jpeck



come.what.may

Everything You Never Really
Wanted To Know About My Album

...and more!!

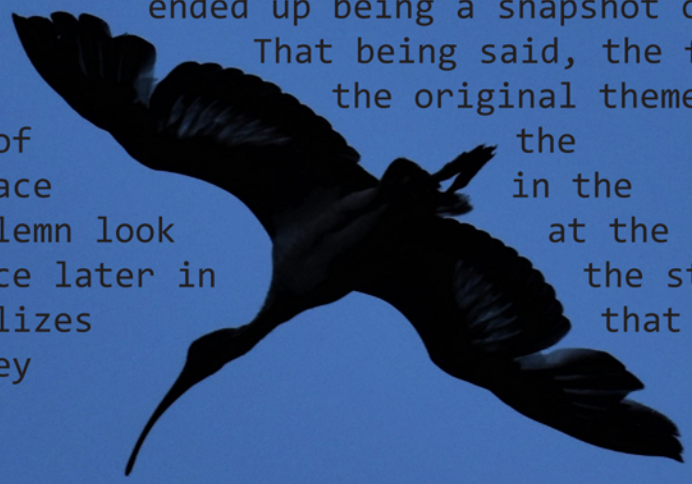
Making the album



In May of 2022 Lights and Lines Records announced that they'd be hosting the “Album Writing Club” a songwriting challenge/contest. The idea was simple. Can you write and record an Album, or an EP, in a month?

“Come What May” was my entry for this challenge. Not only was this the first time that I’ve put together an album in 30 days but it is also my first solo album. I started eagerly on May 1st. Almost gave up on the 14th with only 1 song completed. Recorded vocals in my car in a Target parking lot at 1 am. Misplaced the takes for the final song. Turned in the album at 11:55 pm on May 31st with 5 minutes to spare. And ended up with a “One To Watch” award from the contest.

The original theme for this album was the life cycle of a revolution. Starting with the revolution that overthrows a government, following the revolutionaries as they become the new government, seeing them corrupted by power, and eventually seeing them fall to a new revolt. Sadly, I fell short of this goal. Somewhere around halfway through the month I realized that I’d need to come up with a simpler theme if I was going to finish in time. The EP ended up being a snapshot of my thoughts in the month of May. That being said, the first 3 songs on the album are part of the original theme. “It’s Starting” is the beginning of the revolution. “Old Misery” takes place in the aftermath of the war taking, a solemn look at the destruction. “Suddenly” takes place later in the story as the leader grows older and realizes that they’ve become the person that they initially overthrew.



Photography by Suzanne Peck

It’s Staring

It’s starting…
Now that we’re awake

People open up your eyes
The dice have been thrown
Forget all the lies your fed
Online they spread
The truth is yours to own
Plots intertwined
The new and old
No time for sit on the side
There’s nowhere to hide
It’s time for being bold

It’s starting now
It started everyone
It's starting
It started out today
It's starting
It started everyone
It's starting
Now that we're awake

We're winning hearts and minds
But fighting for souls
The evil within the light
Of the fires a night
Are as hard and black as coals
The anger that blinds
A slippery slope
The rebel that wins the fight
Whether wrong or right
Tie the nooses in the rope

It’s starting now
It started everyone
It's starting
It started out today
It's starting
It started everyone
It's starting
Now that we're awake

Will you stand
By or throw a stone
It’s time you pick
The side that you are on
When you stand-
By, then you condone
Until you reap
The violence that you’ve sown

We knock the pieces and
Down they fall, fall away

It’s starting now
It started everyone
It's starting
It started out today
It's starting
It started everyone
It's starting
Now that we're awake

Old Misery

Pride and honor
Are truth for soldiers
And boys that play pretend
From the corrupted
Words can stir up
The anger of quiet men

I’m blaming Old Misery
You can curse the gods above
Or hearts filled with jealousy
You can blame it on the blood
But I blame it on Misery
I’m blaming Old Misery

Gawkers mutter
a grieving mother
Can make her last lament
Eyes avoid her
and priests still loiter
To say their last amen

I’m blaming Old Misery
You can curse the gods above
Or hearts filled with jealousy
You can blame it on the blood
But I blame it on Misery
I’m blaming Old Misery

And the paint on the canvas
It dries as he puts down his sword
Looking down from the terrace, he sighs
Cause the wanted so much more
The crosses all lined up in rows
The fury inside of him grows
But defeated, it fades to a whimper
When it should have been a roar

I’m blaming Old Misery
You can curse the gods above
Or hearts filled with jealousy
You can blame it on the blood
But I blame it on Misery
I’m blaming Old Misery

I’m blaming Old Misery
You can curse the gods above
Or hearts filled with jealousy
You can blame it on the blood
But I blame it on Misery
I blame it on Misery



Sudddenly

I toss and turn in my bed
With so many thoughts
That I could never say aloud
Wish I said them all to you
If I wasn't so damn proud
Silent as I can
I slip out for a walk around
Some time to think
This whole thing through

Suddenly it's clear to me
As the clouds
That fill the darkening sky
I've raced through almost half my life
And though I am still willing
I'm so tired
Suddenly it's clear to me
As clear to me as tears
That fill and blur in my eyes
I've raced through almost half my life
And now I'm running
From the finish line

Suddenly it's clear to me

Unwritten unread
There's so many words
That I have never written down
I kept them hidden in solitude
In my head to rattle round
My mind's so heavy now
I need to lay this burden down
I can give it all to you

Suddenly it's clear to me
As the clouds
That fill the darkening sky
I've raced through almost half my life
And though I am still willing
I'm so tired
Suddenly it's clear to me
As clear to me as tears
That fill and blur in my eyes
I've raced through almost half my life
And now I'm running
From the finish line

I'm so tired…

Suddenly it's clear to me
As the clouds
That fill the darkening sky
I've raced through almost half my life
And though I am still willing
I'm so tired
Suddenly it's clear to me
As clear to me as tears
That fill and blur in my eyes
I've raced through almost half my life
And now I know
I'm running out of time

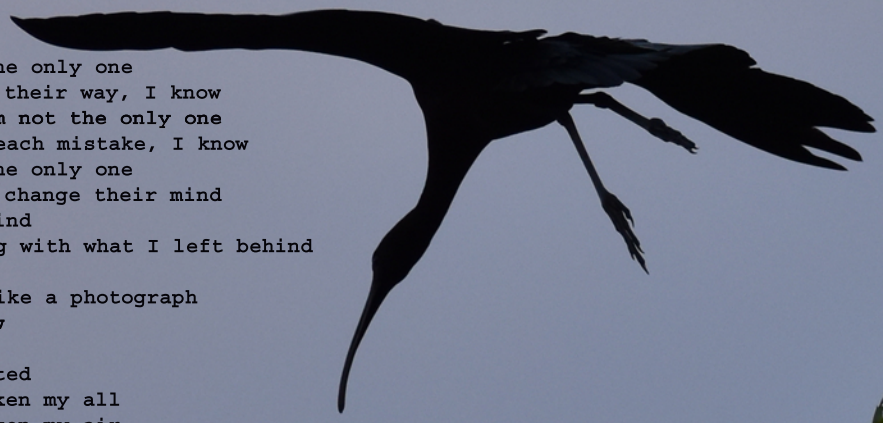
And suddenly
It's clear to me

Defalted

I'm deflated
Feels like the wind's
Been knocked out of me
Suffocating
Drowning in the deep water
Of this sea
I'm not the only one
Who lost their way, I know
I know I'm not the only one
To try to navigate, these waters
I know I'm not the only one
To feel this way, I know
I know I'm not the only one
Who started out to late, and I'm lost

Throw your stones
Cause honestly I don't
Need to own
All that pain, I don't

Lost in mazes
Why is everything
Such a mystery
Been trapped in cages
Glenn keeps telling me
That we got the key



I'm not the only one
That lost their way, I know
I know I'm not the only one
Reliving each mistake, I know
I'm not the only one
To try to change their mind
Only to find
I'm living with what I left behind

Feeling like a photograph
That I saw

I'm deflated
You've taken my all
You've taken my air

Waiting on the Rain

As subtle as a long goodbye
Too soon to weep
But there's a tear in your eye
Dreaming of warmth and summer time
By the fading light, fading light
The rain is coming
Why can't they see
People wear their problems
Right out on their sleeves

People been complaining
For the longest time
Feels like millions of other people
Are all planning for the sun to shine

But I'm waiting on the rain
When it comes it'll be such a shame
All my life I've been sleeping
I know life is fleeting
But now that I'm awake
I'm waiting for the rain

If no one's listening
Why should I sing
They're just words and chords
They don't mean anything
Winds of change
I know what they bring
I see clouds in sight. clouds in sight
The rain is coming
Why can't they see
People wear their problems
Right out on their sleeves

People been complaining
For the longest time
Feels like millions of other people
Are all waiting
For the sun to shine
But I'm waiting on the rain
When it comes it'll be such a shame

All my life
I've been sleeping
I know life is fleeting
But now that I'm awake
If it ends with a sigh
I'll go peaceful
Won't cry for good and evil
I know that come what may

I'm waiting on the rain



Special Thanks:

Even though this is a solo album, it took more than just me to make this happen. I'd like to say thanks to:
Mike Five, and Lights & Lines for creating the Album Writing Club.
Lazlo (if that is your real name) at Blowup Radio for getting me in the habit of writing songs in 2 weeks or less.
Pat Veil for providing the photo that inspired "Deflated".
All of the artists that were part of the Album Writing Club for their feedback and encouragement.
My family, for being as quiet as possible for hours on end while I recorded vocals and guitar in our living room.
My wife, for supporting me no matter what. Even when I let this album consume our life for over a month.

The Album Writing Club

As part of hosting the Album Writing Club, Light and Lines hosted a forum for us to share our experiences, tips, and feedback with the rest of the club. This turned out to be a bit of a journal for me. I've included some of my posts to convey the experience of frantically creating this album.

April 29th

Has anyone started writing yet? I am finding it hard to stop coming up with ideas. I guess as long as I don't have a fully thought out song before May 1st it still counts.
What do you think, is that still in the spirit of the challenge?

May 14th

I'll be honest. I want to give up.?
I was laying in bed this morning defeated, a little hungover, and thinking "there is no way I will finish this album". I laid in bed for another 30 minutes thinking these thoughts (very productive). Then something I've told my children time and time again came to mind.



"Most people never even show up".
I don't remember where I read that but it's the truth. It's better to hand in something rather than nothing. Most people will give up expecting that everyone else has done so much more. Don't get sucked into that mindset. It's better to hand in something rather than nothing. Make the album the best you can in the time you have. This is an experiment, to see what you can create in a month not an ultimatum to make the greatest album of all times. I guess this is just my long winded way of saying... Don't give up
P.S. I am writing this for myself but I hope it helps someone else. Alright time for me to get back to work. I have an album to finish

May 30th

I posted this on Twitter but figured I'd add it here too. We all had issues that came up that we had to overcome to finish the album. Curious what everyone else did to just get the album done. For me there were a bunch of hacks. The funniest (and hence the best) solution to a problem was my "Mobile Studio"

Here's a pic from 5/29/2022 @ 1 am in my car in an empty parking lot. Had to find time to record vocals while my family was asleep. Got some curious looks from people passing through



Mobile Recording Studio
(AKA My Honda Fit, a laptop and a micorphone)

May 31st

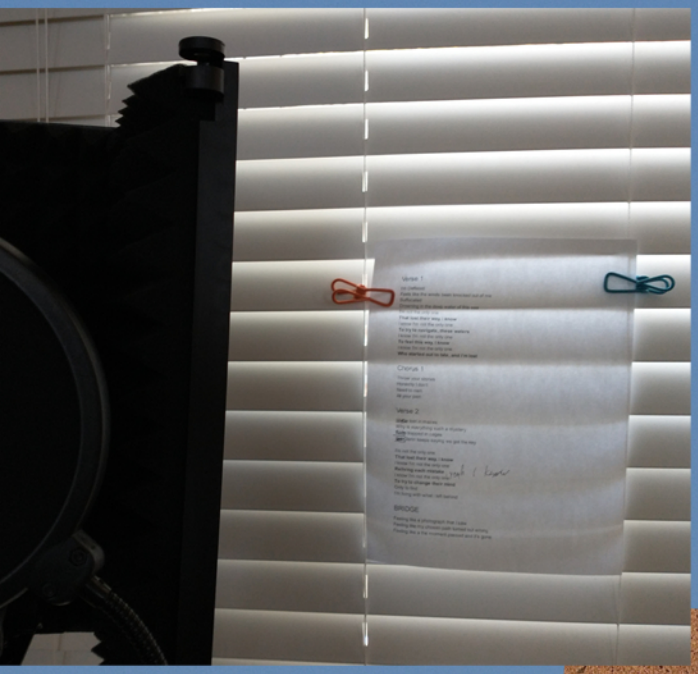
Well, I got a 4 song EP done and submitted 5 minutes before the cut off. I wanted more songs, have 1 that would have made it on but I ran out of time

June 10th

Well, I am thoroughly p!ssed. My EP was supposed to have 5 tracks but in the final hours of mixing, my DAW was not able to locate the tracks. I searched and assumed I forgot to save or something when I recorded the final song. Fast forward to today when I was cleaning up files on my computer and found one folder labeled car-5-31. There all the tracks were. The song was done, but it missed being on the album due to a screw up. Too bad too, since the song tied in the title of the EP "Come What May". I know it's too late now but here is the track that was supposed to end my sad EP on a brighter note "Waiting on the Rain"


Photos
& fun facts

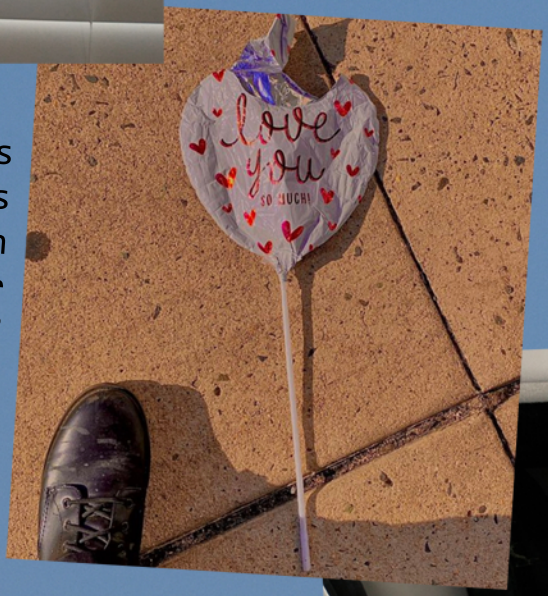
Makeshift music stand. 2 chip clips holding lyrics on my blinds





My son Myles playing piano at the end of “Suddenly”

Pat Veil’s photo used as inspiration for “Deflated”





Recording vocals for “It’s Starting, ”Suddenly”, and “Waiting on the Rain” in my car

Recording the chorus to “Deflated”. Geez, my hands are small.

