

1. HOT BLOODED
2. BLUE BOYHOOD, BLUE DAY
3. YOU'RE ALL I AM
4. BACK WHERE YOU BELONG
5. LOVE HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL
6. SOULS IN MOTION
7. TRANSCENDANCE (Instrumental)
8. I HAVE WAITED SO LONG
9. LOVE, I CHASE
10. SPELLBINDER
11. HOT BLOODED (Live)
12. LOVE BAZOOKA

DREIGNER:
 Lew Grammer
 Jack Jansen
 Ian McDonald
 Grammer
 Gagliardi
 Dennis Elliott

Musical Direction - Bob James
Produced by Keith Olsen & Ian McDonald
Engineers: Keith Olsen & David DeVore
Mixed by: Mick Jagger, Ian McDonald & Billy Bragg
String Arrangements: David Pulkal
Mastered by: George Marino at Sterling Sound
 Special Thanks to Ian Light for looking great.

Studio Assistant: Michael McCormick, Troy Lichten
Art by: Mason & Mac McCollum
Photographer: John Kaldner
Photography & Design: Norman Stein
Management: EMI Polygram S.P.A. Inc.

FOREIGNER

D O U B L E V I S I O N

FOREIGNER

D O U B L E V I S I O N



D O U B L E V I S I O N



Consider the cruelties of the infamous sophomore slump, a legacy that's humbled many a promising young sports star and musician alike. You know the story: Phenom athlete/band emerges seemingly from nowhere to take the big leagues/record business by storm, only to be humbled by an all-too-familiar confluence of human frailty, hubris, and dumb luck for their second season/album.

FOREIGNER

DOUBLE VISION

After their eponymous 1977 debut spawned a pair of hits ("Feels Like The First Time," "Cold As Ice") that became enduring classic-rock radio staples, spent over a year on the charts, and ultimately went quadruple platinum, Foreigner seemed primed for a fall—a big one. The rock press, ever ready to follow a trend and/or issue a cutting rebuke, celebrated Foreigner's AOR coronation largely by embracing the nascent strains of a vibrant, if oft-reactionary punk/new wave movement, whilst dubbing Mick Jones, Lou Gramm, and company as veritable apostates. Foreigner's music was roundly summed up with a two-word epithet that seemed coined especially for them: *corporate rock*. In short, when the album you now hold in your hands was released in June 1978, more than a few forces were queuing up to grease Foreigner's rails.

Problem is, somebody in the Cruel Fate Distribution Dept. forgot to cc: Foreigner on that sophomore jinx memo. *Double Vision* scored three more hits (the title track, "Hot Blooded," and "Blue Morning, Blue Day") and soared into that rarified seven-times-platinum sales strata as well. Coupled with the continuing success of their debut, Foreigner had not only beaten the odds, but they also vaulted into the first ranks of rock stardom in the bargain. To paraphrase Marty Feldman's Igor in *Young Frankenstein*: "Slump? What slump?"

But, like most "overnight success stories," Foreigner's golden tale was belied by more than a little myth. The band that many pop cynics accused of being hand-tooled in some corporate boardroom was actually the third-career brainchild of English guitarist-producer Mick Jones, a journeyman musician who'd already toiled for better than a dozen years in the service of others, from Johnny Hallyday (the "French Elvis") to stints with the second-edition Spooky Tooth and The Leslie West

Band. Indeed, Foreigner's very name was largely a tribute to Jones' years as a professional musical expatriate. But when the West gig fell apart, Jones found himself stranded in New York City, "where I always wanted to be, with *nothing*. I was just surviving on royalties from what I'd done in France."

But, crucially, West manager Bud Prager (who would eventually assume the same role in Foreigner's career) had encouraged Jones to pursue a songwriting talent that had recently taken a backseat to guitar playing, offering a small work space in his offices as well. "'Feels Like The First Time' was the first one," Jones recalls. "And I thought, *This sounds all right, what do I do with this?! . . .* Then I started to entertain the possibility of putting a band together."

Ex-King Crimson multi-instrumentalist Ian McDonald was an early recruit, the first of a mix of other English and American musicians Jones knew or had gigged with, including keyboardist Al Greenwood, bass player Ed Gagliardi, and drummer Dennis Elliott. Ian Lloyd (late of Stories) had handled early vocal chores, but wouldn't become the final key piece of the Foreigner puzzle.

Jones says some 50 potential singers traipsed through his small Broadway rehearsal space during auditions, not because he didn't know what he wanted in a band frontman, but more likely because he knew all too well. "I'd actually asked Steve Winwood to be the singer in this band at one point," Jones says. "We'd gone out to dinner one night, and I asked him, but he was doing his own thing at the time. That was the kind of feeling I was shooting for."

"My identity had gotten forged in the early '70s by the company of people I admired and where the music was coming from, the blues and roots. Foreigner was a continuation of that, plus what I had to offer myself, as a musical identity. My

'French period' added another dimension to it, my experience with orchestras. And maybe hearing all that accordion music at one point in my life!" he adds with a chuckle.

"I'd also learned how to work with people in the studio," Jones continues. "That was a big part of being able to work with Lou and understand what it needed to be vocally. I put a tremendous amount of work in with Lou, developing his vocal technique, power, and expression. I was proud to have a voice like that, and I wanted to make it sound the best it could. I'd learned stuff from Otis Redding, who I'd been in the studio with, and passed it on—simple as that."

But Lou Grammatico, onetime vocalist of a short-lived Rochester, New York, band called Black Sheep, wasn't originally on Jones' shortlist. In fact, the singer had since taken up drums—and day construction work—to make a living. "I'd met him on a Spooky Tooth tour up in Rochester," Jones recalls. "Our label A&R guy at the time was also managing Lou's band, and he brought them to one of our shows. That's how I first met him. I'd been given an album he'd done with a band called Black Sheep, and that was the album I put on one afternoon when I was fussing about with songwriting. I heard the voice and the connection with the song, and I started to pursue Lou. It suddenly clicked that *this* was the guy."

But, like many struggling musicians, Gramm had since succumbed to a once-bitten, twice-shy attitude about the music business and wasn't particularly interested in Jones' initial offer. "I finally talked him into coming down [to New York City]," Jones says. "Lou was working on a construction site in Rochester. I remember they had to call him down from a ladder to talk to me."

The two quickly found both personal and

musical common ground and soon began to write together, then recorded the demos for what would become one of rock's most successful debuts. The demos were widely rejected, initially even by Atlantic, the label that would take them in. But the company took a chance, and when the record was finally released in March 1977, it clicked immediately with radio and the public at large. Though Foreigner had, ironically, yet to play their first gig in front of an audience, the band would soon be thrust into a grueling year-long tour that might as well have been baptism by fire.

"I found that writing that first album was sort of a release for me of everything that had been growing inside me for ten years," Jones says. "I think it reflected a lot of my experiences in France, the people I'd played with, my personal life. I remember finishing the album and sitting down one night to listen to the finished master, and I knew inside that I'd done the most important thing I'd done in my life. I was in the songs, floating around, really like a spiritual moment: *This is what I'm here to do!* It was my first slightly spiritual awakening. I realized a lot of things at that moment; it wasn't necessarily me, but that this thing was coming down through me, and I was in the right place to get it and convert it into music."

The album's instant success also gratified Jones professionally. "I thought, *My God, I deserve this! I paid my dues!*" he explains. "I'd had relative success here and there and had kept my head above water and stayed out of trouble, pretty much. In a way, I'm glad it did happen when I'd had that experience a bit and had the maturity to handle it. Because the kind of success that came after was heady, to say the least."

What wasn't so heady was the *corporate rock* label that stuck to the band. "That phrase was

invented in some little sleazy basement in London on King's Road," Jones theorizes, with a grin. "By Malcolm McLaren, I'm sure! That was the 'anticorporate' side, which I might agree with him a bit more about these days, regarding what the corporate side has done to music."

Even their own music industry peers couldn't resist a little jab. Nominated for a Best New Artist Grammy® in 1978, Foreigner lost out—to Debby Boone.

But the group had more pressing concerns by then, as Jones explains: "We'd been touring for a solid year, and suddenly the rookie band has got to follow up a record that sold five million! It was unheard of on Atlantic. We were on the label of Zeppelin and the Stones—all the big bands—and I found out that none of them had ever sold over a million records! The only platinum album Atlantic had had up to that point was Iron Butterfly's 'In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida,' and that had been ten years before.

"So there was a lot of pressure. I remember the Stones were just about to record *Some Girls* while we were recording at Atlantic. [Label founder] Ahmet Ertegun was coming down, and I felt we were suddenly in the big leagues. The Stones' [album] and our second album came out at the same time, and it was daunting; suddenly we're both up there fighting against each other, doing sales that no one had heard of before. That year the Stones and Foreigner accounted for nearly 90% of Atlantic's sales."

But despite intense professional scrutiny and the label's understandable desire for Foreigner to deliver a strong follow-up, Jones says he refused to second-guess himself. "I never used to write specific singles," he says. "I just used to look on certain songs as the 'spearhead' of the album. I was actually surprised when we had so many sin-

gles that did well. Through all those first years, it wasn't until [*Agent Provocateur's*] 'I Want To Know What Love Is' that we had a #1 single. We'd had #2 or #3 or #5, and that suited me because I didn't want to be considered a 'singles band.' To me, my job was making albums that people could listen to from beginning to end."

To that end, *Double Vision* was more than just a frame for hit singles and power ballads. Amid the romantic intrigue and double-dealing of songs like "**Back Where You Belong**" and "**Spellbinder**" was "**Lonely Children**," an unusual (especially at the height of '70s arena-rock hedonism), heartfelt plea on behalf of neglected kids. The accused demigods of corporate rock may have been forging a career as richly rewarding as it was meteoric, but here was evidence they hadn't sold their souls.

Jones further ensured his conception of the band would remain intact by elevating his and bandmate McDonald's associate-producer status on Foreigner's debut; both would share full production credit on *Double Vision* with veteran musician-engineer-producer Keith Olsen (then riding high from his standout work on 1975's *Fleetwood Mac*, amongst many others).

Though Foreigner's creative tack may have been decidedly noncerebral, in drawing inspiration from their own emotional scars and day-to-day experiences, Jones and Gramm managed to connect with a mass audience in ways that would be envied by any marketing division MBA. *Double Vision's* title track was a good example, stemming not from the drug experience that many presumed, but rather from Gramm's perspective of a New York Rangers hockey match. After a particularly violent play, "the goalie had suffered a concussion and was taken off the ice," Jones explains. "It came over the P.A. that he had been taken off suffering

double vision, and that really stuck with Lou. Everybody else thought it was a drug song, but I guess the lyrics were kind of ambiguous."

"**Hot Blooded**," the album's swaggering cock-rock anthem and hit single, literally materialized in the studio during sessions for another album track. "We didn't even have it prepared before we went in," Jones remembers. "I think we were halfway into the album, and it developed out of a riff I was playing. We just sort of wrote it on the spot, one of those songs that gets itself together in about ten minutes."

According to the guitarist, the song also came with a little omen: "It was the first time my amp ever caught fire in the studio! A speaker caught fire playing that song, and that was a good sign. I'd never seen a speaker catch fire, so I must have been driving it pretty hard."

But there was more to Foreigner and *Double Vision* than heavy guitar riffing and macho vocal strutting, as Gramm aptly proves on the romantic ballad "**You're All I Am**." Jones in particular brings an unusually broad range of musical sensibilities to bear on the album, much of it forged by his years of work with French star Hallyday on the Continent, and they couldn't help but color tracks like the instrumental "**Tramontane**" and another of the album's evocative standouts and its third single, the moody "**Blue Morning, Blue Day**."

"I think my various influences were coming out," Jones admits. "I remember listening to Procol Harum a lot at the time. 'Blue Morning' was one of the more English songs I did; it had a little bit of that classical thing in there. I started playing piano with Foreigner, an instrument I hadn't really played before. I played piano on 'Cold As Ice,' the first time I'd ever played it on a record. It was the same piano at Atlantic that had been built up, a Steinway

with insulation all over it—the same one that Aretha [Franklin] used to play. I carried on, and piano came to be part of my writing.

"**I Have Waited So Long**" was another one of my little stabs at singing," he continues. "I listen back to that, and it was another side of me, I guess, a Beatles influence coming out."

Though he typically doesn't brag about the fact, Jones' Fab Four inspirations were a bit more genuine than most: As a young musician in France, he'd spent three weeks as part of the revolutionary pop band's opening act during a January 1964 stand at the Paris Olympia, hanging out with them after John Lennon happily discovered another young Brit musician working in their midst. "They took me under their wing for about two weeks, staying in the hotel with them and driving around in the big car," Jones says. "For a minute I thought I was the fifth Beatle!"

Fourteen years later one couldn't have blamed the modest, soft-spoken Jones for feeling like the *fourth* Beatle. In two dizzying years, Foreigner had broken big, defying the sophomore jinx and sniping pundits alike, to become one of the most successful acts in rock. *Double Vision* was more than a successful follow-up; it was also a demand to be taken seriously. Seven million fans (and counting) heeded the call.

Jones is typically modest about Foreigner's achievements: "I hoped it would hold up to some of the things that impressed me when I was developing my musical style. That's been underlying with me, that standard I have to reach. Put it on next to a Zeppelin or Traffic or a Free record, bring something that combines attention to melody with some hefty rock stuff. I've always had that feeling that people were looking over my shoulder all the time."

—Jerry McCulley



Ed Gagliardi

Mick Jones

Ian McDonald

Dennis Elliott

Al Greenwood

Lou Gramm

HOT BLOODED

Well I'm hot blooded, check it and see
I got a fever of a hundred and three
Come on baby, do you do more than dance
I'm hot blooded, I'm hot blooded

You don't have to read my mind
To know what I have in mind
Honey you ought to know
Now you move so fine
Let me lay it on the line
I wanna know what you're doin' after the show

Now it's up to you
We can make a secret rendezvous
Just me and you
I'll show you lovin' like you never knew

That's why I'm hot blooded, check it and see
I got a fever of a hundred and three
Come on baby, do you do more than dance
I'm hot blooded, hot blooded

If it feels alright
Maybe you can stay all night
Shall I leave you my key
But you've got to give me a sign
Come on girl, some kind of sign
Tell me, are you hot mama
You sure look that way to me

Are you old enough
Will you be ready when I call your bluff
Is my timing right
Did you save your love for me tonight

Yeah I'm hot blooded, check it and see
Feel the fever burning inside of me
Come on baby, do you do more than dance
I'm hot blooded, I'm hot blooded

Now it's up to you
Can we make a secret rendezvous
But before we do
You'll have to get away from you know who

Well I'm hot blooded, check it and see
I got a fever of a hundred and three
Come on baby, do you do more than dance
I'm hot blooded, I'm hot blooded

Hot blooded, every night
Hot blooded, you're looking so tight
Hot blooded, now you're driving me wild
Hot blooded, I'm so hot for you child
Hot blooded, I'm a little bit high
Hot blooded, you're a little bit shy
Hot blooded, you're making me sing
Hot blooded, for your sweet sweet thing

BLUE MORNING, BLUE DAY

Out in the street, it's six a.m.
Another sleepless night
Three cups of coffee but I can't clear my head
From what went down last night

I know we both have our own little ways
But somehow we keep it together
You hear me talk, but you don't hear what I say
I guess it don't even matter

Blue morning, blue day
Won't you see things my way
Blue morning
Can't you see what your love has done to me

I've always listened to your point of view
My ways, I've tried to mend
And I've always been a patient man,
But my patience has reached its end

You tell me you're leaving, you tell me goodbye
You say you might send a letter
Well, honey, don't telephone, 'cause I won't be alone
I need someone to make me feel better

Blue morning, blue day, won't you see things my way
Blue morning, can't you see what your love
has done to me

Blue morning, blue day, won't you see things my way

Blue morning, can't you see what your love
has done to me

Blue morning, blue morning
Blue morning, blue morning
Blue morning, blue morning
Blue, blue, blue day, yeah

YOU'RE ALL I AM

I never knew a man would be so lonely
That life would treat a man so wrong
But when the odds were all against me
You gave me the strength to carry on

You gave me a new start
So I will give you my heart

You, you are my life, you're all I am
Only you can understand the way I am

You never give me enough of your love
I need more and more each day
Honey can't you see the only thing I can be sure of
Is that something real has come my way

So I believe my heart
Though sometimes it tears me apart

You, you are my life, you're all I am
Baby it's you, you are my life, you're all I am
Only you can understand the way I am

You know I live my life for you

You are my life, you're all I am
Baby it's true, you are my life, you're all I am
Only you can understand the way I am

BACK WHERE YOU BELONG

I felt so sure of the love that we shared
There was no reason on earth to be scared
Then I heard the rumor, it started to grow
Slowly but surely, the truth began to show

Then I started wondering
As I picked up the phone

And a man started asking
If you were at home

You treat me like a fool, but you're so wrong
I'm gonna send you back where you belong
I put my trust in you, but I was wrong
I'm gonna send you back where you belong

You treat me like a fool, but you're so wrong
I'm gonna send you back where you belong

I never had any doubt in my mind
Now you have shown me, love can make you blind

Back where you belong
Back where you belong

Back where you belong
Back where you belong

LOVE HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL

Some girls you meet, seem so complete
Like they don't need nothin' from you
They're out to show you, they don't want to know you
When deep inside they do

Well, this girl didn't want me or anyone else
She was alone, thought I'd give it a try
I was a young bull stompin' in the field
I saw red when she walked by

Love has taken its toll, love has
Love has taken, love has taken its toll, oh yeah

I had to think fast, I watched her walk past
I knew I would have my way
So I swaggered up, I mean I staggered up
But I didn't have a damn thing to say

Now, two handed strategy always works well for me
So I slipped my hands around her waist
I swore it was the right move, feelin' so smooth
'Till she backhanded me 'cross my face

Love has taken its toll, love has
Love has taken, love has taken its toll, oh yeah

To make a long story short, she finally got caught
I had to tell her "enough is enough"
She said "you're just what I need," and boy
She nearly pleaded with me not to be too rough

Love has taken its toll, love has
Love has taken, taken its toll, oh yeah

Love has taken, taken its toll, love has
Love has taken, taken its toll, oh yeah

Love has taken, taken its toll, love has
Love has taken, taken its toll, oh yeah

DOUBLE VISION

Feeling down 'n' dirty, feeling kinda mean
I've been from one to another extreme
It's time I had a good time, ain't got time to wait
I wanna stick around 'till I can't see straight

Fill my eyes with that double vision
No disguise for that double vision
Ooh, when it gets through to me, it's always
new to me

My double vision gets the best of me

Never do more than I really need
My mind is racing, but my body's in the lead
Tonight's the night, I'm gonna push it to the limit
I'll live all of my years in a single minute

Fill my eyes with that double vision
No disguise for that double vision
Ooh, when it gets through to me, it's always
new to me

My double vision always seems to get the best of me

Double vision
I need double vision
It takes me out of my head, takin' me out of my head
I get my double vision
Seeing double double
My double vision
Double vision
I get double vision

I HAVE WAITED SO LONG

I have waited oh so long
Please don't tell me baby I was wrong
Dreaming of you every night
Holding back until the time was right

I've counted the days
Since we've been apart
Now I've found my way
Right back to your heart

I've been searching for you everywhere
Calling you but you were never there
Seeking in the dark of night
Hoping one day you would shine a light

I've counted each day since we've been apart
Now I've found my way
Right back to your heart

I have waited oh so long
Please don't tell me baby I was wrong
Dreaming of you every night
Holding back until the time was right

I have waited so long
Don't tell me I was wrong

I dream of you, I'm dreaming of you baby

Don't go away

LONELY CHILDREN

You go where the wind blows, leading the
life you chose
Your destination remains unknown
No one to help you, nobody cares about you
You're looking for someplace you can call home

Lonely children on the run
Lonely children need someone

Too many questions, you need the answer to them
Your information is so incomplete
You seek directions, you would be lost without them
Don't let them find you lying in the street

Lonely children on the run
Lonely children only need someone

Someone to talk to
Someone who cares
Someone who listens
Is anyone there

They may detest you, someday they may arrest you
They stop at nothing to hold you down
You need to be free, but will they ever let you
They won't be happy 'till you leave town

Lonely children on the run, run on the run
Lonely children need someone, need someone
Lonely children in the night, can't you see them fuming
Lonely children need a guiding light and don't forget
Lonely children are alone
Lonely children have no home
Lonely children on the run
Hope someday there'll be someone
Lonely, lonely children

SPELLBINDER

I found out the hard way, some things you
just can't get
When I fell in love with a woman I wish I never met
I was in the wrong place, at the wrong time
I fell easy prey to an innocent way, I was so blind
I call out her name, I turn around to find her
She's a spellbinder

I've never been an easy man, so hard to please
But she made me feel life was unreal, oh Lord how
she satisfied me
I tried to break away, but I didn't stand a chance
She planned it so well, I was under her spell
I was in a trance

I call her name, and turn around to find her
She's a spellbinder

Now do you know what love can do
Oh no, what she puts me through

It took so long for me to find her
Now she won't set me free
She's a spellbinder

Now do you know what love can do
Oh no, what she put me through
You say you can't believe, believe that it's true
Let the spellbinder put a spell on you



"YOU'RE ALL I AM," "LONELY CHILDREN," "BACK
WHERE YOU BELONG" & "I HAVE WAITED SO LONG"
Foreigner
(M. Jones)
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"BLUE MORNING, BLUE DAY," "DOUBLE VISION,"
"HOT BLOODED" & "SPELLBINDER"
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(Grammi/Jones)
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(Grammi/McDonald)
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- FOREIGNER:**
- 1. HOT BLOODED**
(Lou Gramm/Mick Jones)
An edited version was issued as Atlantic single #3488 (6/9/78); Pop #3
- 2. BLUE MORNING, BLUE DAY**
(Mick Jones/Lou Gramm)
Also issued as Atlantic single #3543 (11/30/78); Pop #15
- 3. YOU'RE ALL I AM**
(Mick Jones)
- 4. BACK WHERE YOU BELONG**
(Mick Jones)
- 5. LOVE HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL**
(Ian McDonald/Lou Gramm)
- 6. DOUBLE VISION**
(Mick Jones/Lou Gramm)
Also issued as Atlantic single #3514 (9/8/78); Pop #2
- 7. TRAMONTANE (Instrumental)**
(Al Greenwood/Ian McDonald/Mick Jones)
- 8. I HAVE WAITED SO LONG**
(Mick Jones)
- 9. LONELY CHILDREN**
(Mick Jones)
- 10. SPELLBINDER**
(Lou Gramm/Mick Jones)
- Tracks 1-10**
Originally from *Double Vision*
Atlantic #19999 (6/20/78); LPs #3
- Bonus Tracks:**
- 11. HOT BLOODED (Live)**
(Lou Gramm/Mick Jones)
Produced by MICK JONES
Recorded Live at ANAHEIM STADIUM, Anaheim, CA (7/17/82)
Originally from *Records*
Atlantic #80999 (11/29/82); LPs #10
- 12. LOVE MAKER (Live)**
(Willie Clarke/Clerence Reid/Betty Wright)
Produced by BUD PRAGER • Co-Produced by FRANK FILIPETTI
Recorded at MANTRA STUDIOS, Chicago (7/1/77)
Originally from *Classic Hits Live*
Atlantic #82525 (11/16/93)

NOTE: Numbers in italics (following original release information) denote peak positions by singles on Billboard's "Hot 100" chart and by albums on Billboard's Top LPs/Albums chart - courtesy BPI Communications and Joel Whitburn's Record Research Publications.

FOREIGNER:

Lou Gramm
Mick Jones
Ian McDonald
Al Greenwood
Ed Gagliardi
Dennis Elliott

Lead vocals
Lead guitar, piano, vocals
Guitars, keyboards, reeds, vocals
Keyboards, synthesizer
Bass, vocals
Drums

Musical Direction - Mick Jones

Produced by Keith Olsen, Mick Jones & Ian McDonald
Engineers: Keith Olsen & David DeVore
Studio Assistance: Michael McConnell, Troby Laidlaw & Randy Mason
Recorded at Atlantic Recording Studio, New York, NY & Sound City Studios, Van Nuys, CA
Mixed at Atlantic Recording Studio, New York, NY
Special thanks to Ian Lloyd for backing vocals.

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Photography & Design: Norman Seeff



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