

## Reel Too Real

You seem to be terrified  
'cause you don't know what to make out of someone like me  
It's not just my bank account  
there are several parts that don't fit your scene,  
too big, too small,  
too in between, too real

I took the bus to town,  
'cause I couldn't stand to spend the night with them  
there's no worse humiliation,  
than to be discriminated by them when,  
they're unworthy of you, they don't know the things you do,  
they win because they're dull

The guy who slept over me  
couldn't keep his hands away from his tiny friend  
It was a bumpy ride,  
I couldn't get a minute's sleep,  
I thought it'd never end, I don't pretend,  
I took the bus to town again

Next morning the bus  
back home,  
full of hormones, spots and pringles and a porno flick  
I was so horrified, little  
soldiers harassing any woman,  
they would scream,  
they would kick

I learned to hate them then  
and I'm still terrified by the sight of confused teens,  
who don't know how to react,  
'cause no one told them,  
taught them it's ok to be real,  
for real, a legal feeling  
captured on this reel too real

Who wants to be real?  
Not really...  
Who wants to be real?  
Don't scare me so  
Who wants to be real?  
Completely?  
Who wants to be real?  
Nobody I know!

Peter: Guitar, bass, tubular bells, piano,  
Six Trak, EKO Super Micky, knees  
Tobias: Drums, marimba, piano, knees

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen and St. Eriksgatan (Capitol)  
Organ recorded by Daniel at Tegelviksgatan

## Missing Link

Your cascade of pictures,  
sculptured by light  
treasured by season,  
looking for reasons,  
never to be found  
Meandering projections,  
tortured by need,  
guided by blessings,  
only my guessings  
could have shown me the way

Add another picture to the situation  
serves another outcome but never mention  
How the editor could really wash the meaning out,  
what it's all about...

I found the missing link

I think I've found the missing link, missing link  
no longer do I have to think, have to think  
I'm far beyond the mirror phase, without a trace  
desireless, without a care,  
free to live

I found the missing link,  
no reservation necessary  
If dull and ordinary,  
I'm free to live, I'm free to live

Peter: Guitars, bass, glockenspiel  
Lisa Rydberg: Violin  
Anne Pajonen: Viola  
Leo Svensson: Cello, saw  
Tobias: Cymbal

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen and by Joachim at Strandbergsgatan  
(Studio Summa)

## Old Love

Once there'll come a day when I'm full and filled inside  
I know you helped to build it  
When the day will come, when the day will come  
I know you're going to share it

And once there'll come a day, when we sense some sort of link, between the battered  
pieces,  
we'll sort out everything,  
next to trust there's care,  
we'll gather the connection

Because it's been so long,  
I thought all that I've been living for was gone  
and If I didn't have you there to help me change it,  
shape it to today, I never would have made it

But forces far too strong,  
to resist, to even think about giving up,  
made me see the light of day and then embrace it,  
face it as the truth

Once there'll come a day when I'm full and filled inside  
I know you helped to build it  
When the day will come,  
when the day will come  
When the day will come,  
when the day will come

Peter: Pianos, bass, Krumar String machine, cymbal  
Tobias: Krumar String machine

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen

## Le Petit Coeur

It doesn't walk in the caravans or sleep inside the stables,  
no they sneak around  
at nighttime,  
with just their own eyes to guide them,  
so if you lead them on astray,  
or if you bear false witness,  
it might just be the end of them, it might eventually kill them

Ma coeur fidèle, se malade,  
je t'embrasse, je t'embrasse  
Le petit coeur, dormir bien, please awake, please awake  
Le petit coeur awake

My tribe wants to be part of, what your tribe is busy  
planning, sitting down at  
your tables,  
eating dinner with  
your neighbors,  
but you wouldn't dare invite us 'cause we smell of foreign burdens, that you don't want to  
weigh down on you,  
but it's attractive from  
a distance

We gain when we lose in life,  
we gain it in wisdom,  
but the price of falling out,  
is the chance of falling  
in again,  
so if you lock me out again,  
I might not come back to seek you, even though it's against my wish,  
it's not against my better knowledge

So rest in peace,  
sleep until you've regained confidence, reference  
Ma coeur fidèle, shall move on, 'til it's root has forgotten,  
that it's still somehow broken

Peter: Guitar, low piano  
Mattias Areskog:  
Double-Bass with and without bow, high piano  
Nicklas Korsell: Drums  
Lisa Rydberg: Violin  
Anne Pajonen: Viola  
Leo Svensson: Cello

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan,  
Söderarmsvägen and Tegelviksgatan  
Strings recorded by Joachim at  
Strandbergsgatan (Studio Summa)

## Tell Me In Time

A young Joni Mitchell  
for freaks,  
is staring straight at me but passing me by  
as for me I lost the ambition  
to speak  
when you're not here to do  
the talking

It's not that I want you back,  
but I admit that I sometimes  
can miss,  
the feeling of being known and to know  
the safety of just being safe

But I wish that you'd tell me  
in time  
I could sense something before  
But if something's not  
there anymore  
Tell me in time so that I won't  
be completely lost

I'm wise not to utter a word,  
so nothing of substance  
is heard  
they won't notice if  
I'm disturbed  
to this block full of flat people  
the familiar entrance is blocked

It's such a strange game  
that we play  
Too many people in just

one room  
Too many things to say  
and only hands to do  
the talking

Hands that are tied behind  
our backs,  
Hands that are busy  
being normal  
I could tell you didn't want  
me tonight  
I hope that you want  
me tomorrow

Secretive acting though  
nothing is secret,  
The only thing secret is you, I'm not pushing anything  
on you  
You know my position is to stand back and watch you  
Grow with the part, or just leave with my heart,  
I'm not pushing anything  
on you,  
I'm not rushing into anything  
with you  
that you wouldn't want me to do

But I wish that you'd tell me  
in time  
I could sense something before  
But if something's not there anymore  
Tell me in time so that I won't be  
completely lost

This is not what I expected  
to find,  
your picture's been hung  
upside down,  
but your well-being ain't mine  
Tell me in time, so that I won't be completely lost, in your world

Peter: Guitar, harmonica  
Mathias Ståhl: Vibraphone  
Mattias Areskog: Double-Bass  
Nicklas Korsell: Drums

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan,  
Söderarmsvägen, Gröndalsvägen and  
Tegelviksgatan

## My Match

I've sent my dogs to war,  
can't shoot them anymore  
But I had to let them down,  
when there's truth to be found  
Polite beyond control,  
in possession of the soul  
Though slow enough to catch,  
I have met my match

And I can't say that I plead guilty of theft  
But I agree I've done you wrong  
And if there's any solid air in here left  
I will inhale it 'til you're gone  
Done the town and come  
back home

How did you think that I would react to this?  
That I would laugh and make  
a face?  
And though I'm devastated, beaten to the grave  
I laid me down, forgot, forgave  
What is left is worth to save

Trust me, I trust you, there's plenty left to do  
Regardless of the facts,  
I have met my match

Peter: Electric guitar, slideguitar, drums, Roland Juno-60,  
Hammond Stage II Rhythm, tambourine  
Daniel: Bells

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan and Tegelviksgatan

### This Is What I Came For

To begin with there were bibles round and cripples too  
So your upbringing doesn't fit  
your style  
So you lock yourself up in your room with things to do  
Hoping it will go away  
in awhile  
Still you're acting as if  
everything is fine, fine, fine  
You're the spoiled white kid with clenched white teeth  
While Hooray-Henrys and nationalists will let you down  
There are still so many more out there to meet  
If you walk a bit further than this street

In the big city the neon lights and urban folklore  
Invites all hunchbacks  
to participate  
If you study the language and the marketplace  
Talk up, talk down, know what to buy and sell  
And you have a firm opinion, you're always right,  
right, right  
Still the door shuts right in front of you  
And your nose starts to bleed and you have to lie down  
It's amazing what you could do,  
If your awful thoughts got acted out for you

And you hide in the churchyard by the family grave  
One more lost soul left to save  
And you can't make up your mind how to stand yourself  
When you heritage is cute,  
not brave  
And the loved ones are the  
lonely ones and they get cold  
And your image-building is your soul  
And you dig and you dig and you rock n roll  
And the judge transports you out of the court  
You have to choose the words you're bound to abort

If you wise up and get phony like a common clown  
You might build up the  
courage to settle down  
And you carry all these  
tombstones round  
as if they were a treasure  
When they're just the fiction of your mind  
If you take a look around it's all fine, fine, fine  
And there's nothing you can  
do 'bout it  
There are drug cases and basket cases and refugees from war  
And it's obvious you're neither  
of them  
So I guess you have to live through it

And I know your eyes ain't on the guys when we're apart  
You're so true to me, how come you are  
In the middle of my supper,  
in the middle of my shave  
Come to think of it,  
I've reached quite far

If you reach out for a fallen star it's never there,  
'cause it's deadly as the  
rest of us  
But I reach out for your  
fingertips and I stop to breathe  
And I know I'm not hoping  
no more  
'cause I got all that I could hope for

Like a riddle you've been  
blessed with to figure out  
Where you have to practice hard to learn  
But the learning is the  
pleasure and the knowledge  
is just grief  
I'm ready to turn, turn, turn  
come rain or come shine,  
let me have a piece  
Of that fat cake on display  
And when I've swallowed it all, let me have some more  
And let me lick up the crumbs on the floor  
And I swear I won't weep anymore  
'cause this is, this is,  
this is what I came for

Peter: Guitars, piano, handclap  
Tobias: Castanets, triangle

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen

### Twisted

I guess you think I'm doing fine  
With my twisted, demented mind  
That this is what I want?  
But willpower is weak,  
When it comes to emotions  
How do you think you're gonna make it speak?  
When it comes to emotions,  
There's not much you can do

Haven't slept properly for  
a month  
My body says yes, my mind  
says don't  
There are some more thoughts you have to dwell on first  
There's some more to ruminate over first  
First, you'll have to feel bad, then you'll have to feel worse  
Then perhaps you'll get to sleep a little while  
But then it starts all  
over again

Don't overrate yourself,  
it could have been someone else  
That you got such a large part in this is pure coincidence  
It's all about me, what used to be me, what will become of me  
Me, me and me  
And you're gonna learn to make your willpower speak,  
good luck to you, good luck  
to you

Peter: Piano loop, spanish guitars, bass, Hammond Stage II Rhythm, güiro, shaker, bongos

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan and Tegelviksgatan

### Social Competence

As I run past you in the  
reception room  
I can feel no bitterness, can sense no gloom  
Are you all this happy?

Or what has escaped me?  
As I clear my throat, I mystify  
I cut out the essentials, but I never lie  
It's no act of random  
It's calculated boredom  
And when you leave me alone,  
I pick up the phone to dial  
There's someone I know,  
who knows how I look when I cry

When I try to get a minute's rest  
There's always someone trying to do their best  
To exhaust me completely  
Though they phrase it sweetly  
Someone's dog or someone's  
new wed kid  
What they didn't do or what they did  
Too much information, for one brain to sustain  
And especially when it doesn't make sense to me  
'cause when I try to be sincere, to come a bit near they leave

I don't want to talk to you, talk to you  
About the things you do, about your weekend  
I don't want to hear your voice, make that noise  
But I have no choice

There's a chance I know what I might lack  
It's a competence you need to cope  
In a world gone colder, though the surface is hot as hell  
There are smiles on parade,  
but nine out of ten's a fake  
And in lessons in self-help all you really learn is to escape

I don't want to talk to you,  
talk to you  
About the things you do,  
about your weekend  
I don't want to hear your voice, make that noise  
But I have no choice  
There's not enough air here,  
disappear  
Or conceal  
That you just want to hear your voice, make that noise  
Leave me out of it, leave me  
out if it

Peter: Spanish guitar, 12-string guitar, pianos, Tubon, Zither, harmonicas, fingerplayed drummachine (Korg  
DDD-1), handclaps  
Nicklas Korsell: Real drums  
Daniel: Handclaps

Recorded by Tobias at Disponentvägen  
and by Daniel at Tegelviksgatan.

## I Don't Gaze at the Sky For Long

What would I do,  
did I not have you  
Your eyes to gaze on  
'cause I don't gaze at the sky for long  
'cause when I look down,  
down on the ground  
Everything is terrible  
But when I look here,  
here by my side  
All the more bearable  
Thank you, thank you,  
thank you!

If someone says, how are you these days?  
I'd gladly proclaim  
-Oh, I have never been happier

Although I see, the world  
at large  
Isn't such a pretty place  
When I got you, to make dreams come true  
There's nowhere else I'd  
rather stay  
Thank you, thank you,  
thank you!

People may carry  
their attitude  
I go on, singing my platitudes  
'cause they seem real,  
and they ring true  
And it's the only way to tell  
You how I feel,  
to make you believe  
I want you more for every day

And then you come,  
then you come  
How come? How come?  
You'd like to stay,  
that's what you say  
How come? How come?  
You say you want me as much as I want you  
Now do you know how much  
that is?  
Do you know how much that is?  
From here to eternity, from now until forever is a memory  
From here to eternity, from now until forever is a memory  
From here  
From now  
'til forever is a memory  
forever is a memory  
From here, from now, from here...

Peter: Guitar, piano, harmonica

Recorded by Daniel at Hornsgatan

The Last Tycoon was recorded in our spare, stolen hours, here and there in apartments, rehearsal spaces and studios in Stockholm between December 2005 and June 2007.

Written, sung and produced by Peter Morén  
Co-produced by Tobias Fröberg and Daniel Värjö  
String arrangements by Leo Svensson and Peter  
Mixed by Joachim Ekerman at Make Wave, Stockholm  
except tracks 1, 4 and 5, additionally mixed by Matt Azzarto and Peter at Think Tank, Hoboken, New Jersey.  
Mastered by Håkan Åkesson at Cutting Room, Stockholm  
Songs published by EMI Publishing  
Drawings by Christine Jacobsson  
Sleeve design by Joppen, Christine and Peter

A very special thank you to Tobias and Daniel; without your initial encouragement and help this would never have happened. I am eternally grateful!

Also thank you:  
Mum, Dad, the rest of my family, Joachim (Social Competence is listenable only thanks to you and your cutting and pasting), Leo, all the great musicians and friends who played on this record, Matt, Håkan, Per Wikström, Greg Vegas, Howard Greynolds, Helen McLaughlin, Doug Marvin and Dirty On Purpose, Chris Egan, Claudia Chopek, The Concretes, Kroumata, Joppen, Johan Bergmark, Stephen Naron, Wichita Recordings, Jesper Olsson, Kalle Lundgren, Windish Agency, EMI Publishing, Press Here, Chris Stogdill, Grand Old Softies, Jesper Klein and of course Bjorn and John.

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This album is dedicated to Christine J. Kisses!!!