



## THE ALBUM

### Mid-Century Modern

Words and Music by Anya Turner & Robert Grusecki

Anya Turner: Vocals

Robert Grusecki: Piano/vocals

Recorded and mixed by John Kilgore, Kilgore Sound NYC

March 16, 23, 30, April 13, 20, and May 4, 2023

Mastered by Alan Silverman, ARF Productions

Photos by Robert Risko

Graphic design by Frank Dain

Anya Robert Recordings No. 5110

Total running time: 37:01

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All selections ASCAP

**AnyaRobertMusic.com**

Special thanks to the ASCAP Foundation, Michael Kerker, Jamie deRoy, the Anna Sosenko Assist Trust ([www.annasosenkotrust.org](http://www.annasosenkotrust.org)), Jonathan Herzog, Karen Akers, Victoria Krane, Greg Anderson and William Tuthill, Helen Gallagher, Thomas and Tina Grusecki, Mary Ann and Bob Tuerk, Peggy and David Barnhart, Jill Hinds and Charles Allen, Barry Schneider, Judy Phillips, Ellis Santone, Mary Ellen and Jeff Duchin, Lou Bullock, Patti Specht, Judy Feldman, Britt and David Cryer, Eileen Lacy, Miriam Fond, Mark Williams, Marc and Betsy Crawford-Leavitt, Deborah Eckols, and Victoria Larson for helping to make this recording possible.

*Mid-Century Modern* is our ninth studio album. It is a suite of ten songs written during the fall and winter of 2022-2023. We chose to "orchestrate" this album with backup vocals in some of the songs to capture a "pop" vibe.

1. Mid-Century Modern (2:34)
2. Small Town (3:19)
3. The Sound of My Voice (4:32)
4. Our Little Secret (3:16)
5. Piñata (5:11)
6. I Love You, Still (4:30)
7. Weird Little Club (3:17)
8. Insanity (3:32)
9. Can't Get There From Here (2:55)
10. One Last Time (3:57)



## THE ARTISTS

**ANYA TURNER** and **ROBERT GRUSECKI** write, perform, record and publish works for the musical theatre and cabaret. Anya & Robert were honored to receive The ASCAP Foundation 2022 Jamie deRoy & friends Award as well as the 2022 Anna Sosenko Assist Trust Grant. Turner and Grusecki have twice been named finalists for the Richard Rodgers Award for their musicals, "Greetings From Yorkville" (Dir. Thommie Walsh and Baayork Lee, SoHo Playhouse NYC) and "After All, a musical much ado" (Dir. Thommie Walsh, The York Theatre Company NYC). They have also been awarded grants from Meet The Composer and were presented with the Bistro Award for Outstanding Songwriting in 2017. Their numerous cabaret shows include "Hello West 46<sup>th</sup> Street" (Don't Tell Mama) and the four-character revue, "Look Up!" (Laurie Beechman Theatre). They have written and recorded nine CDs ("Mid-Century Modern", "In This Raggedy Time", "Listen", "Dream On", "Labor Of Love", "A Party", "Greetings From Yorkville", "You Loved Me" and "Ordinary People") and published eight songbooks. The team recently published a compendium of their lyrics with photos and essays entitled, "Words Matter." Anya & Robert have performed in theatres, nightclubs and concert halls across the U.S.A. Their music has been heard in such NYC venues as David Geffen Hall, The Town Hall, Symphony Space and The 92<sup>nd</sup> Street Y. Their songs have been featured on radio shows such as "Woody's Children" (WFUV New York), "The Midnight Special" (WFMT Chicago), and "The Cabaret Room" (UK). Their work has been performed by many artists including Karen Akers, Donna McKechnie, Steve Ross, the National Asian Artists Project (Baayork Lee, Artistic Director) and the GenOUT Youth Chorus of Washington D.C. Anya & Robert are also the subjects of the music documentary "Dream On, a songwriting life", directed by Bill Hopkins. They are married and live in a fifth-floor walkup in a neighborhood of Manhattan called Yorkville.

## THE SONGS

### 1. MID-CENTURY MODERN

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*Mid-Century Modern* is a swingin' riff on what it feels like to have been born in the middle of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and now find yourself exuberantly coping with all the sights and sounds of the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

Mid-century modern is the way to be  
When the world is going crazy  
Mid-century modern, baby, stick with me  
I'm a woman who has been around

The voice of experience is what you need  
When your navigation's hazy

Believe what I'm sayin', baby, yes indeed  
No more losin' ground

I tell you, I'm feelin' good  
I'm feelin' fine  
If you're feelin' good  
You can bet you're a friend of mine

Mid-century modern is the longer view  
When you're feelin' fat and lazy  
But all I can say is baby I'm with you  
Let's make hay tonight

I tell you, life's lookin' up  
We're gettin' down  
If you ring my bell  
Ding, dong baby we can paint the town

Mid-century modern is the thing that's hip  
Man, it's fresher than a daisy  
So follow along, we'll take the hippest trip  
Groovy, outta sight

(Oh, yeah)  
Bebop, a-rebop smart and chic  
(Whoa, whoa)  
Boomers a-bloomin' cool and sleek  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Old school, new school, cool school too  
(Oh, don't you know)  
Boho, SoHo, go-go

Mid-century modern's  
Where I'm comin' from  
With a brain that's bold and blazy  
You better respect me 'cuz I'm not so dumb  
I got wisdom baby  
I got power baby  
Hold on tight  
We'll have a ball  
Tonight

Mid-century modern

## 2. SMALL TOWN

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In *Small Town* I am remembering what it was like to live in a town with a population of about 1,500. It's a sensory tour of that experience – the rhythms, the pace, the people. ~ AT

There is a certain pace  
When you're living in a small town  
There is a certain sound  
And a certain feel

Picnics on a lark  
Concerts in the park  
Walking home together after dark  
Slowly

Why go to Paris, France  
Or to Aspen, Colorado?  
My town will do just fine  
It's a place that's real

It's not Hollywood glam  
But I don't give a damn  
I'll just be who I am  
In my small town

There is a certain look  
When you're living in a small town  
There is a certain style  
And a certain way

Swimming at the pool  
Ball games at the school  
Suppertime with fam'ly as a rule  
Always

Make sure the car will run  
For the trip to church on Sunday  
Walk down a shady street  
Where the kids can play

Watch the seasons roll by  
Like the clouds in the sky

Never questioning why  
It's enough for me

Life is quiet and sweet  
Kick a can down the street  
Smile at people you meet  
In my small town

Small town  
It's a small town  
My small town

### 3. THE SOUND OF MY VOICE

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There is nothing more distinctive than the sound of someone's voice. It's utterly original and one-of-a-kind. The way we connect through sound is profound.

Are you there?  
Can you hear me?  
I am here  
Are you there?

All alone  
In the darkness  
Only sound  
In the air

We're alone  
But together  
Always near  
Never far

I am always with you  
Wherever you are

The sound of my voice  
The beat of my heart  
The words of my song  
Will tell you ev'rything  
C'mon come out of your room  
You know you want to be free

Beyond the limits of time

Beyond the limits of space  
Beyond the world we can see  
Why don't you stay here with me  
Inside the sound of my voice?

Is it live?  
Is it streaming?  
Either way  
I am there  
Is it real?  
Are we dreaming?  
Who can say?  
Who would dare

Try to touch,  
Try to know me,  
Try to follow my heart?

Don't know how it will end  
But at least it's a start

The sound of my voice  
The beat of my heart  
The words of my song  
Will tell you ev'rything  
C'mon come out of your room  
You know you want to be free

Beyond the limits of time  
Beyond the limits of space  
Beyond the world we can see  
Why don't you stay here with me  
Inside the sound of my voice?

Since the beginning  
Way back in time  
Love is the reason and rhyme

It's all I can give you  
And all I can share  
This is how I tell you what I'm feeling  
Feeling

The sound of my voice

The beat of my heart  
The words of my song  
Will tell you ev'rything  
C'mon come out of your room  
You know you want to be free

Beyond the limits of time  
Beyond the limits of space  
Beyond the world we can see  
Why don't you stay here with me  
And then together we'll be  
Forever happy and free  
Inside the sound of my voice?

#### 4. OUR LITTLE SECRET

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Secrets are powerful, especially in this tell-all age of over sharing and TMI (too much information).

Ev'rything is going well  
As far as anyone can tell  
But ev'rything is shot to hell  
And it's our little secret

It seems we've hit a bumpy patch  
And once again must start from scratch  
So "here's to us" and down the hatch  
And it's our little secret

Jack be nimble when you crash and burn  
Ev'ry day there's something more to learn  
I find that

When my life is on the rocks  
And ever harder come the knocks  
I tell myself "pull up your socks"  
Cuz it's our little secret

It takes a lifetime to construct  
Ingenious plans then "boom!" you're plucked  
And all your hopes and dreams are fucked  
And it's our little secret



(Instrumental)

I don't wear my heart on my sleeve  
Tell me now what should I believe  
As we go on our way? Hey

Tik, Tok goes the clock  
And I'm in constant shock  
As the world turns into schlock  
Our little secret

Splish, splash life's a dash  
To flim, flam and grab the cash  
And turn out tons of trash  
Our little secret

There are those who share and share and share  
Where are those who care and care and care?  
If I pour my heart out  
Will you help me?  
Save me?  
Love me?

Ev'rything is going well  
As far as anyone can tell  
But ev'rything is shot to hell  
And it's our little  
Itsy  
Bitsy  
Secret  
A secret no one ever needs to know  
Secret

5. PIÑATA

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It is a children's game with a very adult resonance. And we keep on playing to the very end.

(Spoken)

"Do you still believe?  
Close your eyes.  
Now, what do you see?"

There's a bright many-colored star

Floating high above you  
And it hangs by a thread  
In the soft, periwinkle sky  
It's a prize, hidden from your eyes  
Full of sugar candy  
And all the goodies inside can be yours  
Only if you try

Oh, the pink, yellow-orange star  
Full of sugar candy  
Is made of paper maché  
And seems so close, close as it can be

With a stick, carried in your hand  
Though your eyes are blinded  
You can search all around  
For the star that's impossible to see

And so you whirl and dance and sway  
As you reach for the piñata  
With all your heart you hope and pray  
That today's the day  
When just a single whack of your stick  
Will crack open the piñata  
It is a game that must be won  
So you give your all  
And see the candy start to fall

There's a child lying in the grass  
Gazing at the heavens  
A child who peeks at a dream  
Through the green branches of a tree

There's a voice calling from afar  
"I can see your future.  
Don't be afraid don't you see you can be  
All you want to be?"

And so you whirl and dance and sway  
As you reach for the piñata  
With all your heart you hope and pray  
That today's the day  
When just a single whack of your stick  
Will crack open the piñata

It is a game that must be won  
So you give your all  
And see the candy start to fall

Wait! What do you believe?  
Can a dream come true,  
Swinging at a star?  
Wait! Do you have a chance?  
Do you have a choice,  
Swinging at a star?  
Stop! Who decides your fate?  
Where's your inner voice,  
Swinging at a star?  
Stop! Is it all just luck,  
Otherwise you're stuck  
Swinging at a star?

But still you whirl and dance and sway  
As you reach for the piñata  
With all your heart you hope and pray  
That today's the day  
When just a single whack of your stick  
Will crack open the piñata  
It is a game that must be won  
So you give your all  
And see the candy start to fall  
See the candy start to fall  
See the candy start to fall  
See the candy start to fall

6. I LOVE YOU, STILL  
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Who doesn't love a country waltz? This one is a lilting story about two independent spirits who finally get their acts together and fall in love for keeps.

From the moment I met you  
I hoped you would be  
The possible love of my life  
I was somewhat uncertain  
Because I could see  
Some sunshine but also some strife

You were funny and clever

From what I could tell  
And perfectly fine on your own  
So I said, "Well, whatever.  
That's good; so am I."  
We were too much alike and alone

And time keeps on turning  
Time always will  
But oh, how I love you  
Love you, still

Our unorthodox courtship  
Spanned decades in time  
With silences caught inbetween  
We were sometimes together  
And sometimes apart  
A romance like none ever seen

Well, we both had to sort out  
One hell of a past  
Before reaching the heavens above  
So we tussled and tangled  
And squabbled and fought  
And finally landed in love

And time keeps on turning  
Time always will  
But oh, how I love you  
Love you, still

(Instrumental)

From the moment I met you  
I thought you would be  
Much more than a casual thrill  
There was something much deeper  
Much rarer  
More real  
I know you  
And I love you, still  
I know now  
That I always will

## 7. WEIRD LITTLE CLUB

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This is why we are not joiners. Clubs tend to be exclusive and we're into inclusive.  
*Weird Little Club* is where macabre snobbery meets musical theatre panache.

It's a weird little club  
With its own little hub  
And they only come out at night  
It's a strange little mob  
That moves like a blob  
And devours ev'rything in sight  
They prowl up and down  
The streets of the town  
And they sniff and they snort  
And chew  
They howl and they hiss  
And they fawn and they kiss  
Shall we say,  
They are not like me and you

This weird little group  
Is a closed little loop  
That's afraid to embrace what is new  
This strange little clump  
Has a brain like a lump  
And the thoughts that it has are few  
For they live in the past  
Where they hope to outlast  
Any change that may come their way  
In a café or boîte  
As they pose and they plot  
You can almost hear them say:

"We have so many friends  
Don't need any more  
We have a ton of friends  
Gals and pals galore  
We know how to keep the party chummy  
We know who is in and who is out  
We decide who is and isn't yummy  
Social climbing is our talent  
We have so many friends  
Gifted through and through

Ours is a special club  
So, who needs you?

(Spoken during instrumental)

Psst! Do you know them?  
No, not really, do you?  
No! Where are they from?  
I don't know. Never seen them before in my life  
Oh! Are they one of us?  
Hmm...

All we want is more reflected glory  
That's the only glow that turns us on  
That's the only climax to our story  
Our desperation knows no limit  
We love our little club  
That's the reason why  
We'll keep our little club  
Until we die."

It's a weird little club  
A strange little club  
A mean little club  
An inane little club  
Who needs a club?

Weird!

## 8. INSANITY

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In this legit ballad we explore the meaning of a single word. It's a journey inside the mind of a troubled soul.

If only I could say  
"I wish you well; I am at peace;  
I understand it's over;  
I accept it."

I tell myself  
What's true is true  
(And there's nothing I can do  
To ever change it)

I'm holding on  
To what I knew  
(It's insanity, I know  
But I can't change it)

This loneliness  
Is lunacy  
(But I fell too hard  
And all I ever wanted  
Was endless love for you and me)

And I'm ashamed to say  
For me it's still that way

No, it isn't horrible  
It's just a chronic pain  
A nagging ache  
That never goes away  
And if the meaning of insanity  
Is never learning anything  
Then I think I am insane

(Instrumental)  
If I live a few more days or weeks or months, then  
(Instrumental)  
I will change and all the pain will go away, then

I try and try to walk away  
But like a fool I always stay

And still I'm not okay  
I'm slipping ev'ry day  
But no one ever asks  
It's never even mentioned

No, it isn't horrible  
It's just a chronic pain  
A nagging ache  
That never goes away  
And if the meaning of insanity  
Is never learning anything  
Then I think I am insane

(Instrumental)

And if the meaning of insanity  
Is never learning anything . . .  
I am insane

## 9. CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

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Sometimes it just feels that way! And what's better than a little rock 'n' roll for  
expressing frustration?

I went forward  
And I went back  
I circled around  
And stopped dead in my tracks  
I went ev'ry which way  
Until I found  
That you can't get there from here

I've been knockin'  
On your front door  
I called out your name  
And screamed, "I want more!"  
But the answer I got  
Was still the same  
'Cuz you can't get there from here

Here  
Living a life of make-believe  
Here  
Under the fam'ly canopy

There  
Out where I know I want to be  
There  
Finding my way to heaven

You better believe me  
When I say  
I don't have enough gas  
To last one more day  
I ran straight into hell  
And fell flat on my ass  
And you can't get there from here



I can't solve  
This mystery  
It wasn't my choice  
Because it chose me  
But I guess I'm gonna need  
A louder voice  
'Cuz you can't get there from here

I come from the world of the outsider  
I know it may be a bridge too far  
How do I get where I am going?

Tell me again how to play the game  
Shoot me a text if it's all the same  
Send me a sign in a picture frame  
Then, you can bet, I'll be there in no time flat

I don't care what people think  
I've been chasing this dream  
And now I'm on the brink  
But starting over again  
Would make me scream  
'Cuz you can't there from here  
(It's too late!)  
No, you can't get there from here  
(Do you dig?)  
Said, you can't get there  
From here

## 10. ONE LAST TIME

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Two timeframes: the present and the past. The memory of a perfect love affair never fades.

Your voice  
Your body  
Your hand in mine

If this has to be the last time  
Let tomorrow never come  
I'll just think about the first time  
You held my hand  
On a train to Coney Island

In the summer, in the rain  
On a night of fresh  
Strawberries and champagne

Talk to me  
Tell me it's alright  
Tell me not to worry  
We have all night  
Touch me with your body  
Hold me in your hand  
After all the years of loving, all the tears  
Look at me; be with me  
One last time

In a flurry of excitement  
In the fading candlelight  
We pulled a mattress and some pillows to the floor  
As I lay there in the darkness  
Without knowing what to say  
You undressed and then  
Silently closed the door

Talk to me  
Tell me it's alright  
Tell me not to worry  
We have all night  
Touch me with your body  
Hold me in your hand  
After all the years of loving, all the tears  
Look at me; be with me  
One last time

(Instrumental)

Your voice  
Your body  
Your hand in mine  
One last time