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## FOREWORD

"I haven't quite found the right word for what it is, whether it's therapeutic or cathartic. I love that there are bits of my life in this little package right here. I like the mathematical approach. I was asked 'do I write stories or poems outside of music', and I don't because the structure of music really appeals to my brain. The process of finishing songs and putting them in a neat little place isn't cathartic, it's more like 'OK, I understand that now'."

Scott  
2016

Scott spoke a long time ago of wanting to create a book with DLT, the man who's brought this wonderful collection to life and worked alongside Scott for the majority of FR artwork over the years.

This is not exactly the book Scott would've made and this foreword doesn't seem enough for what is to follow, but that is OK. We're certain he'd enjoy flicking through the pages with a shake of the head, a wry smile and the occasional outburst.

Acknowledging the years in this form without him wasn't an easy task. We hadn't engaged with the songs in such a way since his death and doing so brought deep waves of emotion and meant laugh-crying in the kitchen wasn't out of the ordinary. To review our collective creativity and remember the days, challenging each other to push ourselves and what we thought the band was musically, was a joy. It feels like a dream. Another lifetime. Over the Frightened Rabbit years the words were never really discussed. There was a line in the sand, the music is the band; the words, Scott.

# LIVING IN (Neil's) WORNSI SAMBA! COLOUR

live - living in colour... Don't

I can see the pain in your toes FUCKING  
ever <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ the blackout I know. FALEST

(I am floating 1-1) am floating with my eyes closed  
with no souls

(And I am soaking 1-1) am weathered by the winter  
of mixed drinks

(Am I dancing am-am) or am I simply spinning  
in my own grave.

(You are asking you) you are asking and with 2 steps  
I'm started.

(Weeks gone by) I was weak & I was paler  
than a pink box that holds bones  
She poked the vis then <sup>cone whirly</sup> come forth.

perfed ~~poked~~ a hole & watch the colour ~~per~~ forth.

(Modern modern - mod - modern)  
held my head in warm hands

with pink nails

Mopped the mouth - mop my

whispered that the sickness will go away.

BLEB: a bubble in glass.

## "RAINED ON"

---

I've been living in a dustbowl with half closed eyes  
and if I believe the radio the levy is dry  
there is sick on the pavement from seven weeks ago  
nothing is sacred, not even our home  
feels like there's a drug dust filling up my nose

I won't be sorry anymore  
since January 1st  
when everything got rained on  
washed away the dirt  
saw the heavens letting go  
in a melancholy burst  
everything got rained on  
didn't even hurt

Everything has changed, not for better or for worse

Are they tears or is it rain?  
Doesn't matter anymore  
in the end they're both the same  
we're less filthy than before  
didn't ask for a downpour  
didn't need a flood  
Still, I think I found the answer  
somewhere in the mud

All this lying in the sun doesn't fill my cup

I won't be sorry anymore  
since January 1st  
when everything got rained on  
washed away the dirt  
saw the heavens letting go  
in a melancholy burst  
everything got rained on  
didn't even hurt

I don't plan on feeling empty for any longer than I must  
if California needs a drink, I'll be joining her for one.