

*"Wood that has burned once is easier to set aflame"*  
— East African Proverb

**MARK TRIPPENSEE**



**BEND WITHOUT BREAKING**



All music and lyrics written, arranged by Mark Trippensee,  
© 2016 Trippenstuff Music, ASCAP/BMI, except:  
\*'Good Love is On The Way', \*'Sober', and \*'Bluest Eyes in Texas'  
Recorded at: EVA Studios, Longmont, CO.  
Engineered by: Wes Everett  
Produced by: Mark Trippensee  
Co-Produced by: Paul Dyer  
Executive Producer: Paul Dyer  
Additional Pro Tools® Consulting: Doug Krause  
Mastered by: Stevin McNamara  
Graphic Design: Robin Johnson  
Cover Photography: Mark Trippensee  
Back cover Photography: Jim Drake  
Additional insert photography: Mark Trippensee, Ed Applen  
Miraculous Staircase Photo used with permission by Loretto Chapel, Santa Fe, NM.

**MT Thanks:**

*My entire family, and those closest to me that I truly love. My most excellent musician friends who lent their talents and advice to this project: Adam Rey, Steven Weinmeister, Ken Robinson, Doug Krause, Reece Morse, Mark Andes, Bil Hopkins, Jock Bartley, Brian Even, Tudie Calderon, Greg Jacyszyn, Hazel Miller, and Taylor Weinmeister. Also to Rick Roberts, Paul and Wes; the other two legs of our 'tripod.' Billy Hoke from The Drum Shop, Boulder, CO, all my un-credited friends who truly believe in me and supported me to get this project out of my head (and on 'record', none of this was easy). This CD is for Andrew and Ben; never be told you can't chase your dreams, if you're providing and present. Dad loves you.*

*MT played/used on this CD: Mapex Drums, Ludwig, Brady, Pork Pie and World Max Snare drums, Takamine Guitars, Korg Synthesizers, Vater Drumsticks, and last but not least — Gorilla Snot!*

*For booking, questions or comments: [mark.trippensee@gmail.com](mailto:mark.trippensee@gmail.com)*

*Barren Ground*  
*"We'll bend without breaking..."*

*The last song written for the album, by design. Paul requested something acoustic and moody for the ending, and this is what happened. I really wanted to have something in 3/4, 'waltz' time, and this song has some elements I liked from a couple songs I'd previously written, but will never see the light of day. The chord progression was written during a dream, literally. This song pulls the whole story of the album into one concise outcome/theme for me.*

*This old house, is all but empty  
and the old ghosts, have all gone to sleep  
Too much alcohol left me wonderin'  
How does one man, get in this deep*


*We've both done our time in the gutter  
and sometimes, I still feel the past  
But my head is much clearer now  
and I know, this good thing can last*

*All of the while, we walked near the edge  
with our feet, never making a sound  
We were shaken, but not stirred, our voices were heard  
Even when no-one else was around  
We kept promises, made on barren ground.*

*All of the while, we walked near the edge  
with our feet, never making a sound  
It was there for the taking, we'll bend without breaking  
and the old ghosts, nowhere to be found  
We kept promises, made on barren ground  
They're just promises, sewn on barren ground.*

*Mark Trippensee; Lead vocals, Acoustic guitar  
Adam Rey; Electric guitar*





## BLUEST EYES IN TEXAS

**I've always loved this song, and the version at the end of the movie 'Boys Don't Cry,' with Nina Persson, was always haunting to me. One evening we were able to spend time with the guys in Restless Heart, and I was inspired to do a more laid-back version. A big thank you to John Dittrich and the rest of the band for their generosity.**

**Music/Lyrics by; T. Dubois,  
D. Robbins, V. Stephenson  
Mark Trippensee; Lead/backing vocals,  
Acoustic guitar  
Adam Rey; Nylon guitar  
Ken Robinson; Bass guitar  
Doug Krause; Piano, Pedal Steel guitar  
Steven Weinmeister; Backing vocals  
Tudie Calderon; Percussion**

## JULIE

**"Somehow she believes, we'll all be saved in the end, (If we last that long)..."**

**By far the oldest song written on the CD, from back around 1999. Not one word has changed since then. Inspired by observations of a few different people I knew in life, who couldn't seem to 'get out of their own way', on the road from innocence to maturity, simply put. Some still cannot. I recorded this drum track 2 hours after I learned of the sudden death of a close personal and business friend to me and our bands, so I'm dedicating this track to Xondra Merrill of Winterset Concert Events.**

Julie dances on the bar  
Staring through her swollen eyes  
With all her flaws, and insecurities  
That she tries- tries so hard to hide..

Familiar Feeling, forgetting where she stands  
Must be lonely when everything  
Slips right through your hands

She said everything you know  
And all you imagine is wrong  
But somehow she believes  
We'll all be saved in the end  
(If we last that long)

She never needs any reason,  
Any reason to find a way to leave her home  
And wish it all away

Julie hangs her head and cries  
Everytime she walks away  
She said the baby is due anytime  
But now she wants to stay

**Mark Trippensee; Drums, Lead/backing vocals, Acoustic guitars, Keyboards  
Adam Rey; Electric/Lead guitar  
Ken Robinson; 'Fretless' Bass guitar**

In the life she knows,  
She threw all her caution to the wind  
But outside I can see, all of her scars developing  
Welling up again

She never needs any reason  
Any reason to find a way to leave her home  
She's tired of finding a reason  
To wish it all away (Even for a day)

She said everything you know  
And all you imagine is wrong  
But somehow she believes  
We'll all be saved in the end  
(If we last that long)

She never needs any reason  
Any reason to find a way to leave her home  
She's tired of finding a reason  
To wish it all away

Julie hangs her head and cries..



## GOOD LOVE IS ON THE WAY

The title and lyrics speak for themselves, we had a great time recreating this song. Deliberate nod to 'Interstate Love Song' at the very end.

Music/Lyrics by; J. Mayer, P. Palladino, S. Jordan  
Mark Trippensee; Drums, Lead/backing vocals  
Adam Rey; Electric/lead guitar  
Ken Robinson; Bass guitar

## THE WELL

"We'll never know... why the party's ending..."

Brought back from out of the '90s ashes, my friend and first songwriting partner from my teens reminded me that I should re-record it. I would be remiss if I didn't have him play alongside me on this. Essentially written about how us musicians can lose momentum and have writer's block after time. The creepy sounds are a nod to the 'ghosts' that hide in each of our own wells in life.

Locked away, with the fear of our only drive  
With our lives we'd pay  
just to keep the machine alive

We'll never know- why the party's ending  
We'll never know- why the fire isn't burning

When your pride and emotion get in the way  
And all your best intentions all drift away  
When the well runs dry...

Oh we ran to the well  
with a dream and some change to spare  
And we gambled it all,  
just to watch it all disappear

We'll never know- why it fades so quickly  
You'll never know- all the music running through me

When your pride and emotion get in the way  
And all your best intentions all drift away  
When the well runs... dry  
(Repeat)  
Runs Dry...

Mark Trippensee; Drums, Lead vocals, Acoustic guitar,  
Keyboards  
Bil Hopkins; Bass guitar  
Brian Even; Electric guitars

## THERE'S ONLY YOU

"Load in, load out, it seems all the same..."

The first song officially recorded for this project. The songwriting process stopped for a while soon after that, which was OK, because there was a major hardware failure at the studio, and all tracks were lost. The song in it's rough-mix form, warts and all.

When the big wheel stops spinning 'round  
And you are standing there, when all the dust has cleared  
That's the moment I'm waiting for  
We can make it home, where we are free to roam  
Like we always do

At the end of the day there's only you  
I pretend to bide my time, just to make it through  
The imaginary friends will all just fade into the blue  
At the end of the day there's only you

Small towns, they come and go  
But you make them all worthwhile  
And you put up with the miles  
Load-in, load-out, it seems all the same  
But we can get away, when you're tired of the game  
If you wanted to...

At the end of the day there's only you  
I rely on your good heart, more than you ever knew  
Wait for me in bed, and I will drive home like a fool  
At the end of the day there's only you

At the end of the day there's only you  
I pretend to bide my time, just to make it through  
The imaginary friends will all just fade into the blue  
At the end of the day there's only you

Mark Trippensee; Drums, Lead vocals, Acoustic guitar  
Adam Rey; Electric guitars  
Ken Robinson; Fretless bass guitar





## SOBER

**Powerful song, powerful lyrics. This arrangement turned out better than we could have predicted.**

**Music/Lyrics by; E. McCain  
Mark Trippensee; Drums, Lead vocals, Acoustic guitar, Keyboards  
Steven Weinmeister; Bass guitar, Mandolin  
Adam Rey; Electric guitars**

## HANDFUL OF MARY

**"Throw her into the air, but leave a little to spare..."**

**Written a few years ago, inspired by a quote I heard from a friend about her Mother's ash-throwing ceremony, to which I took my own poetic licence to interpret, alongside some personal opinions. I truly loved watching this song grow and take shape over several months, and I'm proud of what it became. This song is for anybody who ever lost and grieved anybody dear to them.**

Her mind's made up  
She needs to go  
November it came, now it's gone  
She laid to rest  
Her deepest fears  
Nobody claimed she was wrong

If you're waiting for her to arrive  
Just keep your ear to the ground  
Put your feet in the sand, and  
we'll all take our hands  
And spread a handful of Mary around

Most of us  
Just seem to hold on  
For someone to show us a sign  
The day she died  
They all came out  
And patiently waited in line

If you're waiting for her to arrive  
Just keep your ear to the ground  
Put your feet in the sand, and  
we'll all take our hands  
And spread a handful of Mary around

She watched them live  
They were counting on  
The world to land right at their feet  
But stubbornly, she told you in your arms  
"I'd sure love to stay, but you'll find  
your way without me".

If you're waiting for her to arrive  
Just keep your ear to the ground  
Put your feet in the sand, and  
we'll all take our hands  
And spread a handful of Mary around

If you're waiting for her to arrive  
Just point your eyes to the Sun  
Throw her into the air  
But leave a little to spare  
So take a handful of Mary and run.  
Just take her and run...

**Mark Trippensee; Drums, Lead/backing vocals, Acoustic guitar  
Jock Bartley; Electric/lead guitar  
Ken Robinson; Bass guitar  
Tudie Calderon; Percussion  
Doug Krause; Piano, keyboards  
Reece Morse; Synthesizer  
Greg Jacyszyn, Taylor Weinmeister; Backing vocals**



## WHISKEY HURTS

*"Underneath the lonely bridges that we've burned..."*

A true 'tongue-in-cheek' country song, written in the somewhat hazy days of 2007, the song is NOT about a girl, but yet about the whiskey bottle as if she was the one talking to you, manipulating you. Thankfully this 'person' is not someone I have listened to or answered to in over 5 years now...

She said 'don't turn your back on me when you get home'  
We'll both forget about the problems that we've grown  
We'll just stay a while you'll see  
Just what she does to me  
Whiskey hurts a while, then she leaves you all alone

I used to run to her when I walked through the door  
Watch her laugh as I lay cryin' on the floor  
In the mornin' when I wake,  
well she's all that I can take  
Whiskey Hurts a while, then she leaves you wanting more...

Will she lay down with me  
And help my body sleep  
underneath the lonely bridges that we've burned  
My head is spinning all the while, more than the night before  
Whiskey Hurts a while, then she leaves you wanting more...

Will she lay down with me  
And help my body sleep  
underneath the lonely bridges that we've burned  
My head is spinning all the while, like all the nights before  
Whiskey Hurts a while, then she leaves you wanting more  
I hear her laughing when I'm on the hotel floor  
Whiskey hurts a while, then she leaves you all alone...

Mark Trippensee; Drums, Lead vocals, Acoustic guitar

Adam Rey; Electric guitar

Mark Andes; Bass guitar

Doug Krause; Pedal steel guitar

Hazel Miller; Backing vocals

Special thanks to Hazel for such an enjoyable time in the studio, and all the laughs.



## LIVE IN PEACE

*"Hope can drive us — crazy to the point of urgency..."*

A song of 'sad hope,' basically written out of a dream, and hard to describe. A song about friendships, gained and lost, and those who came back around.

Better safe than sorry  
The road comes to an end  
Oh, can we live together  
Whisper all the silent things we never say  
So we can see forever

Hope can drive us, crazy to the point of urgency  
The wind will take us  
along the way, so we can live in peace... live in peace

up on Sunday morning  
The sound fills the air  
Oh, to carry me away  
A thousand voices shouting out when no-one cared  
Oh, I wish you would have stayed  
until the end of the day

Hope can drive us, crazy to the point of urgency  
The wind will take us  
along the way, so we can live in peace... live in peace

We lay our broken bodies down  
On the road that lies outside of town  
While old friends- they seem to get left behind

Hope can drive us, crazy to the point of urgency  
The North winds will take us  
along the way.. to live in peace

Can we live in peace?  
Hope can drive us away...

Mark Trippensee; Drums, Lead/backing vocals, Acoustic guitar,  
Steven Weinmeister; Bass guitar  
Adam Rey; Electric guitar

