

JANITA

DIDN'T YOU, MY DEAR?



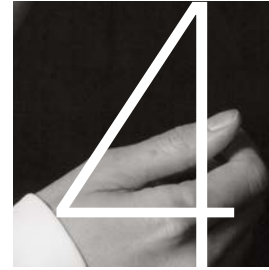
SOME
SERIOUS
GRAVITY



BEAUTIFUL
YOU ARE



EASING
INTO
SANITY



TRACES
UPON
YOUR
FACE



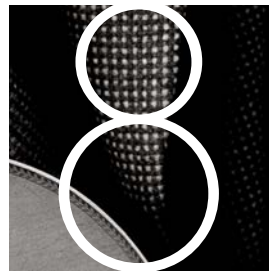
NO
EXCUSES



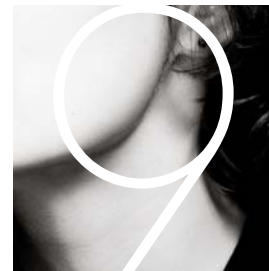
THEY CALL
IT LOVE



WHO'S
GONNA
TELL THE
WOLF
SHE'S NOT
A DOG



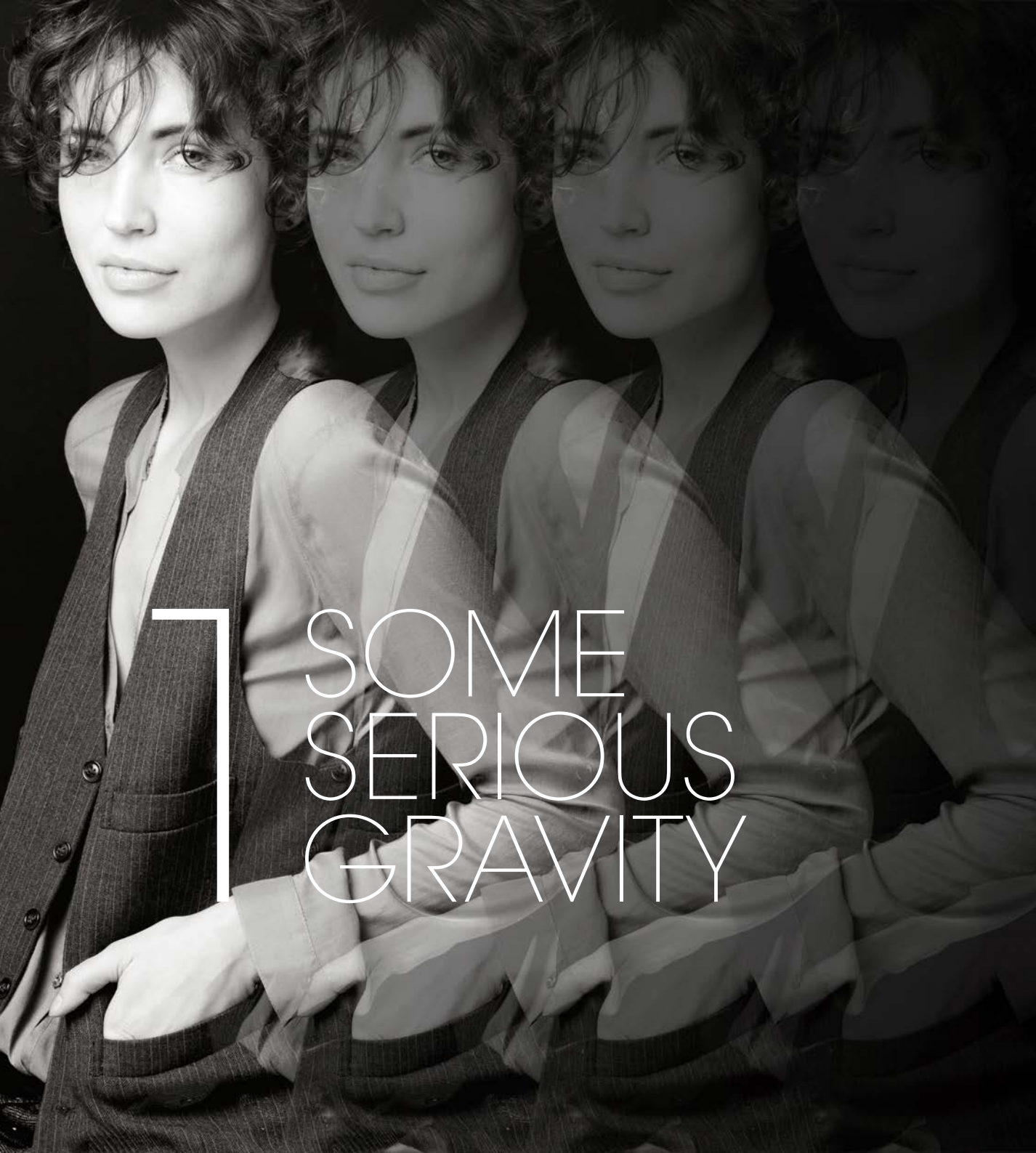
WHAT MY
SILENCE
MEANS



CLAP
HANDS



WON'T
MAKE A
SOUND



1 SOME SERIOUS GRAVITY

NEVER QUESTION THE FALL MY LOVE
NEVER MIND WHAT YOU SAW
EVENTUALLY IT BROUGHT YOU TO ME

SOME SERIOUS GRAVITY PULLS YOU TO ME

NEVER GRIEVE NEVER MOURN MY LOVE
NEVER MIND WHO YOU FOUGHT
ALONG THE WAY
THEY ALL FALL AWAY

SOME SERIOUS GRAVITY PULLS YOU TO ME
WHERE YOU ARE IS WHERE YOU SHOULD BE

FALLING INTO PLACE
FALLING INTO ME
YOU'RE FALLING INTO PLACE
INTO ME

YOU FIND MY LIGHT
I NEVER SAW BEFORE
YOU FUEL MY FIGHT
I NEVER WON BEFORE

SOME SERIOUS GRAVITY PULLS YOU TO ME
WHERE YOU ARE IS WHERE YOU SHOULD BE

JANITA—VOCALS, ELECTRIC GUITAR
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS,
BASS GUITAR
JONATHAN ELLINGHAUS—DRUMS



BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE

STOP HOLDING IT ALL BACK
LET IT GO LET IT CRACK
THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOUR ILLUSIONS
STOP GOING DOWN THAT TRACK
YOU CAN'T MOVE FORWARD
YOU CAN'T GO BACK
YOU LIVE ALONE WITH YOUR DELUSIONS

LET YOURSELF FEEL
SURRENDER TO WHAT IS REAL
BECAUSE YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
YOU ARE

STOP BELIEVING IN THE LIES
STOP CASTING YOURSELF ASIDE
TIME TO GET UP ON YOUR HIGH HORSE
AND TRAMPLE THEM DOWN
LEARN TO READ BETWEEN THE LINES
SOME PEOPLE ARE ROTTING INSIDE
DON'T YOU LET THEM PARALYZE YOU

LET YOURSELF FEEL
SURRENDER TO WHAT IS REAL
BECAUSE YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
YOU ARE

JANITA—VOCALS, ELECTRIC GUITAR, PIANO
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS,
BASS GUITAR, PERCUSSION
JONATHAN ELLINGHAUS—DRUMS



EASING INTO SANITY

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO
NOTHING TO PROVE
NOWHERE TO BE NOWHERE BUT HERE
THERE'S NOTHING TO WIN
NOTHING TO LOSE
FORGET ALL THE RULES THEY DON'T EXIST

SHUT OUT THE VOICES I HEAR IN MY HEAD
BLOCK OUT ALL OF THE WORDS
THAT THEY SAID

I'M EASING INTO SANITY

THERE'S NO ONE TO BLAME
NO ONE TO CLAIM
NO ONE TO SAVE NO ONE BUT ME
THERE'S NO ONE TO TRAIL
NO ONE TO CAVE TO
AND NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN ME

SHUT OUT THE VOICES I HEAR IN MY HEAD
BLOCK OUT ALL OF THE WORDS
THAT THEY SAID

I'M EASING INTO SANITY

GLIMPSES OF PEACE IN MY MIND
I SEE GLIMPSES OF PEACE

I'M EASING INTO SANITY

JANITA—VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS,
BASS GUITAR
JONATHAN ELLINGHAUS—DRUMS



4 TRACES UPON YOUR FACE

MUST I WAIT
UNTIL I'M SALT AND RUST TO TRUST IN A MAN
MUST I WAIT
UNTIL I'M WORMS AND DUST TO TRUST IN A MAN

I'M SO SCARED TO THINK
YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE OTHERS
I'M SO SCARED I'LL TURN YOU
INTO THE OTHERS IN MY HANDS

I WANT TO KNOW YOU
I WANT TO TRUST YOU
I SEE TRACES UPON YOUR FACE OF THE OTHERS
I WANT TO LOVE YOU
I SEE TRACES UPON YOUR FACE OF THE ONE
I WANT TO TAKE FLIGHT WITH YOU

YOU COME TOO LATE
NOW THIS WOUNDED BIRD RECOILS IN DEFENSE
YOU COME TOO LATE
WILL THIS WOUNDED BIRD EVER KNOW INNOCENCE

I'M SO SCARED TO THINK
YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE OTHERS
I'M SO SCARED I'LL TURN YOU
INTO THE OTHERS IN MY HANDS

I WANT TO KNOW YOU
I WANT TO TRUST YOU
I SEE TRACES UPON YOUR FACE OF THE OTHERS
I WANT TO LOVE YOU
I SEE TRACES UPON YOUR FACE OF THE ONE
I WANT TO TAKE FLIGHT WITH YOU

I WANT TO SEE YOU FOR WHO YOU ARE
TRULY SEE YOU
DON'T WANT TO FEAR YOU'RE INSINCERE
DON'T WANT TO FEAR YOU'LL DISAPPEAR

I WANT TO KNOW YOU
I WANT TO TRUST YOU
I SEE TRACES UPON YOUR FACE OF THE OTHERS
I WANT TO LOVE YOU
I SEE TRACES UPON YOUR FACE OF THE ONE
I WANT TO TAKE FLIGHT WITH YOU

JANITA—VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, LAP STEEL GUITAR,
PIANO, BASS GUITAR
JONATHAN ELLINGHAUS—DRUMS



NO EXCUSES

I AM BLEEDING WORDS
SEEPING INTO PAPER
ALL MY DAMS ARE BURST
WHO WILL BE YOUR SAVIOR
WHEN I BREATHE THIS CURSE
WHO'LL BE YOUR PROTECTOR
WHEN THEY KNOW

THAT YOU DESERVE EVERY STONE I THROW
YOU DESERVE EVERY SINGLE BLOW
THERE'S NO EXCUSES FOR YOU

DON'T YOU DARE COME BACK
DEFENDING YOUR OBSESSIONS
AND MAY YOUR DAWNS TURN BLACK
TOO LATE FOR YOUR CONFESSION
I DON'T BELIEVE IN YOU
I DON'T SHARE YOUR RELIGION
AND IT'S TRUE YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE

THAT YOU DESERVE EVERY STONE I THROW
YOU DESERVE EVERY SINGLE BLOW
THERE'S NO EXCUSES FOR YOU

I'M STILL HERE
I'M STILL STANDING
IN YOUR FACE

YOU DESERVE EVERY STONE I THROW
YOU DESERVE EVERY SINGLE BLOW
THERE'S NO EXCUSES FOR YOU
NO EXCUSES FOR YOU

JANITA—VOCALS, ELECTRIC GUITAR
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS,
BASS GUITAR
JONATHAN ELLINGHAUS—DRUMS



THEY CALL IT LOVE

SOME WILL TRY TO ROB YOU
FROM ALL THAT YOU ARE
SOME WILL TRY TO RUN YOU DOWN
SOME WILL TRY TO STOP YOU
FROM GOING YOUR WAY
SOME WILL TRY TO FORCE YOU TO STAY
THEY CALL IT LOVE
THEY DON'T KNOW LOVE

YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU SEE
ALL THE VENOMOUS ROSES

SOME WILL TRY TO QUESTION
ALL THAT YOU KNOW
JUST TO SEE HOW FAR YOU'LL GO
THEY CALL IT LOVE
THEY DON'T KNOW LOVE

YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU SEE
ALL THE VENOMOUS ROSES

THEY SAY DON'T CHANGE
STAY THE SAME FOR ME

THEY CALL IT LOVE

JANITA—VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR, PERCUSSION
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS,
PERCUSSION, BASS GUITAR



7 WHO'S GONNA TELL THE WOLF SHE'S NOT A DOG

I USED TO DO TRICKS
I USED TO RUN AFTER STICKS
I USED TO PLAY BALL
WITH ALL YOU PRICKS
I USED TO LAY DOWN AND DIE

I USED TO CALL YOU MASTER
MY COLLAR BORE YOUR NAME
YOU USED TO OWN MY BODY
YOU USED TO OWN MY BRAIN
I USED TO LAY DOWN AND DIE

WHO'S GONNA TELL THE WOLF
SHE'S NOT A DOG

I WAS SO WELL TRAINED
HOUSEBROKEN AND TAME
I'D EVEN FETCH MY LEASH
SO YOU'D PARADE ME
AROUND THE STREETS
I USED TO LAY DOWN AND DIE

WHO'S GONNA TELL THE WOLF
SHE'S NOT A DOG

YOU ALWAYS KNEW
DIDN'T YOU MY DEAR

I CALL NO ONE MASTER
I WEAR MY OWN NAME
I OWN MY BODY
I OWN MY OWN BRAIN
I USED TO LAY DOWN AND DIE

WHO'S GONNA TELL THE WOLF
SHE'S NOT A DOG
SHE'S NOT A DOG

JANITA—VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR, PERCUSSION
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS,
BASS GUITAR
JONATHAN ELLINGHAUS—DRUMS



8 WHAT MY SILENCE MEANS

DESIGNED TO BEND TO YOUR WILL
DESIGNED TO BEND OVER BACKWARDS
I AM DESIGNED TO LURE YOU IN
I AM DESIGNED TO MAKE YOU THINK
I'M THE BEST THING YOU'VE SEEN

SAY WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY
THAT'S NOT ME
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW
WHAT MY SILENCE MEANS

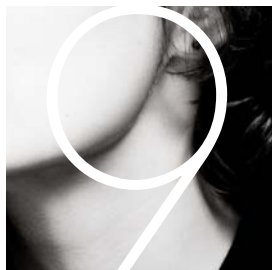
RESIGNED TO PUT YOU FIRST
RESIGNED TO TIPTOE IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS
I AM RESIGNED TO LET YOU WIN
I AM RESIGNED TO LET YOU THINK
I'M THE BEST THING YOU'VE SEEN

SAY WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY
THAT'S NOT ME
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW
WHAT MY SILENCE MEANS

WHY DO YOU TRUST ME I'M NOT FREE
FREE
SET ME FREE
I SET MYSELF FREE

SAY WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY
YOU DON'T KNOW ME
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW
WHAT MY SILENCE MEANS
SAY WHAT YOU WANT
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW
WHAT MY SILENCE MEANS

JANITA—VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS,
BASS GUITAR
JONATHAN ELLINGHAUS—DRUMS



CLAP HANDS

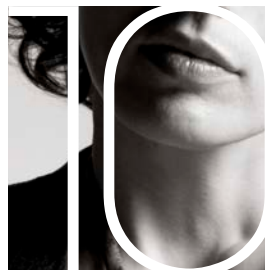
SANE SANE
THEY'RE ALL INSANE
THE FIREMAN'S BLIND
THE CONDUCTOR'S LAME
A CINCINNATI JACKET
AND A SAD LUCK DAME
HANGING OUT THE WINDOW
WITH A BOTTLE FULL OF RAIN
CLAP HANDS

SAID ROAR ROAR
THE THUNDER AND THE ROAR
SON OF A BITCH IS NEVER COMING
BACK HERE NO MORE
MOON IN THE WINDOW
AND A BIRD ON THE POLE
CAN ALWAYS FIND A MILLIONAIRE
TO SHOVEL ALL THE COAL
CLAP HANDS

I SAID STEAM STEAM
A HUNDRED BAD DREAMS
GOING UP TO HARLEM
WITH A PISTOL IN HIS JEANS
A FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL
INSIDE A PALADIN'S HAT
AND NOBODY'S SURE
WHERE MR. KNICKERBOCKER'S AT

SHINE SHINE
A ROOSEVELT DIME
ALL THE WAY TO BALTIMORE
AND RUNNING OUT OF TIME
SALVATION ARMY SEEMED
TO WIND UP IN THE HOLE
THEY ALL WENT TO HEAVEN
IN THEIR LITTLE ROWBOATS
CLAP HANDS

JANITA—VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR
BLAKE MORGAN—ELECTRIC GUITAR, MARIMBA,
PERCUSSION, BASS GUITAR
ANDREA LONGATO—ELECTRIC GUITAR SOLO
JONATHAN ELLINGHAUS—DRUMS



WON'T MAKE A SOUND

HE'S ALL I KNOW
HE'S ALL I HAVE TO SHOW FOR MY LIFE
IS IT NOT RIGHT
IF IT'S A LIE
AT LEAST I WON'T DIE ALONE

IT'S THESE VOICES IN MY HEAD
I WOULD RATHER BE DEAD
THAN TO CARRY THE LOAD ON MY OWN

HE'S ALL I HAVE
I HAPPILY STAND WITH MY FEET BOUND
SUNK TO THE GROUND
I WON'T MAKE A SOUND

THEY'RE ALL THE SAME
AND EVERYONE'S TO BLAME
FOR ALL I KNOW
WHERE WOULD I GO
LET THIS BE SAID
EVERY ROAD I'VE KNOWN HAS ONLY LED
FURTHER FROM HOME

SO I HOLD ON TO THE PAIN
BECAUSE IT MAKES ME FEEL SAFE
A FAMILIAR BLADE IN MY HAND

HE'S ALL I HAVE
I HAPPILY STAND WITH MY FEET BOUND
SUNK TO THE GROUND
I WON'T MAKE A SOUND

JANITA—VOCALS, PIANO



JANITA

DIDN'T YOU, MY DEAR?

ECR-1502023

All songs written by Janita (Ofir Music, ASCAP)
except "Clap Hands" written by Tom Waits
(Jalma Music, ASCAP)

Produced by Blake Morgan
Recorded, mixed, and mastered by Blake Morgan at ECR Music Studios, NYC
Drums recorded at Euphoria Studios, NYC

Photography by Paul Jung
Art direction and production design by Lizzie Zweng

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