

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE E STREET BAND

2008 TOUR









You'll Be Comin' Down

White roses and misty blue eyes
Red mornings, then nothin' but gray skies
A cup of coffee, a heart shot clean through
The jacket you bought me gone daisy gray-blue
You're smiling now but you'll find out
They'll use you up and spit you out now
Your head's spinnin' in diamonds and clouds
But pretty soon it turns out

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be coming down
What goes around, it comes around and
You'll be comin' down

Easy street, a quick buck and true lies
Smiles as thin as those dusky blue skies
A silver plate of pearls my golden child
It's all yours at least for a little while
You'll be fine long as your
pretty face holds out
Then it's gonna get pretty cold out
An empty stream of stars shooting by
You got your hopes on high

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be coming down
What goes around, it comes around and
You'll be comin' down

For a while you'll go sparklin' by
Just another pretty thing on high

Like a thief on a Sunday morning
It all falls apart with no warning
Your cinnamon sky's gone
candy-apple green
The crushed metal of your
little flying machine

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be coming down
What goes around, it comes around and
You'll be comin' down

You'll be comin' down now baby
You'll be coming down
What goes around, it comes around and
You'll be comin' down





Livin' In The Future

A letter come blowin' in on an ill wind
Somethin' 'bout me and you
Never seein' one another again
Yeah, well I knew it'd come
Still I was struck deaf and dumb
Like when we kissed,
that taste of blood on your tongue

Don't worry Darlin',
now baby don't you fret
We're livin' in the future and
none of this has happened yet
Don't worry Darlin',
now baby don't you fret
We're livin' in the future and
none of this has happened yet

Woke up Election Day,
skies gunpowder and shades of gray
Beneath a dirty sun, I whistled my time away
Then just about sundown
You come walkin' through town
Your boot heels clickin'
Like the barrel of a pistol spinnin' 'round

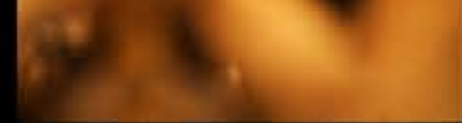
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Don't worry Darlin',
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We're livin' in the future and
none of this has happened yet

The earth it gave away,
the sea rose toward the sun
I opened up my heart to you
it got all damaged and undone
My ship Liberty sailed away on
a bloody red horizon
The groundskeeper opened
the gates and let the wild dogs run

I'm rollin' through town,
a lost cowboy at sundown
Got my monkey on a leash,
got my ear tuned to the ground
My faith's been torn asunder,
tell me is that rollin' thunder
Or just the sinkin' sound
of somethin' righteous goin' under?

Don't worry Darlin',
now baby don't you fret
We're livin' in the future and
none of this has happened yet
Don't worry Darlin',
now baby don't you fret
We're livin' in the future and
none of this has happened yet
None of this has happened yet
None of this has happened yet
None of this has happened yet
None of this has happened yet







You can't sleep at night
You can't dream your dream
Your fingerprints on file
Left clumsily at the scene

Your own worst enemy has come to town
Your own worst enemy has come, to town

Yesterday the people were at ease
Baby slept in peace
You closed your eyes and saw her
You knew who you were

Now your own worst enemy
has come to town
Your own worst enemy has come
Your world keeps turnin'
'round and 'round
But everything is upside down
Your own worst enemy has come to town

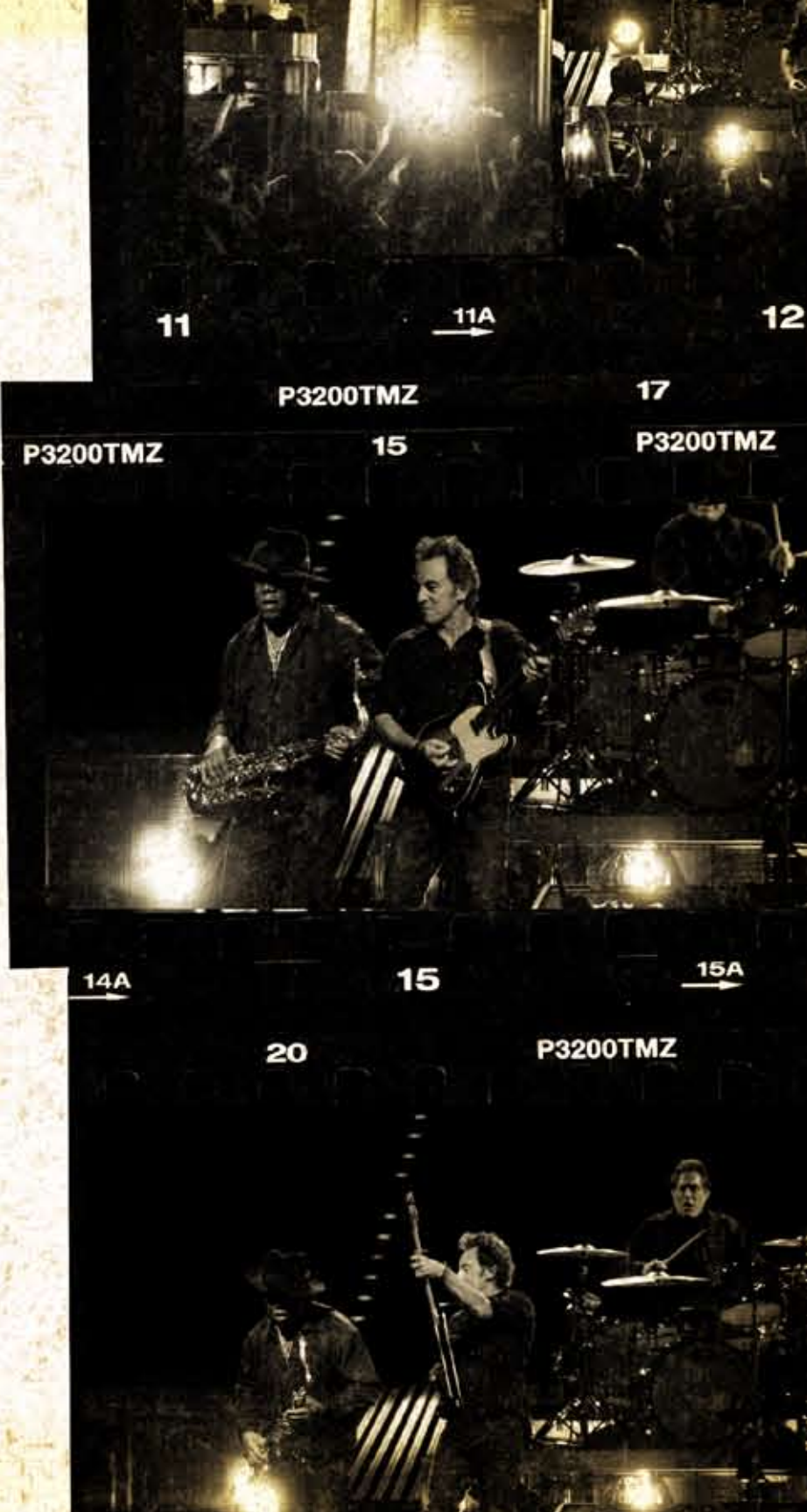
There's a face you know
Staring back from the shop window
The condition you're in
Now, you just can't get out of this skin

Your Own Worst Enemy

The times they got too clear
So you removed all the mirrors
Once the family felt secure
Now no one's very sure

Your own worst enemy has come to town
Your own worst enemy has come
Everything is falling down
Your own worst enemy has come to town
Your own worst enemy has come
Everything is falling down
Your own worst enemy has come to town

Your flag it flew so high
It drifted into the sky





Gypsy Biker

The speculators made their money
On the blood you shed
Your Mama's pulled
the sheets up off your bed
The profiteers on Jane Street
Sold your shoes and clothes
Ain't nobody talking
'cause everybody knows
We pulled your cycle out of the garage
And polished up the chrome
Our Gypsy biker's comin' home

Sister Mary sits with your colors
Brother John is drunk and gone
This whole town's been roused
Which side are you on
The favored march up over the hill
In some fools parade
Shoutin' victory for the righteous
But there ain't much here but graves
Ain't nobody talkin'

We're just waitin' on the phone
Our Gypsy biker's comin' home

We rode her into the foothills
Bobby brought the gasoline
We stood 'round her in a circle
As she lit up the ravine
The spring high desert wind
Rushed down on us
all the way back home

To the dead it don't matter much
'Bout who's wrong or right
You asked me that question
I didn't get it right
You slipped into your darkness
Now all that remains
Is my love for you brother
Lying still and unchanged
To them that threw you away
You ain't nothin' but gone
Our Gypsy biker's comin' home

Now I'm out countin' white lines
Countin' white lines and getting stoned
My Gypsy biker's coming home





Girls In Their Summer Clothes

Well, the streetlights
shine down on Blessing Avenue
Lovers they walk by,
holding hands two by two
A breeze crosses the porch,
bicycle spokes spin 'round
My jacket's on, I'm out the door
And tonight I'm gonna
burn this town down

The girls in their summer clothes
In the cool of the evening light
The girls in their summer clothes,
pass me by

A kid's rubber ball smacks
Off the gutter 'neath the lamp light
Big bank clock chimes
Off go the sleepy front porch lights
Downtown the stores alight as the
evening's underway
Things been a little tight
But I know their gonna turn my way

And the girls in their summer clothes
In the cool of the evening light
The girls in their summer clothes,
pass me by

Frankie's diner, an old friend
on the edge of town
The neon sign spinning round
Like a cross over the lost and found
The fluorescent lights
flick over Pop's Grill
Shaniqua brings the coffee and asks "Fill?" and
says "Penny for your thoughts now my boy, Bill"

She went away,
she cut me like a knife
Hello beautiful thing,
maybe you could save my life
In just a glance,
down here on magic street
Love's a fool's dance
I ain't got much sense,
but I still got my feet

The girls in their summer clothes
In the cool of the evening light
The girls in their summer clothes,
pass me by

The girls in their summer clothes
In the cool of the evening light
The girls in their summer clothes,
pass me by



I'll Work For Your Love

Pour me a drink Theresa
In one of those glasses you dust off
And I'll watch the bones in your back
Like the Stations of the Cross

'Round your hair the sun lifts a halo
At your lips a crown of thorns
Whatever other deals gone down
To this one I'm sworn

I'll work for your love, dear
I'll work for your love
What others may want for free
I'll work for your love

The dust of civilizations
And loves sweet remains
Slip off of your fingers
And come driftin' down like rain

The pages of Revelation
Lie open in your empty eyes of blue
I watch you slip that
comb through your hair
and this I promise you

I'll work for your love, dear
I'll work for your love
What others may want for free
I'll work for your love

Your tears, they fill the rosary
At your feet, my temple of bones
Here in this perdition we go on and on

Now our city of peace has crumbled
Our book of faith's been tossed
And I'm just out here searchin'
For my own piece of the cross

The late afternoon sun fills the room
With the mist of the
garden before the fall
I watch your hands smooth
the front of your blouse
and seven drops of blood fall

I'll work for your love, dear
I'll work for your love
What others may want for free
I'll work for your...
What others may want for free
I'll work for your...
What others may want for free
I'll work for your love







Magic

I got a coin in my palm
I can make it disappear
I got a card up my sleeve
Name it and I'll pull it
out your ear
I got a rabbit in my hat
If you want to come and see
This is what will be,
this is what will be

I got shackles on my wrist
Soon I'll slip 'em and be gone
Chain me in a box in your river
And I'll rise singin' this song
Trust none of what you hear
And less of what you see
This is what will be,
this is what will be

I got a shiny saw blade
All I need's a volunteer
I'll cut you in half
While you're smiling ear to ear
And the freedom that you sought's
Driftin' like a ghost amongst the trees
This is what will be, this is what will be

Now there's a fire down below
But it's comin' up here
So leave everything you know
And carry only what you fear
On the road the sun is sinkin' low
There's bodies hangin' in the trees
This is what will be, this is what will be



Last To Die

We took the highway till
the road went black
We'd marked, Truth or
Consequences on our map
A voice drifted up from the radio
And I thought of a voice from long ago

Who'll be the last to die for a mistake
The last to die for a mistake
Whose blood will spill, whose heart will break
Who'll be the last to die, for a mistake

Kids asleep in the backseat
We're just counting the miles, you and me
We don't measure the blood
we've drawn anymore
We just stack the bodies outside the door

Who'll be the last to die for a mistake
The last to die for a mistake
Whose blood will spill, whose heart will break
Who'll be the last to die, for a mistake

The wise men were all fools, what to do

The sun sets in flames as the city burns
Another day gone down as the night turns
And I hold you here in my heart
As things fall apart

A downtown window flushed with light
'Faces of the dead at five'
Our martyr's silent eyes
Petition the drivers as we pass by

Who'll be the last to die for a mistake
The last to die for a mistake
Whose blood will spill,
whose heart will break
Who'll be the last to die

Who'll be the last to die for a mistake
The last to die for a mistake
Darlin' will tyrants and kings
fall to the same fate
Strung up at your city gates
Who'll be the last to die for a mistake







Last night I stood at your doorstep
Trying to figure out what went wrong
You just slipped somethin' into my palm
Then you were gone
I could smell the same
deep green of summer
Above me the same night sky was glowin'
In the distance I could see the town
where I was born

It's gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty Darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
A long walk home

In town I passed Sal's grocery
The barbershop on South Street
I looked into their faces
They were all rank strangers to me
The veterans' hall high up on the hill
Stood silent and alone
The diner was shuttered and boarded
With a sign that just said "gone"

It's gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty Darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty Darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
It's gonna be a long walk home
Here everybody has a neighbor

Long Walk Home

Everybody has a friend
Everybody has a reason to begin again

My father said "Son, we're
lucky in this town
It's a beautiful place to be born
It just wraps its arms around you
Nobody crowds you, nobody goes it alone.
You know that flag
flying over the courthouse
Means certain things are set in stone
Who we are, what we'll do
and what we won't."

It's gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty Darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty Darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
It's gonna be a long walk home

It's gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty Darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
Hey pretty Darling, don't wait up for me
Gonna be a long walk home
It's gonna be a long walk home

It's gonna be a long walk home



800-2

35

800-2

34

800-2

33

800-2

33



Devil's Arcade

Remember the morning, we dug up your gun
The worms in the barrel, the hangin' sun
Those first nervous evenings of perfume and gin
The lost smell on your breath as
I helped you get it in
The rush of your lips, the feel of your name
The beat of your heart, the devil's arcade

You said heroes are needed, so heroes get made
Somebody made a bet, somebody paid
The cool desert morning, then nothin' to save
Just metal and plastic where your body caved
The slow games of poker with Lieutenant Ray
In the ward with the blue walls, a sea with no name
Where you lie adrift with the heroes
Of the devil's arcade

You sleep and dream of your buddies
Charlie and Jim
And wake with the thick
desert dust on your skin

A voice says "Don't worry, I'm here"
Just whisper the word "tomorrow" in my ear
A house on a quiet street,
a home for the brave
The glorious kingdom of the sun on your face
Rising from a long night as dark as the grave
On a thin chain of next moments
And something like faith
On a morning to order, a breakfast to make
A bed draped in sunshine, a body that waits
For the touch of your fingers
The end of a day
The beat of your heart, the beat of your heart
The beat of your heart, the beat of your heart
The beat of your heart, the beat of her heart
The beat of your heart, the slow burning away
Of the bitter fires of the devil's arcade







FAREWELL TO DANNY

Let me start with the stories.

Back in the days of miracles, the frontier days when “Mad Dog” Lopez and his temper struck fear into the band, small club owners, innocent civilians and all women, children and small animals.

Back in the days when you could still sign your life away on the hood of a parked car in New York City.

Back shortly after a young red-headed accordionist struck gold on the “Ted Mack Amateur Hour” and he and his mama were sent to Switzerland to show them how it’s really done.

Back before beach bums were featured on the cover of Time magazine.

I’m talking about back when the E Street Band was a communist organization! My pal, quiet, shy Dan Federici, was a one-man creator of some of the hairiest circumstances of our 40 year career! And that wasn’t easy to do. He had “Mad Dog” Lopez to compete with! Danny just outlasted him.

Maybe it was the “police riot” in Middletown, New Jersey. A show we were doing to raise bail money for “Mad Log” Lopez who was in jail in Richmond, Virginia, for having an altercation with police officers who we’d aggravated by playing too long. Danny allegedly knocked over our huge Marshall stacks on some of Middletown’s finest who had rushed the stage because we broke the law by... playing too long.

As I stood there watching, several police officers crawled out from underneath the speaker cabinets and rushed away to seek medical attention. Another nice young officer stood in front of me onstage waving his nightstick, poking and calling me nasty names. I looked over to see Danny with a beefy police officer pulling on one arm while Flo Federici, his first wife, pulled on the other, assisting her man in resisting arrest.

A kid leapt from the audience onto the stage, momentarily distracting the beefy officer with the insults of the day. Forever thereafter, “Phantom” Dan Federici slipped into the crowd and disappeared.

A warrant out for his arrest and one month on the lam later, he still hadn’t been brought to justice. We hid him in various places but now we had a problem. We had a show coming at Monmouth College. We needed the money and we had to do the gig. We tried a replacement but it didn’t work out. So Danny, to all of our admiration, stepped up and said he’d risk his freedom, take the chance and play.

Show night. 2,000 screaming fans in the Monmouth College gym. We had it worked out so Danny would not appear onstage until the moment we started playing. We figured the police who were there to arrest him wouldn’t do so onstage during the show and risk starting another riot.

Let me set the scene for you. Danny is hiding, hunkered down in the back-seat of a car in the parking lot. At five minutes to eight, our scheduled start time, I go out to whisk him in. I tap on the window.

“Danny, come on, it’s time.”

I hear back, “I’m not going.”

Me: “What do you mean you’re not going?”

Danny: “The cops are on the roof of the gym. I’ve seen them and they’re going to nail me the minute I step out of this car.”

As I open the door, I realize that Danny has been smoking a little something and had grown rather paranoid. I said, “Dan, there are no cops on the roof.”

He says, “Yes, I saw them, I tell you. I’m not coming in.”

So I used a procedure I’d call on often over the next forty years in dealing with my old pal’s concerns. I threatened him...and cajoled. Finally, out he came. Across the parking lot and into the gym we swept for a rapturous concert during which we laughed like thieves at our excellent dodge of the local cops.

At the end of the evening, during the last song, I pulled the entire crowd up onto the stage and Danny slipped into the audience and out the front door. Once again, “Phantom” Dan had made his exit. (I still get the occasional card from the old Chief of Police of Middletown wishing us well. Our histories are forever intertwined.) And that, my friends, was only the beginning.

There was the time Danny quit the band during a rough period at Max’s Kansas City, explaining to me that he was leaving to fix televisions. I asked him to think about that and come back later.

Or Danny, in the band rental car, bouncing off several parked cars after a night of entertainment, smashing out the windshield with his head but saved from severe injury by the huge hard cowboy hat he bought in Texas on our last Western swing.

Or Danny, leaving a large marijuana plant on the front seat of his car in a tow away zone. The car was promptly towed. He said, “Bruce, I’m going to go down and report that it was stolen.” I said, “I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

Down he went and straight into the slammer without passing go.

Or Danny, the only member of the E Street Band to be physically thrown out of the Stone Pony. Considering all the money we made them, that wasn’t easy to do.

Or Danny receiving and surviving a “cautionary assault” from an enraged but restrained “Big Man” Clarence Clemons while they were living together and Danny finally drove the “Big Man” over the big top.

Or Danny assisting me in removing my foot from his stereo speaker after being the only band member ever to drive me into a violent rage.

And through it all, Danny played his beautiful, soulful B3 organ for me and our love grew. And continued to grow. Life is funny like that. He was my homeboy, and great, and for that you make considerations... And he was much more tolerant of my failures than I was of his.

When Danny wasn’t causing chaos, he was a sweet, talented, unassuming, unpretentious good-hearted guy who simply had an unchecked ability to make good fortune and things in general go fabulously wrong.

But beyond all of that, he also had a mountain of the right stuff. He had the heart and soul of an engineer. He learned to fly. He was always up on the latest technology and would explain it to you patiently and in enormous detail. He was always “souping” something up, his car, his stereo, his B3. When Patti joined the band, he was the most welcoming, thoughtful, kindest friend to the first woman entering our “boys club.”

He loved his kids, always bragging about Jason, Harley, and Madison, and he loved his wife Maya for the new things she brought into his life.

And then there was his artistry. He was the most intuitive player I’ve ever seen. His style was slippery and fluid, drawn to the spaces the other musicians in the E Street Band left. He wasn’t an assertive player, he was a complementary player. A true accompanist. He naturally supplied the glue that bound the band’s sound together. In doing so, he created for himself a very specific style. When you hear Dan Federici, you don’t hear a blanket of sound, you hear a riff, packed with energy, flying above everything else for a few moments and then gone back in the track. “Phantom” Dan Federici. Now you hear him, now you don’t.

Offstage, Danny couldn’t recite a lyric or a chord progression for one of my songs. Onstage, his ears opened up. He listened, he felt, he played, finding the perfect hole and placement for a chord or a flurry of notes. This style created a tremendous feeling of spontaneity in our ensemble playing.

In the studio, if I wanted to loosen up the track we were recording, I’d put Danny on it and not tell him what to play. I’d just set him loose. He brought with him the sound of the carnival, the amusements, the boardwalk, the beach, the geography of our youth and the heart and soul of the birthplace of the E Street Band.

Then we grew up. Very slowly. We stood together through a lot of trials and tribulations. Danny’s response to a mistake onstage, hard times, catastrophic events was usually a shrug and a smile. Sort of an “I am but one man in a raging sea, but I’m still afloat. And we’re all still here.”

I watched Danny fight and conquer some tough addictions. I watched him struggle to put his life together and in the last decade when the band reunited, thrive on sitting in his seat behind that big B3, filled with life and, yes, a new maturity, passion for his job, his family and his home in the brother and sisterhood of our band.

Finally, I watched him fight his cancer without complaint and with great courage and spirit. When I asked him how things looked, he just said, “what are you going to do? I’m looking forward to tomorrow.” Danny, the sunny side up fatalist. He never gave up right to the end.

A few weeks back we ended up onstage in Indianapolis for what would be the last time. Before we went on I asked him what he wanted to play and he said, “Sandy.” He wanted to strap on the accordion and revisit the boardwalk of our youth during the summer nights when we’d walk along the boards with all the time in the world.

So what if we just smashed into three parked cars, it’s a beautiful night! So what if we’re on the lam from the entire Middletown police department, let’s go take a swim! He wanted to play once more the song that is of course about the end of something wonderful and the beginning of something unknown and new.

Let’s go back to the days of miracles. Pete Townshend said, “a rock and roll band is a crazy thing. You meet some people when you’re a kid and unlike any other occupation in the whole world, you’re stuck with them your whole life no matter who they are or what crazy things they do.”

If we didn’t play together, the E Street Band at this point would probably not know one another. We wouldn’t be in this room together. But we do... We do play together. And every night at 8 p.m., we walk out on stage together and that, my friends, is a place where miracles occur...old and new miracles. And those you are with, in the presence of miracles, you never forget. Life does not separate you. Death does not separate you. Those you are with who create miracles for you, like Danny did for me every night, you are honored to be amongst.

Of course we all grow up and we know “it’s only rock and roll”...but it’s not. After a lifetime of watching a man perform his miracle for you, night after night, it feels an awful lot like love.

So today, making another one of his mysterious exits, we say farewell to Danny, “Phantom” Dan, Federici. Father, husband, my brother, my friend, my mystery, my thorn, my rose, my keyboard player, my miracle man and lifelong member in good standing of the house rockin’, pants droppin’, earth shockin’, hard rockin’, booty shakin’, love makin’, heart breakin’, soul cryin’... and, yes, death defyin’ legendary E Street Band.





Bruce Springsteen - Lead Vocal, Guitars, Harmonica

Roy Bittan - Piano, Synthesizer
 Clarence Clemons - Saxophone, Percussion,
 Backing Vocals
 Danny Federici - Organ, Synthesizer, Glockenspiel
 Nils Lofgren - Guitars, Dobro, Pedal Steel,
 Backing Vocals
 Patti Scialfa - Guitar, Backing Vocal
 Garry Tallent - Bass
 Stevie Van Zandt - Guitars, Mandolin, Backing Vocal
 Max Weinberg - Drums

With Soozie Tyrell - Violin, Backing Vocal

Management: Jon Landau Management
 Jon Landau, Barbara Carr, Jan Stabile,
 Alison Oscar

Tour Director - George Travis
 Road Manager - Wayne Lebeaux
 Road Manager - Fred Girello
 Assistant To Patti Scialfa - Kelly Kilbride
 Security Director - Jerry Fox, Jr.
 Security - Jerry Fox, Sr.
 Advance Logistics - Andrew Courtney
 Tour Accountants - John Czajkowski, Michael Loric
 Accounting Assistant - Mike Burgos
 Personal Security - Gil Gamboa
 Personal Security - Erich Saylor
 Assistant Road Manager - Lenny Sullivan
 Trainer - Tony Strollo
 Hair/makeup - Mateo Ambrose
 Assistant To Stevie Van Zandt - Nicole Barsalona
 Trainer - Clay Burwell
 Assistant To Clarence Clemons - Janet Cho

Production Manager - George Stipanovich
 Production Coordinator - Kelly Shaunessy
 Guitar Technician - Kevin Buell
 Guitar Technician - Aron Michalski
 Guitar Technician - Roy Witte
 Guitar Technician - Tom Morrongiello
 Keyboard/piano Technician - Marty Gelhaar
 Keyboard/piano Technician - Kurt Wolak
 Drum Technician - Harry McCarthy
 Horn Technician - Joe Lopez

Head Rigger - Zep Lyster
 Rigger - Thom Moore
 Head Carpenter - Aaron Cass
 Carpenter - Denny Rich
 Teleprompter - Dan Lee
 Telerprompter/Rigger - Lef Carroll
 Wardrobe - Mary Ann Flippen
 Wardrobe - Jennifer Jacobs

Dressing Rooms/carp - Brad Dancy
 Catering Coordinator - Rolando Ramos

Sound: Audio Analysts
 Front Of House Engineer - John Cooper
 Stage Left Monitor Engineer - Monty Carlo
 Stage Right Monitor Engineer - Troy Milner
 Audio System Engineer - Brett Dicus
 Audio Technician - John "Boo" Bruey
 Audio Technician - Rob Zuchowski
 Audio Technician - Ray Tittle

Lighting: Morpheus Lighting
 Lighting Director - Todd Ricci
 Grand Ma Operator - John Hoffman
 Lighting Crew Chief - Ritchie Steffa
 Lighting Technician - Bryan Humphries
 Lighting Technician - Kevin Humphries
 Lighting Technician - Blake "Flash" Rogers

Video: Pete's Big Tvs
 Video Director - Chris Hilson
 Video Engineer - Paul Whitfield
 Video Tech / Camera Operator - Dave "Legs" Driscoll
 Video Tech / Camera Operator - Mike Colucci
 Video Tech / Camera Operator - Madison Wade
 Video Tech / Camera Operator - Phil Summers
 Camera: Jay Strasser
 Camera: Roy Villobos
 Camera: Richard Ellis

Lighting Design:
 Jeff Ravitz, Visual Terrain
 Assistant - Kristie Roldan, David Mann
 Programming - Jason Badger

Scenic Design - Jeff Ravitz, Bruce Rodgers
 Staging - Tait Towers
 Archival Footage - Thom Zimny
 Recording - Toby Scott

Lead Truck Driver U.S. - John "Stranger" Adams,
 John "Pops" Bernache, Rocky Ruhne
 Trucking U.S. - Roadshow Trucking
 Trucking Europe - Edwin Shirley Trucking
 Biodiesel - Sean O'Rourke

Buses U.S. - Roadhouse
 Buses Europe - Phoenix Bussing

Travel U.S.: Tzell Travel
 Carol Green, Peter Green, Angela Baskin

Travel Europe: The Tour Company
 Mike Hawksworth, Nicola Vasili

Business Management - Chapman, Bird, Grey &
 Tessler Nancy Chapman, Patty DeFrancesco,
 Teresa Polyak, Susan Semrdzhyan

Booking Agent - Barry Bell
 Booking Agency - Creative Artists Agency
 Rob Light, Chris Dalston, Randy Saleceda

Freight - Rockit Cargo
 Air Charter U.S. - Airworks LLC
 Sean Magovern, Ryan O'Toole,
 Anthony Fernandez

Air Charter Europe - Premier Aviation,
 Adrien Whitmarsh
 Credentials - Cube Passes
 Itineraries - Book Of Lies

Art Direction and Design by Michelle Holme
 Photography by Danny Clinch

Merchandise Signatures Network
 Dell Furano, Rick Fish, Peter Weber,
 Paul Quiroga, Richard Whitney
 Delux - Jeremy Joseph
www.signaturesnetwork.com

Thanks - Takamini/David Vincent,
 D'Addario Strings



