

This Alone

Bára Zmeková

Santiago (Santiago)

Jediný na světě (This Alone)

Za dveřmi (Behind the doors)

Uvař něco (Cook Something)

Nevěděl (He didn't know)

Koupím ti (I'll buy you...)

Přestalo pršet (It stopped raining)

Mezi panely (Between the Slabs)

Symboly obrazy (Symbols images)

Na konci světa se potkáme znova (At the end of the world we'll meet again)

Ukolébavka (Lullaby)

Bára Zmeková	vocal, Steinway & Sons 1892 (1, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11), A. Forster (7, 8), Hammond (2, 5), Fender Rhodes (3, 4), Arturia PolyBrute (2, 8, 9, 10, 11), back vocals (2, 5, 9, 10, 11), programming (2, 8, 9, 10, 11), synth bass (2, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11)
Viktor Dořičák	drums (1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10), percussions (4), programming (3, 4)
Pavel Šmíd	bass guitar (3, 7), guitar (3, 10), programming (10), co-production (4, 7, 10)
Nina Marinová	violin (1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9), vocal (3, 4)
Michal Mihok	accordion (1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11)
Ondřej Vychodil	bass clarinet (1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9)
Francesca Mountfort	violoncello (5, 6)
Lenka Dusilová	vocal (9, 11)
Petr Tichý	double bass (6, 9, 11)
Tomáš Liška	bass guitar (1)
Ondřej Ježek	guitar (4)
Ptáci	birds (11)

Music and lyrics*	Bára Zmeková *The lyrics of the song <i>Uvař něco (Cook Something)</i> come from Anna Ročková's poetry collection <i>V sobotu se obejmeme (On Saturday We Embrace)</i> , which was published and donated to me by the Ostrava publishing house Bílý Vígvam so that I could open it at the right moment on the right page, for which I thank them. **I borrowed one verse from the song <i>Na konci světa se potkáme znova (At the end of the world we will meet again)</i> from an unpublished song by Jakub Čermák.
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Sound and mix	Ondřej Ježek
Production	Ondřej Ježek, Bára Zmeková
Co-production	Pavel Šmíd
Master	Gaex
Artwork	Spradka
Graphic design	Anna Wdowka
Piano tuner I	Michal Mihok
Piano tuner II	Petr Suchomel
Piano tuner III	Karel Průcha
Photo	Tomáš Škoda, Michaela Sošková
Korekce textů	Lydie Boháčová
Lyrics translation	Christy Hawkins

Recorded in JÁMOR studio (unless otherwise stated).

Piano Steinway & Sons 1892 and vocals for songs 10 and 11 were recorded by Bára Zmeková in the spring of 2023 in the building of the Gothic twin in Úštěk. Drums and percussion were recorded by Viktor Dořičák in Pokoj in Ostrava during 2023. Bass and guitar were recorded by Pavel Šmíd in Rustical Records studio in Brno. Bass guitar was recorded by Tomáš Liška in Invisible World Studio. Cello was recorded by Francesca Mountfort at her home studio in Hobart, Tasmania. Vocals by Lenka Dusilová recorded in Bára Zmeková's "road studio".

Mixed in JÁMOR studio.

Mastered in Gargle & Expel studio.

Released in March 2024 by the home label Tranzistor.

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Santiago / Santiago

I love this freedom, little doors and curtained windows
set in ancient walls
San Pedro watching sleepily over me as darkness falls
why are you still awake?
under a tree with blossoms growing or fading
exotic, unknown
though we're not exactly strangers
luxuriating in the lack of plans
but when the light goes out?
and then?
what then?
how will you respond?
a black dog appears around the corner
if you trust him he will lead you home
so keep breathing the evening
drawing deep into your lungs
the memory of him
nevermind that you're alone
and free
what more could you wish for?
If only...

I love this freedom, little doors and curtained windows
set in ancient walls
San Pedro watching sleepily over me as darkness falls
under a tree with blossoms growing or fading
exotic, unknown
luxuriating in the lack of plans
it doesn't matter that you're here alone
nevermind that you're alone
it's good that you're alone
it's good to be here alone
so good to be here alone
and free

what more could you wish for?

Jediný na světě / This Alone

slowly the dusk falls
take only what you need now
just for a moment
let twilight lend a hand

the mind escapes so strangely
let go, this too will pass
you're filled with wonder
as the horizon pierces us
colours in all directions are strangely beckoning
the silver birch keep silence
bearing witness to the fools
who rush headlong into darkness

slowly the dusk falls
take only what you need now
just for a moment
the mind escapes so strangely
let it go

this alone in the world confounds me
that I can get lost though the paths are way-marked
from his bed in the clouds the moon sees me
wander the fields and I've no place to sleep

this alone in the world confounds me
that sometimes my heart aches with ecstasy
when her song wants to fly higher than the voice allows
so let us sing lustily out in the fields

this alone in the world confounds me
that sometimes my heart aches with ecstasy
when she wants to sing louder than you constrain her

Za dveřmi / Behind the doors

I am closing up the doors of my soul
nobody is going to get through
behind these doors there's nothing left to do
everything will melt in silence soon

all the words that used to hem me in
melt into a river, float away
all the crooked angry pressing faces
they cannot find a way to get within

when the tree breaks free from the clinging darkness
to turn its tender leaf leaf into a bough
it will grow high above my head, endure against the winds
and I will nestle safely in its shadow

I am sealing up the doors of my soul
nobody is going to get through
behind these doors there's nothing left to do
everything will melt in silence soon

all the words that used to hem me in
dissolve and disintegrate
then like frantic little flies
the wind will blow them from my ears

when the tree breaks free from the clinging darkness
when the sun settles in the spreading leaves
when the tree takes root so deeply nothing can perturb it
at last my mind shall rest at ease

Uvař něco / Cook Something

Cook something
fragrant and umami
maybe a baked-egg like a spicy little comet
silken soup, luminous and steaming
or a goulash
in a little ramekin

chestnuts seethed in wine
bread fresh and warm you want to press your lips to
aromatic coffee frothy as the sea-foam
taste will kiss you
taste will kiss you
taste will kiss you

cook something
fragrant and umami
maybe a baked-egg like a spicy little comet
silken soup, luminous and steaming
or a goulash
in a little ramekin

chestnuts seethed in wine
bread fresh and warm you want to press your lips to
aromatic coffee frothy as the sea-foam
taste will kiss you
taste will kiss you
taste will kiss you
just don't leave me unsatisfied

Nevěděl / He didn't know

He didn't know about the love that walked through his house
He didn't see the birds that flew in flocks behind him
He didn't find the gifts that someone left here just for him
He didn't know why his windows never opened

Notice how the dawn warms your back
As the morning hears you gasp with fear
However soft the embrace of day may seem
You feel its knife slide deep between your ribs
He wouldn't leave and he wouldn't stay
Who would wonder, who would be surprised?
He didn't want to leave and he couldn't stay
Who would ever question the reason why?

When the flowing water cools his feet
And the meadow cradles him in grass
There he sleeps beneath the leaves
Couched in darkness beyond the depths of night

Koupím ti / I'll buy you...

I'll buy you warmth and silence and peace and darkness and slumber
plant them in a garden where nobody comes
then I'll wait a long, long time
as long as the restless sky will allow

the seeds will grow to a house with walls and windows
and I'll place on the doorstep a song full of things you never dreamed
of
and before the darkening twilight erases the shadows
the wind will lift those songs both high and far

side by side on the way
step by step, unhurriedly
over sand, over scree
through the fields walk with me
wayfaring through the land
cross the stream hand in hand
down the years you and me
all we hear, all we see

under the bark of old words, there are winding carvings
here on the song-sheet our voices will echo always
a whisper, a hope, that we'll never live to be sorry
what happened can never be buried under leaves

I'll buy you warmth and silence and peace and darkness and slumber...

Přestalo pršet / It's Stopped Raining

A poem or a song, either will show you
A way to open time up with your fingers
You pry it open
A tiny little fissure
A crack that slowly grows
Until it's wide enough to enter

A poem or a song / it doesn't matter
Won't fix what's broken
Probably won't fix what's broken

It's like a place you never want to leave
An embrace you never want to finish
darkness where there could be light
sound with nothing more to say than silence
It probably won't fix what's broken

It's stopped raining, so I'm going home
I guess I can't fix what's broken
I guess I can't fix what's broken

The rain has stopped now, so go on home
You cannot fix what's been broken here
But before you walk away to sleep, just turn your head
Turn back your face once more
And it's morning again
It's morning again
Turn back to face me
You'll be born again

Mezi panely / Between the Slabs

I found you yesterday marooned in concrete
as hundreds of lamps burned like stars
hung up in silent darkness and ancient dust
and I wanted to reassure you
but I didn't want to lie
I would breathe for you
I'd breathe for you
I'd breathe for you
if you want me to

Symboly obrazy / Symbols images

symbols and images
reflected in the glass
someone's looking back at me as I watch them
behind the mirror a stranger's tear runs down my cheek
the surface is still
but there's something lurking in the depths...
just two shadows for now
suspended in the sun

try to paint a picture with just one word
and watch it fly into the sky and soak into the clouds
and when it's gone, paint it again
you can seek
or you can hide

Still
Still
Still
Still...

symbols and images
reflected in the glass
someone's looking back at me as I watch him
behind the mirrors in his face
I recognise my own smile
the surface is still
but there's something waiting in the depths...

try to paint a picture with one word
and watch it fly up to the sky and soak into the clouds
and when it's gone, paint it again
you can seek
or you can hide
before it disappears behind a cloud like the sun
and us with it
before the soft sound of déjà vu déjà vu déjà vu
before he disappears behind the clouds
the sun and us with him
before he softly calls
déjà vu déjà vu
the surface is still
but there's something waiting underneath
just two shadows for now

suspended in the sun
suspended in the sun
suspended in the sun

...be here now be here now be here now be here now be here...

after all the water knows just how to deep it goes
and the mote can't fall into its own eye
silence is not afraid to break at break of day
and shores don't grieve that love is boundless as the sky

**Na konci světa se potkáme znova /
At the end of the world we'll meet again**

Everything is upside-down, I'm trying to buy time
I thought I had changed lines but I ended up at Mustek
I'm dragging myself home
I pretend I don't see, I can't hear
I'm running from myself, running from epiphany
what use is that to me?
the fires of autumn are behind me
I can't believe it's here again
heavy, cold, constricting my heart
squeezing it like a lemon
unbelievable
Is it you again?

I applaud you, my beloved Prague
you did it again
twinkling with lights again and again
lit up with nativity scenes like a title page
It's a long while since you told me
that every moment unlived
will loom like the cathedral spire over Hradcany
the pendulum swings
I wish for a moment I could catch fire
and crash into your stone shoulders
I no longer long to belong
I just want to subside in the snow
I just want to blend in

Son of stone
how many winters have you stood here
wearing a hole in the ground
it's your piece of land
Nothing could uproot you
the people of the streets have winter up their sleeves
one of them departed at dawn holding hands with Death
they said he was asleep...

Squeeze me like a lemon in your tea
until the last drop
I am privileged.
I'll take a hot bath at home
press the juice
and throw away the peel
I'll come back to myself in darkness
hidden behind the curtain I'll watch the others drowning in their dreams
until the last drop
No, you're not alone
but the walls don't care
they've seen it all before

If you tilt your head to the side
and lift your eyes up to the sky
you will feel it against your forehead
and then nestled in your arms
Inside all of us, somewhere, it lies dormant
In the middle of winter the sky is torn to shreds by the storm

like a ship that's wrecked upon a reef
We are the sky
and we are the storm

The grass will blaze like burning tin
Even the statues will turn their eyes to the sky
At the end of the world we'll meet again, but now...

Ukolébavka / Lullaby

It's time to go to bed
enough of the echoing voices
and the many-scented memories
and though the darkness falls
your voice is wrapped within it

It's time to go to bed
no more images in puddles
no more pollen floating in the canopy
the snow will come again
and once again subside

It's time to go to bed
I can see it in my head
the dawn-light shining on the water
no more midnight feasts
you yawn and draw the curtains

I purse my lips and blow
just tell me where you want to go
you will drift away on the breeze
like the songs you used to know
you hover on the brink
and when I let you go
you sleep

Where are you sailing to, where is it taking you?

