



**MURRAY
THORNE**

DECONSTRUCTION ZONE

Below you'll find the song lyrics as promised. Since I don't have anything at this point to offer in the way of swag, I thought just for fun I'd share the story behind the skull x-ray that I used for the cover of "Deconstruction Zone". Yes, it is actually my skull! -and hopefully you'll find how I acquired the photo as entertaining as I did (but hopefully not as painful!)

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Thanks again!
Murray



About 10 years ago, I built a treehouse. Some might say that I went a little overboard in the design and construction of it, but it was a labor of love. It was a gift for my (then) 10-year-old son, as well as something to obsess on during a period when my creativity wasn't manifesting itself in more musical ways. It was more or less a treehouse version of one of many dream cottages I've always wanted to build.

It sat on a large platform that a friend helped me put up, about twelve feet or so off the ground, nestled securely in the fattest lower branches of the giant monkeypod tree in the front yard of the house we lived in. The platform was wide enough for a little tree mansion that featured a vaulted ceiling which was another eight feet high in center, under a salt-box style roof that poked far up into the tree canopy, complete with cute little dormer windows. You would enter the treehouse from a lower platform through a trap door on the floor, into a small windowed room that had a little table and a folding loft/bunk bed for my son. There was a narrow access door on one side, on the other a full sized front door that led out to a lanai that wrapped around the side of the building. Located there was the ubiquitous bucket and pulley, which no respectable treehouse can ever do without. A real carpenter could probably have built the whole thing inside of a week, but for me it took many, many months. The payoff though, was when it was finally done, my son and I would camp out at night in it, high up off the ground under the Maui starlight- or even under the Haiku rains, since it was pretty much water tight and bug proof, too. Pretty cool, right? It was, mostly.

On one *less-cool* evening, on the weekend following my son's twelfth birthday, we were hanging out together up there, digging in to spend the night, eating snacks and watching a movie. The two of us were in my bed, which was a foldable camp cot that was on the floor of the room next to the ladder that led up to my sons bunk. I can't remember what the movie was, but it couldn't have been anything too exciting because before it was over, I was completely passed out, dead asleep. Some time after, my son climbed the little ladder that was fixed next to my cot, made his way up to his bunk and put himself to bed too, the two of us cozy in our sleeping bags. Ah, that 'fresh air' slumber! At some point though, in the middle of the night, he needed to relieve himself. One of the great things about being a boy in a treehouse is the added fun of answering nature's call from the heights. There's something very fulfilling about



seeing how big of an arc you can make, especially at night when you know no-one is looking. So, while I slept, he quietly made his way down and out the front door onto the lanai, being careful not to wake me. Good boy. After watering the grass below, he groggily climbed back up into his bunk.

Getting up and into the bunk was kind of a feat in itself because the ladder was at one end, not in the middle, so you had to sort of dive off it and into the bunk, just so that you didn't hit your head on the ceiling beam. It was a deft maneuver that my boy had proudly mastered. Almost. As he exited the ladder and began the horizontal forward half-twist necessary to lodge himself into bed, his foot swung out just a little too far. Not that I was awake to see it, but I learned in the next few moments that it was at least far enough to graze the hanger portion of the lantern that was over a hook on the center beam of the ceiling. Great lantern too. We still have it all these years later and it has always been a life saver during power failures. It's one of those new LED ones that gives off a nice soft but bright light. The downside is that it takes somewhere between eight and a thousand 'D' sized batteries to power it, so it weighs a small ton. But it can really take a beating.

When I worked for a lighting company, setting up for events at resorts, it was drilled into my head the importance of using something called a safety, which is nothing more than a little wire with a loop on one end and a carabiner on the other. It's used to stop lights from falling on people. It obviously wasn't drilled into my head far enough yet though.

As you can guess, that lantern hit terminal velocity on its roughly six or seven-foot trip down to my face, giving me one of the most rude awakenings out of a deep sleep that I've ever experienced. I'll spare the gory details here of the broken nose and stitches. After my ungraceful exit down through the trap door that led onto the second smaller platform that was attached to the main ladder that led down to another platform at the bottom, I carried my broken face across the yard and into the main house. I apparently woke my wife and daughter up with a loud nasal honking sound that I was producing; a sound that both her and my son have become quite good at mimicking over the years and still enjoy challenging each other to see who can do it better. I think I do it best though.

Anyway, we figured Kula Hospital was the best bet to get to quickly. If you're not familiar with it, it is a very rural upcountry Maui facility that at the time had very limited staff on shift in the wee hours. There wasn't even a doctor on duty, only a bare-bones staff of three which included a very elderly (but very entertaining) security guard whose job was to pace back and forth by the door in order to keep his own heart beating, a very bored receptionist at the front desk and lastly, in the back, a guy who was either a nurse or an intern, who presumably did triage to decide if it was necessary to wake up an ER

surgeon on the rare occasion that someone actually would show up there at night. He examined me and decided it was. They made some phone calls and he was instructed to bandage my head wounds and get skull x-rays while waiting for the doctor to arrive.



Thankfully the pain meds were finally kicking in, but getting a good x-ray shot turned into a whole other event. Nobody really really minded though, especially me, thanks to whatever they were pumping into my I.V., so it turned into a little bit of a party. Crowded over me were the intern, the receptionist, my wife, son and toddler daughter taking pictures of Daddy looking like a mummy- and periodically, the old security guard, who would walk by every few minutes to peer in at me between the curtains. I think it was the most exciting thing they'd all seen in a while. By this time I was feeling no pain, so we were all having a pretty good time.

As it turned out, the guy taking the x-rays had me remove my steel chain-link necklace, but forgot to have one of us remove my two stainless steel ear hoops. We all had a huge laugh about how the earrings looked in the image, just floating off my head. I asked him if I could put my chain necklace back on so we could see how it would look in an x-ray. He was happy to oblige. Maybe he was impressed by the job I did resetting my own flattened nose bone while rehearsing the honking sound in my bathroom mirror before we left for the hospital. Call me vain, but I wasn't sure how much an ER doctor would care about how much I'd wind up looking like a cartoon character. In any case, we put the chain back on and he snapped a few more pics just for me to keep. I swore to everyone that one day I'd make an album cover out of it. So there. Mission accomplished. The name of the photographer has sadly been long lost to give proper credit to, but big thanks are also due to him and the other very awesome and accommodating Kula Hospital night staff.

So, as a way to show my appreciation to you, I decided to share a copy of the original, unedited image. After all, you were just dying to see it, weren't you?

-Oh, and if you ever hang something heavy over your head, use a safety. Not all x-rays become album covers.



1. SOUND BARRIER
By Murray Thorne (BMI) ©2023

The sky opened up and it all came down
And all we can hear is thunder now
It's killing me baby it's so loud
Suffocates in sensurround
Brick by brick and row by row
Drowning us in stereo
And we sit back as it destroys
All of us with all its noise

Breaking
I'm breaking the sound barrier
Tearing it down

Which side are you standing on
If you're right does that make me wrong
'Cause everyone's declaring war
Then running home to lock the door
Now we're all trapped inside
Nowhere to run nowhere so we just hide
And all our kicks and screams
Are drowning out everything

Breaking
I'm breaking the sound barrier (breaking down)
Tearing it down (breaking down)

Breaking
I'm Breaking the sound barrier
I'm breaking down
This wall of sound

Now all this noise that's in my head
Has woken something from the dead
There's a ghost creeping up on me
It whispers how to set me free

Breaking
I'm breaking the sound barrier (breaking down)
Tearing it down (breaking down)

Breaking
I'm breaking the sound barrier
I'm breaking down (breaking, breaking down)
Breaking

I'm breaking the sound barrier (breaking down)
Tearing it down (breaking, breaking down)
Breaking

Breaking the sound barrier
I'm breaking down
This wall of sound

2. ONCE UPON A TIME (IS NEVER ENOUGH)

By Murray Thorne (BMI) ©2023

What would you do, what would I say
If I could get you alone
But it's never the right time and times running out
Now we're running home

What's the use in just pretending
I don't know who's fooling who
You want that fairytale ending
But the dream won't come true

Just once upon a time is never enough
These games that we play when we're alone in our world
They give us something to feel
It's fun for a while to live in a daydream
But nothing is real

Maybe I just need a little more
Maybe you think that's little much
And that magic that you're looking for
Maybe I just need a little touch

Just once upon a time is never enough

Go ahead drink up that dream
I'm gonna need some stronger stuff
Once upon a time I believed that make believe was fine
But now once upon a time is never enough

You wanna make me a believer, nice
But I believe you're gonna have to
Make me believe it twice

Because once upon a time is never enough

Go ahead drink up that dream
I'm gonna need some stronger stuff
Once upon a time I believed that make believe was fine
But now once upon a time is never enough
No once upon a time is never enough
(Never enough)
(Never enough)

3. LAUGHING IN THE FACE OF SUCCESS

By Murray Thorne (BMI) ©2023

Laughing in the face of success
How could anybody settle for less
My limousine will have to wait
I'm dizzy and it's late
I'm busy laughing in the face of success

I'm at the top of my game, why change
How did I wake up here
The last thing I knew was no pain
And my troubles just disappeared
Now my future is nowhere near
And the past is in no way clear

No it's not and it never was
And never will be
But I am not afraid to get
What's coming to me

I'm laughing in the face of success (face of success)
How could anybody settle for less (ooh, I'm so blessed)
My limousine will have to wait
I'm dizzy and it's late
I'm busy laughing in the face of success
Yes

If there's decisions ahead, why choose
I just stop and step off of the road
If I've got nothing to win, I can't lose
So why not lighten my load
Well I'm the life of the party now
What could possibly bring me down

Nothing and nobody I can see

No there's not and there never was
And never will be
And people who know better
Won't come crying to me (no, no)
I'll be

Laughing in the face of success
Why should I have to deal with that kind of stress
(I'm busy)

Laughing in the face of success (face of success)
How could anybody settle for less (ooh, I'm so blessed)
My limousine will have to wait
I'm dizzy and it's late
I'm busy laughing in the face of success (face of success)
Yes I'm laughing in the face of success

4. THE BALLAD OF BANJO

By Murray Thorne (BMI) ©2023

Banjo was a good kid, disposition bright and sunny
What everyone took seriously he just thought was funny
Woulda made a million if he only had the money

He eloped one weekend with an architect's daughter
Convinced her all they needed to survive was love and water
It lasted 'til she realized exactly what that bought her

Melting down a heart of gold
Saddest story ever told
He's paying for it now
With his heart of gold

Now Banjo made a promise to himself that he would not disparage
Wrote a poem as a tribute to his newly failed marriage
Packed up all his things inside a broken baby carriage

Set out on the road to try to make himself a name
A jack of indecision, both the rainbow and the rain
Everybody loved him 'til their cash went down the drain

Melting down a heart of gold
Saddest story ever told
He's paying for it now
With his heart of gold

Beat up and busted but not afraid of misery
He picked up and dusted off the remnants of his dignity
Then Banjo slipped away, it was the last time he was ever seen

Lost in a desert he was dying of thirst
Made a sand angel tribute to the ones who went first
Looked up at the the stars and then his heart finally burst

Melting down a heart of gold
Saddest story ever told
He's paying for it now
With his heart of gold
(Heart of gold)

Melting down a heart of gold
Ya that's a good one, it never gets old
(Oh no)
He's paying for it now
With his heart of gold

6. DECONSTRUCTION ZONE

By Murray Thorne (BMI) ©2023

Everything you know, forget it
And everything you own, I wouldn't bet it
You took the wrong road honey
Now it ain't so funny
But the right one will take you if you let it

Everyone you know seems older
And everything you touch feels somehow colder
Don't let yourself go numb
Because you can't run from
Everything that's going down
It's all about to turn around

Ready, set
You're on your own
Inside your deconstruction zone
You're by yourself
But you're not alone
It's just your deconstruction zone
It's time to dial it back, you know it
Your heart's been cracked, now your eyes show it
No more the player
Peel back those layers
Nothing left but you
And the next thing that you do

Ready, set
You're on your own
Inside your deconstruction zone
You're by yourself
But you're not alone
It's just your deconstruction zone
You say you can't be bought
But now you're rusting away
In the corner of a used person lot
Honey, maybe you just ain't that hot
Come on and tell me what it is you think you got

Deconstruction
Deconstruction

Ready, set
You're on your own
Inside your deconstruction zone
You're by yourself
But you're not alone
It's just your

Deconstruction
(Deconstruction)
You're in a deconstruction zone