


An abstract artwork on a tan background. It features large, overlapping blue geometric shapes, possibly paper scraps or paint. Interspersed among these are dense black scribbles and lines, some of which are thin and red. The overall composition is chaotic and layered. The text 'BIG FARM' is written in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters across the center.

BIG FARM

The background is a textured, light tan surface. It features several large, abstract shapes: a blue triangle in the upper left, a grey rectangle in the upper center, and a large blue triangle in the lower left. A network of thin red and orange lines crisscrosses the right side of the page. In the bottom right corner, there is a red, hand-drawn shape resembling a stylized face or a piece of fabric. The text is located in the lower right quadrant, overlapping the red lines and the tan background.

BIG FARM IS RINDE ECKERT, MARK HAANSTRA, STEVEN MACKEY, AND JASON TREUTING. THE BAND ANSWERS A CALL TO EACH OF THESE MUSICIANS TO A PLACE WHERE THE RULES NORMATIVE TO THE HARD GENRES OF MUSIC ARE SET ASIDE, MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR THE GROUP TO EXPRESS THE ECLECTICISM OF ITS MEMBERS. IT IS A PLACE WHERE SERIOUS COUNTERPOINT CAN MEET BURLESQUE, EARNESTNESS MEET ABANDON; A PLACE WHERE THEY CAN KICK IT OR TAKE IT TO TEA, REFLECT, ATTACK, MOURN, DANCE, PRAY, OR MOCK WITH EASE OR DETERMINATION, JOY OR FERVOR, USING ANY AND ALL MEANS NECESSARY. THIS WORLD IS A BIG FARM—LOTS OF DIFFERENT CROPS, CHANGING WEATHER, LIVESTOCK, AND A DUCK POND FOR GOOD MEASURE.

LIKE AN ANIMAL

LOST IN THE DARK I WALK, LIKE A LITTLE CHILD, LIKE A CHILD
LOST IN THE DARK I MOVE, KEEPING MY FINGERS STRETCHING OUT, STRETCHING OUT
WHAT IS THAT NOISE THAT STRANGE NOISE, LIKE AN ANIMAL, AN ANIMAL, OR AN INSECT?
WHAT KIND OF THING MAKES A NOISE LIKE THAT? LISTEN! HEY!
I THINK THAT WAS... I THINK THAT WAS... SOMETHING HEAVY,
SOMETHING WITH SHARP TEETH, SOMETHING WITH TEETH, SOMETHING BIG
HERE IN THE DARK, HERE IN THE DARK, NO ONE IS SAFE, NO ONE CAN REALLY SAY
NO ONE CAN TELL WHAT THE HELL IT IS.
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? WHAT THE GODDAMN HELL.
YOU CAN WAIT IF YOU WANT, YOU CAN WAIT FOR THE ATTACK,
YOU CAN WAIT FOR THE ANIMAL TO ATTACK
YOU CAN WAIT TIL IT GRABS YOU BY THE THROAT
BUT DON'T BLAME ME. I TOLD YOU NOT TO WAIT IN THE DARK.
I TOLD YOU NOT TO WAIT

STOLEN KISSES IN THE OLD LAND
DICTATORS IN THE GRAND STAND
DELICATE FEATURES OF A CON MAN
LONG SIGHS, TENABLE LIES, FATUOUS EYES
PING PONG ON THE LATE NEWS
STUTTERING PRAYERS IN THE BACK PEWS
SPONSORS LOGOS ON THE PIT CREWS
OVERALLS, BASEBALLS, LONG HAULS, HARD FALLS
TAKE A NUMBER ON THE BANK LINE
BUY A BOTTLE OF THE CHEAP WINE
TELL THE WIFE THAT YOU FEEL FINE
GETTING ALONG, GETTING ALONG, GETTING ALONG, NOTHING'S WRONG
PLENTY OF JOBS IN THE HIGH RISE
COUPLE OF DRINKS WITH THE BAR FLIES
MUSCLE CARS FOR THE FAT GUYS
CARTOON, FULL MOON, SILVER SPOON
KEEPIN' IT UP AT THE PEEP SHOW
COPPIN' A FEEL IN THE BACK ROW
TAPIN' A SERMON ON THE RADIO
SEVEN SINS, HAS BEENS, HARD SKINS
DEAD LETTERS IN THE MAIL SLOT
TRAILER TRASH IN THE CAR LOT
VENA CAVA WITH A BLOOD CLOT
TERRIBLE TWOS, TERRIBLE TWOS, TERRIBLE TWOS, TERRIBLE TWOS,
FISCAL BLUES, UGLY SHOES
TEA PARTY IN THE WHEEL HOUSE
MAD HATTER AND THE DORMOUSE
GUY'S CRAZY AS A BED LOUSE
BLOODY WAR, OPEN SORE, COMPANY WHORE
GETTING WARM AT THE NORTH POLE
DUMP TRUCK IN THE SINK HOLE
HOT TICKETS TO THE SUPER BOWL
WHADDA WE CARE, WHADDA WE THINK, WHADDA WE KNOW
STILL PHOTO OF A BACKHOE
'MERICAN FLAG MADE OF COOKIE DOUGH
WORK BOOT WITH A STEEL TOE
STILL PHOTO OF A BACKHOE
'MERICAN FLAG MADE OF COOKIE DOUGH
WORK BOOT WITH A...

WHERE WERE YOU JUST NOW. WHERE WERE YOU JUST NOW. WHERE WERE YOU JUST NOW.
WHERE WERE YOU JUST NOW. WHERE WERE YOU JUST NOW.
I MEAN, JUST NOW, YOU KNOW, WHERE WERE YOU, IN THE BLACKOUT,
I MEAN, JUST NOW, WHEN
I JUST... I JUST WONDERED WHERE YOU WENT, WHERE YOU WERE
JUST NOW, WHERE YOU WENT, WHERE...
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? WHAT THE GODDAMN HELL?
YOU CAN WAIT IF YOU WANT. YOU CAN WAIT IF YOU WANT.
YOU CAN WAIT FOR THE ATTACK,
YOU CAN WAIT FOR THE ANIMAL TO ATTACK
YOU CAN WAIT TIL IT GRABS YOU BY THE THROAT
BUT DON'T BLAME ME. I TOLD YOU NOT TO WAIT IN...
I TOLD YOU NOT TO WAIT IN THE DARK.
LOST IN THE DARK I WALK. LOST IN THE DARK I MOVE
WHAT IS THAT NOISE, THAT STRANGE NOISE, LIKE AN ANIMAL?
WHAT KIND OF THING MAKES A NOISE LIKE THAT?
HEY! WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING HERE!?

BREAK TIME

TIME IS RACING, TIME IS WINDING DOWN
TIME IS WASTED, TIME IS OUT OF TOWN
TIME IS MONEY, TIME IS PLAYING GAMES
TIME IS FRANTIC, TIME IS FORGETTING NAMES
TIME IS GAZING IN THE MIRROR
TIME IS THINKING IT'S NOT TIME
TIME IS LONELY, TIME HAS NOT BEEN KIND
TIME IS ALWAYS LEAVING HER FRIENDS BEHIND
TIME IS PUTTING ON HER JACKET
TIME IS GOING, TIME IS GONE
TIME IS SAILING, TIME IS FLYING DOWN THE ROAD
I'M FREE NOW.
I'M FREE TO STOP WHERE I WANT
I'LL JUST STOP.
NO ONE WILL MISS ME
WHILE SHE'S DRIVING TIME HAS DREAMS OF FOOD
TIME IS CERTAIN EATING WILL CHANGE HER MOOD
TIME IS HUNGRY, TIME IS THIRSTY
TIME IS VERY FAR FROM HOME
TIME IS EATING AT A ROADSIDE STAND
TIME HAS MUSTARD STAINS ALL OVER HER HANDS
TIME IS HUMMING, TIME IS HAPPY, TIME WILL NEVER GO BACK HOME
AND ALL THE TIME, TIME EATS HER HOT DOG SHE SINGS TO HERSELF.
THEY'LL MISS ME.
THEY'LL MISS ME WHEN I AM GONE
THEN TIME STOPPED AND KEPT ON EATING.
THEY'LL MISS ME.
THEY'LL MISS ME WHEN I AM GONE
THEN TIME STOPPED AND KEPT ON EATING,
AND GOT VERY FAT.
LA LA LA...

SALAD DAYS

THE WATER IS BLUE, THE WATER IS BLUE, THE WATER REMINDS ME OF YOU
THE MEADOW IS SWEET, THE MEADOW IS SWEET, THE MEADOW IS UNDER OUR FEET
**SALAD DAYS, THESE ARE WONDERFUL DAYS
SALAD DAYS, ONE OF THOSE AMAZING DAYS**
THE WATER IS BLUE, THE WATER IS BLUE, THE WATER REMINDS OF YOU
THE MEADOW IS SWEET, THE MEADOW IS SWEET,
THE MEADOW IS UNDER OUR FEET, UNDER OUR FEET RIGHT HERE.
AND THESE DAYS WON'T COME AGAIN, WON'T EVER COME AGAIN
**SALAD DAYS, THESE ARE WONDERFUL DAYS
SALAD DAYS, ONE OF THOSE AMAZING DAYS**
THE WATER IS BLUE, THE WATER IS BLUE, THE WATER REMINDS OF YOU
THE MEADOW IS SWEET, THE MEADOW IS SWEET, THE MEADOW IS UNDER OUR FEET,
IS UNDER OUR FEET, IS UNDER OUR FEET RIGHT HERE NOW
AND THESE DAYS WON'T COME AGAIN, WON'T EVER COME AGAIN
**DID YOU, DID YOU NOT DO, OR DID NOT, I MEAN, DO,
DID YOU, OR NOT, HEAR WHAT I HEARD?
WAS THAT, WAS IT NOT, WHAT WAS THAT MY ALARM
OR WAS THAT, OR WAS NOT, MY CELL PHONE?
DID SOMEBODY CALL MY PHONE?
DID I JUST HEAR MY PHONE OR YOURS?
WAS THAT MY RINGTONE OR YOURS?
WAS THAT, YES IT WAS, I, WAS I, WAS ASLEEP
WHEN THE PHONE, OR NOT, DID, OR NOT, RING
AM I, YES I AM NOW AWAKE NOW, I THINK, NOW
I AM OR NOT WIDE AWAKE NOW, NOW**
THE WATER IS BLUE, THE WATER IS BLUE, THE WATER REMINDS ME OF YOU
THE MEADOW IS SWEET, THE MEADOW IS SWEET,
THE MEADOW IS UNDER OUR FEET, UNDER OUR FEET, RIGHT HERE
AND THESE DAYS WON'T COME AGAIN, WON'T EVER COME AGAIN
**SALAD DAYS, THESE ARE WONDERFUL DAYS
SALAD DAYS, ONE OF THOSE AMAZING DAYS**
WHEN WE EVER SAVOR THOSE SALAD DAYS, ANYMORE
AND HOW WILL WE EVER SAVOR THOSE SALAD DAYS, ANYMORE
AND HOW CAN WE EVER SAVOR THOSE SALAD DAYS WITHOUT CHEWING

SHE STEPS

SHE, SHE STEPS, SHE STEPS FROM THE CURB, INTO THE STREET WHERE DEATH WAITS
SHE STEPS FROM THE CURB IN HER GREEN DRESS WHERE DEATH WAITS, WHERE DEATH WAITS
TO CARRY HER

IT'S JUST BEGUN TO RAIN. SHE'S CARRYING A BRIGHT RED PURSE AND A LITTLE DOG. SHE DOESN'T
SEE THE CAR THROUGH THE HAZE COMING AT HER FROM THE OTHER SIDE

IT'S JUST BEGUN TO RAIN. SHE'S HOLDING HER APARTMENT KEYS AND SHE'S TALKING TO THE DOG.
SHE DOESN'T SEE THE CAR THROUGH THE HAZE VEERING OVER FROM THE OTHER SIDE

IT'S JUST BEGUN TO RAIN. SHE'S MAKING SOME VACATION PLANS. SHE'S THINKING OF
PROVENCE. SHE DOESN'T SEE THE DRUNK IN THE CAR COMING AT HER FROM THE OTHER SIDE

IT'S JUST BEGUN TO RAIN. SHE'S CARRYING HER KEYS AND DOG AND SHE'S LOOKING IN HER
PURSE. SHE DOESN'T SEE THE CAR AND DRIVER DEAD DRUNK
COMING AT HER FROM THE OTHER SIDE

IT'S JUST BEGUN TO RAIN. SHE'S ROOTING IN A BRIGHT RED PURSE WITH THE DOG IN HER ARMS.
SHE DOESN'T SEE CAR AND THE DRIVER AT THE WHEEL COMING AT HER FROM THE OTHER SIDE

IT'S JUST BEGUN TO RAIN. THERE'S NOTHING SHE CAN DO RIGHT NOW. SHE'S ALREADY IN THE
STREET, IN THE WAY OF THE CAR, THROUGH THE HAZE, COMING AT HER FROM THE OTHER SIDE

NOW SHE'S LOOKING FROM ABOVE OUT OF BODY AT THE FIGURE IN THE STREET THAT WAS HER,
AND SHE WONDERS WHAT IT WAS THIS LIFE AND SHE WONDERS IF IT'S REALLY ANYBODY'S GUESS.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE CROWDS OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE HER DOOR.

LOST IN SPLENDOR

FEATHERS OF FINELY CRAFTED SILVER, THREADS CAREFULLY WOVEN IN,
TETHERS OF SILK ON LINEN COVERS, LACE TENDERLY BASTED ON.

SHALL I DIE NOW. SHALL I DIE SMELLING MINT FROM YOUR HANDS,
MY LOVE, YOUR HANDS, MY LOVE YOUR HANDS, HAVING CRUSHED
THESE LEAVES OF MINT TO MAKE TEA.

SENTIMENTS WRITTEN ON RICE PAPER, SHAVED BARK, FILAMENTS PRESSED WITHIN,
DELICATE WORDS ABOUT OUR NATURES, PENS GRACEFULLY CARVED ON THIN BAMBOO

SHALL I DIE NOW. SHALL I DIE FEELING BREATH FROM YOUR MOUTH,
MY LOVE, YOUR MOUTH, MY LOVE YOUR MOUTH FORMING WORDS IN SLEEP
TO SPEAK THE NAME OF SOME LOVER.

SHALL I DIE NOW. SHALL I DIE KNOWING YOU ARE LEAVING ME,
EVEN AS YOU SHIFT IN YOUR SLEEP, EVEN AS YOU DRIFT FROM ME.

WHAT IS LOSS TO ME, RICH IN THE COLOR OF THIS MOMENT.
WHAT IS REGRET HERE. WHAT IS ANGER. WHAT IS ANGER LOST IN THE SPLENDOR OF THIS LOVE.
LOST IN THE SPLENDOR, LOST IN THE SPLENDOR, LOST IN THE SPLENDOR OF THIS...
I'M LOST IN THE SPLENDOR, LOST IN THE SPLENDOR, LOST IN THE SPLENDOR OF THIS... LOVE
I'M LOST IN THE SPLENDOR, LOST IN THE SPLENDOR, LOST IN THE SPLENDOR OF THIS MOMENT

GHOSTS

SOME THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID
THE LIVING LEFT TO LIVE, THE DEAD, DEAD
NO SENSE IN CLEARING UP THE PAST
LEAVE THE QUESTIONS THERE UNASKED
THE FACES ARE ALL GHOSTS
THEY CAN'T BE TOUCHED OR FELT
IN THE LIGHT OF DAY, THEY CHANGE THEY MELT

**ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
NOTHING'S REAL, BUT EVERYTHING I LOVE IS LIVING**

LEAVE THE GHOSTS, LEAVE THE PHOTOS BLURRED
WHAT YOU NEVER HEARD HER SAY IS BETTER LEFT UNHEARD
LEAVE THE GHOSTS, DON'T LET THEM SPEAK; DON'T LET THEM BECOME CLEAR
THEY ONLY DISAPPOINT; THEY LEAVE YOU WANTING WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR
THEY LEAVE YOU WANTING WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD BEFORE
THEY LEAVE YOU WAITING THERE FOR MORE, MUCH MORE.

**ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
NOTHING'S REAL, BUT EVERYTHING I LOVE IS LIVING**

THE PHOTOGRAPH, THE BLUR, IS MEASURELESS
HER EYES CAN SAY WHATEVER EYES CAN SAY
THERE'S SOFTNESS IN THIS PLACE, THIS GALAXY
THESE FAR OFF STARS, THIS NEBULOUS ARRAY
THEY LEAVE YOU IN THE LIGHT OF DAY, THEY LEAVE
THEY LEAVE YOU WITH THE TRUTH, AND IN THAT TRUTH YOU GRIEVE
GIVEN HALF A CHANCE, I'LL TAKE THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT LIES
I'LL TAKE THE ROMANCE, THE BEAUTY OF HER LESS THAN TRUTHFUL EYES
WHERE ALL MY GHOSTS ARE STILL ALIVE

**ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
ALL MY GHOSTS ARE LIVING
NOTHING'S REAL, BUT EVERYTHING I LOVE IS, EVERYTHING IS LIVING**

MARGARET BALLINGER

MARGARET BALLINGER PUTS ON HER HOSE, SHE POWDERS HER NOSE, SHE GETS UP AND GOES
MARGARET BALLINGER STRIKES A POSE, SHE DOESN'T CARE IF ANYONE KNOWS

MARGARET BALLINGER LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, SHE ISN'T TIRED YET, SHE MAKES ANOTHER BET
MARGARET BALLINGER STRAIGHTENS HER SLEEVE, HER SHOES MAKE NO SOUND ON THE CARPET
AND NOBODY, NOBODY WATCHES HER LEAVE

MARGARET BALLINGER CLOSES HER DOOR, SHE WANTED MORE,
SHE CARELESSLY DROPS HER COAT ON THE FLOOR
MARGARET BALLINGER TAKES OFF HER SHOES, SHE'S GOT NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE

MARGARET BALLINGER DRAWS A BATH,
SHE LOOKS AT HER FACE IN THE MIRROR, SHE HAS TO LAUGH
MARGARET BALLINGER FEELS THE WARM WATER COVER HER SHOULDERS,
AND AS SHE LOWERS SHE RECALLS OLD LOVERS AND THE DAY IS OVER,
THE DAY IS OVER, THE DAY IS OVER.

MY SHIP

IN THE LAND OF SPOONS AND NEEDLES NO ONE IS SLEEPING
AND THOSE WHO ARE, ARE DREAMING

NO ONE'S EXPECTING ME TO COME BACK HOME
NOBODY CALLS ME, NO NEED TO WAIT BY THE PHONE
SO ROLL ME ANOTHER CIGARETTE, ROLL ME ANOTHER CIGARETTE

JUST YESTERDAY, YOU KNOW, I SOLD MY CAR
WHEREVER I'M GOING, I AIN'T GOING FAR
BESIDES THAT, I GOT A RIDE. I GOT A RIDE

YOU SEE HOW STEADY MY HAND IS? YOU SEE THIS HAND?
I GOT NERVES OF STEEL, I'M AN ENLIGHTENED MAN
SO, CAN I HAVE SOME OF YOUR FOOD? CAN I HAVE SOME OF YOUR FOOD?

I KNOW A GUY WHO KNOWS A GUY WHO'S RICH
WHEN A GUY'S GOT SCRATCH HE CAN AFFORD TO ITCH
DID YOU GET MY JOKE MAN. I MADE A JOKE, MAN. I MADE A JOKE...

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN
WHEN MY SHIP COMES
I'M GOING TO TURN IT 'ROUND
I'M GOING TO SAIL IT BACK OUT AGAIN
WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN
WHEN MY SHIP COMES

JOHN KNOWS

JOHN KNOWS, JOHN KNOWS
HE CAN'T RELY ON WHAT HE SEES WHILE SHAVING
FATE HAS MARRED MY FACE, HE THINKS.
AND THE WOOD DOVE SINGS:
SHOOT THE MOVING THINGS.

PRODUCED BY LAWSON WHITE

MIXED BY LAWSON WHITE
AT GOOD CHILD MUSIC STUDIOS
ADDITIONAL MIXING BY TODD WHITELOCK
AT GOOD CHILD MUSIC STUDIOS
MASTERED BY SCOTT HULL AT MASTERDISK
RECORDED BY TODD WHITELOCK AND
LAWSON WHITE AT AVATAR STUDIOS
AND GOOD CHILD MUSIC STUDIOS
ASSISTANT ENGINEERING BY RICK KWAN
ADDITIONAL RECORDING BY STEVEN MACKEY
EDITING BY LAWSON WHITE, ROYCE JEFFRES AND MARY JO STILP

GUESTS:
ALEXANDRA SOPP, FLUTE
MARY JO STILP, VIOLIN
KIKU ENOMOTO, VIOLIN
CHRISTIANA LIBERIS, VIOLA
RUBIN KODHELI, CELLO

LIKE AN ANIMAL
BREAKTIME
SALAD DAYS
SHE STEPS
LOST IN SPLENDOR
GHOSTS
MARGARET BALLINGER
MY SHIP
JOHN KNOWS

THIS WORK WAS MADE POSSIBLE [IN PART] BY
THE DORIS DUKE PERFORMING ARTIST AWARDS PROGRAM
AND THE JOHN SIMON GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL FOUNDATION.

GOODCHILDMUSIC.COM