

LULA WILES SHAME AND SEDITION



IN DREAMS 4:56
(Mali Obomsawin/Cunt Punk Publishing BMI)

OH MY GOD 4:38
(Isa Burke/Sippy Sippy Sippy Music BMI)

THE WAY THAT IT IS 4:39
(Eleanor Buckland/Whose Mommy Is That Baby Publishing BMI)

EVERYBODY (CONNECTED) 3:52
(Mali Obomsawin/Cunt Punk Publishing BMI)

WAKE UP 4:06
(Isa Burke/Sippy Sippy Sippy Sippy Music BMI)

TELEVISION 4:29
(Eleanor Buckland/Whose Mommy Is That Baby Publishing BMI, Isa Burke/Sippy Sippy Sippy Sippy Music BMI, Mali Obomsawin/Cunt Punk Publishing BMI, Sean Trischka/ Bone Dried Music ASCAP)

COLD WATER 5:47
(Isa Burke/Sippy Sippy Sippy Sippy Music BMI)

MARY ANNE 3:38
(Isa Burke/Sippy Sippy Sippy Sippy Music BMI)

CALL ME UP 4:42
(Eleanor Buckland/Whose Mommy Is That Baby Publishing BMI)

DO YOU REALLY WANT THE WORLD TO END 4:17
(Mali Obomsawin/Cunt Punk Publishing BMI, Sean Trischka/Bone Dried Music ASCAP, Eleanor Buckland/Whose Mommy Is That Baby Publishing BMI, Isa Burke/Sippy Sippy Sippy Sippy Music BMI)

CONSPIRACY THEORY 4:25
(Mali Obomsawin/Cunt Punk Publishing BMI)

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SHAME AND SEDITION

Shame, the bottomless, multi-dimensional burden of many. *Shame*, a concept foreign to these lands that has so pervasively announced itself here. *Shame*, both an obstacle and catalyst to solidarity. *Shame*, an impulse. *Shame*, which simmers in the bodies and minds of trauma survivors. *Shame*, a sinister and manipulative force that holds power over both colonizer and colonized. *Shame*, a power dynamic.

Sedition, the reclamation of power. *Sedition*, the divergence from legacies of orchestrated violence. *Sedition*, the strength to confront, to listen, to understand. *Sedition*, the strength to sit with shame. *Sedition*, the strength to trust or the courage to try. *Sedition*, an impulse. *Sedition*, the power of solidarity and the potential for healing.

These two concepts circle around and eclipse one another throughout this album, and in our lives today. How many ways can we perceive them, feel them, process and engage them? How many edges comprise the spheres of their influence? How can we liberate one another and ourselves?

We spent three weeks in early summer 2020 making *Shame and Sedition* in an old farmhouse in Wabanakiak, recording each day and taking turns cooking for one another each night. One workday ended around 1am, with Isa overdubbing the album's loudest electric guitar performance from an upstairs bedroom, with the rest of the band outside, listening to it echo into the road. Another day, as we were recording the final chords of a good take, we heard the rain begin to pour onto the roof through our headphones, picked up through an omni mic in the attic.

Had things gone according to plan, we would have spent the prior months playing shows and festivals across this continent. Instead we'd been locked down in our separate homes, writing and developing these songs via shared Google docs and voice memos, and growing increasingly sure that it would be a long time before we played them for an audience. The uncertainty and isolation felt across the world during this time infused the songs and performances on this record with a strange urgency, a tension and rawness that feel closer and truer to our experiences than any other work we've done together. As we write this, so much remains unclear. But the conditions that give rise to these songs have existed since long before we were born. We have merely used this moment to offer our voices and thoughts on where we are and where we may go.

In Mali's words, the album's opening track "is inspired by the writing and expressions of the great James Baldwin, and by the common struggles of all people fighting colonial oppression around the world. We have been looted of our lands. We have been looted of our lives and bodies. We have been looted of our labor. But we will never be looted of our fire — our right to reclaim what is ours, and our power to ignite revolution and liberation."

"Television," written collaboratively in the studio based on a chorus written by Eleanor, examines the manufactured ignorance and division that are sold to us, and the violence that is often concealed from us — even as we are brought into it. On "Oh My God," Isa shames and sneers at those who profit off their fellow humans' labor and suffering, and suggests that their downfall should be so inevitable as to be laughable. Songs like "Mary Anne," "Cold Water," and "The Way That It Is" inhabit moments of release — the painful yet liberating process of letting go of harmful and unfulfilling relationships.

“Do You Really Want the World to End” was co-written by the band and Sean Trischka in hopes of exploring themes of allyship and inaction. Driven by Mali’s experiences — on the road and in personal relationships — of feeling like she has to beg others to care about “people like me and my friends,” the meaning of the chorus evolves throughout the song. Whose world is it that may be ending? As the “apocalypse” has already arrived for Indigenous and colonized peoples many times over, how can allies help repair those worlds? What silences and sickness must be overcome in order for us to clearly see and take care of one another? What about the future of all young people? What is required of the generations alive today to provide any future at all for “people like me and my friends”?

The interconnected legacy of colonialism and capitalism is long and ugly, and it reaches from illegitimate international borders all the way down to interpersonal relationships. We live in a world that often makes it difficult for us to be good to each other, and to ourselves. Perhaps in retrospect, we can read that story in all of the songs on this album. We hope that *Shame and Sedition* will invite listeners into the uncomfortable, confrontational spaces where transformation happens.

- Lula Wiles

I. IN DREAMS

How am I supposed to know?
What to do with it, what to say
What to play up or play down
Ooo, freedom
So unbearable to watch
So untenable to chase
Not everything can be changed
History, trapped in your face

How am I supposed to be?
Knowing you, when you don't know me
I can't change the face I see,
And you can't face the change I need
Ooo, freedom
In the grave or in the tree
From the plains to the city
Chains to build the reverie
Chains to build the reverie
Chains to build the reverie

There's nickel, there's lead,
There's copper in my head
There's bones in my bed
There's silver in your hand
There's leather in my skin
There's gold in the land

How are you supposed to see
That which you cannot perceive
Haven't been taught to believe
When you're living in a dream
Ooo, freedom
Ooo, is for some
Ooo, in dreams
Yeah, in dreams
Ooo, the reverie
Chains to build the reverie
Chains to build the reverie
Chains to build the reverie

| Mali Obomsawin: lead vocals, acoustic guitar, electric bass, Farfisa
| Isa Burke: harmony vocals, electric guitar, acoustic guitar
| Eleanor Buckland: harmony vocals
| Sean Trischka: drums

2. OH MY GOD

Do you hear the shimmer of the sharpening blade?
Do you feel the thunder from the barricade?
A wave is building from below and it's gonna break
Riot and ruination, I can't wait

I'll admit that you've done pretty well so far
Did you think that you would end up where you are?
Do you think that you're a god now, in your fancy cars?
Stepping over bodies, grinning like a movie star

Oh my god, how embarrassing for you!
Oh my god, you really think you built that throne you look down from
To spit on everyone
Yeah your time is gonna run out soon
And you couldn't swing a hammer if they paid you to

What have you been doing since the world shut down?
Counting all the cards you stole to build your house
Your insidious extraction won't protect you now
'Cause we're turning on the lights that you've been shooting out

Maybe you believe that you will always rule
You may think the world is all complacent fools
But hunger is an engine and anger is fuel
And everybody's hungry all because of you

Isa Burke:
lead vocals, electric guitar

Mali Obomsawin:
harmony vocals, electric bass

Eleanor Buckland:
harmony vocals

Sean Trischka:
drums, percussion

3. THE WAY THAT IT IS

Sometimes I'd go walking over by your old house
Where we'd open the window when the rain came down
Tiny white room at the top of the stairs
Sleeping tangled in a bed too small
We didn't mind it at all

I could lie there all night with you looking at me
Breathing quiet in the light coming in off the street
Tracing patterns of the blinds falling on your skin
Secretly I knew you wouldn't change your mind
I didn't wanna be right

But if you didn't feel it well then what was all that
The summer and your secrets and that photograph
Everything you wanted catching in your throat
Every word a silhouette of the burden of blame
And why am I still ashamed

Maybe you were looking for a stronger one
Still I'd never felt a softer, sweeter touch
You can't keep the sea from tugging on the shore
And you were just water running through my hands
I know that you understand

Haven't you heard I'm in a brand new town
Down here in the fall the leaves just turn brown
I'm looking in the mirror, but I'm lying to my friends
I'm alone in the theater when the movie ends

In this empty house I've been waking up slow
I don't wanna do anything but be alone
Spend the day watching shadows move across the floor
I don't turn on the lights when the sun goes down
Just let the darkness surround me

I'll be turning 27 at the end of next week
Same day as the worst day you'd ever seen
I used to think the universe was giving us a sign
I don't know why I ever believed in that shit
It's just the way that it is

Eleanor Buckland: lead vocals, acoustic guitar
Isa Burke: electric guitar
Mali Obomsawin: electric bass
Sean Trischka: drums



4. EVERYBODY (CONNECTED)

Everybody wants to be connected to something bigger,
All in all they want their paradise to grow to such a figure
It's improbable to break, impossible to pull the trigger
Bikram yoga, military, horoscopes, and missionary formulas,
The tropes that push us out in such a mold with so infallible a shape,
Looting to liberate

Everybody wants to be a part of a project
Everybody wants to see the plan
Everybody's looking after where they lost it
Everybody wants to understand
Everybody wants to understand

Everybody wants to be alone in their cubby,
Every digital individual, curating their surroundings
Putting all things in their place
Divinity the interface

Mali Obomsawin:
lead vocals, acoustic guitar, electric bass

Isa Burke:
harmony vocals, electric guitar, Farfisa

Eleanor Buckland:
harmony vocals

Sean Trischka:
drums

5. WAKE UP

You were a ghost in the morning
Mountain town, snow was falling

Melted when it hit the ground
Are you doing better now?

Slow going uphill steady
Blue and gold across the valley

Seeing more with every step
Do you understand it yet?

*Are you ready for the things you want?
When do you wake up?*

So long kept still and quiet
Weighed down, afraid to fight it

Wondering what it is you need
To break the surface of the sea

Sun come up, earth still turning
Reached the top, breath was burning

Expanding and invisible
Holding the impossible

| Isa Burke: lead vocals, acoustic guitar
| Mali Obomsawin: harmony vocals, upright bass
| Eleanor Buckland: harmony vocals
| Sean Trischka: drums
| Sam Kassirer: piano, Farfisa

6. TELEVISION

*It's a sharp knife between greed and ambition
You start to question what you've been given
Everybody's buying when they're selling division
And it's all waiting for you on your television*

It's a tightrope walk between red and blue
Watch the Friday night fight, the riveting show
They're fighting each other, who's fighting for you?

It's a short night reaching, and a long day working
Clocking in, checking out, and crashing down
It's a waking dream until you pull back the curtain

It's a war on water, it's a war on the pavement
Awards for the puppet and the overseer
And the weapon is hunger and the method is hatred

It's a tightening chokehold on what you see
Who points the camera, who points the gun?
If the evidence points back, then why would they screen it?

*It's a sharp knife between shame and sedition
You start to question what you've been missing
Everybody's armed to defend the old position
And it's all waiting for you*

Eleanor Buckland:
lead vocals, acoustic guitar

Mali Obomsawin:
harmony vocals, electric bass

Isa Burke:
harmony vocals, electric guitar

Sean Trischka:
drums

Sam Kassirer:
organ

7. COLD WATER

I'm gonna run cold water on my face
And go back out there
It's a strange new town
They don't need to see me break down

I told your friend how it all went down
Between you and me
He didn't seem surprised
And I hadn't talked about it for a while

*I should have believed you sooner
When you told me who you are
I should have believed you sooner
Should have known I'd end up singing*

Hallelujah, I never knew ya

I swear that I never meant to fade out
And disappear
Okay, so that's not true
But I never meant to lose myself in you

You were a story I told myself
In a fever dream
But now I'm free
From the morphine drip of you wanting me

So I'm gonna run cold water on my face
And go back out there
I hear an old country song
You never liked this one
So I'll play it all night long

Isa Burke: lead vocals, electric guitar, piano
Eleanor Buckland: harmony vocals, fiddle
Mali Obomsawin: harmony vocals, upright bass
Sean Trischka: drums

8. MARY ANNE

Mary Anne
Why don't you get your shit together? I'm not waiting
For a better time or better weather
To return your messages
You're holding on to vestiges of a long lie
And we're not making plans, Mary Anne

Mary Anne
I bet your mama still believes that you're an angel
Should I call her up and tell her
About the poison you were brewing
On the playground back in school when we were young
You gotta get out while you can, Mary Anne

Mary Anne
So you heard I'm doing well, I won't deny it
And I'm sorry that you never made it
Out of our hometown
And you know I barely made it out alive
From the palm of your hand, Mary Anne

Mary Anne
I still hear your voice sometimes when I am lonely
And I remember you're still pulling
All the strings inside my mind
Telling me I'll never find the love I need
Oh but now I understand
I had to get out while I can
And we're not making plans, Mary Anne

| Isa Burke: lead vocals, electric guitar
| Eleanor Buckland: harmony vocals, fiddle
| Mali Obomsawin: harmony vocals, upright bass
| Sean Trischka: drums, percussion

9. CALL ME UP

Last time that I saw you it didn't look like you'd been sleeping
Watching the boats out on the Danube, you and I breathing
There's nothing you owe me, maybe that's what I should've told you
Next time that I see you, baby, what are we gonna hold on to?

Mmm, I know you've been taking it rough
Ohh, you gotta just call me up
We could talk on the phone all night
Maybe we could get it right

I don't know why you're trying to do it all on your own
Is that just the only way your heart has known?
Don't think I didn't notice when you stopped coming around
That ain't no way to live those demons down

Can't you hear the bells ringing down in the square
How long has it been since you walked down there?
There's one chime for lonely love, another for the one you've been missing
But those bells keep tolling even if nobody's listening

Eleanor Buckland: lead vocals, acoustic guitar
Isa Burke: harmony vocals, electric guitar, fiddle
Mali Obomsawin: harmony vocals, upright bass
Sean Trischka: drums
Sam Kassirer: piano

10. DO YOU REALLY WANT THE WORLD TO END

If I could only reach you, I would tell you, I would teach you
If you could only see me, I would show you, I would meet you halfway

*I would take you there, I would make you care
About people like me and my friends
Do you really want the world to end?
Do you really want the world to end?*

All of these pennies we're counting, they have bound us to our wanting
And to be trapped inside it is to be blind, is to deny it

*In a world that aches
In a world that takes
from people like me and my friends
Do you really want the world to end?
Do you really want the world to end?*

We carry ghosts within us, in a silence, in a sickness
Greed is a cruel companion, it's the violence we are handed
So much to be returned, stolen not earned, so much to be unlearned

*Between now and then
In a world that depends
On people like me and my friends
Do you really want the world to end?
Do you really want the world to end?*

Mali Obomsawin: lead vocals, electric bass
Isa Burke: electric guitar, Farfisa, harmony vocals
Eleanor Buckland: vocals
Sean Trischka: vocals, drums

II. CONSPIRACY THEORY

You ruin everything, even what's already dead
Looks like everybody wins when you're playing with their head
And they're giving in
Makes me feel like a conspiracy theorist like my dad is
Maybe he was right about it

Is that really you? When did you grow so tall?
Who let you cut your hair like that, you used to love how it falls
When you spin
Or is this one of those mirrors, makes everything look big
On the other side you're still a kid

How does it feel to break free from the frame?
Now you can watch the chemtrails flying over your head
And there's no pain
No more mourning the days that came and went by
Left you empty as a hotel bed

Mali Obomsawin:
lead vocals, acoustic guitar

Eleanor Buckland:
harmony vocals, acoustic guitar

Isa Burke:
harmony vocals, fiddle

Sean Trischka:
drums

Sam Kassirer:
piano

Thank You

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Conceived amidst profound change and calls for revolution, *Shame and Sediton* is the sound of Lula Wiles amplifying the present moment. Each song grew from personal revelations or yearning for collective reckoning, materializing into proclamations against powerful oligarchs, toxic relationships, media narratives, and the callousness capitalism demands. Sung in their instantly recognizable tight harmony, within a landscape of expansive electric guitars, dynamic currents of bass and drums, and intimate acoustic textures, the album sees Lula Wiles' sound deepening to give honest form to their trenchant lyrics. *Shame and Sediton* captures Lula Wiles at a pivotal juncture, as they critically examine today's nuanced struggles and reconsider how our lives are lived.

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