

Emotional Apocrypha of the Bubblegum Gospel

Seán O'Donnell

EMOTIONAL APOCRYPHA OF THE BUBBLEGUM GOSPEL

1. **Ease My Mind** Psydh-folk introduction to the *Bubblegum Gospel*.
2. **Excuse Me** Shifting time signatures, quirky lyrics, wailing guitars.
3. **The Standard Issues** Alt-country plea for companionship.
4. **Chandeliers** Psych rock about the end of the party.
5. **Reno** Folksy and rich with harmony.
6. **Dying Dreams** Fifty years later, love is re-evaluated.
7. **Whopadoodie** An instrumental ode to nostalgia.
8. **Take Me Home to Pittsburgh** Featured in WYEP's (91.3 FM, Pittsburgh) August Local News segment and as part of PNC Park's local in-game entertainment.
9. **Sighing With the Wind** Folk ballad featuring bagpipes.
10. **Barefoot (Never Alone)** Rich and atmospheric love song with a twist.
11. **Dave's Matching Blanket and Shirt** Instrumental power pop.
12. **Carry Me Home** Dreamy pop layered with harmonies and sugary "Ooh-la-la-las," this track was featured in WYEP's 2009 Local Year in Review.

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Album: Emotional Apocrypha of
the Bubblegum Gospel
Label: Monkey Corner Records
Catalog #: MCR006
Release Date: June 17, 2010
Genres: Folk-rock, Psych-folk,
Alt-country



www.monkeycorner.net

Seán O'Donnell

Seán O'Donnell started taking bagpipe lessons at age 7 after the bagpipe band his uncle drummed for entranced him. The Pittsburgh-area native's obsession with music spread from there a few years later when he found his father's acoustic guitar. After his dad taught him his first guitar chords, he began spending unhealthy amounts of time making layered, two-track recordings on his parents' multi-deck cassette player. He taught himself to play keyboards, tenor guitar and bass guitar, and saxophone-playing abilities appear on the horizon.

Today, his original recordings combine a lo-fi, DIY ethic and influences spanning decades and genres. *Emotional Apocrypha of the Bubblegum Gospel* was written, performed and recorded by Seán O'Donnell from 2006-2010 in 47408, 15642 and 15208 on analog and digital media. It features autoharp, sax and trombone on "Barefoot (Never Alone)" performed by Sally Bozzuto.

Seán "presents a lineup of sweet pop-inflected tunes ranging from folk to psych-rock on his debut album, Emotional Apocrypha of the Bubblegum Gospel." — Pittsburgh City Paper

"Whether it is a personal document or a hand down from the Bubblepop deities, Emotional Apocrypha of the Bubblegum Gospel should be taken seriously. Whatever else it may be, it is also, quite simply, a good bit of music, worthy of its name." — Burgh Sounds.com



Emotional Apocrypha of the Bubblegum Gospel

Ease My Mind

If you can spare a dollar, I'll spare you the tale
That finds me in this mess of sin I've come to know so well.
This situation called life, my friend, comes hard and it goes quick.
And if it doesn't kill me soon, it might just make me sick.

No one told me it was easy, and now I realize why.
What else could make a grown man fall to his knees and cry?
But sorrow's such sweet company — it never leaves my side —
And when I wake up every morning, it helps to ease my mind.
Ease my mind.

If you can spare a drop to drink, I'll share with you this tale
Of a thousand lonely mornings and a thousand nights in hell.
This situation's the one I'm in, no one else can it claim.
And if it doesn't kill me soon, it might make me insane.

No one told me it was easy, and now I realize why.
What else could make a grown man fall to his knees and cry?
But sorrow's such sweet company — it never leaves my side —
And when I wake up every morning, it helps to ease my mind.
Ease my mind.

Excuse Me

Excuse me, Suzy, I thought that you could use me
Around, 'cause I've found something more than beauty
Whenever you look my way and break out a smile for me.
And lately I'm blown away and feel like my heart's dancing.

Excuse me, Suzy, I hope you won't refuse me
The good times that I'm planning for amusing
You whenever you realize I'm in love with you, madly.
Until then I'll take my time waiting for you.

Excuse me, Suzy, don't you ever lose me.
If you don't, I won't let it confuse me
Whenever you close your eyes or look at me sadly.
'Cause lately I've realized I'm in love with you.

The Standard Issues

I've got a phantom pebble in my shoe,
I have a fading photograph of you,
And too little time for too much to do.
I've got the standard issues.

I used to make a living to get through this life,
I used to have a woman to call my wife,
I used to have dreams to get me through the night,
But now I've got the standard issues.

And I guess that living like this is better than dying,
But it's not for a goddamn lack of trying.
So I'll circle the wagons, I'll square up my debts
And face this endless line of regrets.
And if I make it to the end, I sure could use a friend.

'Cause I'm loyal, if only just a little moody,
And I'm thoughtful, even when I'm brooding.
So if you've got time, whatever you're doing,
I've just got the standard issues.

Chandeliers

Chandeliers and wine,
Love drawn from a lonely pattern
Served with sympathy on ice.

Nothing's so sublime
As an intimate and social matter
Handled for a price.

And when the music stops, the silence
Echoes in the footsteps heading home.
And when the ringing clocks stop singing,
The ticking seconds are all left alone.

Cigarettes and beer
Settling in a broken bottle
Sitting on the bar room floor.

Nothing's quite as clear
As the closing call that stirs and startles
And sends you to the door.

And when the music stops, the silence
Echoes in the footsteps heading home.
And when the ringing clocks stop singing,
The ticking seconds are all left alone.

Chandeliers and wine,
Settling in a broken bottle
Served with sympathy on ice.

Nothing's so sublime
As the closing call that stirs and startles
And hands you to the night.

And when the music stops, the silence
Echoes in the footsteps heading home.
And when the ringing clocks stop singing,
The ticking seconds are all left alone.

Reno

Sitting here in Reno,
Or Bombay or Belgrade,
Interviewing the weather,
'Cause you know, it isn't the same.

Whether or not you notice,
There's people all around you,
Wondering why you're talking
And what it is you hear.

Bustling into bus stops,
Passing through for the day:
Maybe it's time to go now,
But you'll never know if you stay.

You might think you're alone now,
But there's people all around you,
Wondering why you don't notice,
Wondering why you don't stay.

Sleeping under umbrellas,
Whispering with the shade,
Sharing my wishes and secrets,
And the memories I've never made.

You might think you're alone now,
But there's people all around you,
Wondering why you don't notice,
Wondering why you don't stay.

Dying Dreams

Fifty years later we sit at this table,
Silent with coffee and cream.
Understood grievances, unspoken mistreatment
Taken for granted. It seems
Like we mean as much to each other
As a fish means to the water.

Fondness and history don't mean that much (Chorus)
to me

When each waking breath is a sigh.
And all of those good times and all of
these bad times
Will fade when the first of us dies
In the arms of the other.
Surprised at the loss of a lover.

And you force a smile so sad and beguiled.
And we both understand not everything's
planned.
Nothing's the way it seems, hidden in dy-
ing dreams
While you're sleeping next to me. My
mind is playing tricks on me.

Whopadoodie (Instrumental)

Take Me Home to Pittsburgh

(Chorus) Take me home to Pittsburgh,
darling.

Take me from this place.
If I never see those three rivers,
I'll never recover 'cause there's no other
Home like Pittsburgh, PA.

Followed my heart out to Minnesota,
Watched it sink beneath a frozen lake.
Followed my mind out to Arizona,
And watched it in the sunshine getting
baked.

(Chorus)

Spent some time in the hills of Indiana,
Watching my heroes fall with a thousand
stars.

Down the mountainsides of ol'e Kentucky,
I stumbled into a dozen beds and bars.

(Chorus)

Saw my dreams die out in California,
Crushed between the cracks of a great
earthquake.
Spent a day in the bays of Massachusetts,
Where I found myself burning at the stake.

(Chorus)

Took a shortcut out through South Dakota,
Watched my spirit and the buffalo roam.
But nothing makes you feel more all alone
Than being in good company far from
home.

Sighing With the Wind

Cryin' to the rain, but the rain don't wanna
hear
Another singer's sad song drowning in
quarter beers.
Guess I'll have to pick a wall and sit alone
and stare.

Trying to drop this weight, 'cause I can
barely bear
The gravity of the situation situating me
here.
Guess I'll go put on my shoes so I can sit
and stare.

Sighing with the wind whenever I can get
a breeze,
Blowing through these memories mesmer-
izing me.
Guess I'll have to look ahead and just wait
patiently.

Destination unbound, no one can follow
me,
'Cause I don't know where I'm going or
where I am gonna be.
Guess I'll have to make a path that only I
can see.

Ask me no more questions, tell me no
more goodbyes,
Whether or not I'm coming back, I've yet
to realize.
Guess I'll have to trust myself to make
decisions wise.

Barefoot (Never Alone)

If, by chance, I ever lose all that I've
worked for
And have to live in a cardboard box with a
T-shirt for a door,
I would buy a spacious box, big enough for
two,
Dress it up and turn it into home for me
and you.

You could always leave me barefoot and
alone,
But if your feet get gangrenous, I'll carry
you back home.
You could always leave me barefoot and
alone,
But if your feet get gangrenous, I'll carry
you — carry you back home.

Carry you back to our cardboard palace,
with our milk-crate thrones,
Where we will live and never be
barefoot and alone.

You could always leave me barefoot and
alone,
But if your feet get gangrenous, I'll carry
you back home.
You could always leave me barefoot and
alone,
But if your feet get gangrenous, I'll carry
you — carry you back home.

Dave's Matching Blanket and Shirt (Instrumental)

Carry Me Home

I took a moment and I looked around
There was nothing left that could be found
Nothing left except the echoing sound of
you.

La la la, ooh la la la
Ooh la la la, ooh la la la
Ooh la la la, ooh la la la
Ooh la la la, ooh la la la
Ooooooh.

I took everything I ever had
I took everything, the good and the bad
I packed it up so I could take it back to
you.

I drove all night across your empty roads
Darkness hiding all I had to show.
I only knew that I wanted to go with you

La la la, ooh la la la
Ooh la la la, ooh la la la

I lost my way and what I wanted to say
On the dark road wasting my life away
I just need someone or somewhere to stay
I just need someone who cares to take me
home.
Won't you come and carry me home?

Words and Music: Seán O'Donnell
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