



SINGER-SONGWRITER CONCERT

Wild and Precious Life



Interlochen

ARTS ACADEMY

Interlochen, Michigan
252nd Program of the 60th Year

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SINGER-SONGWRITER CONCERT

Thursday, May 12, 2022

7:30pm, Dendrios Chapel/Recital Hall

Wild and Precious Life

- "Formerly Rose Hill" Kaya Shin-Sherman, Atherton, Calif.
- "What If" Madeline Levan, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
- "Like you Did"..... Aidan Mountford, Grand Haven, Mich.
- "Holding On" Alex Harris, Northbrook, Ill.
- "The Last Time" Gracie Feinberg, Aspen, Colo.
- "Learn to Run" Gigi Kriegsmann, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Ronnie Lehr, Davenport, Fla.
- "Salt on a Slug" Mason DeFoe, Orlando, Fla.
- "Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me Too, Two" Colin Griffis, Tucson, Ariz.
- "This Winter" Holly Paterno, Monroe, N.Y.
- "Nothing" Clara Devey, Interlochen, Mich.
- "Red Light"..... Vivi Rogers, Chicago, Ill.
- "Her Kind".....Lila Holler, Ocean View, Del.

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SONG LYRICS

Formerly Rose Hill

Kaya Shin-Sherman

I could be drinking now
But all I can think about
Is I hope your fingernails are all grown out

December seventeenth
stuck out into the street
and I tripped over it and broke a few of my teeth

What's the deal?
I can feel you
sneaking in

in my car,
in my heart,
all over again.

Do you still twist the sheets when you sleep?
I want to know how you breathe
when I'm not there.
And I will confess my sins when I leave.
I joke, but seriously,
I don't wanna regret.

After you finish dinner
My nights become a sick blur
Of wondering where you are and what you're doing, who you're with and are
you wishing she was

Me?
in your car,
in your heart,
all over again

Do you still hate the bumps on your cheeks?
I want to know how you breathe
when I'm not there.
And I will confess my sins when I leave.
I joke, but seriously,
I don't wanna regret.
But what if your sheets aren't twisted
And I'm just pathetic till I'm dead?

This is the proof that I knew you, this is the proof.

What if

Madeline Levan

I would check and check
Till the thoughts were out of my head
He would tuck me in
Then put me to bed
Read me a poem before turning off the lights
Said don't let the bed bugs bite

What if what-ifs
Couldn't get my brain to quiet down
What if what-ifs
That's all I could think about

Didn't wanna be alone with my shadows
So he would wait till my eyes closed
Rapid-fire questions filled the room
Softly closed the door and said I love

but I'm getting older
And that means you are too
My biggest fear
Is losing you:
More than a family, more than a home
You've taught me everything I need to know
More than a family, more than a home
You've taught me everything I need to know
You've taught me everything I need to know

Like you Did

Aidan Mountford

Once yours now my mug
Old coffee stains still in the rug
When I walk through these halls
Feels like you're still around
But when I open my eyes
You're nowhere to be found

I can't fill your empty shoe
I am nothing without you
And now I don't know what to do
I'm holding on to this sinking ship
Baby, I'm losing it
Cause I'll never love me like you did
Like you did

In the attic collecting dust
Polaroid pictures of us
When I lay down at night
Silence calls out your name
And nothing is right
When the empty remains

I can't fill your empty shoe
I am nothing without you
And now I don't know what to do
I'm holding on to this sinking ship
Baby, I'm losing it
Cause I'll never love me like you did
Like you did

I miss making you coffee
On nights when you'd talk me
Into staying up
I miss the help in the kitchen
Cause now dirty dishes
Are piling up in the sink
I wish that I told you
How much I love you
Cause I didn't say it enough

I can't fill your empty shoe
I am nothing without you
Darling tell me what to do
I'm holding on to this sinking ship
Baby, I'm losing it
Cause I'll never love me like you did
Like you did

Holding On

Alex Harris

When the night is cloudy, and there's no light to be seen.
I'll hold onto you, as we drift off and dream.
I dream of my home, I'm asleep in my room.
I wake up without you, under the desert moon.

I've seen you come and I've seen you go.
You're there at my highs but you leave at my lows.
(But I'm still) Holding on, holding on to hope

When the dawn breaks over the mountains in the West.
I pry my mind away from the thoughts of rest.
Park myself under a juniper tree,
Writing letters that will be sent back to me.

Hang on, hang on, hang on.

The Last Time

Gracie Feinberg

I'm so sick and tired of writing sad songs
But I guess that's just how I'm feeling
I guess that's just how I deal

I'm done packing duffel bags and leaving
I'm done boarding planes
Because every mile every mile every mile
Breaks my heart a little more

This is the last time
This is the last time
I have to be like this/ feel like this
It's the last time

I'm done waking up exhausted
I had it then I lost it
Was it really worth the cost I paid

And I don't get out much these days
I guess I'm just too focused on getting away
I guess you get sidetracked on the things you hate
But at least I was lucky enough
At least I was lucky enough
To have something good enough to miss

This is the last time
This is the last time
I have to be like this/ feel like this
Hurt like this/ work like this
Try like this/ lie like this
It's the last time

And I'm so sick and tired of writing sad songs
But I guess that's just how I'm feeling
I guess that's just how I deal

Learn to Run

Gigi Kriegsmann and Ronnie Lehr

Catching onto hairs of boredom
Brush the glitter from my hair
Leave me a letter with vacant words
I'll fill them up later

My hero has lazy timing
he breaks down with no good warning
I've never wished to recover you
You kill one, you kill two

Keep me in a glass cage
Never touch me again
I never said I loved you
But I do, I do, I do

Patch me up with needles and glue
Now my soft edges hurt you
Bite my pretty heart in two
Oh God I'm through, I'm through

I live at your feet
Scrapped, flat, and torn
You won't ever get me free
You only know to roam

Salt on a Slug

Mason DeFoe

She spray paints her poems detailing the end of the world
On the side of seven-eleven she's a city girl
She says there's no law to be broken if there's never one there
And what's a law if dignity ceases to care

Oh oh salt on a slug
Oh oh I think she's given up

Her touch is enough to calm you for a thousand years
But can be now harsh enough to flow a river of tears
She's fighting a battle against herself
Drowning in her own blood and not asking for help

Oh oh moth into the flame
Oh oh writhing in her pain

Given up on the world listening to screams pierce through in the background
She's mastered the art of being silently loud
Turntable spinning a static sound
She's given up on herself

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me Too Two

Colin Griffis

Ickle Me, the eldest
Most level headed, he felt his
Life was awaiting adjournment

So he grabbed his two brothers
Kissed goodbye to one mother
And turned the three into adventure-men

And every night before bed they sang

What fun it is to fly so high
In a shoe of unusual size
Never being tied to anything
Deeply looking out off the bow
Peering in-n-out of clouds
Just canvas, lace, and feather wings

Pickle Me, The second
Never bored for a second of HIS life
He worked for what he wanted
Told stories of his dreams
Of kingdoms and vice-rid kings
And mounds of trash that are to be haunted by

And every night he'd siiiiiiiiing

But Tickle Me misses his lover
Never loved any better
So he grabbed himself some paper and a bottle
And wrote her a letter
Out on the sea it reads

I'll find any excuse to find you
In every dark haired girl that passes by my
Blurry eyes astigmatism bringing me hope

Excuse to find you
In every dark haired girl that passes by my
Blurry eyes astigmatism bringing me hope
In every unfocused turn
Though they'll tire, though I burn

This Winter

Holly Paterno

An old flannel shirt
Cigar burns in the stitches
Thinner than a rag

Quiet birds chirping
Sunrise in the early morning
Half drunk pot of coffee

Cackling of the ember
In the old cinnamon candle
Back when momma used to like burning things

But that oversized flannel
Is all she's got left
To make sense of why daddy had to leave

Washington all the way to Minnesota
Things won't be any better in New York
Feel the sunrise breaking in the distance
Can't sleep yet, I've got miles to go
And my back is beginning to grow stiffer
Now I sleep on the mattress I don't own
And God may tell you I'm a sinner, but oh sinner don't you know
It's so hard to keep a shivering soul warm
In the winter

Grandpas old Chevy
The paint job turned to rust
The motor likes to sputter

Evergreen pine trees
Still covered in the snow
Blanket from last December

Creases in the leather
From his vintage Levi jeans
Some old folk song on the radio

The rain starts coming down
Bloody knuckle windshield
My reflection doesn't look like me anymore

Washington all the way to Minnesota
Things won't be any better in New York
I'll drive miles through the mountains in Missouri
But my home will always be New York

It's been too long since I've seen the Great Lakes
I can't remember when they weren't frozen over
And God may tell you that I am just a sinner
But sinner, you are too, oh don't you know
That the road less traveled is always lonely
All the rocks and roots exposed to the core
It's been such a long and lonely winter
And so it's hard to keep a shivering soul warm
It's so hard to keep a shivering soul warm (x 4)
But I found a way to keep myself warm
This winter

Nothing

Clara Devey

Only the sky isn't empty
I would know, look up at night.. see?
Bedtime story, silent
Sleep for days, quiet

Nothing must mean something
Since nothing isn't an absence
Nothing is a full sentence
Silence isn't nothing

Only words, as you listen
Is the same as silence
What I won't do, speak to you
Feel loud enough, quiet

Nothing to afford
Nothing to feel
Nothing to say
Nothing to her name
Nothing you can do x5
x2

Nothing means nothing x2

Red Light

Vivi Rogers

Listen here folks
I can smell the smoke
From a mile away
Even on the highway

I know the worlds gonna end
And you wanna have a bottle on the south bend
don't go and follow that curve
I'm gonna tell you where to turn

You use up your time like it's borrowed
Speeding through every stop light
let's take our chances tomorrow
And live in the moment tonight

Come be my baby
I want you
Oh lately
There's no red light I wouldn't run through

I see you wrap your lies around a cocktail glass
Flying down the freeway far too fast
And you don't know what you're gonna do
when you see the horrors on the news
In a week or two

I'm no prophet but I think I got it
Let me tell you what you gotta do
Let's take our chances tomorrow
And live in the moment tonight

Come be my baby
I want you
Oh lately
There's no red light I wouldn't run through

No red light
No red light
No red light

Her Kind

Lila Holler

Her Kind
I've seen the witches cloaked and drawn
By your fears
I've seen the things I hope you never have to my dear

I've breathed in the black smoke
So thick down my lungs
It might be for the best don't you think living now and dying young

I've learned to chase the thought with a fizzy drink
Cause it comes as no surprise to me

I thought I knew myself until I did
Afraid of my own two hands desperate to find where I end and begin

I remember four corners stood still
While everything else around me spins
The moment I realized I'm attached to nothing
I am no more than bones and skin

And oh I could poison myself on the very greed
Cause I'm one of my kind as she lives in me

Cause I am her kind
I am hers and I am her
I am her kind
I am her and I am hers x2

INSTRUCTORS:

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Cover artwork by Irina Sztukowski

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Thank you for your cooperation.

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