

ALL SEATS PROVIDE EQUAL VIEWING OF THE UNIVERSE

MOLLY BOLTEN & THE NIGHT KITCHEN EXPERIMENT

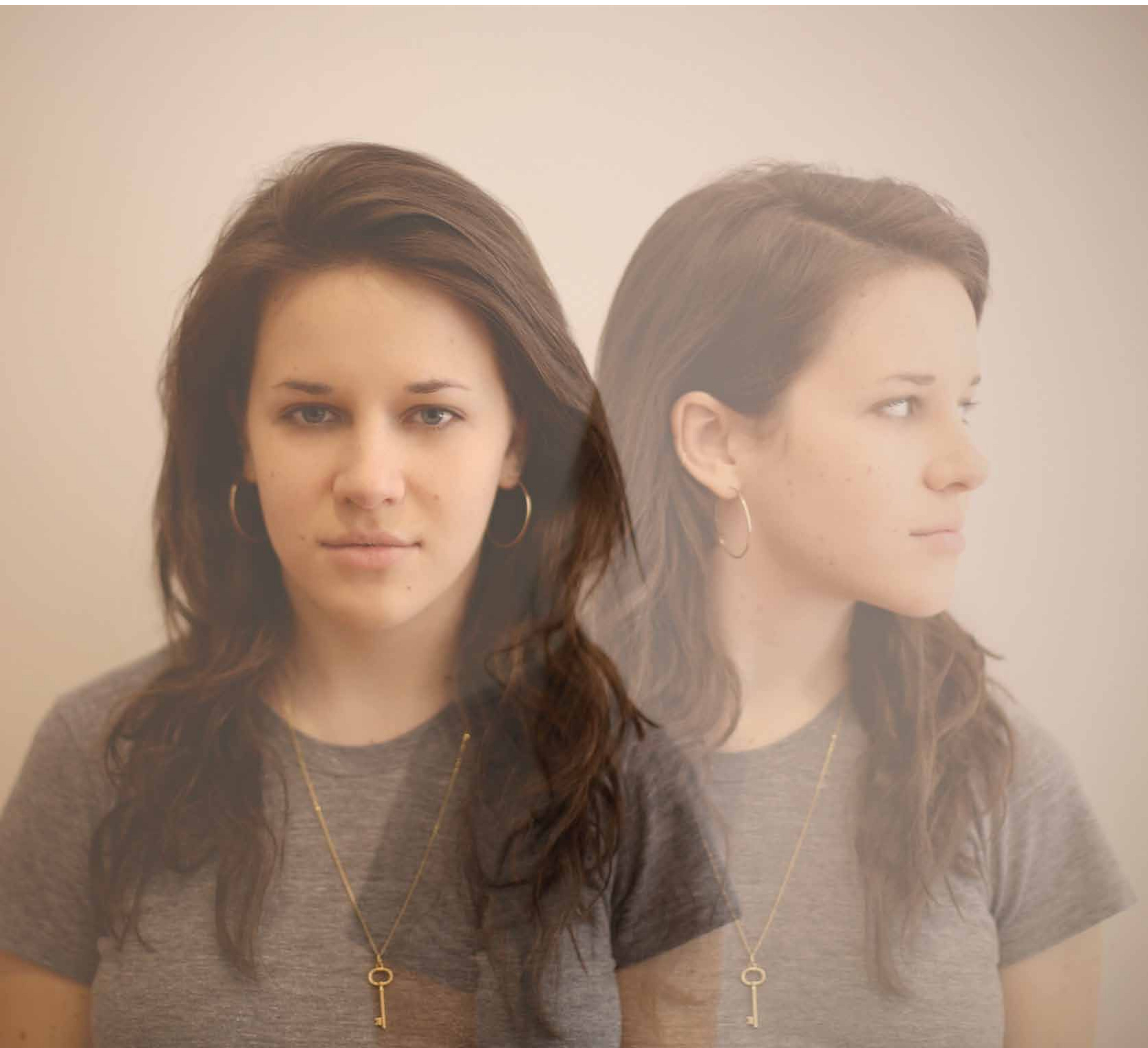
- 1. CASABLANCA**
- 2. FARTHER FROM YOU**
- 3. WIND**
- 4. INGREDIENTS**
- 5. NORMAL BEAST**
- 6. AZURE**
- 7. ZERO SUM**

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Produced by Molly Bolten

Recorded, mixed & mastered by Molly Bolten & Quinn Collins

Album artwork by Molly Bolten



THIS ALBUM is a collection of songs that I have written in times of joy, sadness, confusion, frustration, contemplation, and gratitude. After months, even years, of writing these songs and arranging them for an ensemble, I spent my spring break of senior year in a climate controlled, soundproof, windowless room in Princeton's music building, i.e. the recording studio in Woolworth. During this week I spent twelve hours a day in the studio, eating junk food, recording my friends, and listening to these tracks over and over and over again until they became so ingrained in my mind that I could think of nothing else. And in all sincerity, I have to say that it was the best spring break I ever had. This has been the biggest, most overwhelming, most frustrating, and most rewarding project I've ever undertaken.

The musicians you will hear on this album are not only incredibly talented people but are also some of my best friends in the world. I could not have completed this project without them, and I am so grateful to know such gifted musicians and such wonderful people. I look forward to making more music with them as we all make our entrances into the real world.

Writing music is the only way I know how to make sense of the world. It is the only way I can be sure that I exist. I offer to you now this evidence of my existence as a human being. I hope you enjoy it.

Molly Bolten & The Night Kitchen Experiment are:

Molly Bolten - lead vocals, guitar

Ben Cruz - guitar

Logan Roth - keyboard

Conor McGrory - bass

Arjun Dube - drums

Divya Farias - alto saxophone

Reuben Shorser - trumpet

Charmaine Lee - vocals

THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE TO THANK. HERE ARE SOME OF THEM:

The Creative Writing & Music Depts. of Princeton University, for supporting my project.

Dan Trueman, for his music that inspired me in writing my own.

Paul Muldoon, for guiding my words.

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Paul Lansky, for teaching me how to write music.

Marta Schermerhorn, Mike Finley, Bruce Arnold & Trineice Robinson-Martin, for teaching me how to play music.

Ben Cruz, for being a monster at guitar and a true friend.

Logan Roth, for making sweet sweet sounds with his keyboard and being a goof.

Charmaine Lee, for her beautiful voice and beautiful friendship.

Arjun Dube, for keeping time in the funkiest way possible, and for his spot-on impressions.

Conor McGrory, for his bass lines with character, and his mind full of weird stories about Maine.

Divya Farias, for her true creativity on the saxophone and in life.

Reuben Shorser, for his soulful trumpet lines and his belly laugh.

My mom, for never looking sideways at my creative aspirations.

My sister, for being my sisterfriend.

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Rachel Alter, for telling me that I could do it.

Brigitte Malivert, for being a strong, independent woman with me.

Susan Davis, for teaching me how to know myself.

Terrace F. Club, for many late nights.

Settlers of Catan, for many late nights.

CASABLANCA

*Of all the gin joints
In all the towns in all the world
Here I am watching Casablanca
In a hospital ward*

*With one kind nurse
Who's been assigned to take good care of me
I'm quiet and polite
But somehow I can barely breathe*

CHORUS

*Here's looking at me, kid
Here's looking at me
Here's looking at me, kid
Here's looking at me, though my eyes can't see*

*Tell Ingrid Bergman
I would like to speak to her alone
And while you're at it
See if Humphrey Bogart is at home*

*I'll ask them how they got
To be so dark and wonderful
I'll find one use for all my sorrows
and I'll sell my soul*

CHORUS

*As time goes by
I try to find my music in my head
But it is nowhere to be found
So I can't go to bed*

*These doctors try
To see the inside of my candy shell
They call me by my Christian name
Cause they don't know me well*

CHORUS

FARTHER FROM YOU

*One day when you're old, when you're ancient,
you'll know what it means to be at home
The levees will break on the banks of your caution-
ary soul
When you die, all the pets you've ever had
will meet you on the other side of life
Your previous mistakes will build a doorway in be-
tween the day and night
The never-ending sound that filled your life will
give you never-ending light*

CHORUS

*You know why I've come home again
To show you what you've missed again
I've grown up quickly, faster than you
You'll know me dearly, farther from you
And oh no, give me some room
I'm on my way to the promised land
I'm tired of waiting for you
so you can let go of my hand*

*You speak like a modest-mouthed savior
a gift to the people of the earth
like holy water runs from the tap in the place you
call your world
When I rise I'll be stronger than before
and kill you with the kindness we deserve
The bridges that I burned will be rebuilt, more pro-
tected, more secure
The lessons I have learned will guide me in a new
direction from before*

CHORUS

*You know and I know that something has just got to
give
Kicking and screaming is fine but it's no way to live
I'm running forward and not looking back
This chapter's ending and fading to black
You're on your own now I'm dropping your slack
and I'm home*

WIND

*In the morning light I stretch my legs
wash my face and clear my head
of the dreams that make me see my mind
for what it's worth from the inside*

*As the sunlight reaches through my room
inch by inch, until noon
There's a thing that makes me fall in line
roll the dice and check the time*

CHORUS

*I wind my watch and let it run
but if I didn't, would the sun stay in the sky?
Would my poems cease to rhyme?
I hold the power in my hand
to make our moments all expand into a life
We could live our Fridays twice*

*There's a destiny for this machine:
tell my story scene by scene
And it never fails to do its part
even ticking in the dark*

*When the ticking stops I feel my bones
moving slow, moving home
And the thing that makes me fall in line
rolls the dice and stops my time*

CHORUS

INGREDIENTS

*We love our 3 a.m.
We do it better
There's always chicken in the fryer
Get the pepper*

*I'm sitting on the counter
Swinging my feet
As far as I'm concerned
I've got the greatest seat*

CHORUS

*You know that food is love
It's never just a product of ingredients
In our night kitchen we just
Make it our religion to be disobedient*

*In our inebriated state
We do our best
To love each other and our food
To make and clean our mess*

*There's nowhere I would rather be
Even my bed
I'm busy writing down
These moments in my head*

CHORUS

*So tell me when is the next time
That you'll be high inside a mansion
Cooking burgers with your friends
In an industrial-sized kitchen
And when was the last time
You really thought you had it all
When "all" is just that you're content
A happiness so small
A happiness so small*

CHORUS

NORMAL BEAST

*Two sticks in my eyes
pulling my vision down, by surprise
The soles, the soles of your shoes
are coming unglued from you, unglued*

CHORUS

*When the storm has passed the ships align
You'll have ten toes and fingers just like mine
Everything and nothing will be fine
when the beast of normalcy arrives*

*Steel under my skin
is making the rules for him, for him*

Twice he's heard it before
I told him the gate's been closed, I'm sure

CHORUS

Waiting for a confirmation, mind is full of information
Capitals and math equations, spinning round like
drain invasions

Holy rollers, figure eights, majesty of bad first dates

I never took you for a quitter

Life is short so make it glitter

Oh—it makes things very hard

when I call myself someone very far

and oh—there'll never be a me

if I keep hiding me from me

Hell-bent on demise

holding my failure close by my side

Wait, I'm trying to see

how it is possible that we breathe

CHORUS

AZURE

Bare feet, big hands, and one thick skin

I was listening to your broken record spin

I hung my sorrows by the door

But they followed me in your house and to the floor

I hope you know I loved you best

When I lay my head down in its groove on your

chest

We stayed for hours in that field

Till reality came back, biting at our heels

CHORUS

There's never been a truer blue

Than the azure I see when I remember you

I met you in the bitter cold

I just wanted a good warm body I could hold

But then I came to understand

You were more than one body, you were one good

man

I feel your smile on my lips

Then I catch myself hoping, wishing for a fix

As if I stepped out of the sea

With the salt on my skin still clinging onto me

CHORUS

ZERO SUM

You always have a way to make me smile

Even when I'm not having a good time

It's cruel of you to understand my mind

Why don't you just stick to your own kind

CHORUS

You're winning just by losing me

I'm losing just by winning you

So let's agree to disagree

That zero sum is bad for two

I like your sense of humor, dry as bone

But when it's misdirected watch your tone

These days we've been a very funny joke

But soon we'll have to reap the seeds we sow

CHORUS

You're the hook in my eye

You're the pain in my back

You're the hate that I love

And the love that I lack

You're a delicate boy

Not a generous man

And you're bringing me down

Just by holding my hand

The innocence of our first love is gone

And with it all the water in the pond

We drank it up; it made our bodies strong

And gave me all the words to write this song

CHORUS