







1. BIG YELLOW MOON

Big yellow moon
Shine like the sun
Nice try moon
Nice try yellow one

Well you're too dim
To make the garden grow
But I like the way
You light up my way home

Yellow moon – big old broach on a
black velvet dress
Yellow moon – who are you trying
to impress?

Don't be jealous
Of the candle glow
Everyone knows
You're going to steal the show

Well I watch as you gently
Touch everyone
Like the billions before
And the billions to come

Yellow moon – big old broach on a
black velvet dress
Yellow moon – who are you trying
to impress?

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocal, acoustic
guitar, shaker and tambourine, melodica,
frog recordings
Carrie Ashworth: bass guitar
Marshall Bureau: drums
Mike Trebilcock: background vocals
Chris Altmann: pedal steel*



2. THE HARDEST PART

You said we'd be better off apart
I never got the chance to disagree
You claimed that I didn't have a heart
But you're wrong - I feel it breaking
every day

And maybe I'm the bigger fool
And now I'm wondering what to do

The hardest part is knowing where to start
I'm stuck here at the hardest part
The hardest part is knowing where to start
I'm stuck here at the hardest part

Friends say it'll get easier each day
But that's not the way it's happening
for me
The days go by, and still I wonder why
We go on, pretending to be free



And maybe I'm the bigger fool
And now I'm wondering what to do

The hardest part is knowing where to start
I'm stuck here at the hardest part
The hardest part is knowing where to start
I'm stuck here at the hardest part

Time flies but not for me
I'm stuck here in the moment I last
saw you
Your tears flowed like a hundred
falling stars
How I wish that I'd reached out and
touched you

The hardest part is knowing where to start
I'm stuck here at the hardest part
The hardest part is knowing where to start
I'm stuck here at the hardest part
I'm stuck here at the hardest part
I'm stuck here at the hardest part
I'm stuck here at the hardest part

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocals, acoustic
and electric guitars, banjo, bass guitar,
organ, melodica, shaker, tambourine.*
Chris Altmann: pedal steel
Marshall Bureau: drums
Mike Trebilcock: background vocals



3. THE TURNING OF THE WHEEL

All the days are running into one
Soon the moon will blend into the sun
Used to be we'd stroll along a stream
But that was just a dream

See it in the lines set in the face
Passing the baton in this great race
As soon as we are old enough to run
Triggered by the silent starting gun

You can ride it
Or you can let it knock you down
No matter what you choose
The wheel still rolls on

Oh the turning of the wheel
Oh the turning of the wheel
Oh the turning of the wheel
Oh the turning of the wheel

All the souls that crowd around this ball
Rolling like a marble down the hall
If it seems like we are spinning out
of control
Well that's just the way she rolls

Well I think it's time we all just stop
Take a look around at what we've got



Maybe take some time on a patch of grass
And remember all things must pass

You can ride it
Or you can let it knock you down
No matter what you choose
The wheel still rolls on

Oh the turning of the wheel
Oh the turning of the wheel
Oh the turning of the wheel
Oh the turning of the wheel

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocals, mandolin,
banjitar, sbaker, tambourine*
Carrie Ashworth: bass guitar
Marshall Bureau: drums
Chris Altmann: pedal steel
Mary Simon: background vocals
Mike Trebilcock: background vocals



Danny Medakovic

4. JOLLEY CUT

Do you think of me my love
From the other side of town?
You're 15 floors above me now
But I'm much further down, now

I see you every morning
Changing buses at the square
If I could change one thing
You would still be here

Have you seen my confession
Painted on the Jolley Cut?
It says "I love you,
More than a lot"

I miss your nasty letters
That list all my faults
At 27 pages
I think you got them all

I keep your little poems
In an old shoe box
I read 'em when I need 'em
And my heart unlocks

Have you seen my confession?
Painted on the jolley cut
It says "I love you,
More than a lot"



Jolley Cut
Jolley Cut
Jolley Cut
Jolley Cut

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocals, acoustic
and electric guitars, bass guitar, piano,
accordion, melodica, shaker, tambourine*

Marshall Bureau: drums

Ben Bowen: trumpet

Mike Trebilcock: background vocals

5. GRINGO IN PARADISE

Well the breeze is blowing
And the palm trees are swaying
Like flamenco dancers
And they're quietly saying
Ah show me, ah show me

And if you wait long enough
you might get a coconut
and that might be good
and that might be bad
'cause it might land on your head or
in your hands
so you better be sure on where you stand

Ah show me, show me that you love me
Ah show me, show me that you need me

And after a while you just give in to the
shaker and the conga
And sooner or later you habla when you
haha and you chacha to the song ya

And 6 rums later
everything is "muy bien"
there's lime in the glass and salt on the rim
and I don't even know what language
I'm thinking in
Ah show me, show me that you love me
Ah show me, show me that you need me

And after a while you just give in to the
shaker and the conga
And sooner or later you habla when you
haha and you chacha to the song ya

There's lime in the glass and salt on
the rim
There's lime in the glass and salt on
the rim
and I don't even know what language
I'm drinking in

Ah show me, show me that you love me
Ah show me, show me that you need me

Ah show me, show me that you love me
Ah show me, show me that you need me
Ah, muéstrame que me amas
Muéstrame que me necesitas
Muéstrame que me amas
Muéstrame

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocals, acoustic
and electric guitars, bass guitar
Marshall Bureau: drums
Ben Bowen: trumpet
Jay Burr: valve trombone
Mary Simon: background vocals
Mike Trebilcock: background vocals*

6. LITTLE THINGS, BIG LOVE

When you've pulled out all the excuses
Uncovered all the layers of shame
Words of kindness are long lost
And you can only find words of blame

It's not over, love has not left town
We've just buried our hearts so far down
You've got to dig deep and you will find
It's much better to be kind
Let's work on them little things
Let's work on them little things
Let's work on them little things
And the big love, soon will follow

We were wrong
We were wrong
All these little wrongs that built this
great divide
Now I'm on my knees and crawling
over to your side

Let's work on them little things
Let's work on them little things
Let's work on them little things
And the big love, soon will follow

*Horns arranged by Jay Burr
Danny Medakovic: lead vocal, acoustic and
electric guitars, tambourine
Carrie Ashworth: bass guitar
Marshall Bureau: drums
Mike Trebilcock: background vocals
Mary Simon: background vocals
Jay Burr: valve trombone
Troy Dowding: trumpet
Sal Rosselli: tenor sax*





7. REWIND

It's been three days since you've been gone
Still got the same pot of coffee on
And I'm still wearing the same dirty clothes
Just when you'll be back, god only knows

Rain on the window
You on my mind
You've gone fast forward
I'm still sitting here hitting rewind

You always said "I can't live in the past"
To which I'd replay "you're just
moving too fast"
Whenever you'd make plans, my eyes
would glaze
If things were clear to you, it was just a
big maze to me

Rain on the window
You on my mind
You've gone fast forward
I'm still sitting here hitting rewind

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocal, nylon string and
electric guitars, organ, mandolin, banjoitar.
Carrie Ashworth: bass guitar
Marshall Bureau: drums
Mike Trebilcock: background vocals*



8. CHROME HEARTS (SLOW DRIVE HOME)

Chrome hearts
See how they shine bright
Warm as engines
On a long night ride
Baby, don't tell me you can't see
That this has always been
Just a slow drive home

Whoa whoa, the best laid plans
Are but lines in the sand
And they don't stand a chance
Against a tide of tears
Wash away wash away those fears

Hey hey, you're going the wrong way
The path you seek is overgrown
The bridge you burned was the
bridge home

Chrome hearts
See how they shine bright
Warm as engines
On a long night ride
Baby, don't tell me you can't see
That this has always been
Just a slow drive home



Headlights, show you where you're going
But there's just no way of knowing
What's around the bend

Chrome hearts
See how they shine bright
Warm as engines
On a long night ride
Baby, don't tell me you can't see
That this has always been
Just a slow drive home

Hey hey, you threw it all away
The wisdom has been unlearned
You flew too high and you got burned
My my, you found the tree of life
And you took out your pocket knife
And carved our names inside a heart

Chrome hearts
See how they shine bright
Warm as engines
On a long night ride
Baby, don't tell me you can't see
That this has always been
Just a slow drive home

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocal, acoustic and
electric guitars, organ, tambourine
Carrie Ashworth: bass guitar
Marshall Bureau: drums
Mike Trebilcock: background vocals*



Aaron Zukewich



Sal Rosvelli



Jay Burr





9. TACO STAR

Here comes Maria with a pink surf board
And a little white dog with a spiked
collar on

You can tell the tide by the speed of her stride
And the rhythm of her flip flops spank-
ing on the ground

She's being followed by Miguel, on his trike
Selling cold coconuts that he opens with
a knife

And the way he circles 'round her and
the way his words flounder
You know that he's been following her
most of his life

Down at Taco Star they drink cervezas
To the sound of old reggae while the
surf wax melts
Up on the shelf there's a dusty, old picture
Of a young hippie couple, with
machetes in their belts
And down at Taco Star they drink cervezas

Out on the beach there's a faded umbrella
Shading an old couple with their eyes
on the sea

He peels a mango and says "look at
them kids go"
She says "That used to be you and me!"



And down at Taco Star they drink cervezas
To the sound of old reggae while the
surf wax melts
Up on the shelf there's a dusty, old picture
Of a young hippie couple, with ma-
chetes in their belts
And down at Taco Star they drink cervezas

After the rain the crabs fill the street
And they crunch under your wheels
and you'd better watch your feet
Well down here we're still ruled by
mother nature
If you do come around, you may be
more lost than found

And down at Taco Star they drink cervezas
To the sound of old reggae while the
surf wax melts
Up on the shelf there's a dusty, old picture
Of a young hippie couple, with ma-
chetes in their belts
And down at Taco Star they drink cervezas

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocal, acoustic and
electric guitars, bongos, djembe, shaker and
tambourine*

Carrie Ashworth: bass guitar

Marshall Bureau: drums

Aaron Zukewich: saxophone and organ

Mike Trebilcock: background vocals

10. CROOKED HILL

You and your crooked heart
Led me down a crooked lane
Until I emerged - bent and broken
Only to lay down the blame

Those were charcoal grey days
And we were but shadows in the rain
You and your crooked heart
Leading me down a crooked lane

And I followed blind
And I follow still
Though I walk alone now
Up this crooked hill

And in the beginning
I fell into your eyes
And I flew past the moon
With its silver lagoons
Through a watercolour sky

And clear as a bell
I can still hear your voice
Saying "take me as I am
Or leave, if you can"
But there was never a choice

And I followed blind
And I follow still

Though I walk alone
Up this crooked hill

You stopped wishing for roses
I stopped asking for truth
And we sank to our knees
And started feeding our needs
With cigarettes and vermouth

And I followed blind
And I follow still
Though I walk alone now
Up this crooked hill

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocal, acoustic and
electric guitars, mandolin
Carrie Asbworth: bass guitar
Marshall Bureau: drums
Chris Altmann: pedal steel
Mike Trebilcock: background vocals*

Mary Simon



Chris Altmann

11. ODE TO BOB

Sitting here in this vacuum
It's all that you left behind for me
It's a wonder my head don't explode
My thoughts are bleeding out my ears
And I don't know why
My heart keeps beating on at all
I don't know why, my heart keeps
Beating on at all

Perched like a gargoyle by the phone
I've got no pride when it comes to
being alone
You said my heart was like a wheel
Well if that's so, then mine's been
Rolling over glass
Rolling over glass

And I don't know why
My heart keeps beating on at all
I don't know why, my heart keeps
Beating on at all

I guess there was a problem
Guess there always was a problem
Though I always said
"no problem", anyway
I guess there was an answer
Guess there always was an answer
Even though I always said "no way"

I'm beat like a dog but what the heck
My spirit's broken and my life's a
complete wreck
It's a wonder I still go out at all
I heed the call, 'cause after all
I don't know why...
My heart keeps beating on at all.
I don't know why, my heart keeps
Beating on at all, beating on at all,
Beating on at all

*Danny Medakovic: lead vocals, acoustic
and electric guitars, organ, tambourine and
shaker, djembe*

Jeff Pearce: bass guitar, background vocals

Marshall Bureau: drums

Matt Coleman: violin

Jeff Ball: cello



Carrie Ashworth



Marshall Bureau



12. STRIPES AND STARS

Don't speak to me
In subliminal messages
All your wishes are hostages
Set free by your own demands

And don't talk to me
Of the flags of our fathers
And don't even bother
Waving a hand

There's a boy in a red hat
And he tells me where it's at
But he speaks to me in tongues
And his spit fills up my lungs

I had a dream of stripes and stars
But the stripes were metal bars
And the stars were big explosions
High above a burning ocean

The desert sands
Grow a little each day
Yeah they're coming our way
It's just a matter of time

This hour glass
We call an atmosphere
It's just a thin veneer
And it's wearing away

There's a boy in a red hat
And he tells me where it's at
But he speaks to me in tongues
And his spit fills up my lungs

I had a dream of stripes and stars
But the stripes were metal bars
And the stars were big explosions
High above a burning ocean

Danny Medakovic: lead vocal, acoustic and electric guitars, piano

Carrie Ashworth: bass guitar

Marshall Bureau: drums

Chris Altmann: pedal steel

Mike Trebilcock: background vocals

Mary Simon: background vocals

Mike Trebilcock



Matt Coleman



Geoff Ball



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1. Big Yellow Moon 3:18
 2. The Hardest Part 3:10
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 6. Little Things, Big Love 2:45
 7. Rewind 3:23
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All songs written by Danny Medakovic
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in the attic on Charlton - April 2014 to Aug 2014



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This album is dedicated to my dad John (the man with a million radios) who filled my world with music from morning until night. Thank you for putting the music in my blood, head, and heart.

Thank you to all my family and friends for your ongoing encouragement and support. Thank you to the musicians of Hamilton who continue to inspire me and especially to those that played or sang on these recordings.

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