

Fingertips

Written by Underhatchet, Vocals by Liz Davinci

Hero's rally, big show Miami
Flag down a cabby here in the alley (Apocalypse was on your lips)
I'm going home, flying home (Stopped short by my fingertips)

Right now I'm trying to remember
All the things I used to do
Strewn by fake news

Big doors, art gallery, taboo, shall we leave?
I want to so badly
Apocalypse was on your lips
Stopped short by my fingertips

It's hard to remember
All the things I used to love to do
They're strewn to the moon

Us playing horseshoes was long overdue
We talk it through until we reach the breakthrough
It makes you smile, it makes me subdued
In the heat and it's humid too
I take a seat right next to you

I'm going home
Flying home
Alone

Outgoing flight overnight
I'm a satellite landing on your mind
Wait rewind, wait remind me
What you said to me so heavily

You're a playwright
I'm on stage right
I'm a soundbite
On stage right

The Stranger

Featuring Underhatchet, Written by Liz Davinci

Today I'm tryin' somethin' new
Because it feels so very
Let's just say, it's scary
And you keep drinkin' while I'm up here singin'

Bring the man another gin and tonic
He's with the band, he wrote this song it's
Romance, it's all I wanted too

I want to make a kind of debut
Because today I feel so very
Deeply solitary

QRASS - *liz davinci, underhatchet*
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And if you know what I'm thinkin'
It might become a beacon

Buy the man another gin and tonic
He's with the band, he wrote this song it's
Our dance, it's all I wanted to do

I am on my way to sit at your table
It's a nice day though the weather's a little unstable
You like how I play and you know that I'm capable
It's a pretty day sipping tea under the maple

We head down to the strip it's so nice
You slip The Doors into the CD drive
5 to 1 baby, 1 in 5, this is fun

Stream another sad song, I'm dyin'
Put my best blouse on, I'm tryin'
And every single night, I'm flyin'

I pour myself another gin and tonic
In a pretty glass with the price still on it
Sit back, let my mind wander to you

Last year I made myself a promise
Out in the sun, out on the lawn we
Joked around and laughed so hard, we knew

Got the blues

Written by Underhatchet, Vocals by Liz Davinci

Deciphered your scrawl, awaited your call
Time moved like honey
I stared at the wall, staged like a doll
I didn't even notice that it was sunny

Weaving daisies in a pink beach chair out on the lawn
I don't know why you're nowhere

I'm denyin' you're lyin' and tryin' to move on
Thinking about shades of blue and the hues that he used
Relyin' on tryin' to tie in this new phenomenon
Trying out streaks of blue in the music it's got to come through

I'm weaving daisies in my pink beach chair
They're in my hair

Sun-kissed but scarred, I go inside to play guitar
For me that's really hard, trust me
But I'll sing to your heart, just doing my part
But sometimes it can be confronting

I'm weaving daisies into my dark hair in the breeze
28 degrees

North Beach

Featuring Underhatchet, Written by Liz Davinci

Wakin' up in my ripped up old jeans
Honestly I just didn't bother
You can read into what it means
But honestly I just couldn't bother
Everything is just as it seems
I could go on and on here

But instead I started thinking about San Francisco
And eating Chinese food upstairs
In that little dive right next to North Beach
By City Lights Bookstore, I liked it there

It was July day 17
In the year with the hot, hot summer
Time to get out and get free
Gettin' ready to have some goddamn fun here
Or at least try, after all it's July

And then I started dreaming about San Francisco
And eating Chinese food upstairs
In that little dive right next to North Beach
By City Lights Bookstore, in that smoky air

I'm satisfied with all I've seen
Although I've never been down under yet
You read books about the scenery
And write down your dreams so you don't forget
And maybe we'll fly there or at least try

And then I started talking about San Francisco
And eating Chinese food upstairs
In that little dive right next to North Beach
By City Lights Bookstore, I liked it there

Dark Shades

Written by Underhatchet, Vocals by Liz Davinci

As a prop I take my crown
Climb the steep ridges of the bridge
Touch heaven for a second at 11pm
In a dark shade of blue you paint the shape
Of the golden gate

This is Friday night
I'm fascinated downright
It's really just perfect
Transfixed by the lights, the city lights
And the life that I had to reject

I oblige to
Revolutionize you
So close-up

I'm on top with my crown
And the master key
Never questioned for a minute
What was in it for you
Or for me
I look down at the sea

This is Friday night
I'm fascinated downright
It's really just perfect
Transfixed by the night, the city at night
And the life I had to reject

Broke

Featuring Underhatchet, Written by Liz Davinci

I was walking through Amsterdam
What a shabby town
When it's 2am and there's nothing
But the lost around

People littered on the pavements
Not warm or cold
And it's not raining
But it's definitely dangerous

Anyway I'm broke but witty
Take the night train back to the city
I don't mean to provoke or to be tricky
I don't complain and I'm not guilty

Four cans of cold beer we were savin'
To pass time as the train went racin'
I'm so glad I'm not alone, it's amazin'
What did you think of that saxophone and his crazy playin'

Anyway I'm broke but feeling pretty
On the night train back to the city
I don't mean to provoke or to be tricky
I don't complain and I'm not guilty

I think this lifestyle's gonna kill me
But I have no choice and I'm perfectly willing
But sometimes I can't figure out what to be giving
It's just hard, just living

Daisy

Featuring Underhatchet, Written by Liz Davinci

Thinkin' about the old days in a daze
Freakin' out, my mind's been crazed

Diamond earrings donned
Red lips to turn you on
White lies as applies
Realities drawn

Livin' it givin' it unlimited
Participants it's imminent
I'm givin' up privilege
It's imminent ambivalent
To implement imprisonment
I'm livin' it

Aligning God and soul
In solitude she's lost her role
But she's strong and she won't fall

Illusions fusions bruises revolutions

Not minding your hands on
My hips I hum a song
I'm high on lullabies
You sing sweetly until dawn

I'm shiverin' remember when
They limited it
They're killin' it I'm livin' it
You're livin' it
Imprisonment unlimited
I'm riveted I'm riveted
Not givin' in
I'm shiverin'

Not finding God or soul
I called you back so we could rock n roll
Cuz that's really my only goal

Illusions fusions bruises revolutions

Thinkin' about the old days, the old ways
Sneakin' around I need to play

It's time I get home
I'm slow, I roam and roam
Your bright eyes stay inside
My head like a song
Your blue eyes like the skies
They shine on and on

Everything the same

Written by Underhatchet, Vocals by Liz Davinci

Right now boardwalk bound, that's when I saw him
Right now, next to the hot dog stand
Closed for orders
It was still locked up, shut tight
It was the morning
He was standing there like nothing changed
Like he wasn't a criminal

I turned around to the stands unmanned
And the rides, blue waves tamed when they meet with the sand
Stars gone I wished upon
Baby come on

Sun south rebounds, a big car engine sounds
He's gone and I've gotta find a way to track him down
I watched you try to fly on lie after lie
But we all know the shelf life of deceit makes wise

He thought free, out of the box
He showed me some fascinating sights
He brought me warm coffee
Cream-colored, smelled sweet
And I knew that it was spiked

Give me pain, give me gain
Give me fame, give me everything the same

White Yacht

Featuring Underhatchet, Written by Liz Davinci

Big shoes, chartreuse
He got out of his hippie shack, got out of the riff raff
Painted his old Fiat back, he said he wants the city back
Tell me how it's relevant, he was already selling it
Sacrificing everything just for the hell of it

Hot and out of thought
He's bought by a bot
And sailing on the ocean with no emotion
But he's not broken
White yacht, Tequila shot
He kicks up his legs
He's got a lot

I'll have a glass of your pink lemonade, thank you
I wanna know - do you really got it made, do you?
You don't downplay your house in Marseilles
And I'm late so thanks for the date

Walk down the block to sound of trip-hop
Like a dream, I'm keen to lean
Against the big tick tock

QRASS - *liz davinci, underhatchet*
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In the square, in the sun
I'll meet you there
We'll have fun

I'll have a glass of your pink lemonade, thank you
I wanna know - do you really got it made, do you?
You don't downplay your house in Marseilles
Or your valet but I'm late

Big shoes, chartreuse
Pretty pretty white slacks, witty witty contacts
Questionable contracts, beige-colored Cadillac

One evening distracted by a pelican
In his brain too much cocaine, he was negligent
Definitely way too much decadence
And the ocean became his severance

Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles soft and fine
You are lost and gone forever 10 miles off the coastline
10 miles

Old Routes

Written by Liz Davinci

I took old routes by foot
Still could
Round the bend into the woods and then
I saw the men lined up
And I slipped back out to the open

Heart pounding
Barks and shouting

All those mind locks
High on psyops
Day in, day out

It feels like time stopped
It feels like I'm mocked
Day in, day out

The birds are singing
The sunlight keeps gleaming

Rollout

Written by Liz Davinci

Breeze rolls in
On my skin
Leaves no sin
Breeze rolls in

The dark stopped stalking
Rolling and rocking
The devil disheveled me
But I live peacefully

Breeze calls him
But he's gone and been
Too many men
Breeze calls him

The hard times taught me
And scratched and marked me
And harps and goddesses got me through
Those goddesses taught me
And slowly sparked me
To open up to you

Breeze rolls in
Devils grin
But good always wins
Breeze rolls in