



Wy Name (S June Vocals and acoustic guitar: Kirsten Electric bass: John Electric guitar: Leslie Drums: Blee Backing vocals: Jolie and John

I am a mother and a daughter, a lover and a friend The world that I once knew is gone, impossible to comprehend Once I had a gentle man and he loved me to the moon

They call me by another name but still, my name is June.

Now I keep my head down,
I don't look them in the eye
Every dress I own is red and the driver is a spy
Once I had a mother,
a fighter through and through
They call me by another name,
but the name she gave to me is June.

It's June. And all I have left is my name.

How can you do this? How can you let this be? How can you do this?

You're a woman just like me. My name is June. And all I have left is my name. You asked me if I'm happy.
I told you what they made me say.
The truth is: Death is preferable
to what I'm living through today
Once I had a little girl that I carried in my womb
They call me by another name,
but now you know my name is June.
It's June. And all I have left is my name.

How can you do this? How can you let this be? I'm a woman, I am human, I'm not a commodity. How can you do this? How can you let this be? How can you do this?

You're a woman just like me ...

... a mother and a daughter, a lover and a friend
The world I knew is upside down,
impossible to comprehend
My daughter is out there somewhere
and I pray to see her soon
She's the only reason I stay alive.

How can you do this? How can you let this be? I am a woman I am not a commodity How can you do this? How can you let this be? How can you do this? You're a woman just like me

My name is June. And all I have left is my name.

Blue

Vocals and acoustic guitar: Kirsten
Upright bass: John
Mandolin: Doug A.
Electric guitar: Leslie
Drums: Blee
Backing vocals: Jolie, John, and Kirsten

Blue, blue. I focus on the blue
I float far away to survive another day
I focus on the blue
Blue like a summer sky
Blue like the wings of a damselfly
Stray cornflower in a field of rye
And blue like the sea

I keep my eyes focused on the ceiling, go blue to avoid all feeling
I fly to another place to get through the ceremony, this monthly rite of matrimony
And if I pray and if I believe,
I will conceive and I'll have a baby

So I focus on the blue. I focus on the blue I float far away to survive another day I focus on the blue Blue violets in spring
The box that held my wedding ring Indigo of a bunting's wing and blue like the sea



I keep my eyes focused on the ceiling, go blue to avoid all feeling
I fly to another place to get through the ceremony, this monthly rite of matrimony
And if we pray and if we believe,
I will conceive and they'll take my baby

So I focus on the blue. I focus on the blue I float far away to survive another day I focus on the blue Sunlight through blue bottle glass Forget-me-nots and blue-eyed grass The patterned hem of my daughter's dress And blue like the sea

I keep my eyes focused on the ceiling, go blue to avoid all feeling
I fly to a better place to get through the rape and plunder that tears my body and my soul asunder And if I pray and if I believe,
I'll be redeemed and Blue will save me

So I focus on the blue, wild innocent blue. I drown in blue, blue like the sea

Closet Scrawl

Vocals and piano: Kirsten Electric bass: John Electric guitar: Leslie Drums: Blee Backing vocals: Jolie

I was lying on the closet floor with my face toward the wall Contemplating how to end it, when I noticed the scrawl Someone had been here before



Someone had gotten a knife and etched letters in the wall I traced them with my fingers but I didn't understand at all It said "Nolite te bastardes carborundorum." Nolite te bastardes carborundorum.

It seemed like a message from the other side It seemed like a sign that I should stay alive It made me want to live for another day If only to find out what she was trying to say When she wrote,

"Nolite te bastardes carborundorum." Nolite te bastardes carborundorum.

Later I found out what the message said And I also found out that they found her dead They found her hanging from a ceiling fan

She couldn't take it any more.

Not one more single day.
But before she left she had one last thing to say:
"Don't let the bastards grind you down."
Don't let the bastards grind you down!

It seemed like a message from the other side It seemed like a sign that I should stay alive It made me want to live for another day If only to live out what she was trying to say

She left me a message from the other side Saying, "Hang on girl, you gotta stay alive. You've still got a lot of living to do. Don't let what happened to me, happen to you. No!

Don't let the bastards grind you down! Don't let the bastards grind you down! Don't let the bastards grind you down! Don't let those bastards grind you down."

Jezebel's

Vocals and piano: Kirsten Upright bass: John Electric guitar: Leslie Drums: Blee Backing vocals: John, Jolie, and Megan

There's a lawyer and an architect,
a banker and a teacher
A painter and a riveter, a scientist and a preacher
We come from every walk of life
We had our own ambitions
But now we have to shed our pride along with
any inhibitions

At Jezebel's (at Jezebel's)
We cater to their every whim
At Jezebels (at Jezebel's)
We've tasted every flavor of sin
At Jezebel's (at Jezebel's) at Jezebel's
Life ain't easy in this speakeasy

Still it's better than a handmaid always talking about the weather There's plenty of liquor at the bar to make the creeps look better There's plenty of fancy dresses to wear and plenty of pills to swallow Plenty of ways to help you pretend that your life's not completely hollow



At Jezebel's (at Jezebel's) you cater to their every whim At Jezebel's (at Jezebel's) We've tasted every flavor of sin At Jezebel's (at Jezebel's) at Jezebel's We're keeping it sleazy in this speakeasy

Sometimes when the guy's not so hard on the eyes You can pretend that you had a choice (here at Jezebel's)

And when he gives you a ring or asks you to sing You can pretend that you have a voice (here at Jezebel's)

But don't think too much 'cause it'll fuck you up You're never getting out alive (you're stuck at Jezebel's) So pop all the pills and drink all you can take 'Cause it's the only escape, it's the only escape

When you're a Jezebel at Jezebel's (at Jezebel's)
You cater to their every whim
At Jezebel's (at Jezebel's)
You cater to their every whim
At Jezebel's (at Jezebel's), at Jezebel's
We're keeping it sleazy (in this speakeasy)
Keeping it sleazy (in this speakeasy)
Keeping it sleazy in this speakeasy

Sliver at Joy

Vocals and acoustic guitar: Kirsten Vocals and upright bass: John Mandolin: Doug A. Drums: Blee

I tiptoe down the hallway, pussyfoot down the stairs I creep across the backyard hoping no one's there to see me On my way to take my sliver of joy On my way to take my sliver of joy

My sliver of joy

The Commander's home is a nightmare, the Commander's wife is a shrew

the Commander's wife is a shrew
But the end of the day holds a sweetness
if I can make it up your room to see you
You, my sliver of joy
You, my sliver of joy
You're my sliver of joy

I don't know if it's true love, or just a way to pass the the time But here I am risking everything for a few hours of sublime and beautiful you You, you my sliver of joy You, my sliver of joy You're my sliver of joy

I don't know if it's true love, or just some kind of escape But if they ever took you away, my heart would surely break to lose you You, my sliver of joy You, my sliver of joy



I found out yesterday, the man of mine that they took away Is still alive, and he's working from the other side to find me

And if I ever see him again I will belong to him But here and now, despite my vow it's you 'Cause you are my only sliver of joy You are my only sliver of joy

So I tiptoe down the hallway, pussyfoot down the stairs I creep across the backyard hoping no one's there to see me On my way to take my sliver of joy On my way to take my sliver of joy 'Cause you are my only sliver of joy You're my sliver of joy.

Feels So Good to Fly

Vocals and piano: Kirsten Electric bass: John Saxophone: Allen Drums: Blee Backing vocals: John, Jolie, and Megan

It would feel so good to fly ... I stand on the ledge looking over the edge At the rocks and the waves below That would destroy my body but liberate my soul

The baby in my arms sleeps quietly, breathes peacefully
The baby in my arms, she could fly with me
She would never have to know.
I could set her free ...

No more twisted world, no more twisted desires No more servitude, no more hypocrites and liars Well there's got to be something better, beyond this great big sky And we can get there if I'm brave, and if I take this leap and fly If I fly, if I fly

And the baby in my arms sleeps quietly, breathes peacefully The baby in my arms, she could fly with me She would never have to know.

'Cause it would feel so good to fly I stand on the ledge, toes over the edge Yeah it would feel so good to fly I stand on the ledge, toes over the edge



And now I look back to say goodbye I hear the panicked voices, reconsider my choices

'Cause the baby in my arms sleeps quietly, breathes peacefully The baby in my arms, maybe she could have a better life than mine ... So I step off the ledge, away from the edge And June takes my baby from my arms And now my arms are spread like wings The wind on my face swirls and sings The rocks and the waves below Are beckoning and I'm ready to go Ready to go

'Cause it would feel so good to fly I stand on the ledge, toes over the edge [x3]

The air is sky, the sky is blue I'm over the edge and now I know it's true It feels so good to fly

Under this Eye

Vocals and acoustic guitar: Kirsten Electric bass: John Electric guitar: Leslie Drums: Blee Backing vocals: Jolie, John, and Kirsten

I'm laying low, I'm laying low, I'm laying oh so low I'm laying low, I'm laying low, I'm laying oh so low

I'm laying oh so low

Soon it will be my dying day
The time will come for them to pay
For all their crimes against humanity
I've got nothing to lose and I'm not afraid
I'm just biding my time until the moment is right,
I'm laying low
I'm laying low, I'm laying low,

Under his eye I pretend to pray No one could doubt my piety I lower my head and I obey No one suspects that I could ever betray



Because I'm laying low, I'm laying low,
I'm laying oh so low
Oh I'm just biding my time
until the moment is right, yeah I'm laying low
I'm laying low

Sorry sisters but there's no other way
Collateral damage is a price we pay
We need to burn it all down to build a better day
We've got nothing to lose,
we are the martyr maids
And no more laying low, no laying low,
no more laying low
No more laying low, no laying low,

no more laying low

This is my dying day (under his eye)
I will not cower, I will not obey (under his eye)
I will not run and I won't look away
I've got nothing to lose and I'm not afraid
(under his eye)

This is your dying day (under his eye)
The time has come for you to pay
(under his eye)
For all your crimes against humanity
I got a bomb up my sleeve and I'm not afraid
(I'll lay you low)

I'll lay you low (I'll lay you low) I'll lay you oh so low (I'll lay you low) I'll lay you six feet low I'm going down and you're going down with me

Hamah

Vocals and piano: Kirsten Mandolin: Doug A.

Hannah, my sweet Hannah baby Please don't, don't turn away We have so little time here in this place. Please turn around, let me see your face Oh baby ...

Hannah, my Hannah Banana
Do you remember, do you remember me?
Do you remember your dad
and the things that he said?
The stories we told? Being tucked into bed?
Oh baby, our baby you'll always be

Hannah, my Hannah Banana Baby, are they good to you? Do you laugh, do you play, do you splash in the rain?



Do you sing silly songs? Do they know the refrain? Do they tell you that they love you?

Hannah, sweet little Hannah Baby, look me in the eye Keep my love and the truth close to your heart But keep yourself safe by playing the part My baby, I'm telling you to lie

Hannah, Hannah Banana Please believe me, I really tried There's so much love and there's so much pain And these minutes are ticking away to maybe our last goodbye

Letters from Gilead

Vocals and acoustic guitar: Kirsten Electric bass: John Electric guitar: Leslie Drums: Blee Backing vocals: Jolie, Kirsten, Megan, Leslie, John, and Blee

This is a letter to you although
I don't know who I'm writing to
And if it ever gets through, I don't know
if there's anything that you could do
But there's things that you need to know.
So many here have given up on hope
I try to take it day by day
but I can feel my soul slipping away

So I'm writing you a letter, hoping that this letter will somehow make it through to you And if you find this letter and if you read this letter, will it make any difference to you? If it makes it through ...

If you could see it all with your own eyes
I'm pretty sure that you would be surprised
I don't know what you see on the news,
but no doubt they sanitize the views
There's only so much we can say.
They won't hesitate to cut away our tongues.

And if we disobey you can't conceive of the terrible price we pay

So if I write a letter, if I send this letter will it somehow make it through to you? And if you find this letter and if you read this letter will it make any difference to you? Will it make it through?



Mayday is on the move.

A stack of letters could finally prove that the rumours you've heard are true.

We need your help and we're begging you We're crying, "Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! M'aidez! M'aidez!"

We're writing these letters, hoping that these letters will somehow make it through to you And if you see these letters, if you read these letters it has to make a difference to you

We're writing these letters, hoping that these letters will somehow make it through to you And if you see all these letters,

if you read all these letters it has to make a difference to you It has to make it through ...

Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! M'aidez! M'aidez!

oh Canada

Piano, acoustic guitar, and synth: Kirsten Electric bass: John Drums: Blee June's vocals: Kirsten Moira's vocals: Megan Luke's vocals: Doug H. Radio DJ's vocals: John

JUNE:

Oh Canada, I heard your voice on the radio Saying you're still there with open arms Oh Canada, I'm on my way

Over the border and through the woods Your voice gave me solace and a little hope Oh Canada, I'm on my way

Oh Canada, your voice on the car radio The world outside was covered in snow I had a getaway car but I couldn't go Oh Canada, I could not go



Oh Canada, your voice stuck in my head I'll either make it there or I'll end up dead I had to postpone freedom for another day But oh Canada, I'm on my way

MOIRA:

Oh Canada, you can't imagine what I've seen You can't imagine what they've done to me Oh Canada, please take me in

Oh Canada, are you the land of milk and honey? Where I can read a book and spend my own money? Oh Canada, you took me in

Oh Canada, a bowl of cereal can make me cry Blessed be the Froot Loops, under his eye No use asking the reasons why I'm still alive and she had to die I made it to the land of Canaan Oh Canada, can I begin again?





LUKE:

Oh Canada, a man can break or a man can bend

Oh Canada, you took me in

Oh Canada, a man can break or a man can bend

Oh Canada, can you help me mend?

Oh Canada, a man can break or a man can bend

Oh Canada, I'm a broken man

Oh Canada,

you've done so much but it's not enough Diplomacy can only go so far

It's time to raise an army, start a righteous war For my wife and child and so many more

So many more, so many more

They're trapped on the other side Oh Canada, it's a genocide

01 0 1

Oh, Canada, it's time to rise!

The Haze & Dacey Collective are:

Kirsten Hazler: vocals, acoustic guitar, piano, synth John Dacey: upright bass, electric bass, vocals Blee Child: drums, vocals Leslie Williams: electric guitar, vocals Doug Austin: mandolin Allen Burris: saxophone Jolie Harrison: vocals Megan Rollins: vocals Doug Hewitt: vocals

All songs written by Kirsten Hazler (ASCAP)
Vocal arrangements by Kirsten Hazler and John Dacey
Instrumental arrangements by The Haze & Dacey Collective

All recording, mixing, and magic by John Morand at Sound of Music Studio except:
Doug Hewitt's vocal track for "Oh Canada" recorded by Dano Deckelman
at Sound of Music Studio (soundofmusicrva.com)
Megan Rollins' vocal track for "Oh Canada" recorded by Doug Hewitt at
Motif Music Recording Studio

Vocal/piano tracks for "Hannah" and piano/synth/John's vocal tracks for "Oh Canada" recorded by Kirsten Hazler at The Nest Mandolin tracks recorded by Doug Austin at Gravity Tractor Studio Mastering by Brent Lambert at The Kitchen Mastering Studio (kitchenmastering.com)

Album design concept by Kirsten Hazler Album layout and design by Bland Crowder Album art by Mary Chiaramonte (merrysee.com) Artwork used by permission; all rights reserved by the artist

This album was inspired by the television series *The Handmaid's Tale*, created by Bruce Miller, and by the 1985 novel of the same name written by Margaret Atwood, upon which the series was based.

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