

far away objects

chris sunfield



begin



Baby boy or girl, that you were
Never counting the suns as you ran with the herd
You woke up in pain to find out one day
Your god wound the clock before passing away
And although you're no longer asleep
Take a look around...you're still counting sheep
You stand before something
But is that something really nothing at all?

Once you've gone within
That's when you must begin
Walk beyond the world you're in
Through a door and just begin
You stand before something
That you will make from nothing at all

Born of dusty stars, that you are
Wakeful and wise to your remaining hours
You know yourself, and yourself you must be
Accepting the past while forging destiny
And although you'll struggle hard now and then
You'll realize the gift before you sleep again
The choice is before you
But is your choosing really your choice at all?

chris sunfield: guitars, midi arrangements, lead & backing vocals

jess leung: backing vocals

elena kapeleris: alto sax

michael hanson: bass guitar & drums

produced, recorded & mixed by **michael hanson**

I was living in a university graduate residence in 1989 when I came up with the melodic riff for *Begin*. There was something about it that held a lot of power for me – like a beacon. I came up with a lot of ideas over the years to go with it. They all sat dormant until a May weekend in 2017 when I booked a hotel room in my hometown to finish it. But I didn't finish it. *Begin* had become a monster that defied closure. It remained unfinished for another year until another hotel weekend in my hometown. Why my hometown? Because place and nostalgia can drive creativity. I had to reach into my past in order to write a song about going forward. Some people heard *Begin* before it was released and felt that there was too much going on in it. But every time I hear it, I remain confident that it became everything that it had to become.

Once you've gone within
That's when you must begin
Walk beyond the world you're in
Through a door and just begin
The choice is before you
From your own will or no will at all
You must all begin

Lost in hopes and dreams
That's just the way it seems
And once you have begun
The truest you, you will become

You must begin
Begin to become you...
Begin to become you...

tomorrow's here

(far away objects mix)



We are asleep inside
We are the dreams we hide behind
Who we fear to be
Slumber in a bed of history
Full of scars? Full of stars is what we are

We need just one momentous day
To chase the past away
So make that day today

Tomorrow's here
Tomorrow's here
Tomorrow's here
Big and bright and clear
Tomorrow's here
The dawn of everything that you hold dear
Tomorrow's here

We are awake inside
We will rise to find our truest side
Who we choose to be
Is not what happened to us, can't you see?
Full of stars, newborn stars is what we are

We need just one momentous day
To make our beds and make our getaway
So make that day today
Make that day today

Tomorrow's here
Tomorrow's here
Tomorrow's here
Big and bright, the end of night is near
Tomorrow's here
The light and love we lost will re-appear
Tomorrow's here

Wake and rise from the darkest night
Walk outside to a future so bright
Rouse yourself from a wounded dream
Live and love in a life unseen
Free yourself from the force of fear
Trust yourself now tomorrow's here

chris sunfield: 6- & 12-string guitars, midi arrangements, lead vocals

vicky rai: backing vocals

david chester: hammond organ

rob laidlaw: bass guitar

graham shaw: drums

michael hanson: backing vocals

produced by **david chester**

recorded by **justin meli**

recording assisted by **anthony young**

mixed by **michael hanson**

While many of my current songs were written or half-written many years ago, *Tomorrow's Here* is almost entirely new. What makes this song nostalgic for me is that it uses a chord progression that I came up with 14 years ago on a guitar that I bought that same day. I thought this was going to be a ska tune with some breezy lyrics, but on the day I started writing I found out that a long-term mentor of mine (the last of two) had passed away. That changed the direction. I then took a break from writing it for two months until the day I also lost my beloved pet to old age. The only thing that I could do to distract myself from grief that night was to finish writing and recording the demo. The sun was rising the next morning as I finished it. *Tomorrow's Here* is about moving beyond past losses and challenges and continuing to grow as a person. This is a new mix of *Tomorrow's Here* for the EP that's different from the original single.

anton



Anton, you're simple
Plain and provincial
They said, while sipping their wine
Close to the soil
You troubled and toiled
In your race against status and time
Though short on esteem
You dared to dream
Of your place in a city of dreams
That place where gods go
Was calling you home
Was calling you home

Anton, you're lost
Your calling's your cost
In this mortal life, passing you by
They counted courtings
While you courted counterpoint
Sounds came together, not lives
Forgone were pleasures
In movements and measures
You sighted your path to the stars
That place where gods go
Was calling you home
Was calling you home

All the while
Greatness kills Love while she sleeps
The man's still a child
Blind to the years as they creep
While the world falls in love
Enduring and deep.

Anton, you're famed
Your brilliance proclaimed
As your moment has finally arrived
Now allow yourself taken
But no maiden wakens
You're a boy in your heart, not their eyes
While their love escaped you
Your love gave way to
A passion that's wed to all time
Before summoned to all that's sublime
That place where gods go
Was calling you home
Was calling you home
Was calling you home

chris sunfield: lead & backing vocals, arrangements

david chester: piano

david shewchuk: violins & violas

aubrey dayle: drums & percussion

produced by **david chester & chris sunfield**

recorded & mixed by **anthony young**

Anton is a dream song – a gift delivered to me one winter morning at 4am during a three-day migraine. I was delirious from pain and sleep deprivation. I did the cliché thing of falling half out of bed with the song in my head after a few hours of fitful sleep. I pulled myself to the keyboard in the dark and managed to get most of it down while fighting nausea. It was in D flat major, a key that I hadn't used before. As with *Begin*, I travelled to a small town (Port Dover, Ontario) and stayed in a B&B to finish the music and write the lyrics. The song is based on the life of composer Anton Bruckner. The third movement of his eighth symphony has always held a special place in my heart. It wasn't until after *Anton* was recorded that I realized that his third movement is also in D flat major.

eclipse



In a field with other hearts
Lying, entwined, whispering songs
We waited for an eclipse that never came

The earth 'tween moon and sun
The rarest of events, begun
Two bodies drawing closer in the void

You saw in me, an energy
I saw you as gravity
You began to wrench me from myself

And days, months, and years they came
In our minds, but all the same
The heavens laid before us in ourselves

This time, my voice is singing
This time, my heart is singing
This time, I can't help thinking
Why can't I let go of me?

But the heavens harboured clouds
Like thoughts never said aloud
We never saw earth's shadow pass before

For time and matters hid from view
My feelings, the truest you
Future overcast with ancient fears

chris sunfield: guitars, arrangements, lead & backing vocals

david chester: piano

david shewchuk: violins & violas

aubrey dayle: drums & percussion

produced by **david chester & chris sunfield**

recorded by **anthony young**

mixed by **michael hanson**

Eclipse is the song that marked my return to music later in life. I started writing in my teens. I had the usual dream of becoming a rock star but wended up doing something else in life. Years passed. I was comfortable but regretful. Hundreds of half-written songs languished on fading scraps of paper and deteriorating tapes. If I had died suddenly, that big box of music would have found its way into landfill. Then came a period of adversity – a perfect storm. Close friends died. A career change turned out to be meaningless. A move to a remote suburb isolated me from friends. And finally, an accident hospitalized me. I'm normally a happy person, but it felt like rock bottom. Still on crutches, I dug out all of my music gear and recorded a demo of *Eclipse* as a way of coping. It was my first completed song in years. I had a re-awakening. I sold my house in the suburbs, moved back to the city, and began recording demos and working with producers. Eventually, *Begin* was recorded and the singles *The Little Things*, *Predator*, and *Don't Kill Me* were released. And now, here we are.

In love, too late, fate decreed
That perigee turn to apogee
Two bodies would eventually drift away

And if time could bend magically
I'd shun heaven for the chance to be
With you again, and bust those clouds away

This time, my voice is breaking
This time, my heart is breaking
This time, I can't help thinking
Why, oh why... Why am I...?

Who was the sun? The moon? You or me?
And damn to hell that earth between
No answers in the ether all around

For these moments in all time and space
With you then, now alone, I face
Trices too rare and brief to be retained

But the moon goes on, and we'll be dust
To light again on others' trust
The universe is blind to smaller things

And in those days, months, and years
That pass before you, me, and time disappear
The memories, like the light, will slip away
They will slip away



ese Tuning
(open D)
DAD F#AD
3 2 1



all songs written & arranged by chris sunfield
recorded & mixed at chalet recording studio, ultravox studios, & the star party room
mastered by kristian montano at montano mastering
ep design by chris sunfield
front & back cover photos by chan khampfoomee
additional photos by
philipp berndt, daniel mccullough, david von diemar, marek okon, & redd on unsplash
special thanks to david chester, michael hanson, & everyone at khamp media
tomorrow's here dedicated to the memory of pip
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begin to become you

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