

THERE IS NO SIN  
WE ARE REVEALED





ALL I EVER WANTED  
WAS TO KNOW  
WHAT TO DO.

- DAVE EGGERS



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# ARRIVE

YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR BODY  
OH, YOUR KINGDOM'S GONNA FOLD  
AND YOU'LL KNOW YOUR BODY  
FROM THE SOUND IT MAKES ALONE

OH, YOU'RE NOT GONNA LOSE ME  
YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE ALONE  
I'LL BE WAITING  
HERE PAINTING BY THE DOOR

AND THE BEATEN UP PARTS  
WILL LEAVE YOU BY THE ROAD  
AND THE BROKEN UP THINGS  
YOU NEED WILL GO

AND YOU'LL FIND ME ON A STREET  
ON A CORNER YOU DON'T KNOW  
I'LL BE WAITING  
TO JUMP OUT IN YOUR COAT

AND THE WAITERS WILL TELL YOU  
I'VE BEEN DRINKING HERE ALONE  
I'VE BEEN BUILDING UP THESE ROOMS  
I'VE MADE OF NOTES

AND WE'LL TALK TILL WE BEND  
OUR BODIES HALF IN FOLDS  
TILL THE SUN WANTS US  
BACK AGAIN

AND THE FIRST MORNING OUT  
WILL BE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO CHOKE  
BACK ALLEYS LIKE FRIENDS  
WE DIDN'T KNOW

WE'LL BE BURNED UP BY THE LIGHT  
LYING HALF-DEAD ON THE BEACH  
SAYING THINGS THAT  
WE NEVER THOUGHT WE'D KNOW





By two in the morning, the verandas had died down.

I couldn't sleep. We'd had record heat for three days and the bed felt like sand. The open windows acted like broken megaphones for the city. A bottle of wine had been dinner, along with a wedge of cheese that could have been plucked from a cartoon mouse. I felt like I was hanging with Miller; overly cheap and too drunk to stay focused.



I had a list of errands, things to finish before she came, things that I should have done weeks ago. I'd been distracted...an effect she likely expected.

Her flight was the same that I had taken four months earlier; a late morning arrival. I'd been waiting for the cell phone to ring. I wanted my eyes to shut off, to rehearse what I'd done.

At first, I had scribbled page after page in a composition book...quickly so I wouldn't drop details. It was half-full within the first month. Mostly English, a bit of French...tiny drawings, conversations, vignettes, heartbreaking events. For a while, I was a character in an art house film, pen wagging at a street-side café.

Eventually, and abruptly, I stopped. The reader would never know if I had given the surfer a euro for dog food.





## EL CID

WHAT YOU DON'T FIND  
IN YOUR HAND  
YOU WON'T FIND  
IN YOUR POCKET  
HID UNDER YOUR BED  
WHERE YOU HID ALL  
YOU COULD FROM THEM

THE BLOOD OF EL CID  
SO FULL OF LIES HID UNDER  
YOUR DRESS YOU MAKE  
ENOUGH SMOKE TO BE POOR  
TILL THEY FOUND  
YOU'RE THE UNDERFED KID

AND I WANTED TO KISS YOU  
I WANTED TO TELL YOU  
I COULD FIX YOU  
BUT I'D HAVE BEEN LYING  
TO MYSELF

YOU PULLED OUT A BOOK  
OF YOUR PICTURES  
IN THE GRASS  
AND YOU BEGGED ME  
YOU'D TELL ME TO LISTEN  
I WEATHERED THE TALK BUT I  
WAS TIRED OF THE SCRIPT

AND OUT OF YOUR MOUTH  
CAME LITTLE LOST DOGS  
AND EVERYONE SCRAMBLED  
THE WEIGHT OF THEIR COATS  
AND THE BOOTS  
AND THEY SCARED YOU ALL OFF  
BUT THEY SCARED YOU ALL OFF









There had been an issue with a plane in Paris, according to my phone. She'd be delayed by two hours.

I was in the street with a paintbrush and two tins of aqua enamel. As a barter with the *propriétaire*, I had agreed to paint the entrance to the building. The doors had been tagged with large bubble letters that spelled "Pober."

The paint was like glue. The brush would just stop. The heat dried it up and my

strokes looked like chalk.

I'd always imagined her coming around the corner, seeing me there on the street. I'd imagined myself, in my screenplay, sitting there with a bottle in hand. I was hiding, pressed to one side. I was breathing into my coat and lying in wait.

We had talked about me coming to the airport and decided against it. We wanted to meet in town.

An older woman with an orange cat approached. It was dog-sized and it would follow her along the road. In the mornings when she left, the cat would lead her along the stones. She worked at a pharmacy where, the day before, she had sold me a tube of aloe.

When she passed, I said hello. I tried to ask if the cat went to work with her but I said it wrong. She paused to correct me with a laugh and the cat darted off on its own.



# UNTITLED

WERE YOU AS SOBER AS ME  
PUSHING THIS THING?  
YOUR HEROES THEY WAIT  
DONE CONQUERING  
WILL YOU ANSWER A QUESTION  
ASLEEP ON THE PHONE  
ANSWER ONE THING AND  
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE

WERE YOU AS SOBER AS ME  
WHEN I ASKED YOU TO LISTEN?  
YOUR SELF-HELP REVIVAL IS A  
MIRROR IN THE HALL  
YOUR HEAD TILTED SIDEWAYS  
ASLEEP ON THE PHONE  
ANSWER ONE THING AND  
I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE

AT THE GATES OF THAT PRISON  
DID YOU GIVE IT A CHANCE?  
IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND,  
WAS IT PART OF YOUR PLAN?  
WERE YOU WANTING TO FIND ME  
HALF-HOPING YOU'D LOSE  
HALF-HOPING I'D SAVE YOU  
FROM THE PATHS THAT YOU'D  
CHOOSE.

YOU'RE LIKE A CHILD  
WHOSE FATHER NEVER COMES  
WHOSE FATHER NEVER COMES  
ANY MORE  
YOU'RE LIKE A CHILD  
DRESSED IN YOUR  
BETTER CLOTHES  
DRESSED IN YOUR  
BETTER CLOTHES  
WAITING BY THE DOOR

WERE YOU AS SOBER AS ME  
WHEN YOU COULDN'T GET HOME  
WHEN YOU DUMPED  
ALL YOUR WORDS  
LIKE THE WEIGHT OF A STONE

I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU  
BUT I ALREADY KNOW  
JUST ANSWER ONE QUESTION  
AND I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE







There was a small café a few blocks away. It was hidden underneath a row of stone buildings, perfectly shaded for midday patrons.

I had texted her to say where I'd be. My arms were bright red; my hands were flecked with green. I sat there half-heartedly reading the news. The world seemed to be at rest, as if it were hesitating.

When I turned around to say something to the host she grabbed me from behind, a quick wrestler's move. I double over and the whole room was laughing. It had been sixteen weeks.

When we finally sat down, the floodgates opened. We spoke like auctioneers and kept moving inward. I had asked for a bottle of rosé from Bandol. It was a joke between her and I. Years ago, her red wine orders had turned to pink twice, mostly thanks to our cursory French.

The delay—a plane change—had led to one of her bags going missing. Two days later, it would turn up on our doorstep. Our stories swirled for hours and we stayed at the table, getting lit up and acting like children.

As we were leaving, she said that she'd walked past the apartment.

She had memorized the streets from maps. I asked how my painting looked.

She belted out laughing and could barely speak, "They got it again already!"







## ANSWERS

STOP AND THEN EXPLAIN THIS  
THE WORDS YOU SAY ARE PAINLESS  
IT'S EASIER TO KILL THESE PLANS

STOP PACKING UP THESE BOXES  
THESE GARBAGE BAGS OF DRESSES  
AND TELL ME I DON'T UNDERSTAND

THE WORDS SAY I BELIEVE YOU  
THE CLERKS HERE, THEY DON'T HAVE TO  
IT'S TALKING JUST TO LOSE YOURSELF

YOU WANTED THEM TO SAVE YOU  
TO ASK YOU WHY'D STAY HERE  
WHEN YOU LIKENED THIS TO YOUR NEW HELL

I'M LOSING FAITH  
IN WHAT I SAY

YOU SIT STARING IN A CAR PARK  
EXPECTING ME TO FOLLOW  
I'VE LEARNED TO WALK THE OTHER WAY

AND OUT OF ALL MY ANSWERS  
THE ONES THAT I'VE RECANTED  
I REGRET MOST WHAT I COULDN'T SAY

THE THINGS YOU SAID TO MOCK ME  
FOR REASONS THAT WERE CLEARLY  
THE WORK OF SOMEONE ELSE'S HEAD

SAID MORE TO STOP THE ENDING  
FROM BECOMING WHAT'S INTENDED  
WHEN YOU INSIST THAT YOU'RE LAST ONE IN

AND AS YOUR MARTYRS LOST THEIR PAGES  
I FED THEM LINES IN STAGES  
FROM THE LAST DAYS OF OUR BROKEN HOME

I WANTED THEM TO NOTICE  
HOW WRONG IT WAS TO DO THIS  
HOW FAR YOU'D GO WHEN LEFT ALONE





The apartment was mostly empty though it had come with long crimson drapes that seemed like an old stage curtain. I had added very few things. I had leased it by the month since I was waiting for her. The largest room was empty, save for the massive, disembodied face of a clock that I'd bought from a market. I had wrestled it onto the train.

The first night we sat in the bed for hours, the shutters half-closed. The time difference reared its head for me and eventually I crashed.

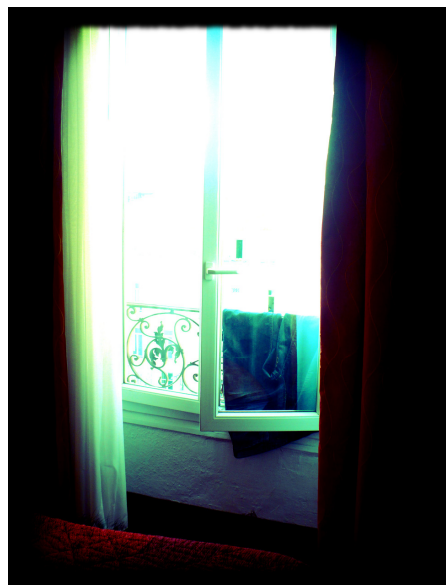
At one point, it rained and the shutters made a noise that I'd never heard. It sounded like popcorn. The air and the wind turned bitter and we dug ourselves into the sheets.

She'd been unable to sleep. In the middle of the night, the rooms had changed. Boxes were moved. Clothing was draped over chairs and the air smelled like gardens. My suitcase furniture was gone, hidden off in a closet and emptied.

We didn't leave until late in the morning. Our cell phones were mute. The streets seemed lazy and quiet. "It's Sunday," the town was saying, "let's leave them alone."

Everything from the night before spilled over. The endless talking had made us hoarse. We sounded like smokers who'd been out in the clubs until late. We never ran out of topics.

The one thing we decided: to not make plans.







YOU BROKE MY FINGERS  
SAID IT'S EASY  
NO REMORSE  
I'D MAKE YOU FEEL  
THE HITS YOU SWALLOW  
MAKE YOU EMPTY  
MAKE THE WATER  
SAFE TO BREATHE

AND ALL THE ANGELS  
AND THEIR VICTIMS  
SIT IN THE HALLWAY  
MAKING DEALS  
I USED TO KNOW YOU  
USED TO FOLLOW  
ALL THE LINES HID  
UNDERNEATH

IT WASN'T EASY  
IN THE ER  
TO EXPLAIN  
WHY I HAD COME  
IT SEEMED TOO  
EASY TO THE NURSES  
TO EXPLAIN  
WHAT YOU HAD DONE

BUT I SAT QUIETLY  
COLLECTING  
ALL THE REASONS IN MY MOUTH  
I ALWAYS KNEW THERE'D  
COME A NIGHT  
I'D TAKE YOU OUT

SINGLED OUT  
IN HALF-CONFESSIONS  
LIKE A BOOK  
FOR BROKEN KIDS  
THE GRUNTED PARTS  
OF BITTEN ANSWERS  
SCATTERED  
FALLEN FROM MY JAW

REGRETS IN FORMS  
SPREAD ON A TABLE  
I SHOULDN'T TALK  
TO STOP THE BLOOD  
YOU CAN'T FORGET THAT  
I'M STILL WAITING  
NO ONE KNOWS  
HOW LONG I'LL HOLD





On the second day, we made two runs back to the house. With each trip, the apartment came to life. White spaces took on color, fruit collected in unusual places and bottles sat at the ready.

The markets changed for me. There were purchases I had never considered and daily essentials, not just pizza and wine. We could have been buying for guests or maybe a holiday. It all seemed celebratory.



Eventually, exhausted with playing house, we went down to the sea. The streets were packed with cars and the boardwalk was lined with tourists. The temperature had brought all of them out, even though the sun was leaving.

A painter with a half-sketched canvas sat motionless near a stairwell, as if his brushes had nothing to add.

We lay on the still warm stones as she rambled through stories. Her business was humming along. She needed to go back but not for a few months. I asked what she thought of the apartment. When I'd first met our landlord, he had held my bicep in a knowing grip and laughed. He agreed that the woman should see it.

"I couldn't adore it more," she said.

We plotted our night but didn't go further. We wanted our days to lack boundaries. "Tomorrow" implied the end of something.



COUNT YEARS TILL  
YOU LOSE COUNT  
IT'S FEAR,  
THE FEAR GONE OUT  
EVERYTHING FULL AND  
NOTHING PAINED

YOU BREAK THROUGH  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU SCRATCH THROUGH  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU FIGURED IT OUT  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU SEE IN HER EYES  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING

YOU SHOVEL OUT  
IT'S DEEPER  
KEEP TALKING  
BELIEVE HER

SOMETHING CHANGED,  
YOU CHANGED  
YOU CAN'T COUNT  
YOU CAN'T COUNT  
YOU CAN SLEEP THROUGH THIS  
IF YOU'RE TIRED ENOUGH  
YOU CAN SLEEP THROUGH THIS  
IF YOU'RE TIRED ENOUGH

YOU FLIP  
THROUGH BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU SCRATCH THROUGH  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU FIGURED IT OUT  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU SEE IN HER EYES  
THERE'S NO ANSWER

I'M A GONNA LOAN YOU  
MY EYES  
I'M A GONNA LOAN YOU  
MY LIGHT  
I'M A GONNA LOAN YOU  
MY LIGHT  
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GET  
WHAT'S PRETTY SAD  
I WILL BE THERE  
BUT YOU WON'T OVER  
WHY SHOULD YOU LIE?  
BUT I WON'T BE LINED  
BOTHY'S OVER

AND YOU FIGURED IT OUT  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU SEE IN HER EYES  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING

YOU SHOVEL OUT  
IT'S DEEPER  
KEEP TALKING,  
BELIEVE HER

YOU FLIP THROUGH  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU SCRATCH THROUGH  
BUT YOU FAIL THIS

YOU FIGURE IT OUT  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU SEE IN HER EYES

BUT THERE'S NOTHING









The first two weeks were unlike any other. It had become a holiday with permanence.

We wandered incessantly, found streets that I'd never noticed. We got off at train stops and towns that seemed out

of the reach of maps.

We signed the lease for a year. The owner and his wife were delighted. To celebrate, we brought home an orange seashell couch and a broken armoire. She changed her cell number. We bought bikes. We pestered our families with stories and waited for fall.

In the middle of the night, we would often sit by the iron of the tiny balcony with drinks, just talking. The alleys would shut down around us and we'd fall asleep on the floor.

Every once in a while something that we'd left behind would creep in. A phone call or a message from the outside world would pull us backward. For me, it would be something I had to pick up or a job that I had to finish.

The third week was different. Lists began to lead us around and there were questions about things that we could not answer. The outcroppings of reality seemed minor though. We were gliding above it.

Every day held a new idea.



UNCERTAINTIES  
THE DOUBTS  
THAT FACTS LEAVE  
WE COME FROM MISTAKES

COME FROM OUR  
OWN WEEDS

YOUR LUCKY COLOR HAS FADED  
IT SWITCHES  
A TENSION HOLDS YOU WHEN ONE  
BURNS BRIDGES

YOU HAD YOUR PROBLEMS  
BUT YOU REGROUPED THEN  
YOU FOUND YOUR UMBRELLA  
IN THE WRONG DIRECTION

WHEN IN DOUBT, STRIKE  
WHEN IN DOUBT, STRIKE  
PRACTICE CRAWLING  
I'LL OVERCOME  
THE FLAWS I REPEAT  
IGNORING MOUTHS OF SWORDS  
WHILE MONSTERS, MONSTERS EAT

WELL, YOU TOO  
CAME FROM MISTAKES,  
SOMEONE SPEAKING  
YOUR MOTIVES  
UNDER LIGHT BULBS  
SEEMED EASY.

YOU WERE TO BE CALLED  
TO RIP ITS HEAD OFF  
BUT THE HOURS WERE SPENT  
FOR NOTHING  
THEY WERE CRAWLING

WHEN IN DOUBT, STRIKE  
WHEN IN DOUBT, STRIKE  
PRACTICE CRAWLING

## PRACTICE CRAWLING





At dusk, about a month in, we fought. It was in the middle of a crowded square, surrounded by performers and tourists and looking for food.

She had been talking about us going back and I'd suggested that I should stay. She paused for a moment and no words came out. We walked apart from each other.

Afterwards, we sat in a brasserie that we knew well. It was owned by a wiry guy named Stefano who could have passed for Steve Buscemi. It was early and empty. We talked in low voices and only in English. A politeness had overtaken us.

After a drink, I backed down and mentioned that I had been starving and not thinking straight. "We'll figure it out," I suggested and with that the air changed back.

Discussions were often debates and sometimes our debates were like fights, silent ones with big, sweeping pronouncements. Not that night though...it all snapped back, as if nothing had happened. The idea of the trip was unresolved but it seemed less important.



At night, we passed couples dancing the tango along the boardwalk. We went down to the rocks and stood there listening to waves that we couldn't see. We hatched a plan to head to the mountains.

We did research and stayed awake until late. For the first time, we'd be driving ourselves.





# GONE

GONE THE DAY  
BY YOUR HEAD  
I BELONG HERE  
I'M THE LAMB ON YOUR BED

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE,  
MY FRIEND  
I BELONG HERE  
COME AWAY FROM YOUR BED

WHAT YOU NEED, I BELIEVE,  
I BELONG THERE  
I WAS ALWAYS ON MY OWN  
THE LONE MAN

I COULD HEAR FROM YOUR LUNGS  
A LONG BREATH  
I COULD LEAVE YOU GO

AND PUT THE FACES, BABE  
BUT IT WON'T LAST TONIGHT  
WRITE DOWN WHAT I SAY  
CAUSE IT WON'T LAST TONIGHT  
UNTIL I'VE CHANGED

GONE THE DAY IN YOUR ROOM  
WITH THE BENT LAMP  
I'VE BEEN HERE LIKE A DOG  
I BELONG HERE

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE,  
MY FRIEND  
IS THE INSIDE  
COME AWAY FROM YOUR BED

WHAT YOU SEE UNDERNEATH  
YOU BELONG THERE  
I WAS ALWAYS ON THE RUN  
THE LONE MAN

I COULD HEAR YOU TURN  
IN THE DOORWAY  
I COULD LEAVE YOU,  
LEAVE YOU GO

UNTIL I'VE CHANGED





After the mountains, she started working on sketches. We had started to develop routines.

Two post-teenage girls befriended her. They were fascinated by stories of New York and L.A. They worked at a pizza place in one of the plazas though their families had money and lived in the hills. One aspired to be an actress, the other a journalist. They were saving their money to go.

Our narratives often had scars. I could relate to how convicts wanted to hide away, for no one to know or to judge them. The girls' conversations did that. I hated the encroachment but she enjoyed having someone unjailed to talk to.

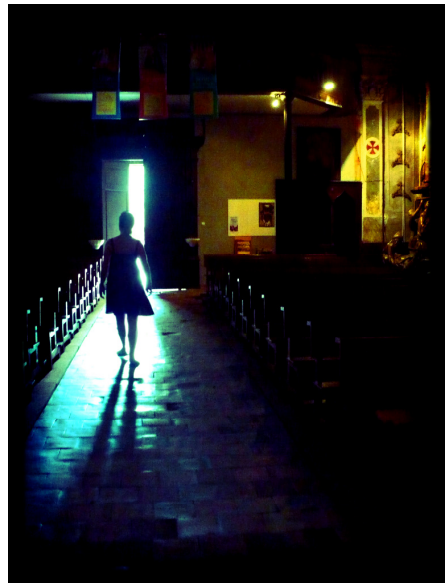
Once, when we were exhausted from walking too far along the water, the subject of plane tickets came up. There had been a misunderstanding before. We laughed and made jokes this time. We had a few drinks at a cabana and I explained as best as I could.

"Does this mean you're not going back next month?"

I didn't want to answer. I didn't feel like I could. The earlier months had rewired my head. It seemed suffocating to me, the idea of going back. She had work to do. I did not.

Another night, in passing, the pizza girls caught wind of this. They asked if they could have my ticket.

"He doesn't have one yet," she told them too quickly.





# MISLEAD

SIX DAYS AGO WE NEEDED RAIN  
WE WANTED FISH OUT  
ON THE STREETS  
AND THERE I WAS  
BUYING FOOD AT  
MIDNIGHT

LESS THAN A WEEK  
AND ALL YOUR OATHS  
MEAN NOTHING NOW,  
YOU NEED TO KNOW  
I ALWAYS SAW  
JUST THE FLAWS

AND YOU WERE SOMEWHERE  
FITTING CLOTHES  
OR WRESTLING THE WORLD  
OUT OF JESUS  
I KID YOU NOT,  
I KID YOU NOT  
SOMEDAY YOU'LL FIND OUT

THAT MADE US STAY  
LIKE THE MISSING STEP  
THE WAY THE BAGS BROKE  
I KID YOU NOT, I KID YOU NOT  
SOMEDAY YOU'LL FIND OUT

ALL THE THINGS THAT I'M NOT  
ALL THE THINGS I FORGOT  
ALL THE THINGS THAT WERE ME  
ALL THE THINGS  
I KEPT CLEAN  
ALL THE THINGS I KEPT IN  
ALL THE THINGS I KEPT IN







It rained twice. The second time, we were far from home. We ran like escaped horses, dodging from store to awning.

The deadlines were looming for the flight and the tickets were becoming more expensive. We were drunk. She was taunting me.

Why won't you go? She'd ask over and over. It was only a week, just a gesture, she'd say.

I had been sick with a cold. I explained it before, I'd repeat. Why is it so important to you? I can't figure it out. I'm already behind. It just seems like a waste of a ticket.

In the rain, with sheets of it on my face, I had finally said I would go. We laughed about it. I said I would do it for her.

I asked if she wanted to go home. She watched me and stood there then moved like a fighter, no words coming out. We darted back home. The rain was heavy like salt from the ocean.

We put our clothes in the tub. The bed had no frame. Our only blanket was soaked by a left-open window. With only wet hair and a doubled-up sheet, we started to talk like we'd just arrived. There were low voices in the hallway. The bars must have been closing down.

It was the weekend now. No alarms were set, no plans were made. The weather was supposed to let up. The second month was complicated. She had adopted a monk-like solemnity. Our food, our rooms, our weekend escapes, were in the company of a long lurking figure.





# WE ARE REVEALED

I WAS FACE DOWN  
ON THE FLOORBOARDS  
THE LAST OF THE NIGHT  
WE ALL HAVE REGRETS  
THAT WE  
NEED TO TAKE WITH US

I WAS UNDER THE CHAIR  
WITH MY FACE  
ON THE WOOD  
IN THE COOL,  
I WANTED TO KNOW  
FORGETTING

THE FURNACE WAS  
MUMBLED THINGS  
IN THE VOICE  
OF A DAD  
IT WANTED TO GIVE ME  
A CHANCE  
TO UNDO THIS  
THE TINIEST CUT

ON MY FINGER  
THE PART OF A NOTE  
I HAD LEFT  
I NEEDED THE PA  
TO STOP RINGING

WE ALL HAVE REGRETS  
THAT WE NEED  
TO LINE THE EDGE  
OF OUR PATH  
WE WANT TO HOLD ON  
FOR SOME REASON

I WAS UNDER THE CHAIR  
WITH MY FACE  
ON THE WOOD  
I WANTED TO  
KNOW HOW IT FELT  
TO FORGET







Toward the end of the two months, we were already settled. We knew what to do. We knew what to say.

I was in a white folding chair at an old writing desk. She'd made coffee before leaving but I'd forgotten to drink it. The desk had become a locksmith's bench.

I was working on the front door knobs. One of them had bounced down the stairs. The owner had given me a few more projects while he was away.

My hands were covered in graphite. The radio was murmuring, saying something about a revolt amongst judges. My phone rang as she walked in; a shopping bag full that she sat by the door. She had an envelope folded. I took the call. It was an American lawyer.

When I hung up, she showed me a plane ticket. She had bought only one.

I stayed silent. I wanted her face to say something. I wanted to see what she would not be saying. She seemed to have rehearsed the moment though. She had something riding on this and a tell could give it away.

"It's a week," she finally said. "Not a big deal."

In the corner of a mirror, I could see the back of her body. Her hair was longer now. Her face seemed to pause and let go.



# INHALE

I WAS THE BOY  
WHO DREAMED I COULD MAKE IT  
I WAS THE BOY  
WHO TRIED TO STOP LEAVING  
THESE LIGHTS AREN'T HELPING  
AND I'M TOO LOST NOW  
I WANTED MY WORDS TO  
SAVE US SOMEHOW

CAUSE UNDER THE WEIGHT  
OF THE BROKEN MAN'S BODY  
I SAW THE LIGHT OF  
THE HOLE I CUT  
I COULD GO BLIND WITH  
ALL OF THAT BEAUTY  
I KNOW THIS,  
I COULDN'T KEEP UP

I WAS A BOY  
TO THINK YOU COULD HELP ME  
I WAS A BOY  
TO LEAN ON YOU SO  
I'LL PUT THESE LIGHTS OUT  
AND FEEL LIKE A SAVIOR  
I'LL LET YOU IN IF YOU'LL  
JUST LET GO

I WAS THE BOY  
WHO WANTED TO SAVE YOU  
I WAS THE BOY  
YOU THOUGHT WAS ASLEEP  
I KNOW THE LINES  
THAT YOU WANTED TO SAVE YOU  
I KNOW THE THINGS  
THAT YOU WANTED TO KEEP









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