

# THE STAGE COACH



A LISTENING EXPERIENCE

— ♦ —  
*One Stage at a Time*

# WHY “THE STAGE COACH?”

I was talking to a friend on the phone. They were talking to me about my music, and my image.

They said:

“I could see you on a Stage Coach.”

In that moment, I saw a flash of myself coaching on stage during a performance.

I saw myself coaching people to prepare for the stage.  
I saw myself on a stage coach.

When I saw the horse pulling it, I started doing researching how a stage coach is used.

The idea that it is moved by genuine horsepower...  
Real living energy.

The fact that it carries a load from one stage to the next, then it unloads and rests, recharges, reloads, and starts a new journey.

It felt like my life, and it was Country!  
Cuz if you know me, you know I LOVE anything Country!

The Stage Coach symbolizes not only who I am, but also describes the way I have traveled through this life.

One Stage at a Time.

# THE ROUTE

TRACKLIST



1 STOP 1  
*Sweet*



2 STOP 2  
*I Hurt*



3 STOP 3  
*Burn*



4 STOP 4  
*Sunflower*



5 STOP 5  
*Motive*



6 STOP 6  
*My Money*



7 STOP 7  
*Sell My Soul*



8 STOP 8  
*That Girl*



9 STOP 9  
*Me For Me*



**“I CAN'T TELL MY FUTURE,  
SO I'M GOING TO TELL MY PAST”**

**- MA RAINEY**



# THE BEGINNING

After the first 2 songs I recorded with Kajun, both were for a project by Blake Martin, Kajun sat me down at the board and said, "Liz, I know you love country, but you're really singing the blues. You from Chicago, it only makes sense."

I spent a lot of years trying to be accepted in Country music, I use to go down to Nashville, back and forth hoping someone with the answers noticed me, while also raising my kids, only to find myself knee deep on a journey of accepting myself. This led me to a final boss moment when Kajun put a mirror up to my identity, and I didn't get triggered.

I'm a Taurus. No one can tell me anything, and as long as I tell myself the truth, I can hear it from others.

He was right.

I went home and sat with myself. I remembered nights at the club singing in a cover band. I was doing Etta James and Johnnie Taylor. I would do my favorite mix is Tennessee Whisky and Rather Go Blind.

I was always singing the blues.

It didn't feel different from the country music I loved because the pain was there, but at the end of every country is a silver lining, a lesson, a message.

I didn't feel understood at home, so I left, and I was still misunderstood... "You need to be in Nashville..."

That's all I ever heard.

I was reminiscing. Thinking about my life, my voyage to country music, looking for acceptance, only to find it at home.

This song is for anyone who lost themselves looking for acceptance in others.

**“THERE IS NO PLACE TO ARRIVE.  
ENJOY THE JOURNEY”**

**- ALLEN TOUSSAINT**



# SWEET

Written by Liz Toussaint  
Produced/Engineered by Kriss "Kajun" Johnson

I went down south / Cuz that's where they said  
when I open my mouth, / they'd understand it

But the way it turn out. / Was so tragic  
I packed up my pride / And hit the road with my magic

They sent me back to my sweet, sweet home... / Crying the blues,  
feeling alone

I guess I understand how come im not who they choose  
Now I stay in my sweet, sweet home, singing the blues

Whoda thunk I I'd be drunk under a hackberry tree  
Then it said It's a native just like you an me

I uprooted myself trying to prove that I'm good  
When I ain't have to go nowhere to be understood

They sent me back to my sweet, sweet home...  
Crying the blues, feeling alone

I guess I understand how come Im not who they choose  
Now I stay in my sweet, sweet home. singing the blues

Guitar solo

Now I stay in my sweet, sweet home, singing the blues

Now I stay in my sweet, sweet home, Chicago.  
singing the blues

I love singing the blues

# THE TRUTH

**This one is pretty on the nose. I was hurting. No bullshit. My chest felt like it was about to cave in onto itself. I cried so hard I felt like I had let open the floodgate and a dam had broken.**

**What caused the dam to break was not as impactful as the magnitude of my reaction. It was the straw.**

**I had to do the work that I teach, alone. I had support, but this was not something you can get help with.  
It's clinically called allostatic crisis.**

**I called out to God because I was drowning. I continuously knew that the issue was a straw, so I could not rationalize the pain I was feeling, but I wanted to be free of it. Then I heard a voice say, write a song.**

**Mid-cry, I felt the heat beneath my chest, and I thought to myself, what am I going to write a song about?  
Then I heard, tell the truth.**

**And the first thing I wrote down was my truth at that moment.  
I hurt.**

**As I was writing, I realized I wasn't feeling just my hurt, I was feeling theirs. So the second line I wrote was "for you," and then I told my truth and spoke my peace.**

**I screamed into my pillow that night, and my voice was different the next day. The pain had stained my vocal chords and busted open areas I had not used before.**

**This song is for the heartbroken, the ones who give it all, all the time. Save some for yourself.**

**“THERE IS NO SUBSTITUE FOR THE TRUTH,  
EITHER IT IS OR IT ISN'T”**

**- INDIA ARIE**

**KENTUCKY**  
THE BILLYEGGS STATE  
THANK YOU  
TRAVEL SAFE

WELCOME TO  
**INDIANA**  
THE HOOSIER STATE  
CROSSROADS OF AMERICA



# I HURT

Written by Liz Toussaint  
Produced/Engineered by Kriss "Kajun" Johnson

Baby, I hurt for you  
Because my love was true  
As honest as the sky is blue  
There was nothing that I wouldn't do.

All you had to do was ask.  
I come from a specific class  
So when you presented me with trash  
I had to pass.


See, I know that one day you will see.  
When fear is gone and you remember me.  
When you, feel a calm and lack of stress,  
and you realize you had the best,  
but it's too late. It's already too late.

Baby, I hurt for you  
Because my love was true  
As honest as the sky is blue  
There was nothing that I wouldn't do.

Baby I hurt for you  
Maybe in another galaxy, we will come back and  
you'll remember me,  
and we can start this love again,  
and we both can make better decisions

Cuz truth is,  
I'm hurting for me too.  
I've learned to feel it deep, to get it through.  
Next time around I know what I will do.  
I'm showing up for me the way I showed up for you.  
And hope that you do too.

Then no one has to say,  
I hurt for you.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white wide-brimmed hat, a white blazer, and white trousers, is sitting on a wooden wagon wheel. She is wearing ornate, high-heeled cowboy boots with intricate patterns. She is looking down, resting her hands on her lap. The background is a desert landscape at sunset, with a large rock formation visible in the distance. The sky is a mix of orange and yellow, and the ground is covered in dry grass and dirt.

**Stop.  
Feel-your-feelings.  
Rest, is part of the  
Journey...**

**-Liz Toussaint**

# THE STRUGGLE

I was HEATED.

I was actually in a business meeting when I wrote this song. There were a lot of people in the room, so no one was paying attention to me.

I couldn't focus.

I had heard something that shifted my perspective, and if what I heard was true, I was devastated. Then I was angry.  
...Cuz don't play with me.

I needed to transmute the energy because i was about to explode! I was in allostatic crisis, my was freaking out, then this song came out of nowhere in my head. I remember trying to keep up while I wrote down what I heard. It felt like a channel, and I was just listening and jotting it down.

I was fully in my imagination, remembering experiences I had in the past. I was completely triggered!  
It reminded me of a time in my life where I felt the most misunderstood and manipulated.

It was like I was listening to and emergency conference call in my head and all of my past hurt selves had something to say.

This song is for anyone struggling with a hot temper.  
Don't do what you're thinking.  
Go journal, then burn that.

# BURN

Written by Liz Toussaint  
Produced/Engineered by Kriss "Kajun" Johnson

Sooooo. What's the point? Why'd you leave her? / Just to love on me  
and be a cheater?

You coulda stayed! You should've prayed. / Now you lay in this  
bed that you made.

Cuz I've been down this road before, / I'm aint calling that bitch a whore,  
but if we're gonna be keeping score / I calculated you out the door.

Cuz If you want your baby momma / You can save me the drama  
But if the drama you desire / I don't mind setting that bitch on fire! Let it  
burn!

I don't judge, I'm a baby momma too. / My kids daddy lied and said they  
were through.  
He softened me up, sold me dream / then went back to her like we were a  
team

I been practicing peace, and mindfulness, /  
but the way my heart feels in my chest, after all that I've done, I looked  
out for you, / you owe me blood, so tell the truth.

If you want your baby momma / You can save me the drama  
But if the drama you desire / I don't mind setting that bitch on fire! Let  
her burn!

We could be one happy family! / We could be loving kind and live  
sincerely

I pray that this helps you realize, / and see yourself through my eyes

The truth is you don't like her, you just doing what men do, / sticking  
your little thing in there cuz she lets you.

These are just words, I'm letting it out. / The pain in my heart coming  
through my mouth.

But please don't push me, there is a goon inside, / and she got bail money,  
so I can take a ride.

Cuz If you want your baby momma / You can save me the drama  
But if the drama you desire / I don't mind setting that bitch on fire! Let it  
burn!

# THE GROWTH

I was watching videos on Facebook and  
picked up a card with a bee on it,  
and she said:  
“You are the flower, let the bee come to you.”

I thought to myself.. “That’s dope!”  
So I called Tandaleria Roland because I saw  
the song in my head, but I couldn’t hear the  
lyrics.

I told her to act like she is a sunflower, talk to  
the bee who is confused and off track.

She sent me the first verse and hook, She  
sang a cadence, and I was able to hear the  
story and the melody to write the rest.

This song is for anyone who identifies as a  
Sunflower. We don’t chase, we attract.

# SUNFLOWER

Written by Liz Toussaint & Tandaleria Roland  
Produced/Engineered by Kriss "Kajun" Johnson

Bright yellow standing here / Planted here  
Growing here / Kissed by the sun  
Feel the heat touch my petals

Taking in the atmosphere / Adding to the beauty here  
then the sky comes and letting the rain settle

I am who I think that I am /  
I will not beg or chase no man  
I attract very easily / Stand proud in who I came to be  
Cuz a sunflower ain't chasing no honey bee

I think you misunderstood / It's not that  
what you do ain't good  
I'm stationary like a big old tree / You gon have to come here  
if you wanna see me.

I am who I think that I am /  
I will not beg or chase no man  
I attract very easily / Stand proud in who I came to be  
Cuz a sunflower ain't chasing no honey bee

You're wasting time, i'm not gonna wait  
Somebody's gonna see me and wanna pollinate

I am who I think that I am /  
I will not beg or chase no man  
I attract very easily / Stand proud in who I came to be  
Cuz a sunflower ain't chasing no honey bee

You gon have to come to me

Cuz a Sunflower aint chasing no honey bee

I'm a sunflower, you gon have to come to me

# THE INTENT

I was laying on my couch just after having a heated conversation with someone I love.

They were triggered.

So was I.

All I could think was, I know they are not intentionally trying to piss me off, so I took the time to sit with my wounds, and check in with my intentions.

I acknowledged that they may not realize I have no desire to cause them pain, and I didn't know how to reach them in a way that would help them understand while they are in the middle of being triggered

It made me feel sad, and misunderstood. In an effort to regulate my own temperature, this song oozed out.

This song is for the lover who's holding space and giving grace.

The  
**STAGE COACH**  
: TRUTH & BLUES :

**"DON'T BE THE THERMOMETER, BE THE THERMOSTAT"**

**REST PEACEFULLY, TO MY FRIEND,  
LARYSA JAYE**

# MOTIVE

Written by Liz Toussaint  
Produced/Engineered by Kriss "Kajun" Johnson

I ain't got no motive  
I love you for real  
I reach in your chest and give you something you can feel

Ain't no hidden message  
I be on your side  
Go heal the part of you that thinks I have something to  
hide

I ain't got no motive

I'm just literally aligned  
Looking for the frequencies that match up with my vibe

I really be chillin  
And I'd rather chill with you  
But right now I'm just vibing with who vibing with me too

I ain't got no motive

It's a simple life. We just make it hard  
Motive  
Asking for love then put your heart on guard.  
Only way to heal it is to take it off the shelf  
You gon have to feel it, and get honest with yourself

I ain't got no motive

I love you for real.



# THE BOUNDARY

I was laying on my couch looking at a picture of my sister swinging over a beautiful cliff in Bali. I started thinking about going on vacation.

Then I started thinking about how much it would cost.

Then I started thinking about the fact that I'm not used to thinking about how much it would cost.

Then I started looking at my finances in confusion, because why don't I have money to go on vacation?

That's literally what I live for.

I'm a beach explorer. I have to touch the ocean whenever I'm near it, and I try to be near it once a year.

I did a reconciliation and realized I do have money for vacation... As soon as everyone pays me the money they owe!

Then I had that warm feeling just below my rib cage, and I remembered a melody I wrote while I was in the club with my friend, when I thought I saw somebody that owed me money.

This song is for anyone who is learning to call forth all the money owed to them and set boundaries for themselves when giving at a personal deficit.



**WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THE BLUES, IS THE TRUTH IN THE MELODY.**

**-Liz Toussaint**

# MY MONEY

Written by Liz Toussaint Produced by Kajun

No need for a conversation. We know what it is.

I ain't been on vacation... because of this shit.

Ain't no need to tally. Give me what you got.

Cuz with the amount of time I've given you, we both know it's alot

I just want my money

I - Just - want - my - money

I just want my money

I - Just - want - my - money

Aint no feelings attached

I just want my money

I know where you live at

I use to call you friend

I just want my money

I'll never learn this lesson again

I just want my money

No need for a conversation. We know what it is.

I been on a budget... because of this shit.

Ain't no need to tally. Give me what you got

Cuz with the amount of time I've given you, we both know it's a lot

I just want my money

I - Just - want - my - money

I just want my money

I - Just - want - my - money

Ain't no feelings attached

I just want my money

I know where you live at

See me... With my money...

I just want my money

I'll never learn this lesson again

I just want my money

I keep receiving money for expected and unexpected places

Quit playing with my shadow before I let her loose

Send me that wire and we can call it a truce

I just want my money

# THE SURRENDERING

I was over it.  
Life, bills, dreams, everything.  
I didn't "have it"... I was in "Get somebody else to do it"  
Mode

I was in a state of surrender.

Forced surrender.

I was saying, "ok ok ok," I get it, let go... Let God.  
I felt like I had taken too long to "get it," and I was tired I had  
been working myself to the bone out of habit, when I knew  
the assignment.

I sat exhausted and at my dining room table and I offered  
myself, and my heart, to source.

It was a similar experience to I Hurt and Burn.  
I felt the heat under my chest, and I began to review my life.  
I could see it, and I began writing what I saw and heard.  
A plea, an acknowledgment, and a promise.

Side note: I was afraid to sing this song. It intimidated me.

I do not have a gospel background. I did not sing in church.  
I have much respect for the vocalist that comes from that  
root.

I do not... And I felt like I needed to own it or leave it to  
someone else.

I also knew that Kajun knew what he was listening to.  
It's not perfect, but it's honest, and he said that's what  
matters.

So I gave myself grace and poured my heart into this song.

This song is for the "tired". If you need a sign to let go, this  
is it...

# SELL MY SOUL

Written by Liz Toussaint  
Produced/Engineered by Kriss "Kajun" Johnson

Can I sell my soul to the heavens? / No need for a payment  
plan.

I can make a full exchange / to hold peace in my hands.

The ache in my heart is pure. / I loved without hesitation.  
I promise that I'm worthy, / I even offer a proclamation

Can I sell my soul to the heavens? / The devil tried to make a  
deal

He tried to callout to my shadow / but God marked my heart,  
with a seal

I've been obedient to the sins / but I've ended that  
relationship

I've learned to only speak my truth / and watch what escapes  
from my lips

Can I sell my soul to the heavens? / Is it even mine to give?  
Can we find it's rightful owner / peace is the way i'd like to live

Can I sell my soul to the heavens? / Can I sell my soul to the  
heavens?

Can I sell my soul to the heavens? / Can I sell my soul to the  
heavens?

Guitar solo

The devil ain't no match for the blessed and aligned  
God said he will slap your hand if you touch what's mine  
You gotta be careful, with whom you choose  
An earth Angel will have you singing the blues

saying

Can I sell my soul....  
To the heavens?

Can I sell my soul to the heavens? / Can I sell my soul to the  
heavens?

Can I sell my soul to the heavens? / Can I sell my soul to the  
heavens?

The  
**STAGE COACH**  
TRUTH & BLUES



# THE REBIRTH

I did an Ayahuasca ceremony in 2019.  
I remember who I was when I got on that flight.  
I left parts of her in that ceremony.

It was a peaceful parting of ways.  
Literally, I was separating from “ways” that I used to be.  
I am not ashamed of who I was, because regardless of my  
decision, my heart was always in a good place...

I learned to make different decisions.  
Ones that are in alignment with my desired experience.

When I gave grace to, and released the versions of myself  
that created experiences that were painful, caused by  
decisions that I made to stay in situations that were  
hurtful and requiring me to make myself small in order to  
be accepted, it didn't sit well with the people who were  
used to the benefits of me abandoning myself.

This song is inspired by that experience.

It's a visualization of my experiences with many people at  
that time of my life.

This song is for the brave ones who start the journey and  
keep doing the work long after.

# THAT GIRL

Written by Liz Toussaint  
Produced/Engineered by Kriss "Kajun" Johnson

She used to wait by the door when he'd walk away / Took  
every excuse, believed what he'd say  
Held on too tight to the hope in his hands / Always forgave  
when he'd do it again  
She thought love meant standin' in place / While he ran  
circles, leavin' no trace


You came lookin' for THAT girl, but she's gone / The one  
who held on, even when it felt wrong  
The one who broke just to build you up / Who stayed when  
stayin' was never enough  
Yeah, she loved you so much that she was never keeping  
score / THAT girl? She ain't here no more

She made excuses when you called her out her name /  
Ignoring all the red flags left her drained  
She kept the peace by holding in her pain/ But deep down,  
she knew things had to change  
And one day, she walked right past the past / She left a note  
that read, you can kiss my ass

You came lookin' for THAT girl, but she's gone / The one  
who held on, even when it felt wrong  
The one who broke just to build you up / Who stayed when  
stayin' was never enough  
Yeah, she loved you so much, that she waited by the door /  
THAT girl? She ain't here no more

I can see it in your face / Entitled to her warm embrace  
But darling the only thing we share / Is this physical body  
so don't you dare  
Touch. Me.

You came lookin' for THAT girl, but she's gone / The one  
who held on, even when it felt wrong  
The one who broke just to build you up / Who stayed when  
stayin' was never enough  
Yeah, she loved you so much, that she waited by the door /  
THAT girl? She ain't here no more



**“Standing in the sun  
Taking in the breeze...”**

**-LIZ TOUSSAINT**

# THE LOVE

My friend Randy Malone created a video for me. A montage of me teaching a class at Malcolm X College at a conference.

He told me he did not put music to it because he wanted me to choose the music.

I looked online, and I couldn't find anything that felt like what I felt like that day.

I was proud of myself. I was telling my story without crying.

I was watching the lightbulb go off in others. I was standing in my truth, and my voice didn't shake.

It felt like I made it, and that always sounds like a beach. I always feel cleansed when I'm near the ocean.

So, I imagined myself celebrating the day. I felt the warm sensation under my chest, and I wrote the first thing that came to me.

This song is for, Me.

# ME FOR ME

Written by Liz Toussaint  
Produced/Engineered by Kriss "Kajun" Johnson

**This song is for me / For the courage to be  
Standing in the sun / Taking in the breeze**

**This song is for her / The one who held the dream  
The one who walked through fire / and made it out  
bright and clean**

**This song is for me / for the love that I keep  
for the woman I've become / and the roots that run  
deep  
Toussaint Deep**

**This chapter of my life / reflects what I believe / It's  
made of unconditional love**

**It is for me**

**This song is for me / For the love that I keep  
For the woman I've become / and the roots that run  
deep**

**This chapter of my life / Reflects what I believe**

**Its made of unconditional love and it is for me /  
it is for me**

**This song is for me / for the love that I keep  
For the woman I've become / and the roots that run  
deep**

**This chapter of my life / Reflects what I believe / It's  
made of unconditional love / for me**

**It is for me, it's for me**

**It's me for me**

**“IT’S ME FOR ME..”**

**-Liz Toussaint**



**I have become a woman who is at peace with herself. I am enough, just being me. My journey in music was full of confusion, my passion versus the business.**

**The antagonist of my life was the elusiveness of an industry that seemed like a private club. Music seminars that gave you just enough information to make you feel like the last of your little money spent was worth it.**

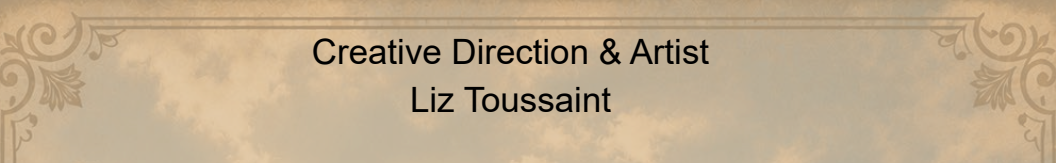
**I learned that artists don't need to do business, they need to make art. I've walked many paths in route to this place I have arrived, and what I have found is that all there is, is creation. That's all we ever do. The unrequited dream of my music reaching a large amount of people went away when I realized that the act of creating itself was therapeutic for me.**

**I wanted success because of what it would mean to other people. Now, I find satisfaction in sharing my art with those who appreciate an authentic individual voice.**

**I am an ever-evolving being that has finally let go enough to feel true freedom. In my years as an aspiring Country singer, every embarrassing moment, every, every joke at my expense, every manipulative connection, and every fake friend taught me a lesson in personal value.**

**I process my feelings through music. It has always been my tool, regardless of the genre. I am proud of who I have become and what I have created in this stage of my life.**

**I am enjoying myself. I hope you enjoy it as well.**



Creative Direction & Artist  
Liz Toussaint

Listening Guide Design & Visual Layout  
Zakiya Abdullah

Photography & Photo Inspiration  
#SweetGangster Photos — Blake Martin  
#WearTheWhiteHat Photos — Liz Calhoun Girtley

Co-Songwriter  
Tandaleria Roland  
Engineering & Production  
Kriss “Kajun” Johnson

Thank you for taking this journey with me.

To be continued...

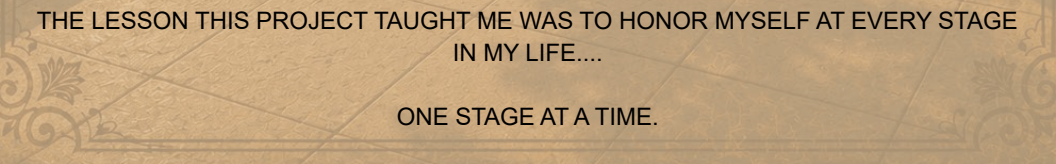
THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO HELPED ME BRING THE STAGE COACH TO LIFE. TO ZAKIYA ABDULLAH, THANK YOU FOR SEEING THE VISION AND UNDERSTANDING THE ASSIGNMENT! THANK YOU FOR SHAPING IT VISUALLY WITH CARE AND INTENTION.

THANK YOU TO BLAKE MARTIN FOR CAPTURING THE ENERGY OF THE #SWEETGANGSTER / 1920S SPEAKEASY LOOK. YOU ATE THAT. AND TO LIZ CALHOUN GIRTLEY FOR THE BEAUTIFUL #WEARTHEWHITEHAT PHOTOGRAPHS. I LOVE THE WAY YOU SEE ME.

TO TANDALERIA ROLAND, THANK YOU FOR YOUR GIFT, YOUR HONESTY, CONTINUED SUPPORT, AND CONTRIBUTION TO THE SPIRIT OF THIS PROJECT. AND TO KRISS “KAJUN” JOHNSON, THANK YOU FOR HOLDING SPACE FOR ME WHILE I NAVIGATED THROUGH A REAL-TIME HEALING-WHILE-CREATING PROCESS, AND SHARING YOUR DAD! CRISS “RIGHTEOUS” JOHNSON

THE LESSON THIS PROJECT TAUGHT ME WAS TO HONOR MYSELF AT EVERY STAGE IN MY LIFE....

ONE STAGE AT A TIME.





PHOTOGRAPH BY:  
BLAKE MARTIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY:  
LIZ CALHOUN-GIRTLEY

