

Some Songs About Time

Compiled for the TIME Exhibition

<https://knesbitt.art/time-exhibit/>

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* These four new songs were created while painting for the exhibition and is currently released on Bandcamp as an EP called, "About Time" by Red Track Five.

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
1	Astro Girl Richard Newell / Keith Nesbitt	Richard Newell Thomas Ashford Doug Rowe Simon Morris	Tilt 'a Whirl Emotional Park Vandals 2008

Astro Girl

Rockets ride a flame
and you journey on a thought
across the astral plane
Studying the stars
all those distant points of light
Are you fascinated by
the deeper parts of night?

Come ride down the carnival
get dizzy at the Tilt 'a Whirl
Leave your ribbons in the wind
get your hair to wave and curl
Entropy's expanding
and the last star's day is over
and everything's exploding
in one final super nova
Astro Girl

Strange harmonics play
You travel to a future
that's years of light away
Spinning on the Tilt-a-Whirl
the planets set and rise
But I can't escape
those black holes in your eyes

On this tiny world
no end has yet begun
So hold my hand
one last ride around the sun

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
2	Big Train Richard Newell / Keith Nesbitt	Doug Rowe Richard Newell	Underground Train Things 2008

Big Train

Do you think I'll go to heaven mamma?
Do you think I'll go to hell?
Do you think I am an angel mamma?
Or am I just the one that fell?

Any time now, big train's gonna come
Any time now, black clouds gonna shade my sun
Any time now, big train's gonna come

Do you think I'm gonna sleep forever mamma?
Do you think I'll wake again?
Do you think I'll be a king mamma?
or will I be poor and plain?

Do you think I'm gonna live forever mamma?
Do you think for all of time?
Do you think my soul will journey mamma?
Do you know what I might find?

Do you think that time will end mamma?
Do you think tomorrow comes?
Do you think the world stays dark mamma
When time shuts down the sun?

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
3	Everything Richard Newell / Keith Nesbitt	Richard Newell Thomas Ashford Doug Rowe	Spaceship Made Of Wood Emotional Park Vandals 2016

Everything

Exploding nothing
 Into everything
 Even something timeless
 Has a moment to begin
 You shed the blackness
 The universal cavity
 I'll gather all the pieces up
 Into the arms of gravity
 Gravity

Sun chained to the wheel
 Everything routine
 Leave it up to time
 To turn the cogs of the machine
 You sheet yourself in white
 Become my ghost of fascination
 Everything tastes sweeter
 In the waste of hesitation
 Hesitation

Memories crawl, a creeping thing
 A thousand spiders on your skin
 Kick your feet, I'll push the swing
 Make the moment everything
 Make it everything
 Make it everything

Thoughts are just like
 Beggars in the rain
 Robots in the laundromat
 A pocketful of change
 It means nothing
 It means everything
 It means nothing
 It means everything

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
4	Another Day Chieh-Ying Tsai /Keith Nesbitt	Arlo Hill, Liane Grasso, Chieh-Ying Tsai	Mr Lee's Fabulous Circus Recorded live 2007

Another Day

(Mr Lee)

I saved my coin for a rainy day
For summer soon turns cold
Counting it twice like a fool
And I let the season roll
Until some thief took my reason
And some thief took my gold

Now there is nothing left to weigh
but the lonely thought of hoping of
Another day.

Sadly I laid my wife to sleep
Wrapped in the last white shroud
And now my daughter dances for her
So high above the crowd
I'm not filled by fear or sorrow
For she makes her father proud

(Tiger Lee)

My mother dances far away
One night we'll meet
One night we'll meet
but now there's just
Another day

(Mr Lee)

One day the strong are weak
One day the weak are strong
I know that fortunes turn
But when they never say
Maybe all it waits is the turn of
Another day

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
5	Another Day - reprise Chieh-Ying Tsai /Keith Nesbitt	Arlo Hill, Liane Grasso, Melissa Williams, Larry Leggett, Evan Siegel, Laurent Martin, Michael O'Brien, Chieh-Ying Tsai	Mr Lee's Fabulous Circus Recorded live 2007

Another Day – reprise

One day the strong are weak
 One day the weak are strong
 I know that fortunes turn
 But when they never say
 Maybe all that waits is the turn of
 Another day

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
6	Alcohol And Love Matt McClaren / Keith Nesbitt	Matt McClaren Alex Thorpe	Red Track Five About Time 2024

Alcohol And Love

The fickle ways of chance
I could have passed you - nearly
My head was drunk and dizzy
Not even sure I saw you - clearly

But we were riding different tracks
and so I almost - missed you
You caught me at the crossing
I was drunk so I - kissed you

Alcohol and Love
Two more things I know
They're gonna take me high
And they're gonna leave me low

All aboard this time around
I'm bound for desperate town
And drinking to forget you
I'll be lost
Never found

I was drinking from the bottle
I was thinking of our dance
How tracks provide a way to ride
These fickle ways of chance

So you can stay for the future
Or you can leave if you decide
For now we ride the same tracks
But all tracks one day divide

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
7	Angels Wings Richard Newell / Keith Nesbitt	Richard Newell Doug Rowe	Landscape Strange Things 2005

Angels Wings

She's a poet
 And she writes the world she sees
 Spends a little time on fantasy
 and a little time on me
 I wonder if she longs
 Yeah - she's got inspiration
 and she sings these angel's songs

There's a girl that I remember
 she's a ghost
 I wonder how she feels
 On the Number Seven
 for the North Coast
 I ain't got angel's wings
 but I got wheels

He's an artist
 and he paints the world he sees
 Draws the sun in every sky
 and the waves in every sea
 I wonder what he means
 Yeah - he's got imagination
 And he sleeps with angel's dreams

There's a girl that I remember
 She's a ghost
 I wonder how she feels
 On the Number Seven
 For the North Coast
 I ain't got angel's wings
 But...

My days they disappear
 Into the past
 They've got angel's wings
 They fly so fast

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
8	Thinking About These Trains Richard Newell / Keith Nesbitt	Doug Rowe Richard Newell	Underground Train Things 2008

Thinking About These Trains

For fifteen minutes in the morning
I pretend I'm not awake
It's cold and I'm making little clouds
With every breath I take

I look out this winter morning
Hear those distant sounds on track
And something in the sound
Always brings my dreaming back

In sleep there's been these trains
On a track that leads to nowhere
And I guess I'd like to go there
Though nothing much explains
Why I've been
Thinking about these trains

Down to the sea on these trains
And we're travelling to the coast
And each carriage is full of ghosts
But I don't know their names
Or why they're
Riding on these trains

Don't want to ride on ghost trains
I need the company of strangers
Who are made to brave the dangers
Of sleep's dark and silent plains
Hey let's go
Riding on these trains

Waiting at the station
Been dreaming in my sleep
In these tunnels running deep
I've been whispering your names
And I've been
Thinking about these trains

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
9	Summer Lost Richard Newell / Keith Nesbitt	Richard Newell Doug Rowe	Landscape Strange Things 2005

Summer Lost

How our ever-young hearts
 Played away the summer days
 Seeking sun and laughter
 And a free ride from the waves
 Ah your body
 It was warm and tanned
 Time it slowed a moment
 When I saw you on the sand

How did love get
 How did love get
 How did love get lost?

How our brave and young hearts
 Played below the summer skies
 Yes I was fascinated by
 The rainbows in your eyes
 And by all the highlights
 That were in your hair
 Waving there and teasing
 In the blue seas salty air

How our careless young hearts
 Played away the summer long
 Our worlds filled with wonder
 And our free hearts beat so strong
 Oh but sadly
 We never knew how time would fly
 Then our summer ended and
 You turned and said goodbye

How did love get
 How did love get
 How did love get lost?
 It could have been so fine

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
10	Speed Of The Time Matt McClaren / Keith Nesbitt	Matt McClaren Alex Thorpe	Red Track Five About Time 2024

Speed of The Time

Run in my mind
 Freed by the night
 Steal away days
 No thought of a crime
 Everybody knows
 The speed of the light
 But what is the speed?
 What is the speed of time?

Darkness descends
 Moon climbing high
 Ascending into
 The Black empty skies
 Faint radio plays
 Strange familiar tune
 Drive to the sea
 Aim east for the moon

Stir up the night
 Ocean wind sighs
 Listen a while
 Closing my eyes
 Cycling seas
 Beat tides onto land
 Measure my days
 Count waves on the sand

Changing each year
 Slowly misplaced
 Memories hide
 Scatter through space
 Seek out a moment
 Place in my mind
 Marked by the light
 Lost thoughts across time

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
11	Time Pilot Matt McClaren / Keith Nesbitt	Matt McClaren	Red Track Five About Time 2024

Time Pilot (Demo)

Dreams rock inside the motion
 Deeper nightly ocean
 Inky waves of ebbing tide
 Visions on the harbour side

Time Sailor
 Steer by second sight
 Steer me right
 Keep it bright
 Last keeper of the light

Hunting swift
 My bird of prey
 Wing across another day
 Contrails in a dawning sky
 Ghost of jets fleeting by

Time Pilot
 Navigate through the night
 Chase the light
 Keep the fight
 Last flyer still in flight

bridge
 Sway against the current
 Dragged across the flow
 Swirling time and turbulence
 Memory shadows grow
 Seek a silence
 Trapped below the sound
 Fight into the storm
 Ride the thunder down
 Ride the thunder down
 Ride the thunder down

Time Sailor,
 Steer by second sight.
 Steer me right.
 Keep it bright.
 Last keeper of the light.

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
12	Soul Windows Richard Newell / Keith Nesbitt	Richard Newell Doug Rowe	Landscape Strange Things 2005

Soul Windows

She smiled, unlike a stranger
and my thoughts became a wish
She poured a glass of wine for me
But I was thinking of her kiss

I think that she believes
I am only stone
I think that she believes
Every tale that's ever told
Of fictional love

I'm looking in the past
Where all the time goes
She's looking at me
Through - her soul windows

Blinds across my windows
my secrets they will keep
She looks at me again
She looks so deep
Time to go to sleep

She made and laid the table
and the meal was in a dish
She poured another wine for me
But I'm still thinking of her kiss

I think that I believe
I am in a storm
I think that I believe
Every tale that's ever told
Of fictional love

#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
13	Good Feel Matt McClaren / Keith Nesbitt	Matt McClaren Alex Thorpe	Red Track Five About Time 2024

Day waves the moon goodbye
Night has gone away
Ge a good feel for the day

Cool down in the water blue
Waves of summer coming through
Give me that good feel for the way

I wanna say
Got a good feeling
Real good feeling for the day
Got a good feeling
Reeal good feeling for the day

Sun waves the storm goodbye
Rain has gone away
Get a good feel for the day

Sky is gonna be so blue
Birds will wanna sing for you
Give me that good feel for the way

Never ever say goodbye
Know you want to stay
Get a good feel for the day

Never ever make me blue
Smile with all the things you do
Give me that good feel for the way

The waves of summer coming through
The birds will wanna sing for you
Smile with all the things you do
Give me that good feel for the day

14	Ride On Wave Of Magic Milton Cotterill / Keith Nesbitt	Milton Cotterill Doug Rowe Richard Newell	2005 (For Painting Exhibit – Abstract Train Of Thought)
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Ride On Wave of Magic

Been hidden forever in a shadow
What lies inside that tunnel?
See it moving with the motion
Of water through a funnel

Lying aimless in a red sun
How grows that strange new flower?
Standing still inside the gale
Planted in the tower

Ride on wave of magic
Ride on wave of time
To close your eyes is tragic
To close your eyes is blind
You ride on a wave of magic
You ride on a wave of time
You ride on a wave of magic
You ride on a wave of time

Flying arrows which lead away or in
What lies in each direction?
Some that point to danger
Some leading to protection

Your eye must find the true course
What lies in each new plane?
Following all the visions
Meet like corners on a frame

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#	Title / Composers	Performed by	Album
15	Dreamer Of All Of Time Doug Rowe / Keith Nesbitt	Doug Rowe Richard Newell	Underground Train Things 2008

Dreamer of All of Time

Once there was but nothing
Nothing on my mind
Then I dreamed I was a dreamer
And I dreamed of all of time

When I dreamed of all of time
I dreamed the dark and light, and then
I dreamed the light away, and then
I dreamed it back again

How I wished to see the dream
That's why I dreamed the light
There was dark and there was nothing
When I dreamed the day from night

Now the night it dreamed of day
And the day it dreamed of night
Until the white had dreamed of black
And all the black had dreamed of white

I am the dreamer
I am the dreamer of all time
I am the dreamer of who you are
And I dream you in your mind

I dreamed the light from nothing
I dreamed of who you are
I dreamed the day, I dreamed the night
And I dreamed you forth a star

When I took the time to dream
How I dreamed a little higher
I dreamed I was exploding
Into light I dreamed the fire

And so I dreamed the star
I dreamed the fire, the fire in its face
So I may have dreamed the star
But I think that time had dreamed the space

All three stars began to dream
They dreamed the darkness filled.
I dreamed away the ones I wished
But I left some dreaming still

I dreamed of one from nothing
I dreamed all numbers into place
I dreamed the stars, I dreamed the light
And time, time it dreamed the space

I am the dreamer
I am the dreamer of all time
I am the dreamer of who you are
And I dream you in your mind

From one I dreamed of two
One and two dreamed of three
From nothing I had dreamed of one
But who had dreamed of me

I dreamed the air from nothing
That's how I dreamed the sky
I dreamed the winds of change
But why I dreamed I knew not why?

First I dreamed the fire
Then I dreamed the earth to be
I dreamed the air, I dreamed the wind
And at last I dreamed the sea

I dreamed the storm sky violet
I dreamed the clear sky blue
The sea was coloured green in dreams
The yellow stars I dreamed them too

I dreamed the earth was orange
The fire was red inside my mind
And that's how I dreamed the rainbow
Just one colour at a time

It was quiet and all was still
And time it dreamed along
How I wished to hear the dream
That's why I dreamed the song

I dreamt a note, I dreamt it higher
And dreamt it higher still
I let it fade and fall away
But it dreamed against my will

Until each note began to dream
Another melody in time
They dreamed together, dreamed apart
Dreamed a sound inside my mind

And the music dreamed of feeling
And yes, I dreamed along
That's how I dreamed of feelings
They were dreamed, dreamed out in a song

I am the dreamer
I am the dreamer of all time
I am the dreamer of who you are
And I dream you in your mind

I dreamed every pattern
That you touch and feel and see
I dreamed into living every dream
Every dream that was to be

I thought that I might sleep then
I had no more dreams to give
And then I dreamed my greatest dream
I dreamed the dream to live

The fire took the dream
It dreamed of life, then with the sea
They dreamed with air and earth
And they dreamed all life to be

I dreamed the rainbow to the land
I dreamed the rainbow to the sky
I dreamed it to the dragon's wings
And onto the butterfly

And yes we dreamed of you
The fire, air and sea and land
While time it still keeps dreaming
And it dreams, it dreams the rock to sand

I am the dreamer
I am the dreamer of all time
I am the dreamer of who you are
And I dream you in your mind

One dreamed of two
One and two dreamed of three
And I may have dreamed of you
But who had dreamed of me?

APPENDIX 1 - Some Songs About Time

I have been involved in a lot of song-writing over the years. I mainly do lyrics as my tuneless inner ear means I struggle to be a musician. Like painting, writing lyrics can be creative. Yet for me at least it doesn't seem to be as mysterious as my pictures. My pictures seem to come out of nowhere, like the cosmos itself! For me, the manipulation of words seems to involve a much more cognitive process and this process is more structured than accidental.

Regardless, Time and Space (or Place) seem to be common elements that I muse over in songs as well as in paintings. I've put together a small collection of these songs, some old, some new. All these works integrate aspects of time and touch on creativity. So, they seem intimately connected to the painting exhibit.

Below are a few brief notes on each song and their relationship to the theme of time.

01	Astro Girl
02	Big Train
03	Everything
04	Another Day
05	Another Day - reprise
06	Alcohol And Love
07	Angel's Wings
08	Thinking About These Trains
09	Summer Lost
10	Speed Of The Time
11	Time Pilot
12	Soul Windows
13	Good Feel
14	Ride On Wave Of Magic
15	Dreamer Of All Of Time

01 Astro Girl

(R. Newell, K. Nesbitt)

(From the *Tilt-A-Whirl* Album by EPV)

This first song is set at the end of cosmic time. (If you want to hear a song about the beginning of cosmic time then you will have to go to the last one). Does the universe end and how it ends are mirror questions to when and how the universe begins. Personally, I admire the optimism of the character in this song who is making the most of love as he waits for the final moment and takes one more loop on the cosmic carnival ride.

02 Big Train

(R. Newell, K. Nesbitt)

(From the *Underground* Album by *Train Things*)

Probably more of a realistic concern than the end of cosmic time, is the end of our own personal earthly time. The song is a strangely happy song about the end of a lifetime and moving on. Like most the songs on the *Underground* album it explores the idea that we travel on tracks of fate. Whether we lay our own tracks and ride them or if they are already laid remains ambiguous. I tend to think of life starting at some station and moving to an end station, like an arrow of time. No doubt, I've laid a lot of the tracks myself, but at times it feels like someone else created the landscape I had to lay them through. However, who knows, it may be a circular trip, a simple loop like a child's train set, around and around.

03 Everything

(R. Newell, K. Nesbitt)

(From the *Spaceship Made Of Wood* Album by EPV)

This song is based on a book I read once called the "Theory Of Nothing" (R.K. Standish). This book discusses the well-known and ongoing search by physicists and mathematicians for a Theory of Everything. That is, a hypothetical, singular, all-encompassing, coherent theoretical framework of physics. If it could be found and provided you could set the initial boundary conditions correctly, you could just simulate the universe like clockwork and let things unfold. The book argues that the Theory of Everything is really a Theory of Nothing as the Information required to capture everything would indeed be everything. The book also supports the many worlds hypothesis – which seems to be a way of getting around the many fortunate accidents that seem necessary for us to be here at all and to be wondering about all this time stuff anyway. There are many worlds where things don't work out so nicely, but because there are so many worlds you can expect at least one where the fortunate accidents happen and we can wonder about this time stuff.

(I should note that I was working in Boston when I wrote these words. One of the things that unsettled me was the presence of street beggars who wanted my quarters. Unfortunately, I had to save my quarters so I could do my weekly washing as the machines at the laundromat required them. Without this information there are a few lines in the song that may seem to mean nothing.)

04 Another Day

05 Another Day – reprise

(Chieh-Ying Tsai, K. Nesbitt)

(From the musical, *Mr Lee's Magical Circus*)

Again, in this song we come back to more human scale of time. While we may make lifetime plans, we do tend to measure our days by solar and lunar cycles. Whether it is one day, or one season at a time, we tend to have more pragmatic everyday problems

that we must navigate. Best laid plans of mice and men and all that. I like the saying that life is what happens while you are planning what to do with it.

In the musical, Mr Lee, the ringmaster, is getting older and he is making plans for retirement, Unfortunately the lion tamer and knife-thrower are unscrupulous and Mr Lee's entire circus is in peril. His daughter is quite the star performer and dances on the high wire. Unfortunately, his wife has died some years earlier and Mr Lee seems to be waiting for a turn of fortunes. I guess only the fortune teller knows how that will all turn out.

06 Alcohol And Love

(M. McClaren, K. Nesbitt)

(From the EP, *About Time*)

The words for this song were originally written for the Underground album, so it contains the familiar metaphor of fate as train tracks and the inevitably nature of switches, or decision points that occur along the track. While fate seems destined for the characters in this song there also seems to be some randomness about events and a sense of being lost in time and space. The character in this song seems to have had too many drinks one night and accidentally fallen in love.

07 Angels Wings

(R. Newell, K. Nesbitt)

(From *Landscape Album* by *Strange Things*)

Time and Place are two of my common muses when writing words. Heart and Soul also seem to work their way into many songs. Usually, the Angels and Devils I talk about simply serve as metaphorical devices for good and bad. In this song there is the more metaphysical sense of wings that fly across space and time. Of course, I only have wheels and there is a speed limit. I also loathe traffic, but the wheels will have to do. In this song, we get a sense that time is passing too quickly. The song was written travelling back from Wollongong towards Newcastle (on the number 7 highway to the North coast). Really, it's about going back to a familiar place to see someone familiar. Most songs are pretty much made up, but this song has some slightly autobiographical elements. I do paint the sun in every sky and often paint waves too. Sky and Sea are the last of my six main muses when I create.

08 Thinking About These Trains

(R. Newell, K. Nesbitt)

(From *Underground Album* by *Train Things*)

This song was written in bed one cold, foggy Bathurst, winter morning. I was stealing another 15 minutes to lie in my warm bed. I could hear the trains in the distance and they seem to echo in my dreams as I woke. It seemed like the sound waves carried a little clearer under the dank atmospheric conditions. Perhaps it was just a very quiet morning outside or inside my head. For some other reason I was attending to the sound and it weirdly recalled my sleeping thoughts. Night and Day are of course the normal cycle of things, along with sleep and a sense of dreaming. We all have an array of biological clocks in our heads, some that synchronise with the sun and temperature. I certainly feel a strong shift in my moods with seasonal changes. Don't worry the ghosts in the song may simply be memories. Although, there is also a sense of wanting to ride the ghost trains, not just into the past but also into the future. Maybe I should worry.

09 Summer Lost

(R. Newell, K. Nesbitt)

(From *Landscape Album* by *Strange Things*)

This song also has a feel of lost memories and looking back in time. There is a sense of regret for the passing of youthful years. Summer has been used a lot as a poetic device in this sense. Summer representing our halcyon days When I think back to my early days or surfing and falling in love it does seem that time is suspended and passing more slowly. Now everything rushes by. This seems to be a common experience of aging and time perception. We feel like time is passing more slowly when we are young and it seems to speed up as we get older. Maybe it is to do with the surprise of youth, the constant new experiences we have when we are young. Comparatively, as we age, we adopt such repetitive routines and seem to rely on patterns of behaviour and thinking that are ingrained. Anyway, nice to look back and remember what seemed like endless summer days on the beach. More nice memories is one advantage you can take into older age.

10 Speed Of The Time

(M. McClaren, K. Nesbitt)

(From the EP *About Time*)

This song picks up a similar theme to the last one. Although, there is a bit more tongue-in-cheek angst intended in this song. Running to catch up yet throwing days away. And still so much fascination with the speed of light and yet no concern for the speed of time.

11 Time Pilot

(M. McClaren, K. Nesbitt)

(From the EP *About Time*)

When I was young I liked the idea of travelling in time. Mainly backwards, so I could fix up the mistakes. One of the other problems with getting older is that the hopes and dreams and wishes of youth become harder to hold onto. You've got to try to keep the light but sometimes the forces of darkness gather. There's a spiritual feel to this song, keeping the light, staying positive as you move through time. I also feel like keeping the light is a reminder to me to stay creative. Painting and song-writing are something that seems to be integral to who I am.

12 Soul Windows

(R. Newell, K. Nesbitt)

(From *Landscape Album* by *Strange Things*)

This song again captures a fascination with time passing. I've been very lucky to work with some amazing musicians over the years. An interesting feature of this song is the reverse guitar solo. Richard always liked to have one song on each album with this effect. Not sure how he imagined the music in reverse. Musicians constantly amaze me with the order and beauty they bring to sound. Anyway, the guitar solo on this track is recorded in normal direction and then reversed in the mix. Maybe time can go backwards after all.

At a quantum time scale, future and past is one of those that can evolve in a wave of probability. The wave can collapse when the future is observed and the past can even be changed to ensure consistency. Thus the future can change the past. I guess this is a bit like the way history gets written by the winners. Listening to this song makes me wonder about whether dreams and memories are somehow out of time. The order of key events seem preserved in relation to each other, but there is no real linear, periodic track of time on which events occur.

13 Good Feel

(M. McClaren, K. Nesbitt)

(From the EP, *About Time*)

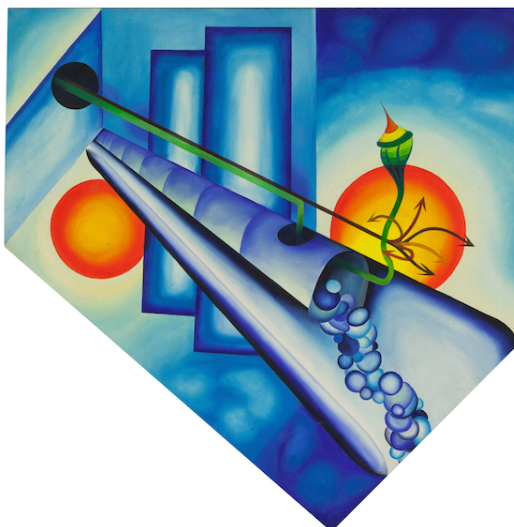
Creativity, like my moods can sometimes seem to move like a wave. Long summer days seem to create a slow wave of good feeling. Like many songs I write, the love angle can simply be added on to make the narrative. For me this song was really inspired by the sense of good feeling when my biological clock aligns with the long summer day. I know it's just a quirk of my brains biochemistry but it feels so nice.

14 Ride On Wave Of Magic

(M. Cotterill, K. Nesbitt)

This song was originally written to go with a painting. (I do write words for each painting, trying to keep them as automatic as possible.) At the time of writing these words I had no real understanding of the meaning of the either the words or the picture. Milton, who wrote the music and sings on this was really the first musician I worked with. We did a lot of early songs in the 1970s. Unfortunately, this was before the digital age, home studios and computers - so making quality recordings in any affordable waw was difficult. Although I have copies of these early songs, they are still short of production and need to be recorded again. Of course, music has also moved on a bit since then, but maybe one day we can these updated.

This particular song was redone in 2004 to accompany my first painting exhibit. By then I had good idea this song and picture were all about creativity. It talks about Ideas being born and the creative decisions made as the idea emerges. The wave of time I interpret as the oscillations in the way creative ideas emerge, and as an artist I make observations (paint or write a song). Making observations collapses the idea wave at different moments in time. Presumably the idea state continues to evolve after the observation is made. I also like the idea of a wave of time, that things do not seem to pass at the same rate, but rather sometimes fast, sometimes slow, Ideas are like pulses moving along a compression wave. Even though the song was updated in 2004 it still has the feel of the seventies, ideas emerging from behind the doors of perception. I really like the way the guitar solo morphs into the violin as you move along the sound wave. Ironically the picture itself is my first odd-shaped picture. So, the ideas in this picture don't really "meet like corners on a frame". The first of my many framing problems.



Ride On Wave Of Magic (1979)

15 Dreamer Of All Of Time

(D. Rowe, K. Nesbitt)

(From Underground Album by Train Things)

Just as the first song was about the end of time, this last song is about the beginning of time. Perhaps there is a cycle. Anyway this is my own attempt at a creation myth. Although it can be interpreted in a more spiritual way, for me it was really an artistic description of the pattern I had discovered in my creativity. A pattern I call "Simplicity". The lyrics are also intended to capture the ideas behind this pattern. They describe the creative process and how the Simplicity pattern is used to create everything. So, even though the story of the song suggests cosmogenesis, for me it is really all about creativity. Creating ideas. It's a bit narcissistic, but we are all, essentially, creating all of our own time.

I do really like the way many of the issues and descriptions of cosmogenesis can be interpreted, metaphorically, if not mathematically, in terms of idea creation. You will find in the song references to the recursive nature of idea creation, the way ideas work together to create more ideas, the way parts can be added and combined or even removed. Likewise, the way ideas evolve, pretty much with a life of their own is also described.

The character in this song seems alone as they grapple with the infinity of contexts involved in making ideas. There is this problem, even if you track back to the first idea, there is still an underlying context, another idea behind this idea.

Lately, I've been thinking about the first time a baby opens their eyes and sees the light, hears their first sound, first experiences the world with touch. Wow, it must be amazing and a little frightening. Is this the moment when our first context begins or is it before. Is there really a moment of beginning. Or are there already patterns inside our minds that pre-set the way we create a sense of things. When and how do ideas begin?



simplicity



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