

CORRIE LYNN GREEN



Time To Be Brave

Time To Be Brave

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| 1. Gold Rush | 4:26 |
| 2. Mountain Girl | 3:48 |
| 3. Time to be Brave | 4:38 |
| 4. White Trash Kids | 3:23 |
| 5. Is it Light | 2:53 |
| 6. Gimmicks | 4:06 |
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The making of this album has been the most rewarding music-making experience of my life. When we set out to make the first album, “Blow Away,” and the second album, “In the Root Cellar,” I had songs flowing out from my heart.

This music was meant to come through me and out into the world. I wanted to tell the authentic Appalachian story. I wanted to keep the sharp edge and raw reality, and not slap a pretty bow on top. I wanted us to be seen.

When I set out to make “Time to Be Brave,” I had some experience under my belt. I had been working with the same incredible musicians and producer for several years. I wanted to keep the authentic truth to the stories that shaped me but I also knew that I wanted to step outside of myself and see and write about the world from someone else’s perspective.

I did not have songs in my pocket, ready to go. It felt like I was starting from scratch. I was elated to be signed to Outer Marker Records for this album, and it is wonderful to be supported by such a great company. I wanted to do my very best and to shine.

I had never written under a short timeline before, so the first thing I had to do was commit some ideas to the page and not let any looming deadlines derail my progress. There were a few times that I got very close to the edge by not having material ready, but I always managed to produce the exact right song at the exact right moment. And I really believe I was held in the energy of the creative-collective. That pressure on me made me sharper and made my writing clearer.

I truly believe in each song on this album, and I truly believe that this album stands on its own, with stories from the Gold Rush, all the way to “White Trash Kids,” my dad’s story of his blue-collar factory working years, and straight into the rules I learned about life on the road and the misperception of an entertainer’s beauty in “Gimmicks.”

This album is truly built from the ground up with just the right Producer, D.W. Fearn, just the right musicians, and just the right songs, at just the right time.

Corrie Lynn Green, September 2024

Gold Rush

Wagon Wheels, prairie crust, this dirt road ain't made to rust
A couple of books, worn out hutch, gave me a ring but it ain't worth much
I left home for desert land, California's shifting sand
You took things, you wanted man, put a gun in your hand

If Highways would have existed in time, I'd drive a car and steal you blind
I'd kill you dead and take what's mine
Yeah, these are the tears that the gold rush left behind

White as a ghost, covered in dust, you let me die, in the sagebrush
Buckets to fill, horses to mush, people to pay and mouths to hush
Cradle the gold its gleaming gain, dream about me calling your name
You can't sleep, stand in the rain, I won't wash out, my ghost remains

If train trestles followed every horizon line
I would have tied you to the track in a violent crime
I would have killed you dead in the warm sunshine
Yeah, these are the tears that the gold rush left behind

Buried me here, the ring got sold, nothing to fear, when your blood runs cold
I'll stay young, watch you grow old, while blood money haunts your soul
You'll see shadows on the wall, hear my voice at the curtain call
Better get ready, revenge is tall, on the other side where man is small

If airplane smoke could fill the sky, I'd drag their contrails across your eyes
Give you one last chance to say goodbye and you'd see my name across the sky
I would weigh you down, you could never fly, take the last parachute and jump real high
And the last thing I'd do before you die is to look you in the eye
Hey these are the tears that the gold rush left behind
Mmmmmm, these are the tears that the gold rush left behind
Yeah, these are the tears that the gold rush left behind

Mountain Girl

I met you in the yard of a house filled up with knowledge
You had your pack of wolves, with claws sharpened from college
I was just a mountain girl, those ridgelines held me hostage
I kissed you quietly and pinched my skin for measure
You read me poetry and said we'd be forever
I was just a mountain girl, I loved you like a treasure

Chorus: A different universe, the Earth meeting an asteroid
Loved you so much I was sucked into the cosmic void
My heart was all in, but my head saw the spaces
Two different worlds, we'd be walking different paces

You took me for a ride and showed me where the stars met
The northeastern sky, the tail of Halley's comet
I was just a mountain girl, standing near the summit

The road on the way down was a double roller coaster
You're headed out of town on a steel locomotive
I was just a mountain girl, hopelessly devoted

One year, two, and before you know it, ten
You disappear like stardust, left blowing in the wind
I am just a mountain girl, on my own again

Time to be Brave

Sighs of detachment over disappointing years,
I take a look into your eyes before you disappear
Packing up the pickup, head to cabin 13
Try to disconnect and reconnect this old machine

I climbed the grassy knoll with you and the rough and rocky hill
Now we're sliding down my dear but I think I love you still
I think I want to protect you but I also want to kill
Guess I don't know what I want and nothing is freewill

Chorus: Should I string us together? Should I put on a hood?
In this stormy weather, am I weak like a feather that's flown for too long?
I'm tired of the needles and the weaving isn't strong
Well I've still got a set of those matches on the fireplace that you gave
Let's light 'em up, Let's burn 'em
Oh its time, time, time to be brave

So now the house is on fire and it's kind of a relief
I spent so many years locking up what you would thief
I had paid all the bills and I had tallied all the costs
And I had tried to fill the aching gaps of everything I'd lost

We're alone out on the road, for the first time in our lives
Rolled down all the windows and the tears rolled down my eyes
No one really knows all the hardship we've been through
Or why sometimes you have to cut the hand that's feeding you

I say we strike the match; we've got nothing left to lose
Blow the whole thing up in smoke, there's nothing left to prove
Let the heartache knock you out, let it flutter rough and true
All the checks and balances, all receipts and claims, withdrew

Now we let it go, let it simmer in the stew
The soup looks very different but it's made of me and you
The walls have all burned down and all the pictures too
We are free, we are free, even though I still love you

White Trash Kids

We were ready to go down, to the factory jobs in our town
Trying to draw a sign, get us on the line
While the railroad buzzed the ground

Tied knots on my steel toes, hammered that metal till my fingers froze
My whole body reeked by the end of the week
Smelled my paycheck like a rose

Chorus: We are white trash kids, looking for a way to get rich
Looking for a sign, a way out of this pit
We are white trash kids, nothing is right or wrong with it
Looking for a sign, but I think God quit
We're looking for a light, but I think God quit
Yeah I think God quit

Tobacco smoke filled the cement room
And all the workers in the back were running on fumes
They didn't care if we died; they would fire us soon
Another man on the line come next June

We were standing in the moonlight
Fight to keep my eyes from closing tight
Sweat was dripping down, my clothes were turning brown
I worked all through the night

Turned into an old man, never even put my kids to bed
If they can get a better life, not always running from the knife
I'll work until I'm dead

Is It Light

I was boxing with my shadow, under the moon
I was sparring with the stars, they're too far to be true
There's a war going on, only bombs in my view
Could you try to see it different, could you try to see it through?

Chorus

Don't really want it if I have to be right
I was left in the ring with nobody in sight
Had my back to the ropes but my mind was in flight
I was swinging, I was swinging, God I put up a fight

Is it light, is it light, is it light, Is it light?
Is it light, is it light, is it light, Is it light?

Kept my mouth closed and I sewed up the stitches
Put my head down and I washed the dishes
I turned down the TV and the ads they're pitching
That's the last uppercut while the Palmolive's dripping

We were born in the dark, we were born in the night
But I think I see the sun, it is shining bright
Is it light, Is it light. Is it light is it ligh?
Is it light, Is it light. Is it light is it light?
Is it light, Is it light. Is it light is it light?
Is it light, Is it light. Is it light is it light is it light?

Gimmicks

Rose colored rouge upon my bones of youth
Lipstick like berries, ripe and full of juice
Layered three colors of shadow on my eyes
Just so you would stop and hear me tonight

Glitter on my skin to sparkle and to dance
Captured by the light, a dewy soft romance
It seems not to matter how hard I try
As long as I am pleasing to your discerning eye

Chorus
Beautiful angel, Appalachian sky
Raw radish root so wild and alive
Put down your earrings, you don't have to smile
We need no more gimmicks for this final mile

Bridge
And those people that would stare you down and turn you to a cynic
Please shut 'em out before you drown and become your own worst critic
Well I've been around this Nashville town, there's so much bullshit in it
They strip you down, lost and found, but the sky is your limit

Wore a high collar my neck reveals my age
I should be proud I lived way past my rage
Sunspots dot the landscape upon my tired hands
Hidden from the light, buried in the sand

Cultivate a culture where I'm only what you see
Forget about the lyrics which are useless you'll agree
Play all night long and forget about the day
Pomp and circumstance is why they all came

Won't pretend for you, please don't pretend for me
What are you seeking and why is the key
Underneath this madness my sad attention grab
I am still a mortal filled with good and bad

Shooting Range

Here at the table, you have your weapons
I'm in your scope of hard lessons
The meal I made, it isn't sweet
You pull the poison from your teeth

I see the gun, you take your aim
And I become just what you claim
The safety's off, our wounds are strange
We let the house become our cage

Chorus

And even though I love you there are things I cannot change
Can't clean up all the shrapnel that is rattling in your brain
So let's release the hounds that are choking on their chains
You should hunt me down; my heart's a shooting range

Here at the door, you beg for more
I held my bullets for what's in store
You spun around and knocked me down
With sharpened arrows that you found

A last resort, a warrior's sword
A proud medallion, a chain reward
One final blow, a hunter's bow
And now our hearts are pumping slow



Corrie Lynn Green
Songwriter, Vocals, Banjo, Piano



Adam Monaco - Acoustic Guitar



Peter Oswald - Cello, Piano



John O'Reilly - Drums, Percussion



Joseph Arnold
Violin



Tom Spiker
Electric Guitars and Bass, Acoustic Guitar



George Hazelrigg - Piano



Geoff Hazelrigg
Double Bass



Julia Finegan Cate Monaco
Background Vocals



Michael Salsburg
Violin

Overview

This album was recorded at D.W. Fearn Studios in Chester County, Pennsylvania in six sessions from January through July 2024. The recording was made in DSD256 using Merging Technology Hapi converters and Pyramix recording software. Because of the technical limitations of the DSD format, the final mixes were done 24-bit, 96kHz sample rate using the same hardware and software. Those files were converted back to DSD256 for download distribution by Native DSD.

The vinyl version of this album was mastered by Nick Townsend. The lacquers were cut on a Neumann VMS-80 cutting lathe paired with a Neumann SX-74 cutter head with a MYSHANK diamond cutting stylus. The cutter head is powered by a fully-restored and custom-modified Neumann VG-66 cutting amplifier. Program audio is sourced via a Dave Hills designed quantum HEDD A/D Converter.

The pressing was done by Studio4 Vinyl using 180-gram audiophile-quality vinyl.

All of the microphones were amplified by D.W. Fearn VT-1, VT-2, and VT-24 vacuum tube microphone preamplifiers (www.dwfearn.com). These preamps are no-compromise designs using only class-A triodes, with custom audio transformers made for us by Jensen Transformers, Inc.

There is minimal equalization and compression on this recording, and where used, it was provided by D.W. Fearn VT-4 and VT-5 Vacuum Tube LC Equalizers, and VT-7 Vacuum Tube Compressors (which uses pulse-width modulation for the gain control function). Like the preamps, these units use only class-A triode amplifier stages, with custom Jensen transformers for the inputs and outputs. The inductors in the equalizers are custom-made by Jensen Transformers.

Every voice and instrument utilized ribbon microphones, with a couple of exceptions.

Where artificial reverberation was needed, it was provided by Bricasti M7 and Quantec 2496 devices.

Microphone Details

Corrie Lynn Green's vocals were recorded with an AEA R44C ribbon microphone, which is a perfect reproduction of the RCA 44BX from the 1930s. Corrie's banjo was recorded with an AEA R88 stereo ribbon microphone in Blumlein pattern, as was the piano on "Is It Light." Adam Monaco's Gibson acoustic guitar was recorded with a matched pair of Flea C12 vacuum-tube condenser microphones in Blumlein. Peter Oswald's cello parts were recorded with an AEA R44C, sometimes in conjunction with a Sennheiser MKH416 RF condenser short shotgun microphone. Drums and percussion used an AEA R88 as the sole pickup of John O'Reilly Jr's drum kit. Tom Spiker played various electric and acoustic guitars. The acoustic guitar was a Martin 00018 recorded with either the C12s or with a Neumann SM69 stereo condenser mic, in Blumlein. His Telecaster, Stratocaster, and Danelectro baritone guitar were recorded with a Royer R121 ribbon microphone on either a Vox AC10 or various Fender guitar amps. Tom also played a Fender Precision electric bass on some songs, which was recorded direct using a D.W. Fearn VT-1/F vacuum-tube instrument interface (di).

Violin parts by Michael Strasburg and Joseph Arnold were captured by AEA R88 microphones. Background vocals by Cate Monaco and Julia Finegan used AEA R44 mics. George Hazelrigg played the studio 1903 Mason and Hamlen AA grand piano on “Shooting Range,” recorded with an AEA R88. Geoff Hazelrigg’s double bass on “Shooting Range” was captured with an AEA R44C.

Production Notes

All songs were recorded with the drums, acoustic guitar, cello, and sometimes a second acoustic guitar simultaneously in one room.

Corrie Lynn Green was in a separate room to record her reference vocal and banjo, which were later replaced with new versions. Her singing and playing with the other musicians was deemed essential to preserve her interpretation of the song.

Most of the electric guitar parts, some acoustic guitar parts, additional cello parts, violins, percussion, and background vocals were recorded as overdubs after the main recording. Corrie’s finished vocals were recorded separately after the main session, or the next day, as were her banjo parts. Most of her songs were written on banjo, her main instrument, but others were written on acoustic guitar or piano.

“Is It Light” was originally a demo version of the song, with Corrie playing piano and singing at the same time. We later decided that it was the definitive performance. Acoustic guitar, electric bass, violins, and background vocals were added to the original recording.

The background vocals on “White Trash Kids” were performed by John O’Reilly Jr, Adam Monaco, Peter Oswald, and Tom Spiker and recorded all at once, in one take, with an R88 microphone. Also as an overdub on the same day was John O’Reilly Jr’s percussion, which drew upon his vast collection of percussion instruments, many that he made himself, plus a large section of stainless steel that was used to suggest the sound of hammering metal in a factory.

This is Corrie Lynn Green’s third album, and the first one on Outer Marker Records. We believe that her songwriting, performance, and playing has reached a new level of skill and interpretation on this album. The timeline for recording was very tight, and Corrie was sometimes adding new verses and revisions as late as the night before the session. She and I are immensely pleased with this album, and grateful to the fine studio musicians who brought their skill and creativity to all her songs. They have played on her recordings from the beginning.

Production Notes

Doug Fearn first recorded music on professional equipment in 1964, at his high school radio station. The station had Ampex tape machines, a Collins console, and a small collection of ribbon and dynamic microphones. He also was persuaded by friends to record their bands, which was a challenge since Doug's orientation and experience was confined to classical music up until that point.

He opened his first recording studio in 1969 as a 4-track facility, using an Ampex 4-track, half-inch tape machine, and Scully and Ampex stereo and mono tape machines. The microphones went through a collection of vacuum tube mic preamps from the 1940s and 1950s.

Later he upgraded to a solid-state large format console, but was disappointed in its sound. He continued to use vacuum tube mic preamps wherever possible. The studio later moved to a much larger building and expanded to 24-track recording on 2-inch tape using Studer and 3M tape machines. He utilized ribbon microphones as much as possible, but the practical reality of doing major artists required the use of condenser mics for most vocals and instruments.

In 1993, he developed his first commercial product, the VT-1 tube mic preamplifier and over the years expanded the product line to include equalizers, compressors, and related accessories.

The studio where this album was recorded was originally the space for parts storage and shipping for the manufacturing company. In 2017, those functions were licensed to Hazelrigg Industries – owned and operated by George and Geoff Hazelrigg. The space became available and was converted to a studio and control room.

Most of the Outer Marker Records releases were recorded and/or mixed at D.W. Studios. The audio path for recording is entirely vacuum tube, with the exception of the solid-state input stage of the Merging Technology converters.

Doug discovered DSD recording through the Hazelriggs, who utilized DSD for all their jazz trio recordings (also on Outer Marker Records). Since 2019, every session has been recorded in DSD256. Although DSD has many practical drawbacks, the audio quality is outstanding, and that quality is evident even when the original recording is converted to PCM format, or even MP3 or similar.

About Outer Marker Records

Outer Marker was founded by George Hazelrigg, Geoff Hazelrigg, and Doug Fearn in 2023. Our philosophy is to only record outstanding artists, using the best possible equipment and techniques.

Our catalog is quite diverse, covering (to date) jazz, classical, Americana, punk, and environmental music. We record music that meets our standards, regardless of genre.

CORRIE LYNN GREEN



Time To Be Brave



Produced by D.W. Fearn

Assistant Engineers: Ian Alexander & Matthew Glossen

CorrieLynnGreen.com
OuterMarkerRecords.com