



Pernice Brothers
Who Will You Believe
Album Credits & Lyrics

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Produced by Joe Pernice

Engineered and Mixed by Michael McKenzie, Liam Jaeger, and Joe Pernice, Toronto, ON

Additional engineering by Jeff Galegher at Carnassial Sound

Mastered by Jeff Lipton and Maria Rice at Peerless Mastering, Boston, MA

Assistant Mastering Engineer: Costanza Tinti

A&R: Brady Brock

Art Direction by Chad Pelton

Photography by Colleen Nicholson

All songs by Joe Pernice

Bony Gap Music (BMI)

Joe Pernice: vocals, guitar, bass, keyboards, and percussion

Michael McKenzie: guitar, bass, keyboards, and percussion
Liam Jaeger: vocals, guitar, bass, keyboards, drums, and percussion
Patrick Berkery: drums and percussion
Michael Belitsky: drums and percussion
Peyton Pinkerton: guitar
Bob Pernice: guitar

with:

Neko Case: vocals on "I Don't Need That Anymore"
Andrew Joslyn: violin and viola
Joshua Karp: trumpet
Greg Kramer: trombone
Mike Evin: piano
Choir! Choir! Choir!: vocals
Laura Stein: vocals
Jennifer Pierce: vocals
Stephen Dyte: trumpet
Christian Overton: trombone
Julian Nali: saxophone
Jon Brooks: guitar
Matthew Zapruder: guitar

Strings arranged by Andrew Joslyn

Choir arranged by Daveed Goldman, Nobu Adilman, and Joe Pernice

Neko Case appears courtesy of ANTI- Records

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For Joyce

Who Will You Believe

I knew a beggar who said she heard a higher calling. She bought a jet plane even though the sky is falling. Who will you believe? Who will you believe? His eyes are clearer, truer, bluer than the ocean. But what's behind them you don't have a foggy notion. Who will you believe? Who will you believe? I fell in love. I fell in love. I fell in love with the possible world. I fell in love. I fell in love. I fell in love with the possible world. Then I smashed my heart against the stones. So, don't cash out 'cause some rumour says it's over. Look here, I stagger, but I swear to God I'm sober. Who will you believe? Who will you believe? I fell in love. I fell in love. I fell in love with the possible world. Who will you believe?

Look Alive

And if my hair won't comb, you can read my homage to a love poem. If it's all a long con, you can fish my money from a coy pond. At best a shaky maybe. Strumming the old banjo, baby. Choking out a song never meant to be. And if my breath won't fog, you can rub my scent into a good dog. And if my screw won't snug, you can roll my soul up in a throw rug. At best a shaky maybe. Strumming the old banjo, baby. Snuffing out a torch that was held for me. I wish I could sing that song. I wish I could sing that song. The one that makes the ordinary extraordinary. I wish I was here. Play *A Love Supreme* when I'm but a dream. You can clip a little off the top, that's fine. But don't rouge my cheeks. I'll never look alive. And if that chain won't reach, you can sail my coffin on a tar beach. And if my death won't take, slip a sharp mill-bastard in a pound cake. At best a shaky maybe. Strumming the old banjo, baby. Snuffing out a tune never meant to be. I wish I could sing that song. I wish I could sing that song. The one that makes the ordinary extraordinary. I wish I could sing that song.

Not This Pig

I remember when you spoke with gravitas, with care and eloquence. It's so embarrassing to hear you now. It's so embarrassing to hear you now. Once an undiscovered star. You're just another clown crammed in a tiny car. It's so embarrassing to see you now. It's so embarrassing to see you now. How weird to think we once believed a rib might cleave and grow into you and me. Your pigeon lighted on my limb as I was grieving and read me poetry. All the best, old friend. You'll never lead this pig to market with a pen. It's so embarrassing to see you now. It's so embarrassing.

What We Had

She likes to wade across a crowded room and feel the eyes. She doesn't think she cares, with every move she'd cross the line. I can see the way it's playing out. It's a comedy of errors, but it's sad. I think of what we had. It's hard to watch good love go bad. He likes to press the breath of someone else into his clothes. He likes to go until the morning says, it's time to go. I can see the way it's playing out. It's a comedy of errors, but it's sad. I think of what we had. It's hard to watch good love go bad. I think of what we had. Oh, call it tragic for the way a spotlight brights the cruel and not the kind. Oh, call it destiny for the mark it left on me because I see it all the time. See it all the time. I can see the way it's playing out. It's a comedy of errors, but it's sad. I

think of what we had. It's hard to watch good love go bad. I think of what we had. It's hard to watch good love go bad. I think of what we had.

December in Her Eyes

Hey man, I hate to leave you a message, but I don't know what to do. I'm happy for you now you're seeing somebody, and I don't want to be a drag on you. But I can't eat. I can't sleep or see no one. All I do is fret and pace all day. I thought that maybe you could try and talk to her 'cause she always liked you's what she said. We've been friends for so long, I would tell you that I might break down and cry. I hope you can find her and find out 'cause I swear I don't know why she's got December in her eyes. She's got December in her eyes, she's got December in her eyes. I wish I knew why. Sorry man, I can be so long-winded. And I'm no good at talking on a phone. I really should have dragged myself downtown to see you, but I know you're probably not alone. I hope you can find her and find out 'cause I swear I don't know why she's got December in her eyes. She's got December in her eyes, she's got December in her eyes. I wish I knew why.

A Song for Sir Robert Helpmann

(instrumental)

Hey, Guitar

I was king taken down by a broken string. My sister's clothes, in a mirror I'd pose. 'Tis of thee I sing. Eighty-three, like a boss come to bully me. Wound so tight, full of fear and fight. It put this song in me. Pray for a summer love to come and thrill me. Pray to god the atom bomb don't kill me. Pray I wake to find the boredom broke like a fever dream. Hey, guitar. Hold me up. I might fall apart. Hey, guitar. Hold me up. I might fall apart. Hey, guitar. Let me see your scar. Tune me up and turn me on. Amen. Pray for a summer love to come and thrill me. Pray to god the atom bomb don't kill me. Pray I wake to find the boredom broke like a fever dream. Hey, guitar. Hold me up. I might fall apart. Hey, guitar. Hold me up. I might fall apart. Hey, guitar. Let me see your scar. Tune me up and turn me on. Amen. Hey, guitar.

A Man of Means

I wouldn't bet she couldn't lasso you the moon. I don't advise you go to sleep on her too soon. She's a man of means. She's a man of means. She's a man of means like this world has never seen. She won't be led by a vendetta or by love. She'll whip her caucus in a Cucinelli glove. She's a man of means. She's a man of means. She's a man of means like this world has never seen. Do it. Did it. Done it. Do-it-did-it-done-it-do-it-did-it-done-it. Do it. Did it. Done it. Do-it-did-it-done-it-do-it-did-it-done-it. Her name will show up chiseled in a marble frieze. She'll beg to differ. It won't be down on her knees. She's a man of means. She's a man of means. She's a man of means like this world has never seen. Roll over, boys. Here comes the queen. She's a man of means.

I Don't Need That Anymore (feat. Neko Case)

Oh, I close my eyes and still can see the picture of the day on which you came. You were neon trouble. All wreck and rubble. Calmest eyes of any hurricane. Oh, you could charm a dead man from his coffin and leave him begging on the floor. I'm glad I had it when I needed it. I don't think I need that anymore. You were shy and lonely. Yeah, if only. Go check your notes, 'cause I

checked mine. You were some bullshitter. Pick of the litter, with a trophy never far behind. Oh, you could soothe me like a long, cool water. Now I'm more thirsty than before. I'm glad I had it when I needed it. I don't think I need that anymore. I'm glad I had it when I needed it. I don't think I need that anymore. We had some heady times in between the sheets and lines. Much more than we came for. But then we lost a thing, like gilding off a wedding ring. I don't feel the pull of sirens singing anymore. It's a fool who'll tell you love is simple, and less is almost always more. I'm glad I had it when I needed it. I don't think I need that anymore. I'm glad I had it when I needed it. I don't think I need that anymore. I'm glad I had it when I needed it. I don't think I need that anymore.

Ordinary Goldmine

This is no ordinary goldmine. I would never raise my voice or hand to. Last call for alcohol. Two vodkas and lime. Tell me where. I swear I'd be on-time. You can't be sure how deep this cut goes. But I believe you slashed right through me. It's been so long I can't remember how to read the cues or signs. Tell me where. I swear I'd be on-time. You in my coat makes the night feel warmer. You in my coat makes your black sun shine. I'd keep it there with mine. It's been so long I can't stop shaking like a thief before the crime. Tell me where. I swear I'd be on-time. Tell me where. I swear I'd be on-time. Tell me where. I swear I'd be on-time.

How Will We Sleep

I'm no man's idol and no man's my king. I was born on the pause of a pendulum swing. My father was quiet. My mother would sing: If you found love in life, you've found everything. Oh, how will we sleep to the crash and the clang, as the hell-bent hell fires burn on in our names? How will we live: By the dove or the blade? Will we keep our eyes closed as the dream slips away? I take my hit. I take my bitter pill. But I still spare the rod and the in-for-the-kill. What comes in on a temper goes out on a chill. Do we learn from our past, or just say that we will? Oh, how will we sleep to the crash and the clang, as the hell-bent hell fires burn on in our names? How will we live: By the dove or the blade? Will we keep our eyes closed as the dream slips away? Oh, I love my baby. And I love my son. But I won't hold my breath. And I won't hold my tongue. Growing old seemed like death to me when I was young. Now I want to grow old. And I want to belong. Oh, how will we sleep to the crash and the clang, as the hell-bent hell fires burn on in our names? How will we live: By the dove or the blade? Will we keep our eyes closed as the dream slips away? Will we keep our eyes closed as the dream slips away? Will we keep our eyes closed as the dream slips away?

The Purple Rain

If you were here we could hang out all night and wash our rags till they were almost white. I stopped there on my way, but it didn't feel right. No longer knew a soul. No soul knew me. I never called you, and you never came. I stayed a couple streets away from blame. Hole up in a poem made of pith and pain. I often read the end before the start. I remember you to her sea-bound train. Remember you to her fruited plains. Purple mountains in purple rain won't always separate the shining seas. Here's a man one heartbeat from a ghost. Here's a vein, it spiders coast to coast. One thousand quiet cuts, and I do believe we're close. Been bleeding out for years and years and years. I remember you to her sea-bound train. Remember you to her fruited plains. Purple mountains in purple rain won't always separate the shining seas.

Remember me to her sea-bound train. Remember me to her fruited plains. Purple mountains in purple rain won't always separate the shining seas. The wake is washing over me.

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