

Produced and arranged by Cole Marsden Greif Neill and Julia Holter
Mixed by Cole Marsden Greif Neill
Mastered by David Ives
Engineered by Peter Granet
Assistant engineering by Kenny Gilmore and Jake Viator

Brian Allen – trombone
Matt Barbier – trombone
Corey Fogel – percussion
Ramona Gonzalez – background vocals
Devin Hoff – double bass, fretless bass
Julia Holter – keyboards, vocals
Chris Speed – saxophone
Andrew Tholl – violin
Christopher Votek – cello

All songs written by Julia Holter, except for "Hello Stranger,"
written by Barbara Lewis, Cotillion Music Inc (BMI)/
Warner Chappell North America Ltd.

Photography by Rick Bahto
Drawings by Yelena Zhelezov
Design by Rob Carmichael, SEEN



HELLO STRANGER

by Barbara Lewis

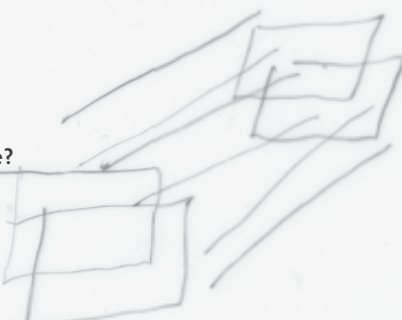
Hello, stranger.
It seems so good to see you back again,
how long has it been?
It seems like a mighty long time

I'm so glad
you stopped by to say "hello" to me.
Remember that's the way it used to be?
Oh, it seems like a mighty long time

I'm so glad you're here again

If you're not gonna stay,
please don't treat me like you did before,
because I still love you so, although,
It seems like a mighty long time.

I'm so happy that you're here again



HE'S RUNNING THROUGH MY EYES

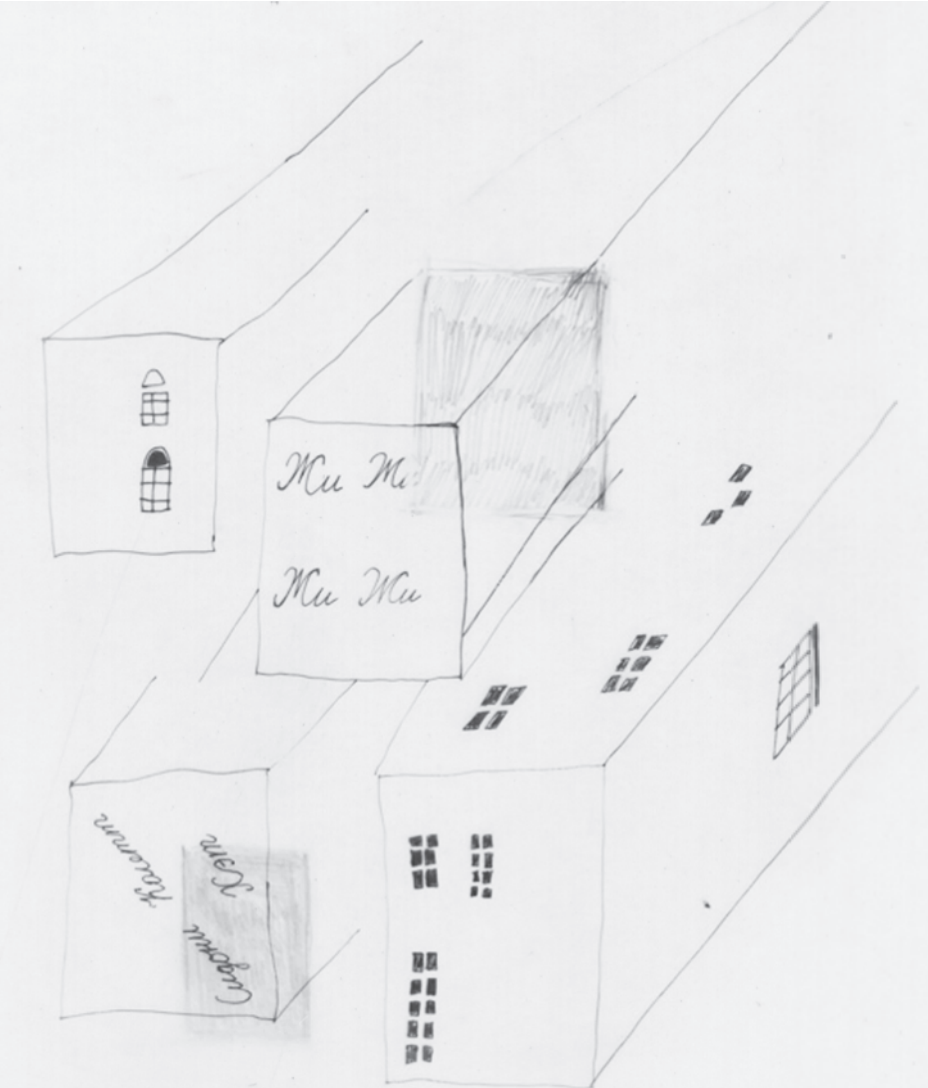
Oh, this time my stubborn mind
will take his love seriously.

But when the summer's over, will he remember winter words?
Do men's hearts grow old, Lullaby?
He's running through my eyes.



THIS IS A TRUE HEART

There's just no room for all our thoughts. Come on, let's walk another walk! Did you ever see a downtown businessman sing a joyful talk in a suit made out of song? Come, let's not insist on "love". We're just alive. Let's talk straight about it and sled through the boulevard. This is a true heart, listen hard. These are true words, speak hard. See the young--so old so fast, see the young--in love so fast, I don't understand falling leaves. A tree's a tree.



CITY APPEARING

So, in this late hour:
maybe trouble,
maybe fantasy.
It's too hot for winter.
Patience, violent heart!

Bright blue flames under my fingers.
I'm taken by surprise,
taken through the city, storm on my back.

Is it the hand of love so rough,
what we're feeling for the first time?
Does Claire love too, or Julie, do they love?
When Lis feels the way I do,
can I feel her percuss through the city?

Through the city,
all the phones are ringing
with the restaurant's complaint.
Even the regular customers have left early tonight
ran out without a hat.
Everyone has left early without a hat,
a fire without a hat

All the birds of the world make their way over
with new softer songs to sing.
The moon is true.
Maxim's on fire!

Gigi swimming.
I see my love swimming!
Moon, you know disaster from a warm bath.

All who are muffled by the squall:
doesn't love scare them?
Screamers on the balconies,
soldiers on the roofs,
trombones on the roofs,

the screamers who fell in love or died,
city appearing.

