

Mp3 Michael Mcdath - Rusted On Through



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Vulnerable. Sloppy. Sharp. Clever. Funny. Sorrowful. It's not folk. It's not punk. It's music. Powerful music. Comfortingly odd. Eccentrically loving. It'll get into your system and purge your ennui. You'll start humming the hummable bits and yelling the 11 MP3 Songs ROCK: Acoustic, ROCK: Punk Details: I don't think I've ever heard anyone or thing quite like the work of Michael McDaeth. It's not at all what one expects from a (oh no, not another one!) singer/songwriter. It has flashes of familiar stuff, sort of like driving through a strange new town and seeing, for a moment, a friendly grocery store or gas station. You recognize it. But then, it turns out the grocery store has a sign in the window advertising the big canned weasel head sale or the gas station says that they carry "irregular" and "un-leading" gasoline. Michael McDaeth is full of stuff like this: some whimsical, most scary. It all starts out sort of pretty. Low Rez Beauty Queen has a thoughtful sad quality sifted into the world-weariness of it. But then you get Shimeleski Fun Time like a sharpened-to-a-point Popsicle stick in the eye. Every Other Day is a sarcastic romp through broken pop bottles with a guy who may or may not be giving a priest a blowjob. On My Way is either brilliant understatement or overstatement. Can't quite tell. It actually slouches as it runs along. A laughing guitar line skitters and smirks perversely in the background. Radio Play is what wolves would do if they could sing and play guitar like a punk. It's downright disturbing. Money To Be laughs at everybody and their dogs. Then a guy leaps off the top of a building after spitting the obvious in Death By Suicide. He looks good, too. Somewhere in the tart cheeky recesses, a sharp tongue is lurking in Think I'll Become A Communist. Broken Fences is the pulse rate of wild animal after being shot with tranquilizers. And the title cut, Rusted On Through, breaks your heart with a recalcitrantly strung guitar as an accomplice. You can hear the churn of an old Cadillac while Michael sings one thing and the guitar tells us something different. The guitar, actually, is most always telling us something different from Michael, who is playing

the guitar that is commenting on his words. His guitar seems to be somewhat of a cynic. This is possibly because of its hard use. The whole thing is more than slightly disconcerting. It's brutal, beautiful and hovers somewhere between complete equipoise and wildly unbalanced. I really love this CD. (Hap Mansfield)

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