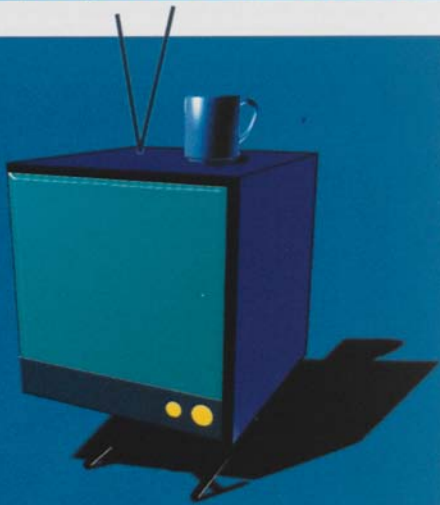


livonia triplegrandésskinnylatté



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Piphany There was a time when I was easily deceived. I saw the good in everything just to believe. It's the formula, one size fits one and all, standard issue governmental protocol. And now it all makes sense, this senseless state I'm in. Everyone has found their comfort zone within and nothing that I've learned has made me better than before, but I'd rather make my own mistakes than get the guided tour. Creativity is at its peak, but we're conditioned not to speak. Always when I need it least you get the urge to question me and yeah, it's really kinda sad, the news on TV, thousands dead, you just reach out and you change the channel. Hope is on the way (I'll find it somewhere on the way). Hope is on the way (This time I won't forgo my say, I'm learning a bit too late). And we keep our step in line, newspapers keep us occupied, rhetoric for the enemy lines, ignorance just multiplies. One day when these five walls collapse, one more straw breaks the camel's back. The illusion they devised won't fool the audience's eyes. How will we ever come to terms, what will we do with what we learnt, will you still want to change the channel? **Conflict** You've got the right words coming without it. No one wants to fight it, it's something you are so good at. But that's the way it has to be now, when everyone's bottled up to do something precious for themselves. Giving all to your own benefit, where we've all been placed as your guinea pig. We find out all too late, we've already made it, yeah! You keep lying to yourself! Is this the end of it all? If this is what you crave you're making a mistake, the hurting is captured deep within. If this is what you want, a fool for everyone, don't be surprised when it all comes, falls right back to you. **Dubside** Immaculated. Something else. You could not believe in what you have. To have and to hold this is what you need, you could not believe it so ask if you please. Little by little you try to wake me with your stupid sense. As it comes out right, as it comes out right, you try to lead me out to meet you... girl. Where did you go? I wanna know where did you ever go. Where did you go? You try to lead me out to meet you in this feeling. Feel, field, feel. Meet me out in the dark where we can discuss what you need. **Heavy Load** You've got a load on your shoulders, strapped on to you like a time bomb. I see no comfort in your eyes, tick away. You said you have it controlled, no worries just for a day, till you started to break down, it's too late. Walk away, far away. Your life's a destruction. Walk away, far away. Your life's an obstruction. You said you're heading for futures not knowing what had to come. Till you bang on a blank wall, tumbling down. **If Not Now When?** Is time simply best with no denial, to have to hold your true desire? Don't ever wait too long, don't ever wait till it's gone. Problems come to no end within these times, inflict the fear into our lives. Don't ever shun away from all those distant days. Too much ideas in our head, got confused along the way. Too much that we never said. Too much, never want to say. **Let Go** Sometimes when you're feeling all alone in this world, there must be something you can do to get away. If you have the solutions to the problems that I have, kindly tell me what I need to let it go. I have tried to be so calm in many ways, even tried to be alive inside again. Well maybe I should learn to let it all go. My moods - it's like a pendulum that swings from A to B, one day's happy then the next will be all sad. Now you know I can be like everyone else everywhere, but that would mean that you won't see another me. **A Gift Of Wings** I am not well but I try to make things seem. Skate around cracks on ice until I'm underneath. Accidents, coincidents, the elements and chance, rationalized uncertainties can become evidence. I do not want to be ruled by misgivings. I am tainted but for you, a gift of - a gift of wings. Use them well and they will take you further than you see, and you'll connect the ends of the horizon when you're free. Fade away beneath your feet, disintegrate just from your heat, but I will always be within your reach. Within your reach. I am sanctuary and I am distress (there is beauty that you can't see from outside). I am malleable but not characterless (and it will keep long after memories subside). You and I are special in our ordinary way. Making time will be more than the message will convey. **Output** You keep it in, won't let it out, don't know if you're scared out. You took the blame, it's all the same, is this all a part of a game? There isn't a second chance for you to ever make amends. It's plain to see, a make-believe. A downward spirit waiting for me. Way to go, stupid kid! You've been kicked, to the pit. So this is how your story begins, don't know if it ever ends. I wish there is a source within, to neutralise this hate within. Far away, for today, and we'll try to forget. **Prototype** I'm a prototype, structured to change in many different ways. I know it's unavoidable. I'm a prototype, structured to change in many different ways. I know it's undeniable. Build me, paint me, like the way you do. Scrape me, break me, what else can I do? I'm not proud of who I am, I can't see from where I stand. It's always the same for you and me. **Unbecoming** Never knowing what you want. Always in a state of thought. Always in a space of mind, stuck inside your head. Never knowing what you need. Tell me if it's trick or treat? Is there someone else inside toying on your mind? You never know where to head on your own. Is there a sign for me to know where you're on? **Eve** I don't know how to tell you, I really don't know what to say, there is nothing we can do about it all. I can't stop it now, stop it from breaking free, all your move and groove is making me so high. Run along with the time, in my dreams you'll be mine. Thought of you, felt so good, in my head it's all heartache. There is more to wish for... even when I don't think so. Everybody needs a little fantasy, I know it's all for nothing. One more entry for my dreams, just another silly outbreak of my whims. Run along with my mind, everything will be okay. So for now, compromise. You'll be gone soon enough. Give it up I say, there is nothing more you can do about it. There is nothing more for me to talk about. Eve, I tried my luck. Then maybe... who will know? **Vanish** Craving. Feels good. Plaything. Intrude. Carving patterns. Counting scars like constellations. Anguish. Been there. Vanish. Thin air. She hides. Recluse. Splits her skin in self abuse. "Maybe I could go away tomorrow", she says. "I can always write this goodbye note again". She acts brave, but she's afraid, the hurting's all she knows, what will she do if it ever really goes. Waking feels strange. Shaking. Restrain. Just one more fix. It's better when the feeling kicks in. Memories disposed. Headlights, she froze. Wasting. Warning. From the smile she's always feigning. **Too Much Now** It's only emptiness living inside me, got my soul and here I bleed. Bleed down through the night filled up with silence, only echoes haunt my thoughts. Why isn't there a place I could try and forget all these fights that try to feed, feeding on my sorrows, my sadness and my life. Just be still and strong they say. So goodbye for now, I will rise someday. I just know, I do. This is how it goes living with a dream in a place where talk is cheap. Cheaper than the price you pay for your greed in the search for what you need. Fill my heart with pain. There's nothing more to gain. Run this heart aground. **Triple Grande Skinny Latte** "And disappearing off into the heights, the lark ascending."

thecrazyone would like to thank: Mary Kilroy, Brianne Gambrell, Emerlene, Martina Aguayo, Ness and Arbie, Mark and Julia, Sarah Beth and Phil, George Chua, Edwin Tan (funksouldrummer), Ismail "brett" Salleh, Asrina and Adrian, Melissa Chang, Michelle Madore, Trixia (my best friend!), Joyce, Dom and Mat, William "taggot" my three bandmates for sticking together along the highwire of love and life! (love u guys!), my sister Ray and my family (best coolest family on earth! drink up dad!) n sadly, for those not mentioned here, sorry but yer not COOL enuff in my books! haha! Dedicated to NICK DRAKE (r.i.p), the influential entity that thoroughly inspires me, "and we rise and we are everywhere."



triple

Alfe would like to thank: Ray Aziz for being a positive influence in my drumming life - you may not know it but your words and your guidance have always been compass and inspiration. Leonard Soosay for helping us to get this done...my bandmates :-)) ...& all the people & things I needn't mention by name, you have shown me how much there is to live for.



grande

Joseph thanks: My family, Trixia for her love, support & infinite patience. Ami, for being a bass player, Daniel, as a guitarist, Alfe, as a drummer. But most of all, for being my true pals in this long & winding road. Tong Hong, Tong Peng, Nor, Sock Too & rest of the gang from HOURSTOR & Chan Weng Kok. Michael, Chris, Gilbert from CHOCO TRADING. Chris & Kelvin from GUNG-HO & all my toy fanatic friends - whom I can't name out all! Last, but most importantly, to those who have supported Livonia, a big thank you.



skinny

Daniel says thank you to: J, for everything and then going beyond that too. Love you lots! My parents, Muhammad & Dominique, for office space, wine and friendship. Fellow future legal eagles Kew Yong, Zehua, Kavita, Eugene, Sharon, Xiao, Jared, Auggie & others: Tim (you champ!) & Micki Steward + Screamefeeder, Dawn Kua, William, Ginette, Micheal + Dave & Jean + Keith + Ben + the rest, Amran, Benson, Big Mike, Linda & Johnson, Jel & Mari. My 3 best mates who just happen to be in Livonia too - Hey guys, we made this happen! And anyone in the media who helps us with that too. Don't forget to say MOO 'cos cows r cool.



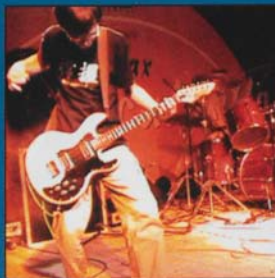
latte

Ami Meedon - bass, vocals on Too Much

Alfe Kim - drums

Joseph Tan - lead vocals, guitars

Daniel Sassoon - guitars, backing vocals



Livonia extends their sincere gratitude to the following people:

Leonard Soosay & Chong from The Mastering Suite – thanks for the time, patience, effort and sound. Trixia Ang & Joyce Tan for their contributions and most of all enduring all these sessions. Muhammad Alkhatib & Dominique Low for the support.

Thanks also to:

David Torrey, Chee Yong + Creative Technologies, Shabnam Melwani + Soundbuzz.com, Ah Boy + TNT Studio, Tim Steward, Laurent Ong Little, Ah Boon + Boon Studio, JF + Audioload.com, all at Moods Pub, Andrew Ing + Zouk, Esam + Stoned Revivals, Astreal, Concave Scream, Electricco., Plain Sunset, Sherene's Closet, the folks at Seattle Coffee, Arti Mulchand + Life!, Liz Cheam at Warner/Chappell, Rebecca Lim, Jeremy Phua + the Perfect 10 98.7fm crew, Maddie + Paul Zach from 91.3fm, Michelle Chang from 99.5fm, George Chua, Robin Chua + HMV Records, Tower Records, Farizwan, Dean + Ray Aziz, Patrick Chng, Satish, Uncle Joe Ng, Leslie Low, John Chiong, Glenn Lim, Marcus + Desmond from OMS, Xiao Jinhong + Phillip & Stephen Cheah + BigO, Kai Chal + Andy, 8 Days, Evan, Ben Harrison, Chang Kang.

Additional musicians:

Leonard Soosay – editing & keyboards on Triple Grande Skinny Latte, Eve and Prototype
Joyce Tan – keyboards on Too Much
Gerald Stahlmann – backing vocals on Eve
Tim Steward – samples, vocals, keyboards & assorted mish mash on Triple Grande Skinny Latte
Pascale – nursery rhyme on Triple Grande Skinny Latte
Tim Steward is from Screamefeeder and appears courtesy of MODS R US.
We used "The Lark Ascending" on Triple Grande Skinny Latte. Sorry.
And we thank Australian Radio for the sound samples.

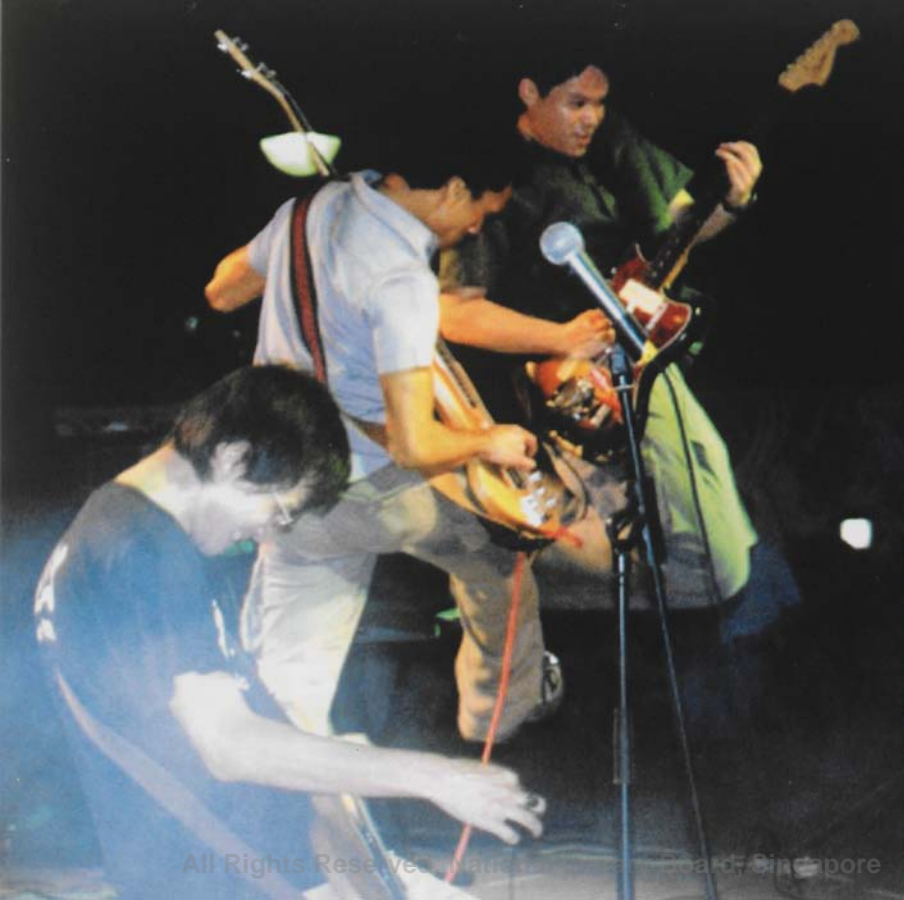
Album sleeve and website design – Muhammad Alkhatib (www.wizwerx.com)
Album concept – Joyce Tan

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Recorded at The Mastering Suite.
Except for If Not Now When? which was recorded at TNT Studios by Ah Boy in 1997.
Engineered by Leonard Soosay.
Mastered by David Torrey at DRT Mastering (www.drtmastering.com).

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