

SWEET MESS

Oh I can't recall, up against the wall, quite like you
Though I have imagined, all of our fences, to just burn through
And I realize I'm dreaming, like I always do
We can make love, just take all that you need
And when it breaks off, it was hardly even stealing
'Cause what you're made of, it's something I believe in, yeah

God bless you, sweet mess
You never see the little things before you
I'll guess that just like all the rest, I'll be forgotten
That ain't the worst thing about it
I might be better without it
So leave me, leave me lonely

We can make love, just take all that you need
And when it breaks off, it was hardly even stealing
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So leave me, leave me lonely

(J. Wyatt, A. Jenkins, T. Stephens)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)
Warner Parker Publishing (ASCAP) / Admin by Downtown Music Publishing
Invisible Songs (SESAC)

*Vocal, Piano — Jaime Wyatt
Lead Guitar — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russell Kamp
Additional Keys — Shooter Jennings
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

NEON CROSS

Money, oh can't seem to get it fast enough
Runnin' I been runnin' my whole damn life
And I think that it's catching up
They're gonna nail me to a neon cross
All these honky-tonks, and strangers
How they tumble through the door
Well the evening speaks my language
And the dancers paint the floor

So sad, goddamn, I'm wearing some pitiful perfume
Dark glasses, gold liquor, jukeboxes and alligator shoes

Oh, poor me
Oh, poor me
You don't love me, why don't you nail me to a neon cross

Funny, how the big fish always calls my bluff
Honey, keep me in your thoughts, 'cause I know it's almost done
It was fun for a minute or two
But now you've thought it through
So I guess that we can call it even

They say life is here to teach me
But it kills me slow and easy
And I know you got my number
But the check still reads my name

So sad, goddamn, I'm wearing some pitiful perfume
Dark glasses, gold liquor, jukeboxes and alligator shoes

Oh, poor me
Oh, poor me
You don't love me, why don't you nail me to a neon cross

So sad, goddamn, I'm wearing some pitiful perfume
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(J. Wyatt)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)

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Piano, Additional Keys — Shooter Jennings
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LIVIN'

If I ain't good at everything I do
Well I guess I don't need to do anything at all

I ain't afraid of dying, honey
I'm so scared of this L I V I N'
Oh it never ends, restless winds blow on

Well people say I'm crazy
And you know they're goddamn right
I just quit the pills, to pay my bills, and all I do is cry
That doctor said it's one in a million, I'll make it to thirty-five
But I'm still shit-kickin' through Texas with my California lines

I been living in hell so long
What's this talk about H E V I N'
Can you let me in? I won't break nothin', oh

I'm high on pride, and short on fate
Breaking my back just to save my face
That whiskey spilled all over the place, and no, I don't need fixin'
No I don't need hallelujahs, holy rollers save your grace
I just need lots of love, so open up them pearty gates

If I ain't good at everything I do
Well I guess I don't need to do anything at all

I ain't afraid of dying, honey
I'm so scared of this L I V I N'
Oh it never ends, restless winds blow on

I been living in hell so long
What's this talk about H E V I N'
Can you let me in? I won't break nothin', oh
L I V I N' in the U S A...

(J. Wyatt)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)

*Vocal, Acoustic Guitar — Jaime Wyatt
Lead Guitar, Harmonica — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russell Kamp
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

MAKE SOMETHIN' OUTTA ME

It's been fifteen years since I hit the pavement
Payin' every single due
If somebody ever gave me a free ride
Honey, it'd be some front page news
It's the same ol' story 'bout purgatory
Gotta let that money go
But I was raised on heartache
So I like to suffer slow

So if life ever works out like the movies
And if time isn't really real at all

But if God made the world out of nothing
Why can't he make something outta me?

I put sixteen dollars in the tank this mornin'
Driving my mama's car

Cause the van is still in Nashville
And it really don't run at all
Gotta real bright future
My profile picture says, "thirty-three and still ain't grown"
And I make my pay in barrooms
Really, who is gonna take me home?

So if life ever works out like the movies
And if time isn't really real at all
But if God made the world out of nothing
Why can't he make something outta me?

I coulda been something greater
I coulda made me so much dough
I shoulda slept around in "music town"
I woulda probably got more to show

But if God made the world out of nothing
Why can't he make something outta me?
Why can't he make something outta me?

(J. Wyatt)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)

*Vocal, Guitar — Jaime Wyatt
Lead Guitar — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russel Kamp
Piano, Additional Keys — Shooter Jennings
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

BY YOUR SIDE

Cigarettes and time, ketamine and wine
There's all these faceless opponents
Who talk like they own us inside
And you made it clear
That the blackest of hearts don't fear
And we never prayed
So let me love you once more
'Fore you slip back down into the waves

By your side
Oh how I tried, and lied
I'll never stop givin' up, givin' up on you

The criminal ain't the crime, this kind of love ain't divine
And there's all these magical moments
That sneak up and throw us aside
But you left me here

With the blackest of hearts so cavalier
And we never prayed
So let me love you once more
'Fore you slip back down into the waves

By your side
Oh how I tried and lied, yeah
I'll never stop givin' up, givin' up on you
I'll never stop givin' up, givin' up on you

Matches and sugar cane
I can't recognize what we became
Who was that lying next to you
When the gates opened up below?

By your side
Oh how I tried and lied, yeah
I'll never stop givin' up, givin' up on you
Givin' up on you
Givin' up, yeah

(J. Wyatt)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)

*Vocals, Acoustic Guitar — Jaime Wyatt
Lead Guitar — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel, Bgus, Additional Guitar — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russell Kamp
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

JUST A WOMAN (feat. Jessi Colter)

There's not a man in this world I would rather be
Though I have dreamed of taking flight on feathered wing
I know it's not likely
No, it's not likely

When you speak to me like a little girl
And we all need a friend in this changing world
Show me a door that does not close, once open oh

I'm just a woman, nothin' more nothin' less
I can't help what I'm doing, I wanna life just like the rest
Think it over carefully, wasn't your mama just like me?
I'm just a woman, what do I know?

Beauty and roses and pearls, they have a special place
No one, my dear, is beholden to such a silly game
Something for yearning, is something for learning

Here I am, still at home, while you have your fun
When I gave, and I give just a bit too much
But it's your kingdom, and I have lost before I even try

I'm just a woman, nothin' more nothin' less
I can't help what I'm doing, I wanna life just like the rest
Think it over carefully, wasn't your mama just like me?
I'm just a woman, what do I know?

I know you'll never see how it's supposed to be
Is it a picture perfect dream?
I'm just a woman, what do I know?

(J. Wyatt)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)

*Vocal, Acoustic Guitar — Jaime Wyatt
Background Vocal — Jessi Colter
Lead Guitar — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel, Additional Guitar — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russell Kamp
Piano/Synth — Shooter Jennings
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

GOODBYE QUEEN

What about love, makes you weak?
Ain't no easy on easy street
Magic carpets don't take my feet
I get mine, it ain't make-believe
I get mine, it ain't make-believe

If you want a lover that leaves
I will be your goodbye queen
Yeah, I will be your Santa Ana wind
You can count on me to let you down again
I'm afraid you might just break before I bend
But I'd have to swing too wide to turn this thing around

What about life makes you cry?
We're all searching for paradise
Ain't no trophy or ribbon-prize
Do my best to live it right
Do my best to live it right

If you want a lover that leaves
I will be your goodbye queen
Yeah, I will be your Santa Ana wind
You can count on me to let you down again
And I'm afraid you might just break before I bend
But I'd have to swing too wide to turn this thing around

They say the highway is for losers
But you dig all these truck drivin' songs
Oh, but beggars can't be choosers
So I guess we all gotta play along
Yeah, I guess we all gotta play along

If you want a lover that leaves
I will be your goodbye queen
Yeah, I will be your Santa Ana wind
You can count on me to let you down again
I'm afraid you might just break before I bend
And I just need to please the leavin' in the end
And I'd have to have to let you go my friend
But I'd have to swing too wide to turn this thing around

(J. Wyatt, C. Masterson, E. Whitmore)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)
Shakti Rocket Music (BMI) / Admin by Rough Trade Publishing

*Vocal, Acoustic Guitar — Jaime Wyatt
Lead Guitar — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russell Kamp
Piano, Additional Guitars — Shooter Jennings
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

MERCY

Baby I'm payin' for a lifetime of sin
For the debts of the flesh in the arms of a man
Well it takes two parties, and parties they ask for friends
Of which all roads they close to an end
So I bled my horses, and I laid down with a pharaoh
And I hitched out west to the hills of the sun

Mercy, I need mercy
Mercy, right now
Mercy, don't try to hurt me

Honey I'ma certain there's a big white house without me
You can drink champagne on a cloud full of grace
But it ain't for creatures who sell themselves for comfort
'Cause I stole that horse, just to hide in the hay
Now I tip my hat, and I thank you for the sadness
And I lay my head on a bed full of stars

Mercy, I need mercy
Mercy, right now
Mercy, don't try to hurt me
Mercy, I need mercy
Mercy, right now
Mercy, don't try to hurt me

(J. Wyatt)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)

*Vocal, Acoustic Guitar — Jaime Wyatt
Lead Guitar, Wurlitzer — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russell Kamp
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

RATTLESNAKE GIRL

Thank ya kindly, but don't walk behind me
I've seen people slip that way
And if you try me, boot heels beside me
I might have to make your day

And I'm tryna keep the overhead low
Desert blanket on the fire below

I see my sweet friends out on the weekends
They all look happy and gay

They keep their secrets all covered in sequins
People have too much to say
I found my childhood under the pinewood
I am a rattlesnake girl

So go find a diamond, you might need to buy one

It's a rocky road to town
I built an island, sagebrush and violence
And you know that lonesome sound

But if you wanna see the world from here
Get in line for a souvenir

I see my sweet friends out on the weekends
They all look happy and gay
They keep their secrets all covered in sequins
People have too much to say
I found my childhood under the pinewood
I am a rattlesnake girl

(J. Wyatt)
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Lead Guitar — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russell Kamp
Piano — Shooter Jennings
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

HURT SO BAD (feat. Shooter Jennings)

When I was born, they should've warned me
And I woulda turned my ass around
Packed it up, and hit the country
Never even make a sound

Because time alone won't heal this hurtin'
There's little changes in between
And I'll be damned if I ain't workin'
They can't take that shit from me

Why does it hurt so bad?
I lost the best I never had
People say I should be glad
I lost the best I never had

And I don't need to feel a heartbeat
Got too much trouble on my hands
Them swingin' doors they cut right through me
And I gave my money to the man

And I ain't tryna catch the fever
I swore I stood on greener land
And that devil holds a diamond needle
This room is filling up with sand

Why does it hurt so bad?
I lost the best I never had
People say I should be glad
I lost the best I never had

But in these hard times, no one to hold me
'Cause you had to roll me, one more time
And in these low and lonesome valleys
Mountains surround me
Lord it feels I might be dyin'

Why does it hurt so bad?
I lost the best I never had
People say I should be glad
But I lost the best I never had

Why does it hurt so bad?
My heart is broke, I don't stand a chance
People say I should be glad
Why does it hurt so bad?

(J. Wyatt)
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)

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Lead Guitar — Neal Casal
Pedal Steel — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass — Ted Russell Kamp
Piano, Bgus — Shooter Jennings
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

DEMON TIED TO A CHAIR IN MY BRAIN

Demon tied to a chair in my brain
Blackbird tappin' on the window pane
Sick man smiling at a stray dog in the rain
Demon tied to a chair in my brain

Demon tied to a chair in my brain
Lovers burnin' 'ghostly, draggin' their chains
Met eyes from the window of that midnight train
Demon tied to a chair in my brain
Demon tied to a chair in my brain

Demon tied to a chair in my brain
Mad shriekin' woman weepin' my name
My skeleton's melting, my soul is in flames

Demon tied to a chair in my brain
Demon tied to a chair in my brain
Demon tied to a chair in my brain

(D. Riggs, M. Sweeney)
Blueberry (BMI) / Wren Music Publishing
Era Jackson Music (BMI) / Domino Publishing Company

*Vocal — Jaime Wyatt
Lead Guitar, Pedal Steel — John Schreffler, Jr.
Bass, Piano — Brian Whelan
Fiddle — Aubrey Richmond
Drums — Jamie Douglass*

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*Jaime Wyatt — Vocals, Acoustic Guitar, and Piano on "Sweet Mess"
Neal Casal — Guitar, Harmonica and Wurlitzer
Shooter Jennings — Piano, Additional Keys and Background Vocals
John Schreffler, Jr. — Pedal Steel, Additional Guitars and Background Vocals
Ted Russell Kamp — Bass
Jamie Douglass — Drums and Percussion*

*Jessi Colter — Background Vocals on "Just A Woman"
Brian Whelan — Bass and Piano on "Demon Tied To A Chair In My Brain"
Aubrey Richmond — Fiddle on "Demon Tied To A Chair In My Brain"*

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*All songs written by Jaime Wyatt
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)*

except...
"Sweet Mess" written by Jaime Wyatt, Austin Jenkins and Travis Stephens
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)
Warner Parker Publishing (ASCAP) / Admin by Downtown Music Publishing
Invisible Songs (SESAC)

*"Goodbye Queen" written by Jaime Wyatt, Chris Masterson and Eleanor Whitmore
Native Songs Publishing (SESAC)
Shakti Rocket Music (BMI) / Admin by Rough Trade Publishing*

*"Demon Tied To A Chair In My Brain" written by Dax Riggs and Matthew Sweeney
Blueberry (BMI) / Wren Music Publishing
Era Jackson Music (BMI) / Domino Publishing Company*

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Dedicated to Neal Casal