

Mp3 F.j. Nanic - Faco - The Dirt Around My Roots



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Imagine Van Morrison, Jose Feliciano and Eric Clapton together, featuring David Sylvian and Leonard Cohen on a few songs. 12 MP3 Songs POP: Folkly Pop, ROCK: Acoustic Details: First I wanted to be a guitar player; Jimi Hendrix was on the wall above my bed, next to Jim Morrison. The funny thing is that my first record was Saturday Night Fever, and then parallelly I started listening to The Best of B.B. King. Years later, no matter what kind of music I played, people would say my voice is very soulful and bluesy. Often I was compared to Van Morrison... Twenty-five years later, I'm still not a big computer fan, but thanks to McIntosh Garage Band, I've managed to record this album all by myself. My other albums are also home-made in various home-studios, and this one turned out to be the most cost effective. Needless to tell the tale about the starving artist, etc. There's an interesting combination of songs here that I worked on in 2004 and 2005, and as I composed about 20, I have picked 12 and put them all together on the same album even though their genre vary. (Half of them are inspired by SUNSHINE--the other half is conceived before.) On two of them I played a bit with an electric guitar, but on most of them I played accoustic, and on some of them my friends ERIC NELSON (accordion) and DAVE DUFFIELD (cornet) gave totally different perspectives and enriched the sound with the colors one could only wish for. Please check my previous CD - MINORS MAJORS, which temporarily served as a web site and also as a link to my other albums and all other sites where my music can be downloaded. Much to my surprise, recently I have found out that if you go to Froogle or Google and type my name, it takes you to most of the places where you can find my music and even the book that I published almost two years ago. I am also writing the second one called The Dirt Around My Roots as well. Here are the words of the song: You're the dirt around my roots you're the one who makes me stay you're the land beneath my knee when I kneel down and pray When my soul looks over those Broken Hills Then it wants to wander again You're the dirt,

you're my only road I use to walk away from the troubles that I make from the truth that's always fake
When my soul gets thirsty for your love then I stop and drink from your well My Mother Earth I was always told to be the one that gathers no moss, since I have been rolling like a stone... One day I worked with my dad, somewhere in N.E. Portland, digging the dirt around a tree we were going to uproot, and it hit me as I realized that around its roots were--the dirt. I was fascinated by it because in my language we'd say 'the land' around its roots, or 'the soil'--'the dirt' would mean something filthy. Wherever I was to plant my roots, every place had both 'good soil' and 'the dirt', but it was all a land, it was all the same old earth. Thus I wrote this song to glorify our Mother Earth as our one and only. At the same time I started writing a book that talks about the different lands/soils/dirts around my roots, whenever I stopped rolling to gather some moss.

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