



## 1. Incomplete Me

(An Ode to Blind Love)

I don't know why  
I want you the way I do.  
The way you cheat me and incomplete me  
and make me fight to see this through.

I should think you'd be the captain of my team  
but now I think you're not quite what you seem.  
It ain't together, it don't make sense and it won't work out.  
Production's failing, morale has slipped—says word of mouth.

Say you solved it,  
say you're gonna make it right.  
Say you know a secret salve  
that can beat this sleepless night.

Well to -do, well-begot and you're certainly well-fed.  
Well, well, what're you gonna do instead?  
It ain't together, it don't make sense, and it won't work out.  
Production's failing, morale has slipped—says word of mouth.

I don't know why  
I want you the way I do.





## 2. Every Time I Love You

(An Ode on Devolving)

There was a time all I could do  
was be with you every hour of every day.  
But then I saw that what I drew  
out of you weren't exactly your best.

It's hard to go to sleep at night  
crying on my pillow, fighting biting back at you.  
Just to know you'll love me so  
at sunrise, so, that ain't enough to realize a dream.

And every time I love you  
I love to love you a little less.  
It's times like these I can't quite  
feel the feeling I've been blessed.

And though I know I'll always know you love me  
and you know I'll always know you care-  
but baby, I can't do this, no way, no how,  
no time, no place, no baby, no anywhere.



### 3. Cry So Good

(An Ode to Knowing Your Strengths)

No one ever told me  
that the world was fair and pure.  
So why am I slowly breaking,  
why can't I endure?

But, oh, I can; I can cry.  
You know, I can always cry.  
I can cry so good.

No one's gonna save me  
from the things I do alone.  
Can't sit here daily, waiting for  
dreams I can't atone.

But, oh I can-I can cry.  
Better and better: I cry.  
I can cry so good.

You told me that you'd never, ever leave me.  
You told me life was hell but we'd see the whole damn thing through.  
I can't find you (or those pretty, little promises) anywhere now.  
I thought making promises to myself was the best I could do.

First time I'm regretting.  
First time being me ain't fun.  
It's a bad time to be forgetting  
to look out for Number One.

One thing I know for sure:  
I can cry. Better and better: I cry.  
I can cry so good.





## 4. An Astral Project

(An Ode to a Very Final Leaving)

Like it's not even my life, like it's happening to somebody else.  
I turned off my heart so it wouldn't work, couldn't feel, couldn't hurt.  
But it's done just the same-who knows who's to blame?  
Left my body far behind, I gave reprieve so  
it wouldn't mind or bind if you bellowed hello.

So don't say, "You owe me,  
you told me, you showed me."  
Just hold me and say that you love me.

The way high above we'll take,  
oh, baby, it's all at stake.  
Just show me, just show me you care.

Floating there high, high, high,  
high above myself, never knew I could.  
Those years of practice, unending practice  
paid off like I knew they would.

So don't say, "You owed me,  
you told me, you showed me."  
Just hold me and say that you love me.

The way high above we'll take,  
oh, baby, it's all at stake.  
Just show me, just show me you care.

Like it's not even my life, like it's happening to somebody else.  
I turned off my heart so it wouldn't work, couldn't feel, couldn't hurt.  
But it's done just the same.  
Who knows who's to blame?





## 5. Life's Work

(An Ode to the Addicted)

Red-rimmed eyes you see before you,  
bright, dead grin every now and then.

Purple dreams, wet and lethargic,  
ripped jagged-blue and in-between.

You know you can't resist  
being lost, being confused, or missed.  
So baby, don't you lose your wandering shoes,  
your heartache, your torment, your bliss.

Locked up tight in your tower,  
hair grows slowly, can't reach down.

Trapped in tales taller than Tuesdays,  
pulling through, but hanging upside frowns.

You know you can't resist  
being lost, confused, or missed.  
So baby, don't you lose your wandering shoes,  
your heartache, your torment, your bliss.



## 6. I Just Refuse

(An Ode to Epiphanies)

Once on a cloudy day,  
I saw beyond the cloudy way,  
a time when I might not have to sing the blues.

Your eyes: I want you far away.  
You're gone: I need you here today.  
Please leave my mind to thoughts I can control.

I needed it one time.  
I pleaded with my mind:  
this is the wrong time.  
I will not sing the blues anymore.

This could've been just a sad, strange or silly disillusion.  
This could've been the drugged-out wanderings of my mind.  
There is no tell-tale scar, there is no obvious lesson here.  
No casting off of lifelong fear or countless inhibitions;  
I just refuse to sing the blues.

Walking sure is easy  
when you don't know where you've been.  
It's Hell when Heaven is what you had in mind.

I needed it one time.  
I pleaded with my mind.  
There's no such thing as the wrong time,  
I will not sing the blues anymore.  
Anymore, anymore, anymore.



## 7. Solidarity

(An Ode to Irony)

I never noticed how the rain seemed to fall  
on a good parade once it gets going.  
I never noticed how I just can't recall  
a single summer's day without a little snowing.

And I know that's the way it is,  
and I see, it's a briar-patch gift.  
I'm free to sing, but the world's gone wrong.  
Gotta know that pain don't have to last that long.

And it's up to you, it's up to you  
it's not the words you say  
it's the things you do.

There's solidarity in our solitary nature.  
We're alone together, together we're alone.

And it's up to you, it's up to you  
it's not the words you say  
but it's the things you do.



## 8. One-Woman Band

(An Ode on Modern Dating)

Flashy little symbols  
we nimbly crash and ring.  
Tacky, glue-like hymnals  
we cannot help but sing through.

It's magic that takes some slight of hand.  
It's magic and a one-woman band.

What is it about negative space that  
fascinates us all?  
What is it about the empty place  
that marvels at its contents?

Who knows? Who knows,  
'cause she's a dreamer, let her go.  
Who knows, love's been conquered; it goes to show.

It's magic that takes some slight of hand.  
It's magic and a one-woman band.

Flashy little symbols  
we nimbly crash and we ring.  
Tacky, glue-like hymnals  
we cannot help but sing through.

It's magic that takes some slight of hand.  
It's magic and a one-woman band,  
and a one-woman band, and a one-woman band.



## 9. Moving Forward

(An Ode Against Newton's Laws)

They been saying,  
"It's all gonna work out."  
But they've been lying.

They been smiling,  
"Part the clouds, the sun'll burn away the doubt."  
But I've been trying.

And I know what's been done to me,  
there I go when nobody sees,  
all aglow with my morbid glee,  
Looking back I cease to be moving forward, moving  
forward.

And the only thing I hate about the city  
is that I can't take a walk and be alone.  
So I try to close my eyes and fly but the noise  
is so gritty, my wings get dirty and heavy and  
come undone.  
Moving forward, moving forward, moving forward...

I know what's been done to me.



## 10. Crazytown

(An Ode to Prospects)

I know, oh-so-well,  
that thing you've been trying to hide.  
I feel, oh-so-well,  
that you is ready-to-ride.

And if I give you just one chance  
to make it right,  
will I come back wet, rode hard,  
and hung up nice?

And if we moved a little  
faster/slower, I might  
just be convinced to close up  
for the night.

I know, oh-so-well,  
that thing you've been trying to hide.  
I feel, oh-so-well,  
that you is ready-to-ride.



## 11. You Like It

(An Ode to Familiarity)

You like it when I lick your stamp.  
You like it when I plug your amp.  
You like it when I butter up that piece of bread,  
put mint jelly on your leg (of lamb.)

You like it when I ride your hog.  
You like it when I kiss your frog.  
You like it when I run my fingers all over your Braille,  
or I lap you goin' round the track.

I really know you, you know I do.  
Just let me show you the way I do you  
(like you like I do.)

I really know you, you know it's true.  
Who can do you forwards, backwards,  
thick, thin-or-through,  
without a yes, a no, or howdy-do?



## 12. My Body Betrays Me

(An Ode to Instincts)

I lied to you three times today.  
I told you once, "Put that heart away."  
I told you nicely, twice, that you couldn't stay.  
But three, three, three, three times  
my body betrays me.

I walked away backwards in circles  
thinking I'd get finished first.  
I back-up now forwards, say,  
"Work will keep my peace."

But you find the cracks and you seep in.  
Tall buildings look good for leaping.  
I can't stop the thoughts from creeping.  
My body betrays me.

I lied to you three times today.  
I told you once, "Put that heart away."  
I told you nicely, I told you twice,  
that you couldn't stay.  
Three times to match my detachment, precisely.  
And three, three, three, three times  
my body betrays me.

### 13. Jason's Song

(An Ode in Honor of Jason Kenneth Finch and for Kathryn Lee Powell Finch Rulapaugh)

Two songs that day triggered you  
in my heart test of thoughts, in my darkest of dreams.  
I should'a known when your woman called me  
that you were meant to be seen no more,  
whatever that means.

But you sleep tight up there, baby,  
don't you worry, worry greatly.  
Things ain't as bad as they may seem.

I crave the day she'll turn to him  
and say, "Hey baby! It's been a while.  
But I'll be damned, I swear I knew that I  
would see that smile again, somehow."  
Whatever that means.

But you sleep tight up there, baby.  
Don't you worry, worry greatly.  
Things ain't ever gonna be as bad as they may seem.

It looks like someone saw your greatness,  
your give, give, give then take less,  
decided then to break us down and take you away.

So you sleep tight up there, baby.  
Don't you worry, worry greatly.  
Things ain't ever gonna be as bad as they may seem.  
They ain't never gonna be as bad as they may seem.





## Acknowledgments

There are so many people, other than myself, who are responsible for this album. If you know me personally, if you only met me once, if you tripped in front of me on the stairs when running for the subway; you are in this album and this album is yours. If you've ever been simply sad, uproariously happy, or felt brutally alone, these songs belong to you. If you pissed me off, you are probably here more than once and may or may not have been turned into a pun. For so many amazing reasons, I owe Kurt Stockdale a huge thanks in particular. A huge thanks also goes out to Vicki and Tom Britton for their general awesomeness and for their generous support. However, there is one person without whom this album might not have happened: DRM, you are the absolute bestest. I love you very much that is all.

## Dedication

This album of my songbabies is dedicated solely to my little mommers. There are only a couple songs on this album that are actually about/directly influenced by my mother. Happy McCrary, who passed away after her fourth bout with cancer in September of 2008, but the entire effort is in her honor. I f'cking finished it, Mom. A whole album, just of my songs, all for you. I would give the world to have you here to hear it, but I hope it reaches you somehow...what-e-ver that means. This is your legacy, too; I did it for both of us. I love and forgive you always, and I know you did the same. No one is to blame.

## Credits

All Words and Music by Bess McCrary, except where noted. Music for "One-Woman Band" by Bess McCrary and Kurt Stockdale. Executive Producer: Bess McCrary. Producers: Kurt Stockdale, David Cook. Musical Direction and Arrangements by: Kurt Stockdale. Piano, Rhodes, Synth: David Cook. Upright Bass: Jeff Hanley. Drums: Bill Campbell. Guitar: Al Street. Alto Saxophone: Kurt Stockdale. Baritone Saxophone: Carl Maraghi. Trombone: Ryan Keberle. Trumpet: Jumaane Smith. Vocals: Bess McCrary. Recorded, Mixed, and Mastered at Bushwick Studio, Brooklyn, NY. Sound Engineer: Joshua Kessler. Album Art and Graphic Design: Laura Crescenti.





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