



THE CANNANES AND STEWARD COMMUNICATING AT AN UNKNOWN RATE

ORIGINAL MASTERS!

In early 2000, Steward found himself in Sydney with the Cannanes in the process of recording an album. No one expected this to happen but it did. The Cannanes at the time were: Stephen O'Neil, Andy Coffey and Frances Gibson

Recorded in the living room at 55 Ashmore Street (Erskineville, Sydney, Australia) with very cheap microphones on a Macintosh 7300/180 with a 16 Bit soundcard

All songs written by the Cannanes with Steward
Produced by Andy, Sir Hairs & Steward
Mastered by Greg Wadley in Melbourne August 2000
(This digital edition has been produced from Greg's original masters re-discovered in late 2014 in our archives)

Contact The Cannanes: anyway you choose!

Thanks as always to Guy Blackman and Chapter Records for all they do. And for helping us make this album available again

Special thanks to Megan Spencer who in 2014 inspired us to get our act together and find the original master

Thanks also to Dave Heaton, Greil Marcus, Pat Maley and Richard Vogt

Previously released (with different mastering) in the year 2000 on CD by Yoyo Recordings of Olympia USA and on 12" (Picture Disc) Vinyl by 555 Recordings of Leeds UK

2015 Digital release art layout by Andy Coffey

(www.cannanes.com)



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HEY LEOPARD

(stewart) It's not just a question of basic economics
Though it's true I still don't know what I'm doing
Break my wings off slowly now
'cause I don't feel like crying
Over her in the real world
Getting caught up
getting caught out
I'm still not sure which is worse
Secrets don't stay secret long round here

And I know a thing or two
About a thing or two
And I thought I knew
Hey leopard don't I know you

Finding hard and making a new start
Stealing hearts and making false starts
While I was sleeping seemingly so much happened

(frances) I don't know what it means to me
It's just the way things have to be
and time just stopped
I looked around
a moments silence not a sound
And every moment
every day
It's so hard to find the way
and all the secrets I couldn't share
What is right?

It's December but I'm cold
and the windows are open wide
and in the dark the summer glows
It's no simple twist of fate

Touching

Crying

And your voice is almost gone
You've been crying for too long
There's no more counting every day
There's just nothing more to say

MIRAGE

I tried so hard- waited quite a long time

You're completely self obsessed
Forget the rest think of yourself
Complaining is your natural way
Your girly voice just makes my day

And you don't like to lose control
Your true nature might show through
Always wishing you were somewhere else
Always wishing you were somewhere different

Like a film before my eyes
Unfolding slowly in disguise
The boring bits and funny parts are melding all together
At interval I go and ask
I'm looking for the brighter parts
But this is too depressing

And though I'm trying hard to smile and manage well for
quite a while
There's something always missing

Here come those tears again
Here come those tears again

You say it's a premiere
And I say I that I travelled there
And I did this and you say yeah
I'm squinting as I try to see the remnants of this memory
But this is all that's left to see

Here come those tears again
Here come those tears again

MUSIC AND ME

no 13 you said was unlucky
I saw you walking into the party
not what I was expecting
for she was so drunk
there was no RSVP
and I was expected to know exactly who was who

whirling around
hand in hand
while the dancefloor was sparkling and whirling around hand
in hand
the dj was laughing and
crawling around I was lost
well I was just searching around for a sign

all the time I was hoping for
all the time I was missing you
Monday you emailed
And Tuesday no message
Wednesday I thought I could call
Thursday no answer and
Friday the same

whirling around
hand in hand
well the dancefloor was sparkling and whirling around hand
in hand
that dj was laughing and
crawling around I was lost
well I was just searching around
count the cost

CLEAN FORGOT

A walking man and a token to play,
a cotton dress, a focused guess another birthday.
A TV show and a cloud in the sky,
a cup of tea, a cigarette and north bound by nine.
A train of thought on the track of my mind,
remote control and inner soul at just the right time.

I clean forgot and I, I clean forgot to say I clean forgot but I
clean forgot to say I clean forgot but I clean forgot to say I...

A string of quotes and a sugar sachet,
hangin' round, breakin' ground what more could I say.
A cats meow and the sound of my breath,
a scribble mark, a work of art and hair on my chest.
A wayward bet and a casual drink, a funny tale
but not for sale
well that's what you think.

I clean forgot and I...

A curtain call and some dollars to boot,
a chuckle here, another beer but not a good look.
A struggled breath and the figures are wrong,
crooked rain, a bursted main and five minutes long.
The credits roll and could it be through, I clean forgot to
mention the things you gotta do.

I clean forgot but I...

FRAGMENTS

All the mawkish voices,
sentimental songs
songs by Savage Garden
songs to sing along,
Can't describe the feeling
can't define the terms
Can't withstand the trouble
that you put us through

Hey hey hey
No No No
hey hey

Sounds like they couldn't get enough
But I really only ever liked the early stuff...

Well let's face the facts
That these words are wrong
and these thoughts are fragments of some other song

Hey hey hey
No No No
hey hey

All the songs with clever little hooks
It's post modern baby, that is what they call it
Out of time and up till 11
A self portrait and only 27
reasons to flick back through the pages

A tried and true
I've seen it before
And I'm desperately going back there
for more
cause it's the best stuff
I know it so well

a touch more charisma
and I know it could sell
Cut and pasted pieces of other special parts
Fragments of another
Fragments of the heart

NOT QUITE RIGHT

Well I followed you home and I watched you walk in the door
something tells me my timing's not quite right
It's been over a week since I met you I can't recall
what it was we said that night

But I'm not worried I know there's plenty of time
I'm not worried it's just that there's something inside my head
keeps repeating and
all the boys and all the men I've known
push them on a raft right out to sea
and all the things I plan to do with you
are all the things you dream of silently

I'm not worried I know you don't realize yet
I'm just cautious
but I know you'll be so excited when
every day you wake up next to me
and while you sleep I watch you reverently
and all the past has floated out to sea
ahead your future's glowing brilliantly
you know I'm right

SDJ

All the times he was
He was never chosen
Walking down the street
He was feeling different

On the stage they're all laughing
But the joke's on him
This is the best he can do

And now he is staring
into the cocktail glass
The flashing disco lights and his dark blue shirt

Back stage he's feeling nervous
He's walking
He's talking
He's falling down again

Tap dancing and twirling
Cheerful then surly
Tap dancing and twirling
Cheerful then surly
Tap dancing and twirling
Cheerful then surly

REMEMBER THE THEREMIN

I can see the 10th planet through my window tonight
Its atmosphere is poisonous and its colour's just off white
Well I never would have guessed it
You know it's really quite a shock
Well this is serious stuff this is a terrible night
Remember the theremin

Another simplistic observation courtesy of me
stupid bloody mindedness
but it's the planets you say

But you can't blame the constellations for your flippant
remarks
You seem to make a habit out of this

You look older than I remember
It must have been a pretty big night
But in black and white you really look quite good

You know I never would have guessed it
Well yeah it's really quite a shock
You really can't tell right from wrong

Remember the theremin
Remember the fights
But who could be bothered
So late in the night

do you just say no
or do you just say yes
do you just say no
It's that november rain
I think you should just agree
finding out the truth again

SHARPIE

Friday night
We're looking for adventure
I stood up too quickly
Spilled my overpriced drink
Tread carefully
Choose your words cautiously

Oh the pain, the shame
What would your mother say
No pain no gain
What are you giving away

One more sharpie
It's too late now for apologies
Though my eyes are half closed
My mind is racing on
Go carefully now
Don't look back behind you

No pain no gain
What would your mother say
No pain no gain
What are you throwing away

Suffering fools so eagerly
Decades are beckoning
You can always return to your parents

KURRAJONG HOTEL

Totally stoned and driving around
Giggling madly, shiny brown hair
in and out of love every 10 minutes

This hotel it holds no ghosts
no laughing voices
old best friends
remembered glances
when I was 18
I'd never heard of the Kurrajong Hotel

In the blue of the evening
we could have danced on the lawns
in the blue of the evening...

In the blue of the evening
we could have danced on the lawns

It's no part of my past darling
I don't feel that scary feeling
tears aren't falling on the page
When I write about the Kurrajong Hotel

No laughing voices
old best friends
remembered glances
when I was 18
I'd never heard of the Kurrajong Hotel

In the blue of the evening
we could have danced on the lawns
in the blue of the evening

OH YEAH!

Yeah etc...

ASTRA

Turn off the light and shut the door
That bit of history
we won't repeat

I see your face in the mirror of my car
I know before you even speak
what your answer is

the life we had it's over now
and looking straight ahead
you know I'm scared

SAVAGE

Get up and dance
And take a chance
And just for once
This is a chosen moment

You know it's going to be all right when you're with me
You can relax
Don't go and destroy it

And happiness is what you're feeling now
Another drink and you'll be fine tonight
Don't analyse it
Don't criticise it
Just try and recognise it

You were wishing you were on another planet
In 2020 you can go to Mars

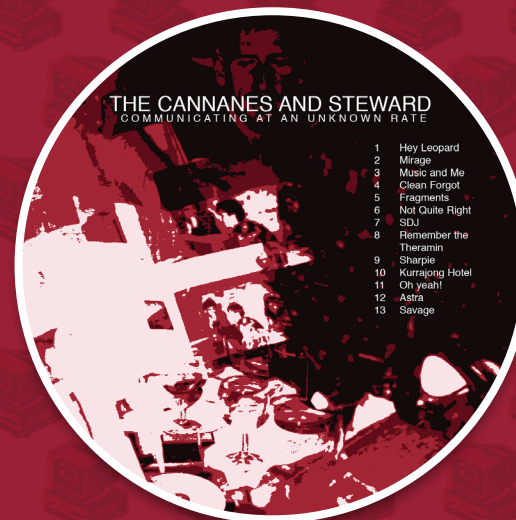
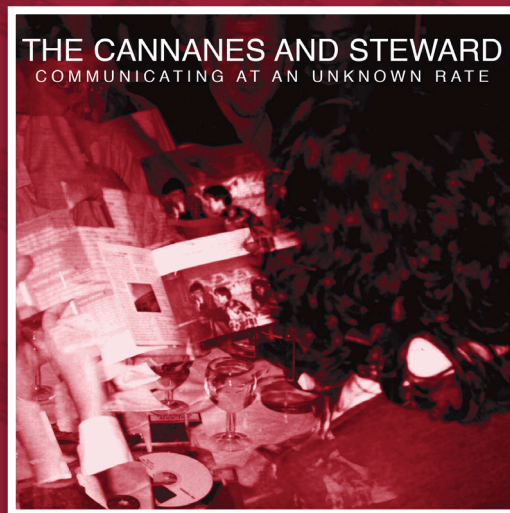
Get up and dance and just for once this is a chosen
moment (the failure that you feel and just not the way you
see)
You know it's going to be all right when you're with me

(The sidelong glance
The snide remarks
Yeah, I've been there but I'm not looking back)

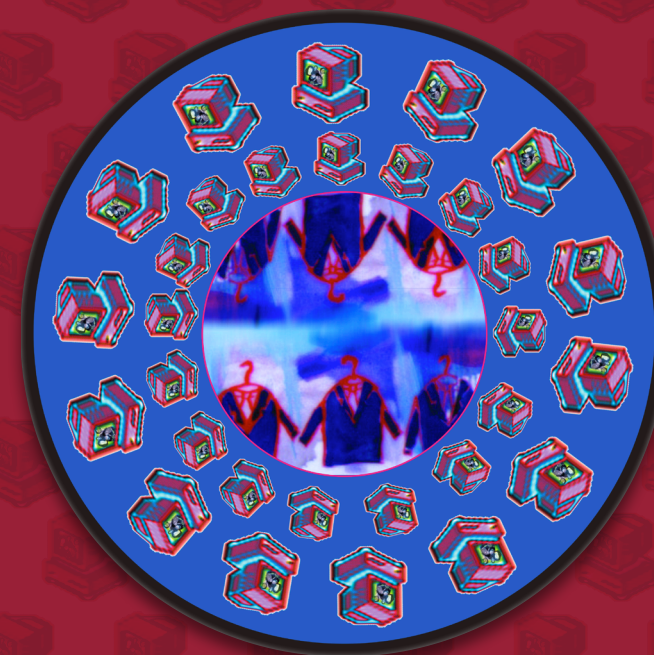
And happiness is what you're feeling now
What you think about late at night

And happiness is what you're feeling now
And all the whispers in your head are quiet
You know it (you know it)
You feel it (you feel it)

It's my gift to you
Just take it and clasp it tight
It's my gift to you



Original CD art by Phoebe Besley August 2000



Original 12" art by Andy Coffey August 2000