

Insight into RANDOM TRUTHS

01 DRESSED TO KILL (Self/Godden)

A quintessential girl anthem...life's for living! Given approx. 50% of the adult population (sadly) is divorced, and 50% of those people are women, there's a whole lot of people who know exactly what I'm talking about! The track came out of a couple of writing sessions with Sarah (Godden), ten years ago, and worked brilliantly on tour with Darryl Braithwaite. It has arguably stood the test of time. So there was no indecision about including it. We all loved what Mike did with this track (magic Mike☐). Sometimes songs speak to you when the production is all done...when the music speaks and everyone agrees, that's a done deal for me – and I'm pretty happy about it as it is so much fun to sing. My youngest daughter at 3years, clip-clopping around the house in my high heels, singing it at the top of her lungs, "Dressed ta kill and lookin' nah nah look a dan", with such conviction – was hilarious!

02 ALL U GOTTA DO (Self/Godden)

It rocks along...I love it and the message...reminds me of 'schoolies' week. One of two co-writes with Sarah Godden (cowriter for Vanessa Amarosi and Deltra Goodrum, Sarah is a Melbourne producer). Sarah was so much fun to write with – I was in awe of a chick knowing her way around ProTools for the demos – man! she's fast!

03 THE JACARANDA (Self)

There's a mass exodus out of Brisbane airport every week as many men (mostly) on contract work in north and west Queensland, the NT and WA, fly to a job that is worth what they can provide for their family. My own husband travels similarly. My daughter's kindergarten Teacher's Assistant actually inspired the original concept, explaining that for her and her kids it is the only life they've ever known – and it works for them; it's hard, but it works – they love it when daddy comes home! A lot like the Australian pioneering days, this is a 21st Century Aussie love story: the wives love their men vehemently, but soldier on alone, tough as nails, shouldering raising the family and often also holding down a job of their own – doing whatever it takes to get by. The men are gone for long stretches at a time, but a lot are home for extended stays with the onset of the summer wet season while roads are impassable and work simply has to wait until Mother Nature has nourished the land – and in Brisbane and all up and down the east coast of Australia, this coincides with the stunning bloom of lavender flowers on the Jacaranda trees for a week or two. (It's actually not a native as often presumed but rather, an introduced pest). Jacarandas are now an icon in the backyards and footpaths of many cities – and still considered a pest (depending on your perspective) when they carpet suburbia purple, killing lawns and filling gutters by dramatically dropping all of their purple foliage at once – the Jacarandas "fall". This expression also carries a colloquial symbolism for young adults at University in Brisbane (and I don't know if this holds true elsewhere) – but I remember well the unwritten rule of thumb: if you haven't started study by the time the Jacarandas bloom, forget it, and by the time they "fall", the University year is done and dusted and everyone's going home for a summer Christmas.

04 FALLEN ANGEL (Self/Price)

For my sister at 14, and every runaway out there, backed into a corner, hating themselves and the world, feeling there's no way out...overwhelmed or driven to the point of taking impulsive action that sometimes we cannot undo.....there is hope, you are loved, and you will grow to be ok...that I could hold each of you and keep you safe until you know it, I would.....

Co-written with Rick Price, sharing my sister's plight to a complete stranger in a songwriting session was incredibly uncomfortable at the time. My mind chatter would constantly remind me, "You've never told anyone, you've never told anyone", all the while arguing with itself about the importance of writing about substance, connecting and investigating real emotion through song. I felt privileged to work with Rick...we've held on to this one for a while.

LISTENING IN (Self)

I love our country towns/cities, often beautifully romanticised in poetry and song.... But I won't hide from the truth. The song is heavy and dark and this story should be told.....we cannot repair if we ignore the cracks So...who's stepping up? I wonder, if everyone took care of their neighbours, a simple community reaching out, what change we could affect, what difference we could make....what precious innocence we could preserve...Artistically, the imagery this track provokes will be awesome in a video clip – can't wait to get my teeth into it

EVERYTHING (Self)

Keeping it real...this track is my husband and I; vulnerable; neurotic; scared; but facing the future together, side by side, with surety and conviction that while we started with nothing – a two roomed granny flat in the mountains of Samford, trying to make ends meet – we have EVERYTHING and what we have between us will withstand anything.

(a few excerpts from the song)

- "When he walks through the door I wanna cry. It's been one of those days after one of those nights"
- "He kisses me when I least expect and tells me don't you ever forget"
- "He wakes me to remind me he's mine and whispers we're gonna be alright"

FLY ME HOME (Self)

My two girlfriends and I had each rolled our cars, the year we turned 19, and lived to tell the tale. My vehicular acrobatics was a 30 metre drop over the edge of Cunningham's Gap, near Warwick in Queensland in my EJ Holden. In 1995, due to a minor landslide and on my first ever trip to Tamworth (to compete in the Star Maker Quest), we hit a boulder in the fog at dawn going up that mountain, and wrecked my car – but went on to win Star Maker – good ol' Yin and Yang. As the years progressed with countless return trips from Tamworth (and anywhere down south) via this passage over the Great Dividing Range back to Brisbane, I would meet my nemesis with the same knot of nausea and still, to this day, hold my breath on that fateful bend – even when I'm not driving. Thankfully, there is large cement-walled barrier defending the edge these days – and the speed limit is reduced to 60k/hr. I was remarkably unscathed physically, but the accident haunts me. They say, three strikes, you're out! It must be time to fly....

YOU DON'T LOVE ME (WHEN YOU'RE SOBER) (Self)

We tried to capture the vibe of an old smoky bar (I've played more than my share in my time!), where the faithful country band in the corner is playing to the 'regulars'....it's the oldest sounding track on the album because I just love the country-crooning heartbreakers, like STAND BY YOUR MAN, and CRAZY.

GROWING UP (Self)

Wouldn't be a teenager again for quids... But don't ever want to grow up too much, either...☺

I CLIMBED A MOUNTAIN (Self)

The landscape of this track is stunning. Thank you to the Nashville boys, one and all. I was very teary putting the vocal down to this, and feel almost "cleansed" every time I sing it...

(I THINK I'VE) FALLEN (Self)

I messed around with so many ways of presenting this song. I love fiddling with new shapes and progressions on my guitar. And one of them, added to a lyric I had had for a while, grew into this very pretty track that I am so proud of. Mike's arrangement is superb. When it arrived back across the Pacific it took me by surprise and I fell in love with the song all over again... I'm a guitars and drums gal, all the way (crank the kick, Jas!!! ☺) but the piano adds a breath of fresh air in the prettiest way....and it suits the story – sometimes love waltzes up and clocks you over the back of the head when you least expect it...@#

LONELY (Self)

First time on my own, Sydney: dodgy motel, Parramatta Road, on a radio promotional trip, I stayed up playing guitar all night to keep myself occupied (and the paranoia at bay), waiting, watching the door handle, wishing I had a baseball bat. With the sunrise – not that it made much difference with all the neon light, sirens and traffic noise during the night☺ - I finally closed my eyes to sleep. This was a well-kept secret of life on the road for me. Thankfully, by the time I would wind down after the gig with the band and crew, there's only a couple of hours to fret about before daylight rolls around....chronic sleep deprivation became a way of life – it was great practise for having babies!

MISCHIEF (YOUR BACKSIDE'S GONNA PAY) (Self)

Life, growing up in Maryborough, Queensland, riding across the river from Granville to school in town, was simpler and more carefree for sure. But my dad was a cop and dealt with a great deal of the darker element of society. So he was obsessively protective with very strict rules where his daughters and their whereabouts were concerned – and mum enforced them. But restless souls will find the bend in every rule, with a little bit of unabated curiosity and ingenuity, heavily dosed with brazen luck. There's a little bit of poetic license for sake of a great story.... This is Rob Mackay's favourite track when we were recording!!

ONE MORE TIME (Self)

The opportunity to step back into the music industry came about by the unexpected interest from Legacy Queensland in a song called Fixin' Things, that I wrote for a dear friend/neighbour and her son who became Legacy recipients after the loss of their husband/father and our friend, a Naval serviceman. For ten years I've been raising kids, renovating houses, camping, exploring, soaking up a wonderful marriage and family life, and imbedding our family in our community – a far cry from the rat-race of Sydney, the music industry and what feels like selling your soul to the devil to get your music played. I'd had some success, driven by my love of music: the beautiful craft of singing for an audience, connecting through song and sharing stories that should encapsulate country music and all music for that matter – but “industry” and money get in the way. I never thought I would never perform again, when I did my last gig on Main Stage Gympie Muster, ten years ago and married my husband the following weekend - I had just never dwelled too much on when I might return again, pushing it to the back of my mind, consumed with life. So, there was a lot at stake. With the song for Legacy we were now presented with a crossroads and I had to seriously consider what I knew would be ahead of me and more importantly, us, if I walked down that path. And what had become more than apparent (if I ever needed further confirmation), was that my sanity needed me to pick up the guitar and sing and/or write/create almost every day of my life...it was cathartic; it was an extension of me that made me whole. And so, we made a decision, that we wanted our children to emulate chasing your dreams, going after what you want, don't be a spectator in your own life – and that “home” is where we are together and that can be anywhere, any way and at any time, because what we have is an unshakeable, unconditional love between us. So here I am. These songs, this album, Random Truths is me and my life, some thoughts (to date), and One More Time explains what we considered before we came to the decision to “mortgage the house” ☺ to share them all with you....we're playin' for keeps x