

LemonJOHN'S
harvest no.1





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**FOR THE INDIVIDUAL LICENSES
Please take a LOOK at the FLOWERY MEADOW!**

ROBIN GREY

only the missile, 2008.
modifythevan

THE WIND WHISTLES

animals are people too, 2009.
aaahh records

JOSH WOODWARD

the simple life, part 1, 2008.
self-released

HELL ON WHEELS

new chemicals, 2006.
kirstenspostcard

LAURA STEVENSON AND THE CANS

a record, 2008.
quote unquote

BROD SUCKS

out of it, 2008.
self-released

AZOORA

the second coming, 2009.
23 seconds netlabel

THE SARCASTIC DHARMA SOCIETY

(PEDRO THE LION COVER)
other people's songs (vol. 1), 2009.
cilet

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE BRANDEAD

seven (+1), 2009.
aaahh records

BARTŁOMIEJ WOJNYNIEC

hypochondriac queen, 2009.
nasiono records

SONGS FOR SUNDAY PARLOURS

split ep, 2007.
the poni republic

MADÉLAINE HART

silent type ep, 2009.
modifythevan

robin grey THESE DAYS

this morning i woke, restless and heady,
with blood pulsing fierce in the vein.
there's light on a line,
this morning and maybe forever,
i move with regard for the signs.

you know i search my heart to prove
there's better ways to push and pull,
but hey whatever gets you through these days.

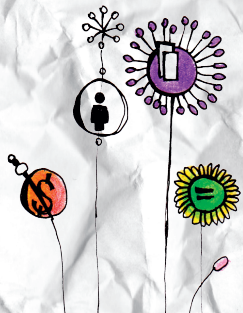
and somewhere to the east the sun is stirring,
starting to light up the sky,
and i'm lying here reliving the last few days
cos i missed most of them the first time.

you know i search my heart to prove
there's better ways to push and pull,
but hey whatever gets you through these days.

did i disappoint you?
leave a bad taste in your mouth?
i thought that we could.
i thought that we would.
i was mistaken.

you know i search my heart to prove
there's better ways to push and pull,
but hey whatever gets you through these days.

you know i search my heart to prove
there's better ways to push and pull,
but hey whatever gets you through these days.



THE WIND WHISTLES TREEHOUSE LULLABY

come back down you said
down he came and left

go where your love went
or leave your love for dead
but don't be sad

the roads are rough ahead
scarred by doubts, regrets

and empty like your bed
the empty song you sang
you won't forget

fast now, you don't want to lose it



JOSH WOODWARD
Letting Go

i've been sleeping with the lights on, buried in regrets
breaking into sweats, naked as a falling leaf
it's a natural reaction, driven to distraction,
clawing at the ghosts i'll never meet.

oh, i don't know, where they go
when they vanish in the corner of my eye
and i, don't know why, i don't know
if they stay below or rise up to the sky

but i'm letting go
i'm letting go
it's a history that never really grows
i'm letting go
i'm letting go

it's a silent wind that never really blows
i'm letting go

i'm a slave without a master, heading for disaster
kicking up the dust in the middle of the road
i've been waiting on a free ride ticket
to a seaside thicket on the edge of puget sound

and there i'll sit, and i'll admit
that i was only just a guest inside my skin
and by the dawn, i'll be gone
and i won't be holding on to anything again

but i'm letting go
i'm letting go
it's a history that never really grows
i'm letting go
i'm letting go
it's a silent wind that never really blows

i'm letting go

Laura Stevenson and the cans
BABY BONES

baby bones are you cold?
gather up your scattered toes and
i will hold them close,
baby bones are you cold, baby bones?

a clattering of tones, is throwing me off some,
and often you're lonesome,
because often as it is we all have forgotten
not to forget

anything about
the way you say it,
anything about
the way you play it,
anything about
the way you say it,

you say it so hollow- hell



BRAD SUCKS
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE

drunk and losing ground
broken up and down
the only way i've found
to shake your body free

i've got what it takes
to help you make mistakes
to put you through a phase
that's harder than it seems

i'm not saying anything
you haven't heard before
no one's gonna wait for you
to wake up anymore
changing all your scenery
saying you don't care
but
you're
not
going
anywhere

yeah

spending all your days
frozen in your place
rearrange your face
to ways you better be

having not enough
you'll never measure up
the alcohol and drugs
are better off in me

i'm not saying anything
you haven't heard before
no one's gonna wait for you
to wake up anymore
changing all your scenery
saying you don't care

but
you're
not
going
anywhere

yeah

HELL ON WHEELS
THE SODA

if cement is heaven sent
then that's why I don't like cement
and if I got a dollar to spit in your eye

then we'd bounce in to the water
then we'd bounce in to the soda
then we'd bounce in to the whiskey
we'd bounce

then i would take that dollar bill
and i would drink so much it could kill me
because it's sin, because it's my nature

and we'd bounce....



azoora LIFE OF FANTASTIC

so i say what i do and this was
only for you, but you blow me
away with your dreams.
now i see you alone and i still love your
soul, and you shower me with belief.

we have champagne for breakfast
and water for lunch, and i still love the shape of your soul.
i read your life in the papers and i see your total control, while i whisk you away
in a total dreamworld for you.

but was this ever true? a supernova of cool. with breeze lying
where it could not go. and if it was why did it happen? so did we
lose our control and we express
ourselves more in our dreams?

and to go we have black suns exploding and warping the skies,
we live a life of fantastic, tripping the light, and i'm moving
10,000 feet per second.

and i called you this day and i just
fade away, your life makes you forget
all your feelings today, while
you do all these things to forget,
your colours (its green) on the creed
it sits on your soul. it was the
other girl i love, her eyes sparkling
like glitter-sand-dust. no it was
never you.

what i saw never true.



THE SARCASTIC SHARMA SOCIETY THE POISON (PEDRO THE LION)

the poison makes its way through my body slowly
into the pleasure centers of my brain
if you were here i would admit that i'm an asshole

but now it's over and i can't stay sober

though it isn't like i tried

and on the front porch,
or on an airplane on vacation
or out for dinner in a nearby town

i was so proud just to have you sitting with me...

...but
now it's over
and i can't stay sober

pour and swallow
follow one shot with another

i'll keep on till you agree to come back over
or until there are x's on my eyes
just a front row seat
to watch your true love
pack her things and drive away

entertainment FOR THE BRAINDEAD LIFE OF FANTASTIC

i can feel the spikes again
protruding through my skin.
so will you keep your distance,
please, or you might make
the acquaintance of the hedgehog in me.
i'm losing grip again,
i'm giving way again,
i'm losing ground again...
the ground gives way... again.

and it was nice to see the sun
and lie stretched out in its rays,
but something drags me underground,
makes me want to burrow deep...
the mole in me claims to know better.
i'm losing grip again. i'm giving way again.
i'm losing ground again.
the ground gives way... again.

september is the time for me
to draw back and to hide, to curl up
and sleep my life away.
it always tends to be that way...
the dormouse in my gets pretty tired.
But don't you worry,

don't you fret when i am acting strange:
i'm just some funny animal that struggles,
bites and bolts and hides and shys away
and spends the day in doubt of everything.

i'm losing grip again.
i'm giving way again.
i'm losing ground again.
the ground gives way

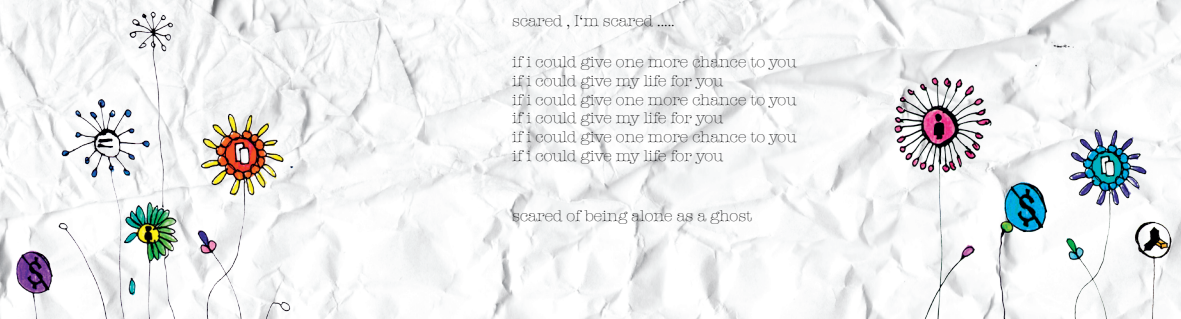
again.

Barthomiej Wołyniec PULSE

feel like dead , dead silent one , since i'm a ghost you've just forgotten
scared , i'm scared

if i could give one more chance to you
if i could give my life for you
if i could give one more chance to you
if i could give my life for you
if i could give one more chance to you
if i could give my life for you

scared of being alone as a ghost



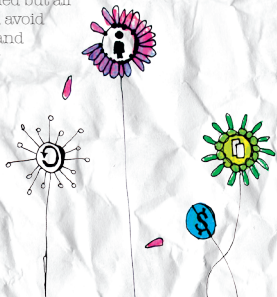
Madeleine Hart
Clearest Blue

i don't look ahead in time
that ticks and chimes for just a few
i'll shake my head and stand my ground
i'm not waiting to be saved

i could stare into the sky
the clearest sky of clearest blue
and see the dark and heavy truth
sometimes i'd begin to hope
a hope i borrowed but never owned
now is it mine or will you shoot me down?

for believing in a man who holds his hands
in my hands that reach for nothing
let him see in my eyes
they have laughed more
than they have cried

and i'd lost faith in all but one
and i'd made do with what is done
learnt to cradle apathy
i'd be resigned but all
the while i'd avoid
the mirror and
the child for
i'd be afraid
of what i'd
see oh
will
you
shoot
me down?

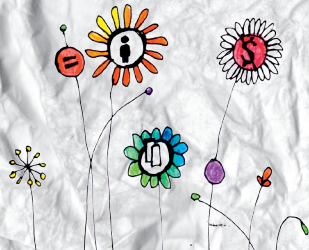


Songs for Sunday Palours
The Words You Spoke

you took the train home
he wasn't concerned at all
the sound of the words you spoke
is still trembling in his ears

you look like a burden
but so bright for a while
still you rest there on his mind
and you will for a lifetime

these rooms are plain now
there is nothing but a stare
but the sound of the words you spoke
still trembling in his ears



ABOUT HARVEST NO. 1

SOME WORDS FROM THE COMPILER:

this compilation is about free-music!

...not only the newest tracks, simply just those, who i enjoyed most in the last 10 month of maintaining the lemonjohn-blog. i decided to include only tracks which can be described with the genres: indie-pop-rock-folk, because there's currently a really big net-scene about free-electronic music, but it seems to be nearly forgotten that there are lots of amazing artists in those genres who also give their music away for free. (not saying that the electronic-music-scene hasn't brought some real musical-diamonds to my ears...)

concluding, i want to say thank-you to all the artists and bands who gave me permission to add their song to my compilation and a very big thank-you goes to elena, who made me this beautiful booklet!

...and by the way:

FEEL FREE TO COPY AND DISTRIBUTE THIS CD AS OFTEN AS YOU WANT!
(but don't try to make money out of it!)

if you want to get more information about the artists, the songs or the individual licenses, or simply want more free-music, feel free to contact me via: ee_pp@gmx.at
or take a look at the blog: <http://www.lemonjohn.blogspot.com>

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