

Mp3 Quebb - The Unknown Show



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An eclectic songwriting trio delivering lyrically intense, harmony-driven ballads carried on organic world rhythms and acoustic rock instrumentals. 14 MP3 Songs ROCK: Folk Rock, ROCK: Jam-band Details: ALBUM INCLUDES FULL LYRIC BOOK A year and half ago, in Venice Beach, at night on the sandy shore, Quebb was formed when random jams weren't random anymore. The trio was not conceived as such, for originally there were four. Slightly naive, they had decided to leave without notice on a premature tour. They sold all their make, and with the sum of it, they bought a colossal RV. But one fell to the side, like he was hitching a ride, and that is how quebb became three. Jourdan and John and Mikel went on, recording wherever they could. Garages and alleys, and Yellowstone valleys-the studio was wherever they stood. From Seattle to Queens, they maintained the means to continue, though heaven knows how. The saga eroded when the RV exploded, and that was the beginning of now. With no place to go, and The Unknown Show straining against further delay, Quebb continued the story in a strange purgatory: the desert above Santa Fe. In a frozen garage, the melodic montage took shape as the album to be- Quebb sang for its meals while relating ordeals, like they'd traveled the perilous sea. With draft in hand, the three-man band would endure even more irony, when a near-death event (upon John, we lament) extended their deep poverty. But, Quebb crawled to L.A. and again they would play on the beach from whence they had come. Their wallets depleted, the mix was completed, and that's where this album came from. The Unknown Show Music and Lyrics by John Caelan I feel thinly veiled, Like the lie about the check that I had never mailed. These words, they haunt my head, Like the ghost of something clever that I once had said. I chase the perfect lines Through imaginary fields laden with Land mines, As my good sense tumbles like the domino- I think I'm falling prey to the unknown show. I feel tense as steel- Like the last frame's missing from the movie reel. Each run through the same ol' song Well, it begs the

inquisition: Were we right or wrong? I drown in a pool of sound- While a flood of hesitation seems to churn around. Like the loose leaf spinning in the river's flow. You can't break free of the unknown show. Let go the bird in hand- We need every finger in a three-man band. The road weaves like a fallen thread On a tapestry, apparently, of blue and red. All rolled up in a sardine can, It's a funny allegory of the best laid plan. Well, a worthy explanation we may never know- It's the baffling attraction of the unknown show. Sunrise, Seattle hills, Sax in the alley under window sills. Fine folk on a greener grass- A kind communique with everyone we pass. See through the cunning ruses- It's the cordial final feast before we pay our dues. It's the effortless audition on the patio. Just a little taste of the unknown show. Strife comes, to the say the least, When the needle on the compass points to Somewhere east. Strange towns where the people stare- You'd think that we were walking in our underwear. One down in the land of cheese- It's the end of the beginning that nobody sees. It's the fighter's humble moment from a sudden blow. Nine counts down from the unknown show. Slipped in from the Jersey side. Dizzy like a kid on a carnival ride. Rain falls where the rubble lies. A lingering reminder of our broken skies. We marched right down to Madison Square. A worthy demonstration that would lead nowhere. Well, there's just one thing that I'd like to know: How do we resume the unknown show? I flew like a startled bird To my home where the angels have the final word. I walked under moonlight on the Venice beach, I thought, my God, is my sanity on the breach? Then, I watched my landlord change the front door locks. As I stood in the corner with a cat in the box. I really must confess, I almost didn't go- But I had to find the meaning of the unknown show. Have you ever seen a train derail? The next few months were like a Dickens tale. Dead broke in the southern slough. The engine's really not the only thing we blew. Let's go to Santa Fe, I think I heard a song that said we'll be okay. One more line before I finally go. I see the lights are flashing for the Unknown Show.

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