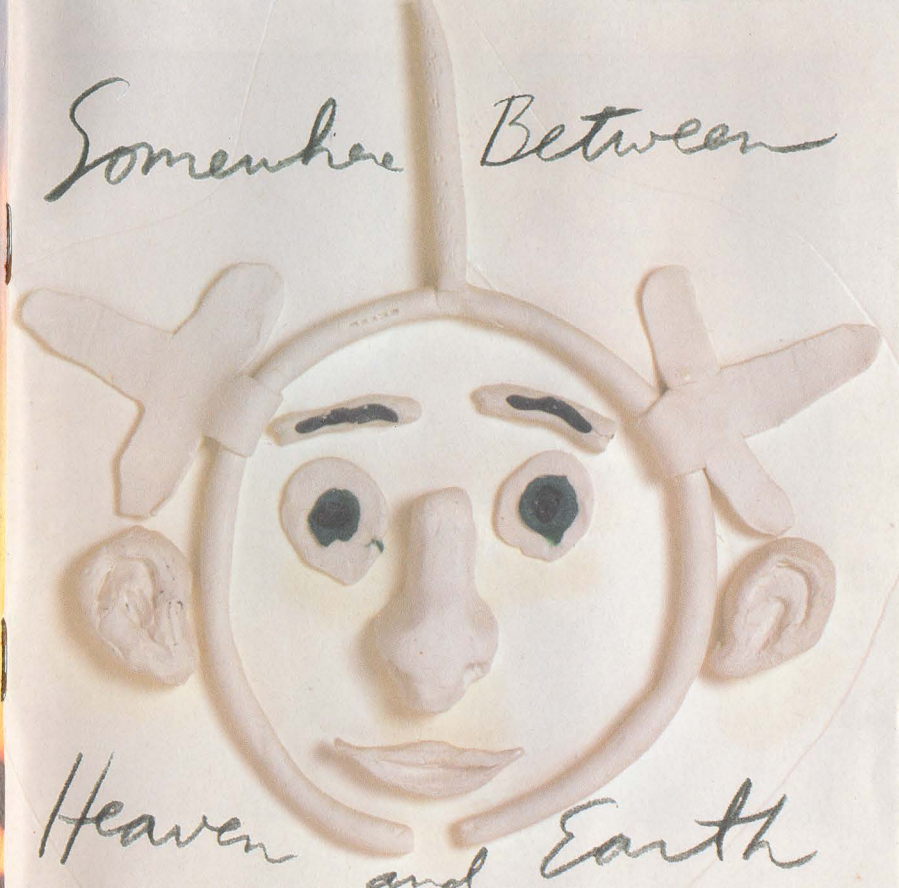




To  
Scott  
Thanks and all  
the best!  
Dwight Boulton



Somewhere Between

Heaven and Earth

# In Better Hands

vocals

CINDY BULLENS

acoustic guitar

CINDY BULLENS

electric guitar

GEORGE MARINELLI

bass

DAVID SANTOS

keyboards

MARK JORDAN

drums

RICK LONOW

engineer

BILL McDERMOTT

studio

DOG DEN, Nashville

mixed by

BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN  
at Mix This!, L.A.

produced by

CINDY BULLENS

I had a dream that I was fallin'  
You came to rescue me  
You must have heard me callin'  
Through my fitful sleep

You know I wish I could be grateful  
Instead of full of fear  
The kind of love that you gave me  
I can't replace with tears

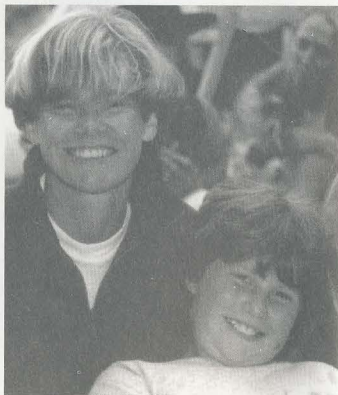
And though I'll never feel that love again  
Never again  
Well, I can take some kind of comfort in  
Knowing you're  
In better hands - in better hands  
In better hands - in better hands

I had a dream about a fire  
Burnin' out of control  
There was no way for me to stop it  
'Till it burned through my soul

There were a hundred people watchin'  
As the night raged on  
And everyone of us stood helpless  
Through that bitter dawn

But oh, the sky is in your shoes tonight  
You can finally fly  
All I can do is trust that you're all right  
And I left you  
In better hands - in better hands  
In better hands - in better hands..

And though I'll never feel that love again  
Never again  
Well, I can take some kind of comfort in  
Knowing you're  
In better hands - in better hands  
In better hands - in better hands...



# The Lights of Paris

vocal

CINDY BULLENS

acoustic guitar

CINDY BULLENS

electric guitar

GEORGE MARINELLI

violin

DAVID MANSFIELD

bass

MICHAEL RHODES

hammond b-3

STEVEN CONN

drums & percussion

GREG MORROW

engineer

DAVID THOENER

studio

HUM DEPOT, Nashville

mixed by

DAVID THOENER  
at Sound Kitchen, Nashville

produced by

RODNEY CROWELL  
and CINDY BULLENS

It was magnificent  
A city like I'd never seen  
The sense of history  
Was deeper than I could dream

I walked down those tiny streets  
And the big, beautiful boulevards  
With every step I thought of you  
But I could not stop the pain in my heart

And even the lights of Paris  
Can never shine as bright  
As the fire in your hair of red  
And the magic in your eyes

And I will never forget it  
But it's you I'm thinking of  
'Cause even the lights of Paris  
Can't outshine your love

Everywhere a masterpiece  
I could not see them all  
I saw the Mona Lisa though  
It's amazing- she's so small



I stood in a room full of Vincent Van Gogh's  
I could not tear myself away  
Struck by light and color  
Pure genius on display

But even the art of Paris  
Somewhere has to have a price  
Unlike the fire in your hair of red  
And the passion in your eyes

And though I'll never forget it  
It's still you I'm dreaming of  
'Cause even the lights of Paris  
Can't outshine your love

Even the lights of Paris  
Can never shine as bright  
As the fire in your hair of red  
And the passion in your eyes

And if I could stay there forever  
It would never be enough  
'Cause even the lights of Paris  
Can't outshine your love  
No, even the lights of Paris  
Can't outshine your love



# A Thousand Shades of Grey

vocals

CINDY BULLENS

acoustic & electric guitar

CINDY BULLENS

lead guitar

GEORGE MARINELLI

bass

DAVID SANTOS

keyboards

MARK JORDAN

drums

RICK LONOW

engineer

BILL McDERMOTT

studio

DOG DEN, Nashville

mixed by

BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN  
at Mix This!, L.A.

produced by

CINDY BULLENS

I sat down by the water  
A cold wind in my face  
The ground still hard with winter  
Of spring there was no trace

I swear I saw a blazing light  
Ascending from the shore  
With a color so familiar  
I had seen this light before

Oh the nights seem endless  
Like there never was a sun  
With a still, pervading darkness  
Of all you left undone

But there must be some great reward  
For lasting out each day  
For having to replace your love  
With a thousand shades of grey

Oh can you hear me?  
If I shout out loud above the raging sea  
Oh can you see me?  
If I stay here long enough will you come to me?  
Will you come to me?

Well, you never kept your distance  
You always told the truth  
If there are such things as angels  
Then you're my living proof

But now you live on higher ground  
And I have lost my way  
Well, I'd settle for your shadow  
For my thousand shades of grey

Oh can you hear me?  
If I shout out loud above the raging sea  
Oh will you know me?  
When winter finally frees my soul  
And let's you come for me  
And let's you come for me

A thousand shades of grey  
A thousand shades of grey

And so unlike the seasons  
My love will never change  
But I've lost your summer laughter  
To a thousand shades of grey...

# Water On The Moon

vocal

CINDY BULLENS

backing vocals

RODNEY CROWELL

acoustic guitar

CINDY BULLENS

electric guitar & hi-strung acoustic

guitar

GEORGE MARINELLI

bass

MICHAEL RHODES

hammond b-3

STEVEN CONN

drums & percussion

GREG MORROW

engineer

GLENN SPINNER

studio

HUM DEPOT, Nashville

mixed by

DAVID THOENER  
at Sound Kitchen, Nashville

produced by

RODNEY CROWELL  
and CINDY BULLENS

I watch the news  
On TV  
The new breakthroughs  
In technology  
Can you find your way back?  
Will you find your way back?

If they find water on the moon  
If they discover life on Mars  
Does it mean you'll be home soon?  
Can I hold you in my arms?  
I used to believe in miracles

There was a time  
When I could be  
So inspired  
By life's mystery  
Can I find my way back?  
Will I find my way back?

If they find water on the moon  
If they discover life on Mars  
Does it mean you'll be home soon?  
Can I hold you in my arms?  
I want to believe in miracles



Jessie & Dad

Oh I know you're somewhere  
Somewhere out there  
If I could go  
I'd be there  
I would be there

If they find water on the moon  
If they discover life on Mars  
Does it mean you'll be home soon?  
Can I hold you in my arms?  
I want to believe in miracles  
I need to believe in miracles

# Boxing With God

vocals  
CINDY BULLENS

My father stays in his room in South Carolina

He once was a mighty man

My mother feels the fear rise up inside her

She thinks it's the beginning of the end

She's boxing with God

And it's all in the plan

I'll never understand

But it don't matter



acoustic, electric & solo  
guitar & percussion  
CINDY BULLENS

He's boxing with God

He's showing all his stuff

And it may not be enough

But he's a fighter

I get in my car and drive to New York City

I'm tryin' to lose myself on some highway

A mile for every teardrop that has fallen

I hope there's something there to ease my pain

electric guitar  
GEORGE MARINELLI  
TONY BERG

He's boxing with God

He's going round for round

And he might be slowing down

But he's no quitter

I'm boxing with God

I'm showing all my stuff

It's probably not enough

But I'm a fighter

bass  
JOHN PIERCE

hammond b-3  
BENMONT TENCH

drums  
DAVID KEMPER

engineer  
JOHN PATERNO  
additional engineering by  
Casey McMackin  
Larry Hirsch

My youngest child is now an angel

She lived her whole life in eleven years

I've never known anyone who was braver

I can't believe she's gone-but she is

I'm boxing with God

And I swear I see His face

Then He's gone without a trace

But I surrender

studio  
ZIETGEIST, L.A.

She's boxing with God

She's showing all her stuff

It wasn't quite enough

But she's a fighter

I'm boxing with God

I'm going round for round

I might be going down

But I'm no quitter

mixed by  
BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN  
at Mix This!, L.A.

produced by  
TONY BERG and  
CINDY BULLENS

# The End of Wishful Thinking

vocal  
CINDY BULLENS

Just outside of Baltimore

North on 95

Headed for New England

Trying not to close my eyes

So I just keep on driving

Searching for a clue

But I know I'll never find you

No matter what I do

backing vocal  
LUCINDA WILLIAMS

acoustic guitar  
J. STEVEN SOLES

Well, I could pull right over

And give myself a rest

But sleep's just one more stranger

That I've added to my list

And it's too early in the morning

And too late in my life

To write a different story

To hope for different lines

electric guitar  
CINDY BULLENS

mandolin  
GEORGE MARINELLI

And it's too early in the morning

And too late in my life

To write a different story

To hope for different lines

And I guess it's finally hit me

What forever really means

That no amount of of dreaming

Is gonna bring you back to me

And it's the end of wishful thinking

bass  
KENNY EDWARDS

hammond b-3  
BENMONT TENCH

drums  
DAVID KEMPER

And I guess it's finally hit me

What forever really means

That no amount of of dreaming

Is gonna bring you back to me

And it's the end of wishful thinking

Yesterday when I

Was leaving Tennessee

The sweetest little red bird came

To say goodbye to me

studio  
TWIN PALMS, Santa Monica

mixed by  
BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN  
at Mix This!, L.A.

I've become some kind of vagabond

I cannot stay at home

It's hard to be with people

And it's hard to be alone

And oh it made me smile

For maybe it is true

That the end of wishful thinking

Will lead me back to you

produced by  
J. STEVEN SOLES  
and CINDY BULLENS

It's too early in the morning...



# As long As You Love (Scarlet Wings)

vocals  
CINDY BULLENS  
REID BULLENS-CREWE

synthesizer  
CINDY BULLENS

hammond b-3 & piano  
BENMONT TENCH

bass  
JOHN PIERCE

drums  
DAVID KEMPER

engineer  
JOHN PATERNO  
additional engineering by  
Larry Hirsch  
Casey McMackin  
Brian Lee

studio  
ZIETGEIST, L.A.

mixed by  
BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN  
at Mix This!, L.A.

produced by  
TONY BERG and  
CINDY BULLENS

Time has a different meaning now  
Since you found your scarlet wings  
Forever seems like yesterday  
But only angels know these things

I can hear your voice sometimes at night  
And it echos through the day  
When my soul cries out from missing you  
I remember what you say

As long as you love  
You will see me in the stars  
As you look up at the stars  
I will be there

As long as you love  
I will whisper in your ear  
Little whispers you will hear  
As long as you love  
As long as you love

You are standing here beside me now  
As I watch the children play  
To those of us you left behind  
You are never far away

Even Heaven cannot hold your heart  
For no boundaries love allows  
So little angel spread those scarlet wings  
As you whisper to me now

As long as you love  
You will feel me in the sun  
In the warming of the sun  
I will be there

As long as you love  
You will understand the rain  
You must bless the falling rain  
As long as you love

As long as you love  
You will see me in the stars...

Jessie at 3 & Reid at 5



# Better Than I've Ever Been

vocal  
CINDY BULLENS

backing vocals  
MARY ANN KENNEDY  
BILL LLOYD

acoustic guitar  
CINDY BULLENS

electric guitar  
GEORGE MARINELLI

bass  
MICHAEL RHODES

wurlitzer & hammond b-3  
STEVEN CONN

drums & percussion  
GREG MORROW

engineer  
GLENN SPINNER

studio  
HUM DEPOT, Nashville

mixed by  
DAVID THOENER  
at Sound Kitchen, Nashville

produced by  
CINDY BULLENS

There's been a lot of things said about me  
Since that awful day  
I'm not the person that I used to be  
And that I'll never be the same  
That's true—no doubt  
But I know more now what life is about

I laugh louder  
Cry harder  
Take less time to make up my mind and I  
Think smarter  
Go slower  
I know what I want  
And what I don't  
I'll be better than I've ever been  
Maybe I'll be better than I've ever been

If someone told me twenty years ago  
That this would be my life  
I'd lose the greatest gift that love can show  
I'd have said— No, I won't survive  
But don't count me out  
Sometimes I'm stronger than I've ever felt

And I laugh louder  
Cry harder  
Take less time to make up my mind and I  
Think smarter  
Go slower  
I know what I want  
And what I don't  
I'll be better than I've ever been  
Maybe I'll be better than I've ever been

There's a curious freedom  
Rising up from the dark  
Some kind of strength I've never had

Though I'd trade it in a second  
To have you back  
I gotta try to make some good out of the bad

So I laugh louder  
Cry harder  
Take less time to make up my mind and I  
Think smarter  
Love deeper  
I know what I want  
And what I don't  
And I'll be better than I've ever been  
Better than I've ever been



When my daughter Jessie died on March 23, 1996, just weeks after her eleventh birthday, I felt my own life end. I couldn't imagine that I could ever again be a productive human being. That I would ever again write a song, let alone record an entire album, was the furthest thing from my mind. But about four months after her death-still numb with disbelief-I found myself alone with my guitar, aimlessly strumming chords just to hear the comforting sound of the instrument. Without any thought on my part, a song emerged: *Somewhere Between Heaven and Earth*. I was at once energized and horrified. I was energized by the making of music which is so much a part of me and horrified by the realization that I had just written a song about the death of my own child. It took some time to reconcile the two feelings. If I were an artist, a painter, a poet, I reasoned, I would be furiously painting away on a canvas-the colors of anguish, despair and unimaginable loss. Or I would be filling a notebook with words of unending sorrow, grief, and the deepest kind of pain. But I'm not a painter and certainly not a poet. I'm a songwriter. I write simple songs both musically and lyrically- straight to the point, nothing fancy. So I told myself-when the inspiration strikes- I will write. I had no desire to write songs for exercise or for profit. In fact, my only inspiration would be my absolute love for Jessie and the absolute agony of life without her.

Three months after I wrote *Somewhere Between Heaven and Earth*, I wrote *In Better Hands* and three months later, *A Thousand Shades Of Grey*. The latter was in January of 1997 and I knew the next step was to record these three songs. I had never felt such a connection with any songs I had ever written before. And though I could not sing any one of them without breaking down into tears- I knew these songs were precious gifts. In March of 1997 I went to Nashville, gathered some of my favorite musician friends, and went into the studio to record. Thus began the inception of this album, without my knowing it.

Only in July, when I wrote *The Lights Of Paris* did I consider that maybe someday I would have enough songs about this experience, and that perhaps my expression of grief and love and loss could help others in some way. But it wouldn't be until the fall of 1997 when my friend Beth Nielsen Chapman released her CD, *Sand and Water*, recorded after the untimely death of her husband, and co-produced by Rodney Crowell, that the idea took shape. It was my husband, Dan Crewe, who encouraged me not to wait for any kind of record deal and to "just do it".

In November, Rodney, who I knew and admired as a hugely talented man, agreed to produce two tracks with me, telling me the he felt it was something I "had to do". Only ten days after Rodney agreed to work with me, I found myself again in Nashville with four top musicians and veteran engineer David Thoener. We recorded *The Lights Of Paris* and *I Gotta Believe In Something*, a song I had written in October of 1997 during a bout of severe depression.

Rodney's and the musicians' sensitivity to the reason for my recording, brought the songs a quality that I can only describe as - pure. I was deeply moved.

Inspired by those sessions, I got up the nerve to call my old friend Bonnie Raitt to ask if she would sing a harmony on one of the songs. She agreed right away and chose to sing on *I Gotta Believe In Something*, gracing this album with much more than just her incredible voice. Buoyed by her response, I took a deep breath and called Bryan Adams. Bryan had sung on one of my previous recordings, and I had sung on an early album of his. He answered my call so graciously. He asked me how I was coping (he knew of Jessie's death) and then asked how he could help. I explained what I was doing and he very simply replied, "send me the tape." His harmony vocal on *Somewhere Between Heaven and Earth* is a stirring contribution.

I went to Los Angeles in February of 1998 to work with my long time friend Tony Berg on two more songs that I had written that fall. Because of Tony's manic schedule as a record company executive and record producer, we worked in spurts over the next few months on *Boxing With God* and *As Long As You Love (Scarlet Wings)*. Again, it was an extraordinary experience of caring, talent, and generosity by everyone involved. While in L.A., I met up with another old friend

Steven Soles. Steven and I go way back to the 1970's before he formed The Alpha Band. He co-produced the last song I wrote - *The End Of Wishful Thinking*. It was a labor of love for everyone. In April, I recorded two more songs in Nashville, *Water On The Moon*, which Rodney co-produced and *Better Than I've Ever Been* with me alone at the helm.

As the project took shape, it became more and more obvious to me that Jessie's older sister, sixteen-year-old Reid, had to be included. She has a lovely young voice and loves to sing and play piano, so I knew it wasn't just a sentimental notion. As my good friend, and brother-in-law, Bob Crewe put it—it seemed extremely important and necessary. It was a matter of finding the right spot.

I was having a very difficult time putting the lead vocal on *As Long As You Love (Scarlet Wings)*. It's the hardest song to sing emotionally. I just could not find the balance of true emotion and vocal quality. As I was driving one day in Maine, listening to the tape of my latest attempt, it hit me that maybe I wasn't supposed to sing the whole song. Reid could sing the chorus. It was perfect. It would be stunning. So I asked her if she would do it. With a typical teenage reaction, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "sure." A few weeks later, when she ended her school year, I recorded Reid's vocal in Maine, thanks to my friend Bob Ludwig and his staff at Gateway Mastering. (Bob later mastered the album, squeezing me into his schedule just before Christmas, giving these songs the final loving touch.)

I traveled from Nashville to LA to New York, tapes in hand, putting on the final overdubs with the musicians I wanted. Beth Chapman added her voice. My dear friend David Mansfield played a violin solo. Benmont Tench, George Marinelli, Jeff Levine, Mary Ann Kennedy and Bill Lloyd- everyone made time. Even in early October of 1998, after having mixed most of the tracks and thinking I had used up my quota of guest artists, Lucinda Williams appeared in Los Angeles while touring. I was in L.A. to mix the Tony Berg tracks with Bob Clearmountain (Bob had already graciously mixed four tracks) and finish up with Steven Soles. She just happened to return a call I had made to her weeks before. I asked if she would sing. Lucinda very kindly fit me in to her heavy schedule and sang a beautiful harmony on *The End Of Wishful Thinking*. And so this project continues to have a life and spirit of it's own. I returned home to Maine not knowing if anyone would ever hear these songs but understanding that it really didn't matter.

I know this is an emotional statement, but I will make it: If I never write another song, if I never do another thing in music, this is my legacy.

My little Jessie, my own personal angel, has inspired the best music I feel I may ever make. And that's just fine. I would trade it all for one more hug, or the sound of her laughter, but that is not to be. I have learned from my own grief and from those who have suffered tragedy before me. There are only two choices for those of us who are left behind- live or die- physically or figuratively. Today I choose to live, inspired by the joy of living that my little red-headed spit-fire imbued in every moment she was here on earth. These songs are from me and for me, but if they touch anyone who has experienced profound loss, I am grateful. May we all find some peace in the simple beauty of art, music, and nature. I cannot even begin to express how important the kindness of others has been to me. The experience of doing this project was extraordinary. I was given an incredible gift. As one observer put it- I was surrounded by a circle of friends- loved and nurtured and encouraged. I am truly grateful.

# Thanks!

There are no words to express my gratitude for the unending love, support and encouragement of my true soul mate and Jessie and Reid's father, Dan Crewe.

And to my beautiful daughter Reid— Thank you for sharing your beautiful voice with me. I hope you know how truly wonderful you are. I love you.

Very Special Thanks To:

My sisters—Nancy, Debbie and Suki, my brother Rick, and their families: Skip, Kurt, Wendy, Eric and Lisa Johnson; Diane, Geoff, Amy and Todd Bullens; Kevin, Kyle, Kelly and Megan Meredith and to Eric Ancil and Mark Borrow.  
To my mother, my father and my entire extended family.



Reid & Mom

To all of my extraordinary friends—old and new—in Maine, NY, Nashville, LA and around the country. Thank you for being there no matter what.

Also Very Special Thanks To:

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