



Esther Rose
Safe to Run
Album Credits & Lyrics

1. Stay
2. Chet Baker
3. Spider
4. Safe to Run (feat. Hurray For The Riff Raff)
5. St. Francis Waltz
6. New Magic II
7. Dream Girl
8. Insecure
9. Levee Song
10. Full Value
11. Arm's Length

Lonnie Leary - Drums
Meredith Stoner - Bass
Nick Cohon - Lead guitar
John Shadid - pedal steel
Lyle Werner - Fiddle
Coleman Akin - Fiddle
Alynda Segarra - Harmony vocals on track 4
Cameron Snyder - Percussion, synth, organ on tracks 2 & 3
Lucas Bogner - Drums on tracks 6 & 7
Peter Campanelli - Bass on tracks 6 & 7
Chris Lyons - Acoustic guitar, harmonies on tracks 6 & 7
Kunal Prakash - Lead guitar on tracks 6 & 7

All songs written and arranged by Esther Rose
Covertly Canadian Publishing (BMI)
except

“Stay” (lyrics by Esther Rose & Sam Doores)
Covertly Canadian Publishing / Feed Of Man (BMI)
and

“Safe to Run” (arranged by Esther Rose & Nick Cohon)
Covertly Canadian Publishing / Sentric (BMI)

Cameron Snyder appears courtesy of New West Records
Kunal Prakash, Chris Lyrons, and Lucas Bogner appear courtesy of Third Man Records
Alynda Segarra appears courtesy of Warner Records

Produced by - Ross Farbe
Recorded by - Ross Farbe at The Tigermen Den in New Orleans, LA and Gringo Gulch in
Placitas, NM
Mastered by - Marc Whitmore in Santa Fe, NM

Package Design - Jackson Tupper
Photographer - Brandon Soder & Shayla Blatchford

Management - Tony Presley

Thank you Christian for new magic. Meredith and Lon for grabbing a shovel. Ross,
you’ve got that editing magic. Silver Synthetic, my rock n’ roll daddies. Alynda for
heartstrings. Lyle, there from the start. Matthew and Doc for your home. Leesaw for
your home. Jessi and Tyler for wings. Josh and Kate for enthusiasm. Tony for vision.
George Jr for guidance. Andrew C for genius choice words. Jon C, a light in the dark.
John G for the DM. Nick & Evelyn for a soft landing. Julia for everything. Jordan, my
road doggie. Sophia and Teague for refuge. Cedar for brightness. Persephone, you’ve
always been my biggest fan. Greg for the wheels. Robin for the angels.

Stay

Whatever keeps you in this tourist town
I can see you need answers
Knocking on doors
Knocking them down
Whatever stays you in your lane
Pour another round for me babe

Waiting on clouds
Waiting on rain
From the Red Cliffs to the Rio Grande, car camping
I carried Cedar to the Huntington
I saw the mountain peaks
White, green, gray
And purple sunsets spreading down from Santa Fe
You say all good dreamers pass this way sometime
Well I'm ok my baby, if you're
If you're alright

Stay if you want to
Stay if you want to

Whatever keeps me in this tourist town
I can see I need answers
Knocking on doors
Knocking them down
Whatever keeps me between the lines
Pour another round for me babe
Taking my coin
Taking my time
You say all good dreamers pass this way sometimes
But smoke is coming up from Angel, Angel Fire
And a blue moons' rising on Devil, Devil's Night
Well I'm ok my baby, if you're
If you're alright

Stay if you want to
Stay if you want to

Chet Baker

Welcome to the middle of the road, rock and roll
And I try to find my way in, thick skin
Memory I've kept under lock and key
Suddenly coming back to me, back to me

You push the gas showing off, my seatbelt clicks

Chet Baker on the deck when the pills kick in
Caught air, hit the stop sign, into the woods
Caught hell with your girlfriend, oh but you're

Pretty good / you wanted to crash
Pretty good / you needed to crash
Twenty-three / uh-huh
Save me

Welcome to the end of your rope, well you know
Rock bottom shouldn't feel this good, but we could
Go down swinging, arm in arm, or we could
Just go out drinking at the 8 Ball, 8 Ball

Two bucks press play, baby bully the juke
Outside the ladies' restroom there starts to form a queue
Six bucks Starlight Special, a shot and a beer
We're not doing great, aw but we're

Pretty good / you wanted to crash
Pretty good / you needed to crash
Twenty-three / uh-huh
Save me

I heard you got off easy
Like you do, just a warning
Flashlights in the trees
Your friends searching in the morning
You say *summers' for the youth*
And *we're just having fun*
But I'm coming down
Pull the covers up / sun's coming up
Pull the covers up / sun's coming
Oh now we're

Pretty good / you wanted to crash
Pretty good / you needed to crash
Twenty-three / uh-huh
Save me / you wanted
Pretty good / you needed

Pretty good / you wanted
Twenty-three / you needed
Save me

Spider

I'm searching for three chords and the truth
I'm coming in quietly as a fuse
And If it starts to get dark at noon
You can come find me, I'll be in my room
Singing for you

Remember when you used to be mine
And every day started with a fight
Scaring the neighbors, scream at the night
And you strung your heart out on the clothing line
You're so fine

Gotta let it go
Gotta let it go
Gotta let it go

Spider, you're making such a pretty web
And you've got a sweet gentleness
When you spin me up in your cocoon
And you drain me out, leaving me useless and blue
So blue

Oh now look at all the other flies
Spread apart, almost out of sight
Spider, you've got quite the appetite
But it took a while for me to realize
You're not mine

Gotta let it go
Gotta let it go
Gotta let it go

Oh but you're making such a pretty web

Maybe I should settle down instead
What is love without a little stress?
I've got two minds about you, I confess
Get undressed

But I'm not helpless and I'm not scared
Flex my wings and I'm back in the air
Spider, you've got so many other cares
Don't I look so small to you from way down there?

Safe to Run

Everybody's telling me good good luck
I don't know what it means, or have I got enough
What if I left the city behind
Just dreaming in the trees, untie my mind
Flying down the highway in a borrowed car
I don't know who I am, I don't know where you are
But everybody's gotta be from someplace
I was born in the city, I was raised on faith
Oh Julia, it was a false alarm
Don't leave the door open, don't leave the light on
How does it feel to blow a kiss to the wind
And see where it lands, and see what you did

Let the angels find me
I don't care
If the whiskey drowns me
In the poisoned air
You know there's no place
Safe to run
Angels surround

Ten miles down, six miles in
Just to look at the aspens shaking in the wind
Are we saving the earth one day at a time
Or are we just getting left behind?
Man, to be alive seems we just consume
Everything in sight becoming fuel

They're raising babies in their little home
Can I have it like that, am I bound to roam?

Let the angels find me
I don't care
If the whiskey drowns me
In the poisoned air
Fire surrounds me
From here to there
And the waters' rising
Everywhere
You know there's no place
Safe to run
Angels surround
Everyone
Angels surround
Everyone

St. Francis Waltz

Petals and minnies litter the street
Cars on St. Francis honking at me
Hands in my pockets, head in the clouds
How does it feel to come home to me now?

You used to say I turned up in your dreams
So you wrote me a letter, explained everything
And you filled it with pepper and honesty
Oh, how does it feel to come home to me?

Come Sunday morning, staying in bed
Cups, wands and coins / shuffle the deck
I pulled The World / you pulled me in
Oh, how does it feel to love again?

Said you remembered the first time we spoke
After a party, sharing a smoke
Well the years disappeared but I tracked you down
Oh, how does it feel to come home to me now?

New Magic

There's a town in New Mexico
I passed through a time or two
Never stayed to see the seasons change
Now that's changing cos of you
You've got clouds in your eyes, long skinny legs
Long enough to reach the ground
And you long for something you lost on the way
Hope you find it anyhow
Cos it's been ten years in New Orleans
From the train tracks to the oaks
And I'll catch a ride from an old friend
Go and find you on the road

And I don't have a plan, it's true
Just to spend a little time with you
And maybe write a song or two

I get crazed and bent out of shape
And I call you on the phone
Pleading for affection or attention
Or a strong dose of something I've never known
You laugh, say I'm a piece of work
That you empathize most times
Your words cut through me, I want to improve me
Be someone you can recognize
Look closer, look closer, look closer
See what is really here
A sunlit morning, a quiet room
And thirty-four years

And I don't have a plan, it's true
Just to spend a little time with you
And maybe write a song or two
Yeah maybe write a song or two

Dream Girl

The story goes, you didn't go to college
You went straight to Hollywood
Now the college kids are in line to see your
Sold out show at the Inglewood
Well you broke the fourth when you smiled at the camera
Plead the fifth when the interviews came
You're the sixth degree of anyone who's anything
And all of L.A. knows your name

Dream girl

You really got it going on
And all of the critics agree
Say, *honey won't you play my show*
Won't you go on tour with me?"

He said he made you what you are
You were no one till he made you star
A pair of eyes, a narrow view
He was lucky just to be in the room

With the dream girl

It takes a level-headed death-wish
Organized soft kiss
You can't miss the dream girl
Hang around, stay up late
Paint the town a figure eight
Why do you love to hate the dream girl

Dream girl

Insecure

No worries if not
Do you need space

She's really pretty
Did you used to date?

Don't want to feel threatened
By ghosts at the door
And ghosts at the bar
Anymore

Sorry if I'm insecure

I know you want me
Feel it when we kiss
And I know you love me
Cause you buy me shit

I know you better
Better than the rest
And I'm doing better, honey
I'm still a mess, your little mess

Sorry if I'm insecure

Can't you feel me changing?
Peeling back my skin
It's not where you been, babe
Or who you did it with

Trust a little deeper
As months go ticking by
And come June, my babe
We'll know the reason why, why you and I

Sorry if I'm insecure

Levee Song

She's a rookie but she's moving fast, she's got a
High motor burning up the gas, she's a
Shot-caller, clementine

You think she's yours but she's mine oh mine

Walk on the levee with Casey Jane
Are you still crying over What's-His-Name?
Come on girl, put your blue jeans on and I'll
Spin you around to an old Cate song

That girl is really
She's no good, she really
That girl is really good

She's got a tiny dog and worn-out clothes
Her dad's guitar and ribbon bows, she likes it
When everybody's hanging around
Trading tunes down at campfire town

I like it when you put your trust in me
You know I never trusted any scene
Times are changing, people leave
It gets so hot it's like a fever dream

That girl is really
She's no good, she really
That girl is really, she's no good
She really, that girl is really
She's no good, no good, no good, no good
That girl is really good

Full Value

Here I am again
I'm in your house, I'm in your room
Aw hell I'm in you
You put your mouth against mine and I
Fly away so fast, but I come back every time
Found God in a Family Dollar
In a hurricane candle with Mary in blue
Found you in the eyes of another
I want, I want
The full value

Oh, you come and go
Get your money's worth
Get your money's worth
I see you come and go
Get your money's worth
Get your money

Here I am again
And it's dawn, and it's cold
And I'm laughing all alone
Sometimes dreams come true but
What if my dream just feels like heaven to you?
You put your arms around me and
I'm an angel in my red slippers red robe
You say you'll see me later
And I, and I
Already know

Oh, you come and go
Get your money's worth
Get your money's worth
I see you come and go
Get your money's worth
Get your money

Here I am again
Clouds are low, curl of smoke
And I'm singing all alone
What if the clouds break open and rain
Like angel's teardrops
Just softening the blow
When it comes today I'll close up early and I'll
Drive out to the view
I just want to live forever
I want, I want
The full value

Arm's Length

I'm keeping you at arm's length
And all the puppies gonna lick my face
And all the babies, place them on my hips
Nevermind your lips on mine

Come on Jesus, don't you die for me
You take yourself so seriously
I want all my sins, I'm so greedy
Second house, heated pool, third wife

I want to be a saint someday
I wanna fly around that heavenly way
I got a friend who works the gate
Owes me favor, he's a bouncer in Heaven

Hey hey hey

Come on Greta, you made your case
And now we're keeping you at arm's length
You know we only want to save face
And take a selfie, go to lunch, eight-ounce steak

Come on Jesus, don't you die for me
You take yourself so seriously
You're a shepherd so count sheep
Maybe love ain't enough for some of us

Hey hey hey

I'm keeping you at arm's length
But I'm not keeping you any old way
You know life is like a video game
Level up
Big score
Game over
