

## Tracks

1. [If You Were No Longer in My Life](#)
2. [I Count the Days](#)
3. [If I Make It until the Morning](#)
4. [Benign Bliss \(He Feels Good\)](#)
5. [Zoloft Lullaby](#)
6. [I Wish I Could Sing Like Freddie Mercury](#)
7. [Dating after 50 \(feat. Opaline\)](#)
8. [In the Zoom Breakout Room](#)
9. [Self-Pity Party](#)

# 1. If You Were No Longer in My Life

If you were no longer in my life I wouldn't have one  
If you were gone I'd be gone too inside my head  
I wouldn't shave, I wouldn't shower,  
I wouldn't change my underpants  
I would have breadcrumbs in my beard,  
Children would mock me and run scared

If I could not wake up with you I wouldn't sleep then  
Without you lying next to me I would not care for  
being free  
I'd seek your smell on your pillow,  
Something to hang on in my sorrow  
If I couldn't wake up next to you,  
I might not wake up anymore

If I couldn't hold you I would hold on to a bottle  
The guy at the liquor store would be my only friend  
I would drink myself silly,  
I would puke and then feel sorry  
I'd go to AA shaking bad,  
Tell them I loved you and I'm sad

If I sat at home waiting for you, waiting and waiting  
If I sat at home waiting to find you'd never come  
I'd keep on sitting and sitting,  
I'd keep on waiting, waiting, waiting  
She's stuck in traffic on the 10,  
She'll be home soon, that's settled then

## 2. I Count the Days

I count the days 'till you come home,  
One of these days it won't be long  
I count the days 'till you come back  
And we are made whole once again  
Monday, Tuesday go by slowly  
Wednesday, Thursday, I turn giddy  
I count the days 'till you come home at  
long last,  
We'll have such a blast

I'm on my way to LAX,  
I am the carpool lane express  
I'm on my way to pick you up  
And bring you back where you belong  
Now you're home and we're all cheerful,  
Gosh you've grown, we stare and marvel  
You tell your stories and we're so thrilled  
And we wish time could stand still

You sleep all day and smoke all night,  
The house reeks of your pot  
You drink my booze like it's going out of  
style,  
My bar's a vacant lot

You drive my car but never fill it up with  
gas  
You wear those ear buds, we yell, we  
yell,  
But you can't hear us

I count the days 'till you go home,  
One of these days it won't be long  
I count the days 'till you go back  
And all is quiet here once again  
Monday, Tuesday go by slowly  
Wednesday, Thursday I turn giddy  
I count the days 'till you go home at long  
last,  
We'll have such a blast

I take you back to LAX,  
I am the carpool lane express  
I take you back to put you  
On a plane to somewhere else  
It's been lovely having you home,  
But now we're just a place where you're  
from  
I take you back where you belong,

To the life that is now your own  
TSA Pre and then you're gone,  
Now I feel all alone  
I miss your antics you're so fun  
To hang out with at home  
You can drink my wine, I don't care,  
It's there for all of us  
Home for Thanksgiving, I hope, my dear,  
And maybe Christmas?  
I count the days 'till you come home,  
One of these days it won't be long  
I count the days 'till you come back  
And we are made whole once again  
Monday, Tuesday go by slowly  
Wednesday, Thursday, I turn giddy  
I count the days 'till you come home at  
long last,  
We'll have such a blast

### 3. If I Make It Until the Morning

If I make it until the morning  
If I get to see the sun rise over the trees  
If I live until tomorrow  
Would you come back and let me show you  
around?

Would you let me lend you my eyes?  
So we can take it from when they shut yours tight  
However long I got left to go  
Would you come see what you never saw?

For if I get to be older than you  
If God only will that I should go on  
If I know an age that you never knew  
How could I still, would I still be your son?

If I walk on by where you fell  
If my body holds when your unraveled  
If I have time in front of me  
Would you please keep me company?

And if you let me lend you my eyes  
Would I show you a world you'd care to see?  
If you come and walk along with me  
Would I make it worth your while?

And if I get to be older than you  
I'd be lonelier too, wishing you'd know  
A part of me the boy on your shoulders,  
in a rush to get older, who misses you now

## 4. Benign Bliss (He Feels Good about Himself)

His shoes are shined, he wears a new pair of pants,  
He walks down Holloway Road in the rain  
Headphones are blasting, a big smile on his face,  
This man is bumping, you would too if you were in his place  
He's got a date over his lunch break, with a pretty, pretty girl

He feels good, he feels good, he feels good about himself  
Who knew the world could turn from grim to bliss  
In a heartbeat and a smile?  
He feels good, he feels good, he feels good about himself

Sometimes it feels like it is meant to be  
She's smart and funny, not quite thirty, he feels lucky  
Head over heels, he dreams "could she be mine?"  
Sardined on the Piccadilly line has never felt so fine  
He packed two candy bars in his lunch box  
They'll picnic on a bench. God, his life rocks!

He feels good, he feels good, he feels good about himself  
What is this wonderous elation  
That pumps him up and sends him flying?  
He feels good, he feels good, he feels good about himself

Arsenal lost last night 2-1, too bad  
Princes and princesses are feuding, but who's got time for  
that?

Backstop, Brexit, shouldn't he worry about it?  
"Crisis, what crisis?" All it is is a nation's neurosis  
Nothing really matters to the man with pleated trousers  
On such a glorious, glorious day

He feels good, he feels good, he feels good about himself  
A little hope, a little crush, you're in heaven, it don't take much  
He feels good, he feels good, he feels good about himself  
He feels good, he feels good, he feels good about himself  
Headphones and smile, he made my day,  
I wish him well I'm on my way  
He feels good, he feels good, he feels good about himself

## 5. Zoloft Lullaby

If there's no way your eyes will ever dry  
And you could hardly make it through the night,  
Adrift and paralyzed,  
I'll take your hand and hold it tight  
And if you dug a hole inside of you,  
Hid it from all until you fell right through,  
I'd find you where you're at,  
I'd pull you out and bring you back

And if you fear I won't be strong enough,  
That I'll be swept aside, that my love won't abide  
I say, my child, have faith, I say it loud:  
There's nowhere you can be  
That I won't help you out

When once again you're just a helpless child,  
Befuddled days followed by restless nights,  
Don't you cry, love, don't you cry,  
Rock-a-bye baby, rock-a-bye  
For when you stare into the end of time,  
Won't fight the pull of the receding tide,  
That hand you feel in yours  
Will not let go for ever more

And if you say my words are full of it,  
If you say I'm only trying to sugarcoat it,  
I say, my love, believe with all your might,  
I'll always be with you, here and on the other side

## 6. I Wish I Could Sing like Freddie Mercury

I know what you think,  
That I can hardly, hardly sing to save my  
life,  
And you might be up to something,  
But how I wish you weren't right  
For what is a man to do  
If his voice won't carry a tune  
But he's got songs coming out the  
wazoo,  
And the shower just won't do?

I wish I could sing like Freddie Mercury  
Hit all those high notes and always be in  
the right key  
I'd skip the unitards, they're not  
flattering on me  
But, boy, I would be so happy  
I'd sing you songs all night, all day and  
in between  
You'd dance and laugh and look at me  
lovingly

We'd harmonize and live in harmony  
Oh, we would be so happy

You don't like my voice  
But you don't have a choice, you're  
married to me,  
And I fancy myself quite the artiste  
As I work on my future hits  
But I want to sing for you,  
Get down on one knee and serenade  
you,  
And I don't want you to cringe when I  
do,  
That's why I wish I could sing like who?

I wish I could sing like Freddie Mercury  
Hit all those high notes and always be in  
the right key  
I'd skip the unitards, they're not  
flattering on me  
But, boy, I would be so happy

I'd sing you songs all night, all day and  
in between  
You'd dance and laugh and look at me  
lovingly  
We'd harmonize and live in harmony  
Oh, we would be so happy

# 7. Dating after 50 (feat. Opaline)

[HE:] I walked into the bar and... and I knew which one  
she was  
A member of the choir, I guess she came straight from  
mass  
And years of lonely breakfasts with donuts for company  
I figured she'd have been more at ease with her book-  
club ladies

[SHE:] He walked into the door and... and I was already  
bored  
V-neck and button-down, bald head, fake confidence  
Another evening of mansplaining, boy do I know the  
score  
Don't they get when it comes to dating, less is more?

[THEY:] But I don't want to die alone  
I don't want to get old  
Without a hand to hold  
No, I don't want to grow old alone  
[SHE:] And if he's all that I can get  
[HE:] If she could be my own  
[THEY:] In our second-hand market  
I'll keep at it 'till love has grown

[SHE:] Guess I was no beauty queen ...  
[HE:] I never was a stud ...  
[SHE:] ... but I did fit in those jeans  
[HE:] ... but youth was my cover-up  
[SHE:] No wrinkles, hair not gray  
[HE:] Went to the gym and ran  
[SHE:] Hormones sent men my way  
[HE:] Look at me see a man  
[SHE:] Gravity got the best of me,  
[HE:] Gravity's got the best of me  
[SHE:] Lights off, nothing to see  
[HE:] The man in the mirror weeps  
[SHE:] No longer prime that's why he dumped me  
[HE:] No hair, beer belly, no wonder she dumped me  
[THEY:] And I'm so lonely  
[THEY:] But I don't want to die alone  
I don't want to get old  
Without a hand to hold  
No, I don't want to grow old alone  
[SHE:] And if he's all that I can get  
[HE:] If she could be my own  
[THEY:] In our second-hand market  
Lord, I don't want to grow old alone

## 8. In the Zoom Breakout Room

They met on Zoom, in a breakout room  
In the dark ages of doom and gloom  
She was bright and sophisticated  
But all he wanted was to see her naked

They met again on Slack a week after that  
They shared a channel, and he stared at  
her pixels  
He went on Twitter and he followed her  
And he retweeted every little thought she  
had

Now you may say he's not the most  
mature, I assume  
Some people even say his brain's a  
vacuum  
But when he saw her on his Zoom, Zoom,  
Zoom  
There's no denying that his heart went  
boom, boom, boom

He went on Facebook and he got a look  
At all the pictures that she posted on her  
wall

Before you can say Zuckerberg, he was  
hooked  
And he requested that she friend him,  
don't we all?

Soon it came that the doom and gloom  
went away  
He braced himself and texted her: "what  
would you say  
If with my Apple phone I gave you a ring  
And asked if you would let me take you  
out for a drink?"

Now you may say she's not the most self-  
assured, I agree  
And that she settled for a lower pedigree  
But when he had unmuted in the Zoom  
break-out room  
There's no denying that her heart went  
boom, boom, boom  
And you may say "what are the odds such  
a love would endure?"  
That life on line is full of fakes and avatars  
But let me tell you that their feelings were  
pure and sure

And they grew stronger, stronger, close  
than from afar

I hear some of you say my song is dumb  
Unrealistic, optimistic, frankly wrong  
But I get to make it up just as I want  
And I'm in the mood for something sweet  
and lovesome  
Hey, you might want to check them out on  
Tik Tok  
Instagram too, you'll see their love around  
the clock  
One thing they'll keep to themselves, but  
I'll say  
He now gets to see her naked every day

OK, I must confess, I didn't work so hard  
on this one  
Five chords and silly words that came to  
me while out on a run  
But when I see love in real life or dream it  
on Zoom  
It makes me happy and my heart goes  
boom, boom boom

## 9. Self-Pity Party

Do you remember, do you remember when you said  
You would follow me to the end of the earth?  
Am I mistaken, am I mistaken to recall  
You said you'd never ever let me walk alone?

Well, wouldn't you know  
What a difference twenty years can make?  
Sitting at our kitchen table  
I can still smell the bread you used to bake  
And, by the way, you left your Mother's pearls upstairs,  
In that little box where you keep all your treasures  
And the stuff for which you care

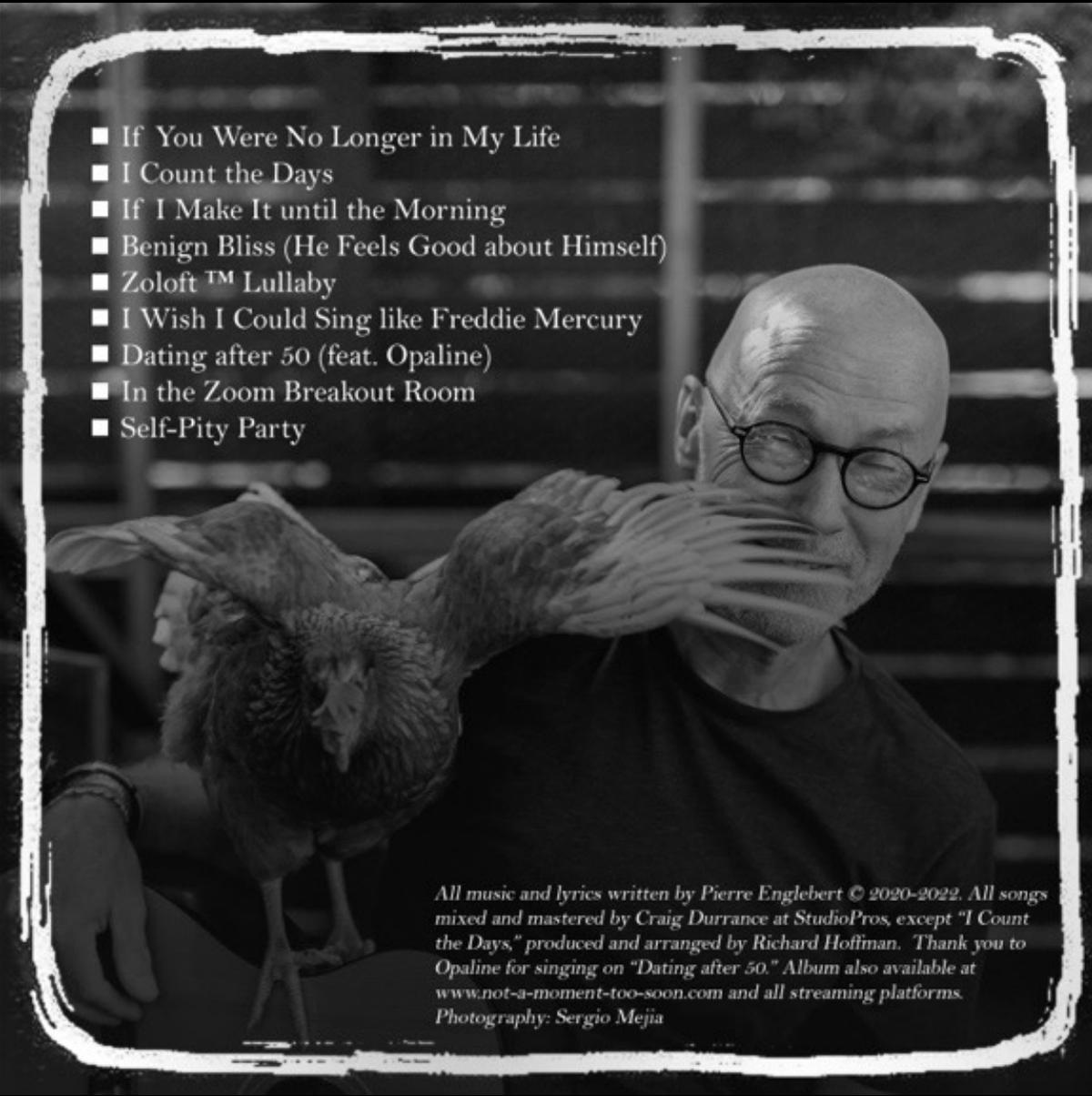
Was there a reason, was there a reason that you went?  
I try to wrap my head around it but I can't.  
We were so happy, we were so happy even when  
Sometimes we bickered like a rooster and a hen

But here I am just a ghost in a house that once was our  
home,

Wondering what on earth I did  
To deserve ending up like this all alone  
And no goodbye, not a word, not a note, not even a call  
You're the one who left  
But I'm the one who feels like he never existed at all

I bought you flowers, I bought you flowers yesterday,  
I thought you might still care about our anniversary  
I brought them over, I brought them over to your place,  
...

I saw a squirrel jump over the names of your new friends,  
And with all the balloons,  
It looked like you guys down there are still having so much  
fun  
But then I went back home with myself and nobody else,  
Sitting at our kitchen table  
I thought I could still hear our wedding bells.

- 
- If You Were No Longer in My Life
  - I Count the Days
  - If I Make It until the Morning
  - Benign Bliss (He Feels Good about Himself)
  - Zoloft™ Lullaby
  - I Wish I Could Sing like Freddie Mercury
  - Dating after 50 (feat. Opaline)
  - In the Zoom Breakout Room
  - Self-Pity Party

*All music and lyrics written by Pierre Englebert © 2020-2022. All songs mixed and mastered by Craig Durrance at StudioPros, except "I Count the Days," produced and arranged by Richard Hoffman. Thank you to Opaline for singing on "Dating after 50." Album also available at [www.not-a-moment-too-soon.com](http://www.not-a-moment-too-soon.com) and all streaming platforms. Photography: Sergio Mejia*