

# Postdata

These are my grandparents. They passed away two years ago and left me pieces of songs in a series of dreams, not Coleridge-esque opium dreams though unfortunately, just regular dreams. Kinda sad dreams. This is for them.

This is their daughter, my mother. I call her mom though, not mother. This is for her.

This is my father. This is for you too dad.

This is my stomach.

This is me.

I started working on this record a couple of years ago at my parents' house in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia with my brother Michael.

This is Michael.

We had a little too much time on our hands. Some scotch too. We wanted to make a present for mom. She'd had a tough year. With little preparation (a laptop, no microphones, click tracks, or even tuners come to think of it), we recorded about 12 ideas and we went our separate ways.

Eight months later we found a free weekend in Halifax and tried the same thing, reworking a cluster of songs from the first session and adding four extra songs to the workload. We used the same laptop, but this time we rented actual, real microphones and we used click tracks for a few songs and tuners for the most part. We think. Maybe a little less scotch this time around.

Some of the songs turned out to be fuller and more mature after a second take, better than expected. Other songs maybe didn't quite hit the mark. But the recording as a whole seems to do something quite nice.

Hope you like it.

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