

Three Hits

1 three hits to the heart son and it's poetry in motion one could send you down the river three's a strange way to be delivered would you trade your words for freedom that's a barter for a blind man three hits to the heart son poetry in motion are you levee'd like a treasure only words can help me find you and this world's a fickle measure i would painfully remind you from a wise man to a red hand you lay covered in our best sins three hits to the heart son poetry in motion well i dream you constant stranger with your best bloods and your anger you say mother would you claim me my beloved do you blame me well the first two might release you but the last one sings in me son three hits to the heart son poetry in motion

dedicated to the memory of a great poet, frank stanford.

*words and music: amy ray
vocals and acoustic guitars: amy ray and emily saliers
lead guitar: emily saliers
bass: sara lee
drums and percussion: budgie
fiddle: lisa germano
uilleann pipes: ronan browne
bouzouki and bodhran: donal lunny*

Galileo

2 galileo's head was on the block the crime was looking up the truth as the bombshells of my daily fears explode i try to trace them to my youth

then you had to bring up reincarnation over a couple of beers the other night now i'm serving time for mistakes made by another in another lifetime how long till my soul gets it right can any human being ever reach that kind of light i call on the resting soul of galileo king of night vision king of insight i think about my fear of motion which i never could explain some other fool across the ocean years ago must have crashed his little airplane how long till my soul gets it right can any human being ever reach that kind of light i call on the resting soul of galileo king of night vision king of insight i'm not making a joke you know me i take everything so seriously if we wait for the time till all souls get it right then at least i know there'll be no nuclear annihilation in my lifetime i'm still not right i offer thanks to those before me that's all i've got to say maybe you squandered big bucks in your lifetime now i've got to pay but then again it feels like some sort of inspiration to let the next life off the hook or she'll say look what i had to overcome from my last life i think i'll write a book how long till my soul gets it right can any human being ever reach that kind of light i call on the resting soul of galileo king of night vision king of insight how long, how long, how long

*words and music: emily saliers
vocals and acoustic guitars: emily saliers and amy ray
lead guitar: emily saliers
bass: sara lee
drums, percussion and piano: jerry marot ta
percussion: talvinde singh
fiddle: lisa germano*

*cello and accordion: martin mccarrick
background vocals: jackson browne and david crosby*

Ghost



3 there's a letter on the desktop that i dug out of a drawer the last truce we ever came to from our adolescent war and i start to feel a fever from the warm air through the screen you come regular like seasons shadowing my dreams and the mississippi's mighty but it starts in minnesota at a place where you could walk across with five steps down and i guess that's how you started like a pinprick to my heart but at this point you rush right through me and i start to drown and there's not enough room in this world for my pain signals cross and love gets lost and time passed makes it plain of all my demon spirits i need you the most i'm in love with your ghost i'm in love with your ghost dark and dangerous like a secret that gets whispered in a hush (don't tell a soul) when i wake the things i dreamt about you last night make me blush (don't tell a soul) when you kiss me like a lover then you sting me like a viper i go follow to the river play your memory like the piper and i feel it like a sickness how this love is killing me but i'd walk into the fingers of your fire willingly and dance the edge of sanity i've never been this close in love with your ghost oooh... unknowing captor you'll never know how much you pierce my spirit but i can't touch you can you hear it a cry to be free or i'm forever under lock and key as you pass through me now i see your face before me i

would launch a thousand ships to bring your heart back to my island as the sand beneath me slips as i burn up in your presence and i know now how it feels to be weakened like achilles with you always at my heels and my bitter pill to swallow is the silence that i keep that poisons me i can't swim free the river is too deep though i'm baptized by your touch i am no worse at most in love with your ghost

*words and music: emily saliers
vocals and acoustic guitars: emily saliers and amy ray
bass: sara lee
electric guitar: john jennings
drums and percussion: jerry marot ta
cymbals and sidestick: simone simonton
piano: jai winding
strings conducted and arranged by michael kamen*

Joking

4 you said the world was magic i was wide-eyed and laughing we were dancing up to the bright side forget about your ego forget about your pride and you will never have to compromise but you were only joking we talked about our mothers kissed the wounds of our fathers i could've been your sister i would've been your brother you kissed me like i was a soldier heading for war i'm a dying man but i don't know what for but you were only joking you were only joking brother gravel and glass on the bottom of my feet i bruised my heels on the swollen street we were

girls in bars we were boys on the town bumping like a pinball off a careless crowd you said good friends are hard to come by i laughed and bought you a beer 'cause it's too corny to cry well sentiment given and sentiment lost you shook it off with a smirk and a toss and you were only joking you were only joking brother

words and music: amy ray

vocals and acoustic guitars: amy ray and emily saliers

lead guitar: emily saliers

bass: sara lee

drums and percussion: kenny aronoff

organ: benmont tench

handclaps: sue owens, amy and emily



Jonas & Ezekial

5 i left my anger in a river running highway five new hampshire vermont border by college farms hubcaps and falling rocks voices in the woods and the mountaintops i used to search for reservations and native lands before i realized everywhere stand there have been tribal feet running wild as fire some past life sister of my desire jonas and ezezial hear me now steady now don't come out i'm not ready for the dead to show its face whose turn is it anyway? when i was young my people taught me well give back what you take or you'll go to hell it's not the devil's land you know it's not that kind every devil i meet becomes a friend of mine every devil i meet is an angel in disguise jonas and ezezial hear me now steady now don't come out i'm not ready for the dead to show

its face whose turn is it anyway? white chain rope fear be still my dear a bullet in the head now he's dead a friend of a friend someone said he was an activist with a very short life i think there's a lesson here he died without a fight in the war over land where the world began prophecy says it's where the world will end but there's a tremor growing in our own backyard fear in our heads fear in our hearts prophets in the graveyard jonas and ezezial hear me now steady now don't come out i'm not ready for the dead to show its face whose turn is it anyway? jonas and ezezial hear me now steady now i feel your ghost about i'm not ready for the dead to show its face whose angel are you anyway?

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lead guitar: emily saliers

bass: sara lee

electric guitar: coopter stay

drums and percussion: budgie

low whistles: ronan browne

bouzouki and mandolin: donal lunny

cello: martin mccarrick

background vocals: michael lorant



Love Will Come To You

6 guess i wasn't the best one to ask me myself with my face pressed up against love's glass to see the shiny toy i've been hoping for the one i never can afford the wide world spins and spits turmoil and the nations toil for peace but the paws of fear upon your chest only love can soothe that beast and my words are paper tigers no match for

the predator of pain inside her i say love will come to you hoping just because i spoke the words that they're true as if i've offered up a crystal ball to look through where there's now one there will be two i was born under the sign of cancer like brushing cloth i smooth the wrinkles for an answer i close my eyes and wish you fine (i'm always closing my eyes wishing i'm fine) even though i know you're not this time (even though i'm not this time) i say love will come to you hoping just because i spoke the words that they're true as if i've offered up a crystal ball to look through where there's now one there will be two dodging your memories a field of knives always on the outside looking in on other's lives i say love will come to you hoping just because i spoke the words that they're true as if i've offered up a crystal ball to look through where there's now one there will be two and i wish her insight to battle love's blindness strength from the milk of human kindness a safe place for all the pieces that scattered learn to pretend there's more than love that matters

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vocals and acoustic guitars: emily saliers and amy ray

lead guitar: emily saliers

drums and percussion: jerry marotta

percussion: talvinde singh

acoustic bass: edgar meyer

Romeo And Juliet

7 *words and music: mark knopfler*
vocals and acoustic guitar: amy ray



Virginia Woolf

8 some will strut and some will fret see this an hour on the stage others will not but they'll sweat in their hopelessness in their rage we're all the same the men of anger and the women of the page they published your diary and that's how i got to know you key to the room of your own and a mind without end here's a young girl on a kind of a telephone line through time the voice at the other end comes like a long-lost friend so i know i'm alright my life will come my life will go still i feel it's alright i just got a letter to my soul when my whole life is on the tip of my tongue empty pages for the no longer young the apathy of time laughs in my face you say each life has its place the hatches were battened thunderclouds rolled and the critics stormed battles surrounded the white flag of your youth but if you need to know that you weathered the storm of cruel mortality a hundred years later i'm sitting here living proof so you know it's alright your life will come your life will go still you'll feel it's alright someone will get a letter to your soul when your whole life was on the tip of your tongue empty pages for the no longer young the apathy of time laughed in your face did you hear me say each life has its place the place where you hold me is dark in a pocket of truth the moon has swallowed the sun and the light of the earth and so it was for you when the river eclipsed your life but sent your soul like a message in a bottle to me and it was my rebirth so we know it's alright life will come and life will go still we know

it's alright someone will get a message to your soul
then you know it's alright and you feel it's alright
(when my whole life is on the tip of my tongue
empty pages for the no longer young) then you
know it's alright and you feel it's alright (each life
has its place you say each life has its place) it's
alright

words and music: emily saliers

vocals and acoustic guitars: emily saliers and amy ray

bass: sara lee and edgar meyer

drums and percussion: jerry marot ta

marimba and claves: budgie

cello and accordion: martin mccarrick

background vocals: maggie roche, terre roche and suzzy roche

Chickenman



9 i am an only child born of the wild riddled to
spend my time defending my land you are
my only one born in the sun riddled to spend your
time defending my plan dead dog on the highway
median cats are growling at me i turn my lights on
brighter counting through the night ride one more
life for the taker chickenman one more song for
the maker chickenman on the road to athens i saw
a dead deer on the highway i slipped into a desert
five prairie dogs and a rabbit i was running down
on queen street i saw a woman on the sidewalk she
was beaten by a stranger danger danger danger
one more life for the taker chickenman chicken-
man chickenman hold my hand one more life for
the maker hold my hand chickenman i was on the

road to austin i met a man on the highway he sold
me junk and conversation he was wise and dirty
from the weather i said darkness into darkness all
the carnage of my journeys makes it hard to be
living he said it's a long road to be forgiven one
more life for the taker chickenman chickenman
chickenman hold my hand one more song for the
maker chickenman chickenman chickenman hold
my hand i am an only child born of the wild riddled
to spend my time defending my land you are my
only one born in the sun riddled to spend your
time defending my plan i went looking for a car
found myself beneath the stars i went looking for a
girl found a man and his world chickenman
chickenman chickenman hold my hand i am an
only child hold my hand chickenman chickenman
chickenman hold my hand

words and music: amy ray

vocals and acoustic guitars: amy ray and emily saliers

bass: sara lee

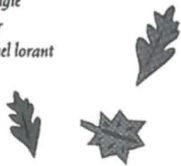
electric guitar: john jennings

drums and percussion: budgie

acoustic bass: edgar meyer

background vocals: michael lorant

Airplane



10 up on the airplane nearer my god to thee
i start making a deal inspired by gravity if
i did wrong i won't do it again i can be sweet and
good and nice and if i had enemies they're friends i
hold onto my life with the grip of a vice up on the

airplane nearer my god to thee i start making a
deal inspired by gravity that little spot on the
ground is my hometown i like to call it my home
and it's sweet i'd rather take a seat down there than
a throne up here up above 30,000 feet and i'm up
on the airplane i never should've read my horo-
scope or the fortune on the bubble gum strip
saying what you think won't happen will great
thing to read before a trip on an airplane pilot says
the big blue sky's like a swimming pool big fluffy
clouds like a feather bed i'd rather have a real
pillow underneath my head lying in my bed which
is in my hometown which is on the ground far from
an airplane far from an airplane up on the airplane
up on the (i'll be making a deal) up on the (i'll be
making a deal) up on the (i'll be making a deal)

words and music: emily saliers

vocals and acoustic guitars: emily saliers and amy ray

percussion: jerry marot ta

piano: maggie roche

background vocals: maggie roche, terre roche and suzzy roche

Nashville



11 as i drive from your pearly gates i realize
that i just can't stay all those mountains
they kept you locked inside and hid the truth from
my slighted eyes i came to you with a half-open
heart dreams upon my back illusions of a brand-
new start nashville can't i carry the load is it my

fault i can't reap what i sow? nashville did you give
me half a chance with your southern style and
your hidden dance? all those voices they whisper
through my walls they talk of falling fast they say
i'm losing it all they say i'm running blind to a love
of my own but i'll be walking proud i'm saving
what i still own i fell on my knees to kiss your land
but you are so far down i can't even see to stand
nashville you forgot the human race you see with
half a mind what colors hide the face nashville i'd
like to know your fate i'd like to stay awhile but
i've seen your lowered state today i'm leaving but
i've got all these debts to pay we all have our dues
i'll pay in some other place i never ask that you pay
me back we all arrive with more i left with less than
i had your town is made for people passing
through a last chance for a cause well i thought i
knew nashville tell me what you gonna do with
your southern style it'll never pull you through
nashville i can't place no blame but if you forget
my face i'll never call your name again i fell on my
knees to kiss your land but you are so far down i
can't even see to stand nashville you forgot the
human race you see with half a mind what colors
hide the face nashville i'd like to know your fate i'd
like to stay awhile but i've seen your lowered state
today i'm running away

words and music: amy ray

vocals and acoustic guitars: amy ray and emily saliers

bass: sara lee

drums and percussion: jerry marot ta

percussion: talvinde singh

fiddle: lisa germano

harmonica: sandy garfinkle
cello and accordion: martin mccarrick



Let It Be Me

12 sticks and stones battle zones a single light bulb on a single thread for the black sirens wail history fails rose-colored glass begins to age and crack while the politicians shadowbox the power ring in an endless split decision never solve anything from a neighbor's distant land i heard the strain of the common man let it be me (this is not a fighting song) let it be me (not a wrong for a wrong) let it be me, if the world is night shine my life like a light well the world seems spent and the president has no good idea of who the masses are well i'm one of them and i'm among friends trying to see beyond the fences of our own backyard i've seen kingdoms blow like ashes in the winds of change but the power of truth is the fuel for the flame so the darker the ages get there's a stronger beacon yet let it be me (this is not a fighting song) let it be me (not a wrong for a wrong) let it be me, if the world is night shine my life like a light in the kind word you speak in the turn of the cheek when your vision stays clear in the face of your fear then you see turning off a light switch is their only power when we stand like spotlights in a mighty tower all for one and one for all then we sing the common call let it be me (this is not a fighting song) let it be me (not a wrong for a wrong) let it be me, if the world is night shine my life like a light

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drums and percussion: jerry marotta
percussion: talvinde singh
fiddle: lisa germano
irish fiddle: nollaig ni chatbasaigh
cello and accordion: martin mccarrick
low whistles: ronan browne
background vocals: jackson browne and david crosby



Cedar Tree

13 you dug a well you dug it deep for every wife you buried you planted a cedar tree the best you ever had i stand where you stood i stand for bad or good i am green you are wood the best he ever had i dig a well i dig it deep and for my only love i plant a cedar tree the best we ever had

words and music: amy ray
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lead guitar: emily saliers
bass: sara lee
slide guitar: john jennings
drums and percussion: jerry marotta
irish fiddle: nollaig ni chatbasaigh
uilleann pipes: ronan browne
bouzouki and bodhran: donal lunny



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cooper stay appears courtesy of daemon records.
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face and hand print: d.j. freed and karen chance

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* * *
"then it was all over till 1999. what remained was a sense of the comfort which we get used to, of plenty light and colour... yet when it became established, one rather missed the sense of its being a relief and a respite, which one had had when it came back after the darkness."

— virginia woolf upon witnessing the total eclipse of the sun in 1927
(from her diary).



— excerpts from *A MOMENTS LIBERTY, THE SHORTER DIARY — VIRGINIA WOOLF* by *anne olivier bell*, copyright © 1984 by *quentin bell and angelica garnett*, reprinted by permission of *barcourt brace joanovich, inc.*

**Born In The Camp With Six Toes cut me with a knife
Baby Gauge sucked the poison out
Oh Sweet Jesus the levees that break in my heart**
— *"The Snake Doctors," "The Singing Knives" by Frank Stanford*
Lost Roads Publishers (1979).

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REISSUE CREDITS

Tracks 14 & 15 Recorded live April 4, 1993 at Eddie's Attic, Atlanta, GA by Nickel & Dime.

Engineer: Don McCollister, assisted by Glenn Matullo.

Amy Ray: Vocal, Guitar

Emily Saliers: Vocal, Guitar

Jerry Marotta: Drums, Percussion

Sara Lee: Bass

Jane Scarpantoni: Cello

Scarlet Rivera: Violin

Produced for Reissue by Bruce Dickinson

Mastered by Scott Hull at Classic Sound, New York, NY

Art Direction: Risa Noah

also available from indigo girls:

retrospective (61602/ 85107)

indigo girls (61632/ 85109), strange fire (61634/ 85108)

back on the bus y'all (47508)

nomads*indians*saints (61633/ 85110)

swamp ophelia (57621), 1200 curfews (67229)

shaming of the sun (67891)

come on now social (69914/ 63773)

live at the uptown lounge (video) (49029)

watershed (ten years of underground video) (49195)

live at the filmore (dvd) (50225)

We are a hootenanny band and *Rites of Passage* is a hootenanny record. Though it has been almost a decade, I can still picture the colorful mish-mash of musicians who made their way across the country (and the Atlantic), traipsing through heavy snow to hole up with us at Bearsville Studios. Peter Collins was at the helm (the first acoustic record he ever produced) and with me, Amy and our A&R friend Roger "Snake" Klein, we made up and procured a wish list. Jerry Marotta played drums with us for the first time and, with Sara Lee, became our live rhythm section for years to come. We borrowed a couple Banshees – Budgie, whose drums on "Chickenman" are incomparably frenetic and free, and Martin McCarrick whose cello was edgy and brooding. Lisa Germano, ever gypsy, played on a bunch of stuff, but her signature lick in the chorus of "Galileo" is my favorite violin lick of all time. While David Crosby and Jackson Browne laid down harmonies, I kept asking myself, "Is this really real?" Then there were the Roches, heavy inspirations to me and Amy early on, whose three-part harmony locked in the "Virginia Woolf" chorus and made "Airplane" appropriately wacky. From Atlanta, old friends Michael

Lorant (harmony), Cooper Seay (eerie electric guitar on "Jonas & Ezekiel") and college buddy Sandy Garfinkle (harmonica) kept the home fires burning. John Jennings from Mary Chapin Carpenter's camp added a splash of guitar (bridge on "Ghost") and Talvinde Singh introduced us to the tablas. Not only is Edgar Meyer a brilliant player (bass on "Love Will Come to You" and "Chickenman"), but he also does math problems for fun (or he did them anyway). When people couldn't come to us, we sent tapes to them. We have Peter to thank for getting "Ghost" in the hands of Michael Kamen, and songs like "Three Hits" and "Cedar Tree" in the hands of Donal Lunny and friends. It was pretty amazing back then to send songs across the ocean and have them come back peppered and textured just right. So, I will always remember the *Rites of Passage* experience fondly: a group of diverse musicians, new friends and old, each voice sounding clear, organic, and singular while simultaneously enmeshed in the company of others. That's how a hootenanny should be.

Emily Saliers
July, 2000



1 three hits 2 galileo 3 ghost 4 joking 5 jonas & ezekial 6 love will come to you 7 romeo and juliet
8 virginia woolf 9 chickenman 10 airplane 11 Nashville 12 let it be me 13 cedar tree
bonus tracks: 14 three hits (live from eddie's attic, atlanta, ga) 15 love will come to you
(live from eddie's attic, atlanta, ga)

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original recordings produced by peter collins for jill music, ltd.



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