

Mayone





In 1993 Liz Phair released *Exile In Guyville* her song-by-song reply to The Rolling Stones' 1972 album *Exile On Main Street*. Phair sequenced her songs in an attempt to match the pacing of the Stones album. In a similar way I made my own response/tribute to a personal favorite — Paul McCartney's 1970 album *McCartney*. The McCartney album was a source of inspiration and a springboard for new ideas. Like his approach, I embraced the haphazard alchemy of painting with sound.

Paul's first solo release was an escape for him, a way to reconnect to his creativity. He recorded it (mostly) at home, playing all of the instruments. It was his refuge from the chaos of the outside world and he approached the making of the album as an experiment. He said the making of the album was "very necessary at that time, cause otherwise, I wouldn't have anywhere to go to get away from the turmoil." In those solo sessions, it became clear to Paul that treating his music as therapy was yielding positive results: "it's a bit like after an operation, where you want to rest but you've got to push it." (from *Man On The Run* by Tom Doyle).

In March 2020 Matt Keating and I were beginning to mix the debut album for our band Bastards Of Fine Arts, but the project was put on hold due to the pandemic. My wife and I were isolated at home with two young kids. My studio was my refuge from the madness of the world. It was not in the plans for me to make a solo album that would be released before our debut album, but I had a sense of urgency. What if I was next to get sick? Would this be the last thing I make?

I wanted to leave something behind that I would be proud of. Just in case.

- Steve Mayone, Brooklyn NY, September 2020





Steve Mayone - vocals, guitar, piano, mandolin, banjo, ukulele, lap steel, bass, drums, percussion

Yuval Lion - drums on *Like You've Never Been Away*

Andy Plaisted - drums on *Stuff* and *Sweet Little Anchor*

Steve Sadler - guitar and synth on *Underwater Cave*

Billy Beard - big drum on *Underwater Cave*

Airport Goodbyes:

Tauras Biskis - drums

James Rohr - piano, organ

Jef Charland - upright bass

Mike Castellana - guitar

Martha Bourne - lap steel

Dedicated to Adam Schlesinger (1967-2020)

Recorded and mixed at Proof Box Studios (Brooklyn, NY)

Mastered by Brandon Wilde at Studio 76 (Brooklyn, NY)
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Cover photo by Suzanne Cope

Layout and design by Sarah Beth Wiley Smith / sbwsdesign.com

mayonemusic.com **bastardsoffinearts.com**

The Sweet Suzanne mayone

Instrumental

Dragging Me Back mayone

I tried to escape and run away move a
little further down the track

I tried to escape and make my break but
something keeps dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me
dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me
dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me back

I tried to flee from your tyranny had
enough of your lying trap

I thought I was free from your grip
on me but

something keeps dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me
dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me back

I wake to the paper at my door headlines
inked in black

I try to ignore the info war but something
keeps dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me
dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me
dragging me back

Something keeps dragging me back

Muddy Cove mayone

Instrumental

Missouri Loves Company mayone

Missouri loves company and I could
use a friend

Standing on the corner in the pouring rain

Kansas City's pretty when I'm all
lit up at night

I'm just a boy from Illinois with nowhere
to sleep tonight

Missouri loves company and I could
use some faith

Jesus wants to know me in the show
me state

Looking for salvation but it's proving
hard to find

A broken boy from Illinois on his
own tonight

Missouri loves company and I could use
some help

Waiting for an answer by the wishing well

Gonna cross the Mississippi into
open arms

God help this boy from Illinois find his
way back home

Missouri loves company and I could
use a pal

Can't go any lower no one wants me now

Through snow and rain I drove all day
to see the city lights

I'm just a boy from Illinois with no
hope in sight

I'm just a boy from Illinois with no
one to hold me tight

I'm just a boy from Illinois

Underwater Cave mayone

Instrumental

Stuff mayone

Christmas lights abandoned bikes unwanted
toys and broken kites

Empty spools and rusty tools things we no
longer like

Birthday cards we must discard but we hate
to give things up

Oh there isn't enough room for all
this stuff

Photographs and bric-a-brac we can't seem
to give away

It's either destined for the trash or a yard
sale someday

Pots and pans collecting dust don't you
think we have enough

Oh there isn't enough room for all
this stuff

The house is small the backyard too we
are running out of room

We can't ignore our urge to hoard we
better straighten this out soon

We start to clean we end up mean we
have a fight and give up

We're gonna die under this pile of
useless stuff

We're gonna die under this pile of
useless stuff

I'll Take You As You Are mayone

I don't care who you know
In this crowded bar
Your checkered past is useless to me now
I'll take you as you are

I don't care who you use to love
In the backseat of your car
You checked them off one by one
I'll take you as you are

Oh my little darling
You hit me like a storm
You came up with no warning
And threw me overboard

I don't care about your younger years
When you were a shooting star

You burned so bright and left a
trail of tears
I'll take you as you are

Oh my little darling
It hit me like a wave
A shipwreck on the ocean
You cast me away
Now I don't care who I use to be

That was a different man
My only hope you like what you see
Will you take me as I am
Will you take me as I am

Sweet Little Anchor mayone

She's my sweet little anchor
Hanging round my neck
Keeping me tethered
So I won't fall off the edge

She's my sweet little anchor
Sturdy sea legs
She's dreaming of my baby
And a white picket fence

She's the best little lover I've ever had
Lately things are getting tense

She's my sweet little anchor
Weighing on my mind
She wants to have a family
I want to have my wine

She's the prettiest picture that
I've ever seen
Got me hanging on a line

Sweet little anchor
Sweet little anchor

She's my sweet little anchor
Got her hands on my deck
She's a whale of a good time
She's got me feeling like a wreck

She's my sweet little anchor
I'm overboard in love
She knows just what she's after
She knows just what she wants

She's my sweet little devil and
my deep blue sea
Wants to be my number one
Sweet little anchor
Sweet little anchor
Sweet little anchor
Sweet little anchor

Can Do Attitude mayone

Instrumental

Like You've Never Been Away keating/mayone*

How did you slip through my fingers
Why did I ever let you go
Something here seems to linger
The shadow of your ghost

How did you slip away so softly
You left an echo on the line
I think of you quite often
And the shadow of your smile

Is this a happy never after
Can an old debt be repaid
I can still hear your laughter
Like you've never been away
Like you've never been away

When did you slip the mortal coil
I'm sorry I wasn't there for you
A flower in the soil
I guess will have to do

Is this a happy never after
Can an old love keep the flame
I can still hear your laughter
Like you've never been away
Like you've never been away

Singalong Stuff mayone

Instrumental

Happy Alcoholidays keating/mayone*

Happy Alcoholidays

It's time to give our thanks and praise

To the grain and the grape and the hops

We're gonna drink 'em until we drop

Gather round the silver keg

Tap it to the last of its dregs

Down the hatch on the house it will pour

'Til you wake up on the bathroom floor

Happy Alcoholidays

Hallelujah to amazing grace

He turned water into wine

Whatever happened to that guy

Gather round the watering hole

Give yourself a lethal dose

There'll be plenty of hell to pay

Tomorrow on New Year's Day

Lift your spirits high

Raise your glasses to the sky

Hungover when you awake

On the morning of Christmas Day

Happy Alcoholidays

Raise your voices in thanks and praise

To the yeast and the sugar and brine

We're gonna have ourselves a hell of a time

Gather at the neighborhood bar

Throw away the keys to the car

We'll be hurting in a world of pain

Tomorrow on New Year's Day

There'll be plenty of hell to pay

Tomorrow on New Year's Day

Airport Goodbyes keating/mayone*

I have to say I hate airport goodbyes

Leaving you alone at curbside

A ticket in your hand looking oh so sad

There must be a better way to say goodbye

I've never liked airport goodbyes

Leaving you with a suitcase by your side

Kiss me again before you have to

catch your plane

There must be a better way to say goodbye

I'm just no good at airport goodbyes

Crowds of people standing in line

Kiss me a little more before your

boarding call

There must be a better way to say goodbye

I've got no love for airport goodbyes

Heartbreak under neon signs

I'll watch you walk away as you head down

to your gate

There must be a better way to say goodbye

Won't you hold me a little more before they

lock the cabin door

There must be a better way to say goodbye

There must be a better way to say goodbye

There must be a better way to say goodbye

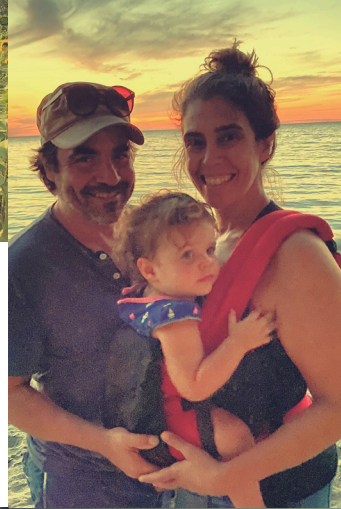
Say goodbye say goodbye

Say goodbye say goodbye

Say goodbye

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- 1) The Sweet Suzanne 0:31
- 2) Dragging Me Back 2:14
- 3) Muddy Cove 1:28
- 4) Missouri Loves Company 2:00
- 5) Underwater Cave 1:28
- 6) Stuff 2:11
- 7) I'll Take You As You Are 2:05
- 8) Sweet Little Anchor 2:30
- 9) Can Do Attitude 1:33
- 10) Like You've Never Been Away 3:15
- 11) Singalong Stuff 1:37
- 12) Happy Alcoholidays 2:33
- 13) Airport Goodbyes 3:53

