

# GEORGIA STITT

A woman with her back to the camera, wearing a white long-sleeved dress, stands on a sandy beach. She has her hair in a ponytail and is pointing her right index finger towards the horizon of the ocean. Her left hand is holding a dark, thin object, possibly a stick or a piece of driftwood. The ocean is dark blue with white foam from breaking waves visible in the distance. The sky is a pale, hazy blue.

## *My Lifelong Love*

*with*

MICHAEL ARDEN • KATE BALDWIN  
SHOSHANA BEAN • HEIDI BLICKENSTAFF  
SUSAN EGAN • JESSE TYLER FERGUSON  
CHRISTOPHER JACKSON • BRIAN D'ARCY JAMES  
MICHAEL MCELROY • JESSICA MOLASKEY  
LAURA OSNES • JOHN PIZZARELLI  
*and* ANIKA NONI ROSE

# GEORGIA STITT

## *My Lifelong Love*

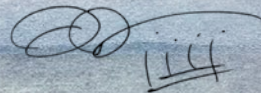
1. NOT YET • HEIDI BLICKENSTAFF
2. MY LIFELONG LOVE • JESSE TYLER FERGUSON
3. SING ME A HAPPY SONG • SHOSHANA BEAN
4. SONNET 29 • BRIAN D'ARCY JAMES
5. THE WANTING OF YOU • SUSAN EGAN
6. COMMUNICATION • LAURA OSNES
7. AT THIS TURN IN THE ROAD AGAIN • CHRISTOPHER JACKSON
8. A VERY SHORT SONG • LAURA OSNES
9. IF I COULD • MICHAEL ARDEN
10. INVESTED IN YOU • JESSICA MOLASKEY & JOHN PIZZARELLI
11. MORE OF MY MOTHER • KATE BALDWIN
12. KITES AND CHILDREN • ANIKA NONI ROSE
13. LOVE AFTER LOVE • MICHAEL MCELROY

Georgia and I have been friends for nearly twenty years, ever since she and I spent a glorious summer together working summer stock theatre at Cape Cod's ageless College Light Opera Company. She was an accompanist, I was an assistant conductor. We spent our days rehearsing singers and our nights playing raucous four-hand piano at parties. Georgia was always the brilliant one, able to play anything; I was always the assistant, which, if memory serves, meant that I spent most of the time getting both of us fresh drinks.

Even back then it was obvious that Georgia had 'the gift'; music just flooded out of her, effortlessly. Soon she began composing her own music, and the songs she wrote were a perfect reflection of who she is: warm, passionate, funny, effervescent, and wicked smart. To know her music is to know her, every intimate emotional secret right there on the surface. Delicate, precious gems given with an open heart.

As a fellow composer - seriously, you should hear the two of us geek out about composing - I'm always most impressed with her strong sense of musical architecture. She somehow manages to blend a musical theater composer's natural storytelling prowess with sophisticated 'classical' forms, a powerful hybrid that allows her pieces to blossom on multiple levels. She makes my favorite kind of music, seductive on the surface and infinitely richer as you peel away the layers, the kind of music that rewards you for digging deep. I find I can listen to the songs over and over again and always find something new, something surprising.

It has been one of my life's great joys to know Georgia; I consider her not only a colleague and an inspiration but one of my best friends. As long as we are both around she can rest assured that I'll be right beside her, fresh drinks in hand, glowing with love.



— ERIC WHITACRE



## 1. NOT YET

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
(FROM THE MUSICAL *MOSAIC*)  
SINGER: HEIDI BLICKENSTAFF

Piano: Georgia Stitt; Guitar: Kevin Dukes;  
Bass: Tim Christensen; Drums: Tom Walsh  
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## 2. MY LIFELONG LOVE

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
SINGER: JESSE TYLER FERGUSON

Piano: Georgia Stitt; Guitar: Andrew Synowiec;  
Bass: Trey Henry; Drums: Tom Walsh  
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## 3. SING ME A HAPPY SONG

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
SINGER: SHOSHANA BEAN

Conductor: Georgia Stitt; Piano/Orchestration: Jason Robert Brown;  
Violin: Sid Page (concertmaster), Becky Bunnell, Tiffany Hu, Lily  
Ho Chen, Julie Rogers, Barbra Porter; Viola: Bob Becker, Jennie  
Hansen; Cello: Giovanna Clayton, Rudy Stein;  
Bass: Trey Henry; Drums: Tom Walsh\*\*  
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## 4. SONNET 29

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT,  
LYRICS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
SINGER: BRIAN d'ARCY JAMES\*

Orchestration by Don Sebesky; Musicians Contracted by Dan  
Savant. Conductor: Georgia Stitt; Flute/Piccolo: Sara Andon; Oboe:  
Chris Bleth; Clarinet: Jeff Driskill; Bassoon: Rose Corrigan; French  
Horn: Joe Meyer, Brian O'Connor; Trumpet: Wayne Bergeron, Dan  
Fornero; Trombone: Alan Kaplan, Charlie Morillas; Percussion: Bernie  
Dresel; Harp: Amy Wilkins; Piano: David O; Guitar: Andy Synowiec;  
Bass: Trey Henry; Drums: Tom Walsh; Violin: Sid Page (concertmaster),  
Becky Bunnell, Tiffany Hu, Lily Ho Chen, Julie Rogers, Barbra  
Porter; Viola: Bob Becker, Jennie Hansen; Cello: Giovanna Clayton,  
Rudy Stein\*\*  
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## 5. THE WANTING OF YOU

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY MARCY HEISLER  
(FROM *ALPHABET CITY CYCLE*)  
SINGER: SUSAN EGAN

Electric Violin: Charlie Bisharat; Piano: Georgia Stitt;  
Bass: Trey Henry; Drums: Tom Walsh  
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## 6. COMMUNICATION

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY ALICIA PARTNOY  
SINGER: LAURA OSNES\*

Violin: Christian Hebel, Victoria Paterson;  
Viola: Ralph Farris; Cello: Mairi Dorman-Phaneuf\*\*\*  
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Original poem from *Revenge of the Apple*, Cleis Press, S. Fco. 1992,  
Translated by Richard Schaaf. Used with permission.

## 7. AT THIS TURN IN THE ROAD AGAIN

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY BIL WRIGHT  
SINGER: CHRISTOPHER JACKSON\*

Conductor: Georgia Stitt; Piano/Orchestration: Jason Robert Brown;  
French Horn: Joe Meyer, Brian O'Connor; Percussion: Bernie Dresel  
and Jason Robert Brown; Guitar: Andrew Synowiec; Bass: Trey  
Henry; Drums: Tom Walsh; Violin: Sid Page (concertmaster), Becky Bun-  
nell, Tiffany Hu, Lily Ho Chen, Julie Rogers, Barbra Porter; Viola: Bob  
Becker, Jennie Hansen; Cello: Giovanna Clayton, Rudy Stein\*\*  
© Geocate Music (ASCAP) and Bil Wright

## 8. A VERY SHORT SONG

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY DOROTHY PARKER  
SINGER: LAURA OSNES\*

Piano: Georgia Stitt; Clarinet: Dan Willis; Violins: Christian Hebel,  
Victoria Paterson; Viola: Ralph Farris; Cello: Mairi Dorman-Phaneuf\*\*\*  
© Geocate Music (ASCAP) and Dorothy Parker  
The composer wishes to thank the National Association for the Advancement  
of Colored People for authorizing this use of Dorothy Parker's work.

## 9. IF I COULD

MUSIC BY SAM DAVIS, LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
SINGER: MICHAEL ARDEN\*

Arrangement: Sam Davis; Piano: Georgia Stitt; Violin: Peter Kent;  
Cello: Giovanna Clayton  
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## 10. INVESTED IN YOU

MUSIC BY SAM DAVIS, LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
SINGERS: JESSICA MOLASKEY AND JOHN PIZZARELLI\*

Arrangement, Ukelele, Guitar, Bass: John Pizzarelli\*  
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## 11. MORE OF MY MOTHER

MUSIC BY DAVID KIRSHENBAUM, LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
SINGER: KATE BALDWIN\*

Piano: Georgia Stitt\*  
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## 12. KITES AND CHILDREN

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
(FOR SWB ON HER 2ND BIRTHDAY)

SINGER: ANIKA NONI ROSE\*  
Piano/Organ: Georgia Stitt; Guitar: Andrew Synowiec;  
Bass: Trey Henry; Drums: Tom Walsh  
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## 13. LOVE AFTER LOVE

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY DEREK WALCOTT  
SINGER: MICHAEL MCELROY\*\*\*

Piano: Georgia Stitt; Violin: Christian Hebel, Victoria Paterson;  
Viola: Ralph Farris; Cello: Mairi Dorman-Phaneuf\*\*\*  
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Album Produced by GEORGIA STITT

Recorded, Mixed and Mastered by  
ANDY WATERMAN at UMBRELLA MEDIA STUDIO, LA  
Assistant Engineer and ProTools Engineering by  
ASHBURN MILLER, ETHAN WALTER and LUKE FACKLER

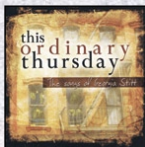
\*Recorded by JOHN KILGORE at JOHN KILGORE STUDIOS, NYC  
\*\*Recorded by ANDY WATERMAN at EAST WEST STUDIOS, LA  
\*\*\*Recorded by JEFFREY LESSER at AVATAR STUDIOS, NYC

Arrangements and Music Direction by GEORGIA STITT  
Music Copying by JOHN BLANE (*Sonnet 29*) and  
BRIAN KENNEDY (*At This Turn In The Road Again*)  
Photography by MAIA ROSENFELD, SUSAN EGAN,  
MADELINE MYERS, NICCOLY OLIVEIRA and GEORGIA STITT  
Art Direction and Design by DEREK BISHOP

All songs recorded in 2011.

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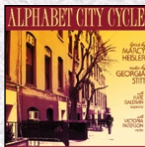
more from GEORGIA STITT



### THIS ORDINARY THURSDAY

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normalcy of everyday things. It's an auspicious debut."  
— *Next Magazine*

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— *Playbill*



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## 1. Not Yet

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
(FROM THE MUSICAL MOSAIC)

*Cheri Steinkellner and I wrote a one-woman, one act musical called MOSAIC and we were lucky enough to have Heidi Blickenstaff perform it. Heidi's character was Ruth, and in the earliest draft of the script, Cheri wrote, "Ruth is a writer - a cabaret-singer-songwriter who back in the late 90s penned a hit song the kids still sing in auditions today." No pressure. This is Ruth's song.*



You wanna know my middle name?  
Not yet.  
You wanna set my heart aflame?  
Not yet.  
I'll surrender everything in time.  
You'll be my reason and my rhyme.  
You'll know my pride; You'll know my shame.  
But not yet.

Some girls tell everything they know.  
Not yet.  
Some girls reveal what's down below.  
Not yet.

If you stick around, you're guaranteed.  
Your plans to win me will succeed.  
My heart will open up and bleed,  
But not yet.

I've waited far too long  
To give myself away.  
It took me years to get to know me.  
But now you stand here at my door,  
Professing love forevermore.  
Well, that's great,  
But just wait:  
I want you to know me.

You see a vision all in white?  
Not yet.  
You wanna stay awake all night?  
Not yet.  
I don't have a problem with the plan,  
But if it turns out you're the man  
Who fades as fast as he began,  
I don't want to forget  
What I felt when we met.  
Not yet.



## 2. My Lifelong Love

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT



*My friend Joel Fram was putting together a Valentine's Day concert for his New Voices Collective, and the assignment was to write about your first love. I knew everyone else was going to write a ballad, so I wrote this instead, about Adam, my junior*

*high crush. Here's a photo of him, circa 1983. MY LIFELONG LOVE was first recorded by Lauren Kennedy on the album "Here And Now," (PS Classics) but Jesse Tyler Ferguson sang it in a concert of mine and I loved his version, too.*

He wasn't much to look at.  
I wouldn't call him "fun."  
He was twelve years old, and I was just eleven.  
My friends thought I was crazy,  
But my innocence was won  
By the boy who introduced my heart to heaven.

He was the smartest boy in the whole sixth grade,  
And I couldn't believe I'd found him.  
Though his teeth were in braces and his Dockers  
were frayed,  
I just wanted to be around him.  
There are men who make you lose yourself  
Or fill you with regret,  
But Adam won my lifelong love  
Because he played the clarinet.

Doo Doo Doo...  
Doo Doo Doo...

I wanted nothing more than to share a stand  
With this prodigy of perfection.  
I dreamt of after-school practice with the junior  
high band  
Where we'd sit in the woodwind section.  
So I marched into the band room and became  
a devotee,  
For Adam was my lifelong love, and this would  
make him notice me.

Doo Doo Doo...  
Doo Doo Doo...

Oh, how I practiced. God, did I suck.  
Adam gave lessons; I was in luck!  
All the scales he made me learn by heart.  
I had never seen him look so cute!  
I told him that his music was an art.  
He told me that his girlfriend played the flute.

I was the dumbest boy in the whole fifth grade,  
And now everyone else had seen it.  
I announced, "I quit the band! My decision has  
been made."  
But I wished that I didn't mean it--  
For the music had a hold on me,  
Much more than any fling.  
I knew I'd found my lifelong love,  
And Adam didn't mean a thing.  
The marching band was not for me,  
But in the choir, I could sing.

Doo Doo Doo...  
Doo Doo Doo...

He was the smartest boy in the whole sixth grade.

### 3. Sing me a Happy Song

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT

*I wrote this song for my now-husband, Jason Robert Brown, back in the early days. SING ME A HAPPY SONG was first recorded by Susan Egan on the album "Coffee House." (LML Records) Jason wrote this new orchestration and Shoshana turned it into something even more than I knew it was. The best part about writing is when performers reveal your songs to you.*

Sing me a happy song.  
Just start it, and it won't be wrong.  
Something with light,  
Something that's new.  
Sing me a happy song  
'Cause you've been blue for far too long.  
Oh sing me a simple happy song.

Sing me a lullaby.  
Lay with me and don't ask why.  
Rock me to sleep,  
Trust that I'm right.  
Sing me a lullaby.  
Tonight the words won't make you cry.  
Oh sing me a happy lullaby.

There's nobody else.  
They've all gone away.  
You're safe in this room,  
So let your music play—

And sing me that song at last  
'Cause all our pains are in the past.  
Believe me,  
We need the music—  
So sing me the perfect happy song.



### 4. Sonnet 29

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*I have set a lot of poetry to music, and though I knew this piece was epic, I didn't realize just how big it was until I asked Don Sebesky if he would orchestrate it for me. (Notice his handwritten chart on the background of this page.) Many of LA's very best musicians are playing on this track, and conducting them was an enormous thrill. Once Brian d'Arcy James agreed to sing it, I knew I had a reason to release this album. SONNET 29 was originally recorded by Stuart Matthew Price on the album "All Things In Time." (SimG Records)*

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth  
brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

### 5. The Wanting Of You

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY MARCY HEISLER

*This song is the first of five in a song cycle I wrote with Marcy Heisler about women alone in New York City. Originally it was scored for piano, violin and voice, but Susan and I wanted to re-conceive it for this album. To make it edgier, I changed the concert violin to an electric violin and added bass and drums. Susan recorded it in just one take. Seriously. THE WANTING OF YOU was originally recorded by Kate Baldwin on the album "Alphabet City Cycle." (PS Classics)*



I'm walking in my head down Avenue B  
As the echo of a guitar strums  
Tightening my overcoat  
And waiting for contentment  
Like a bus that never comes  
Crushing my hat over angry hair  
I beg my pocket for a cigarette  
And instead I find a nickel  
And a crumpled little napkin  
With a poem for a lover I need to forget...  
The wanting of you



It colors everything I do  
It's in my house and in my bed  
It's there in every tear I shed  
When I don't think I'll make it through

The wanting of you  
It is my unsundered prayer  
I trace your hands upon my skin  
How did I dare to let you in  
It's almost more than I can bear  
The wanting of you

I patronize myself as I take my chair  
In the couldn't care less café  
Accept the silent greeting of the mother with  
the baby  
And the model with the black shar pei  
There's a NYU kid who raises one lid  
Then goes back to his thousand page book...  
And I spend another morning tracing stories in  
the oatmeal  
That some Spanish guy did not remember to  
cook...

The wanting of you  
It wakes me up at half past two  
With long gone shadows I converse  
I think it can't get any worse  
But how I know that isn't true

The wanting of you  
It is a never ending storm  
I wear it everywhere I go  
Just like a coat that doesn't know  
That it's supposed to keep me warm.

You...

Knocking on my door, stumbling over words  
Laughing at my jokes, losing wallets  
You,  
Never getting mad, sort of getting mad, never  
understanding  
Understanding everything  
You  
Absolutely right  
Absolutely wrong

Everything that matters...

Nothing but a song  
Nothing but a song

I step into the bath round a quarter past three  
Let the water ease my wounded pride  
I wash away my sorrow with a promise of tomorrow  
But the water doesn't let me hide...  
The clock on the wall says go ahead stall  
You're entitled to a way to cope...  
And I wonder if it isn't really loneliness that kills you  
I think people really die of hope of hope

The wanting of you  
It colors everything I do  
It's in my house and in my bed  
It's there in every tear I shed  
When I don't think I'll make it through

The wanting of you  
It is my unsundered prayer  
I trace your hands upon my skin  
How did I dare to let you in  
It's almost more than I can bear  
The wanting of you.

## 6. Communication

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY ALICIA PARTNOY

*This poem made me laugh. You might have seen it on the subway in New York, like I did. I had an idea that maybe I would write a whole song cycle of one-minute songs. Perhaps this is the first one.*

I am talking to you about poetry  
and you say  
when do we eat.  
The worst of it is  
I'm hungry too.

## 7. At this Turn in the Road Again

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY BIL WRIGHT

*Bil Wright and I worked for a few years on a musical called LIZAN. Though we never finished the show, this is the one song I couldn't let go. I'm so grateful to Keith Byron Kirk for recording the demo that circulated just enough to keep people asking about this song, to JRB for writing this evocative and soulful orchestration, and to Christopher Jackson for bringing it to life anew.*

I wanted you to be the light in the window—  
The cup of water for a man who'd run dry.  
Oh, but you were a reflection of who you are,  
Not who you'll be.  
Well, maybe in time, if I should ever find that I'm  
At this turn in the road again.

I thought that we could be better than just lucky.  
You're a survivor, and I'm learning how.  
Oh, I may not be the perfect man, but as I am,

This much was yours.  
Well, maybe in time, if I should ever find that I'm  
At this turn in the road again.

Ask me how the breath comes to keep going  
As I'm leaving now without the warmth of  
knowing  
That I can come back to you.  
Did you ever think, ever once consider  
How good I could be?  
And love would make me better!

I wanted us to be a prayer and its answer.  
The truth between us, in a world filled with lies.  
No, I may not be the perfect man, but as I am,  
This much was yours.  
Well, maybe in time, if I should ever find that I'm  
At this turn in the road again.



## 8. A Very Short Song

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY DOROTHY PARKER

*Here's another one-minute song. This time the words are by the formidable Dorothy Parker. I asked Laura Osnes to record both of these short songs for me, and I still don't think there's enough of her glorious voice on this record.*

Once, when I was young and true  
Someone left me sad—  
Broke my brittle heart in two;  
And that is very bad.

Love is for unlucky folk,  
Love is but a curse.  
Once there was a heart I broke;  
And that, I think, is worse.

## 9. If I Could

MUSIC BY SAM DAVIS, LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT

*Sam Davis and I have a unique collaboration. He writes music first and emails it to me, and I fill in the lyrics. I think Sam and I wrote this entire song without ever being in the same room. This one came to life when Michael Arden recorded it. When we were mixing the album, the engineers kept referring to Michael as "the guy with the perfect voice."*

If I could,  
I would freeze the clocks.  
You'd never leave my bed;  
I wouldn't have to go to work.  
Morning sun would linger on your sleeping face.

If I could,  
I would keep it warm.  
We'd never need our coats;  
The summer wouldn't fade to fall.  
Everything as perfect as it is today, tomorrow.  
Nothing ugly to remember.

If I could,  
We'd never age a day.  
Time wouldn't be a burden.  
This happiness we know  
Would have space to grow  
If I could make it so.

Tell me then,  
Would you stay with me  
If I could promise you  
That life would always be this sweet?  
How long would it take you to get bored  
Of all the passion and the burning?

And would I recognize your yearning?  
And if you asked me to start the clocks turning  
again,  
Would I, if I could?

## 10. Invested In You

MUSIC BY SAM DAVIS, LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT

*John and Jessica make me feel starstruck. I'm so much in awe of what they can do that I get flustered when I'm around them. It was fantastic to watch them build this track - John as a one-man band playing all the instruments himself, Jessica standing over his shoulder making suggestions and correcting harmonies. So much fun.*

MAN:  
Times are tight,  
And we don't have much money,

WOMAN:  
But honey, it's all right.  
I believe the heart is where the wealth resides.  
Besides...  
If we never have the fountains  
Or the mansion in the mountains,  
I suppose you fear  
I might disappear from view.  
Not true.

MAN:  
I could live on bread and pickles,  
Paying rent with rolls of nickels  
Just as long as I got  
To spend my lot with you.

BOTH:  
We could be rich,  
Rolling in our romance  
With dividends to spare,  
And so much appreciation  
That we'd have to share.

MAN:  
Others dream of racing sailboats,  
Dressing up in gowns and tailcoats.

BOTH:  
But I'm full enough  
Without all that stuff to do.  
Because I'm invested in you.

MAN:  
So if times should stay depressing,

WOMAN:  
There's no point in second-guessing  
That I'm full enough  
Without all that stuff to do.

BOTH:  
Because I'm invested in you.



## 11. More of my Mother

MUSIC BY DAVID KIRSHENBAUM, LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT

*I wrote this entire lyric without ever hearing any music in my head, and that's highly unusual for me. David Kirshenbaum and I were working on a project together at the time, and I showed him the lyric, saying, "I don't know, maybe it's just a poem. Can you do anything with this?" His music said what I couldn't say, and to top it off, he wrote it overnight.*

Reflection in a storefront window.  
Scanning my hair and plucking a stray.  
Hand cocked on hip,  
Thick upper lip.  
I'm more of my mother every day.

Discovering a vein protruding.  
Seeing her hands as I reach the door.  
Knuckles that crack,  
No turning back.  
Becoming my mother more and more.

I carry her hips behind my pockets.  
I carry her values in my heart.  
I wonder, when did all this copycatting start?

I never wanted to become her.  
I longed for my life to sweep me away.  
Logic and sense.  
Smart and intense.  
I'm more of my mother every day.

But oh, she's a woman filled with regret.  
And oh, there are things she'll never see.  
She has a hunger lost inside,  
And sometimes I'm terrified



That she's exactly who I'm growing up to be.  
And oh, there's her voice that's still in my ears.  
Saying, "No, darling, this is just a phase.  
These are times you will outgrow.  
There are things you can't yet know."  
When will I stop looking for her praise?

I notice with a shock she's aging.  
Her edges look soft and colored with grey.  
No slowing down,  
Never a frown.  
She's more like her mother every day.

She carries those hips behind her pockets.  
She carries those values in her soul.

I wonder,  
Was I always destined for this role?

A baby cries and I come running.  
Try to stay calm, but scared to the core.  
This is my life.  
Once just a wife,  
Becoming a mother more and more.  
Finally.  
Becoming my mother, more and more.

## 12. Kites and Children

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY GEORGIA STITT  
(FOR SWB ON HER 2ND BIRTHDAY)

*My friend and fellow songwriter John Bucchino introduced me to the Australian singer Tyran Parke, whose brother Trent is a well-known photographer. Tyran asked several writers to look at his brother's photos to see if one might inspire an original song. I looked at the website of Trent's photos and was struck by a moody black and white image of kids flying kites on a stormy day. Tyran's own CD is due for release soon, and it will include this song, along with many others and all of their original photos. In the meantime, here's my version, sung by the extraordinary Anika Noni Rose.*

I stand behind you, not too close, not too far away.  
I feel the wind. It whispers things I dare not say.  
We know the truth about how hard it is to make things fly:  
The kite and I.

You're carried forward, first a step, then a gentle run.  
You don't look back: at once the distance has begun.

I turn my head, and just like that you're nearly out of view:  
The kite and you.

They tell me there's a storm a-comin'.  
They tell me that I'm holding on tight to these strings.  
But I know about kites and children,  
And all that they need is air and wings.

There is a secret that one day everybody learns.  
Each path you choose will shock you with its twists and turns.  
You may forget just how it felt to be so young and free  
With kites and me.

I won't pretend that I don't see the darkened skies,  
But when it rains, I figure we just improvise.  
You shine like sunlight.  
There's nothing in this world you cannot do.  
You've got air;  
You've got wings;  
I've got you.  
They tell me there's a storm a-comin'.  
They tell me that I'm holding on tight to these strings.  
But I know about kites and children,  
And all that they need is air and wings.







### 13. Love After Love

MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT, LYRICS BY DEREK WALCOTT

*This poem leapt off the page when I first read it in a collection of Derek Walcott's work, and I set it to music without having any idea where I might ever perform it. When I went to Michael McElroy's home to teach him the music, I found that Michael already knew it perfectly, and he mocked up a MIDI track of sampled strings so he could really understand what he was going to hear in the recording studio. We listened to the fake string sounds and spent at least two hours talking about this poem, about life, about forgiveness, about love. It was a fantastic afternoon.*

The time will come  
when, with elation,  
you will greet yourself arriving  
at your own door, in your own mirror,  
and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.  
You will love again the stranger who was your  
self.

Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart  
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored  
for another, who knows you by heart.  
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,  
peel your own image from the mirror.  
Sit. Feast on your life.





Experts say we encounter an astronomical number of people in our daily lives – that because we now move so fast, the sheer numbers are astounding. I'm not impressed. Who cares how many jump in and out of our worlds? I am amazed by who stays – and moreover, who becomes a treasured traveling companion.

Georgia and I met in 2000, when I was still working on Broadway. I was researching material to record for my album, "Coffee House," and hers was one of many demo CDs I had been given by Michael Kerker of ASCAP. I listened to hours and hours of new music that never seemed new, and then I popped in Georgia's CD. Her song, "This Ordinary Thursday," struck me on so many levels: the melody caught me right off, the structure was great, and the unfolding of the story captivated me – it still does. In the song, the singer has been viewing other people's lives through the fishbowl-like windows of NYC, and now, because she is loved, her life is finally worth displaying, too.

I loved it. Georgia's experiences as a single girl living in NY mirrored mine, so immediately I could relate, but Georgia's point of view was distinctive. How, with the millions of love songs in existence, did she write one so completely unique? Michael set up a meeting, and Georgia spent an afternoon playing me her music. I ended up recording "Sing Me A Happy Song" on that album.



[Shoshana's version on this CD is spectacular!] Once I understood who the "Jason" was in "This Ordinary Thursday" (no, I didn't know), I thought she should keep that one for her album; lucky me that I got to sing it on that debut CD! About a year later, fate somehow brought us both to Los Angeles then played her part again when Georgia (really, a professional acquaintance at the time) called me up one August, during her eighth month of pregnancy, to see if she might float in my swimming pool for an hour or two. She did. And that was that.

I am not really certain how or when we became such dear friends. I can look back at the incremental steps, but the whole of our friendship is so much greater than the professional meetings, the moves out West, the friendly coffees, the synchronistic pregnancies (2nd time around), the mommy world, the concerts, the travel, the glamour and the goop. Georgia and I have not just shared a road on our individual journeys these last few years, we have literally at times linked arms, leapt over potholes, penned the traveling music, and more than once, gotten behind the other and pushed. Somewhere along the way, I actually think we influenced each other's paths....

From my vantage point, I have seen Georgia in her many roles: mom, wife, blogger, business woman, producer, chef, and of course, composer. I am proud to know her – fortunate to have borne witness to the creation of so much of the music you hear on this collection and even to recognize where some kernels of those song ideas sprouted from in her mind. I have heard first drafts through final mixes. I know her well, and still, the music surprises me, lifts me and takes me on unexpected journeys. Her singular and inspired point of view, I now know, is simply how Georgia sees the world. How lucky for us that she has the ability to articulate it so eloquently in music and lyrics. It's everywhere here; enjoy it. Her Lifelong Love is now yours.

— Susan Egan  
Los Angeles, October 25, 2011






## *Thank you...*

TO THE MANY PEOPLE WHO MADE THIS ALBUM POSSIBLE:  
MOM AND DAD, ALWAYS; MY EXTREMELY GIFTED SINGERS AND  
MUSICIANS; ANDY WATERMAN, LAUREN PRICE, ASHBURN,  
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PARTNERSHIP; AND JASON ROBERT BROWN, MY HUSBAND AND  
BEST FRIEND, FOR EVERYTHING ELSE.

FOR M & S, MY LIFELONG LOVES.





*Album Produced by* GEORGIA STITT

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