

I WAS THE LEAD SINGER BEFORE I LEARNED TO SING
AND I WORE A SHINY NEW GUITAR AND MY HEART ON MY SLEEVE.
NOW I'M NO ENTERTAINER, BUT I'M THE ONE YOU CAME TO SEE.
I MADE MYSELF AN EASY TARGET AND EASILY FORGOTTEN
AND I TOLD IT LIKE IT WAS — BUT SOMETIMES
I SAID TOO MUCH OR NOT ENOUGH BUT IT'S ALRIGHT
AND SO GOES THE SONG I'M SINGING TONIGHT

I WAS THE LEAD SINGER OF A BAND YOU USED TO KNOW
FROM PHOTOCOPIED FLYERS AND SEVEN INCH RECORDS

DO YOU STILL REMEMBER
WE THOUGHT WE'D CHANGE THE WORLD
WITH BROKEN STRINGS AND BROKEN HEARTS
AND VOCALS OUT OF TUNE
AND IF I CLOSE MY EYES
WIDE AWAKE IN MY SLEEPING BAG
ON A HARDWOOD FLOOR
IN YESTERDAY'S CLOTHES
NO CLUE WHAT TOMORROW WILL BRING
AND THE MEMORY IS FADING
BUT THE FIRE STILL BURNS
INSIDE OF ME,
ALWAYS A PART OF ME.



JEFF CAUDILL & DRIVE TIL MORNING

I WAS THE LEAD SINGER



It's funny how you can grow so far apart from people you live nearest to. Then there are those you see once a year that really get what you're about. I met Francis in 1992 while on the first Gameface tour. We played a show in Houston with his band, Yuck. They went on before us and I was floored by their sound and shameless covers of Green Day's *2000 Light Years Away* and Superchunk's *Cast Iron*. Francis had dreads and looked a little like Cosby Show-era Lisa Bonet in the right light. He pulled it off well. My ridiculous white boy braids and oversized shorts however, weren't really working for me but that's another story. In addition to having pop-punk and questionable fashion choices in common, we discovered that we shared an arsenal of useless knowledge of 80s metal. We got along famously. I saw him just about every year after that when we rolled through Texas. Each time we played a show with his band (Yuck, Fourth Grade Nothing, Bicycle Pilot) and hung out until ungodly hours acting like idiots, shooting the shit about music. We're guys in bands - that's what we do. There were some years when we weren't in close contact but we somehow still

moved in similar musical directions. Since Francis moved to Brooklyn we've stayed in touch and hooked up on both coasts for a handful of shows. Life is a lot different now. The music we make is different, but the way we feel about music is very much the same.

I chose to record *Gone* by his band Yuck. It was on a cassette that Francis recorded all by himself - vocals, guitars, drum machine and a lot of tape hiss. I played the hell out of that tape. The other song I chose to do is in my opinion, a perfect song. *Minutes Turn To Miles* from the debut Drive Til Morning album, is everything that is great about songwriting. It's got a great hook, a memorable melody, lyrics that kill and some great visuals. I remember listening to this song over and over on a redeye flight to New York City. It's one of those songs that put you right there in the story. I felt like I couldn't go wrong doing this one. We've been on each other's records but it's about time we made one together. I can't remember which came first - the idea for the EP or the song, but *I Was The Lead Singer* is one of my favorite musical projects ever. I hope you enjoy listening to it as much as I did making it.

GONE Jeff Caudill: Lead & Backing Vocals, Acoustic Guitar & Harmonica. Robbie Rist: Bass Guitar, Mandolin, Drums & Percussion. Recorded at The Boathouse in Northridge, CA. Engineered by Missy Buettner. Mixed by Robbie Rist. Written by Francis Garcia (BMI), arranged by Jeff Caudill. **GREENTREE** Francis Garcia: Vocals, Electric Guitars, Bass Guitar, Electric Piano, Organ, Drums & Percussion. Craig Montoro: Trumpet. Self-recorded/mixed at home in Brooklyn, NY. The line "don't crush the heart that bleeds" was lifted from a Jawbreaker song. Written by Jeff Caudill and Gameface (ASCAP), arranged by Francis Garcia. **MINUTES TURN TO MILES** Jeff Caudill: Lead & Backing Vocals, Electric & Acoustic Guitars. Robbie Rist: Bass Guitar, Drums, Backing Vocals. Recorded at The Boathouse in Northridge, CA. Engineered by Missy Buettner. Mixed by Robbie Rist. Written by Francis Garcia (BMI), arranged by Jeff Caudill. **STOP WRITING SONGS** Francis Garcia: Vocals, 6 & 12-String Electric Guitars, Acoustic Guitar, Electric Piano, Bass Guitar & Drums. Greg McMullen: Pedal Steel. Self-recorded/mixed at home in Brooklyn, NY. Written by Jeff Caudill (ASCAP), arranged by Francis Garcia. **I WAS THE LEAD SINGER** Jeff Caudill: Vocals & Acoustic Guitar. Francis Garcia: Vocals & 12-String Acoustic Guitar. Greg McMullen: Pedal Steel. Robbie Rist: Percussion. Recorded at home in Brooklyn, NY and The Boathouse in Northridge, CA. Mixed by Francis Garcia. Written and arranged by Jeff Caudill (ASCAP) and Francis Garcia (BMI). Cover photograph by Xavier Camacho. Sleeve photography by Michelle Kratchman. Graphic design by Jeff Caudill. Mastered by Jeff King. All songs © Echosseven Music (BMI), © Jeff Caudill and Francis Garcia, 2006.



www.jeffcaudill.com www.drivetilmorning.net www.myspace.com/allaboutrecords www.myspace.com/top5records

Jeff and I are cut from the same cloth. You see, we would've been buds growing up had we known each other in the eighties. In a hypothetical world, Jeff was the dude you befriended in ninth grade because he had an impeccably hand-drawn Iron Maiden logo on the cover of his algebra book. He was also one of the only other people in the entire school who was kick-ass enough (or shameless enough, depending on your definition of cool) to wear fingerless gloves and ripped denim to class. After it became evident that good music did not require assless chaps or a buzzsaw cod piece, Jeff and I became indoctrinated to punk rock and hardcore. We were on parallel trajectories on our respective gulf and pacific coasts and it was only a matter of time before our paths would intersect.

It was the summer of 1992 when Gameface drifted through Houston. I was in full-on SST/Cruz Records mode and easily swayed by their uncanny resemblance to Big Drill Car. From that point on, sharing the stage with Gameface became an unrivaled annual event. Some of my most memorable shows as a member of Fourth Grade

Nothing were with Gameface on the *Three To Get Ready* tour. My decision to cover *Greentree* from the *Three To Get Ready* album was twofold: 1) it's a killer song characterized by urgency, a bit of heartache, youthful exuberance, and a resonant coming-of-age sentiment, 2) I wanted to sing the part about watching reruns of Silver Spoons. More than a decade after *Greentree*, Jeff and I are still doing shows together and he's still cranking out timeless pop songs. We were embarking on an east coast mini-tour in March 2004 when I first heard *Stop Writing Songs*. I'm a sucker for a good road trip song and *Stop Writing Songs* sounds amazing even when it's blaring out of a pair of shitty car speakers at maximum volume. *I Was The Lead Singer* serves as a document of an era-gone-by. At the same time, it marks the beginning of something new. Many miles have been traveled since our days of hand-assembling flyers at Kinko's and mail-ordering colored vinyl 7-inches. But as long as we've got songs to sing, distance is not an object.