

A photograph of a person in a dark room, possibly a stage or rehearsal space, illuminated by blue light. The person is standing in the center, facing away from the camera. There are bright spotlights and beams of light in the background, creating a dramatic atmosphere. The overall color palette is dominated by blue and white.

Quietly blue

Scott Bywater

Quietly blue

neither fireproof nor waterproof
if you cut me I will surely bleed
blood and chocolate, kerosene and roses
whatever meets the need

why ask the river how it feels about the ocean?
why ask the river how it feels about the rain?

two from column one, one from column two
most days are okay
some days I'm quietly blue, quietly blue

the things that we remember and the things we do not
we seem to wear so lightly on our skin
blood and chocolate
kerosene and roses
maybe wearing a little thin

why ask the river how it feels about the ocean?
why ask the river how it feels about the rain?

maybe we're staying
maybe we're passing through
most days are okay
some days I'm quietly blue, quietly blue

why ask the river how it feels about the ocean?
why ask the river how it feels about the rain?

some of us are staying
some are passing through
most days are okay
some days I'm quietly blue, quietly blue

Melancholy Holly

growing up in private behind our prison walls
pushing on regardless of the rises and the falls
all those nights I spent
all those days I spent
all those nights I spent

with melancholy Holly
only the moon was free

pinching all our pennies in cages of the past
grasping at every straw up until the last
all those nights I spent
all those days I spent
all those nights I spent
with melancholy Holly
only the moon was free

not her, not me
not her, not me
not her, not me
not melancholy Holly

what we could not witness, what we could not see
what we could not answer, who we could not be
all those nights I spent
all those days I spent
all those nights I spent
with melancholy Holly
only the moon was free

not her, not me
not her, not me
not her, not me
not melancholy Holly
only the moon was free

Always leaving

the privilege of traveling light
unburdening, the urge to write
upon the page where memories lie
it's time to never say never
I've stopped believing in forever
I'll always come back, even just to say goodbye

rolling through unfamiliar places, past reflections in other faces
and always leaving bits of me behind
strolling down unfamiliar streets, sorting the chaff out from the wheat
and always leaving bits of me behind

I've been playing out the hand I'm dealt
through every love that I've ever felt
upon the page where memories lie
if we control or we create
if we lunge on or if we wait
I'll always come back, even just to say goodbye

too late for tears - but, baby the rain must fall
too late for tears - but baby, the rain must fall

too much now and too much later
is there or is there no creator
upon the page where memory lies
adding up the breaths and heartbeats
and multiplying by the bittersweet
I'll always come back, even just to say goodbye

rolling through unfamiliar places, past reflections in other faces
and always leaving bits of me behind
strolling down unfamiliar streets, sorting the chaff out from the wheat
and always leaving bits of me behind





1. Quietly blue
2. Melancholy Holly
3. Always leaving

Written, arranged and performed by Scott Bywater
Engineered, mixed and mastered by Richard Marshall
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Photography by Steve Porte