

PEG ESPINOLA "THOUGHTS ON THE WAY THE HAIRDRESSER" CD PACKAGE

PEG ESPINOLA *Thoughts En Route to the Hairdresser* PEG ESPINOLA *Thoughts En Route to the Hairdresser*

1. Close Encounter of a Weird Kind	2:00	Thanks to WUMB's Summer Acoustic Music Week and to Bob Franke in particular for sparking my songwriting adventure; to my trusted songwriting circle, the Metrowest Boston open mic community, and my loyal fans (including my immediate and extended families, who are often first listeners) for helping to keep it going; to Writers in the Round for another fine workshop experience; to Steve Espinola for contributing his inspired piano tracks to this CD; to Mel Green for his snappy graphics; and especially to Seth Connelly, my coproducer and recording engineer, for his skill, tact, patience and kindness. Finally, thanks to Danny Tempesta, hairdresser extraordinaire, who has kept me presentable for close to forty years!
2. The Ballad of Otto, Adolph and Hannah	3:42	My first and second CD's were each supposed to be my last. With this, my third, no predictions!
3. Mirrors	2:19	Vocals & Guitar: Peg Espinola
4. Frisky Grandma Blues	3:25	Keyboard: Stephen Espinola - steveespinola.com
5. Lament for Dave	1:53	Recorded & mastered by Seth Connelly on location, and Humming Lake Studio
6. Trolling for Men	2:12	Graphic Design: Mel Green - melgreendesign.com
7. Regret and Other Follies	2:47	Cloud Photos, Concept & Cover Montage by Mel Green
8. Ode to Bob Franke	2:37	Cover photo by Margaret Tempesta
9. Song for Jay	3:39	Turkey photos by Peg Espinola
10. Backward, Backward We Are Marching	1:19	Produced by Peg Espinola & Seth Connelly
11. By Our Tote Bags You Shall Know Us	2:01	© 2012 by Peg Espinola
12. Thoughts En Route to the Hairdresser	1:57	All rights reserved by the artist.

Jon McAliff says: "Peg's ability to deliver thought-provoking songs with humor, intelligence, grace, simplicity and a lighter-than-air feeling is quite impressive. I'm musing, I'm laughing, I'm enjoying."

Billy Jonas says: "Her songs are wonderful! Heartfelt and honest and sweet and sad and funny and intriguing... GREAT melodies!"

To order Peg's CD's, please contact www.cdbaby.com/cd/pegespinola

Front and Back Covers & Spine

Peg Espinola's CD package gave me the opportunity to collaborate with her in producing a tongue-in-cheek visual approach.... By combining unusual cover photography with my own sky photography we came up with this solution. The typography chosen just added to the whimsy of the project.

The components of Peg's CD package includes this 6-panel sleeve with a die-cut pocket for the CD. Simple.

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF A WEIRD KIND 1. I made myself some breakfast, two eggs and buttered toast, then coffee from Sumatra, that's the part I love the most. I sat down by the sliding door to catch the rising sun. Oh, the pleasures of the morning, they had just begun. Yes, the pleasures of the morning they had just begun. 2. The sky was pink and cloudless, with scarcely any breeze. Some little squirrels played hide and seek among the distant trees. When suddenly like an arrow there came hurtling down the hill, a parade of giant turkeys with their calls so shrill. A parade of giant turkeys with their calls so shrill. 3. I marveled at the gobblers, iridescent black and brown, their wattled necks, their scarlet snoods, their beards all dangling down. They milled about the feeders and they scratched the ground for seed. While the chickadees and pigeons fled with all due speed, yes, the chickadees and pigeons fled with all due speed. Bridge: Then one young tom approached the door, his beady eyes met mine. He seemed to want to enter and upon my foot to dine! He pecked the glass and glared at me with incredulity, then he went upon his turkey way and let me be. Oh, he went upon his turkey way and let me be. 4. Now since I am a human I could make a thing of this, I could call it nature's blessing or a kind of cosmic kiss. But what I know for certain is a turkey met my gaze, and I'll hold on to the memory for all my days. Yes, I'll hold on to the memory for all my days!

THE BALLAD OF OTTO, ADOLPH AND HANNAH 1. Otto was a merchant, an ambitious man was he, to make his fortune he set sail across the bounding sea. He settled in Ohio, sister Hannah by his side. She'd cook and clean and care for him until he'd found a bride. 2. Now Adolph was a gambler, a new life he'd sought, but a violin and a pack of cards were all that Adolph brought. One day an ornery rented house threw Adolph to the street. In front of wealthy Otto's house, and Hannah he did meet. 3. She brought him in and nursed his wounds and soon their hearts were one, and try as Otto might, this bond could not then be undone. With Adolph well, the two moved out and she became his wife, to share the mighty gamble of a newly wedded life. 4. They had a little boy named Joe, my granddad he would be. And then great-uncle Fred was born to join the family tree. Now Adolph was a clever man but cards were all he knew, and as they moved from town to town he found the bottle, too. 5. Sometimes it was to smoky bars that Adolph's cravings led. One night he got into a fight, the other man lay dead. Though no one knew who started it, our Adolph got a year. The only place for Hannah, then, was Otto's, it was clear. 6. By now the boys were eight and ten, for Adolph they did yearn. And Hannah too looked forward to the time of his return. But Otto as a prosperous man was given custody. And Adolph had to steal them back when he at last was free. 7. From state to state the family fled, but they were bound to love. The sheriff finally captured them, and Hannah had to choose. With Adolph she could stay, but then her children never see. Or go instead with Joe and Fred to Otto's family. 8. The bonds of motherhood won out, and with her sons she went. While Adolph moved to New York town and doleful letters sent. The boys grew up and made their way 'spite memories of shame, they learned some things from Otto, yet they kept their father's name. 9. Granddad Joe ran a clothing store and played by all the rules. But poker winnings let him send his girls to fancy schools. My mom became a writer and she passed this tale along. And I as great-granddaughter now have put it into song. 10. I see no moral in this tale unless it's simply this: that blind young love like Hannah's may not lead to lasting bliss. But had she never gambled and with Adolph gone away, I'd not be here to sing this song to all of you today.

MIRRORS 1. Once on a time, there lived a girl, a lively sprite who wandered far and wide. She was her mother's wondrous pearl, until at last she deigned to be a bride. She bore two children for her mate, and set them on their way. She gave her youth to toil and care, but also found some joy in every day. 2. So many years have

To a better place, where there's naught but love. Or so I wish, on the stars above. 7. There's one more thing that I'd like to say. One thing I ask for, when I try to pray. That as I let go of your tortured past, I too shall find some peace at last. Then I shall find some peace at last.

BACKWARD, BACKWARD WE ARE MARCHING 1. Backward, backward, we are marching to a loud insistent beat. Led by people who've been purchased by a powerful elite. Slashing programs for the needy so the rich won't feel the heat. Not right! Not right! 2. From the heartland they have come, these new pretenders to the throne. Twisting facts and scarning science, they've a platform all their own. "If the government" they tell us, "we will cut it to the bone!" Not right! Not right! Bridge: And Obama, who is still our Number One, has to compromise to a much to get things done. But democracy will let us have our say. We'll elect new reps who recognize fair play! 3. Forward, forward, we'll be marching toward the goal of cleaner air. Health insurance for all people, and a tax on that is fair. We will make our leaders listen, we will shout it everywhere, that's right! That's right! Let's fight!

BY OUR TOTE BAGS YOU SHALL KNOW US 1. By our tote bags you shall know us, we who care about the earth. Sporting families of pandas showing off their ample girth, there can be no doubt who clever of us tote-bag totes' worth. For the pandas will convince you that we are about the earth. 2. By our labels you shall know us, we who care about the poor. Whether Heifer with its piglets, Habitat with roof and door. Never mind what we have sent you,

what the note inside is for. Our return address will signal that we care about the poor. 3. By our decals you shall know us, you shall know just where we stand. We're for prisoners of conscience and a parenthood that's planned. As you knock upon our door you'll know you're entering hollow land. For the decals on our windows will have told you where we stand. Bridge: But those tags, decals and labels only mean we gave one time. It could be that in more recent years we haven't spent a dime. 4. We've got to keep the money coming if we want to get it right. And our charities can't do it all, they haven't got the might. So let's fund progressive candidates, bring government to the light. When we're all in this together, then our dreams will see the light. It's gonna take much more than to be boys for our dreams to see the light.

THOUGHTS EN ROUTE TO THE HAIRDRESSER 1. Driving in my car to my monthly trimming, how many haircuts till I die? My body aches and my eyesight's dimming. How many haircuts till I die? 2. In twelve years I'll have lived as long as my mother did. How many haircuts till I die? Shall I keep this 'do or go for another lid? How many haircuts till I die? 3. My next car's gonna be my last one. How many haircuts till I die? It's gonna be red and it'd better be a fast one. How many haircuts till I die? 4. Danny's only seven years younger. How many haircuts till I die? What'll I do when he cuts no longer. How many haircuts till I die? 5. When should I move down by my daughter. How many haircuts till I die? It's warmer there and it's near the water. How many haircuts till I die? 6. I'd bake cookies and I'd spell the nanny. How many haircuts till I die? But I'd have to leave my dear old Danny. How many haircuts till I die? Bridge: Life is short, life is sweet. Songs to write, new people to meet. 7. Here I am at the beauty parlor. How many haircuts till I die? He's fastening the cape with the too-tight collar... Plenty more haircuts till I die!

Lyric Booklet Spread with outside flap folded over



On-CD Art: A slightly different arrangement of photography and available graphic elements made this 4-color treatment unusual.

