

This album is about anticipation and change; the moments in which we feel the certainties that hold us securely in place come adrift.

The inception for many of these pieces took place in the first lockdown of 2020, when our diaries were abruptly cleared and the churn of everyday life ground to a halt. Suddenly there was so much time, in which ideas could percolate uninterrupted, revisited each day without distraction, taking shape gradually in a process that would have seemed inconceivable before.

We had always assumed that we needed to be in the same physical space to create new music together, but pandemic restrictions forced us into experiments in collaborative writing online we'd never have considered otherwise. These exchanges created a thread to hold onto and a collective sense of purpose, as all else seemed to become untethered.

With returning melodic themes and vignettes weaving throughout the record, and a lyrical expression of times of transformation, this is an album created to accompany journeys when none could be made, in anticipation of the parting clouds



Emma Coleman: Cello/Vocals

James Grunwell: Bass/Production

Fred Harper: Drums/Percussion

Sam Murray: Clarinet/Vocals

Nick Rasle: Vocals/Guitar/Guitalele/Piano

Produced by James Grunwell

Mastered by Tim Thomas

Artwork by Jesse Stone

Layout by Nick Rasle

Recorded at Brown House Studios, Oxfordshire and Ampli-fi Studios, Leeds

All tracks written by Me and My Friends except track 4, 'Everybody's Talkin', written by Fred Neil (copyright Third Palm Music c/o BMG Platinum Songs US)



Witness

Witness

Fearless

Caution thrown into the wind

Catch it

Keep it

If you should only see

You would believe

When life delivers a shock

Take a chance to capture the moment

When silence eats at your throat

To record and capture the violence

When power leaves a ghost

Who bears a witness?

Here's one to those who think fast

Take a chance to capture the moment

Here's one to presence of mind

To record and capture the violence

Here's one to those with guts

To bear a witness

You Came Into My Life

You came into my life

Sweet thief of the night

Blinking back up with

Such a pure love

And though I held you close

So I felt a loss

The day would come you'll

Go your own way

You came into my life

Great ape in disguise

I covered you up and

Led you to the cold

I saw them cut you off.

From your mother's source

Dumb at the thought you'll

Go your own way

You came into my life

Last symbol of tribe

Sketch of the versions

That have come before

And though you took my name

You would not be the same

Slip through my fingers

Go your own way

Midnight in your kitchen

Midnight in your kitchen

With the faded photograph

Lifting up the cobwebs

From my heart

You and me and Yvonne

Skipping by the railway path

Linking arms together

To be free

Youth is a cold, unforgiving mirror

To face

A sober reflection of how

The time slipped away

Learning at midnight to change

Before I Saw The Sea

Before I saw the sea

Come wave after wave

To wash away the sorrow

I looked over at you

Asleep under the sheets

As a cloudy sun hung low

Cloudy sun hanging over

I searched my memories

For the good times to keep

Certain that yearning that sticks

In the pit of your gut

Could be found once more

They say you should never go back

Waiting for the clouds to part

Waiting for the clouds to part

Dear cloudy sun that hung low over us

When next I saw the sea

To be washed a second time

Feeling older though not wise

Hopeful this tide is the last

Waiting for the clouds to part

Waiting for the clouds to part

The Storm Shall Pass

If I could tell you

All of the teardrops

Gathered above you

Waiting to fall

If I could show you

Surety would crumble

Out of your worn hands

Blown by a storm

If I could tell you

Buried in a lost year

After the rain falls

The storm shall pass

If I could show you

All of this dissolving

Into a daydream

Of distant past

The storm shall pass

Lover, come back to me

I wondered where you'd been

These last lonely weeks

Drinking poison at my root

Each vein turned to whispering

Lover, come back to me

Lover, come back to me

Lover, why don't you eat

Lover, come back to me

You told me not to worry

Each night waiting like a fool

But listening for the fumbled keys

Vengeance turned me in my sleep

Thanks

Fred: To all my family, my teachers, and everyone who's ever encouraged us.

James: To Lauren, Eli and all my family, to Luke Fletcher, Pete Brown and Tim Thomas.

Emma: To my parents for their love and support, my siblings for their smiles and dancing, and my cello teacher Joan Dutton for her encouragement and belief.

Sam: To David, Frances, Jasper & Alice Murray, Alice H & Saskia, BAMBAM Team and Students at MDX.

Nick: To my parents, who taught me that creativity has an innate value; to Behla Hutchinson for the feedback on lyrics; to Aly and Syd, my rock and my inspiration.

Thank you to every person who has ever come to a show, bought some merch, sent us some kind words - it all contributed to our continuation!

www.meandmyfriends.co.uk

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