



CHRIS PUREKA

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BACK IN THE RING

# 1 BACK IN THE RING

Call. Calling out. Calling it off. And now, just lie in the bed that you've made. Trying to leave/break/walk away, but it's hard when you're holding my hand, holding my heart in your teeth. And if I'm not your love, if

I'm not what'll I be? Oh I'm seeing stars. Years, come down, cut like an anchor through the mud and stone, just dragging behind. Oh my god. Get up, get up, get up, put the gloves back on, back in the ring, get up, get up, put the gloves back on, get back in the ring, hit the ground, nothing comes easy, gloves back on, back in the ring, hey, hey...I've been here before but I still can't talk myself down. Yeah, I've see the view from the cliffs and the catacombs. With my arm in a sling, my lonely heart in a jar, until another day, oh I'm seeing stars. Years, come down, cut like an arrow, through the heart and bone, I'm dragging behind. Oh my god. Get up, get up, get up, put the gloves back on, back in the ring, get up, get up get up get up, put the gloves back on, back in the ring, get up, get up, put the gloves back on get back in the ring, hit the ground, nothing comes easy, gloves back on, back in the ring hey, hey. One more time, back in the ring...

Chris Pureka- electric guitar, vocals

Piper Denney - drums, percussion

Ryan Traster - bass guitar

Andy Alseri - electric guitar, organ

Katie Sawicki - piano

Catherine Feeny - backing vocals

## 2 HOLY

40 years in the palm of the ocean. You didn't win, you didn't win, I've got anchors. Said the child in my heart, repeating. On the day that I died...To the west, to the west, I need anchors. To the west, to the west, I need strong hands, to pull me up over the mountains, before I love you again...Cause the sound was the boat slowly breaking. And the weight was a mountain of old pain. Like I could have walked on the sea, if you'd just noticed me, hanging around...But we danced, hey, hey, hey. Yeah we danced, hey, hey, hey. To be whole, to be whole, to be holy, holy, holy...There were bright days, we were dreaming. There were black days in the red room of your anger, the roses retreating, and blooming again...But the song was my heart slowly breaking. And the weight was a mountain of old pain. Like I could've walked on the sea, if you'd just noticed me, waiting in the rain...But we danced, hey, hey, hey. Yeah we danced, hey, hey, hey. To be whole, to be whole, to be holy, holy, holy...Well it's you or it's me so it's over. Well it's you or it's me, I've got bills to pay. Said my heart to your memory in anger, when I boarded the plane...To the west, to the west I need anchors. To the west, gonna find me a gold mine. So sing us a song of redemption. I'm doing alright, doing alright, doing alright. Yeah I'm doing alright, doing alright doing alright. Hey, hey, hey...

Chris Pureka - electric guitar, vocals

Zanny Geffel - drums

Sam Howard - upright bass

Austin Nevins - electric guitar

Katie Sawicki - piano

Gregory Alan Isakov - backing vocals

## 3 BETTING ON THE RACES

It's like betting on the races, fingers crossed for years. Am I like a beggar waiting? Or do I really love to lose? Oh, days gone driftless, betting like we do, the nights are long...Pull aside and let it go. The trapeze and the calling after, 100 times and now you know, how to hold your breath under water... Oh, wishing I could, wishing I could have, wishing I would, cut it loose and let it go... 85 on 3. Shotgun on the dial, baby. This ain't nothing but a lease. There's no such thing as an endless highway...Oh, wishing I could, wishing I could have, wishing I would, cut it loose and let it go. Cut it loose and let it go.

Chris Pureka - electric guitar, vocals, tambourine    Zanny Geffel - drums  
Mike Grippi - bass guitar    Cory Gray - synth

## 4 SILENT MOVIE

Trapped in a scene from a silent movie. Firing away and we don't know why. Oh I know we're going to be the match at the gas tank. Running out of time, out of time... Headlights off and they're sweeping the coastline. Killer on the run and she won't come clean. Oh I know we're going to be the bomb in the briefcase. Running out of time, out of time... OH HEY. I'm on a mission...There's something I don't like about the man with the mustache. Alligator eyes and the platform shoes. Oh I know we're going to be back tied to the train tracks. Running out of time, out of time...OH. HEY...OH. HEY...OH. HEY.  
I'm on a mission.

Chris Pureka - electric guitar    Piper Denney - drums  
Ryan Traster - bass guitar    Andy Alseri - electric guitar  
Cory Gray - synth

## 5 BLIND MAN'S WALTZ

The kettle was screaming, but you just couldn't hear it, you were back at the station, counting the minutes, and she drove up humming along with the radio... It was all plain as day like some careless graffiti, strewn round the house but nevermind, nevermind, let's put those blinders on and go tear up the town... You were the farmer and she was the acrobat, flying off the handle, into the cumulus, kissing the clouds, while you just waited for rain... Oh to the left, to the left, the shape of a sinister ghost in the bed, and the sound of a mockingbird, oh in the end, you're the fool of the carnival... And so you're building, it up for the breakdown, love's just a trampoline, you can never get off... You should have heard it, the building cacophony, of that demolition, everything crumbling, but all you could hear, was the ring in your ears, when the quiet came... Oh to the left, to the left, the shape of a sinister ghost in the bed, and the sound of a mockingbird, oh in the end, you're the fool of the carnival... And so you're building, it up for the breakdown, love's just a carousel, you can never get off... Waltzing on shards of those shattered alibis...  
Waltzing on shards of those shattered alibis... 1,2,3, 1,2,3, 1,2,3, waltz with me...

Chris Pureka - electric guitar, vocals

Piper Denney - drums, percussion

William Athens - upright bass, ambient sounds

Andy Alseri - electric guitar

Max Voltage - violin

## 6 BELL JAR

Are you happy? Are you lonely? Tell me what you're thinking? Are you the padlock, to my door key? Are you the reason, I don't get no sleep anymore, and I've been staying out? We've got the whole thing in a bell jar, bringing on this mad weather... Well I held you like an anchor, but I want to hold you like an ocean. And I would, if I could, dear, rescue all our good intentions from drowning. I don't get no sleep, and I've been staying out. We've got the whole thing in a bell jar, bringing on this mad weather... Salt water in my mind's eye, save me I've been drowning. I've got the cold hands and the keys to the car, there's no sense pretending anymore. It's only red lights for me love, only red lights for me. We've got the whole thing in a bell jar, bringing on this mad weather... I've been the rust on the gears, I've been the razor, I've been the path of all resistance. I've been the red light, revolver, yeah I have gone the distance. But I don't get no sleep anymore, and I've been staying out. Got the whole thing in a bell jar, bringing on this mad weather.

Chris Pureka - acoustic guitar, vocals

Piper Denney - drums, percussion

Sam Howard - upright bass

Andy Alseri - electric guitar

Max Voltage - violin



## 7 CROSSFIRE I: THE MATADOR

Walking these months with you, like lying in the middle of the road, I wonder, what might happen. Oh here comes the summer storm, black sky blue, and it tears us open, drowning in the flash flood... And oh, it's only a matter of time, 'cause I can't turn it off, and I can't slow it down, even to better myself... There are guards at the borders, pulling me over. And I'm caught, out in the crossfire, happy go lucky. And honey, is this thing loaded? Yeah. Nothing and everything, dear... I'll be the matador waving the flag around, turning you red, what's gonna happen? Latent, underground, I fall for you, like a time bomb, wait for it, wait for it... And oh, it's only a matter of time, 'cause I can't turn it off, and I can't slow it down, even to better myself... Trigger happy, straight jacket, holding pattern. And my liquid medication, oh here we go, here we go. Putting the moon to bed. There's a hole in this parachute... Oh, by the time you get around to listening for the sound of my heartbeat, I'll be on the ground.

Chris Pureka - acoustic guitar, vocal

Daniel Hunt - drums

Sebastian Renfield - bass guitar, electric guitar

Austin Nevins - electric guitar

Sebastian Renfield - backing vocals

## 8 TINDER

Breathing lessons and bleeding poems, caught in my throat. If you bring the tinder, I'll bring the fuel. I'd rather burn this down, than let it go... Before the grieving, before the salt water rain, before the strain sparks the engine, sending speed to the wheels... Before you're shedding your skin, and I'm running for the coast, before my chest is howling with the songs of your ghost... You should know, you should know, you should know, me... How'd we get here? Crime for crime? It was only my mouth. If you bring the tinder, I'll bring the fuel, I'd rather watch this burn, than let it go... Before the tail spin, before the miles and miles, before the reeling and the running off the rails, before the fault lines tremble under the weight of the years, and we're spreading the ashes out in the fields... You should know, you should know, you should know...me.

Chris Pureka - acoustic guitar, vocals    William Athens - upright bass  
Sebastian Renfield - electric guitar, backing vocals

## 9 CABIN FEVER

Cabin fever, Sunday blues. Lying on the kitchen floor. Wishing you might come around and lift me up, 'cause I'm all out of good ideas... And I've been wondering if I could have kept you in a jar, kept the lid on for good. 'Cause I know we can't go back, or keep time from running. And I'm all out of good ideas, but you know that, honey... It's a sorry kind of summer, but I know a thing or two about duck and cover, cut and run. And I'm longing to get rolling with the band, wide open sea, back to what I need...Chart a course for somewhere I know I can disappear. I'm trading places with the man in the morning paper. 'Cause I know we can't go back, can't keep time from running. And I'm all out of good ideas, but you know that, honey...It's a sorry kind of summer but I know a thing or two about duck and cover, cut and run. And I'm longing to get rolling with the band, wide open sea, back to what I need... Cabin fever Sunday blues...

Chris Pureka - electric guitar, vocals, porch board, banjo    Mike Grippi - bass guitar  
Andy Alseri - electric guitar    Sebastian Renfield - backing vocals  
Nathan Crockett - violin/viola

# 10 MIDWEST

If I call you sometime, from the Midwest, will you keep my pulse between your thumb and your forefinger, under your pillow while you're sleeping? I miss you... Cause things fall apart, and it's not a surprise, we all look around for some great escape. We wake in the morning, we sing in the evening, we're looking around for the reasons why... So you just have to ask it, Doesn't this mean something, doesn't it call to you? Is this a field, or is this a tunnel? Am I getting across, am I getting across to you? Oh, this is the best we can, and oh, we're hanging on. A grain of salt for everything we thought we'd understand. And so we hold steady, and we keep our ears to the ground, and we hope we know, what we're listening for, what we're listening for... So we'll give this, another chance, yeah someday, someday I'll call, call and say I saw a bluebird, I crossed a mountain, I believe in this, and now, and now, I believe in this, and now... Oh this is the best we can and oh we're hanging on. And we hope we know, what we're listening for, what we're listening for, what we're listening... If I call you sometime from the Midwest, will you keep my pulse between your thumb and your forefinger, under your pillow when you're sleeping? I miss you.

Chris Pureka - acoustic guitar, vocals, porch board  
Sebastian Renfield - string arrangement, bass guitar, electric guitar, backing vocals  
Samantha Kushnick - cello    Nathan Crockett - violins, viola

# 11 CROSSFIRE II: THE DIRGE

Time was abandoned, so we mine for the diamonds, you might miss me, miss me. Come back so I can be the one, or be the one to leave. Oh, to leave you... Oh, should have been saving up for years of drought, but all I can think is oh... how, you've got me gone... I'll sing the dirge while we waltz to the edge of the battlefield, we're on fire. One foot dangling off the edge, but oh, the dreams, oh, those dreams... Oh, should have been saving up for years of drought, but all I can think is oh...how, you've got me gone...

Chris Pureka - electric guitar, vocals, porch board, banjo  
Mike Grippi - bass guitar    Andy Alseri - electric guitar  
Sebastian Renfield - backing vocals    Nathan Crockett - violin/viola

Produced by Chris Pureka.

Mixed by Josh Powell.

Tracks 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9: Engineered by Josh Powell at The Map Room, Portland, OR.

Tracks 1, 4, 6: Engineered by Pierre de Reeder at Kingsize North, Los Angeles, CA. \*

Tracks 10, 11: Engineered by Mark Whitcomb at DNA Music Labs, Madison, WI. \*

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To all you supporters of independent music: Thanks for listening.

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