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***Imogen Cygler***

***Folio of Compositions***

***Somewhere Nice: A creative work investigation of how modes of collaborative and solo music production practice impact making and realising self-composed work.***

***Faculty of Fine Arts and Music***

***University of Melbourne***

***Submitted in fulfilment of the requirements of the degree of  
Master of Music (Interactive Composition)***

***2023***

## **Abstract**

This thesis of creative work only, investigates how various modes of collaborative and solo music production practice impact the making and realisation of self-composed work. The composer explores the multi-faceted meaning of music production in the process of creating a 45-minute album, an audio-visual EP and selected 'home studio' production works. These new works illuminate the impact of different production and collaboration methods on creative outcomes and artistic identity and offer evidence that music production is an extension of individual compositional voice.

## **Declaration of Originality**

This is to certify that:

The folio comprises only my original work towards the Master of Music (Interactive Composition).

Due acknowledgement has been made in the text to all other material used.

## **Preface**

This thesis includes work that contains work made in collaboration with composers and lyricists. The percentages of contribution to each body of work are as follows:

### **1. Sometimes Strangers (Album)**

Music: Imogen Cygler (95%), Theo Carbo (5%)

Lyrics: Imogen Cygler (50%), Meg Duncan (50%)

Production: Imogen Cygler (50%), Theo Carbo (50%)

### **2. Somewhere Nice (EP)**

Music: Imogen Cygler (100%)

Lyrics: Imogen Cygler (75%), Meg Duncan (25%)

Production: Imogen Cygler (100%)

### **3. Home Studio Production Works**

Music: Imogen Cygler (100%)

Lyrics: Imogen Cygler (66.67%), Willow Sizer (33.33%)

Production: Imogen Cygler (100%)

## **Acknowledgements**

I would like to thank my supervisors, Dr Anthony Lyons and Professor Mark Pollard, for all their support throughout my time at the Faculty of Fine Arts and Music. Thank you to my partner, family, collaborators and friends for their generous and constant support.

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## **The Curated Folio**

*Links to all works (1 hour 22 minutes)*

### **1. Sometimes Strangers (Album)**

Full Duration: 45:12

Link: [Sometimes Strangers](#)

*Visual Material*

Images:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/18vj1Cb9aDYWAD9JFCVN4fl8yjl8ORVWM?usp=sharing>

Music Video to 'Greedy for Corduroy': <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G18FT4vcGNM>

### **2. Somewhere Nice EP (Audio-Visual EP)**

Full Duration: 24:44

Audio Visual Link: [Somewhere Nice EP](#)

### **3. Home Studio Production Works**

Full Duration: 11:46

Link: [Home Studio Production Works](#)

## Introduction

I am a singer-songwriter and instrumentalist whose practice is centred around live performance and collaborative projects in the public music sphere. As a singer-songwriter, my work is situated in the realm of art pop/folk and features lyrically and harmonically driven compositions with unconventional choices. I experiment with the combination of low and high-fidelity elements, and utilise atypical melodic and lyrical phrasing and sentence structures. I work to extend traditional notions of tonality and modality, explored through conventional songwriting principles and structures. Humour and idiosyncrasies are integral to my music, often flowing as a stream of consciousness. I draw inspiration from a variety of artists, including Susanne Sundfør, Kate Bush, Tori Amos and Laura Groves. In addition to my solo songwriting practice, I collaborate with musicians and artists from other mediums on other creative works such as theatre plays, film scores, installations and musical releases.

Driven partly by circumstance and partly by personal interest, my artistic practice has evolved to encompass production as an essential component of the music-making process. I came to understand that to move towards a sense of fulfilment in my creative practice, I needed to fully immerse myself in the compositional and realisation phases of the work.

I drew reference to artists with whom I felt aligned and who also produced their own work as part of my exploration. This journey helped me to understand how production influences my music-making process and brings to life my creative identity and individual voice.

### *Mission statement*

Through attention to detail and prioritising effective communication in my work, I strived to bring to life music that feels authentic to me and captures and speaks to my artistic vision. I aimed to elevate my creative process, deepen the impact of my music and achieve a sense of fulfilment and artistic pride in my compositional, production and collaborative endeavours.

### *Method*

Through my research, I have recognised that the term producer has a very fluid meaning and can take on many varied forms. The works that were produced as part of my exploration illustrated the impact of collaboration on artistic vision and identity.

In my composition/production practice, my exploration of production has extended beyond writer, arranger, DAW mixing and manipulation of materials to include the following associated production roles in two tiers.

Primary Role:

- **Executive producer:** A curatorial and organisational role; assembling performers and bringing people together from different backgrounds with different skill sets to contribute

a unique part to the work. This can also involve overseeing the overall aesthetic, instrumental, sonic and emotional qualities of a body of work.

Secondary Roles:

- **Co-producer:** working in close collaboration with producers and engineers to realise work.
- **Bedroom producer:** Self-engineering predominantly self-performed work in a home studio setting. Additionally, I worked in a DAW to self-record analogue and digital instruments, using plug-ins to craft the production.

## The folio works

The folio features three curated segments from work completed throughout the research period. The total pool of music was 2 hours and 24 minutes, however that has been curated down to 1 hour and 22 minutes.

The three curated components are:

1. *Sometimes Strangers (Album)*
2. *Somewhere Nice (Visual EP)*
3. *Home Studio Production Works.*

Throughout the three components of this folio, my works draw inspiration from a diverse range of influences, including classical, baroque music and contemporary pop songwriting and electronic dance music. In my compositional language and artistic process, I strive to explore juxtaposition by creating an anachronistic sense of time and place. To further enhance this effect, I collaborate with visual artists who can contribute to the obscurity of era and location through the suggestion of multiple times and places.

### Part 1: Sometimes Strangers Album

*Sometimes Strangers* is loosely set on a whimsical fictional tale set over the course of a day. The work weaves together constructed folk tales delving into maternal lines, as well as observational writing on everyday experiences reflecting the complexities of the human condition. The record was produced in collaboration with Theo Carbo, mixed by Kyrre Laastad in Norway, and mastered by Rashad Becker in Germany. There were a plethora of creatives involved in this work; a full credits list can be found in Appendix 2.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> See Appendix 2, page 18.

The images accompanying the submission were made in collaboration with Hector Clark (photography) and Arabella Frahn-Starkie (costume and set design). We wished to obscure the era and place that the images were taken in, choosing to have a classic style of photograph, featuring a set design containing a mix of modern and old items. This speaks to the intentionality of the music creation, exploring juxtaposition through the combination of old and new instruments, lyrical content and techniques, hinting at multiple times, places and narratives. Furthermore, the extensive list of locations, playing styles and instrumentalists continues to enhance this contrast.

On tracks 3-8 and 12, I collaborated with poet Meg Duncan on the text. Meg's unconventional and inconsistent lyrical patterns pushed my songwriting, leading me to explore avenues of phrase expansion through chordal development.

### Key Works off 'Sometimes Strangers'

*Greedy for Corduroy* was the first piece composed for the folio of works and marks the beginning of my collaborative relationship with Meg Duncan. Using Meg's words here for the first time was a formative experience in mapping how the variation in phrase and sentence lengths, naturally push my compositional language to explore varying and developing melodic fragments. Included in the folio is a music video that Duncan made for the work. We opted to film the clip in black and white to obscure time and place tying into the central recurring themes of the record.

*Up in the Lake* marked my first experience using Melodyne<sup>2</sup> as an artistic production tool and in collaboration with Theo Carbo. This came to be a key moment in my practice, where I could use a tool traditionally used for correcting pitch, to be a resculpting orchestration tool, allowing me to create an 'otherworldly' harmonic and textural bed using pre-existing material. In the case of this song, a composition by Carlo Gesualdo is reharmonized using Melodyne so that the audio becomes an accompanying web of harmony and texture.<sup>3</sup> The use of Melodyne here is quite literally a sonic metaphor for the juxtaposition of places and times, new and old, through the combining of pre-existing material with the new composed work. The sound world of 'Up in the Lake' was carefully crafted to represent the midpoint and conceptual centrepiece of the album.

For *Awful*, I collaborated with arranger Alice Chance to create an eight-part choral work referencing 16th-century choral music to juxtapose the lyrics based in the 21st-century internet age. In addition to the choir, which was tracked individually at each of the nine singer's homes, the work also features Hammond Novachord and the Ondes Martenot - considered to be some of the first analogue synthesisers, developed in the early 20th century.<sup>4</sup>

## **Part 2: Somewhere Nice EP**

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<sup>2</sup> Neubäcker, 'Melodyne'.

<sup>3</sup> Folio work, *Up in the Lake*, 1:21.

<sup>4</sup> Dunn, "A history of electronic music pioneers."

For this audio-visual work, I collaborated with artists Eitan Ritz and Arabella Frahn-Starkie, who both have backgrounds in contemporary dance and documentation. When discussing the project with them, I drew inspiration from The Beatles documentary, 'Get Back,'<sup>5</sup> and Norwegian slow TV footage, in particular, the national knitting event<sup>6</sup>. I wanted this body of work to be organic, sonically and visually - feeling as though the documentation captures a work in progress.

The EP references the balance between calm and restlessness. To achieve this through the video, we focused on observing the hand gestures of the five musicians as they: played their instruments, were given specific activities to engage their hands in and fidgeted naturally during idle moments in the filming.

The process of realising these works involved a two-day development and one-day recording session with the ensemble of musicians. The recording took place at Magnet rehearsal studios in Coburg, Melbourne, where the works were arranged for live performance. Frahn-Starkie and Ritz took turns in capturing the development and recording process. All recorded pieces are full takes with no additional material added in post-production, outside of mixing and mastering.

#### Key Works off 'Somewhere Nice EP'

*Remember* was composed specifically for this recording, and it was written for the four musicians engaged in the recording, drawing on their particular skill sets and musicianship. The scalic line played by Flora Carbo on the saxophone aimed to accommodate the limitations of the instrumentation, creating a skipping, breath-like effect in her performance. The drum part, with its distant and militant energy, juxtaposed the ridiculousness of the lyrics, referencing minor earthquakes and health anxiety.

The song *Somewhere Nice* features lyrics descriptive of a restlessness to be elsewhere. The verses push and pull, building in tension before releasing into the choruses and eventually calming at the outro. Ollie Cox's 'cloud' of sound building throughout the piece is evocative of a fever dream, or the very organic human state of being half awake, dipping in and out of sleep.

*Sport* features intentionally 'awkward' lyric and phrase structures. Whilst sincere, I believe its appeal and subtle humour is due to the almost uncomfortable and somewhat unnerving delivery of lyrics.

### **Part 3: Home Studio Production Works**

For works *Edamusk*, *Celestial Bodies* and *Garden Weed*, I took on the role of a producer who works in a home studio in solitude. To construct my sonic palette, I frequently used the DX7, Omnichord, violin, recorders, 808 drum machine and vocal layering. The distinct characteristics

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<sup>5</sup> Jackson, *The Beatles: Get Back*.

<sup>6</sup> 'Slow TV: National Knitting Night'.

of the DX7, including the transitional 'smash' sound created by patch changes, became an integral part of the sonic identity within this material. The layered process of using the DX7 and Omnichord allowed for the creation of eclectic soundscapes and a fusion of styles and eras without directly referencing any particular time or place. I chose to play everything into Ableton, in a situation where MIDI was easily accessible. Through this, I aimed to achieve human character conveyed through synthesised sound.

These works, whilst composed and produced in isolation, are still inherently collaborative. The lyrics and additional vocal parts in *Celestial Bodies* were performed by artist and theatremaker Willow Sizer. The work stemmed from a collaboratively devised theatre piece through the company Citizen Theatre. *Garden Weed* also stemmed from an exquisite corpse-like development during a COVID-19 lockdown, also with Citizen Theatre.

## **Outcomes and Conclusion**

Throughout this research period, I utilised a range of tools to explore and execute composition and production via different modes of collaboration to elevate my creative process. Through this process, I have come to realise that at its core, this process has showcased the impact of different modes of collaboration on artistic vision. Formerly fixed ideas and categories of production have been challenged and explored through different modes of creation.

One important outcome has been the development of a deeper understanding of production through practical experience. By employing a 'trial and error' approach to assist experimentation with a variety of creative strategies, I have gained valuable insights into what it means to be a producer. The process has allowed me to establish a personal identity through production and has assisted in my ability to adapt to the unique demands of each project.

The research has led to the awareness that musical identity is not only established through composition but also through its recorded realisation. I have extended my compositional voice beyond piano/vocal recordings and explored a broader palette of sounds to bring my works to life on a more sophisticated sonic scale.

I have researched the relationship between composition and production, and the blurring of the lines between these two parts of the process. This has naturally raised questions of authorship in production, as well as illuminated the interconnectedness of these creative processes.

The research also emphasised the influence and importance of collaborators in realising a vision. While initially focused on adapting my musical identity to fulfil the vision of others, I discovered the value of individual artistic voices. Consequently, turning my focus to extending my individual artistic voice to collaborations, and allowing collaborators' distinct perspectives to assist in shaping my work.

Studying the work and process of other composer producers, such as Kate Bush, Tori Amos and Laura Groves, has provided deeper insights into how they harnessed their artistic voices

through self-realisation. Observing their paths and frameworks has further informed my own artistic development. Through my research, how I hear and interpret these practitioners' composition and production techniques has developed, and my appreciation strengthened.

As a researcher and producer, I have developed a vocabulary that enables me to articulate my ideas and effectively communicate sonic reference points to collaborators. This vocabulary encompasses both practical communication skills as well as a metaphorical and technical musical language that I bring to production projects and collaborations. It has empowered me to bridge the gap between artist and engineer, working with clients in studio settings to help them realise their artistic visions.

Lastly, the research has highlighted definable characteristics and traits that recur in my production technique, shaping my sonic identity and palette. These include the distinctive sound produced by quickly changing between DX7 patches, densely layered string textures, pitched Melodyne textures for harmonic support, layered synthesisers (DX7s, Omnichords) and vocals.

In conclusion, this creative work thesis has yielded significant outcomes for my creative practice that have helped define my sonic identity as a composer and music producer. These include:

- an understanding of how music production can be used to define individual style.
- illumination of how different working methods can be used to expand musical identity.
- new understandings of how the composition-production relationship is integral to contemporary music making.
- a deeper understanding of the value of the collaborator's contributions.

From here, I will continue to collaborate on new work and explore music production as a key aspect of my creative practice. I will expand on what I have discovered throughout this investigation, applying this knowledge to music composition and production with other artists as a vehicle for innovation and creative individuality.

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## Appendix 1

Links to all music created during this time

### **1. Sometimes Strangers (Album)**

Full Duration: 45:12

Link: [Sometimes Strangers](#)

*Collaborative material*

Images:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/18vj1Cb9aDYWAD9JFCVN4fl8yjl8ORVWM?usp=sharing>

Music Video to 'Greedy for Corduroy': <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G18FT4vcGNM>

### **2. Somewhere Nice EP (Audio-Visual EP)**

Full Duration: 24:44

Audio Visual Link: [Somewhere Nice EP](#)

### **3. Home Studio Production Works**

Full Duration: 11:46

Link: [Home Studio Production Works](#)

### **4. Additional demos recorded throughout the research period**

Full Duration: 21:41

Link: [Additional Demos](#)

### **5. Production Exercises**

Full Duration: 5:20

Link: [Production Exercises](#)

*Collaborative Projects*

**6. My Liege EP (Night Lamp)**

Full Duration: 23:06

Link: <https://myliege.bandcamp.com/album/night-lamp>

*'Lou' Music Video*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OvjGjNnx8S8>

**7. Imogen Cygler x R. P. Downie EP (Yoga)**

Full Duration: 12:14

Link: <https://rpdownie.bandcamp.com/album/yoga>

*'Out Of My League' Music Video*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7utoOVtL1NY>

## Appendix 2

### Curated Folio Credits

### Sometimes Strangers Credits

#### **All songs:**

Performed by Imogen Cygler and Theo Carbo

Produced by Imogen Cygler (50%) and Theo Carbo (50%)

Engineered by Theo Carbo

Mixed by: Kyrre Laastad at Øra Studio

Mastered by: Rashad Becker at Clunk Studio

#### **Prelude**

Written by: Imogen Cygler

#### **A Dish Best Served as a Friend**

Composed by Imogen Cygler

Studio Engineering by: David Quested

Drums by: Ollie Cox

Bass by: Robbie Finch

#### **Greedy for Corduroy**

Music composed by Imogen Cygler

Lyrics: Meg Duncan

Double Bass: Robbie Finch

Saxophone: Flora Carbo

Strings: David Moran and Helen Svoboda

#### **Lazy Susan**

Music composed by Imogen Cygler

Lyrics: Imogen Cygler (60%) and Meg Duncan (40%)

Vocal Arrangement: Alice Chance

Choirmaster: Rachel Lewindon

Additional Vocal Production: Robert Downie

Sopranos: Merinda Dias-Jayasinha and Jade Ingvarson-Favretto

Altos: Helen Svoboda, Eva Reyne and Rachel Lewindon

Tenors: Robert Downie and Huw Charles-Walsh

Basses: Isaac Gunnoo and Harry Cook

**Plain Jane**

Music composed by: Imogen Cygler  
Lyrics: Meg Duncan (85%) and Imogen Cygler (15%)  
Bass: Isaac Gunnoo

**Bloody Mary**

Music composed by Imogen Cygler (65%) and Theo Carbo (35%)  
Lyrics: Meg Duncan  
Double Bass: Robbie Finch  
Additional Engineering: Patrick Telfer

**Up in the lake**

Music composed by Imogen Cygler (90%) and Theo Carbo (10%)  
Lyrics: Meg Duncan  
Vocals engineered and performed by: Robert Downie  
Double Bass: Robbie Finch  
Clarinet: Flora Carbo

**Lamy**

Music composed by Imogen Cygler  
Lyrics: Meg Duncan (95%) and Imogen Cygler (5%)  
Bass Clarinet: Flora Carbo  
Additional Vocals: Ollie Cox

**Optometrist**

Composed by Imogen Cygler  
Clarinet: Flora Carbo  
Additional Vocals Engineered and Performed by: Robert Downie

**Awful**

Composed by: Imogen Cygler  
Vocal Arrangement: Alice Chance  
Choirmaster: Rachel Lewindon  
Sopranos: Merinda Dias-Jayasinha and Jade Ingvarson-Favretto  
Altos: Helen Svoboda, Eva Reyne and Rachel Lewindon  
Tenors: Robert Downie and Huw Charles-Walsh  
Basses: Isaac Gunnoo and Harry Cook  
Additional Engineering: Patrick Telfer

**Grandma Has a Boyfriend**

Composed by Imogen Cygler

Studio Engineering: David Quested  
Drums: Ollie Cox  
Double Bass: Robbie Finch  
Additional Vocals: Theo Carbo, Ollie Cox and Robbie Finch  
Additional Engineering: Patrick Telfer

### **Sometimes Strangers**

Music composed by Imogen Cygler  
Lyrics: Meg Duncan (80%) and Imogen Cygler (20%)

### **Recorded at:**

Echidna Studio, Soundpark Studio, Muckleford Community Centre, MESS, Faculty of Fine Arts and Music.

### **Photo credits**

Photography: Hector Clark  
Set and Costume Design: Arabella Frahn-Starkie  
Pictured is: Theo Carbo, Imogen Cygler, Robert Downie, Arabella Frahn-Starkie, Merinda Dias-Jayasinha

## **Somewhere Nice EP Credits**

### **Ensemble**

All songs composed by Imogen Cygler. Lyrics for 'Travelling Chips' written in collaboration with Meg Duncan (65%). Lyrics for 'Somewhere Nice' by Meg Duncan.

Imogen Cygler - Vocals and Keyboard  
Flora Carbo - Woodwinds  
Theo Carbo - Electric Guitar  
Ollie Cox - Percussion and Electronics  
Helen Svoboda - Double Bass and Backing Vocals

Produced: Imogen Cygler  
Engineered: David Quested  
Mixed: Theo Carbo  
Mastered: Patrick Telfer

### **Video Credits**

Cinematography and editing by Eitan Ritz and Arabella Frahn-Starkie

# Home Studio Production Pieces Credits

Artwork by Caitlin Aloisio Shearer and Eitan Ritz

## **Edamusk**

Written, produced and performed by: Imogen Cygler

Mixed by: Theo Carbo

Mastered by: Guy Louis Faletolu

## **Celestial Bodies**

Music composed by: Imogen Cygler

Production: Imogen Cygler

Vocals, keyboards, violin, omnichord: Imogen Cygler

Lyrics and feature vocals by: Willow Sizer

Mixed by: Theo Carbo

Mastered by: Becki Whitton

## **Garden Weed**

Composed, produced and performed by Imogen Cygler

Mixed by: Robert Downie

Mastered by: Becki Whitton

Additional Vocals: Juice Webster

## Appendix 3

### Lyrics for all works

## Sometimes Strangers Lyrics

### 1. Prelude

*Instrumental*

### 2. A Dish Best Served as a Friend

I found I lost myself  
Ran to the edge, myself  
I often find myself  
Holding your hand  
Holding his hand

I ran so far, myself  
Ran to the edge, myself  
I often find myself  
Over the lake  
Over the lake

A dish, best served as a friend  
A fish, that ran out of air  
The situation reads you couldn't care less if you tried  
It's hard enough to reach you from the corners of your mind

Oh, a dish  
Not pasta  
Pasta wouldn't hurt me

A dish, best served as a friend

Want you to feel like  
You know who I am anymore  
Want you to feel like  
You know who I am anymore

(I don't) Want you to feel like  
You know who I am anymore  
Want you to feel like  
You know who I am anymore

### **3. Greedy for Corduroy**

She wanted the cords  
She wanted the flared cords  
With the high waist  
And she wanted to find the perfect chords  
To sing her song about you  
'Cause she wanted you too

She wanted to wear the cords to his house  
He has an ugly bathroom with a perfect mirror  
And she wanted to take a photo of her waist  
In the cords, in the mirror  
In the cords, in the mirror

She knows they think it's narcissistic, but to her it's holistic  
Each unartistic snap solidifies her world it is  
Or as she wants it to seem  
Or as she wants it to seem  
Or as she wants it to seem  
Or as she wants it to seem

She wanted the cords  
She wanted the flared cords

### **4. Lazy Susan**

Susan is ill  
Susan is lazy  
Susan's asleep  
Susan is crazy  
Susan is weak  
Susan is lazy  
Susan is meek  
Susan is lazy

Susan is ill  
Susan is lazy  
Susan's asleep  
Susan is crazy  
Susan is weak  
Susan is lazy  
Susan is meek  
Susan is lazy

Susan is ill  
Susan is lazy  
Susan's asleep  
Susan is crazy  
Susan is weak  
Susan is lazy  
Susan is meek  
Susan is lazy

Susan, she lives down the road where Crocker Hill gets hazy  
I saw her kissing Billy Blunt, she tells me that I'm crazy  
After school, we take the shortcut down to Thatcher Creek  
We heard that once a boy fell in, we heard the boy was meek

Susan is ill  
Susan is lazy  
Susan's asleep  
Susan is crazy  
Susan is weak  
Susan is lazy  
Susan is meek  
Susan is lazy

Yearly with the harvest  
Berries turn our lips to red  
Me and lazy Susan  
We don't want to go to bed

## **5. Plain Jane**

Smudges on a vase  
Vague traces of a touch

Plain Jane wilts softly  
She never asks for much

She lives inside a story  
She's writing in her head  
Her nervous heart is aching  
In a made up world instead

Then she dares herself to laugh  
She dares herself to despair  
Dares herself to insist  
There's a whisper in the air

A window left wide open  
On a warm November night  
Sends a breeze to cloak her skin  
And make everything alright

Gather your pencils up  
Draw wildly like a child  
Fall into your sheets  
Restless bodies reconciled

But Plain Jane waits  
She couldn't tell you why  
When she wants it back she sees  
The moment has passed by

I will run across the plane  
I will run across the plane  
The long grass will scratch my legs  
And I will not be plain

I will run across the plane  
I'll run across the plane  
The long grass will scratch my legs  
And I will not be plain

I will, I will not be plain

She dares herself to laugh

She dares herself to despair  
She dares herself to laugh  
She dares herself to despair

She dares herself to laugh  
She dares herself to despair  
Dares herself to insist  
There's a whisper in the air

A window left wide open  
On a warm November night  
Sends a breeze to cloak her skin  
And make everything alright

Smudges on his shirt  
A certain sense of worth  
Plain Jane she knows it  
She's had a second birth

She's in a whole new story  
She dreamed of long ago  
Assertive as she strolls down  
The path she longed to know

I will run across the plane  
I will run across the plane  
The long grass will scratch my legs  
And I will not be plain

I will run across the plane  
I'll run across the plane  
The long grass will scratch my legs  
And I will not be plain

## **6. Bloody Mary**

Oh every drop of blood  
That she loses  
Along the way  
She knows someday  
Will tell the story

Of a girl  
Who lived like a rose

Sweet and red, she grows

## 7. Up in the Lake

Every day I wake up to the ceiling  
Hungry and hot, embarrassed of feeling  
The things you make me feel  
Maybe I'll cook and we'll share a meal

I watched as you grazed your knee  
Salty and sore it seemed to me  
That your body was tired and easy to tear  
I want you to open, I want you to share

Tell me my eyes are pretty  
Painted blue, just like you  
Give me a flower to press in a book  
I'll post it to you in a year or two

I'm lonely when I'm awake  
Follow your footsteps and end up in the lake  
Close my eyes and turn to dark  
I'll think we're together even when we're apart

Promise to smile if I'm kissed tonight  
Use my manners and do everything right  
I want to be somewhere other than here  
I want to do something I secretly fear

Tell me my eyes are pretty  
Painted blue, just like you  
Give me a flower to press in a book  
I'll post it to you in a year or two

Tell me my eyes are pretty  
Painted blue, just like you  
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I'm lonely when I'm awake  
Follow your footsteps and end up in the lake  
Close my eyes and turn to dark  
I'll think we're together even when we're apart

## 8. Lamy

She bites pens  
Lids and ends  
Of ballpoints  
And felt tips

Those felt tips have been  
Dimpled by  
Her teeth  
And her lips

He likes German pens  
With smooth inky ends  
But there's one pen  
Safe in his draw  
That was lucky to be bitten  
By a girl he loved before

I bite pens  
Lids and ends  
Of ballpoints  
And felt tips

Those felt tips have been  
Dimpled by  
My teeth  
And my lips

You like German pens

With smooth inky ends  
But there's one pen  
Safe in your draw  
That was lucky to be bitten  
By a girl you loved before

We bite pens  
Lids and ends  
Of ballpoints  
And felt tips

Those felt tips have been  
Dimpled by  
Our teeth  
And our lips

We like German pens  
With smooth inky ends  
But there's one pen  
Safe in our draw  
That was lucky to be bitten  
By a girl we loved before

The last he heard  
She was working in the theatre  
She makes music  
And he'd quite like to hear her

He sometimes sends 'Hellos'  
Along with his friends  
But they rarely get delivered

The last he heard  
She was working in the theatre  
She makes music  
And he'd quite like to hear her

He sometimes sends 'Hellos'  
Along with his friends  
But they rarely get delivered

## 9. Optometrist

Don't pretend you didn't see me  
You're my optometrist  
Don't pretend you don't know me  
You tested my eyes last month

I'll pretend I didn't see you  
You think my vision's blurry when it's not  
Don't pretend you didn't see me  
You're my optometrist

Don't pretend you didn't see me  
Don't pretend you didn't see me  
Don't pretend you didn't see me  
Don't pretend you didn't see me

Bet you want to test my eyes again  
Bet you want to test my memory again  
Just to tell me I have 20/20 vision again  
Tell me to come back in a year again

Bet you want to test my eyes again  
Bet you want to test my memory again  
Just to tell me I have 20/20 vision again  
Tell me to come back in a year again

Don't pretend you didn't see me  
You're my optometrist  
Don't pretend you don't know me  
You tested my eyes last month

I'll pretend I didn't see you  
You think my vision's blurry when it's not  
Don't pretend you didn't see me  
You're my optometrist

Don't pretend you can't hear me  
You're my psychiatrist  
You've heard all of my problems  
You know me the best

Don't pretend you can't heal me  
You're my beauty therapist  
Don't pretend you can't sense me  
You will be my final test

Don't pretend you can't sense me  
You will be my final test  
Don't pretend you can't sense me  
You will be my final test

Bet you want to test my eyes again  
Bet you want to test my memory again  
Just to tell me I have 20/20 vision again  
Tell me to come back in a year again

Bet you want to test my eyes again  
Bet you want to test my memory again  
Just to tell me I have 20/20 vision again  
Tell me to come back in a year again

Linda Ulvaeus  
I see you girl  
I see you Linda  
I hear you

## **10. Awful**

Thank you for showing me  
Like I needed to see  
Like I needed to see

Thank you for testing me  
I can now so plainly see

That you are awful  
You are awful  
I'm in awe of just how awful you are

Oh you're awful  
So awful

I'm amazed at just how awful you are

Thank you for setting me free

That was a joke

I hope you like my joke

Thank you for proving to me

That was such a waste of time

And you're awful

You are awful

I'm in awe of just how awful you are

Oh you're awful

So awful

I'm amazed at just how awful you are

You will get what's coming for you

I know it won't be that long

You will find what's waiting for you

I know it won't be that long

It feels like the end of an era

It feels like I'm finally slipping away

It feels like the end of an era

And today is a brand new day

It feels like the end of an era

It feels like I'm finally slipping away

It feels like the end of an era

And today is a brand new day

You will get what's coming for you

I know it won't be that long

You will find what's waiting for you

I know it won't be that long

It feels like the end of an era

It feels like I'm finally slipping away

It feels like the end of an era

And today is a brand new day

Thank you  
Thank you  
Thank you

## 11. Grandma Has a Boyfriend

Grandma has a boyfriend  
Her boyfriend's name is Sam  
Grandma has a boyfriend  
We saw them holding hands

She said that he surprised her  
She said that they're just friends  
But Grandma has a boyfriend  
Her boyfriend's name is Sam

We saw them holding hands though  
Her room was awful clean  
Aunty said he's seen her  
Plenty at least three

Grandma, Grandma  
Grandma, Grandma

This is not the first time  
(This is not the first time)  
Grandma's seen this man  
She's outlived two husbands  
(She's outlived two husbands)  
Grandma's in demand

Just a few years back (back)  
Grandma caused a scene (scene)  
Sam and Grandma had a fling  
Scandalous it seems

Alas, Grandma moved on  
In turn, so did Sam  
Grandma's thing didn't last long  
But boy oh boy did Sam's

Grandma then got jealous  
Of Sam and his new ma'am  
She stalked them in a park one day  
Here's where Grandma strays

Grandma hid behind a tree  
Waiting for her time  
She seized the opportunity  
To attack her in her prime

Got out her umbrella  
(Got out her umbrella)  
Took her by surprise  
Grandma, please don't do that  
(Grandma, please don't do that)  
You're acting like a child

Shoved her in the back (back)  
The woman kept her calm (calm)  
Simply turned around  
There was reason for alarm

Sam said 'What is this?'  
Grandma said 'you know.'  
Sam said 'no I don't.'  
Grandma turned to the woman and said

'You whore, you only want him for his money  
You whore, you only want him for his money.'

Now's the final chapter  
We know of long ago  
How does this chapter end  
You're curious to know

They raced each other to the  
Local police station  
That's right Grandma had a  
Restraining order taken out on her

But what have we learnt  
(What have we learnt)  
Love wins overall  
Now they're back together  
(Now they're back together)  
In the dementia ward

## **12. Sometimes Strangers**

This is my third crush on a boy called James  
I guess it's common, it's one of those names  
That share corners of my past  
Without colouring all of my heart

Whenever I meet a boy with the name  
I quickly forget the previous James  
And slowly I slide into a season of new  
Memories of him fade into the blue

I know that I'm taller, I know that I've grown  
When I see a movie alone  
Sometimes strangers say your name  
And I no longer feel the same

Speaking words can open the door  
To second storey evenings summers before  
Or golden afternoons in the hills  
Or dusty dancefloors swallowing pills

But often it washes right over my head  
My mind feels different instead  
Even when I wrap you up into my dreams  
It's less to do with you than it seems

I know that I'm taller, I know that I've grown  
When I see a movie alone  
Sometimes strangers say your name  
And I'm licked by last year's flame

Sometimes strangers say your name  
And I no longer feel the same

I no longer feel the same  
I no longer feel the same

No more asking  
Here I lie  
Heartache helping  
Nothing at all  
Nothing at all  
Nothing at all  
Nothing at all

Put me in the bin  
Trash me in the can  
Recycle me, please  
Put me in the bin

That was my final try

## Somewhere Nice EP Lyrics

### 1. Somewhere Nice

Take me to the ocean  
Take me to the stars  
Take me where the are streets filled with  
Half as many cars

Take me to the mountains  
Take me to the sky  
Take me where my mind can wonder  
Never asking why

Let me lie beside a pool  
Let my fingers feel the water  
Read my palms and you will see  
I am my mother's daughter

Take me to the desert  
Take me to the sand  
Take me to the street so that

I can understand  
Take me to a palace  
Take me to a farm

Take me where my heart can  
Rest a second and be calm

Let me lie beside a pool  
Let my fingers feel the water  
Read my palms and you will see  
I am my mother's daughter  
Without looking in your eyes  
My fingers trace a line  
From your chin to your shoulder  
Across freckles that aren't mine

Mapping them to memory  
Mapping them in time  
Mapping them to walk along  
Mapping them to find  
Somewhere nice  
Take me somewhere nice  
Somewhere nice  
Take me somewhere nice  
Somewhere nice  
Take me somewhere nice

## **2. My Square**

I want to look busy in my square  
When you see me working there  
I want to look important in my square  
Making something for us to share

I wanna look busy in my square  
Thinking about things differently  
I don't wanna look bored in my square  
Knowing someday you'll be there

I wanna feel hope in my square  
I wanna feel love in my square

I wanna look busy in my square  
Thinking about things differently  
Knowing some day that you'll be there

in my square  
in my square  
in my square  
in my square

I wanna look busy in my square  
Thinking about things differently  
Don't wanna look bored in my square  
Knowing someday you'll be there

### **3. Travelling Chips**

She wore her fishnets because miniskirts are  
back  
And she thinks that miniskirts suit tights that are  
black  
And sheer  
Wonder if they're near

elastic pinches the skin on her waist  
And the hem of her skirt is untidy and laced  
Browned slightly,  
Wanting to be tugged politely

(We)  
They sit in the back because they're the kids  
Even though they're adults now  
And play naughts and crosses in the squares  
Of her fishnet tights somehow

On the way home  
Eating chips before dinner  
Filling up before dinner  
Will this make me feel trimmer?

Thinking of you

Are you thinking about me  
Oh goodness, what timing  
That you're thinking about me

Savoury scone and chia pudding  
Raspberry drops and christmas pudding  
I'll fill up on chips  
On the bus home from school  
This is my dinner  
I won't follow rules

#### **4. Remember**

Too many fats in the kitchen  
Too many fractures in my vision  
And you were there  
And you were there

Too many lumps in my story  
Too many bumps in my armpit  
Is this ok?  
Is this ok?

Remember  
The earthquake  
Remember  
How I shake

Too many thoughts in the system  
Too many angles to your wisdom  
It's judgement day  
I heard them say

Remember  
The earthquake  
Remember  
How you shake  
Remember  
To forget  
All the pageants you enrolled her in

And you were there  
And you were there  
And you were there  
And you were there  
Holding your green bag  
With the pencil case  
With the fountain pen  
The one that leaked all over my shirt  
You owe me 40 dollars

### **5. Not this May**

Not this May  
It won't be the same  
As last May,  
Or the May before

Or the May before that  
Or the May before that  
Or the May before that  
The May before that though was fine

I will sing  
With love into the Spring  
I will hold your hand

I share traits with my dad  
That I think are quite ?bad?

But I know this May  
I know this May  
I know this May  
With you  
Will be grand

### **6. Sport**

Nothing makes me cry more than scrolling through TV  
And seeing sportsmans families celebrate their victories  
I cried watching the tennis  
Racket to heavy for me

I cried watching the grand prix  
Please don't cancel me

I cry and cry and cry some more  
When I've really got not a fucking clue about the sport  
Can't believe I just said my first swear word in a song and it's a song about sport

Cried watching the rugby  
What even do they do in rugby  
Cried watching the darby  
Just kidding i would never watch the darby

Why does sportsbet exist  
Cancel Me  
And cancel sportsbet  
But mostly me

I'm holding out for a competitive sport where we all get along and make a pillow fort  
I'm holding out for a competitive sport where we all get along and make a pillow fort  
I'm holding out for a competitive sport where we all get along and make a pillow fort  
I'm holding out for a competitive sport where we all get along and make a pillow fort

## Home Studio Production Pieces Lyrics

### 1. Edamusk

*Instrumental*

### 2. Celestial Bodies

I was alone in the stars  
Turned to water pouring over  
Liquified in seconds, falling from the heavens  
Press to be remembered, but the hole fills back  
Wind blows the water of the white waves black

The profile of a face (a different shape)  
Swallowed by rings of dust and gas  
Looking out at all that mass (the nebulas and the black)  
Expanding out and growing throwing, hurling, out and never coming back.

In the space of something  
Hovering, weightless between  
Radiant in width  
Universal hue  
Skin and insides too, (in to something new)  
To the great white, the loud sigh

Memory in the new age  
Pastoral scene, the grassy days  
Silence in the system  
Chatter in the friction  
Chatter in the friction

### **3. Garden Weed**

In the garden weed  
I did first see  
A frolicking seed  
I be wed to thee

I am a child  
Of garden soil  
With forest blood  
My veins run royal

Devouring dust  
Do what you must  
I will return  
This land, I yearn