

A black and white photograph of Robert Plant and Alison Krauss walking on a beach. Robert Plant, on the left, has long, curly hair and a goatee, wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt and jeans. Alison Krauss, on the right, has long, wavy hair and is wearing a dark, patterned top. They are both smiling and looking towards the right. The background is a bright, sandy beach with a clear sky.

Raising Sand

Robert Plant | Alison Krauss

Rich Woman

Written by Dorothy LaBostrie and McKinley Miller
© 1955 Sony/ATV Songs LLC/Venice Music (BMI)
All rights reserved. Used by permission.

I got a woman with plenty of money
She got the money and I got the honey

Called my baby late last night
She told me daddy everything was alright

I don't have to worry 'cause she's real fine
I know my baby she's all mine

She give me a Cadillac a diamond ring
She told me Daddy don't you worry 'bout a thing

She's all mine and I'm so glad
She's the best woman I ever had

Drums - *Jay Bellerose*
Acoustic Bass - *Dennis Crouch*
Electric Guitar - *T Bone Burnett, Marc Ribot*

Killing The Blues

Written by Rowland Salley
Graph Music (ASCAP)

Leaves were falling just like embers
In colors red and gold they set us on fire
Burning just like a moonbeam in our eyes
Somebody said they saw me
Swinging the world by the tail
Bouncing over a white cloud
Killing the blues

Now I am guilty of something
I hope you never do because there is nothing
Sadder than losing yourself in love
Somebody said they saw me
Swinging the world by the tail
Bouncing over a white cloud
Killing the blues

Now, you ask me just to leave you
To go out on my own and get what I need to
You want me to find what I've already had
Somebody said they saw me
Swinging the world by the tail
Bouncing over a white cloud
Killing the blues

Drums - *Jay Bellerose*
Acoustic Bass - *Dennis Crouch*
Electric Guitar - *Marc Ribot, T Bone Burnett*
Acoustic Guitar & 6-String Guitar - *T Bone Burnett*
Pedal Steel Guitar - *Gregory Leisz*

Sister Rosetta Goes Before Us

Written by Sam Phillips

© Eden Bridge Music (ASCAP). Administered by Bug Music

Copyright secured. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Strange things are happening everyday
I hear the music up above my head
Though the sight of my heart has left me again
I hear music up above

Secrets are written in the sky
Looks like I've lost the love I've never found
Though the sound of hope has left me again
I hear music up above

Standing in my broken heart all night long
Darkness held me like a friend when love wore off
Looking for the lamb that's hidden in the cross
The finder's lost

I know I've loved you too much
I'll go on alone to get through

I hear Rosetta singing in the night
Echoes of light that shine like stars after they're gone
Tonight she's my guide as I go on alone
With the music up above

Drums – *Jay Bellerose*

Acoustic Bass – *Dennis Crouch*

Electric Guitar – *Marc Ribot*

Acoustic Guitar – *T Bone Burnett*

Fiddle – *Alison Krauss*

Banjo – *Marc Ribot*

Polly Come Home

Written by Gene Clark

©1969 Irving Music, Inc. (BMI). Copyright renewed.

All rights reserved. Used by permission.

If the wild bird could speak,
He'd tell the places you have been
He's been in my dreams
And he knows all the ways of the wind

Polly, come home again
Spread your wings to the wind
I felt much of the pain
As it begins

Dreams cover much time
Still they leave blind
The will to begin
I searched for you there
And now look for you from within

Polly, come home again
Spread your wings to the wind
I felt much of the pain
As it begins

Drums – *Jay Bellerose*

Acoustic Bass – *Dennis Crouch*

Acoustic & Electric Guitars – *Marc Ribot*

Gone Gone Gone (Done Moved On)

Written by Phil and Don Everly

© 1964 Sony/ATV Songs LLC/Acuff Rose Music (BMI)

All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Some sunny day-hay baby
When everything seems okay, baby
You'll wake up and find that you're alone
'Cause I'll be gone
Gone, gone, gone
Really gone
Gone, ga-gone, 'cause you done me wrong

Everyone that you meet baby
As you walk down the street baby
Will ask you why you're walkin' all alone
Why you're on your own
Just say I'm gone
Gone, gone, gone
Gone, ga-gone, 'cause you done me wrong

And if you change your way baby
You might get back to stay baby
Ya better hurry up if ya don't wanna be alone
Or I'll be gone
Gone, gone, gone
Really gone
Gone, ga-gone, 'cause you done me wrong

Drums – *Jay Bellerose*

Acoustic Bass – *Dennis Crouch*

6-String Bass – *T Bone Burnett*

Electric Guitar – *Marc Ribot, T Bone Burnett*

Through The Morning, Through The Night

Written by Gene Clark

©1969 Irving Music, Inc. (BMI). Copyright renewed.

All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Believe me when I tell you
I will try to understand
Believe me when I tell you
I could never kill a man
But to know that another man's holding you tight
Hurts me little darling
Through the morning, through the night

The bond has been broken
The promise you gave
The words that were spoken
I cannot be your slave
But to know that the trust you had in me is gone
Hurts me little darling
Through the night-time through the dawn

I dreamed just last night
You were there by my side
Your sweet loving tenderness
Easing my pride
But then I awoke and found you not there
It was just my old memory of how much I care

Believe me when I tell you I will try to understand
Believe me when I tell you I could never kill a man
But to know that another man's holding you tight
Hurts me little darling
Through the morning, through the night

Drums – *Jay Bellerose*

Acoustic Bass – *Dennis Crouch*

Electric Guitar – *Marc Ribot, T Bone Burnett*

Pedal Steel Guitar – *Gregory Leisz*

Please Read The Letter

Written by Michael Lee, Jimmy Page, Charlie Jones, Robert Plant
BMG Songs (ASCAP)/BMG Music Publishing International Ltd. (PRS)/
Sons of Einion Limited (PRS)/Succubus Music Ltd. (PRS)
All rights for the U.S. on behalf of BMG Songs.
Administered by BMG Songs.

Caught out running with just a little too much to hide
Maybe baby everything's going to turn out fine
Please read the letter I nailed it to your door
It's crazy how it all turned out we needed so much more

Too late too late a fool could read the signs
Maybe baby you better check between the lines
Please read the letter I wrote it in my sleep
With help and consultation from the angels of the deep

Once I stood beside a well of many words
My house was full of rings and charms and pretty birds
Please understand me my walls came falling down
There's nothing here that's left for you
But check with lost and found

Please read the letter that I wrote
Please read the letter that I wrote

One more song just before we go
Remember baby you gotta reap just what you sow
Please read my letter and promise me you'll keep
The secrets and the memories that we cherish in the deep
Please read the letter I nailed it to your door
It's crazy how it all turned out we needed so much more

Please read the letter that I wrote
Please read the letter that I wrote
Please read the letter that I wrote
Please read the letter that I wrote

Drums - *Jay Bellerose*

Bass - *Dennis Crouch*

Acoustic Guitar - *Marc Ribot, T Bone Burnett*

Electric Guitar - *Marc Ribot*

Fiddle - *Alison Krauss*

Trampled Rose

Written by Tom Waits and Kathleen Brennan
Jalma Music (ASCAP)

Long way going to
Get my medicine
Sky's the autumn grey of a lonely wren

Piano from a window played
Gone tomorrow, gone yesterday

I found it in the street
At first I did not see
Lying at my feet
A trampled rose

Passing the hat in church
It never stops going round

You never pay just once
To get the job done

What I done to me,
I done to you
What happened to the trampled rose?

In the muddy street
With the fireworks and leaves

A blind man with a cup I asked
Would he play "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine"

I know that rose,
Like I know my name
The one I gave my love,
It was the same
Now I find it in the street,
A trampled rose

Drums - *Jay Bellerose*

Acoustic Bass - *Dennis Crouch*

Tot Piano, Pump Organ & Keyboards - *Patrick Warren*

Dobro - *Marc Ribot*



Left to right: T Bone Burnett, Jay Bellerose (standing), Norman Blake (seated),



Alison Krauss, Robert Plant, Dennis Crouch, Marc Ribot (seated), Riley Baugus

Fortune Teller

Written by Naomi Neville
© 1962 renewed 1990 Unart Music Corporation. Rights assigned to EMI Catalogue
Partnership. All rights controlled and administered by EMI Unart Catalog Inc.
(BMI) All rights reserved. International copyright secured. Used by permission.

Went to the fortune teller
Had my fortune read
I didn't know what to tell her
I had a dizzy feeling in my head

Then she took a look at my palm
She said son you feel kind of warm
She looked into her crystal ball
And said you're in love

How could that be so
I thought of all the girls I know
She said when the next one arrives
You'll be looking into her eyes

I left there in a hurry
Looking forward to my big surprise
The next day I discovered
That the fortune teller told me a lie

I hurried back down to that woman
As mad as I could be
I told her I didn't see nobody
Why had she made a fool out of me

Then something struck me
As if it came from up above
While looking at the fortune teller
I fell in love

Now I'm a happy fellow
'Cause I'm married to the fortune teller
I'm happy as we can be
Now I get my fortune told for free

Drums - *Jay Bellerose*
Acoustic Bass - *Dennis Crouch*
Electric Guitar - *T Bone Burnett, Marc Ribot*

Stick With Me Baby

Written by Mel Tillis
© 1960 Universal-Cedarwood Pub. (BMI). Copyright renewed.

Everybody's been a-talkin'; they say our love wasn't real
That it would soon be over; that's not the way I feel
But don't worry, honey; let them say what they may
Come on and stick with me, baby; we'll find a way
Yes, we'll find a way

Everybody's been a-talkin'; yes, the news travels fast
They said the fire would stop burnin';
That the flame wouldn't last
But I don't worry, honey; let them say what they may
Come on and stick with me, baby; we'll find a way
Yes, we'll find a way

Come on and stick with me, baby

Drums - *Jay Bellerose*
Acoustic Bass - *Dennis Crouch*
Electric Guitar - *T Bone Burnett, Marc Ribot*

Nothin'

Written by Townes Van Zandt

© 1970, 1999 (renewed) JTVZ Music (ASCAP)/Katie Belle Music
(ASCAP)/Will Van Zandt Publishing (ASCAP) administered by Bug
All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Hey mama, when you leave
Don't leave a thing behind
I don't want nothin', I can't use nothin'

Take care into the hall
And if you see my friends
Tell them I'm fine, not using nothin'

Almost burned out my eyes
Threw my ears down to the floor
I didn't see nothin', I didn't hear nothin'

I stood there like a block of stone
Knowin' all I had to know
And nothin' more, man that's nothin'

Being born is going blind
And bowin' down a thousand times
To echoes strung on pure temptation

Sorrow and solitude
These are the precious things
And the only words that are worth rememberin'

Hey mama, when you leave
Don't leave a thing behind
I don't want nothin', I can't use nothin'

Drums – *Jay Bellerose*

Acoustic Bass – *Dennis Crouch*

Electric Guitar – *Marc Ribot*

Acoustic Guitar – *T Bone Burnett, Norman Blake*

Banjo – *Marc Ribot*

Fiddle – *Alison Krauss*

Let Your Loss Be Your Lesson

Written by Milt Campbell

© 2000 Trice Publishing Co. (BMI) administered by Bug
All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Once I had myself a good woman
But I just didn't treat her right
I was always leaving
Living the party life

True love was waiting for me
I was much too blind to see
Till she told me she would leave me
I said that's alright with me

Oh, but now she's gone
I realize I lost the best thing there is
And my pride keeps telling me
Let your loss be your lesson

Heaven knows I miss her loving
Heaven knows how much I cry
Just to think that she had left me
And I know the reason why

I could tell she had been crying
That didn't seem to bother me
'Cause I know there's no one blinder
Than a fool who just couldn't see

Oh, but now she's gone
I realize I lost the best thing there is
And my pride keeps telling me
Let your loss be your lesson

Drums – *Jay Bellerose*

Acoustic Bass – *Dennis Crouch*

6-String Bass – *T Bone Burnett*

Electric Guitar – *Marc Ribot*

Your Long Journey

Written by A.D. Watson and Rosa Lee Watson
© Hillgreen Music (BMI)

God's given us years of happiness here
Now we must part
And as the angels come and call for you
The pains of grief tug at my heart
Oh, my darling
My darling
My heart breaks as you take your long journey

Oh, the days will be empty
The nights so long without you my love
And when God calls for you I'm left alone
But we will meet in heaven above
Oh, my darling
My darling
My heart breaks as you take your long journey

Fond memories I'll keep of happy ways
That on earth we trod
And when I come we will walk hand in hand
As one in heaven in the family of God
Oh, my darling
My darling
My heart breaks as you take your long journey

Drums – *Jay Bellerose*
Acoustic Bass – *Dennis Crouch*
Acoustic Guitar – *Norman Blake*
Autoharp – *Mike Seeger*
Banjo – *Riley Baugus*

Norman Blake appears courtesy of Plectrafone Records

www.robertplant.com
www.alisonkrauss.com
www.tboneburnett.com

PRODUCED BY T BONE BURNETT

Recorded and Mixed by Mike Piersante

Editing by Jason Wormer

Additional Engineering by Jason Wormer
and Stacy Parrish

Assistant Engineers – Emile Kelman, Kyle Ford,
Vanessa Parr, Alex Pavlides

Recorded at Sound Emporium, Nashville, TN;
Electro Magnetic Studios, Los Angeles, CA; The
Village Recorder, Los Angeles, CA.; Sage & Sound,
Hollywood, CA.

Mixed at Electro Magnetic Studios, Los Angeles, CA.

Mastered by Gavin Lurssen at Lurssen Mastering,
Hollywood, CA.

Guitar Technicians – Paul Ackling, Curtis Laur

Production Manager – Ivy Skoff

Production Assistant – Lisa Surber

Management / Robert Plant
Trinifold Management, London, UK

Project Coordination for Robert Plant – Nicola Powell

Management / Alison Krauss
DS Management, Nashville, TN

Photography – Pamela Springsteen

Band Photograph – Russ Harrington

Art Direction & Design – Steven Jurgensmeyer



Robert Plant would like to give special thanks to:
Bill Curbishley for peerless management;
Nicola Powell for patience, diligence and conjecture.

Alison Krauss would like to thank:
Denise Stiff, Jami Fugate, Shelley Bright,
Jennifer Templeton, Paige Simmons Helyer,
Debbie Beasley, Lauri Eisenberg and Fred Carpenter

T Bone Burnett would like to give special thanks to:
Larry Jenkins, Garth Fundis, Tony Brown
and John Grady

*Gratitude to T Bone and the Blue Glow
who steered an old dog to new tricks.*