

## "LABOR OF LOVE" LYRICS AND LINER NOTES

"Thoughtful, smart, artful, and funny" – *Talkin' Broadway*



"Labor Of Love" CD: our fifth studio album

Anya & Robert Recordings #5105

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by John Kilgore at John Kilgore Sound & Recording NYC

Mixed and mastered by Steve Vavagiakis, Bang Zoom Productions

**Anya Turner:** vocals

**Robert Grusecki:** piano, vocals

**John Putnam:** guitar

All songs by Turner & Grusecki (ASCAP)

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1. At Home In The World (2:55)
2. Beverly Hills Adjacent (4:02)
3. If You See Something, Say Something (3:26)
4. Fifty Is The New Twenty-Five (3:58)
5. How Do You Write A Song (3:22)
6. Just That Kind Of Guy (4:09)
7. We Wrote A Show (3:50)
8. I Was Here (a birthday song) (3:17)
9. Paul (4:28)
10. Janet (and like that...) (5:41)
11. Harper Lee (4:13)
12. Labor Of Love (4:31)

## 1. AT HOME IN THE WORLD

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Feeling at home in the world at last  
Knowing for sure I have a right to be here  
No one can tell me that I'm out of place  
Here in this space  
Where I belong

Finding my niche in the nick of time  
No longer lost and lonely on the highway  
I've found a sanctuary safe and true  
Now that you  
Are in my world

I lived in a world where no one knew my name  
Unknown and alone  
Alone on the shelf  
But being with you is quite a different game  
I'm laughing out loud  
And learning the truth about myself

You are the one who showed the way  
You are the reason I can say  
I belong  
Right or wrong  
That's my song  
I'm feeling at home in the world

Ah Ah  
I am at home here in the world  
I'm not alone here in the world  
Now that you're finally in my world

Ah Ah  
I am at home in the world

## 2. BEVERLY HILLS ADJACENT

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Drivin' in my Pinto  
On South Doheny Drive  
A sunny January morning  
Feelin' so alive

The rhythmic sound of yard work  
The smell of fresh-cut grass  
Let's find a bungalow, a hideaway  
And let time pass

Don't you know I wanna live with you  
I wanna start all over  
Let's make our dreams come true  
In Beverly Hills Adjacent

I wanna start right now  
And leave the past behind me  
You gotta show me how  
In Beverly Hills, In Beverly Hills Adjacent

We'll stay in bed for hours  
Make love 'til we can't walk

We'll tell our deepest darkest secrets  
And talk and talk and talk

About a life together  
Of work and love and play  
And if we really love each other  
Why not start today

Repeat Chorus

*Louvered windows in the bedroom*  
*Grand piano down the hall*  
*Morning glories climb the garden wall*  
Not too far from downtown  
Minutes from the beach  
A little slice of paradise  
Within our reach

Don't you know I wanna live with you  
Start all over  
Dreams come true  
In Beverly Hills Adjacent

Let's start right now  
Leave the past behind us  
Show me how  
In Beverly Hills, in Beverly Hills  
In Beverly Hills Adjacent

## 3. IF YOU SEE SOMETHING, SAY SOMETHING

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If you see something, say something  
Don't turn away  
Take your time and trust your instincts  
Today may be the day

When you see something, unexpected  
So new and strange  
Take a breath and steel your courage  
Your world's about the change

All the busy people in the city  
Rushing on their way without a word  
Living lives spent hiding in the shadows  
Singing songs that die unheard

Then you see something, one something  
And take it in  
All the rest was just rehearsal  
Let the play begin

Feel the pulsing heartbeat of the city  
Listen to the plaintive saxophone  
Wailing out another crazy love song  
Calling out to you alone

If you feel something, say something  
Hello, hello  
If you see someone, say something  
Don't just let it go

#### 4. FIFTY IS THE NEW TWENTY-FIVE

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Here I am  
At the peak of my powers  
A beautiful blonde in her prime  
Here I am  
I'm a sterling example  
Of mind over matters of time  
I'm a gorgeous piece of cheesecake  
So young and alive  
Here I am  
And I'm feeling terrific  
Because fifty, yes fifty  
Is the new twenty-five

Look at me  
I've a personal trainer  
Who loves me and works on my core  
Look at me  
I've a permanent life-coach  
Who guides me so I know the score  
If I need a touch of Botox  
To bloom and to thrive  
What the hell  
Nip and tuck is my motto  
Because fifty, yes fifty  
Is the new twenty-five

We shall live forever  
Believing makes it so  
Chin up, shoulders back  
And on we go  
On we go  
Don't mean to brag but I'm just sayin'

What a life  
I am socially networked  
And everyone posts on my page  
What a life  
I am sexually vital  
I sleep with a man half my age  
People tell me I'm fantastic  
Bombastic, well I've  
Just begun  
Do you think I'm deluded  
To say fifty, yes fifty  
Is the new twenty-five

We shall live forever  
My genome tells me so  
Hormones, implants, transplants  
Does it show  
No, no, no  
Like all the bitches, I'm just rappin'

Check it out  
All my music is monsta  
A melody doesn't mean squat  
Check it out  
My tattoos all are gangsta  
My skirt barely covers my twat

I am endlessly distracted  
I hope I survive  
Staying young  
God, I feel like a million  
Because fifty  
Or sixty  
Yes, seventy  
No, eighty  
Hell, ninety  
Wait  
One hundred and four  
Is the new twenty-five

#### **FIFTY IS THE NEW TWENTY-FIVE (male version)**

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Here I am  
At the peak of my powers  
A beautiful man in his prime  
Here I am  
I'm a sterling example  
Of mind over matters of time  
I'm a gorgeous hunk of beefcake  
So young and alive  
Here I am  
And I'm feeling terrific  
'Cause fifty, yes fifty  
Is the new twenty-five

Look at me  
I've a personal trainer  
Who loves me and works on my core  
Look at me  
I've a permanent life-coach  
Who guides me so I know the score  
If I need a touch of makeup  
To bloom and to thrive  
What the hell  
Nip and tuck is my motto  
'Cause fifty, yes fifty  
Is the new twenty-five

We shall live forever  
Believing makes it so  
Chin up, shoulders back  
And on we go  
On we go  
Don't mean to brag but I'm just sayin'

What a life  
I am socially networked  
And everyone posts on my page  
What a life  
I am sexually vital  
My lovers are all half my age  
People tell me I'm fantastic  
Bombastic, well I've  
Just begun  
Do you think I'm deluded  
To say fifty, yes fifty  
Is the new twenty-five

We shall live forever  
My genome tells me so  
Hair plugs, hormones, transplants  
Does it show  
No, no, no  
Like any homeboy I'm just rappin'

Check it out  
All my music is monsta  
My jeans barely cover my ass  
Check it out  
My tattoos all are gangsta  
Last week I got busted for grass  
I am endlessly distracted  
I hope I survive  
Staying young  
God, I feel like a million  
'Cause fifty  
Or sixty  
Yes, seventy  
No, eighty  
Hell, ninety  
Wait  
One hundred and four  
Is the new twenty-five

### **5. HOW DO YOU WRITE A SONG**

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How do you write a song  
You hum, you pace, you moan, you mutter  
You laugh, you cry, you curse and sputter  
'Til it's done  
It's fun

Where do you write a song  
The bed, the chair, the couch, the toilet  
Who cares as long as you don't spoil it  
And the thought  
Gets caught

You find a family of words  
With some repeating, but none competing  
You weave the music and the words  
With deep expression & much compression  
They learn to get along

When do you write a song  
Today, tonight, or when requested  
It's worth the time and what's invested  
Is your heart  
Just start

Your songs are children in the world  
You love and nourish and hope they flourish  
They make their way around the world  
And if they're lucky and oh so plucky  
They find a way to fly  
Fly

Why do you write a song  
Why not? Because it makes me happy  
I need a place that's warm & sappy  
To go on  
For now  
How do you write  
Oh, how do you write a song

### **6. JUST THAT KIND OF GUY**

© 1992 Turner & Grusecki

Just that kind of guy  
That's right  
I'm just that kind of guy  
A flatout say-what's-on-my-mind  
You-can-always-count-on kind of guy

My ways are easy and well-worn  
Much like the town where I was born  
But if you take me for a ride  
I'm gonna know the reason why  
Guess I'm just that kind of guy

I know you  
You play the game exactly as you choose  
But you know me  
And how I hate to lose

Don't go for love songs that are sad  
Won't throw good money after bad  
I take my chances, place my bets  
Regrets are such a waste of time  
And I'm just that kind of guy

Now I see  
How easily you charmed me from the start  
Now you tell me  
About your change of heart

There are no secrets in the end  
You were my lover not my friend  
Don't call up drunk some New Year's Eve  
Believing I'm the only one you trust

For I have seen your someone new  
And he's the perfect match for you  
Say goodbye to just that kind of guy

### **7. WE WROTE A SHOW**

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We wrote a show  
It played Off-Broadway  
We were so sure it would not fail  
We wrote a show  
It almost killed us  
But we have lived to tell the tale

We knew we had  
A great idea  
A story never told before

A different form  
A brand new concept  
With words and melodies galore

We knew we needed someone good  
To take us on  
To see us through  
A Tony-winning dance director  
Who

Believed in us  
And in our music  
And would agree to save the day  
Someone with taste  
Who's fun to be with  
And we'd be off and on our way

We found our man  
We were a trio  
And things were looking pretty good  
We had the dream  
But not the money  
But we would find it if we could

We called our friends  
We called our fam'lies  
We called up everyone we knew  
We pitched the chance  
To make a bundle  
And bit by bit our funding grew

Parties, readings, workshops too  
We did it all  
We had a ball  
At last a long-lost rich relation  
Heard the call  
All systems go

We booked a theatre  
And hired a rep to spread the word  
The greatest show  
The best designers  
Then the unthinkable occurred

Out of the blue  
We lost our leader  
A sudden death, an awful blow  
We had to stop  
And mourn his passing  
Then find a way to save the show

We had some luck  
His friends stood by us  
We came together as a team  
No time to waste  
Back to rehearsals  
We had to realize the dream

Rewrites, long nights, don't get sick  
We worked and worked  
To get it right  
Photos, promos, previews

Op'ning Night

The critics came  
Some of them loved it  
But either way we had our run  
The folks who came  
Said, "Fabuloso!"  
We lost our shirt, we lost our house  
We lost our dog, we lost our cat  
We lost our ass but it was fun

### **8. I WAS HERE (a birthday song)**

© 2014 Turner & Grusecki

When you hear that birthday song  
And friends and family sing along  
To mark a special day of the year  
Blow out the candles on the cake  
Remember ev'ry wish you make  
Is a chance for you to say  
I was here

Look at the faces all around  
And hear that joyful sound  
Reminding you today  
Loud and clear  
To write the story of your life  
The triumph and the strife  
'Cause everybody wants to say  
I was here

So happy birthday to you  
And happy birthday to me  
Let's make a wish once again  
For what it's worth

Yes happy birthday to you  
And happy birthday to me  
And happy birthday  
To everyone on earth

Think of all the things you've done  
And of the races yet to run  
And remember come what may  
Life is dear  
And when you lend a helping hand  
You leave a footprint in the sand  
That's the surest way to say  
I was here

Repeat Chorus

So write the story of your life  
The triumph and the strife  
Everybody here today  
Everyone in ev'ry way  
Wants to find a way to say  
I was here, I was here

## 9. PAUL

© 2014 Turner & Grusecki  
(For my Dad. RG)

The day I was born  
My ma and my pa named me Paul  
Paul  
No middle initial, no nickname  
No nothing at all  
Just Paul

The Cossacks were coming  
The future was clear  
My papa said, "Ma, let's get the  
Hell out of here.  
Pack up the little we got  
And don't forget Paul."

We sailed on a ship  
On a terrible trip 'cross the sea  
We bought a small farm  
Somewhat lacking in charm  
Where we'd be free

We were poorer than dirt  
But I grew like a weed  
Good with my hands  
I can build what you need  
Just give me a chance Mister, please  
Don't forget Paul

Oh, it isn't easy making money  
Oh, I've tried and tried  
Oh, it isn't funny being hungry  
It hurts my pride

So I moved to the city  
Workin' for hire day by day. Hey,  
Workin' for hire is a life  
But it sure doesn't pay. Say,  
I'll start my own bus'ness  
For gain or for loss  
But I have a notion  
That I'll win that toss  
I'll be my own boss, that's the way  
They won't forget Paul

I married a girl who was  
Glad to be swept off her feet  
Sweet  
Her talent and looks made me  
Sure she would make life complete  
Neat

We had two strapping sons  
Then two girls on a whim  
And one cross-eyed boy  
I don't know about him  
He plays the piano  
And wants to know all about Paul

Oh, he loves to hear those old-time stories  
Oh, he leads me on  
Oh, don't know exactly what he's up to  
Those times are gone, gone

You might be surprised to know  
Why I am talking to you  
True?  
'Cause I left this world without  
Finding out much about you  
True.

I want you to know  
I know who you are  
The light of my life  
Shines on you like a star  
I'm telling you this from afar  
For once and for all  
I gave you the best that I could  
So don't forget  
Paul

## 10. JANET (and like that . . .)

© 2014 Turner & Grusecki  
(For my Mom. AT)

I feed the birds  
I feed the vireo, the hummingbird  
The chickadee  
I watch the birds  
I watch them take a bath, then shake it off  
And fly so free  
I hate the squirr'ls  
Stealing all the birdseed  
Just to torture me  
I love my birds  
I hate the squirr'ls  
And like that

I live alone  
I eat my breakfast when I want to  
No one hurries me  
I call up friends  
Sometimes we make a date for bridge  
But nothing worries me  
I clean the house,  
Do a load of laundry  
Maybe sweep the porch  
I love my home  
I love my friends  
And like that

That's my life  
That's my day  
Nothing flashy  
That's the life I make  
In my world  
I can live very simply  
Like the birds  
And like that

I drive to town  
To get some gas and pick up groceries  
'Cause I'm out of food  
I drive back home  
And on the way I grab a sandwich  
If I'm in the mood  
Then after lunch  
Take a nap until it's time  
To watch the news  
I drive to town  
Then drive back home  
And like that

I get undressed  
To get in bed and read my book  
Or maybe call the kids  
We keep in touch  
Though we don't see each other often  
How I love my kids  
We talk a lot  
And through it all we still remain  
A family  
I love my books  
I love my kids  
And like that

That's my life  
That's my day  
Nice and steady  
That's the road I take  
In my world I can live very simply  
Like the birds  
La-da-da-di-dah  
La-da-dah  
La-di-di  
In my dreams  
I am young  
I'm just beginning

I'm eighty-five  
I take the good days with the bad  
'Cause that's the way to be  
Though I'm content  
It wouldn't kill me if this didn't  
Go on endlessly  
I am at peace  
This is all I ever was  
Or hoped to be  
I love my books  
I love my kids  
I love my friends  
I love my home  
I love my birds  
Hate the squirr'ls  
And like that

**11. HARPER LEE**  
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If a singer sings a song in the woods  
And there's no one to hear  
What the singer sings

"La-la-la-la-la"  
Does the song exist

If an artist paints and paints ev'ry day  
And there's no one to see  
What the painter paints  
Dibble dab dab splat  
Why, oh why persist

Before I go to sleep at night  
I lie awake and think:  
Will someone come and save me  
Or I'll drive myself to drink

Harper Lee  
Rescue me  
I got a problem that is pressing on my mind  
I wanna know  
Harper Lee  
Answer me  
I'm lonely and I wanna go home

Don't want the bright lights  
The neon-light nights  
I'm feeling down 'cause there is  
No one in this town who cares for me  
Harper Lee  
Come to me  
I'm lonely and I wanna go home

Have you heard  
Mockingbird  
I left my home without a penny  
Tried for fame but haven't any  
And look at you  
What did you do  
When fame and fortune made you clammy  
You went back to Alabammy

I've seen the high life  
I've lived the low life  
I had my youth I had my truth  
And how I sang my song for free  
Harper Lee  
Talk to me  
And tell me that it's time to go home  
I'm lonely and I wanna go home

A monster hit  
Then I can quit  
And I can say to this big city  
Kiss my ass I'm sittin' pretty  
But there's a hitch  
It's been a bitch  
Oh, why can't blood and guts  
And all heart  
Save me from a job at Walmart

Harper Lee  
Pray for me  
A small-town girl who had a dream  
So strong it wouldn't let her be

Harper Lee  
Set me free  
And tell me that it's time to go home

No more to roam  
Take me home  
But tell me, please  
Where is home  
'Cause I'm so lonely  
And I wanna go home  
Home, home, home  
Take me home

## **12. LABOR OF LOVE**

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Labor of love  
Labor of love  
Tell me what to do  
Labor of love  
Labor of love  
Tell me you'll be true

If I talk to you sweetly  
If I coax you along  
Will you promise to always  
Be my song  
I love you

Labor of love  
Stay with me tonight  
Labor of love  
Tell me that I'm right

To be lost in the feeling  
To forget ev'ry care  
To believe that tomorrow  
You'll be there

Ah, Ah  
Tell me now and forever  
You will always be mine  
Tell me over and over  
Over, over, over

Never let me go  
You know I'll always love you  
Labor of love  
Baby, don't you know

I can't make it without you  
You're the promise I'll keep  
You're the dream I'll be dreaming  
In my sleep  
In my sleep

Goodnight, I love you  
Goodnight, I love you  
Goodnight, I love you  
Goodnight

Repeat