



The Calculation
Eet
Blue Lips
Folding Chair
Machine
Laughing With
Human Of The Year
Two Birds
Dance Anthem Of The 80's
Genius Next Door
Wallet
One More Time With Feeling
Man Of A Thousand Faces

Bonus Tracks

Time is all around
The Sword & the Pen

regina spektor far





You went into the kitchen cupboard
got yourself another hour
and you gave half of it to me
We sat there looking at the faces
of the strangers in the pages
till we knew them mathematically
They were in our minds until forever
but we didn't mind
we didn't know better

So we made our own computer out of macaroni pieces
and it did our thinking while we lived our lives
It counted up our feelings
and divided them up even
and it called that calculation perfect love
Didn't even know that love was bigger
Didn't even know that love was so, so
hey, hey, hey

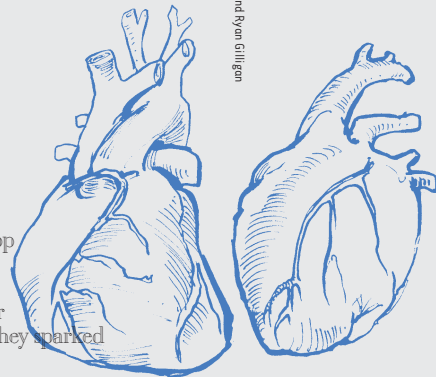
hey this fire, it's burning, burning us up

So we made the hard decision
and we each made an incision
past our muscles and our bones
saw our hearts were little stones...
Pulled them out, they weren't beating
and we weren't even bleeding
as we lay them on the granite countertop
and we beat 'em up, against each other
we beat 'em up, against each other
we struck them hard against each other
we struck them so hard, so hard, until they sparked

hey this fire, it's burning, burning us up

The Calculation

Produced by Mike Elizondo
Co-produced by regina speklor
Engineered by Adam Hawkins
Assistant Engineering by Brent Arrowood
Recorded at Phantom Studios, Westlake Village, CA
Project Coordination by Jolie Levine
Vocals, Piano, and Keyboards by regina speklor
Bass by Mike Elizondo
Drums and Percussion by Marc Chamberlain
Mixed by Michael H. Brauer
Mixed at Electric Lady Studios, NYC
Mix Assistants and Pro-Tools Engineers: Will Hensley and Ryan Gilligan



Eet

It's like forgetting the words to your favorite song
 you can't believe it
 you were always singing along
 it was so easy and the words so sweet
 you can't remember, you try to feel the beat
 eeeeeeeeeeee eet eet eet
 eeeeeeeeeeee eet eet eet

you spent half of your life
 trying to fall behind
 you're ears in your headphones, to drown out your mind
 it was so easy and the words so sweet
 you can't remember
 you try to move your feet
 eeeeeeeeeeee eet eet eet
 eeeeeeeeeeee eet eet eet

someone's deciding, whether or not to steal
 he opens a window
 just to feel the chill
 he hears that outside a small boy just started to cry
 cause it's his turn, but his brother won't let him try

It's like forgetting the words to your favorite song
 you can't believe it
 you were always singing along
 it was so easy and the words so sweet
 you can't remember, you try to move your feet
 it was so easy and the words so sweet
 you can't remember, you try to feel the beat

Produced by Mike Elizondo
 Co-produced by regina spektor
 Engineered by Adam Hankins
 Assistant Engineering by Brent Arrowood
 Recorded at Phantom Studios, Westlake Village, CA and Clinton Studio, NYC, NY
 Project Coordination by Jolie Levine
 Vocals, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
 Bass by Mike Elizondo
 Drums by Matt Chamberlain
 French Horn by Brad Warner
 Mixed by Michael H. Brauer
 Mixed at Electric Lady Studios, NYC
 Mix Assistants and Pro-Tools Engineers: Will Hansley and Ryan Gilligan

He stumbled into faith and thought,
 God, this is all there is
 The pictures in his mind arose
 And began to breathe
 And all the gods in all the worlds
 Began colliding on a backdrop of blue

blue lips
 blue veins

He took a step, but then felt tired
 He said, I'll rest a little while
 but when he tried to walk again
 he wasn't a child
 and all the people hurried past
 real fast and no one ever smiled

blue lips
 blue veins
 blue
 the color of our planet from far, far away

He stumbled into faith and thought,
 god, this is all there is
 The pictures in his mind arose
 and began to breathe
 And no one saw and no one heard
 they just followed lead
 The pictures in his mind awoke
 and began to breed

They started off beneath the knowledge tree
 then they chopped it down to make white picket fences
 and marching along the railroad tracks
 they smiled real wide for the camera lenses
 they made it past the enemy lines
 just to become enslaved in the assembly lines



Blue Lips

blue lips
 blue veins
 blue, the color of our planet from far, far away

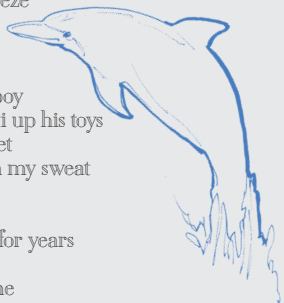
blue...the most human color...

blue lips
 blue veins
 blue, the color of our planet from far, far away

*Produced by Jeff Lynne
 Engineered and Mixed by Marc Mann & Steve Jay
 Recorded at Bungalow Palace Studio, CA
 Voice, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
 Bass, Guitar, 12 String Guitar by Jeff Lynne
 Orchestral Programming and Keyboard
 (OB-Xa) by Marc Mann
 Shaker by Steve Jay*

Folding Chair

Come and open up your folding chair next to me
My feet are buried in the sand and there's a breeze
There's a shadow, you can't see my eyes
And the sea is just a wetter version of the skies



Let's get a silver bullet trailer and have a baby boy
I'll safety-pin his clothes all cool and you'll grafitti up his toys
I've got a perfect body, though sometimes I forget
I've got a perfect body. cause my eyelashes catch my sweat
yes, they do, they do

Now I've been sitting on this abandoned beach for years
Waiting for the salty water to cover up my ears
But every time the tide come in to take me home
I get scared, and I'm sitting here alone
dreaming of the dolphin song

Maybe one day you will understand
I don't want nothing from you but to sweetly hold your hand
till that day just please don't be so down
Don't make frowns, you silly clown

Just come and open up your folding chair next to me
My feet are buried in the sand and there's a breeze
there's a shadow, you can't see my eyes
and the sea is just a wetter version of the skies

There's a shadow, you can't see my eyes

Produced by Jeff Lynne
Engineered and Mixed by Marc Mann and Steve Jay
Recorded at Bungalow Palace Studio, CA
Voice, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
Bass and Guitar by Jeff Lynne
Orchestral Programming by Marc Mann

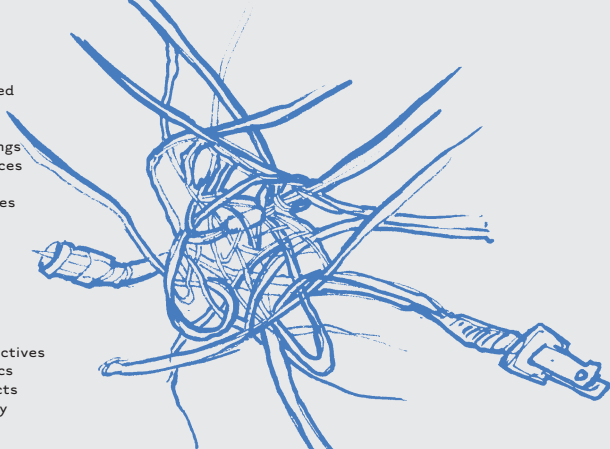
my eyes are bifocal
my hands are sept-jointed
I live in the future
in my prewar apartment
and I count all my blessings
I have friends in high places
and I'm upgraded daily
all my wires without traces

Hooked into machine
I'm hooked into machine

I collect my moments
into a correspondence
with a mightier power
who just lacks my perspectives
and who lacks my organics
and who covets my defects
and I'm downloaded daily
I am part of a composite

hooked into machine
I'm hooked into machine

Everything's provided
consummate consumer
part of worldly taking
apart from worldly troubles
living in your prewar apartment
soon to be your post war apartment
and you live in the future
and the future
it's here, it's bright
It's now



Machine

Produced by Mike Elizondo
Co-produced by regina spektor
Engineered and mixed by Adam Hawkins
Assistant Engineering by Brent Arrowood
Recorded at Phantom Studios, Westlake Village, CA and Clinton Studio, NYC, NY
Project Coordination by Jolie Levine
Vocals, Piano, and David Byrne's installation "Playing the Building" - regina spektor
Bass by Mike Elizondo
Drums by Matt Chamberlain
Cello by Yoed Nir
Installation Recorded and Engineered by Joe Mendelson and Beck Henderer-Peña
Recorded at The Battery Maritime Building, NYC
Special thanks to David Byrne and Danielle Spencer
Mixed by Michael H. Brauer
Mixed at Electric Lady Studios, NYC
Mix Assistants and Pro-Tools Engineers: Will Hensley and Ryan Gilligan

Laughing With

no one laughs at god in a hospital
no one laughs at god in a war
no one's laughing at god when they're starving
or freezing, or so very poor

no one laughs at god when the doctor calls
after some routine tests
no one's laughing at god when it's gotten real late
and their kid's not back from that party yet

no one laughs at god when their airplane starts to uncontrollably shake
no one's laughing at god when they see the one they love
hand in hand with someone else
and they hope that they're mistaken
no one laughs at god when the cops knock on their door
and they say "We got some bad news, sir."
no one's laughing at god when there's a famine, fire, or a flood

But god could be funny
at a cocktail party, while listening to a good god-themed joke
or when the crazies say they hate us and they get so red in the head
you'd think they're about to choke
god could be funny
when told he'll give you money if you just pray the right way
and when presented like a Genie, who does magic like Houdini
or grants wishes like Jiminy Cricket and Santa Claus
god can be so hilarious
Ha-ha
Ha-ha

no one laughs at god in a hospital
no one laughs at god in a war
no one's laughing at god when they've lost all they got
and they don't know what for

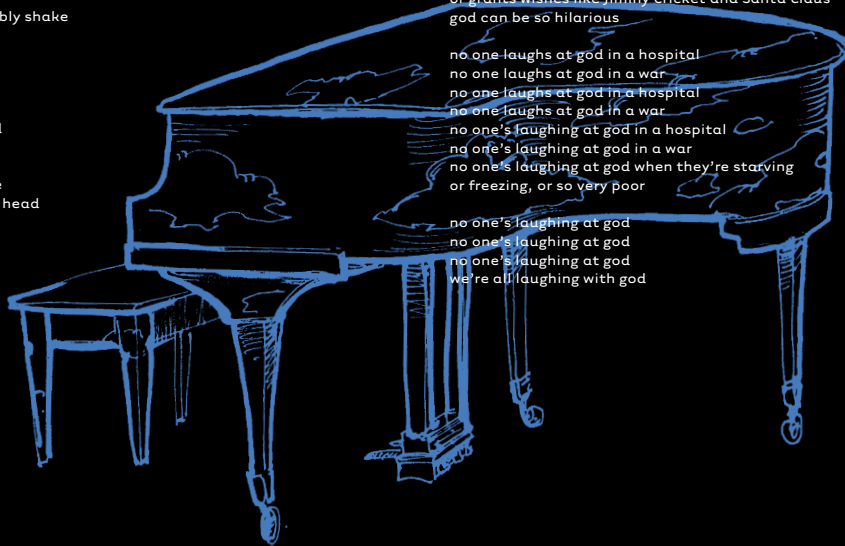
no one laughs at god
on a day they realize that the last sight they'll ever see is a pair of hateful eyes
no one's laughing at god when they're saying their goodbyes

But god could be funny
at a cocktail party, while listening to a good god-themed joke
or when the crazies say they hate us and they get so red in the head
you'd think they're about to choke

god could be funny
when told he'll give you money if you just pray the right way
and when presented like a Genie, who does magic like Houdini
or grants wishes like Jiminy Cricket and Santa Claus
god can be so hilarious

no one laughs at god in a hospital
no one laughs at god in a war
no one laughs at god in a hospital
no one laughs at god in a war
no one's laughing at god in a hospital
no one's laughing at god in a war
no one's laughing at god when they're starving
or freezing, or so very poor

no one's laughing at god
no one's laughing at god
no one's laughing at god
we're all laughing with god



*Produced by Jackie's Lee
Engineered by Tom McFall
Editing and Additional Engineering by Sam Bell
Recorded at State of the Art, Richmond, UK
Voices, Piano, and String Arrangement by regina speaker
Transcribed by Sachs Putnam
Drums by Dave Price
Violin/Viola by Sonia Slany
Violin by Jeremy Isaac
Cello by Nicholas Holland and Katherine Jenkinson
Mixed by Michael H. Brauer
Mixed at Electric Lady Studios, NYC
Mix Assistants and Pro-Tools Engineers: WH Hensley and Ryan Gilligan*

Human Of The Year

hello? hello?
calling a Karl Projektorinski
to the front of the cathedral
you have won, dear sir
may I congratulate you first?
oh, what an honor

human, human of the year and you've won
human, human of the year and you've won

why are you so scared
you stand there shaking in your pew
the icons are whispering to you
they're just old men
like on the benches in the park
except their balding spots
are glistening with gold

human, human of the year and you've won
human, human of the year and you've won

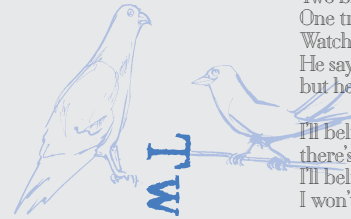
hallelujah, hallelujah

outside the cars are beeping
out a song just in your honor
and though they do not know it
all mankind are now your brothers
and thus the cathedral had spoken
wishing well to all us sinners
and with a sigh grew silent
till next year's big human winner

hallelujah, hallelujah

hello? hello?
calling a Karl Projektorinski
to the front of the cathedral
you have won...

Produced and Mixed by David Kahne
Co-produced by regina spektor
Engineered and Programmed by David Kahne
Recorded at SeeSquared Studios, NYC
Voice, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
Additional Vocals by Jack Dishel (Only Son)
Drums Engineered by Joe Baressi
Drums by McKenzie Smith



Two Birds

Two birds on a wire
One tries to fly away and the other
Watches him close from that wire
He says he wants to as well
but he is a liar

I'll believe it all
there's nothing I won't understand
I'll believe it all
I won't let go of your hand

Two birds on a wire
one says come on
and the other says I'm tired
the sky's overcast
and I'm sorry
one more or one less
no body's worried

I'll believe it all
there's nothing I won't understand
I'll believe it all
I won't let go of your hand

Two birds of a feather
say that they're always gonna stay together
But one's never going to let go of that wire
he says that he will but he's just a liar
Two birds on a wire
one tries to fly away and the other
Watches him close from that wire
he says he wants to as well
but he is a liar

two birds on a wire
one tries to fly away and the other

Produced by Jacknife Lee
Engineered by Tom McFall
Editing and Additional Engineering by Sam Bell
Recorded at State of the Arc, Richmond, UK
Voice, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
Guitars, Programming, and Keys by Jacknife Lee
Drums and Percussion by Dave Price, regina spektor, and Jacknife Lee
Tuba by Oren Marshall
Additional Drum Production by David Kahne
Drum Engineering by Joe Baressi
Additional drums by McKenzie Smith
Recorded at SeeSquared Studios, NYC
Mixed by Michael H. Brauer
Mixed at Electric Lady Studios, NYC
Mix Assistants and Pro-Tools Engineers: Will Hensley and Ryan Gilligan

Dance Anthem Of The 80's

You are so sweet
dancing to that beat

there's a meat market down the street
the boys and the girls watch each other eat

You are so sweet, so sweet
dancing and moving to that beat, that beat

There's a meat market down the street
the boys and girls watch each other eat
the boys and the girls watch each other eat
when they really just wanna watch each other

sleep
they want to watch, to watch each other
sleep, sleep, sleep

you are so sweet
(once more)
you are so sweet
(Solo)

I went walking through this city
like a drunk, but not
with my slip showing a little
like a drunk, but not
and I am one of your people
but the cars don't stop
and I am one of your people
but the cars don't stop
It's been a long time since before I've been touched
now I'm getting touched all the time
and it's only a matter of whom
and it's only a matter of when

an addiction to hands and feet—
there's a meat market down the street
the boys and girls watch each other eat
when they really just wanna watch each other sleep

an addiction to hands and feet—
there's a meat market down the street
the boys and girls watch each other eat
when they really just wanna watch each other

sleep
they want to watch, to watch each other
sleep, sleep, sleep...

*Produced and Mixed by Jacknife Lee
Engineered by Tom McFall
Editing and Additional Engineering by Sam Bell
Recorded at State of the Arc, Richmond, UK
Voice, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
Bass, Keys, and Programming by Jacknife Lee
Drums and Percussion by Dave Price
Tuba by Oren Marshall
Beatboxing by Reggie Watts
Additional Recording at Gramercy Post, NYC,
Engineered by Beck Henderer-Pella*

Genius Next Door

some said the local lake had been enchanted
others said it must have been the weather
the neighbors were trying to keep it quiet
but I swear that I could hear the laughter
so they jokingly nicknamed it the porridge
cause overnight that lake had turned as thick as butter
but the local kids would still go swimming, drinking
saying that to them it doesn't matter

if you just hold in your breath till you come back up in full
hold in your breath, till you thought it through, you fool

the genius next door was bussing tables
wiping clean the ketchup bottle labels
getting high and mumbling German fables
didn't care as long as he was able
to strip his clothes off by the dumpster
at night while everyone was sleeping
and wade midway into that porridge
just him and the secret he was keeping

if you just hold in your breath till you come back up in full
hold in your breath, till you thought it through, you foolish child

in the morning, the film crews start arriving
with donuts, coffee and reporters
the kids were waking up hung-over
the neighbors were starting up their cars
the garbage men were emptying the dumpsters
atheists were praying full of sarcasm
and the genius next door was sleeping
dreaming that the antidote is orgasm

if you just hold in your breath till you come back up in full
hold in your breath, till you thought it through, you foolish child

*Produced by Jeff Lynne
Engineered and Mixed by Marc Mann and Steve Jay
Recorded at Burgation Palace Studio, CA
Voice, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
Bass, Guitar, and Background Vocals by Jeff Lynne
Orchestral Programming by Marc Mann*

Wallet

I found a wallet
I found a wallet
inside were pictures of your small family
you were so young
your hair dark brown
you had been born in nineteen fifty-three

Your winter birthday
was stamped on the plastic
of a license, so recently expired
I was so tired as I walked through my door
I laid all the contents of your wallet on the floor

And like a holy relic
Or a mystery novel
I thumbed them in the dim light
searching for a clue
A blockbuster card
An old stick of juicy fruit
A crumpled receipt
from a pair of leather boots

I have no wallet
I have no wallet
I keep my cards together with a blue rubber band
and with a free hand
I search in my pockets
for pieces of pieces of paper and change

I'll take your wallet
to my local blockbuster
they'll find your number
in their computer
you'll never know me
I'll never know you
but you'll be so happy
when they call you up

your stitches are all out
but your scars are healing wrong
and the helium balloon inside your room has come undone
and it's pushing up at the ceiling
and the flickering lights
it cannot get beyond

oh, everyone takes turns
now it's yours to play the part
and they're sitting all around you
holding copies of your chart
and the misery inside their eyes is
synchronized and reflecting it to yours

Hold on
One more time with feeling
Try it again
Breathing's just a rhythm
Say it in your mind until you know that the words are right
This is why we fight

you thought by now you'd be
so much better than you are
you thought by now they'd see
that you have come so far

and the pride inside their eyes
would synchronize into a love you've never known
so much more than you've been shown

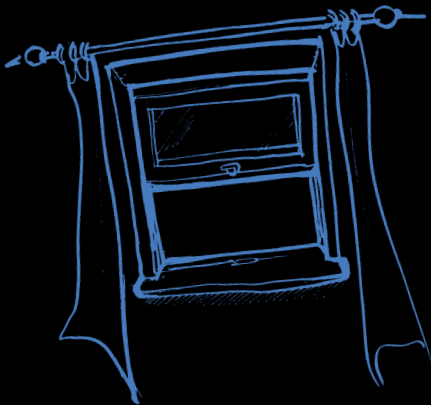
Hold on
One more time with feeling
Try it again
Breathing's just a rhythm
Say it in your mind until you know that the words are right
This is why we fight

One More Time With Feeling

Produced and Mixed by David Kahne
Co-produced by regina spektor
Engineered and Programmed by David Kahne
Recorded at SeeSquared Studios, NYC
Voice, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
Drums Engineered by Joe Baressi
Drums by McKenzie Smith

Produced by Jeff Lynne
Engineered and Mixed by Marc Mann and Steve Jay
Recorded at Bungalow Palace Studio, CA
Voice and Piano by regina spektor
Bass and Keyboard (Ob-Kay) by Jeff Lynne
Orchestral Programming by Marc Mann

Man Of A Thousand Faces



Produced by Mike Elizondo
Co-produced by regina spektor
Engineered and Mixed by Adam Hawkins
Assistant Engineering by Brent Arrowood
Recorded at Phantom Studios, Westlake Village, CA and
Clinton Studio, NYC, NY
Mixed at Phantom Studios, Westlake Village, CA
Project Coordination by Jolie Levine
Vocals, Piano, and Keyboards by regina spektor
Upright Bass by Mike Elizondo
Drums and Percussion by Matt Chamberlain
Cello by Yoed Nir

The man of a thousand faces
sits down at the table
eats a small lump of sugar
and smiles at the moon like he knows her

And begins his quiet ascension
without anyone's sturdy instruction
to a place that no religion
has found a path to, or a likeness

His words are quiet like stains are
on a tablecloth washed in the river
Stains that are trying to cover
for each other
or at least blend in with the pattern

Good is better than perfect
scrub till your fingers are bleeding
and I'm crying for things that
I tell others to do without crying

He used to go to his favorite bookstores
and rip out his favorite pages
and stuff 'em into his breast pockets
and the moon, to him, was a stranger

Now he sits down at the table
right next to the window
and begins his quiet ascension
without anyone's sturdy instruction
to a place that no religion
has found a path to or a likeness
and he eats a small lump of sugar
and smiles at the moon like he knows her...

Time is all around

Time is all around
except inside my clock
everybody's waiting
for their lover to unlock

You step on all my parts
and then you walk right out the door
And I know that your love
ain't ever coming back no more

Leaves become most beautiful
when they're about to die
when they're about to fall from trees
when they're about to dry up

Time is all around
time is all around

I hallucinate
a cat between my feet
I'm stepping lightly so as not to hurt it
Everybody's wants to say that you have changed
of course you've changed, you've changed
You've changed, your minds been rearranged

But leaves become most beautiful
when they're about to die
When they're about to fall from trees
when they're about to dry up

Time is all around
time is all around



Why am I supposed to love
if I don't want to love
Why am I supposed to
I'm so tired
Why am I supposed to love
if I don't want to love
I don't want
I don't want to
I don't want

Leaves become most beautiful
when they're about to die
when they're about to fall from trees
when they're about to dry up

Produced by Mike Elizondo
Co-produced by regina spektor
Engineered and Mixed by Adam Hawkins
Assistant Engineering by Brent Arrowood
Recorded at Phantom Studios, Westlake Village, CA and Clinton
Studio, NYC, NY
Mixed at Phantom Studios, Westlake Village, CA
Project Coordination by Jolie Levine
Vocals and Piano by regina spektor
Bass and Guitars by Mike Elizondo
Drums by Matt Chamberlain
French Horn by Brad Warnaar

The Sword & the Pen

Don't let me out of this kiss
don't let me say what I say
The things that scare us today
what if they happen someday
Don't let me out of your arms
for now

What if the sword kills the pen
What if the god kills the man
And if he does it with love
well then it's death from above
and death from above is still a death

I don't want to live without you

For those who still can recall
the desperate colors of fall
The sweet caresses of May
only in poems remain
no one recites them these days
for the shame

So what if nothing is safe
so what if no one is saved
no matter how sweet
no matter how brave
What if each to his own lonely grave

I don't want to live without you

Produced by Jeff Lynne
Engineered and Mixed by Marc Mann and Steve Jay
Recorded at Bungalow Palace Studio, CA
Voice, Piano, and Keyboards by regino spektor
Bass by Jeff Lynne
Orchestral Programming, Guitars, and Mandolin by Marc Mann

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