

KISS YOU WHERE IT HURTS

There's something going on,
baby I'm not that naive
The more you cover up how you feel,
the more your heart's on your sleeve
Your quiet smiles don't work as
a camouflage — Your pain is too big to hide
I know I can make you feel better, baby.
All you've got to do is open wide, and I'll

KISS YOU WHERE IT HURTS,
HOLD YOU WHERE YOU BREAK
TOUCH YOU IN THE PLACES
WHERE YOU ACHE
GONNA KISS YOU WHERE IT HURTS,
HUG YOU WHERE YOU TEAR
AND WITH EVERY FINGER SHOW I CARE

Another day in the battlefield
going head to head with your past
Like a soldier brave and afraid
wondering how long it will last —
I know you like to get through things by
yourself. I know you've got your pride
But it might be time for you to let go of
that. All you've got to do is open wide,
and I'll

CHORUS

Let me talk to your toes, let me cuddle
your nose all night long
Baby, I want to whisper to your lips

CHORUS

VLADIMIR

Vladimir, what will you do with yourself?
There is no freedom or food on the shelf
The kids want the sneakers and you
want the car
Vodka and cabbage are your caviar.

Oooh, IT'S THE SAME STORY
NOTHING MATTERS BUT MONEY
WHAT DO YOU COUNT AT THE END
OF THE DAY? Ah, Ah, Ah!

Jacques-Pierre, you always get what you
want: nuclear tests and a butter croissant
I've never heard you admit a mistake
If there's a problem, let them eat cake

CHORUS

Over here, over there, it's like nobody
cares anymore
All we need is some greed we can feed
to the neighbors next door
Why do we have to be what we see
on TV? It's a joke
Whatever happened to love, laughter,
and hope?

Johnny-boy's busy, he doesn't have time
If he gets a second he'll meet you online
He lives in commercials that stay in his head
Kill time, and buy time until he is dead

CHORUS

MY BABY'S GOT IT

Takes more than tenderness, a night on the beach,
to know we get along
More than a course in zen, a prayer to Buddha now and then,
to touch my yin and yang
More than a stack of dough or a stick of dynamite,
a condo with a parking spot—
Ten-dollar words and etiquette are really not the things
that get me hot

Takes more than a sweet caress to get me to undress,
to get me to reveal,
Because I'd rather be alone instead of trying to fill my bed
with love that isn't real
I've been around the block enough times now
to be sure of what I know I've found
Everything about you turned my head around...

BECAUSE MY BABY'S GOT IT ALL OVER
ANYONE WALKING DOWN THE STREET,
ANYBODY THAT I COULD MEET
MY BABY'S GOT IT ALL OVER
ANY FACE IN A MAGAZINE, ANYBODY ON THE MOVIE SCREEN

I really love your style, how we both can smile
when our differences appear
I really love your mind, how you're thinking all the time
and all your neat ideas
No axe is gonna fall. You don't have to worry,
baby, we can take this in slow motion
We've been together longer than we know

CHORUS

I've got this pure sensation — I think it's joy
Pure appreciation for all the things that you are, you are...

CHORUS



WHAT WOULD IT FEEL LIKE?

I'm wondering when, I'm wondering how, I'm wondering who
I'm hoping it's soon, I'm wishing it comes,
I'm praying that it's you
I just have to wait, I just have to see,
and learn a little patience
Then I will surely know. But for now,
it's all I can really think about

WHAT WOULD IT FEEL LIKE?
WHAT COULD IT FEEL LIKE?
WHAT WILL IT FEEL LIKE?
WHAT IT WILL FEEL LIKE...

Inside my mind, inside my heart,
inside my thighs
I see the words, I feel the heat,
I'm hearing heavy sighs
I can't wait to know, I can't wait to touch
and learn a little patience
Then you will surely know. But for now,
it's all I can really think about

CHORUS

Reality will be much better than this dream,
But wait-and-see is not the best way
to get through a day

When I'm at work, when I'm outside,
when I'm alone—
I can't escape these images I make of
what is still unknown
All I can say is I want it so much,
gotta learn to be patient
I'm losing all control because now,
it's all I can really think about

CHORUS

SHE IS RIGHT

SHE IS RIGHT, SHE'S SO RIGHT,
SHE'S RIGHT ALL THE TIME
AND DON'T YOU KNOW SHE'S ALWAYS
MAKING SOMEBODY WRONG (repeat)

I don't really understand
how one person always can
know what's going on
It seems totally absurd,
'cause she doesn't hear a word
But

CHORUS

Take her with a pound of salt,
'cause it's always someone's fault
(what's going on)
Conversations are the same,
she needs someone she can blame

She's as slippery as a squid,
no one listened to her as a kid,
and that is why
She screams when she wants to sob
Understanding her is a job,
especially when

CHORUS

LOVE ME

Behind everything I do anyone could see
right through that all I want is you to
LOVE ME
Behind most of what I say is a child who
lost her way, begging every day
LOVE ME
Like a trick in a novelty store
(The cup is empty no matter how you pour.)

LOVE ME, LOVE ME, LOVE ME
IT'S TOO MUCH THAT IT'S TOO LESS
THAT'S TOO BAD

Behind every card I send, every posture
I defend, everybody's gotta be my friend
and LOVE ME
Behind most of what you give, my poor
heart is like a sieve. (A junkie has to live.)
LOVE ME
Like a stone into a bottomless pit.
(Stand there for days, but you'll never
hear it hit.)

CHORUS

It started long ago, continuing to grow,
on every face it feeds
It's easy to mistake this thing that feels
like ache is really what I need

I get advice to help with how I feel,
and they all tell me what I've got to do
to heal

CHORUS

YOU LOOK LIKE LOVE

What a face and what a body
The way you're walking down the street
hits the spot
I imagine that your kiss is sweet
and your touch is very hot

YOU LOOK LIKE LOVE
WAITING TO HAPPEN (3x)—
AND I WISH YOU WOULD
HAPPEN TO ME

Every detail makes me wonder
how a night with you could be real
You'd pull me close and take me under,
and every inch of you I'd get to feel

CHORUS

My eyes are always on you —
The things I do just go to prove
That I could stare at you all day long,
and watch your every single move

CHORUS

LIVE AT MASTER SOUND ASTORIA

Kiss You Where It Hurts	5:05	Those Eyes	4:55
What Would It Feel Like?	6:54	Vladimir	3:44
She Is Right	4:08	My Baby's Got It	5:50
Love Me	6:12	By The Way	7:02
You Look Like Love	4:05	Doin' The Best That I Can	5:55

all songs written by Diane Ponzio
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Diane Ponzio - Guitar and Vocals
(Diane plays a Martin J-40 and uses Martin SP Strings, light gauge)

Hayes Greenfield - Sax

Richard Martinez - Keyboards

Eric Massimino - Bass

Todd Turkisher - Drums

Engineered at Master Sound Astoria by Ben Rizzi

Mastered at Digi-Rom by Paul Gold

Art, Design, and Photography - Wallberg Graphics

What you are hearing is a rehearsal with some great New York players, recorded by a world class engineer, in one of the premier recording studios in New York City. This project began with friends. Nancy got me the gig, I then called up Hayes, Ricky, Eric, and Todd. Serendipitously, the studio was not booked, and Ben and Maxine graciously made it available for us. The gig was Saturday, so we rehearsed for four hours on Friday, September 6, 1996, stopping only to eat sandwiches made with the best downtown ingredients. Although I wrote the songs, these players added such incredible depth, artistry and musicality, they belong to us all. Of course, the session would exist only in memory if it were not for Ben Rizzi. He is the King of Live Recording. Special thanks to Ricky, Todd, Hayes, Eric, Maxine Chrein and Ben Rizzi, Nancy Kraker, Harry Hirsch and the crew at Digi-Rom, Frank Schlosser and The Martin Guitar Company, Steve Ward, Larry Wallberg, and most especially Risa Wallberg. Thanks to you all for making me look and sound so good...and feel so great.

THOSE EYES

You're so sweet most of the time,
but now and then you act unkind.
Your broken heart is like a loaded gun.
Never know where you're coming from.
All I feel is the painful blast. The smoke
clears, and I see your past.

DON'T LOOK AT ME WITH THOSE EYES.
IT MEANS YOUR ANGER IS COMING SOON.
AND I'LL START LOOKING FOR A PLACE
TO HIDE WHEN I SEE YOU WITH
THOSE EYES

We all have our cross to bear,
but acting cruel is just not fair.
I can't imagine what you think you see.
I'm pretty sure that it's not me.
It's like I lit a secret fuse. Can't you see
how easily I bruise?

CHORUS

Oh, when we start going it's as if
there's a script to read
And it'll always lead to this.

Easy to fall into the black.
Too quick to hurt, quick to attack.
Our ugly cha-cha is hard to admit,
but it makes a perfect fit.
I can feel that this rings true, 'cause I
see that I do it too.

CHORUS



BY THE WAY

By the way, did I tell you?
I'm going to Spain for awhile.
Gonna learn poetry in Spanish,
flamenco dance down the aisle.
Send my smell in a letter — we'll still get
better and better. You and me forever.
I don't believe I can leave.

'CAUSE WE'RE MORE THAN FRIENDS.
MUCH MORE THAN FRIENDS.
BUT WE'RE LESS THAN LOVERS
THESE DAYS

By the way, did I tell you?
I bought a car and a house upstate.
Just a plain set of wheels and a cabin.
I can't complain,
you'd probably say it was great.
But you know I remember, I still remember.
There's a glow in the embers.
No room for doubt — it won't go out.

CHORUS

I don't know how much I can let it show.
I don't know how much I can let you know.
I only know it's hard to let you go.
Don't want to lose you, I get so confused
'Cause I feel you so familiar to my heart,
Season to season there's always a reason
for second-guessing in my mind.

By the way, did I tell you?
We exchanged vows last week.
Don't cry baby,
I cannot hold you on the telephone.
One never knows how it's gonna be...

CHORUS

DOIN' THE BEST THAT I CAN

We all try.
We all want to be better.
Sometimes this life is like a beach in a storm.
Nowhere to run from the towering waves.
So hard to see with the sand in my eyes.
We all try. We all want to have more.
But for this moment in time,
can we be enough as we are?

I'M DOIN' THE BEST THAT I CAN,
DOIN' THE BEST THAT I CAN
DOIN' THE BEST,
I'M DOIN' THE BEST THAT I CAN

We all try.
We know we need to love each other.
Sometimes your love burns my eyes.
With the ways I cannot understand.
And many times I've burned you too,
but
We all try. A little more, a little harder.
I cannot stop reaching for the things
that satisfy. That's why

CHORUS

Many people tire quickly
climbing life's rocky terrain.
Others zoom by me,
leaving dust on my windshield.
All we can do is to learn our own pace.

CHORUS