

JAIME LOZANO &
THE FAMILIA

SONGS BY AN
IMMIGRANT VOL. 2



TRACK LISTING

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feat. Florencia Cuenca

1. THE STORIES WE SING OF

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

FEAT. JAIME LOZANO

ARRANGEMENT BY YAHIR MONTES AND JAIME LOZANO

JAIME LOZANO'S VOCALS RECORDED BY JEANNE MONTALVO AT LOUNGE STUDIOS
IN NEW YORK, NY

GUITARS RECORDED BY ANTONIO SEPÚLVEDA MARTÍNEZ AT RUBATO ESTUDIO IN
COLIMA, MEXICO

GUITARS: YAHIR MONTES • **ACCORDION:** GERARDO "QUIRRI" PADILLA

SPECIAL THANKS TO ADRIAN ALEXANDER ALEA, YAHIR MONTES, EAN CASTELLANOS
AND FLORENCIA CUENCA FOR HELPING WITH MY ENGLISH AND MY VOICE.

Bienvenidos to Songs by an Immigrant Vol. 2. I have tons of stories to tell and sing with my Familia, so I hope this is the second volume of many. This was the last song I wrote for this album with my hermano Georgie in June 2023, and it became the opening track. I have always loved singing. I wanted to be a singer. I studied opera singing back in college, but then I realized I was way better doing other things. But my wife can hear me almost every day singing out at our home - sorry, mi amor - or if you see me walking on the street, most of the time I might be singing and dancing - I know, I am un poco loco. A few months ago my brother in Monterrey, México called to tell me that our auntie (my mom's sister), who has been practically our mother, had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. My aunt is the strongest woman I have ever met: hard-working, generous, smart, patient, spiritual, loving...I could go on and on. If I am any good it's because of my mom and her two sisters, mi tía Conchita one of them. She paid for my education when I was a kid. She was always there by my mom's side helping her with everything: buying us groceries, lending us a car, celebrating with us every little triumph. She promised she'd take care of me and my brother when my mom passed away. My aunt has been the greatest angel in my life. She was there at the beginning of my career bringing me lunch to rehearsals, or dinner when I was working late at the recording studio, and also "lending" me some money to produce my things, even when she really didn't have the extra money to spend. She just wanted to see me happy doing what I love. She taught me how to drive. During my first years in New York, she always sent money from her pension so I could make ends meet. She started working when she was 13 years old to support her parents, brothers and sisters. She is the most amazing human being I know. This song is for her. I will always sing our stories to make her remember. I will sing about us so we don't forget. I will sing very loudly, no matter how ugly my voice can be or how out of tune I am. Te amo, tía.

P.S. Singing in English is even a bigger challenge for me. Consider my accent a gift to you, and a reminder that we need more people with accents telling stories. This is who I am. This is for the people before us and for those coming after us. Let's sing our stories.

Come sit by me, and listen to my
song,
A story you have heard before.
Come hear the tune I'm playing
Like a broken record, on and on,
Until we can't sing anymore.

Before I drift away in reverie,
Before we can't recall our names,
Before you squint your eyes
Pretending you still see the whole
of me,
I'll capture memories
In a song they'll play on loop when
we're not here;
In notes forever humming in their
ear.

The stories we sing of
Are lyrics we pass on from verse
to chorus,
As we share the hopes and
struggles we come from.
The stories we sing of
One day will make a beautiful
score!
This is why I'm here to write
The music of the things we're
living for.
This I'm singing of.

Come sing along, let's build a
melody
About the times that brought us
here.
Let's put together all these chords
Until we have a symphony
That talks of where we've been,
Like that broken record moving us
to tears,
A hymn forever whistling in your
ear.

The stories we sing of
Are lyrics we pass on from verse
to chorus,
As we share the hopes and

struggles we come from.
The stories we sing of
One day will make a beautiful
score!
This is why I'm here to write
The music of the things we're
living for.

When we share our stories,
Whether pain or glory
We tell them who we are,
We let them see the journey made
so far.
Cause when you tell your story
All is mended.
Life is worth a song!
This is why I'm here to try
To let the story live as we go on.

Tu historia es mi canción
La guardo en estas notas que
perduran,
Y en los versos que aseguran que
estarás.
Por siempre vivirás.
Y así he de recordarte al cantar.
Quiero en esta música
Guardarte con amor.
This is why I'm here to write
The music of the things we're
living for.
This I'm singing of.
You I'm singing of.



2. HERE AND NOW

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO
LYRICS BY MARINA PIRES
FEAT. MANDY GONZALEZ

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO
ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA
BACKUP VOCALS ARRANGEMENT BY ALLEN RENÉ LOUIS
MANDY GONZALEZ' VOCALS RECORDED BY ANDRÉ ELIAS AT
SIGNATURE SOUND STUDIO IN SAN DIEGO, CA

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **ACCORDION:** GERARDO "QUIRRI" PADILLA
GUITARS: JAVIER PONCE • **BASS:** MARCOS MILAGRES • **DRUMS:** RODRIGO SOTO
PERCUSSION: DAYRON CARTAS • **SAXOPHONES:** ALEX HAMLIN
TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA • **TROMBONES:** LEÓN NAVA
VIOLINS: RAÚL SÁNCHEZ AND MARIENN SÁNCHEZ
VIOLA: ANDREA OLVERA TORRES • **CELLO:** JOSÉ MARÍA LÓPEZ PRADO
BACKUP VOCALS: ALLEN RENÉ LOUIS • **TENOR SAX SOLO:** OLE MATHISEN

Mandy Gonzalez is a national treasure, an inspiration for me in so many ways. Not only is she a great storyteller with an unbelievable voice, but she is also a kind and generous human being and a fearless warrior. Who better to sing this song, with lyrics by another one of my favorite human beings: mi hermana, actress, songwriter, storyteller, Marina Pires, whom I met back in 2016 in an audition room, and now I can't imagine my life without her. Life is good, life has blessed me with amazing gifts in the form of people like Mandy and Marina, and when you put all that in the same song, you get honest storytelling at its highest. When I received the final mix for this album, I listened to it on many different sound systems and different headphones in different places. One of those was with my AirPods sitting in the middle of Times Square, and let me tell you, this song hits differently there. As a kid or teenager, I never imagined myself doing what I do today: living in the greatest city in the world and getting to raise my voice to tell stories about who I am, about my community, our dreams, our hopes, our struggles... I don't know who is reading or listening, but we only have for sure the here and now. Do what you love to do. Be you. Because you are beautiful, unique and special.

Sometimes I wonder what's to come,
I sit and ruminate on far-off futures,
And all my dreams push me along
Until I wake up empty handed
feeling numb.

Suppose that all it takes is time,
And all that magic's waiting 'round
the corner.
Another year or so of trying
A failed attempts to alchemize
another life.

Nobody knows for sure what life
full throw our way.
We can start living for today.

Here and now,
The time stops ticking on and I
am
Here and now,
What's coming doesn't matter only
Here and now,
And suddenly I'm smiling cause
The life that I've been waiting for
somehow
Is all mine in this moment - here
and now.

And looking back is all the same.
The past is fading faster than the
future.
No enemies, no one to blame.
So tell me why am I still counting
yesterdays.

Suppose that time is running out,
That memories are slipping
through my fingers
Without a shadow of a doubt
It's all in this moment between us
here and now.

Nobody knows for sure what life
will throw our way.
All we can do is live today.

Here and now,
The clock stops ticking on and I
am
Here and now,
What happen doesn't matter only
Here and now,
And suddenly I'm smiling cause
The life that I've been waiting for
somehow
Is in this very moment - here and
now.

Here and now,
All time stops ticking on and I am
Here and now,
What happened doesn't matter
only
Here and now,
And suddenly I'm smiling cause
The life that I've been waiting for
somehow
Is in this precious moment - here
and now.

Right now.



Photo from Jaime Lozano's archive

3. DREAMER / SUEÑA (SPANISH VERSION)

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

SPANISH LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

FEAT. MAURICIO MARTÍNEZ AND ALEX LACAMOIRE

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

MAURICIO MARTÍNEZ' VOCALS RECORDED BY DEMIÁN CANTÚ AT VICTORIA RECORDS
IN MONTERREY, MEXICO

PIANO: ALEX LACAMOIRE • GUITARS: PAVEL CAL • BASS: RUDYCK VIDAL
DRUMS: JAVIER GARAGARZA • PERCUSSION: JOEL MATEO
VIOLINS AND CELLOS: LUIS CARDOSO • TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA
SAXOPHONES: ENRIQUE RÍOS • TROMBONES: ERIKA ROSAS
PROGRAMMING: DEMIÁN CANTÚ

The original English recording of this song is part of our first Songs by an Immigrant album. This song has become an anthem for me, my lyricist Georgie, and my Familia. This song came to us at the perfect moment during the pandemic, and it saved me. We wrote it thinking of my querido hermano Mauricio's voice, and we have performed this song in every single concert we have been doing for the last four years. I have received emails, DMs, and all kinds of messages about this song from many people, immigrants like myself who feel somehow related and connected to this song. I am grateful for this song and thankful to the people moved by this song because what we do has a purpose. We write from a place of honesty, from our hearts, hoping someone is gonna connect with what we do. Hoping our songs and stories are gonna find someone at the right time and place. Hoping one song, one phrase, one note, one word can change someone's life in the same way my life has been changed by many writers: Lin-Manuel Miranda, Stephen Sondheim, Jason Robert Brown, Billy Joel, Fito Páez, Armando Manzanero, Rubén Blades, Juan Gabriel, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Paul Simon, Stevie Wonder, Babyface, Cole Porter, the Gershwins, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Elton John, Bernie Taupin, Adam Guettel, Andrew Lippa, Burt Bacharach, Tom Kitt, Brian Yorkey, David Bowie, Pablo Milanes, Silvio Rodríguez, Mónica Velez, Gloria Estefan, Consuelo Velázquez, Benito Martínez, Manuel Alejandro, Juan Carlos Calderón, José Alfredo Jiménez, Agustín Lara, Joan Sebastian, Marco Antonio Solís, José María Cano, Guadalupe Trigo, Alvaro Carrillo, María Grever, Chabuca Granda, Joaquín Sabina, Violeta Parra, and many more... all dreamers in some way.



Photo from Jaime Lozano's archive

Había una vez un soñador
En busca de un lugar mejor
En donde florecer.
Dando un paso comenzó su viaje
Preguntando si sus sueños
lograrán crecer.

En busca de oportunidad,
Requiere una comunidad
Para pertenecer.
Dando un paso firme, nada hay
que perder.
Cuando el corazón decide poco
hay que temer.

Sueña,
Aunque dejes todo atrás.
Da un paso al frente, busca las
respuestas
Para seguir creyendo en esto y
más.

Sueña,
Aunque opinen los demás,
Da un paso al frente, cree y
manifiesta
Que estás en donde estás habrá
un hogar.

Me acuerdo de ese soñador
Frustrado y lleno de dolor,
Cansado de luchar,
Dando un paso viendo al
horizonte.
La esperanza vibra dentro de su
voluntad.

Se esfuerza más de sol a sol,
Aprende inglés, asume el rol
De loco luchador.
Dando un paso firme, al fin tiene
el control.
Cuando el corazón persiste, todo
va mejor.

Sueña,
Aunque dejes todo atrás.
Da un paso al frente, busca las
respuestas
Para seguir creyendo en esto y
más.

Sueña,
Aunque opinen los demás,
Da un paso al frente, cree y
manifiesta
Que estás en donde estás habrá
un hogar.

Cree en ti, soñador,
Todo puede ser.
Pon tu fe en el amor
Y échate a correr.
El corazón es siempre fiel,
No importa si tropiezas,
Vamos, déjate caer.
Te pondrás de pie.

Y ahora sueña,
Que lo puedes alcanzar,
Un paso al frente de lo
complicado,
Un paso afuera de la tempestad,
Sueña,
Al dormir y al despertar,
Da un paso adentro de lo que has
logrado,
Un paso lejos del pasado.
Y estás en donde tú estás
Habrá un hogar.
Cree más,
Vuela más,
Sueña más.

4. MY FATHER'S NAME

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

FEAT. ROBIN DE JESÚS.

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

BACKUP VOCALS ARRANGEMENT BY ALLEN RENÉ LOUIS

ROBIN DE JESÚS' VOCALS RECORDED BY JAIME LOZANO AT HIS STUDIO IN UNION CITY, NJ

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **GITARS:** PAVEL CAL

FRETLESS BASS: RANDY LANDAU • **DRUMS:** KARL LATHAM

PERCUSSION: DAYRON CARTAS • **SAXOPHONES:** ALEX HAMLIN

TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA • **TROMBONES:** LEÓN NAVA

PROGRAMMING: DEMIÁN CANTÚ • **BACKUP VOCALS:** ALLEN RENÉ LOUIS

My story with Robin goes back to 2007 and In the Heights, a show I saw on Broadway over 30 times. We met because of Doreen Montalvo and other people in the show. I have followed his career even before then, and I think he is one of the greatest actors of our time on stage and on screen. It is incredible how his big heart translates to exquisite and compelling storytelling. He might not remember this, but there was one time I found him taking the A train uptown, and without him really knowing my work, he told me he had been in Argentina teaching, and he wanted to recommend me to go teach there too. He did, and I ended going to Buenos Aires to teach for three years. That is his generosity on and off stage. He gives us his rendition of this song about language and struggling. We all Latines have different stories, all important and unique, and these deserve to be told and heard. When I arrived in this country I didn't speak English at all. It was hard and challenging. I still struggle with the language. Being honest, one of the reasons I don't write lyrics in English and have all these amazing collaborators is because I am afraid that my current knowledge of the language is not gonna be good enough to tell the stories I want to tell, and write lyrics in a clear and proficient way. I am afraid to make mistakes sometimes. This song is about that, but the other way around. I have a lot of Latine friends that struggle with communicating in español, in Spanish. I see you and I hear you. You aren't less Latine for not speaking the language. We all have our very own and unique journey. Let's embrace it. Yo te abrazo.



Photo from Jaime Lozano's archive

“Sorry, brother,
Yo no hablo español”
A younger version of myself
Would say out loud
Trying to smother
What I thought would make me small,
That younger me, who was American
And proud.

Cuban, yes,
But I was born here,
I don't think my accent's that weird.
Yes, I have my father's name.
True, my eyes are full of ocean,
There's arroz in my emotions,
Ribbons of wet sand in my veins.

“Hold on, brother,
Tú no hablas español”
A later version of myself
Would cry out loud.
Did you bother,
When you thought you knew it all,
To memorize a few more words
Up in your cloud?

Looking back
The boy was frying.
There he was, naïve but trying,
Two cultures mixed in one brain.
That was me, eyes full of ocean,
Ropa Vieja in my emotions,
Ribbons of wet sand through my
veins.

I wasn't ashamed but I wanted more,
To be so American, King of the World.
I didn't know better,
Who knew I would miss my español?
The sound of it now takes me home,
Now I swallow books as I relearn it,
There are words I can't remember,
I'm sure they're somewhere in my
brain.
So I close my eyes so full of ocean,
I taste yuca in my emotions,
I can feel wet sand in my veins.

I didn't know better,
I miss speaking español.
Wish I sounded more like my father's
name.

“Well done, brother,
You have mastered español”
An older version of myself
Would cheer out loud.
Tell the others
Now you laugh at feeling small,
You're both American and Cuban,
And you're proud.

Look ahead, the man is thriving,
Under a marquee that's shining
Lights over his father's name!
This is me, eyes full of ocean,
There's mojito in my emotions,
Let there be wet sand in my veins.

I wasn't ashamed but I wanted more,
To be so American, King of the World.
I didn't know better,
who knew I would master español?
The sound of it now takes me home.
Now I put aside the books, I've
learned it,
There are words I still remember,
They'll stay forever in my brain.
So I close my eyes so full of ocean,
I taste yuca in my emotions,
I can feel wet sand in my veins.
I sense it again!
It's all in my brain!
I didn't know better,
I love speaking español.
Glad I'm sounding more like my
father's name.

Hear me now!

Do you see how I smile when I say
My father's name?
Ribbons of wet sand in my veins!
My father's name.

5. NOSTALGIA

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

FEAT. DAVID CAVAZOS

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

DAVID CAVAZOS' VOCALS RECORDED AT HIS STUDIO IN MERIDA, MEXICO

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **ACCORDION:** GERARDO "QUIRRI" PADILLA

GUITARS: JAVIER PONCE • **BASS:** MARCOS MILAGRES • **DRUMS:** RODRIGO SOTO

PERCUSSION: DAYRON CARTAS • **SAXOPHONES AND CLARINET:** ALEX HAMLIN

TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA • **TROMBONES:** LEÓN NAVA

VIOLINS: RAÚL SÁNCHEZ AND MARIENN SÁNCHEZ

VIOLA: ANDREA OLVERA TORRES • **CELLO:** JOSÉ MARÍA LÓPEZ PRADO

Being away from my country, my city, mi gente: mi hermano, mi hija Ely Aimé, mi papá, mi tía Conchita, mi familia, mis amigos: Demián, Gilberto, and many more: my food (tacos al pastor, carne asada), mi Monterrey, México, has been really hard and challenging. To be honest, never in my life did I dream about living outside of that city—I never dreamed of living in NYC or having a career in another country. Just one decision led to the next one, and here we are. I love my city, I love my people. This song is a love letter to our cities, our country... There's not a single day that I don't think about what I left behind, and it is because of them that I fight harder and harder to make them proud, telling and singing our stories and about us. But one of the beauties about immigrating is finding your chosen family, and mi hermano Georgie, mi "Jorgito," he always has the perfect words for my music and my feelings. It doesn't matter if we write songs in English or español. He always knows how to say it. Mi ciudad es su gente y los extraño lleno de nostalgia. It is always about the people, my people. And they live in me. I hope to make them proud. And who better to give voice to this song than one of the most beautiful male voices in my country? A voice I could listen to for days and days, nonstop, also born in Monterrey, México, the great David Cavazos, a human being as beautiful as his voice.



Photo from Jaime Lozano's archive

Me gusta que me invada la
nostalgia,
Me gusta, porque me hace hablar
de ti,
Contarles que a pesar de la
distancia
No te dejo de pensar.
Cada mañana murmuro tu
nombre,
Le pido al viento que te haga
llegar
Todo este cariño que por ti siento
al recordar.

Me gusta caminar por la memoria,
Me gusta, pues me llena de
ilusión.
Decirles que no ha muerto nuestra
historia,
Y no te dejo de anhelar.
Con indulgencia me pierdo en la
euforia
De dedicarte esta simple canción.
Todo mi cariño es para ti, toda mi
nostalgia.

Y hoy aunque estoy lejos de ti,
Los recuerdos me miran pasar,
Como esa brisa de abril,
Como esas tardes de luz y
claroscuro.
Vives en mí, yo te juro,
Que donde esté, siempre estaré
prendido a ti.

Me gusta emborracharme de
nostalgia,
Me gusta, porque aunque me haga
llorar,
Me abrasa con las llamas de tu
magia,
Y no te dejo de invocar.
Y en el intento de hacerme al más
fuerte,
Duele cruzar a este lado del mar.
Sabes que aunque tuve que volar,
sigo en ti presente.

Y hoy aunque estoy lejos de ti,
Los recuerdos me miran pasar,
Como esa brisa de abril,
Como esas tardes de luz y
claroscuro.
Vives en mí, yo te juro,
Que donde esté, siempre estaré
contigo...

Les contaré que aunque volé,
Nada me impide volver a soñarte.
Les contaré que aunque emigré,
Nadie me impide volver a
buscarte,
Y voy prendido a ti.

Y hoy aunque estoy lejos de ti,
La nostalgia me mira pasar,
Como esa lluvia febril,
Como esas noches de luna y
claroscuro.
Vives en mí, yo te juro,
Que donde esté, que aunque
emigré,
Vuelvo a buscarte y quedarme
prendido...
Y esto que siento al suspirar:
Nostalgia, nostalgia de recordar.

6. ALMA AMERICANA, CORAZÓN LATINO

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

FEAT. AMY LYNN

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

BACKUP VOCALS ARRANGEMENT BY ALLEN RENÉ LOUIS

AMY LYNN'S VOCALS RECORDED BY ALEX HAMLIN AT CHIPSNIP RECORDS
IN DOBBS FERRY, NY

ELECTRIC PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **GIITARS:** PAVEL CAL • **DRUMS:** JAVIER GARAGARZA
BASS: DEMIÁN CANTÚ • **PERCUSSION:** DAYRON CARTAS • **TRUMPETS:** CARLOS GARZA
TROMBONES: LEÓN NAVA • **PROGRAMMING:** DEMIÁN CANTÚ
BACKUP VOCALS: ALLEN RENÉ LOUIS

DEDICATED TO DOREEN MONTALVO

Back in 2009, I met an amazing woman who would change my life. She became my sister, my collaborator, my muse: Doreen Montalvo. She became familia, a home, someone I knew was there by my side all the time. I met her because she was hired by NYU to be part of the staged reading of my thesis musical, but I was already a fan of her voice because of In the Heights: a unique, powerful and soulful voice as no other. She asked me to produce an album for her called Alma Americana, Corazón Latino. These words were hers. That's the way she felt, and that was the title of a beautiful album we did which was supposed to include this song, but for some reason the lyrics were never completely finished, so the song wasn't recorded. Life sure takes unexpected turns, and even though her soul and heart are still with us, she is not physically here for us to hug her. I can still feel her in every note and word of every single story I tell. What we love never dies. I decided to finish her song. I approached the person who always knows what to say and how to say it, Georgie Castilla, and we wrote this song for our Doreen. Te amo mi Doreencita. Also back in 2009, in my same thesis project (Children of Salt, the musical) I met another great woman, the incredible Amy Lynn, one of the most amazing voices I have ever heard. There's nothing she can't do with her voice, and my heart always jumps with joy when I listen to her. Amy Lynn, Doreen and myself became a familia, one of the very first families I made when I first came here speaking no English at all. Mi Doreen, we made another song for you. I know you will like it. You are always with us.

Every season has its turn,
Every turn around the sun
Is unexpected.
We never know how many nights
and days
We'll stay.

Every little step I take
Should bring the dream closer,
Every decision I make drives me
further.
The rest is not up to me.

Every tear is meant to teach,
Every laugh is meant to heal
The broken hearted.
Lo que se ama nunca muere,
So they say.
It's okay.

Every night you call my name
Will guide me closer
To those things we shared.
The rest is not up to me.

Alma americana, corazón latino.
That's what you'll remember
When my time is up.
There won't be a single day, my
love,
In which I won't bless you from
above.
You will always hear me
When they play this song.

Every year has ups and downs,
When the world is upside down
I will be with you.
When you stay up to reminisce or
pray,
I'll be there.

Every little thought you spare
Brings you closer.
We'll stay together in memories
forever,
Baby, the rest is not up to me.

Alma americana, corazón latino.
That's what you'll remember
When my time is up.
There won't be a single day, my
love,
In which I won't bless you from
above.

You will always feel me
When they play this song.

Alma americana, corazón latino.
Vivo en tus recuerdos, en tu
ensoñación.
There won't be a single day, my
love,
In which I won't kiss you from
above.
I will always love you,
Our memories will hug you,
Now that is up to me.



7. ATRÁS Y ADELANTE

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY NEENA BEBER

FEAT. ROBI HAGER

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

ROBI HAGER'S VOCALS RECORDED AT HIS STUDIO IN PHILADELPHIA, PA

GITARS: PAVEL CAL

JARANA, REQUINTO, CONTRABASS AND LEONA: VICTOR MURILLO

SAXOPHONES: ALEX HAMLIN • **TRUMPETS:** CARLOS GARZA

VIOLINS: RAÚL SANCHEZ AND RICARDO HAMAURY GÓMEZ

VIOLA: JOSÉ ANTONIO MORALES • **CELLO:** FRANCISCO MORENO

PROGRAMMING: DEMIÁN CANTÚ

I have always been passionate about using my Mexican stories and music. The novel Pedro Páramo by Juan Rulfo has become one of the most acclaimed works of Latin American literature, it was one of the precursors of what we know today as the Magical Realism genre. A few years ago someone approached me with the idea to write a musical based on the novel, and of course I said yes immediately. Back in México, I had already musicalized a play based on the novel (one of my very first works), and since then I have been very into this story. I have a thing for stories about looking into the past. Juan Preciado promises his mother on her deathbed to search for his long-lost father, Pedro Páramo, in the town of Comala, but when he arrives he discovers that Comala is an abandoned ghost town, and that his father has been dead for many years. Every time I have these almost impossible storytelling tasks, I have to call my friend and collaborator Neena Beber. Her language, full of smart and powerful images, turns any of my music into perfect songs. And because the only thing better than one Mexican is two or more Mexicans together, I called my dear friend, musical theatre actor, writer and composer Robi Hager to bring this song to life. Mexicanos unidos, jamás serán vencidos. His voice is just perfect for this song, and that final note, coming from nowhere - as he mentioned to me when he asked me if I really wanted him to sing that note - is exquisite. ¡Salud! for more Mexican and Latin stories in musical theatre. And I really hope that one day we can do this Pedro Páramo musical.

My mother would stir anger — like
sauce — in a pot
With a pinch of the sweetness of
dreams she forgot
And the sharp bitter root that I caught
as she chopped
Stir it slow, stir it slow
Oh mi madre it's time to move on
from a time long ago
She'd say "Come here m'ijito
There is a village where the gates are
laced with sighs
And the corn is always ripe and
houses glow white
And the sky is filled with stars that
light each night"
Looking back and up ahead
Atrás y adelante

My mother let it simmer — each
thought — like a spice
As she stared out the window and
boiled the sweet rice
I grew up on the tales of her sweet
paradise
Stir it slow, make it thick
"Oh mi'jito there once was a time
when I could have my pick
Made a vow, made it too quick
Someday he'll face the man I thought
that he could be"
She was sure he'd want to see who
I've become now
For a man must want to know his only
son
Looking back and up ahead
Atrás y adelante

I never was a man to anger quickly
but now I see
Revenge is best cooked slowly, mixed
with tears
Over days and weeks and years, let
the flame stay low
If you feed the fire and add more oil
Even a simmered pot will some day
reach a boil

Serve it hot when the time is right
Till then keep the lid on tight
Let it brew
When the day has come you'll go —
make him pay
And that day is going to come — today

My mother made me promise — to
see — where I'm from
Now the sweet mem'ries stab me
from dusk until dawn
There's a dark bitter taste in my
mouth since she's gone
Stir it fast, make it last
Oh mi madre it's time to find out who
you were long ago
Make him pay, make him suffer
For all the days and weeks and years
he'll never know
For the part he played when he
crushed your heart — like salsa
picante
For the shame you felt when you said
his name — for the words that he
has haunted
Find the man who my mother wed
Atrás y adelante
Climb the road that she once fled
Atrás y adelante
My past is waiting up ahead...
Atrás y adelante



Photo from Jaime Lozano's archive

8. SILHOUETTES

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

FEAT. KATERINA MCCRIMMON AND NICHOLAS EDWARDS

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

VOCALS RECORDED BY JAIME LOZANO IN UNION CITY, NJ

KATERINA MCCRIMMON'S VOCALS RECORDED BY JAIME LOZANO AT HIS STUDIO
IN UNION CITY, NJ

NICHOLAS EDWARDS'S VOCALS RECORDED BY JEANNE MONTALVO AT SWAN STUDIOS
IN NEW YORK, NY

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **GUITARS:** PAVEL CAL • **DRUMS:** ROSS PEDERSON

PERCUSSION: DAYRON CARTAS • **BASS:** MARCOS MILAGRES

SAXOPHONES: ALEX HAMLIN • **TRUMPETS:** CARLOS GARZA • **TROMBONES:** LEÓN NAVA

KEYBOARD SOLO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **BACKUP VOCALS:** YAHIR MONTES

This is a song with a lot of time in the making. I wrote this music back in 2008 for an assignment at the Graduate Musical Theatre Writing Program at NYU-Tisch. It was my first time writing something really Latino, my first "salsa" song written in this country. I went back to my archive and pulled this piece out. A very demanding song, really hard to sing; so I reached out to some of the greatest voices I know out there, both proudly Latines. Katerina and Nicholas amaze me every single time they open their mouths: you can hear all their history, you can hear who they are and all they have in their hearts, minds, and bodies. I can't wait for all the amazing things coming up for them. They both are stars, and I feel so honored to have them in this Familia. Thanks both for the gift of your voices and your souls.

Peering behind the window
I'm a silhouette,
Pressing against the pillow,
Trying not to fret.

I know I said I'd be stronger,
That I'd never break.
I can't pretend any longer
Nothing's at stake.

I'm staring at the silhouette
That's blurring on the faded wall,
Trying to keep my shadow set
On feelings that I can't control at
all.
What if I'm disappearing?
And what if I can't come back?
What if the room got darker,
And distance convinced you I'm a
silhouette?

Waiting behind a window,
Looking out for signs,
Hugging your empty pillow,
I read every line.

You're asking me to be braver,
That it's for the best.
Still, insecurities waver,
My soul can't rest.

I'm staring at the silhouette
That's blurring on the faded wall,
Trying to keep my shadow set
On feelings that I can't control at
all.
What if I'm disappearing?
And what if I can't come back?
What if the room got darker,
And distance convinced you I'm a
silhouette?

Find me, I'll be junto a ti...
Between the ocean and the sky
Tú me encontrarás.
Find me, I'll be junto a ti...
In the people passing by
Siempre me verás.
Find me, I'll be junto a ti...
Just before you fall asleep,
Antes de dormir.
Find me, I'll be junto a ti...
Siluetas, siluetas.

Mi corazón es para ti... para ti.
Crying my heart out of you.
Mi corazón es para ti...
Mi corazón...
Para ti.
Solo para ti y nadie más
Yo quiero estar en donde estás
Mi corazón es para ti...
Mi corazón...
Para ti.
Es para ti...
Mi corazón.
Es para ti...
Mi corazón.

We're more than fading silhouettes
We can't go blurring on the wall.
Try to keep our shadows set
On hopes and dreams we trust, and
aim to hold.
Nothing is disappearing.
Everything's coming back.
Breathe and hold on,
Don't let this distance convince
you.
We're not silhouettes.
We're not silhouettes.
We're not silhouettes.

9. YOU ARE THE REASON

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY MICHAEL COOPER

SPANISH LYRICS BY JAIME LOZANO

FEAT. MAURICIO MARTÍNEZ

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

MAURICIO MARTÍNEZ' VOCALS RECORDED BY JAIME LOZANO AT HIS STUDIO
IN UNION CITY, NJ

RHODES: ÓSCAR "KEYS" SANDOVAL • **GITARS:** PAVEL CAL

FRETLESS BASS: MARCOS MILAGRES

VIOLINS: RAÚL SANCHEZ AND RICARDO HAMAURY GÓMEZ

VIOLA: JOSÉ ANTONIO MORALES • **CELLO:** FRANCISCO MORENO

Back in 2019, the amazing Michael Cooper sent me an email about a movie he thought would be a great idea to turn into a musical. My answer to him was, "Are you kidding me? I already had the idea to work on a musical adaptation of this movie." So, we started reaching out to people trying to find the way to make it happen. I won't say the name of the movie - I hope soon we can move forward with this project - but Michael and I have already written one song. We wrote this for my brother, paisano and long time collaborator, Mauricio Martínez, one of my favorite voices ever. None of my projects would be complete without him, the very first and original member of this group that I call The Familia. Everything started with us, Florencia, Mauricio and I. Oh, and of course, Alonzo, my beautiful son who is always by our side in rehearsals, auditions, concerts, shows, hotel rooms, running from one place to another on the bus, subway, plane. Always by our side. This song is for you, Alonzo. You are the reason, the reason I do what I do. You are our everything. Gracias for being the best partner your mom and I could ask for. "1, 2, 3... Amo mucho mi familia."



Photo by Gilda Villarreal

Nobody chooses
To live with the bruises,
All the abuses,
The silent screams.
Nobody dreams they will suffer,
Nobody's hands aren't rougher
Then when they began.

Nothing is certain
Except for the hurt
Falling, like dirt, into
Open graves.
Nobody saves you from sorrow.
Nobody's promised tomorrow.
You pray and you plan.

And you hope you can
By running through the night
So afraid, but you fight on your
own.
Now you're all alone
With shoulders to the sky,
Like the wild coyote, I cry:

You are the reason,
The reason I do what I do.
You are the reason,
The reason has always been you.

I know I've told you
I wish I could hold you.
If it gets cold, you
Can count on me.
Someday, I'll be there beside you.
Someday, I won't have to hide you
For we will be free...

We're a family
We're running through the night.
Are you out there, where do you
roam?
Can I bring you home?
My shoulders to the sky,
Like the wild coyote, I cry:

You are the reason,
The reason I do what I do.
You are the reason,
The reason has always been you.

Now the hours fly
As the seasons pass
Like a thunderstorm, like a
monsoon.
Every tear we cry
Is a river crossed,
We are lost, under the same
moon.

Tú, mi motivo
Tú eres mi fuerza y mi luz
Tú, mi motivo
En todo momento eres tú...

Oh, you are the reason,
The reason I live every day.
You are the reason,
The reason that I went away.

Everyone chooses...
But tell me: What use is
Healing a broken heart?

You are the reason.
You are the reason.

10. ESE MAR

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY ELLA BRIC AND FRAN TAPIA

FEAT. ELLA BRIC

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

ELLA BRIC'S VOCALS RECORDED BY JEANNE MONTALVO AT SWAN STUDIOS
IN NEW YORK, NY

GITARS: PAVEL CAL • **VIHUELA:** HOMERO VILLARREAL

UKULELE BASS: MARCOS MILAGRES • **KEYBOARDS:** JAIME LOZANO

TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA • **VIOLINS:** LUIS CARDOSO

PROGRAMMING: DEMIÁN CANTÚ • **TRUMPET SOLO:** ELLA BRIC

This one is a very, very special song for me, a dream collaboration. I have been a fan of Ella Bric and her music for a long, long time. Ella is a genius, a talent out of this world as a composer and music producer, and with such a special sensibility as both a vocalist and a trumpet player. The way she creates music is so exquisite and elegant, no matter what style she is doing: jazz (from standard to Latin), pop, Latin, urban, and more. So I decided to try something different and we created this urban/reggaeton/cumbia mariachi track. Ella and Fran wrote the lyrics as they were touring as part of the part of the On Your Feet! tour, and on a little break, we got into a studio in New York City and magic happened in the room, included this "first take/one take trumpet solo" at the end of the song. Ella said, "This is the solo. I have never before been happy with my very first try." There's always a first time for everything, and when you are honest and passionate about what you do, things just happen the way they are meant to be.

Hoy el cielo pesa
Se oscurece mi andar
Y el viento canta
De dolor porque te vas.
Tú estás tan cerca
Y tan lejos a la vez.
No puedo tocarte
Solo imaginarte.

Dime que me quieres
Aunque sé que no está bien.
Por un segundo olvida
Que no nos podemos ver.
Mi cuerpo se deshace,
Ya no sé qué voy a hacer...
Quiero amarte hasta el amanecer.

¡Ay
Todo ese mar
Que se viene si tú estás!
Yo siento que no hay más,
Que ganas de besarte.
¡Ay todo lo que aquí está es pa' ti!
Quiero tenerte,
Pero sé muy bien
Que te debo dejar ir.

Siento
¡Ay te siento!
En la mañana,
En la tarde,
En la noche...
Todo el tiempo babe.

Vuelvo a otro cuerpo
A buscar lo que vi en ti.
Por más que yo intento
Todo me recuerda a ti.
Cada parte de tu cuerpo
Que soñé sentir,
Y las que me diste porque
Te dejaste ir.

Dime que me quieres
Aunque sé que no está bien.
Por un segundo olvida
Que no nos podemos ver.
Mi cuerpo se deshace,
Ya no sé qué voy a hacer...
Quiero amarte hasta el amanecer.

¡Ay
Todo ese mar
Que se viene si tú estás!
Yo siento que no hay más,
Que ganas de besarte.
¡Ay todo lo que aquí está es pa' ti!
Quiero tenerte,
Pero sé muy bien
Que te debo dejar...

¡Ay
Lo que yo daría
Por besar tu piel bebé!
¡Ay to' lo que nos dimos
Se queda conmigo!
¡Ay to' lo que daría
Si tu mirá' fuera mía otra vez!
Pero sé muy bien,
Que te debo dejar.

Tú me dices si te arriesgas babe,
Si me tomas o me dejas babe,
Si estamos o no estamos babe,
Si te entregas y nos damos babe.



11. FLORENCIA

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY JAIME LOZANO
FEAT. RAUL MIDÓN

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO
ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA
RAUL MIDÓN'S VOCALS RECORDED AT HIS STUDIO IN LAUREL, MD

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • GUITARS: PAVEL CAL
BASS: MARCOS MILAGRES • PERCUSSION: DAYRON CARTAS
VIOLINS: RAÚL SANCHEZ AND RICARDO HAMAURY GÓMEZ
VIOLA: JOSÉ ANTONIO MORALES • CELLO: FRANCISCO MORENO
SAXOPHONES: ALEX HAMLIN • TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA • TROMBONES: LEÓN NAVA
PROGRAMMING: DEMIÁN CANTÚ • BACKUP VOCALS: RAUL MIDÓN

This is the second song I've written for my wife, Florencia. It was played at our wedding. I wrote this song, and some others, to try to convince her to be with me. It took me a lot of time and a lot of songs. There's no other way I know how to do things. I tell stories and I write songs. For everything and about everything, especially about myself and the people around me. This woman changed my life. If it wasn't for her, I don't think I would have come back to New York City, and this Familia and these albums wouldn't exist. She became my muse since day one, but she is much more than that: she is an incredible storyteller as a performer, writer, or director. She is a sublime artist. None of my songs, or all the songs in the world together, would be enough to describe what she is, and none would do her justice. But I sure try. My songs are for her. My story with her in a few sentences: I met her at a wedding. I stared at her the whole night, but I never spoke a word to her. I sent her a Facebook friend request. We started talking every single day. We started to get to know each other, and we realized we had a lot of things in common, including one of our favorite singers, the amazing Raul Midón, who recorded the vocals for this song as a birthday present to Florencia back in 2021. I moved to Mexico City because of her. I wrote her songs. I convinced her to be my girlfriend. I brought her to NYC and proposed to her on a Broadway stage, the Richard Rodgers Theatre. We went back to Mexico and got married. We came to NYC for our honeymoon. I asked her, "What if we stay?" And well, the rest is history.

Florencia,
Abrir esos ojos quisiera,
Mirarte por dentro y por fuera,
Poder envolverte en mis brazos
Y ser tu regazo.

Florencia,
Tus labios provocan mi urgencia,
La espera se vuelve demencia.
Tan sólo imagino tu paso
Llegando a mi lado.

Florencia,
Tu esencia la llevo en mis venas,
Tu risa la siento tan cerca,
No sé si es ficción o es verdad.
Florencia,
Termina con esta impaciencia,
Y dime que debo de hacer
Para conocerte otra vez.

Florencia,
Me pierdo al pensar en tu
ausencia,
Y doy como loco más vueltas.
Escucho tu voz en mi piano
Diciendo te amo.

Florencia,
Tal vez te parezca imprudencia
Decir lo que siento, sin pena.
Pero necesito gritarlo
Que ya no lo aguanto.

Florencia,
Tu esencia la llevo en mis venas,
Tu risa la siento tan cerca,
No sé si es ficción o es verdad.
Florencia,
Motivo de mi existencia,
Ven dime que debo de hacer
Si ya todo a ti me entregué.

Ya dime que debo de hacer,
Si todo ya a ti me entregué.

Florencia,
Tu esencia la llevo en mis venas,
Tu risa la siento tan cerca,
No sé si es ficción o es verdad.
Florencia,
Motivo de mi existencia,
Ven dime que debo de hacer
Si ya todo a ti me entregué.

Florencia,
Mi luna, mi sol y mi estrella,
Mi suerte, mi luz, mi querencia,
Mis días, mis noches...
Florencia.
Florencia.



Photo by Ron Remke

12. THE MAGIC OF THE LIGHTS

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY NANCY NACHAMA CHESER

FEAT. EDEN ESPINOSA

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

EDEN ESPINOSA'S VOCALS RECORDED BY JAIME LOZANO AT HIS STUDIO
IN UNION CITY, NJ

RHODES AND PADS: ÓSCAR "KEYS" SANDOVAL

ACCORDION: GERARDO "QUIRRI" PADILLA • **GIITARS:** PAVEL CAL

BASS: DEMIÁN CANTÚ • **DRUMS:** JASIEL CARRIZALES

PERCUSSION: DAYRON CARTAS • **SAXOPHONES:** ALEX HAMLIN

TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA • **TROMBONES:** LEÓN NAVA

PROGRAMMING: DEMIÁN CANTÚ

For a long time, Eden Espinosa has been one of my favorite female Broadway musical theatre performers. I remember listening to her over and over, becoming obsessed with her voice and storytelling. I went to see Eden back in 2009 at her first solo concert at Joe's Pub. I was about to graduate from NYU, and my dream was that one day she would do me the honor of singing one of my songs. Little did I know that years later I would finally meet her, and that I would learn that her family on her dad's side was actually from my hometown, Monterrey, México. I invited her to come sing with me in Monterrey, and she performed at the city's main plaza in front of thousands of people, at the very first outdoor concert after the pandemic. She sang two of my songs en español, in my city, which happens to be her dad's hometown also. So my dream came true in a way I would have never imagined. We even had tacos and carne asada together. I am still waiting for some tamales made by her mom! Hehehe! This song gives you Eden in a way you have never listened to her before: singing a cumbia norteña, a very "regiomontano" sound, as if she grew up in the very heart of Monterrey. I've had the blessing of collaborating with many lyricists in my journey telling stories in this country. I always joke that I might have the record of collaborating with more people than any other composer. Every single collaboration so far has been pure joy and unique learning experiences, but Nancy Cheser stands out. Without her I don't think I would be still in this country. My story with her is long, but for now I simply wish all of you who have collaborators to become family, and for them to support and champion your work the way Nancy does with mine.

My father always talked about the
day that he left Juarez,
How the lights spread out for
miles as his plane neared JFK.
And mesmerized, he stared and
dreamed of the life that we
would build there,
And promised one day I'd see too,
the magic of the lights.

And as a girl I'd hold my breath
and fly away to meet him.
I'd rush to him on wings and sing,
he'd pick me up and twirl.
And even now all that I want if
even for one night
Is finally to share with him the
magic of the lights.

He said that when he went to bed
as the sun was rising,
He thought his heart would break
in two as he held our photos
tight.
And from his room he saw Times
Square, the colors and the
marquees,
And as he slept all he could see,
was the magic of the lights.

And as a child I'd close my eyes
and see myself on Broadway.
I'd walk along the streets till dawn
and watch the city wake.
'Cause even now all that I want if
even for one night
Is finally to dance beneath the
magic of

But then the years passed,
There was no money,
It was a distant idea.
He'd send us pictures.
Winters and summers,
Saying he wished we were here.

Dreams don't die easy,
Hope's like the moonlight,
it hides it's glow
and it's blocked from sight.
Not letting go til it shines,
I have a faith in cosmic signs.
I'll see my father's face again once
more.
My bags are sitting at the door...
I'm on my way.

Who cares the snow, the gray and
cold, the subway and the buses,
And work that barely pays the
bills, my father's dream shines
bright.
And maybe now there is no doubt
that this will be my night.
I finally will get to see the magic
of the lights...
We finally will get to share the
magic of the lights.

13. WINGS

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO
LYRICS BY NEENA BEBER
FEAT. MELISSA BARRERA

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO
ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA
MELISSA BARRERA'S VOCALS RECORDED BY BASTIAN PABLO MOISAN AT
PLANET STUDIOS IN MONTREAL, QUEBEC

ACCORDION: GERARDO "QUIRRI" PADILLA • **GUIARS:** PAVEL CAL
VIHUELA: HOMERO VILLARREAL • **CONTRABASS:** RUDYCK VIDAL
FLUTE AND CLARINET: ALEX HAMLIN • **TRUMPETS:** CARLOS GARZA
VIOLINS: RAÚL SÁNCHEZ AND MARIENN SÁNCHEZ
VIOLA: ANDREA OLVERA TORRES • **CELLO:** JOSÉ MARÍA LÓPEZ PRADO

Melissa and I met back in 2009 when she came to study at NYU and I was just graduating. Fun fact: I remember I invited her to see In the Heights with a \$25 standing room ticket that wasn't available for general audiences but only for cast members' friends and family. Doreen Montalvo signed me up for those tickets, so we attended the show, a show I loved, a show we both loved as Latin immigrants. It always had a very special meaning, and was a show she also auditioned for a few times, but it didn't happen then. Although she decided to go back to México due to other projects and career opportunities, more than a decade later she starred in the movie version of that show we once saw together with standing room tickets. Since day one I have been following her career. I am her fan. I saw her in her very first professional musical in Monterrey in 2006, even before I knew I was coming to NYC, and since then I knew she was destined for great things. She has been an inspiration on this journey. She is the nicest and kindest of all. I'm so honored that she made some time to record a song that is very special for me, for us. She actually recorded the song as she was filming somewhere in Canada. Thanks for believing in me. There are paths meant to cross.

Time flies while here I lie
still
And travel to places that
no one can know.
Fires are burning inside
But how can I show them.

I was a girl long ago,
I've grown to a woman
inside this same skin.
Wrapping my heart in a
bow
Though outside I'm
broken.

Wearing the flowers you
picked from the fields,
They've grown wild and
free in my mind.
Drawing as usual outside
the lines - till they yield.

Legs... you must take me
away so start working.
Put on a face,
Intricate lace,
All of my life I've been
trying to matter.
Now... there's a mirror
above and it shatters.
I lie here in darkness
And make my own world.

Roses depend on their
thorns,
I'll lie in this sickbed until
I'm reborn.
Beauty grows lush from
the dirt,
Can I too transform?

Hummingbirds float above
storms
And spin oh so quickly
deceiving your eye.
Dreams come alive or we
die,

Tonight I will live.

Wearing the flowers you
picked from the fields,
They've grown wild and
free as I ache.
Drawing as usual outside
the lines - make them
break.

Feet... time to take me
away so start walking.
Put on a face,
Intricate lace,
All of my life I've been
hiding behind you.
Now... there's a mirror I
draw with my own hand.
If glass can be shattered,
I'll make my own world.

The window looks out onto
gray walls of stone,
A cat scurries past, like
me all alone.
Looking for food, looking
for prey, feeling this
hunger.
Do we see best in
blackness? I wonder.
Can I paint in the color
and light?

Wings! Who needs
feet when I fly every
midnight.
Put on a face,
Intricate lace,
All of my life I've been
trying to matter.
Now... crush the flowers
and pain into pigment,
Capture a pigment,
I'll see with my heart.

Wings... who needs
feet when I fly every

midnight.
I'm getting up,
I'm going out,
All of my life I've been
waiting to find you.
Now... with a dip of my
brush in persimmon,
Wings of vermilion,
I make my own world.

Hearts too can shatter,
Let mine break, let love
scatter I won't play it
safe,
I'll see with my heart.
I'll swallow the sky
And give back my tears.
I'll make my own world,
I can make my own world.
Wings...
Who needs feet when I'll
make my dreams real
now...
Wings.
Wings.
Wings.

14. TE SOÑÉ

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY JAIME LOZANO
FEAT. ANA VILLAFañE

ARRANGEMENT AND ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA
ANA VILLAFañE'S VOCALS RECORDED BY JEANNE MONTALVO AT LOUNGE STUDIOS IN
NEW YORK, NY

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • GUITARS: JAVIER PONCE • BASS: RUBEN RODRIGUEZ
DRUMS: JOEL MATEO • PERCUSSION: DAYRON CARTAS
VIOLINS: RAÚL SÁNCHEZ AND MARIENN SÁNCHEZ
VIOLA: JOSÉ ANTONIO MORALES • CELLO: NANCY OLIVARES
SAXOPHONES: OLE MATHISEN • TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA
TROMBONES: LEÓN NAVA • PROGRAMMING: DEMIÁN CANTÚ

Another one for Doreen Montalvo. She is an angel - ángel de mi alma. I am grateful to her for many things that happened in my life. I wrote this song for her in 2009. If you have been reading all these song notes, you can understand why we call ourselves The Familia, and how everything is connected. Doreen made her Broadway debut when she was 45 years old with a musical that has changed so many lives, including hers and mine: In the Heights. This song is a love letter to the stage, to the Broadway stage. A longtime dream of hers that became true at the perfect time because of her discipline, her unique voice, her big heart, her love for storytelling, and her sense of community. No one was like her. Te Soñé, she sings to the stage; I dreamed about you. I dreamed about being on this Broadway stage. And because everything is connected, on that same Broadway stage at the Richard Rodgers Theatre on 47th Street, on December 28, 2014, I proposed to Florencia with the promise of one day having a musical on that same stage. (I think that stage might be hard to get for a while because of Hamilton).

A few days after getting engaged to the love of my life, Doreen and I went into the recording studio to record the vocals of her album that included the first version of this song. This new version is a tribute to her. You are always in our hearts and our thoughts, Doreen. You keep guiding us and inspiring us. You left a great legacy after you, and your familia and your community love you and remember you. Who better to do this homage than the amazing Ana Villafañe. I met Ana also because of Doreen, as with many other amazing people she introduced to me, just because she loved pairing good souls together. Ana shines wherever she goes. She is a star in the skin of a warrior. And the gift of her voice and soul are here in this song for our Doreen. This song has a very special meaning for all of us. Te amamos Doreencita.

Te soñé, día y noche en tí
pensaba.
Cuanto te busqué
Mas no te encontraba
Y hoy que estás aquí,
Solo puedo sonreír.

Te soñé, así te imaginaba.
Tanto que esperé
Deseando tu llegada.
Y hoy que estás aquí,
Solo puedo agradecerlo.
Hoy se que todo sueño...

Puede hacerse realidad, ¡Oh!
Vale la pena el luchar
Por todo aquello que queremos.
En mi corazón
Había tenido la ilusión
De tenerte junto a mí.
¿Qué puedo decir?
Hoy he podido comprobar
Que todo llega en su momento.
Sueños se hacen realidad, al
despertar.

Te soñé, eras mi esperanza,
Mi razón de ser,
La luz que yo anhelaba.
Y hoy que estás aquí,
Ya no importa si sufrí.
Porque yo se que todo sueño...

Puede hacerse realidad.
Vale la pena el luchar
Por todo aquello que queremos.
En mi corazón,
Había tenido la ilusión
De tenerte junto a mí.
¿Qué puedo decir?
Hoy he podido comprobar
Que todo llega en su momento.

Sueños se hacen realidad, al
despertar.

Sueños se hacen realidad,
Vale la pena el luchar
Por todo aquello que queremos.
En mi corazón,
Había tenido la ilusión
De tenerte junto a mí.
¿Qué puedo decir?
Hoy he podido comprobar
Que todo llega en su momento.
Sueños se hacen realidad,
Sí, sueños se hacen realidad.
Sueños se hacen realidad
Al despertar.

15. NO PODEMOS REGRESAR

**MUSIC AND LYRICS BY JAIME LOZANO AND TOMMY NEWMAN
FEAT. FLORENCIA CUENCA**

**ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA
FLORENCIA CUENCA'S VOCALS RECORDED BY DEMIÁN CANTÚ AT VICTORIA RECORDS
IN MONTERREY, MEXICO**

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **ACCORDION:** GERARDO "QUIRRI" PADILLA
VIHUELA, GUITARS AND GUITARRÓN: HOMERO VILLARREAL
FLUTE, CLARINET AND SOPRANO SAX: • ALEX HAMLIN • **TRUMPETS:** CARLOS GARZA
TROMBONES: LEÓN NAVA • **VIOLINS:** RAÚL SÁNCHEZ AND MARIENN SÁNCHEZ
VIOLA: ANDREA OLVERA TORRES • **CELLO:** JOSÉ MARÍA LÓPEZ PRADO

I met Tommy Newman back in 2009 when Barbara Pasternak from Theaterworks USA put us together to write a demo song as a test for a new musical they were working on. They gave us a couple of days to write the song, and we got the gig. Then we had a couple of months to write a full musical, a Latin adaptation of the novel The Wizard of Oz. Tommy is one of the smartest storytellers I have ever met, and he's such a joy to collaborate with, always game. But beyond that, he's one of the most generous human beings I know: generous with his art, and generous with his heart and with who he is. Even in the distance he has been always there for me. During the pandemic he invited me to dine together a few times, virtually. I consider myself a better writer because of him. This song is a new song we wrote for that Latin Oz project called at that time The Yellow Brick Road, and now renamed El Otro Oz. This project has brought many blessings to my life. It was my first off-Broadway musical. I have met some of the most amazing people, many of them Latinos hungry for telling their stories, who came to audition for the show and who have been part of its history. This song is for all those who had a more challenging journey coming to this country than the one I had. Con todo el amor y respeto a mis paisanos y paisanas, all those people risking their lives coming to this country, pursuing a better life for themselves, for their families back in their countries, and their families formed and found in this new country. There's no one who can sing and tell stories as Florencia Cuenca, my favorite storyteller and the love of my life. The honesty in her voice is matchless. She is honest, unique, congruent as a human being and as an artist. I am grateful to have the blessing of being on this journey by her side. No one better to sing these stories.

¿Por qué estás inquieta, mi amor?
Te siento bailando en mi vientre
Y siento tu corazón.
¿Qué es lo que sueñas, mi amor?
Are you dreaming together of a
future—
Out there on our own?

I want to make a life for you that's
better,
I want to give you all I never had
So dance with me into a life that's
better
Te diré la verdad:

No podemos,
No podemos regresar, oh—
We must be brave now, you and I,
mi amor...
No podemos regresar.

Your father is gone now, mi
amor...
For he's crossed a border than no
one
Can ever uncross.
But we must go on now, mi amor.
Though you'll never know him
You always will carry this loss.

We take a piece of what we leave
behind us,
We hold it in the corners of our
hearts.
We learn to grieve for what we
leave behind us,
And we start—

No podemos,
No podemos regresar, oh—
It's only you and me now mi
amor...
As we leave

The green hills,
The red deserts,
The silver sky—

The green hills,
The red deserts,
You and I—

The blue waters
And the golden fields,
The purple jacarandas
That the summer yields.
The endless forests—
The smell of the mesquite
And the ancient stones
Beneath your feet.

As we scale the mountains,
We cross the rivers
Y la frontera to find our dream.
We fight the rains—
The heat of the plains
To deliver a future for you, mi
amor.
And we must be wise,
We must fight back the fear,
Fight the thoughts that deceive
you
For home never leaves your
heart...

We fight to remember
That we have a place in this
world.
For the future you'll see, mi amor.
Will not have come for free, mi
amor.

And we can never,
We can never go back home. Oh—
No podemos,
No podemos regresar.

16. I WANT TO GO OUT DANCING

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

FEAT. ELISEO ROMAN, JAIR ALCALÁ AND JAIME LOZANO

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

JAIME LOZANO AND ELISEO ROMAN'S VOCALS RECORDED BY

JEANNE MONTALVO AT SWAN STUDIOS IN NEW YORK, NY

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **ACCORDION:** JAIR ALCALÁ

GITARS: PAVEL CAL • **BASS:** RUBEN RODRÍGUEZ

PERCUSSION: DAYRON CARTAS

VIOLINS: RAÚL SÁNCHEZ AND MARIENN SÁNCHEZ

VIOLA: JOSÉ ANTONIO MORALES

CELLO: JOSÉ MARÍA LÓPEZ PRADO

SAXOPHONES: OLE MATHISEN • **TRUMPETS:** CARLOS GARZA

TROMBONES: LEÓN NAVA • **PROGRAMMING:** DEMIÁN CANTÚ

BACKUP VOCALS: YAHIR MONTES

Telling stories through song is my life. But what I enjoy the most is that I don't have to do it alone. I have a Familia: an amazing group of collaborators, performers, singers, musicians, arrangers, directors who believe in these stories and what I have to say. I wouldn't be doing it without them, but I am sure I will keep doing this, thanks to them, until the very end of my life. I will keep writing, singing, and dancing because it is the only way I can live. It is not always easy, though. Creatively I am not always at my best, but all these amazing people make me better. They make me feel I belong somewhere. This is a very special song for me, from a project called Valencia by Carlos Mendoza. I am currently writing songs with my hermano Georgie Castilla. Every song we write together is really a journey to the deepest of our hearts. Every word and note tells who we are. There is no way we can be separated from what we write. It is us. I love my Latine Broadway community, and one of the most unique and amazing voices I know, one I fell in love with from the very first time I listened to is Eliseo Roman's. All these songs come full circle for many, many journeys and dreams I have, and this one is no exception. Having Eliseo's voice and heart in this song is an honor beyond words, and I am grateful for him and all the people that have come along to tell our stories, fighting every day to be heard. We are not alone. Together our stories will go places.

The sands of time may fall
around me,
But I won't drown myself in
sorrow.

My knees may disagree with
what I'm going to say
But since I may not see
tomorrow
I will talk and sing about it
anyway.

The clock may say my time is
ticking,
Y puede ser que sea cierto,
My back may give a nod and
shout I'm way too old
But till the day you find me
muerto
I intend to keep my soul from
getting cold.

Though body's fading
My spirit knows what to do:
Keep my song playing
Till Heaven says "here's
your cue."

I want to go out dancing
Burning the floor, and glancing
At all those moments we
shared together,
And all the things I must leave
behind.

I want to go out dancing
To the trombón enhancing
The beautiful times when life
was kind,
The lessons I learned when
love was blind.

I want to go out dancing,
I'm moving on, advancing,
And if I see angels it's too late
to change my mind.
They're waving hi, the gates
are open wide!
I want to go out dancing.

And I don't want to see long
faces,
Just let me go in celebration,
Don't dress in black and cry
you wish we had more time
Don't bring me lilies and
carnations,
Lay me down with laughter,
music and a rhyme.

Play Héctor Lavoe and sing
louder!
Let's dance another round of
salsa.
My bones are breaking down,
I'm sure to close my eyes,
But though mi cuerpo here
descansa
It's my soul the one that's
dancing through the sky.

Though heart is failing
Still, it holds memories of you.
So keep music playing
Till Heaven says "here's
your cue."

I want to go out dancing
Burning the floor, and glancing
At all those moments we
shared together,
And all the things and the
friends I must leave behind.
And I want to go out dancing
To the trombón enhancing
The beautiful times when life
was kind,
When love was blind, but we
kept on trying!

Pa' la familia con alegría,
Pa' los amigos siempre aquí
conmigo,
Y pa' todos aquellos que ya se
han ido,
¡Jamás los olvido!

Quiero morir bailando
Sobre el cielo azul,
Ir donde los ángeles
Cantan la gloria de mi vida.

Irme de aquí cantando
Sobre el cielo azul,
Prender un lucero,
Decirle que quiero
Que me ilumine la salida.

Quiero morir bailando,
Volando sobre el cielo azul,
Deja que llegue bien pegadito
Junto a los amigos
Que están hoy conmigo.

Quiero morir bailando
Sobre el cielo azul,
For all those moments we
shared together,
And all the things we'll love
forever.

Quiero morir bailando,
Sobre este cielo azul,
Irme volando, salir cantando,
Vivir gozando hasta que
lleguemos al final...

Y mi alma perdurará.
En este cielo azul
Quiero morir bailando,
Irme de aquí cantando.
I want to go out,
Please let me go out,
It's time to go out,
I have to go out,
I want to go out
Dancing, and singing,
Volando por el cielo azul.
I want to go out dancing.

17. FAMILIA

MUSIC BY JAIME LOZANO

LYRICS BY GEORGIE CASTILLA

FEAT. JAIME LOZANO, FLORENCIA CUENCA, MAURICIO MARTÍNEZ, SHEREEN PIMENTEL, JAVIER IGNACIO AND ALONZO LOZANO

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

VOCALS RECORDED BY JAIME LOZANO IN UNION CITY, NJ

JAIME LOZANO AND ALONZO LOZANO'S VOCALS RECORDED BY DEMIÁN CANTÚ AT LA CASITA RECORDING STUDIO IN MONTERREY, MEXICO

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • **GUITARS:** PAVEL CAL • **BASS:** RUBEN RODRIGUEZ

DRUMS: JOEL MATEO • **PERCUSSION:** DAYRON CARTAS

TENOR SAXOPHONE: OLE MATHISEN • **BARI SAXOPHONE:** ALEX HAMLIN

TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA • **TROMBONES:** LEÓN NAVA

VIOLINS: RAÚL SÁNCHEZ AND MARIENN SÁNCHEZ

VIOLA: JOSÉ ANTONIO MORALES • **CELLO:** NANCY OLIVARES

PROGRAMMING: DEMIÁN CANTÚ

Once again, everything is about the people. About the community. About The Familia. I tell my stories, the stories of my people, for my people, but also for the world. Because I am sure more than one has feel connected or related with at least one of the songs, no matter where you are from. That is the beauty of storytelling. We write from our hearts honest stories, and on the other side someone is gonna get something from those stories. And the same person can connect in a different way with the same song depending of what they might be going through in different moments. Life is beautiful, yet not necessarily easy. Life is complex in so many ways. Such are these stories and songs. Thanks for listening not only on the surface. Thanks for listening in English and in Spanish. Gracias for listening in Spanglish. Thanks for listening to the intricate melodies and arrangements, for being open to different music styles. Storytelling and music are like life: complex and diverse. What makes us different is our superpower, and we should use it to fight for the other. We are a FAMILIA. I am glad and grateful because we have found each other. Some of the most beautiful performers are part of this track. People I love and admire: my brothers Mauricio and Javier Ignacio, they inspire me every single day because of their courage and determination; my sister Shereen, one of the brightest stars with such a beautiful heart and the voice of an angel; Florencia, who is my favorite performer in the world and that one who keeps me grounded. It is thanks to her love and support that I am here writing and telling these stories. This is my FAMILIA, and you are welcome also to be part of it. Together we are stronger.

Here we are
In this promised land,
Full of dreams they couldn't
understand.
We've come far,
We walk together, hand in
hand,
Look at us, we're reaching for
the stars.

Though we might not share
The same blood or last name
We've got much more in
common to relate.
We're here for each other,
We're more than friends:
Crossing paths with you was
more than fate.

Familia
Is those who make you
better,
Familia
Is those who stick together.
Familia
Will be with you forever,
Familia
Is more than blood and
name.

Whoa, whoa! Whoa, whoa!

Share with me,
Tell me where you're from,
Let me know what dreams
you're rooting for.

Let it be,
I'll carry you from sea to
shore.
I'll be there to knock on every
door.

Though we might not come
From the same dad and
mother,
We have lots in common to
relate.
We're sisters and brothers,
We're more than friends:
You're my chosen family till
the end.

Si preguntas por familia
Te diré que hay dos en mi:
La familia que es mi sangre
Y la que tengo junto a ti.
La familia escogida
La que haces aquí,
Va contigo a donde vayas
De hoy hasta el fin.
Seremos familia
Tú me haces feliz
Porque cuando pierdo el tono
Tú me ayudas a seguir.
Tú eres mi familia,
A ti yo te escogí.
Ahora canten todos...
Ven conmigo, sing along!

Si preguntas por familia
Imma say that I got two,

La familia I was born in,
And the one when I met you.
La familia that's chosen
Might not share your blood
But they lend a hand and
heal ya
When deep in mud.
I'm glad we're familia,
You make me feel strong
'Cause you hum and whistle
When I can't find my song.
You're my chosen fam'ly,
You're where I belong.
Lemme love you happ'ly,
Ven conmigo, sing along!

Familia
Is those who make you better,
Familia
Is those who stick together.
Familia
Will be with you forever,
Familia
Is more than blood and
name.

Familia unida
Jamás será vencida
No importan las pruebas,
Bajadas o subidas.
Ven, toma mi mano
Date una sacudida.
Estamos contigo,
Doy gracias por tu vida.



Photo by Samuel Garnica

18. NO PODEMOS REGRESAR (SPANISH VERSION)

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY JAIME LOZANO AND TOMMY NEWMAN

SPANISH LYRICS BY FLORENCIA CUENCA

FEAT. FLORENCIA CUENCA

ARRANGEMENT BY JAIME LOZANO

ORCHESTRATION BY JAIME LOZANO AND JESÚS ALTAMIRA

FLORENCIA CUENCA'S VOCALS RECORDED BY DEMIÁN CANTÚ AT VICTORIA RECORDS
IN MONTERREY, MEXICO

PIANO: JESÚS ALTAMIRA • ACCORDION: GERARDO "QUIRRI" PADILLA

VIHUELA, GUITARS AND GUITARRÓN: HOMERO VILLARREAL

FLUTE, CLARINET AND SOPRANO SAX: ALEX HAMLIN • TRUMPETS: CARLOS GARZA

TROMBONES: LEÓN NAVA • VIOLINS: RAÚL SÁNCHEZ AND MARIENN SÁNCHEZ

VIOLA: ANDREA OLVERA TORRES • CELLO: JOSÉ MARÍA LÓPEZ PRADO

¿Por qué estás inquieta, mi amor?
Te siento bailando en mi vientre
Y siento tu corazón.
¿Qué es lo que sueñas, mi amor?
¿Es acaso que sueñas del futuro
Juntitas las dos?

Te quiero dar la vida que mereces.
Te quiero dar lo que a mí me faltó.
Bailemos juntas a una vida nueva,
Te diré la verdad:

No podemos,
No podemos regresar, oh—
A ser valientes tú y yo, mi amor...
No podemos regresar.

Tu padre no esta, mi amor.
Cruzó una frontera de la que
Ya nadie volvió.
Debemos seguir, mi amor.
No lo conociste mas siempre
Lo extrañarás.

Solo recuerdos es lo que llevamos.
Están a salvo en nuestro corazón.
Nos despedimos de lo que
dejamos
Y a empezar—

No podemos,
No podemos regresar, oh—
Solas tú y yo, ahora mi amor...
Dejando

El desierto,
Las montañas,
El cielo, el mar.
Desiertos,
Las montañas,
Tú y mamá.
Bellos mares,
Campos de maíz,
Las bellas jacarandas
Floreciendo aquí.
Los verdes bosques
Que te hacen sonreír.
Las ruinas en que construí.

Subiendo montañas,
Cruzando los ríos,
Y la frontera para soñar.
Lluvia esquivar,
El sol aguantar
Para darte un futuro
A ti mi amor.
Y hay que pelear,
Nuestro miedo afrontar.
En tu corazón es donde está
Tu hogar.

Y juntas luchando para encontrar
nuestro lugar.
Y lo que hay que sacrificar... Un
futuro mejor traerá.

Y no podemos,
No podemos regresar, oh—
No podemos,
No podemos regresar.

PRODUCTION CREDITS

PRODUCED BY JAIME LOZANO AND DEMIÁN CANTÚ
CO-PRODUCED BY VICTORIA KÜHNE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCED BY JAIME LOZANO & THE FAMILIA

ALL ARRANGEMENTS AND ORCHESTRATIONS BY JAIME LOZANO AND
JESÚS ALTAMIRA

EDITED AND MIXED BY DEMIÁN CANTÚ AT LA CASITA RECORDING
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MASTERED BY OSCAR ZAMBRANO AT ZAMPOL PRODUCTIONS IN
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PIANOS RECORDED BY DEMIÁN CANTÚ AT VICTORIA RECORDS IN
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