

# ACE OF CUPS





**The song says** "we can't go back again," but they have, and in the process the unique sisterhood that is the Ace of Cups has crafted an album not only ageless, but fully without boundary or cliché.

For anyone unfamiliar with the Ace story, in a nutshell, it is one of unwitting and unheralded pathfinders. Ace of Cups may not have been the first all-women rock 'n' roll band, but they were the one that mattered within that bizarre wrinkle in time that constituted late 1960s San Francisco. Converging from a diverse set of backgrounds in Haight-Ashbury just before the Summer of Love, these young women would constitute an independently driven, uniquely inspired organization, capable of feather-light poetry, funkier soul and further-out freakery than most of their more celebrated male compatriots within the psychedelic ballrooms. Legendary concert promoter Bill Graham gave Ace of Cups one of the most-coveted gigs amongst the San Francisco groups when he booked them to open for The Band's *first* concert in April 1969 at Winterland. The group stayed active for a full five years, and the only iniquity was that, despite the avowed interest of the industry and obvious hometown support, the original Ace of Cups never got to make a record.

That cruel "what if" has now been laid to rest, and how. A full half-century of restless creativity informs the contents of this remarkable record, delivered with an energy that musicians half their age, and with twice their experience, should envy. Right from the start the Ace understood the art of the song, and the ladies have kept that spirit true and close to everything they do. Gems that have bewitched me for decades in their original incarnations, fuzzy and imprecise as those might have been, are now reinvented and reinvigorated with clarity and aplomb. They are joined by more recent songwriting imbued with an intoxicating blend of maturity and innocence, of experience entwined with the ladies' continued wide-eyed wonder at the power of music.

No one wants a liner note that merely reviews the contents of a record—you, dear listener, have ears, so judge for yourself. But rest assured, there's nothing predictable to be found on *Ace of Cups*. If one does need a small guide: you will encounter the pure folk, blues and gospel moves that are their generational roots, accompanied by an enthralling pop sensibility, a thrilling garage band rush and plenty, plenty of soul; all tinted by a delightful and wholly appropriate psychedelic sheen. And yes, there are some heavy-hitting guest contributors, but this record belongs one hundred percent to the women of the Ace of Cups. One only need add a nod to producer Dan Shea, whose skill and patience took the Ace in directions they may not have expected but which lifted their music to new heights. Shea went deep, studying hours upon hours of vintage live Ace recordings to unearth forgotten songs and inspirations. And let's not forget the faithfulness of George Wallace, whose plan to release a collection of vintage, live Ace of Cups recordings (as a follow-up to Ace Records' 2003 *It's Bad For You But Buy It* CD) slowly metamorphosed into not one, but two double albums of new Ace of Cups studio recordings, the first of which is presented herein. His love, respect and unequivocal appreciation for each of The Ladies Ace is immeasurable.

This album's message is whatever you might wish it to be, but make sure you include: smiles and sass, introspection and inclusion, compassion and celebration. And most of all love; the foundation Ace of Cups was and is still built upon.

**Alec Palao**  
El Cerrito, California  
August 2018

# SIDE ONE

## 1. Introduction: **There's a Record Being Made**

### 2. **Feel Good**

There's a whole lotta people tryin' to mess with your mind  
When you were just a little child they filled you in with every sin they could find  
Tellin' you it's wrong to want my good lovin'  
One way for you to know for sure

Does it feel good, baby? How does it feel?  
Does it feel good, baby? How does it feel?

All these judgements you're hearing, don't let them get you down  
Every generation carries something new to turn this world around  
Don't you believe what everybody's layin' on you  
Have a little faith and find your way

Does it feel good baby? How does it feel?  
Does it feel good baby? How does it feel?

I really like it 'cause it makes me feel so good all the time  
I really like it 'cause it makes me feel so good all the time

I woke up this morning morning, looked around and what did I see?  
A whole lotta people risin' up just like me  
Don't be afraid, you're not alone  
Every one of us is going home

Does it feel good baby? How does it feel?  
Does it feel good baby? How does it feel?

I really like it 'cause it makes me feel so good all the time  
I really like it 'cause it makes me feel so good all the time

*Words by Denise Kaufman. Music by Denise Kaufman and Dan Shea  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI), Dan Shea Music (BMI)*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals, Electric Guitars & Solo*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums, Tambourine*  
**Jack Casady:** *Bass*  
**Pete Sears:** *B3 Organ*

### 3. **Pretty Boy**

Pretty boy, captured my heart  
Pretty boy, tearin' it apart

Don't think you really wanna hurt me now  
I lay awake and I cry at night  
Don't think you know what you're doin'  
All I want is to hold you tight

Pretty boy, captured my heart  
Pretty boy, tearin' it apart

No other woman  
Will be as good to you yeah  
'Cause no other woman  
Would love you like I can do yeah  
Pretty boy, pretty boy

Why I love you babe it's hard to tell  
You don't care for me I know that well

Well come on baby yeah  
Got to give me all your lovin'  
Love me baby  
You got to

Well come on baby yeah  
You got to give me all your lovin'

No other woman  
Could love you like I do  
Love you like I do  
Love you like I do  
Love you like I do

Pretty boy  
You're causin' me pain  
Tears fallin' like rain  
Ain't no way for me to get away  
No no no

*Words and Music by Denise Kaufman, Mary Simpson Mercy  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Mary Simpson:** *Lead Vocals, Electric 6 & 12 String Guitars & Solo, Claps*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Drums, Tambourine, Claps*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass, Claps*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Claps*  
**Dan Shea:** *Piano, Wurlitzer Electric Piano, Mellotron, Celeste*

### 4. **Fantasy 1&4**

Do you know, baby, I ain't hard to reach at all  
I'm right here, baby, don't have to raise your voice to call  
I'm feelin' everything you say and do  
Takin' every single change with you  
When it's hard for you, baby, it's hard for me too

I trust you, baby, do you think I'm unwise?  
You know just how I'm feelin' and I got no disguise  
I believe, I believe what you say  
While I'm lovin' you, that's my way  
So treat me right boy, if you want me to play

I'm not as helpless as I seem  
I got my compass and my dreams

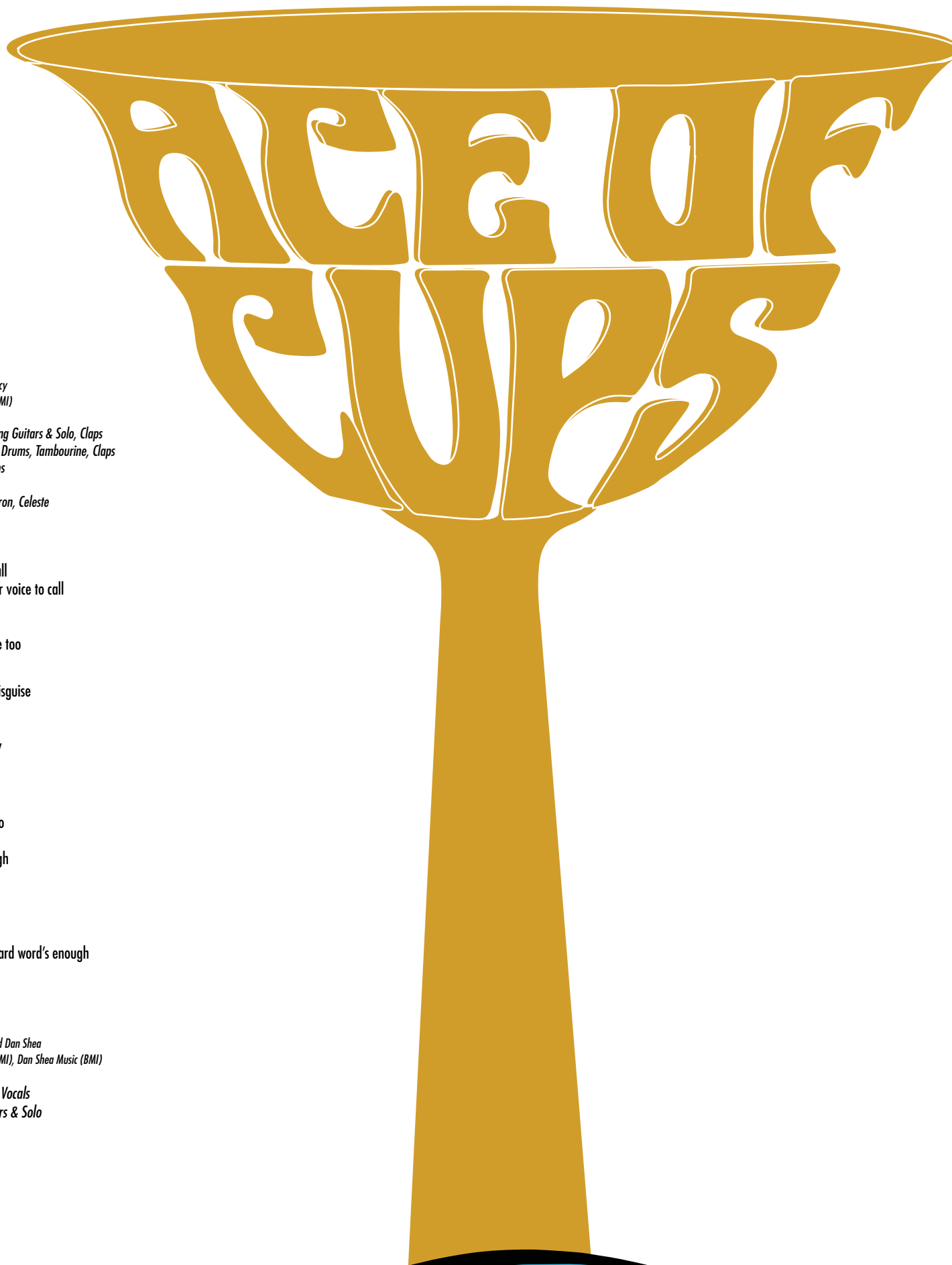
You say you're pushin' 'cause the world is too  
Honey, when it comes to me and you  
Ease up, baby, and let your love shine through

I'm not as helpless as I seem  
I got my compass and my dreams

I ain't pretending, I don't claim to be tough  
And if you want to make me feel bad, one hard word's enough  
Why do you treat me like the enemy?  
'Cause I can feel and I hurt easily  
So please be careful or stay away from me

*Words by Denise Kaufman. Music by Denise Kaufman and Dan Shea  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI), Dan Shea Music (BMI)*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Electric 6 & 12 String Guitars & Solo*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Drums, Tambourine*  
**Jack Casady:** *Bass*  
**Dan Shea:** *B3 Organ*



### 5. **Circles**

Well it's so easy to let love die  
You get a little lazy and let it pass you by  
You get a little weary and don't bother to try  
Then love will be gone, you'll be on your own  
Wondering why  
Then love will be gone, you're on your own  
Wondering why you can't fly

Well it's so easy to cause heartache and pain  
And a heart once broken will never be the same  
Angry words once spoken and no one's to blame  
Don't know where you are  
So you play your guitar  
You know you're going insane  
You don't know where you are  
You play your guitar  
It's like you're going insane

People telling me what they know  
I don't know what I know  
Circles in circles, that's where I go  
Will it stop? I don't think so

Circles in circles, circles in circles  
Will it ever stop? I just don't know  
Will it ever stop? I just don't know

It's so easy to cause heartache and pain  
And a heart once broken will never be the same  
Angry words once spoken and no one's to blame  
Don't know where you are  
You play your guitar  
It's like you're going insane

You don't know where you are  
You play your guitar  
Yeah, you're going insane

People telling me what they know  
I don't know what I know  
Circles in circles, that's where I go  
Will it stop? I just don't know

*Words and Music by Denise Kaufman  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Diane Vitalich:** *Lead Vocals, Drums, Background, Vocals,  
Drums, Tambourine, Maracas, Cowbell, Claps*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass, Harp, Claps*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals, Electric Guitars, Claps*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Claps*  
**Barry Melton:** *Electric Guitars & Solo*

### 6. **We Can't Go Back Again**

All of my days now  
I've been walking alone  
With you here beside me  
If only I'd known  
Will you forgive me  
Any sad seeds I've sown?  
Let me plant for your harvest  
From this moment on

We can't go back again  
Not one second can be regained  
Got to love while we can  
We may never get the chance again  
We may never get the chance again

How many love songs  
Have we left unplayed?  
How many angels  
Have we turned away?

We can't go back again  
Not one second can be regained  
Got to love while we can  
We may never get the chance again  
We may never get the chance again

I hear you say you're still on your way  
Boy, you're gonna really let it shine tomorrow  
But tomorrow, it never comes around

We can't go back again  
Not one second can be regained  
We got to love, love while we can  
We may never get the chance again

We, we can't go back again  
We can never, never, never go back  
Not one second can be regained  
So just forget about tomorrow  
We got to love while we can  
We may never get the chance again  
We may never get the chance again

Can I do something  
To lighten your load?  
Can I walk along with you?  
We're on the same road

*Words by Denise Kaufman. Music by Denise Kaufman and Dan Shea  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI),  
Dan Shea Music (BMI)*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums, Tambourine*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Acoustic & Electric Guitars*  
**Pete Sears:** *B3 Organ & Solo*  
**Jack Casady:** *Bass*  
**Eli Smart:** *Background Vocals*

# SIDE TWO

## 1. The Well (Feat. Bob Weir)

Wheel inside a wheel  
Across the Great Divide  
Gonna lay this lonesome song  
Down by the riverside

Always knew it in your bones  
The ways that you've been blind  
On the rock where I once stood  
Hold me close against the risin' tide  
Time to take it easy and unwind  
Time to take it easy

I can tell by the look in your eyes  
You been drinkin' from the well where the water runs deep  
Mmm mmm mmm  
Drinkin' from the well where the water runs deep

You know this world is upside down  
And love is hard to find  
Sink your roots into the ground  
Feel the shimmer in the ties that bind  
Time to take it easy and unwind  
Time to take it easy

I can tell by the look in your eyes  
You been drinkin' from the well where the water runs deep  
Mmm mmm mmm  
Drinkin' from the well where the water runs deep

Sink your roots into the ground  
Feel the shimmer in the ties that bind  
Time to take it easy and unwind  
Time to take it easy and be kind  
Time to take it easy

I can tell by the look in your eyes  
You been drinkin' from the well where the water runs deep  
Mmm mmm mmm  
Drinkin' from the well where the water runs deep

Where the water runs deep  
Runs deep

*Words by Denise Kaufman. Music by Denise Kaufman,  
Mary Simpson Mercy, Diane Vitalich and Dan Shea  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI), Dan Shea Music (BMI)*

**Bob Weir:** *Lead Vocals, Acoustic Guitars, Electric Guitars & Solo*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums, Tambourine*  
**Lynn Asher:** *Background Vocals*  
**Melvin Seals:** *B3 Organ*  
**Dan Shea:** *Banjo*

## 2. Taste of One

You say you have no love to spare  
I tell you love is like the air  
Why must you keep your love so rare  
When it surrounds you everywhere?

There is no choice you have to make  
There is no love you must forsake  
A birth in every breath you take  
Only to know your love's awake

And if your mind is not at war  
You'll hear a whisper at your door  
You won't be asking what it's for  
The more you love, I love you more

And so you have no need to run  
A touch of honey on your tongue  
To say your joy has just begun  
How very sweet, the taste of one

*Words and Music by Denise Kaufman  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Bass*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums, Tambourine*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals, Electric Guitars and Slide Guitar Solo*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Background Vocals*  
**Dan Shea:** *B3 Organ*

## 3. Mama's Love

You came into this world  
A defenseless child  
I knew I would protect you  
Like a lion in the wild  
Oh yeah, like a lion in the wild  
One thing you can count on  
Big as the sky above  
Mama's love  
Mama's love

You crawl before you walk  
You walk before you run  
Sometimes you fall, sometimes you fly  
You're not the only one  
Oh no, you're not the only one  
One thing you can count on  
Big as the sky above  
Mama's love  
Mama's love

When your troubles never end  
And the friends that you depend on disappear  
When the solid ground is shakin'  
And your broken heart is achin'  
I'm here

You're looking for your way  
And every day it changes  
Some days you're right on top  
And then it rearranges  
Oh yeah, every day it changes  
One thing you can count on  
Big as the sky above  
Mama's love  
Mama's love

When your troubles never end  
And the friends that you depend on disappear  
When the solid ground is shakin'  
And your broken heart is achin'  
I'm here, I'm here

You came into this world  
A defenseless child  
I knew I would protect you  
Like a lion in the wild  
Oh yeah, like a lion in the wild  
One thing you can count on  
Big as the sky above  
One thing you can count on  
Is your mama's love  
Mama's love  
Mama's love

*Words and Music by Mary Gannon Alfiler,  
Denise Kaufman, and Mary Simpson Mercy  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Mary Simpson:** *Lead Vocals*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums*  
**Charlie Musselwhite:** *Harmonica & Solo*  
**Jorma Kaukonen:** *Electric Guitar & Solo*  
**Ken Emerson:** *Acoustic Guitar, Dobro*

## 4. Simplicity

You, light  
You, simplicity  
Close my eyes  
If you're not here don't want to see  
I'm following your wise friend  
Putting fog inside my veins  
If I wake up and you're not here  
I'll fog my brain again

Misty drifting far away  
That's where I'll be  
Unaware and I won't care  
That you're with her and not with me

Even though divisions  
Are born inside my mind  
Living in a mirror world  
My mind is all I find

Do junkies go to heaven?  
You say heaven is right here  
If you mean without you  
Then it's heaven that I fear

You, light  
You, simplicity  
Close my eyes  
If you're not here  
Then I don't want to see

Nowhere to go  
Nothing to feel  
No one to know  
And nothing's real

*Words and Music by Denise Kaufman  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Bass*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Electric Guitar & Solo (Left Side)*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Drums*  
**Jorma Kaukonen:** *Electric Guitar & Solo (Right Side)*  
**Pete Sears:** *B3 Organ*

## 5. Feel It in the Air

It all seems so plain  
People are coming through  
These changes I can't explain  
But they start with me and you  
So if you're looking for your way  
You're soon gonna find  
That it ain't no easy road  
And all folks aren't so kind  
You gotta listen with your heart  
You gotta listen with your heart

Don't try and tell me  
That there could be a reason for this way  
Then how come you're going hungry  
While I get fed every day?  
So I am looking for my way  
And every day it changes  
Some days I'm right on top  
And then it rearranges  
I can feel it in the air  
Yes, I can feel it in the air

No doubt these are crazy times  
Nothing has much reason or rhyme.

My mother couldn't tell me  
My father, he didn't know  
My brother bought a book and said,  
"This is where to go  
Where to go"

Every day working it out  
Every day a little less doubt  
Working it out every day  
Every day I find a new way  
Every day working it out  
Every day a little less doubt

It's so hard to sit still  
Don't want to miss all the thrills  
But looking back on yesterday  
Those thrills seem so far away  
'Cause if you run around and hide  
You miss the thing inside  
It comes when you're alone  
With no one else at home  
I can feel it in the air  
Yes, I can feel it in the air  
Can you can feel it in the air?

*Words and Music by Mary Gannon Alfiler  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Mary Gannon:** *Lead Vocals*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Electric Bass*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Electric 6 & 12 String Guitars, Electric Slide Guitar*  
**Dan Shea:** *Celeste, Wurlitzer Electric Piano, Mellotron,  
Farfisa Organ, Music Box, Glockenspiel, Acoustic Bass*

# SIDE THREE

## 1. Interlude: **Transistor**

### 2. **Stones**

I said people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones  
They'll be standing all alone without a house they can call their own  
You better keep your backyard clean  
If you know, if you know, I know you know what I mean  
I say the grass is always greener on the other side

Oh yeah, glass will break and the walls come tumbling down  
You'll be hunting real quick for a broom to push around  
But when you're hiding all your dirt so fine  
I'll be laughing at you when you start sweeping mine  
And that sun, that big old sun will shine it on

Oh yeah, my home is not so clean I mean I really must confess  
But when I peek 'neath your rug ain't nothing there but a dirty old mess  
Who cares if your carpets are neat  
If all your dirt is hid underneath?  
I say the dirt is always blacker on the other side

Sticks and stones may break my bones  
And bottles may come flyin'  
You can rock it like a Rollin' Stone  
But baby I ain't buyin'

Oh yeah, you can come to my house—I won't throw stones at you  
As a matter of fact I may like you before we're through  
When you meet St. Peter at that gate  
You know it's what you got inside is how he rates  
And that sun, that big old sun will shine it on

*Words and Music by Mary Gannon Alfiler  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Diane Vitalich:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Drums, Tambourine, Claps*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals, Electric Guitars & Solo, Claps*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass, Claps*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Background Vocals, Claps*  
**Dan Shea:** *B3 Organ*

## Red House Stories

## 3. Interlude: **Baby from the Forest of Knolls**

### 4. **Life in Your Hands (Feat. Taj Mahal)**

Before too long  
There's a baby gonna be born  
Before too long  
Little bitty baby gonna be born

Life in your hands, life in your hands  
Life in your hands

Now your daddy's here  
And your mama's waitin' on you  
Your daddy's here  
And your mama she's waitin' on you

Life in your hands, life in your hands  
Life in your hands

Before too long  
That little baby be grown up and gone  
Before too long  
Little bitty baby has a babe of her own

Life in your hands, life in your hands  
Life in your hands

Before too long  
There's a baby gonna be born  
Before too long  
Little bitty baby gonna be born

Life in your hands, life in your hands  
Life in your hands

*Words and Music by Joe Allegra  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Taj Mahal:** *Lead Vocals*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Claps, Body Percussion*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals Claps, Body Percussion*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Background Vocals*  
**Dan Shea:** *Bass Recorder, Acoustic Bass, Hang Drum, Kalimba, Shakers*

## 5. **Macushla/Thelina**

Macushla, Macushla  
Macushla Maco  
Macushla, Macushla  
Macushla Maco

I met him in the valley  
In the Valley of the Moon  
I loved him very early  
I loved him very soon

A baby was born  
In the Forest of Knolls  
That day a song was sung for her  
To keep her from the cold

My friend had a son  
The same time as I  
As she held his body in her arms  
His spirit did fly

He is buried on the mountain  
On the mountain so high  
Overlooking on the ocean  
On Mount Tamalpai

Macushla, Macushla  
Macushla Maco  
Macushla, Macushla  
Macushla Maco

*Words and Music by Mary Gannon Alfiler  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Mary Gannon:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals*  
**Children's Choir:** *Isabella DeRango Kraus, Ciara Rooke, Tereza Shea, Cooper Sumrall, Colette Tate, Bode Printz Westerhoff*

**Dan Shea:** *Uilleann Pipe, Whistle, Hang Drum, Sound Effects*

## 6. **As the Rain (Feat. Peter Coyote)**

My friend and companion went out to go walking  
He didn't wear his shoes, he didn't carry his cane  
He passed through the gate on the day the plums blossomed  
He said "Don't you wait up  
I'll be back as the rain"

The tobacco smoke's clear  
And the wine glass is broken  
The ashes are cold  
Where there once was a flame  
Outside in the green hills  
A wild bird is calling  
Singin' "Don't you wait up  
I'll be back as the rain"

So dust off the keys of the upright piano  
Slap tambourines while the saxophone blows  
The blossoms don't mourn in the ices of winter  
We don't mourn for a man who lived life as he chose

There's a new glass in the roof  
And the light comes in streaming  
You can lie in the bed and see star shot domains  
In the dreams of his wife  
He is there fair and handsome  
And his children are singin'  
"He'll be back as the rain"

Fog is the breath of the mountains at morning  
We're passengers all on a runaway train  
The soldier, the tailor, the prisoner, the jailor  
We're all standing in line  
To come back as the rain

So dust off the keys of the upright piano  
Slap tambourines while the saxophone blows  
The blossoms don't mourn in the ices of winter  
We don't mourn for a man who lived life as he chose

My friend and companion  
Went out to go walking  
He didn't wear his shoes  
He didn't carry his cane  
He passed through the gate  
On the day the plums blossomed  
He said "Don't you wait up  
I'll be back as the rain"  
He said "Don't you wait up  
I'll be back as the rain"

*Words and Music by Peter Coyote  
Wild Dog Productions (BMI)*

**Peter Coyote:** *Lead Vocals*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals*  
**David Grisman:** *Mandolin*  
**Sid Page:** *Fiddle*  
**Ari Rios:** *Shaker*  
**Dan Shea:** *Acoustic Guitar, Bouzouki, Upright Piano, Uilleann Pipe, Whistle, Acoustic Bass Drums, Tambourine*

## 7. Interlude: **Daydreamin'** (Feat. Taj Mahal)

Don't do what I oughta  
I just do what I do  
Skippin' stones 'cross the water  
Daydreamin' of you

Skippin' stones 'cross the water  
Daydreamin' of you

I'm skippin' stones 'cross the water  
Daydreamin' of you

*Words and Music by Denise Kaufman, Taj Mahal and Dan Shea  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI), BigToots Tunes (BMI), Dan Shea Music (BMI)*

**Taj Mahal:** *Lead Vocals, Banjo*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Whistling*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals*

## 8. **On the Road**

Well I'm on the road again  
Ain't got no one by my side  
Well you said you were my friend  
That's what you told me  
And you know, baby, I believe you tried

Pack up everything at home  
Better get a move on, baby  
Say you're gonna make it on your own  
But all you do is play and sing  
And you can't be too sure of your one sure thing

Going from house to house  
Knocking on every door  
Going from place to place  
Sleeping on people's floors  
Sometimes I feel real big  
Sometimes I feel so small  
Sometimes I don't want nothin'  
And then again I want it all

There's been times I had a place to hang my hat  
Warm fires burning, friends all gathered 'round  
Now you're askin', so I'll tell you where it's at  
Ain't got nowhere to lay my body down

Well I'm on the road again (Following the sun now, baby)  
Looking for somewhere to rest my head  
And I've given up on choosin' where to go  
Takin' my chances on where I'm led

Well I'm on the road again  
Better get a move on, baby  
Well I'm on the road again  
Takin' my chances, takin' my chances  
Well I'm on the road again  
Following the sun now, baby

*Words and Music by Mary Gannon Alfiler, Marla Hunt Hanson, Denise Kaufman, Mary Simpson Mercy, and Diane Vitalich  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Mary Simpson:** *Lead Vocals*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Lead Vocals*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Drums*  
**Sid Page:** *Fiddle*  
**Jack Casady:** *Bass*  
**Ken Emerson:** *Acoustic Guitar, Dobro, Banjo*  
**Dan Shea:** *Ukulele*

# SIDE FOUR

## 1. Pepper in the Pot (Feat. Buffy Sainte-Marie)

Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got  
Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got

Wise old owl, he lived in an oak  
The more he saw, the less he spoke  
The less he spoke, the more he heard  
I'm gonna take a lesson from that old bird

Number your days  
Get you a heart of wisdom  
Mmmm mmmm  
Get you a heart of wisdom

Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got  
Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got

Late last night, we was all in bed  
Gamblin' boys left a lantern in the shed  
Cow kicked it over and I swear she said  
The world's warmin' up, we got trouble ahead

Number your days  
Get you a heart of wisdom  
Mmmm mmmm  
Get you a heart of wisdom

Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got  
Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got

The coats of many colors  
We steal from our brothers  
We can never repay

There's a tomorrow  
That feeds us all  
We cook it up today  
We cook it up today  
We cook it up today

Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got  
Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got

Some already got the wisdom, some do not  
Everybody can  
Step up, step up, step up

Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got

Some know the story and some do not  
Everybody can  
Step up, step up, step up

Red hot, pepper in the pot  
Got to get over whatever we got

Some already got the wisdom, some do not  
Everybody can  
Step up, step up, step up

*Words and Music by Denise Kaufman and Buffy Sainte-Marie  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI);  
Caleb Music, administered by Kobalt Songs Music Publishing (SOCAN)*

**Buffy Sainte-Marie:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Mouth Bow*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass, Claps*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums Tambourine, Claps*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Background Vocals, Claps*  
**Steve Kimock:** *Electric Guitars & Solo, Electric Slide Guitar Solo*  
**Ken Emerson:** *Dobro*

## 2. Interlude: Breath

**Dan Shea:** *Orchestral Arrangement*  
**Greg Ward:** *Orchestra Conductor*  
**Avondale Ensemble:** *Strings & French Horns*

## 3. Indian Summer

I been true, I been false, can you hear me?  
Like the Indian Summer  
I been found, I been lost when you're near me  
And it takes me under

I give up and then feel the pulse again  
Like a hidden stream  
I been living out a lonely heartbeat  
Just to be your lover

I am one small breath inside the breeze  
You are one small breath  
Hold me please

I am here, I am clear, I am cloudy  
Stormy without warning  
Just a song in the dark where you found me  
With the rain clouds forming

When the showers fall will we lose it all?  
Will it wash us clean?  
I been living out a rainy midnight  
Hoping for a morning

I am one small breath inside the breeze  
You are one small breath  
Hold me please

When the showers fall will we lose it all?  
Will it wash us clean?  
I been living out a rainy midnight  
Hoping for a morning

I am one small breath inside the breeze  
You are one small breath  
Hold me please

*Words by Denise Kaufman, Music by Denise Kaufman and Dan Shea  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI),  
Dan Shea Music (BMI)*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Bass*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Acoustic Guitar*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Drums*  
**Tora Smart:** *Background Vocals*  
**Ken Emerson:** *Dobro*  
**Dan Shea:** *Piano, Fender Rhodes, Lowrey Organ, Glockenspiel, Shakers, String Arrangement*  
**Greg Ward:** *Orchestra Conductor*  
**Avondale Ensemble:** *Strings & French Horns*

## 4. Grandma's Hands

Hey nana hey nana hey na  
Hey nana hey nana hey na

Grandma's hands  
Clapped in church on Sunday morning  
Grandma's hands  
Played a tambourine so well  
Grandma's hands  
Used to issue out a warning  
She'd say, "Baby, don't you run so fast  
Might fall on a piece of glass  
Might be snakes there in that grass"  
Grandma's hands

Grandma's hands  
Soothed a local unwed mother  
Grandma's hands  
Used to ache sometimes and swell  
Grandma's hands  
Used to lift her face and tell her  
She'd say, "Baby, Grandma understands  
That you really love that man  
Put yourself in the Good Lord's hands"  
Grandma's hands

Hey nana hey nana hey na  
Hey nana hey nana hey na

She had class and style  
She had knowledge by the mile  
Lit the world up with her smile  
But very low-key on the profile  
She said, "Tellin' tales is a no  
Let me tell you how it goes  
Pure's the word,  
Serve's the verb  
Love is the cure so  
Live what you learn"

Hey nana hey nana hey na  
Hey nana hey nana hey na

Grandma's hands  
Used to hand me piece of candy  
Grandma's hands  
Picked me up each time I fell  
Grandma's hands  
Boy, they really came in handy  
She'd say, "Mama don't you whip that child  
What you want to spank her for?  
She didn't drop no apple core"  
But I don't have Grandma anymore  
If I get to heaven I'll look for  
Grandma's hands

Hey nana hey nana hey na  
Hey nana hey nana hey na

Hey nana hey nana hey na  
Hey nana hey nana hey na

*Words and Music by Bill Withers, Chaucney Hannibal, Teddy Riley, William Stewart,  
Lynise Walters, Andre Young, Richard Vick  
Songs of Universal, Inc OBO Interior Music Corp; Royalty Recovery Inc; Copyright Control;  
BMG Gold Songs OBO Donril Music; Universal Music-Z Tunes*

**Diane Vitalich:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Claps*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass, Claps*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals, Claps*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Claps*  
**Taj Mahal:** *Vocal*  
**Buffy Sainte-Marie:** *Background Vocals, Mouth Bow*  
**Dan Shea:** *Upright Piano, Wurlitzer Electric Piano, Acoustic & Electric Guitar, Drums, Shakers*

## 5. Medley

### The Hermit

The Autumn sun was on the grass  
Along the road in the afternoon  
We quit our play to watch him pass  
He held the light in his hand

The air grew soft as he came along  
The staff he held was green with leaves  
And in our hearts we heard a song  
He held the light in his hand

Been walking a long time  
Holding the light in his hand  
Been walking a long time  
Holding the light in his hand

Been walking a long time  
Holding the light in his hand

*Words by Ambrose Hollingsworth and Music by Denise Kaufman  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Bass*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals, Acoustic 12 String, Electric Guitar & Solo*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Background Vocals*  
**David Freiberg:** *Harmony Vocal & One Man Choir*  
**Dan Shea:** *Recorders, B3 Organ*

## The Flame Still Burns

*Music by Diane Vitalich  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums & Solo*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals Acoustic 12 String & Electric Guitar*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Background Vocals*  
**Terry Haggerty:** *Electric Guitar Solo*  
**Dan Shea:** *B3 Organ*

## Gold & Green

Trying hard just to make it  
Can't get on but I want to  
Trying hard not to fake it  
Can't get on but I got to

Looking in, seeing out is a lonely lifetime  
No direction in mind is a lonely lifetime

Realize past yourself  
That the Earth's a song to dance to  
Realize past yourself  
That the Earth's a song to dance to, three, four  
Love we need some more  
Dance to, three, four  
Love we need some more

Before it's too late  
Before it's too late

*Words and Music by Mary Simpson Mercy  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Mary Simpson:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Acoustic 12 String & Electric Guitar*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Drums, Maracas, Tambourine*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Background Vocals*  
**Geoffrey Palmer:** *Vibraphone*  
**Norman Mayell:** *Sitar & Solo*  
**Dan Shea:** *B3 Organ, Tabla, Finger Cymbals*

## Living in the Country

Time and the place are near  
People who keep fighting  
Follow confusion and fear

Many people gathered  
Singing songs  
Many people laughing yeah  
Come why don't you belong?

Can you hear your brother cryin'?  
He's cryin' right out loud  
Can you see your brother down on his knees?  
Down on his knees right now

Don't have to go the old way  
They've been trying to fool you all along  
Don't have to do it that way  
There's a chance that way might be wrong

Many people gathered  
Singing songs  
Many people laughing  
Come why don't you belong?

You already belong, already belong  
Already belong, come along  
Already belong, come along  
Already belong, come along

Come along, come along

*Words and Music by Mary Simpson Mercy  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Diane Vitalich:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals Drums, Tambourine*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals, Electric Guitar*  
**Denise Kaufman:** *Background Vocals, Bass*  
**Mary Gannon:** *Background Vocals*  
**Dan Shea:** *B3 Organ*

## 6. Outroduction: It's Always Safe...

### 7. Music

Music, Music, Music  
Everything will be alright

I call my baby on the telephone  
Just to let him know that he's not alone  
We got no money and so many bills to pay  
I wonder will we make another day

And then my baby says  
He says, "Girl

All you got to do in this whole world  
Is play music, prettiest that you can  
Music—snap your fingers, clap your hands  
Music—laugh and let your heart feel glad  
Everything will be alright"

Now we got no money to pay the rent  
And what we earn tonight, it's already spent  
My baby says "Don't worry—if times get hard  
Just before the dawn it always gets this dark  
Don't you know?"

And when it gets so black you think the end is near  
That's when all the stars appear  
Like music, they light up the land  
Music—snap your fingers, clap your hands  
Music—laugh and let your heart feel glad

Everything will be alright (just keep playin' girl)  
Everything will be alright (just have faith that)  
Everything will be alright  
Everything will be alright

*Words and Music by Denise Kaufman  
Green Ray Music c/o Songs of Kobalt Music Publishing (BMI)*

**Denise Kaufman:** *Lead Vocals, Background Vocals, Claps, Body Percussion,*  
**Diane Vitalich:** *Background Vocals, Claps, Body Percussion*  
**Mary Simpson:** *Background Vocals*



# SONG NOTES

## Feel Good

This song almost fell through the cracks of time. We had no recording of it (and had forgotten some of the lyrics) until the advent of the Internet brought us some magic. In 2004 I got an email from someone named John Addie, who had seen us play at Seattle's Civic Center Arena in 1969, when we opened for the Jefferson Airplane. He had brought a hidden recorder to the show, taped part of our set and, not knowing how to find us, held on to the tape for 35 years. When technology allowed him to track us down, he sent us a boomy and barely audible CD of that show and we fell in love again with "Feel Good." The lyric reflects what it felt like as our generation woke up together. It's the first single from our new project. We love the synchronicity of Jack Casady, Jefferson Airplane's bassist, playing on this track nearly 50 years after we played it on tour with him.  
(denise kaufman)

## Pretty Boy

In 1967 I had a big crush on Dickie Peterson from the band Blue Cheer. I wrote "Pretty Boy" with Dickie in mind. Unrequited love can give you some good songs, right? Denise helped with the bridge and descending lines and the song really came together. Actually, that crush on Dickie brought more benefits than just a couple of good songs. I went to a New Year's Eve party at Blue Cheer's house on December 31, 1966, and that's where Denise and I first met. I was alone in an upstairs room playing acoustic guitar when she wandered in, pulled out a harmonica and we jammed. That meeting was the final link for the Ace of Cups to come together!  
(mary simpson)

## Fantasy 1&4

In 1967 I sat on the floor of my bedroom and recorded five new songs on a funky home tape recorder and then sent them to my mentor and dear friend, music critic Ralph J. Gleason. It was a rough tape—I played acoustic guitar and sang while my bandmates walked in and out and doors slammed. We never played those songs in the band and I pretty much forgot about them. Ralph passed away and the tape ended up in the vaults at Fantasy Records for 35 years. Alec Palao discovered and rescued the tape, and when our producer Dan Shea heard it, this song came to life. It's actually a hybrid of two songs buried in those vaults. Hence the name: "Fantasy 1&4." The vibe: vulnerable but she's gonna make it. "I've got my compass and my dreams."  
(denise kaufman)

## Circles

"It's so easy to let love die . . ." Relationships need to be nourished. We often take those closest to us for granted. We don't contain ourselves in stressful moments and we say things we don't mean. Our destructive patterns repeat and repeat until/unless we work on changing them. This song was written when I was 19 and feeling stuck in my own patterns. It was only later, when studying Classical Yoga philosophy, that I learned these patterns are called Vritti, or endless circles. "Circles in circles is where I go . . ." Diane's soulful lead vocal brings it home on this track complemented by some great guitar soloing by our dear buddy Barry "The Fish" Melton.  
(denise kaufman)

## We Can't Go Back Again

Denise first played this for us at our rehearsal space at the heliport in Sausalito. It was one of the few songs she wrote on keyboard. Most of her songs were written on guitar and some great ones were on dulcimer. The lyrics of this song resonate with me. My mom and I had a difficult relationship, and after she had a sudden stroke in 1975, it was too late for us to say words of forgiveness and love to each other. I sang this song at my mother's memorial. I was sad and regretful about what we'd missed. Through that loss, I became more aware of how I treat this moment in time and those I love. Everything matters. We can't go back again.  
(mary gannon)

## The Well

That moment when you look into someone's eyes and feel right into their soul. "I can tell by the look in your eyes you been drinking from the well where the water runs deep." I walked around just singing that line for about a month. Then, as more of the song evolved, it became a holding place for a few lines we loved singing. They were like mantras, and the band would sing them over and over, harmonize them, explore different grooves—just playing. We knew there were too many themes or "hook" lines to keep in this one song, but we loved singing them all because they were real and true for us. When Bobby Weir (my dear pal from our days "On the Bus" together) generously agreed to sing on our album, it was time to lose those mantras and get to the essence of the song—moving from separation to connection.

Bobby's vocal is deep, vulnerable and beautiful and he played a rare and transcendent electric guitar solo. ". . . feel the shimmer in the ties that bind."  
(denise kaufman)



Merry Prankster Mary Microgram aka Denise Kaufman at the Trips Festival, January 22, 1966.

## Taste of One

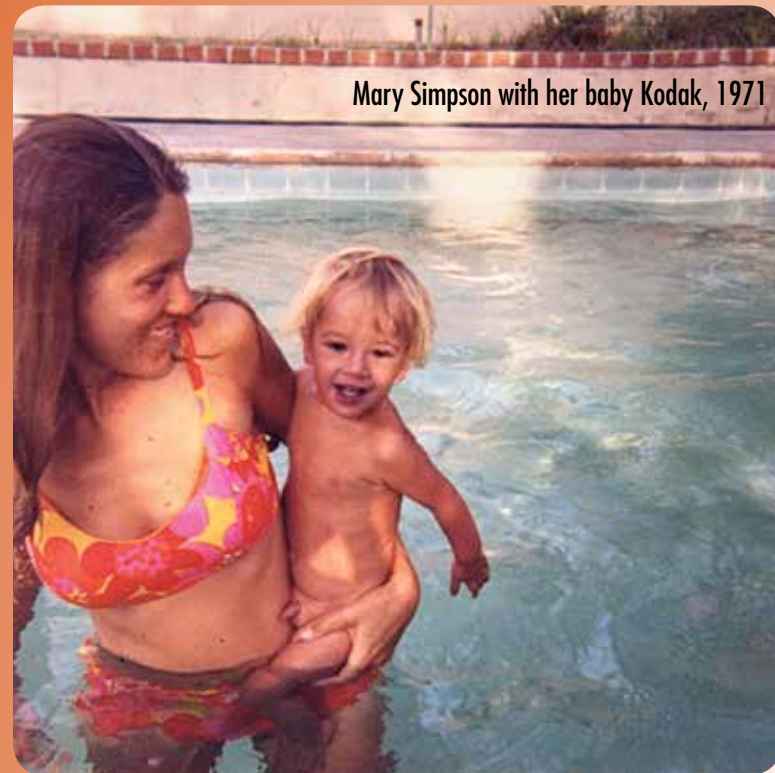
I had my first psychedelic experiences in the spring of 1965 when I was a student at UC Berkeley. From those profound journeys, I knew that we human beings live an illusion of separateness when we are really one pulsing, flowing, dancing energy, and that there is a whisper, a knowing that we can listen to or ignore. If we listen, that whisper informs everything we are and all that we do.

"And if your mind is not at war, you'll hear a whisper at your door, you won't be asking what it's for . . . how very sweet—the taste of one."  
(denise kaufman)

## Mama's Love

"Mama's Love" began with some words I wrote about the strength, commitment and selfless love for a child (whether young or older) that (most) mothers feel. Denise helped bring that idea to life. She felt it both as personal and universal—an expression of the deep feminine and the "Great Mother." I love singing this song because it's just so true for me: "when your broken heart is achin' and the solid ground is shakin', I'm here." Jorma Kaukonen (my pre-Ace of Cups guitar teacher) and Charlie Musselwhite helped put the cry, the heartache and the fierce growl of that mama lion into this track.

(mary simpson)



Mary Simpson with her baby Kodak, 1971

## Simplicity

This song was written about my friend Hugh Romney—my psychedelic soul partner. (You/ Hugh light, You/Hugh, simplicity . . .)

Originally, the band played the whole song at the slower tempo it starts with here. When Harvey Brooks, The Electric Flag's amazing bass player, heard the song, he had an idea for a new arrangement inspired by The Four Tops' tune "Seven Rooms Of Gloom." He came to our rehearsal at the Heliport and added the transition in and then out of the double-time section. We loved it and soon filmed that new version for Ralph Gleason's TV special, *West Pole*. Todah rabah, dear Harvey! Also, this track features Jorma Kaukonen and Mary Simpson trading guitar solos. Mary took guitar lessons from Jorma in the days before the Jefferson Airplane or the Ace of Cups. How great to hear them laying it down together 50 years later!

(denise kaufman)

## Feel It in the Air

I wrote "Feel It In The Air" at The Red House in Forest Knolls on the old piano in the living room. In western Marin in 1968 you could feel things in the air—the nature, the love of others, and the many little living things surrounding you. At the same time in our country the social, economic and racial disparities were painfully obvious: blacks, whites, wealth, poverty—an accident of birth and ongoing injustice . . . "how come you're going hungry, while I get fed every day?"

(mary gannon)

## Stones

By the grace of her heart Mary Gannon agreed to let me sing her classic Ace of Cups rock song "Stones." "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones"—a lyric I can relate to in a big way. Like Karma it comes right back at ya. Sweeping it under the carpet never works! But catching Mary's attitude and humor wasn't an easy task. With a little help from my bandmate Denise and producer Dan, I began acting out the lyrics and once I got into what I was singing about, bingo, we nailed it!

(diane vitalich)

The original (1967) bridge on this song had a tongue-in-cheek reference to us loving The Rolling Stones. In 1969, at the ill-fated Altamont Rolling Stones concert, I was hit in the head by a flying quart beer bottle that fractured my skull. I was five months pregnant at the time. The Rolling Stones refused to let their helicopter be used to evacuate me from the site as the doctors requested. Hours later, I ended up in emergency neurosurgery—endangering my baby—although it all turned out fine. So, when Ace of Cups started recording "Stones" for this release, I changed the words on the bridge to reflect my feelings about that day. "You can rock it like a Rolling Stone, but baby, I ain't buyin'!"

(denise kaufman)

## Red House Stories

"We were in uncharted territory, and for better or worse, the people working with you were your tribe. There did not seem to be any better place to be than with them then at the edge of the world." — Peter Coyote, *Sleeping Where I Fall*

The Red House in Forest Knolls, Marin County—one of the first 1960s experiments in self-sustaining, group rural living—was the home of Ron Thelin, his wife Marsha, his brother Jay and an ever-flowing community of Diggers, bands, truck people, friends and relatives. In 1966, the Thelins had opened The Psychedelic Shop, the first hippie-owned business on Haight Street and a cornerstone of the early Haight-Ashbury. By 1967, at the Red House, exploration of the dance of communal living and personal freedoms was in full force. Mary Gannon and her honey Joe Allegra lived in one of the cabins behind the main house.

## Life in Your Hands

As a fire burned in the little wood stove that heated the cabin, Joe Allegra strummed his guitar quietly and wrote this song while Mary Gannon was in labor with their daughter. "Before too long, a little bitty baby's gonna be born . . . Life in your hands . . ."

We've known and loved Taj Mahal for over 50 years. In the '60s we played a few shows together. Mary Gannon lived in a commune with members of his family and later was the music teacher to some of his children at Island School in Kauai. Over the years Taj and I have practiced yoga together, shared family music nights and watched each other's children grow. Now those children have grown up and gone, some have babes of their own, and the amazing Taj tells a story all parents understand. We love singing with him.

(denise kaufman)



## Macushla

I wrote an Irish lament and chanted Macushla for years thinking it was just a word/sound I made up. I sang lots of Irish songs as a teenager and those melodies are in my DNA. When recording this album, I found out from that Irish lad Dan Shea that Macushla is a real word meaning "pulse." Perfect, right? The song tells the story of the pulse of my life in Marin from 1968 to 1972. Love, birth, death, the pain of it and the joy—all lived surrounded by the beauty that is Northern California.

(mary gannon)

## Thelina

On Valentine's Day, 1969, in a little cabin in the woods behind the Red House in Forest Knolls, Mary Gannon gave birth to a daughter, soon named Thelina in honor of the Thelin family. Taking back the reins of childbirth from (mostly male) doctors with forceps and anesthetics, home birth was often the choice of women in our community. I was 22 years old and had never witnessed a birth. Watching my dear friend labor through the night, (with her bandmates and partner Joe in support) and then give birth to a tiny human was life-changing for us all. How is that everyone arrives on Earth the same way and so few of us have witnessed this miracle? How can we not sing about this great mystery, about how we're all connected and how precious it all is?

At the end of this song we've always loved singing the names of little ones we knew. If you sing along with it, please add the names of those you love!

It was so much fun working with the children on this track! Uncle Dan Shea was brilliant, making sure each one had a moment to shine. ". . . morning, evening, young and old, all of us strands in a rope of gold . . ."

(denise kaufman)

## As the Rain

Peter Coyote wrote this beautiful song when our friend Ron Thelin passed away. Peter sang it with his acoustic guitar at Ron's memorial. We really wanted to share it as part of our "Red House Stories." One afternoon at our studio Peter laid down this heartfelt vocal. Dan Shea created a haunting instrumental track on acoustic guitar, piano, bouzouki, uilleann pipe, upright piano and more. We sang background vocals as if we were standing around an old upright piano with Peter, which is just what we've done with him over the past 50 years. David Grisman and Sid Page added their inimitable magic on mandolin and fiddle, respectively. Peter Coyote still keeps fun and funky home music jams alive, gathering friends for an evening of playing and singing together. You can feel that spirit in this track.

(denise kaufman)



The Ace opening for Jimi Hendrix in the Panhandle, June 25, 1967



## Daydreamin'

One night, after recording his sublime vocal on "Life In Your Hands," Taj sat in the darkened studio noodling on the banjo and reflecting about how songs just disappear if no one plays them. I wrote this lyric inspired by Taj's words and Dan's brilliance in catching the moment. Keep playing those old songs, dear friends.

(denise kaufman)

## On the Road

Like our very first band song, "Waller Street Blues," we wrote "On The Road" together and all threw in lines and ideas. Marla started with a country riff and Diane jumped in with the perfect drum groove. I loved the bridge "Going from house to house, knockin' on every door . . ." because it was during a time when everything was shifting, people were crashing here and there and you just made room. Then there's the especially poignant last verse (probably a Denise line) ". . . there were times I had a place to hang my hat, warm fires burning, friends all gathered 'round . . . now I'll tell you where it's at, ain't got nowhere to lay my body down." All of a sudden we're older, more in need and the scene had changed. Couches were not open, friends were scattered, and so the last line ". . . I thought you were my friend . . . You know, baby, I believe you tried."

(mary gannon)

## Pepper in the Pot

This song plays with words from old jump-rope rhymes, clapping games and one of my favorite Bible passages. We "got to get over" that swinging rope and whatever we hold on to that divides us. Mrs. Charlotte O'Leary was falsely blamed for starting the Great Chicago Fire of 1871 and was vilified in song and rhyme for over 100 years. She was a scapegoat for anti-Irish, anti-Catholic sentiment, and those accusations broke her heart and ruined her life. We changed the narrative to what was the more likely true story and pointed to the real issues facing us all. ". . . gamblin' boys left a lantern in the shed, cow kicked it over and I swear she said 'the world's warmin' up—we got trouble ahead.'" From the Book of Psalms comes a note of caution: make every day count. "Number your days—get you a heart of wisdom."



Buffy Sainte-Marie, medicine woman and our hero, added her pull-no-punches songwriting genius, and we reworked the bridge in the studio. “The coats of many colors we steal from our brothers, we can never repay. There’s a tomorrow that feeds us all, we cook it up today.” Buffy’s lead vocal is a soulful and urgent wake-up call. “Some already got the wisdom, some do not, but everybody can step up, step up!!”  
(denise kaufman)

### Indian Summer

“I been true, I been false, can you hear me? Like the Indian Summer . . .”  
Holding out, hoping for someone or something to change has never worked out for me. Sometimes it’s hard to let go, but it’s hard to stay as well. I’m hoping I’m a kinder and wiser lover now. Life is too short and love is too precious to cause each other suffering. “I am one small breath inside the breeze, you are one small breath—hold me, please.”  
(denise kaufman)

### Grandma’s Hands

“Grandma’s Hands” is the only cover song on our album. I’m a longtime Bill Withers fan and was thrilled when Dan suggested I sing this. We love Bill’s original version but also incorporated elements from Dr. Dre and Blackstreet, who sampled the “Grandma’s Hands” guitar introduction for their song “No Diggity.” Singing these words let me experience what a grandma could be. Both of my grandmothers died before I was born. I get it! Having a wonderful grandmother is like having two great mothers at the same time!!!  
(diane vitalich)

My gramma did NOT play tambourine or talk this way. And yet, the way Diane sings this song evokes the spirit of every grandma, even my Lynnfield Irish Gramma Mary. Grammas love us unconditionally. Hey Nana, Hey Nana Hey Na!!!  
(mary gannon)

### Medley

The lyrics and harmonies, the sitar, the guitars, the different colors and textures in this piece reflect our ‘60s journey. We worked on an empty slate and the music was allowed to go anywhere. There were new energies dancing among us.  
(mary gannon)

### The Hermit

Our first manager, mystic and poet Ambrose Hollingsworth, gave these lyrics to Denise, who set them to music. Who is The Hermit? The song speaks of a holy person, a hermit, “holding the light in his hands.” He (or she) has been walking a long time, maybe forever. I look for a slight figure everywhere: in the woods, in dreams, in church.

We’re joined on the vocal by David Freiberg, our dear brother from Quicksilver Messenger Service. Ace of Cups (fondly called the “angel chorus”) sang the backing vocals for “The Fool” on Quicksilver’s debut album in 1968. The great wheel spins, and now on “The Hermit” we have David singing harmonies and referencing “The Fool” as a “One Man Choir.”

The hermit walks on into “The Flame Still Burns,” where we meet Diane’s dynamic drums and Terry Haggerty’s brilliant guitar takes flight.  
(mary gannon)

### The Flame Still Burns

In case you were wondering if Diane’s flame still burns, listen to these drums! She’s on fire. And then, how about Terry Haggerty’s guitar solo? Terry was the lead guitarist in the Sons of Champlin, one of our brother bands at Westpole. We did many shows together and I always loved his guitar playing—from tender beautiful tones to blisteringly fast sheets of sound, and ALWAYS perfect for the song!  
(mary simpson)

### Gold & Green

“Gold & Green” was written about the time when, after leaving San Jose State College, I was working at a credit clearing agency on Market Street in downtown San Francisco. This was just before the Ace of Cups started playing together. I grew up in Indio, a small town in the desert, and felt lost and alone in San Francisco. I had no direction in mind and wrote this song about those feelings. “Looking in, seeing out, is a lonely lifetime . . . Realize past yourself, that the Earth’s a song to dance to—three, four—love we need some more . . .”  
(mary simpson)

### Living in the Country

“Living In The County” was written some months later when the Ace of Cups were already playing together. My life had really changed for the better! I felt as though I was part of a tribe and connected to the larger whole of humanity. I felt optimistic about the future. I felt that we were all working toward something positive—toward the greater good—and I was grateful to be part of it all. “You already belong . . .”  
(mary simpson)

### Music

I shared this song with the band for the first time on October 8, 1967, as we drove to San Jose to play the Dr. Sunday’s Medicine Show, a benefit for The Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. We started singing it in the car, which made for a great drive.

When we got discouraged (and yes, there were those days!) our manager, Ron Polte, was always there with support and encouragement. He’d remind us of our vision for our music, our hopes for a kinder, more peaceful world and he’d tell us to just keep playing and keep the faith. Ron inspired this song.

We often finished our live shows by stepping away from our instruments, coming to the front of the stage and singing “Music” a cappella. We end this album with these words just as we ended the sets we played in the ‘60s: “Everything will be alright . . . keep the faith now . . . everything will be alright.”  
(denise kaufman)



# ACE OF CUPS

## WOULD LIKE TO THANK:

George Baer Wallace—our angel from New York City.

George loves our music. How can it be that someone heard us across the years and is so touched by our songs that this project is born? To George, nothing about the improbability of us doing our first recording at this time in our lives was a reason to stop or hold back. He's given us the incredible gift of working with our producer Dan Shea to re-create our old material and to write new music. He asks the question every artist longs to hear, "What do you need?" GBW, oceans of gratitude for making our impossible dreams come true. We're honored to be part of High Moon Records.

"What do you need ladies? I can help." That is George Baer Wallace.

Before George, there's Alec Palao of Ace/Big Beat Records. He tracked us down (pre-Internet!) and gave us our first record deal. Thanks to our 1960s road manager, Frank Polte, the boxes of our original reel-to-reel live shows and rehearsal tapes were not thrown away. Alec produced our first-ever CD with tracks culled from these motley tapes, which had traveled from Marin County to Hawaii and back to Marin over a 30-year period. With an artist's ear, he chose the best of what we had, and the CD, *It's Bad For You But Buy It*, let people who missed us in the '60s hear our music for the first time. One of them was George Baer Wallace. Thank you for being our champion, Alec!

Ralph J. Gleason—you loved us, mentored us, came to so many of our gigs, featured us on your TV feature "Westpole" and helped put us on the map.

Grateful thanks to our second manager, Ron Polte, who always said our music "helped transform this tough Chicago guy into a force for peace, love and community." Ron created Westpole, an incubator for ideas and inspiration, a convergence of managers and bands committed to changing the world through music.

Ambrose Hollingsworth was our first manager in early 1967. From his wheelchair he heard our songs, nourished our hearts and raised our consciousness toward a vision of goodness and service. He was a magician, guide and seer. Our time with Ambrose was brief but so important! As we gathered around his hospital bed, he showed us the Ace of Cups tarot card and we knew that Ace of Cups was our name.

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Our vocal coaches: Ron Browning (voice whisperer), Lynn Asher.

The High Moon Records team: Lucas Van Lenten, Patrick Whalen, Steve Stanley, Sheryl Farber, Leah Tashman.

KQED Arts: Kelly Whalen, Peter Ruocco, Jessica Jones and KQED: Kevin Jones.

Ace of Cups doc-in-progress: Jesse Block. What a life—following us with your camera and documenting our journey for the last ten years!

# ACE OF CUPS

## WOULD LIKE TO THANK:

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Jerry Granelli: Rhythm wizard and our beloved teacher.

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ALFILER** wishes to thank:

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"Wahine 'O Wailua Houselots" featuring Tootie, Lei, Deb, Mamo, Verlie and me; my other 'All-Girl' group.

Hugs to my husband, Andy. I got you, babe! Special aloha to Thelina, my '60s baby. Mahalo to my children: Rose, Angela, Andrea, George, Sammy and Deneen. My mo'opuna: Kahana, Mehana, Luke, Malia, Matthew and Mariana. Love to all my friends on Kauai. Locals forever!



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MERCY** wishes to thank:

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To my band mates and all our special guests on this album— thank you for the magic!!!

Have Fun, Laugh, Drum, Sing, Dance... Forever Now!

Produced by Dan Shea  
Mixed by Ari Rios and Dan Shea  
Additional Mixing by Chris Dugan

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Taj Mahal appears courtesy of Kan-Du Records  
Charlie Musselwhite appears courtesy of Henrietta Records and plays Seydel harmonicas  
David Grisman appears courtesy of ACOUSTIC DISC  
Pete Sears appears courtesy of Alien Music  
Norman Mayell appears courtesy of Sopwith Camel, Norman Greenbaum, Blue Cheer, and Judy  
Terry Haggerty appears courtesy of Buddha, Jesus, Allah  
Sid Page appears courtesy of molecular adhesion

Executive Conductor: George Baer Wallace  
Executive Coordination/Trouble Shooting & Making: Jill Checker  
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**TO BE CONTINUED**

