

HELLO, I'M DOLLY

DOLLY PARTON



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HIGH FIDELITY MLP8005

SOMETIMES you just know...sometimes. And that makes up for all the times you had to guess. Rightly sometimes; wrongly sometimes. You work the whole hot summer with hot breezes blowin' on your neck and dust flyin' up between your toes, and you never see a drop of rain or think of Fall at all. Then a different breeze starts playin' with your neck and the dust don't rise so high from your big toe, and then you know. And then you're glad you kept on walkin', for what's ahead is worth the waitin' and the wantin' and the workin'...sometimes.

Then there's the mountains of recorded tapes and demonstration acetates. They can make you weary too...sometimes. The road that leads to fame is hot and dusty too, and some find the spotlight shines on stages set too high, and microphones hang deaf-like in studios with no doors. And sometimes it's not worth the waitin' and the wantin' and the workin'. For a Name is nigh impossible to claim...sometimes. And you wonder where and why some find the way to try, 'cause some never were and some never are, and sometimes you just know.

It's when you feel a different breeze a-blowin' on your neck and findin' no dust between your toes, that you know you've found One. You feel the whole scene changin'...and the people who knew her before you act indifferent sometimes and blasé sometimes, like she isn't important at all, and secretive too, like they really don't want to share what they know...sometimes. And then you really know. All the same things put together made something different this time. For in the shadows playin' round her eyes you see the Harlows and Monros and all the deepening shades of tragedy...too much for one young life. And you start to read up on reincarnation and you wonder if it is so, and if it is which life's experience inspired this one or that one.

And through it all she remains untouched somehow by all this new aroundness...not quite aloof, not quite yielding...just observing, just enjoying. And she greets the new members of her legion with "Hello, I'm Dolly".

On January 19, 1946 Robert and Avie Lee Parton gave the world a babe it would turn to in twenty-one years. Sometimes you just know, don't you? **FRED FOSTER**

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side one

DUMB BLONDE
YOUR OLE HANDY MAN
I DON'T WANNA THROW RICE
PUT IT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW
I WASTED MY TEARS
SOMETHING FISHY

side two

FUEL TO THE FLAME
THE GIVING AND THE TAKING
I'M IN NO CONDITION
THE COMPANY YOU KEEP
I'VE LIVED MY LIFE
THE LITTLE THINGS



PRODUCER: FRED FOSTER

RECORDING ENGINEER: MORT THOMASSON

TECHNICAL ENGINEER: TOMMY STRONG

PHOTOGRAPHY: FRED FOSTER

ART DIRECTION: KEN KIM

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