

SKETCHES OF FUTURE SWEATERS

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LYRIC  
BOOK



SKETCHES OF FUTURE SWEATERS

THIS IS THE LYRIC BOOK FOR UNSTRUNG HARP'S  
FIRST ALBUM - SKETCHES OF FUTURE SWEATERS.

IT CONTAINS HINTS OF STORIES ABOUT  
SPEEDING CLOCKS, DEATH RAYS, MAD SCIENTISTS,  
AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS, AND VARIOUS TYPES OF  
FUNNY AND SAD MISUNDERSTANDINGS.



**UNSTRUNG  
HARP**

**LYRICS  
BOOK**

UNSTRUNG HARP IS A LO-FI INDIE ROCK BAND  
ORIGINALLY FORMED IN OLOMOUC, CZECH REPUBLIC.

IT CONSISTS OF KRIŠTOF BUDKE (DRUMS),  
VÍT GVOŽDIAK (GUITARS, KEYBOARD), MAREK NAGY (BASS)  
AND MICHAL SPAĀDA (VOCAL, GUITAR).

## SONGS

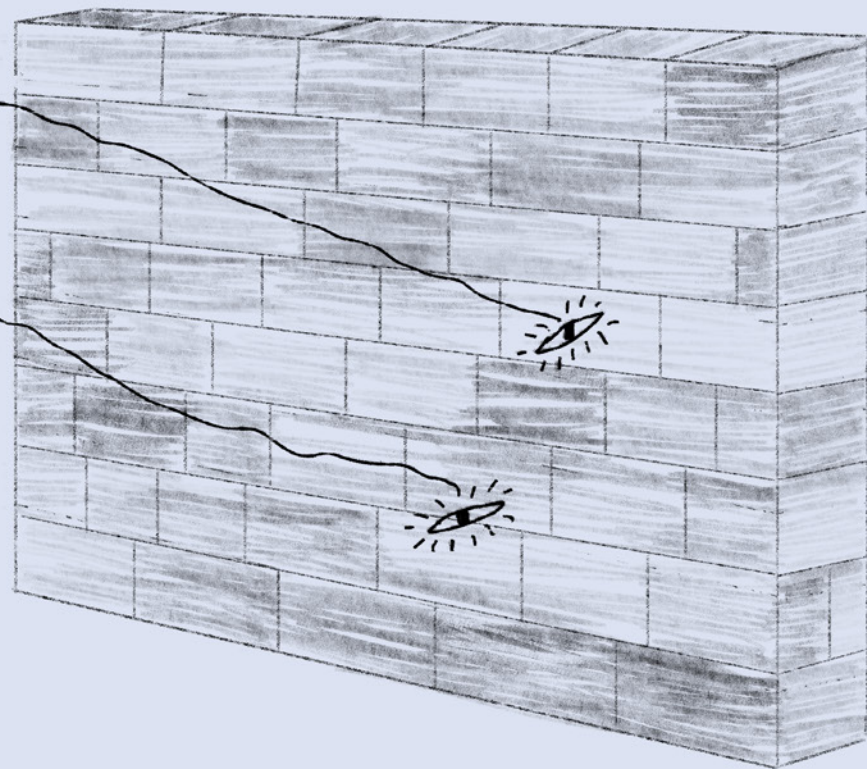
1. NIGHT BUS
2. DEATH RAYS
3. SPIDERS
4. DAYLIGHT
5. WATCHING  
THE STARS
6. FAQ
7. STREETBALL
8. APPLES
9. BUBBLE GUM
10. LOVECRAFT
11. COSMIC NOISE



NOW AFTER THE YEARS  
YOU GET ANOTHER  
CHANCE

AND AFTER SPENDING  
YOUR LIFE WAITING  
IN THE BUS STOPS





AND AFTER THE YEARS  
OF STARING AT THE  
WALLS


THIS TIME IT APPEARS LIKE  
YOU REALLY HAVE A  
CHOICE



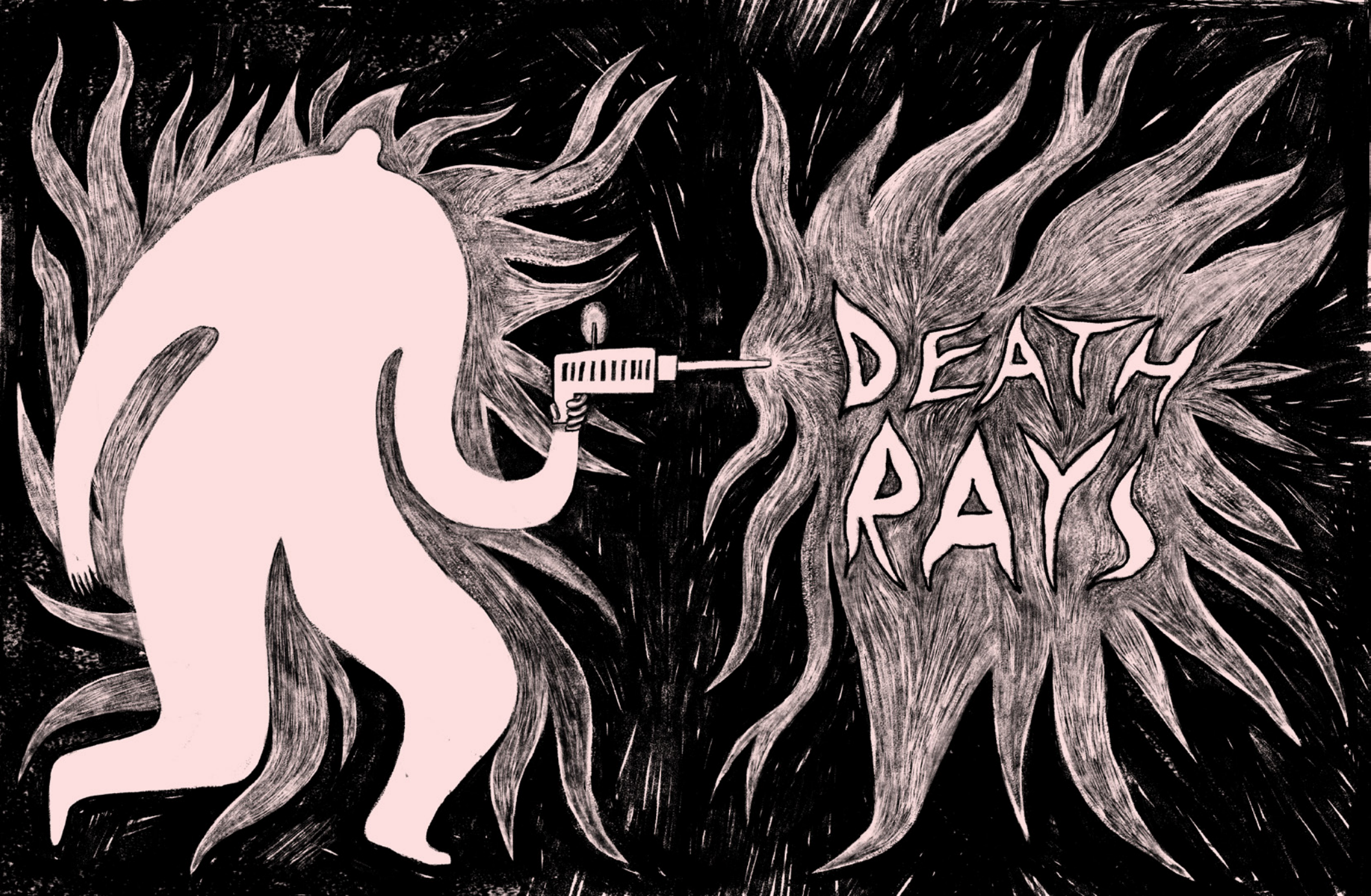


... BUT  
DOES IT EVEN  
MATTER  
ANYWAY?

AND NOW  
YOU'RE JUST FED UP  
WHEN WILL TIME  
FINALLY CATCH UP  
AND BURY THESE IDLE DREAMS  
BENEATH THE CONCRETE ON THE STREETS

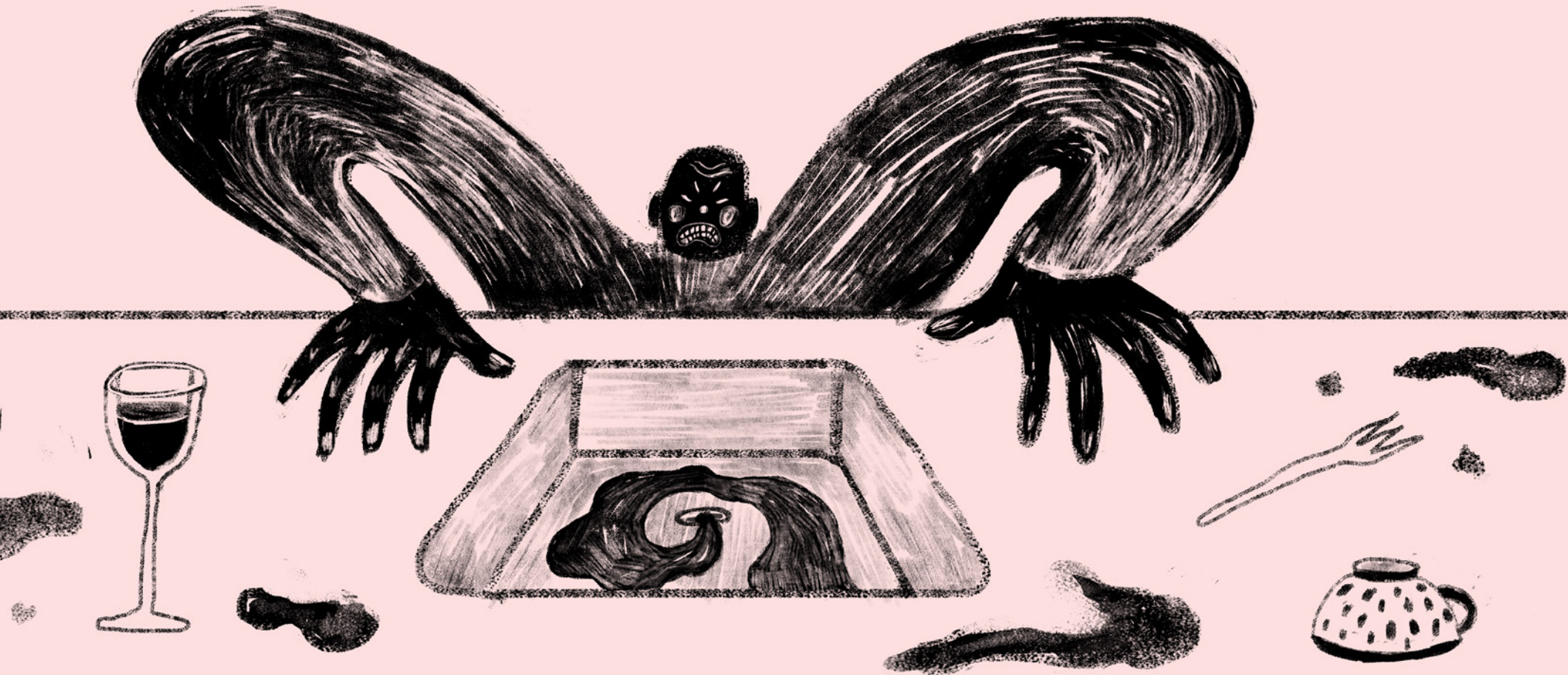
A black and white illustration of a bus. The bus is shown from a side profile, with a driver on the left and four passengers on the right. The bus is covered in a thick, textured layer of what appears to be hay or straw. The driver is a large, dark, rounded figure with a small head, sitting at the wheel. The passengers are also large, dark, rounded figures with small heads, sitting in a row. The background is a plain, light color. The text is written in a simple, sans-serif font in the center of the bus.

AND NOW  
THE LATE-NIGHT BUS IS COMING  
TO TAKE LATE BLOOMERS HOME  
MIGHT BE THE LAST CHANCE TO GET  
ANYWHERE AT ALL




THE GIRL NEXT DOOR CANNOT REALLY  
SAVE YOU FROM YOURSELF  
THE THINGS SHE SAID AS YOU WERE LEAVING  
ARE NOW RINGING IN YOUR HEAD





AND  
NOW YOU'RE TALKING TO THE KITCHEN SINK  
BUT IT CANNOT UNDERSTAND  
JUST WHY YOU'RE POURING MELTED ICE CREAM IN



A black and white illustration. In the center, a glass vase sits on a dark, rectangular table. Three dark, multi-petaled flowers are arranged around the vase: one to the left, one to the right, and one in front. Thin, curved lines connect the flowers to the vase, suggesting stems or wires. The background is filled with numerous stylized, elongated leaves, some of which are dark and some are light. On the right side, a large, dense cluster of dark, pointed leaves grows upwards. The overall style is sketchy and artistic.

SO YOU WRAPPED THE FLOWERS UP AGAIN  
AND TOOK THEM BACK TO YOUR PLACE  
WHERE IF YOU'RE LUCKY THEY JUST MIGHT  
LAST A FEW MORE DAYS  
WHILE YOU'RE INVENTING  
NEW RHYMES AND DEATH RAYS

THIS IS LIKELY SITUATION 23  
WHEREIN MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE  
THE HERO ARRIVES AT THE SCENE  
BUT REMAINS UNRECOGNIZED



AND THOUGH THE POEM ISN'T BAD  
IT DOESN'T ALWAYS WORK

AND SO IT'S BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD  
FOR THE NEW KEATS ON THE BLOCK

INVENTING RHYMES AND DEATH RAYS

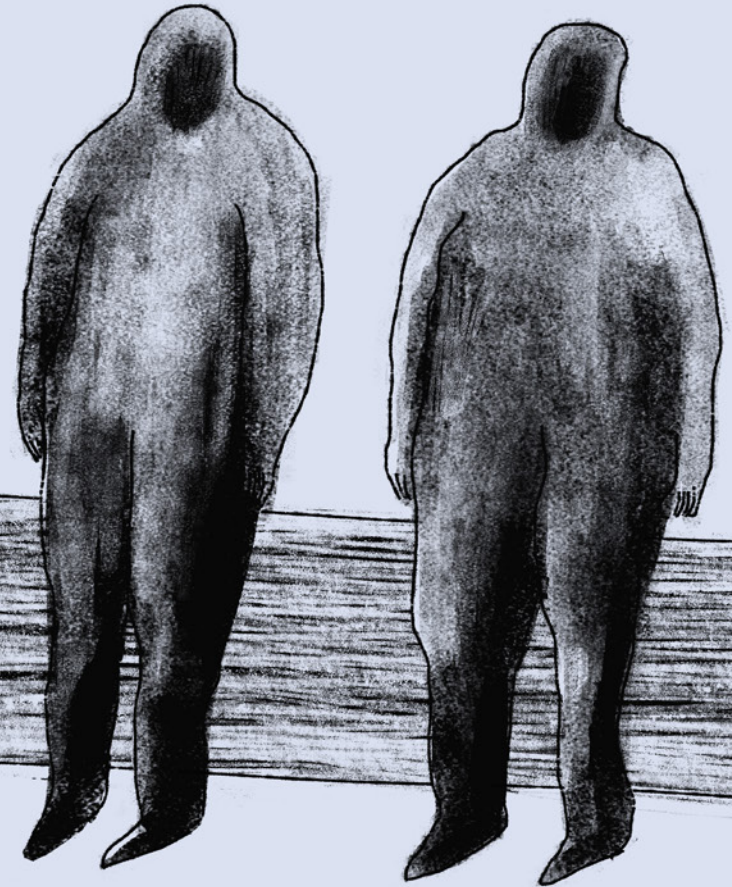


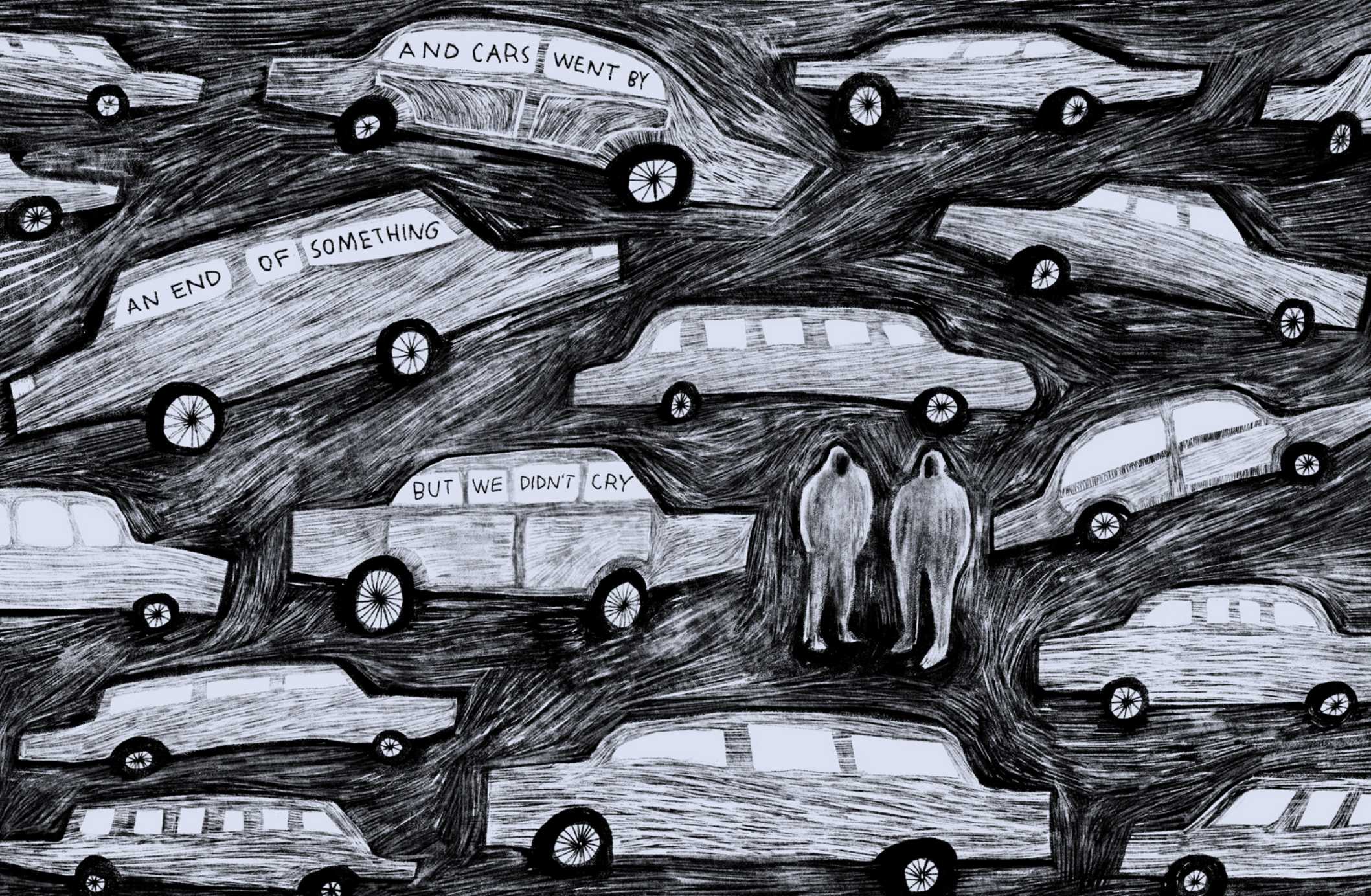


SPOOKY



WE WERE STANDING BY THE ROAD  
AS THEY LOADED YOUR BLACK PIANO  
INTO A BIG BLUE TRUCK





AND CARS WENT BY

AN END OF SOMETHING

BUT WE DIDN'T CRY



WHEN AT TWELVE YEARS OLD YOU'RE ALREADY  
THINKING LIKE A FATALIST



IT'S JUST ANOTHER FUN THING GETS TAKEN OFF THE LIST



NEXT DAY I WENT BACK  
TO YOUR HOUSE  
TO TALK TO THE SPIDERS  
IN THE CORNERS OF YOUR ROOM



THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE NEVER COMING  
BACK AND WHAT CHANCE DOES A  
YOUNG HEART STAND AGAINST  
CATERPILLAR  
TRACKS





DAYLIGHT

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

AND ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN

HOW DO YOU RATE

THE DATE WE HAD TONIGHT

SHALL WE SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN ?

WELL I GUESS IT'S TOO EARLY TO SAY

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10





AND YOUR FACE IS DRIPPING WITH RAIN  
AND I REMEMBER THE NIGHT SO LONG  
AGO WHEN EVERYONE WAS  
TOO FAST AND I WAS TOO SLOW  
SO THAT I'D RATHER STAY IN BED  
AND SLEEP ALL DAY  
'CAUSE HOW DO YOU CHASE AFTER  
A WORLD THAT'S ALWAYS  
TWO STEPS AHEAD  
ANYWAY



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

AND ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN

HOW DO YOU RATE

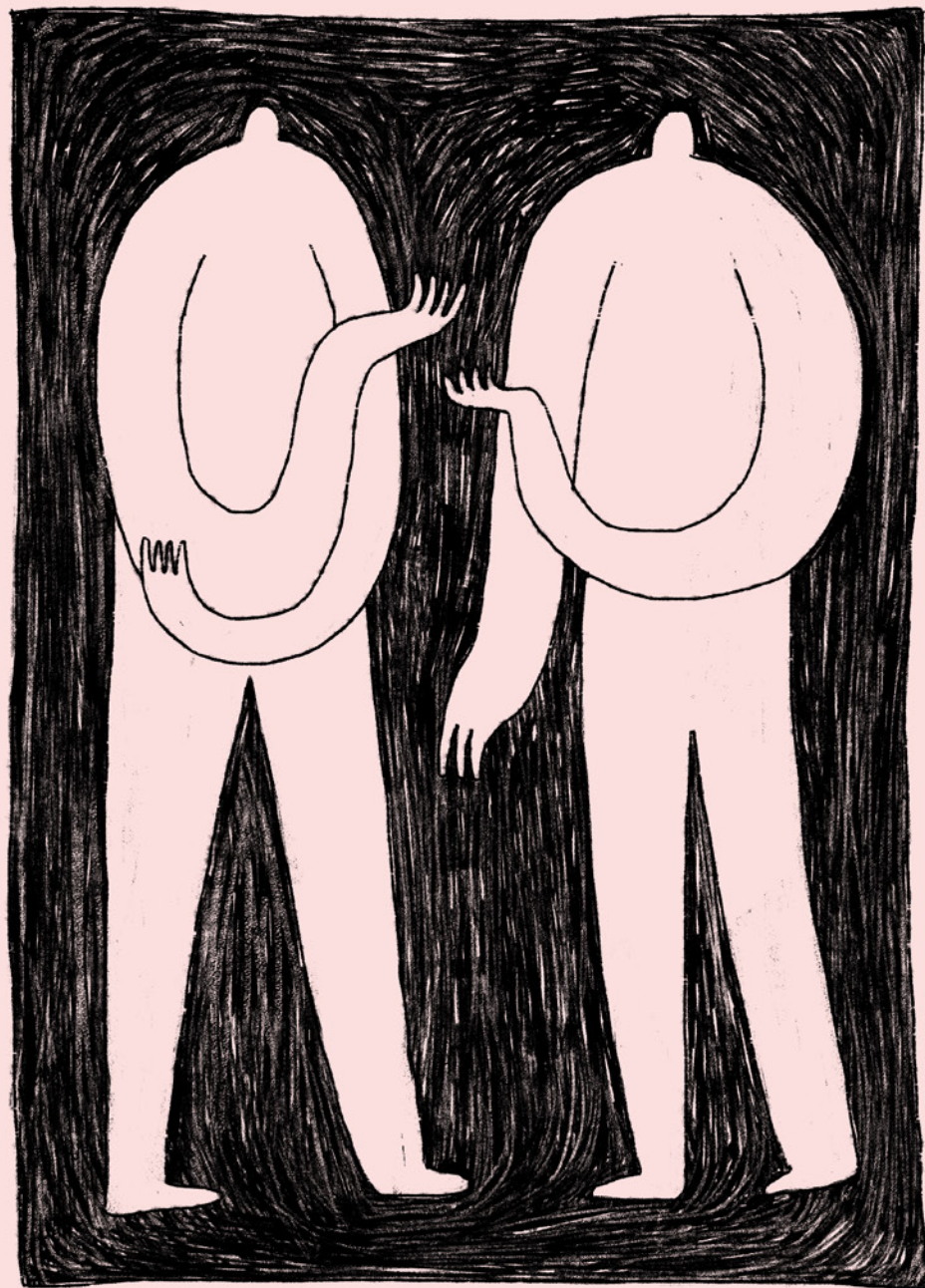
THE CONVERSATION WE'VE HAD

FOR A SECOND THERE I THOUGHT I MADE YOU SMILE

BUT NOW YOUR EYES LOOK BACK AT ME

ALL SAD AGAIN AND I

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



THOUGHT THAT MAYBE YOU  
MIGHT FEEL A BIT LEFT  
BEHIND TOO  
AND HAVE SOME  
CATCHING UP  
TO DO





WATCHING

THE


STARS

IT WAS A LONG COLD NIGHT  
AND THE STARS WENT ALL OUT  
TO WATCH US LIE ON THE ROOF  
OF YOUR HOUSE  
WATCHING THE STARS





THE STARS PUT ON THEIR T-SHIRTS  
AND WAS IT THE RAIN COMING DOWN  
OR WAS IT THE NIGHT'S BLACK SNEAKERS  
THAT BARELY MADE A SOUND



AND YOUR SKIN SO COLD AND WET  
THAT FOR A WHILE I WONDERED TO MYSELF  
WAS THE ROOF A SKY  
OR A PITCH-BLACK LAKE  
AS WE WATCH THE STARS





A red-toned illustration depicting a person in a bathtub. The person is lying in the tub, with their head and one arm visible. The bathtub is white and contains a faucet, a cup, a bottle, and a glass. The scene is surrounded by large, stylized flames. The text is written in a simple, sans-serif font within a white rectangular area on the left side of the image.

SOMETHING'S ON FIRE  
I'M CHOKING ON SMOKE  
WITH ONE HAND STUCK IN THE SINK

I CAN HEAR SIRENS  
RED LIGHTS ARE ON  
AND IT FEELS LIKE SOMEONE  
KICKED MY HEAD IN

"THEN PLEASE  
EXIT THROUGH THE REAL DOOR  
SOMEONE WILL HELP YOU  
SOMEONE WILL CERTAINLY HELP"

BUT WHAT IF I'VE ALREADY TRIED  
EVERY DOOR THERE WAS TO FIND?

"PLEASE HOLD THE LINE"



STREETBALL

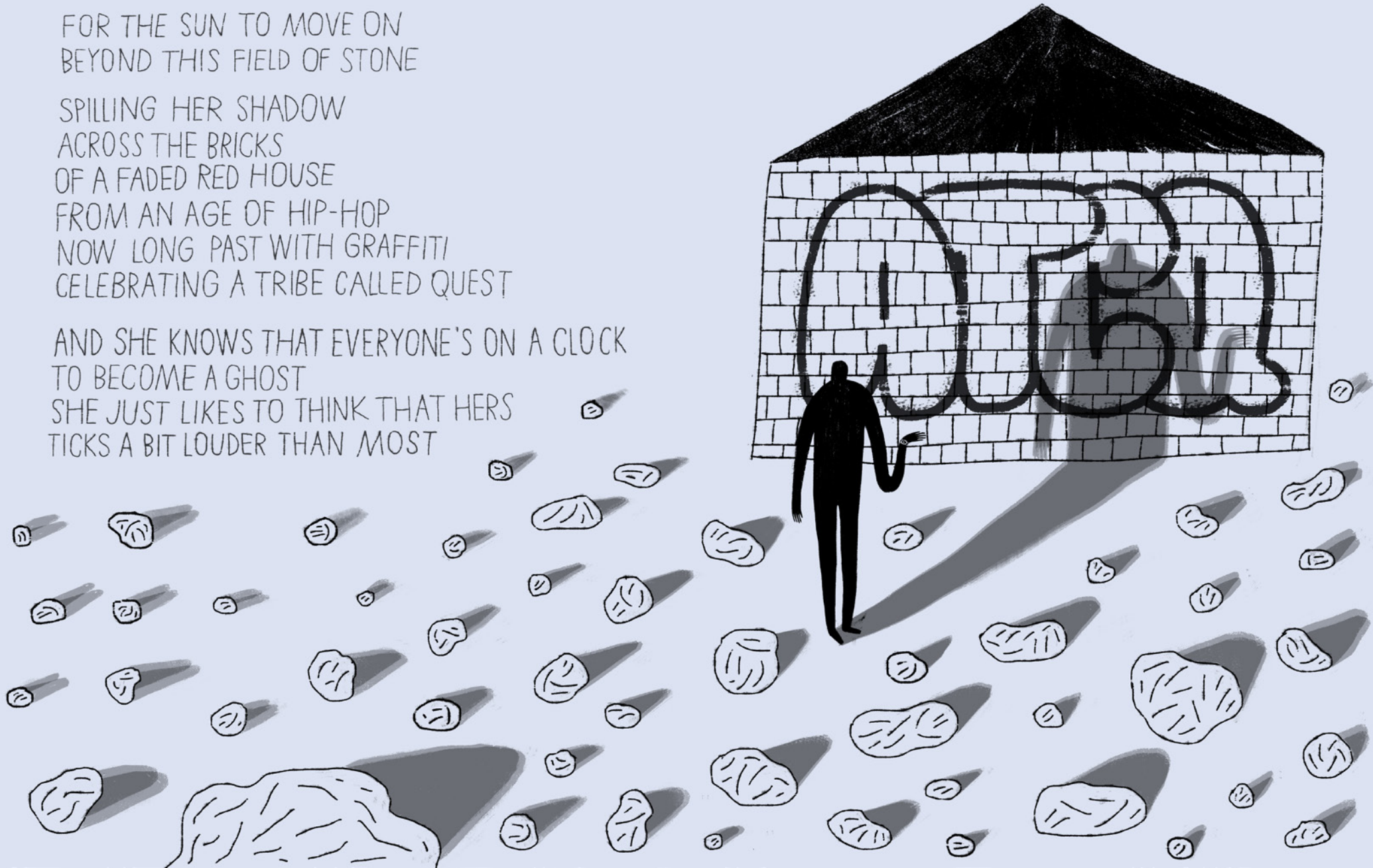


A FIGURE FROZEN IN TIME  
LIKE A SUNDIAL AT SIX  
PATIENTLY WAITING UNTIL  
SOMETHING CLICKS

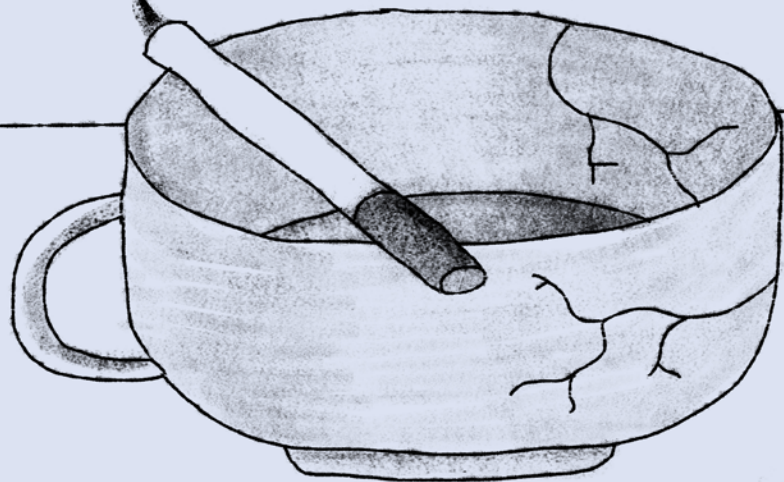


FOR THE SUN TO MOVE ON  
BEYOND THIS FIELD OF STONE  
SPILLING HER SHADOW  
ACROSS THE BRICKS  
OF A FADED RED HOUSE  
FROM AN AGE OF HIP-HOP  
NOW LONG PAST WITH GRAFFITI  
CELEBRATING A TRIBE CALLED QUEST

AND SHE KNOWS THAT EVERYONE'S ON A CLOCK  
TO BECOME A GHOST  
SHE JUST LIKES TO THINK THAT HERS  
TICKS A BIT LOUDER THAN MOST



AND THERE'S A CRACK IN THE TEA CUP  
AND THERE'S ONE IN THE PAVEMENT TOO

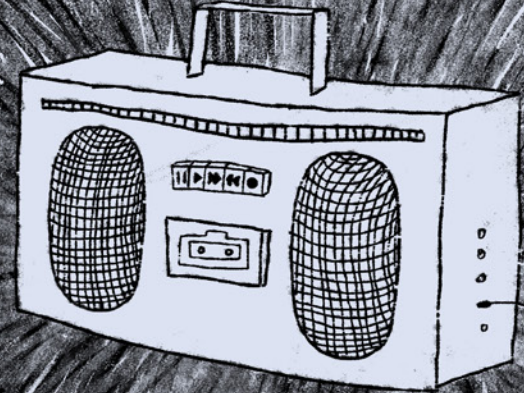


AND SHE KNOWS THAT CIGARETTE SMOKE  
WILL ALWAYS RISE RIGHT UP TO THE SKY  
SHE'S JUST NOT QUITE SURE WHAT TO DO

ABOUT THE CHEWED-UP TAPE  
STUCK IN THE CASSETTE DECK  
THAT WON'T LET HER FAST FORWARD  
OR TURN HER BACK



ON THIS PLACE OF GOODBYES  
AND RETURN TO HER ROOM  
TO THE PLANS OF VENGEANCE ON THE WORLD  
TO THE TUNE OF MF DOOM





APPLES



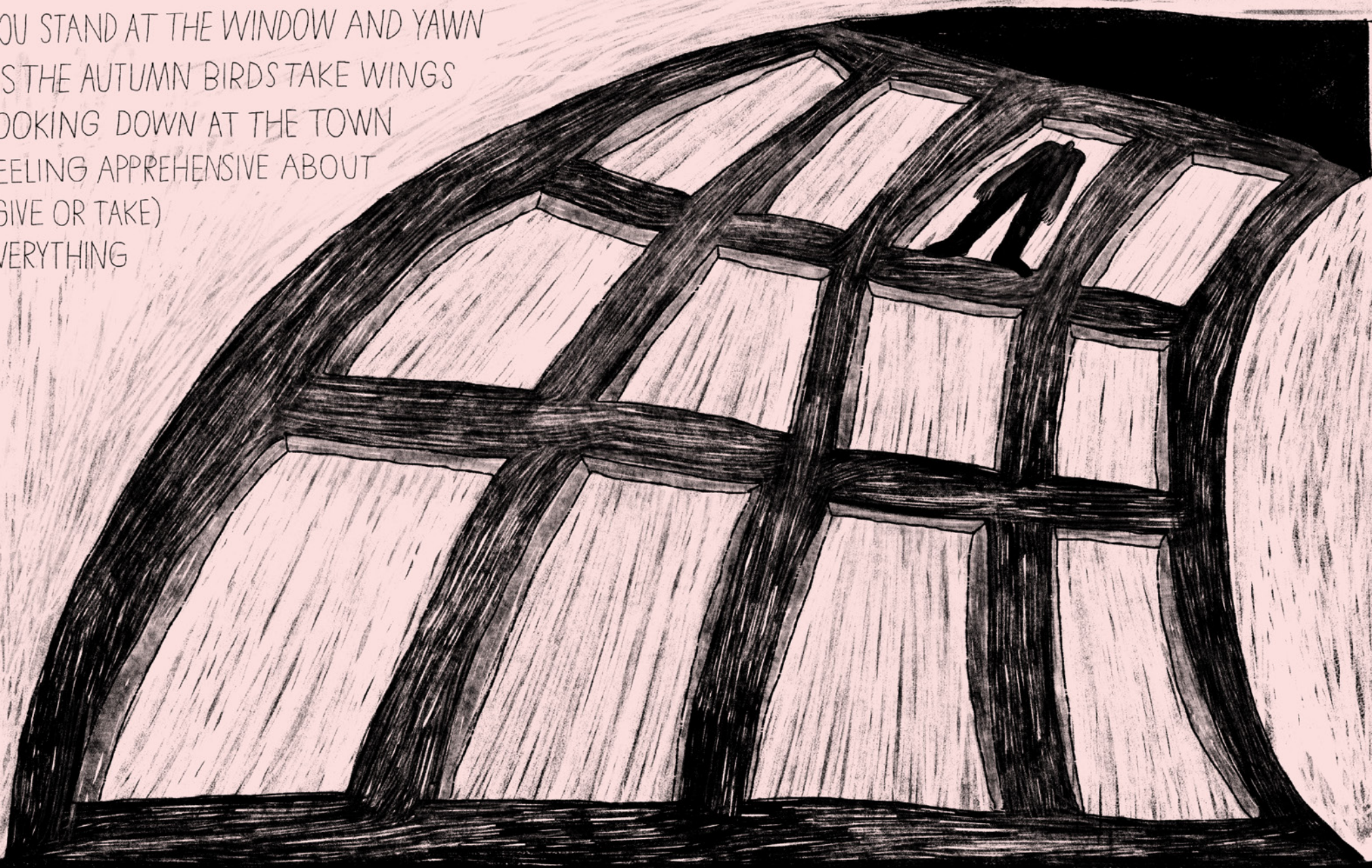


TOMORROW IS THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL  
BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO GO

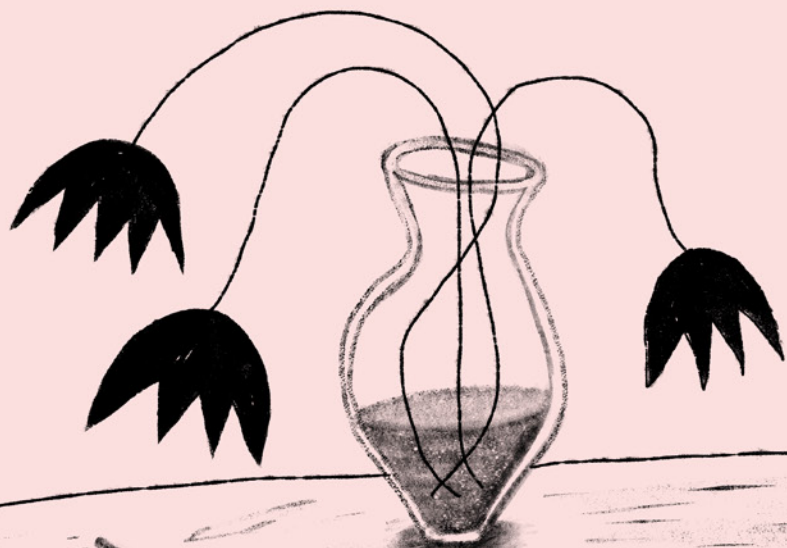


THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN TEACH YOU  
THAT YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW

YOU STAND AT THE WINDOW AND YAWN  
AS THE AUTUMN BIRDS TAKE WINGS  
LOOKING DOWN AT THE TOWN  
FEELING APPREHENSIVE ABOUT  
(GIVE OR TAKE)  
EVERYTHING



TURNS OUT BEING NO ONE SPECIAL IS IN FACT QUITE TOUGH  
AND ALTHOUGH THIS WHOLE THING MAY SEEM CLOSE ENOUGH  
IT GETS PROGRESSIVELY HARDER TO PULL OFF AS TIME PASSES  
YOU'RE CHEWING THE PENCIL AS YOU GO ONE LAST TIME  
OVER THE LIST OF YOUR ELECTIVE CLASSES



AND THE BRIGHTEST STUDENT THAT YOU EVER MET  
MAY HAVE ASKED YOU OUT IN JULY BUT BY NOW HAS FOUND  
SOMETHING ELSE TO OCCUPY HER MIND  
INSTEAD





AND COME TO THINK ABOUT IT IT'S NOT REALLY SO STRANGE  
TO PREFER THINGS THAT DON'T CHANGE  
QUITE SO FAST  
TO SOMETHING THAT WAS NEVER GOING TO LAST



BUBBLE  
GUM

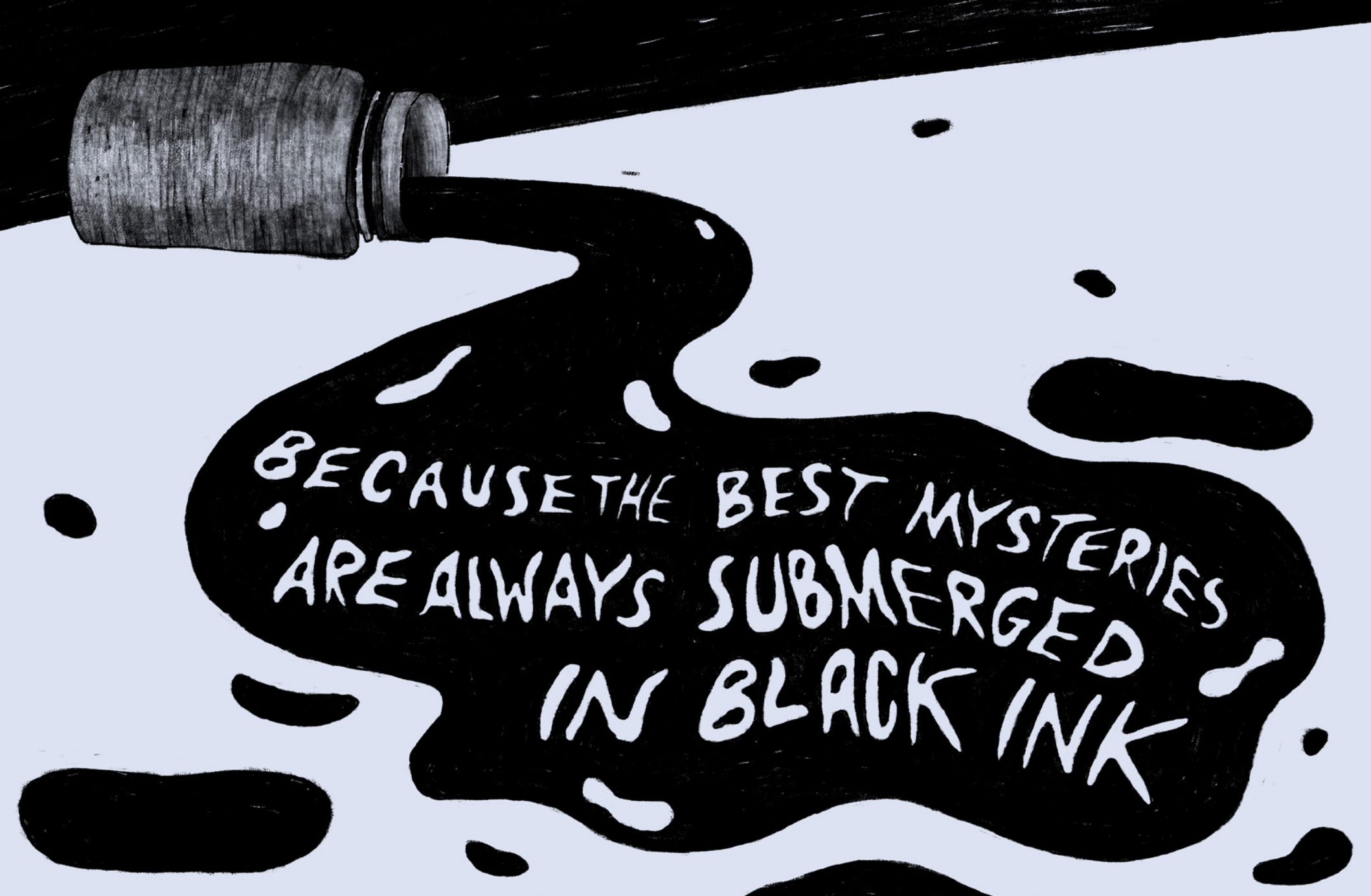
FORMER CHILD PRODIGY COMPOSER  
WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING A MINUTE LONGER EVERY DAY



IS ALSO GOOD AT MATH  
AND KNOWS EXACTLY HOW LONG IT'S GOING TO TAKE



UNTIL THE NIGHT STRETCHES ALL  
OVER AND FILLS UP HER PLACE  
LIKE AN OVERBLOWN BUBBLE - GUM  
WITH THE LONGEST LASTING TASTE  
AND IT BUMS HER OUT ALTHOUGH NOT  
QUITE AS MUCH AS ONE MIGHT THINK



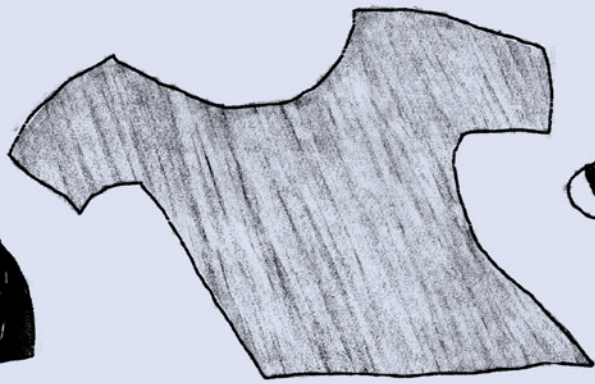
BECAUSE THE BEST MYSTERIES  
ARE ALWAYS SUBMERGED  
IN BLACK INK



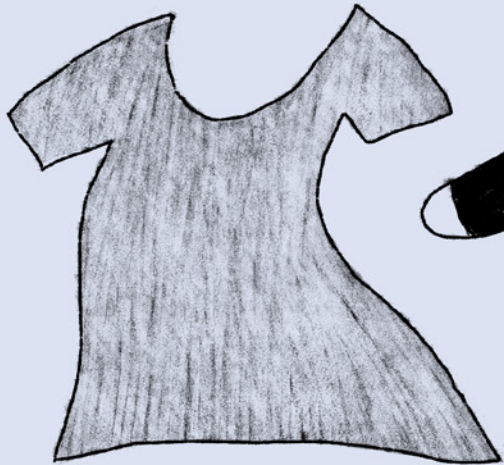
THE WAY SHE SEES IT  
GROWING UP SHOULDN'T HAVE TO INVOLVE  
MAKING UP FOR THE MISTAKES SHE'S MADE

AND BY NOW SHE WOULD HAVE HOPED TO BE  
MORE COMPOSED OR AT LEAST  
A LITTLE LESS AFRAID

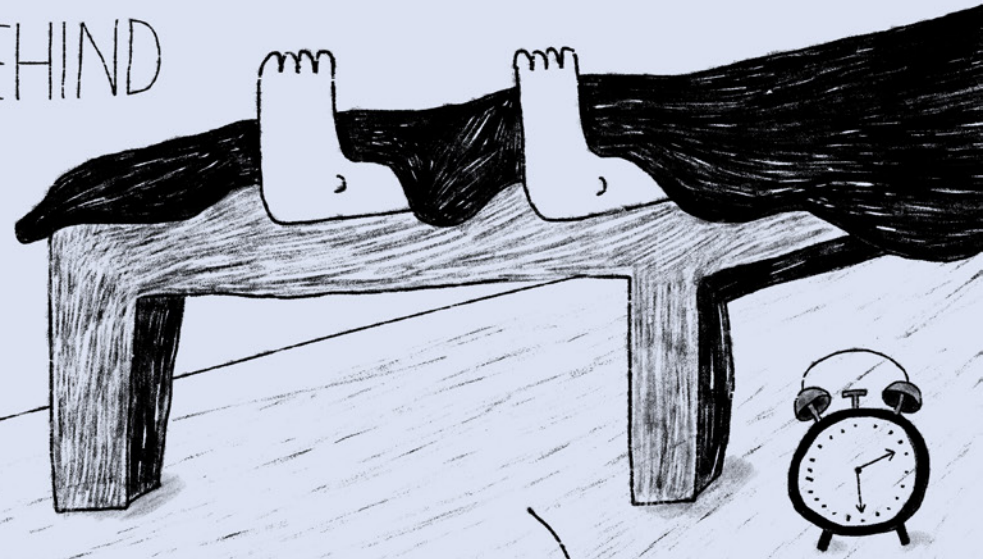




NOW THERE IS BARELY TIME LEFT  
TO FOLD HER T-SHIRTS AND PAIR THE SOCKS  
TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY AFTER ALL  
TO TRY AND CHEAT THE CLOCKS



HER DETECTIVE TALENT IS WASTED ON THE CASE  
WHOEVER'S TO BLAME LEFT BEHIND  
NO CLUES  
THE ALARM CLOCK IS SET  
RIGHT BY HER BEDSIDE



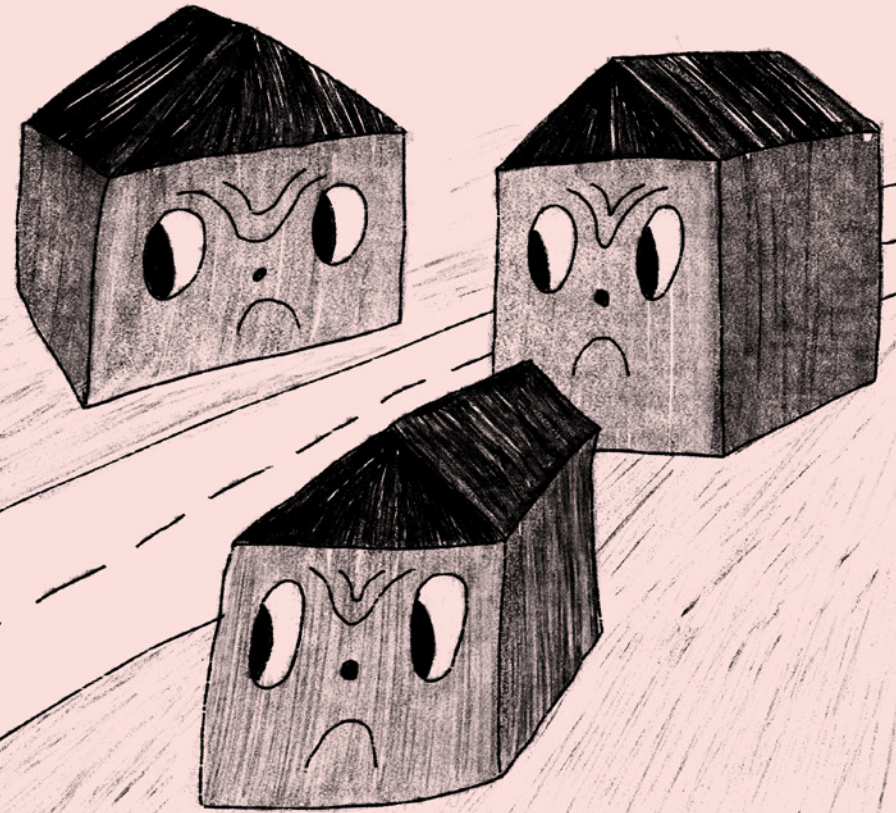
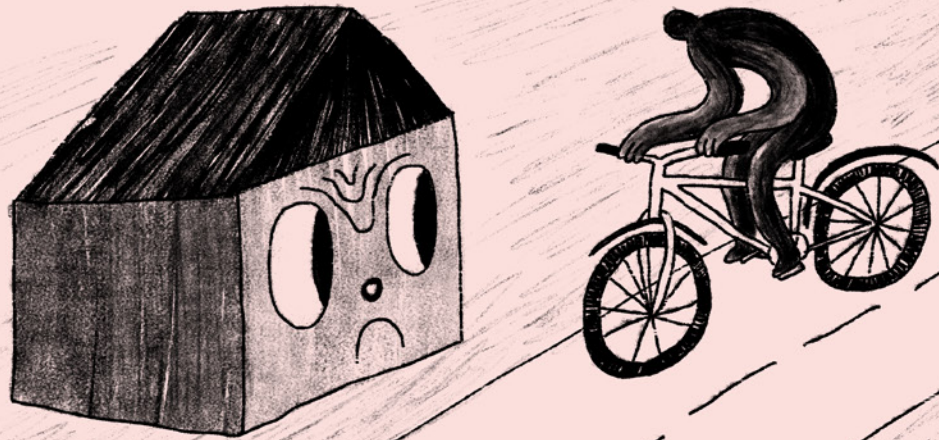
AND THE LOOSE ENDS ARE UNTIED  
JUST LIKE THE LACES IN HER SHOES

A black and white illustration featuring two large, vertically oriented hearts. The hearts are filled with a dense, vertical hatching pattern. The left heart has the word "LOVE" written across its center in a bold, hand-drawn, sans-serif font. The right heart has the word "CRAFT" written across its center in the same style. Two arrows, drawn with simple lines, pierce the hearts. One arrow enters the bottom of the left heart and points towards the right. The other arrow enters the top of the right heart and points towards the left. Small, dark teardrop shapes are positioned near the entry points of the arrows, suggesting blood or tears. The background is a dark, textured black with fine, vertical lines, creating a sense of depth and shadow.

**LOVE**

**CRAFT**

LOVE TRAVELS ON  
BICYCLE WHEELS  
DOWN ANGELL STREET AND



THE ARCHITECTURE FROWNS  
AS IF SOMEHOW  
YOU DIDN'T BELONG HERE  
AND AS YOU PASS

BESIDE THE HOUSE  
WHERE YOU WERE BORN  
IT JUST STARES YOU DOWN  
AND YOU REALIZE YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN  
AND YOU ROLL ON



THE SHADOWS GROW  
TALLER THAN THE TREES  
IT'S GETTING LATE

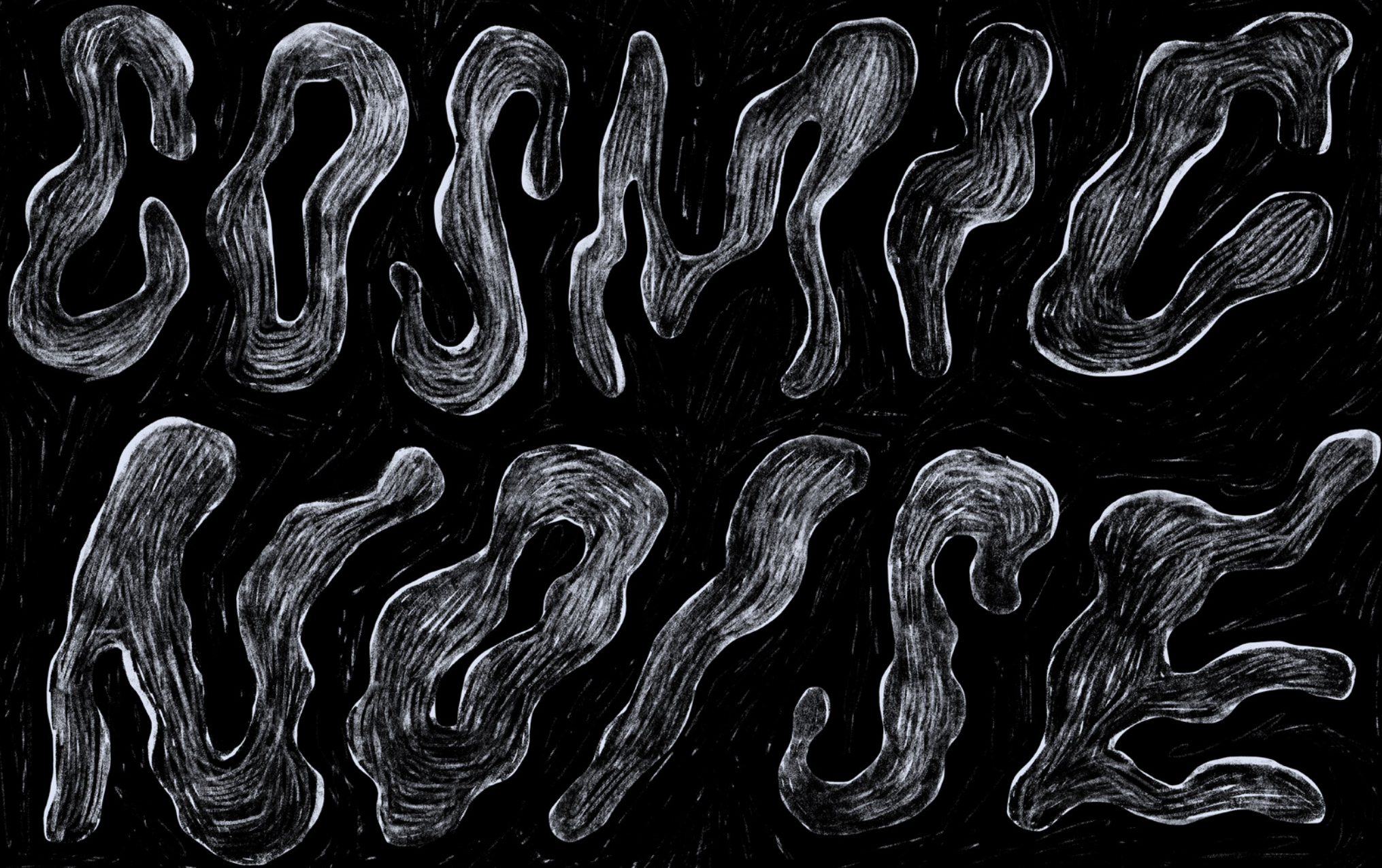




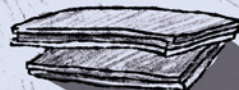
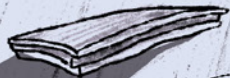
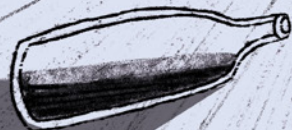
AND DEEP INSIDE  
YOUR HEART YOU KNOW  
THAT ONLY EVIL THINGS  
COME TO THOSE WHO

WAIT





UP ON THE WARDROBE 15 PAST MIDNIGHT GLOOM LIKE COTTON  
A BIG TV SET WITH VOLUME ROLLED BACK AND A SCI-FI SHOW ON  
THROWING SOME LIGHT ON WHAT THE DAY COULDN'T QUITE SEE DONE



YOU'D LIKE TO GET UP NOW,  
BUT YOU'VE BEEN HIT BY A LASER GUN  
THROUGH A STACK OF OLD MAGAZINES  
LIKE A TIME MACHINE  
AND THEY DID

YOU HOPED WOULD WORK

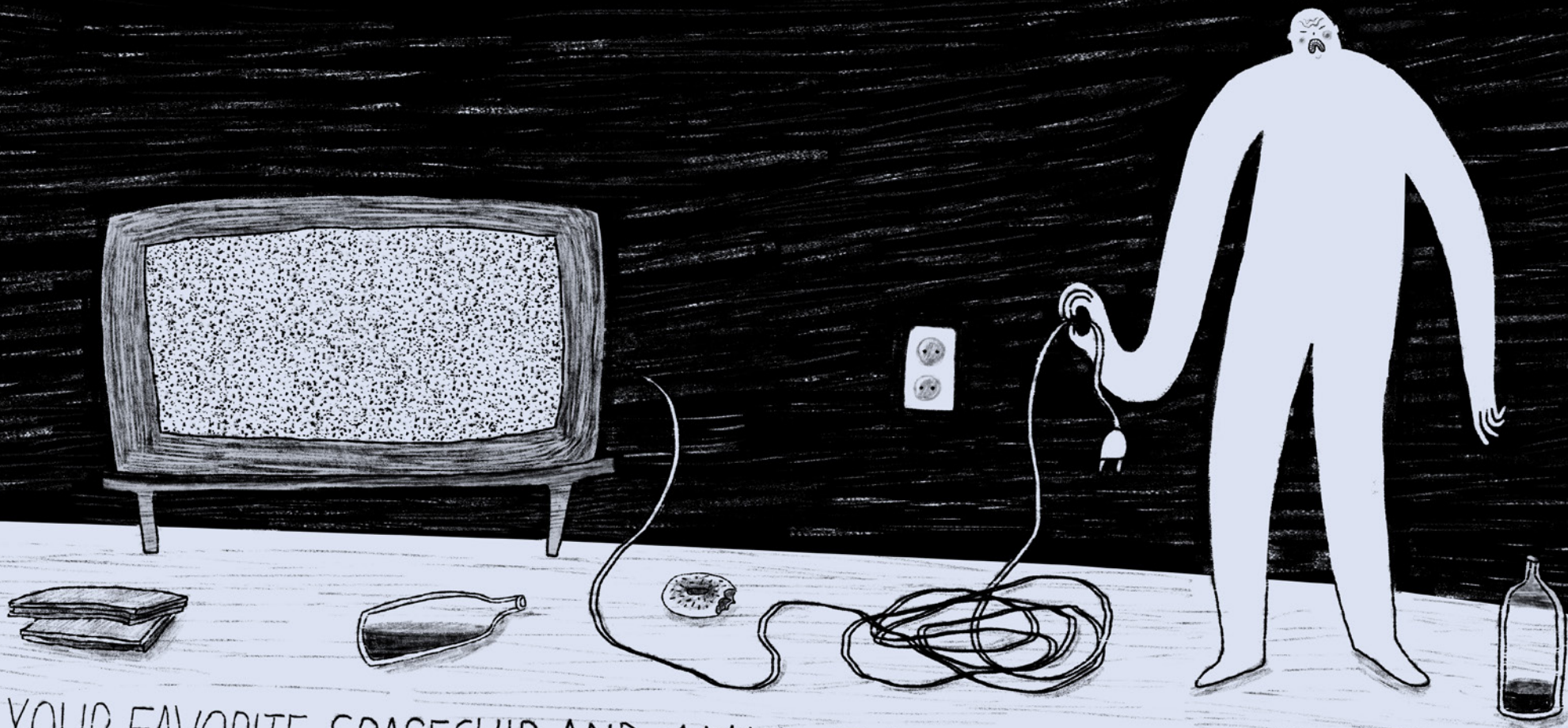


EXCEPT NOT IN THE LITERAL SENSE  
THE BIT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR  
INTO SUMMER  
BUT TURNED OUT TO BE SOMETHING ELSE

WAS SUPPOSED TO OPEN THE DOOR



TIME IS RUNNING OUT NOW FOR THE CAPTAIN ON THE SCREEN  
UNTIL YOU PULL THE PLUG ON WHAT TILL NOW HAS BEEN

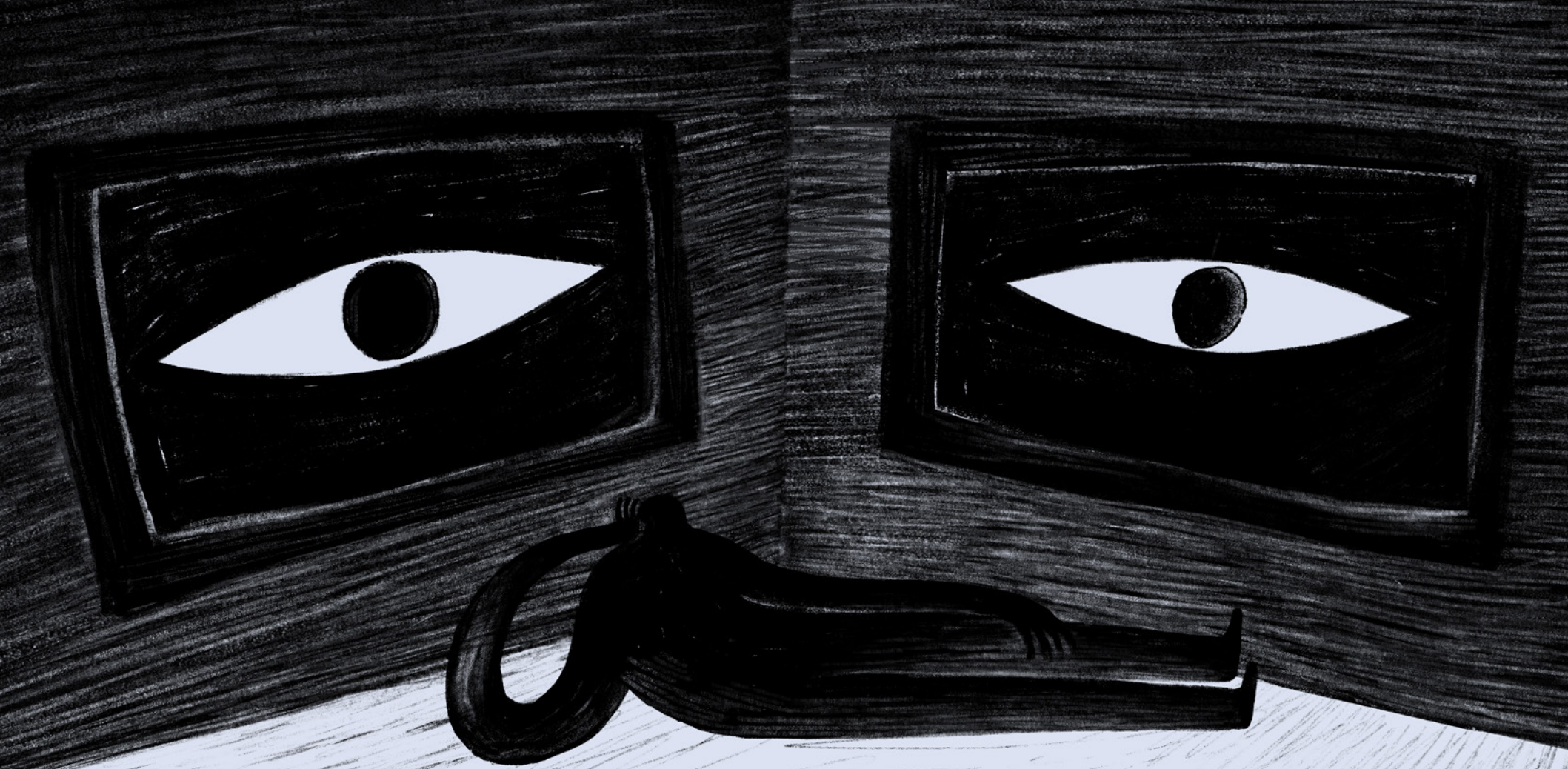


YOUR FAVORITE SPACESHIP AND MAKE IT DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE  
THE ONE THREAT HE'S NOT LIKELY QUITE PREPARED TO FACE



HEY, THAT'S THE BREAKS  
YOU EITHER HAVE WHAT IT TAKES  
OR YOU DON'T  
AND HE KNEW HE WAS PICKING  
THE LOSING SIDE IN ANY CASE  
ANOTHER STRIPE  
OF LIGHT ON THE CEILING  
FROM A PASSING CAR





AND UNLIKE THE STARS THE MORNING'S NOW NOT TOO FAR  
THE COLD EYES OF THE UNIVERSE ARE INDIFFERENT TO THE SCHEME  
THAT YOU FUCKED UP FOR THE MILLIONTH TIME  
BUT STILL CAN'T SEEM TO GIVE UP ON THE DREAM



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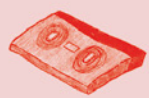
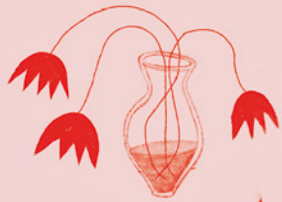
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