

Another Day © 2013 Kevin Antrobus

I had always wanted a black Les Paul – no pick guard, just smooth, shiny, and black. I had one back in the day, a cheap crappy knock off version that I played a lot, but I had to sell it. One day I walked into [B Sharp Music](#), and they had this ESP LTD black Paul with a ton of pearl trim on it. Damn, I had to have that guitar. The other piece that I missed dearly was my Marshall amp. I bought a ½ stack when I was 16. It was so loud, and had such a crunchy tone, but I got sick of lugging that huge amp around, and I traded it on something much more practical. After all, I'm a singer, why do I need a Marshall? Well, need has nothing to do with it. I really missed that amp, so when I came across a used full stack, I just had to buy it. I used that gear in the video shoot.



So there I was, just screwing around on my new guitar and amp. It was cranked up to 11, and for no good reason, I just started playing the intro riff to the song. It was so dark, so “wrong”... I knew it would be a song, but I didn't know where to take it. The song had to be dark, so I reached out to my friends on Facebook and asked for a dark topic. I never once said that it was for a song, just “I need a dark topic”. There were some really good ones that came back to me, but I chose to latch on to child sexual abuse. But this song is about a victim who grows up and meets up with their abuser – gun in hand. Now that kid isn't a weakling anymore. It's a true crime story. That's some really sick shit. Tomorrow's another day for the victim, but for the abuser, it's his last. So say good bye asshole. Pow!

My A&R guy wanted to get a genuine, gritty, feel to the video, so we flew to Universal Studios in California and had them build an exact replica of my basement in one of their sound studios. We shot for 16 hours straight until we all felt that we nailed it, then back on the plane back home. No hotels, no meals, nothing. We had to be responsible with the expenses.

After the song came out, a local band called Jaxe asked me if we could play the song live at a club here in town, so we rehearsed it quickly, and went out and did it. I was really torn about how to introduce the song live with out sounding like I was exploiting anyone. Until I stepped up to the mic, I had no idea what I was going to say. Then I just said “Some bastard think it’s OK to hurt children. The problem is, those kids grow up, and then all hell breaks loose”. It felt great to play it live.

Lyrics

I never said you could take my mind but I screamed it passively.
Strange now how trusted eyes were blind deep in my hours of need.
Tomorrow’s another day yeah yeah

Mamma always said mistrust is earned. And you ate my memories.
Strange now how all my senses burned. I spit out all your treats.
Tomorrow’s another day yeah yeah
So say good bye. Say good bye

All the years and all the tears. A shit disturber by trade.
6 pack of lead to quench the fears. Emancipation day.
Tomorrow’s another day yeah yeah
So say good bye. Say good bye
Look me in the eye, and say good bye
Tomorrow’s another day yeah yeah