

Gregory Porter

Liquid Spirit



- 1 **No Love Dying** 3:56
- 2 **Liquid Spirit** 3:36
- 3 **Lonesome Lover** 3:11
- 4 **Water Under Bridges** 3:33
- 5 **Hey Laura** 3:19
- 6 **Musical Genocide** 3:45
- 7 **Wolfcry** 4:10
- 8 **Free** 5:01
- 9 **Brown Grass** 4:17
- 10 **Wind Song** 3:24
- 11 **The In Crowd** 3:37
- 12 **Movin'** 4:50
- 13 **When Love Is King** 6:53
- 14 **I Fall In Love Too Easily** 7:49

Bonus Tracks

- 15 **Time Is Ticking** 3:23
- 16 **Water Under Bridges
(Rubato Version)** 4:43



No Love Dying

There will be no love that's dying here

The bird that flew in through my window
Simply lost his way
He broke his wing, I helped him heal
And then he flew away
Well the death of love is everywhere
But I won't let it be
There will be no love that's dying here for me

There will be no love that's dying here

The mirror that fell from the wall
Was raggedy, that's all
It rest up on a rusty nail, before it made its fall
Well the bones of love are everywhere
But I won't let it be
There will be no love that's dying here for me

There will be no love that's dying here

Four flowers in my Asian vase is
Not a sign we're dead
I paid for three, a sweet old lady gave me four instead
There's some doubt that's out about this love
But I won't let it be
There will be no love that's dying here for me

There will be no love that's dying here

The bird that flew in through my window
Simply lost his way
He broke his wing
I helped him heal
And then he flew away
Well the death of love is everywhere
But I won't let it be.
There will be no love that's dying here for me
No, there will be no love that's dying for me
There will be no love that's dying for you and me
There will be no love dying here
No, not for me
There will be no love that's dying here
No no, there will be no love that's dying here
No No NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
There will be no love that's dying for me

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums
Yosuke Sato alto sax

Liquid Spirit

Un re-route the rivers
Let the dammed water be
There's some people down the way that's thirsty
So let the liquid spirit free
The people are thirsty 'cause
of man's unnatural hand
Watch what happens when the people catch wind
When the water hits the banks
of that hard dry land

Clap your hands now
Go 'head and clap your hands now

Get ready for the wave
It might strike like the final flood
The people haven't drank is so long
The water won't even make mud
After it comes, it might come with a steady flow
Grab the roots of the tree down by the river
Fill your cup when your spirit's low

Clap your hands now
Go 'head and clap your hands now

Dip down and take a drank
And fill your water tank!

Un re-route the rivers
Let the dammed water be
There's some people down the way that's thirsty
Let the liquid spirits free
The folk are thirsty
Because of man's unnatural hand
Watch what happens when the people catch wind
Of the water hitting banks of hard dry land

Clap your hands now
Go 'head and clap your hands now
Clap your hands now
Go 'head and clap your hands now
Get down and take a drink
And fill your water tank!

Liquid spirit
Clap your hands now

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums
Tivon Pennicott tenor sax
Yosuke Sato alto sax
Curtis Taylor trumpet

Lonesome Lover

(Abbey Lincoln-Max Roach)
Publisher: Estate of Maxwell L. Roach

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums
Tivon Pennicott tenor sax
Yosuke Sato alto sax
Curtis Taylor trumpet

Water Under Bridges

Somebody told me
Get over it
It's like water under bridges
that have already burned

They say
It gets better, it gets easier
The memories starts to fade
And sad songs that always play
You start to hate

Do you remember
The days we used to spend?
Memories so strong
it keeps me from moving on
If I could go back
I'd take our worse days
Even our worst days are better than loneliness
Somebody told me,
Get over it
It's like water under bridges
that have already burned

Do you remember
The days we used to spend?
Memories so strong
it keeps me from moving on
If I could go back
I'd take our worse days
Even our worst days are better than loneliness

Somebody told me,
Get over it
It's like water under bridges
that have already burned

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano

Hey Laura

Hey Laura, it's me
Sorry but I had to ring your doorbell so late
But there's something bothering me
I really am sorry, but it just couldn't wait

Is there someone else instead of me?
Go 'head and lie to me and I will believe
You're not in love with him
And this fool can see
That the rivers of your love flow up hill to me

Hey Laura, it's me
Sorry but I had to ring your doorbell so late
But there's something bothering me
I really am sorry, but it just couldn't wait

With a healthy dose of make believe
Won't you lie to me and make me believe
That you're in love with me
And this fool can see
That the rivers of your love flow uphill to me

Hey Laura, it's me
Sorry but I had to ring your doorbell so late
But there's something bothering me
All night long, I just couldn't wait

With a healthy dose of make believe
Go 'head and lie to me and make me believe
That you're in love with me and
Oh this fool can see
That the rivers of your love flow uphill to me

Hey Laura, it's me

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums
Tivon Pennicott tenor sax
Glenn Patscha Hammond B3 organ

Musical Genocide

I do not agree, this is not for me
No, Musical genocide

I will not commit nor will I submit to
Musical genocide

This is not for me, I won't let it be
No, musical genocide

Give me a blues song
Tell the world what's wrong
And the gospel singer giving
those messages of love
And the soul man with your
heart in the palm of his hand
Singing his stories of love and pain
Oh, I do not agree, I do not agree
This is not for me
No, musical genocide

I will not commit nor will I submit to
Musical genocide

This is not for me, I won't let it be
No, musical genocide

Give me a blues song
Tell the world what's wrong
And what about the gospel singer,
heavenly messages of love?
And the soul man with your heart in his hand
Singing his stories of love and pain
Woah, I do not agree
I do not agree, NO!

Hey! I do not agree
This is not for me!
Come on, come on, come on people!
Come on!

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums
Tivon Pennicott tenor sax
Yosuke Sato alto sax
Curtis Taylor trumpet
Glenn Patscha Hammond B3, Fender Rhodes

Wolf Cry

The night has fallen
You have soaked your see-through
silken gown with tears
Your love was all in
And he mistook your come stay call
For come quick dear
You need me near
You need me near

After I have saved you
And gathered all the pieces of your heart
That's when it starts
Then you gained your confidence
And leave your innocence
and vulnerability with me

After I have saved you
And gathered all the pieces of your heart
That's when it starts
Then you gained your confidence
And leave your innocence
and vulnerability with me

Your tears were fallin'
And I came quick to comfort
all your solemn fear
When you have fallen
I'm always there to pick you up and say
Come here dear.
I need you near
I need you near

After I have saved you
And gathered all the pieces of your heart
That's when it starts
You gained your confidence
And leave your innocence
and vulnerability with me

After I have saved you
And gathered all the pieces of your heart
That's when it starts
You gained your confidence
And leave your innocence
and vulnerability with me

You leave it all with me

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano

Free

(Gregory Porter/Zak Najor)
Golden Slipper Publishing/ASCAP/
Zak Najor/BMI

Want to be free, got be free
Want to be free, got be free

Knew she could make it right
Working late every night
Got to make money
To put food on the table
And Daddy had to do the same
He knew he had to do his part
So none of his children would get
caught up in the game

So I'd be young and free
Daddy made a way for me
He paved a road so my burden is lighter
And Momma did just the same
Dropping Love just like rain
She said guard your heart
for from it come the issues of life

Free, free

Got to do well in school
Obey that golden rule
Treat another man like
You want to be treated
Share with your brotherman
If needed, give him a hand
For in the end, you might just need him

So I'd be young and free
Daddy made a way for me
He paved a road so my burden is lighter
And Momma did just the same
Dropping Love just like rain
She said guard your heart
for from it, come the issues of life

Free, free, free

Want to be free, got be free
Want to be free, got be free

Though they both left this earth
I want to thank them for my birth
And all of the gifts they left for a lifetime
It truly was a sacrifice
They didn't even think twice
Seven of Eight

And Gregory would be his name

So I'd be young and free
Daddy made a way for me
He paved a road so my burden is lighter
And Momma did just the same
Dropping Love just like rain
She said guard your heart
But from it come the issues of life

Free, free, free

Want to be free, got be free
Want to be free, got be free

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums
Tivon Pennicott tenor sax
Yosuke Sato alto sax
Curtis Taylor trumpet
Glenn Patscha Hammond B3

Brown Grass

Brown grass
On the other side
Nothing but brown grass
Now I'm open wide
To the truth I left behind
Her loves so hard to find
Now I find myself
Falling down on brown grass
Now I find myself
Rolling 'round on brown grass

Brown grass
On the other side
Nothing but brown grass
Now I made a mess
Of the life I had with you
In search of something new
Now I find myself
Falling down on brown grass
Now I find myself
Rolling 'round on brown grass

Why didn't I know that she was
a essential part of me?
I thought that I needed to find me
And I needed to be free
Why didn't I know that she was
All that I would ever need?

I looked at the distant view
And thought it was for me
But now I know
It was just...

Brown grass
On the other side
Nothing but brown grass
Now I'm open wide
To the truth I left behind
Her loves so hard to find
Now I find myself
Falling down on brown grass
Now I find myself
Rolling 'round on brown grass

Why didn't I know that she was
a essential part of me?
I thought that I needed to find me
And I needed to be free
Why didn't I know that she was
All that I would ever need?
I looked at the distant view
And thought it was for me
But now I know
It was just...

Brown grass
On the other side
Nothing but brown grass
Now I'm open wide
To the truth I left behind
Her loves so hard to find
Now I find myself
Falling down on brown grass
Now I find myself
Rolling 'round on brown grass
Now I find myself
Falling down on brown grass

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums



Wind Song

The sun, the trees, the leaves, the ground
The sound it makes when love sings
Songs of love to them
I try all day to not write songs
That sound cliché
When I sing songs of love to you
Some how I always do
And then I realize
After a million years
The Wind Song goes along
That's how I want to be
Until eternity
The Wind Song goes along

I'm glad it's clear the rain this year
Came down so strong to test my
Song of love for you
I love you still
And always will
So if my song repeats
Know that I'm stuck on you
Oh yes, I'm stuck on you
And then I realize
After a million years
The Wind Song goes along
Oh yes, I realize
After a million years
The Wind Song goes along

I'm glad it's clear the rain this year
Came down so strong to test my
Song of love for you
I love you still
And always will
So if my song repeats
Know that I'm stuck on you
I'm stuck on you
And then I realize
After a million years
The Wind Song goes along

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums
Tivon Pennicott tenor sax
Yosuke Sato alto sax
Curtis Taylor trumpet

The In Crowd

(Billy Page)
Unichappell Music o/b/o Elvis Presley Music

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums

Moving

I feel just like a kite
But one without a string
One that is floating around
I don't know what tomorrow will bring

I feel just like a bird
But one without a home
One that is floating over endless oceans
Empty horizons, no rest in sight

What does it mean
when you say you want to be free?
Free to sing, free to dance,
free to let someone take a glance
In a world that's free of me.

Then you say you're moving on
Then you say, "I got other plans."
Oh girl oh!

You're moving in the wrong direction
Moving in the wrong direction
So far away from me
You're moving in the wrong direction
Moving in the wrong direction
You're moving in the wrong direction
So far away from me

Then you say you're moving on
Then you say you got other plans
Oh girl!

You're moving in the wrong direction
Moving in the wrong direction
Lady, you're moving in the wrong direction
So far away from me

I wish my Momma was here.
A strong steady rose
She would know, what to do,
what to say, how to pray
To make things better
What does it mean

when you say you want to be free?
Free to sing, free to dance,
free to let someone take a glance
In a world that's free of me.

You're moving in the wrong direction
Moving in the wrong direction
You're moving in the wrong direction
So far away from me

Well you're moving, well you're moving
Well you're moving, well you're moving away
So far away
So far away from me

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums
Tivon Pennicott tenor sax
Yosuke Sato alto sax
Curtis Taylor trumpet

When Love Was King

There once was a kingdom far far away
Where love was the rule of the day
Nothing more, nothing less
Then to give your friend your best
There's much more story that I could tell
To make the hardest hearts swell
This is the story
When love Was king

When Love was king
Do you remember when love was king?
When love was king,
I remember when love was king
He ruled the land
With his fist unfurled
With open arms for the world
Of hungry children, first he'd think
To pull their lives from the brink
When love was king,
He'd rescued souls lost in the sea
In drifting vessels, he would hear their plea
When love was king
He threw a line before they'd sink
And gave the thirsty ones a drink.
He told the meek that they should try
To use the sword to smite the lie
That being kind is for the weak
When love was king
I pray the Lord these words we seek

When love was king
He showed respect for every man
Regardless of their skin and clan
Beside him stood his mighty queen
An equal force, wise and keen
He lifted up the underneath
And all his wealth he did bequeath
To those who toiled without a gain
So they would remember his reign
So seek some place to call your own
Right next to this mighty shining throne
When Love was king

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Emanuel Harrold drums

I Fall In Love Too Easily

(Sammy Cahn/Jule Styne)
EMI Music Publishing/ASCAP

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass

Bonus Tracks

Time is Ticking

Time is ticking
Time is ticking
Did you dance out in the rain?
hmm...
Time is ticking
Time is ticking
Did you jump out of a plane?
Did you make love on a train?
It's not too late

Time is ticking
Time is ticking
Did you wash away the pain?
hmm...
Time is ticking
Time is ticking
Did you finish *War and Peace*?
Did you make peace with a friend?
It's not too late

Does life just spin around the hands of a clock
Are we just pushing time?
Or is time pushing us?
The grind
From the train to the bus, to the plane
Be on time 'til the end of your life
No it's no life for me
Let's make life sublime

Time is ticking
Time is ticking
Did you dance out in the rain?
hmm...
Time is ticking
Time is ticking
Did you jump out of a plane?
Did you make love on a train?
It's not too late

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano
Aaron James bass
Curtis Taylor trumpet
Father Time ticking

Water Under Bridges (Rubato Version)

Gregory Porter vocals
Chip Crawford piano

All compositions by **Gregory Porter** Golden Slipper Publishing/ASCAP except where noted
All Gregory Porter compositions are arranged by **Gregory Porter, Chip Crawford** and **Kamau Kenyatta**

Recorded at **Sear Sound, NY, March 28th, 29th, 30th and April 15th, 2013**
Engineered by **Jay Newland**
Assistant engineers: **Ted Tuthill, Owen Mulholland**
Pre-mix editing by **Fran Cathcart** at Eastside Sound on "Musical Genocide"

Produced by **Brian Bacchus**
Mixed by **Jay Newland** at The Grateful Shed, April and May, 2013
Mastered at Battery Studios by **Mark Wilder**
Kamau Kenyatta: Associate producer, horn arrangements

Release Coordination: **Pascal Bod**
Management: **Paul Ewing** wingsmusicinc@gmail.com

Portrait photography: **Shawn Peters**
Recording photography, Package Art Direction & Graphic Design: **Rebecca Meek**

Yosuke Sato plays Yanagisawa Saxophone and Aizen Mouthpiece
Emanuel Harrold plays Dream Cymbals, Vic Firth Sticks and Sakae Drums.





I would like to say thank you to the people in my life that help create and inspire music in me. My family, my band, my fans, the support of management and agents. *Liquid Spirit* is like my other recordings, music that wells up inside me. Concepts of self and culture and family that find a way to melody.

I'd like to thank personally my new baby boy Demyan — also known as Сладкий — for inspiring in me the song "When Love Was King." I wrote it thinking of a better world in which to raise him. Thank you to my Victoria for him and for your support.

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Thanks to the music makers on the record Chip, Arron, Emanuel Yosuke, Tivon, Curtis and Will Barrow for your musical charisma.

Thank you to Jean Phillippe, Universal France family and to Don Was and the Blue Note family for hearing me.

I could go on but let the words of my song be thank you...

Seek some place to call your own
Right next to this mighty shining throne
When Love was king
When Love was king

Peace and love, Gregory.

GP, CHIP CRAWFORD



GP



EMANUEL HARROLD



GP



BRIAN BACCHUS



AARON JAMES



KAMAU KENYATTA



CURTIS TAYLOR, YOSUKI SATO, TIVON PENNICOTT



JAY NEWLAND, BRIAN BACCHUS



CHIP CRAWFORD

