



MR AND MRS SMITH

INTRO

All songs written &  
recorded by Holly Smith

Mastering by blocSonic



## 1 **Bullshite Blind** 2:30

From the album "*December*" (2013)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/december>

We're not so different you and I  
I've been watching through my lazy eye  
You view the world first through your mind  
add a filter and your bullshit blind

Baby steps and safe words

It's a new chapter

same ol book

tattered pages

and a dirty look

We're not so different you and I

We're not so different you and I

I've been watching through my lazy eye

You view the world first through your mind

add a filter and bullshit blind

Random facts

and flash backs

Quiet voice

and silent night

I just wanna sleep

no nightmares in sight

We're not so different you and I

We're not so different you and I

I've been watching through my lazy eye  
You view the world first through your mind  
add a filter and bullshit blind

I thought about it  
then I stopped  
I'm sick of watches  
time adding up  
fresh out of coffee  
shit out of luck  
We're not so different you and I

We're not so different you and I  
I've been watching through my lazy eye  
You view the world first through your mind  
add a filter and bullshit blind

Old fashioned polaroided  
tight and weary overloaded  
come hither at my side  
now's not the time to try and hide  
We're not so different you and I  
We're not so different you and I

## 2 **End of the ride** 1:39

From the album "*July*" (2013)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/july>

steps forward  
steps back

If this is the end of the ride  
I want my money back  
I waited in line  
in the cold and the rain  
I waited in heat  
my sweat and blood  
I waited to hear familiar feet  
but this is the end of the ride  
My lair is dusty  
and scattered with piles  
piles of things that make me look wild  
but they are only my tattered clothes  
my outside skin  
what I wear within  
you don't know  
I have traveled here and there  
lived there and here  
wrote words on busses  
and words in fear  
Loved a few  
lost even more  
now it's time to even the score

### 3 **Neighborhood**

#### **Funeral Dress** 2:22

From the album "*Porch Recordings*" (2012)  
Available at:  
<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/porch-recordings>

She went to work like any other day  
It didn't hit her till that package came  
The first thing she saw was the letter  
She really wished it was that pale green  
sweater  
Oh honey I'm sorry but I've sent a new veil  
Tear stained and ragged  
The old one just too frail  
And there she goes steppin into those sheers  
And the neighborhood funeral dress worn a  
hundred years  
From house to house  
About every other month  
It's never something they have to hunt  
Hangin nice and neat in the laundry room  
On this street it gets used more than the  
broom  
She went to work like any other day  
It didn't hit her till that package came  
The first thing she saw was the letter  
She really wished it was that pale green  
sweater  
Oh honey I'm sorry but I've sent a new veil  
Tear stained and ragged  
The old one just too frail  
And there she goes steppin into those sheers  
And the neighborhood funeral dress worn a  
hundred years

## 4 **Put me in your jukebox** 2:28

From the album "*January*" (2013)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/january>

You could tell me  
I'm just crazy  
or I've forgotten where I come from  
You could say I'm lazy  
Just needing some love

You could call me lots of things but I know you  
won't  
So put me in your jukebox  
don't play the same song twice  
I've never meant it to seem like I play nice

I'm just lost  
a deer in headlights  
life grabbed me my the hair  
now I'm trying to crawl back

You could call me lots of things but I know you  
won't  
So put me in your jukebox  
don't play the same song twice  
I've never meant it to seem like I play nice

You could tell me

I'm just crazy  
or I've forgotten where I come from  
You could say I'm lazy  
Just needing some love

I'm just lost  
a deer in headlights  
life grabbed me by the hair  
now I'm trying to find my way back

## 5 **Potluck Thursdays** 2:42

From the album "*All Women Are Created  
Evol*" (2011)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/all-women-are-created-evul>

Well house wife life got a lil borin  
so I decided to take matters in my own hands  
I called my old friend Mr. Tranny  
asked if he knew a corner up for sale  
I powdered and painted, slipped my overcoat  
on

put a hand full of gold in my purse  
made my corner transaction  
stood at the light waitin and waitin for some  
action  
An old blue buick came to a halt and down that  
passenger window came  
He wasn't half bad and I was ready for some  
fun

I told him to meet me at the corner bar  
puzzled, he sat for a second then pulled in and  
turned the engine off

I wasn't so sure how I was gonna pull this off  
but, Boy Howdy I was gonna try

I ordered a bottle of tequila and took it to the  
booth in the dark corner

along with a deck of cards from the bar

Things could get a lil tricky so I had Sam keep  
his eyes peeled

on what I call my Joker game

I crossed my legs for insurance bouncing my  
boot up and down, in walked the fella

I nodded him over, and said here's a shot for  
your nerves, down he sat

Do you wanna shuffle or shall I, High of six  
wins, lose and an article falls

Me, I have 4 to play with and 5 \$50.00's to lay  
down

I let him win the first round, shaken my hair  
loose from my hat

I saw his face begin to smile, so I slid over  
another shot

Now the bettin would begin

Joker's the wild card and pick up the pot

Poor thang, boxers and a sock

That night I left with a grand in my pocket, and  
my overcoat never came off

To this day I still have my Thursday corner or  
shall I say Potluck

Gotta love this life...

6

## Southern

### Point of Sanity 1:30

From the album "June" (2013)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/june>

I grew my hair out then let it go  
cut my jeans off and put my boots back on

Rode the ride got lost for awhile

Then I stopped and forgot

I forgot everything and listened to Country  
every night

I found comfort in things like Merle and Jones

Cowgirls and all the bad 90's songs

Somethin in me clicked, like saying Hey Yall

My family has an accent and I write Southern  
songs

**Repeat**

If I was runnin

Don't know where I was goin

Cuz there's only one place I belong

I grew my hair out then let it go

cut my jeans off and put my boots back on

Rode the ride got lost for awhile

Then I stopped and forgot

I forgot everything and listened to Country  
every night

## 7 **Lay On No Bed** 1:56

From the album "*May*" (2013)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/may>

And you wonder why I want to go to the  
country and lay on no bed  
this isn't a dual of our pain and stress  
but I feel like I'm loosen  
Like I'm fadin in the wind  
and you want me to take care of you  
in the shape I'm in  
I'm more alone than I've ever been  
There's no Talkin  
no understandin  
with coldness as my brace  
and a numbness has taken loves place  
And you wonder why I want to go to the  
country and lay on no bed  
Take me to the woods  
take me to the shack  
lay me on the floor  
lay me on my back  
there I will lie  
when the sun comes up  
the chickens in their coop  
and the dogs put up  
a quietness  
that leaves me a unnerved  
yet takes me a stray  
In a cold dark place  
that makes me feel

knowing only I will go that way

## 8 **Tip n Canoe** 2:39

From the album "*PINNED UP*" (2012)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/pinned-up>

In a perfect world I'd be your girl  
I'd see your eyes from a mile away  
I'd run into your arms and knock you down  
In a less than perfect world I'd be yours  
If the timin wasn't right then I'll fall asleep  
tonight  
I'll try again tomorrow and I just might  
Who woulda thought I'd be fussin with flowers  
Who would thought I'd be missin those  
showers  
It's not what you think It's not what you think  
you want  
It's not what you think It's not what you think  
at all  
In a perfect world I'd be your girl  
I'd see your eyes from a mile away  
I'd run into your arms and knock you down  
In a less than perfect world I'd be yours  
When I catch you in my sight Oh I'll steal  
another bite  
Savor that taste with a slow and steady pace  
Who would thought it'd be me you devour  
Who woulda thought I'd relinquish all power

It's not what you think It's not what you think  
you want  
It's not what you think It's not what you think  
at all

## 9 **Death has taken it's toll on me** 2:23

From the album "*September*" (2013)  
Available at:  
<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/september>

death has taken it's toil on me  
all those things I used to be  
the feelings I had before I went numb  
death has taken it's toil on me  
death has taken it's toil on me

it's an empty space it's dead weight  
like I've grown a new head  
in the old ones place

death has taken it's toil on me

death has taken it's toil on me  
all those things I used to be  
the feelings I had before I went numb  
death has taken it's toil on me  
death has taken it's toil on me

a different person  
a soldier with orders  
my mind ain't what it used to be  
don't put me in a crowded room for

death has taken it's toil on me  
death has taken it's toil on me

all those things I used to be  
the feelings I had before I went numb

death has taken it's toil on me  
death has taken it's toil on me

not so innocent  
not so sweet

death has taken it's toil on me

## 10 **Reveries of Beauty** 2:49

From the album "*April*" (2013)  
Available at:  
<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/april>

Like that of the lyrics in a Tom Waits song  
I would rather fare my bloodshed in bars over  
coffee shops  
beers and a smoke over a musty long toke and  
have a convo with  
an honest man who spits blunt and hard not  
haunted by the tale of a false cure

Carefully collected  
they fall one by one  
In her hand is a thorn  
from a rose long gone

Upon inspection the man was rather simple  
but turn to the next page and you have  
a psychological thriller  
Paying homage to all that's porcilean  
beyond the cracks and the faults  
a sift of dirt  
a purty rope

and as I awake  
he knows I don't remember  
I may hide behind my smudgy glasses  
but they keep on a coming as I dream  
but they keep on a coming as I dream  
but they keep on a coming as I dream

Like that of the lyrics in a Tom Waits song  
I would rather fare my bloodshed in bars over  
coffee shops  
beers and a smoke over a musty long toke and  
have a convo with  
an honest man who spits blunt and hard not  
haunted by the tale of a false cure  
haunted by the tale of a false cure  
haunted by the tale of a false cure

Just like threadin a wire  
some things they will expire  
and are surely not what they seem  
and are surely not what they seem

and are surely not what they seem

## || Cold Black Oil 2:56

From the album "*Uncertain Gravity*" (2012)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/uncertain-gravity>

Baby drinks cold black oil  
on friday nights  
while learning how to tango  
gets her toes stepped on  
by the southern monster  
she tries her hand  
at stepping even  
tippin her hat  
and walking like a man  
but baby drinks cold black oil

48 hrs to go  
she began the countdown  
with Uncle Ray's hand me downs  
tick tock  
tick tock  
she hums  
They always said she was good with her feet

It's a different drum  
It's another town  
It's the same ol street  
Baby drinks cold black oil all the way down

all the way down

Oh hi honey  
you got my money

a dollar buys you a look in the eye  
conversing with the spirit  
that ol stoop man  
she takes another sip  
and swooshes those hips

baby likes the taste of cold black oil

## 12 **II- I2- I am** 2:24

From the album "*August*" (2013)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/august>

If you love me like you say you do  
you will want me to come back to you  
one of these days these darn ol days  
Too much thinkin, too much drinkin, and I ain't  
sleeping at all  
light headed, crazy dreams  
they say I stay in between, these worlds of my  
own  
If you love me like you say you do  
you will want me to come back to you  
one of these days these darn ol days  
Wound up, over worked

piles of shit, pilin up  
Vitamins and alcohol aren't the ever lovin cure  
all  
the best part of day is night  
If you love me like you say you do  
you will want me to come back to you  
one of these days these darn ol days  
And when I say PM it really means 11-12-1 am  
Not all the answers come to me but what I've  
seen was meant to be seen  
If you love me like you say you do  
you will want me to come back to you  
one of these days these darn ol days  
I've had better, I've had worse  
Had that twitch, had that curse  
Find me in the parkin lot drying my eyes oh oh  
and savin a lot  
If you love me like you say you do  
you will want me to come back to you  
one of these days these darn ol days  
**Repeat**

## 13 **Longer Songs** 1:23

From the album "*February*" (2013)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/february>

I met you in a bowling alley  
you just sat there  
while I bowled

I drank my beer  
you stayed in your chair  
till I went to smoke  
some conversations were quite unfriendly  
in the way a can is cold  
Now you tell me i need to write longer songs  
Now you tell me i need to write longer songs  
Now you tell me i need to write longer songs  
Now you tell me i need to write longer songs  
Now you tell me i need to write longer songs  
Now you tell me i need to write longer songs  
Now you tell me i need to write longer songs

14. **Smokey Sunday Trip** 1:58

From the album "*November*" (2013)

Available at:

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com/album/november>

It's a long way till mornin  
till coffee hits my lips  
It's a long way till mornin  
I can taste bittersweetness  
It's a smokey Sunday trip  
and I've got the nervous ticks  
It's a long way till mornin  
and my mind it's in a race  
Oh time is doin cartwheels  
and I see those windin hills  
It's a long way till mornin  
Oh strange as it may seem

more safe than a cell  
but excitement can get the best of us  
on this smokey Sunday chill  
I've told myself certain things  
just to keep me sane  
but everything I've learnt has just gone down  
the drain  
For so long I've lived a memory  
For so long I've felt a pull  
Now the numb is wearin off  
and I've turned into a sweet fool  
It's a long way till mornin  
before coffee hits my lips  
It's a long way till mornin  
I can taste bittersweetness  
It's a smokey Sunday trip  
and I've got the nervous ticks  
It's a long way till mornin  
I can taste bittersweetness



**Mr. and Mrs. Smith online:**

<http://www.mrandmrsmithhollis.com>

<http://mrandmrsmithmusic.tumblr.com>

<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com>

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Hollis-Smith/266998797589>

<http://www.youtube.com/user/JustHollis>

[http://freemusicarchive.org/music/Mr\\_Mrs\\_Smith/](http://freemusicarchive.org/music/Mr_Mrs_Smith/)

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<http://mrmrsmith.bandcamp.com>



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- Michael Gregoire, blocSonic

