**LYRICS AND QUOTES**

Album title – ‘Do Not Be Afraid’

Artist – ‘bedd’

Track listing –

‘Everythings Coming Around’

‘Five Years’

‘Walkie No Talkie’

‘Paulie’s A Bum’

‘Gone’

‘Bed Sheet’

‘I Whoo Yeah’

‘Party On Dude’

‘Goodnight’

Credits –

All songs written by Jamie Hyatt & bedd

Sam Spacman – Drums, Percussion, Vocals, Darren Fellerdale – Bass, Vocals,

Neil Durbridge – Guitar, Vocals, Keys Tom Sharp – Guitar, Vocals Tim Midlen – Synths

Jamie Hyatt- Guitar, Vocals,

Recorded by Jamie Hyatt at Glasshouse studios

Mixed by Robert Adam Stevenson at Sweetzerland Studios

Mastered by Tim Turan

Artwork by Jamie Hyatt

Layout & Design by Thomas Instone

EVERYTHINGS COMING AROUND

When I was nine or ten or so years old

I dreamt that I came home

Everyone was gone

And when our old dog died

We dug a deep hole

And cried for a week and probably more

And everything’s coming around I say

That lonely little boy let you down gently

And you were

Pushing and wasting

And you were

Leaving and wishing

And everything’s coming around I say

That lonely little boy let you down gently

Forgotten Sunday

Nineteen eighty nine

You said that you’d always

Be fine

In time

Pushing and wasting

Leaving and wishing

And everything’s coming around I say

That lonely little boy let you down gently

FIVE YEARS

There’s some people on the radio

Arguing about lying and I don’t know what it’s worth

I don’t know what it’s worth

There’s a photograph of you just staring in the camera

And I don’t know why I’m crying

I don’t know what it’s worth

I can feel the memories

Underneath the layers that we

There’s a feeling I’ve forgotten

I believe in nothing and I don’t know why I’m crying

Yeah

I Don’t know what it’s worth

And it feels like David Bowie’s Five years

And we know it and I worked out why I’m crying

I worked out what it’s worth

I can feel the memories

Underneath the layers that we

Had to put on

To keep ourselves warm

We’ll sing along

Remember that song

WALKIE NO TALKIE

Facing up to finally turning off

All the systems we created

Cutting through the ties that aren’t enough

It’s a constant operation

Talking in the talking therapy

Is it obvious that I’m dreaming

Just like everyone seeing

All of the uncertain certainty

Is it clear that I should stay here

Drowning in an endless steady stream of the memories we created

Drowning all alone, alone with me

Is it clear that we should lay here

Talking in the talking therapy

Is it obvious that I’m leaving

Seems like everyone’s out here shouting what we can and cannot be and I don’t need that no more

PAULIE’S A BUM

I’m on the phone

And you’re on the phone

And we’re on the phone

And we’re all alone

And that feels alright

Yeah that feels alright

You shook my hand

And you crushed my bones

And you’re a big man

And that’s how you know

And that seems alright

Yeah that seems alright

And sometimes we do

And sometimes we don’t

And mostly we would

But mostly we don’t

And that feels alright

Do you feel alright

I don’t feel alright

We kissed a while

And you chewed your gum

And everyone dies

And dies on their own

And that seems alright

Yeah that seems alright

And Rockys’ a champ

And paulies’ a bum

And sometimes I’m both

And sometimes I’m one

And that feels alright

Do you feel alright

I don’t feel alright

And I missed another chance and gained another fear

GONE

Memorise your love

With the filter off

All our data lost

By machines that hate their jobs

Gone

We’re gone

Memorise your love

With the filter off

All our data lost

We’re machines that hate our jobs

Gone

We’re gone

There’s a bed sheet with your name on

At the end of our street

And it says that it’s your birthday

But it’s been there for weeks

And I’m wondering if your birthday

Was as good as it seemed

And I’m wondering if your birthday was as good as you dreamed.

I WHOO YEAH

Cried at the funeral

Checking my phone was on silent

I didn’t belong

Thinking about all of the times

We sang along

I’m down on this losing love

Stayed up far too late tonight

Thinking about what id become

Its raining outside

And I’m tired

And the TV is on

Scroll through our lives and our loves

What have we done

Take it

Take it all

I’ll go out for more

Dreaming I could never let you go

Listen while you can

Darling there’s no plan

Leaning on whatever lets you

Tried at your house tonight

You said you were lost and alone

And you said that was fine

Driving past towns with their lights

And their lies we won’t know

Scroll through our lives

And our loves

What have we done

Take it

Take it all

I’ll go out for more

Dreaming I could never let you go

Listen while you can

Darling there’s no plan

Leaning on whatever lets you

Listen, don’t be sad

We’re not coming back

Dreaming I could never let you down

Sing it while you can

Louder make it sound

Dreaming I could never let you go

Cried at the funeral

Drowning the usual

Chasing the fog again

Sailing on home again

Turning it on again

Hitting delete again

Chasing the love

Can’t help all the love you made

PARTY ON DUDE

I’m keeping on

Aint that the way that it goes

Oh it’s so dumb

Endlessly letting it go

Oh it’s so cold

Falling away and it shows

Oh it’s so slow

Endlessly letting you go

GOOD NIGHT

Goodnight

I’ll weigh nothing

Seems like

Always bluffing

Good try

Almost something

Goodnight

Thanks for coming

‘Bordering on a masterpiece’

BBC Introducing

‘Cutting through beautifully the filters of an Instagram encased world, Jamie transforms real concerns, injury and failures into something very magical’

Monolith cocktail

‘‘Do Not Be Afraid’ is a seriously good example of recreational existentialism’

Nightshift magazine

‘A masterful first album if ever there was one’

The Big Take Over

‘I Whoo yeah’ is a devastating six-minute lilt through grief.’OMS Magazine

**What is your favourite type of bedd?**

I like the little matchbox bed that Tom Thumb sleeps in best.