

1978

# LOST IN PARADISE

Steev Crispin   
& THE COSMIC JUKE BOX



EP

Produced by Steev Crispin and The SQUAD for ColorWorld Music  
Recorded & Mixed by Steev Crispin at OneWay Studio, Liège, Belgium  
Final Mix by Peter Soldan at DADA Studios, Brussels, Belgium.  
Mastering by Pieter De Wagter at Equus Audio Mastering.

Steev Crispin — Bass, Electric Guitars, Acoustic Guitars, Synth,  
Additional Keyboards, Lead Vocal, Backing Vocals

Marly Crispin — Backing Vocals

Horns Arrangements — Steev Crispin & Stephane Martini

Horns recorded at nano b studio, São Paulo, Brazil

Weber Marely — Saxophone

Bruno Brito — Trumpet

Marco Almeida — Trombone

Drums — Jason Moser

Recorded at Moser Music Studio, Pretoria, South Africa

Special Thanks to : Badou, Marly Crispin, Rainbow Huls, François Crispin,  
Stephane Martini, Olivier Louvel, Marc Bruynbroeck Lautal, Guy Crispin,  
Monique Delincé, Chantal « Chavi » Vincent, Peter Soldan, Olivier Gilson  
and everyone at Dada Recording Studios, Pieter De Wagter.

**ColorWorld**  
*Music*

THE **SQUAD**



Beat on the bed all night  
Love at the door  
City voices all around  
With streetlight faces

Step in the burning heat  
Life is now  
A town in endless summer  
All painted blue

We ride and take our rest to a song  
You and I are right where we belong  
We wanna do it just to feel free  
Lost in paradise, where we're meant to be

The sunlight writes memories  
On our skin now  
Holding on to these moments  
We can't let go

Stars above to light the way  
Through this dream  
Every laugh and heartbeat  
Keeps us burning slow

Take some time to set  
Take some time to vibe  
Take some time to breath  
Take some time to fly  
High on painted skies  
Lost in paradise, where we're meant to be



## The Story Behind The Song

I was deep into 70s music, Lou Reed, Gerry Rafferty, and something kept pulling at me. Not the production, not the era exactly, but the economy of it. The way a song like "Walk on the Wild Side" could hold an entire world with almost nothing.

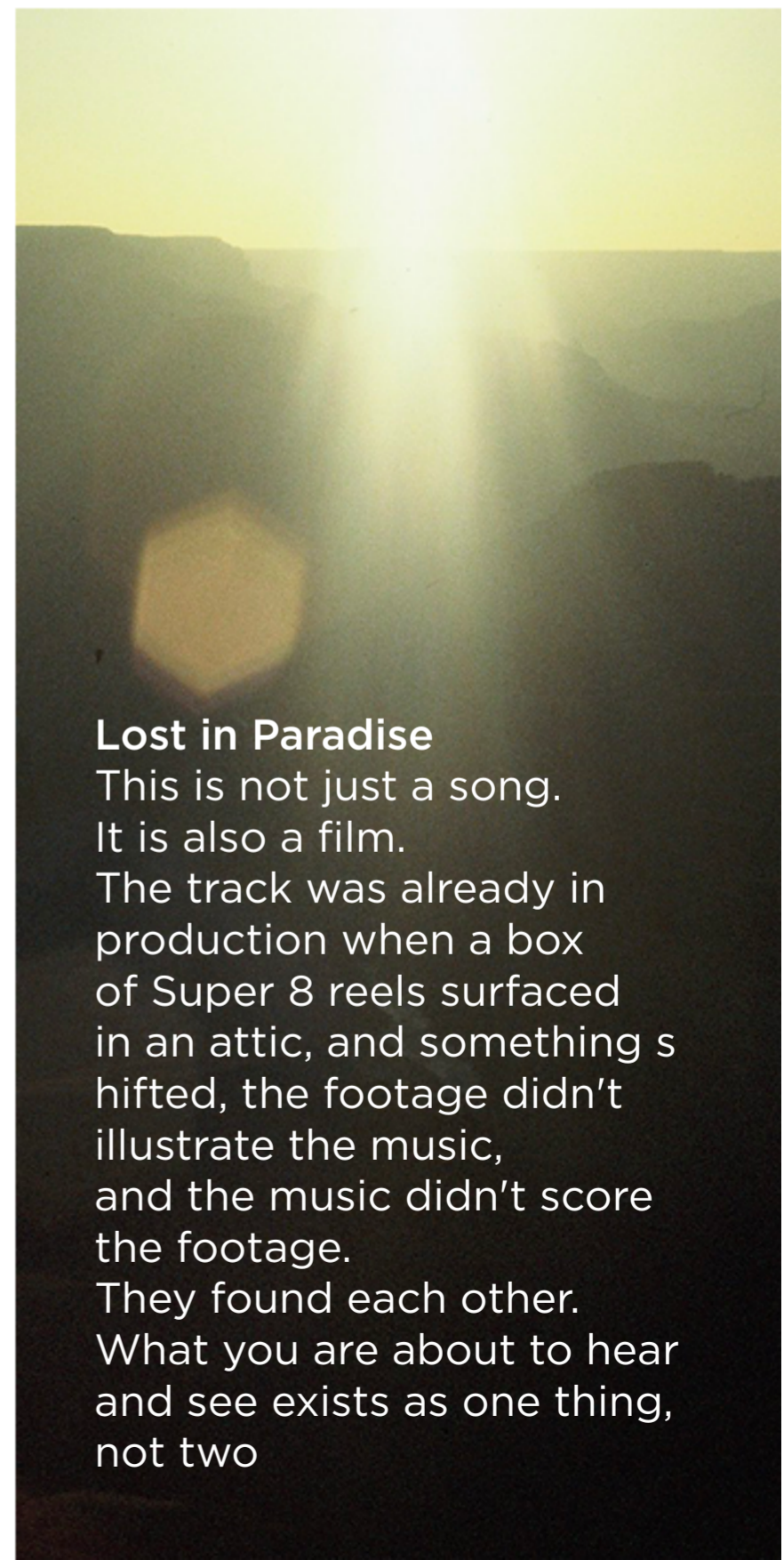
Two chords. A handful of words. Space where most producers would reach for more. So I set myself a challenge: write a song with only two chords. And I didn't stop there. I extended the constraint to everything, two amps, two guitars, sounds recorded with as little processing as possible.

I put myself in the headspace of being in a 1978 studio: committing to every decision as it happened, allowing no second-guessing, no safety net. If a take had something in it, that take was the take.

The song was already taking shape from that place when I found them almost by accident, Super 8 film reels, buried in the attic, shot by my parents on a road trip through Arizona, Nevada, and California in 1978, footage I hadn't seen since a home screening in the mid-1980s, when I was around six or seven years old. I had the reels digitized.

When the files opened on my screen, something locked into place. Almost fifty years of silence, and then, suddenly, the color of the song was right there in front of me, in the grain and the light and the way the desert moved past the car window like a slow dream someone else had dreamed.

The constraint had built the room. The footage filled it with light.



### **Lost in Paradise**

This is not just a song. It is also a film. The track was already in production when a box of Super 8 reels surfaced in an attic, and something shifted, the footage didn't illustrate the music, and the music didn't score the footage. They found each other. What you are about to hear and see exists as one thing, not two

## The Film

Somewhere in a box, in an attic, sat 30 minutes of Super 8 rushes, my parents on a road trip through Arizona, Nevada, and California in 1978.

I had a vague memory of seeing the footage as a child, maybe six or seven years old. Then nearly four decades passed.

A World That Moved Differently

When I found the reels and managed to digitize them, I understood immediately that this was a gift. Not just a personal one.

What the camera had caught without knowing it, without trying, was a world that moved differently.

A time when people took the time to live.

A lightness that doesn't photograph the same way anymore.

Fifty years later, I wanted to give those images what they deserved. Not restoration. Life.

What you will see is my family's private record of a journey through a landscape that no longer exists quite the way it did then, cut to music made by someone who was too young to remember any of it and yet somehow recognizes all of it.

