

1. Murphy's Law

All Instruments: J.Forner

Recorded by: W.Chan, Mixed by: J.Forner

2. Count to Ten

All Instruments: J.Forner, Drums: D.Finkelstein

Recorded by: W.Chan & J.Forner, Mixed by: W.Chan & J.Forner

3. Troubles

Guitars & Vocals: J.Forner

Recorded by: J.Forner, Mixed by: W.Chan & J.Forner

4. Back Seat Driver

Guitars: J.Forner, Vocals: J.Forner, Drums: D.Finkelstein, Bass: W.Chan

Recorded & Mixed by: J.Forner & W.Chan

5. Reason to Breathe

Rhythm Guitars: J.Forner, Lead Guitars: S.Martin, Bass: W.Chan, Drums: D.Finkelstein, Keys: J.Forner

Recorded by: W.Chan & J.Forner, Mixed by: W.Chan

6. Leading to Nowhere

Guitars: J.Forner, Bass: W.Chan, Drums: D.Finkelstein, Vocals: J.Forner

Recorded & Mixed by: J.Forner & W.Chan

7. Lazy Tomorrow

All instruments: J.Forner

Recorded by: J.Forner, Mixed by: W.Chan & J.Forner

8. Pulled and Pushed

Rhythm Guitars: J.Forner, Lead Guitars: S.Martin, Bass: W.Chan, Drums: A.Joy

Vocals: J.Forner, Backing Vocals: S.Martin & J.Forner

Recorded by: W.Chan & H.Madden, Mixed by: W.Chan & J.Forner

9. Ol' Brown River

Guitars: J.Forner Vocals: J.Forner, Harmonica: J.Forner, Bass: J.Forner Drums: D.Finkelstein

Recorded & Mixed by: J.Forner

10. Flowers On Your Grave

Guitars & Vocals: J.Forner, Drums: D.Finkelstein

Recorded & Mixed by: J.Forner

My sincerest thank-you and appreciation goes out to everyone who has made this album possible: to my partners in musical crime over the past three years - Ash Joy, Danny Finkelstein, Steve Martin, Michal Scigocki & Jeff Miller; to Winson Chan for his tireless work with the mixing (I'm sorry we couldn't work together until the end - thank you for everything!); to Liam Dixon, Al Parkinson and the Melting Pot Crew for their ongoing support, to all the venues and people who have believed in me getting this done - particularly Damien Sutton at The Wesley Anne and Jason and Richard at The Worker's Club. To anyone I've played with, alongside and met along the way; to mum for your ongoing support; to Annie Henderson for her amazing graphic design; Elton Smith for his job on the mastering; Rob Hails, Graham Kelso, Dobe Newton and the NMIT Music Business crew, and - last but not least - I dedicate it to my dear girl Misty, who sat at my feet for so many years as I practised all my songs.

Thank you one and all - it's finally here. I can't believe it...

MURPHY'S LAW

(Forner)

Try to live your life
Like Murphy's Law

Where everyday will bring
Another flaw
Where what you say
Goes straight out the door
Try to live your life
Like Murphy's Law

I still live my life
Like Murphy's Law

With my head hard-pressed
Upon the floor
After another way
It goes wrong some more
Try to live your life
As Murphy's Law

Then you'll see
Where I'm coming from
And why I do believe
That there needs to be
Somebody out there
To rescue me

You all tell me
To be stronger
To get up off my knees
That eventually
There will be something
To please me

Try to live your life
Like Murphy's Law

Where every day

Will close another door
Where what you do
Counts as a negative score
Try to live your life
Like Murphy's Law

I said
Try to live your life
Like Murphy's Law

COUNT TO TEN
(Forner)

Oh, Stephanie works
At the ice cream shop
She's scared for the day
When her heart, it stops

But there's a beat that beats
It doesn't beat a beat for her
The dark birds on the horizon
Are circling through the blur

CHORUS:
Count to ten
It'll start again
One more dream before it ends
Count to ten
Then start again
More happens now
Than it did then

Oh, Kelly wakes
With ringing in her ears
She's bemused by the sounds from last night
That she still hears

But the beat doesn't beat
It doesn't beat like the beat before
Her bob haircut in the memory
Of a bearded man across the floor

CHORUS

Oh, Amy's going down
Free falling through this hole
Many years ago, she stopped
Burrowing through her soul

But there's a beat that beats
But the beat won't beat to loud
A fickle smile will pierce the
Dark and dusty cloud

CHORUS (x2)

TROUBLES

(Forner)

Where
Where do I run to?
It's crashing around
My sense of life and limb

Where
Where do I turn to?
It's tearing apart
My willingness to live

CHORUS:

But troubles come
And troubles stay
Trouble seem to
Know my name
You're surrounded
We see you
I stand there stunned
What do I do?

Where
Where do I run to?
To facilitate my time
My space, my mind
Where
Where do I turn to?
To resurrect my space
My heart, my face

CHORUS

So cup your hands
And wrap your arms
Your ugly boyfriend's
Got no charms
Drain your eyes, babe
And tap your feet
You're losing your
Right to speak

So cup your hands
And wrap your arms
Your foolish head
Sounds its alarms
Drain your eyes, babe
And tap your feet
February fifth
I lay in the street

CHORUS

BACK SEAT DRIVER

(Forner/Martin)

If life were a car
I'm sure I'd need a back seat driver
'cause I don't know
What I'm doing
Half the time

If life were a car
I'd have GPS navigation
'cause I don't know
Where I'm going
But I'll be fine

If life were a car
And I were in control
I'd have surely
Stalled the engine
Once or twice

If life were a car
There's no key in my ignition
And I'm calling on you...

CHORUS:

My back seat driver
Help me get home safe
Back seat driver
Talking in my ear
Back seat driver
Making my heart race
Back seat driver
Oh...

If life were a car
Mine would have four wheel steering
'cause I like
Extra control
Under my feet

If life were a car
Mine would need a service
'cause there's something
Not working
Quite right

If life were a car
I'd have a speeding ticket
For growing up
Much too fast

If life were a car
The upholstery's a little stained
And I'm calling for you...

CHORUS

You need to help me out

For I don't know where I'm going
You need to help me out
Because I'm halfway to insane
You need to help me out
For I don't know what I am thinking
You need to help me out
But it's too late

CHORUS

I'm not in control

REASON TO BREATHE
(Forner/Martin/Scigocki)

She's strutting around
This sweet brunette
I try - try to hide
It's no secret

My eyes are so fixated
I'ma find a way
Just to play it

She takes a few steps
My way
I'm in a debate
'bout what to say

I follow the curves
On her green dress
She's making me sweat
It's ridiculous

CHORUS:

Somebody get me a drink
For it might help me to think
Someone fetch me a dream
Make this moment for me please
It finally all makes sense
The bleeding and the consequence
I needed a reason to breathe
And she found me in this piece

Before I could even speak
I got a dry mouth
And my knees went weak

Why is this happening to me?
It's the kind of thing
From the movies

She told me she liked
My guitar
I played a few riffs
And I felt her heart

It was beating along

With the music
For a minute
Everything lifted

CHORUS

Whatever else can I call her
But a girl with no sense
Of order

The way to the middle
Was unclear
The dominant feeling
Was fear

Could this be a dictation
Of some other
Thoughtful fixation

Could it be so wrong
It's so right
I'll give you the answer
Tomorrow night

CHORUS

**LEADING TO NOWHERE
(Forner)**

Backing down
In the face of it all
The rotting dead
The will to fall

The daily news
The traffic on Punt
You drink yourself stupid
While your heart's on the hunt

CHORUS:

It flows; and it goes
With a will to impair
Do you fight with the strange?
Do you try to repair?
A final result
Prior to the despair
It's another one
Of those things
That leads to
Nowhere

Keep fishing
While the waters are bleak
The trident riddle
That forces to seek

The blue sky horizon
The Nullarbor Plane
You feel like your dying

But your spirit is maimed

CHORUS

Leading to nowhere
Beyond our eyes
Leading to nowhere
Out of sight

CHORUS

I'm going nowhere
Won't you follow me to nowhere?

LAZY TOMORROW

(Forner)

Times for plenty
Times for change
Time for everything
To be so deranged

Times are stupid
Times; they're hot
I think it's time you gave it
All that you've got

CHORUS:

No longer will we be searching
For a lazy tomorrow
No longer do we have all this
Time to borrow
Time to give up the dream
Of a lazy tomorrow
It seems

Times are hard, yeh
Times are strange
Times so strenuous
Stuck in this cage

Time to speak out
Time to revolt
But time don't mean a thing
Without a result

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

Next time around
It's all gonna be done
The same
Next time around
Well, that just ain't good enough
Next time around
Might not be too far away
There could be no next time
After today

Times are gone
Yeh, times have ceased
Time was much better when we
Were all in one piece
Times are ever-changing
And times they are so weak
Time ain't so promising
When the future is so bleak

CHORUS

BRIDGE

PULLED AND PUSHED

(Forner/Martin)

I'm no kind of genius
But I know where I stand
I don't know where you're getting off
Being with some other man

I'm no kind of genius
But I know about love
And I wish that I knew
What I was thinking of

CHORUS:

When I met you
Hearts were a live
In the end, only yours would survive
Recreated; reinforced;
Cracked and torn
And pulled and pushed

I'm no kind of mastermind
But I know the story
I've got my needs and I've got my wants
And they're all boring

I'm no kind of mastermind
But I know where it hurts
So I reach inside your pockets
And fear for the worst

CHORUS

I'm no kind of genius
But I know what this is
You ignored my presence
And you acknowledged his

I'm no kind of genius
But I know my place
And I hope every time ~~you fuck him~~ you're with him
You see my face

CHORUS (x2)

OL' BROWN RIVER

(Forner/Martin)

There's always been
A healthy grin
When you think about
The heart of this town

So reach your thoughts
And gather 'round
As we raise our glasses
To the river brown

Ol' brown river
Don't you hold some dreams
A fate beside the science
So it seems
Ol' brown river
There's things that you bestow
More than this man
Will ever know

Before our landing
Came the spirit man and
He set his life along
The Birrarung

The greenest grass
Turned to concrete paths
Still this river holds
A song that must be sung

Ol' brown river
Don't you flow along the way
From Warburton on to Hobson's Bay
Ol' brown river
The ever-flowing stream
Backdrop to the Melbourne dream

You're filled with clay
And other things, but hey
A true icon you already
Have become
The years still pass
And your legacy; it lasts
Something that your colour overcomes

Ol' brown river
We celebrate your skin
A tribute to the waterway devine
Ol' brown river
Don't you dare go for a swim
As you take a trek
Along the river line

Ol' brown river
Don't you flow along the way
Through Warrandyte and Fairfield

All the way
Ol' brown river
Appreciate this rhyme
For there is still so much
That's left to say

Ol' brown river
We know you're here to say
Keep the mirror to this fine city
Day by day

FLOWERS ON YOUR GRAVE

(Forner)

You had more heart
Than any man I know
Gave me all your care
And that just goes to show

I'll always sing for you
My girl; my best friend
I'll remember you
Until the very end

CHORUS:

You sat at my feet
As my guitar I played
You listened to every word
I ever had to say
You made my life so full
And I just feel
A part of me died with you

You rested your chin
On my shoulder when I needed
Used your wet tongue
To methodically clean my hands

I'd pet your head
And I'd kiss your eyes
Everybody loved you
And that was no surprise

CHORUS

You couldn't talk
But you told me a million things
With your eyes and your face and your ears
Losing you: it stings

We hope that you
Like the life we gave
Let this song be
The roses on your grave

CHORUS

And I just feel
A part of me died with you