

**GIANT SAND – HEARTBREAK PASS - ALBUM LABEL COPY**

Artist: Giant Sand

Title: Heartbreak Pass

Release Date: 5/5/15

Configuration(s) CD / Vinyl / Digital (Regular, MFiTs, HD Tracks):

1. Heavently 3:27
2. Texting Feist 4:12
3. Hurtin' Habit 3:01
4. Transponder 3:29
5. Song So Wrong 2:50
6. Every Now And Then 3:21
7. Man On A String 3:55
8. Home Sweat Home 3:34
9. Eye Opening 2:55
10. Pen To Paper 2:55
11. Bitter Suite 2:19
12. House In Order 3:25
13. Gypsy Candle 4:26
14. Done 3:39
15. Forever And Always 1:48

Produced by Howe Gelb

Transponder produced by Jason Lytle & Howe

All songs written by Howe Gelb except

Forever And Always

(Talula Gelb & Howe Gelb)

All songs © 2015 Scatter Land My Little Darlin' (BMI) except

Man On A String © 2002 Amazing Black Sand Music (BMI)

All songs mixed by John Parish

With assistance by Alister Chant at Toybox Studios in Bristol, UK

Mastered by Roger Seibel at SAE Mastering in Phoenix, AZ

Art direction by Howe Gelb & Tom Bejgrowicz

Design and layout by Tom Bejgrowicz for Man Alive Creative

Hand lettering by Howe

Cover photograph by Matias Corral - taken in Luzern, Switzerland  
Inside photos by Marriane Visser - taken live in the Netherlands  
Illustration by El Ciento - drawn in Cordoba, Spain (elciento.com) **Caption should read:**  
Gabriel, Brian, Jon, Peter, Thøger, Howe, Anders, Iris, Rosa, Asger, Maggie, Nikolaj, Lonna.

Management: hasn't happened yet ... maybe one day

Booking agents:

USA = David Strunk davidstrunk@theagencygroup.com

UK & Europe = Paul McGivern paul@getyouractstogether.net

G.A.S. = Chris Burr chris@hotellounge.de

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Of being in a band, there's a rare magnificence in such camaraderie that's provided a splendor in these operations. A severe joy to be making this thing we eventually call a 'music' with all those that have peopled this posse along the way. Herein lies a soundtrack attached to said clustering where the workload provides the grand excuse for vital visitation. And no matter how subliminally encoded, it's also a time for us here scouting up ahead to report back to those in earshot, those who've not yet had the spink of running into these eventualities, be it celebrational or confrontational. All those included here through the decades have made the journey worthwhile and something to cherish during this life lived between a kiss goodbye and the welcome home hug. None of it is easy except for the momentary spark within the eternal song.

And so after 30 years of attempting this thing, I thank you for your consideration, your allowance ... and maybe more than that, your patience. From my heart to yours, thank you ... it's been a severe pleasure.

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About this album and why it's too long:

There are 3 volumes of 15 songs here representing living 2 lives for 30 years. Don't do the math. It doesn't figure. The 1st volume is a loud and lucky abandon, as if there's no choice. The 2<sup>nd</sup> volume is more heady, steady and direct, what they call Americana these days. The 3<sup>rd</sup> volume is the heart in constant turmoil from the effect of crossing the pond way too often, the blessed curse of the indie transponder.

Great job. Horrible commute.

I can't recommend it, nor do I ever regret it. It's been one life split into two. I've tried to be a scientist about it along the way ... but ended up becoming the experiment instead.

- Xowe

LYRICS:

1. Heavently

Are you frantic?

Or romantic?

All ya gotta do is cross the Atlantic

Are you drastic?

Is it all fantastic?

When time itself is becoming elastic

All in heaven

All is well

All in again

Near as I can tell

It takes what it takes

A lot of mistakes

And it breaks when it breaks

Unparalleled

Unequivocal

It's the same old story

Either in victory or its defeating

The heart continues to suffer

Its own beating

Bills are owed

You carry the workload

The path you're on is your own chosen road

It's divine

On the high lonesome line

You be taking your own time

As in heaven

All is well

All in again

Near as I can tell

Heavently

The dark dispels

All in heaven

All is well

We're gonna meet again

Heavently

All in heaven

All in again

All is well

## 2. Texting Feist

Les

Are you there?

The days are a mess

And the nights don't care

It's getting outrageous

But I don't think it's contagious

All so perplexing

Glad ya don't mind me texting

Calling from the future

Such an open wound

A song can be a suture

Band aid; a tune

When love is angry

And love turns deadly

And the days become

A Leonard Cohen medley

Steady on

Steady on

Les

Hello

Did you get to go

Down to Mexico?

Well, silence is the hardest part

When you're suffering

Tinnitus of the heart

Love is angry

Love's turned deadly

Steady on

Steady on

And the days become

A Leonard Cohen medley

Steady on

Steady on

Leslie ...

Can you still read me?

### 3. Hurtin' Habit

I hurt myself  
It's what I do  
If you're so concerned  
Could do the same for you  
And hand you a hurt  
A hurt so true  
Hurting myself is all I do

I hurt myself  
It's how I am  
I can't pretend  
To be any other man  
You can hand  
Me a disparaging glance  
I give you back  
Circumstance

I hurt myself  
Baby it's how I roll  
Jumping from a rocky cliff  
Ending up with a bloody toe  
I know you know I know I know  
Hurting myself is how it goes

I hurt myself  
Just loving you  
And all you do  
Is all you do  
Whittling my  
Little heart in two  
I hurt myself

### 4. Transponder

Cry to cry  
You feel to feel  
And you die to die  
Dying to live again

You finally afford a car  
And maybe a place to live  
But you're lonely as you are  
No matter who you're with

Way up high  
Beyond  
Inside the cloud you're trying  
For crying out louder  
You're ping ponging  
Across the pond  
You're transponder

Now you cry just to cry  
And feel just to feel  
And you die to die  
Dying to live again

I am transponder

Aw, it's meticulous  
Severely particular  
It grabs you by the nexus  
And it won't let go for  
Anything less than  
Game changer  
Anything that's not more danger  
To wake you up  
Shake you up  
Then it tends to take you up

## 5. Song So Wrong

There's something wrong with me  
To ever have caused such a thing  
Or any unintended suffering  
There's something wrong with me

And there's something wrong with this therapist  
Breaking it down to a minimalist  
Then reassembling with a puzzle piece missed

There's something wrong with this therapist

There's something wrong with this night  
Delivering a suffering delight  
Blanketing the sun and obliging the blight  
There's something wrong with this night

And there's something wrong with a love  
When it rids all else with such a shove  
Forming a line for others to get their share of  
There's something wrong with this love

And there's something wrong with this eye  
Captures only the unnerving  
It's vision impaired by self preserving  
There's something wrong within this dream  
Reveals the childhood damaging  
Disguised in absolutely everything

There's something wrong with this earth  
An allergic allowance of any self-worth  
Between the resting still and the wrestle of birth  
Something's wrong with this earth

Something so wrong in this song  
It's way too short and still way too long  
It celebrates everything that's good and gone  
There's something terribly wrong with this song

There's ability  
In disability  
A plan  
Unplanned  
Sipping from the fountain of possibility  
And seeping through a thirsty hand

There's something wrong with you  
And just about everything you do  
To ever have loved me true  
There's something wrong with you

6. Every Now And Then

Every now and then  
A fellow comes along  
With pure intent  
Imbedded in song  
Lets the light on in  
And the light gets strong  
Every now and then  
A fellow comes along

He could be preaching the gospel  
Or just pitching a tent  
    Doing the impossible  
    And ending up spent

Every now and then  
A fellow comes along

The mountain is high  
And the road is long  
The rivers are wide  
When you can't go on  
But you got to get it up  
You've got to be strong  
Every now and then  
At night a light comes on

He could be preaching the gospel  
Or pitching a tent  
    Leaning toward new love  
    And ending up bent

Every now and then  
A fellow comes along

## 7. Man On A String

Nothing but a cold floor  
Under my feet  
Outside the rain turns to sleet  
Nothing but a ghost knocking on my door  
All because you don't send me love

Anymore

Send me no more love  
It would only stand to make me sick  
Send me love no more  
I'd only get back in what I got out way too quick

I knew a man who would like to talk a good game  
Words sweet as syrup pour out of him like rain  
One fateless night, fooling around downtown  
When that girl came in you could hear the sap hit the ground

Now I know a girl with a man on a string  
She loves to see how much he can take  
With a come on and a little heartache  
She swore she didn't need any more  
Than all she could take

Nothing but a cold floor under my feet  
Outside the wind blows bitterly  
Nothing but a ghost knocking on my door  
All because you don't send me love  
Anymore

Now I know a man with a girl on a string  
He likes to see how much she can take  
With a come on and a little heartbreak  
She swore she didn't need any more  
Than all she could take

## 8. Home Sweet Home

I need me 2 full days  
To have 1 clear thought  
Wishing for something medicinal or even store bought  
I finally hang on to one idea  
And then the kids come in with their squabbling  
Till I moan  
Don't get me wrong now, I love it ...  
I'm home

This old hat I'm wearing

Well, it's worn right through  
Lets a little sun in  
A whole lot of rain too  
Down from the crown to the brim the sweat  
Has changed the color a whole half tone  
I ought to just hang it up  
And at least I'd be home

Heading off to the airport  
Another tour impending  
Nothing much new to report  
Just the old unending  
Get that terminal feeling  
And they upgrade me to seat 2 B  
For too many miles flown  
But 2 B or not 2 B, ain't home  
Jet lag sound check  
All out of sync  
My watch can't be correct  
Man, I can't think  
I've been shoved into a future  
While my past is living  
In a whole 'nother time zone  
I've been gifted with a present  
That's so far from home

When I'm finally done with work  
And I'm headed back  
I get stuck like some poor jerk  
Right in my track  
The storm has failed connection here  
In Paris, or is it Dallas ... or maybe it's Rome

All I know is I'm nowhere  
I just want to get on back there  
It should come as no surprise  
They don't even realize  
They are all getting on with their lives  
All my children and ex-wives  
It seems here in my dreams  
Deep in my sleep  
Will have to be home  
Sweat home

... the green, green grass of home  
The grass is always greener  
At home

## 9. The Eye Opening

Damndest thing  
Eye opening  
Better take notes now  
Like a scientist  
She meant everything  
We were young as spring  
Made love like alchemists  
    My wife  
    My life  
    My everything

Life's a storm  
Keeping each other warm  
Whatever threatens the way  
Game-changer  
No matter the danger  
Babies come just to save the day

Children grow  
And all they need to know  
Is right at hand here  
Reconfigure  
To persevere  
And fate is just the commander

You be holding on  
When the best years are gone  
Building up quite a resistance  
To whatever's gone  
It only makes you strong  
On a whole new plane of  
Existence

## 10. Pen To Paper

Pen to paper  
Ream upon ream  
Endless wording  
Delivered by slipstream  
While the heart is hurting  
And only take part  
On the flowing pen spurting  
    Brutally, but beautifully  
    You write what can't be said

Back when you were young  
From the tip of your tongue  
Down to your texting thumb  
Until the next word failed to come

Pen to paper  
Let's take a look  
When the caper  
Is put into book  
A rhyme to reenact  
The heart put to ink  
As a matter of fact  
Too much time to think

#### 11. Bitter Suite

#### 12. House In Order

Is your brother early with his own demise?  
And your late sister wakes you with her smiling eyes  
And your mother's home is no longer hers  
Though your daddy's gone, his curse is all yours

And your lover's upset by the attention he still don't get  
With one boot under the bed and another planted firmly on the border

The universe suggests it could be worse at best  
But you better get your house in order

The day dawns on the back of your neck  
With the sweat of another train wreck

It dawns on you and suspects ...  
It entertains and enlightens and then rejects

And later in the day  
The children come in with their wordplay  
But what can anyone say  
According to the recorder  
The universe suggests it could be worse at best  
But you'd better get your house in order

### 13. Gypsy Candle

Fame is fleeting  
Though at times it's hard to tell  
It bears repeating  
What the way is paved with to hell  
And the heart suffers its own beating  
Just as well  
As if it could be helped

The flame is needing  
Your spark to burn bright  
And no gypsy candle can dispel the dark more right  
Extreme needing all through the night  
As if it could be helped

But you're hanging on  
We're hanging on

The flame is needing your spark to burn well  
No gypsy candle can ever dispel  
The heart suffers its beating just as well  
As if it could be helped

### 14. Done

When this day is done  
When this day is done

Me and the flop of a dog  
Go on a run

Taking the taint of the staining setting sun  
Skip a stone  
The river's dry as a bone  
Heading home  
Feeling undone  
When this day is done  
When this day is done

## 15. Forever And Always

Let's do this forever  
Forever and always  
    But it's already noon  
Guess I feel like sweeping  
Out all my cobwebs  
    I can lend you my broom  
The way you come to assist  
And my storm gets sun-kissed  
    That's just what I do  
Forever and always  
    Forever and always

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VOLUME 1  
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## 1 – Heavently

Howe – sings, plays guitar  
Grant-Lee Phillips – backing vocals, slide guitar  
Vinicio Capossela – recites  
Thøger T. Lund – bass, rearrangement of dubs  
John Parish – drum kit

Recorded primarily in Calitri, Italy by Takedo Gohara with Mobilis at Mobili  
Grant-Lee Phillips recorded himself in Nashville, TN  
Thøger T. Lund recorded himself at home in Tucson, AZ  
John Parish recorded himself at home in Bristol, UK

## 2 - Texting Feist

Howe - sings, right guitar  
Gabriel Sullivan - left guitar  
Thøger T. Lund - bass  
Winston Watson - drums  
Brian Lopez - backing vocals

Recorded primarily in Tucson, AZ at the Chicha Dust Studio by Gabriel Sullivan  
Lead vocal recorded at WaveLab Studio in Tucson, AZ by Chris Schultz

## 3 - Hurtin' Habit

Howe - sings, lead guitar  
Lovely Quinces - sings  
Steve Shelley – drums

Sacri Cuori – plays:  
Antonio Gramentieri - rhythm guitar  
Francesco Giampaoli - bass  
Diego Sapignoli - percussion

Recorded in Lido de Dante, Italy at Al Mare studio by Francesco "Checco" Giampaoli  
Lovely Quinces was recorded in Zadar, Croatia by Ivica Plazonic

## 4 - Transponder

Howe – vocals effects & its side effects  
Jason Lytle – keyboards, guitar, drums & backing vocals  
Paula Jean Brown - bass  
John Parish - cymbal splash

Recorded in Portland, OR at Jason Lytle's studio by himself

## VOLUME 2

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## 5 – Song So Wrong

Howe - sings, guitar  
Maggie Björklund - pedal steel  
Thøger T. Lund & Gabriel Sullivan - bass  
Gabriel Sullivan – drums  
Chris Schultz - keyboard thing

Recorded in Berlin, Germany at LowSwing Studio by Guy Sternberg  
Extra recording done in Tucson, AZ at WaveLab by Chris Schultz

## 6 - Every Now And Then

Howe - sings, hardly guitar & barely piano  
Brian Lopez & Gabriel Sullivan - Spanish guitars  
Jon Villa - trumpet  
Nikolaj Heyman – Wurlitzer piano & organ  
Anders Pedersen – electric guitar  
Maggie Björklund - pedal steel  
Thøger T. Lund - bass  
Peter Dombernowsky – drums  
Dr. Iris Jacobsen - viola  
Asger Christensen - violin  
Voices of Praise - gospel choir

Recorded in Brussels, Belgium at ICP studios by Oswaldo Terrones  
Strings recorded on Crete, Greece by Asger Christensen  
Gospel choir recorded in Ottawa, Canada at Little Bull Horn Studios by Dave Draves

## 7 - Man On A String

Howe - sings, coupla guitars  
Ilse Delange - sings  
JB Meijers - Dobro  
Gabriel Sullivan – drums & guitar  
Thøger T. Lund - bass  
Dr. Iris Jacobsen - viola  
Asger Christensen - violin

Recorded in Tucson, Arizona at WaveLab Studio by Chris Schultz

The Common Linnets (Ilse & JB) recorded in Amsterdam, Netherlands by JB Meijers String section recorded on Crete, Greece by themselves on holiday.

## 8 - Home Sweat Home

Howe - sings, left guitar  
Gabriel Sullivan - right guitar  
Maggie Björklund - pedal steel  
Nikolaj Heyman - bass  
Peter Dombernowsky - drums

Recorded in Berlin, Germany at LowSwing Studio by Guy Sternberg  
Vocals done at WaveLab by Chris Schultz.  
Backing vocals done in Bristol, UK at Toybox Studios by Ali Chant

## VOLUME 3

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## 9 - Eye Opening

Howe - sings, guitar  
Dr. Iris Jacobsen - viola  
Asger Christensen - violin

Recorded in Tucson, Arizona at WaveLab Studio by Chris Schultz  
Strings recorded on Crete, Greece by Asger Christensen

## 10 - Pen To Paper

Howe - sings, pianos  
Lonna Beth Kelley - sings  
Thøger T. Lund - bass  
Gabriel Sullivan - drums  
Dr. Iris Jacobsen - viola  
Asger Christensen - violin

Recorded in Tucson, Arizona at WaveLab Studio by Chris Schultz  
Lonna was recorded in Phoenix, AZ at 513 Analog Recording Studios by Catherine Vericolti  
Strings recorded on Crete, Greece by Asger Christensen

## 11 – Bitter Suite

Howe - piano

Recorded live and mixed in Portland, OR by Stephan Bayley at Way Out West Studio

## 12 - House In Order

Howe - sings, guitar, tremolo Rhodes

Thøger T. Lund - bass

Gabriel Sullivan - drums

Jason Lytle - ending synth

Dr. Iris Jacobsen - viola

Asger Christensen - violin

Recorded at WaveLab studio in Tucson, AZ by Chris Schultz

Strings recorded on Crete, Greece by Asger Christensen

## 13 - Gypsy Candle

Howe - sings, piano

Lonna Beth Kelley - sings

Jason Lytle - machine string section & intentional distortion

Thøger T. Lund - bass

Gabriel Sullivan - drums

Recorded in Tucson, Arizona at WaveLab Studio by Chris Schultz

Jason Lytle recorded himself in Portland, OR

Lonna was recorded in Phoenix, AZ at 513 Analog Recording Studio by Catherine Vericolti

## 14 – Done

Howe – piano, sings

Brian Lopez & Gabriel Sullivan - Spanish guitars

Jon Villa - trumpet

Nikolaj Heyman – organ

Anders Pedersen – electric guitar

Maggie Björklund - pedal steel

Thøger T. Lund - bass  
Peter Dombernowsky – drums  
Dr. Iris Jacobsen - viola  
Asger Christensen - violin  
Voices of Praise - gospel choir

Recorded in Brussels, Belgium at ICP studios by Oswaldo Terrones  
Strings recorded on Crete, Greece by Asger Christensen  
Gospel choir recorded in Ottawa, Canada at Little Bull Horn Studios by Dave Draves

15 – Forever And Always

Howe - sings, guitar  
Talula Gelb – sings, guitar

Recorded at home on the phone

-----  
Vinicio Capossela appears courtesy of La Cupa Records  
Ilse DeLange appears courtesy of Firefly Music BV / Universal Music BV, The Netherlands  
Maggie Björklund appears courtesy of Bloodshot Records  
Lovely Quinces appears courtesy of LAA  
Steve Shelley, Jason Lytle and Grant-Lee Phillips appear courtesy of their own damn selves.

(note: this Thank You section has been revised from the vinyl label copy)

Thank Tank:

Sir John Parish & Family, Ali 'Never Say Can't' Chant, Chris 'Buzz' Schultz & Craig 'Crackles' Schumacher, Miguel 'A Sound Man' Rodriguez, Oswaldo 'Hoss' Terrones, JB 'JB' Meijers, Dan 'Nonickname' Coleman, Joan 'Peter Sellers' Vich, Fernando 'Commando' Vacas, Peter 'Scorcese' Triest, Antonio 'Choke The Priest' Gramentieri, Nicola 'Nix' Freegard and to the entire wondrous posse at New 'Newest' West Records.

Giant<sup>3</sup> thanx to Gary Briggs for the brotherhood and this album.

An exceptional debt of thanks and gratitude to engineer and 'home grown' host, George Graham, of NPR affiliate station WVIA (Pittston, PA) who offered available recording time back in the 70s gratis to any would-be songster, such as myself, providing this eventual path to find our way through this existence and a sonic ticket to venture the world. Thank you George.

Biggest thanklets to Sofie, Patsy, Luka and Talula for putting up with this impossible path and the love no matter what spinks.

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