





RYLIE grew up in Washington state and moved to Nashville to pursue music after falling in love with songwriting at home. She independently released an EP (The Rue) with her musician father in 2015 and has been collaborating with friends in music for over a decade. Her time in Nashville ignited several projects, with Perigee being the first to find release. This record is made up of songs written all over the country over several years, cataloguing Rylie's experience leaving home and exploring relationships, in every sense of the word. Shannon Forrest is a soulmate and partner in crime, delivering Rylie's voice in its purest and most expressive form.

Producer: Shannon Forrest  
Executive Producer: Chris DeGarmo  
Voice: Rylie DeGarmo  
Electric/Acoustic Guitar: David Levita  
Bass: Craig Young, Chris DeGarmo  
Keys/Synth: Charlie Judge  
Drums/Percussion: Shannon Forrest  
Acoustic Guitar: Rylie DeGarmo  
Trumpet: Steve Patrick  
Sax: Mark Douthit  
Trombone: Barry Green

Engineered by Shannon Forrest at Tiny Dog Studio in Nolensville, Tennessee  
Additional engineering by Chris DeGarmo at Ten Foot Penguin Studio in Seattle, Washington  
Mastering by Jim DeMain at Yes Master Studios

Photography by Philip Newton. Shot at Don Milgate's Studio in Seattle, Washington.

Art & design by Aubree Mladenovic

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# BEFORE IT STARTS

## *To my future Lovers*

*Written by Rylie DeGarmo*

*Voice: Rylie DeGarmo*

*Guitar: David Levita*

*Percussion: Shannon Forrest*

*Programming: Shannon Forrest and David Levita*

*Produced by Shannon Forrest*

I think that this thing's over right before it starts  
I have a feeling you're just going to break my heart

It's nice to meet you, but I've seen it all  
It doesn't matter that you're sweet and tall  
I've got a lot to do before I fall in love again

Baby, do you actually think it's right  
Pursuing me, when there is so much more to life?

I think that this thing's over right before it starts  
I have a feeling you're just going to break my heart

I'm flattered at the gesture, boy  
But this is something I need to avoid  
I've got a lot to do before I face romance

Baby, do you actually think it's right  
Pursuing me, when there is so much more to life?  
How can we believe ourselves if it's a lie?

I think that this thing's over right before it starts  
I think that this thing's over right before it starts  
I think that this thing's over right before it starts

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# LAUNDROMAT

## 40 minutes in the dryer at Pensacola Wash

Written by Rylie DeGarmo, Adam Gustafson and Chris DeGarmo

Voice: Rylie DeGarmo

Guitar: David Levita

Bass: Chris DeGarmo

Percussion: Shannon Forrest

Programming: Shannon Forrest

Produced by Shannon Forrest

So, I heard you lost, raised the bar and played your cards in hopes  
that you could pull it off  
But then your time was up, chance expires and you were tired, felt  
like giving up  
No points for showing up, there's no grade for playing games or  
dropping names, but you would do it all to taste the fame  
It's over and it's done, and since you didn't ask, I'll tell you which  
day was my favorite:

(CHORUS)

We were sitting in a laundromat  
You - looking at me like that  
Making my head spin (nnn)  
La da da da da  
We were kicking in plastic chairs  
Your hands in my hair  
Making my head spin (nnn)  
La da da da da

So, your time is up, bet the lies were worth the nights of fake  
friends, pills and staying up  
You tried, but I don't trust the way you move from A to Z, or her to  
me, it's not enough

Oh, we started off so golden: simple days, a mellow blaze, a song to  
make-you had it, but you sold it for a rush  
Now the curtain's coming, of all your finest stages, this one's still  
my favorite:

CHORUS

Oh, oh, you were barely breathing and it shows  
Oh, all the time you wasted, and we're not even playing anymore..

CHORUS

# FRIEND

To you

*Written by Rylie DeGarmo, Shannon Forrest and David Levita*

Voice: Rylie DeGarmo

Guitar: David Levita

Percussion: Shannon Forrest

Programming: Shannon Forrest

Produced by Shannon Forrest

I'm happier to know you're here, just a minor consolation  
You've got the kind of atmosphere I've always liked to play in  
We haven't always seen everything eye to eye  
But differences aside...

Listen baby, I can see you need a friend  
And I'll be there 'til the end of time, when our worlds collide  
Maybe this life isn't all we have to spend  
I could see another round again, would you go 'round again?  
I can see you need a friend  
I can see you need a friend  
I can see you need a friend

I know I'm first to give you hell, and always last to praise ya  
It's tempting when I know you well, to always wanna change ya  
I've ticked you off and shut you out and held you near  
Now these are words you need to hear:

Listen baby, I can see you need a friend  
And I'll be there 'til the end of time, when our worlds collide  
Maybe this life isn't all we have to spend  
I could see another round again, would you go 'round again?  
I can see you need a friend

You know we barely made the grade  
Just look at all the mess we made  
But it's more fun to start anew  
When someone's looking out for you

Listen baby, I can see you need a friend  
And I'll be there 'til the end of time, when our worlds collide  
Maybe this life isn't all we have to spend  
I could see another round again, would you go 'round again?  
I can see you need a friend

# HEARTSICK

## *In the living room in Nashville, TN*

*Written by Rylie DeGarmo*

*Guitar: David Levita*

*Bass: Craig Young*

*Synth/Keys: Charlie Judge*

*Percussion: Shannon Forrest*

*Produced by Shannon Forrest and Chris DeGarmo*

Packed a suitcase up and hit the road  
Didn't think twice, don't know where I'm going  
But I was moving on  
Just south of Kentucky,  
A town where people play their worn out strings for money  
They're all becoming big stars, and everybody is somebody  
Stopped off for a while to play my cards  
Someone played their ace and stole my heart  
I found a new home, but can't forget where I come from  
So here's the state that I am in today

I'm heartsick, set out on a road in search of something  
That didn't care to show 'til I was too far gone  
But I can't turn around, I've stayed too long  
I'm heartsick, this one goes to show how deep the road is  
Digging your heels in, not even knowing  
The footprints that you make  
Though in time, they too will blow away  
Today, I am heartsick

Couldn't say if this'll go as planned  
Pulled in ways that I don't understand  
But I will ramble on

I'm heartsick, set out on a road in search of something  
That didn't care to show 'til I was too far gone  
But I can't turn around, I've stayed too long  
I'm heartsick, this one goes to show how deep the road is  
Digging your heels in, not even knowing  
The footprints that you make  
Though in time, they too will blow away  
Today, I am heartsick



# FOREVER, FOR GOOD

*To everyone I love*

*Written by Rylie DeGarmo  
Voice: Rylie DeGarmo  
Acoustic guitar: Rylie DeGarmo  
Electric guitar: David Levita  
Bass: Craig Young  
Keys/Synth: Charlie Judge  
Drums: Shannon Forrest  
Produced by Shannon Forrest*

Now, I'm thinking about us, forever.  
Now, I'm thinking about us, for good.  
Now, I'm thinking about us, forever.  
Now, I'm thinking about us, for good.

Oh, god only knows, what we've been waiting for.  
What are we waiting for? I'd like to know.  
Oh, and if it's time, what have we saved it for?  
I want to spend it all on you.

Now, I'm thinking about us, forever.  
Now, I'm thinking about us, for good.  
How it wears me out, when we're not together.  
Now, I'm thinking about us, about us...

Oh, god only knows, what we've been waiting for.  
What are we waiting for? I'd like to know.  
Oh, and if it's time, what have we saved it for?  
I want to spend it all on you.

Now, I'm thinking about us, forever.  
Now, I'm thinking about us, for good.

# IN STRIDE

To Jonas

Written by Rylie DeGarmo  
Voice: Rylie DeGarmo  
Acoustic Guitar: Rylie DeGarmo  
Electric guitar: David Levita  
Bass: Craig Young  
Keys/Synth: Charlie Judge  
Drums: Shannon Forrest  
Produced by Shannon Forrest

Who are we to understand what we're supposed to make of it,  
When it's not full, when it's not real yet?  
Jumping ship 'cus you're the man everyone is talking about  
When it's like 2AM, and you're doing headstands

Where did you go? And how did you get there so fast  
Without saying goodbye?  
I was bold—  
I chased and hunted you down just a handful of times  
If it was love, maybe I'll take it in stride

Hints of what it could have been  
But you were always much too scared, and I understand

Where did you go? And how did you get there so fast  
Without saying goodbye?  
I was bold—  
I chased and hunted you down just a handful of times  
If it was love, maybe I'll take it in stride  
Take it in stride

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# FLAMES AND GASOLINE

*After a bad date in Austin, TX*

*Written by Rylie DeGarmo  
Voice: Rylie DeGarmo  
Electric guitar: David Levita  
Bass: Craig Young  
Keys/Synth: Charlie Judge  
Drums: Shannon Forrest  
Arranged by Shannon Forrest  
Produced by Shannon Forrest*

You sit across from me  
Lookin' like when you were just eighteen  
The tension in your eyes  
Holds a promise I don't recognize

You've never seen my side of things  
I know there's something caught up in between  
All the while I sit and gaze upon the next times, fines and anyways

(CHORUS)  
Baby, you were fallin' hard as me  
It's amazing, that we're not meant to be  
But you pull back, and I hope that you notice all we've broken  
Baby, we're just flames and gasoline

I check my watch again  
Wonderin' bout the last time we were friends  
The catacombs were made for us  
We'll dig it in, and next life do it up  
We had it in our better days, but now I wanna grind it all away

CHORUS

This is meant to burn like fire  
And you could never change my mind, I know  
Smoke and mirrors I can see  
Through it all you seem to breathe, but I don't

CHORUS

# PUT IT ON

## *For my younger self*

*Written by Rylie DeGarmo and Chris DeGarmo*

Voice: Rylie DeGarmo

Electric guitar: David Levita

Bass: Craig Young

Keys/Synth: Charlie Judge

Drums: Shannon Forrest

Trumpet: Steve Patrick

Sax: Mark Douthit

Trombone: Barry Green

Arranged by Shannon Forrest

Produced by Shannon Forrest

You played a solid hand to own the things you can't  
You tried your best, and you've done well  
But mine's another game, I feel it all the same  
Just take a step back, let it breathe, I'll fill it in  
So here I go again, divulging problems and wishing words would pray on  
someone else's pain

(CHORUS)

If you wanna talk, talk, talk  
I'll talk about it  
You could only be so small  
To make me doubt myself  
If I'm in the mood, I'll put it on  
It's not your song

You think you know what's right for someone else's life  
And your opinions speak like rhythms in my way  
If I request a friend, it's not for you to recommend  
Or make decisions like incisions in my hand

Leave me on my own, this path is mine to roam  
And don't you dream of ever leading me again

CHORUS

You could never script my lines to such perfection  
It's my lesson, these my questions  
You do yours and I'll do mine

You played a solid hand to own the things you can't  
It took a while to speak my mind

CHORUS

# Black Dog

## *To all the men I know*

*Written by Rylie DeGarmo and Chris DeGarmo*

Voice: Rylie DeGarmo

Electric guitar: David Levita

Bass: Craig Young

Keys/Synth: Charlie Judge

Drums: Shannon Forrest

Produced by Shannon Forrest

I know you're aching from a world of hurt  
I'd guess you're wishing someone would've warned you first  
Since you're not one to ask for help when you need it most,  
Wish I could heal you, black dog

I know that this life didn't hand you what you wanted  
I figure time doesn't stop for us to bottle it  
And in your mind, I am sure you think you've lost it  
Wish I could heal you, black dog

When you're broken down, I want to fix you up  
When you want it all, I want to be enough  
When you're lost at sea, I want to reel you in and show you love  
Wish I could heal you, black dog

How'd you get to be so frantic, baby?  
Why you leaving home so much lately?  
Why you running through the streets, just waiting for the tires to  
screech?  
Which outcome is the one that's gonna save you?

When you're broken down, I want to fix you up  
When you want it all, I want to be enough

When you're lost at sea, I want to reel you in and show you love  
Wish I could heal you, black dog

I know you're aching from a world of hurt  
Wish I could lick your wounds and help you see just what you're worth  
But only you can choose to give a damn about the world  
Wish I could heal you, black dog

Special thanks to: Chris DeGarmo, Kim DeGarmo, Shannon Forrest, Peter Collins, Chris Pelcer, Mike McCarthy, Mark DeGarmo, Philip Newton, Reid Furubayashi, Aubree Mladenovic, my entire family for the support, and all my fabulous bosses for letting me take days off to record :-)

# RYLIE

PERIGEE

Produced & Mixed  
by Shannon Forrest

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