

A photograph of actor Steve Moakler. He is wearing a dark navy blue blazer over a grey t-shirt with yellow text. He has curly brown hair and is looking off-camera to the right with a thoughtful expression. The background is a blurred urban street scene with buildings and windows.

**STEVE
MOAKLER
WATCHING
TIME RUN**

01. WAITING

Look at me love. I'm torn up on the inside and you're just blind enough. To see me, the way you'd like to. I've noticed I relate to shade and cloudy skies more than I would like, and I just decided. That I'm letting you go. Do you already know? *Waiting. Feels like I'm waiting for a change. My eyes can't look at you the same. Inside a love that I've outgrown. So soon you'll see me on my own.* You've got your color changing eyes. And I can finally see, this time I recognized, the colors changed in me. That's when the facts all fade to fiction. The reasons run from truth. I'm in a difficult position, but there's nothing you can do. I tried to see your smile in the happy ending. I could see it for a while, then I stopped pretending. I lost the shivers in my spine when, your scent surrounds me. I was burying my doubts just when, you found me. // Written by Steve Moakler. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI). // Jake Goss: Drums, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Ben Rector: Piano/Background Vocals, Tony Lucido: Bass, Chad Copelin: Organ, Jarod Evans: Acoustic Guitar, Steve Moakler: Vocals

02. TODAY

Step out from the walls. It's time to start the dancing. Stop holding all your cards. It's time to take some chances. Fall into a dream. Let it spit you back out. Just drop everything. And take a look around you. Take a look around you. *Send your fear away. Let it slip away. Today is a revival. Today, Today. All you need to know is that you're letting go. Today is a revival. Today, Today.* Man don't you just stand there. Go on and tell her. Look at all the love. Ain't it like a shelter? When you just. Brother are you broken? Sister are you down? You don't have to stay in your place. In your place. // Written by Steve Moakler. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI). // Jake Goss: Drums, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Ben Rector: Piano/Acoustic Guitar, Tony Lucido: Bass, Chad Copelin: Organ/Ganja, Steve Moakler: Vocals

03. BEST THING

Take your shoes off, I'll show you how to dance. Out in the grass with ants in your pants. Shake your blues off put your smile on, you bring the beautiful I'll bring the song, yeah. There ain't nothing better than love that anyone anywhere ever has touched. And I don't know if that's what this is, I don't wanna be a sucker after just one kiss. But there's something here, that ain't no doubt. *You are the best thing that I've seen, that I've seen baby. You are the best thing that I've seen, that I've seen baby. Is that my heart beatin' on my sleeve, on my sleeve? Maybe. You are the best thing that I've seen, that I've seen baby.* By the best I mean second to none. Ain't nobody no not no one. You're so cool like an ice cream cone, cats and pajamas, and The Rolling Stones. Girl, you don't need to look at the time cause every minute here on out is mine. There ain't nothing that a man can do when he meets a girl like you. // Written by Steve Moakler and Luke Laird. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI). Universal Music - Careers/High Powered Machine Music (BMI). // Jake Goss: Percussion, Luke Laird: Beat-Box Loop, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar/Baritone Guitar, Ben Rector: Piano/Acoustic Guitar/Background Vocals, Tony Lucido: Bass, Chad Copelin: Organ, Kacey Muskgraves: Background Vocals, Steve Moakler: Vocals

04. CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT YOU

Boom ba dum. Boom ba dum. I still remember when I first saw her, eating cake off a plastic saucer and all my thoughts began to form a single file line. Let's keep our eyes in a safe location, take stab at a conversation. Let's move slow with this lovely doe, Miss apple of my eye. As far as I could tell, she had no wand, or magic spell but. *I can't stop thinking about you no, I can't stop thinking about you. It seems there's nothing that I can do, to stop from thinking about you. Let me know, let me down. Just let me hear the sound of your voice, I have no choice, I can't stop thinking about you.* So I extended my hand as a friendly gesture, my name is, wait. I can't remember. I gathered my thoughts, connected the dots and surveyed the damage done. Well she's still here and she's still smiling, my butterflies have been multiplying. Lord only knows that I'm just trying, to get this off the ground. When it came time to walk away, I fumbled for the words to say. Of all the things that I find captivating, and stimulating, you're the one. That's got me spun. // Written by Steve Moakler. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI). // Jake Goss: Drums, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Ben Rector: Piano/Background Vocals, Tony Lucido: Bass, Chad Copelin: Organ/Electric Guitar, Steve Moakler: Vocals

05. THING ABOUT US

You don't have to say a word, to speak to me. You don't have to know what hurts, to heal me. Maybe that's the thing. Maybe that's the thing. I don't have to move my feet, to dance with you. You don't have to look to see that my love is true. Maybe that's the thing. Maybe that's the thing. *Easy like a day goes by, you and I. Getting on our way like a lullaby. Like a steady rain when the ground is dry, every time we touch. That's the thing about us.* I don't need no crystal ball, to keep my faith. I think we're both better off, with a little mystery. Maybe that's the thing. Maybe that's the thing. I don't have to hold your hand, to feel you there. We don't really have a plan, but I'm not scared. Maybe that's the thing. Maybe that's the thing. // Written by Steve Moakler and Connie Harrington. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI), Warner-Tamberlane Publishing Corp./Made for THIS Music/All for THIS Music (BMI). // Jake Goss: Percussion, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Ben Rector: Piano, Matt Pieren: Bass, Chad Copelin: Organ, Steve Moakler: Vocals

06. WHY WE SAID GOODBYE

I've never been one, to make anything easy. But if I bite my tongue while you're moving on, would your ghost ever leave me? Did I speak too soon, when I said goodbye? Was I scared of love, is that what it was that you saw in my eyes? *Now that you're gone, the fact is fiction. Now that you're gone, I've lost my mind. Now that you're gone, I can't remember why we said goodbye.* Isn't that just life? Ain't the grass so green, on the other side, for you and I, is that where we're supposed to be? Oh, we could give it one more try. Oh, I don't want to say goodbye. // Written by Steve Moakler and Struan Shields. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI), Struan Shields (BMI). // Jake Goss: Percussion, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Ben Rector: Piano, Tony Lucido: Bass, Chad Copelin: Organ, Steve Moakler: Vocals/Acoustic Guitar





07. PLAY YOU DOWN

I should be out there having my fun. Drinking beers with the boys and watching time run. I should be listening to what I said when I said stay away from who you can't forget. Now you come pushing my heart around. All you had to do was be. *And I can't play you down, but I won't pull the trigger. If I said how I felt it would be something bigger, so fast I'd be face first flat on the ground. It's a losing game trying to play you down.* I should be thinking 'bout other stuff. Maybe read a book on how to run from love. Cause it dragged me down by the heels, had me busted up for years and years. I don't want to tell you what you already know. Everybody's talking, everybody's talking. I need some more time just to be alone. // Written by Steve Moakler. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI). // Jake Goss: Drums, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Ben Rector: Piano/Acoustic Guitar, Tony Lucido: Bass, Chad Copelin: Organ, Graham Colton: Background Vocals, Steve Moakler: Vocals/Acoustic Guitar

08. TRUTH

I thought I could turn it around, before you knew. Before I lost, all I had. I thought I could carry the lie and hold you too, but I thought wrong, you slipped right through. *The truth ain't something you can just outrun. The truth ain't something you can just outrun.* I look into your eyes and I see shattered glass. And the faith you had in me, gone like that. I gave her the keys to what was yours and mine. And I crashed this sweet love of mine, of mine. *The truth ain't something you can just outrun. The truth ain't something you can just outrun.* Oh, I'm buried alive in the things I've done. I'm crawling 'outta my grave. Looking at you with one eye open, I'm afraid. There's nothing left here, that ain't been broken. // Written by Steve Moakler and Connie Harrington. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI), Warner Tamberlane Publishing Corp./Made for THIS Music/All for THIS Music (BMI). // Jake Goss: Percussion, Chad Copelin: Organ/Juno, Jarod Evans: Acoustic Guitar, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Ben Rector: Keys, Steve Moakler: Vocals

09. LIFETIME

I'll be the protector of your heart, on the front lines of your guardian angels. We will build our love upon a rock. We will not fear but trust in times of danger. *My soul, my soul, my soul can breathe in your love. I know, I know, I come alive in your touch and I won't let go. It will take a lifetime to know all of the love I have to give you.* And you my love will be my great companion. Through the storms our love will never rust. It will shine like the morning, and unveil a story, of something so much bigger than us. And when the darkness tries to shake us. There won't be nothing that can break us, I won't let go of what I promised you, my steady heart will follow through, find rest. // Written by Steve Moakler and Parker Welling. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI), Trailerlily Music (BMI). // Jake Goss: Percussion, Chad Copelin: Piano/Organ, Jarod Evans: Acoustic Guitar, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Natalie Hemby: Background Vocals, Steve Moakler: Vocals

10. THIS AIN'T ROCK AND ROLL

I drive a compact SUV with a straight four engine inside. I think the Union won the war, but I respect your pride. I don't chew tobacco, but man I'll drink your beer. I was born up above the Dixie-line, and I ended up down here. *I'm not country but I like it country. I know where I'm from. But when I hear your songs on the radio, I start having fun. I'm so down with deep-fried chicken. Jesus save my soul. Yeah, I'm a northern city boy, but this ain't rock and roll.* I don't like watching NASCAR, but God bless the number three. I cheer on the Pittsburgh Steelers, I don't watch the SEC. I don't shoot guns or ride horses, but I'll give 'em both a try. If Johnny Cash ever heard this song, I'll bet he'd start to cry. I like pretty southern belles, and I like to take things slow. But my cousins are NYPDs and I can drive in the snow. I grew up playing in the dirt, up where it ain't red. And I've got one pair of cowboy boots but they ain't gone to my head. *I'm not country but I like it country. I'm not saying that I'm the real deal, but when your songs come on the radio I like the way I feel. I'm so down with deep-fried chicken. Jesus save my soul. Yeah, I'm a northern city boy, but this ain't rock and roll.* // Written by Steve Moakler. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI). // Chris Tyrell: Drums, Jeb Holmes: Lead Guitar/Baritone Guitar, Joey Hyde: Guitar/Background Vocals/Ganjo, Ben Rector: Acoustic Guitar, Tony Lucido: Bass, Chad Copelin: Organ/Ganjo, Jonathan Cullifer: Pedal Steel, Steve Moakler: Vocals

11. BEGINNING OF THE END

There's a phone call, on a dark night, a long and broken goodbye. An empty-handed wondering where to go. There's a right way, and a wrong way. To walk down a lonely highway, and I've been on both sides of the road. *Now I'm caught in the middle of in and out of love, love. And either way I turn I just don't have enough. Between what might be, and what has been. It feels like the beginning, it feels like the beginning of the end.* And I can't find any reason. Only complicated feelings. Looking for the man you used to know. And it's not fair, where I'm standing. And it's nothing like I planned it. The hand holds on while the heart is letting go. Of a phone call, on a dark night, a long heart-broken goodbye. An empty-handed wondering where to go. // Written by Steve Moakler and Chad Cates. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI), Sony ATV Timber Publishing/Glory Town Songs (SESAC). // Chad Copelin: Piano/Juno, Justin Saunders: Cello, Ben Rector: Background Vocals, Steve Moakler: Vocals

12. FREE

I wake up when I want to and blow my kisses at you. I don't need nothing more than sunlight and an open door. Sometimes I trouble my mind, and I waste my time. Cause all I have between the coffin and the cradle. *Is to be free, yes, I'm free. Let me hold my tiny dancer. Free, yes, I'm free. I already found the answer. Free is every breath, every step I take. Free is when you know that your soul's awake. Free.* Each day's a new invention, that's why I stop and listen. I won't let it pass me by, lace my shoes and look alive. So don't trouble your mind, you only waste your time. When all you have between the coffin and the cradle. Get on up, get on up. So you've got to get yourself up. Get on up now. // Written by Steve Moakler. Nan Jam Music Publishing (BMI). // Jacob Schrodt: Drums, Ben Rector: Piano/Background Vocals, Jarod Evans: Acoustic Guitar, Jeb Holmes: Electric Guitar, Chris Lacorte: Electric Guitar, Taylor Johnson: Electric Guitar, Tony Lucido: Bass, Matt Pierson: Bass, Steve Moakler: Vocals

Produced by Chad Copelin and Ben Rector

“This Ain’t Rock and Roll”

Produced by Joey Hyde, Chad Copelin, and Ben Rector

This majority of this album was recorded between June 20 and 26 at Blackwatch Studios in Norman, OK and June 28 and July 2 at Electric Thunder Studios in Nashville, TN.

Additional recording was done at Castle Studio in Franklin, TN and Sweetberry Studios in Nashville, TN.

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at Fused in Harbeson, DE

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Engineered by Chad Copelin

Additional Engineering by Eric Green and Aaron Eshuis

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