





JAN KING DIME

Produced and Arranged by Mark Governor

Mixed by Mark Governor & Glenn Nishida

Recording Engineer: Glenn Nishida

Assistant Engineers : Myles West, Terry Rangno

Recorded at Pacifica Studios, Los Angeles, CA

Additional Recording by Michael Fleming and Bob Liberatore

Mastered by John Golden at Golden Mastering

Musicians:

Jan King - Vocals, Electric and Acoustic Guitars

DJ Bonebrake - Drums, Vibes, Percussion

Vivi Rama - Bass

Phil Lee - Resonator Guitar, Drums on 5, 9, BU Vocals

Celia Chavez - Vocals

Mark Governor - Keyboards, BU Vocals

Chris Murphy - Mandolin & Fiddle

Richard Bennett - Lap Steel

Rick Allen - Ukulele

Cover Design & Photography by Andy Caulfield

Jan King photographs and package design by

Michael Sullivan

Special Thanks:

Josh Frieman, Jon Babbin, Tami Peden, and Keith Wakefield

1. Just Like A Bird

Jan King - Jelly Queen Music (ASCAP)

Just like a bird, you've got your own song to sing.
You've got to be heard to know the joy it brings.
You've got your dreams, don't keep them locked
inside,
Make them real before you die,
Or get old before your time.

Just like an angel, God has set you apart.
You carry his message there, in your heart.
Don't turn away from what you know is true,
It can be so hard to do.
But, remember, He's counting on you.

Sometimes you cry,
You can't take it anymore.
But, somehow you try,
When you're down so low,
To pick yourself back up off the floor.

You're like a seed that's buried in the earth,
Nobody sees you til the day of your birth.
But, still you keep growin',
You keep headin' for the light,
And if you don't give up your fight,
You'll find the sun
Shining so bright.

When I first moved to LA in November of '79 I had only 12 hours notice. I packed 2 bags and, without a backward glance, boarded a plane in Minneapolis as the snow was flying. It was 80 degrees and sunny when I landed. The weather was the least significant change to my world. It was a huge city full of strangers. I wrote this song in early 1980 as I was working on the Orchids' album with Kim Fowley for MCA records. I believe he told me at the time that it was too sincere for the Orchids. Didn't matter. It really came to me as encouragement for myself. (My best songs write themselves. And I view them as gifts from the universe.) I just figured it was time to share some of that encouragement on this record.

2. Dime

Jan King - Jelly Queen Music (ASCAP)

The lights are blue
And I am, too,
My days and nights spent dreaming of you
And me.
And I wonder where you can be
At this moment in time.

The moon above,
I see it shine,
Tossed like an icy silver dime,
And frozen there,
At this moment in time,
I call heads.
You call sometimes.

All those lonely nights,
Longing to call your name,
Here in my head,
Here in my bed.

Was it fate, mere chance, that brought us here,
To fall in love after so many years alone,
When youth's fancy has flown?
The wine is sweeter still,
When the glass may be your last.

The moon above,
I see it shine,
Tossed like an icy silver dime,
And frozen there,
At this moment in time.
You call heads.
I call you mine.

On the drive home, after a lovely dinner in December of 2012, my husband, Jon, looked down the street and said, "Look at those blue lights!" (The lights are blue and I am, too...). He looked up at the sky, remarking on the beauty of the moon. (The moon above, I see it shine...) His comments were instantly transformed into a song in my head. I was sorting it out when he commented on something at dinner and I immediately shushed him up, as I was in my reverie. 15 minutes later at home I grabbed a guitar. And this song came out almost exactly as it is written here. Some things are too easy. Must be another gift from the gods.

3. Mirage

Jan King & Steve Hunter
Jelly Queen Music (ASCAP)/Waterwood Music (BMI)

I'm caught in the rain,
Like a portrait in chalk that melts at your feet.
I'm washed up again,
My colors are fading into the street.
They run away.

I'm half in a dream,
Lost in the pillowy face of disguise.
It's not what it seems,
The shadows were cast when I opened my eyes.
I ran away.

I tried to break your spell.
Your patience has served you well.
If love's a mirage
That's where I'll die,
Chained to a vision that burns from inside
Of a mirage.

The children still cry,
The soldiers still burning our world to the
ground.
But as nations divide,
Two hearts join as one in the beautiful sound
Of harmony.

Don't try to break the spell.
Your patience has served you well.
If love's a mirage
That's where we'll die,
Chained to a vision that burns from inside
Of a mirage.

Another oldie, I wrote this with my then boyfriend, Steve Hunter, in '85 or '86. We'd been writing songs together for a few years and recording them into an SM58 onto our 4 track Portastudio, with no limiters and very few effects. We demo-ed this baby up in our spare time in our Hollywood apartment, which just happened to be directly below Mark Governor's apartment at the time. (I'm sure it was his introduction to the song.) I was feeling pretty good about it. Steve must have felt the same, as he sent it to his old boss, Peter Gabriel, to give it a listen. When the reply came Steve didn't mention it to me. He just left the letter out for me to read. It said something to the effect of, "Steve, your guitar playing is great. And your songs are good. But you gotta lose that girl singer." His words inspired me to pick up the guitar seriously, and to put together my own all-girl band, Puss N Boots. Taking guitar and my musical career into my own hands has made me happier than anything else in my life. Cheers, Peter!

4. As Far As You Can Go

Jan King - Jelly Queen Music (ASCAP)

The eye that cries alone,
The dog that knows no home,
The highest flying crow,
That's as far as you can go.

The strongest waves at sea,
The oldest living tree,
The truth that no one ever really knows,
That's as far as you can go.

The deepest well on earth,
The secrets in the darkest dirt,
Where the hottest lava flows,
That's as far as you can go.

Tami Peden, my best friend, drummer and partner in crime for the past 27 years, was going through a personal struggle back in 1994. After long conversations into the night about the struggles of being a female musician in a man's world, I could see she was still not feeling good about herself. So I wrote this song for her, advising her to seek for answers inside of herself. She still never listens to me. But she seems to be OK with the drummer thing.

5. Things I'd Like To Say

Ronald Rice & Leslie Kummel
Alley Music Co/ Trio Music Co/ EMI UNART Catalog (BMI)

Baby
Is he looking after you?
Is he showing you the same love, the warm love,
just like we knew?

Baby baby
It's you I'm thinking of.
In the morning when I wake up
In the evening, it's you that I dream of.

Sometimes love hurts and sometimes love's unkind
and sometimes you might feel blue.
But remember now darling if his words are real
this will never, never happen to you.

Baby baby
There's things I'd like to say.
I was hoping that with our love
we would get married some day.

Baby baby
It's you I'm thinking of.
In the morning when I wake up
In the evening, it's you that I dream of.

Sometimes love hurts and sometimes love's unkind
and sometimes you might feel blue.
But remember now darlin' if you give your heart to me
this will never, never happen to you.

Baby baby
There's things I'd like to say.
I was hoping that with our love
we would get married some day.

Mmmm. One of my favorite songs on the radio when I was a kid. I used to sing it to the children in my life when they were babies to soothe them. It's always had a tranquilizing effect on me, as well. But I got the lyrics in the bridge wrong when I was picking them off my transistor radio back in the '60's. So on my recording I decided to sing them the way I heard them back then, when the bridge comes around the second time. I was thrilled to learn that New Colony Six is a local Chicago band and they still perform this number.

6. It's Raining Again Today

Jan King - Jelly Queen Music (ASCAP)

I won't have to cry,
The clouds will weep for me.
Cast my blues to the sky,
The rain has set me free.
But, all my friends keep askin' me,
Say How ya doin' n' how is he?
I'll let the weather speak for me cuz
I got nothin' to say, But

It's rainin' again today.
It's rainin' again today.

I will sleep tonight
Listenin' to the rain on my pane.
When I turn off my lights
No memory gonna drive me insane.
But still, friends don't believe my line when I tell them that I'm just fine.
It ain't depression, it ain't the wine,
I just got nothin' to say,. But,

It's rainin' again today.
It's rainin' again today.

Let those four winds blow,
Let 'em weep, let 'em moan.
I got nowhere to go, nothin' to do,
And I'm here all alone.
But if you look into my eyes
No emotion I'll display.
The rain can't wash away your lies, and
I got nothin' to say, but

It's rainin' again today.
It's rainin' again today.

I used to perform this about 10 years ago in my band, Girl In the Cake. We did it a little differently. But it's always been one of my favorites because of the background vocals, performed perfectly, here, by the talented songbird, Celia Chavez. I was in a pretty rough place back then. I like to think that this song helped me get through.

7. Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight

F. Klickmann & H. Frost - Morley Music Co (ASCAP)

Mem'ry takes me back in dreams
Where Hawaiian moonlight gleams
Vine flow'rs are swinging, someone is singing
'Round my hear fond mem'ries are clinging

For there I stole a heart away
By the moonlit bay
Dreaming of Hawaiian moonlight
Seems I hear her say:

'Come back to me, come back to me
I love but thee, I love but thee
Here by the sea at Waikiki
Come back to me, come back to me'

Sweet Hawaiian moonlight fair
Guard my dear one sleeping there,
Memories lend her love dreams so tender
Whisper soft the message I send her

Ah! Kiss her, dreaming 'mid the flow'rs
Shining from above
Bring her back those golden hours
Wondrous moon of love

Sweet Hawaiian moonlight
Tell her of my love

A very special and a very OLD song, included here for my mother. Family legend has it that my father sang it to my mother the night he proposed to her. I grew up listening to him sing it in his rich bass voice and play it on the piano. I tried to channel his gentle handling of the beautiful melody and romantic lyrics of this gem. My mom loves it. So I guess I did OK. Thanks, Dad. XO

8. Broken Dancer

Jan King & Phil Lee - Jelly Queen Music (ASCAP)

A quirky little instrumental from my Girl In The Cake days, made even quirkiest by the addition of an odd little chord Mr. Phil Lee played on his resonator guitar. Until I heard that addition, I couldn't decide on a title for this song. But now it reminds me of a child's wind-up music box, with a little broken ballerina on top, rotating with an occasional little jerk. Sad and sweet, she was loved too hard.

9. You Look Like Rain

Mark Sandman
Head With Wings Music (BMI)/ BMG Platinum Songs (BMI)

Your mind and your experience call to me
You have lived and your intelligence is sexy
I want to know what you got to say
I want to know what you got to say
I want to know what you got to say

I can tell you taste like the sky
'Cause you look like rain
You look like rain
You look like rain
You look like rain
You look like rain

You think like a whip on a horse's back
Stretched out to the limit you make it crack
Send that horse 'round and 'round the track
I want to know what you got to say
I want to know what you got to say
I want to know what you got to say

I can tell you taste like the sky
'Cause you look like rain
You look like rain
You look like rain
You look like rain
You look like rain

Producer Mark Governor brought in this moody Morphine song. It was unfamiliar to me. But I feel so lucky to sing and play it on this record. DJ's vibey vibes, Vivi's groovy bass, and Phil's trashy-cool drums, along with Mark's killer arrangement, made this one come together instantly for me.

10. The Mind (Is Dreaming of Us All)

Jan King & Mark Governor
Jelly Queen Music (ASCAP)/ Citysound Music (ASCAP)

The Mind is dreaming of us all.
The Mind is dreaming of us all.

You're beautiful,
You're a tangle in the sheets,
Falling, falling from a troubled sleep,
The night is incomplete.

The Mind is dreaming of us all.
The Mind is dreaming of us all.

A kiss on the wind,
A whisper inviting you to
Dance with the storm
On the edge of a sword.

The Mind is dreaming of us all.
The Mind is dreaming of us all.

I started writing this one over 15 years ago. Mark helped me finish it for this record, aided by a perfect spring afternoon and a glass of ruby wine. I'm all about dreams, as so many songs and inspirations have come to me in mine.

The idea behind this record came to me in a dream. The goal was to create something that would soothe and comfort you, and perhaps bring you to a state of lucid dreaming, where your mind sorts out so many complicated problems. My original vision of it was much smaller than the finished product, thanks to Mark Governor's inspired production and the brilliant performances of the gifted musicians. There may be a few too many references to rain, and the usual surfeit of romance. But I think the finished product accomplishes what we set out to do.

11. Shadows Fall To Day

Jan King - Jelly Queen Music (ASCAP)

Listen to the rain
Wash all your blues away.
Yes, and listen to the thunder,
You don't have to be afraid.

Because when all is said and all is done,
And the clouds have blown away,
You'll be standing in the brilliant sun,
Shadows fall to day.
Shadows fall to day.

The wind whispers low
Secrets you should know.
And it fills your soul with hunger,
And chills you as it blows.

But when all is said and all is done,
And the clouds have blown away,
You'll be standing in the brilliant sun,
Shadows fall to day.
Shadows fall to day.

It was a last minute decision to throw this on the record. I wrote it for a friend of mine fighting AIDS in Los Angeles in the early '90's. I lost a lot of friends and family to that wicked disease back in its dark, early days. Some storms you just have to ride out. I always sang this as a lullaby to the kids when they were little. And it has remained one of their favorites even into their teens. I sang it here just the way I always sang it to them.

*Sweet dreams.
Peace and love,
Jan King*



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