

Mp3 Natalie Flanagan - Let



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A singer/songwriter whose writing and musical style is reminiscent of Lou Reed, Bob Dylan, Mazzy Star, Neil Young and the Velvet Underground, Flanagan seamlessly blends acoustic/folk with roots rock for a unique, cool, experience. 9 MP3 Songs ROCK: Roots Rock, FOLK: like Joni Details: Born at the Boston Lying Inn somewhere in the sixties, Natalie Flanagan grew up in the western suburbs listening to the local classic rock stations. She admits a weakness for Bob Seeger, and songs that make you cry. Natalie went to Zoo Mass through 1991 and after graduating, started waitressing at The Middle East in Cambridge MA to try and meet like-minded musicians. She put a few bands together but nothing that gelled. After three years of shaky line-ups she decided to just start booking shows and cross her fingers that she could get the musicians to play them. Some of her mainstays were Larry Dersch, Kenny Dussault, Ken Schopf, Ritch Cortese and Dimitri Fane. The unorthodox approach to gaining an audience is a testament to Natalie's sincere desire to reach and affect them. She is interested in a story and a message. She wants people to really listen to what she's saying. Natalie hopes that her words and music can make people feel less lonely, more understood and provoke them to speak up. "I think I became a musician so that I could write songs, keep people company, make them feel less lonesome. That's what the songs I love do for me." She might have a message but the song never suffers. Much like some of her influences Natalie blends the music to compliment the meaning. Natalie is a big Stones fan. She is also drawn to the bare-bones pictorial songwriters, like Lou Reed, Bob Dylan and Joan Armatrading. She pays homage with a low-fi lazy rock sound that puts her songs, and her heart, right out in the front yard. She gets up there, tells a story, and paints a picture of what she sees as the truth. The delivery is genuine, sweet and just a little melancholy. Performing her songs and engaging an audience are what keeps Natalie going up on stage. She loves playing shows with musicians she respects such as Boston favorites Mr. Airplane

Man, Red Chord, Tom Leach and Emily Grogan. Her musical career has yielded more than just gigs however. Two years ago she was asked to play a despondent female musician from Allston, MA in the full length independent film "Metal", directed by Alice Cox. "I got to lip-sync one of my own songs in a scene filmed at The Abbey Lounge. Jay Grimaldi played the booking agent - what a stretch for us!" Back track to 1983 and Natalie is at a Neighborhoods show at Pearl Street in Northampton MA watching Dave Minehan kick a heckler right off his stool from the stage. It makes perfect sense that years later she would have Dave Kick'em outta their seats. Minehan produces and plays guitar on her new record LET, released November 2002. This collection of warm sounds and smoky voiced suggestions serves you vintage Natalie Flanagan. You can catch her equally compelling live sets around Boston, New England and on tour - you don't want to miss this.

Liner Notes: "LET" Feeling a warm glow of sweet sadness. I've just stepped out of Natalie's world. It isn't a place that you can necessarily get to quickly; the simple act of placing the disk in your CD player does not guarantee entrance. You see Natalie does not make it easy for you. You have to go with respect and understanding. Its a place where aching melencholy is tempered with courage and tenderness. Call it grace under pressure. Natalie doesn't give you the words- she grapples with them as if knowing that in balance they could never really be precise enough. But somehow it is all there in her voice. If you decide to enter Natalie's world, you will only be given shadows of meaning. These are the ground rules. In "Come In Tokyo" she may or may not be describing the strange bittersweet rush of hearing her music played on the radio with the words: When my lucky light lit up the sky/I got all choked up inside". She dedicates it with love and brotherhood to all her fellow artists in the USA. Perhaps that's a hint. Perhaps it isn't. In "Patience" she talks about the power that is out there and beyond words when she advises the subject of the song: "You'll see what to do once the silence pierces you through". Each word is a commitment, and as is the case with all the true and best artists, exacts its toll on both singer and listener; nothing is wasted. her delivery embodies the supremely casual cool of Chrissie Hynde and Bob Dylan, but unlike these singers her words are always just under the radar. Its up to you to do the listening. Maybe the key moment on the CD is when she says: "Some folks just can't tell what is or isn't real". If you are someone that can tell, then you will be welcome in Natalie's world. - David Wildman

----- ARTISTS: "LET" Natalie Flanagan: voice, acoustic guitar

Dennis Roach: voice, guitars Ritch Cortese: bass Anthony Kaczynski: piano, organ John Lynch: drums
Nigel Grover: drums, percussion David Minehan: guitars, percussion, bass, liederhosen

"LET" LYRICS GRACE UNDER

PRESSURE N. FLANAGAN GRACE IS UNDER PRESSURE CROWDED ROUND ALL INSIDE HER
HEAD. SEE HER SOAK A SPONGE WITH GIN WATCH HER CLIMB UP ON THE CROSS TO HIM
HOW SHE WOULD MISS HIM IF HE EVER BLEW AWAY GRACE IS UNDER PRESSURE JUST
ANOTHER DAY IN HER SICK SICK TIRED MIND WHERE THE VOICES NEVER DIE AWAY WHY
CAN'T SHE SEE HE'S GONNA FEEL PASSED OVER WHEN SHE CARRIES ON IN THAT WAY. TAKE
A WALK OUT AFTER DARK YOU'LL FEEL DIFFERENT YOU FEEL SO DIFFERENT TO ME IN THE
DARK. INDIFFERENCE THERE AINT NOTHING TO IT HELL MAYBE MAKE HIM BETTER LOOKING
TO THAT BITCH JUST SOME BIG TIME HEAVY PERSUASION THAT ENDS UP WITH WAY PAST
NOTHING TO SAY NOTHING TO SAY WEAK HE CAN'T STAND THE STRAIN TAKE A WALK OUT
AFTER DARK YOU'LL FEEL DIFFERENT YOU FEEL SO DIFFERENT TO ME IN THE DARK LONG
AFTER DARK SWEET IN THE DARK SWEET ----- THAT'S THE WAY D.ROACH
BREAK MY HEART BABY THAT'S THE WAY SMALLER AND SMALLER PIECES EVERY DAY THAT'S
THE WAY THAT'S THE WAY BREAK MY HEART BABY THAT'S THE WAY DRAG ME DOWN BABY
DRAG ME DOWN LOWER AND LOWER EACH TIME AROUND DRAG ME DOWN DRAG ME DOWN
THAT'S THE WAY BABY DRAG ME DOWN ----- PATIENCE N. FLANAGAN
MAYBE TONIGHT YOU COULD JUST KEEP ME COMPANY MAYBE TONIGHT YOU COULD JUST SIT
NEXT TO ME IT'S ALL I CAN DO. I CAN'T TALK TO YOU ANYMORE ANYWAY SO YOU THINK
YOU'RE SO SWEET THAT YOU SPEAK LIKE SOME SYMPHONY GUESS IT DEPENDS WHAT YOU
WANT TO HEAR IF YOU'RE ASKING ME YOU HAVE TO BE RUDE THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO
YOU ANYWAY ANYMORE SO MAYBE TONIGHT YOU COULD JUST KEEP ME COMPANY SEE HOW
IT FEELS WHEN YOU DON'T ALWAYS HAVE TO SPEAK I THINK YOU'LL SEE WHAT TO DO ONCE
THE SILENCE PIERCES THROUGH YOU THROUGH YOU FOR EVERYONE YOU
----- COME IN TOKYO N. FLANAGAN I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE I COULD SAY
I'M GONNA LISTEN FOR AWHILE WHEN MY LUCKY LIGHT LIT UP THE SKY I GOT ALL CHOKED UP
INSIDE EVERYBODY WONDERED JUST WHAT IT IS THEY'D SEEN THEY ALL JUST STUMBLED
ROUND EXPECTING YOU TO BE THEY NEVER GOT AROUND TO SAYING WHAT THEY MEAN I

DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU CAN FEEL YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THAT THIS IS SO AND LEAVE A
LITTLE IN YOUR MIND TO REMIND YOU YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WE SEE YOU'VE BEEN
DISCARDED IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU CONCEAL I'VE SEEN YOU CRYING THOMAS, I KNOW
HOW YOU FEEL SOME FOLKS JUST CAN'T TELL WHAT IS OR ISN'T REAL YOU PLAY IT IN THE
TRAIN ALL DAY BUT YOU CAN'T REMEMBER HOW IT GOES I'VE KEPT YOUR RHYTHM IN MY
BRAIN I THINK IT LOUD AND HOPE YOU KNOW YOU CRIED ABOUT YOUR HABIT YOU HAD TO
MAKE IT SOME BIG DEAL I'VE HEARD YOUR MUSIC CHARLIE, I KNOW YOU'RE FOR REAL SOME
GUYS JUST CAN'T PLAY SOMETHING THEY DON'T FEEL ----- LONG LIVE THE
KING N. FLANAGAN UNDER THE TREE I KEEP YOU WITH ME SHINING BRIGHT LIKE YOU
SHOULD BE I TAKE THE BLAME IS ALL THAT I CAN SAY IT'S UTTERLY BROKEN MY CONFIDENCE
I SAID MORE THAN I SHOULD HAVE IF YOU COULD HAVE CARED THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE WHAT
DO YOU WANT FROM ME I HAVE A HEART IT'S UTTERLY BROKEN MY CONFIDENCE
COMPLETELY SHATTERED MY CONSCIENCE MAYBE IT'S TRUE THAT I'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH I
CAN'T SIT AROUND AND WATCH YOU GO SOUTH WITH NO ONE TO HOLD MY HAND AT THE
CEMETERY IT'S UTTERLY BROKEN MY CONFIDENCE COMPLETELY SHATTERED MY
CONSCIENCE THE KING IS DEAD LONG LIVE THE KING THE KING IS DEAD -----
MARGOT'S ARMS N. FLANAGAN WHAT COULD YOU WANT WITH SUCH A GIRL GOES DIVING OF
HER PEDESTAL AND SHE LIKES IT TO GET ON YOUR NERVES BUT YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING
SHE SO RICHLY DESERVES YOU FELL INTO MARGOT'S ARMS CAPTURED BY HER MILLION
CHARMS IT HEALS YOU REALLY FEELS YOU THE MANY WAYS HE HUMBLER YOU YOU LISTEN
AND YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE HE MAKES YOU FEEL SO BEAUTIFUL IT'S ALL THOSE CERTAIN
THINGS HE LIKES ABOUT YOU THERE YOU ARE IN MARGOT'S ARMS CAPTURED BY HER
MILLION CHARMS IT HEALS YOU REALLY FEELS YOU ----- COUSIN TONY N.
FLANAGAN YOU KNOW EVERYTHING I WANT TO BE JUST LIKE YOU MINI TONY TONY JUNIOR,
DEAR WHEN I GROW UP I HOPE I LOOK JUST LIKE YOU CUSTOM TONY TONY BABY THEY EAT
YOU ALIVE WITH THEIR LOVE IT'S ONLY YOU THEY DREAM OF YOU STICK OUT IN THE CROWD
EVERYONE'S FREAKING OUT IT'S THE BIG NIGHT YOUR BIG CHANCE TO DO ALRIGHT THESE
ARE YOUR PEOPLE NOW NOW YOU'RE A SUPERSTAR FEELING SO RIGHT DRINK IT DOWN ALL
NIGHT THEY EAT YOU ALIVE WITH THEIR LOVE IT'S ONLY YOU THEY DREAM OF GUITAR SOLO

YOU KNOW EVERYTHING GOD I'VE GOT TO GET PART OF YOU COUSIN TONY TONY BABY
----- IN THIS WAY N. FLANAGAN YOU TELL ME I'D FEEL BETTER IF I COULD TIDY
UP THIS JOINT THEN I LOOK AROUND ME AND THINK WHAT COULD BE THE POINT IN THIS THIS
WAY IN THIS WAY MY EYES WERE BETTER WHEN THEY RESTED ON YOU MY MIND WAS SO
TWISTED SO YOU SAID IT CAN'T GET ME THINKING OF YOU IN THIS WAY IN THIS WAY IN THIS
WAY I'VE GOT TO COME THIS WAY DO I IT SEEMS TO ME THINGS HAVE SUFFERED EVER SINCE
THAT DAY WE HAD OUR CHAT YES I KNOW YOU THINK AND YOU DESIRE AND SO IT BE IT JUST
DOESN'T HAPPEN LIKE THAT IN THIS WAY IN THIS WAY IN THIS WAY I'VE GOT TO COME THIS
WAY DO I FOR YOU ----- WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE N. FLANAGAN I TRIED I
COULDN'T GET OVER THE BRIDGE FAST ENOUGH SO I MISSED THE FINAL MOMENTS OF THE
SUN NOW IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE YOU MIGHT THINK
ABOUT IT FROM TIME TO TIME COULDN'T GET OVER THE BRIDGE FAST ENOUGH MERRILY
DOWN THE STREAM WE GO MERRILY

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