

Main Road

1. *Mystery + Sweetness*
2. *Champion* *
3. *Rockabye (A Rockturnal Lullabye)* *
4. *Hanging Onto Home* *
5. *Your Fake Friends* *
6. *I've Tried To Write You*
7. *Sticks Keys + Wires*
8. *The Art of Erica*
9. *Shelter*
10. *It's a Great Day for the Angels*

Slip Road

1. *Hanging Onto Home #2*
Dave: Vocals, guitars, basses, synths, melodica
2. *I've Tried To Write You (Stripped)*
3. *The Art of Erica (Stripped)*
4. *Rockabye (Nocturnal Lullabye Mix)*
5. *Champion (Stripped)*
6. *Champion (TV Theme Edit)*
7. *Mystery + Sweetness (Stripped)*
8. *Big Dark Secret (Demo #2)*
Dave: Vocal, acoustic guitar
9. *Champion (Demo #2)*
Dave: Vocals, piano
10. *I've Tried To Write You (Demo #3)*
Dave: Vocals, synths
11. *I've Tried To Write You (Clean Edit)*
12. *Your Fake Friends (Clean Edit)*

Music, lyrics, arrangements & production ©2014 by Dave Caruso
Recording, engineering, digital wizardry, mixing & mastering by Kevin Holevar at Underground Productions
* Rhythm tracks recorded by Remy Lambert at Rembrandt Recording
Cover art by Brad Schreiber / By Design, from a concept by Dave Caruso
There are at least 25 CVR album, song, & lyric references hidden in the cover art. How many can you spot?
Booklet Photography by Studio One / Vince Palazzolo
Dave's Official Web Site: www.DaveCarusoWeb.com

Special Thanks To:

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YOU for supporting my music



Mystery + Sweetness

(Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

This is how it starts – All tangled up in reason
It shouldn't be so hard to find someone to believe in
Don't get smart // Use your heart

Turning, spinning – back to the beginning
Don't disturb the mood; (someone to believe in) It's all attitude
No more weakness, just mystery and sweetness
The less you think it through, the more it comes to you

This is how it goes – you're tripping on the meaning
It's right under your nose: can't you figure out your feelings?
Haven't you got a clue?

Turning, spinning – back to the beginning
Don't upset the mood; (figure out your feelings) show some attitude
No more weakness, just mystery and sweetness
No need to think it through, it'll come to you

Well, lately meaning's meaning less
Your house is in order, your heart's a mess
If you can't be sure, well, then take a guess
You can always settle later for Mr. Second-best

This is how it is – You're nervous and unsteady
How can you resist? / It's easy if you're ready
Don't say no / Just let go

Returning, spinning – back to the beginning (show me, show me, show me)
Don't disturb the mood; (it doesn't take a genius) It's all attitude (tell me, tell me, tell me)
No more weakness, just mystery and sweetness (show me, show me, show me)
The less you think it through, the more it comes to you (tell me, tell me, tell me)

And tell me, tell me, tell me it doesn't take a genius
Show me, show me, show me some mystery and sweetness

Mystery and Sweetness. This is how it ends.

Credits

Kevin Holevar: Electric guitar

Dave Caruso: Vocals, acoustic guitars, electric guitars, bass, cymbal rolls, shakers, synths



It's A Great Day for the Angels

(Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

All your friends have come to see you / and we huddle like birds in the frost
To give strength to one another / and to honor the one who we lost
We were lucky to have known you / but now it's time to give you away
And our only consolation / is to gather together and say

It's a great day for the angels / They can't wait to say "hello"
It's a great day for the angels / But it's hard to let you go

It was a springtime getaway just to talk with you awhile
And it was just like Christmas morning to bask in your beautiful smile
Everybody's reminiscing with photos & stories and tears
But you light up our way, a picture postcard holiday. Oh, how we wish you were here!

It's a great day for the angels / The angels are over the moon
It's a great day for the angels / But for us it's too soon

And when you make it to heaven, always remember this
You will never be forgotten and baby – you will be miss+ed

What a lovely celebration for remembering you
Such a glorious tribute to the person we knew
There'll be another reception after this requiem
We hope and we pray that maybe one day we'll get to see you again (but till then...)

It's a great day for the angels / Heaven can't even deny
It's a great day for the angels / But it's so hard to say goodbye

It's a great day for the angels / Another good one got away
It's a great day for the angels / But I'm missing you today

Credits

Dave Caruso: Vocals, piano, synths



Rockabye (A Rockturnal Lullaby)

Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

If you close your eyes and say goodnight
Good things await you when you rise
So rest your head--It's time for bed
A pillow case, a yawning face
The good guys are gonna win again and again and again
So dry your sleepy eyes while I sing to you this lullaby

(Way up high) Drifting up above the world so high
Like a twin-kle in your father's eye
(Float away) Your cares will fade and float away
Save me a kiss and when you wish upon a shooting star
Imagine how lucky you are
Don't be afraid to fly while I sing to you this lullaby
(Dry all the tears in your eyes)
So dry your sleepy eyes while I sing to you this lullaby

Oh, you think happy endings only come true
For everyone else but not you
You may be surprised by the things that happen overnight
For now, I'll say, "Goodnight,
Pleasant dreams to you and sleep tight"

Credits

Tam Johnstone: Drums
Walter Anthony: Electric rhythm guitar fills
Remy Lambert: Guitar solo
Kevin Holevar: Electric guitar fills
Rob Emanuel: Drum loop idea
Dave Caruso: Vocals, piano, acoustic guitar, bass, finger cymbals, synths

The Art of Erica

(Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

The art of Erica / I trace my steps back to the fall
I took for Erica / Her cryptic lipstick on my wall
Depicting how to lose complete control in seven easy lessons
Trust her with each breath you take and shameless indiscretions
You think it's fun / you'd better run

Away from Erica / Whose shapes and shadows twist your mind
With esoterica / Technique that tricks you every time
And when she effortlessly draws you in, escape is out of the picture
And though you know your way about, she's got you now, there's no way out

Little do you know the satisfaction that it brings her (what it brings her)
To render you with seductive little strokes and sticky fingers (sticky fingers)
Soon she'll have your heart / Yeah, she's a work of art / The art of Erica

The Art of Erica / She's gone before your ink is dry
Erica / Why don't you hang some other guy?
The Portrait Priestess makes you feel a fake and keeps you throwing poses
Her super-gal evangelistic expo never closes
She'll set the price at sacrifice

Apart from Erica / If you should break free from her trap
Erica / She'll only cut and paste you back
Don't ever ask about her other subjects - they were killed off-camera
See the Mona Lisa grinning; Don't look now, her show's beginning

Skillfully she mounts another cupid on her canvas (on her canvas)
An unsuspecting fly boy for the little praying mantis (praying mantis)
She'll tear your wings apart / You'll suffer for her art / The art of Erica

She'll conjure prints of darkness and of light in limited editions
Once she's captured your affection, you're the crown of her collection

Even you would say her execution is exquisite (she's exquisite)
You'll appreciate the dedication she exhibits (she exhibits)
She's bound to leave a mark / Yeah, she's my favorite work of art / That's Erica

Credits

Kevin Holevar: Lead guitar, guitar fills
Dave Caruso: Vocals, bass, keyboards, rhythm guitar, drums, synths

Your Fake Friends

(Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

Got a roomful of noise and a pocketful of dreams
But your world of doubt is burstin' at the seams again
Got a head full of hope in twelve different keys
Six strings of pleasure to keep me company till the end
And no fake friends

Well, you say you're a star with your new avatar
Like the whole world's listening in whenever you hit "send"
This one-whore town has gotten you down
So you comfort yourself in the arms of the cliques & trends
Of your fake friends

You're young and brash and talking trash
And you bash and ridicule
But you only want to hear the truth when it isn't harsh or cruel

Sorry to have been such a drag again
But I'm telling you straight, and I don't care who it offends
'Specially your fake friends

You tease & play and run away and you tell yourself it's cool
What are you afraid of? / What are you made of? / Who the hell are you?

The deeper you wade, the more shallow you feel
You keep telling yourself that it's real
But it's only pretend with your fake friends

You tease & play and run away and you tell yourself it's cool
What are you afraid of? / What are you made of? / Grow the hell up, Fool

I'm hoping you find your happiness in time
Maybe someday you'll wake up and see that, baby, that all depends
On you and your true friends

Credits

Jake Tobias: Bass
Chris Wietzke: Drums
Kevin Holevar: Lead guitar, claps
Dave Caruso: Vocals, electric guitar, synths, claps



I've Tried To Write You

(Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

Funny how it all comes down to this
It seems so obvious but I never dreamed you'd call it quits
I wrote it down so I could make some sense
I know things have gotten tense and I see what we've been up against

There you are, so far away from me / Tell me now: Why does this have to be?

I've tried to write you / Sometimes when I'm in bed
Ideas from my head / Come rushing out that I can't say aloud
I've tried to reach you / But you're all locked up inside
We can't face the things we hide / In love you don't get points for having tried

Sorry for the things I never said
Breakdown dead ahead, baby, can't we work it out instead?
Can we find a way for you to stay?
Can we give it one more day / Nothing's ever solved by running away

There you are, so far, so good to me / Tell me now: How can I make you see?

I've tried to write you / Sometimes when I'm in bed
The verses in my head / Come pouring out, but I can't sort 'em out
I've tried to reach you / It's tearin' me apart
Be still my breaking heart / I won't sleep tonight until I get it right

But it's not wrong to try and find / The love you left behind with me
Cause though we're not together / The future will be better

I've tried to write you / Sometimes when I'm in bed
Whatever's in my head / Comes rushing out and I just blurt it out
But trying to reach you / Between quotation marks (Quotation marks)
Is like matching socks in the dark (I'm in the dark) / I'm hangin' on despite that last remark
I've tried to write you / The things I never said (The things I never said)
The shit that's in my head (It's in my head) / I lose my pen and still I try again
I've tried to reach you / But it's all locked up inside
We can't face the things we hide / In love you don't get points for having tried
Funny how it all comes down to this

Credits

Kevin Holevar: Electric guitars, finger snaps
Dave Caruso: Vocals, piano, electric & acoustic guitars, bass, wind chimes, finger snaps, samples, synths

Sticks, Keys + Wires

(Words & Music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

Just for kicks, you made me a mix
I plug in, I give you a spin
I push play, you blow me away
You send shocks -- out of the box

Punch up the faders just a little bit higher
Don't make a spark unless you mean to start a fire
Kicked & strummed in a fit of desire
And held together with sticks, keys & wires

Like a favorite song that you can't get a line on
When something fits, you wanna ch-ch-change it
You've got it down -- you're following your own sound
So let it rock, get it up & don't stop

Throw another guitar on the fire
We're breakin' open these sticks, keys & wires
Kicked & strummed in a fit of desire
Thumped & hammered on Sticks, Keys & Wires

Give us something we can scream about
Bang it together so that people can... check it out
Knock it down, let's see what you've found
Crash and pound, start pushing the air around

Take your pick, throw me a lick
Pick a key, toss it to me
Stick it in, do it again
Make it loud, rockin' it out

Hike up your faders just a little bit higher
Little Spark, you're gonna set the world on fire
Kicked & strummed in a fit of desire
Banged & battered on sticks, keys & wires

Credits

Kevin Holevar: Electric guitar, sampling
Dave Caruso: Vocals, piano, bass, drums, acoustic instrument samples, synths

Hanging Onto Home

(Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

As the story unfolds / It seems like we're losing control
We grapple with ghosts / And madness has taken its toll

But I'm not afraid of it pushing us back to where we began
I still believe in what I can make accomplish with these two hands

Hanging onto home -- for dear life
Hanging onto home -- for another night
And we're safe in the promise we'll never be scared or alone
Hanging onto home

And even the voyeur / Can't bear to watch anymore
The impartial destroyer / Is waging some new kind of war

But I won't be sorry that things didn't turn out the way we planned
When we can do anything shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand

Hanging onto home -- for dear life
Hanging onto home -- for another night
And we hope that tomorrow we'll never be scared or alone
Hanging onto home

I'm a fish outta water tryin' to swim upstream
Spending every waking hour like it's all a bad dream
And it feels like I'm living seconds before the scream

Hanging onto home

Hanging onto home -- for dear life
Hanging onto home -- home sweet home
And we're safe in the promise we'll never be scared or alone
Hanging onto home

Credits

David Eversole: Bass
Tam Johnstone: Drums
Kevin Holevar: Bally electric rhythm guitar, "Hand in Hand" backing vocal
Dave Caruso: Vocals, piano, electric lead guitar, acoustic guitar, synths

Shelter

(Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

As darkness falls upon you and heavy on your head
Are all the situations you couldn't put to bed
You feel you've been abandoned--shot up and left for dead
Take shelter on my shoulder, there are good days ahead

When all your jars are empty and nothing's on the way
Your hope's been lost forever, and all your trust betrayed
When no one's left to turn to, just turn and walk away
Take shelter on my shoulder, now and don't be afraid

When all your suppositions don't show a shred of proof
And all that you believed in is only an excuse
For saying, "Maybe someday..." but thinking, "What's the use..."
Take shelter on my shoulder, let me carry you through

You're saying, "Maybe someday..." but thinking, "What's the use..."
Take shelter on my shoulder, let me carry you through
Take shelter on my shoulder, let me carry you through

Credits

Kevin Holevar: Guitars

Dave Caruso: Vocals, bass, drums, organ, keyboard

Champion

(Words & music ©2014 by Dave Caruso)

Hey, look at me--I'm a home-run ball that got lost in the weeds
But there's a girl I can't forget
She just hasn't found me yet
And I'm the one true thing she really needs

Tried to be true to whatever it is that I was meant to do
But how many tries will it take
How many missteps and brave mistakes
Before I find the girl who fits the shoe?

How do you keep it light while peeling back layers of bittersweet insight?
Introspection's all the rage
But in your life story I'm an empty page

Oh, could it be--I'm a lonely stretch of road you never stop to see?
Until you find yourself burned out
On some cardboard Vegas roundabout (around & about)
Another disappointment on your sleeve

I don't believe in regret; I'm a little bit older but I'm not dead yet
Looking my future in the eye
But in the game of courage I'm a few points shy

This place of mine could use a coat of paint
And we could both use a woman's touch
Fate missed again but not by much

Wait and see--But I wonder: How much longer will it be?
Am I too tough for my own good? // Am I just misunderstood?
The meaning of this dance is a mystery

But I won't give up the fight // I punch in at dawn and I clock out at midnight
A blackened eye and a bruised-up chin
I know what it feels like to be a champion

Credits

Kevin Holevar: Guitars, claps

David Eversole: Bass

Tam Johnstone: Drums

Dave Caruso: Vocals, piano, sleigh bells, accordion, tambourine, claps, synths