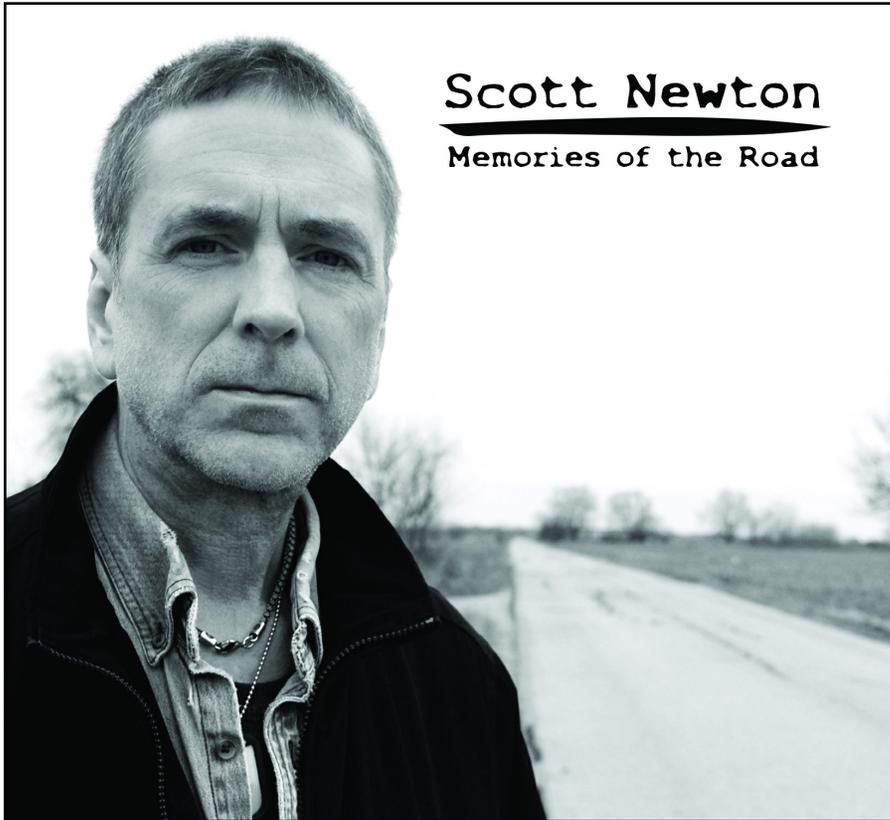


THE LINER NOTES

MEMORIES OF THE ROAD (2018)



Scott Newton
Memories of the Road

Fifty-seven is a significant milestone for me. It was forty years ago that I produced my first recorded song using multi-track equipment. The rig I used was very primitive by today's standards. It was the combination of two cassette recorders that had sound-on-sound capability. The way this worked was that you first recorded with microphones into the first deck. Then you fed this signal in by line-in to a second deck and recorded with the microphones at the same time. My first song using this technique was a song entitled *Tomorrow*. This song was from my early attempt at writing a rock opera, obviously inspired by the Who's *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia*. This work entitled *Eddie O'Neale* was actually somewhat ambitious for a kid of sixteen. It detailed the

story of a high school kid who was at the top of his social strata and was the envy of all his peers. Then he had to move away, and in doing so found himself in a new social setting where he was no longer at the top of the social pecking order. From here, he started to embrace a counter-culture for finding the answers to his new questions. In doing this, he found love, then drugs, which seemed at first to expand his view of the world, and caused him to realize that the popularity contest of the world was merely a façade. In the end, as he found himself alone and purged, he was ready for the next step of being an adult.

LINER NOTES - MEMORIES OF THE ROAD - 1

So, this was written from the perspective of my sixteen year old self - not terribly clever I'm afraid, but it was what it was. But now, forty years later, I thought it would be a full-circle type of thing to re-record this first song. I changed the lyrics so that it would be the character Eddie O'Neale's take on the song and its concept all these years later.

That leads to the genesis of the entire new album, *Memories of the Road*. I thought it was fitting to do this project at my forty year milestone - a sort of retrospective homage to people and events on my journey - a journey that now seems to have passed so quickly.

My original plan for this album was to release a CD that contained all the new material from the project, as well as a data disk that contained all recordings in my catalog. This material goes way back to my high school years, and includes all kinds of demos. In all, this is nearly fifteen hours of music. That plan has changed now. I remember when we released the *Project 7X Taglines* album, we actually didn't distribute that many physical CDs - the majority of the distribution was digital. So for this reason, I have decided to only include this material - both *Memories of the Road* and all my previous work on my website at ScottNewton.net.

As for *Memories of the Road*, what I'd like to do here is to address each song sequentially, first with the story behind each song, any significant production notes, and then provide the lyrics.

And away we go...

PREFACE - 2017

I'm now fifty-seven years old. How did that happen?

The passing of time is an interesting thing. When we're young it passes so slowly. But the older we get, the more quickly it seems to go by. And as we approach our last good years, it's common to pause every once in a while when you're looking at something with a date in the past attached to it and realize just how much time - even decades - have slipped by almost unnoticeably.

1) MARY ELLEN

I first met Mary Ellen Cooper during the days of high school. She was a friend of Mark Baier's sister. I didn't really know her that well but she ran with our pack of friends. When we all disbanded for college, I too left for Michigan. But in the summer of 1981, I was at my friend Mark's house. I remember sitting in the front hallway playing guitar - sitting on the floor. And I looked up and there at the front door was Mary - now almost two years since I had last seen her. Soon after we met this second time, we started down the path of dating.

I could spend pages recounting our relationship in those early years. We eventually parted in 1987, but it wasn't long before we reached out to each other again as friends. In the years that followed, I would see her for dinner and drinks almost weekly and talk about our lives. I would have to say that for many years, she was the person I was closest to.

However, in the late 2000s I was seeing her less and less, although we spoke on the phone often. Then her parents both died in the same month, and she was their primary caregiver. She never really recovered from this loss and descended into a path of self destructive behavior.

Around this time, she married and moved to St. Louis. Before she left, we went to lunch. At the end of our time together, I hugged her and said, "Please promise me that you'll do what you need to do to get better." She said she would and I was



Mary Ellen Cooper

hopeful that she could turn her life around. This was the last time I saw her.

Through friends I had heard of her ongoing battles.

Around the holidays during 2016, I called. She talked of health problems relating from a fall and head injury. But she sounded good and optimistic. In April of 2017, I heard that she had fallen down a flight of stairs. Upon being found, they took her to the hospital and pronounced her brain dead. A day later, they removed her from life support, and she was gone forever.

I soon learned that there would not be a funeral and there wasn't even going to be a memorial service. This saddened me greatly. But then perhaps, she had used up all of the good will from those around her.

As I tried to get my head around this, I went into the isolation of my studio to release the music that comes from this type of experience. I quickly found that there were simply no words.

One evening shortly after, I was home alone and sat down at the piano and a song came to me, almost from out of nowhere. I went on to produce this song and entitled it *Mary Ellen* - a tribute to my very dear friend - a smart, funny, and loyal woman who been ravaged by life.

In the absence of any memorial services recognizing her time in this world, this song was my effort at creating something beautiful that would serve as a memorial to her life. There is a video of this track with photos on the video page of my website.

Mary Ellen - Instrumental (Newton)

Written and Recorded: 5/21/2017 to 6/4/2017

2) PART OF THE PLAN

While I started really listening to the music of Dan Fogelberg during my first year of college in Michigan in 1980, the first song that I heard by him was *Part of the Plan* which made its way to the airwaves during the 1970s. I was aware of him through this song, but he wasn't on my radar for some time to come.

When we were in the Eddie O'Neale band in Michigan, we hung out among humble surroundings in a house we called The Squalor. This house was

Scott Newton

Memories of the Road



- 01) Mary Ellen
- 02) Part of the Plan
- 03) Memories of the Road
- 04) The Reach
- 05) The Green Hills Roll By
- 06) Getting Here to You
- 07) No Expectations
- 08) Sweet Magnolia (and the Traveling Salesman)
- 09) I Still Believe in Love
- 10) When the Cold Wind Blows
- 11) Tomorrow
- 12) A Better Place

Produced by Scott Newton
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All songs written by Scott Newton (BMI) except, *Part of the Plan*, *The Reach*, *Sweet Magnolia*
(and *the Traveling Salesman*) - Dan Fogelberg; *No Expectations* - Mick Jagger/Keith Richards;
A Better Place - Glen Campbell/Julian Raymond. All songs used by permission.

Scott Newton - Vocals, Acoustic and Electric Guitars, Keyboards, Bass, Drums, Accordion
Angela DeMarco - Vocals on *Getting Here to You*
Geoff Dolce - Violin on *The Green Hills Roll By*
Nate Lepine - Clarinet on *Sweet Magnolia* (and *the Traveling Salesman*)
Jimmy and Diana Lyon - Vocals on *The Green Hills Roll By*
Melissa Newton - Vocals on *Part of the Plan*, *The Reach*, and *The Green Hills Roll By*
Mastering by *The Sound Lab at Disc Makers*
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Art and Design by *Scott Newton*
Photography by *Melissa Newton*

Thanks to Christine, Project7X, my Family and Friends, Cindy Bravos for
your Neumann U 87 Ai, and Shannon Curtis for the inspirational jump start

Dedicated to those who were taken too early - MEC, JMB, DGF, BK, CSN, GTC, TEP

rented by one of our band mates, Stan Erhart. We had high hopes that our band would go somewhere. At that time, I did a lot of doodling, a remnant of the influence of my high school friend and artist Steve Wellman. One of these doodlings was a poster-sized sheet of paper that had the following line from *Part of the Plan*.

Await your arrival with simple survival

This seemed to fit the impoverished scene that we were in, while hoping on the future. I don't know what happened to that poster. At some point it was cast aside being unaware that someday it would be remembered as valuable to me.

While I always liked this song, I never knew how to play it correctly - the way Fogelberg had done. One day, I decided that this message still spoke to

me and thought that it would be a good song to cover during the acoustic section of a Project 7X show. Of course, now you can go to YouTube and find someone who has figured out just about any tricky guitar part. What I found was this. This song was done in an alternative tuning. Learning that both E strings were tuned down to D, and some tricky chords, I arrived at the proper way to play the song. Also, since the song was a bit high for me to sing, I tuned the guitar down a full step for this recording. I also changed a line in the last verse to more closely align with my outlook. "There is an Eden, a heavenly gate that we're going to make it to one day."

Again, I find it interesting that this message of perseverance still applies to my life. Maybe one day we'll all understand!

**Part of the Plan
(Fogelberg)
Recorded: 9/20/17 to 10/21/17**

**I have these moments
So steady and strong
I'm feeling so holy and humble
The next thing I know
I'm all worried and weak
I feel myself starting to crumble**

**The meanings get lost
And the teachings get tossed
And you don't know what you're going
to do next
You wait for the sun
But it never quite comes
Some kind of message comes through to you
Some kind of message comes through
And it says to you ...**

**Love when you can
Cry when you have to
Be who you must
That's a part of the plan
Await your arrival
With simple survival
And one day we'll all understand**

**I had a woman
Who gave me her soul
But I wasn't ready to take it
Her heart was so fragile
And heavy to hold
And I was afraid I might break it**

**Your conscience awakes
And you see your mistakes
And you wish someone would buy
your confession
The days miss their mark
And the night gets so dark
Some kind of message comes
through to you
Some kind of message shoots through
And it says to you ...**

**Love when you can
Cry when you have to
Be who you must
That's a part of the plan
Await your arrival
With simple survival
And one day we'll all understand**

There is an Eden
A Heavenly gate
That we're gonna make it to one day
But all of the answers you seek can be found
In the dreams that you dream
all along the way

3) MEMORIES OF THE ROAD

The story behind this song is rather epic.

During my junior year of high school, my girlfriend was Julie. She lived in my neighborhood and she was a sophomore at the Catholic high school in the next town over. I can't really remember how we met, but it was sometime during the summer of 1976. She was a pretty blonde girl and I was crazy about her.

We were together for just a short time, through my junior and senior year, but when I graduated and she was to be a senior, she moved with her family to St. Paul. I remember how much I wished she could stay, but there was absolutely nothing either of us could do.

Over the next couple of years, I went up to see her, she came back to attend a wedding, and we exchanged many letters. But as time went on, the letters grew more infrequent until one day they stopped altogether. Distance and time have a way of bringing about the end of even the strongest of ties at that age. This was probably around 1983.

One night, in 1994, I awoke from a dream about Julie, in which she seemed as real as I could imagine. From this, I felt the overwhelming need to call her and see how she was doing. I quickly learned that she and her family were no longer living in St. Paul. Her father had died, and not being tied there to his job, they had obviously relocated to depart the nasty winter cold of Minnesota.

I eventually found her mother's phone number, and her mother gave me Julie's number where she was now living; in Aspen, Colorado.

I called Julie and it was great to talk to her. We probably talked for two hours about everything that had happened over the past ten years. She asked that I come out to see her and I said that I would at

the time. But later, I began to realize that during our call, I had heard something in her voice that told me those days we had were a long time ago and she had moved on. I thought it best to move on as well, but I was thankful for the opportunity to have closure on this chapter of my life and know that she was okay.

But time continued. I was busy starting a new business and Julie began to slip into the past again. However, from time to time, I would search the Internet to see if she would pop up somewhere. All I could ever find was a couple of addresses where she had lived in Aspen, but I was left assuming that she was one of those people who just lived under the radar of the Internet.

Years later, around February of 2014, I happened to find Julie's brother Jim on Facebook. We connected and exchanged a few comments on his timeline. Curious to hear an update on Julie, I sent him a private message on Facebook Messenger. For a couple of weeks, I would check to see if he sent a reply; but nothing. I just assumed that he was busy and providing updates on his family to his sister's old boyfriend might not be a high priority for him.



- 01) Mary Ellen
- 02) Part of the Plan
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Then in August 2016, more than two years later, I was sitting at home one night purging emails and texts from my phone as I will often do after a busy week. It just so happened that a friend's wife had been organizing some group activity and was doing so through Facebook Messenger. So I was looking through these messages when something caught my eye. Julie's brother had responded to me in March of 2014 - a message I had never seen.

As I read his message, he started by providing updates about his mother and siblings now living in San Diego and Mesa, Arizona. Then I read the next part which hit me like a cold wave.

"I'm sorry to tell you that Julie passed away eighteen years ago in a collision in Aspen during a snow storm on her way home from work. It was instantaneous, so at least she didn't suffer."

Julie had died! Jim had informed me of this over two years ago. That would mean that Julie died twenty years ago and I never knew. I quickly calculated that she probably died in the winter of 1995-1996. She would have been thirty-four - so young. And then I realized with shock that she had probably died just about a year after my vivid dream of her and our long conversation.

This was difficult for me to get my head around. I now understood why I could never find her on the



Internet - as she died just before the Internet had evolved into what we now have. But through the confusion of all this, I felt regret - perhaps I should have gone to see her afterall.

The news of Julie continued to swirl around my head for the weeks following. Late one afternoon, I was home by myself in the living room. The sun, low in the sky, was casting a deep, warm orange light through the room. I found myself pulling out an old box of photographs and letters. There I found the faded photos of Julie and the letters she had written to me. I also found the other photos of people I had known in my younger days. I looked up to the shelf at the urn containing the ashes of Buddy, my cat companion of sixteen years. I then looked down at my old Washburn guitar that I'd had for almost forty years, dating back to the Eddie O'Neale band days. As I sat among these souvenirs of my life, it struck me that the road of living had certainly been a long one, but at the same time, in my mind, each event tied to these remnants were as fresh as if they had happened yesterday.

I picked up the old Washburn guitar and came up with the chorus for this song - later finishing the writing and beginning production around Christmas of 2016.

As I continued working on the new songs to accompany the full collection of material that I've produced over the past forty years, I figured this song would be an appropriate title track - *Memories of the Road* - a song that will always bring me fond thoughts of Julie as well as the other people, places, and things that have been a part of my life through all the times that I've known.

Memories of the Road

(Newton)

Written and Recorded: 12/1/16 to 6/3/2017

Sitting here alone

With the sun going down

Shadows of the past are close at hand

Funny how the road

Has been so long

When it still feels like it just began

The precious souvenirs

Of the times that I've known

Scattered like the leaves upon the ground

All that is lost

In all that remains

And all these stories told without a sound

The letters from a girl who couldn't stay

This old guitar and all the songs it's played

Those ashes full of sorrow on the shelf

And all these faded pieces of myself

But I'm still here

Surrounded by these memories of the road

A box of photographs

Of the friends I used to know

Smiling with a man I used to be

Those perfect summer days

Just frozen in time

Well I'm still holding each one close to me

The road has had its highs and lows

Guess you learn that's how it goes

And those you love are going to slip away

Cause when I've tried to hold on tight

With all my soul and all my might

I only wake to find another day - another day

(CHORUS)

4) THE REACH

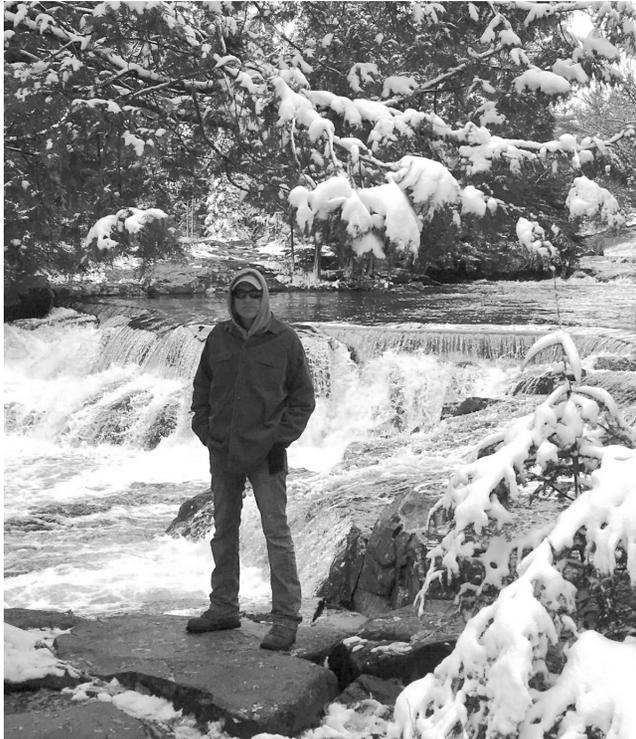
Since I first heard Dan Fogelberg's *Phoenix* album around 1981 and became familiar with his work, I have greatly admired his music and very deep talent. Many people know his work, but only a small fraction of it - *Longer*, *Leader of the Band*, and *Same Old Lang Syne*. But there was so much more. He spanned almost all genres of music and there was a depth to his performance and writing that cut through to me like no other artists.

Most don't know that one of his favorite places to be was in Maine. There he pursued his passion of sailing - a solitary and peaceful experience. In the later years of his life, he lived there on the ocean in a town called Deer Island.

Dan died of prostate cancer in 2006 at his home in Maine. Later, I read that he had been cremated and his ashes scattered in the inland waters by his home where he used to sail.

He wrote of this place and the inland waters on the coast of Maine in the song entitled *The Reach*, which was included on his *The Innocent Age* album in 1983. I had always felt this song to be among his very best.

During the holidays of 2015, I went to great efforts to recreate this song. I felt it was appropriate for this project as a memorial to the inspiration his music provided to me.



Bond Falls, Michigan

The Reach

(Fogelberg)

Recorded: 12/23/2015 to 6/3/2017

It's Maine, and it's Autumn
The birches have just begun turning
It's life and it's dying
The lobstermen's boats come returning
With the catch of the day in their holds
And the young boys cold and complaining
The fog meets the beaches and
Out on the Reach it is raining

It's father and son, it's the way it's been done
Since the old days
It's hauling by hand ten miles out
from the land
Where their chow waits
And the days are all lonely and long
And the seas grow so stormy and strong but...
The Reach will sing welcome as homeward
they hurry along

And the morning will blow away as the
waves crash and fall
And the Reach like a siren sings as she
beckons and calls
As the coastline recedes from view and the
seas swell and roll
I will take from the Reach all that
she has to teach
To the depths of my soul

The wind brings a chill, there's a frost
on the sill
In the morning
It creeps through the door
On the edge of the shore ice is forming
Soon the northers will bluster and blow
And the woods will be whitened with snowfall
And the Reach will lie frozen for the lost and
unchosen to roam

And the morning will blow away as the
waves crash and fall
And the Reach like a siren sings as she
beckons and calls
As the coastline recedes from view and the
seas swell and roll
I will take from the Reach all that
she has to teach
To the depths of my soul

5) THE GREEN HILLS ROLL BY

Something that had long been on my Bucket List was to make the drive up the west coast of the United States. So, for my fiftieth birthday, after juggling the many details of my busy life, I found myself in San Diego with friends Steve Haraburda and John DeMarco. Starting there, we made our way first to San Francisco to meet our friend and old band mate Stan Erhart. There, Steve and John flew back home and I was to continue up through Northern California to Portland Oregon.

The past few years had been very difficult and traveling through this beautiful part of the world was perhaps the most profound and moving experience of my life. Finding myself in this area, without a single person really knowing where I was, brought me a peace that I have seldom known.

Wanting to write about this experience, I first needed the right musical context. Later that year, Steve and I had the opportunity to travel to Nashville to attend a recording session at Ricky Skagg's studio. The artist who was recording was Andy Leftwich. He and the other musicians recording that day were members of Skagg's Kentucky Thunder band. We were amazed by the sound and musicianship of these players and their style of bluegrass music.

Probably a few months later, I was in Upper Michigan and heard a song played on *Prairie Home Companion* on NPR. This song was in 3/4 time and featured many of the instruments Steve and I had heard in Nashville. This struck me as the ideal context for this song.

The original idea for this song was for it to be covered in an upcoming CD for the Project 7X band - but that never really came together. So I decided to include it on my solo project.

One of the challenges was that I felt it needed an accordion part. Not knowing anyone who played accordion, I found one I could borrow, and I played the part myself.

Then there was the Dobro slide guitar part, which up to that point was not a style I had used. It took me quite some time to work through this and get it recorded.

Then there was the violin part. I reached out to Facebook and received a suggestion from a friend that I should contact the Old Town School of Folk Music in Chicago. I did this and was soon connected with Geoff Dolce. Having a studio of his own he recorded his parts and sent me the audio files. He did a great job.

In the end, this song is about a very special experience in my life and it speaks about the peace found in isolation and the open road.

The Green Hills Roll By

(Newton)

Written: 8/27/2010 to 8/31/2010

Recorded: 2/21/2015 to 6/4/2017

**The middle of June, California
A long empty highway and me
Out on the road north of Redding
With a spirit that's finally free**

**A crystal blue sky here above me
Making my way through the pines
Starting to hear my soul once again
Like the echo of younger times**

**As the green hills roll by
The bright sunshine
I start to recall the life that was mine
And all of the clouds
From so many storms
That once were so near
They're starting to clear
As the green hills roll by**

**I think about those who I care for
And all those who just couldn't stay
I think of the road that I've traveled
What I've lost along the way**

**But now that I'm here in this vision
The rest of my life still at hand
Through all of the blessings
And all of the pain
Guess I finally understand**

**As the green hills roll by
The bright sunshine
I start to recall the life that was mine
And all of the clouds
From so many storms
That once were so near
They're starting to clear
As the green hills roll by**

(CHORUS)

6) GETTING HERE TO YOU

The inspiration for this song came from a couple of sources. The first source was a Tom Hanks movie. I'm always taking notes about subject matter for songs. One night I was watching the movie *Joe*

Versus the Volcano. In the end scene Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan were out floating on this extremely large piece of luggage and he said, "It's been a long twisted road getting here to you."

This made me remember something I heard at the wedding of my nephew Tyler. During the exchange of vows, his bride Kristen said, "I had almost given up looking for my soul mate." How many people have felt this way?

Then my friends John and Amanda were getting married out in Colorado. I thought it might be a good idea to play this song at their wedding. However, it wasn't finished in time.

Eventually I finished this song and had it slated for the band project entitled *The Taglines 2*. But as that project stalled I felt that this song might be a good one for this solo project.

I continued to feel that this would be an ideal song for the context of a wedding, and I did eventually play this at the wedding of 7X drummer Vern and his bride Susan.

So this one is about those people waiting to find their soul mates and that for some, it might just take some time.



Lombard, Illinois

Getting Here to You

(Newton)

Written: 1/15/2011

Recorded: 5/16/2016 to 11/21/2017

Long ago I learned of love
How elusive it can be
In all my time I came to fear
It wasn't meant for me
In all my years of searching
I just ended up alone
Watching all my dreams just fade
To life here on my own

But when I looked into your eyes
It's like I'd always known
That I was going to find you
And I'd finally make it home
Losing me inside your love
Is all I want to do
Cause girl it's been a long, long time
Getting here to you

The gentle way about you
How you ease my tired soul
You saved a lonely, broken man
And finally made me whole
Lying here beside you
With my last defenses down
I'm praying now with all my heart
You'll always be around

(CHORUS)

I have lived enough of life
To understand what's real
I am just a simple man
But I know what I feel
So now I'm going to promise you
A love that's never going to die
For you and I
And we'll never say goodbye

And when I look into your eyes
It's like I've always known
That I was going to find you
And I'd finally make it home
Losing me inside your love
Is all I want to do
Cause girl it's been a long, long time
Getting here to you
Girl it's been a long, long time
Getting here to you
Getting here to you

7) NO EXPECTATIONS

This song has been hanging around my life for decades. The first incarnations of this song were when Mark Baier and I would work out Rolling Stones songs at his house after school. We would come to record this song on a few occasions, and I even did this song a couple of times with Project 7X.

The meaning of this song has remained the same for me over these many years. The first time Mark and I played this song live was at one of those large open parties which took place at the house of our friend Kendall Williams. As a side note, I remember



Reading Roger Daltry's book with P'Nut - Galena, Illinois

that the party got out of hand during the late night hours and Kendall's dad came out of the house waving around a gun to settle things down. Oh how the world has changed.

But during this party, this was the last Saturday night before Julie was leaving town to move to Minnesota - thus, "The girl who couldn't stay." I remember saying before we played this song, "I'd like to dedicate this song to someone who's moving to Minnesota."

Even now, playing this song takes me back to that bittersweet Saturday night from forty years ago.

No Expectations

(Jagger/Richards)

Recorded: 1/21/2017 to 6/12/2017

Take me to the station
And put me on a train
I've got no expectations
To pass through here again

Once I was a rich man
But now I am so poor
But never in my sweet short life
Have I felt like this before

Your heart is like a diamond
You throw your pearls at swine
And as I watch you leaving me
You pack my peace of mind

Our love was like the water
That splashes on a stone
Our love was like my music
It's here, and then it's gone

So take me to the airport
And put me on a plane
I've got no expectations
To pass through here again

8) SWEET MAGNOLIA (AND THE TRAVELING SALESMAN)

In keeping with the theme of the album, I looked back at songs that had significant meaning to me from years past. One of these was this Fogelberg song from the *Windows and Walls* album.

This autobiographical song recounts his early years in Tennessee with the woman who would become his first wife. However, it always resonated with me as it also tells the story of Mary and me during the first summer of our relationship as well as our eventual parting a few years later.

During our first summer together, what lied ahead in the fall was her departure for school in southern Illinois. I couldn't join her, and I was stuck at home. To some degree I envied her freedom. But I was still in the Chicago area playing with the band - trying to find my way and playing for all who would listen.

When I first started production of this song, I wondered how Mary would react - being that it referenced a time between us that we had moved past so long ago. But by the time the song was finished, she was gone and never heard it.



Watersmeet, Michigan

During production, I found that I needed a clarinet solo to retain one of the key signature parts of the song. For this, I reached out to Geoff who had

recorded the violin part for *The Green Hills Roll* By. He said he had a player in mind who was also involved with the Old Town School of Folk Music - Nate. I sent the charts and they sent me the link to an audio file on Google Drive that was used for the song.

Sweet Magnolia (And the Traveling Salesman)

(Fogelberg)

Recorded: 2/26/2017 to 6/12/2017

Two hearts, throwing off sparks
Young and in love with our freedom
Moonlight, the soft Southern nights
We were both ripe to fall

Well, I was out on my own
Playing for all who would listen
And you were as free as a bird
Flying from nest to nest

But somewhere our eyes met
And our hands reached out
And we felt a kindred spirit
And as our faces touched
I could feel the fire
I needed so to just be near it

Oh, Lord, those moments we soared
Borne on the wings of our passion
It seemed then like they'd never end
But times like that always must

Cause then one day I flew far away from you
I never knew how I'd regret it
My sweet Magnolia belle, you know I've loved
you well - Even if I never said it

Magnolia, now I see
Freedom isn't free
And love's the only true redeemer

And when this journey's through
I'll be coming back for you
If you'll have this foolish dreamer

I spend a night now and then
Passing through town on my travels
But someday I'm gonna come back to stay
Magnolia, I'm coming home

9) I STILL BELIEVE IN LOVE

The origin of this song goes back quite a few years. When my sister was planning on a wedding present for her husband, who is a guitar player, she asked my opinion on a very special guitar that she could get him. The most exceptional guitar I could think of was a Taylor Baritone model. I had played one at a music store not long before and found it to be a hypnotic experience.

First of all, Taylors are my acoustic guitar of choice. I have a 414ce which is a prized possession. But among their impressive line of guitars is their baritone. The way this guitar works is that the main six strings are tuned down five half steps. It also uses a heavier gauge string so the sound is deep and rich. Then to bring in some sparkle, the middle four strings are accompanied by lighter gauge strings - much the same way a twelve-string guitar is designed.

Anyway, my sister agreed to this purchase and I picked out the Baritone. Of course, I had a few days with the guitar at my studio. I played it for hours. As I played, the chorus line came to me which went, "I still believe in love." But the song went no further until several years later. One day I will have to get a Taylor Baritone guitar for my own.

Some songs require a great deal of work and dedication to get them right. Others just come

flooding out. This song was basically written in a day or two. The song was inspired by the insane divided political scene that we in America now find ourselves. The verses address the chaotic noise of life that does not warrant belief, whereas the chorus talks about the good things that still remain - namely good people, friends, neighbors, and the goodness that you can still find - and of course - love.

As the production unfolded, I felt the voicing of this song required mandolin. However, I don't know any mandolin players. So I rented one from a local store and picked out the chords, since mandolin is tuned very differently from guitar.

This is the one song from this project that I produced a music video. This is on YouTube and can also be found in the video section of my website.

I Still Believe in Love

(Newton)

Written and Recorded: 9/20/2017 to
10/21/2017

Life is getting crazy
It's getting out of hand
It's getting hard to know what's real
When you stop and try to understand
You try to understand

I don't believe in politics
And all the easy lies
I don't believe in corporate greed
That really couldn't give a damn who dies
But I still believe in love

I don't believe the government
Messing with my fate
I don't believe the preachers
Telling me how I should live and who to hate
But I still believe in love

Yeah I believe in family, my neighbors
and my friends
And I believe in hope that never ends
I believe in this country and the good
that never bends
And I believe in heaven up above
And I still believe in love

I don't believe the media
I don't believe the news
I don't believe the talking heads
Babbling out the self-important views
But I still believe in love

I don't believe the bleeding hearts
Pointing out the blame
I don't believe celebrities
With all that wealth and not a hint of shame
But I still believe in love

I'm tired of all the fighting
And all the battle lines
And all the rules they tell us to obey
I know we'd have a better world
And we'd all be just fine
If all the noise would all just go away

I don't believe in labels
Don't believe the left or right
They've never solved a single thing
And all they bring is never ending night
I still believe in love

Yeah I believe in family, my neighbors
and my friends
And I believe in hope that never ends
I believe in my country and the good
that never bends
And I believe in heaven up above
And I still believe in love



Indianapolis Motor Speedway, Indiana

10) WHEN THE COLD WIND BLOWS

Sometime in 2016, Steve Haraburda and I were talking with our friends Jimmy and Diana Lyon about putting together an acoustic show that focused on carefully crafted vocal arrangements. I quickly took to writing a suitable song for this project which turned out to be this one. Unfortunately, due to everyone's busy schedule, the project didn't get any traction. But hopefully we can regroup on this project in the future. Sometimes finding the subject and lyrics of a song can be an arduous task. Then other times, the subject and lyrics just seem to fall into place without much design or intent. The latter is how this song came together. It wasn't until it was completed that I understood what the song was really about. As a result, it was evident that the song was suited for this album as it dealt with looking back at some of the key people who had passed through my life.

When the Cold Wind Blows

(Newton)

Written: 7/30/2016

Recorded: 12/23/2016 to 2/2/2017

Here I am
A long road behind me
Littered with the life I've seen
Long ago
You were here beside me
Now it's almost like a dream

When I held you close to me
The world was safe and warm
But now I'm lost inside a raging storm

When the cold wind blows
And there's no one to hold
I remember your eyes on a summer day
So long ago

When the cold wind blows
And there's nowhere to go
I long for the shelter of all the love
We used to know - When the cold wind blows

I recall
When I thought you'd never leave me
Had to learn those days are gone
But even now
When your love is just a memory
I'm still afraid of moving on

Cause when I held you close to me
The world was safe and warm
But now I'm trapped inside this raging storm

(CHORUS - Repeats)

11) TOMORROW (2017)

This song really brings the entire project of *Memories of the Road* full circle. The song *Tomorrow* was from my earlier attempt at writing a rock opera entitled *Eddie O'Neale*. This song, which was the closing piece of *Eddie O'Neale*, is the resolution of the story and reveals the main character's transformed outlook of loss to cautiously looking ahead with optimism.

The reason this song brings the project full circle is that this was the first song I recorded with multi-track equipment when I was seventeen, now just over forty years ago.

Since there were inherent problems with the song as I looked back on it, there was the need to make some improvements. As I did the rewrite, I thought about approaching it from the perspective of the same character years later as an older person still hanging on to the cautious optimism that had been a companion for the greater part of a lifetime.

Tomorrow

(Newton)

Written: 1977

Arranged and Recorded: 3/22/2017 to
9/2/2017

Hey there, you've gone and pushed
me out again
I'm still living day to day but too old
to pretend
My world - now it's breaking down on me
I guess I'm not the man I thought I'd be - oh no

Hey girl, why'd you leave me standing
all alone?
I never could forget the only love
I've ever known
I still dream I'll get to hold you one more time
But that's a dream I know I'll never find
- oh no

It's still so hard for me to say it
But it's always there
There's just no way I can deny it
But it's yours to bear
I think its time I realized it
Tomorrow is the only thing I have
Tomorrow is the only thing I have

Hey there, well I'm still reaching out to you
You've never heard a word but what else
can I do
Someday this life will slip on through my hands
Maybe then you'll finally understand

Project 7X - Lombard, Illinois



12) A BETTER PLACE

I like to jokingly tell people that this is the song that I co-wrote with Glen Campbell. But then, that is actually somewhat true. But first some background.

For me, before there were the Beatles, Pink Floyd, The Who, the Rolling Stones, Neil Young, and Dan Fogelberg, there was Glen Campbell.

I remember going to a friend's house near our home in Tustin, California and he had a record that probably belonged to his older brother. This album

was *Wichita Lineman*. It was the fall of 1968 and I was eight years old. I can still remember that album sitting next to the record player as my friend played the tracks. I was overwhelmed at the sound of the production. How could anyone produce a sound so lavish? The lyrics and delivery of the Jimmy Webb song was entirely haunting and sad. His voice was also so striking, like a warm blanket. I guess I've been a fan ever since.

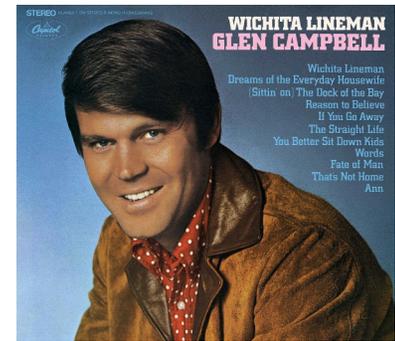
I always kept an eye and an ear out for Glen Campbell. I watched through the 80s where he went through some rough times that were widely reported in the news.

A few years back, when the reports came out that he was suffering from Alzheimer's, I thought what a shame that was. So I went on the Internet and began looking at some of his more recent work. One of these songs was *A Better Place*, which was written from the perspective of someone knowing that the span of their life is short, looking back, and then looking forward to the afterlife. His version was so beautiful and sparsely produced, and it hooked me immediately.

As I will do with songs I like, I will work them up on the guitar. After playing this a few times, I got to thinking that the song sounded incomplete. It didn't resolve. So I changed the arrangement and added a last verse. The production came out very different from Glen's version. Then I came to the end of the song and wanted to do a long fade. But the song needed a guitar line, not quite a solo, but some line to weave through the various instruments during the long fade.

One afternoon, I was driving home from my studio listening to a copy in my truck. During this part at the end, an idea flashed into my mind. What about that iconic guitar line in the solo of *Wichita Lineman*.

The next day in the studio, I listened to the old recording of *Wichita Lineman* to be sure I had it right. Then I played that line along with the ending of my version of *A Better Place*. Who could have imagined it, but the line fit perfectly. Here was a line that he wrote nearly fifty years before, and it fit with my version of a completely different song



Project 7X - Lombard, Illinois

that he wrote not too long before. This was too perfect to be a coincidence.

If you listen to the solo in *Wichita Lineman*, it's not a standard guitar sound. As I researched this he had played the solo using a DanElectro six-string bass guitar belonging to legendary L.A. bass player and Wrecking Crew member Carol Kaye.

Of course, I didn't have one of these, so I first recorded the solo on my Les Paul and then layered it with a sound I had on an old Proteus sound module that had that low Texas solo sound.

So, in the end, this song is my tribute to Glen Campbell, a truly talented guy who provided me with my first inspiration for embracing music production.

A Better Place

(Campbell/Raymond)

(Newton: Arrangement/Last Verse)

Arranged and Recorded: 6/17/2017 to 9/2/2017

I've tried and I have failed, Lord
I've won and I have lost
I've lived and I have loved, Lord
Sometimes at such a cost

One thing I know
The world's been good to me
But a better place - awaits you'll see

These days I'm so confused, Lord
The past gets in my way
I need the ones I love, Lord
More and more each day

The one thing I know
This life's been good to me
But a better place - awaits you'll see

I've seen my share of good times
Had burdens like the rest
At times I lost my way, Lord
But you know I did my best

The one thing I know
What life has let me see
Is a better place - awaits for me
A better place - awaits you'll see

13) THE SUMMER OF '81

EXTRA TRACK

During the production of the opening track, *Mary Ellen*, I went to great lengths to work on the strings to sound like an actual orchestra. One evening when all the tracks were done, I isolated all the string parts and was struck by what I heard. I was extremely moved by the sound. Almost like someone else had composed and produced it - transporting me to some other place - back to that intense and beautiful summer of 1981 - an experience that not everyone gets to go through, and when it does happen, it is always fleeting without any possibility of lasting. So I figured I should include this as the last song from the project.

The Summer of '81 - Instrumental

(Newton)

Mixed: 6/4/2017

14) WE STILL HAVE TODAY

EXTRA TRACK

I produced this song during February of 2016 and was torn as to whether or not to include it on the album. This is a very personal account of loss. But at the urging of a few family members who thought it touched upon some fairly universal points, I decided to include it.

The subject matter of the song is fairly straight forward. Buddy was my cat that had been with me for sixteen years. He was a wonderful companion who was more like a loyal dog than a cat - but that was typical of his breed which was a Ragdoll. Every night he would sleep pressed up against my leg. And at the end of every day he would wait by the window for me to return. And upon entering the house, he would follow me around meowing, which was essentially his way of talking to me.

But the down side of having these little creatures in your life is that you most always outlive them. Buddy started to lose weight and look sick. The frustrating part was that the vets had no idea what was wrong with him. But in the end, I just think that he had used up his years.

In the last few weeks of his life, he would just sleep in my bed all day and had no interest in food or water.



Buddy

Watching him slowly check out like this really broke my heart - pet people will totally get this. During this time, I would jot down notes about this experience and things I would say to him, which later became the lyrics to this song.

When he finally slipped away, Christine and I were there. That was certainly one of my least favorite experiences.

We had Buddy cremated and his ashes are in a small urn on a shelf in the house along with my favorite photo of him along with his favorite toy - the green

sparkly ball that had come along with him when we first picked him up.

The day after Buddy's death, I went into the studio, turning to music for help in sorting through this loss. I turned on the computer and piano and hit record. The first piano notes of this song were the actual notes I recorded that day.

Enough said.

We Still Have Today

(Newton)

Written and Recorded: 2/14/16 - 2/28/16

For Buddy

I always knew this time would come
Guess I hoped it never would
And now that time is running out
I wish I understood

How to ease a breaking heart
As I watch you fade away
Or how to keep you here with me
When I know that you can't stay

But today I'll hold you close to me
Remembering all the years
Telling you of all my love
And choking back the tears

I will keep you safe and warm
Just know that I'll be here
Don't worry now, cause
We still have today

As I watch you holding on
There's nothing I can do
It's almost time for letting go
And the days of missing you

I'll never find another soul
That reached me just like you
I know that soon you'll close your eyes
And I know the days are few

But today I'll hold you close to me
Remembering all the years
Telling you of all my love
And choking back the tears

I will keep you safe and warm
Just know that I'll be here
Don't worry now, cause
We still have today

As I watch you leaving me
My heart goes with you
I wish that I could take away
This pain you're going through
I know that I will always wish that
We had one more day
Please don't be afraid my friend
It's going to be okay

And when the world slips away
Just know that I'll be here
Don't worry now, cause
We still have today

Don't be afraid, cause
We still have today



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