

Mp3 Mayaj - Weather



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Raw but beautiful acoustic songs about growing up way too fast 9 MP3 Songs FOLK: like Joni, ROCK: Classic Rock Details: I was born in L.A. in 1988 and moved to Atlit, Israel in 1992, so I have always had two ways to look at the world. Two cultures and languages intertwined in me so completely they've become one. This first album reflects my Amerisraeli self, there are songs in both Hebrew and English, but I think they all speak the same language to the people of my generation. All songs were written on Dulcet, a dulcimer me and my father built. I think it's nicely symbolic that my chosen instrument is one whose origins are so completely unknown. It doesn't matter where you're from, what matters is what you have to say. With Love Mayaj W E A T H E R I intend to go on a little bit about each song on the album, because if there's one thing artists enjoy it's 'explaaaaining'. Not what I 'meant', per se, but just how much there is for you to walk away with from this particular snippet of my life. 1) Weather. Translation of the Hebrew lyrics: "I'm sleeping in the afternoon for the first time since I was six. I want to judge people by their shoe size, it fills some sort of basic need. It's the day's end, and I've gotten nothing done. Just built another palace out of folded paper. I've got nobody who'll break the monotony. I've got nobody. Someone should give me a good book to read. Someone should challenge me, someone should take a closer look. Someone should touch me, someone should see. Someone should love me, someone should cry. I've got nobody who'll break the monotony. I've got nobody. Because it's the weather. It's not my fault." All I have to say about this song is that I was a 17-year-old girl at the time of writing it, and that's all that needs to be said. You know that feeling when you're sitting on your bed and you can feel yourself sinking right through it to the center of the earth? The Gray Void? Yeah. It's the weather. 2) No Idea This song started out as an exercise my Dad gave me. When I was little I used to turn on the radio and the type of song playing (pop, rap, folk, heavy metal...) would be the type of song I would then sit down and write. Needless to say they

were all very, very bad, but it was good practice. Anyway, after a while that got old - especially after I'd already (to a certain extent) found my chosen genre... I still don't really know what to call it (soft indie rock pop folk? ... girly music? ...) but it is there - so my Dad started giving me challenges like 'Write a song that is completely blue' or 'start a song by choosing its title.' "Huh?" "Choose a title for a song." "I Have No Idea," was my answer. "There yah go." Again, it goes without saying that many truly awful songs were written and then there was this one... 3) Guru Translation of the Hebrew lyrics: "Too deep for conversation; he's silent, everyone else is listening in get ready, get set, go. Long hair, a short jacket, a bit of stubble and lot of attitude, get ready, get set, go. Kid, look at the world, there's more than Kafka at the edge of town. And there are people who go to movies for more than just the satire. The Guru. Grow up. And there's a place for waste, there's a place for the soul's sewage; lie, myth, and chemicals. And there's a hiding place in a tree in the yard, there's a hiding place, at least a theoretical one; lie, myth, chemicals. Kid, look at the world, there's more than Mozart at the edge of town. And there are people who have sex in the bathtub and don't drown. The Guru. Grow up." We all know this person. We probably went to high-school with him, maybe he was even our dealer. I've dated him too many times. 4) Egypt In the Jewish Hagada (Passover ritual booklet) there is a story about four sons: The Clever Son, the Evil Son, the Innocent Son, and the Son Who Does Not Know How to Ask. It's a guide for the retelling of the story of the Flight from Egypt. The Clever Son will ask: 'Why do we do all these specific things on this specific night?' And you're supposed to just tell him the story. Besides he's in on it from the beginning, you won't find him clearing or cleaning either. The Innocent Son and the Son Who Does Not Know How to Ask - well, you're just supposed to explain it to them anyway without their coming to look for answers - you just provide 'em. Now the Evil Son will ask: 'Why do you do all these specific things on this specific night?' He's considered evil because he asks about 'you' instead of 'we', excluding himself from the rest of 'Us'. I have a very good friend name of Tally Cameron - a writer. And a loner. And a genius. She wrote a book called "The Scarred Ones" (c) which inspired this and another song on this album (Emily). Sometimes being an outsider isn't the horrible fate we think it is. 5) Not That Bad Translation of the Hebrew lyrics: "Such a hypocrite; such a beauty. So far from the heart in everything you do. There's no one at home, there's no one on the street. Go on, keep drinking, remember there's good in the world. I know how to hug, I know how to comfort, I know how to boil water and say it's all gonna be alright. I know how to lie, and to tell you it's not that bad. So tall, you're lying on the floor; in a big coat and your own vomit. There's

not one human being who cares that your back is broken, and me, I'm just gonna stand here sipping vengeance. I know how to hug, I know how to comfort, I know how to boil water and say it's all gonna be alright. I know how to lie, and to tell you it's not that bad. And I've got all night, go on keep drinking. And even when I say that's enough, keep drinking till you start crying; And tell me that I saved your life, and tell me that I'm the only one who's ever cared about you. I know how to hug, I know how to comfort, I know how to boil water and say it's all gonna be alright. I know how to lie, and to tell you it's not that bad. It's pretty bad." I had a boyfriend. He was a jerk. Like the superduper-cherrytaker-heartbreaker jerk type. He screwed me up pretty bad, like all first boyfriends do... anyway, more than a year after we'd broken up I got a party invitation from him: 'good music good people free booz let's bury the past'... He'd invited over 300 people, spent a lot of money, and even baked a cake. I was the only one who came. He spent his 17'th birthday getting very drunk and crying on the shoulder of his ex-girlfriend. There is a god, people. 6) Seeking Substance ...I am an 18-year-old recovering alcoholic. Blame the genes. I started drinking when I was 12 while my family was on sabbatical in Pittsburgh; me and Chris and Jamar would skip school and pay the homeless guy outside the liquor store to buy us cheap whiskey. Chris's big brother also provided me with small amounts of cocaine, and large amounts of dope. When I was 16 (and back home in Israel) I tried my hand at Heroin. I lost. I stopped drinking(and everything else) on the 14'th of October 2005. I'm a very very good girl now. 7) Emily Heroes are people who can be happy in small ways; and make others happy in ways that are way, way too big to measure. This song is dedicated to the Swain-Pinedas. And anyone else who can block out the rain with stuffed animals. 8) Bird Translation of the Hebrew lyrics: "Like a bird, always a bird. A careless flight, a thoughtless remark that slips out. You float from mouth to mouth like a horror story; sucking on a sting, inviting rape, bleeding for some reason. I wish I was smarter. I wish I wanted myself as much as I wanted you. And no, I'm not bitter. I'm not jealous. I'm not a snake in the grass, I'm not looking for revenge. And the fact that you flew doesn't bother me at all. And the fact that you flew isn't sad, just a little unfortunate. I wish I was smarter. I wish I wanted myself as much as I wanted you. Like a bird, always a bird. A careless flight, a thoughtless remark that slips out. And the fact that you flew doesn't bother me at all. And the fact that you flew isn't sad, just a little unfortunate. I wish I was smarter. I wish I wanted myself as much as I wanted you." It hurts the most when they don't ever realize they're hurting you, doesn't it? Some people make you feel so heavy and land-bound. This is a live recording from my living room. 9) You Said Translation of the Hebrew lyrics: "I

said you'd better come, but I said bring friends. I said you'd better bring something to calm the nerves. I said fill the room, I'll worry about the words, and I really don't care anymore what it is everyone says: That you said, that you asked for, and I said no. That I thought that you wanted and I said we'd better wait. I talked a lot. I talked way, way too much. Because I want it too, I want love. I want it too, I want to love. Without Guilt. I said you'd better find someone else. I lied and said to you that I already had someone in my sights. I said bring friends, I said fill the air with words, so I won't hear what they're saying, what they thinking: That you said, that you asked for, and I said no. That I thought that you wanted and I said we'd better wait. I talked a lot. I talked way, way too much. Because I want it too, I want love. I want it too, I want to love. Without Guilt. I said I wanted to forget, I said I wanted to sleep, I said I wanted to think about it and I waited for you to say it first. I said it's not my fault, that it's the weather; and I really really don't give a shit anymore about what everyone thinks: That you said, that you asked for, and I said no. That I thought that you wanted and I said we'd better wait. I talked a lot. I talked way, way too much. Because I want it too, I want love. I want it too, I want to love. Without Guilt." On the boardwalk where I wrote this song there's a little cafe, and the waitresses there always request this song - it has won me more then a few free cups of coffee, once even a free dinner. An Italian man with a labret and brown curls bought me pasta. I hope you buy and enjoy my music, and what I have to say for myself. Love Mayaj

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