ALBUM CREDITS All songs recorded and produced by Jim Scott at Plyrz Studios California USA except track 4 recorded by Matt Williams at FatTrax Studios South Australia. Tracks 7 & 8 mixed by Jim Tullio at Butcher Boys Studios Illinois USA. Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4,5 & 6 mixed by Matt Williams at FatTrax Studios Adelaide Australia. Engineered by Kevin Deane (USA) and Matt Williams (AUS) Mastered by Martin Pullen at Edensound Vic Australia Angie Portolesi - lead and BV vox, tambourine Benny Cunningham - lead and BV vox, guitars Matt Williams – guitars, programming Kelv Sugars - drums, glockenspiel and percussion Steve Portolesi - bass Louie Higuera - Hammond, Wurli, Moog and piano accordion Paul White - Hammond and Wurli, Rhodes Minas Berberyan - violin Michael Robertson - viola Jacqui Finlay - cello String arrangement on My, My, My by Greg Jones Artwork and cover concept and design by Angie Portolesi Photos by Ruby Sugars Kelvin Sugars plays WFL111 drums and Zildjian cymbals exclusively. Matt Williams, Ben Cunningham and Steve Portolesi play D'Addario strings exclusively. International Management & Artist booking: James Merritt at Big Wing Records – james@bigwingrecords.com Australian management – kingsandassociates@gmail.com or info@bigwingrecords.com USA Publicity Jay Wilson at Press Here Media New York - jay@pressherepublicity.com Copyright. 2020 Big Wing Records. We'd like to thank the following people for their amazing support and involvement with our project... James, Kat and Sequoya Merritt, Big Wing Records, Jim Scott, Plyrz Studios, Jim Tullio, Martin Pullen at Edensound Mastering, Dave at Fat Trax Studios, Jeff Waluch, Cindy Hogan, Kevin Dean, Greg Jones, Bill Ludwig & WFLIII Drums, Geordie Gillespi, Pati DeVries at Devious Planet PR, Will, Brian and the staff of Covey Law, WNOV Radio Milwaukee, Doug Kelley, Rick Wiegand, Ron Weiss at SOBLTD, "Ole Harve" Stauffer, Larry Fredrickson, Anne Leighton, Jim Paulson – Music Center Inc, Ryan Smith-Schure, Todd Johnson-Clair Global, Scott Pang – ICM LA, Carol Moreland – Pop Artists NYC, Tess Coleman, and of course all our family members! Back From The Dead My heart was cold as ice, about twenty below (baby, yeah) I was sure the flame Back from the Dead: wouldn't burn no This is a song we've been performing for many more (baby, yea) years. It's one of our fav soul tunes from the golden I needed love like a era when James Brown was king and there were so (A) vampire needed blood many derivatives of his sound and vibe. Bobby Byrd You put love in my veins was James's side man and MC and had almost as where there used to be much front as James. This song was one of his best nothing but mud (ooh baby)

Like a vampire

in a horror movie

something groovy

the dead (baby you)

Like drivin' a stake

from my heart

Brought me back from

You gave me a new start

Brought me back from

the dead (baby you)

from the dead (yeah)

You gave me love the kind I never had

You made me strong

You know that I'm Bad

(Ooh Ooh I was so darn hurt

as Frankenstein girl

by that girl I loved

All of that finished

when you walked your

fine self through that door

before (c'mon)

Like a vampire

in a horror movie

Girl you gave me

something groovy

Like drivin' a stake

You brought me back

from the dead (baby!)

Brought me back from

the dead (baby you)

from the dead (yeah)

You whisper to me

On the wings of the

The taste of salty lips

In a few short miles to go

West wind blowin'

Come to me darlin'

Come to me sweet

You belong with me

Come wade in the water

Where you'll start to free

While getting lost in me

Cos' Baby you come to me

Like secret lovers'

souls entwine

Find yourself

So wild and free

Baby I love you

To cover me

Oh how I love you

When darkness seeks

Ooooh I'll be stronger

I call your name

On the wind of the

west wind blowin'

Drawin on the sea

You, pull me close

Come to me darlin'

Come to me sweet

Like secret lovers'

You belong with me

souls entwine

Find yourself

Come to me darlin'

Come to me sweet

and drink the wine

We'll break bread

Babe you and I

Is where I long to be

You say

Til' you come runnin'

And it's me it is you hold

Like the moon over water

The shadows will dread

They say....

Brought me back

By pullin' the stake

from my heart

You gave me a new start

from my heart

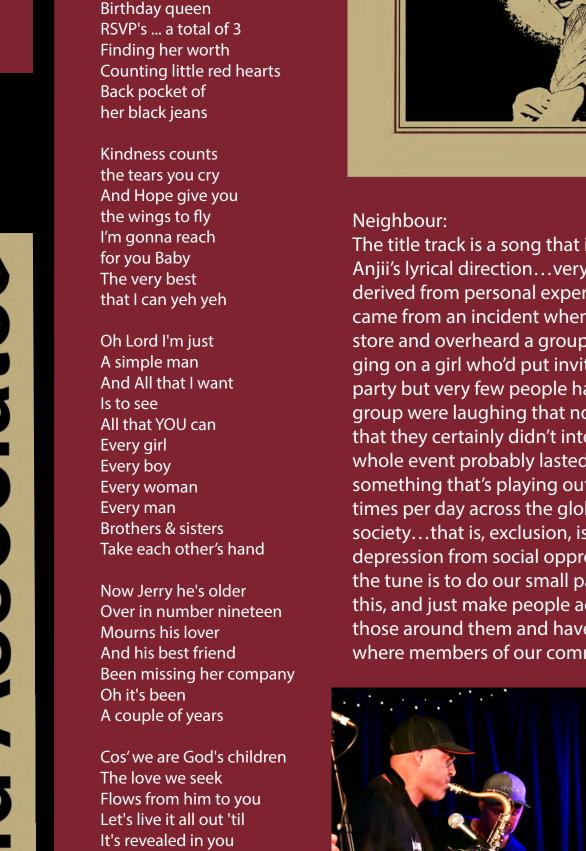
You gave me a new start

Brought me back

Girl you gave me

te solo tunes and for us sums up what rhythm and blues is. We decided to change it up a little introducing the moog, guitar solo and a re-structure to D more of a traditional blues form. We love the way Benny sings it so kicking off the album in this direction was an idea we thought could be very cool. BACK FROM THE DEAD

BACK FROM THE DEAD



Neighbour

Isla rolls over,

Eyes heavy with sleep

Staring at the phone,

As the tears they roll

Before she know

Party for a fifteen

What time it is

And I

the tears you cry

the wings to fly

I'm gonna reach

that I can yeh yeh

Oh Lord I'm just

A simple man

Is to see

Every girl

Every boy

Every man

Rhythms

Your foreboding

Pay no mind to this ship

That you keel ...back up

And I'm here to take back

What is mine, yes mine, all mine

Well known you kill the poor man

With that pressure in my head ...Well

You you can't see what I see

I got your third eye weepin'

You you can't see what I see

I got your third eye weepin'

Words of steel

I'm on time

No Lie

No Lie

And now I

Sure 'nuff

I'm stakin'

No lie

And now I

Sure 'nuff

I'm stakin'

I'd be winning

Doo doo doo Doo Doo doo doo Doo x2

Diamonds are dust

In ground you give up

Your looking at the better man

I'd be winning

Doo doo doo Doo

Doo doo doo Doo x2

Diamonds are dust

Your rhythm is lost

Cos' the beat of my drum

In ground you give up

Your looking at the better man

You're looking at the better man

Love & lead me where ever I go

You, you can't see what I see

It got your third eye weepin'

Ilt's strange you see That you pressin' me

Brought the rest to me

We got something that's real & oh

Walk me on through the eye of the storm

Plunderin' gold

The sky's the limit

I'm the treasure

And everybody knows

The dirt that you tread

You cut a diamond

lt's strange you see

That you pressin' me

Brought the rest to me

Rhythms:

Anjii calls this her 'warfare' song as it

speaks to your situation and declares

are from a negative perspective. It's

saying don't look at the imposing

'giants' that might be living in your

world and controlling your life, but

understand you have the authority

and power to tell them to leave and

take control back. Musically it's ironic

because Steve literally wrote the track

day, throwing his phone on the ground

one afternoon after having a terrible

and leaving it. The story is he walked

into the house, sat down at the guitar

and the riff and groove pretty much

wrote itself. What we like best about

this song is it was very rock influenced

and we were really struggling to get it

to sit with the vibe of our other tunes

to the point we didn't think it would

into the studio with Jim Scott in LA

effort.... perhaps the lack of effort

sums up the simplicity of the lyrical

subject.

make it on the album. But once we got

along with our 2 keys players Paul and

Louie it almost fell out with next to no

Red Dress:

things are not going to remain as they

Every woman

Brothers & sisters

Take each other's hand

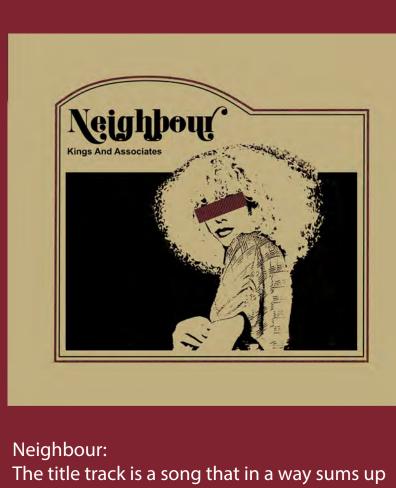
And All that I want

All that YOU can

for you Baby

The very best

And Hope give you



leighbouf

Anjii's lyrical direction...very much social but derived from personal experience. The inspiration came from an incident when she was in a clothes store and overheard a group of school kids ragging on a girl who'd put invitations out to her party but very few people had responded....the group were laughing that no-one was going, and that they certainly didn't intend to either. The whole event probably lasted 30 seconds but it's something that's playing out possibly millions of times per day across the globe on all levels of society...that is, exclusion, isolation, bullying, and depression from social oppression. Our hope from the tune is to do our small part to shed light on this, and just make people act a little nicer to those around them and have open eyes to see where members of our community are hurting.





soul-Motown track....with some K&A

complexity. Lyrically it's a simple tune

about addiction, and for Anjii her

Now that it feel mental imagery was literally donuts Like the thrill believe it or not. It talks about the metal Is long dead and physical 'push and pull' that drives a & gonefor ya person's relationship with their own addiction. What we like about it is given Why oh why the general lyrical expression and Do you insist theme you can insert anything into the To live like this role of the addictive element....for Anjii No no it was simply donuts, which isn't meant to be condescending at all, but for Let's take a ride many it will be far more sinister. On the flip-side honey Best you keep It on the lowsee

Write the cheque Oh what a fine felllow Where'd you fall I never really saw it coming Breathe in Not this time Cos' I....don't want A love like this no more I'm Runnin' out of Time and zeal For real

Where you go?

You get by

Cos' lately

Left to cry

Cos' Baby

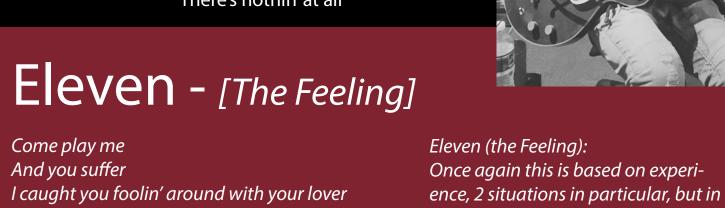
I got no tears

Seems lovin' you

Bag the dress

Was but a waste of time I'm goin' make you wish you never lit this fire So loosen up your grip And watch it all transpire Cos' darlin' your truth Was a lie

Time you should know That I've got to go now Cos' here in your Cool, cruel, love There's nothin' at all



My My My

In the cool of the evening Is where you your hedge your bets With another Oh with another Set fire on me

The 'Eleven' speaking 'til I believe I know that this is getting old It's so bold I get the feelin' A-ha It's time that I let you go (Eleven)

yeh

It roll me in a slumber As you were making your way *For the pliunder (yeh)* ah ah ah ah (ah-ah)

Oh it was three in morning And you were taking your chance With my Honda Oo oh oh **Under Cover**

You set fire on me The 'Eleven' speaking 'til I believe I know that this is getting old It's so bold

I get the feelin' A-ha

It's time that I let you go (Eleven)



general it talks about the often-under-utilized reliance on 'gut feeling'.

The first situation was from Anjii's

was cheating on her...she says she

experience with knowing her boyfriend

literally had the feeling of a knife in her stomach and the awareness of what

had happened one time while washing

the dishes. The second situation has a bit of a comical edge when Anjii was

woken from a deep sleep with a feeling

someone was breaking into her Honda

parked in front of her house....upon

looking out the window she saw the

flash lights, let out some loud exple-

tives to which the poor petty thieves

to ask Anjii that.

ran for their lives!! Why Eleven?....need





Every inch of you trad blues vibe with some nice changes. within the spaces of me Lyrically it's about the relationship of living in the area and the love of the loca-Like the moon on the water tion...specifically the pull to return and Drawing on the sea abide. Anjii took the perspective of the Youpull me close *alluring lover continually drawing their* Til' we're sinkin in the deep loved back to be with them. Once again it uses experience to dictate emotion that

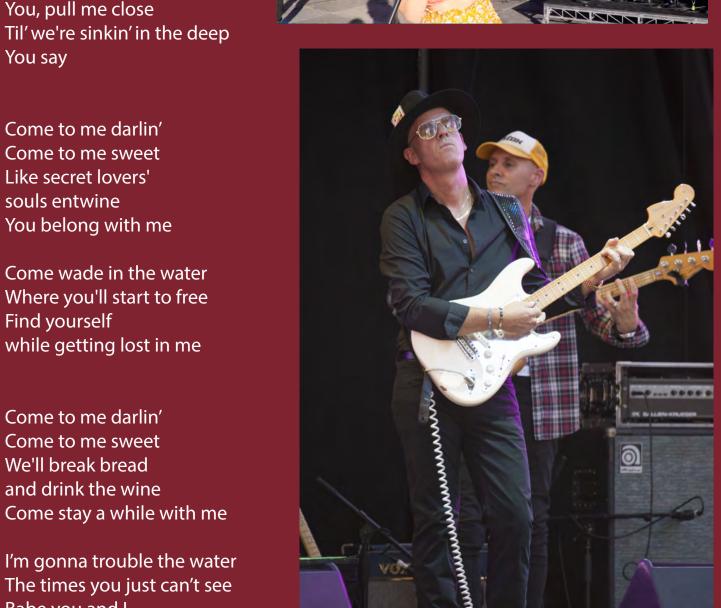


can be transplanted into any parallel situa-









This tune falls back into the blues vein and is a

extreme.... possibly better than can be repre-

Anjii's childhood situation from both environ-

mental and emotional perspectives. She grew

up in community housing in what's consider a

tough area of our city with lots of British immi-

grants, though she was about the only kid of

Italian origin.... a story in itself. Aside from the

clear lack from a financial perspective and the

mind sets that come with living in these com-

munities. Arguably it's not so much the lack of

money or access to resource and opportunity

that creates generational poverty but the belief

restraining are the protection methods used by

parents as a way to prevent children from 'get-

ting their hopes up' and ultimately failing is the

that there is no hope for either you or anyone

to free themselves from poverty and so the

cycle continues. But perhaps even more

concept of dreaming small.

the main driver of the song is the reality of

negatives and positives that can result from this

sented on tape. The lyrical content is simply

song we really love to play live as it has an

amazing dynamic that we take to the

Red Dress - 2020

She breaks to sound of the busy street Rain rolling down steamy windows She sits & stares where silence greets her Drowning in the depths of her sorrow

She's dancing with the dead As they have their way with her broken pieces Night after night to every man a slave Who are slaves themselves to demons Look into her eyes

The little girl who was dreamin' of Rainbows & flowers in her hair Rainbows & flowers in her hair She says

But she's not there

Now I lay me down to sleep This terror now my soul to keep I'm but a hopeless child weak & alone No voice to speak the hell I know

In darkness deep I am the game That the Leering eyes of monsters prey

Oh what have we become To senseless evil Blind... coldso numb Look into my eyes but & I'm not there

That little girl who was dreamin' of Rainbows & flowers in her hair Rainbows & flowers in her hair

Of her tyrant oppressor Little red dress Don't stop believin'

The little red dress

Prise open the hand

Mercy deliver

Brothers & sisters Love won't close her eyes & do nothin'

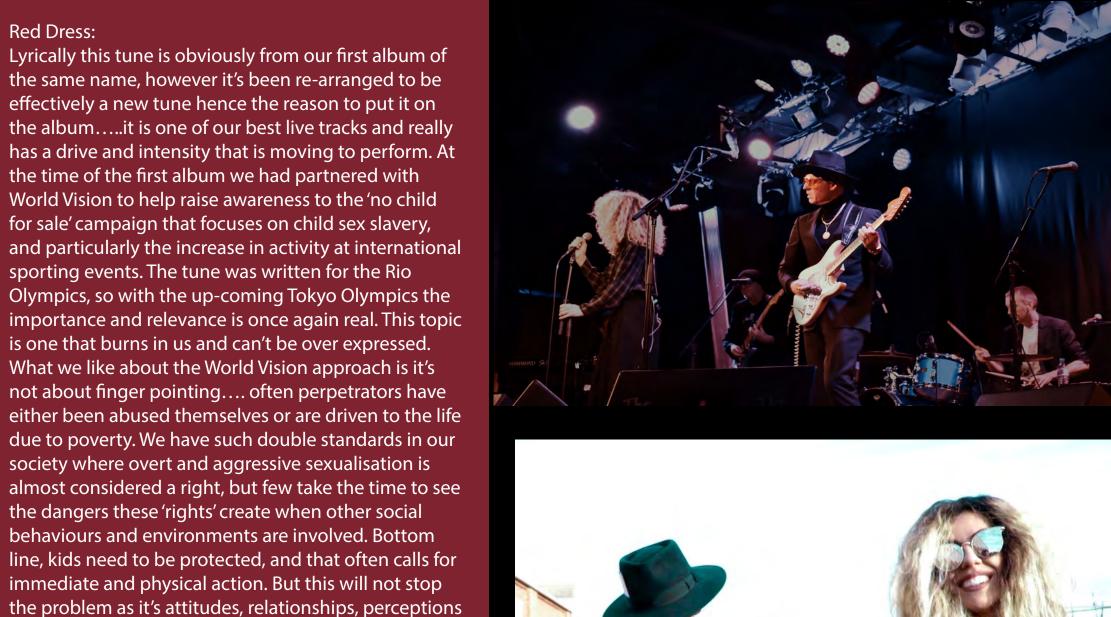
That mankind will be kind in deed

Good people of the world hear me when I say Indifference be the glove (in) which evil sleeps it's hand Incubates the seed that executes the plan If a spark can start a fire

Justice be the flame If it just take one I wanna be that man Indifference be the glove in which evil slips

and cultural change that need to be addressed in

order to see this issue reformed.









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From the late sun at 4'oclock The smell of Mamma cookin' fritters Greet every child Ridin' past the block

Welfare housin' line the streets But people keep A sense of pride & dignity

A fist flys Johnny's way For all the rules he's breakin' And the best thing you ever had is

That 'make-believe' pie Annie baked ya Daddy work 6km from here Car parts on the assembly line

Workin' hard for little Thinks to himself Just to pass the time

Maybe.....

Aim lowso I'm told As not to dash one's hopes

Ain't no prize for those who fail but try

And You'll never fall short Hannah's thoughts are golden Like the hairof the friends she keeps Yet hers as dark as ravens Skin a deeper shade

And In her mind she's holdin' To someday knowin' that Dreamin was believin' At 15 Drimpton Street Her Daddy work 6km from here 'Ssemblin' cars on that factory I

Workin' hard but makin' little For the tireless days and hours And he'll be home for dinner Ooooh in just a little while Ah with a smile sayin'

Ain't no prize for those who fail but try Aim low ... so I'm told As not to dash one's hopes And you'll never fall short







