

MEGHAN

WE ARE

BORN NAKED

MORRISON



Words & Melodies by Meghan Morrison

Instrumental Arrangements & Performances by Meghan Morrison,
Brad Gulka, Kelly LeFaive, Colin Davis, Stuart Everitt & Evan LeBlanc

GOOD PEOPLE (SIDEWAYS)

THE WEATHER GIRL

LONG WAY

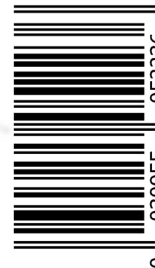
HUSH

LETTING ME DOWN

SHY LINGS

TSUNAMI

THIS SONG



lyrics & Liner Notes Available Online

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GOOD PEOPLE (SIDEWAYS)

Good people commit crimes. I've been known for it at times.
But is it the action in the moment or the action taken after that really counts?

Your somebody, your somebody, oh Your somebody is coming, creeping up behind to
decide for you, leaving me SIDEWAYS.

Make a rose from clay. Wipe it on my face.
Cut out my picture and cover it in paste.

Your somebody, your somebody, oh Your somebody is coming, creeping up behind to
decide for you, leaving me SIDEWAYS.

Make a rose from clay. Paint it on my face.
Cut my picture out and colour it in.

Your somebody, your somebody, oh Your somebody is coming, creeping up behind to
decide for you, Leaving me SIDEWAYS.

Your somebody, your somebody, oh Your somebody is coming, creeping up behind to
decide for you, Leave it up to me to destroy myself, or console myself; control
myself. I guess it's time for me to go

Words & Melody by Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison
Instrumental Arrangement by Colin Davis, Stuart Everitt, Brad Gulka, Meghan (LeBlanc)
Morrison, and Kelly LeFaive

THE WEATHER GIRL

Grassy green and slippery, who knew that ghosts grow like weeds?

THE WEATHER GIRL confides in rain, she finds her gift outside. She finds her
way into the bright, white lightning strike

It sets a fire in August rain, explodes and blows the girl down. Electrified by the
bright, white lightning stike. The bright, white lightning ...

Wind sock says clear skies ahead and extra sensory side effects

Now in an atmospheric state, half asleep, half awake
Her body rises in the bright, white specter's light

Words & Melody by Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison
Instrumental Arrangement by Meghan Morrison, Colin Davis, Stuart Everitt, Kelly LeFaive, Brad
Gulka and Evan LeBlanc

LONG WAY

House parties and noise complaints. Stubbed legs on double dates
Singing songs and spilling drinks while never quite pulling off Bohemian Rhapsody

Perms and proms. Sandals with socks. Eventually getting caught.

We've come a **LONG WAY**, baby. We've come along. We've come a **LONG WAY**, baby
to love the things we all fuck up and it's all fine to me

Homemade beer. Lost wedding rings.
Getting locked out of the house and breaking back in.
Broken bones and breaking hearts, making people think we're "really" smart

Mistrusting a friend. Beginning at the end. Eventually caving in.
We've come a **LONG WAY**, baby. We've come along..

Salad bar religion and debt for education. Believing what they say on television.

We've come a **LONG WAY**, baby. We've come a long.
We've come a **LONG WAY**, baby, to have it all.
We've come a **LONG WAY**, baby to love the things we should have done a little
differently and it's all fine to me. Ya it's all fine. It is all fine to me.

Words & Melody by Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison
Instrumental Arrangement by Colin Davis, Evan LeBlanc, Brad Gulka, Stuart Everitt, Kelly
LeFaive and Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison

HUSH

Relax? Revive? Forgive? Depends on the substance I'm in.

I think better when I'm under water
The answers seem clearer when I'm completely covered, but I can't breathe in
Not like we can when our lives begin

Fragile bones and flimsy knees
Compose the structure hidden deep beneath a thick, thick skin
That's where the healing begins

HUSH HUSH, HUSH HUSH, HUSH
Your need is more than a little

In light, in deep, in dim, exist the shadows I'm in.
With salt thrown over my heavy shoulder I cross my fingers that getting older will
bring strength within and courage to love the darkness I'm in and out

HUSH HUSH, HUSH HUSH, HUSH Your need is more
HUSH HUSH, HUSH HUSH, HUSH Your need is more than a little

Words & Melody by Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison
Instrumental Arrangement by Meghan Morrison, Colin Davis, Stuart Everitt, Brad Gulka and
Kelly LeFaive

LETTING ME DOWN

What if this was my last breath? What if it was? What if this ... what if this was it?
What if this was our last kiss? What if it was? What if this ... what if this was it?

I'd be LETTING ME DOWN, LETTING ME DOWN like this
I'd be LETTING ME DOWN, LETTING ME DOWN living like this

What if we never have another and we die hating our mothers, hating our fathers?
What if we never have another? What if this was it?

We'd be LETTING US DOWN, LETTING US DOWN like this
We'd be LETTING US DOWN, LETTING US DOWN living like this

If all that we have is each other, why are we chasing the dollar blue and white
collared? All that we have is each other, so what of all of this?

Are we LETTING US DOWN, LETTING US DOWN like this?
Are we LETTING US DOWN, LETTING US DOWN living like this?

Don't you LET YOURSELF DOWN, don't you let you LET YOURSELF DOWN for
this and I won't LET MYSELF DOWN, I won't let me LET ME DOWN for this.

Words & Melody by Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison

*Instrumental Arrangement by Meghan Morrison, Colin Davis, Stuart Everitt, Brad Gulka, Kelly
LeFaive and Evan LeBlanc*

SHY LUNGS

Are you blind or unassuming? Have you really never thought about it? Naive and
nervous, I'm a coward because I can't decide to say it; the thing in my head.

SHY LUNGS waited too long. Held my breath, now you're long, long gone.
Bend, Bend, a triangle's bent. That's the want-to-be lover's lonely longing lament.

Manifesting secrets, I resort to drawing symbols in the sand. If I could draw them
any clearer on this beach, would it help you understand what I'm saying Silently in
my head?

SHY LUNGS waited too long. Held my breath, now you're long, long gone.
Bend, Bend, a triangle's bent. That's the want-to-be lover's lonely longing lament.

It appears the sun is setting as you're packing up the blanket and me, I'm nervous.
I'm a coward cause I know I won't decide to say it; the thing in my head.

SHY LUNGS waited too long. Held my breath, now you're long, long gone.
Bend, Bend, a triangle's bent. That's the want-to-be lover's lonely longing lament.

SHY LUNGS waited too long. Held my breath, now you're long, long gone.
Jealous heart, beaten and bled. Your affections for another will be my end.

Words & Melody by Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison

Instrumental Arrangement by Meghan Morrison, Stuart Everitt, Colin Davis, and Brad Gulka

TSUNAMI

Before the Earth's plates had shifted, I had stopped swimming in the ocean
Because I kept getting pulled under by the waves

You were a wave, at least you looked like the others
But you weren't the undertow ... You weren't the threat

You were a wave, but you weren't really quite like the others
You were much bigger and could do way more damage
So I reacted faster and stronger than I normally would have
Faster and stronger than I probably should have

If I had just held my breath 'til I floated to the top
If I had kept my mouth shut when the water felt rough
If I didn't feel inclined to start flailing around
There would have been no fight, no reason to panic
You would have given me the air had I not become savage, but the struggle was
mine. I was being totally overprotective of myself

But you weren't the undertow... You weren't the threat

I was scared. I had never seen a tsunami before.
And I'm sorry you had to see me in my survival mode.
And I'm sorry for not trusting that you would stay
Yes I'm sorry for not trusting that you weren't the undertow,
that you weren't the threat

If I had just held my breath 'til I floated to the top
If I had kept my mouth shut when the water felt rough
If I didn't feel inclined to start flailing around
There would have been no fight, no reason to panic
You would have given me the air had I not become savage, but the struggle was
mine and I totally over-reacted

Well I know better now and I know it's too late. Your flood waters have all
evaporated, but still I owe you my apology, nonetheless
So I'm standing with my arms reaching to the clouds
With my heart in my hand and my lips pressed shut, Hoping you'll hear it beating.

Because you weren't the undertow... You weren't the threat.

Words, Melody and Instrumental Arrangement by Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison

THIS SONG

Sprawled out on a painted floor, taken over by rawness and void
Coming to terms, coming to grips, sounds something like this

This song is the sound that my heart makes
It's the sound of my heartache
Now that you're gone

Reason will assure me that this ill will pass, that it's for the best,
And your wounded heart will mend, like I pretend mine has

But how can I trust my reason? It lied to me. It took you from me
And it lies and plays games with me

This song is the sound that my heart makes
It's the sound of my heartache
Now that you're gone

This day didn't have to come
This day ... though I brought it on

Words & Melody by Meghan (LeBlanc) Morrison

Instrumental Arrangement by Meghan Morrison, Brad Gulka, Kelly LeFaive, Colin Davis and Stuart Everitt

THE wONDERFUL & wEIRD PEOPLE IN MY BAND



THANK YOU

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And this is where I get weepy, stop typing, and blame the blurry vision if I have forgotten someone or misspelled names :S

THANK YOU ALL!