

THE PETER MALICK GROUP FEATURING
NORAH JONES

New York City



NEW YORK CITY

I can't remember what I planned tomorrow
I can't remember when it's time to go
When I look in the mirror Tracing lines with a pencil
I remember what came before

I wanted to think there was endless love
Until I saw the light dim in your eyes
In the dead of night I found out
Sometimes there's love that won't survive

New York City
Such a beautiful disease
New York City
Such a beautiful, such a beautiful disease

Laura kept all her disappointments Locked up in a box behind her closet door
She pulled the blinds and listened to the thunder
With no way out from the family store

We all told her things could get better
When you just say goodbye

I'll lay awake one more night
Caught in a vision I want to deny

And did I mention the note that I found
Taped to my locked front door
It talked about no regrets
As it slipped from my hand to the scuffed tile floor

I rode the train for hours on end
And watched the people pass me by
It could be that it has no end
Just an action junkie's lullaby

New York City

We were full of the stuff that every dream rested
As if floating on a lumpy pillow sky
Caught up in the whole illusion
That dreams never pass us by
Came to a tattooed conclusion
That the big one was knocking on the door
What started as a mass delusion
Would take me far from the place I adore

New York City

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STRANGE TRANSMISSIONS

I believe, you say
Don't think, we'll stay
Drawn through the ebb
Lost in the flow

Beneath my breath, I confess
My world, loved less
The devil held the proof for me to know

I could only fight for the longest while
But with the truth out baby
I belong to you

I stoop, to find
My place, entwined
I took it to the bottom one more time

I could only fight for the longest while
But with the truth out baby
I belong to you

I could trip and I want you to know
Every time I think that I think I should go
I receive strange transmissions

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DECEPTIVELY YOURS

I couldn't make a change
I might have known you
had found

Another love

I sat at home all night
Bask in the lonely pale
Of my bedstand light

But through a tear in a curtain
In a cheap motel
I saw with jealous eyes
You made the call to lie
Deceptively yours

I saw a black cloud
I didn't hear a sound
Only the shell on the ground
There was a scream somewhere
And in the thick night air
I put the pedal down
As the sirens wailed
And I sat alone and prayed
Not knowing what was to come
Chorus

I tried not to believe
The scene that I could see
It felt like days passed by
Before I turned away
I felt a dizzy sway
And the gun in my hand
Stood before a judge

He cleared his throat to say
"I won't give you no bail"
Shackled with chains or love
I knew that I had bought
My own coffin nails

I hear your sweet voice calling
out my name
As I stare from a six foot cell
And from beyond I heard the words
Deceptively yours

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THINGS YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO

I walk down the diamond studded
concrete canyon
Nobody looked me in the eye
Tried to fly to the moon
Only made it to the sky
I was looking for, looking for
I couldn't find a friend
Searching for a clear connection
Without a digital send

Ain't it just a little scary sometimes
To find the lies that you
know to be true
I'll find you smiling about
Things you don't have to do
Bill doesn't call me anymore

I hear he's found religion
He's watching Benny Hinn with a
Big haired blonde apprentice
beautician
And all the words and gesticulations
that came before
Don't seem to mean a thing
You can feel fine to drop a dime
If you're ever hanging by a string
Ain't it just a little scary sometimes
To find the lies that you
know to be true
I'll find you smiling about
Things you don't have to do

I hear voices crying out
Echoes on the boulevard
Contentious rambling
incantations
Of some senile bard
There's too much going
on around here
To keep my head from spinning
And this constant acceleration
Blurs any ties to the beginning

Ain't it just a little scary sometimes
To find the lies that you
know to be true
I'll find you smiling about
Things you don't have to do

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In the summer OF 2000,

I was spending a great deal of time on New York's Lower East Side listening to music. My main hang was a great little club on the corner of Stanton & Allen Streets called The Living Room. My songwriting had taken an unexpected turn, and while I was both pleased and baffled by my output, I knew I was not the one to sing these things! And so, I started looking for a singer who might be open to recording for me. On a Tuesday night, I walked into The Living Room just as the singer announced the last song of the set. The Dinah Washington classic "Since I Fell For You" filled the room & I was struck breathless. Here, in the tradition of

Billie Holiday, was a stunningly beautiful, blues infused voice. This was my first contact with Norah Jones.

I didn't introduce myself, but made contact with Norah a couple of days later. I asked her if she would be interested in playing some blues gigs around New York & New England. She responded that she "didn't really know blues" ... I assured her that she might not *think* she knew blues, but she knew blues. With this encouragement, she agreed to perform and I got off the phone to book some gigs.

Over the next couple of weeks I met with Norah at her apartment on East 13th Street. I brought some material that I thought might work & she made some suggestions including Ray Charles' monumental "What Would I Do Without You," one of my all time

favorite songs. Norah had to bow out of the first date due to a scheduling conflict... she would meet the rest of the band in Rochester, NY at The Dinosaur Barbecue Club. The night before I left New York City, I held a rehearsal on Avenue A with Norah & the band.

The Dinosaur gig went amazingly well. Not surprisingly, both the audience & staff were stunned. Everyone wanted to know when we'd be back... The next two gigs were less memorable & we ended up in some bar in some town on some lake somewhere in New Hampshire, playing for some people who totally ignored us. We decided midway through the gig that we would eat greasy chicken fingers onstage as part of the performance... we got the same response from the "crowd" as we had from our more musical material. That is, to say, none. We totally succeeded in entertaining

ourselves though, and we were energized to go into the recording session that I'd booked for the next day.

I asked Norah to record for me, and we went into the studio with no expectation as to what would come out of it artistically. We started with two of the songs that we'd performed on the road: Sam Maggett's "All Your Love," and Bob Dylan's "Heart of Mine." The tracks were recorded with Norah singing in the vocal booth of Ducky Carlisle's studio, Room 9 from Outer Space in South Boston, MA. I thought it was sounding great... I didn't ask anyone else. The third song of the session was to be "New York City." I'd gotten the idea for the song in the midst of a disastrous date in New York about a month before. I've had a love affair with New York since I was eight years old when my dad took me to the city by train. Repeatedly, I've found

myself drawn to its grandeur as well as to the human drama of the greatest city on earth.

The first time the band & Norah heard the song was in that session. After running "NYC" down to the rhythm section, I sang Norah the lyrics & gave her a copy. The first take was rather tentative; the second take is what you hear on this record. Norah seemed to have a spectacular ability to get inside a song and totally immerse herself in it... immediately.

The second take of "NYC" was the moment I'd hoped for. I felt it opened the door to continuing the recording project, and a few weeks later, Norah & I came back to Boston. We played a Street Fair on Newbury Street on Sunday, September 10th, 2000 & went back into the studio on September 11th. Norah stayed at Ducky's house. I got into a

fender bender on the way to the session in South Boston. We recorded "Strange Transmissions," "Deceptively Yours," and "Things You Don't Have To Do" during this session.

Looking back, I've got to smile. These recordings could not have happened in a more organic way. And so, I'm enormously grateful that they are finally going to be heard. I hope you enjoy them.

— Peter Malick
May, 2003

PETER MALICK – guitars, vocals: "Things You
Don't Have To Do"

NORAH JONES – vocals, piano: "Heart of Mine"

ERIC GARDNER – drums: "New York City,"
"Heart of Mine," "All Your Love"

MARTY RICHARDS – drums: "Strange
Transmissions," "Deceptively Yours," "Things
You Don't Have To Do"

DANNY McGOUGH – Melotron: "New York
City," Hammond B-3: "Deceptively Yours,"
Wurlitzer piano: "All Your Love"

MIKE THOMPSON – piano: "Strange
Transmissions," "All Your Love," accordion:
"New York City"

TOM WEST – piano: "Things You Don't Have To Do"

JEFF TURMES – bass

All songs written by Peter Malick, except "All Your
Love" (written by Sam Maghett) and "Heart of Mine"
(written by Bob Dylan)

All songs published by KOCH Entertainment Music
Publishing (ASCAP), a division of KOCH Music
Publishing LLC, except "All Your Love" published by
Leric Music (BMI) admin. by Bug Music 50% &
Conrad Music (BMI) 50% and "Heart of Mine"
published by Special Rider Music (ASCAP)

Produced by Peter Malick
Executive Produced by Hugh Fordin
Recorded & Mixed by Ducky Carlisle at Room 9
From Outer Space, South Boston, MA
in August & September 2000
Additional Engineering: Bruce Witkin, Nate Dube
Additional Recording on May 11, 2003 at Popsquad,
West Hollywood, CA / Engineer: Bruce Witkin
Mixed on April 13-14, May 13-14, 2003
Mastered by Alan Silverman at Arf! Digital, NYC
Production Manager: Dan O'Leary
Art Direction & Design: Jeff Chenault

Peter Malick would like to thank William Jacobs, Doug
Mark, Candace Brown, Mercy Malick, a Higher Power,
Stu, Jane, Jen, Eleanor, Cathie, Judy, Gary,
Christine, Wayne R, Wayne K, Margaret and Andy
Kaulkin.

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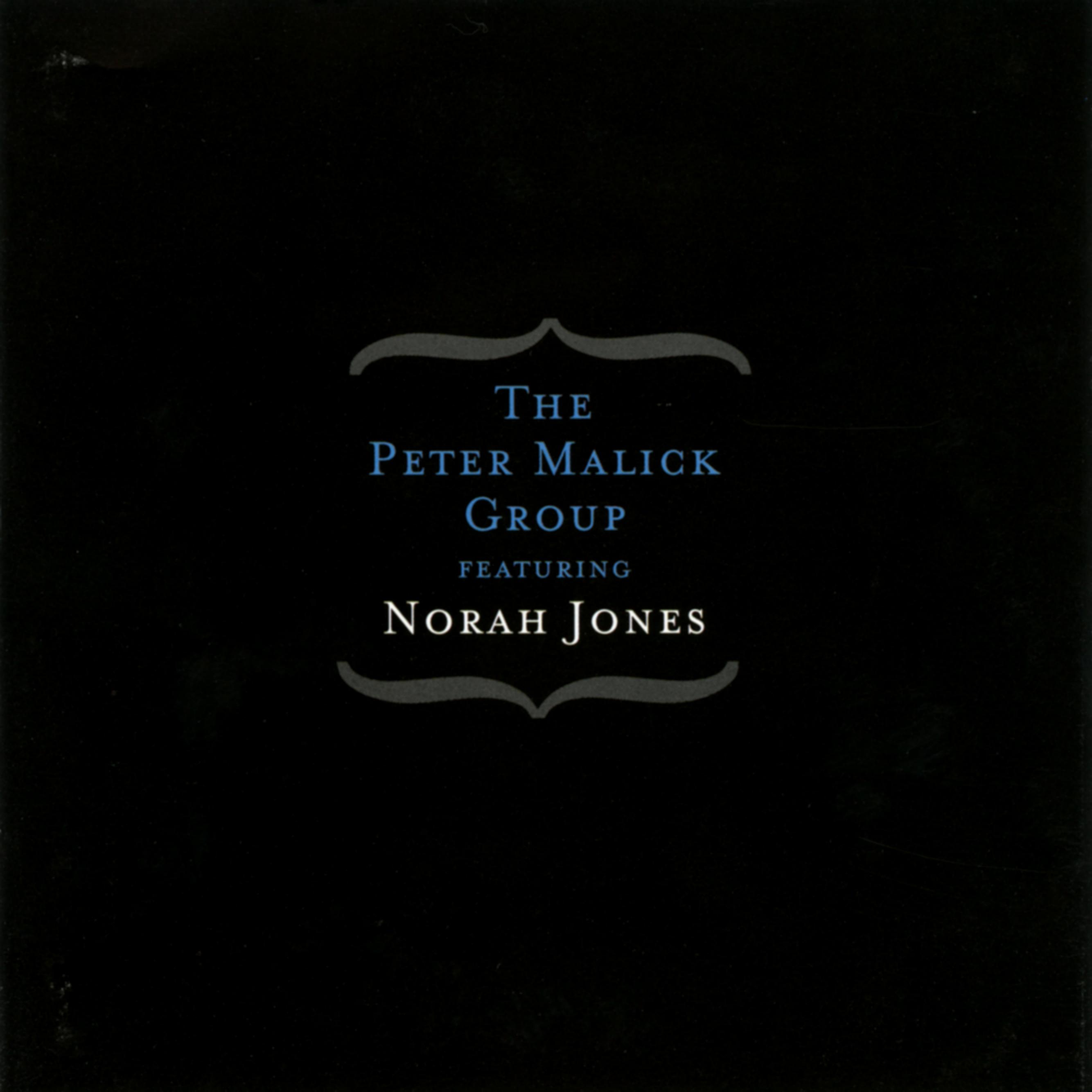
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DSD STEREO

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