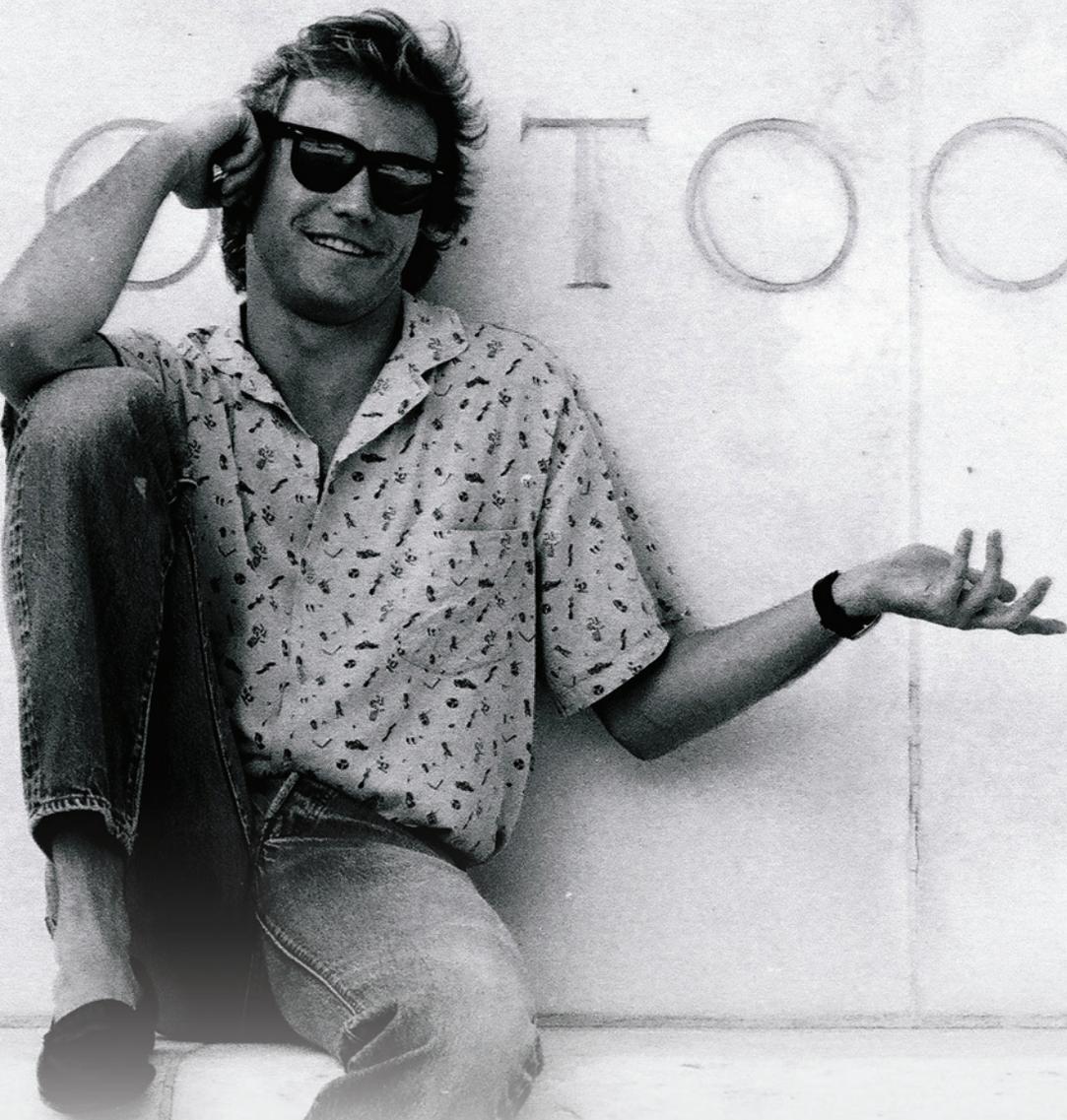


Yesteryear



Kevin Schrandt



G-riff

*drums – Blair Rasmussen
bass – Lon Cody
horns – Unknown*
guitars – Kevin Schrandt*

****When I arrived in Oregon the first time, I took a recording class at PCC (Portland Community College), and G- riff was my final project. I passed the class, but failed to list the horn players on the track sheet. Sorry guys... great performances nonetheless!***

It's Your Touch

Something in the night gives my heart a scare
My body's trembling but I know nobody's there
My mind keeps telling me I'm in this thing too deep

Sometimes I'm shaking like a leaf on a tree
Sometimes the fog's so thick that I can barely see
At night I find myself down upon my knees

CHORUS:

It's your touch that sets me aflame
That tender voice that calls out my name
Take my life in the palm of your hands
It's your touch

The day before we met I was talking to myself
This is the last time that I'm put upon a shelf
So please forgive me if I question every word

And now I'm standing here wondering what to do
I can't believe my eyes and ears it's really true
Just reassure me you're feeling something too

CHORUS

Love light burns bright
Every day and all night
Stars up in the sky
Shine down on you and I

Sometimes the fog's so thick that I can't see
Sometimes I'm shaking like a leaf on a tree
And most nights I'm praying on my knees

CHORUS

It's your touch - it sets me aflame
It's your touch - it showers away rain
It's your touch - it sets me aflame

*drums - Larry Thompson
bass - Chris Engelman
keyboards - Jeremy Layton
guitars & vocals - Kevin Schrandt*



One of These Days

And when you look out towards the sun
It's there to remind you
And though the day is almost done
It's waiting before you
And you may crave something the same
This world's constantly changing

CHORUS:

One of these days it will find you
One of these days it will fill your heart
One of these days it will find you
Until that day has come, just carry on

And now you find yourself alone
To face the confusion
And now you haven't been picked on
It's just your time too sit this one out
And though your hope is wearing so thin
The sun will still shine tomorrow

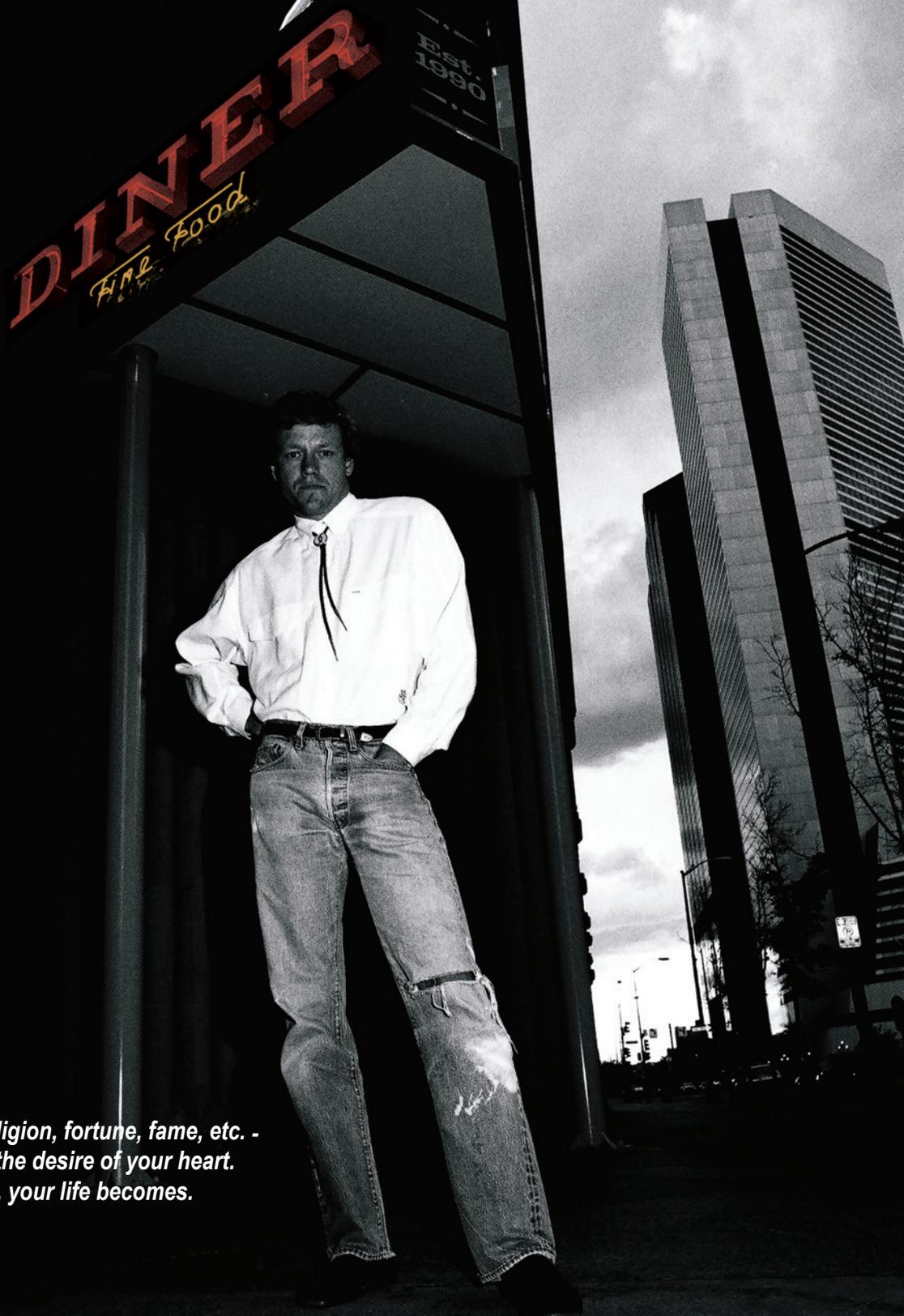
CHORUS

And now it's time to turn that page
To face a new chapter
And though the storyline is vague
Patience is the key to this plot
And if you can't remember what this lesson has taught
You'll have to learn it all over

CHORUS (2x)

drums – Steve Ivey
bass – Rob Galloway
keyboards – Kip Kuepper
percussion – Michael Nieland
guitars & vocals – Kevin Schrandt

**Whatever 'it' is - whether love, religion, fortune, fame, etc. -
'it' will surely find you if 'it' is the desire of your heart.
For what the heart desires, your life becomes.**



Course of Flight

The night air was whispering softly
As the rain poured upon my pane
The clouds clapped ever so slightly
As the wind joined in its refrain
Inside warmth surrounds me
I feel you yet you're not near
Painted misty in vision
Yet the face is still quite clear

A voice woke me from slumber
A reflection passed across my thoughts
The night air had turned into winter
The image I beheld was lost
Footsteps trod in the snowfall
I follow yet know not where I go
To fill the void of emotion
Could this be just a grim disguise?

CHORUS:

Are you wise to her wisdom
Can you see the mist in her eyes?
If the wind blows stronger tomorrow
Will you change your course of flight?

CHORUS

drums – Paul Kaaren
bass – Ron Gilbert
keyboards – John Baude
trumpets – Whitney Schrandt
guitar & vocals – Kevin Schrandt

Tomorrow Today

From golden race of mortal men
To the seeds of decay
Where right shall rest in might of hand
And truth will be no more

We must think of tomorrow today
We must find a solution some way

The ancients idolised in stone
Professed to us a path
Heed not to change
Then we will all survive

We live now in such an age
Our thoughts molded by steel
We direct our fate
And man must learn to change

tambourine – Paul Kaaren
trumpet – Whitney Schrandt
guitars & vocals – Kevin Schrandt

To The Roots

The jukebox is playing again
And I recall an oldie
Though the songs were short and simple
The melody's what sold me

And the beat races on in my mind
Though the title's hard to find
The backbeat is sound and intensity found
As the record keeps revolving

And I would spend time in the days of my youth
With the three-chord rock progression
The classics were great and the country first-rate
But they weren't my sole obsession

In this day and age though memories fade
Rock will be our calling
The Blueberry Hill* is spinning here still
But the Domino* is falling

You'll sit and wonder
Where you were back then
How the times will wander
And the moment is captured again
By the rhythm we all have within

And I can see music returning to roots
With the rhythm on piano
The bass notes be filled with the usual bill
And the harmony's soprano

I bet you can move to any old groove
So give a chance and listen
The time and the beat will direct your feet
As the music snaps your fingers

And it's good to see music come back to the roots (repeat)

drums – Towner Galaher
bass – Danny Wilson
backing vocals – Unknown
guitars, piano & vocals – Kevin Schrandt

* Blueberry Hill by Fats Domino

You Are Mine

Sitting fine by candlelight
Talking of the things we'll do
Yet your **eyes** say so much more
Than the words we've just been through
Now the time has come my dear
To tell **how you feel** for me
For if you say that you'll **be true**
You'll be mine - all mine

I can't remember quite how we met
It seems that it's just begun
Life around us gets so lost
In the **midst of all our fun**
Is it wise to fall for you?
Or **am I just a fool?**
If I close my eyes and **dream**
You'll be mine - all mine

It's been so long since anyone
Has touched me like you do
I've shed the tears and felt **the pain**
Of **love** that was no more
But when I hold you close at night
I **know** what you want to say
Hush your voice and close your eyes
You are mine - **all mine**

*drums – Paul Kaaren
bass & backing vocals – Ron Gilbert
guitars * & vocals – Kevin Schrandt
(* dual lead at end of song – Jeff Williams)*

Set Free

Everybody moves today
There's no time for standing
Your head turns a different way
To something **more demanding**

I - I hear there's no telling
On which way the gaels will blow

And you must know where to turn to
And there ain't no one to tell you so
Set your sights on your dreams
Once you find them, then you'll know

CHORUS:
Set free (4x)

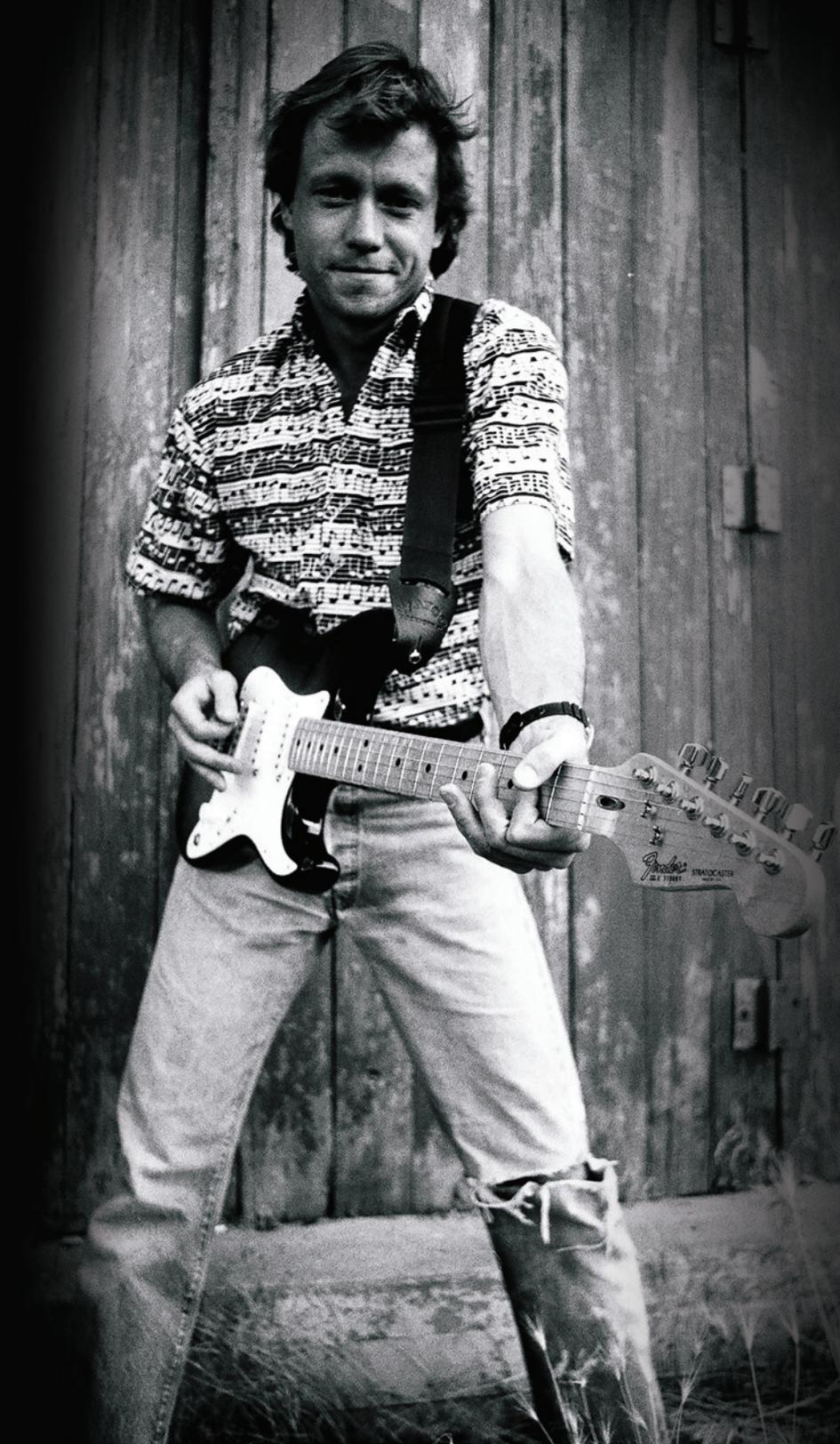
Big holes in my shoes
From beatin' on the pavement
Employment brings the blues
Workin' to pay my rent

I - I hear there's no telling
On **which way** the gaels will blow

And **my soul**, it's been captured
And there ain't no one who's seen **it fly**
I must escape from these ropes
Before knots have **become tied**

CHORUS

*drums – Michael Marlier
bass – Rob Galloway
keyboards – Kip Kuepper
flute & saxophone – Nelson Rangell
percussion – Michael Nieland
guitars & vocals – Kevin Schrandt*



Phat City

Mr. Average, Working class, Blue collar, Bloke,
are all names that I've come to be called
But when my lottery ticket hit six lucky numbers,
now those people are all calling me 'Sir'
I'm larger than life

CHORUS:

Phat City - I'm finally the cream of the crop
Phat City - I might just get mauled at the mall
They call me The Baker 'cause I'm rolling in dough
Phat City - I'm finally the cream of the crop; and on top

I'm in the news everyday - you'll see my face on TV
I'm making big deals all of the time
So how should I use this cash, play the market or stash?
I think I'll buy a chateau in France
Or a ride to the moon

CHORUS (2x)

*drums - Larry Thompson
bass - Chris Engelman
keyboards - Jeremy Layton
guitars & vocals - Kevin Schrandt*

*Have you ever wondered what your life would be like
if you won the lottery, and money was suddenly abundant?
What would you do... really?*

34th Street Flat Dive

Looking down on the land of plenty
The very heart of nature's soul
As I look I notice there aren't many
Fields untouched by plow or hoe

Our lives evolve around the city
The concrete shadows all our strife
Emotions erased by the hustle
The very essence of our life

I live my life within the city
I wonder what it's like to be alive?
Now I'm not saying it hasn't been pretty
Living in a 34th street flat dive

flute – Townsend Miller
trumpet – Whitney Schrandt
guitars & vocals – Kevin Schrandt





The Record Man

The cry is most deafening
To bring a new sound to the scene
Whether jazz, **nasty funk**, rock or pop
You need one man to make it **sail to the top**

He'll take any song that you got
So be **ready** to give it your best shot
A ballad is **just too long**
To **mix** down into a 3-minute song

CHORUS:

I wonder if I **fit** the mold?
Am I too **fragile** to be bold?
He hopes my records will be sold
To turn his walls **into gold**

It doesn't matter who you are
You've got to pay your dues to be a **star**
You'll have to **give it all**, then give it some more
Before they put your face on the records, in the stores

CHORUS (2x)

*drums – Blair Rasmussen
bass & synthesizer – Lon Cody
guitars & vocals – Kevin Schrandt*

*You can tell this tune was penned some time ago,
otherwise it would be entitled today, **The iTunes Man!** ©*

Been There - Done That

Yesterday while driving

I thought of my youth and how it used to be

My dad's '60 Chevy

A drive in the park way back in '73

Blinded - sun in my eyes

I'm miles away

Slowly drifting - then somebody speaks

I'm back again

I told myself in college

No matter the course, be **always** true to you

For what I took as knowledge

Was somebody else's jaded point of view

Time flies - white alibis

Dreams unclear

Slowly drifting - then somebody speaks

I'm back again

I used to **dream** for hours

All of the time, but now I seldom do

For living's in the present

And fond memories merely residue

Blinded - sun in my eyes

I'm miles away

Slowly drifting - then somebody speaks

I'm back again

Time flies - white alibis

Dreams fulfilled

Seize the day - you will realize

You're already there

drums - Michael Marlier

bass - Rob Galloway

keyboards - Kip Kuepper

percussion - Michael Nieland

piano, guitars & vocals - Kevin Schrandt

Bit of a Shakedown

As I strode in the room the pending doom

Was **present** as she walked past me

I followed her stride and knew that my pride

Was in for a bit of a **shakedown**

'Cause she was six foot three, more woman than I need

She could crush with the wink of her eye

But **something inside** said let this one slide

You're in for a bit of a shakedown

CHORUS:

Well I been running three years to this day

My fate's on the edge of a blade

I swear he shot first, but one thing that's worse

Is I'm running out of places to hide

CHORUS

I gathered my cool sat at the next stool

And **proceeded** with cautious measure

Without time to think my mind on the blink

I asked her what was her pleasure

The small talk was fast she was probing **my past**

Then she casually mentioned a murder

I was taken a back I must cover my tracks

Or else I'm in for a bit of a **shakedown**

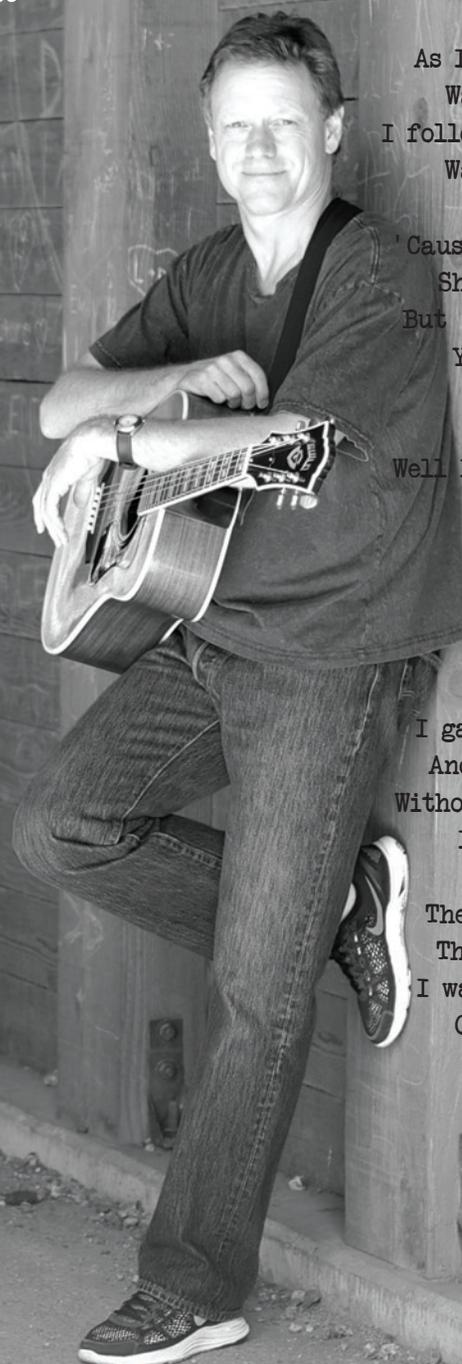
CHORUS

drums - Paul Kaaren

bass - Ron Gilbert

piano - John Baude

guitars & vocals - Kevin Schrandt



Yesteryear

Engineers / Studios

Hal Lee & Fritz Richmond / Cascade Recording, Portland, OR - tracks 1, 6 & 11

Ed Kaufman, Kip Kuepper & Broz Roland / Coupe Studios, Boulder, CO - tracks 2, 3, 8, 9 & 12

Ken & Shirley Kanneally / Free Reelin' Sound, Denver, CO - tracks 4, 5, 7, 10 & 13

Rick McMillan / SuperDigital, Portland, OR - (remix) tracks 4 & 13

Additional Credits

Album cover artwork & CD booklet by Shannon Kaiser @Playwiththeworld.com, Portland, OR

Special thanks to Billy Hinch, Shirley Kanneally, Hal Lee, Rick McMillan & Scott Roche, for believing in me and my music, as well as to the thousands of songs and artists I copied along the way

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