

Songs About You

All Music & Lyrics: Ari Jacobson

I've always been someone who loves lyrics, remembers them, responds to them, and I've always wanted to be able to have a conversation with the writer when I see a great lyric that I respond to. With that in mind I decided to write up this commentary on the lyrics of "Songs About You" as one half of that conversation. I'd love it if you got involved in the other half; one of the marks of good writing is that it can mean different things to different people, and that's one reason I chose the title "Songs About You": good writing catches a hint of that indefinable something that's universal, and I hope that I occasionally get to a place with my songs where someone will hear them and think the song is about them. Don't be shy if you hear something different than I do in one of these tunes, or just want to discuss/debate: send me an email at pagerock@gmail.com.

I apologize in advance to anyone who's been a loyal fan and seen me play live; you'll probably have heard a few of these explanations, maybe multiple times.

Hope you enjoy.

-Ari J.

1. I Will Save Your Life

This tune is about me, but from the point of view of an ideal someone who sees me at my worst. I toyed for a while with the idea of having a female singer (there's a Weezer song called "I Just Threw Out the Love of My Dreams" that did that) and I may re-record it with a female voice someday for shits n' giggles.

I will save your life, even when you are a craven,
Lying, heartless, scrounging bastard and you're not worth saving,
I will see right through you to the part that's right,
Yes I will, yes I will, yes I will save your life.

This song is a compilation of all my worst qualities, and the chorus is someone who sees them all, and wants to save me anyway. The hope is that at my worst there's a core of good, and the fear is that at my best there's none.

You try to hide behind your talent, honey that won't get you far.
There's a definite tendency among artists to excuse what happens in life by what happens onstage.

I'm here to tell you one thing that's a fact:
Boy I could keep your moral standards in a single mason jar
With room left over for your good sense and your tact.

This was one of the rare cases for me where the lyric was suggested by the music; the song was evolving into an Allman Brothersy southern-rock sound, and the term "mason jar" just popped into my head, along with some of my miniscule tendencies that might fit inside.

You wonder why this history is never quite correct,
You wonder why the world won't treat you right.

The idea that the world owes me something, mystified when things don't automatically just work out.

Well if I see
You jump into the deep end with those weights around your neck,
When I pull you from the water, baby don't put up a fight.

One of my favorite quotes of all time is from Threepenny Opera, and a rough translation is: "We're all in a race trying to catch up to happiness, but we're running so hard that happiness is falling behind." There's a bizarre tendency that I definitely have in spades to go around looking for help, and then resist when it's offered.

I saw you walk straight into traffic with your hands upon your head,
You're broken and you treat me like a shard...

I know I shouldn't be too self congratulatory, but I really love this line. Saying a lot with very few words is a big part of real poetry, and every now and I then I do approach that. To be self destructive and broken is one thing, we all go through that at times, but to make someone else a part of your own problem isn't right.

Remember when

You kicked me in the face while we were lying in my bed (Goddamn it)
Love should never have to be this hard.

This line is autobiographical, but thankfully in real life it was an accident. At my worst, I've never intentionally kicked a loved one in the face. Yet.

I'll kiss the lip you busted in a barroom brawl,
I'll listen to your whiny little voice every time you call,

The saintly insistence on helping in the face of every obstacle isn't often found in reality, and I try hard to make sure it's not necessary. Probably, I don't always succeed.

And your total lack of faith may be a blessing after all,

'Cause when you hit rock bottom, babe you won't have far to fall.

I struggled with this line, and I'm still not completely sure I've gotten it right. The point I'm going for is that a lack of trust/faith/some better word I haven't found yet will slowly but surely lead to being alone, so rock bottom will turn out to be closer than you thought once you get there.

I see through your pathetic lies, I know that you've got nothing planned,
You can't avoid my eyes but baby don't misunderstand.

2. Not For You

I've definitely been here many times... sometimes it seems like a much better idea to forget about how hard it is to make the world a better place and just live in your own world. A mostly uplifting song, but there's also a dark side, and the type of self-confidence you need to really go through with world-creation can pretty easily spill over into arrogance and then bitterness if you're not careful with yourself.

What the world is, it's nice guys finish last,
It's build each stepping stone from someone else's dark unsavory past.
And every present has a purpose, nothing's given only paid in advance.

In a grey day, in a grey city, it's easy to feel this way, and it's not always false. I like the past/present wordplay, and the idea that there's no true altruism, only payment for services not yet rendered.

And one by one we're all conforming independently
We learn that politics is poison,

There's a concept in music theory called "pivot chords," when you change keys by using a chord that can work in either key. I love to use "pivot words" like this; it could be that we're conforming independently, or that we're learning independently. As for the meaning, I've noticed so many times that there's a tendency for any movement that starts out calling for free expression to become just a new conformity. We all want to belong to a group, and there's nothing inherently wrong with that, but it usually leads to exclusion of anyone outside.

drinking pennyroyal tea

Might make more sense than trying all our lives to add to what we see,

This is a pretty harsh metaphor that can work a few ways; pennyroyal tea is poisonous if it's not used right, and it's also a folk method of ending a pregnancy (see the Nirvana song). In the depths of artistic despair, it can feel like it might be better to kill yourself than waste time trying to add something beautiful to the world, or better to just resist the urge to create and terminate your idea-babies before they start.

But that ain't how the world has to be.

Not for you, and never for me.
I'll build my own world, this one forsakes me,
Take me through, and help me believe
They'll just let us be.

It might be a false hope, and it might not work long-term, but there's been a lot of happiness added to the world by rejecting the assumptions we pick up and creating a better place for ourselves.

What you are is, you're shining like the sun
Lingering with lesser lights, I see you and I run.

You energize me, just take my hand and I will finish everything I've begun.

The second verse gets a bit more specific, with the narrator focusing on a specific someone. It's not a quote, but the "lingering with lesser lights" is from a graphic novel by Wendy & Richard Pini. It's a double-edged sword, this feeling that if we're unhappy/unfulfilled/lonely, it's because we have TOO

much to offer, that we're too good for the people we're with. Not necessarily a helpful or constructive thing to tell someone.

Also, this overwhelming, fantastic love/obsession can be the most wonderful thing in the world, but it can also become a bit Taxi-Driverish: Travis Bickle watching the girl walk by in slow motion, offering to save someone who might not want to be saved.

I dream about you daily, but by night you seem to(o) pale.
Maybe I just convinced myself I found the holy grail,
And yet I still perceive your halo, silhouetted in the hail
These people fling upon us daily, oh my angel can't you see
That that ain't how the world has to be?

Chorus

What I am is very lonely that's the truth but independent
Of this song, this trial wherein the world and I are co-defendant.
If you need more testimony, that ain't such a crime,
But if you're trying to tell me that I'm

Not for you, and you're not for me,
Then why can't you, why can't you, why can't you tell me,
I'll get through, and I'll still believe,
That that ain't how the world has to be...

These "alternate" lyrics were actually how the song started, as another song about unrequited love, before it turned into something a bit more global... but it always comes around, because no matter how global we get, it always comes back to human connection in the end. We might have made ourselves alone, but that ain't how the world has to be.

3. Percussion Bridge

This one started as an exercise, just some random lyrics to see if I could write something in ABBA form and make it work, because it's always seemed less satisfying to me and no one writes in it these days. I'd had the idea of writing about Percussion Bridge for years, and the one line "The river was part of the air that day."

It was a bridge in my hometown of Haverhill, MA; the bridge was really old and would make percussion noises whenever you drove over it. I loved it, and would always be happy when we drove home that way instead of the other bridge. I gave it the name when I was younger, not realizing that the sounds meant it desperately needed repair. When they eventually fixed it, a small part of my childhood was gone forever. It had to happen, but it makes me a bit nostalgic always, and got me thinking about memory.

What I'll always remember, I'll remember the bridge,
On the city side a ripped up flag.

The trees were too close and the branches would drag,

There was (and still is) a flagpole on one side of the bridge, with a flag hanging right next to trees that had ripped it up and made it all dirty. I always thought that was funny, given the strict codes about how flags are supposed to be displayed, and it stuck in my memory.

And if this is a memory, I don't know what love is.

I remember a time when I was younger than this,
The river was part of the air that day,

A foggy day gave me this line, which rattled around in my brain for years before finding a home in this song.

And every single time we drove home that way,
That faded old flag would blow me a kiss.

And now they're fixing up Percussion Bridge...

Gonna make it a slick new ridge of Cubic Zirconia crossing the deep blue sea...

Cubic Zirconia is pretty but fake, like the bridge is now. That's how I meant it when I wrote this line, but it eventually occurred to me that I feel the same way about CZ as I do about sunflowers: there's nothing inherently "better" about diamonds or roses, they're just rarer and have been given value by society. If a non-expert can't even tell the difference, and it gives the same pleasure from sparkling and being beautiful, is diamond really that much better?

And take it away from me.

I suppose it was unsafe, I suppose it was frail,
But it made me feel special that I gave it a name.
And it was just a public structure, but it was mine all the same,
And every other bridge seemed quiet and pale.

That beat was so funky, like a diamond with soul,
Diamond, just in case anyone missed the CZ line.

And all it took was a car to explode.
My grown-up mind says it couldn't handle the load,

But the boy says “man, that bridge could sure rock n’ roll!”

Why do we remember tiny little things?

I was four...swinging on my mother's bedroom door.

One of my clearest early memories, swinging on the doorframe of my parents' bedroom talking with my Mom about my soon-to-be younger brother.

Why do we remember tiny little things?

I was three...learning how to tell a bush from a tree.

I confess: this is not based on a real memory. Maybe one day I'll think of a good real one that rhymes. Don't tell anybody.

But don't we all remember all these little things?

When I was two, and I wanted something higher than myself, I just closed my eyes,
And I flew.

This may be a real memory, or it may be something I've concocted: We had popsicle molds in which we'd freeze OJ (highly recommended, it's delicious and nutritious). I have a clear picture in my mind of wanting one, and standing in front of the fridge with my arms raised, then floating up to open the freezer and get one, totally unaware of the arms that my “grown-up mind” says must have been lifting me.

4. Keep Diggin'

If you measure a song by how often you're reminded of it in real life, then this is by far the best song I've ever written. Unfortunate human tendency: once we've invested a certain amount of time/energy/love/life in something, it seems better to just keep going rather than turn back and have to start from scratch. Love, business, war, politics... I see it ten times a day, sometimes in the mirror.

What happens when you're in too deep, the ground is getting tough,
And too much doesn't feel like near enough.
Highway doing 90 going faster all the time,
You watch your exit dwindle there behind.

I hate few things more than that sinking feeling when I'm driving lost and suddenly realize how long I've been heading at 60 miles an hour in the wrong direction.

The first lie was the hardest thing you've ever had to do,
The second comes like water, not a single second's thought.
Terrifying how quickly we can get used to a bad situation.
The ends might justify the means, but that means it's all on you,
So now you damn well better go and give it all you got.

Take the sour with the sweet, you know that once you hit six feet
You might as well just keep on digging.
Every man is born complete, but brother once you hit six feet
You might as well just keep on digging.

I loved you once in silence, but then I gave it tongue.
Now I can't believe the thing I've done.

Didn't realize until just now, but this follows the same pattern as Not For You: starts off general, then moves to the specific/personal.

Every day I beat my head against a brunette wall.
Begin to lose my balance, start to crawl.
Should I remove my forehead while I've still got head to move,
Renounce the things I can't have and accept the things I'm not?
Or should I choose the sweetness of "I've got something to prove,"
Take a running start and damn well give it all I've got?

Unrequited love; sometimes it becomes an end in itself. You can take a sort of pride in the romantic, hopeless, pining struggle. I also like the image of taking a running start at a brick wall; I used it again in the opposite direction for Any Little Broken Heart.

Sang a song about the war, to find out what we're fighting for
To my surprise, an answer came.

I was thinking specifically of Iraq, but this applies to quite a few wars I can think of.

Sang a song about my sin, to find out how I might begin again;
The answer was the same.
Sang a song about my death, wondered should I save my breath?

Save my breath could be the usual meaning, but it could also be “save my breath” by no longer breathing. Thankfully, you’ve come this far...

But thank you lord, the answer still applies.

I’ll sing a song for all of you, hope you get my message too;

Now everybody look me in my eyes:

The dirt begins to taste so sweet, you know that once you hit six feet,
You might as well just keep on digging.
The rain, the hail, the snow, the sleet, forget ‘em once you hit six feet;
You might as well just keep on digging.

5. Any Little Broken Heart

This tune is sort of a statement of purpose for the album, and my life. I've met people who don't agree, but for me it's the closest I've come to truth. I was thinking about how much I like the Beach Boys song "Help Me Rhonda." It seems to be a little teenage rebound song, but I've always felt it was worth more.

"The rebound" is a bit of a simplistic term for the way, when we're hurt by love, we turn to love for healing. The chorus came to me out of the ether, and the rest of the song grew up around it.

I have got no caution, I have no restraint, inside my little broken heart.
So if my voice is cracking, if I sound a little faint, it's just my little broken heart.

I've always found it funny, when love spits us out on shore,
We all go running back into the sea.
With everything that's happened, and with all I've seen before,
It's hard to say for sure there's someone there for me.

So why do I keep swimming, through the waves that drag me down?
There's one thing that I've known from the start:

Being alone hurts so much more than any little broken heart.

Once upon a time, I was so love-drunk on your charms,
Following just like a dog for you.
Now I'm love-hungover in the absence of your arms,
But all I want is one more hair to see me through.

I was a bit unsure about this verse; I wanted the song to be very simple and heartfelt, and I didn't want to get sucked into too much wordplay. In the end though, the metaphor was just so well suited to what I was trying to say that I kept it in. We need a "hair of the dog what bit ya." I also really like the line "in the absence of your arms." The idea that you can feel an absence so much that it becomes a presence in its own way.

I've always found it funny, when we run into the wall,
There's that wall again.
And lose our sense of purpose, self and sound.
You can always catch us hoping, even halfway through the fall,
Someone catches us before we hit the ground.

Even in the very depths of the end of a relationship, there's always that faint thought that someone new could heal it. Even when you say "never again," it's always back there somewhere.

So why do I keep running, with this blindfold on my face...

You still catch me by surprise, sometimes when I close my eyes,
I still see you with your hand out and a smile. I realize
I'm just remembering a fire, not even embers, long gone cold.
A whisper in my ear, I'm too damn young to feel this old.

I realized I needed a bridge about the actual loss in with all the rebound, and I wrote a lot of really boring “I have never felt such pain” stuff. Eventually I realized that the real pain is much less important than those unexpected moments when you remember the pleasure, the good times, the plans you made, before reality sets in again. Eventually it happens less and less... which is a mixed blessing.

But still I have no caution, never had restraint, inside my little broken heart.

So if my voice is cracking, if I sound a little faint, it's just my little broken heart.

I like to use what I call “evolving choruses,” and this song goes back to the beginning, but not quite. I spend a lot of time thinking about the small unimportant words. In a song, the difference between “It sounds a little faint” and “I sound a little faint” can be huge.

So why do I keep going when my head is caving in...

6. I Looked Away

This tune got its start when I was listening to a lot of “Great Big Sea,” a band from Newfoundland who play a mix of traditional celtic-y stuff with rock and roll.

I looked away this evenin’ time,
Looked toward a place that’s so sublime,
I sighed my life away, I stared at shades of gray,
‘Til I looked away this evenin’ time.

Tunnel-vision: we can get wrapped up in our life, in our solitude, in our own neuroses. You have to pick your head up and get outside of yourself.

I wish I was a painter, ‘cuz my words don’t do you justice,
But if a picture’s worth a thousand, then I’ve painted quite a few.

This is definitely true, I’ve had this thought many a time. There are some people who naturally have talent in the visual arts, and I am not one of those people. I can sometimes get close to catching some life with description, but sometimes I can totally see the truth in “a picture’s worth a thousand words.”

I’ve written books about your beauty, but somehow within the stricture
Of the weight of all those pages, I can’t find the truth of you.

And by that same token, it’s so easy to use too many words and lose track of whatever you were describing. I have this image that thoughts are like the invisible man: we can’t get them directly from one head to another, so we have to cover in words like post-it notes, trying to get the outline clear enough for other people to say. Poetry is about using just the right stickies, instead of slathering a lot of them all over the place.

I looked away this evenin’ time.
Looked toward a place that’s so sublime.
I slept in my shyness, I led a life of dryness,
‘Til I danced in the rain this evenin’ time.

And if I was a talker I would hear the words I’m thinking,
If I’m in the right mood I can be outgoing, tell stories, but in the wrong mood I have thoughts fluttering around my head like flies that can’t find the window.

I would see my love and sing it and the thought would be the same.
I’ve always envied people who can just talk without a second thought. Even at my most talkative, I’m not an improviser, I’m a rapid writer.

I’d lick my lyrics from your lips, and feel my text upon your fingertips,
And every other rose would smell exactly like your name.

Ah wordplay! R&J, eat your heart out.

I looked away this evening time.
Looked toward a place that’s so sublime.
I heard you sing so sweetly, in the dark almost completely,
‘Til I opened my eyes this evenin’ time.

7. If I Could

Much more “poetical” than my usual stuff, this one is more of a mediation, some ideas and images spinning around themselves. No real resolution, but that’s not always necessary.

If I could...

If I could put every love song in the world inside a pear,
For you to shake up when you feel the tear,

I had some friends with a set of shakers shaped like fruit. The first line came, and the rhyme of pear/tear suggested the second.

I would.

Then I’d have...

I’d have music inside me, and rhythm and juice,
Beans for the shaking, and fruit for the taking,

This song is full of images of growing, nature, life. The thought underlying everything is the desire to have something beautiful to offer.

And everything open and groovy and loose,
I would.

If I could...

If I could string all your blues up with amethyst pearl,
Clasp you in gold, like a gardener’s girl,

I bought a bracelet at a folk festival for a good friend, and I loved the thought that you could put all the blues into the blue stones and just wear them on your wrist instead of in your head. A gardener’s girl would get to be surrounded by growing things at all times. And be gently clasped by yellow flowers.

I would.

I don’t believe...

I don’t believe in my personal substance,
to make it all happen for you.

Looking for something to offer, not really believing in what you’ve got.

Sometimes I feel like I’m empty inside,
But that gives me something to do.

I actually had the next line about a vacuum inside me for years before I wrote this, and when I wrote the empty inside line, I realized that a vacuum inside me might not actually be such a bad thing:

‘Cause there’s a vacuum inside me for all of your pain,
Because if you have a vacuum inside you, you can offer that.

Flowers to soak up your tears like the rain,

I could ruffle your hair with the wind from my low flying plane with paper wings,

I love the idea that in this bridge, the singer actually becomes the landscape for the one he’s singing about.

And if you’d take me for all that I am,
I would give you these things

If I could...

8. Dorian Gray

This was one of the most “from the pages of the diary” songs I’ve ever written. Even though it’s all very metaphorical, it’s very much based on real stuff I was going through. Music therapy, highly underrated. The idea is this: when you’re with someone for a long time, you start to see yourself, judge yourself, through their eyes. When you’re in love and happy, that’s the best feeling in the world, but when things start to go south... At one point it got so bad that I started feeling a serious cognitive dissonance between the basically decent person I try to be (and seem to be to the outside world) and the person I saw reflected back at me. It was like Dorian Gray, with his secret picture getting uglier and uglier in the attic, and a song was born.

I told you that I want to be a better man to please you,
And you said I don’t have to work that hard.
The best of love I’ve found is just to feel the way she sees you.
And know that she will always pardon you.

I used to kiss you with my eyes half closed, so I could see the way
You see me with your eyes closed all the way.

Both a literal nostalgia and a metaphor: I sometimes like to open my eyes during a kiss, to see how she looks at that unique moment. Metaphorically, it’s about letting yourself be blinded by love.

And when I close my eyes now, there’s a tiny slit left open,
Extending the metaphor, “the first cut is the deepest,” and after you’ve gone through it once, allowing yourself to totally fall in love again will never be as easy.
And I get a glimpse of what you see today:
It ain’t pretty.

I see my shadow getting darker every day.
My shadow, the dark side that I see through her eyes.
You painted me a portrait; then you made me feel like Dorian Gray.
Yes, I know it’s “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” but portrait works better for the song. So sue me.
You say that love’s denial, and I’ll pretend to agree.

I like the wordplay of being in denial about love being denial. It’s a cynical view to say that love is about intentional blindness, but there’s at least a grain of truth there. Also a reference to one of the worst moments of my life, when someone told me I’d shaken her faith in the concept of love itself.
But love is like a mirror... and god you make me hate what I see.

You told me in the morning, when you’d step into the sunlight,
You’d close your eyes... and say my name.

This on the other hand is straight from one of the best moments of my life: someone who hated cold, darkness, and winter with a fervor I’ve never seen in anyone else told me that she stepped into the sunlight, felt the warmth, and said my name under her breath.
Holding you was one thing that I knew I’d always get right;
Don’t see how I’ll ever feel the same.

In your eyes, desert sun that never goes and hides behind the clouds anymore.
And the shadows getting longer and the sun is getting higher
And I'm crackling in this fire as the flames are getting stronger
If I face it then I'll burn but when turn around

One metaphor I play with a lot in my songs is the dual nature of light/fire. On the one hand, they can represent warmth, passion, good things; on the other, there's such a thing as too much light, forcing you to see things you'd rather not, and fire that consumes and destroys. One of my best friends heard me playing this song at an early stage and pointed out that if the shadow is getting darker, that means the light is getting brighter. The bridge pretty much wrote itself. Thanks Rick.

I see my shadow getting blacker everyday.
You painted my portrait, then you made me feel like Dorian Gray,
You say that love's denial and I'll pretend to agree,
But love is like a mirror... and god you make me see my shadow.

9. Too Little, Too Late

Written to be a good-luck talisman when I hoped it wouldn't be too little, too late. It was.

I hear what you're saying, I know what I've done,
I've turned this whole summer to rain.
When it should have been breezy and warm in the sun,
Just give me a chance to explain:

And I'll give you my reasons concisely and clear,

A big part of this is about what he's trying to give: logic, explanations, facts, etc. TLTL

And I know you've had too many seasons this year

Like Einstein said, in both his serious and light moments: time is relative. That was a really long year.

When you needed me badly, and I wasn't here.

I know, I know...

But you said:

Too little, too late to start over this time.

Sure the hours were great but your years were unkind.

Translation: we had some good times, but you were too immature to make me happy.

I was blind for a while to you changing my fate,

But you gave me too little, too late.

Remember the winter when I kept you warm,

The fever that I helped you cool.

I should have stayed with you and held out the storm,

And I know that that makes me a fool.

But I'll lay out my logical lapses, confess

More logic, but that's not what she needs.

All the times I convinced you I needed you less

Pivot word...could be needed you less than you needed me, or needed you less than I actually did.

Than I needed you, truly I'll give you my best

This time, this time,

But you said:

Too little, too late to start over this time.

Sure the moments were great but your years were unkind.

Evolving chorus; bitterness grows and the bones of comfort you drop with the harshness diminish.

Great hours become great moments become a few moments.

I might have forgiven you making me wait,

But you gave me too little, too late.

I'll give you my reasons...

I'll lay out my logical lapses...

Too little, too late to start over this time.

A few moments were great but your years were unkind.

I don't bear you ill will and you're too hard to hate,
You just gave me too little, too late.

I might bear some ill will, but you're too hard to hate,
You just gave me too little, too late.

No ill will becomes some ill will. That's how it goes.

10. Thoughts From an L.A. Hotel Room

This one is very simple, very non-specific, and I wanted the album to go out on a note like that: a simple fantasy. Yes, I finished it in a hotel room in L.A. This is actually the first lyric I ever wrote; it started life as a poem on a notepad when I was at summer camp the summer after 8th grade. I don't write this way anymore; it's interesting to see the changes... more specifics, more imagery, less fuzzy optimism. It probably says a lot that I can't find anything much to say...the lines pretty much speak for themselves. Still, I like the music, and I like hanging on to this part of myself and the memories from the time it was written. I think it'll really be a tragedy if ever fully lose it.

Everyday I do my best, to go my way and never rest,
'Cause when I do, I think of you, and what I'd do at your request.
Baby are you satisfied, with those who hurt you, those who lied?
Do you know just where you are, and will you ever find your star?

Don't have to look around, don't you know where I'll be found?
Nowhere, if I'm not there, in you heart.

I look around, I hope to see, something to take my thoughts off me,
But hiding there on every shelf, it's in myself, still I can't agree.
Baby can you find the time, to listen to my soul's last rhyme?
Everyday I do my best, oh please won't you listen to a last request?

Don't spend your time looking everywhere, don't you know that I'll still care?
I'm everywhere, I want to be there in your heart.

I know I lost you once before,
would everything be worth it for a whole lot more?
Can we please just make that start,
Can you find me in your heart?

Hope you've enjoyed this. I can't stress enough how thankful I am for your support, and how happy I'd be to answer any questions or hear any comments you have. They're your songs now; they're about you, remember?

Ari J.