

dirty white boy
love on the telephone
women
i'll get even with you
seventeen
head games

the modern day
blinded by science
do what you like
rev on the red line
bonus track:
*zalia**




** previously unissued*

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FOREIGNER

head games





**you can't win 'em all.
you ain't seen nothin' yet.**

That one rock album could embody these two age-old maxims seems a contradiction. Yet, in retrospect, that's exactly the trick Foreigner's Head Games somehow turned after its release in September 1979.



But then, the whole rock world often seemed like one big paradox in the waning months of the Me Decade. On one side of the divide, a cadre of brash young punk and new wave acolytes had torn through Big Rock's cobwebs, spawning a spunky subculture whose seemingly boundless energy and confrontational sense of style were already bubbling into the mainstream with regularity.

On the other, of course, towered the dramatically posed, elaborately coiffed specter of '70s rock royalty, with old-guard Brit legends like the Stones and Zeppelin now bolstered by American upstarts in the Journey and Boston mold. And while the skinny-tie set pogoed the night away in clubs from Soho to Santa Monica, Spinal Tap's spiritual mentors were still holding forth with multnight rituals at a Basketball Arena Near You, the faithful proudly holding their lighters high by the thousands.

This was the strange musical climate that greeted Foreigner's third album, and it hardly took a team of trained surveyors to figure out which side of the cultural divide Mick Jones, Lou Gramm, and company stood upon, wittingly or not. These were, after all, the musicians for whom the pundits had forged the most feared epithet in their lexicon: *corporate rock band*. Foreigner, it was widely assumed, were simply soulless musical mercenaries assembled in the lofty shadows of some conglomerate's glass tower. They were merely the robotic pawns of record-biz marketing geniuses who'd somehow calculated the perfect quotient of vocal hooks, heavy guitar riffs, and denimed ass-shaking to sell a million records at will or fill an arena on command. It was all too perfect—and oh, so evil.

It was also way, way off.

Foreigner was actually the result of a dozen-plus years of hard work and professional heartbreak, formed by a journeyman guitar player, songwriter, and producer named Mick Jones. Though an

Englishman, Jones had spent most of his adult life chasing his musical dreams from Europe to America and back again. The band's name paid apt tribute to his life: Wherever Jones wound up, he was always the Foreigner.

After a long association with Johnny Hallyday (the "French Elvis") as sideman, songwriter, and musical director, Jones had moved on to the revamped Spooky Tooth, then served briefly in the rapidly disintegrating Leslie West Band. When that gig fell through, Jones found himself in New York City, "where I always wanted to be, with *nothing*." Dispirited and next to broke, Jones nonetheless found himself professionally nurtured by West's manager, Bud Prager, who encouraged the out-of-work musician's dormant songwriting talents, then offered him a small space in his Broadway office to pursue them.

The songs came surprisingly quickly, Jones recalls: "'Feels Like The First Time' was the first. And I thought, *This sounds all right, what do I do with this?!*" The answer was to form a band, which ultimately came to include a roster of English and American musicians he'd known or worked with, including ex-King Crimson multi-instrumentalist Ian McDonald, keyboardist Al Greenwood, bass player Ed Gagliardi, and drummer Dennis Elliott.

What Jones had a tougher time with was finding a voice to perform his new songs. After Steve Winwood declined, Jones auditioned "about 50 vocalists in a small little room at the top of a building on Broadway." But Foreigner's future frontman was still upstate in Rochester, working a construction job.

Lou Grammatico's experience as vocalist with Rochester's Black Sheep had led to two records—and a bellyful of frustration with the music business. So much so that Lou had since switched to drums and taken up construction work to pay the bills. If he didn't recall meeting Jones at an earlier Spooky



Larry Hulst/Retna Ltd.

Tooth gig with his old band, Jones remembered him. Mick put on a Black Sheep album "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."

When Jones called, "I remember they had to call him down from a ladder to talk to me. He was reluctant at first, because he'd had a few bad trips with his band and had sort of resigned himself. I finally talked him into coming down [to New York City]."

A year, two hit singles ("Cold As Ice," "Feels Like The First Time"), and five million albums later, Gramm presumably was happy he'd dragged his ass off that ladder in Rochester. *Foreigner* became one of rock's most successful debuts, even if the Grammy® Awards snubbed them for Best New Artist in favor of Debby Boone. Their 1978 follow-up, *Double Vision*, did considerably more than beat the dreaded sophomore jinx; it also scored three more hits (the title track, "Hot Blooded," and "Blue Morning, Blue Day") and eventually went seven times platinum.

Of course that silly *corporate rock* tag had been draped around their necks in the bargain, a laminated all-access pass to rock-crit purgatory. "It was a time when a lot of backbiting was starting to come from the punk movement," Jones muses in retrospect. "So we were a 'corporate band,' put together by a label. That phrase was invented in some little sleazy basement in London on King's Road—by Malcolm McLaren, I'm sure! But it wasn't formed that way at all. In fact, we got turned down by most record companies when the demo was sent out. And we were turned down by Atlantic until John Kalodner got involved. He was working in the press department [in] those days, and Foreigner became his first project.

"Quite honestly," he continues, "I was carrying on with the information that I had gathered from the

late '60s and early '70s—that Islands Records stable, from Free to Traffic. That was the kind of feeling I was shooting for."

Long a savvy musical observer, Jones could hardly overlook rock's great divide. To that end, Jones handpicked many of the era's rising stars to open for Foreigner at live shows, including The Cars, Cheap Trick, Bram Tchaikovsky, and, on what must have been a particularly surreal night in Minneapolis, the Ramones.

Head Games also seemed like a conscious effort to bridge the gap. "It was meant to be more of a 'street-sounding' album," Jones admits. "At least with some of the tracks, like 'Dirty White Boy.' We'd been getting a battering in the press about how 'polished' the albums sounded. I think we balked a bit at that because I didn't want to make 'polished' records. I just wanted to make great ones. I think we started to search for a little more earthiness, and that's how 'Dirty White Boy' came about. It's just riffs and some great lyrics from Lou."

Another of the album's seemingly shrewd choices was producer Roy Thomas Baker, the studio whiz who'd previously helped steer bands as diverse as Queen and The Cars to superstardom. "It was inevitable that we'd get together," Jones says. "I wanted Roy to work with us on the first album, but he couldn't, due to other commitments. He set us up with the people who produced our first album and has been in contact with us ever since." During the sessions, Jones recalls hobnobbing with Talking Heads Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth, and turning his early home video camera on a presumably startled David Byrne and Brian Eno (can't we all get along?).

But the guitarist also admits that Foreigner's meteoric rise had not come without some personal turmoil: "It was extreme pressure fast. And it took a bit of a toll. I was desperately trying to make it a

'band.' But it desperately needed some direction, and I kind of had a vision of what I wanted it to be. Two-thirds of the band were relatively inexperienced, so it was a growing period. It was supposed to be that we'd put out two or three records, and maybe we'd have some success; nobody had dreamed it would do what it did. I was prepared to put four or five years in developing the band. I just wanted to get a start."

The first casualty of those hyper growing pains was bassist Ed Gagliardi, who was replaced for *Head Games* by Roxy Music/Small Faces vet Rick Wills, ostensibly to tighten up the rhythm section and toughen up the overall sound. Crucially, the pressure also bound the band's two mainstays, Jones and Gramm, closer together. "Our partnership got stronger and stronger. We had a real camaraderie," Jones notes.

They seemed the musical odd couple, the well-traveled Englishman, with his ten-year-plus résumé, and the blue-collar, ne'er-do-well American rocker-turned-construction man. But Jones says it was precisely their differences that made the team work: "Lou had grown up being a fan of the British Invasion, and I'd grown up being the opposite, as a huge fan of American 'race music,' as they called soul and blues. Our childhoods were completely different; I'd been searching for all the obscure American records, and he'd been searching for all the obscure English ones! But we met on a middle ground. Both of us had a firm addiction to great soul singers—Marvin Gaye, Ray Charles."

They also agreed on the departure they undertook with Foreigner's third LP, from its tougher sound to its edgier marketing approach. ("*Head Games* was supposed to be provocative," Jones admits.) While the single "Dirty White Boy" garnered criticism in some quarters for being supposedly racist (a claim that still perplexes the band), it was

the album's cover that got them in even deeper trouble. A sort of visual pun on the title, the cover featured a young girl in a short skirt and high heels erasing graffiti on the wall of a men's room urinal. That there were far racier turn-of-the-century French postcards gathering dust in Kansas antique shops mattered not at all in some quarters. Accused of both racism and sexism on the same LP, the *corporate rock band* had somehow become politically incorrect in the bargain.

Jones is bemused by the criticism. "It just so happened that a woman designed that album cover—that was the irony of it," he says. "She'd shot the photo with the girl in the bathroom. It was criticized for being insulting to women, but a woman had done the whole thing in the first place. They took a dislike to the 'message.' But it kind of felt good: 'Oh, we did something wrong? Good! We were the bad boys all of a sudden! We could have made a lot more out of that. Nowadays that would have been the whole marketing plan!"

That was one issue that accounted for the album's relatively disappointing sales figures. But then, "relatively disappointing" in Foreigner's rarified atmosphere still meant five-times platinum. But, as we said earlier: *You can't win them all.*

"Lou and I both loved that album," Jones declares. "Its relative lack of success didn't really daunt us. It definitely hit a roadblock in the whole Bible Belt. There was this huge Midwest flap, where record distributors decided they didn't want to carry that record. That's how that album suffered. But maybe it wasn't as 'commercial' as the first two—it had more rock-type hits."

The title track was a good example of the chunkier Foreigner sound, tricky rhythms and all, as well as the Jones-Gramm writing partnership. "That was a pretty close collaboration for us," Jones says. "Lou wrote the lyrics. The idea had originated with

him, and he put a little two-finger piano demo down. I liked the double entendre. It's always a great live song to play. It's reflective of that guitar-synth power-rock that we developed at the time."

Gramm's personal touch could also be felt on "Rev On The Red Line," inspired by his teen exploits down on Rochester's Lake Avenue. "That was a Lou lyric, talking about his youth as a muscle-car drag racer. To this day he still collects muscle cars," Jones explains. In the *Head Games* days, that stable included a Z-28 Camaro and Porsche.

But if the album was a relative commercial disappointment, Jones and Gramm managed to find another silver lining while touring to support it, as Mick recalls: "We were at an arena in Cincinnati on the *Head Games* tour, and a kid was waiting backstage; he was there when we went to sound check and had been waiting there all day, so we took him backstage and let him sit on the side of the stage when we played."

Jones started to write a song about the experience. "I kind of wrote it through his eyes and his fantasy. It started out as two songs Lou and I were writing, and we melded it into one. We did a lot of that. Lou had the 'Take one guitar' part, and I was mulling around the title of 'Jukebox Hero,' and we somehow put it together."

After the *Head Games* tour, Foreigner would undergo another personnel upheaval, leading to the exit of McDonald and Greenwood. Times were tough. But with the germ of "Juke Box Hero" they'd already had a focal point for the next album, 4, the one that would have three more hits, sell eight million copies, and firmly establish Foreigner as international superstars as well.

Like we said: *You ain't seen nothin' yet.*

—Jerry McCulley



Mike Kogeln/Retna Ltd.

DIRTY WHITE BOY JONES/GRAMM

Hey baby if you're feelin' down
I know what's good for you all day
Are you worried what your friends see
Will it ruin your reputation lovin' me

'Cause I'm a Dirty white boy
A Dirty white boy
A Dirty white boy

Don't drive no big black car
Don't like no hollywood movie star
You want me to be true to you
Don't give a damn what I do to you

I'm just a Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy

Well I'm a Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy

I been in trouble since I don't know when
I'm in trouble now and I know somehow
I'll find trouble again
I'm a loner, but I'm never alone
Every night I get one step closer to
the danger zone

'Cause I'm a Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy
I'm a Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy

C'mon, C'mon boy
White boy
I'm a Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy
Well I'm a Dirty white boy
I'm a Dirty white boy
Dirty white boy

LOVE ON THE TELEPHONE JONES/GRAMM

Monday, Tuesday, three days and more
Pretty soon you don't know anymore
Friday, the sixth day, Saturday seems late
Don't know how much longer I can wait

Ooh, could ya wait 'til I get home
Ooh, we need to be alone
I don't wanna lose
My love on the telephone

You make me nervous 'cause the line's engaged
I can't believe we let it get to this stage
Sittin' here, waitin' for you to give me a sign
You know I got my heart on the line

Ooh, I know that I was wrong
Ooh, I've been away too long
I can't stand to lose
My love on the telephone

Hello operator
You know that I've been waitin' on this call
I said, hey, operator
If you're givin' me a bad time, I'm gonna
tear this phone right off the wall

Monday, Tuesday, three days and more
Pretty soon I don't know anymore
Friday is the sixth day, Saturday seems late
Don't know how much longer I can wait

Ooh, could ya wait 'til I get home
Ooh, we need to be alone
I don't wanna lose
My love on the telephone

Ooh, I'm runnin' out of time
Ooh, my heart is on the line
I don't wanna lose
My love on the telephone

Ooh, maybe I was wrong
Ooh, I've been away too long
I can't stand to lose
My love on the telephone

Ooh, could ya wait 'til I get home
Ooh, we need to be alone
I don't wanna lose
My love on the telephone

WOMEN JONES

Women behind bars
Women in fast cars
Women in distress

Women with no dress
Women in aeroplanes
Women who play games
Women in uniform
See that woman with her clothes torn

Women who satisfy
Women you can't buy
Like women in magazines
And women in a limousine
Women who sip champagne
Women who feel no pain
Women in a disco
Women who don't wanna know

Women wanting sympathy
Women feeling ecstasy
Women who live in fantasies
Bringing man to his knees

Women who fall in love
Women who need a shove
Women who can't be beat
Get that woman in the back seat
Women in the U.S.A.
Those women steal your heart away
Women into rock 'n' roll
Women who steal the show

Women that you write songs about
Women that turn around and kick you out
Women you dream about all your life
Women that stab you in the back
with a switchblade knife

I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU JONES

You gave it to me real low
You gave me such a low blow
You caught me with my guard down
You floored me in the first round

You gave it to me real low
You gave me such a low blow
You hit me on the blind side
You took me for a big ride

But I won't let it get to me
I couldn't go through all that
No, I won't let it get to me
I'll try and hold it all back

And get even with you

I'll get even with you
Yeah, I'll get even with you
You'll get what's comin' to you

You gave it to me real low
You give me such a low blow
You kick a man when he's down
You kick him when he's on the ground

You gave it to me real low
You give me such a low blow
You got me in a tailspin
You really tried to do me in

But I won't let it get to me
I couldn't go through all that
No, I won't let it get to me
I'll try and hold it all back
But I'll get even with you

I'll get even with you
Oh, I'll get even with you
You'll get what's comin' to you

I'll get even with you

Repeat

SEVENTEEN JONES/GRAMM

Late last night
I get a call from a so called friend
He wouldn't give his name
Says he saw you with another man
Feels like seventeen years
It's only seventeen days
Since I saw the real you
And I let you walk away

You left me broken
You left me stranded
The way you play this game of love
It's just plain underhanded
I spent a lot of time
And I spent all my money
Don't want no other fool
To put his hands on you

Who you been talkin' to
Who you been walkin' with

Seventeen
You're just seventeen
Seventeen

They said I was playin' with fire
I knew I had to take a chance
I had to take you higher
To a new experience
But little did I know
I'd never get that far
Girl, you know you put on quite a show
You're gonna be a star

When you grow older, girl
You'll remember I told you, girl

Seventeen
You're just seventeen
Seventeen
Seventeen

Repeat

HEAD GAMES GRAMM/JONES

Daylight, alright
I don't know, I don't know if it's real
Been a long night and something ain't right
You won't show, you won't show how you feel

No time ever seems right
To talk about the reasons why you and I fight
It's high time to draw the line
Put an end to this game before it's too late

Head Games—it's you and me baby
Head Games—I can't take it anymore
Head Games
I don't wanna play no Head Games

I daydream for hours it seems
I keep thinkin' of you, yeah thinkin' of you
These daydreams what do they mean
They keep haunting me, are they warning me

Daylight turns into night
We try and find the answer but it's nowhere in sight
It's always the same and you know who's to blame
You know what I'm sayin' still we keep on playin'

Head Games—That's all I get from you
Head Games—I can't take it anymore

Head Games
Don't wanna play no Head Games

So near, so far away
We pass each other by 'cause we don't know
what to say
It's so clear, I'm sorry to say
If you wanna win you gotta learn how to play

Head Games—always you and me baby
Head Games—I can't take it anymore
Head Games—instead of makin' love
Head Games—
Head Games—always you and me baby
Head Games—'til I can't take it anymore
No more Head Games—instead of makin'
love, we play
Head Games

Head Games

Repeat

THE MODERN DAY* JONES

I stand up for my pride
I don't wanna be just like anyone
In this world I cannot hide
I must finish what I have begun

That's the way I play
In the modern day
'Cause I wanna stay
In the modern day

Got a picture in my mind
Of the way that I wanna be
So I search until I find
The power inside of me

It's another phase
Of the modern day

Gotta face up to this life
Can't let it get the best of me
So I make a sacrifice
If that's the way it has to be

I'm doin' what I feel is right
I'm ready if I need to fight

In the modern way

In the modern day

Gotta face up to this life
Can't let it get the best of me
If I make a sacrifice
That's the way it has to be

Like a motor in overdrive
I feel good and I feel alive
I got no need to beg or borrow
Got a shortcut to tomorrow

And I'm on my way
To the modern day
That's the way I play
In the modern day

'Cause I'm here to stay
In the modern day

In the modern day

*vocal: Mick Jones

BLINDED BY SCIENCE JONES

Blinded by science, I'm on the run
Blinded by science, where do I belong
What's in the future, has it just begun
Blinded by science, I'm on the run

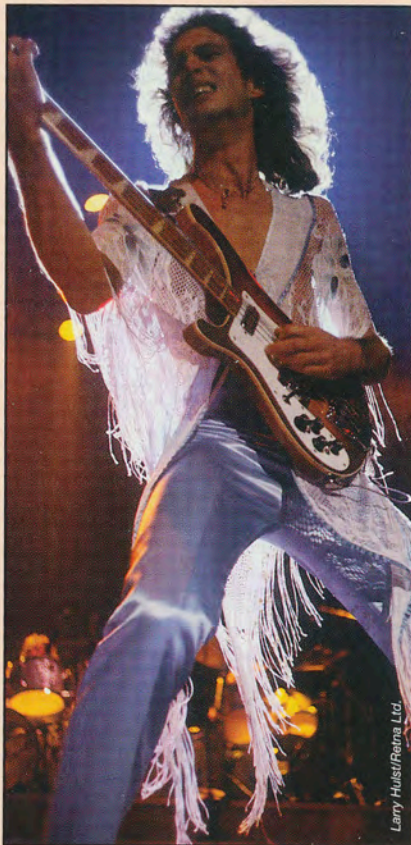
I worry 'bout the world that we live in
I'm worried by all the confusion
I wonder 'bout the lies I've been reading
I wonder where this madness is leading

Is this a road going nowhere
Or is someone leading us somewhere
I can't believe we're here for no reason
There must be something we can believe in

Blinded by science, I'm on the run
I'm not an appliance, so don't turn me on
What's in the future, has it just begun
Blinded by science, I'm on the run

What's in the future, has it just begun
Blinded by science, I'm on the run

I worry 'bout the world that we live in
I'm worried by all the confusion
I wonder 'bout the lies I've been reading
I wonder where this madness is leading



Larry Hulst/Reina Ltd.

*Is this a road going nowhere
Is someone leading us somewhere
I can't believe we're here for no reason
There must be something we can believe in*

*Blinded by science, I'm on the run
I'm not an appliance, don't turn me on
What's in the future, has it just begun
Blinded by science, I'm on the run*

*Blinded by science, I'm on the run
I'm blinded by science, on the run*

DO WHAT YOU LIKE McDONALD/GRAMM

*Don't tell me what you can't do
Never had a hold on you
And don't tell me where you'd rather be
Just say the word, I'll set you free*

*You won't believe what you won't see
The only one you'll lose is me
Don't tell me what you can't do*

*Give a little, I need a lot
You never think about what we've got
Maybe our breakup is long overdue
If it's over me, it's up to you*

*Don't make it harder than you need to
You're old enough to hear the truth
Don't tell me what you can't do*

*I'd do anything to make you stay
I'd be a fool to let you get away
They say true love never runs smooth
But when it's gone, what can you do?*

*You won't believe what you won't see
The only one you'll lose is me
Do what you like, you know that you can*

*Don't let her go!
Maybe I should let her know
I'll try to be strong
But it's wrong!*

*I'm gonna have to let her go
If you walk out on me
I'd be lonely as a man could be*

*You won't believe what you won't see
The only one you'll lose is me*

*Do what you like, you know that you can
But girl if you're wrong, please understand
Do what you like, you know that you can
But girl if you're wrong, please understand*

*Do what you like, you know that you can
Don't tell me what you can do
But girl if you're wrong, please understand
Never had a hold on you
Do what you like, you know that you can
And don't tell me where you'd rather be
But girl if you're wrong, please understand
Just say the word, I'll set you free*

*You won't believe what you won't see
The only one you'll lose is me*

*You won't believe what you won't see
The only one you'll lose is me*

REV ON THE RED LINE GREENWOOD/GRAMM

*Two in a row everybody knows
At the green light you rev it on the red line
Been waitin' all week to get my wheels on the street
Get my hands on the wheel slide down in the seat*

*She's wearin' new colors and runnin' pretty good
I got four hundred horses tucked under the hood
But there's no need to panic, it's under control
We're aerodynamic and ready to roll*

*Rev on the red line
You're on your own
Rev on the red line
Just let it go*

*Runnin' all night on Lake Avenue
It's a piece of cake
If you know what to do
You've got to lose a few*

*'Til the stakes get high
When the odds are right
You just blow by*

*And make no mistake, there's women
who just wait
For the man and machine with the best time*

*Rev on the red line
You're on your own*

*Feels like a lifetime
But soon you'll know*

*Wasn't long ago could've lost my wheels
Had to outrun the law, it was no big deal
I guess they had a grudge, they were hot on my tracks
I had to pay off the judge to get my license back
Now I need to pin those needles, got to feel that heat
Hear my motor screamin' while I'm tearin' up the street*

*Rev on the red line
You're on your own
Rev on the red line
Just let it go*

*Rev on Rev on
Rev on Rev on*



"REV ON THE RED LINE"

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**"BLINDED BY SCIENCE," "THE MODERN DAY,"
"WOMEN" & "I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU"**

Foreigner
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**"DIRTY WHITE BOY," "HEAD GAMES,"
"LOVE ON THE TELEPHONE" & "SEVENTEEN"**

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"DO WHAT YOU LIKE"

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Mud Drum Music (ASCAP)

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1. **DIRTY WHITE BOY**
(Mick Jones/Lou Gramm)
An edited version was issued as Atlantic single #3618 (8/27/79); Pop #12
2. **LOVE ON THE TELEPHONE**
(Mick Jones/Lou Gramm)
3. **WOMEN**
(Mick Jones)
Also issued as Atlantic single #3651 (1/80); Pop #41
4. **I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU**
(Mick Jones)
5. **SEVENTEEN**
(Mick Jones/Lou Gramm)
6. **HEAD GAMES**
(Lou Gramm/Mick Jones)
Also issued as Atlantic single #3633 (10/79); Pop #14
7. **THE MODERN DAY**
(Mick Jones)

8. **BLINDED BY SCIENCE**
(Mick Jones)
9. **DO WHAT YOU LIKE**
(Ian McDonald/Lou Gramm)
10. **REV ON THE RED LINE**
(Al Greenwood/Lou Gramm)

Tracks 1-10
Originally from **Head Games**
Atlantic #29999 (9/11/79); LPs #5

- Bonus Track:**
11. **ZALIA**
(Ian McDonald/Lou Gramm)
Produced by Ian McDonald
Engineered by Vaughn Merrick
[Previously Unissued]

NOTE: Numbers in italics (following original release information) denote peak positions obtained 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—Lead vocals
Mick Jones—Lead guitar, piano, vocals,
lead vocal on "The Modern Day"
Ian McDonald—Guitars, keyboards, vocals
Al Greenwood—Keyboards, synthesizer
Dennis Elliott—Drums
Rick Wills—Bass, vocals

Musical Direction—Mick Jones

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Mick Jones & Ian McDonald

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Studio Assistance: Randy Mason &
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Recorded at Atlantic Studios, New York, NY
Additional Recording & Mixing at Cherokee
Studios, Hollywood, CA

Special thanks to: Michael McConnell, Troy
Laidlaw, Mac McCollum & George Gill

The Bearded Wonder

The Belles of 1790

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Back Cover Photo: David Alexander
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left & right: Chris Walker/Retna Ltd.
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