

MAT KEARNEY YOUNG LOVE



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Produced by Robert Marvin and Jason Lehning

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HEY MAMA

She don't know what she wants to be //// With all the pictures in the magazines //// Holding hands when she's mad at me //// Cause she don't wanna go; don't wanna go //// I met her at anthropology //// Her purple boots and her golden dreams //// Standing there like a TN Queen //// Singing don't look at me; don't look at me //// Singing Oh Oh won't you help me sing this song? //// Singing E E she don't ever wanna go to sleep //// Singing Hey Mama don't want no drama just a kiss before I leave (ohhhh) //// Hey lady don't say maybe you're the one that I can believe //// Hey lover don't want no other //// Finger for my ring. //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Oh x 12 //// I could see it in her Cherokee eyes //// Those baby bums and her golden thighs //// What are you doing for the rest of your life //// Cause I don't wanna go don't wanna go //// Singing oh oh won't you help me sing this song? //// Singing E E E quit your playing like a mystery //// Singing hey mama don't want no drama just a kiss before I leave (ohhhh) //// Hey lady don't say maybe you're the one that I can believe //// Hey lover don't want no other. //// Finger for my ring //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Oh oh oh oh //// We couldn't be more opposites //// I'm hard to please and she's hard to get //// You're Mississippi and I'm Oregon //// You're she tanned and I'm porcelain //// Singing Hey Mama I don't want no drama just a kiss before I leave (ohhhh) //// Hey lady don't say maybe you're the one I can believe //// Hey lover I don't want no other, //// Finger for my ring //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Hey mama hey hey mama //// Oh oh oh oh oh //// Written By: Mat Kearney and Jason Lehning. EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Drums: Ian Fitchuk. Bass: Adam Keafer. Keyboards: Mat Kearney, Jason Lehning, Robert Marvin. Guitars: Mat Kearney, Bryan Sutton. Percussion: Jason Lehning, Mat Kearney. Programming: Mat Kearney, Robert Marvin. Cello: Claire Indie. © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.

SHIPS IN THE NIGHT

Like ships in the night, you keep passing me by //// We're just wasting time trying to prove who's right //// And if it all goes crashing into the sea, //// If it's just you and me trying to find the light //// Like ships in the night letting cannon balls flying //// Say what you mean and turn to a light //// And let's fly from my mouth //// It turns south, you're down the driveway //// And I'm on the couch //// Chasing dreams since the violent 5th grade. //// Trying to believe in your silent own way //// Cause we'll be okay, I'm not going away //// Like you watching at fourteen as it went down the drain //// And pops stayed the same, and your moms moved away //// How many of our parents seemed to make it anyway? //// We're just fumbling through the grey, //// Trying to find a heart that's not walking away //// I turn the lights down low //// Walk these halls alone //// We can feel so far from so close //// Like ships in the night, you keep passing me by //// We're just wasting time trying to prove who's right //// And if it all goes crashing into the sea //// If it's just you and me trying to find the light //// Like ships in the night, you keep passing me by //// You keep passing me by, like ships in the night //// And I'm at the airport waiting on a second plane //// Had to pack, you had cramps and I was late //// Headed to a red carpet, they won't know my name //// Riding in silence all that we wanna say //// About to board when you call on the phone //// You said, "I'm sorry, I'll be waiting at home." //// Feels like we're learning this out on our own //// Trying to find our way down road we don't know //// I turn the lights down low, walk these halls alone //// We can feel so far from so close //// Like ships in the night, you keep passing me by //// We're just wasting time trying to prove who's right //// And if it all goes crashing into the sea //// If it's just you and me trying to find the light //// Like ships in the night, you keep passing me by, like ships in the night //// And I'm gonna find my way back to your side //// And I'm gonna find my way back to your side //// Written By: Mat Kearney, Robert Marvin, Joshua Crosby, Jason Lehning. EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Kustom Deluxe Publishing/My Kid Brother Music Publishing (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Drums: Ian Fitchuk. Keyboards: Jason Lehning, Robert Marvin. Guitars: Mat Kearney, Jason Lehning. Programming: Joshua Crosby, Robert Marvin. Background Vocals: Robert Marvin. © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Kustom Deluxe Publishing/My Kid Brother Music Publishing (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.

COUNT ON ME

One day to get it all right //// Too wrong and not enough right //// Three words we said in the night //// Before we held the fire //// High five me brother it's amazing //// Her six shooter came out blazing //// Seven up and coke on the pavement //// Ate my heart out daily baby //// Hey I love you, hey I need you, hey I want you, do you want me too? //// You can count on me, when you can not see //// Let me spell it out plain and simple now //// When your numbers called backs against the wall //// Pick you up when you call be there when you fall //// Singing a b c //// You can count on me //// 123 //// You can count on me //// Amen we made it this far //// B boys in VW cars //// See me seeing into my heart //// Delighted through the dark //// Emails and coffee in the evening //// Effort ya brother you'll believe it //// Gee I don't know your secret //// H. I. love you singing //// You can count on me, when you can not see //// Let me spell it out plain and simple now //// When your numbers called backs against the wall //// Pick you up when you call be there when you fall //// Singing a b c //// You can count on me //// 123 //// You can count on me //// Add it up add it up now darling //// Come running, running when you're calling ////

Written By: Mat Kearney, Robert Marvin, Jason Lehnning. EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Bass: Jason Lehnning. Keyboards: Jason Lehnning, Robert Marvin. Guitar: Mat Kearney. Programming: Robert Marvin, Josh Crosby, Jason Lehnning. Harp: Jordan Lehnning. Background Vocals: Alli Jacobs, Morgan Jacobs, Ellie Marvin. © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.

SOONER OR LATER

We're all standing with our backs against the wall //// Sooner or later //// Waiting on a phone that never calls, at all //// Heartbreak comes, rollin' in like a storm //// Sooner or later //// Trying to swim but you're sinking like a stone, alone //// And I can feel fire in the night waiting here //// Baby it's like we're walking on a wire through the fear //// Take my hand, we'll get there //// Sooner or later, I swear we're gonna make it, we're gonna make it, //// Sooner or later, I swear we're gonna make it, we're gonna make it //// Milk and honey 'til we get our fill //// I'll keep chasing it, I always will //// Sooner or later, I swear //// We'll make it there //// Sooner than later //// We're all waiting on a dream that's hard to own, sooner or later //// Trying to feel the high without the low, you know //// You can feel fire in the night lying here //// Baby it's like we're walking on a wire through the fear //// Take my hand, we'll get there //// The fear inside, the hills we've climbed //// The tears this side of heaven, all these dreams inside of me //// I swear we're gonna get there ////

Written By: Mat Kearney, Robert Marvin, Jason Lehnning, Joshua Crosby, Nate Campy. EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Kustom Deluxe Publishing/My Kid Brother Music Publishing (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI), Dear Cleveland (BMI). Keyboards: Jason Lehnning, Robert Marvin, Joshua Crosby. Guitars: Dustin Sauder, Tyler Burkum. Percussion: Jason Lehnning. Programming: Josh Crosby, Robert Marvin, Jason Lehnning. Background Vocals: Joshua Crosby. © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Kustom Deluxe Publishing/My Kid Brother Music Publishing (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI), Dear Cleveland (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.



CHASING THE LIGHT

Every bridge that keeps on burning *////* Every leaf that you keep on turning *////* Every road that you find uncertain *////* Pray for you now *////* Baby that you'll figure it out *////* As you keep *////* Chasing the light *////* Remember back when you slept on my floor *////* Blow up mattress down by the door *////* 10 pounds heavier from wasted time *////* We didn't know we were way out of line *////* From the moment that you popped out on the scene *////* Hard to know what you got or you're meant to be *////* Everything that you know goes flying *////* From Jonny O's coach to a gypsy bus island *////* Holding hands with people in life *////* Till they walk away saying no good byes *////* And you keep saying that you're running down a dream *////* But you don't know where it leads *////* As you keep chasing the light *////* Every bridge that keep on burning *////* Every leaf that you keep on turning *////* Every road that you find uncertain *////* Pray for you now *////* Baby that you'll figure it out *////* Every hope and dream that's dying *////* Every time that i see you crying *////* Every step that you keep on climbing *////* Pray for you now *////* Baby that you figure it out *////* As you keep *////* Chasing the light *////* Got the call that you sent out yesterday *////* 40 lines and a fallout holiday *////* On my knees with the weight that was mine *////* Think about you when i'm driving at night *////* Familiar sounds and it takes me right back there *////* Bridge street and the beat in the summer air *////* Was it easier to watch you feet *////* And never deal with the hell that a young boy sees *////* Where liquor runs thicker than blood *////* On your own when push comes to shove *////* Before we had these mouths to feed *////* With innocent dreams... while you keep *////* Chasing the light *////* Every bridge that keep on burning *////* Every leaf that you keep on turning *////* Every road that you find uncertain *////* Pray for you now *////* Baby that you'll figure it out *////* Every hope and dream that's dying *////* Every time that i see you crying *////* Every step that you keep on climbing *////* Pray for you now *////* Baby that you figure it out *////* As you keep *////* Chasing the light *////* Remember hearing Dylan's first songs first *////* Remember writing down a train wreck verse *////* We were running down Franklin High School lights *////* Burning alive in a Chevrolet night *////* Remember driving out to Salton Sea *////* Dreaming bout all we thought we'd be *////* One way tickets into southern lights *////* Slammed the door and said goodbye, goodbye *////* Written By: Mat Kearney, Robert Marvin, Joshua Crosby, Jason Lehnning, EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Kustom Deluxe Publishing/My Kid Brother Music Publishing (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Keyboards: Robert Marvin, Jason Lehnning, Mat Kearney, Joshua Crosby. Guitar: Mat Kearney. Programming: Josh Crosby, Robert Marvin, Jason Lehnning. Additional Programming: Andy Selby © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Kustom Deluxe Publishing/My Kid Brother Music Publishing (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.

LEARNING TO LOVE AGAIN

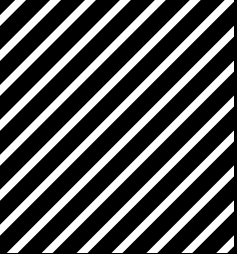
Your poker face ain't fooling nobody, nobody here *////* We've all felt the flame and shed those same tears *////* Driving home to a one man hell, still counting years *////* Hey brother we're all learning to love again *////* Cause that was the real you running through the fields of gold wide open *////* Standing in places no picture contains *////* That was the real you, windows down, we could smell the mint fields crying *////* Sing with the radio to song we can't name *////* That was the real you saying, "Maybe I'm not too young to be a cowboy." *////* Hey brother, we're all learning to love again *////* Hey brother, we're all learning to love again *////* Making up your bed that day on a foreign floor between foreign walls *////* Thinking 'bout the words you'd say to a phone that never calls *////* Feel the weight of your father's ring and all those dreams, and all those dreams *////* Hey brother, we're all learning to love again *////* Cause that was the real you running through the fields of gold wide open *////* Standing in places no picture contains *////* That was the real you, windows down, we could smell the mint fields crying *////* Sing with the radio to song we can't name *////* That was the real you saying, "Maybe I'm not too young to be a cowboy." *////* Hey brother, we're all learning to love again *////* Hey brother, we're all learning to love again *////* I know you like I know my reflection *////* Walking on the water 'cross an ocean of desire *////* Everyone I know is looking for protection *////* Trying to pull your hometown 'cross a telephone wire *////* Cause that was the real you standing there in the shape of your body *////* Fear don't know no love when we're all the same *////* That was the real you looking back across the water *////* Tears falling like rain, drops rippling against the shame *////* That was the real you singing hallelujah, looking down a barrel *////* Hey brother, we're all learning to love again *////* Hey brother, we're all learning to love again *////* Written By: Mat Kearney, EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI). Drums: Joshua Crosby. Bass: Tony Lucido. Keyboards: Jason Lehnning, Ian Fitchuk. Guitars: Mat Kearney, Bryan Sutton. Percussion: Ian Fitchuk © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.

DOWN

It took his breath away holding the bank page *////* He got the letter they're gonna take their house away *////* I'm bout to have a daughter he rolls it in the air *////* Feeling the weight of a world that just don't care *////* He lit a cigarette felt in on his lip *////* Driving home on a long road with regret *////* He pulls the window down shouts it out loud *////* Pushing the pedal and praying lord help us now *////* He's looking for a reason watching the sun coming down *////* Can you hear when we call *////* There where we fall *////* Standing our backs against the wall *////* Top of our lungs hallelujah *////* Where pain and love bleed into one *////* Baby when all you see is darkness *////* We all need forgiveness *////* Coming round now *////* It was Monday night under the street lights *////* She's turning seventeen in seven nights *////* Out on the fairgrounds walking in monotone *////* She kicks a bottle as empty as her soul *////* On the road alone in a house that's half home *////* They give her pills just to kill when she feels alone *////* She's looking for a reason watching the sun coming down *////* Take these broken streets *////* Take these broken dreams *////* Hold my hand like we're walking free *////* Tell me it will change I see it in your face *////* The hope the fear the love the faith *////* I'm working late again slaving to make the rent *////* I'm slanging coffee with dreams heavy as cement *////* They're coming one by one the face of falling love *////* I write a song with a prayer as I slide the cup *////* Can you hear when we call *////* There where we fall *////* Standing our backs against the wall *////* Top of our lungs hallelujah *////* Where pain and love bleed into one *////* Baby when all you see is darkness *////* Coming down now *////* We all need forgiveness *////* Can you hear when we call *////* There were we fall *////* Standing our backs against the wall *////* At the Top of our lungs how far we've come *////* Were pain and love bleed into one *////* All that we need its so bitter sweet *////* The pain that opens our eyes to see *////* Baby when all you see is darkness *////* Coming down now *////* We all need forgiveness *////* Coming round now *////* Written By: Mat Kearney, Robert Marvin. EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI). Drums: Ian Fitchuk. Bass: Tony Lucido. Keyboards: Robert Marvin. Guitars: Mat Kearney, Bryan Sutton, Jerry McPherson, Jason Lehnning. Programming: Robert Marvin, Joshua Crosby. Other: Bryan Sutton. Mandolin. © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.

Says she likes me to all of her friends *////* Cold shoulder's what she pretends *////* I buy Americano every morning *////* Rings me up and winks with no warning *////* At the park with nobody else *////* Purple boots and her basquiat belt *////* Lights up when she sees my face *////* Turns red as she's turning away *////* All I ever know baby *////* All these games that you're playing *////* You keep driving me crazy *////* Gonna get there, get there *////* She got the honey and I got some money *////* To buy her a big bouquet *////* She got the loving, leaves me with nothing *////* I just don't know what to say *////* Well I'd beg, steal, and borrow *////* If tomorrow she'd stay *////* She's got the honey *////* I don't think it's funny *////* That she keeps walking away *////* Back to the beginning *////* Saw her down at the De La show *////* Walking in looking at her toes *////* Tall like a flower on the wall *////* High heel stealing looks across the floor *////* I step up, she's turning real red now *////* Deep breath, how you change, wow *////* Caught you catch the corner of my eye *////* She got a call, gotta go, goodbye *////* We're gonna get there, get there *////* She got the honey and I got some money *////* To buy her a big bouquet *////* She got the loving, leaves me with nothing *////* I just don't know what to say *////* Well I'd beg, steal, and borrow *////* If tomorrow she'd stay *////* She's got the honey *////* I don't think it's funny *////* That she keeps walking away *////* Back to the beginning *////* It's amazing that I could be standing tall *////* It's like a million lightning bolts *////* When she walks right through the door *////* Crazy every little way I come crashing down *////* We're gonna get there, get there *////* Written By: Mat Kearney, Matt Mahaffey. EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), Matt Mahaffey Music (BMI). Recorded By: Matt Mahaffey, Robert Marvin, Jason Lehnning. Bass: Matt Mahaffey. Keyboards: Matt Mahaffey, Jason Lehnning. Guitar: Mat Kearney. Programming: Matt Mahaffey, Robert Marvin. © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), Matt Mahaffey Music (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.

SHE GOT THE MONEY



YOUNG DUMB AND IN LOVE

Well it was me and Burkam running circles round the town *////* Trying to jump on the circus trying to get across our night *////* Yeah, we were young and dumb and looking for a fight *////* Burning both ends of the candle at both ends of the night *////* She was walking gracefully like she stepped out of a cocoon *////* Down through Manhattan Boulevard and First Avenue *////* With her black frame glasses and her Daisy perfume *////* I said, "Have we met before?" She said, "No, it's only noon." *////* Uh oh... to be young and dumb and in love *////* To be young and dumb and in love *////* Baby, you got me ten feet off the ground *////* I'm talking too much, and you don't make a sound *////* The prettiest face and those rock-a-bye baby browns *////* All I've waited for's come true *////* To be young and dumb and in love *////* With you, you, you, you *////* Well, we sat in the park grass so scared of the past *////* Tolling round like blankets, oh, this won't last *////* Dancing to five spot records with smoke in the air *////* You could smell it the morning, you could smell it in her hair *////* Found myself on my knees a little more each night *////* Is this what I've waited for for all of my life *////* Put your hand with a feather tattoo on your wrist *////* On this skinny little white boys fat hustling hips *////* Uh oh to be young and dumb and in love *////* To be young and dumb and love *////* Baby, you got me ten feet off the ground *////* I'm talking too much and you don't make a sound *////* The prettiest face and those rock-a-bye baby browns *////* All I've waited for's come true *////* To be young and dumb and in love *////* With you, you, you, you *////* She's not like any other girl *////* She's got me crying first, dying first, waiting for the repo man *////* Well, under the weeping willows and a sea firing flies *////* With your gypsy necklace and my big brown bow tie *////* You kissed my lips like I was catching a flight *////* I said if I'm honest I fell for you that first night *////* If I'm honest I fell for you that first night *////* That first night, oh, oh, oh *////* To be young and dumb and in love *////* To be young and dumb and in love *////* To be young and dumb and in love *////* To be young and dumb and in love *////* With you, you, you *////* Written By: Mat Kearney, Robert Marvin, Jason Lehning, EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI), Drums: Jason Lehning, Bass: Jason Lehning, Keyboards: Jason Lehning, Mat Kearney, Guitars: Jordan Lehning, Mat Kearney, Jerry Mopherson, Tyler Burkum, Percussion: Jason Lehning, Jordan Lehning, Mat Kearney, Programming: Jason Lehning, © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), 59 Cadillac Music (BMI), Tastes Like Chicken (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.

ROCHESTER



I was born in Rochester to a book-making man *////* Had a fake cigar shop with the games on in the back *////* See them coming and going letting it ride on thorough breads *////* The police chief and Tom Hall wondering what was the spread *////* I carried rich mans bags through briar trying to chase down a little white ball *////* Learned that any soft place wasn't good for me at all *////* Daddy'd come home fired up looking for some sort of release *////* He'd beat the hell of Timmy and Timmy'd beat the hell out of me *////* I would hop the fence out to those government fields *////* Run till there was nothing left to feel *////* Lying there, watching, just disappear *////* Knowing one day I'm gonna fly on out of here *////* The same police chief came knocking my first freshman day *////* Put my daddy in handcuffs and his picture on the front page *////* Took every one of his suits and all my dignity *////* I'd walk the halls of Irondequoit looking for any punk to set me free *////* Got that call to Vietnam, just like everyone else I knew *////* So scared of the hand grenades, threw them farther than any other troop *////* Came home like an iron fist, and Timmy tried to take my keys *////* Ripped open his from pocket, that was the last time he touched me *////* Moved to an island out west and up to Breckenridge *////* Met a mermaid on a glass boat, and she promised me some kids *////* Bought a house in Oregon where you could touch both of the walls *////* Had a son named Benjamin, and I was so scared of it all *////* Well, Benjamin walked in the front room where I was cutting up my hash *////* Looked into his deep blue eyes wondering why I'd been so mad *////* Flushed a quarter pound down the drain, praying for the mercy to confess *////* Trying to rip the boy from Rochester right out of my chest *////* We're gonna walk right out into those heavenly fields *////* Run like there was no more time to steal *////* My three boys and the grace of god revealed *////* Knowing one day you're gonna take me out of here *////* Knowing one day you're gonna take me out of here *////* Written By: Mat Kearney, EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI), Guitar: Mat Kearney, Lap Steel: Jason Goforth, © 2011 EMI Blackwood Music/Façade Aside Music (BMI). Lyrics reprinted by permission.



THANK YOU

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My Cherokee eyed, Tennessee queen Annie, for showing me what young love is. Mom, Dad, Patrick, Christi, Ben, Jen, Michaela, Declan, Kingston and all my family for your support and grace. Tommy and Toni for your brown eyed baby, Tyler Burkum, my midtown fam, Marshall Roeman, Chris York, Trent Dabbs, Jeremy Lutito, Sue Markley - my high school photography teacher, Brenda Berg for telling me I should write. Ultimately, I am the product of a gracious god who led me into this strange world of music. All of you young lovers who have supported me along the way, you are the reason I write these songs and take to the road. I drive myself crazy trying to make something worthy of you.

Love,
Mat

BONUS TRACK: "Seventeen"

Written by Mat Kearney

Published by EMI Blackwood/Façade Aside Music (BMI)

Produced by Robert Marvin and Jason Lehning

Recorded by Jason Lehning and Robert Marvin

Recorded at: The Compound, Kustom Deluxe Studio, Sound Emporium

Mixed by : Jason Lehning at The Compound

Drums: Ian Fitchuk

Bass: Tony Lucido

Keyboards: Jason Lehning, Robert Marvin

Guitar: Mat Kearney

Cello: Claire Indie

Produced by Robert Marvin and Jason Lehning

Recorded by Jason Lehning and Robert Marvin

"Rochester" produced by Jason Lehning

Additional Recording by Mat Kearney, Jordan Lehning, Josh Crosby, Matt Mahaffey, Andy Selby and Gordon Hammond

Recorded in Nashville, TN at The Compound, Kustom Deluxe Studio, Mat's Home Studio, Sound Emporium, Blackbird Studios and The Space Vineyard

Mixed by Manny Marroquin at Larrabee Studios, Universal City, CA. Mix Engineer: Erik Madrid assisted by Chris Galland. Except "Learning to Love

Again" and "Rochester" mixed by Jason Lehning at The Compound, Nashville, TN

Mastered by Brian Gardner at Bernie Grundman Mastering, Hollywood, CA

Executive Producer: Gregg Latterman

A&R: Steve Smith

A&R Coordinator: Patch Culbertson

A&R Admin: Gillian Russell

Management: Gregg Latterman and Jason Rio for A-Squared Management, assisted by Josh Terry

Booking: Scott Clayton for CAA

Legal: Jordan Lassiter and T.D. Ruth

Business Management: Lou Taylor and Kristin Pike for Tri Star

Art Direction & Design: Joe Spix

Photography: Pamela Littky