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Bill Deasy - Vocals, Acoustic Guitar Tyler Thompson - Drums, Percussion, Piano, and Mandolin Justin Mazer - Electric Guitar Dave Shepherd - Electric and Upright Bass

GUEST SINGERS:

Maia Sharp "Work in Progress," "The Light Glows Darkly," & "Face Down"
Shane McLaughlin "Electric Light" & "Old Blue Tennis Shoe"

Recorded in August and September of 2024 at Studio 110 in Carnegie, Pennsylvania. Engineered and Mixed by Tyler Thompson Mastered by Jon Neufeld

Artwork by Leah Varga Oddo

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Work in Progress

I take my faded blueprint out
Measure each dimension twice to ease the doubt
I put my safety glasses on
So when the sparks come flying I don't get it wrong
Keep the tool kit open
'cause I'm a really hoping

To set a firm foundation
To lay the coats of paint on one by one Besist the rush temptation
'cause it's a work in progress
Oh and the work ain't never done

That ain't to say there ain't no joy
It's a joy to finally build and not destroy
Let's watch that morning sun arise
Then set to work on carving out our next surprise
And when the bones start showing
We got a good thing knowing

Upon a firm foundation...

Build my castle on sand no longer

Let's set a firm foundation...
'cause it's a work in progress
Oh and the work ain't never done
Yeah it's a work in progress
You gotta work until it's done
Oh I'm a work in progress
And my work has just begun

Electric Light

Plowman in the field
Throwing seeds into the soil
Praying the harvest yield
Will bring some meaning to his toil
When up McGuffey Road
A tall and handsome stranger comes
Dandy clears his throat
Steps up on a cedar stump
Starts speaking and the people come, he say

Plowman let it go
Lay your sickle down and dosido
No sense holding on
Future's coming and it won't be long
Sir I tell you true
Magic gonna make a gray sky blue
Wonder if I might
Introduce you to electric light
Electric light

By a candle's glow
At the evening of the day
Pulls her body close
Whispers what he has to say
I know it might sound strange
But I got this crazy fear
In a cloud of change
I'm gonna disappear
She just smile, say, oh my dear now

Plowman let it go...

Oh electric light, electric light Yeah electric light, electric light Oh, door's ahead, it's open wide And lit up by electric light

Plowman let it go...

Love is a Messy Thing

Dirty water, moonshine mud Shrapnel caught her, drew first blood By dawn's early light Strangled by shadows of night

Tear-stained letter, bold-faced lies Can't forget her, how he tries On long Saturdays Driving those demons away

Falling on his knees
His eyes like guns, their sights held evenly
He started muttering
If I learned anything
It's that love is a messy thing

God Almighty, hear the sound Black wolf dying, steel trap found Him lost and alone In a forest far from his home

Bandage bleeding through
Spilled his guts and ripped her heart in two
Her in her party clothes
Red eyes and runny nose
Falling on his knees
Eyes like guns, their sights held evenly
He started muttering
If I learned anything
It's that love is a messy thing

The wounds they sting When light gets in Oh when lights get in

Falling on her knees
Eyes of love as deep as any sea
She whispered tenderly
Beauty ain't everything
Baby love is a messy thing

House of Cards

I am a house of cards
Don't breathe in my direction
I am a shiny thing
Hollow on the inside
I am a rising tide
Roiling toward the shoreline
Roaring like a Serengeti lion

I am a leaky cup
Not full but never empty
I am an uncarved block
Placed among creation
I am an evening sky
Bleeding precious daylight
Chasing sparks that mark the holy night

Baby it ain't mercy
I am asking for
I just need someone to please say more

I am a summer wind
All mystery and danger
I am a gentle snow
Blanketing the pavement
I am a tired child
Trembling in a hallway
Frozen in a moment out of time

Baby it ain't mercy
I am asking for
I just need someone to close that door

I am a house of cards Don't breathe in my direction

Quiet Song

Quiet song, oh I hear you In the wind and darkness too How I long to be nearer to you Now that all my hope is gone

Such a still and peaceful river She thought as she set across Precious cargo to deliver Stormy weather tossed

Quiet song, oh I'm listening All the days and nights for you I don't belong to this feeling I feel Like my whole damn life is wrong

Late last night I had a vision I stood beneath a sea foam sky Fallen angels all were given A second chance to fly

Quiet song, oh I hear you In the wind and darkness too

The Light Glows Darkly

I emerged from a hole
In a schoolyard ground when I was eight years old
Ray was there, Donny too
My brother and my sisters and everyone I knew
And they smiled, oh they did
They said, "Little boy you need not have stayed
hidden for so long a time."

I set out from that place
With the rays of golden sunlight on my face
And a bird overhead
Cast a knowing glance upon me
With a whistled song he said
He said, "Fly, just like me.
Fly until you're high above the tree line
Child, and you will find..."

On a river in a valley
At the evening of the day
Oh a light glows darkly
Yeah a light glows darkly
Oh the light glows darkly

Broken vows, broken wings
Broken concentration made it hard to sing
Wasted time, wasted songs
Chasing everywhere
Except the only place where I belong
But then the sky broke the day
Into colors more electric than Monet
I found my trail again

On a river in a valley..

And now the white clouds they vanish Over a floating world Here in the Autumn of my years

On a river in a valley...

Old Blue Tennis Shoe

She wore a thrift-shop overcoat, matching scarf Back there in lost America's beating heart When from an all-night laundromat he emerged Lives once separate, they converged

In the Skylight Diner
Over strong black coffee
She said he reminded her
Of an old blue tennis shoe on a floor
Of an old blue tennis shoe she once wore

Tread all worn away from the miles
And a shoelace disarray kind of smile
Adventure guaranteed every time
When she placed them on her feet life was fine

In the Skylight Diner...

By the Brooklyn Bridge
In the morning twilight
He found a dead corsage
On a mottled sidewalk
He resurrected it
And he placed it in her palm
And the sunrise sang a song
And a fairytale came true
'neath a sky of powder blue

Skylight Diner...
Of an old blue tennis shoe over there
Of an old blue tennis shoe in a pair

Face Down

After all that we been through
All the circles of hell we ran together
It's a wonder that we're standing here at all
And though I didn't intend to
Lead you into the catastrophic weather
Morning came and you were dry and standing tall
Sky so blue, felt almost new

After heartache after heartache brought the tears
I stopped chasing after ghosts and faced my fears
I don't know which way we're going to go from here
Whatever comes we will face down

Not long ago I was facedown
In the alley of dreams that bring no glory
Cuts bleeding onto everyone I loved
A generational breakdown
And baby you were the hero of the story
Held steady when the push became a shove
Pulled us through just like you do

After heartache after heartache brought the tears...

Big things, hard things
That was not in the cards things
Anything at all
We will face down

Sky so blue felt almost new

After heartache after heartache brought the tears...

See What Comes

Harder than hell
What I'm asking you to do for me now
Time only tells
Stories that a broken heart will allow
And I know that I'm sounding crazy

Let's take walks together
Through woods and fields and changing weather
Winter snow, summer sun
'neath a slow sunset we'll
Turn and watch the trail dust settle
And see what comes
See what comes

Easy for me
Spinning wisdom takes one hell of a nerve
Let's wait and see
That's a posture that I do not deserve
But here I go asking you anyway

Let's take walks together...

Set the camera to time lapse See the flower of forgiveness Bloom through years

'neath a last sunset we'll...

Too Young to Know

I'm an orphan at the altar of creation
Striving to be worthy of my station
I sometimes fall
Tune out the call
But light shines through whichever way I'm facing

Mystery, as far as I can see Roads that don't quite tell you where they go Even here in my advancing years There are things I'm still too young to know

Like how the early-morning sky becomes a painting
No holy war is capable of tainting
The artist smiles
Steps back a while
Then adds a breeze to keep the tall trees swaying

Mystery as far as I can see
Roads that don't quite tell you where they go
Even here in my advancing years
There are things I'm still too young to know
Baby please come join me for the show

All songs written by Bill Deasy © 2024 Giddy Jon Songs It started with a phone call to Shane McLaughlin from Buffalo Rose.

"Any thoughts on a cool place in Pittsburgh to make a new record?" I asked.

"I hear good things about Tyler Thompson," he replied.

It turns out, I had too. But not Tyler the recording engineer. Tyler the drummer. He plays in a great band called Fruition out of Portland, Oregon. Their booking agent had pitched them to me in my capacity as the county concert guy.

I gave Tyler a call. He explained his process. Full-band interaction is what matters most. Musicians in a moment. We – myself on acoustic guitar and vocals, Tyler on drums, whoever we'd recruit to play electric guitar and bass - find the arrangement, the vibe that feels right, then start recording. When we have two or three passes we all feel good about, we listen back and choose one to ride for the distance.

I am guessing those previous few sentences don't really register if you're not in a band and have never recorded, but it's not exactly the typical process. Generally, when you make a record, the initial studio "performances" are aimed solely at getting good-sounding drums and bass. Once you have those, you become more microscopic as you layer in electric guitar parts, keyboards, percussion, etc. The lead vocal generally comes when the track is more fully formed and involves many takes which the engineer will edit into one. The result is far-removed from the source, i.e. the spark that comes from a band playing a brand new song.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Tyler and I clicked in that phone call. I was undeterred and intrigued by his process. I loved that he had never heard my music and had no preconceptions. He also had a window of availability the following week. I sent him acoustic demos of the songs and he suggested a Pittsburgh guy named Dave Shepherd to play bass and Justin Mazer, who is based near Philly, to play electric guitar. Justin had to rearrange some things but was able to commit to two days.

Two days. The next week. Myself and three people I'd never met. Yikes!

We converged on the evening of Monday, August 12th. Got some sounds. Broke the ice. Reconvened the following morning. We started with "Face Down" which was straightforward and brand new. I grabbed Tyler's 12-string acoustic to play it through for everyone and we were off to the races.

I am listening to the final mix of "Face Down" as I type this and remembering the newness of everything. The song. The "band." The setting. What you'll hear (and what I am hearing right now) are the parts we did right then. Four musicians playing a song. Justin added a second electric guitar part once we'd all signed off on the best single pass, then it was on to the next. And that's how it went.

Deep in our second full day, we gathered in the control room to map out a plan for "The Light Glows Darkly." My initial thought for the song was a loping, mid-tempo, rock-band approach. But as we listened to my work tape we just weren't sure. All but Tyler took his station in the studio and I randomly started to sing the first verse a 'Capella. The voice that had been fading and veering toward hoarseness, found new life. The melody seemed to sing itself as each word felt alive. I knew to continue just as Justin knew to add atmospheric ambience and Dave knew to lay out, waiting for an entry point that never arrived.

That's the beauty of Tyler's approach. With musicians so focused on listening and feeling and discerning both individually and collectively, a song's true identity can be discovered in a recorded "moment in time." And that's what "Work in Progress" is more than anything I have ever put out. A recorded moment in time.

Thank you for listening.