

"DREAM ON" LYRICS AND LINER NOTES

"Dream On" CD: our sixth studio album

Anya & Robert Recordings #5107

Recorded July 17, 18, and 19, 2017

by John Kilgore at John Kilgore Sound & Recording NYC

Mastered by Alan Silverman, ARF Mastering NYC

Anya Turner: vocals

Robert Grusecki: piano, vocals

All songs by Turner & Grusecki (ASCAP)

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CD jacket design: Aaron Morishita

Front cover photo: Carol Rosegg

Back cover photo: Julie Turner

Names, characters, places, events, and incidents in these songs and stories are either products of the authors' imaginations or used in a fictitious manner.



DREAM ON is about our belief in the human spirit, the idea that language matters, the sense that music can uplift, and the conviction that two kids from the Midwest, now veteran performers, have something to say and can still say it. And we believe that all of this can be expressed through the art of piano/vocal music. Thematically, more often than not the songs we hear in the mainstream are about sex: wanting to have sex, having sex, or wishing you hadn't had sex. We cover that and a few other topics that also might be of interest to people.

The making of **DREAM ON** was an experiment from start to finish, beginning with the decision to film the recording sessions. The CD and soundtrack were recorded and filmed in a small recording studio in

midtown Manhattan over the course of three days without the use of headphones, with the piano lid open and with the two of us facing each other in the same room. Typically, our CD recordings have been a collection of songs. But when we perform our live shows we often use monologues to introduce the songs. So, on this CD we decided to include some of those spoken setups. There is a definite order to the album and sometimes there are segues from one song to the next. The recording has an arc; it is a fifty-minute journey best experienced in one sitting and unshuffled.

LOOK UP! was written as the opening number for a four-character revue of our songs. It is another musing on the effects of technology in our lives, a favorite topic of ours (*Cell Phone, My Virtual Friend, Anywhere But Here*). **SPRING FORWARD** was written to open a choral concert of our work, performed by the National Asian Artists Project's forty-voice Broadway Community Chorus presented by Baayork Lee, Artistic Director. **WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL/CAITLYN** are two songs about gender, love and empathy, joined together by a monologue about early awareness of difference and how to honor that. **HOW DO I LOOK?** is about the tyranny of physical appearance for women. Enough said. **PERFECT** – After one of our shows, a listener asked us if we had ever written a song about our relationship. We thought about it and wrote this one. The TALK SEQUENCE begins with **TEXAS 1969** and continues through **GIVE ME THE SHTRENGTH** (yes, the misspelling is intentional). This is a six-track montage about language, pronunciation, nomenclature, verbal tics, trendy expressions, and general silliness. **FATHER FLYNN/SISTER ANDREA** – As the monologue asks, "Where does belief begin?" **THE EYES OF YOUTH** – Our nephew recently graduated from college and we were thinking about how, at our age, we've seen and experienced things he will never know about and, at his age, he will see and experience things we will never know about. But right now, at this moment in time, we're in it together. **I LOVE THIS TOWN** – We've written about our adopted hometown many times (*Ordinary People, Greetings From Yorkville, Ev'ryone's A Star In New York, Pedicab Guy, Manhattan Canyons*). This is our latest entry. **WHAT HAPPENS** is about loss of all kinds and how we cope. **DREAM ON** – The title song is the mantra we carry inside us that gives us the courage to continue to create.

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR DREAM TEAM:

Michael Alberti
Greg Anderson and William Tuthill
Anonymous
Peg and David Barnhart
Don and Joan Bernardi
Frank and Betty Birney
Eleanor Carney
Britt and David Cryer
Meg Dooley and Pater LaVigne
Mary Ellen Duchin
Deborah Eckols
Miriam Fond
Bill Hopkins
Marc and Betsy Crawford-Leavitt
Jerry Levine
Eleanor McCabe
Jeanette Price
Ellis Santone
Leslie Silverman
Mary Smith
Patti and Alan Specht
Mary Ann and Bob Tuerk
Matt and Jill Turner
Otto Wahlberg

1. LOOK UP! (4:04)
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Looking at life
From the same old angle
Staring at screens
Blue in the face

Searching for love
In the cyber tangle
Gotta be cool
Keep up the pace

Disconnect the gear
Face the thing you fear

Look up
Look up
And if you do
Something wonderful might come to you
Out of the blue

You wake
You sigh
You wonder why
All the joy you have ever known
Has flown

Look up
The world is beautiful
Embrace the here and now
We only have a little while
And how I'd love to know your eyes
And memorize your smile

Look up
Look up
Come out and play
If you do you will find your way
Out of the rain
Out of the gloom
Out of the pain
Out of your room
There's so much to do
Look, it's you
Out of the blue
Look Up!
Out of the blue

2. SPRING FORWARD (3:18)
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Winter is done
And the sun's
Come out to play
Spring forward

No need to mope
Now that hope
Is on the way
Spring forward

Now we have daylight at five PM
That's a wond'rous thing
Light makes me happy and no longer
Suicidal

I won't complain
If the rain
Screws up my hair
Spring forward

Changing the clock
Is a shock
But I don't care
Spring forward

How can I sleep when my brain's on fire
Dreaming of a fling
Flings are the thing and I want one
This spring

Buds are bursting
Flowers are in bloom
Bees are buzzing too
Here I am with
Pollen up my nose
Tearing off my clothes
Dancing naked in the meadow

Tra-la-la-la
Tra-la-la, La-la-la-la
Spring forward
Tra-la-la-la
Tra-la-la, La-la-la-la
Spring forward

Now is the season when birds and bees
Let their hearts take wing
Love, crazy love I will find it
This spring

(Repeat bridge)

Now is the season when birds and bees
Let their heart take wing
Music and laughter and all the best
Passion and wit living life with zest
Love, crazy love I will find it
This spring

3. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL (2:05)
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When I was a little girl
My hair was all a-curl
When I was a little
I was a little
I was a little girl

When I was a little sis
I gave each boy a kiss
When I was a little
I was a little

I was a little sis

When I was a tiny teen
Betwixt and in-between
I spent a lot of time in my imagination
When I was a junior miss
No more could I dismiss
The feeling I was headed t'ward
A transformation

When I was on my way
To who I am today
I always knew (did you know too?)
That I was a little girl
I knew the truth back in my youth
That I was a little girl
I knew inside I could not hide
That I was a little
I was a little
I was a little girl SEGUE

4. CAITLYN (3:18)

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I have never been what I seem
I have never lived what I dream
But I think I have the perfect scheme
To make it better

If I rearrange this and that
Simply add a curve where it is flat
Then despite the lies and tittle-tat
It will get better

This is where one journey ends
Here's to change and here's to friends
Do I have to make amends
Not with you
Not with you

I will take a bow when I awake
And we'll see what news a girl can make
If I lean on you each step I take
I hope it won't bore you

And who will be the first to see
The brand-new reconstructed me
I will never be the way I was before

(Instrumental & Vocalise)

Wish me luck
And let me go
Through an open door

I will lose a life of shame
I will choose another name . . . Caitlin
I will never be the way I was before

5. HOW DO I LOOK? (3:06)

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How do I look
Do I look fat
Do I look skinny
Do I look old
Do I look tired
Do I look pretty

How does my silhouette compare to
All the dames in this fair city
All of whom are wond'ring
How do I look

How 'bout the hair
How 'bout the clothes
How 'bout the make-up
Is this my life
Think of the time
These questions take-up

And as I pass by every window
I can see a sad reflection
Of all the years of asking
How do I look

Never mind the things I'm thinking
Never mind the things I feel
I am like a ship that's sinking
Losing touch with what is real

Stop and take a look around you
Open up and you might find
Happiness that will astound you
Humankind

I'm not a chick
I'm not a babe
I'm not a starlet
Why should I spend
The rest of my days
Dressed like a harlot

What if I occupy my time with
Looking out for other people
That feels better
Now
How do I look

6. PERFECT (2:52)

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When you love someone as long as I have
As I have
As we have
Then you have to let each other grow

After years and years of patient loving
And caring
And sharing
There is one important thing I know

Perfect, not me
Perfect, not me
Better to lower expectations
Banish the OCD
Obsessive-compulsed, not we

Oh, what a trip
Joined at the hip
No need to stage an intervention
Our imperfections seem to be
Perfect for you and me

(Instrumental)

Bending so we don't break
Plenty of give and take

Perfect, it's not
Perfect, so what
Nothing on earth is ever perfect
Love is the hardest thing to learn
Perfectly
This is know
Perfect will have to go

TALK SEQUENCE:

7. TEXAS 1969 (1:56)

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8. TALK (0:55)

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Talk, talk, talk, talk
Chitter and chattering
Beep, cheep, mumble and moan
"Ahpple"

Talk, talk, talk, talk
Jibber and jabbering
Gas, sass, grumble and groan
"Shtreet"

Yip, yap, mutter and
"I was like and he was like"
Flip, flap, stutter and
"She was like and we were like"
Spit, spat, sputter and
"Like and like and like and like"
Blib, blab, squibble-dee-geek
"Whatever"

Blah, blah, yak, yak
Twiddle and twaddling
Buzz, buzz, yammer and shout
"So cyoo!"

Yah-da, yah-da, yah-da, yah-da
Tittle and tattling
Cling, clang, stammer and spout
"What's it abow?"

Prattle
"Buh-en"
Rattle
"Clin-en"
Burble
"Manha-en"
Gurgle
"Ahpp"
Honk, honk, squawk, squawk
Blither and blathering
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Talk SEGUE

9. THE NAME SONG (1:34)

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"Stop talking. Eyes forward, please.
Thank you!"

Madison, Addison, Logan, Quinn
Parker, Peyton, Morgan and Flynn
Stacey, Casey, Campbell, Chase
Harper, Hunter, Dylan and Jace

Skyler, Tyler, Taylor, Paige
Brody, Cody, Toby and Sage
Darby, Darcy, Bryce with a "Y"
Rory, Cory, Rhys with an "H"
And a "Y"

Oh, how they named me
The day my guardians claimed me
They instantly framed me
Upwardly mobile are we
Their motive, though tender
Did often cause them to render
A name without gender
Utterly neutral are we

"Quiet. Holding hands now. Keep to the right."

McKenzie, Mallory, Meredith, Gale
Courtney, Kelsey, Kendall and Dale
Adrian, Avery, Jamie and Jo
Emory, Emerson, Bo with an "O"

Charlie, Harley, Farley, Blaine
Dakota, Lakota, Cheyenne and Rain
Lindsey, Leslie, Bailey, Blake
Chapin, Chandler, Dalton, Drake
Spencer, Sidney, Sawyer, Meade
Alex, Barrie, Carrie, Reade
And Apple

"Just sayin' . . ."

Oh, how they named me
The day my guardians claimed me
They instantly framed me
Upwardly mobile are we
Their motive, though tender
Did often cause them to render

A name without gender
Utterly neutral are we
Upwardly mobile are we
Totally maimed are we SEGUE

10. APP (1:26)
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I've had an app implanted in my brain
And I'm glad to report
I'm so much happier
This tiny app lodged deep inside my brain
Controls all my thoughts
So life is snappier
The app is to insure
That day by day
I only use the words
Successful people say

Look
That said
As it were
No problem
If you will
Absolutely
Drill down
Hit it hard

Kill it
Frankly
True story
Believe me
In a heartbeat
Bring it on
Enough said
Full stop SEGUE

11. SHALLOW BITCH (1:27)
© 2018 Turner & Grusecki

How I long to be a shallow bitch
A very shallow bitch
If I were then I could bump along
In sheer oblivion

How I long to go out shopping
Leisurely stopping at every sale
Thinking shopping till I'm dropping
Constitutes the Holy Grail

How I hope this drastic change in me
Goes off without a hitch
I don't want to think so much
Make me stupid
A shallow, shallow bitch SEGUE

12. GIVE ME THE SHTRNGTH (2:35)
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Give me the shtrngth to keep on going
To shtring along
To carry on

Help me find the answer
Though I am lost
And hope is gone

Tell me shtraight up I'm not a fool
To beg for love
Down on my knees
Please don't misconshtrue my meaning
Can't you see this keening
Is keeping me alive

This exshtraordinary shtruggle
All the balls I juggle
Oh, give me the shtrngth to shtrive

"Oh, Lord! Keep me strong. Don't let me go
ashtray. Even in these shtrange times."

Please shtrip away my sorrow
Let me steal or borrow
The power to survive
Please keep me in the saddle
Join these worlds I shtraddle
Oh, give me the shtrngth to shtrive (END OF
SEQUENCE)

13. FATHER FLYNN (2:38)
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14. SISTER ANDREA (5:10)
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Who made me
You-know-who made me
Why did you-know-who make me
To know him or her
To love him or her
To serve him or her
In this world and the next

Sister Andrea, all in white
New to her vocation
Came to teach our fourth-grade class
And guide our education
The prettiest nun I'd ever seen
When most nuns looked like gophers
But Sister Andrea was young and hip
And wore black penny loafers

When I was nine the world was mine
And safely prepubescent
The things I learned at church and school
Were not yet obsolescent
When I was young the skies were hung
With stories they would tell me
How angels flew and devils too
Could heaven or to hell me

Heigh-ho
Whada ya know
A small indoctrination
Ho-heigh

Whada ya say
A child's imagination

Sister Andrea taught us well
Nothing could curtail her
Fervent, passionate 'til the spring
When she became much paler
The time was Lent when you repent
The sins you'd never say-a
Good Friday in the afternoon
So strange was Sister Andrea
She closed the blinds and locked the door
Sayin', "Don't mean to delay ya.
But you're old enough to know the truth."
So said Sister Andrea

"They don't tell you how they hurt him
How they tortured him and left him to die
His young body, strong and perfect
Stripped and naked for strangers to see
Nails and hammers, whips and lashes
A spear through his side, a crown made of thorns
No one helped him, no one saved him
Though I couldn't save him
He knows me, he wants me, he loves me
In this world and the next"

Sister Andrea, all in white
True to her vocation
Wound up in the looney bin
For a well-deserved vacation
That summer my mother began to drink
In her private purgatory
And the woman next door hung herself
But that's another story

It hurt more than a smidgen
Losing my religion

Heigh-ho
Whada ya know
A small initiation
Ho-heigh
Whada ya say
A child's education

15. THE EYES OF YOUTH (4:07)
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Now
Caught in the middle of life
I can see in either direction
Me
Rocked by the riddle of life
Here in my shell
Wistful as hell

And you
Only beginning your life
Paint me the picture you see
Tell me what happens tomorrow
Something that speaks of truth

Is there a dream I can borrow
Seen through the eyes of youth

I look at people streaming by
With tattoos and day-glo hair
I watch the world go dreaming by
Plugged in to who knows where
So much ambition
So much drive
Without a hint of fear
No inhibition
So alive
I almost disappear

Now
Here at the crossroads of life
Somewhere between young and old
Sing me a song that's uplifting
Something not too uncouth
Capture a culture that's shifting
Silly and wise
With hope in disguise
Seen through the eyes of youth

16. I LOVE THIS TOWN (3:08)
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I love this town
I really do
I love the guy with the speakers on his bike
Blaring Piaf in the Park
Where women kiss
And men hold hands

I love the block down the street
Where someone built a birdhouse
One for ev'ry tree
Each house as different as can be
All twenty-three

I love the crack in the sidewalk
There, where a tiny seed can grow
Close to the ground where
No one else can see
Like the Ailanthus
Tree of heaven, on you go
Growing wild
And free

I love this town
I mostly do
I love the folks on the bus
Who discuss each op'ning
On 'the great white way'
They have their say
About Broadway

I love the father and the son debating
Which athletic program to pursue
Football or ballet
"Son, I'll love you either way
But I would choose ballet"

I love the millions of people
Working to find a way to thrive
Living together
Fighting ev'ry day
Yes, it's expensive
I don't know if I'll survive
If I can
I'll stay

I love this town,
I think I do,
It's like a lover who has turned you inside out
And now you don't know where to go
Too fast, too slow
But even so

I love the crazy cabbie
Shouting in the street
A word
That he can make into a verb
An adjective
Or noun
"Fuck you, you fucking fuck!"
I love this town

17. WHAT HAPPENS (3:27)
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What happens when something goes
Something stops
Something is no more
What happens when something dies away

That something that is no more
Once was all
All that love can be
What happens when something cannot stay

Why not hold on for one more day
And make a wish on one more star
Why can't we start again
Keep trying even when
The journey seems too far

What happens to all the life
All the love
All the precious time
How can it be here and then be gone

Remember the shining hours
Full of love
Full of song
And let the melody play on

I want to hold you in the dark
And find a way back to the light
Why does it have to end
Can't we at least pretend
Today won't fade from sight

What happens to who we are
What we do
All our crazy dreams
The time that we have may soon be gone

Remember the simple things
Life is short
Art is long
And let the melody play on
Play on
And let the melody play on

18. DREAM ON (4:01)
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The mother rocks her baby
And sings a simple song
The story is an old one
The melody is strong
The baby feels the rhythm
Deep inside the song
A gentle lullaby

The baby keeps on growing
Learning how to play
Discovering a new world
With bumps along the way
The mother hides her worry
That's what mothers do
While they sing their song

Dream on
And hear the lullaby of life
You're worthy of your dreams
Dream on
And share the lullaby of life
Even when it seems
No one cares
Dream on

The child becomes an artist
Creating something new
A gallery of portraits
That speak to me and you
But there are other voices
Tearing down the art
Singing loud and strong

Dream on
There is no lullaby of life
Your dreams will not come true
Dream on
Grow up and face the facts of life
Don't you know the truth
No one cares
Dream on, dream on

Fads and fashions quickly come and go
You're hot and then you're not
Trendy soon becomes the status quo
In or out, so what
Do what you've been doing all along

Prove the critics wrong
Listen to your song

Dream on
And hear the lullaby of life
You're worthy of your dreams
Dream on
And share the lullaby of life
Forget how hard it seems
Dream on
And on and on and on and on
Listen and believe in your song
Dream on, Dream on
On and on
Dream on