



I want to thank / jag vill tacka:

People around me who take music and art seriously and who help me believe that another world is possible. Friends, family, and friends who are family. Everyone who made a pledge through my crowdfunding campaign for this album. Teachers who have encouraged me to write and play music. Songwriters, writers and artists who have made me who I am - not the least Amanda Palmer, Sofia Jannok, Virginia Woolf, Joakim Berg and Neil Gaiman.

www.rutblomqvist.net



1. Sången (3:07)

Om världen inte ger dig frid, min vän
Om världen inte ger dig frid
Kom till mig då
Lyssna till sången
Sången från träden
Sången från rötterna

Om alla rusar tills dom stupar
Om alla rusar tills dom stupar
Sitt med mig då
Lyssna till sången
Sången från vattnet
Sången från bottnen

Om det är svårt att vara motvalls
Om det är svårt att vara motvalls
Dansa med mig då
Sjung ut ångesten
I sången från hjärtat
Sången om allt

I was walking in the forest near my flat in Kortedala, Gothenburg. Sången is the mist rising from the moss and the tree trunks; anxiety dispersing and fairies dancing.

1. The Song (3:07)

If the world does not give you peace, my friend
Come to me
Listen to the song
The song from the trees
The song from the roots

If everyone runs until they fall
Sit with me
Listen to the song
The song from the water
The song from the bottom
of the water

If it is hard to go against the grain
Dance with me
Sing out your anxiety
In the song from the heart
The song about everything





They taught me to You saw to my
 have nothing meeting everything
 want nothing and Want everything now,
 pray you said I was tingling
 to stay safe, I went along They judge
 out of harm's way for that ride and they watch
 Feeling
 I jumped ship that we're lost
 I left it all We're not
 on a far distant shore but I am
 Pray
 for my safety It was new
 no more was anything
 I could not see
 what I did
 But know that
 theirs is all the blame
 Tell them they are
 the voices in my head
 The voices in my head...
 They taught me to
 deal with nothing
 feel nothing but
 shame
 Cautioned me
 to just stay away
 I saw you and
 felt all those things
 that they had denied
 were even
 part of my system
 part of my being

3. Formally Free (4:19)
 We're birds that used to be caged
 We could see the bars of our prison cells
 We could see our captors staring at us
 We're those who used to wear shackles
 That would weigh down on our minds and hurt our flesh
 Our captors would beat us, would whip us
 We were formally set free years ago
 We were dancing and laughing on the way
 As we went to join the crowd of our equals
 4. Rockstar (4:51)
 Amanda was 13 when she was told she couldn't sing
 But neither could Bob Dylan
 Although he was a man and that
 might make all the difference
 Amanda new she sang flat but she sang to herself
 As long as nobody heard
 Or maybe she could grow a beard and be a
 flat-singing man like all the rockstars she loved
 Like all the rockstars she loved
 Amanda was 22 when she saw that it was unfair
 Her songs should be heard
 They said things that could
 make sense and make a difference
 Amanda's neighbours would hear her voice through the walls
 The annoying next-door musician
 Who cranked up the volume on her guitar
 like all the rockstars they loved
 Like all the rockstars they loved

I'm a bird that sits on a power line
 The air is transparent and good to breathe
 I must look happy and free here
 Amanda's neighbours would hear her voice through the walls
 The annoying next-door musician
 Who cranked up the volume on her guitar
 like all the rockstars they loved
 Like all the rockstars they loved

I'm among those who walk the streets
 I'm a person like any other
 There should be no limit to what I can be
 I was formally set free before I was born
 I should dance, I should breathe in effortlessly
 I'm among the many who don't suffer
 But who really wants a rockstar for a neighbour
 No one wants to pay that price for music
 When it disrupts the balance of a rut
 Yeah, Amanda doesn't see it but
 she's so much like all the rockstars she loves
 All the rockstars she loves

I don't understand my heavy heart
 There's nothing to weigh down on my mind
 I can't see a captor, yet I feel beaten
 Amanda's 27 and gets e-mails from girls in their teens
 Girls who didn't think they could sing
 Girls who're more like Lou Reed than like, say, Beyoncé
 Amanda tours in the States and
 is banned from two radio stations
 She's not good for the children
 Unlike anorectic icons and other rockstars they love
 All these rockstars they love

All my life I've been told that I'm free,
 that I'm benefiting from the progress of
 history. This song is for hir, her, him
 who just doesn't feel free.
 Amanda was 13 when she first saw she was kind of fat
 And wasn't that pretty naked
 Although she hadn't cared until Marianne had told her to
 Amanda's 27 and loves food and dancing naked
 She is fairly happy
 She does what she wants and is still alive
 unlike the rockstars she loves
 Unlike the rockstars she loves
 Yeah, all the rockstars she loves

This song is maybe about Amanda Palmer and also about me. In my journal
 when I was like 16 I wrote that I couldn't be a musician because I had
 the wrong body. It took years to realise I was already a musician. And
 now I'm 27 and this is my fucking debut album.

I'd seen the TV series *Torka aldrig tårar utan handskar* (Don't ever
 wipe tears without gloves) based on a trilogy by Jonas Gardell - a
 story about new-found LGBT freedom and the impact of AIDS on the gay
 community in Stockholm in the early 1980's.
 I wanted to say: we won't let them make us blame ourselves anymore.
 They are the voices in my head and they have no business there.

5. Roadtrip med familjen (5:32)
Sverige passerar utanför fönstret
Och du ser skogen i mörkret
Jag ser spåren i barken
Såren i marken
Skeletten från träden
Och hoppet som lämnat världen

Kör förbi Linköping halv ett på natten
Och du blir nykär i platsen
Jag ser utsattheten
Slutgiltigheten
Tiggarnas sovplatser
Och småstäder alla överger

Vi tankar och jag vill förlåtas
För allt som jag gjort
Allt som vi gör
Förlåt mig, framtid
Förlåt mig, barn
För att det är försent
Låt mig vila en stund hos er

Sverige passerar utanför fönstret
Och du ser fälten i mörkret
Jag ser giftet och mordet
Skiftet i jorden
Natur som försvunnit
Att allt vi gör nu är försumligt

Vi rör oss och jag vill förlåtas
För allt som vi raserat
Allt vi raserar
För eran framtid
För erat arv
För att det är försent
Låt mig vila en stund hos er

I wrote this song on tour, on the motorway between Stockholm and Malmö. There are so many cars on the roads. In one of these cars, we find the person in this song. His name could be Emil.

5. Road trip with the family (5:32)
Sweden is passing by outside the window
And you see the forest in the dark
I see the traces in the bark
The wounds in the ground
The skeletons of the trees
And hope that has left the world

Driving past Linköping half 12 at night
And you fall in love with the place
I see the vulnerability
The finality
The beggars' sleeping spots
And small towns that everyone abandons

We get petrol and I want to be forgiven
For everything that I've done
Everything we're doing
Forgive me, future
Forgive me, children
Because it's too late
Let me rest a while with you

Sweden is passing by outside the window
And you see the fields in the dark
I see the poison and the murders
Enclosure in the soil
Nature that has disappeared
That anything we do now is negligible

We move and I want to be forgiven
For everything we've torn down
Everything we're tearing down
For your future
For your inheritance
Because it's too late
Let me rest a while with you

6. Petroleum (3:55)
Regn
Smyger ner och viskar nya språk
mot fönstren
är årstider ett minne blott
spår av inlandsisarna
Marken ligger uppskrapad
bereder plats för motorvägarna
Bered en väg
för nya ägare

Tror du att det finns något okänt där ute
som mirakulöst förblev oupptäckt
Något som gömmer sig i djupen
som bidar sin tid
och drömmer om petroleum och kristaller
som drömmer om fossil och döda koraller
som drömmer om strålskadade atoller i natt

Säg
det där du alltid ville ha sagt
till mig
Våra barn ska svepa filtarna
över våra huvuden
Ridån går ner och ljusen släcks
och kvar finns bara sägner
om motorvägarna
Bered en väg
för nya ägare

A song written by Joakim Berg and originally recorded by the band Kent. Is there a prehistoric god of petroleum, a Cthulhu dreaming of dead corals and heavy metals? (Maybe something for Emil in the previous song to think about.)

Tror du att det finns något okänt där ute
En urtidsgud som inte ville bli väckt
Något som gömmer sig i djupen
som bidar sin tid
och drömmer om petroleum, tungmetaller
som drömmer om fossil och döda koraller
som drömmer om strålskadade atoller i natt

Tror du att det finns nåt okänt där ute
som mirakulöst förblev oupptäckt
Något som sover där i djupen
som bidar sin tid
och drömmer om petroleum och kristaller
som drömmer om fossil och döda koraller
som drömmer om strålskadade atoller i natt

7. The Power of Habit (3:13)

I wake up with my mouth full of dust
I stay on the edge of the bed and stare
Silently I feel how the day dawns so fast
and breathe faster, increasing the pace

I walk in pace with the watch on my arm
I see how children can dance to their heartbeats
I see clearly how I have been squeezed into a scheme
of walking faster, increasing the pace

But my entire body is saying no
The motorway stretches
into a mist, heavy with guilt

Who has the energy to stop?
The power of habit has led us
to float with a stream towards the precipice

I dream about a city that has been ground to dust
I breathe in the ashes that are humankind
I feel it stinging but cleaned and rid of everything
that forced forwards, increased the pace

I move in circles, in panic, without a goal
I see how the children too were ground to sand
I see clearly how I am blind and alone
and breathe faster – where is the pace?

And my entire body is saying no
The motorway cracks
and the sun rises over the chaos

Cold from sweat I wake up
My ceiling the same as yesterday
but I can't move my body

I breathe faster ...

I used to pass a preschool on my way to university every morning.
Children dancing, playing, in the moment; me walking fast, always
one moment ahead of myself. We need to break the circle.

7. Vanans Makt (3:13)

Jag vaknar till med munnen full av damm
Jag sitter kvar och stirrar från min sängkant
Jag känner tyst hur dagen gryr så snabbt
och andas snabbare, höjer takten

Jag går i takt med klockan på min arm
Jag ser hur barn får dansa efter hjärtslagen
Jag ser helt klart hur jag har rutats in
i att vandra snabbare, höja takten

Men hela kroppen säger nej
Motorvägen sträcker sig
in i en dimma, tung av skuld

Vem har ork att stanna upp?
Vanans makt har lett oss till
att flyta med en ström mot branten

Jag drömmer om en stad som malts till damm
Jag andas in askan som är människan
Jag känner att det svider men är rent från allt
som tvingade framåt, höjde takten

Jag går i cirklar, i panik, helt utan mål
Jag ser hur barnen också maldes ner till sand
Jag ser helt klart hur jag är blind och ensam
och andas snabbare – var är takten?

Och hela kroppen säger nej
Motorvägen spricker upp
och solen stiger över kaoset

Kall av svett vaknar jag till
Mitt tak detsamma som igår
men jag kan inte röra kroppen.

Jag andas snabbare ...



8. Earth (4:46)
I was born today
I was born through the Earth

I have seen our new beginning
I have felt the wind of change
upon my skin

We are small in life
We are small and survive

We will merge with the universe
We will still be part of
all that ever was

The trees all stand there waiting
as the ghost of Mr Tolkien
pities all who fail to see
what we are missing now
The trees agree with Tolkien
'cause he tried to see into them
though he didn't do them justice,
well at least he tried
"Unlike you lot",
the ghost spits out

I was born today
I was born through the Earth

I am but a shape, a shadow
Everything that is casts a shadow

I am but the shade of
breath on glass
Everything that lives passes
like I pass

I find comfort in the Earth
from which I came

This is the journey of Shadow in
American Gods by Neil Gaiman, it
is the ghost of J.R.R. Tolkien
saying we're lost, and it is the
joy of seeing our new beginning
in the ashes and dust in our own
bodies.

9. Take Charge, Take care (3:41)
People don't know what they're doing with their lives
People keep looking for new truths, anything clearly defined

Sarah can't see what she's doing online
Sarah trusts facebook and google, thinking it's gonna be fine
Cathy can't see how she's stealing with her diet
Cathy thinks growth will bring healing, and all things soon will be fine

But I'm saying it: It's not, I'm saying it: We've got
To take charge, to take charge

Danny can't see what he's making when he drives and flies
Danny thinks through innovation everything's gonna be fine
Stephen won't see what he's taking when he buys
CDO:s on the stock exchange, thinking the system's just fine

But I'm saying it: It's not, I'm saying it: We've got
To take charge, to take charge

And we can be our own owners
We can be our own rulers

People don't know what they're doing with their lives
People keep turning to new gods, thinking it's gonna be fine

But I'm saying it: It's not, I'm saying it: We've got
To take charge of our lives, to take responsibility
To take back now what we've sold so cheaply
To take matters into our own hands
To take it so seriously that we almost lose hope but not quite
To take over from frantic divinities that we've made up
To take care not to invent new lies

To take care of each other
To take care of life (x3)

Oh love, take care

Society doesn't make any sense.
Sometimes I try to imagine real change.
I like anarchism.

Lyrics & music by Rut Elliot Blomqvist (cc) BY-NC-SA 2017
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String arrangements on 2 & 8 by David Saulesco.

Drums and bass recorded at TopFloor Studios,
Gothenburg by Jakob Herrmann.
Piano recorded at Ingesunds Folkhögskola, Arvika by Jimmy Agvén.
Track 9, trumpet & backing vocals recorded by Eva-Linn Nordh.
Electric guitar recorded by Fredrik Askerdal.
Harmonium recorded by Jesper Berglund.
Everything else recorded at Spinroad Studios,
Gothenburg by Eva-Linn Nordh & Pedro Ferreira.

Rut Elliot Blomqvist: piano, rhodes, acoustic guitar,
harmonica, ukulele, harmonium, vocals
Charlotte Andersson & Emelie Molander: violin (2, 8)
Agnes Högberg: viola (2, 8)
Maja Molander: cello (2, 8)
Jimmie Olausson: drums (3, 4, 7)
Palle Karlsson: double bass (3, 4, 7)
Fredrik Askerdal: electric guitar (4)
Nadia Hamouchi: trumpet (4)
Roger Blomqvist: banjo (3), mandolin (7)
Siri Holm: violin (7), backing vocals (2)
Judith Lysell: backing vocals (2, 3)
Eva-Linn Nordh: backing vocals (2, 3, 8)
Anna Pavia: clarinet (5, 6), backing vocals (2, 3, 9)
Simon Larsson: backing vocals (3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9)

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Mixed by Eva-Linn Nordh
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Photos by Judith Lysell and Rut Elliot Blomqvist
Graphic design by Olof Gross, using Open Source software