



COLE

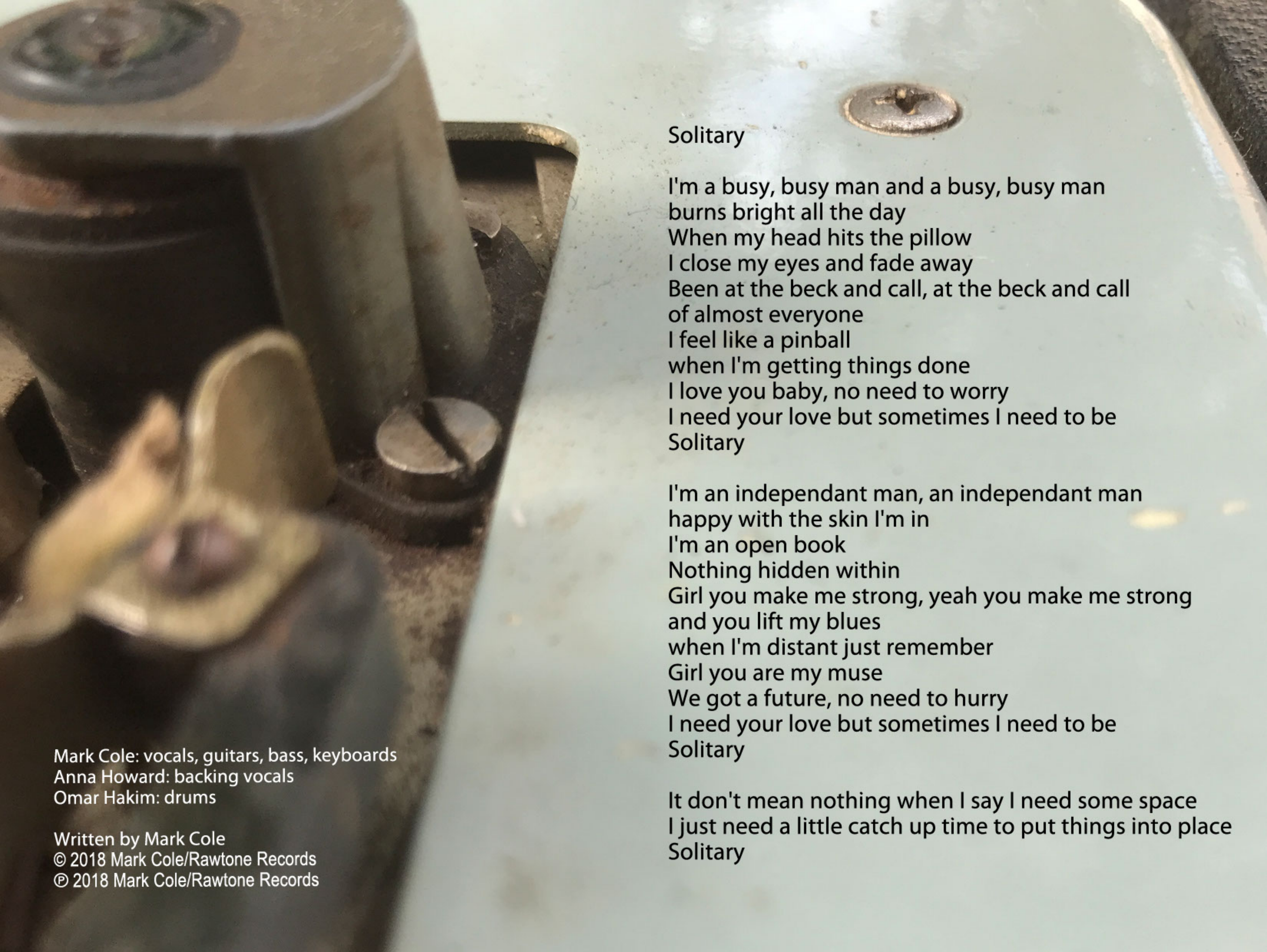
A man with a beard and short hair is sitting on a blue sofa in a dimly lit room. He is wearing a light-colored short-sleeved shirt and dark pants. Above him is a large, ornate chandelier with many red, glowing lights. The room is dark, with the light from the chandelier and a small light source from the left illuminating the scene.

COLE

solitary
desiccate me baby
love will make you blind
bon ton boy
let me down
water will rise
misprint formica
honeyslide
banus rain
out on a saturday night
had our day

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Solitary

I'm a busy, busy man and a busy, busy man
burns bright all the day
When my head hits the pillow
I close my eyes and fade away
Been at the beck and call, at the beck and call
of almost everyone
I feel like a pinball
when I'm getting things done
I love you baby, no need to worry
I need your love but sometimes I need to be
Solitary

I'm an independant man, an independant man
happy with the skin I'm in
I'm an open book
Nothing hidden within
Girl you make me strong, yeah you make me strong
and you lift my blues
when I'm distant just remember
Girl you are my muse
We got a future, no need to hurry
I need your love but sometimes I need to be
Solitary

It don't mean nothing when I say I need some space
I just need a little catch up time to put things into place
Solitary

Mark Cole: vocals, guitars, bass, keyboards
Anna Howard: backing vocals
Omar Hakim: drums

Written by Mark Cole
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Desiccate Me Baby

Desiccate me baby
Then drown me in your love

I cant kiss you coz my mouth is so dry
I don't care because you take me so high
Desiccate me baby
Then drown me in your love

You take the water that I'm holding within
and you draw it out all over my skin
Desiccate me baby
Then drown me in your love

I can't complain
I feel no pain
Desiccate me baby

I need some water but we're way too entwined
And when I'm in you I am out of my mind
Desiccate me baby
Then let drown me in your love

I'm in your rain
Can we go again
Desiccate me baby

Mark Cole: vocals, guitars, harp, bass
Omar Hakim: drums

Written by Mark Cole
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Love Will Make You Blind

Charlie Montarello was morally upstanding
As pious as a preacher kneeling down
But he'd act like a fool and break every rule
whenever Esmerelda came to town

He didn't want to know, you just couldn't tell him
What you saw him do he just denied
and if you showed him pictures or the video you took
he'd swear to you the camera must've lied

It's love, love
fall in and you will find
Love will make you think that you've found your way
but love will make you blind

Everybody told him she was in it for money
and as soon as it was gone she would be too
He just couldn't see it, even when she left him
with nothing but the dollar in his shoe

It's love...

She took the car and settled down on Tableturn Road
in a little town called Paramour's Deceit
She fell in love with Kooley Moon, a bluesman from the boondocks
who left her poor and broken on the street

It's love...

The moral of the story - don't get lost in love
hands on the wheel and eyes ahead
but you and I both know that in the moment that you kiss
these words will disappear from in your head

It's love...

Mark Cole: vocals, guitars, keyboards, drums
Reuben Rogers: bass

Written by Mark Cole
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Bon Ton Boy

I feel so good
Gonna party, gonna party, all night long

Hey now baby, get a brand new toy,
I got something make you jump for joy

I'm a bon ton boy,
Yeah a bon ton boy,
I'm a bon ton boy
Gonna make you jump for joy

I feel so good
Gonna party, gonna party, til the break of day

Heard you like to party all night long
Me n you baby sing the same chanson

I'm a bon ton boy...

Je me sens très bien
Gonna party, gonna party, til I can't no more

Three shots of whisky, two shots of rum
I never get too drunk to have my fun

I'm a bon ton boy...

Raised in the country on rice and beans
Learned how to love in New Orleans

I'm a bon ton boy...

Mark Cole: vocals, guitars, foot stomps

Written by Mark Cole

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Let Me Down

There's a whisper in the trees, the moon is on the crest
There's a chill in the air and a pounding in my chest
It isn't 'cause of love or the memory of your honey
It's in anticipation of the counting of the money
You said you'd meet me here in the middle of the night
but I bet Joey fifty that you wouldn't treat me right
Let me down

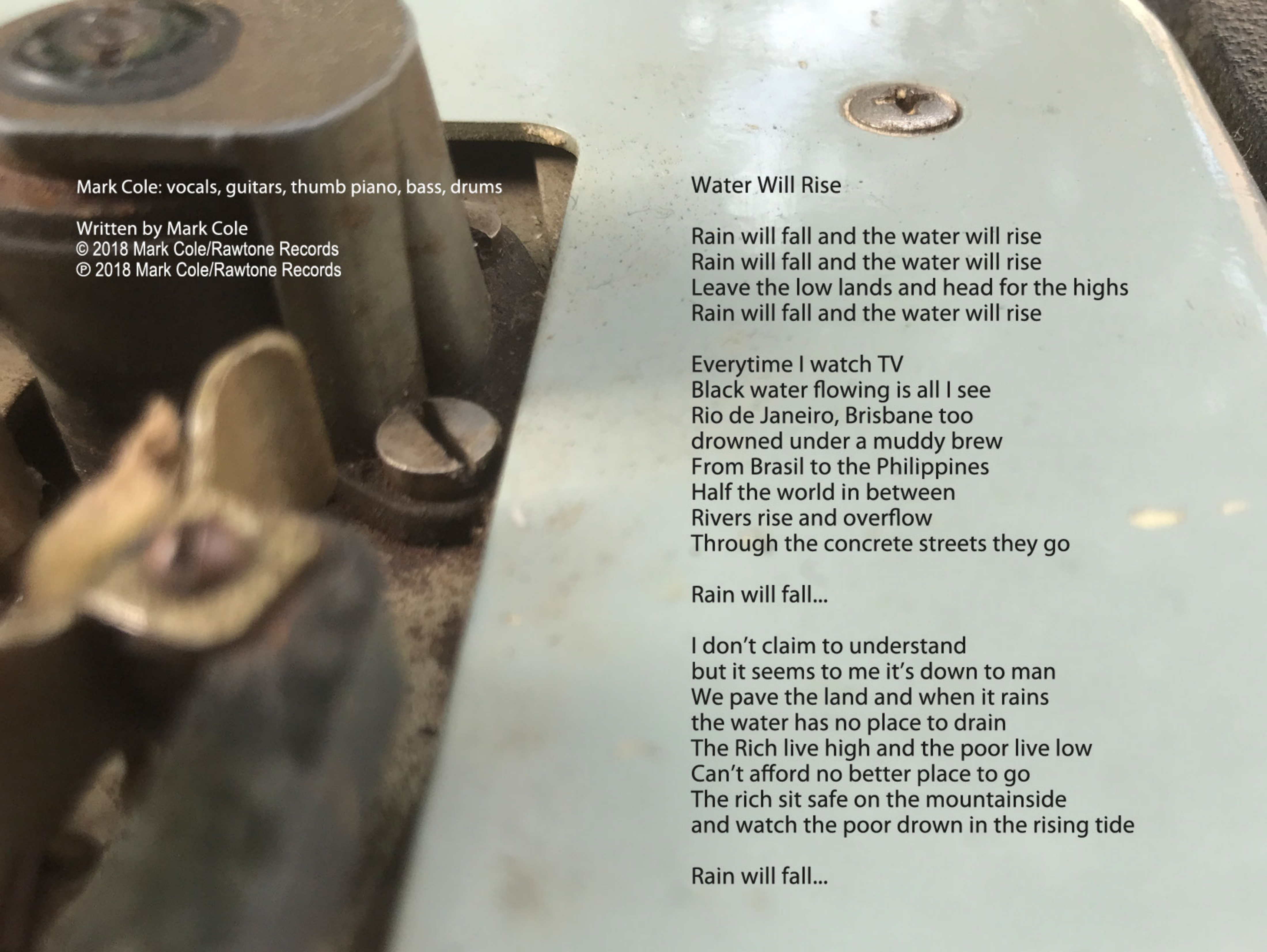
Mary had raven hair her skin was white as snow
and everywhere that Mary went this lamb was sure to go
She looked into my eyes and she emptied my head
Didn't know she was a spider til I fell into in her web
I woke up hanging from the highest tree
and there are two hungry children depending on me
Let me down

I'm on one side of the scales and your sitting on the other
It was level as a lake when we started as lovers
Now I've been around longer that I thought I'd be
and I've let you get a little too stuck on me
Now you're heavy as a promise, I'm light as a pin
and it's getting hard to breath where the air so thin
Let me down

The time's gonna come when there's no encore
Black angel with a scythe come knocking on my door
Saying "Grab what you need, it's time to go
Pete and J.C. are waiting at the show"
And I know you're gonna miss me when I'm not around
but there's a hole that's calling me deep in the ground
Let me down

Mark Cole: vocals, banjo, guitars, washtub bass,
harp, percussion

Written by Mark Cole
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Mark Cole: vocals, guitars, thumb piano, bass, drums

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Water Will Rise

Rain will fall and the water will rise
Rain will fall and the water will rise
Leave the low lands and head for the highs
Rain will fall and the water will rise

Everytime I watch TV
Black water flowing is all I see
Rio de Janeiro, Brisbane too
drowned under a muddy brew
From Brasil to the Philippines
Half the world in between
Rivers rise and overflow
Through the concrete streets they go

Rain will fall...

I don't claim to understand
but it seems to me it's down to man
We pave the land and when it rains
the water has no place to drain
The Rich live high and the poor live low
Can't afford no better place to go
The rich sit safe on the mountainside
and watch the poor drown in the rising tide

Rain will fall...

Misprint Formica

This misprint formica is making me sick
Make me feel drunk but I ain't had a drink
Had one last night and it cost me a ten
You can bet your life I won't go there again

Misprint formica made in Indo-china
and put here in this place to push me into my inner space

Misprint formica is pulling me in
Making me question where I've been,
what I say and what I do
who am I and who are you

Misprint formica made in Indo-china
and put here in this place to push me into my inner space

These table tops are all the same
I wanna know who's to blame
I came here to unwind
not for this table top to blow my mind

Misprint formica made in Indo-china
and put here in this place to push me into my inner space

It looks so innocent but I got a hunch
there's something criminal going on around lunch
Cause everyone's psyche is getting sucked in
Is it Donald Trump or that Korean guy Kim?

Misprint formica made in Indo-china
and put here in this place to push me into my inner space

Mark Cole: vocals, guitar, banjo, saz, mellotron, percussion
Reuben Rogers: bass
Celso Allberti: drums

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RECORD

WIND
BACK

WIND
ON

PLAY
BACK

Honeyslide

Let me ride
your honeyslide

Baby please don't hide
your honeyslide

I wanna be inside
your honeyslide

You know I've cried and cried
for your honeyslide

I'd search the whole world wide
for your honeyslide

Mark Cole: vocals, guitars, cümbüş, bass
Anna Howard: backing vocals
Ned Leo: drums

Written by Mark Cole
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Mark Cole: vocals, guitar, mandolin, lap steel guitar, bass, percussion
Reuben Rogers: bass

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Banus Rain

Banus rain smells the same
as any rain in the world that falls
on hot concrete and dirt
Flooding my brain with global memories
as I walk back from the beach
caught in the Banus rain

The more it pours the more I smile
All these open-top playboy Ferraris
are getting soaking wet
And in this place of gold, glass and marble
rich or poor we are all
prey to the Banus rain

Sometimes longed for and sometimes feared
but always washing away the dirt
that stains all you see
And I almost feel my sins rise and surface
run down my skin and flow away
lost in the Banus rain

I don't know where I'm going
but I'll always remember
the cleansing Banus rain



YAMAHA pf85
ELECTRONIC PIANO AWM

Out On A Saturday Night

Don't sit at home and watch the TV
when you should be out on a Saturday night
Don't get hypnotised by some talent show
Get off your ass and go where the neon is bright
There's a world of living music
You can breath it in and it feels so right

Put on those tight jeans or that red dress
Could not care less which cos you always look fine
We can walk there, save the cab fare
Let them stop and stare cos your hand is in mine
Head on down to the Du Drop Inn
where we'll drink and dance and sing, have a hell of a time

Drums are pounding, beer is flowing
I'm not going home til way after last call
Harp is wailing, guitar's screaming
Your face beaming, girl, yes we're having a ball
Band is cooking and my soul's flyin'
Your skin's shining, girl, I'm a-lovin' it all

So listen people, find your venue
and then you give it all the support it needs
Bring your family, bring your friends
Let's start a trend and grow some musical seeds
and if you won't then don't be surprised
when the music dies coz you're cutting off the hand that feeds

Mark Cole: vocals, guitar
Elvis Gannet: drums

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Had Our Day

Well baby, I won't make fuss
You know that ain't my style
To be honest I've seen this coming now
for a little while
We do what we do and we don't what we don't
mostly for good reasons
The whys and the wherefores
they change with the seasons
And the way I react
well, that's something I choose
So don't worry, I'll be fine
You haven't left me with the blues


We know it's broken and it won't be fixed
Lord knows we tried and tried and tried
but whatever we do, it just won't stick
So head on towards the sunshine
You spent too long in the cold
We're not doing anything
but sitting round and getting old
So I'll move out, it is your house
There'll be more room for your shoes
And I know that you're in love with him
so you won't be feeling hurt with the blues

When we started out the grass was green
The sun was shining bright
We'd laugh and sing, do everything
Didn't need to sleep at night
But things they fray through wear and tear
Come apart along the seams
And slowly but surely
we started having different dreams
Now we hardly talk and we never kiss
Inside we've blown a fuse
So you're right to leave, we've had our day
All we have together is the blues

Mark Cole: vocals, guitar, harp

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Recorded, mixed and mastered at MCLR, Gloucester, UK, between January 2017 and June 2018

Mark endorses Fat Tone Amps, bespoke harmonica amplifiers www.fat-tone-amps.co.uk

The following instruments were used by Mark:

Guitar stuff - '58 Framus archtop with a '57 Harmony Hollywood pickup, Alamo Fiesta, Supro Coronado, vintage Supro lap steel, Variax 300, vintage Stella parlour acoustic, Aria classical, custom made Fender p-bass clone.

Harp stuff - Seydel harps, BlowsMeAway Heumann dynamic element harp mic, JT30 mic shell with a '54 Shure CR element.

Amps - Fat Tone Amps 50w 12" harp amp, Fender Blues Junior combo, early '50s Chicago Radionic Industries 8w 10" combo, Quilter 101 Mini Reverb guitar amp through a '62 Bell & Howell film projector speaker.

Other stuff - Fender mandolin, vintage 1900s 5 string banjo, Turkish cümbüş, Turkish saz, Yamaha pf85 electric piano, Mellotron, homemade washtub two string bass, thumb piano, pangi rope, all sorts of raggedy old found/flea market/pawn shop percussion.