

THE BOMB

I've been down but I can't get over it
I've been around but I can't get with this one
I seem fine but I feel like I'm hurting inside
I can't belong to Mr. Wrong

I'm bad, but this ain't good to me I'm so sad, that you just can't see You're not unkind, but you're always on my mind I can't belong to Mr. Wrong Don't make it bad . . . Mr. Wrong

If it don't kill her it'll make it right Or it'll thrill her till the morning She's got the will to leave it all behind That's The Bomb

BUBBLE BY THE SEA

When you're ready to get there
When you know who you're going with
Row yourself out across the water
Find a place to live
Gone for the weekend
Gone to find some special time
I keep on telling you baby
You can ease deep down your mind

It's a special place

Not too far from here

Anybody can go there

Put a smile in your face and disappear

Fade out the rattle and bebop

Let the humdrum fade away

Get your shihh together

On a loved-up holiday

Celebrate.

Oh it would be so nice to

Roll away your troubles in a bubble by the sea Feel so safe and sound Don't need your downtown frequency I left my worries on . . . Solid ground

When you're ready to get there Run across the water When you're ready to get there You just gotta go

HIT BABY

I did some realising, not so long ago I'm gonna find my new horizon, in your direction I'm sailing over

I'm out walkin', talkin', tickin' tock the other night when I see me someone sweet on what I got and I'm thinkin'
Time to make a change and get me something right Won't drown the hold of the old song by taking it back to the top
So I'm singing . . .

You're a hit baby
and I like your style
I'm gonna hit on you
I wanna make you wonder why
You're a hit baby 5
come and sit with me a while
there's one thing left for you to do

I can move to the groove but the
rut that I'm stuck on's takin' me down
Get me back to the break in the beat
when I'm shakin' my butt and makin' my sound
I found my place with grounded bass
and friendly faces all around
Got my heart back in the right place
Take it, make it pound

Eres super bebé . . . Je te demande ¿Que quieres hacer bebé? . . . Lache tout le monde Et vien avec moi bebé . . . Si tu respondes de acuerdo On peut passer le temp . . . Bebé
Y nos veremos en . . . Une situation bebé
Con unos temas . . . Tellement interessantes bebé
Sin un éxito, sabes, no pasa nada
Con misnoma, ce soir la, Tu passes bien
En mon hit parade
Tu Passe Bien en Me . . . Baby

Take a chance on me tonight

Take a chance on winning

Take a chance on me tonight . . . boy

'cos money can't buy the joy I'm bringing

JOEY NOTHING

Little Joey Nothing is looking for something But the world keeps telling him he's nothing The time of his life is breaking him up He's says he's tired of hangin' on for the future come a knockin'

Little Joey Nothing wakes up every morning with his back to the rack and his brain still yawning Am I still on track? Can I make it on time?

What's it take to walk all the way to the outside?

I don't need to pretend, I can roll with the bend But this road either ends or it don't.

I'll keep tryin', I don't care,

If I'm going somewhere

But there's no way for nowhere I won't.

Little Joey Nothing is older than ever
And the dream-on dream doesn't seem so clever
Do I have to pray?
Do I have to shout?
Is this the one-more-day that keeps the monkeys out?

And the choir of nothing sings "We can't all be special" A voice in his head rings "We can't all be special" And every morning brings A world so superficial

He counts up the secrets that help him believe and he says, Oh, nothing.

UNNAMED MAN

I've got a feeling, right about now That you are . . . laying down With the unknown, unnamed man

I've got a shivering in my bones
That tells me you're not alone
You're with the unknown, unnamed man
And you're wrapping yourself around his well-taid plans

Somewhere far away You're enjoying a beautiful day With the unknown, unnamed man

I can feel it in my heart You're getting ready for another start With the unknown unnamed man

Because you've grown and because you can

Love will take you higher Break you harder Love will bring you down Never ever leave you alone

It doesn't matter what you've got What you had, or what you need In the end, love's gonna break you down Break you down till you believe

YOURS

You're yours. I'm mine.

Spend a little life together

Round the bend, we'll find out whether
more is really more, or just extended time
I can't wait and see for nothing
because my destiny is rushing down the line

We're on our way tonight
I never felt like this before
Got it easy, like I feel you, and I don't need nothing
Sitting safe inside the beach hut
with the ever-open door
Praying to the sky
Don't let this breeze blow colder
Don't let my loving life loop over and over and
...over.

The chances we make and the love that we take
The pain for the sake of the hearts that we don't break
The pleasure or pain or the same flat line
I might not make it back this time
All those "see you later" nights
Sorry babe, I gotta go
Was every love a big mistake?
or another step I had to take
to where I am today
I'm so happy where I am today...
I'm moving on.

I'll take you on. And find, in time what we become

I'm a bad lover
I'm not the one
I'm a bad friend
No-one to depend upon
I made bad choices, played those bad lines
Now I hear a thousand voices telling me
Make it right this time



SEVEN DAYS

It's been seven days, since you left me On my own It's been seven days, since you left me Sleeping

I've been lying awake at night
Thinking 'bout the things you said
Running over the way we were
"And-I've been wondering
if you'd be better off... dead.

It's been seven days Since you walked, out my door It's been just seven days But I've been feeling bad, it felt like more

I've been wearing your shirt in bed \
I've been running round this big old house thinking \
Who's gonna bake your bread? I mean . . . \
Who's gonna watch your mouth?

Its never easy but I know you gotta leave it behind now Your love is breezin' on, Suddenly gone Although you took so long to find me . . . You decline me now

There's an empty space each time I look around I'm getting ready to carry on Feeling slightly nearer to the ground I'm coming down

Seven days Wishing you would come around Feeling down Hanging out in my dressing gown

But I feel . . . better now.

UP DOWN

Up, down, all around
There go my emotions
Up, down, all around
Feelings of need
Of longing and greed
I just can't get enough of your loving.
You've got that groove

I see you walking with that pride in your stride
Well you think I feel glad baby? No no no no.
A ton of greed
I can't un-believe
I just can't get enough of your loving.

So don't let me down 'cos I want to know I'm smiling inside I'm trying to show you I'm not gonna say 'cos I want you to see I'm smiling inside I'm not hiding I'm waiting to be . . . (so blue) The way I feel brighter You make me feel alive You make my head spin into light I've been "gone" since you arrived You're pretty high and you're solid way down low It scares me that I want so much I'm so bad at letting go

See, want, have, need. Hope, choose, grab, tease. Beg, take, break, mourn.

I'll hold you, long after love has gone up and down

Hold you till dawn.

I KNOW NOW

I know now
(I'm hurting quite a lot for such an ordinary boy)
You've chosen
(The sensation-that I've got is of a destiny avoided)
Stand back from the edge
The future's rushing through
Feel the pressure on your head
This one's not for you

She said nothing's broken

But we are now a part Of a much bigger thing It's already started And I don't want to begin again

We are now apart



Ayesha:Vocals

Jules Jahanpour: Keyboards Esteban Matuke: Percussion, guitar James Reid: Bass, vocals, guitar

with

DJ Saeg: Samples, scratching

VO Quartet: Strings

Gabriela Alqueres: Electric guitar

Jay Harden: Trumpet Jimmy Monahan: Clarinet

Stef K: Sitar

Marcos Andreu: Didge

produced by James Reid

Additional programming and production -

Knid, Chris Tunasongs, BigBossa, Saeg, Freakmusic Special Thanks to Nick Reddel

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Mastered at Stereophonic Mastering, USA

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Tracks 1.4.5.7; Reid

Tracks 2,3,6,8: words: Reid, Music: Reid/Mendham/Jahanpour

Tracks 9,10: Reid/Mendham

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