

GREAT LAKE SWIMMERS NEW WILD EVERYWHERE



- 1 THINK THAT YOU MIGHT BE WRONG (4:15)
- 2 NEW WILD EVERYWHERE (3:48)
- 3 THE GREAT EXHALE (4:39)
- 4 THE KNIFE (4:23)
- 5 CHANGES WITH THE WIND (4:25)
- 6 CORNFLOWER BLUE (4:07)
- 7 EASY COME EASY GO (4:24)
- 8 FIELDS OF PROGENY (2:57)
- 9 BALLAD OF A FISHERMAN'S WIFE (3:18)
- 10 QUIET YOUR MIND (4:51)
- 11 PARKDALE BLUES (3:55)
- 12 ON THE WATER (5:33)

Bonus Tracks

- 1 NEW WILD EVERYWHERE (Acoustic) (3:44)
- 2 THE GREAT EXHALE (Demo) (4:30)
- 3 EASY COME EASY GO (Acoustic) (3:36)
- 4 LES CHAMPS DE PROGÉNITURE (3:10)
- 5 I WILL NEVER SEE THE SUN (TTC version) (3:56)
- 6 SOMETHING HEAVY (3:34)
- 7 WHAT WAS GOING THROUGH MY HEAD (3:13)
- 8 EASY COME EASY GO (Radio Edit) (4:16)

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Great Lake Swimmers

Tony Dekker (vocals and guitars)
Erik Arnesen (banjo and guitars)
Miranda Mulholland (backing vocals and violin)
Bret Higgins (upright bass)
Greg Millson (drums)

Guest musicians:

Paul Aucoin – vibraphone (11)
Bryden Baird – fluegelhorn (4, 10)
Michael Boguski – accordion (6, 9), Hammond organ (6), piano (7, 9)
Bob Egan – pedal steel (5)
Aleksandar Gajic – violin (1, 10)
John Jowett – euphonium (4, 10)
James MacDonald – french horn (4, 10)
Andy Magoffin – backing vocals (7), baritone guitar (8)
Karen Moffat – viola (1, 10)
Mike Olsen – cello (1, 10)
Joel Schwartz – dobro (5, 7), guitar (5, 6, 7), mandolin (6)

Think That You Might Be Wrong

What time is it, would you tell me, wolf
Are you coming around here with your teeth so sharp
Well I never gave you the best part of me
I just left you in charge for a little while

Must have been some great fury
That took you so far, took you so far away

Think that you might be wrong
Think that you might
Think that you might be wrong

And look at you now, with your confidence
Riding around on a lion's back
Mistaking your shadow for a stranger's love
Well you're larger than life, when the lighting is right

Must have been some great fury
That took you so far, took you so far away

Think that you might be wrong
Think that you might
Think that you might be wrong

New Wild Everywhere

There's a fire in the static, a whisper in the dark
Colours burning brighter, and hunger for the spark
A shadow thrown from light unknown, and calling on the hearts
To challenge the alive, and summon the asleep

And the sun sinks over the Big Smoke
And the sky explodes on the shuddering lake

There's a new wild feeling dancing in the air
There's a new wild everywhere

Rocks jump and jitter, and push surface roots
Dream the clay and water, and simmer up the shoots
The weather breaks, the spirit shakes, and something switches on
Running with abandon, rushing out, and gone

And the sun sinks over the Big Smoke
And the sky explodes on the shuddering lake

There's a new wild feeling dancing in the air
There's a new wild everywhere

Fly up to the heavens, anchored in the clouds
Fly beyond the night, above the blooming sounds
The bays and cries of new young lines, ignition, and light
Taking flight to raven heights, to turn on, and shine

And the sun sinks over the Big Smoke
And the sky explodes on the shuddering lake

There's a new wild feeling dancing in the air
There's a new wild everywhere

The Great Exhale

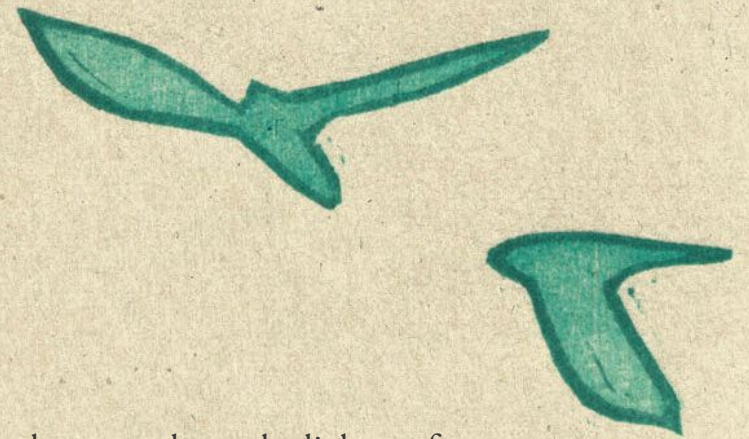
Look at the names carved into the rocks
Look at the days when they were lit up
Brush of my hand, and I feel their age
Years of radiance, years of rain

And the world stops spinning when you stop spinning
And sighs when you sigh, when you sigh

I'm coming home, so leave the light on for me
I'm drawing over the luminous veil
And when I get in I will see you all there
I'm drawing on the great exhale

Uncertain ground, so I walk lightly
Translating names of lost families
Some body's sleeping, that you should not wake
Drifting whispers over damp clay

And the world stops spinning when you stop spinning
And sighs when you sigh, when you sigh



I'm coming home, so leave the light on for me
I'm drawing over the luminous veil
And when I get in I will see you all there
I'm drawing on the great exhale

Wide open spaces, been asleep a long time
Punctuating places, coming up like old teeth

I'm coming home, so leave the light on for me
I'm drawing over the luminous veil
And when I get in I will see you all there
I'm drawing on the great exhale
I'm soaring in on the great exhale



The Knife

A point so sharp that it cannot feel
And has two sides, but which one's real
The net thrown over and pulled from the school
To wake up in the hands of fools
Should have known better in daylight's burn
That restless depths hold darkened yearns
And hushing words from a silver tongue
Blow restless winds into willing ears

Should have known, living in a storm
You'd act like thunder, and shift your form

The knife, you, the knife, oh
Cut me free, and let me go
The knife, you, the knife, oh
Cut me deep, and sent me home

A fight or a flash, or a fever escaped
An underwater dreamer that took the bait
Could have been the one that slipped from the hook
But you pull me in slowly, ever so slowly
Left on the island with nowhere to go
And half my mind in the burning snow
But burnouts rarely make good flames
So don't bother playing if you don't know the game

Should have known, living in a storm
You'd act like thunder, and shift your form



The knife, you, the knife, oh
Cut me free, and let me go
The knife, you, the knife, oh
Cut me deep, and sent me home

And the silver words compete with the heat
I can hardly believe you can stand on your feet
Spent all that time twisting up knots
And when the smoke cleared, you clearly forgot
That I'm not made of metal, and I'm not made of wood
And destined it seems to be misunderstood
Cut through me neatly with your fine blade
And fled so fast when the mess was made

Should have known, living in a storm
You'd act like thunder, and shift your form

The knife, you, the knife, oh
Cut me free, and let me go
The knife, you, the knife, oh
Cut me deep, and sent me home I'm coming home,
so leave the light on for me

Changes With the Wind

Out on the line, weightless, and beyond design
Light and heavy, and running through the night
Half awake, found the wild in the wilderness
Under the starry sky of strays

Made of fire, and desire
Turns like a wheel and changes with the wind

Best as an instrument, all the notes played with discipline
Hanging in tune, and rising as they fall
Half alive, aching into tomorrow's drive
Holding the stormy, spinning wheel

Made of fire, and desire
Turns like a wheel, and changes with the wind

Will the night turn and slip
Stay fast or lose its grip
Set alight and drive into a dream
Make it through the night again
Count back from a thousand to ten
Ride it out, and drive into a dream

Made of fire, and desire
Turns like a wheel and changes with the wind

Out on the line...

Cornflower Blue

Running through cornfields, the fire is lit
Coyotes are crying or laughing in fits
I can't tell which
It's a beautiful night to fall in love
Let's gather the wood and then burn it all down
Burn through the night

All of the minerals elements made
Dancing in light, a particular shade
Of cornflower blue, oh how it suits you
A clear window through
Which you look into the sky

The eyes and the ears of the fields are alive
Its voices, in rows, like whispers arrive
Whisper all night
We'll bury the seeds and watch as they grow
And bloom in an ecstatic fireworks show
Bloom through the night

All of the minerals elements made
Dancing in light, a particular shade
Of cornflower blue, oh how it suits you
A clear window through
Which you look into the sky

Easy Come Easy Go

Easy come, and easy go
That's what they say when they're about to go broke
So try not to choke
And put your arms around me and don't ever let go

Went to see the priest, he was singing the blues
Glossing in psalms and spinning the news
Tending the garden and gathering leaves
Polishing prophets and running out thieves

Easy come, and easy go
That's what they say when they're about to go broke
So try not to choke
And put your arms around me and don't ever let go

Call it chance, or call it choice
When words escape on the breath of your voice
Spending the magic as they arrive
It's not fatal when it's a shallow dive

Easy come, and easy go
That's what they say when they're about to go broke
So try not to choke
And put your arms around me and don't ever let go

Fields of Progeny

An old melody that I tried to learn
When I gave myself over to it
Learned every step, and my efforts were met
When it rang and it told and it sang

The rattle on strings and familiar rings
If the line is a chain passed in ink
Then each fiddler that played is another that stayed
To turn himself into a link
And he's still up here somewhere I think

And I hear the old voices singing
This song will never end
It was here long ago and continues to grow
In the fields of progeny
In the fields of progeny

Where is the culture, you ask, I don't know
And when is the future, you ask, I don't know
Is it locked in the ice, is it under the frost
I can hardly hear the heart beating
But it's under the snow I suppose

And where is the history, and where is the memory
Where is the language that I used to know
Is it locked in the ice, is it under the frost
I can hardly hear the heart beating
But it's under the snow I suppose

And I hear the old voices singing
This song will never end
It was here long ago and continues to grow
In the fields of progeny
In the fields of progeny

Ballad Of A Fisherman's Wife

What the hell is going on here
You took my living and you took my friends
This is a time bomb, and it could happen anywhere
It could happen right here, it could happen to you too

What if it was in your backyard
What if it was your way of life
I bet you'd go crazy too
I bet you'd lose your mind too

A lot of people are on the edge
Found the edge a long time ago
You want to see real anger
You want a sea of sorrow
But the big thing is, we've got to bring the love
And we can't let go, and we can't give up

What if it was in your backyard
What if it was your way of life
I bet you'd go crazy too
I bet you'd lose your mind too

The papers say this knocked us on our knees
But we were already on our knees
They said the gulf was dead
And it was never going to come back

You better hurry up and know it
I want to love you 'til the end of the line

Quiet Your Mind

It's hard sometimes, I know, when you try to close your eyes
And put yourself into a dream, and waking, so disguise
But sleeping, and then dreaming, means that you are truly free
It's the best thing that you can do, as far as I can see

Oh...
Quiet your mind

In the country, in the foothills, I found you down in the fold
And finally found a vision, a vision to hold
You win it so completely when you don't even try
And set loose all your worries, like doves into the sky

Oh...
Quiet your mind

So now I'll send a lull-a-bye, and wrap it in a dream
To take the weight from your shoulders
And the pressure from your teeth
It must seem like a ghost sometimes
Appearing from thin air
So take hold of this quiet song, that the night will find you there

Oh...
Quiet your mind

Parkdale Blues

My neighbour says he's been around here since the seventies
Knows all of the people, has studied all their features arbitrarily
Says it's entertaining, this city block container, that once was
proud

They're all passing through his sharpened point of view
With their heads in the clouds

But I hear them late at night, getting into fights
Calling into the dark, "Are you there, you got something for me?"

Parkdale blues, heard it on the news
Transmissions from the eye of the storm
Parkdale blues, all its many hues
When they're down they fly up to escape
And they escape

They're looking for a light, all grinning and polite
And maybe some change
The lift within the eyes, with gravity defied
I can tell it's no good
See what you can find to satisfy your mind in the neighbourhood
How can they be so gone when they've been here so long
Living all of this

Convincing in a language I don't fully understand
Talks so loud, and sweats a lot when the heat comes around

Parkdale blues, heard it on the news
Transmissions from the eye of the storm
Parkdale blues, all its many hues
When we're down we fly up to escape
And we escape

On The Water

I was on the water when it began to heave and amplify
My oars were strong, but I would not have imagined
That they'd stop making patterns
As caps of white raised and broke, I fastened to the boat

The panic overtook me, and the fear I held within
I drew a breath and I tried to find the courage
To stand the troubled trip
"What have I gotten myself into?"
I silently wondered, I silently asked

I thought of my family, and thought of my love
I thought of my maker and what might be above
And the cabin in the woods that I had not yet built
And many other things that I hold dear in this world

I roared through the turmoil, and rode through the strife
I held to my oars, and I clung to my life
And then when my vision began to blur
This is what I saw, and the thought that had occurred:

I saw every fish swimming fast beside me
And all kinds of leaves from all different trees
And all of the insects that circle on the earth
Birds and land animals reaching towards birth

And I saw my body on a body of water
And I could see that we were the same
Roaring and reckless, and vulnerable
In motion, and swaying, and predisposed to changing

When I opened my eyes, the vision was felt
I picked up my oars and I kissed the calmness
With stronger arms I silently swept
I silently drifted, I silently wept



Les Champs de Progéniture

Ancienne mélodie a fait de moi apprenti
Lors que je me cédait à elle
Et par mes efforts, chaque pas réussit
Quand elle résonna, conta, et chanta

Le claquement des cordes me résonnent familier
Si ce fil une chaîne transmise à l'encre
Puis chaque violoneux qui joua
Est celui qui resta
Afin de se transformer en chaînon
Je crois qu'il est toujours ici, en quelque part

Et j'entends les voix anciennes chanter
Cette chanson ne se terminera jamais
Depuis longtemps elle continue sa croissance
Dans les champs de Progéniture
Dans les champs de Progéniture

Où est la culture, tu me demande, je ne sais pas
Où est le futur, tu me demande, je ne sais pas
Enfermé dans la glace, est-il sous le givre
J'entends à peine le battement de son coeur
Il est là sous de la neige, je l'espère

Et où est l'histoire, où sont les souvenirs
Où se trouve le langage que je connu
Enfermé dans la glace, est-il sous le givre
Si léger est le battement de son coeur
Il est là sous de la neige, je l'espère

Et j'entends les voix anciennes chanter
Cette chanson ne se finira jamais
Depuis longtemps elle continue sa croissance
Dans les champs de progéniture
Dans les champs de progéniture

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Produced by Andy Magoffin. Engineered by Stephen Koszler in Studio A at Revolution Recording in Toronto, ON, except for the song “The Great Exhale” which was produced by Andy Magoffin and engineered by Justin Nace, in the Toronto Transit Commission’s Lower Bay Station. Additional overdubs were done at the House of Miracles in London, ON and in Studio B at Revolution Recording. Mixed by Andy Magoffin and Tony Dekker at the House of Miracles. Mastered by João Carvalho.

Strings arranged by Bret Higgins (1,10).
Violin theme for the string quartet composed by
Miranda Mulholland (1,10). Horns arranged by Bret Higgins (4,10)

Original woodcut and title fonts by Nick Wroblewski – nickwroblewski.com
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Design by Jud Haynes – judhaynes.com

“Think That You Might Be Wrong” is dedicated to the city of New Orleans.
“Ballad Of A Fisherman’s Wife” was originally released for Lake Ontario Waterkeeper’s “Swim Drink Fish Music” digital music club.

(Bonus Tracks)

“The Great Exhale (Demo)” produced, engineered, and mixed by
Andy Magoffin at the House of Miracles. Tony Dekker – guitar and vocals;
Joel Schwartz – guitar.

“Easy Come Easy Go (Acoustic)” engineered and mixed by James Anderson at 6 Nassau in Toronto, ON. Tony Dekker – guitars, vocals, and percussion.

“Les Champs De Progéniture” produced by Andy Magoffin at the Orange Lounge in Toronto, ON. Translation to French by Liane de Lotbinière, with creative guidance from Julie Doiron and François Turenne. Tony Dekker – guitars and vocals; Miranda Mulholland – violin and backing vocals; Bret Higgins – upright bass; Joel Schwartz – mandolin and dobro.

“I Will Never See The Sun (TTC version),”
“Something Heavy” and “What Was Going Through
My Head” produced by Andy Magoffin and
engineered by Justin Nace in the Toronto Transit
Commission’s Lower Bay Station. Mixed by Andy
Magoffin and Tony Dekker at the House of Miracles.
Tony Dekker – guitars and vocals; Erik Arnesen –
banjo and guitar; Miranda
Mulholland – violin and backing vocals;
Bret Higgins – upright bass; Greg Millson – drums;
Andy Magoffin – backing vocals on
“I Will Never See The Sun.”

“Easy Come Easy Go (Radio Edit) mixed by Nick Launay,
Mastered by Greg Reely.

An earlier version of “I Will Never See The Sun” was
originally released on the debut self-titled Great Lake
Swimmers album released on
(weewerk) in 2003. This version of “What Was Going
Through My Head” by The Grapes Of Wrath was
originally released on the digital compilation “Have
Not Been The Same – Vol. 1” in conjunction with
the re-release of the book “Have Not Been The Same:
The CanRock Renaissance 1985-1995.”

All songs written by Tony Dekker
(Harbour Songs Publishing Inc.),
except “What Was Going Through My Head” written
by Tom Hooper.



*"And I saw my body on a body of water
And I could see that we were the same
Roaring and reckless, and vulnerable
In motion, and swaying, and predisposed to changing"*

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