

DAVE CARUSO

Elizabeth
Parker

round tunnel vision
traveled marker
stuck he nautical
talked here
somewhere
Sunday weekend
beats local sky
leave home knew
childhood
path vanished
far moving sun
asking
hard shoreline
empty town moved
down river
ambition
underground
darker couldn't
unraveled swim going
holiday pier
rain don't streets island end
less past
Once small missing started
river never compelling
watching begging
friends superstition
reward

REVISITED

2004 Album Reviews for Elizabeth Parker

"Caruso demonstrates pop craft of a high order here. The title track is the standout, a jangly treat that would have fit it perfectly on The Red Button's 2007 album of the year. I'm going to have to make a judgment call on whether this one qualifies for the 2009 EP list, because on merit alone it's a gimme." Steve Ferra / Absolute Powerpop

"...Sunny, chiming guitar melodies that are instantly catchy and accessible. The songcraft is top notch, a perfect example is the Elvis Costello sounding title track "Elizabeth Parker". The next gem is "I Can't Be On Time," a finely tuned slice of 80's styled power pop. The bossa nova ballad "If I Died Today" and strong guitar riffs of "Letter To My Ex" round out the album. An excellent addition to your music collection."
Aaron Kupferberg / Powerpopaholic

"Before releasing Cardboard Vegas Roundabout, Dave recorded ['Elizabeth Parker,'] an EP that is just as captivating. We're playing four songs in rotation: the title track, 'I Can't Be On Time,' 'If I Died Today,' and 'Letter to My Ex.' A double dose of Dave Caruso will do you good!"
Alan Haber / Pure Pop Radio

"Elvis Costello Alert! Here's a guy that knows his way around a pop song! He delivers five Brill Building-esque pop nuggets."
Ray Gianchetti / Kool Kat Musik

"...an island of vivid colors amidst the sea of black & monotonous pop music today." Paolo Milea / Powerpop Station

Elizabeth Parker

Words & music © 2017 by Dave Caruso

A Sunday rain beats down upon a Sunday town
The streets are empty -- everybody's underground
And there's Elizabeth -- she's asking you to stay
They don't know what they're missing
They sit at home watching tunnelvision
They say, "Hide away when the sky grows darker,
Don't go 'round with Elizabeth Parker"

The weekend vanished like a summer holiday
So many childhood friends have long since moved away
But still Elizabeth is begging you to stay
The local superstition
Is stuck between reward and ambition
It says, "Don't swim out past the nautical marker
Don't go 'round with Elizabeth Parker"

We knew we'd end up somewhere
And we talked of moving out and going far
We started at the shoreline
And made it all the way to the back of her car
I couldn't bear to stay here
Cause I know she'd never leave -- it's just too hard

The island sun beats down on a small downriver town
From the pier to the river road she knew I'd come around
Again Elizabeth's compelling me to stay
I took the path less traveled
Turned my heel as the road unraveled
Though it's getting dark and it might get darker
Once more 'round with Elizabeth Parker

Credits

Remy Lambert: Electric Guitars, Backing Vocal

Jake Tobias: Bass

Chris Wietzke: Drums

Dave Caruso: Vocals, piano, organ, acoustic guitar, synths, percussion

Letter To My Ex

Words & music © 2017 by Dave Caruso

I've never been a good loser, but you expect me to take it well
And you won't feel a thing now, but for me it's gonna hurt like hell
Kiss me once, kick me twice, I could use some good advice

Letter to my ex, signed with regrets
Over and over, it makes no sense
Wasted words about what went past tense
Letter to my ex, memory forgets
Rushing to the scene of our own wrecks
(And what happens then?)
No finish fits me til it hits me

I try to figure the reasons, but the answer is a mystery
And I can't feel for you, now, what I know you'll never feel for me
You already told me why, still I stand here stupefied

Letter to my ex, signed "With Regrets,"
Over and over it makes no sense
Wasted words about what went past tense
Letter to my ex, memory forgets
Starved in the winter of our disconnect
(And what happens then?)
No finish fits me til it hits me

This is the end
I could begin again, but I don't know where to start
--Beginning with my heart

[SOLO]

Letter to my ex, signed with regrets
Over and over, it makes no sense
Wasted words about what went past tense
Letter to my ex, memory forgets
Parallel lives don't intersect
Here comes the end of "since we met"
Pain is a bitch if left unchecked
(And what happens then?)
No finish fits me til it hits me
This is the-- (And what happens then?)
No finish fits me til it hits me this is the end.

Credits

Remy Lambert: Electric Guitars

Jake Tobias: Bass

Chris Wietzke: Drums

Dave Caruso: Vocals, Organ

If I Died Today

Words & music © 2017 by Dave Caruso

All the bad that's happened to me so far
Could be held in a jar in the cupboard
But every sour apple that comes my way is so
Hard to tell from the other
If I could take tomorrow and make it mine
I can't think of a thing to make over
Cause the worst thing that could happen is losing you
And the best, I'd say, if I died today is just
Being so good for each other

[SOLO]

One life can only be good or bad
If that's how it must be then so be it
And if you wanna know how to look at life
That depends on how you wanna see it
If I'm awake when it's time to go, I will try not to make it an issue
And if I'm sleeping when my turn comes
Put your hand in mind just one more time
Then please wake me long enough just to kiss you

Credits

Remy Lambert: Electric Guitar

Dave Caruso: Vocal, Bass, Acoustic Guitar, Synth

I Can't Be On Time

Words & music © 2017 by Dave Caruso

"Hurry up, would you please?" I said, but I—I can't be on time
It's a matter of life or death, but I—I can't be on time
I've tried and I've tried but I can't do it
--Tried, tried, to put myself to it
Roll me over and call me dead, but I can't be on time

When I'm on schedule the bus is late, but I—I can't be on time
Someone's pissed cause I made them wait but I—I can't be on time
I've tried and I've tried to put myself to it
--Tried, tried but I can't do it
Numbers, dates I can't keep straight -- no, I can't be on time

If there's a heaven I hope it's waiting
Considering what you said
You said I'd be late for my own funeral
Instead of living it up I'd just be dead

I'm learning all about getting a headache
When all I wanna get is ahead
And it ain't hard to figure out
That I would never be late if I stayed in bed

One step forward and three steps back
Stressing up for a heart attack
I've tried and I've tried to put myself to it--Tried, tried but I can't do it
There's no ignoring the simple fact that I can't be on time

If there's a heaven I hope it's waiting
Considering what you said
You said I'd be late for my own funeral
Instead of living it up I'd just be dead

Credits

Remy Lambert: Electric Guitars

Jake Tobias: Bass

Chris Wietzke: Drums

Dave Caruso: Vocals, Organ

I'm Not Finished Yet

Words & music © 2017 by Dave Caruso

Man takes his stand against another man
Over who can claim a piece of clay
Two soldiers left on the field of battle but only one will walk away
As the bullet rips the air, in the moment that he hears it there
The one who won't be walking thinks of his children and his wife
He took it there in the sand, he gripped his chest with his hands
And cried out to no one, "I'm not finished yet"

He said: "I'm not finished yet, I haven't reached as high as I can get
And I was put down here for a reason
Not just to pass the change of season
So don't take me now cause I'm not finished yet
Don't take me now cause I'm not finished yet"

She got sick and tired of sweating strength away
Kissing up to a tease of romance
Had a close scrape with a razor blade
And now she's giving life another chance
Til she tried to give it away, she dragged herself through her days
Half hoping someone soon would come and take away her pain
But now she understands: she holds her fate in her own hands
And says a prayer that starts with, "I'm not finished yet..."

And she says: "I'm not finished yet
I haven't reached as high as I can get
And I was put down here for a reason
Not just to pass the change of season
So don't take me now cause I'm not finished yet
Don't take me now cause I'm not finished yet"

[SOLO]

You've got to understand: you hold your fate in your own hands
Get up—don't let life pass you by -- it ain't over yet
And just say: "I'm not finished yet
I haven't reached as high as I can get
And we're only here for the season -- just past the age of reason
So don't take me now, cause I'm not finished yet
Don't take me now cause I'm not finished yet"

Credits

Dave Caruso: Vocals, Piano, Synth

Elizabeth Parker Revisited

1. Elizabeth Parker (Remastered)
2. Letter To My Ex (Remixed & Remastered)
3. If I Died Today (Remixed & Remastered)
4. I Can't Be On Time (Remastered)
5. I'm Not Finished Yet (Remastered)
6. Letter To My Ex (Unplugged)



Music, Lyrics, Arrangements & Production
(c) 2017 by Dave Caruso

1, 4, 5: Engineered & Mixed by Remy Lambert
at Rembrandt Recording and remastered by
Kevin Holevar at Underground Productions

2, 3: Basic tracks recorded by Remy Lambert
and Engineered, Mixed & Remastered by
Kevin Holevar at Underground Productions

6: Basic tracks recorded & Mixed by Dave Caruso