

"Yeah, man. Don't forget it. Bring that into the rehearsal room," he said. "Let's work on it. I'd like to write some lyrics to it."

When it came time to actually write and record the song, Lenny flew me out to New York. He lived in Manhattan but he'd set himself up in a studio across the river in Hoboken, New Jersey. It was where he'd recorded his debut album, and where he was doing the basic tracks for his next album. We took the train there from his apartment, and he played drums while I laid the guitar down for what became "Always on the Run." It was a lot of fun, very raw and stripped down, the way it should be done. There's not a lot going on on that track, but it sounded really good; he put the bass and vocals on later. The studio was like Lenny's castle; every instrument was in place—he could jump from guitar to bass to drums and get it all down as his inspiration dictated.

I had brought Renee with me on that trip and we were staying in midtown at a hotel close to Lenny's apartment and had spent the night before, a Saturday, carousing extensively. It was summertime, it was hot as hell, and once I got to Lenny's place that Sunday morning, I discovered that due to some outdated rule called the "blue law" on New York's books, no bars or liquor stores were open at all.

It wasn't exactly how I pictured this collaboration going down and it was about to be a problem. I remember hanging around Lenny's apartment waiting for him to get ready. The place looked like the world's biggest closet of vintage clothes had vomited all over the room: there were garments everywhere, covering every available surface. It was ten a.m., I was taking this whole scene in, and I was *craving* a drink.

"Hey man, do you have anything to drink?" I asked.

"No, man, I don't think so," Lenny said. "You want to smoke a joint?"

"That's cool. I could really use a drink, though," I said. "Can we stop by a bar or a liquor store on the way?"

"I don't know, man," he said. "I don't think so. That's all closed on Sunday."

"Oh yeah?" I said, getting a little bit nervous. "Do your neighbors have any booze? I need a drink, man."

Lenny did his best; he procured what seemed like a thimbleful of vodka from his neighbor. I downed it but it was like throwing a Band-Aid at a

gunshot wound. As we hopped on the PATH train to Hoboken, which is a trip of about twenty minutes, I began to experience alcohol detox: my hands shook, I was light-headed, irritable, and anxious. It wasn't some big mystery— I just needed a fucking drink, like *now*. My reserve of civility was equally dry.

"Hey Lenny, man, we have to find some vodka right away," I said. "I can't play unless I get a fucking drink."

Lenny could relate to a degree, I suppose: he needed his pot to create and write music—the only difference was that his body didn't malfunction if he didn't have it. Every bar on the way looked like they'd not been open since 1955. When we got to his studio, Lenny sent his people out in search of booze. I'm not sure how they got it, but they returned with some vodka around twelve, and once they did, we settled in. We recorded "Always on the Run" in under an hour; the raw, spontaneous energy of that track is right there in the final product.

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THE ACTUAL RECORDING OF THE GUITARS and vocals of the *Illusion* albums happened at the Record Plant in Los Angeles. This was a great time for me as a guitar player—we had so many songs and so many possibilities for sounds and techniques in our new material. I was really on top of my game at that point, easily coaxing out the sounds I wanted, all of it came to me so fluidly during those sessions. I had some cool guitars to call upon because, for first time in my life, I had the funds to assemble an arsenal of them.

At the time I had a 1958 Gibson Flying V, I had a 1958 Gibson Explorer, and a few Travis Beans, a few sorted acoustics—Martin, Gibson, Taylor, etc. I had this great Spanish flamenco-style acoustic and a couple of Dobros and a handful of vintage Les Pauls, plus my staple Les Paul replica with its Seymour Duncan pickups. I'd rented a load of guitars, but for most of the tracks I used a Les Paul. There were moments when I needed a Travis Bean, usually when I was doing extensive slides ("The Garden"), or a Dobro ("You Ain't the First"), as well as when I needed to use a tremolo bar ("You Could Be Mine"). It was a gluttonous guitar experience for me (I even took twenty guitars on the road); I was determined