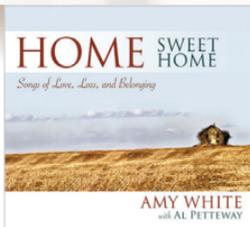
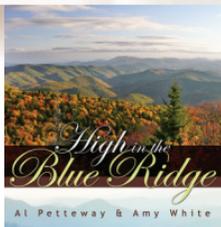


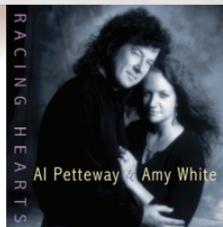
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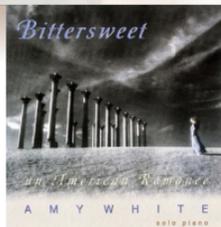
Songs of Love, Loss,
and Belonging (2012)



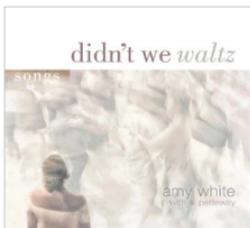
Celtic and Appalachian-
Inspired Duets (2010)



New Age Celtic Groove
(1999)



Solo Piano with Oboe and
Acoustic Guitar (1998)



Sounding the Song Spectrum
(2016)

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------|---------|
| 1 | You're My Favorite | (4:16) |
| 2 | Didn't We Waltz | (5:25) |
| 3 | Love Among the Ruins | (5:24) |
| 4 | King Size Bed | (4:35) |
| 5 | Never Got To Say Goodbye | (2:47) |
| 6 | Look Up | (4:33) |
| 7 | More Like My Dog | (3:46) |
| 8 | Why Can't We See (PTSD) | (4:55) |
| 9 | Back to You | (4:49) |
| 10 | Waltz with Grief | (4:41) |
| 11 | Sing To Me | (4:56) |
| 12 | Tinderbox Heart | (5:14) |
| | Total Time | (55:33) |



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didn't we *waltz*

songs

amy white
with al petteway

Soon after my first album of songs was released, I was all ready to concentrate on instrumental composition again, but the lyrics and melodies kept coming. And so did the surprises.

In all honesty, I tried to not write a couple of the songs on this album as they were very out of character for me. "King Size Bed" is one of those songs. The inspiration was a nearly endless search for a good mattress. When yet another one of our new mattresses was showing early signs of hammock-effect, I joked with my husband that we needed to put a new groove on our king size bed. That sounded quite like a song to me, so despite initial reluctance I wrote verses for the chorus that had immediately sprung to mind. Please rest assured that no dogs were miffed in the making of this song. Al and I actually upgraded to a king-size bed in order to make more room for all of our critters.

Which brings me to "More Like My Dog." For those of you who are squeamish about sexual innuendo, I get it. I can be averse to that kind of humor, as well. I'm not a big fan of silly songs, either. That is why this song also came as a complete surprise. The piano accompaniment is probably the result of a childhood spent eavesdropping on classical music lessons. It reminds me of some of the recitatives my mother taught her voice students. I wrote this in part for the many fans who were deeply touched by my earlier song, "The Best Dog." I learned that a few of those fans didn't like being brought to tears, at least not in public, so I wanted to offer them this light-hearted alternative. Of course infidelity is right up there on the pain scale along with the death of a beloved pet, so I may not have made things any easier. I guess I just couldn't resist drawing out the analogy. For those of you who prefer complete gravity in songwriting, I thank you in advance for your understanding. I promise that I wrote a few songs for you, too.

It was a very challenging time between my last recording and this. "Waltz with Grief" surfaced amidst despair and worry, and after a cathartic conversation with a kind friend. "Never Got To Say Goodbye" was in response to great loss, and to the heartbreak that dementia can cause. The song came to me on the first day Al's mother no longer recognized her own husband.

I can find it a little too easy to wallow, or cling to the tortured-artist persona. (That confession should come as no surprise to some of you.) Perhaps this penchant partially explains my fondness for grand architecture in ruins. "The wallpaper cries and the curtains moan" is a pivotal line from the song, "Love Among the Ruins" which was initially inspired by my favorite recurring childhood dreams. I wanted to honor the thrill of those dreams, combine that thrill with my passion for beautiful architecture in decay, and to imagine a story that married the two.

But darkness should have its limits. When it became obvious my muse was trying to give me a pep-talk, I tried my best not to be rude and occasionally invited her to stay. So, in the event of tracks 5, 8, or 10, please see track 6. (Or tracks 11, 1, or 9.)

For those of you who prefer their encouragement with a very generous side of bittersweet, there is "Tinderbox Heart." My friend Sally Sparks deserves special mention here. Sally is brilliant and plays a wicked-cool instrument, too. All the parts she created for this album on her Haken Continuum Fingerboard are not only truly gorgeous, they also feel as if they were lifted straight from my heart.

There are a few songs on this album that I simply could not record without the contribution of another dear friend, Sally Van Meter. Sally's emotional delivery on resophonic slide guitar is exquisite and unmatched. What a joy it is to have my songs graced by these sweet Sally sounds.

Finally, this music would not exist if it were not for my husband and true love, the amazingly talented Al Petteway. I am so grateful for this wonderful life we have and for all that we have created together. I originally wrote "Didn't We Waltz" for us, although it is also in honor of all who remain steadfast on the side of love. I love you, Al. You are my favorite.

– Amy



didn't we *waltz*

songs

1. You're My Favorite (4:16)

Amy White: Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

Al Petteway: Acoustic Guitar, Harmony Vocal

it's hard to think of all the years • I looked for you • I must have been
some very special • shade of blue • but lucky me your favorite color •
was my hue • we blend so well together • I often can't tell me from you

you're my favorite, tried and true • searched all over 'til I found you •
you're my playful confidante • given all the world, you're all I want

there is something about • your sweetness • it has ruined me for • all
other lovers • lucky me that I found • my weakness • you're my favorite

the world is gettin' scary • I need you nearby • we will cross our hearts •
and we will hope to die • we have our fort of blankets • it's an awesome
sight • we are safe together • and they will never come inside

you're my rainbow, treasure trove • my foundation, hand to hold •
you're my playful confidante • given all the world, you're all I want

there is something about • your sweetness • it has ruined me for • all
other lovers • lucky me that I found • my weakness • you're my favorite

2. Didn't We Waltz (5:25)

Amy White: Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

Al Petteway: Acoustic & Bass Guitars

Sally Van Meter: Resophonic Slide Guitar

we looked like hell on paper • I guess we should have known • that our
love would just bring out the guard • and our love would shut the door •
what happened to us, could happen to them • so our love could not be
real • well we sure showed them, didn't we • only we know how we feel

(chorus)

me and you, you and me • we sure showed them, didn't we • all that fear and all that doubt • just fell away when love won out • we knew time would make them see • it only could be you and me

we never wanted all this love • to bring about this strife • but killing what we knew was true • would never make them right • fools will heed the call of fear • but our love made us wise • we knew fear would run its course • and love was on our side

(chorus)

3. Love Among the Ruins (5:24)

Amy White: Banjo, Vocal

Al Petteway: Acoustic & Bass Guitars

Sally Sparks: Haken Continuum, Synthesizer

Sally Van Meter: Resophonic Slide Guitar

the house on the hill • the house on the hill • nobody lives there • but a light burns there still • a light burns there still

(chorus)

if I were you I would not go • the wallpaper cries • and the curtains moan • the banister shakes • on it's own • and the dark corridors beckon • if you dare to venture in the door • the sorrow will follow you home

year by year, one by one • groomed and proud • they were all undone • she knew her heart • and it could not stand • to marry any man

(chorus)

heart-shaped stones • for the loves she'd known • each one kind • and each one fay • but her parents raged • they would not be shamed • so they sent her love away • they sent them all away

(chorus)

if I were you I would not go • the wallpaper cries • and the curtains moan • the stairway sings • its falling song • and you can't help yourself • from listening • if you dare to venture in the door • the sorrow will follow you home

what good's a house • when it's not a home • what good is care • when it's cold as stone • a broken heart • is a heart alone • and a broken heart will linger • seeking love among the ruins



4. King Size Bed (4:35)

Amy White: Acoustic Guitar, Vocals, Porchboard Bass

Al Petteway: Acoustic & Bass Guitars

(chorus)

it's time to put a new groove on • our king size bed • lay it down the middle • instead of on the edges • we know how to do it right • like we did it way back when • time to put a new groove on • our king size bed

we used to finish • each other's sentences • now we hardly speak at all • we know we are lucky • to have reached the point • when we know words are • no longer needed • silence may be golden • but silence can be blue • how I miss the sound • of your sweet voice • calling me to you

(chorus)

time and time again • it's the same routine • we never mean • to let it go so long • just another message • and one more show • before you know it • the energy's gone • turn off the TV • and turn off all our phones • put the dog down on the floor • and shut that door • let's recall what this room can be for

(chorus)

5. Never Got To Say Goodbye (2:47)

Amy White: Banjo, Vocal

Al Petteway: Acoustic Guitar, Harmony Vocal

I never got to say goodbye • I never got to make it right • time was broken • when time was cruel • I never got to say goodbye • to you

I never got to say goodbye • I never got to make it right • dreams are hollow • when broken through • I never got to say goodbye • to you

we never got to say goodbye • we never got to make it right • had we known • we'd have held on tight • we never got the chance to say • goodbye

6. Look Up (4:33)

Amy White: Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

Al Petteway: Acoustic & Bass Guitars

Sally Sparks: Haken Continuum

just when you have got it made • crazy rains on your parade • you know how your best laid plans • feel like recipes for disaster • try to take that grain of salt • you may need it you may not • just when you think all is lost • you may smile and fill with laughter

try to look up • when the world has got you down • try to look up • when the world has got you down • try to look up • when the world is falling down • around your ears • down to the ground • where all your tears • are shining like the sun • look up

when you're walking in the woods • please be mindful of the roots • yes that means you're looking down • but you're mindful of the great sky above you • just because you're feeling low • doesn't mean that you don't know • how to reach that higher ground • how to get yourself from lost to found

(chorus)

try to look up • when the world has got you down • try to look up • when the world has got you down • try to look up • when the world has got you down

'cause there are angels • and there are rainbows • winged migrations • and rays from heaven • cloud formations • mean there be dragons • and puppy dogs • and teddy bears • flying through the air • don't miss it • look up

feeling low you barely move • under covers in the blue • there's a time for doing that • but there'll be times • when you will feel hopeful • then kick your slippers off your feet • skip yourself across the street • look first both ways • that's the rule • but when you get there • dance and be joyful

(chorus)



7. More Like My Dog (3:46)

Amy White: Piano, Vocal

I wish you were • more like my dog • you heard me right • more like my dog • 'cause if you were • more like my dog • you would never have done me wrong

I guess you may have brought me toys • played silly games like tug of war • and joined me for a good roll on the floor • with you always begging for more • I guess you may have licked me good • my face, my neck, my ankles too • a passionate, liberal bathing of drool • that would make any good doggy proud

I wish you were • more like my dog • you heard me right • more like my dog • I need to know that • your love will be true • 'cause there's nothing more fine • and nothing more true • than a sweet doggie's love for you

I guess you may have stayed at home • and met me with your favorite bone • but then you always start in to snore • and take the whole bed like it's yours • I guess you may have misconstrued • you humped my leg right in plain view • but then you humped someone else's leg, too • I guess I did not think this through

I wish you were • less like my dog • and more like a friend who is doggedly loyal • with all the very best qualities of • the best of all dogs • in the best of all worlds • we would be the best friends of all

8. Why Can't We See (ptsd) (4:55)

Amy White: Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

Sally Van Meter: Resophonic Slide Guitar

just a kid, just a kid • how can he really know the pain • of blows dealt on computer screens • it's not until he gets back home • to family and friends • that is when the hell sinks in • and the loneliness begins

justice claimed, justice claimed • for only those who rule the game • not for all the pawns at play • some just did what they were told • and some got in the way • some just don't know where they stand • with pride or hate or shame

another tour of duty • friendly fire • collateral damage • an eye for an eye • another hospital closes • another claim is denied • the nightmares keep on coming • there's no place to hide

(chorus)

why can't we see • all the suffering • and the broken places • why can't we keep • all the promises we made

broken man, broken man • he cannot bear to speak of things • memories and shattered dreams • it's better that he steal himself • and keep the care at bay • the world has taught him well by now • strike first then pull away • he's been hurt enough by now to know • it's easier this way

(chorus)



9. Back to You (4:49)

Amy White: Dulcimer, Vocals

Al Petteway: Acoustic & Bass Guitars

no matter how green the oceans • no matter how wide • no matter how blue the mountains • no matter how high • I will come back to you • riding the tide • I will come back to you • I will come back to you • I will fly to you

down in the soul is a lonely room • waiting for love to appear • open the door and be ready soon • always believe I am near

no matter how blue the oceans • no matter how wide • no matter how green the mountains • no matter how high • I will come back to you • riding the tide • I will come back to you • I will come back to you • I will fly to you

10. Waltz with Grief (4:41)

Amy White: Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

Al Petteway: Bass Guitar

Sally Sparks: Haken Continuum

I give up • it's hard to care anymore • no matter what I do • the world will wage its wars • I was doing so fine • until you came along • how dare you come to me • and take my heart's delight • you could have been gentle • you could have been wise • but you stole what you're lacking • you stole what was mine • you stole sweetness • and you stole kindness

I keep seeing your shadow • dancing near my door • while I keep clinging to the wall • it would be easier • if we could be friends but love does not become you at all

I give up • it's hard to try anymore • no matter what I do • it seems I'll lose this war • I wanted to live • I wanted to give • but grief made its claim • grief wants me more

hello old friend • I see we meet again



11. Sing To Me (4:56)

Amy White: Acoustic Guitar, Vocals

Al Petteway: Acoustic & Bass Guitars

listen to the mockingbird • he's got quite the repertoire • in the woods he sings a waterfall • on the streets he mocks your car • with a flash of feathers • he may try to cause alarm • but no matter where he goes • he fills the world with song

(chorus)

a house without a porch • is like a face without a smile • tell me what's the hurry • won't you stay with me a while • the world can wait • when your soul is on the wire • sing to me your favorite songs • and I will sing you mine

see the tiny hummingbird • how he's here and now he's gone • with that shimmer coat and fiery throat • he's the envy of the dawn • he winters very far away • a journey thousand miles long • you may think he's fragile • but his slightness makes him strong

hear the sweet canary • how he sings to greet the day • throw him down a deep dark hole • and he'll sing out anyway • but when that bird stops singing • it is time to pack it in • when your soul stops singing • it is time to start again

(chorus)

12. Tinderbox Heart (5:14)

Amy White: Piano, Vocal
Sally Sparks: Haken Continuum

the way he cups the match in his hand • is just the way he holds you • he says he won't let you go out • he says he will protect you • but when he holds the match too tight • it is you who feels the burn • and when he holds the light too close • your light will go dim

the tinderbox heart • is slow to learn • the perfect match • should never burn
the tinderbox heart • is slow to learn • the perfect match • should never burn

morning comes, you turn the page • the crawlers start to scream • the talking heads say, "be afraid" • they'll tell you when it's green • you try to hear some better news • but you cannot drown them out • when a ray of hope shines through • you still have your doubt

the tinderbox heart • is slow to learn • the perfect world • will never turn
the tinderbox heart • is slow to learn • the perfect world • will never turn

you made it through the darkest night • now dawn has won your heart • how can you feel this joy inside • when hope was torn apart • you now see promise in the young • in the tender green of spring • you now see beauty in goodbyes • the kinder side of dreams

the tinder box heart • is slow to learn • the perfect hope • will live again
the tinder box heart • is slow to learn • the perfect hope • will live again



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Amy White: Acoustic Guitar (1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11), Banjo (3, 5), Mountain Dulcimer (9), Piano (7, 12),
Porchboard Bass (4), Vocals

Al Petteway: Acoustic Guitar (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11), Bass Guitar (4, 6, 9, 10), Harmony Vocal (1, 5)

Sally Sparks: Haken Continuum Fingerboard (3, 6, 10, 12), Omnisphere Synthesizer (3)

Sally Van Meter: Resophonic Guitar (2, 3, 8)

Recorded & Mixed by Al Petteway at Fairewood Studios, LLC, Weaverville, NC

Haken Continuum and Synthesizer tracks recorded by Sally Sparks at Streamside Studios, Arden, NC

Resophonic Slide Guitar tracks recorded by James Tuttle, Hygiene, CO

Mastered by Bill Wolf at Wolf Productions, Inc., Arlington, VA

Produced by Amy White

All Photography by Amy White - except artist photo by Al Petteway

Graphic Design by Dan Schuman

Amy White & Al Petteway's photography is represented by the National Geographic Society (NatGeoCreative.com)

Amy played guitars by Bill Tippin, Larry Sifel, and Rainsong. (Al played two Circa guitars by John Slobod, and a MB-4 fretless bass guitar by Rob Allen.) Amy also played a Lo Gordon banjo, a Boston grand piano, a Tom Fellenbaum mountain dulcimer, and a Porchboard Bass. Strings by Elixir.

