



**renee cologne**  
*the opposite of*



**tired** (r.cologne) 4:31

your hand is reaching out to me in the dream  
it is reaching me, holding me, loving me  
your hand is attached to an arm that wraps around me  
and holds me naked in my desire

i'm not tired cause i'm on fire for you

i open my eyes and the hand that reached out,  
is only halfway there to catch me  
i'm a little bit tired but i will sleep in the same sheet  
that held us not so long ago

**chorus**

a kiss a breath on your eyelids, your eyelashes  
i place it there and i wonder at the wonder of you

**roses** (r.cologne / d.smit) 4:33

sitting in a cafe, waiting for the red-eye to LA  
everywhere i turn, i see your face

absinthe doesn't sit as nice, i'm melting in the glass with ice  
i need a little taste of you, it's true

roses die on the vine  
people starve all of the time  
it's not fair, why haven't you called  
it's all your fault

running between drops of rain, rushing for the track 29 train  
hurting me was all a game to you, it's true

roses die much too fast  
how long did that cold war last  
it's not fair, why haven't you called  
it's all your fault

**sylvia says** (r.cologne) 3:59

sylvia says that we only have a billion breaths  
she says we're born, we have a life, then we have a death  
she tells me that a yogi told her so  
I eat my yogurt and I wonder how he knows

sylvia says • sylvia says • sylvia says • breathe

does this mean that if he did yoga everyday  
breathed more slowly, learned to pull it in a deeper way  
reached with outstretched arms for the birds in the trees  
that he would live longer than me?

*chorus*

so if we came in and remembered to count diligently  
we would be as god and we would know when it's the end  
but would that make it any more elegant  
or any less difficult to say goodbye

*chorus*

slow down you move too fast  
gotta make this life last . . .

**mars** (r.cologne / m.stanzilis) 4:47

i'm moving to another country, far, far away  
they found life on mars  
i wonder if that's far enough  
if i did that, if i went away  
would it be enough to make you stay

i'm in a bit of a drunken haze but suddenly things seem clear  
i didn't realize that for us to be close  
i couldn't be near you, my dear  
i have to say you warned me, your lover was far away  
it was enough for the fantasy of how it would be someday

but if you see me on the cover of "people"  
it'll be as a big, big star  
of research and development  
on the planet mars

it's ironic alanis, not chardonnay  
how as soon as things were spoken things changed  
i don't believe i have any ghosts out to get me just now  
so i think i'll put on my snakeskin and go out on the town

*chorus*

*solo*

i'm moving to another country, far, far away  
they found life on mars, i wonder if that's far enough  
if i did that, if i went away  
would it be enough to make you stay

**the mad hatter** (r.cologne / m.stanzilis) 4:07

oh look, you brought me flowers, how sweet  
reminds me of some rancid meat i had recently

i seem to remember lots of loving words  
even if it was in the heat of the moment  
and even if you were in heat

*inst chorus*

you made us a picnic so thoughtful  
china, wine, white tablecloth  
and some old chicken broth

you had everything you needed to take advantage of me  
even if i was in heat  
and even if you were in the moment

and i don't deny  
i was willing  
i was walking  
i was spinning, as i said  
you between my legs spoke as much  
and i was lunch

i'm just sitting here humming, spinning  
i'm just sitting here cumming, grinning  
but i'm not mad  
i'm not the mad hatter, alice

**need** (r.cologne) 4:39

I will need you, I will stay  
With my heart open in this place  
I will need you we can play  
You'll be seven, I'll be eight

I will need you, I will wait  
So much sweeter in this place  
Fight my heart closing, I'll fight my fear  
I believe you won't leave me, my dear

I will need you • I will need you

I will meet you, twice a week  
We'll eat ice cream, you can treat  
I will not let you go, you will not fall  
I have faith you won't drop me at all

*chorus*

**let myself alone** (r.cologne / m.stanzilis) 3:53

my daddy told me i was gonna be  
a big, big star on the tv  
my daddy loves me, he would never lie  
he drink moonshine at the five and dime

yeah, let myself alone

she do the sing song willingly  
she want her honey from the queen bee  
she watch the big stars on the tv  
white hot angel sleeping dreamily

and i let myself alone

all she really wants is to find her way (3x) yeah

she want to do good be a nightingale  
fiery wild junk is floating everywhere  
she take a drink and light a cigarette  
she wants the whole world, every little bit

and i let myself alone

nap (r.cologne) 5:02

red light shines down from the top of my building  
nap in progress  
please stop all construction  
and god smiles down  
miguel & jose do not  
who do you think you are

i am open, i am waiting  
i am tasting my tongue to the earth  
like a lover i draw in and give out

i walk the lane, a medium  
and the purity  
toward the light  
i am being erased and i expand into the space around me

*chorus*

and so the light bathing down  
when i am well  
the light goes off  
the sun shines down  
i am healed  
i kneel  
at the temple of you  
as i should have done all along

sciatica (r.cologne / m.stanzilis) 4:33

i was lonely for so long, forgotten what it was i longed for  
i used to have a futon on the floor  
it did save space, but i don't need the space

just want to feel you, just want to fill you up

my nerve is pressing, but my will is strong  
sciatica i know you

running down my leg,  
like a train line from new york to washington  
red velvet seats high on red velvet i lie, on red velvet i lie  
his title was very long psychopharmacologist,  
like supercallifragilist, ex-theolog it's atrocious  
he didn't make me wait  
just want to feel you, just want to fill you up

*chorus*

opposite of (r.cologne) 5:44

you asked me what i would write  
would it be something about leaving  
and buses and airports and trains  
would it be something sad  
or something about the light on the sea  
or something about me, maybe  
maybe something about me

you asked me what's on my mind  
i don't think you really want to know  
cats, trash and you  
see, i never thought you'd come here  
i never thought you'd be here  
i never thought you'd come to me  
but something's not right baby  
three years is a long time

love is just the opposite of  
want is just the opposite of  
hate is just the opposite of  
love

i looked inside what else is new  
i read my books about  
obsession, compulsion and brains  
want to be somewhere light, or  
take more medication, i hear the bell  
you asked me to not hate you  
maybe there's a lesson here for me, as well

*chorus*



so many people go into the making of a record like this; well, any record, really. what you hold in your hands is the culmination of 2 years of intense work -- more actually, considering the time spent learning, working out ideas and just playing with the people around me. many thanks and much respect to all of the amazing musicians who lent their talents to the realization of this vision.

for their love and support, I'd also like to humbly thank candace debarolo, mike stanzilis, pat & zoe thrall, randy crafton, my big panty girls - michelle lewis and dayna kurtz, honorary panty jeff pachman, eve nelson, bernadette o'reilly, andy schlesinger, hugh elliot, brad finkel & jillian pransky, jen smith, kevin cordt, mary woofen, hiroko taguchi, judy schiller, robert mendoza, derrick smit, spottiswoode and all the enemies, derrick davis (tekserve), june kosloff, roseann tuchman, gerry & millie farrelly, the ted & jo's girls, amy platt, big foote, marcy drexler at ascap, bug music, and most importantly, my family.

this record is dedicated to my grandmother, margaret cripe, who still inspires me every day.

written, produced & recorded by renee cologne

all saxes - candace debartolo

trumpet - kevin cordt

violin - hiroko taguchi

cello - mary wooten

bass - mike stanzilis, except *tired* and *nap* brad finkle

all horn arrangements - debartolo/cordt, except *roses* with renee cologne

strings recorded by - randy crafton

*opposite of basics* recorded by - carl royce at coppertone studios, nyc

all string arrangements, drum programming, keyboards, bass, guitar, lead and

background vocals by renee cologne, except as noted

recorded at the wonderbread factory, hoboken, nj

mixed by pat thrall at studio pt, [www.studiopt.com](http://www.studiopt.com)

additional mix drum programming by pat thrall

mastered by tony gilles, the hit factory

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for more information, visit [www.reneecologne.com](http://www.reneecologne.com)

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additional credits: *roses* - drum programming and co-production, derrick smit and  
guitar, walter parks; *sylvia says* - additional violin, christian howes; *mad hatter* -  
additional drum programming, andy schlesinger, guitar, walter parks and whacked  
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