

LYNNE, from page 10

all the time."

Lynne isn't afraid of the time.

"The older you get, the faster it goes. I've been flying by the seat of the night. But I'm still a vinyl girl, in the sense I still think in terms of sides. For this one, you get to [what would be Side Two opener] "Love Is Strong," then it starts leveling off."

Indeed, the evocative "Paper Van Gogh," which opens the set, offers palpable emotions and the confession of playing her feelings, "on my origami heart." It sets you up to know "Imagine" is a project where the metaphor will lift you up, and the melodic sense will draw listeners in. The Neil Young-evoking "Down Here" casts a spell where the Southern Gothic track suggests the secrets are as welcoming as they are foreboding, while the dobro-steeped atmospherics of "Back Door Front Porch" falter in all the right, yearning places.

Lynne understands those places. All these years later, she finds comfort and release in what she knows. But she's also committed to moving on versus freezing where she was.

Lynne is quick to say, "I was telling Sissy (Moorer) the other day, I love making albums, more on an accomplishment level, because it's a work thing for me. You know that 'go-in-there-and-do-it' notch on your pistol kind of thing. To know you've done it. That feels good. After all these years, that's something you can look at."

All these years seems strange to hear the still-so-young woman who made her first album for Epic Nashville at 18. It's been a long time, and yet, Lynne ain't having any of it.

"You realize I've known you since then," Lynne says to me. "Since Bob Tubbert took me to meet you at that Shoney's all those years ago? It's all coming back around. You and (People magazine's then-music editor) Steve Dougherty and (music critic) Mike Greenblatt — all those writers from back then. It's all the same, but it's all brand new, too."

Courtesy of INSP News Service www.street-papers.org / The Contributor, Nashville, Tenn.

It's the body
It's the mind
It's the environment
It's chemicals.
Depends on which era you're in.
It's inherited
It's your upbringing
It's trauma
It's your genitals
Maybe it's caused by sin.
Give her a pill
She's really ill.
Look she's screaming again
Nothing we do
can ever please you
It's starting all over again!
It's the moon
It's vitamins
It's the gods
It's her diet
Here it comes - the pain!
I don't need medicine!
I just need resting
Turn off those noises
NOW!
But it is so quiet
Don't start a riot
Stop making such a row.
He'll hurt somebody
She's running away
What? You're crazy
I never said what you say
I've tried
I've cried
I've begged
I've prayed
And I've read the net
I know I'm gonna get it licked

It's

by Ms. Rapid-Cycling Bipolar

I've been stable for six weeks
Such a relief
It's all over
Now I can work at last
No more pain
Ever again
Life is such a blast
I'm keeping a chart
Off to a new start
Over the pain from the past
Here's what I'll do
You'll see.
She's a rebel
He's just trouble
I hate her!
I hate her!
I hate her!
My tears burn my face
It's such a disgrace
You've popped my bubble
Haven't been so happy in years
She's taking offense
That's not what I meant
He's got no credence
My credentials are perfect,
You know.
I know that's true
But you don't think straight
Your brains are amazing
But something is missing
Something is really off base
I don't get it
What's going on with you,
anyway?
It's not over yet
I've got it licked
I've been framed
I'm so ashamed

I know it's real
I swear.
I'm frantic
I'm in a panic
What's going on?
It's the air
I'm in a maze
Wandering in a haze
Pacing, tossing, moaning
Wish I knew
Wish I were dead
What's going on with me?
What's going on with you?
Nobody's hazing you
Godd.m.it what makes you that way
I've never seen you like this
before
Please ... give me a kiss
a hug a cuddle
I'm so muddled
How can I love
someone I can't trust
I give my heart
And I get blamed instead
It hurts so much
I need a soft touch
Stop beating around the bush
Tell me what you really mean
I'm trying not to tick you off
I don't know what you are talking about
I know you don't
So I'm through talking
I'm leaving
Now.
Maybe I'll be back
And maybe I won't.



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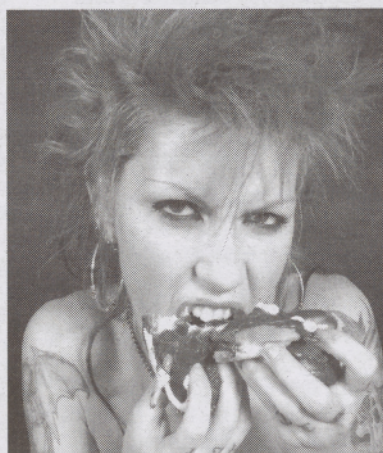
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