

Reel Too Real

You seem to be terrified
'cause you don't know what to make out of someone like me
It's not just my bank account
there are several parts that don't fit your scene,
too big, too small,
too in between, too real

I took the bus to town,
'cause I couldn't stand to spend the night with them
there's no worse humiliation,
than to be discriminated by them when,
they're unworthy of you, they don't know the things you do,
they win because they're dull

The guy who slept over me
couldn't keep his hands away from his tiny friend
It was a bumpy ride,
I couldn't get a minute's sleep,
I thought it'd never end, I don't pretend,
I took the bus to town again

Next morning the bus
back home,
full of hormones, spots and pringles and a porno flick
I was so horrified, little
soldiers harassing any woman,
they would scream,
they would kick

I learned to hate them then
and I'm still terrified by the sight of confused teens,
who don't know how to react,
'cause no one told them,
taught them it's ok to be real,
for real, a legal feeling
captured on this reel too real

Who wants to be real?
Not really...
Who wants to be real?
Don't scare me so
Who wants to be real?
Completely?
Who wants to be real?
Nobody I know!

Peter: Guitar, bass, tubular bells, piano,
Six Trak, EKO Super Micky, knees
Tobias: Drums, marimba, piano, knees

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen and St. Eriksgatan (Capitol)
Organ recorded by Daniel at Tegelvågsgatan

Missing Link

Your cascade of pictures,
sculptured by light
treasured by season,
looking for reasons,
never to be found
Meandering projections,
tortured by need,
guided by blessings,
only my guessings
could have shown me the way

Add another picture to the situation
serves another outcome but never mention
How the editor could really wash the meaning out,
what it's all about...

I found the missing link

I think I've found the missing link, missing link
no longer do I have to think, have to think
I'm far beyond the mirror phase, without a trace
desireless, without a care,
free to live

I found the missing link,
no reservation necessary
If dull and ordinary,
I'm free to live, I'm free to live

Peter: Guitars, bass, glockenspiel
Lisa Rydberg: Violin
Anne Pajonen: Viola
Leo Svensson: Cello, saw
Tobias: Cymbal

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen and by Joachim at Strandbergsgatan
(Studio Summa)

Old Love

Once there'll come a day when I'm full and filled inside
I know you helped to build it
When the day will come, when the day will come
I know you're going to share it

And once there'll come a day, when we sense some sort of link, between the battered
pieces,
we'll sort out everything,
next to trust there's care,
we'll gather the connection

Because it's been so long,
I thought all that I've been living for was gone
and If I didn't have you there to help me change it,
shape it to today, I never would have made it

But forces far too strong,
to resist, to even think about giving up,
made me see the light of day and then embrace it,
face it as the truth

Once there'll come a day when I'm full and filled inside
I know you helped to build it
When the day will come,
when the day will come
When the day will come,
when the day will come

Peter: Pianos, bass, Krumar String machine, cymbal
Tobias: Krumar String machine

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen

Le Petit Coeur

It doesn't walk in the caravans or sleep inside the stables,
no they sneak around
at nighttime,
with just their own eyes to guide them,
so if you lead them on astray,
or if you bear false witness,
it might just be the end of them, it might eventually kill them

Ma coeur fidèle, se malade,
je t'embrasse, je t'embrasse
Le petit coeur, dormir bien, please awake, please awake
Le petit coeur awake

My tribe wants to be part of, what your tribe is busy
planning, sitting down at
your tables,
eating dinner with
your neighbors,
but you wouldn't dare invite us 'cause we smell of foreign burdens, that you don't want to
weigh down on you,
but it's attractive from
a distance

We gain when we lose in life,
we gain it in wisdom,
but the price of falling out,
is the chance of falling
in again,
so if you lock me out again,
I might not come back to seek you, even though it's against my wish,
it's not against my better knowledge

So rest in peace,
sleep until you've regained confidence, reference
Ma coeur fidèle, shall move on, 'til it's root has forgotten,
that it's still somehow broken

Peter: Guitar, low piano
Mattias Areskog:
Double-Bass with and without bow, high piano
Nicklas Korsell: Drums
Lisa Rydberg: Violin
Anne Pajonen: Viola
Leo Svensson: Cello

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan,
Söderarmsvägen and Tegelviksgatan
Strings recorded by Joachim at
Strandbergsgatan (Studio Summa)

Tell Me In Time

A young Joni Mitchell
for freaks,
is staring straight at me but passing me by
as for me I lost the ambition
to speak
when you're not here to do
the talking

It's not that I want you back,
but I admit that I sometimes
can miss,
the feeling of being known and to know
the safety of just being safe

But I wish that you'd tell me
in time
I could sense something before
But if something's not
there anymore
Tell me in time so that I won't
be completely lost

I'm wise not to utter a word,
so nothing of substance
is heard
they won't notice if
I'm disturbed
to this block full of flat people
the familiar entrance is blocked

It's such a strange game
that we play
Too many people in just

one room
Too many things to say
and only hands to do
the talking

Hands that are tied behind
our backs,
Hands that are busy
being normal
I could tell you didn't want
me tonight
I hope that you want
me tomorrow

Secretive acting though
nothing is secret,
The only thing secret is you, I'm not pushing anything
on you
You know my position is to stand back and watch you
Grow with the part, or just leave with my heart,
I'm not pushing anything
on you,
I'm not rushing into anything
with you
that you wouldn't want me to do

But I wish that you'd tell me
in time
I could sense something before
But if something's not there anymore
Tell me in time so that I won't be
completely lost

This is not what I expected
to find,
your picture's been hung
upside down,
but your well-being ain't mine
Tell me in time, so that I won't be completely lost, in your world

Peter: Guitar, harmonica
Mathias Ståhl: Vibraphone
Mattias Areskog: Double-Bass
Nicklas Korsell: Drums

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan,
Söderarmsvägen, Gröndalsvägen and
Tegelviksgatan

My Match

I've sent my dogs to war,
can't shoot them anymore
But I had to let them down,
when there's truth to be found
Polite beyond control,
in possession of the soul
Though slow enough to catch,
I have met my match

And I can't say that I plead guilty of theft
But I agree I've done you wrong
And if there's any solid air in here left
I will inhale it 'til you're gone
Done the town and come
back home

How did you think that I would react to this?
That I would laugh and make
a face?
And though I'm devastated, beaten to the grave
I laid me down, forgot, forgave
What is left is worth to save

Trust me, I trust you, there's plenty left to do
Regardless of the facts,
I have met my match

Peter: Electric guitar, slideguitar, drums, Roland Juno-60,
Hammond Stage II Rhythm, tambourine
Daniel: Bells

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan and Tegelviksgatan

This Is What I Came For

To begin with there were bibles round and cripples too
So your upbringing doesn't fit
your style
So you lock yourself up in your room with things to do
Hoping it will go away
in awhile
Still you're acting as if
everything is fine, fine, fine
You're the spoiled white kid with clenched white teeth
While Hooray-Henrys and nationalists will let you down
There are still so many more out there to meet
If you walk a bit further than this street

In the big city the neon lights and urban folklore
Invites all hunchbacks
to participate
If you study the language and the marketplace
Talk up, talk down, know what to buy and sell
And you have a firm opinion, you're always right,
right, right
Still the door shuts right in front of you
And your nose starts to bleed and you have to lie down
It's amazing what you could do,
If your awful thoughts got acted out for you

And you hide in the churchyard by the family grave
One more lost soul left to save
And you can't make up your mind how to stand yourself
When you heritage is cute,
not brave
And the loved ones are the
lonely ones and they get cold
And your image-building is your soul
And you dig and you dig and you rock n roll
And the judge transports you out of the court
You have to choose the words you're bound to abort

If you wise up and get phony like a common clown
You might build up the
courage to settle down
And you carry all these
tombstones round
as if they were a treasure
When they're just the fiction of your mind
If you take a look around it's all fine, fine, fine
And there's nothing you can
do 'bout it
There are drug cases and basket cases and refugees from war
And it's obvious you're neither
of them
So I guess you have to live through it

And I know your eyes ain't on the guys when we're apart
You're so true to me, how come you are
In the middle of my supper,
in the middle of my shave
Come to think of it,
I've reached quite far

If you reach out for a fallen star it's never there,
'cause it's deadly as the
rest of us
But I reach out for your
fingertips and I stop to breathe
And I know I'm not hoping
no more
'cause I got all that I could hope for

Like a riddle you've been
blessed with to figure out
Where you have to practice hard to learn
But the learning is the
pleasure and the knowledge
is just grief
I'm ready to turn, turn, turn
come rain or come shine,
let me have a piece
Of that fat cake on display
And when I've swallowed it all, let me have some more
And let me lick up the crumbs on the floor
And I swear I won't weep anymore
'cause this is, this is,
this is what I came for

Peter: Guitars, piano, handclap
Tobias: Castanets, triangle

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen

Twisted

I guess you think I'm doing fine
With my twisted, demented mind
That this is what I want?
But willpower is weak,
When it comes to emotions
How do you think you're gonna make it speak?
When it comes to emotions,
There's not much you can do

Haven't slept properly for
a month
My body says yes, my mind
says don't
There are some more thoughts you have to dwell on first
There's some more to ruminate over first
First, you'll have to feel bad, then you'll have to feel worse
Then perhaps you'll get to sleep a little while
But then it starts all
over again

Don't overrate yourself,
it could have been someone else
That you got such a large part in this is pure coincidence
It's all about me, what used to be me, what will become of me
Me, me and me
And you're gonna learn to make your willpower speak,
good luck to you, good luck
to you

Peter: Piano loop, spanish guitars, bass, Hammond Stage II Rhythm, güiro, shaker, bongos

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan and Tegelviksgatan

Social Competence

As I run past you in the
reception room
I can feel no bitterness, can sense no gloom
Are you all this happy?

Or what has escaped me?
As I clear my throat, I mystify
I cut out the essentials, but I never lie
It's no act of random
It's calculated boredom
And when you leave me alone,
I pick up the phone to dial
There's someone I know,
who knows how I look when I cry

When I try to get a minute's rest
There's always someone trying to do their best
To exhaust me completely
Though they phrase it sweetly
Someone's dog or someone's
new wed kid
What they didn't do or what they did
Too much information, for one brain to sustain
And especially when it doesn't make sense to me
'cause when I try to be sincere, to come a bit near they leave

I don't want to talk to you, talk to you
About the things you do, about your weekend
I don't want to hear your voice, make that noise
But I have no choice

There's a chance I know what I might lack
It's a competence you need to cope
In a world gone colder, though the surface is hot as hell
There are smiles on parade,
but nine out of ten's a fake
And in lessons in self-help all you really learn is to escape

I don't want to talk to you,
talk to you
About the things you do,
about your weekend
I don't want to hear your voice, make that noise
But I have no choice
There's not enough air here,
disappear
Or conceal
That you just want to hear your voice, make that noise
Leave me out of it, leave me
out if it

Peter: Spanish guitar, 12-string guitar, pianos, Tubon, Zither, harmonicas, fingerplayed drummachine (Korg
DDD-1), handclaps
Nicklas Korsell: Real drums
Daniel: Handclaps

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen
and by Daniel at Tegelviksgatan.

I Don't Gaze at the Sky For Long

What would I do,
did I not have you
Your eyes to gaze on
'cause I don't gaze at the sky for long
'cause when I look down,
down on the ground
Everything is terrible
But when I look here,
here by my side
All the more bearable
Thank you, thank you,
thank you!

If someone says, how are you these days?
I'd gladly proclaim
-Oh, I have never been happier

Although I see, the world
at large
Isn't such a pretty place
When I got you, to make dreams come true
There's nowhere else I'd
rather stay
Thank you, thank you,
thank you!

People may carry
their attitude
I go on, singing my platitudes
'cause they seem real,
and they ring true
And it's the only way to tell
You how I feel,
to make you believe
I want you more for every day

And then you come,
then you come
How come? How come?
You'd like to stay,
that's what you say
How come? How come?
You say you want me as much as I want you
Now do you know how much
that is?
Do you know how much that is?
From here to eternity, from now until forever is a memory
From here to eternity, from now until forever is a memory
From here
From now
'til forever is a memory
forever is a memory
From here, from now, from here...

Peter: Guitar, piano, harmonica

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan

The Last Tycoon was recorded in our spare, stolen hours, here and there in apartments, rehearsal spaces and studios in Stockholm between December 2005 and June 2007.

Written, sung and produced by Peter Morén
Co-produced by Tobias Fröberg and Daniel Värjö
String arrangements by Leo Svensson and Peter
Mixed by Joachim Ekerman at Make Wave, Stockholm
except tracks 1, 4 and 5, additionally mixed by Matt Azzarto and Peter at Think Tank, Hoboken, New Jersey.
Mastered by Håkan Åkesson at Cutting Room, Stockholm
Songs published by EMI Publishing
Drawings by Christine Jacobsson
Sleeve design by Joppen, Christine and Peter

A very special thank you to Tobias and Daniel; without your initial encouragement and help this would never have happened. I am eternally grateful!

Also thank you:

Mum, Dad, the rest of my family, Joachim (Social Competence is listenable only thanks to you and your cutting and pasting), Leo, all the great musicians and friends who played on this record, Matt, Håkan, Per Wikström, Greg Vegas, Howard Greynolds, Helen McLaughlin, Doug Marvin and Dirty On Purpose, Chris Egan, Claudia Chopek, The Concretes, Kroumata, Joppen, Johan Bergmark, Stephen Naron, Wichita Recordings, Jesper Olsson, Kalle Lundgren, Windish Agency, EMI Publishing, Press Here, Chris Stogdill, Grand Old Softies, Jesper Klein and of course Bjorn and John.

Info: www.myspace.com/petermorn

This album is dedicated to Christine J. Kisses!!!