

February

Produced by Amie Amis

Co-produced by Russ Meissner

Additional production by Rich Lamb

Recorded and mixed by Rich Lamb at Mark Dann & Savage Lamb studios, NY, NY

Mastered by Jon Gold at Airshow Mastering, Boulder, CO

Photography by David Goldman

Artwork by Amie Amis

Amie Amis: vocals, French horn

Russ Meissner: drums, percussion, electric guitar, background vocals

David Ambrosio: bass

Eric Monroe: acoustic guitar, additional electric guitar on LBD

Alicia Rau: trumpet (1, 2, 4, 5, 7)

J. Walter Hawkes: trombone (1, 2, 4, 5, 7)

Frank Vacin: baritone sax (1, 2, 4, 7)

Jeff Schiller: flute, soprano sax* (1, 3, 4*, 6, 7)

Alison Mari: oboe (1, 3, 6, 7)

Victoria Paterson: violin (3, 5, 6, 7)

Kurt Coble: violin (3, 5, 6, 7)

Rich Lamb: keyboard, tambourine* (1, 2, 5*)

All the Same

It's ok to break your heart
when you fall in love
It's ok to stumble from
someplace high above

It's ok, it's all the same
It's ok, it's all the same
It's ok, it's all the same
Really it all feels exactly the same

I know something you don't know
like to see you squirm
You know something that I know
just to me confirms

It's ok, it's all the same
It's ok, it's all the same

It's ok, it's all the same
Really it all feels exactly the same

Walked into a moving bus
Didn't want to start a fuss
When I saw you passing by
With another girl at your side
Oh, I could die
When can I be at your side?
Oh, I wanna cry,
"When can I be at your side?"

Let me spell it out plain and clear
You were such a jerk
'tho I know you can be a dear
You're driving me berserk

It's ok, it's all the same
It's ok, it's all the same
It's ok, it's all the same
It's ok, it's all the same
Really it all feels exactly the same

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David Ambrosio: bass
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Frank Vacin: baritone sax
Jeff Schiller: flute
Alison Mari: oboe
Rich Lamb: keyboard

Ouistiti

nous grimpons dans les arbres
nous vivons dans les arbres
d'en haut le monde, ressemble a un marbre
tu me tenir la main que

nous trainons sur la branche
nous commençons
nous commençons avec une feuille blanche

ouistiti ouistiti aujourd'hui you n me ouistiti ouistiti ouistiti
ouistiti ouistiti aujourd'hui you n me ouistiti ouistiti ouistiti

Nous dînons sur les dattes.
pour nous, c'est une bonne journée
amplement feuilles
Disons fête de la sève.

recueillir les insectes
embrouillée de mes cheveux
sont délicieux
sont délicieux
un délice pour nous lèvres

ouistiti ouistiti aujourd'hui you n me ouistiti ouistiti ouistiti
ouistiti ouistiti aujourd'hui you n me ouistiti ouistiti ouistiti

tu me tenir la main que
nous trainons sur la branche
nous commençons avec une feuille blanche

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Rich Lamb: keyboard

Dance for the Day

Dapper Dan asked her to dance

For her love, he'd take any chance
muddy waters
muddy waters

He's not who she's promised for
But she knew as they graced the dance floor
muddy waters
muddy waters

Let's dance for the day and travel the end of night
I've something to say, allow me to invite you
To dance for the day and travel the end of night
We'll make our own way, send each other's dreams
to the stars

The ground sang to the sky
So beautiful it made the sky cry
muddy waters
muddy waters

The pig said to the sow
I'll take you away from these cows
muddy waters
muddy waters

Let's dance for the day and travel the end of night
I've something to say, allow me to invite you
To dance for the day and travel the end of night
We'll make our own way, send each other's dreams
to the stars

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Victoria Paterson: violin
Kurt Coble: violin

LBD

Il y a beaucoup à s'inquiéter
mesquinerie n'est pas abandonné

This may come as a big surprise, we don't realize
The importance of a little black dress
ce peut être un grande surprise
The importance of a little black dress

Le monde le lutte contre les jours
Ouais, tous les jours, it's in the news

Cela peut venir comme une gross surprise
la importance de la petite robe noire

This may come as a big surprise, we don't realize
The importance of a little black dress
ce peut être un grande surprise
The importance of a little black dress

nous portons des masques de la haine
trouvez la paix est une grand-peine

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Eric Monroe: acoustic guitar, additional electric guitar
Alicia Rau: trumpet
J. Walter Hawkes: trombone
Frank Vacin: baritone sax
Jeff Schiller: soprano sax

Fight Song

Let's take each others hearts
Coddle them until they're nice and warm
We'll smile and hold hands
Clasp it with your free palm

Squeeze the tender muscle until it bursts
Your heart under my foot

I would rather fight with you
I would rather fight with you
I would rather suffer with you
Than be in contented love with anyone else

Make me cry with your scorn
Save my tears in a crystal crock
Let's make love forlorn
Stomp it out with a rock
But there's nothing intensely so sublime
As drams of mournful brine

I would rather fight with you etc.

Let's play mind games each day
Turn our flame into foolish desire
Remain mine this way
Always be mine on fire
Hold my thoughts, my breath, and every spell
Until I lose myself

I would rather fight with you etc.

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Alicia Rau: trumpet
J. Walter Hawkes: trombone
Victoria Paterson: violin
Kurt Coble: violin
Rich Lamb: tambourine

February

He likes to eat in bed

Where I like to lay my head
No fight, we kiss instead
livin' a beat ahead

Never is it cold as it is now in this month February
Time to hibernate and stay warm now in this month February

Cozy next to you, next to me, cozy's always free
February, February
Cozy next to you, next to me, cozy's always free
February, I embrace thee

Simple as A to Z
No need for any meds
The moon changed white to red
Defined our rights and said

Never is it cold as it is now in this month February
Time to hibernate and stay warm now in this month February

Cozy next to you, next to me, cozy's always free
February, February
Cozy next to you, next to me, cozy's always free
February, I embrace thee

Uh oh, I'm filled with dread
danger ice, I fear to tread

Skating on a frozen lake in this cold month of February
Hand in hand with you will make it more than nice instead of scary

Cozy next to you, next to me, cozy's always free, February

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Russ Meissner: drums, percussion, electric guitar, background vocals
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Jeff Schiller: flute
Alison Mari: oboe
Victoria Paterson: violin
Kurt Coble: violin

Innocence

There is a place so dark
the stars are staggering stark
as we lounge on the hood of your car
Feeling lush from wine coolers
and it's a blissful night for young lovers
when innocence wasn't a game

when innocence wasn't a game
when innocence wasn't a game
when innocence wasn't a game

You hold my hand and sigh
These dark hours fly steadily by
The night is fresh and so are you
only the starry sky hovers
and it's a blissful night for young lovers
when innocence wasn't a game

when innocence wasn't a game
when innocence wasn't a game
when innocence wasn't a game

I make a pachyderm with squeezie cheese
we're sophisticated
we're creative
It must be love or being twenty-one

We have cool attitudes
You show off your aptitude
You point out Cassiopeia
This night will live on forever
and it's a blissful night for young lovers

when innocence wasn't a look
when innocence wasn't a shoe
when innocence wasn't a tree
when innocence wasn't a door
when innocence wasn't a hive

when innocence wasn't a stick
when innocence wasn't a heaven
when innocence wasn't a game

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J'aime Marmite

J'aime Marmite, j'aime sa sapide

à l'instar de la sylphide alléchant ma langue,
la tentation plus exotique que une mangue

J'aime Marmite, c'est angélique

Il a la plus forte de saveur que le monde,
et pour le goût de confort, je suis gourmand.

J'aime Marmite, c'est paradise

l'étaler sur le pain, il mange à la cuillère.
Il sera toujours mon copain, la couleur de la houillère.

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Amie Amis: vocals, French horn, keyboard
Russ Meissner: drums, guitar

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All music written and arranged by Amie Amis

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