

Mp3 Arthur Brueggeman - Break The Mold



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Folk Rock in the best tradition, combining storytelling, socio-political commentary, and a trip down memory lane. 5 MP3 Songs in this album (18:40) ! Related styles: FOLK: Folk-Rock, FOLK: Sea Shanties People who are interested in James Taylor Gordon Lightfoot Cat Stevens should consider this download. Details: Welcome to Art Brueggemans music. I hope youll find something in Break the Mold that youll enjoy. There are only four songs on the CD (well, technically five, because the song It Is Written is on twice, the second time with the full :50 introduction). My intention is to put out my best four songs, and not fill the album with other, let's call them, album-type songs. The songs are what some have described as meaty." Production and vocal styles are in the Folk Rock genre; lyric-intensive in the vein of Bob Dylan, Paul Simon, Gordon Lightfoot, and other icons of the genre. A description of each of the songs on Break the Mold follows (lyrics appear in bottom section): Track #1. Ode to the Hummer (All the Way to the Bank)a rock and roll rant about the way we, as a country, as a society, have gone completely off the deep end in terms of energy consumption. Americans use 25 barrels of oil per year for every man, woman and child in the country, or more than the next five major industrialized countries put together. China consumes two barrels per year per person. This is nuts. So, I took aim at one of the more visible, and in my opinion, obnoxious symbols of energy waste, the Hummer. As it turns out, Ode to the Hummer, which I wrote over two years ago, is now more timely than ever. In fact, General Motors wants to lose the brand because sales have fallen into an abyss created by \$5.00 gasoline. That said, there are millions of gas guzzling vehicles on the road, each one contributing to the largest transfer of wealth in world history. Have you seen pictures of Dubai? Track #2. Flight 19 (Ballad of the Lost Squadron)If youve ever watched any program detailing the mysteries and general weirdness of the Bermuda Triangle, you've heard about the strange tale of Flight 19, a group of five U.S. Navy Avenger Torpedo Bombers that took off in

December 1945 from Ft. Lauderdale Florida on a routine training mission. The flight was scheduled for less than three hours, taking them on a triangular course out over the Atlantic, and back to Ft. Lauderdale. They became mysteriously (and some say inexplicably) disoriented, never making it back to land. No wreckage was ever found despite the largest air-sea rescue and recovery mission ever launched. Many theories have been advanced, from the probable, to the ridiculous. As to the latter, if you happen to remember the movie Close Encounters of the Third Kind, you'll perhaps recall that at the beginning, and at the end, of the movie, Flight 19 figured prominently without ever being described in detail. This song was really inspired by Gordon Lightfoot's classic lost at sea tale, Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald. Flight 19 is in 6:8 time, which may not mean anything to you, but what that does is put it in a Sea Shanty style, sort of a Hoist-ye-steins-and-sing-along song. The song is fastidiously accurate to the historical record, including the Navy Report on the disappearance, right down to real names and places. Of course, there's only so much that can be (or should be) crammed into a 5:00 song. Track #3. It Is Written It is stating the obvious that perhaps the single biggest driver of discord, murder, and mayhem in the world centers around religious fundamentalism of all stripes. When any one claims to know THE TRUTH, to the exclusion of, or more dangerously the out and out hostility toward, all other beliefs, look out. And when such people are placed in, or simply usurp, positions of power, the world is not a better place for it. It Is Written takes on the notion, or false belief, that there is one Truth (with a capital T). The song was originally produced with a 50 second intro that, shall we say, illustrates the competing religions in the world, and the cacophony they create when one tries to drown out the other. This track is minus the intro, as some people were confused by what was going on, and just wanted to get to the song. Track #5 has the full song, with the intro. Track #4. Break the Mold I came of age in the 60s (and, yes, I actually do remember them quite well). It was the most turbulent, most disturbing, most change-filled, and overall most exciting decade in the last six decades. It was a decade where the young generation really did Break the Mold. If you were there, you know what I'm talking about first hand, and you'll be able to identify with everything in this song, which is best described as a trip down memory lane. If you weren't there, it is a history lesson wrapped into a Folk-Rock song. I couldn't help putting in an intro with old recording clips of the most famous quotes, spoken by those who said them first, to lead into the song. See if you can pick them all out. The twist at the end is the open question to young people today: How will you remember the times, these times, that in which you're coming of age? Lyrics to Break the Mold CD Songs... Track

#1--Ode to the Hummer (All the Way to the Bank) Its the crack in modern society Fill it up! Fill it up! Its hydrocarbon energy Fill it up! Fill it up! Drive a Hummer with a 30 gallon tank, and The sheiks laugh all the way to the bank All the way to the bank Its your future thats in jeopardy Fill it up! Fill it up! Time for a whole new strategy Fill it up! Fill it up! Its Conspicuous consumption, lets be frank, and The sheiks laugh all the way to the bank All the way to the bank Biggers not better, dont supersize it Minimize it! Down size it! Kill that three ton SUV It makes no sense, cant you see? To keep writing checks made out in blank To sheiks laughing all the way to the bank All the way to the bank Dont look to Congress or the President Theyre just standing still It starts right here with you and me Its not that bitter a pill Down the road youll have yourself to thank Cause youll be laughing all the way to the bank All the way to the bank Spoken rant over a closing vamp Besides I hate parking next to one of those big ass things Have to squeeze out of my car door What do they get 9 miles to the gallon? Etcetc Arthur Brueggeman 2008 All Rights

Reserved Track #2--Flight 19 (Ballad of the Lost Squadron) Late in forty-five, they were glad to be alive, The Allies had just won the Big One Sailors and Marines, and their flying machines, Had shot down the Rising Sun The Avenger flew with a three man crew, Twas a war bird second to none A pilot, a gunner, and radioman, A ton of bombs in her belly for fun The war was behind 'em, but training would grind em, That sunny Ft. Lauderdale day The weather report cut their window short, They were anxious to get underway Five aircraft stood ready, but their leader was late, Walking in he had little to say Lt. Chuck Taylor had been turned down flat When he asked not to fly that day Three hours were planned, and with Taylor in command, They lifted off just past two East to Chicken Shoals over worsening seas, To practice what they already knew Mid-way through the mission, they lost their position, Aloft above whitecaps and blue A radio crackled, We dont know where we are Five aircraft were soon overdue With four hours fuel and military cool They would surely regain their bearings, But they flew north and east instead of west, Their voices tense and despairing. They heard one pilot say, The other way, dammit Were completely lost, said another All planes close in tight, and if lands not in sight, Well all go down together In the ink of night, no moon or starlight, Nineteen was out of chances With towering seas there were no guarantees, Only grim circumstances Made to fly, not to float, there was little hope Out on the ocean's expanses Never heard from again, only God knows when, We'll know their happenstances Now some blame Taylor for most of the failure, For ignoring Navy procedure Others say he's excused for being confused, Life can be pretty strange in the ether In that weird stretch of ocean, time moves in slow-motion, Controlled as it is

by the Devil Horizons are lost, dimensions are crossed, And images aren't on the level From south Florida
northeast to Bermuda, On down to Puerto Rico The Bermuda Triangle does the fandango Tween heaven
and hell she rolls Her islands beckon, always will, I reckon, Good ships and planes come and go But dare
enter her lair, you better beware, Shes got plenty of room below Theres always more room below Arthur
Brueggeman 2007 It Is Written You say you know the path to Heaven You know what paves the road to
hell And whos going which direction Youre certain you can tell Because, it is written You hold onto an
ancient book Passed down through the ages Taking all at face value As you turn the pages Of what, of
what is written Two soldiers face off on the battlefield Each with God on his side Only one will walk away
Blessed from above, his homicide Praising God, for it is written Are you following the herd? Led on by
rhetorical voices Earnestly spreading the word Leaving no room for choices Youre promised a better day
If you pray the right way! Only love is universal And words cannot explain Why is there so great a need,
To limit Loves domain? You claim, you claim, it is written You say you know the path to Heaven So sure
you have the key As for me, Ill take my chances Cause truth has no capital T No matter when it is written
Just because, it is written Art Brueggeman 2006 All Rights Reserved Break the Mold Audio Collage Intro:
JFK: Inaugural Address, Ask not what your country MLK: I Have a Dream Speech JFK: Cuban missile
crisis blockade TV address JFK: Berlin Address, Icn bin ein Berliner Walter Cronkite: From Dallas, TX,
JFK Died... Broadcast John Lennon: More Famous than Jesus remark LBJ: I will not seek, and I will not
accept speech Moon Landing: Tranquility Base the Eagle has landed Thats one small step for man Henry
Kissinger: we believe peace is at hand Mayor Daly: policeman is there to preserve disorder Nixon: I am
not a crook Timothy Leary: Turn on, tune in, and drop out You who came of age in the 60's And feel out
of sorts in times like these Remember....remember.. When Keith Richards did not look dead And the
Bogeyman was wrapped in Red "That's one small step...", the man said The Draft and Nam messed with
our heads It was: sex, drugs, and rock n' roll Thanks to Penicillin and birth control Our music still moves
the soul Lookin' back...man, we broke the mold Oh the 60's was a trip to survive When the first boomers
came alive To the Beatles, Dylan, and MoTown jive A Flower Power bus, yeah we had arrived NBC black
and white TV Dallas, Memphis, LA, and DC Down the river we were sold But lookin' back...we still broke
the mold If you weren't there you can't really know What it was like to be in the show Woodstock gave the
old heave ho To Father Knows Best and ducks in a row Some still cant see the forest for the trees We got
E.D., bad hips and knees That said, and truth be told We did, yeah we really did, break the mold Our

parents fought the last good war They scrimped, saved and sacrificed more We were lost changing the world Marches, sit-ins, and protests swirled So, Twenty-Somethin, whats your wish? How will you remember this? And when your life-storys told Will it be that you broke the mold? YEAH, Its your time be bold Break the mold Arthur Brueggeman 2007

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