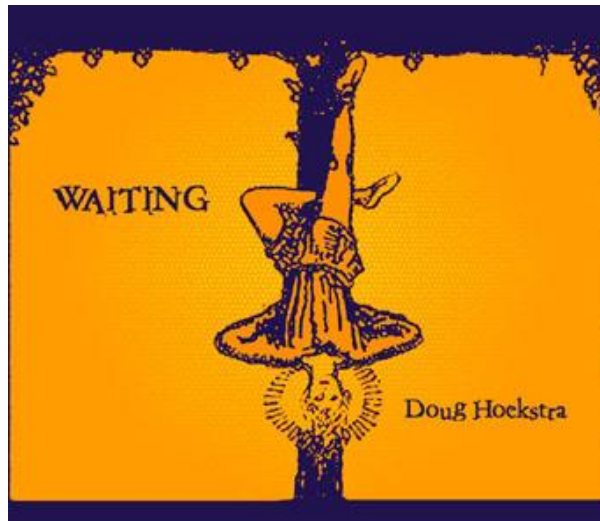


Waiting (CD #5)



Waiting, was Doug Hoekstra's fifth solo release and first on the fledgling Paste Records (with the UK based Fundamental handling the chores in Europe). While previous albums incorporated gospel choirs, string quartets and avant-garde horn sections, the dozen songs on **Waiting** were recorded in Hoekstra's home studio, while he was literally waiting for his son to come into the world. Core instruments and vocals were handled by Hoekstra at home; with guest vocals by Amelia White (on the title track and "Dark Side of the Pearl") and a few key post-production overdubs from friend and frequent collaborator George Marinelli (*Bonnie Raitt*, *Bruce Hornsby*, *James Taylor*, his own work, and much more). The result was a quiet but deeply layered folk record with a rock vibe that has nothing to do with "folk rock."

"**Doug Hoekstra, the crown prince of contemporary Brit-leaning pastoral folk-pop**, has made his most intimate and attentive album to date...Hoekstra remains a truly original voice among today's singer-songwriters, one of folk music's most vibrant and imaginative artists..." (*Stein Haukland, Ink 19*)

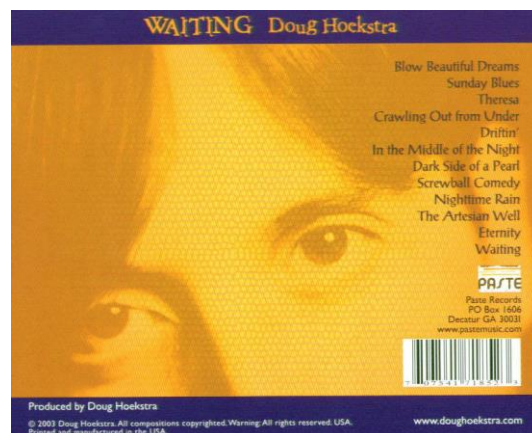
Waiting is a record that chooses the path less traveled, surprising the listener with musical turns and lyrical phrases. "**Sunday Blues**" provides a lilting blend of church bells, sitar, guitars and keys for Hoekstra to croon over. On "**Theresa**," Hoekstra sings of a lost child in Sao Paolo, Brazil, accompanied by persistent loops and electric guitars, ebbing and flowing with the narrative like the ocean against the shore. The atmospheric effect of "**Nighttime Rain**" is so palpable that you can almost feel the mist in your face. "**Dark Side of a Pearl**," sketches the collapse of a couple in a folk hop setting somewhere between Dylan and Beck.

"*** of 4 just as vital is the fifth solo outing from avant-folkateer, Ohio-born Doug Hoekstra. The self-produced *Waiting* is another highly literate affair, less flamboyant than previous, string-laden albums, but still pulling off the enviable feat of sounding lean and intimate while employing church bells, sitar, mellotron and keyboard loops. In particular, the spare "In The Middle Of The Night" and "Sunday Blues" are exceptional..." (*Rob Hughes, Uncut Magazine*)

Liner notes: *Waiting* was cut in my home studio, during the last trimester of my wife's pregnancy, at a time when we were busy getting ready for our son to enter the world. It was a time to be around the house, but the songs were backing up, so it also felt like a time to record. Necessity is often the mother of invention, so I decided to go ahead and do it all on my trusty Boss 532. It was all me all the time, as I handled the keyboards, percussion, vocals, and assorted esoterica. I placed mikes, taped cords, cursed airplanes, and even made my own tea. It was a different way of working, but as I moved through the project, I began to see that these songs really lent themselves to this approach. Somehow I was able to cut right through to the heart of material that dug deeper than anything I'd done before, and as a result, capture something closer to that intimate moment of creative inception. Considering what I was waiting for, that made more sense than I could imagine. Afterwards, I added a couple extra touches from a couple pals, and..here 'tis. I hope you dig the songs and the sentiment. (Doug Hoekstra, Nashville, 2003)

“Just like always, **one of the best albums of the year** comes quietly and without fanfare. Stripped down to the bare essentials, Doug Hoekstra's new disc cuts right to the essence of the songs. Deep, sometimes dark thoughts are softened with hazy, dreamy melodies and are balanced with an unfettered romanticism. Somehow, Hoekstra finds a way to softly and insistentlly discuss love, survival and belief without ever coming across as sappy or unrealistic....this is what makes the album so real, so bittersweet and so relatable. This is one man's universal heart in all its fragile, imperfect glory captured on disc.” (*Chris McKay, Flagpole, Athens Georgia*)

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Produced by Doug Hoekstra **Engineered by** Doug Hoekstra (at home); **Mixing and Post-Production by** George Marinelli (WingDing Studios, Nashville) **Mastered by** Jim DeMain at Yes Master, Nashville. **Artwork/Design:** Deanna Glaze, Monkeyshines Media, Nashville TN **Back Photo:** Marco Baker, Edam Neitherlands **Endorsement:** Doug Hoekstra plays Breedlove Guitars and uses Exilir Strings

Blow Beautiful Dreams

12 below, Christmas Day
Idle chatter fills the train
Steam rises from an iron grate
Outside the window miles away

Seems everywhere I go has a familiar feel
Yet to none of it I belong
And when I find something I think is real
I blink my eyes and then it's gone

Blow beautiful dreams, blackened by the weather
Blow beautiful dreams, until we are together
Blow beautiful dreams

I hear a violin soft and sweet
Sounds echo through a deserted street
My expectations get the best of me
I put them on a shelf I can never reach

She's stopped by her reflection
Checks out her makeup and her hair
And the glass shines in all directions
She's looking for something that's already there

Blow beautiful dreams...

The sun beats down on Christmas Day
But it cannot melt the ice away
And who will come to bear the weight
Of all the thoughts we hold at bay

All these kisses on the cheek
The smell of cinnamon potpourri
And the void that always lies between
Who we are and how we're seen

Blow beautiful dreams...

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic & electric guitar, basses, drum, keyboards, vocals

Sunday Blues

His feet hit the floor, the shade is raised

A Sunday morning ritual, time again
The family getting ready for a ride to the church
The preacher rails, broken hail, lost in the lurch

A tie is selected, the knot's too tight
The congregation gathers, there is no light
He scribbles on the program with a chewed up pencil
Hangin' by the hymnal, a seldom-used utensil

So many people lookin' for the proof
All this desire left for us to lose
Choices never ours to choose
Thomas and his father play the Sunday Blues
Thomas and his father got the Sunday Blues

Home again, on the bed, a jacket falls down
Thomas burrows underneath and starts to play the clown
His father smiles and breathes a sigh of relief
And pulls the bottom card from the deck of disbelief

They sit together and read the Sunday funnies
Holding off the sad melancholy Monday
When Dad will ride the train into work
Where the boss rails like broken hail lost in the lurch

So many people...

As Thomas grew older, he began to get the joke
The richest of the rich can still be broke
Words that flow like a wound that bleeds
Or a dog that barks up an empty tree

Where the leaves are dead and years disappear
In spite of who you are and what you fear
Thomas and his father and their bond unbroken
Travel through life with words unspoken

So many people...

Doug Hoekstra - electric guitar, sitar guitar, organ, Wurlitzer, vocals

Theresa

Theresa, she is 5 years old
Brown hair, green eyes, does what she's told

She acts as lookout for the danger boys

A Cadillac stops at the traffic light
She gets real close to the passenger's side
And fixes her chewing gum to the window glass

Two blocks away the car stops again
The boys stroke their guns and descend
On a woman with a seven carat diamond ring

The light goes green; the boys shake loose,
Sao Palo Streets, tight as a noose... Theresa, Theresa

Palm trees and sandy beaches
A world that lies beyond the reach
Of outstretched hands dipping in the sea

Rummaging through the rich man's trash
In the cathedral square, with eyes detached
She takes off her makeup to look a little younger

Idols fall; chains break loose
Sao Paolo Streets, tight as a noose... Theresa, Theresa

Theresa, she is 12 years old
Brown eyes and belly, baby to be sold
The danger boys measure the market well

There's a couple in the USA
Twenty thousand dollars they will pay
Some people put a price on anything

Theresa gets a fifty-dollar bill
When the child is delivered from fractured will
Fallin' through the hole in her safety net

The couple forgets, seeds of abuse
Sao Paolo Streets, tight as a noose... Theresa, Theresa
Carmen Miranda on a wooden sign
Smiles at tourists from another time
The sun shines down on peeling paint

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic rhythm guitars, "lead" acoustic, loops, organ, vocals
Don Kerce - loop assistance
George Marinelli - bass

Crawling Out From Under

Stopped by a memory, Carl stands completely still
Eyes cast upward at blinking lights and the spaces that they fill
Between two banks of clouds, floating beyond the roof
Single drops of rain kiss the glass and sneak on through

Crawling out from under, everything he knows
Crawling out from under, crawling out from under - everything he knows

Some say we die everyday and that is how we live
Passing through the deepest blue, something about to give
He sees himself as a child, with an ear against the wall
But, all he hears are muffled voices and footsteps down the hall
Magnolias of the spring losing blossoms in the fall

Crawling out from under...

The air outside is cold as he opens an unmarked door
The streetlights point the way down a cloudy corridor
And he follows to the staircase, takes seven stories down
And wanders beneath the surface lost and then found
The stories he's been told fall one by one to the ground
Like single drops of rain each with a single sound

Crawling out from under....

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic guitars, "fretless" guitar, loops, tambourines, Wurlitzer, vocals
George Marinelli - bass

Driftin'

Somebody told me I was grounded
But I feel like I am driftin'
Driftin' like the ocean
Driftin' like the sand
Driftin' like my hand
In quiet desperate motion
Moving through the darkness
Until it finds your skin
And the joy within

There's a place in the darkness
Where black flows out of blue
There's a place in my soul

Where I flow out of you

When I go to sleep at night
I want to wind up driftin'
But I'm held by a chain of sorrow
I'd like to break in two
I'd like to make it true
When I see tomorrow
That every moment matters
And the ordinary's gone
As you and I go driftin' on and on

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic guitar, drum, keyboards, vocals

In the Middle of the Night

In the middle of the night, I'm wide awake
The clock ticks on into another day
Your scent, gentle incandescent light
A distant hum, where's it coming from, an ambulance races by
I take my time in the middle of the night

In the middle of the night, I remember every word,
Your turn, your touch, crickets and cicadas chirp
Red horses, waterfalls slow aqua green
Cascading eyes - you spoke to me
Soon forgotten - don't you know I believe
Everything from you, stays with me
In the middle of the night when I can't sleep

Rushin' down the track magnified
In the middle of the night

In the middle of the night, it's a circumstantial state
Eyes half shut, though wide awake
Footsteps echo in the hall, voices fall and seep
Into another world where all we see
Is the dream and what the dream is meant to be
I'll take you there with me
In the middle of the night when I can't sleep

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic & electric guitar, bass vocal, tambourines, vocals
George Marinelli - organ

Dark Side of a Pearl

Quiet walks the streets outside
Everyone's locked safe inside
The television tells them what to wear
She used to care, but since gave in
He doesn't look too deep within
All they want is a little peace

In their heart, they let it pass
In their heart, the world is cast
Into the dark dark side of a pearl

He loosens his tie, kicks off his shoes
She whistles "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues"
Writes down an idea that she has,
She's got blue eyes clear as an arctic pool
Curves roll down from hot to cool
Like blood at the bottom of the well

I knew them both many years ago
When life was a moving picture show
All our dreams had been blessed
She played a beautiful blue guitar
Had a voice to grace a deco bar
He rarely spoke, but to tell a joke
She'd always laugh and he'd watch her glow

In his heart, he lets it pass...

Now what used to make her laugh, eats inside
And tear up her verse almost for spite
One day she called me on the phone to spill it all
I gave her what seemed like good advice
She hung up the phone and picked a fight
Pushing his buttons like only lovers can

He took the ring she'd tossed aside
Threw it to the world outside
She watched it sail through time and space
Standing in the door she saw the view
Houses filled with people on the move
Some for the darkness; others the light
There was nothin' left for her to decide

In his heart, he lets it pass...

The trees were lined with Spanish moss
And I wonder what they lost
Somewhere in those ragged fields of grass
Fate can turn so suddenly
I turned off the light among blessed dreams
And held my wife as we fell asleep

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic & electric guitar, harmonica, keyboards, loops, vocals
George Marinelli - bass
Amelia White - vocals

Screwball Comedy

Her wheels are always spinnin'
She's always on her guard
She's the grass beneath the snow
And when she's near she's far

I can see her in a movie
It would be black and white
Like Barbara Stanwyck on a bandstand
Sequin dress, slit ridin' to her thigh

A screwball comedy
Am I destined to be?
On a train with a cast of characters...endlessly

His feet are always movin'
He's always on the prowl
He's the calm and the storm
And the wind before it howls

When he heads around the corner
He sees clouds on the rise
He sticks to his destination
As he walks he wonders if it's wise

A screwball comedy...

They're always asking questions
They remember every word
You better answer carefully
Make sure that you are heard

People in and out of focus
Kids pulling on my tie
Like Cary Grant in Connecticut
I'm baffled, bewildered, benign and doing alright

A screwball comedy...

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic & electric guitars, bass, crazy effects, loops, slide whistle, vocals
George Marinelli - vocals

Nighttime Rain

Like a branch on the water that's flowin'
Away from my outstretched hand
Tall grass lines the shore
I take off my shoes and walk some more

Lost in a river of words...
I watch the breeze blow away
All the stories held at bay
Underneath a steady nighttime rain

Years ago, on a dark highway
I drove to see my friend; college days
The girl with me had almond eyes
We were lost looking for things to find

We played pool at his favorite bar
She took pictures in black and white
He flirted with her, but I didn't mind,
Outside there remained
A steady nighttime rain

My friend was taken from this earth
But his memory's at the surface
A late night movie I can't remember
A feeling I get come mid-December

That's when I miss him most
Rows and rows of golden maize
Every spring come to take their place
Underneath a steady nighttime rain

Like a man on a mission I landed there
Playing a show to the past

We took a walk underneath the stars
Purely by chance wound up in that bar

She took pictures just like ours
And nothing changed but everything had
Somehow her youth made me sad
Outside there still remained – a steady nighttime rain

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic & electric guitars, egg, Wurlitzer, vocals

The Artesian Well

It came right out of nowhere in these West Virginia Hills
Somebody's father's father was working with his drill
Digging hard for oil that would clear this family's debts
When he struck a stream of water that no one will forget
The artesian well goes on forever
At least as long as most folks remember
Hmmm, hmmm - the artesian well

It wasn't quite the picture he had hanging in his mind
But many of our choices are not for us to decide
Black as night and thick as mud, oil will make you rich
But this cool clear water we need to make us live

The artesian well goes on forever...

It's like our love, endless and pure...
It's like our love, steady and sure...

The man kept right on working for the rest of his life
He could have made a killing showing off his find
He died without a penny, but lovers flock to see
A place where time stands still for eternity

The artesian well goes on forever...

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic & electric guitars, harmonica, vocals

Eternity

Some are tied to cell phones,
Like horses around a post
The world revolves around them
But it's the world they miss the most

Beauty all around them, they will never realize
I didn't see it comin', but I felt it in her eyes

Be here now, she said to me,
Baby, be with me
This second could be all we got
And it's my eternity

We opened up the Cabernet
And turned off all the lights
Lit a dozen candles
And gave in to the night
She came to me in waves, the kind that fall and rise
I didn't see it comin' but I felt them in her eyes

Be here now, she said to me
Baby, be with me
I'm gonna take you to the place
Of my eternity

It's not a new invention,
The fullness of the moon
And the tide has always fed
The hungry multitudes
Everywhere you go, you'll find people living out their lives
I didn't see it comin', but I felt it in her eyes

And as she whispered quietly
Baby be with me
I realized it was all I need
For my eternity

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic & electric guitars, loops, organ, Wurlitzer, vocals
Don Kerce - loop assistance

Waiting

At a table painted gold, sippin' on my coffee slow, noticing the bloom
Of a hundred different flowers, at the flower stand, different shades of you

Dusk gets darker, lights on boats drift silently away from me
A family on a bicycle, cross over the canal and go bouncing down the street
I watch a lover kiss his sweethearts hand and make a joke and wait for her to laugh

I'm waiting for this time to pass

Wishing I could kiss your hand
Waiting for tomorrow's news to come through

Noises empty into the air, hanging like a diamond rare, people heading for their homes
Holding love and fighting hate, I imagine they are late for dramas all their own
Some get everything they want, others circle like a flock, searching endlessly
I wake up in the dead of night, cast from my dreams across the world you're fast asleep

Waiting patiently for me
I'm wishing you could help me see
Waiting for tomorrow's news to come through

Doug Hoekstra - acoustic & electric guitars, melodica, rubboards, Wurlitzer, vocals
Amelia White – vocals

"...*Waiting* is best summed up as the folk album T.S. Eliot, Charles Bukowski and F. Scott Fitzgerald never got together to make with Brian Wilson..." (*Mike Davies, Netrhythms UK*)

"...Hoekstra continues to weave intricate stories that unite the minutiae of the day to day with wider themes and social commentary....subtlety is the order of the day and few do it better.... we've come to expect such pitch-perfect musings from Hoekstra, ***Waiting*** is a wholly satisfying, literate listen. (*Matt Dornan, Comes With a Smile UK*)

" *** 1/2 - The somewhat different folk songs from Doug Hoekstra creep up quietly, at first glance about as volatile as the spark of reality vainly sought by the protagonist of *Blow Beautiful Dreams*. But their affect lingers longer. On his fifth album, the Nashville based avant-garde practitioner of Americana embeds his lightly swinging melodies in the form of a minimalist, happily detailed home recording..." (*Rolling Stone Germany*)

"The songs on *Waiting* belie a deep intimacy, warm personality and also a laid-back tension, as if Hoekstra can be heard palpably awaiting the birth of his child. It is what gives the album its depth and clarity... Hoekstra is a wonderfully developed songwriter. He fleshes out his acoustic guitar-based compositions with clever, inventive instrumentation that incorporates sitar, keyboards, electronic and acoustic percussion, vintage organ sounds and more. The songs that result are living, breathing entities that reveal Hoekstra's profound melodicism, nascent melancholy and concise lyricism...for comparisons, one would instantly reference the melancholy, late-night musings of Elliott Smith and Nick Drake, although without the depression or self-indulgence of either. Hoekstra's voice instantly brings to mind Lou Reed's, albeit less cynical, and at times approaches James Taylor's mastery of phrasing. **The songs, with their emotional clarity and intelligence, have already put Hoekstra on a pedestal with those artists.**" (*David Coonce, Bloomington Herald-Times*)

" **** ...Americana's answer to Oscar Wilde, **Hoekstra's fifth studio record is mesmerising, both musically and lyrically.**" (*Mark Whitfield, Americana-UK*)