

Wade Preston

Lost In The Noise

Produced by Wade Preston

Recorded between March 2019 and June 2020

Engineered, mixed and mastered by Eric Ritter

Recorded at Windmill Agency, Lake Ariel, PA

*** Several tracks of Buckshot Parfait recorded by John Roginski at Papa Bear Studios, Dureya, PA**

The Wade Preston Band is:

Steve Kurilla - Drums, various percussion, background vocals

Jon Ventre - Electric five string bass, double bass, background vocals

Wade - Pianos, vocals, keyboards

*** Additional musicians on this recording:**

Mark Woodyatt - 1st Violin

Amy Vaida - 1st and 2nd Violins and Viola

Jon Vaida - 2nd Violin

Ihor Shablovsky - Viola

Dan King - Cello

Clair Sever - Cello

Eric Ritter - Rhythm Guitar and Dobro

Roy Williams - Banjo

String arrangements written and conducted by Wade

Cover art by Sarah - age 3 (at the time)

CD cover and back design by Wade

CD disc art by Wade

Band photo by Rob Lettieri www.lettieriphot.com

I take full responsibility for all intentional double negatives and grammatical errors. For example, “*Ain’t nobody listenin’*” is in fact entirely on purpose ...

Cherished Memories

Wade Preston Boeger

(Boeger is my actual last name, so don’t let it throw you ...
Preston is my given middle name, easier to remember and spell, so just go with it, as I have for most of my career)

Cherished memories

We take photographs

Place them in a book

Put it in a drawer

Next to the rings she don’t wear no more

Cherished memories

What for ...

Wade: “*Dinner time!*”

Down In Flames

Wade Preston Boeger

I was flying high way up in the sky

If a cloud happened by I'd brush it aside

Now there’s so much weight in my cargo bay

I am losing altitude. Mayday! Mayday!

If my heart was a big jet plane

I'd be going down in flames, yeah

When my heart rises up above a dark situation

Gravity drags it to its former location

Sir Isaac Newton, your laws apply

My broken heart’s too heavy to fly

**If my heart was a big jet plane
I'd be going down in flames**

**She lifted my heart
Now it's rapidly descending
I should strap myself in
For another rough landing**

**Air traffic control didn't see it comin'
There ain't enough fuel to keep my engines runnin'
"Force equals mass times acceleration"
What goes up comes down is my calculation
If my heart was a big jet plane
I'd be going down in flames**

**My altimeter is droppin'
And there ain't no stoppin'
From 35,000 feet
There ain't no bag of loot
There ain't no parachute
At terminal velocity**

**This is your captain speaking and I'm cowering in fear
We've got zero visibility and no landin' gear
Buckle up good and hold on tight
This is gonna be a hell of a bumpy ride**

**If my heart was a big jet plane
I'd be going down
If my heart was a big jet plane
I'd be going down
[If my] heart was a big jet airliner
I'd be fallin' from the sky on fire
On fire**

Scream Jeannine

Wade Preston Boeger

Portuguese speaking woman: “¿O que há de errado com você?”

**Well the neighbors aren't listenin'
And your roommate's fast asleep
There's no reason to exercise restraint
When we're underneath the sheets
And it's a beautiful memory
One I prefer to keep
One that I just won't let go
Because it means so much to me
It could not be a better scripted scene
Then when you say, “You make want to scream“
Go ahead and scream Jeannine
Go ahead and scream**

**Yeah, well there's a rusted blue Camaro
Outside of Homan Hall
I got a big ol' station wagon
For the piano that I haul
Speak to me of calculus
Quote me some Shakespeare
Woah, talk to me with wisdom
So far beyond your years
But back in your dormitorium
Why muffle your ecstasy?
Go ahead and scream Jeannine
It's alright with me**

**Every moment is a gift
Makin' days pass blissfully
You turn my nights into magic**

Like some balmy Fresno dream
Speak to me in Spanish
Sing to me in French, my dear
Your voice, it sounds like music
It's a song I love to hear
But nothin' serenades my soul
Like you breathin' in my ear
Go ahead and scream Jeannine
Like there's no-one here

Now, I'm not one to interfere with an idyllic life
I am not the guy who's gonna suddenly unwelcomely
Appear before your eyes
I know you've got your heaven
You've built your paradise
Yeah, and you have earned every drop o' joy
That you can squeeze out of this life
So if we ever accidentally meet
On some Denver "*Colorada*" street
Go ahead and scream Jeannine
It's alright with me

Go ahead and scream, Jeannine
Go ahead and scream
Ain't nobody listenin' It's just you and me
Go ahead and scream, Jeannine
In Portuguese
Go ahead and scream Jeannine
It's alright with me

So if we ever meet accidentally
Even if you say, "Get away from me"
It's gonna sound like music to me
Go ahead and scream
Beautiful Jeannine, Beautiful Jeannine ...

Ooo, hoo...

Broken

Wade Preston Boeger, Dennis DelGaudio

**I am broken
A hundred pieces
I've been compromised
No adhesive
Completely busted
Gears all rusted
I am broken over you**

**Out of business
Nothing's open
A peeling billboard's worn out slogan
I'm in disbelief and non-functional
Apparently promises, they are optional**

**Had I known you were damaged
I would have left you in the package
So attractive on the shelf
But so hazardous to my health**

**Like a sour ale
A chip and dent sale
I'm all broken over you**

Jon Ventre: *"Worn out slogan!"*

Moog solo

*** Had I known you were damaged
I would have left you in the package
So attractive on the shelf**

But so hazardous to my health

I feel obsolete

Like a black and white TV

I am broken over you

I'm all broken over you

Over you, Woo hoo, over you, over you, yeah, over you

Wade: *"I think we got it. Think we got it?"*

*** There was an alternate lyric on the second bridge that Dennis talked me out of:**

**I did not know you were defective
Repair attempts proved ineffective
Bring you back to the factory
Demand they honor my warranty**

He was probably right ...

America

(From West Side Story)

Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim

Instrumental

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Arrangement by Wade

Robbie Walsh: *"Yes sir. Oh yeah."*

Wade: *"One two three, two two three"*

Eric Ritter: *"¿Olé?"*

Wade: *"Olé."*

A Picture of Me

Wade Preston Boeger

**Jon Peterson: *“Here we find our hero,
crestfallen, face down, in the heather”***

**Pictures of your sister, pictures of your brother
A book of pretty pictures as a gift for your mother
Pictures of friends and family, But not one picture of me**

**Pictures in my home, Pictures in my car
Photos from a barbecue we had in my backyard
Portraits from my living room with my Christmas tree
But not one picture of me**

**Did you think I wouldn't see it
Did you think I wouldn't know
After all I've given you, it's such a low blow
Despite my generosity, cruelty comes so easily
In seven years of history, Not one single picture**

(Oh, Lolita... hey hey hey! What has your daughter done?)

**Did you think I wouldn't see it
Did you think I wouldn't know
After all I've given you, it's such a low blow
Did you think of how I'd feel
If I held it in my hand, In seven years of history
Not one single picture**

**Pictures of your sister, pictures of your brother
A book of pretty pictures that you gave to your mother
Pictures of everyone and anything
But not one picture, not one picture
Not a single picture of me**

French woman: *“Qu’est - ce qui ne va pas chez toi?”*

Wade: *“Nice!”*

Rain In the Woods

Wade Preston Boeger

It will always be there for you
Long after I’m gone
Love like that, it never dies
It lives on and on and on and on and on

And no one knows what we would find
No one knows what we left behind
There are holes in our lives we could fill for each other
But it’s just the wrong time, it’s the wrong time

And you can’t have blue skies on a winter’s day
And you can’t have brown eyes looking back your way
And when you walk on by you won’t have me there
But you can have rain in the woods anywhere

And I never had a reason
No, I never had a clue
Why it too me so long to see
All the love there was inside you
I’ve been gone, I’ve been here and gone
I’ve lost track of what my feet were on
And over and over, you’d come and I’d go
But your love flowed on, it just flowed on

And you can’t have blue skies on a winter’s day
And you can’t have my brown eyes
Looking back your way

And when you walk on by you'll never have me there
But you can have rain in the woods anywhere

And no one knows what we would find ...
No one knows what we left behind
There are tears in our eyes
We could have dried for each other
But it's just the wrong time, it's the wrong time

You can have soft blue skies on a winter's day
You can have deep brown eyes still lookin' back your way
And when you walk on by you'll always have me there
And you can have rain in the woods everywhere

It will always be there for you girl, long after I'm gone
It will always be there for you girl, long after I'm gone
Rain in the woods, rain in the woods
Rain in the woods, ooh
It will always be there for you girl, long after I'm gone, oh
It will always be there for you

Subconscious Blues

Wade Preston Boeger

Piano and string quartet instrumental (except for the birds)

Ihor

Ihor: "Oh my ... I, I, I took wrong note, huh huh, mmm" sigh ...

Don't Do It

Wade Preston Boeger

Wade: "What the ..."

Yeah, ya don't really need the lyrics to this one folks ...

Jon Ventre: "*Shuddup!*"

Oh, But Lisa (I Always Knew)

Wade Preston Boeger

I may pace the floor of the Hotel Edison
Contemplating if you'll take my call
I've been thinkin' of my fondest childhood memories
You are in the few that I can recall

And I knew way back then that you were way ahead of your
time, No lie
And I knew way back then I would fly one way from our home
town
Oh, but Lisa, I have always been around

And as I grab a bite at Smiler's Gourmet Food
I wonder if you you know how much I learned from you
Sorry if I never told you how much your words meant
I'm sure I would have had I only known how to

And I knew way back when that you were way ahead of us all
And I knew long ago that I would surely take that fall
And I wanted to spare you it all

You may think no one respected your mind
And you may think nobody thought you were fine
Or no one saw the beauty deep within you
Oh, but Lisa, I always knew, I always knew

She says, "Meet me at the Delta Grill, it's on 9th and 49th
Street"
And I say, "I'm so grateful that you have agreed to meet"

**Drink another glass of Shiraz, smoke another cigarette *
And tell me 'bout your New York fear and I'll share my LA
regrets**

**And when the Delta must close
May I walk you home, oh please
And by the way, these flowers are for you
There ain't no bottle of wine gonna make me change my mind
About the pedestal where I've got you**

**And you may think nobody noticed you
Oh, but Lisa, I always knew**

**Hey look! We made it back to the front door of your place
I feel privileged to feel your warm embrace
With a gentle touch of your lips, so unsteady on your feet
Will be yet another fond memory of you I can always keep**

**And I am so inspired even though we're way too tired to speak
And girl, you need to get some sleep
But then I saw a star fall, I could have wished for it all, oh but
then
I only wished that I could see you again**

**And I may pace the floor of the Hotel Edison
And I may inquire to find that your name is listed
You may only live two blocks from where I am
What are the chances I could find you again?**

**In a place where eight million people live
What are the chances I could find you again**

**Oh, and Lisa, I always knew, and I still do
There has never been another like you
Oh, and Lisa, I always knew, I always knew**

Ooo ... mmm ...

* The original lyric was, “Smoke another glass of Shiraz, drink another cigarette,” implying Lisa had a bit to drink that eve. But I got so many complaints about this “*mistake*” that I decided to avoid the perpetual query and not use my little play on words. Live, I will sing it the right way ... and you’ll probably think I screwed up my own lyrics. :) And that’s okay ...

Being For the Benefit of Mr. Kite

John Lennon, Paul McCartney
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Arrangement by Wade

Wade: “*Ladies and Gentlemen...*”

Jon Ventre: “*Shuddup!*”

Wade: “*Welcome to the show ... three, four ...*”

For the benefit of Mr. Kite
There will be a show tonight on trampoline
The Hendersons will all be there
Late of Pablo Fanques' fair, what a scene
Over men and horses hoops and garters
Lastly through a hogshead of real fire
In this way Mr. K. will challenge the world

The celebrated Mr. K.
Performs his feat on Saturday at Bishopsgate
The Hendersons will dance and sing
As Mr. Kite flies through the ring, don't be late
Messrs. K. and H. assure the public
Their production will be second to none
And of course Henry the Horse dances the waltz
Woo ...

The band begins at ten to six
When Mr. K. performs his tricks without a sound

John Ventre: *"Shuddup!"*

Wade: *"Hmm. Heh-heh."*

And Mr. H. will demonstrate
Ten somersets he'll undertake on solid ground
Having been some days in preparation
A splendid time is guaranteed for all
And tonight Mr. Kite is topping the bill
Woo ...

Floorboards

Wade Preston Boeger

Instrumental

Charity In-Kind (Food For Thought)

Wade Preston Boeger

I wanna sing a happy song
Where everyone sings along
And I feel like the good guy

I want memories to fade
Voices go away
And you'll think I'm a sane guy

And I want money in the pot
It doesn't have to be a lot
Just enough to keep the wolf from my door

**I wanna sing a happy song
You all can sing along
With happy food for thought**

**An' I live in squalor and in shame
The bank destroyed my name
And I can't find a good job**

**I live off charity in-kind
I can't keep off the wine
And patience can be finite**

**And I thought that promises were true
But when the black turned into blues
They showed, their true colors**

**Bye, was all that I could say
As I watched them walk away
Claiming charity in-kind**

Ooo ...

**You danced a love I thought was real
But in the ballet's big reveal
You showed your true colors**

**I, I didn't know I was a fool
Til I was fooled by you
Leaving little food for thought**

**I learned that when the times got rough,
One thing you've little of
Is charity in-kind
Ooo ...**

Byrnesy Blues (A Quiet Day in Marina del Rey)

Wade Preston Boeger

**Almost gone, in search of arrived
Almost passed, am I still alive? Mm mm mm
Broken heart, preoccupied
Always dark, searching for light**

A quiet day in Marina del Rey, and ...

**There must be more to this than
Just waiting for it all to end, and
What was the grand intention
I'm grateful for the voice but it's
Lost in the noise**

Spanish speaking woman: “¿Cuál es tu problema?”

**I'm lost in the noise
Mm mm**

Bass solo: Jon Ventre

Moog solo

**I'm lost in the noise
Lost in the noise, lost in the noise ... ect ...**

Buckshot Parfait

Wade Preston Boeger

**May your sons grow up to be strong and tall
May your daughters be fair and wise
And may you eat your fair share of buckshot parfait**

For the rest of your life

May you find profit, a life without duress

Maybe even personal happiness

And may a mirror in every room

Look back upon yourself

With buckshot parfait crumbs on your vest

I wish you well, I wish you success

And maybe some day, a long time from now

Your heart will fill with regret

I wish you well, I wish you good health

And a buckshot parfait on every shelf

Woo ...

Moog solo

ooo ahh ...

May you marry a kindly soul

Who cares not for silver or gold

And may they cherish you in every way

As you consume your slightly burned

Buckshot parfait

They'll know just what it is you deserve

I wish you well, I wish you success

And maybe some day, a long time from now

Your heart will fill with regret

I wish you well, I wish you good health

And a buckshot parfait on every shelf

May you live a life that's long and robust

And those close to your heart enjoy the same

**And taste the sprinkles of shame
On your daily parfait
Reminding you of what you threw away**

**Eat a buckshot parfait
Every day**

Big dumb animal, big dumb animal ... ect ...

Jon Ventre: *"Should get my bow ... Alright, I'm done"*

Intermezzo

Wade Preston Boeger

Instrumental

Steve Kurilla: *"'Kay?"*

Drinks With Gus

Wade Preston Boeger

Steve Kurilla: *"Some guy's playin' the piano..."*

Bonnie Jean Boeger: *"Ahem."*

Steve: *"He uses the black keys, too."*

Bonnie: *"Where's my drink?"*

Sherry Melchers: *"Well, I'm not drunk ..."*

Bonnie: *"Wade. W, A, D, E."*

Drinks with Gus

Sherry Melchers: *"I just been drinkin'."*

Bonnie: *"Are you my waitress?"*

Steve: *"Ahh."*

Bonnie: *"Who are you?"*

Eric Ritter: “Do I know you?”

Drinks with our friend, ol’ Gustavo

Bonnie: “Are you my waitress?”

Steve: “Uhh, hey, I uhh ... I play the drums.”

Eric: “Hey! Over here ... Yo!”

Wade: “Woo!”

Eric: “What am I, invisible?”

Steve: “Those are nice shoes ... nice shoes.”

Eric: “What does it take to get a drink?”

Drinks with Gus

**Bonnie: “Wade in the water.
What is wrong with you?”**

Wade: “Madam ... ya think?”

Drinks with our friend Gustavo

Bonnie: “Not Wayne. Wade.”

Wade: “Maybe just one ... “

Steve: “You like my beard?”

Wade: “Got any Whistle Pig?”

Eric: “I just want a drink.”

Jon Ventre: “I like that.”

Wade: “Makers? That’ll do.”

Bonnie: “Where’s my friggin’ drink?”

Steve: “Hey.”

Wade: “Make it a double.”

Drinks with my friend ol’ Gustavo

Eric: “Yo!”

Drinks with my friend

Steve: “*What’s your inspiration?*”

Bonnie: “*Are you my waitress?*”

With Gus

Bonnie: “*Cut him off!*”

With Gus

Jon Ventre: “*Ahh ... How was that?*”

The Nice English Lady

Karen Welch: “And that concludes our program for the evening ...

You’ve been listening to *Lost In the Noise*, the new CD from Wade Preston and the Wade Preston Band, featuring:

Steve Kurilla on drums and vocals

Jon Ventre on bass and vocals

And Wade on piano, vocals, and keyboards

String arrangements written and conducted by Wade

***Lost In the Noise* was engineered, mixed and mastered by Eric Ritter at Windmill Agency Studios in Lake Ariel, Pennsylvania**

Log onto wadepreston.com for more information - including lyrics, additional musicians, contact info and links to his social media.

Mr. Preston takes full responsibility for all of his intentional double negatives and grammatical errors ... I should know. I'm English ...

That does it for us here at W.A.D.E. We leave you with one more piece; a peculiar little instrumental string quartet tango called *An Empty Seat at the Joyce (Bailando con los muertos)* ... Thank you so much for listening, and have a pleasant evening. Goodnight."

***An Empty Seat at the Joyce (Bailar con los muertos)*
Wade Preston Boeger**

String Quartet Instrumental

There are so many people to thank I keep adding to this list every day ...

My sincerest thanks to:

Robbie Walsh

Jack Foley

Joe Munley

Jon, Steve and Eric

Philip Melchers III

Gail

Dan McNeil

Jill Carletti

Carrie and Catherine Colaiezzi

Theatre at North, Scranton, PA

Dr. Laurie Houser

Fish

Mark Vanko (AKA Big Daddy)

Tommy Wheeler

All the good people at Gin's
Neal Brennan
Dave Maciac and the Maciac Family
Kevin Conway
Brian Sarafinko
Clarissa, Mike, Paige and Grant Elgarten
Lupe and Sarah
Bonnie, David, all the J's, wives and kids
The DiGuilios
Linda Piettro
The Bascalìa family
Lynne and Richie
Lolita, Sasha and Rosa
Todd and Shauna Torok
Mercedes and Chuck Skiko
Margaret Lynch Urban
Christo Pellani and Clifford Rehrig (the original WPB)
John Meadows
Maddie Bowers
Margaret Bush
April Montera
Amy Strapec
Gustavo (Gus) Rodriguez
Andy Hill and Renee Safier
Debbie Carter Ball
Jeanne Mann
Trent Kylo
John Xanthis (AKA John the Greek)
Lou Cossa
Alec (Xander) Baldwin
Tommy Byrnes
Joan Lader
Billy Joel
Twyla Tharp
Bill Holland

**Jane Agresta
Andy Cichon
Chuck Burgi
George Graham and WVIA
Matt Friedman
James and Dana Barbour
Bob Malone
The Cast and Crew of Movin' Out
The Movin' Out Band™
Laura Coleman
Maestro Stuart Malina and the Malina Family
The Harrisburg Symphony Orchestra
Marilyn and Kyle Kauffman
The Ned Smith Center
The Ennico Family
The Baadsvik Family
Tony Caruso
George Seibel
Hairy Tony's
Kerby Thompson
The Cortland Repertory Theatre
Melissa and Teddy Boileau
Songs From the Attic, WVOA
Karen Welch
The Louisa Arts Center**

And the thousands of people who have employed me and have come to my shows over the years so I could pay for this project. Thank you so much for having me.

One day my friend Clarissa asked me why I hadn't put out a CD of my own in so long.

"I wake up every morning with the long term goal of getting a new CD out there," I said, "but I usually can't get to all the daily short term things I need to do."

**She said, “Oh. You’re lost in the noise.”
I said, “And there is the title of the CD.”
There ya go ...
Thanks Clarissa!**

This sound recording is © 2020 Wade Preston Boeger

**For Joanne
Miss you, Mom**