



## rob mathes Flesh & Spirit

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Bonus track download ~ Where Are You, Mercy?

Produced by Rob Mathes

Mixed by Jamie Siegel at J Rock Studios

Mastered by Scott Hull at Masterdisk

Associate Producers: Beyond The Music Media

Management by Crush Management--Jonathan Daniel and Jon Lullo

\*\*\*Recorded by Dave O'Donnell with Elliot Scheiner at Avatar Studios, NY, NY (managed by Tino Passante)

+++Recorded by Alex Venguer at Carriage House Studios, Stamford, CT (managed by Johnny Montagnese and Ian Callahan)



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In the summer of 2010, Joe Bonadio, a longtime colleague I'd lost touch with for many years, and I starting talking about recording live in the studio. What does live in the studio really mean? Truly live is the way Sinatra, Howlin' Wolf and Louis Armstrong used to do it; literally every note recorded at the same time with no exceptions or overdubs. Who does this now? Classical and jazz artists do it, of course. It's the nature of that music but pop, rock and RnB artists almost never do it. They stick to the great mid 60's model of overdubbing track on top of track like Sgt. Peppers, Pet Sounds and everything that followed. Even records labeled live now are tweaked to the extreme with overdubs and vocal tuning all over the place. I have no desire to be an old guy shooting off at the mouth about the way records are now made. Great records are being created every day by artists who would never consider recording live in the studio. Overdubbing and refining a piece of recorded music is a magnificent process yet these days, even the very best singers are tuned, processed and cut apart in the computer all the time. It's expected.

Joe and I talked about how silly it seemed that independent artists in the singer-songwriter tradition were making their records the same way Beyonce, Kanye West and Radiohead were. If the music is by its nature confessional and somewhat intimate, why not have everyone playing at the same time so you get the experience of people feeding off and responding to each other? What brought this home for me were two things: listening to the intensity of old blues records by artists like Sonny and Brownie and Buddy Guy, and watching those Radiohead "From The Basement" performances. In many ways, I enjoy some of the Basement recordings more than the studio records that the songs come from. I hear a difference. I made Joe a promise that we would do it at one point. I wrote a bunch of new songs this year and it was time. I decided to make good on my promise and record it live. It's not quite the way Sinatra did it. I did overdub background vocals and a few guitar things later, but for the most part we played each song until we felt we had it. Then we'd edit it a bit and mix. I call this band of mine "The Ditch." They came in and dug a trench of groove and vibe. Over and done.

The long gestation of my *Wheelbarrow* project with Shawn Pelton, Will Lee and Billy Masters continues and will be done sometime soon; but this record willed itself into being. I had to make it and now it's in your hands. Turn it up as loud as you can; it's that kind of music.

Rob



## SHOES (for Liu Xiaobo)

No enemies, no hatred  
For persecutors who judge you  
Those who'd cut off your wings  
Love is patient, Love is kind  
Love endures all things

No enemies, no hatred  
For accusers, who despise you  
Those who'd have you disappear  
Not self seeking, always hopeful  
Love will always persevere.

These words are clear  
And I have heard the news  
If this is a wager  
Well I'm bound to lose  
I pray I'm wrong, let me be wrong  
But that road seems way too long  
And I can't wear those shoes  
I can't wear those shoes

No enemies, no hatred  
For tormentors, who silence you  
Would cut your tongue out if allowed  
Love keeps no record of wrongs  
Rejoices in truth.  
Love is not proud.

Liu you move me  
But my song's a blues  
You had the wisdom  
And the depth to choose  
Your spirit never fails to make me weep  
But your river runs way too deep  
And I can't wear those shoes

No I can't wear those shoes.  
It's a life, this moment, that moment  
Every choice, this moment, that moment  
Rage and apathy  
Love and mercy  
Where to go.  
Yes or No.

These words are clear  
And I have heard the news  
Saint Paul don't bet on me.  
You're bound to lose.  
I can try, I can try  
But the mountain is so damn high  
And I can't wear those shoes  
I can't wear those shoes  
I can't wear those shoes

## MY BABY STILL DOES ME

She knows my eyes are on her  
And my heart goes boom, boom, boom  
She knows I'd give her everything  
Just to watch her walk around the room  
And oh how the light gets hazy,  
As she kisses my chest.  
She likes to say it's been awhile,  
Since I was near my best

But my baby, my baby still does me.  
Knocks the paint right off the wall  
Cracks in the ceiling all patched up  
Don't have a clue why she wanna be my butterfly

She's screaming as she tells me  
She's had way more than enough  
Says I came and took her far, far

Away from everything she loved  
And I try to make her laugh,  
She says I never was that funny  
Says before I brought the rain  
Her life was pretty frickin' sunny  
But my baby, my baby still does me  
Does me 'til I'm done for good  
Holes in the floorboards  
All fixed up  
Don't have a clue why she wanna be my butterfly

She still looks ten times better  
Than girls straight out of school  
Makes me wanna drive too fast  
Makes me wanna break the golden rule  
And her mouth's a piece of candy,  
Her body's smooth as stone  
If I didn't have that woman Lord,  
I think I'd rather go it alone

Yeah my baby, my baby still does me  
Dips me in an ocean of blue  
(She's) just getting started  
All warmed up, don't have a clue

Yeah my baby, my baby still does me  
Knocks the paint right off the wall  
Cracks in the ceiling all patched up  
Don't have a clue  
No I don't have a clue  
Don't have a clue  
Why she wanna be my butterfly

Baby tear me apart,  
Baby make me crawl

Baby build me a casket  
And right before I die,  
Just tell me, just tell me once  
That I was you're all in all.

## NIGHTINGALE WHEN YOU FLY

Nightingale when you fly  
Nightingale when you fly  
Do not, do not, do not pass me by  
Nightingale rest yourself  
On the branches of my tree.  
Lie down within me.

Nightingale when you fly  
Nightingale when you fly  
Do not, do not, do not say goodbye  
Promise me you'll return  
When the clouds turn black  
Lay your breast upon my back

Beautiful bird you never fail  
To kill me, to thrill me  
I am yours, Nightingale.

Nightingale when you sing  
Nightingale when you sing  
Do not, do not sing about just anything  
Nightingale sing a song  
About the rumbling in my bones  
You and I were never meant to be alone.

Your incandescence head to tail  
Ah it's flipping me up, tripping me up  
I am yours, little nightingale.

Nightingale when you fly  
Nightingale when you fly  
Around the lane, above the plain, across the sky  
Nightingale spread your wings  
Above my canopy  
Let your sweetness burn upon my memory

Blessed bird you never fail  
To catch me by surprise, on the rise  
You're incandescent head to tail  
When the clouds turn black  
Lay your breast upon my back  
I am yours, Nightingale

### CHRIST CAME BACK AND TRASHED THE CATHEDRAL

Christ came back and trashed the Cathedral  
Turning over every pew  
Said to the stones, "You're on your own."  
Praying as he made his way through.

Christ came back and trashed the Cathedral  
Sobbing all the while  
Knowing His name was spoken in vain  
And sometimes used to abuse a child

Christ came back and he said  
It's high time for something new.  
A simple space where a little grace  
Might perhaps be somewhere in view.

Christ came back and trashed the Cathedral  
Saying this is just like the churches of old  
Money is changed and men are deranged  
They talk of God but worship Gold.

Christ came back and trashed the Cathedral  
Saying something just had to be done

I'd give my life, I'd give it again  
But I had thought that the battle was won.

Christ came back and he said  
Some things will always be true  
Mercy and love and the heavens above  
But where did my angels run off too.

Christ came back and trashed the Cathedral  
Someone yelled out "It's a damn shame".  
Christ said "Farewell, these walls have gone to hell.  
But my love for you will always remain."

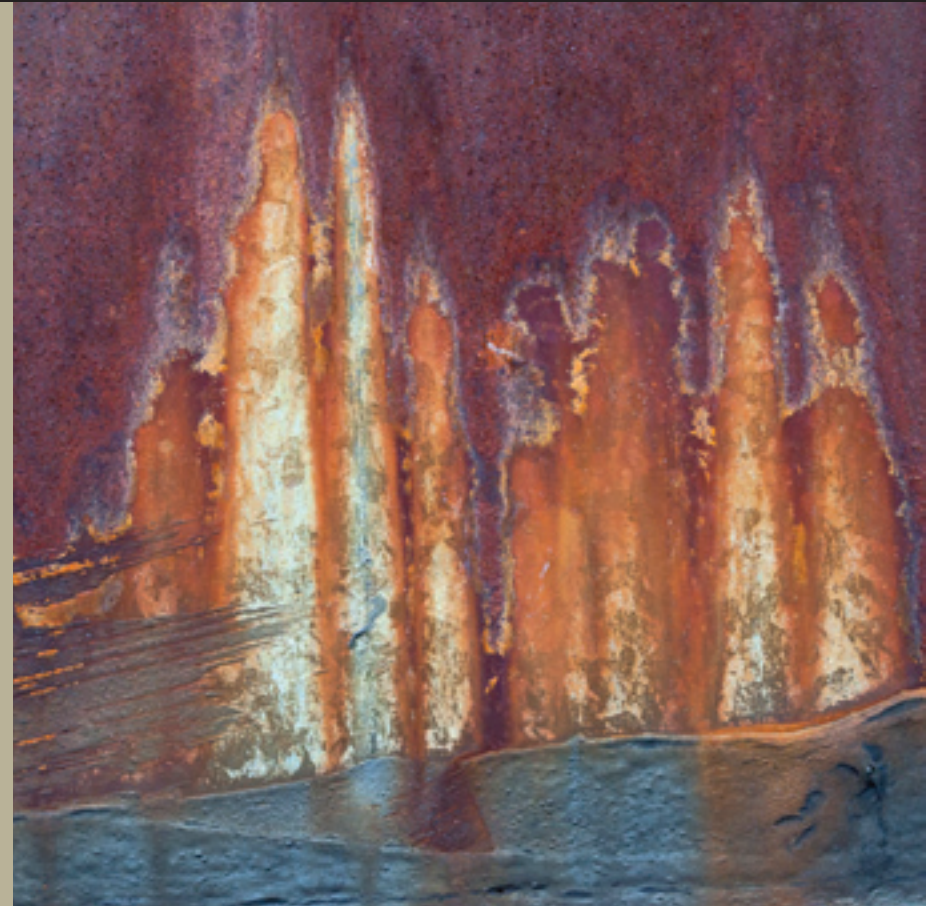
Christ came back and don't you know  
He left the altar pristine  
Saying I can only pray that someone, someday  
Comes here again to wash it clean.

### CINDERELLA LEAVES THE PARTY

I run, I run  
And yet I'm back in the same damn place.  
Haunted by your impossibly beautiful face.

I won't ever know  
How many times that you've been kissed  
I'm not hung up about it  
Because it wasn't like this,  
No it couldn't have been like this.

Everywhere, everywhere I look  
You're the only thing I see.  
Hanging here at the end of the world  
Baby won't you dance with me?  
Baby won't you dance, dance, dance, dance.  
At least a few go rounds  
Before Cinderella Leaves The Party.



The boys swarm  
What else would they do?  
Flashing colors  
All wanting a piece of you.

When you're finally done  
With the last of the flapping wings.  
Won't you walk the streets with me  
And let me hear your voice ring  
Let it ring, let it ring, let it ring.  
Everywhere, everywhere I turn  
You're the center that I seek  
Hanging here at the end of the world  
Won't you meet me cheek to cheek.  
Won't you meet me cheek to cheek.  
We'll do a few go rounds  
Before Cinderella Leaves The Party

Before the slipper comes off.

I shut you down  
Refuse to speak your name  
But your big green eyes  
Are still flashing in my brain.

I could tell at first blink  
First breath, first bite.  
I could tell it's too late  
I'm done, Goodnight.

One day I know you'll hear  
The riches of my harmony  
The Song Of Solomon is my text  
I need to set it to a melody.  
I need to set it to a melody.  
And sing it just for you

I'll sing it just for you.  
Before Cinderella leaves  
Cinderella Leaves The Party.

### (DON'T TRY TO TELL ME) I CAN'T GO HOME

The sun was sinking then went away  
It said goodbye 'til another day.  
But I can still see you clearly  
Oh what a sight.  
You look so beautiful in the twilight.

Don't try to tell me I can't go home.  
Don't try to tell me I can't go home.  
Innocence goes when you grow into a man I know  
But you're proof I can go home again.

When I first fell, I was just a child  
You entered the room, you turned and you smiled  
I knew nothing about nothing.  
What was I to do?  
But all hours of the night, every second of the day  
Think about you.

Don't try to tell me I can't go home.  
Don't try to tell me I can't go home.  
The open heart of distant days is supposed to  
come around only now and then  
But you've convinced me I can go home again.

Faces of friends far and wide  
My mother at the Piano, my father at her side.  
The girl who became my horizon line.  
How did I reach you?  
How in hell did I make you mine?

You broke my heart, a couple of times  
It beats for you still. It works just fine.  
One day you discovered, it could be alright.  
You could make a good thing with that boy  
Who's loved you all his life.

Don't try to tell me I can't go home.  
Don't try to tell me I can't go home.  
Innocence goes when you grow into a man I know  
But you're proof I can go home again.

### MAYBE I'LL GO—

(Based on the poem "*The Poet With His Face In His Hands*" by Mary Oliver—from *New and Selected Poems Vol. 2*—all rights reserved ©2007 Beacon Press)

I want to cry out loud for all my mistakes  
But the world doesn't need more of that sound.  
I want to lament, can't stop myself.  
My silly mouth can't hold it in right now.

Maybe I'll go by myself  
Across the forty fields  
Maybe I'll go by myself  
To where the falls are  
See how that feels.

There is a cave behind all of that joy  
I can shout out and drip with despair  
Stand up and roar all I want  
Nothing will be disturbed there.

Maybe I'll go by myself  
Over the forty dark inclines  
Maybe I'll go by myself  
Watch the falls fling out white sheets  
The little rainbows shine

Still on a green branch  
Its wings lightly touched  
By the passing foil of the water  
The thrush will sing, the thrush will sing  
of the stone hard beauty of everything.

### MAN AND WOMAN

If He is love and the night is black  
If She is love and there's no way back  
If He is love and the day is long  
If She is love and hope is gone

Oh Man and Woman, Man and Man  
Woman and Woman, Woman and Man  
Can we find each other  
And promise to be true?  
Just admit that all in all  
It's what we're here to do.

If He is Love and the hill is steep.  
If She is love and joy's asleep  
If God is love and good's away.  
If She is love, can't she stay

Oh Man and Woman, Man and Man  
Woman and Woman, Woman and Man  
Can we find each other  
And promise to be true?  
Just admit that all in all  
It's what we're here to do.

Somewhere to be, Someone to turn to  
Someone to cry with and hold onto  
That is a dream, That is the dream  
May the one who makes it through the storm  
Find the other waiting beside the peaceful stream.



If sorrow fills the heart with stone  
If in the end we're on our own.  
If the heart is dark, if the heart is blue  
Don't one and one still make two?

Oh Man and Woman, Man and Man  
Woman and Woman, Woman and Man  
Can we find each other  
And promise to be true?  
Just admit that all in all  
It's what we're here to do.

#### WHY YOU GOT TO BE SO FINE?

I had a routine going--Wake up, pick up the shovel  
Bring some money home  
I had a routine going--No power, no poetry  
Simple to and fro but  
I would sleep at night  
I would sleep at night.

Why you got to be so fine?

You belong in a different time  
With painters and dilettantes  
Under sun-kissed skies  
You belong in a distant place  
Where the seeds of revolution  
Are sown in your green eyes  
I want my life back, I want to go home  
Yet the image of you won't leave me alone

Why you got to be so fine?

I damn the day I turned then had to turn away  
My head already spinning, already cross that line  
I damn the day I saw spread out across your form  
Gold and blue and silver, oh how they did combine

I damn the night I dreamt you had to seek me out  
You'd listened to my music and saw it as a sign  
I damn the night I woke and walked for miles and miles  
Convinced that I could find you and  
Somehow make you mine.  
Somehow make you mine.  
Somehow make you mine!

Why you got to be so fine?  
Filling my brain with that smile,  
That form and inspiration  
Oh the God that made you  
Sure had dedication  
Why you got to be so fine?

Too beautiful to speak of  
The smell of sweet  
Perfection's what you reek of.  
Why you got to be so fine?

I used to sleep like a babe  
Seven hours, sometimes eight, even nine  
Why? Why?  
Why you got to be so fine?

#### PAINT THE WINDOWS BLACK

Listen children, repeat after me.  
I will teach you, say you agree.  
There is only one hope.  
There is only one way.  
There is only one line.  
One gate to heaven.

Paint the windows black  
Close the curtains  
Everyone inside shut the door



The universe is nothing much to see  
We have everything you need.  
Listen Children, hear me now  
Your Salvation, I'll show you how  
There is only one path  
There is only one choice  
There is only one truth  
One voice of wisdom, wisdom.

Paint the windows black.  
Close the curtains  
Everyone inside  
Shut the door  
The world outside is full of things to fear  
Everything you need's right here.

Little boy, little girl  
Ask any question  
I've got the answers

There should only be one language  
Spoken by all of the people  
All of the people  
All of the people

Paint the windows black  
Close the curtains  
Everyone inside  
Shut the door  
The world outside is broken and blue.  
The universe offers nothing to you  
Play this one chord  
Sing this one song

Memorize this message  
Don't look back, Don't look back  
Paint the windows black.  
Black

### WONDER—

(Based on the Poem "Primary Wonder" by  
Denise Levertov from *Sands of The Well* copyright  
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by New Directions Publishing)

Days pass when I forget  
The mystery, the mystery  
Problems unsolvable  
Or problems with solutions I choose to ignore  
They wrestle for my attention,  
And they crowd my brain  
Along with a host of other distractions,  
My companions on this bullet train

And then once more again  
I remember, remember  
Days pass, the madness fades  
And I see the quiet mystery  
That there is anything at all  
Let alone joy and memory  
Let alone the universe, the evening breeze  
And that still hour by hour, you sustain it  
No small miracle to me (me--, me--)

You, I wonder at  
You, I wonder at you...

As a special thank you for purchasing this album you may use the following information  
to download the extra bonus track **Where Are You, Mercy?**: Go to this URL:  
<http://www.robmathes.com/fleshandspirit> You will be asked for a User Name and Password,  
so type in the following: User Name: mathesalbum Password: 79zm34







Rob Mathes ~ Acoustic and Electric Guitars, Piano, Vocals

**THE DITCH:**

Joe Bonadio ~ Drums and Percussion

Zev Katz ~ Acoustic and Electric Bass

Oz Noy ~ Electric Guitar, Banjo, 12 String

Jamshied Sharifi ~ Keyboards

Laila Biali ~ Background Vocals

Marc Shulman ~ Dinosaur Guitar on “Shoes”, “Wonder” and “Why You Got To Be So Fine”

Assistant Engineer ~ Mikhail Pivovarov/Marc Shulman's guitars recorded by Wayne Warnecke at Peaceful Waters Music, Pound Ridge, NY/Laila Biali's vocals recorded at J Rock by Jamie Siegel

Filmed by Bob and Susan Conover

Executive Producers: Michael Stemkoski and Miles Fulwider for Beyond The Music Media

Art Direction and design by Jeff Lyons @Mornington Crescent Studio, Auckland, New Zealand

Photos by Lisa Meloni

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