



Emily Nenni
Drive & Cry
Album Credits & Lyrics

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Produced by John James Tourville

Except

“Changes” produced by Jake Davis and Alex Lyon

Engineered by Jake Davis at Creative Workshop in Berry Hill, Nashville, TN

Assistant engineer: Parker Cason

Mixed by Matt Ross-Spang at Southern Grooves in Memphis, TN

Mastered by John Baldwin at Infrasonic Sound in Nashville, TN

Management: Kimberly Wooten & Adam Barnes for Space Colonel Management

Booking: Tommy Alexander, Paige Maloney, Yitzi Peetluk at Wasserman

Photography: Alysse Gafkjen

Cover: Taylor Rushing

Packaging and layout: Matt Etgen

Technical assistance: Henry Owings

Bella White appears courtesy of Rounder Records

First and foremost and always, I want to thank my family. They always keep me going, are always there to listen and support and love.

To my Teddy's boys, Jack Quiggins and Ryan Jennings, for busting your backsides with me for years and for always making my music better and for keeping it fun. We've been on the road a lot and navigated plenty and there's no one else I'd rather experience the highs and lows with.

To John James - your hard work, empathy, selflessness, and encouragement really made this record. Ya really didn't have to go that hard, but ya did and I can't thank you enough. I'm so proud of this record we made together!

To Jake Davis, you have always worked so hard for the people and music that you love, and you do it so well. To see your career progress is such a joy and to get to work with you over the years has been just as wonderful.

To Parker Cason for welcoming us into Creative Workshop, for his excellent percussion, singing, and company. To Alex Lyon, Steve Daly, Mike Daly, Megan Coleman, Jo Schornikow, Silas Hamilton - I have never felt more comfortable or had more fun than recording with y'all. I am so grateful for your care and hard work and talent and for sharing it all with me. Kyshona Armstrong, Nickie Conley, Maureen Murphy - nobody else could've done it, and to watch you work was such a thrill. To my buds Hannah Juanita, Bella White, and Misa Arriaga for lending your special voices to these songs. To Billy Contreras and Jim Hoke for their remarkable work. To Luke Dickens for keeping the fridge full through recording. To my lovely Wasserman team, my main man Tommy Alexander, to Paige Maloney, and Yitzi Peetluk, for keeping me on the road and supporting me while I'm on it. I'm lucky to have you. To my friend and project manager Meg Barron, for following my ever wandering train of thought and for treating me and this record with such care. To THE crew at New West Records - I owe you many plates of cookies for your time and hard work and for allowing me to be myself. I truly love working with all of you. George Fontaine, Jr. and John Allen, y'all have given me such a gift! To my Nashville family at Santa's Pub who has taught me so much. To every person who comes to see us on the road, listens to my music, and supports me and my team, it means more than you know. And last but never least, to Edna for being a good dog.

All songs written by Emily Nenni (BMI)

Except

“Amarillo Highway” by Terry Allen

Green Shoes Publishing (BMI) c/o BMG Rights Management

Get To Know Ya

Emily Nenni - Vocals

Jack Quiggins - Acoustic Guitar, BGVS

Alex Lyon - Bass
Megan Coleman - Drums, Aux Percussion
Jo Schornikow - Piano
Steve Daly - Electric Guitars
Silas Hamilton - Pedal Steel Guitar
Hannah Juanita - Harmony Vocal
Ryan Jennings - BGVS

Well I clocked out about a quarter after I had mostly checked out mentally
Spent the bulk of the daylight dreaming in delight of finally kicking up my feet
Bust out my biggest hoops, jumped into my jeans I can really only stand up in
Find a fella wearin' denim tight as he can fit em, see if he can keep up past ten

Hey I wanna get to know ya tonight
Have a little fun when my work is done
Honey, sit down by my side
Hey I wanna get to know ya tonight
Play 'til the sun'll come when the daylight's done
Save me from my troubled mind

Well I'm drawn to jokers, for some godforsaken reason smokers
Or they're just at the bars I'm in
Men who love their women, who will laugh and stand up with 'em
And know when to bow out again

Don't push past me at my waist, say excuse me to my face
I can shuffle out the way all night
Respect your bartenders, if you tip em do be generous
It don't cost none to be polite

CHORUS

Hey I wanna get to know ya tonight
Have a little fun when my work is done
Honey sit down by my side
Hey I wanna get to know ya tonight
Play 'til the sun'll come when the daylight's done
Save me from my troubled mind

Play 'til the sun'll come when the daylight's done
Save me from my troubled mind

Greatest Hits

Emily Nenni - Vocals

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitar, BGVS, Claps
Alex Lyon - Bass
Megan Coleman - Drums, Percussion
Jo Schornikow - Piano
Steve Daly - Fingerstyle Acoustic Guitar, Electric Guitars
Parker Cason - Wurlitzer, BGVS, Claps
Ilya Portnov - Harmonica
Ryan Jennings - BGVS, Claps
George Fontaine, Jr. - Claps

I thought I'd had my greatest hits
But the hits just keep on comin, don't they Mama
I thought I'd seen the worst of it
But the days haven't been as kind as they oughta

Best I can do is clear out the weeds
Next time it rains, flowers got more room to breathe
Anybody comes swingin' I bob and weave
Take a beat and remember all that's been fine to me

Pipin' hot lovin', ice cold beer
That double-wide trailer
We've honky-tonked at for years

Time with the family, a big belly laugh
Givin' weed to my neighbors
Pattin' my good good dog on the back

Companions they will come and go
Not every friend will be with you tomorrow
It ain't wrong to say no, goodbye it's true
When you let go of what's no longer servin' you

Oh seasons change, and plans do too
You never do quite know what time will do
Good things in life are often free
And they never fail to heal what's hurtin' me

CHORUS

Pipin' hot lovin', ice cold beer
That double-wide trailer
We've honky-tonked at for years
Time with the family, a big belly laugh
Givin' weed to my neighbors

Pattin' my good good dog on the back

Lay Of The Land

(Arranged by Misa Arriaga)

Emily Nenni - Vocals

Misa Arriaga - Harmony Vocal

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitar

Alex Lyon - Bass

Megan Coleman - Drums

Jo Schornikow - Piano

Steve Daly - Classical Guitar

Mike Daly - Pedal Steel Guitar

Ilya Portnov - Harmonica

When I get out of the city, you know where I wanna go
Straight into the Palo Duro canyon
Search for cattle on a high plateau
To a sheep car in Saratoga, watch the pronghorn buck in the snow
Ride horseback belly deep in the Shoshone
Or the valley of the Navajo

I'm searchin' for a feelin'
Learnin' the lay of the land as I go

Grizzly marked trees, shootin' TVs in Dubois and Yellowstone
I've hit the small towns, been twirled around
By bronc riders of the rodeo
I've lived in the Tetons in a teepee of my own
Made some friends in Greenough
On the weekends they're panning for gold

CHORUS

I'm searchin' for a feelin'
Learnin' the lay of the land as I go

I Don't Have To Like You

Emily Nenni - Vocals, BGVS

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitars

Alex Lyon - Bass

Megan Coleman - Drums, Aux Percussion, Congas

Jo Schornikow - Wurlitzer, Hammond Organ

Steve Daly - Electric Guitars

Mike Daly - Electric Slide Guitar

Hannah Juanita - BGVS
Parker Cason - Aux Percussion

I don't have to, no I don't, I don't have to like you
I'm gonna walk on by, but I'm gonna say hi too
I'm a grown-ass woman and I don't trust a word you coo
How you like that, how you like that, I don't have to like you

I been stewin' on where the beef came from
You done me dirty, don't like the burn of doin' me wrong
I'm a simmerin' pot of water until you turn up the heat
Then I'm scaldin' and bubblin' over if you try and test me

CHORUS

I don't have to, no I don't, I don't have to like you
I'm gonna walk on by, but I'm gonna say hi too
I'm a grown-ass woman and I don't trust a word you coo
How you like that, how you like that, I don't have to like you

You been talkin' every which way to me
Your words and actions they done turned down two different streets
Well it took time, but I learned how not to feed the flame of folks like you
I can't linger or I'll burn a hole, that's just what my eyes do

CHORUS

I don't have to, no I don't, I don't have to like you
I'm gonna walk on by, but I'm gonna say hi too
I'm a grown-ass woman and I don't trust a word you coo
How you like that, how you like that, I don't have to like you

Drive & Cry

Emily Nenni - Vocals, BGVS
Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitars, Electric Guitar
Alex Lyon - Bass
Megan Coleman - Drums, Aux Percussion
Jo Schornikow - Wurlitzer, Organ
Steve Daly - Baritone Guitar, Slide Guitar
Silas Hamilton - Pedal Steel Guitar
Hannah Juanita - BGVS
Ilya Portnov - Harmonica
Parker Cason - Aux Percussion

Think I'm gonna drive and cry
I'm overdue for a tire rotation

And bloodshot eyes

Don't you worry 'bout me
I'm gonna have a bawl
That's my kind of high
I think I'm gonna drive and cry

I gotta weep softly so I can still see
And trace the white lines, keep the road under me
If the floodgates burst open I'll pull up to a spot
A romantic overlook, sit with the lovers and sob, I

CHORUS

Think I'm gonna drive and cry
I'm overdue for a tire rotation
And bloodshot eyes

Don't you worry 'bout me
I'm gonna have a bawl
That's my kind of high
I think I'm gonna drive and cry

Windows rolled down, lonesome tunes turned up
I play it so loud so no one can disrupt
If I hit a stoplight, sunglasses are on
I buy em real big, no telling what's goin' on

CHORUS

Think I'm gonna drive and cry
I'm overdue for a tire rotation
And bloodshot eyes

Don't you worry 'bout me
I'm gonna have a bawl
That's my kind of high
I think I'm gonna drive and cry

Once the weeping well has run dry
I'll head home in silence with my swollen eyes
Spend who knows how long in my driveway
With the rest of my thoughts until my next cryin' day, I

CHORUS

Think I'm gonna drive and cry
I'm overdue for a tire rotation

And bloodshot eyes

Don't you worry 'bout me
I'm gonna have a bawl
That's my kind of high
I think I'm gonna drive and cry

That's my kind of high
I think I'm gonna drive and cry

Changes

Emily Nenni - Vocals, BGVS

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitars

Ryan Jennings - Bass

Bradford Dobbs - Drums

Sean Thompson - Electric Guitar

Hank Long - Wurlitzer

I'm making changes, moving on from phases
Onto new stages I will run, I will run
I'm making changes, I'm making changes
I sure as hell ain't ever one and done

All starts with a feelin', it can hurt when you grow
Be the sweetest piece of hell you'll ever know
You step left and get pushed right
Dust off your denim and set your sights

It's all a part of being lost and alive
The further down you fall the rougher you'll rise
Someone is gonna make you think twice
It's all a part of being lost and alive

CHORUS

I'm making changes, moving on from phases
On to new stages I will run, I will run
I'm making changes, I'm making changes
And I sure as hell ain't ever one and done

I take a couple steps toward the good
Then back up like I knew I would
Have two beers like I know I should
Another night have more because I could

Wake up, remember crying in the arms
Of a big 'ol bear outside the bar
Sometimes you gotta go a little too far
To get yourself thinking 'bout where you are

CHORUS

I'm making changes, moving on from phases
On to new stages I will run, I will run
I'm making changes, I'm making changes
I sure as hell ain't ever one and done

I Don't Need You

Emily Nenni - Vocals, Claps

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitar, Claps

Alex Lyon - Bass

Megan Coleman - Drums, Aux Percussion

Steve Daly - Electric Guitar

Mike Daly - Pedal Steel Guitar

Grace Bowers - Electric Guitar

Silas Hamilton - Dobro

Jo Schornikow - Piano, Hammond Organ

Jim Hoke - Baritone & Alto Saxophone

Maureen Murphy - Vocal Arrangements, BGVS

Kyshona Armstrong - BGVS

Nickie Conley - BGVS

Parker Cason - Aux Percussion, Claps

Olivia Ladd - Claps

Only one soul knows what's best for me
And it's the little miss in the mirror
May take time to find out, I'll trip myself up
But only I know when I feel it

Well you can show a lot of love
Or you can make 'em feel little
Mind your own and tend to yours
Or put yourself in the middle

I don't need you, praise myself when it's due
I had me thinkin' my solitude just wouldn't do
Got my own boots to fill and you know I will
I don't need you (I don't need you)
I don't need you (I don't need you)
I don't need you (I don't need you)

I'll tell ya somethin' for nothin'
As trials and errors go
When I fall down, I roll around and tear it up
But all the while I got my own

You can talk on out your backside
Get called out and now you're tongue-tied
Tax and death you can depend on
And that's gonna get you down the line

CHORUS

Oh I don't need you, praise myself when it's due
I had me thinkin' my solitude just wouldn't do
Got my own boots to fill and you know I will
I don't need you (I don't need you)
I don't need you (I don't need you)
I don't need you (I don't need you)

I Can't Pretend It Never Happened

Emily Nenni - Vocals

Bella White - Harmony Vocals

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitars

Alex Lyon - Bass

Megan Coleman - Drums, Aux Percussion

Jo Schornikow - Piano, Hammon Organ

Steve Daly - Electric Guitars, Baritone Guitar, Phase II Synth

Mike Daly - Dobro, Pedal Steel Guitar

Parker Cason - Vibraphone, Glockenspiel, Bowed Vibraphone, Bowed Cymbals

Billy Contreras - Strings, String Arrangement

Ryan Jennings - Mandolin

I can't pretend that it never happened
Why are your eyes asking me if I can
I been turned down and turned on by my own best friend
It's got me hurtin' like my old self again

Forgiving ain't the same as forgetting
Can only half choose magnanimity
To forget my mind can't just shut off and erase
But forgiveness that is something I can fake

I can't pretend that it never happened
Why are your eyes asking me if I can

I'm too old to let myself be told I'm too feelin'
And too young to think that I can't start again

Rootin' For You

Emily Nenni - Vocals

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitars

Alex Lyon - Bass

Megan Coleman - Drums, Aux Percussion

Jo Schornikow - Piano, Hammond Organ

Steve Daly - Electric Guitars, Baritone Guitar

Grace Bowers - Electric Guitar

Mike Daly - Pedal Steel Guitar

Billy Contreras - Fiddle

Maureen Murphy - BGVS

Kyshona Armstrong - BGVS

Nickie Conley - BGVS

Parker Cason - Aux Percussion

You may not feel like a first place prize
The color ribbon you are is the look in your eyes
The greatest table setting at the county fair
You thought they overlooked you in their judge's chair

Before you go puttin' down your beautiful size
And hatin' on the natural circumference of your thighs
Too round, too short, too tall, too slight
Try lookin' at you with a pair of dotting eyes

I'm not just rootin' for everybody
But I'm rootin' for you
I wanna see you get to where you want to, buddy
Feelin' the way you ought to do
Well I'm hootin' and a' hollerin' front row, honey
Hoping that you take all of the fat cats' money
I'm not just rootin' for everybody
But I'm rootin' for you

Before you go a' changin' from your boots to your hat
May I remind you there ain't no one lookin' like that
How coo-coo-cool to be one of a kind
Not just talkin' 'bout your looks, I'm also talkin' 'bout your mind

You may not ever be met with applause
Or understanding, but that don't mean that you're flawed
Ain't no point in doin' it for the medals
But I'll be over here tossin' you the rose petals

CHORUS

I'm not just rootin' for everybody
But I'm rootin' for you
I wanna see you get to where you want to, buddy
Feelin' the way you ought to do
Well I'm hootin' and a' hollerin' front row, honey
Hoping that you take all of the fat cats' money

Well I'm hootin' and a hollerin' front row, honey
Hoping that you take all of the fat cats' money
Anywhere you're headed, I'm running alongside
Anyone who ain't, you're gonna pass em by
I'm not just rootin' for everybody
But I'm rootin' for you

We Sure Could Two Step

Emily Nenni - Vocals

Misa Arriaga - BGVS

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitar

Parker Cason - Acoustic Guitar, Aux Percussion

Alex Lyon - Bass

Megan Coleman - Drums

Steve Daly - Electric Guitar

Jo Schornikow - Piano

Silas Hamilton - Pedal Steel Guitar

Billy Contreras - Fiddle

We sure could love, and when we'd love
It was a love we were proud of
We sure could two step, and when we'd two step
Each was a new step for me and you

We sure could fight, and when we'd fight
It was a fight, to kill the night
We sure could two step, and when we'd two step
Each was a new step for me and you

Sure felt right, who knows what at first sight
Soon the odds were stacked and we couldn't win
Never knew the feeling, never knew if it was real
And now I know I'll never feel it again

You sure could grin, I'd scratch your chin
Count three from ten, try to find you again
We sure could two step, and when we'd two step
Each was a new step for me and you

Set On The Steps

Emily Nenni - Vocals

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitars

Alex Lyon - Bass

Megan Coleman - Drums, Aux Percussion

Jo Schornikow - Piano, Hammond Organ, Mellotron

Steve Daly - Baritone Guitar, Electric 12-String Guitar

Mike Daly - Pedal Steel Guitar

Parker Cason - Vibraphone, Glockenspiel, Aux Percussion

I wouldn't call myself damaged goods
To tell you true, I'm a little damaged for good
So if I shut down or act unkind
I'm just having good trouble cleaning up my mind

When I doubt me, I doubt us too
Some days fighting is easier to do
And the drinking never helped between me and you
But I won't quit the drinking and I won't quit you

Let's set on the steps, talk to me like a friend
Through good and bad and ugly, I'm fixing to win
Let's set on the steps and love again

Thought I'd found home long ago you see
Opened up the door and it walked on me
So this true, warm, and consistent kind
Has me waiting for the rug to pull me onto my behind

I've fallen apart and grown with you
We walk along in self same summer shoes
There's no better place than by your side
With you behind the wheel, don't care how hard the ride

CHORUS x 2

Let's set on the steps, talk to me like a friend
Through good and bad and ugly, I'm fixing to win
Let's set on the steps and love again
Let's set on the steps and love again

Let's set on the steps, talk to me like a friend
Through good and bad and ugly, I'm fixing to win
Let's set on the steps and love again
Let's set on the steps and love again

Amarillo Highway

Emily Nenni - Vocals, Aux Percussion, BGVS

Jack Quiggans - Acoustic Guitars, Aux Percussion, BGVS

Alex Lyon - Bass

Megan Coleman - Drums, Aux Percussion

Jo Schornikow - Piano

Steve Daly - Electric Guitar

Mike Daly - Pedal Steel Guitar

Silas Hamilton - Dobro

Parker Cason - Acoustic Guitar, Aux Percussion, BGVS

Parker Cason - Mandolin, Aux Percussion, BGVS

John James Tourville - Aux Percussion

I'm a high straight in Plainview
Side bet in Idalou
And a fresh deck in New Deal
Yeah, some call me high hand
And some call me low hand
But, I'm holding what I am, the wheel

I'm a panhandlin'
Man handlin'
Post holin'
High rollin'
Dust Bowlin' Daddy
And I ain't got no blood in my veins
I just got them four lanes
Of hard Amarillo Highway

Well, I don't wear no Stetson
But I'm willin' to bet, son
That I'm as big a Texan as you are
There's a girl in her bare feet

'Sleep on the back seat
And that trunk is full of Pearl and Lone Star

CHORUS

I'm a panhandlin'
Man handlin'
Post holin'
High rollin'
Dust Bowlin' Daddy
And I ain't got no blood in my veins
I just got them four lanes
Of hard Amarillo Highway

So gonna hop outta bed
Pop a pill in my head
Yeah, bust the Hub for the Golden Spread
Under blue skies
Gonna stuff my hide
Behind some power glide
And get some southern fried back in my eyes

CHORUS

I'm a panhandlin'
Man handlin'
Post holin'
High rollin'
Dust Bowlin' Daddy
And I ain't got no blood in my veins
I just got them four lanes
Of hard Amarillo Highway

And close I'll ever get to Heaven
Is makin' speed up ol' 87
Of that hard-ass Amarillo Highway

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