stayed one side
It came out once a year without a word
Like him — it knew exactly when to show up

VERSE 4

The table's gone, the men have gone their ways
My grandfather went quietly one winter
But somewhere in a drawer the wedge is waiting
For a table and a reason and a hand

CHORUS

We already knew
We already knew
But we let him tell it every single year
Some things aren't about the knowing
Some things are about the hearing
And the man who takes the time to tell it here

BRIDGE

I carried on the tradition for a while
The friends came round, the dressing got made
But somewhere along the way the table emptied
And the wedge went back to where the old things stay

VERSE 5

I take it out sometimes and turn it over
Still fits a plate as perfectly as then
And every time I smell that Christmas table
I hear his voice explaining it again

CHORUS

We already knew
We already knew
But we let him tell it every single year
Some things aren't about the knowing
Some things are about the hearing
And the man who takes the time to tell it here

CODA

We already knew
We already knew
Mmm…

The Wrong Kind of Hot



APPEARS ON

Passing Through (2026 EP) (feat. Priya Sharma & Rajan Mehta)

THE STORY

Grew out of a real moment of DR3ZN's own — handing someone a wasabi nut and assuming, because of where she was from, that she'd be used to that kind of heat. Her reaction said otherwise, and the mistake turned into the song's real point: that assuming you already know someone's taste, background, or experience just makes you wrong, and that actually asking — and actually listening to the answer — is the only way to get it right.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Handed her a wasabi nut
She was from India, figured she'd love the heat
She took one bite
And her whole face said otherwise
That's when I learned
There's more than one kind of fire
And assuming you know
Just makes you the liar

CHORUS

That's the wrong kind of hot
Not the kind you know
Hits a different place
Turned out I didn't know a lot
Right intention
Wrong kind of hot

VERSE 2

There's a kind of listening
That moves before it speaks
Patient and unhurried
Taking everything in
Don't assume you know the spice
Someone else has got a taste for
Ask the question
Hear the answer
That's what the asking's for

CHORUS

That's the wrong kind of hot
Not the kind you know
Hits a different place
Turned out I didn't know a lot
Right intention
Wrong kind of hot

BRIDGE

We skip the question
Go straight to the answer
But the answer without the question
Is just noise dressed up as fact
Ask first
Listen carefully
Then you might just get it right

FINAL CHORUS

That's the wrong kind of hot
Not the kind you know
Hits a different place
Should have asked her from the start
Right intention
Wrong kind of hot
Next time I'll lead with the question
And let her do the rest

Their Dog



APPEARS ON

Passing Through (2026 EP) (feat. Alexei Volkov)

THE STORY

About a rescue dog the family brought home from Russia after DR3ZN had firmly decided, having lost a dog before, that he wasn't doing that again. He drew a hard line — it was their dog, not his — and lost that argument completely without ever admitting it out loud. The same dog now sits quietly at the feet of students having a hard day, which is its own kind of answer to why he didn't want one in the first place.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

I said no and I meant it
We'd been through this before
Lost a dog and I wasn't going back
Stood my ground at that door
She came all the way from Russia to our door
White and black and nine different breeds

CHORUS

It's their dog
I made that clear
I'll walk it only if I feel like it
That was the deal right here
Their dog
Nothing to do with me
Their dog
Absolutely

VERSE 2

She'd been left on a chain when the family moved away
Some kids found her, called the rescue, saved her day
I made my peace with it — it's their dog after all
But she looked at me and something in me fell
Nine breeds of trouble walking down my hall

CHORUS

It's their dog
I made that clear
I'll walk it only if I feel like it
That was the deal right here
Their dog
Nothing to do with me
Their dog
Absolutely

BRIDGE

She sits at the feet of students having hard days
Reads the room like nobody taught her how
Barks at the gate like she's welcoming the world
Not a threat — more like a bow
I didn't want a dog
I want you to know that
I really didn't want a dog

FINAL CHORUS

It's their dog
I made that clear
Best dog I'd never had
But that's not why I'm here
Their dog
Nothing to do with me
Their dog
Completely
Their dog
Obviously
Their dog

This Is Enough



APPEARS ON

Plain & True — An Acoustic Session; Roots Grow Back; Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

About an old friend — someone who could build a boat and quote Socrates. The two of them in a living room, the conversation winding down into silence. The silence between two people who understand each other so completely that words would almost diminish it.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

My old friend could build a boat and quote you Socrates
We'd sit together in the living room and just let the evening breathe
Nowhere else I'd rather be — this is enough

VERSE 2

We talked about the world until the world had nothing left to say
Then let the silence take it all and neither one complained
This is enough

VERSE 3

Most people fill the silence like it's something to be feared
But sitting still beside him was the clearest I have heard
Nothing left to prove here — this is enough

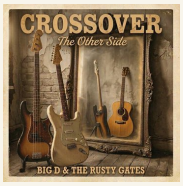
BRIDGE

We don't see each other much these days
Life has a way of filling up the space
But somewhere in the quiet of an ordinary night
I find you in the silence
And everything's alright

VERSE 4

I've been chasing noise and signal down a million empty roads
Found the deepest thing between us in the nothing that we do
Here beside my friend now — this is enough

Three O'Clock and Wide Awake



APPEARS ON

Crossover — The Other Side; Live & Unspoken, Vol. 2: The Quieter Night; Plain & True — An Acoustic Session

THE STORY

About the particular kind of 3am DR3ZN knows well — replaying a sentence from lunch, an unread message, something a kid said before bed, all of it swelling into something it isn't by morning. The song doesn't resolve the anxiety so much as just wait it out with him until the sun comes up and shrinks it back down to size.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Three o'clock and wide awake
Ceiling got nothing new to say
That thing I said at lunch today
Did it come out wrong — did it land that way
She seemed quiet on the drive back home
Or was she tired — I can't tell anymore
Now it's three o'clock and I'm keeping score
Of nothing that'll matter by the morning

CHORUS

Sun comes up
It always does
Washes everything away
What feels like the end of the world tonight
Is Tuesday by the light of day
Sun comes up
It always does
So why am I still lying here
Counting all my shadows
In the dark

VERSE 2

There's a message on my phone unseen
Been sitting there since half past three yesterday
I know it's probably fine
But at three o'clock it feels like a sign
And that bill I meant to pay last week
Is now a crisis somewhere in my head
And something that my kid said before bed
Is turning into something that it wasn't

CHORUS

Sun comes up
It always does
Washes everything away
What feels like the end of the world tonight
Is Tuesday by the light of day
Sun comes up
It always does
So why am I still lying here
Counting all my shadows
In the dark

VERSE 3

I've been through this a thousand times before
Know exactly how this story goes
Morning comes and nothing was as bad
As the version that my tired brain showed
But knowing that does nothing for me now
Three o'clock has got its own set of rules
The rational mind just sits there in the corner
Watching while the night plays all its tools

BRIDGE

The argument that's three days old
The word I should have swallowed
The look I might have misread
Down every hall I've followed
Everything I should have done
And everything I shouldn't
The things I could have said back then
And all the things I couldn't
It all arrives at three o'clock
And pulls up a chair
Stays until the first light
Then pretends it wasn't there

FINAL CHORUS
Sun comes up
It always does
Washes everything away
What felt like the end of the world last night
Is nothing in the light of day
Sun comes up
It always does
And there it is — the morning
Counting all my blessings now
In the light

Tied to a Tree



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 1: The Louder Night (feat. Nikos); Passing Through (2026 EP) (feat. Nikos); Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

About a childhood friend three years older, with a temper to match, who always got to be the cowboy while DR3ZN played the Indian tied to a tree — again and again, until his father finally called the boy's mother about it. Decades on, the friendship still runs on the same current: oldest enemy, best friend, and the quiet certainty that he wouldn't be who he is without him.

LYRICS

VERSE 1
He was three years older, Greek temper, always got to choose
He was the Indian, I was the cowboy — I never got to refuse
My father called his mother said the boy still wants to play
But maybe next time someone else gets tied up for the day

CHORUS
My oldest enemy
My very best friend
Tied me to a tree
And did it again and again
But I wouldn't be who I am today
Without him

VERSE 2
He knew exactly how to push until I finally blew
And when we got older we had fights that looked completely true
People stepping back not knowing what they were about to feel
We never meant it — but we kept them guessing still

CHORUS
My oldest enemy
My very best friend
Tied me to a tree
And did it again and again
But I wouldn't be who I am today
Without him

BRIDGE
He never said a word about it
That was never part of the plan
But somewhere between the tree and the sword
I learned to be my own man

FINAL CHORUS
My oldest enemy

My very best friend
Tied me to a tree
And did it again and again
But I wouldn't be who I am today
I wouldn't be who I am today
Without him

Tonight the World is Still



APPEARS ON

Tonight the World is Still (feat. The Okoro Sisters)

THE STORY

There is a feeling that arrives on Christmas Eve that has no proper name. It is not quite peace and it is not quite excitement. It sits between the two. The world goes quiet — not completely, but underneath all the noise something settles. As if the whole world agreed, for one night, to put something down.

LYRICS

VERSE 1
The snow came down without a sound tonight
The street is empty underneath the light
Whatever you were carrying today
Leave it on the doorstep, come on in from the cold

VERSE 2
The table's set, the candles have been lit
There's room enough for everyone to sit
Old faces, new faces, all the same to me
Tonight we speak the only language that we need

CHORUS
Tonight the world is still
Just for a little while
Tonight the world is still
And everybody's here

VERSE 3
I've heard the noise this world can make
The arguments, the distance, the mistakes
But something happens when December comes
And even the most stubborn hearts remember

VERSE 4
Two people at the table, haven't talked in years
Pass the bread between them like it disappears
Nobody says a word about the time
Some things don't need saying to be true

CHORUS
Tonight the world is still
Just for a little while
Tonight the world is still
And everybody's here

BRIDGE
One night the cold stays outside
One night the door stays closed
One night is all it takes
To remember what you know

FINAL CHORUS
Tonight the world is still
Just for a little while
Tonight the world is still
And everybody's here
Tonight the world is still
Mmm — everybody's here

CODA
Tonight the world is still
Tonight the world is still
Mmm…

Try Streaming That



APPEARS ON

Roots Grow Back

THE STORY

About the irreplaceable realness of physical life — the bass drum you feel in your chest, the coffee and someone's hair in the morning. Big D standing behind his words completely.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Felt the bass drum in my chest from forty feet away
Said I felt the bass drum in my chest from forty feet away
In dust and sweat and noise — try streaming that

VERSE 2

Two people and the dark don't come with a replay button
Said two people and the dark don't come with a replay button
Complicated, beautiful — try streaming that

BRIDGE

Don't think for a second
That these words aren't true
Every single thing I'm singing
I am singing straight to you
Real life made these words
And real life is where they land

VERSE 3

Nobody falls down graceful, nobody hurts in a straight line
Said nobody falls down graceful, nobody hurts in a straight line
Life don't do one-liners — try streaming that

VERSE 4

Good coffee in the morning and the smell of someone's hair
Said good coffee in the morning and the feeling of being there
All of it is real now — try streaming that

Unspoken



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 2: The Quieter Night; Not With Words; Plain & True — An Acoustic Session; Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

A portrait of DR3ZN's own parents' marriage. He says he can't remember ever seeing them fight, or even really argue — his father would brush his mother's hair, cut her an apple in the evening, and they still shared a goodnight kiss after more than fifty years, not passionately but always. No grand gestures, nothing proven — just, as he put it, a love spoken through the heart rather than words. The song ties directly to "A Light for Everyone Else," the earlier tribute to his father.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

Never heard them raise a voice, never saw them fight
He'd fill the hot water bottle, tuck it in just right
Two people movin' round each other like they always knew
Every weakness covered quietly by what the other do

VERSE 2

He'd cut an apple in the evening, set it on a plate
Small things done with such intention, never left to fate
No grand gestures, no big speeches, nothing left to prove
Just two people speakin' softly in a language without words

CHORUS

Unspoken, unspoken
The deepest love I ever seen
Unspoken, unspoken
You don't see that anymore it seems

VERSE 3

Fifty years and still a goodnight kiss beside the bed
Not the fire of the young ones, something deeper instead
Like two rivers runnin' quiet after years of finding ground
The kind of love that holds you up without makin' any sound

CHORUS

Unspoken, unspoken
The deepest love I ever seen
Unspoken, unspoken
You don't see that anymore it seems

BRIDGE

I watched them all my life and never knew how rare it was
That kind of calm between two people, steady just because
Now I understand what they were teachin' without sayin' a word
The loudest love I ever witnessed — and it never made a sound

FINAL CHORUS

Unspoken, unspoken
The deepest love I ever seen
Unspoken, unspoken
You don't see that anymore it seems
Not with words, not with speech
But with truth and what you do
That's the love they always showed me
And I'm passin' it to you

Well Maybe Just This One Thing



APPEARS ON

Tonight the World is Still

THE STORY

A story about a young couple who decided to throw a Christmas party instead of celebrating Christmas. No tree, no gifts, no candy, no carols, no dinner. Ten friends agreed. Then the calls started coming in — one at a time, one tradition at a time. By Christmas Eve, everything was there. It was a wonderful evening.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

We called up all our friends and said we've had enough
No tree, no gifts, no candy — we were calling their bluff
Ten people said yes, yes, yes, we're finally free
Not a single Christmas thing allowed — all ten agreed

VERSE 2

First call came in three days before the night
Said I've been thinking and I know you're probably right
But walking past the market I saw one standing there
Well maybe just this one thing — what's a tree if nobody cares

VERSE 3

Second call came laughing, almost couldn't speak
Said I already wrapped it and I've had it for a week
It's just a little something, nothing big I swear
Well maybe just this one thing — leave it under there

VERSE 4

Third call came on the evening of the twenty-second day
Said I've been baking and I couldn't throw it all away
My mother's recipe, been making it for years
Well maybe just this one thing — go on, dry your tears

VERSE 5

Fourth call didn't say much, put the music on
Said I know we said no Christmas songs but this one isn't wrong
It's just a quiet record that I happened to find
Well maybe just this one thing — I really don't mind

VERSE 6

Fifth call came on Christmas Eve around about noon
Said I've got a goose here and it's ready pretty soon
I know we said no dinner but it's sitting right here
Well maybe just this one thing — and maybe some beer

CHORUS

So there we were on Christmas Eve
A tree, some gifts, a table full of food
Ten people who'd agreed to leave it all behind
Turned out traditions were too deep in the blood

CODA

Turns out traditions are tough to break
Turns out traditions are tough to break
Mmm — we never stood a chance

Who Will Visit Now



APPEARS ON

Live & Unspoken, Vol. 2: The Quieter Night; Not With Words; Plain & True — An Acoustic Session; Slow Stories — Reflections in Jazz

THE STORY

About the visits that stop. The specific absence of a person who used to come. Also on Live & Unspoken Vol. 2 and Plain & True.

LYRICS

VERSE 1

She never had children of her own they said
She just had everyone else's instead
The kind of person who just fills a room with warmth
Without once stopping to say that she was there

CHORUS

Who will visit now
Who will knock on all those doors
Who will sit with all the lonely ones
And ask them how they are
She never needed thanking
Never needed to be seen
Who will visit now
That's all I want to know

VERSE 2

When she retired she said I'll visit the old ones
By then she was older than every single one of them
Still she went — spent her winters cutting paper Christmas trees
Not for herself but to give away

CHORUS

Who will visit now
Who will knock on all those doors
Who will sit with all the lonely ones
And ask them how they are
She never needed thanking
Never needed to be seen
Who will visit now
That's all I want to know

BRIDGE

Near the end the wheelchair slowed her down but not her heart
I sat beside her, asked if anyone came by
She'd wave that off and say don't fuss about me
There are people who need visiting much more

VERSE 3

My daughter carries her name into the world now
A small red thread connecting then to here
The purest kind of giving has no witness
Just a knock upon a door, year after year

FINAL CHORUS

Who will visit now
Who will knock on all those doors
Who will sit with all the lonely ones
And ask them how they are
She never needed thanking
Never needed to be seen
Who will visit now
Who will visit now
I think she always knew
Someone will