PAPER DOLL AND THE VELVET CRUTCH
My Story

I recall that I had to be lifted on to the goat fence because I had not yet built back the strength in my left leg to climb up by myself. I was three. My older sisters were in school so my mom and I spent lots of time together. On this day we had walked up North Road from the farm to visit a neighbor lady. Mrs. Moulton sat at the kitchen table having coffee with mom. I went out the back door and down the steps of a little wooden porch landing and for some reason decided to crawl under the porch. I knelt down hard on a jagged broken glass bottle. It was bad. Mom came running. No one had a car so mom called her best friend Ruth who lived about a mile away. Mom and Mrs. Moulton wrapped my leg tight in towels trying to stop the bleeding. Ruth drove us up to Main Street to old Doc Freeman's brick house. He used some kind of surgical stapler to close the wound that had cut my knee in half. Apparently the wound was too big to stitch. He told mom he wasn't sure about the extent of the damage or if I'd be able to walk normally. Only time would tell. They bandaged it up tight so that I couldn't bend my knee. I was so little there were no crutches that small. My dad carved and whittled a crutch out of a tree branch. You know where the branch makes a fork? That was the part that went under my arm. He sanded it smooth like velvet and painted it barn red. Time passed with more doctor visits. Finally the metal clamp staples were removed. Many clinks as the doctor dropped them one by one into the stainless steel bowl. On my album cover you can see how my left leg is much thinner than my right. Eventually I was allowed to begin exercising. I spent many days lifting one of those old fashioned irons we had used for a door stop as a weight. The iron was tied to a rope that went over a door knob that was tied to my ankle. A very ingenious contraption. Up and down back and forth bend and straighten. After awhile I was enrolled in dance classes as part of my therapy. But from this incident came something ultimately very joyful. We had a lady who played the piano for our dance classes. Live music. On the last page of my album liner notes, I've included a recital picture of me after taking dance lessons that first year. I gave my album the title of Paper Doll because to me it represents the fragility of the innermost child, the spirit of which still exists in the deepest core of all of us. I am reminded of that sweet, unbroken, untested child. When we are broken, because at various times in our lives we all surely are, it is in the healing and survival that we celebrate. It makes me think of the Japanese practice of honoring the beauty of the broken ceramic object by repairing it with gold (Kintsugi). Paper Doll represents that first scar. I have many scars seen and unseen that are like that gold. When I met my husband I think we recognized each other's gold. He had survived polio as a child. I dedicate this album to him.
Stardust

And now the purple dusk of twilight time
Steals across the meadows of my heart
High up in the sky the little stars climb
Always reminding me that we’re apart
You wandered down the lane and far away
Leaving me a song that will not die
Love is now the stardust of yesterday
The music of the years gone by
Sometimes I wonder why I spend
The lonely night dreaming of a song
The melody haunts my reverie
And I am once again with you
When our love was new
And each kiss an inspiration
But that was long ago
And now my consolation
Is in the stardust of a song
Beside the garden wall
When stars are bright
You are in my arms
The nightingale tells his fairytale
Of paradise where roses bloom
Though I dream in vain
In my heart it will remain
My stardust melody
A memory of love’s refrain
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Mitchell Parish- Songs Of Peer Ltd, Emi Mills Music Inc
That's What Crazy Lovers Do (Album Version) (3:02)

That's What Crazy Lovers Do

My baby is long gone
My blues been swept away
I had a stormy dark cloud before me
Now the sun is out and here to stay
(Let me tell you my story)
He was a charmer, a lyin' cheat
A handsome devil in disguise
He knew what to say
to sweep me off my feet
Oh baby I believed his lyin' eyes
My friends say leopards don't change their spots
But I don't know what they mean
I only know when I feel his touch
I feel like berries in a bowl of cream
Hey wait a second someone's at my door
A rat tat tat tat what should I do
Guess I'll forgive him cause he's back for more
Cause baby that's what crazy lovers do
(Solo scat along with me on the next page)
When it comes to lovin' you best beware
And keep both feet on the ground
If you give in to that burnin' flame
You won't be standin' you'll be lyin' down
My baby came back now
And I'm no longer blue
Each time I kiss him
Reminds me how I miss my baby
That's what crazy lovers do
That's what crazy lovers do

That's What Crazy Lovers Do (Album Version) (3:02)

That's What Crazy Lovers Do

ISRC QMFHJ1300059
Arranger-Pete Levin
Piano, Bass-Pete Levin
Drums-Joel Rosenblatt
©Kathy Ingraham
Pembi Peirdon Publishing ASCAP
Scat Along With Me!

That's What Crazy Lovers Do

Scoot daddy o deep dop floy doy doy daddy -0
Scat daddy -o dwee dop floy doy
Foo zaba dwee ee ee doo
Diggity doggity shag tag a wee wag woo
Shagitty dog a dee sa poy may dwEEP day oop
Day oh da doh dop. Dow
Sha dop bwée bop a zwee bu boy oh
Doh bee beep boy oh de day ay day do
Ga daddy-o floy doy doy
Dwée dame a zee dow
Skaggity hock, Kennebeck Lincoln Knox Munjoy joy
Day be dwon a say den we ba dop ay dwoi
A thoh a day bap ba dwée e doop doy
Nature Boy

There was a boy
A very strange enchanted boy
They say he wandered
Very far, very far
Over land and sea
A little shy and sad of eye
But very wise was he
And then one day
A magic day he passed my way
Then we spoke of many things
Fools and kings
Then he said to me:
“The greatest thing you’ll ever learn
Is just to love and be loved in return”
Abeille

Il y a tout simplement trop d'abeilles
Se frayant un chemin vers la ruche
Faisant une petite danse
D'ui dire où tu étais
Oh t'avais trouvé ce nectar par ici
Tu l'avais trouvé par la
Mais cette reine
Elle s'en fout tout simplement
Elle veut seulement que
les autres abeilles fassent
Et elle veut ça de toi
Oh laisse-la tomber
Et reviens à moi
Je t'attends dans mon jardin
Je suis la fleur tu es l'abeille
Ne souhaites-tu pas te poser gentiment sur moi
Doux comme le souffle d'un vent d'été
Tu peux boire tout mon nectar
Doux et sublime
On Fait du miel elixir divin
T'es mon bel abeille zzzzzzzz
Elle s'en fout de toi
La façon dont t'é te désire
Et elle ne t'aime pas
Avec toutes les couleurs d'un arc en ciel
J'avais l'habitude de croire que l'amour est pouvoir
Pourquoi l'abeille aime la fleur
Maintenant vous me dite
C'est de la chimie folle
J'Adore J'Adore, J'Adore l'abeille, (repeat)
Revien je t'en prie, reviens je t'en prie reviens je t'en prie.
Seraphina Come Spring

Come spring
Come joy that new beginnings bring
I turn my head towards the sound
I see something in the air
I have seen this before
In blue skies I look to everyday
There has to be a cloud in the shape of you
I need a little alchemy
Oh we begin it
This dance around the sun
Bring on the day all that’s in it
Tomorrow will come soon enough
Embrace this feeling
Let it flow like a river to your heart
Look up and see the sky reflecting you inside

My eyes are in this moment
Tender is the promise
Timeless is the potion
Music is emotion
Gladness in my eyes oh yeah
Even as the sky is falling down
Embers are floating like fiery flakes from the sky
Seraphina on the rise
Wings of flames
Bidding the will of desire of desire

Seraphina Come Spring (6:12)
ISRC QMFHJ1300051
Arranger-Pete Levin
Trumpet-Don Harris
Drums-Joel Rosenblatt
Piano, Bass-Pete Levin
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Pembi Peirdon Publishing ASCAP
Post Production-Matt Barba, Regrown Recordings

Don Harris
Here I am won't you understand
I'm trying to hold up these four walls I call home
I'm holding on to you I can't let go
Here I am I ain't got no plan
Gonna build a wall around it all and see I am a fortress
Gonna keep my walls up my head down low to the ground
Will let you in, will I let you win this fight
Just like all the other times
Before before before before
Cherish was the word before (repeat)
Vocals recorded at GP Studio Hicksville NY
Pete Levin recorded at The Schoolhouse, Woodstock, NY.
Joel Rosenblatt recorded at Cliffsound Studio, Somers, NY
Evan Christopher recorded at New Orleans, LA
Don Harris recorded at Dusk 2 Don Studio, New Fairfield, CT
Mastering Engineer-Alan Silverman Art! Mastering, New York, NY
Post Production ‘Seraphina Come Spring’ Matt Barba - Regrown Recording Baldwin, NY
Produced by Kathy Ingraham
Artwork-Richard Del Rosso
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