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KINKY

Her command was his wish
An incurable itch
How could anybody understand?
A married man...

He was hotter than hell
But you never could tell
What an x-rated mind he had...
Badder than bad

**All he wants tonight is something
kinky, so kinky**

**All he dreams about is something
kinky, so kinky**

**It'd be nice to teach his wife
to cook a little somethin' spicy**

Like a hidden delight
That you eat in the night
Hoping nobody will find you out...
better lookout

Like a ball to the hole
An urge he can't control
Is there just one way to do it right?
Night after night...

CHORUS

Who is to say what he should be
doin' instead in the bed
doin' instead in the bed
Secrets are born
when you do it instead
in your head

Baby, once in awhile
Can we do it in style?
Take a fantasy and come undone...
really have fun

CHORUS

PERMANENT DAMAGE

Sure, I have a set of eyes
and sometimes I can really see
the simple truth of what's around me
Other times I choose to deny reality
Get all tangled up in what
I would prefer to see

These times are happening way too often
for my taste
I'm afraid if we don't stop now
that alot of love could go to waste...

There's a fire in our house
There's a flood in the yard
A tornado on our tail
Broken glass in the road
Baby, don't you smell the smoke?
Can't you feel the wind?
Let's put on the brakes before
Permanent Damage is done

Don't know how we let it go on and on
for so damn long
And never say that anything was wrong
I'd hate if it was too late for us to change

But more than furniture is needing
to be rearranged

I know that what lies up ahead ain't so
easy to face
I'm afraid if we don't start now
that alot of love could go to waste...

CHORUS

Don't think I'm over-reacting
Cause it's getting pretty funky in here
I can't take it another day
Let alone another year!

CHORUS



LOW FLAME

Got a ticket for a plane to take me far
Left my heart but threw my luggage
in the car
And with an accent thick as traffic he said,
"I take you airport now."
By the time we got to the turnpike
He told me 'bout the love of his life
How she left him in a heap, he felt so cheap,
like he was yesterday's news

**This time I'm not going to cry
Things are not going to end up the same
I'm going to take things slow
And go nice and easy
And keep this new love cooking on a
Low Flame**

He said that woman was as pretty as sin
But it changed the moment she moved in
She was never satisfied, no matter how
he tried he wasn't enough

All their passion ignited the fight.
Work by day and battle by night.
He couldn't figure out what turned it
inside out so very soon. He said

CHORUS

Why, why, why, why—could somethin' so hot
burn me so bad?
Cry, cry, cry, cry—what good would it do?
It'd still be me and you...

Now the airport was clearly in sight
Silhouettes of jets against the
morning light
And he let out a sigh, and so did I for all
the things we leave behind
He said his new love was very nice
And if I was smart I would take his advice
You can love too much, too hard, too fast.
it'll never last—have a nice flight.

CHORUS

THE NIGHT NEVER ENDS

Don't know what's wrong with me
Can't sleep so peacefully
I wake up—worries in my head
I wake up—lay there in my bed
And I know I'm in trouble then,
cause the

Night never ends
No matter how you fight
or pretend
The night never ends

The clock makes fun of me
I watch it hopelessly
Maybe I'll make a cup of tea
Maybe I'll turn on the TV

Make believe you are holding me,
when the

CHORUS

It's so, so very late...
it will be so, so early soon
I see less of the sun,
and much more of the moon

I've tried most everything
But I can never win
So I wait for another dawn
So I wait to hear the alarm
It's like every light is on,
when the

CHORUS

TAPS ON THEIR SNEAKERS

I went down South
to Bourbon Street
Taps On Their Sneakers
Cages 'round their dreams

Dance for some change
You'd throw at their feet
Taps On Their Sneakers
Cages 'round their dreams

I was born in a town where black,
white and brown
Surrounded me all of the time
So it's hard to relate
to a black boy of eight
Clickin' his Nikes for a dime

Hustle all night
Maybe buy an ice cream
Taps On Their Sneakers
Cages 'round their dreams

That corner building over there
They tell me that is where
The slaves were bought and sold
These children are no fools
America's still so cruel
As if time were put on hold

Nothing has changed
Or so it seems
Taps On Their Sneakers
Cages 'round their dreams
Taps On Their Sneakers
Cages 'round their dreams



NONNA

Standing here where you
first laid your eyes
Would you be surprised to see me there?
If stone could speak
it would unlock the past
And then I could ask, "Why did you leave?"

Ah Nonna, le tue figlie vi chiamano
Ad alta voce teneramente
Ah Nonna, eccovi in campagna
Nel loro ricordo e nel mio cuore

How'd you feel when you stepped
on the boat
Were you full of hope for what could be?
How could you know what would happen
from then
If you knew the end,
would you still want to leave?

CHORUS

So many things I'm sure you could explain
The reasons why they grew up in shame
And still today they never complain
Your dream they still hold
now that they are old too...

Now I look at my photo of you
But what you went through doesn't show
All I can see is your sweet smiling face
and eyes full of grace
And love that never leaves

CHORUS

FOREIGN COUNTRY

I was in a foreign country
Riding on a train
Deep in conversation
about things I can't explain

What's the German word for equal?
What's the Russian word for trust?
What's the Italian word for fairness?
What's French for *greed* and *lust*?

**If we're so brave and we're so free
Why are the children on a killing spree?
It's a violent hand that makes a
violent heart
Where are you going to start?**

I love the first amendment.
And I love apple pie
I'm a big fan of the Yankees
And I fly the friendly skies

But I hate to read the paper
And I hate to watch TV
Because they only tell us what they want
us to see

**If we're so proud and we're so good
Why can't we walk around the
neighborhood?**

**It's a violent heart that makes a
violent hand
When will you understand?**

What's the use in blaming everybody else..
Take that bony finger
and point it to yourself
Everybody's got a killer that's locked up
inside that you cannot hide

I was in a foreign country
My ride came to an end
And I ran out of reasons and things
I should defend, like
Everybody needs a weapon
to stop all this abuse
No wonder all the children are feeling
so confused

**If we're so fair and we're so right
Why is it better to be male and white?
It's a violent world that makes a
violent child
Where everything is wild,
everyone is wild,
everywhere is wild, we're all talking
wild, everybody's wild...**

THINK, THINK, THINK

Everybody is worried 'bout what everybody
else thinks of them
Everybody holds in their stomach when
good looking strangers pass
A woman in high heels who can barely walk
up the hill
God help her if she has to run
A man walking down the street screaming
into his mobile phone.

What do you think, think, think of me?
How do I look, look, look,
In everyone's eyes?
What does it mean if my image
Is all that matters to me?

In the mirror do you measure up to your
favorite magazine?
In the mirror do you secretly hate what
you really see?
A million commercials to help men grow
their hair

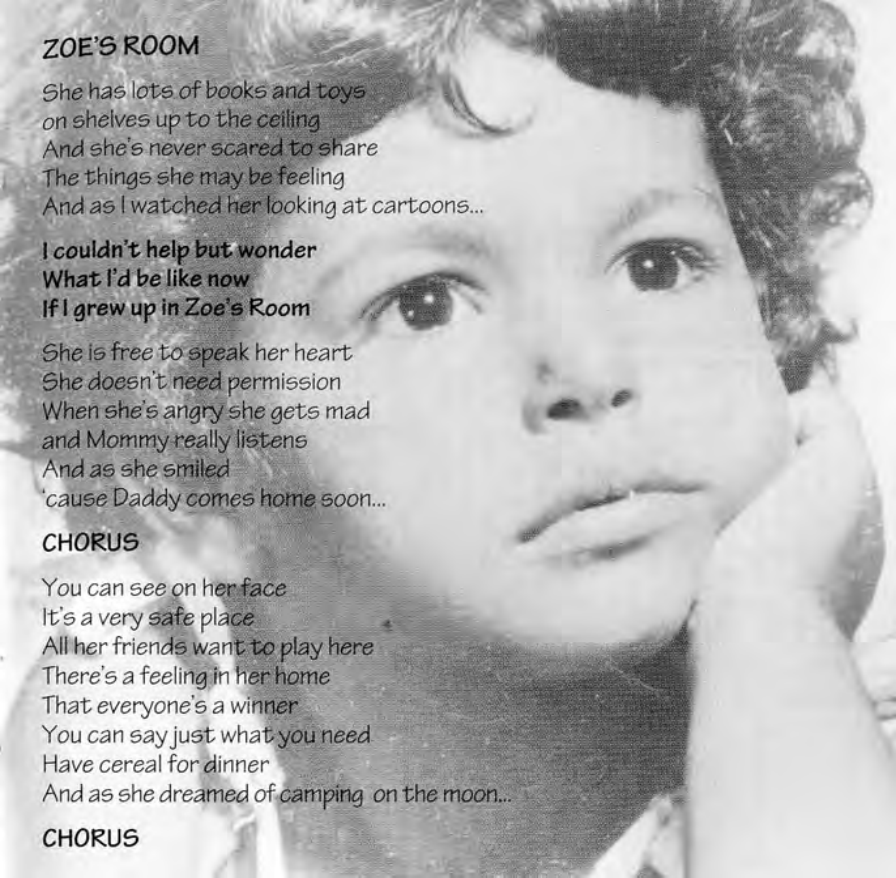
Pop a pill and baby, you'll look young
An overweight lady squeezing into
a pair of jeans

CHORUS

Sure I want you to like me
Yes, I wish you would approve
But I'm better off to feel afraid
Instead of trying to fit the groove

Everybody has their own
personal point of view
Everybody will come to the moment of
their last breath
How important will it be to have
designer clothes?
Or the number of messages
on your machine?
On your tombstone, maybe it will say...

CHORUS



ZOE'S ROOM

She has lots of books and toys
on shelves up to the ceiling
And she's never scared to share
The things she may be feeling
And as I watched her looking at cartoons...

**I couldn't help but wonder
What I'd be like now
If I grew up in Zoe's Room**

She is free to speak her heart
She doesn't need permission
When she's angry she gets mad
and Mommy really listens
And as she smiled
'cause Daddy comes home soon...

CHORUS

You can see on her face
It's a very safe place
All her friends want to play here
There's a feeling in her home
That everyone's a winner
You can say just what you need
Have cereal for dinner
And as she dreamed of camping on the moon...

CHORUS

DIDN'T WE ROCK?

Your hair is green—my hair is grey
I look at you and I think of better days
When we were young—when we were strong
Standing up against what we thought
was wrong,
but now

**Didn't we rock? Didn't we feel
Full of life, full of thunder,
Full of wonderful things
Didn't we rock with guts and soul?
Didn't we rock, didn't we rock,
Didn't we rock & roll?**

You can party til the morning light
I could go to sleep 10 o'clock at night
Your skin is smooth without a fold
Standing next to you all I feel is old,
but now

CHORUS

We always went to demonstrate
That love could really conquer hate
Protest this—Protest that
Never think of cholesterol and fat.
Bell-bottom blues and pants
Trying to give peace a chance

We sinned,
We prayed,
No guns,
No AIDS...
Just a real good time.

I still have faith—I still have fun
More than most and maybe
less than some.
When I look back I still can see
Some of that spark still burns inside of me,
but now

CHORUS



YOUR TIME

I know that you have things to do
A list longer than my arm
Still everyday, I wish for a way
I could have more of your time

I know you care, but it's not fair
The hours you spend on the job
Don't wanna' nag, but it's a drag
I could use more of your time

Doesn't seem like this is the way that we
planned it to be
Our sweet home is a place where you crash
But crushed to pieces is me

I understand I can't demand
That you drop everything just for me

But it's not right to wait half the night
For just a drop of your time

It's no longer just once in awhile
I see many blue moons
I'm the maid in a heartbreak hotel
always alone in your room

If I would pack you'd beg me back
And you'd lavish attention on me
Why does it take these things to make
You give me more of your time?

No one exists that I'd rather be with
Just give me more of your time

HERO

*I have dreams I am riding horses
They are always a shining white
Fearlessly I go charging forward
To the rescue in the night*

***I wanna be your hero, babe
I'm gonna save you just in time***

*If a wave ever comes upon you
and takes you fast
to an angry sea
I will come to you
I will run to you—I'll be
there babe to set you free*

CHORUS

*Don't Run Away...I'll Save The Day
In The Nick Of Time...You'll be mine
hey hey hey*

CHORUS



Diane Ponzio plays a Martin J-40, strung with light gauge
Martin SP Phosphor-Bronze strings

Engineer: Ben Rizzi • **Mastering:** Mark Dann
Graphics: Risa Wallberg • **Disc photo:** Sardi Klein

This work was recorded live to DAT (2 track) at Master Sound Astoria, New York, on December 15, 1998. The quality of the recording was made possible by the expertise of Ben Rizzi, the spectacular acoustics of Studio A, and the generosity of Maxine Chrein and Ben. There are no overdubs or punches. When Mark Dann and I mastered it, we faded two of the endings. Otherwise it is exactly how it went down.

The inspiration for this recording came from my loyal audiences in Germany who wanted a recording of my solo concerts, because they wanted to hear the stories about the songs, as much as the songs themselves. Personally, I am always disappointed with the audio quality of live performances, so I chose to perform a live set in one of the world's best studios, without an actual audience, but with the ones that exist in my mind, collected from years of gigs. Thank you Ben, Maxine, Mark Dann, Frank Schlosser for always coming through for me, Harry Hirsch and Digi-Rom for excellent manufacturing, The Martin Guitar Company for making the best acoustic guitars and strings in the world, Risa Wallberg, whose art and support amaze and sustain me, and all my friends in Germany.

This recording is dedicated to the late Joyce Mathis,
who taught me much more than how to sing.