



AN AMERICAN RECORD
GRAYSON HUGH

AN AMERICAN RECORD

This record had its humble beginnings in the dusty living room of a dilapidated Cape Cod-style shack in Wareham, Massachusetts. It was a "sober house" and I was living there with fourteen other wayward souls, all of us trying to find our way back to our lives.

I was talking with a counselor from The Massachusetts Rehabilitation Commission about embarking on a course of study to become a substance abuse counselor. To my surprise this gentleman, a self-described swamp yankee named Dean Gilmore, owned my records and was a fan of my work. He suggested that I consider getting back to what I did best – writing and recording music. He told me he might be able to obtain some seed money for me to make a new record.

The more I thought about it, the more this opportunity seemed heaven-sent. So with Dean's help, I began the process of making this record. I recorded the first rhythm tracks in October of 2006 and began recording overdubs in January of 2007. The details of life stretched this project into nearly four years – and the record grew and changed as the months went by. I added and wrote new songs and drove many family members, friends, fans and sometimes myself crazy.

But it took as long as it took.

It is a record of places, times, rivers, hills, loves and tides of the heart. This became my path and I am grateful that I was always able to see the light around the bend and finish it.

I still remember that day with Dean, sitting and talking in that house in Wareham, with the faintest ray of sunshine finding its way into the dark gloom of the room.

Sometimes even in the bleakest surroundings the small flame of a dream can be fanned back into life.

– Grayson Hugh, March 8, 2010, Danbury, Ct.

SWAMP YANKEE

ayup
I'm goin' down east
I'm goin' under
gonna fill my boots
with the rain & thunder
from Ammonoosuc
down to Chicopee
I'm gonna ride this river
right to the sea
I ain't no punk (ain't no punk)
just a little bit stanky (a little bit stanky)
I got the funk (I got the funk)
I'm a swamp yankee (swamp yankee)
swamp yankee
yes I am, swamp yankee

Y'see, my grandpa
he's a half Pequot
scrapin' a livin'
from a lobster pot
he was raised
by the mooncussers
Methodist deacons
them turkey buzzards
grew a family
of his own
put down roots
in a field of stone

He ain't no punk (ain't no punk)
just a little bit cranky (a little bit cranky)
he got the funk (he got the funk)
of a swamp yankee (swamp yankee)
swamp yankee
ah, yes he is, yes he is
swamp yankee
hey, ayuh

It's been hardscrabble
since the mill shut down
but I'm a barnacle
on the edge of town
I built this trailer (oh yes he did)
in the sand
so let the tide come in, I don't care
I'm a lobster man

I ain't no punk (ain't no punk)
just a little bit stanky (a little bit stanky)
I got the funk (I got the funk)
I'm a swamp yankee (swamp yankee)
I got a yard fulla junk (yard fulla junk)
ain't nothin' swanky (nothin' swanky)
I got the funk (I got the funk)
I'm a, I'm a, I'm a, I'm a, I'm a
swamp yankee
oh, nothin' but a swamp yankee
yes I am, now lookit, baby
I got the claw
of a lobsterman
and when I go to work
I get the job done
tell ya I got the claw
of nothin' but a swamp yankeemon....

Heya ya heya ya, heya ya hey, heya
ya heya, hey hey yahey, Heya ya heya
ya, heya ya hey, heya ya heya, hey
hey yahey, Yaya yaya heya ya, hey
yaya heya hey, yaya ya yaya, heyhey
ya yaya hey, Yaya yaya heya ya, hey
yaya heya hey, yaya ya yaya, heyhey
ya yaya hey, Heya ya heya ya, heya
ya hey, heya ya heya, hey hey yahey
Heya ya heya ya, heya ya hey, heya ya
heya, hey hey yahey

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Hammond B3 Organ, Indian Big Drum
Tom Majesky: Electric Guitar
David Stoltz: Electric Bass
Rob Gottfried: Drums
Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals
Jose Goico: Congas
Bill Holloman: Alto, Tenor & Baritone Sax
Recorded by Rob Ignazio & Stefan Colson
at Wellspring Sound, Acton, MA. Overdubs
recorded by Tom Majesky at Whitney Street,
Hartford, CT & Jim Chapdelaine at Good
Chap Studios, West Hartford, CT.
Mixed by Jim Chapdelaine at Good Chap
Studios, West Hartford, CT.

ZOE ON THE T TRAIN

On the trail of a hundred T trains
going 'round this cold harbor town
as the October afternoon was falling
we met up and started talking
in the crowd
and as the feet were shuffling
to the rail beat
we spoke of Georgia and mountains
secrets of wood and soft southern light
and ghosts in the fountains

I call your name
I call it out like a sweet refrain
I call your name
I remember the day I went riding
with Zoe on the T train

You reminded me of a cat
perched forward
with your deep brown eyes
looking into mine as I looked back
in my shy mountain lion disguise
and when we walked out on the street
I remember

you were so near to me
and I felt the hush
all the people vanished
and I want to feel that
cold October thrill again so much

I call your name
I call it out like a sweet refrain
I call your name
I remember the day I went riding
with Zoe on the T train

All those afternoons of the harvest moon
full of blue sky and bright yellow trees
in that college town of boulevards
and bridges
with the cold wind blowing
off the nearby seas
I captured you like a runaway fawn
you harbored me when I was
ocean-tossed
I can't believe that I ever found you
I can't believe that you were ever lost

I call your name
I call it out like a sweet refrain
I call your name
It's been a while but I still feel the same
And I call your name
I call it out in the snow and rain
I call your name
I remember the day I went riding
with Zoe on the T train

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals, Piano
Tom Majesky: Electric Guitar
Robert Hugh: Acoustic Guitar
David Stoltz: Electric Bass
Rob Gottfried: Drums
Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals

Recorded by Rob Ignazio & Stefan Colson
at Wellspring Sound, Acton, MA. Overdubs
recorded by Tom Majesky at Whitney
Street, Hartford, CT. Mixed by Bill Ahearn
at Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

NEVER TO COME DOWN

Pretty baby dry your eyes
pretty baby dry your eyes
come on and dry your eyes for me
everything'll be alright
don't you want to learn to fly
come on and climb the sky with me
fly with me

Tears come running
down on the table
I'll come running
fast as I'm able
we'll go
high above the ground
never to come down
never to come down
oh no

When you want to run all night
there's a thunderstorm in sight
the future's too far away to see
when you're sitting by the candlelight
wondering what's wrong or right
close your eyes and call to me
there I'll be

Tears come running
down on the table
I'll come running
fast as I'm able
we'll go
high above the ground
never to come down

never to come down
oh no

Waiting for the rain to come
waiting for the morning sun
baby you're the one for me
when the night is moving way too slow
and you're waiting
for the moon to show
I know of a place where we can go
you and me

Tears come running
down on the table
I'll come running
fast as I'm able
we'll go
high above the ground
never to come down
never to come down
oh no
high above the ground
never to come down
never to come down
never, never, never
high above the ground
never to come down
never to come down

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Piano, Synthesizer, Mellotron
Tom Majesky: Electric Guitar
Robert Hugh: Acoustic Guitar
Jim Chapdelaine: Electric 12-String Guitar
David Stoltz: Electric Bass
Rob Gottfried: Drums
Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals
Recorded by Tom Majesky & Russell
Kleinknecht at Whitney Street, Hartford,
CT & Jim Chapdelaine at Good Chap
Studios, West Hartford, CT. Mixed by
Bill Ahearn at Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

SWEET SUMMER RAIN

Sweet summer rain
put out this fire
that burns deep down in my chest
put out these flames
of my desire
wash away my dreams
and let me rest

Sweet summer rain
give me my freedom
before the sky has turned to rust
unlock these chains
'cause I don't need 'em
help me leave
'cause leave I must

Take me down
down to the river
take me far away from here
for my love
she's gone forever
the love that I once held so dear

Sweet summer rain
for you I'm thirsting
come with your thunder
come cry for me
'cause my heart
it feels like bursting
and this grief
is killing me

Take me down
down to the river
take me far away from here
for my love
she's gone forever
the love that I once held so dear

Sweet summer rain
put out this fire
that burns deep down in my chest
put out these flames
of my desire
wash away my dreams
and let me rest
wash away my dreams
and let me rest
wash away my dreams
and let me rest
sweet summer rain

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Synthesizer, Keyboard Accordion
Tom Majesky: Tremolo Guitar
Andy Mayo: Mandolin
David Stoltz: Kydd Electric Upright Bass
Rob Gottfried: Drums
Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals
Ralph Rosen: Harmonica Solo
Recorded by Tom Majesky & Russell
Kleinknecht at Whitney Street, Hartford,
CT. Mixed by Bill Ahearn at Tapeworks,
Hartford, CT.

BLUEWHITE

Here we are now
driving through these small stick towns
on a winter day
thin trees on the hill snow
grey wood bone
stumps and driftwood
on the frozen pond
crow stands on a pine top
shall we follow this falling
of winter light?
and go where it takes us
into the late day
where the snow
in the shell of the afternoon

is a cold bluewhite
then toast the twilight
pale indigo

Up in the cornstub fields
grey hulls of barns sleeping
leaning old
owls know where the moon is
the pale iris imprint bloom
the town is melting
pull our windows down
hear the tires whisper black wet smooth
the brook is rising
up the stone mill wall
and deep in the forest
where the dirt road goes
by the high cliff banks
the moss is showing
beneath the snow

I look at you
you you you you baby
my heart starts to bloom
bloom bloom bloom bloom bloom baby
cold bluewhite

To the distant fields
our eyes travel over the valley
to those bruegel woods
where the worn light's blurring
the candle glow of a fox's fur
by the stone wall spine
stars are growing
to where shall we go
in the shadow of the night?
somewhere foreign
and far away
at four o'clock in the morning
by the lake hill shapes
we're wide awake

just our small voices
snow brume pines

I look at you
you you you you baby
my heart starts to bloom
bloom bloom bloom bloom bloom baby
I love you
you you you you you baby
I love you
you you you you you baby
cold bluewhite

Grayson Hugh: Lead Vocal, Piano,
Synthesizer
Tom Majesky: Electric Guitar
David Stoltz: Electric Bass
Rob Gottfried: Drums
Polly Messer: Angel Vocal
Recorded by Tom Majesky & Russell
Kleinknecht at Whitney Street, Hartford,
CT. Mixed by Bill Ahearn at Tapeworks,
Hartford, CT.

EVANGELINE

It's winter up on the mountain
ain't no money in the till
if it hadn't've been for Evangeline
I'd be hangin' round there still
stuck down in the holler
in that chicken shack
with no love to comfort me
now I ain't ever goin' back

Oh, Evangeline, Evangeline
prettiest girl I ever seen
she fell on me just like a dream
don't you know I love her
talkin' bout my Evangeline
oh yes I do, oh yeah

Well I left there in a hurry
I left that one horse town
packed my things in the middle
of the night
as the snow was falling down
took the train to Charleston
to be with Evangeline
left the mountains for the ocean
where the grass is growing green

Oh, Evangeline, Evangeline
prettiest girl I ever seen
she fell on me just like a dream
don't you know I love her
talkin' bout my Evangeline
oh yes I do, oh yeah

Oh it's winter up on the mountain
no money in the till
if it hadn't've been for that woman
I'd be hangin' round there still

Oh, Evangeline, Evangeline
prettiest girl I ever seen
she fell on me just like a dream
don't you know I love her
talkin' bout my Evangeline
oh yes I do, oh yeah
Evangeline
talkin' bout Evangeline
sweet Chicora queen
Evangeline
my Evangeline

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Piano, Keyboard Accordion, Rub Board,
Footstomps, Synth Bass
Steve Baldino: Electric Baritone Guitar
Jim Chapdelaine: Banjo
Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals

Recorded by Collin Tilton at Bar None
Studio, Northford, CT & Jim Chapdelaine
at Good Chap Studios, West Hartford,
CT. Mixed by Bill Ahearn at Tapeworks,
Hartford, CT.

NORTH OHIO

I've returned to north Ohio
leaves are falling
and the sky is grey
I crossed that bridge
on the Maumee River
come to see my grandmother's grave
high on a hill
the rain is gently falling
in the grass
by the stone that bears her name
life comes and goes
and flickers like a candle
still the spirit of love
forever stays the same

Tonight in my dreams
I go back to linger
in a life not long ago
that I once knew
to a girl I loved
and rooms I remember
just like a ghost who is lost
I'm wandering through
my heart is aching
with a thousand joys and sorrows
in my sleep
in my dreams
I call her name
life comes and goes
and flickers like a candle
still the spirit of love
forever stays the same

Tonight I felt the summer ending
in the darkness, ever softly
she slipped on by
down in the field
at the four roads crossing
I watched the flashing
last blue stars of the fireflies
I stood there on the ground
where my ancestors lay sleeping
in this land
they lived and loved
now they dream in the rain
life comes and goes
and flickers like a candle
still the spirit of love
forever stays the same
oh Lord, yes it does
forever stays the same
oh yeah

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Piano, Keyboard Accordion
Jim Chapdelaine: Taro Patch Ukulele
Recorded by Tom Majesky at Whitney Street,
Hartford, CT & Jim Chapdelaine at Good
Chap Studios, West Hartford, CT. Mixed by
Bill Ahearn at Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

ANGEL OF MERCY

She's an angel walking down the street
cool and romantic
everyone that sees her
just has to stop and stare
to the rhythm of her own two feet
is a song she's writing
plucking words like flowers
right from the air

The star of a movie
all she passes can see

ain't no doubt about it
she's got the eager attention of me
oh yeah

The room was full of smoke and light
and the fall was rising
through it all her eyes
were flashing blue
all the towns had lost their names
gone and forgotten
all the roads that it took me
just to get to you

The star of a movie
all she passes can see
ain't no doubt about it
she's got the eager attention of me
oh yes she does

Like a dream I've forgotten
such a long, long time
didn't think that I'd ever find her
just look in her eyes and see

In the middle of the darkest night
miracle of moonlight
falling down like a star right next to me

The star of a movie
all she passes can see
ain't no doubt about it
she happened to me
it's not just a movie
I've been waiting to see
my angel of mercy
she's real
as real as an angel can be

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Piano, Vox Continental Organ, Church Bells
Tom Majesky: Electric & Acoustic Guitar

David Stoltz: Electric Bass
Rob Gottfried: Drums
Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals
Recorded by Collin Tilton at Bar None
Studio, Northford, CT. Mixed by Bill
Ahearn at Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

LONG & LONELY NIGHT

The early morning light
comes creeping 'cross the room
to your hair
out on the sea
the sun is coming up without a care
It's gonna be another perfect blue
up and down the pure and perfect sand
nothing much to say or do
everything that we want
at our command

And it's gonna be a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night
yes it's gonna be a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night

Watchin' you baby
I'm wonderin' what we're doin'
here like this
I've been thinkin' so hard about it
there's something missing when we kiss
your eyes are still the deepest blue
but the spark is so far away
I don't know just what to do
but I wish this feeling would go away

And it's gonna be a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night
yes it's gonna be a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night

Well there used to be a time
I'd call you up excited on the phone
sneak out together
and wait until the dawn to go home
lately baby I'm feelin' lost
and you tell me you don't understand
somewhere baby that point was crossed
now I wanna find my own
way home again

And it's gonna be a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night
without your love
yes it's gonna be a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night
without your love, baby
and it's gonna be a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night
can't do it, baby
yes it's gonna be a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night
oh yeah long and lonely night, baby
I keep thinkin' about you
don't want to live without you
such a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night
hey baby
such a long, long
such a long, long and lonely night

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Fender Rhodes Electric Piano, Synth Bass,
Synth Chords, Dobro & Drums
Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals
Recorded by Collin Tilton at Bar None
Studio, Northford, CT. Mixed by Bill
Ahearn at Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON

Lately I've been goin' to bed hungry
and wakin' up hungry too
I think I know the reason
I can't get enough of you
Well I know
I know we've got our problems
but that ain't
ain't no cause to stop

Give me one good reason
to give it up
we can't stop believing
in what we've got
it ain't just a little
it's alot
yes it is now
hold on, pick it up baby now
don't let it drop

I don't think that we should worry
or argue anymore
we're quite a ways from perfect
but not so far from sure
we're gonna drive
we're gonna drive ourselves crazy
just thinking
thinking what it's not

Give me one good reason
to give it up
we can't stop believing
in what we've got
it ain't just a little
it's alot
yes it is now
hold on, pick it up baby now
don't let it drop

Oh come on with me one more time
goin' round, around, around, around

And on this road we've chosen
there's many a twist and turn
and many sights of beauty
and so many things
so many things to learn
we've come so far already
and we still ain't
still ain't reached the top

Give me one good reason
to give it up
we can't stop believing
in what we've got
it ain't just a little
it's alot
don't let it drop baby
we're so lucky girl
give me one good reason
give me one good reason
give me one good reason

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Piano, Synth Strings, Vibraphone,
Electric Bass & Horn Pad
Tom Majesky: Electric Guitar
Polly Messer: Lead & Harmony Vocals
Recorded by Collin Tilton at Bar None
Studio, Northford, CT. Mixed by Bill
Ahearn at Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

TIME IS LIKE A RIVER

Sometimes when the light is almost gone
and it feels like summer is movin' on
thoughts of you are tremblin' up in
the trees
fallin' down on me

like a million leaves
and I know that time
time is like a river
I said time
time is like a river

And when the blue twilight
is turnin' black
and I'm drivin' down the road
that don't look back
and the chill of autumn is in the air
and I'm headed off to someplace
but I don't know where
but I know that time
time is like a river
yes it is
I said now time
time is like a river

And I'm sittin' up here on Chestnut Hill
it's been ten long years
but I go back still
I can smell the pines
and see the clay
and I can feel the loneliness
of the long dark highway

Oh I know that time
time is like a river
it ain't nothin' but a river
and I'm goin' on back
back to where we used to be
just you and me
you and me together
and we went walkin' on down
walkin' on down those dark
and empty streets
oh time is like a river
yes it is
I said now time

ain't nothin' but a river
time
ain't nothin' but a river

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
Piano, Wurlitzer Electric Piano, Second Line
Snare Drums, Bongos, Synthesizer Bleeding
Chords
Tom Majesky: Electric Guitar
Ralph Rosen: Diatonic, Chromatic
& Bass Harmonica
David Stoltz: Electric Bass
Rob Gottfried: Drums
Recorded by Rob Ignazio & Stefan Colson
at Wellspring Sound, Acton, MA. Overdubs
recorded by Tom Majesky at Whitney Street,
Hartford, CT & Jim Chapdelaine at Good
Chap Studios, West Hartford, CT. Mixed
by Bill Ahearn at Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

I just want to see you
down by the beach
where the reeds grow wild and tall
where the lonely roads
have lost their reach
and the songs of thunder fall
there's a mist
down by the rocks and sea
comes climbing up the pines
and the stars and ships
are shining distantly
and it's so dark here on the borderline

And we keep ourselves free
and we keep ourselves free
and the moon is shining for you and me
that's what it's all about
that's what it's all about

Now we've come to the edge
of the ocean

and the night goes on and on
and our lives like stones
are breaking free
all our goodbyes
all our goodbyes they have gone
(down to the ocean)
and all our time apart
has turned to leaves
(down to the ocean)
in a thousand unsung rains
(going down to the ocean)
and we go floating
we go floating on
through the cypress trees
(to the ocean)
with the moonlight in our veins

And we keep ourselves free
and we keep ourselves free
and the moonlight is shining
for you and me
that's what it's all about
that's what it's all about
I want you to play it

And this is the moment of our singing
this is the story that we hold
and this is the heartbeat
that we come bringing
these are the things
all the things of young and old
(down to the river)
this is the sound of the future falling
(down to the river)
and the full moon it does not hide
(going down to the river)
and this is the rhythm
of the wild river calling
(to the river)
as we go tumbling in the tide

And we keep ourselves free
 yeah we keep ourselves so free
 and the moonlight is shining
 for you and me
 that's what it's all about
 that's what it's all about
 'cause we've always known each other
 yeah, we've always known each other
 and here we are again
 just you and me in the darkness
 and way far off the boats are shining
 and all the whales
 are dreaming for us, baby
 and the dolphins are wandering
 right here to the island where we are
 just you and me, you and me
 you and me together
 that's what it's all about
 what it's all about

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
 Piano, Pennywhistle, Synthesizer
 Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals
 Recorded by Rob Ignazio & Stefan Colson
 at Wellspring Sound, Acton, MA. Overdubs
 recorded by Tom Majesky at Whitney Street,
 Hartford, CT. Mixed by Bill Ahearn at
 Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL

Well now if you're lonely
 sad and blue
 well just call me up, call me up
 and I'll come to you, baby
 won't you please tell me
 please just tell me
 won't you tell me
 won't you tell me how you feel
 oh yeah

Don't let the nights
 and the days go by
 don't keep me wonderin'
 don't keep me wonderin'
 why it is you cry
 won't you please just tell me
 please just tell me
 won't you tell me
 tell me how you feel
 oh yeah

'Cause I'm sittin' up here
 here in Buzzard's Bay
 and you're way down there
 way down there
 and so far away, baby
 won't you tell me
 please just tell me
 won't you tell me now
 won't you tell me how you feel
 please tell me, baby
 listen

Well you know I've been livin'
 I've been livin' all by myself
 and I put true love
 I put true love up on a shelf, baby
 won't you tell me
 please just tell me
 won't you tell me how you feel
 won't you tell me
 please tell me
 won't you tell me that's it's real
 tell me how you feel
 tell me how you feel
 tell me how you
 tell me how you feel
 tell me how you feel

tell me how you feel
 tell me how you feel
 give me your lovin', your sweet lovin'
 I need your lovin' in the early mornin'
 and late at night, in the full moon
 in the darkness
 in night time, in the moonshine
 in the dream time
 give it to me, I need you
 I want you, I love you
 (I need your love, I need your love...)
 I need your lovin' every single day
 I need your lovin' every kind of way
 won't you give me your lovin'
 don't you hesitate
 please, please, please now, baby

Grayson Hugh: Lead & Harmony Vocals,
 Church Basement Piano, Footstomps
 Robert Hugh: Acoustic Guitar
 David Hugh: Electric Bass
 Kevin Hugh: Drums
 Polly Messer: Harmony Vocals
 Recorded by Collin Tilton at Bar None
 Studio, Northford, CT. Mixed by Bill Ahearn
 at Tapeworks, Hartford, CT.

SWAMP YANKEE REPRISE

Grayson Hugh: Vocals, Synth Snare Drums,
 Coffee Can Diddley Bow, Pennywhistle,
 Synth Flute
 Recorded and mixed by Grayson Hugh
 at The Hawk Nest, Newton Centre, MA.

All songs written & arranged by Grayson Hugh.
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This record is dedicated to the memory of Dean Gilmore. Without him, it never would have happened. It was his belief in me as an artist that convinced me to start this project, back in the summer of 2006. He was a true friend. He passed away in June of 2008, way too young, but I know that somewhere he's smiling that wry smile of his as he listens to these songs.

THANKS to our many patrons for their incredibly generous support: David & Robin Hugh, Robert Hugh & Lola Elliott-Hugh, Ivor & Beth Hugh, Suzy & Bill Mockovack, Lisa, Tony & Patrick Kronkaitis, Patty Messer & Dennis Ross, Teresa & George Pesce, Joe, Marie & Caelan Cardello, Bob "Saranzeni" & "Delta" Dawn Spano, Rick Mariner @ Haywire Custom Cuitars, Lisa & Richard Ahlstrom, Leesa Sonnichsen, Philip & Mary Anne Rapuano, Carol Gaulin-McKenzie, Dana DeWindt, Diane & Bill Ray, Carmita & Chuck Baker, Leonard Pitts Jr., Nancy Urban, Rick & Diane Eades, David "Deke" James, Arleen Ashjian & Olivia Ashjian James, Kathi & Gary Heering, Dean Basilio, Rick "Steelman" Schwolsky, Don "Kona" & Judy Sue Kandarian, Gail Anderson.

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