

MOVIOLA

Broken Rainbows

Deadpan Charms and Dubious Yarns



Friday, September 24 • 8pm
Wexner Center for the Arts • Mershon Auditorium

(front cover)

Broken Rainbows came together throughout the disquieting (and deadpan, and dubious) latter half of 2020 in Jake's home studio, just about 5 miles north—as the crow flies—from where we are tonight. If crows foreshadow sadness or grief, there was a flock overhead during those days (and, sadly, they continue to circle). We gathered carefully to talk, write music, and talk more. We've been friends and done this for nearly three decades, so it was muscle memory. (The fact that our college-age kids can now join us for this intergenerational jamboree is the most beautiful of things.)

Broken Rainbows is how we processed and survived, made sense. It's a five-headed declaration. Our democracy is our strength, as a band, and, in its purest sense, as a country.

Keep voting.

Moviola, September 2021



Expat (or, Oslo Calling)

I'm washing my hands of the situation
Lookin for a new vibration
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

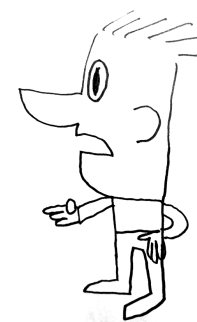
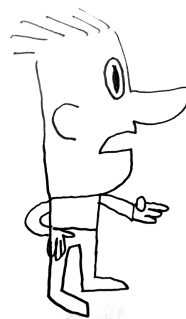
Reclaiming my time from the conversation
Headed for a destination
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

Because I wanna be an expat
Wanna ditch this place
Leave without a trace
Homegrown stupidity has won the race

I wanna be an expat
Don't care how exotic
Far less patriotic
Jingoism meets neurotic
Whoa-oh-oh

London or Tokyo
Come on, come on let's go
Rio or Tel Aviv
I'm packing up to leave

Stars and stripes and palpitations
Expat is my sole salvation



Broken Rainbows

(or, Royal, Azure, Cerulean,
Turquoise, Navy, Cobalt)

Where have you been since
We left Morgantown?
Day by sad day
October's winding down



Some say you might be
Up near Manitou
Out there paddling
An old birch bark canoe

The leaves are gone
The birds have flown
And the sky's in on it too
Broken rainbows
With only shades of blue

Better grab that bottle
Go wake up the chief
There's smoke signals over downtown
And blood in the streets

This time you bit off
More than you ever knew
And aimless contrition
Was never gonna do

Go With You

(or, You Can Only Do So Much)

Trouble came and got me
Picked me out of the crowd
Called to me in a voice
That was clear but it was not loud

Now I'm gonna go
I'm gonna go
I, I, I, I,
I'm gonna go with you

Trouble slid up next to me
Whispered in my ear
Laid out the case so convincingly
Said I had nothing to fear

Trouble was expected
Didn't make me wait
A steady hand on my shoulder
And a slow, comfortable gait



Orders of the Day

(or, Holding Up Signs in the Rain)

Voices break the silent parade
Marching in your head all the way

They're not striking out
Just hitting back, for themselves

Holding up signs in the rain
I get down at being far away

Celebrate the world we make
Work to find a new way
Ignore the orders of the day
Disregard what they say

Get it back for what you are owed
Plans sometimes are built in the road

Losses always end up the same
Propping up the work that remains



Nowhere Home

(or, I Just Want to Bury My Dad
Beside Saul Bellow)

You're not the only one
Taking laps around the sun
And everybody adds the days
At the same, the same old subtle pace

A snapshot, where you are
You've gone away, too far
Away, only on the phone
Foothills, can hold their own

What do you want carved in stone
In your Golden State, alone
In your Golden State, your nowhere home

Five days coast to coast
True love diagnosed and
We'll be the elders too
One day, if you leave us room



Two Evils

(or, Gave Myself a FlowBee Haircut)

I got two evils knockin
on my front door
Get under the bed
Get down on the floor
Choices, choices

Two evils drivin all over the place
Take the wheel
can't feel my face
Voices, voices

Six ways to Sunday
never missed a beat
Six ways to Sunday
Always quick on my feet

Vices large
And vices small
Dominoes are soon to fall

What's yours is yours
What's mine is mine
Pour out that sour week-old wine
Two evils, vanished



Which Way Did You Run?

(or, How Dreadlock Doris Channeled Her Guilt
and Kicked Oppression in the Nutsack)

Round about sunset
I'll be on your doorstep
Come we'll walk these
Haunted streets

It sure does smell like
Something is burning
And don't that sound like
Marching feet

See the light's coming for
Those shadows
So that everyone can breathe

Now black smoke fills
The whole horizon
And wind blows embers
Through the trees

Come on ring the bell
And raise your bugle
Smash out those windows
So we can finally see

When it's all said and done
Which way did you run?



Rise

(or, Old and Wise, Only the Opposite)

When you left the bookstore
on it's final dying day
And Christian said that maybe things
were better off this way
But all that you could think about
was now where would you go
To read and drink your coffee and get paid

Take heart
Take heart

You will rise above the rabble
to be someone some fine day

You could live on a shoestring
for a year or maybe two
Pretending to be qualified
for work that you won't do
But when the final cave-in comes
and buries you alive
You might be forced to make a compromise

Drawn like a moth to the afterglow
You don't have to know
What you want



Parched

(or, And Lay Down in the Snow
to Make Sense of the Clouds)

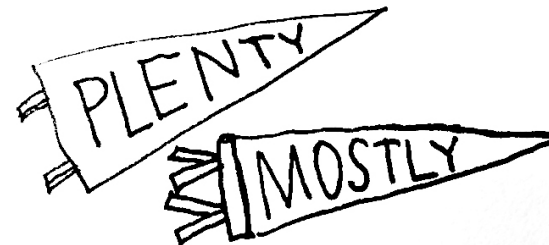
Our windows cloud
These threadbare days
The draft dims the candles
And the shadows daisy chain

The stove it's packed and parched
Like a sun-dried Chevrolet
We're riding out this winter
That's beavered us away

If you recover something that's true
Let me borrow it from you
And I'll come back to greet the world
A little less confused

A moonlit walk up the ski jump road
Stalks headless
In rows out of the snow

The snow that hides the leaves
And the leaves that hid the ground
And the chain links and the postings
And the lights from downtown



Stripes and Stars

(or Pam and Cordel's 42nd Annual
Backyard BBQ and Cornhole Deathmatch)

Rednecks, whitetrash, and booms
This 4th it took a whole 5th of booze
And we ain't getting very far
With our bellies on this bar
Black and blue
Stripes and stars



We had it all sewn up in the cotton
That should have been unravelled by now
When things have gone this far
Then folks are bound to spar
Whips and chains
Stripes and stars

So raise up a glass to your comrade
And wash it down, this most bitter pill
Cause somehow here we are
Feeding pigeons with the czar
Torn and tattered
Stripes and stars
Torn and tattered
Beer battered
Stripes and stars

Lost Today

(or, Wake Up to Find Out
You Really Screwed Up)

Your words run like water
River set back in time
Moon shines on the sleeping
You've been on my mind

I'm floating off without you
Sunrise is in my sight
The leaves will start changing
I'll leave without a fight

And when you see me
Won't know what to say
Drifting down with the time
Lost today

The boat floats off at night
I stand alone on shore
The day is burning bright
I don't know anymore



Secret Cave



Moviola

Greg Bonnell – drums
Jerry Dannemiller – guitar
Ted Hattermer – bass
Jake Housh – guitar
Scotty Tabachnick – keyboard, guitar

Camille Housh – backing vocals
Haley Housh – backing vocals
Josh Housh – backing vocals, saw
Toby Hattermer – backing vocals, acoustic guitar

Interstitial video: Jake Housh
Program artwork: Greg Bonnell
Intro and interstitial sounds:
Brian Harnetty, Jerry Dannemiller, Little Brother

Thank you:

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Michael Ivey (video) Bela Koe-Krompecher, Paul Nini



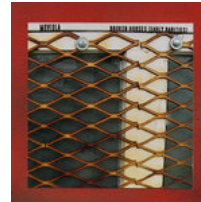
(back cover)



Broken Rainbows
(2021)



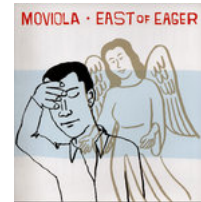
Scrape and Cuss
(2020)



Broken Horses
(2008)



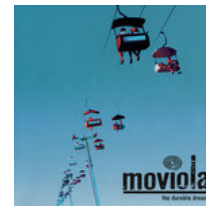
Dead Knowledge
(2007)



East of Eager
(2004)



Rumors of the Faithful
(2001)



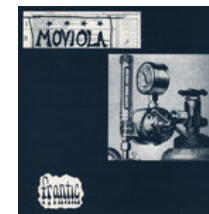
The Durable
Dream
(1999)



Glen Echo
Autoharp
(1997)



The Year You
Were Born
(1996)



Frantic
(1995)

All titles available at moviolamusic.bandcamp.com