

Mp3 Marcia Mechler - Backstage Pass & Beyond



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Songs about soldiers, cheaters, junkies, singers, alcoholics, gamblers and insurance salesmen. 19 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Alt-Country, FOLK: Free-folk Details: Including 7 re-released, out of print tracks from her band, Backstage Pass, this all original acoustic offering has some of Marcia's most requested favorites. Compared by industry insiders to John Prine, Marcia Mechler writes songs which concentrate on lyrical storytelling. Her influences range from Joni Mitchell, Emily Saliers, Stevie Nicks, and Mary Chapin Carpenter to the Grateful Dead, Jimmy Buffett, Mac MacAnally, Steve Goodman, and Tom Waits. In this collection of her favorite original songs, Marcia has included some previously recorded and out of print tracks from her band Backstage Pass, which includes vocals by Sandy Mitchell, guitar by Mark Crocker (acoustic) and Gary Edmonds (electric), percussion by George Griffin, bass by Gary Duncan, harmonica by Raymond "Harpstack" Meyer, and Phillip Blair on saxophone. Also on this release, her extremely talented, internationally acclaimed friend and co-writer Phillip David Harris contributes guitar and backing vocals on the last 2 tracks. Check out his solo cd release here on cdbaby!!! The rest of the songs are just Marcia and her acoustic guitar, underproduced versions of the songs she wrote/co-wrote. She has studied the craft of songwriting both one on one and in seminars with such greats as Janis Ian, Beth Nielsen-Chapman, Vance Gilbert, Susan Tucker, Peter Himmelman, Roger Cook, Toni Wine, Jim McBride, John Jennings, Steve Seskin, Sam Hogan, and many others. She has played live in coffehouses and clubs in her home state of Alabama, and in the Bluebird Cafe in Nashville, TN. In fact, she used to host Open Mic nights each week at Marty's Bar in Birmingham, AL where American Idol Taylor Hicks used to perform on her stage for free. Of course, this was when he was first starting out, before American Idol even existed, but still, Birmingham is the birthplace of many talented artists who are yet to be discovered. Deeply rooted in recovery, her favorite motto is: Right here, right now, all the time.

Check out this CD! Below are some of the song lyrics: Track 1: ALL THE TIME IN TEXAS THERE'S A LINE AROUND YOUR FINGER WHERE A WEDDING BAND HAS BEEN/IT SAYS I'M JUST ANOTHER PLAYER IN A GAME NOBODY WINS/SO I'LL JUST GO ON PRETENDING EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALRIGHT/AND I'LL DREAM OF HAPPY ENDINGS WHILE I SLEEP ALONE TONIGHT...(CHORUS: BUT YOU KNOW AND I KNOW, NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE/WE CHECK INTO THAT CHEAP MOTEL JUST OUTSIDE LaGRANGE/AND ALL THE TIME IN TEXAS WON'T BE ENOUGH TO START/TO CUT AWAY THESE STRINGS WE'VE TIED AROUND EACH OTHER'S HEARTS)...SOMETIMES I THINK I KNOW YOU EVEN THOUGH I NEVER WILL/YOU LOOK INTO MY EYES I FEEL MY HEART AND TIME STAND STILL/AND EVERY TIME WE TOUCH I FEEL LIKE LOVE CAN LAST FOREVER/BUT THEN I CLOSE MY EYES AND I SEE YOU AND HER TOGETHER...(REPEAT CHORUS)...SO I TELL MYSELF I'M HAPPY, SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S TRUE/BUT ALL I'M REALLY FEELING IS A DIFFERENT SHADE OF BLUE/WHEN ALL I REALLY WANT TO FEEL IS YOU...(REPEAT CHORUS) NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE THE WAY THINGS ARE

copyright 1994 by Marcia Mechler, written by Marcia Mechler, Gamma D Music (BMI) All Rights Reserved. Track 2: IN THIS CITY HEY KID CAN YA PLAY SOME BLUES? THE JUNKIE'S FIRST REQUEST/FEEL FREE TO TAKE WHAT YOU CAN USE AND DISREGARD THE REST/WHEN ALL YOU HAVE TO LIVE FOR IS THE HIGH YOU'LL NEVER FIND/THEN ALL YOU HAVE TO LOSE MY FRIEND IS YOUR FREEDOM, YOUR LIFE, OR YOUR MIND...(CHORUS: WHEN ONE IS JUST TOO MANY/A THOUSAND AIN'T ENOUGH/YOU CAN'T LIVE IN THIS CITY/IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF WAKING UP)...AND THE PAIN IS TEMPORARY, IT'LL GO AWAY I SWEAR/JUST ASK ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I GOT TO HERE FROM THERE/WITH 12 STEPS INTO FREEDOM OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT/YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO GO THROUGH HELL LIKE THIS ANOTHER NIGHT...(2ND CHORUS: CAUSE NOW I SING WITH FREEDOM AND MY MESSAGE IS OF HOPE/WHARF RATS AND HIPPIE CATS WHO DON'T NEED DRUGS TO COPE)...I HAVE COMPASSION FOR THE JUNKIE WITH THE MONKEY ON HIS BACK/CAUSE I CAN LOOK BENEATH THE SURFACE BELOW THE HEROIN AND THE CRACK/AND I OFFER UP COMPASSION WHEN IT'S ALL I HAVE TO GIVE/WHO CAN BLAME A GUY FOR DYIN' WHEN HE'S NEVER LEARNED TO LIVE...(REPEAT CHORUS)...AND I MIGHT BE DEAD MYSELF EXCEPT I STEPPED ACROSS THAT LINE/SURRENDERED MY ILLUSIONS UNTIL THE MIRACLE WAS MINE/AND THE SHOOTING GALLERIES NEVER CLOSE, BUT YOU CAN WALK

AWAY/THE JOURNEY INTO FREEDOM STARTS WITH STAYIN' CLEAN TODAY...TODAY (REPEAT 2ND CHORUS)...HEY KID CAN YA PLAY SOME BLUES? THE JUNKIE'S LAST REQUEST/FEEL FREE TO TAKE WHAT YOU CAN USE AND DISREGARD THE REST copyright 1996 by Marcia Mechler, written by Marcia Mechler, Gamma D Music (BMI) All Rights Reserved. Track 3: THE ENDLESS TOUR I'VE BEEN LOOKING BACK THROUGH HISTORY/AT LIFE'S UNFAILING MYSTERY/I SPENT A YEAR ON TOUR WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD/UNREASONABLY HAPPY AND COMFORTABLY FED/WE CAMPED IN VOLKSWAGEN VANS, LOOKED FOR TICKETS OUTSIDE/MY SOUL STAYED INTACT WHILE MY LIFE GOT TYE-DYED...(CHORUS: BUT BACK THEN THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT EXCEPT FINDING A WAY TO THE NEXT GIG'S ROUTE/FOOD AND GAS AND ENDLESS HOURS/A LITTLE FREE LOVE AND OCCASIONAL SHOWERS)...NO ONE EVER ASKED FOR MY COLLEGE DEGREES/LIVING UNDER THE MOON AND THE STARS AND THE TREES/BUT I'VE LONG SINCE LOST THOSE DEADHEAD RELICS/I GAVE UP USING PSYCHEDELICS/I WENT THROUGH REHAB ONCE OR TWICE/AND NOW STARBUCKS PACKS MY LAST TRUE VICE..(REPEAT CHORUS)...NOW I LISTEN TO MORE COUNTRY MUSIC THESE DAYS/POLITICALLY CORRECT IN ACCEPTABLE WAYS/STILL I'D LOVE TO HEAR MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER PLAY/A COVER OF BOB AND JERRY'S SOMEDAY/CAUSE EVEN NOW THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT/EXCEPT FINDING A WAY TO HER NEXT GIG'S ROUTE/FOOD AND GAS AND ENDLESS HOURS/BLUE CHIP STOCKS AND OCCASIONAL SHOWERS...MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES ARE WORTH MORE THAN GOLD/THE WONDERS OF LIVING AREN'T TRADED OR SOLD/FOR A YEAR I FOLLOWED THAT BAND AROUND FROM STATE TO STATE AND FROM TOWN TO TOWN/AND I THINK OF THOSE DAYS EVERY NOW AND AGAIN/DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT A LONG, STRANGE TRIP LIFE'S BEEN. copyright 1994 by Marcia Mechler, written by Marcia Mechler Gamma D Music (BMI) All rights reserved. Track 4: CAUGHT AGAIN BY THE GREAT SATURDAY NIGHT SWINDLE I'VE BEEN CAUGHT AGAIN BY THE GREAT SATURDAY NIGHT SWINDLE/WHISKEY SHOTS AND MONEY TALKS AND CONVERSATIONS DWINDLE/YOU MAY JUST BE ALL I'VE WAITED FOR/AND GOD KNOWS I'M TIRED OF LOOKING ANYMORE/I HAD IT ALL PLANNED OUT, WE'D BE GETTING MARRIED/HE'D HAVE A REAL GOOD JOB AND I'D QUIT WORKING AT THE DAIRY/BUT THEN MY PLANS FELL APART WHEN HE BROKE MY HEART/AND HE STOOD ME UP ON OUR FIRST DATE FOR SOME GUY NAMED LARRY...(CHORUS: SO LIVE AND LET LIVE, THAT'S WHAT I SAY/YOU

CAN'T CHANGE PEOPLE ANYWAY/THEY'LL DO JUST WHAT THEY WANT TO EVERY TIME/LIVE AND LET LIVE, THAT'S WHAT I DO/AND YOU CAN'T CHANGE MY POINT OF VIEW/SO GO AHEAD AND RUN YOUR OWN LIFE AND I'LL LIVE MINE)...WELL IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT SO YOU KNOW/I CAN'T STAY AT HOME/CAUSE THERE'S AN UNWRITTEN LAW SOMEWHERE IT SAYS THAT/PEOPLE CAN'T BE ALONE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT/YEAH I'VE BEEN CAUGHT AGAIN BY THE GREAT SATURDAY NIGHT SWINDLE/WHISKEY SHOTS AND MONEY TALKS AND CONVERSATIONS DWINDLE/YOU MAY JUST BE ALL I'VE WAITED FOR/GOD KNOWS I'M TIRED OF LOOKING ANYMORE...(REPEAT CHORUS)..GO AHEAD AND LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE, YOU CAN'T LIVE MINE copyright 1994 by Marcia Mechler, written by Marcia Mechler, Gamma D Music (BMI) All rights reserved. Track 5: LEGACY I WAS ALL OF FOUR YEARS OLD WHEN MY GRANDMA CAME TO STAY/IN MY PARENTS' THREE ROOM HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF MOBILE BAY/SHE PLANTED TREES OUT BACK, JUST BEYOND THAT OLD SCREEN DOOR/SHE HELD MY HAND ON SATURDAYS WHEN WE WALKED TO THE STORE...(1ST CHORUS: SHE LEFT A LEGACY OF TRUTH AND LOVE/QUIET SHADE FROM THE TREES ABOVE/NOTHING IN LIFE IS EVER GONNA REPLACE THE SMILE I SAW ON GRANDMA'S FACE)...I WAS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD WHEN THE FIRST BIG HURRICANE/SENT A TREE LIMB SAILING THROUGH MY BEDROOM WINDOW PANE/BUT THE TREES MY GRANDMA PLANTED SURVIVED FREDERIC'S MIGHTY WIND/IT'S A CHOICE I SEE IN ALL OF LIFE TO EITHER BREAK OR BEND...(2ND CHORUS: NO MATTER WHAT MIGHT CAUSE YOU PAIN/IF IT'S PEOPLE, PLACES, OR HURRICANES/SOONER OR LATER THE STORMS WILL END AND THE SUN IS BOUND TO RISE AGAIN)...THERE ARE LESSONS THAT I'VE LEARNED EVERY TIME MY PLANS GET CHANGED/WHEN IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN BURNED AND MY LIFE GETS REARRANGED/THE WORDS MY GRANDMA SAID ARE ETCHED INTO MY MEMORY/SHE SAID 'EVERYTHING WORKS OUT, GIRL, JUST THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE' SHE SAID...(REPEAT 2ND CHORUS)...I WAS THIRTY-TWO YEARS OLD WHEN MY GRANDMA PASSED AWAY/AND THE TEARS THAT FILLED MY EYES WHEN I FLEW BACK HOME THAT DAY/WERE FROM YEARS THAT CAME BETWEEN US, ALL THE SUMMERS TURNED TO FALL/ALL THE SPRINGTIMES TURNED TO WINTERS/ALL THE TIMES I DIDN'T CALL...(REPEAT 1ST CHORUS) copyright, 1995 by Marcia Mechler, written by Marcia Mechler, Gamma D Music (BMI) All Rights Reserved Track 10: BILLY WALKER BILLY WALKER TURNED EIGHTEEN IN THE SUMMER OF

'64/HE PACKED UP HIS BAGS THEN BILLY HEADED OFF TO WAR/THEY DROPPED HIM IN A JUNGLE JUST OUTSIDE SAIGON/WHERE LIFE BECAME A GAME OF CHESS AND HE BECAME THE PAWN/HE WAS SLEEPING IN THE JUNGLE WHEN THE ENEMY ATTACKED/BILLY WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER MADE IT BACK...(CHORUS: NOW VICTOR CHARLIE'S WAKING UP WHEN BILLY FALLS ASLEEP/DRIVING THEM BACK TO SAIGON IN A U.S. ARMY JEEP/UNTIL BILLY WAKES UP SCREAMING, SWIMMING IN HIS SWEAT/THERE'S JUST SOME THINGS A BODY WON'T FORGET)...HE DRIVES A BEAT UP OLD TOYOTA WITH ALABAMA PLATES/THE BUMPER FELL OFF YEARS AGO, THE THING'S ALWAYS NEEDING BRAKES/THE TRAILER BILLY LIVES IN NOW IS OLD AND WAY TOO SMALL/THE ROOF LEAKS WHEN IT'S RAINING AND THERE'S HOLES IN EVERY WALL/STILL IT'S BETTER THAN A JUNGLE, LIVING SCARED AND ALL ALONE/WE ALL SAID IT WAS A MIRACLE WHEN BILLY MADE IT HOME...(REPEAT CHORUS)...THE WOMEN DON'T COME EASY NOW, AND THE TIME GOES WAY TOO SLOW/HE LEFT A WIFE IN VIET NAM WITH A CHILD HE'LL NEVER KNOW/AND SOME FOLKS THINK IT'S EASIER TO GO BACK AND RE-LIVE TIME/BUT BILLY WALKER WOULD RATHER CLOSE THE ROADS HE LEFT BEHIND...(REPEAT CHORUS)...THERE'S JUST SOME THINGS A DADDY CAN'T FORGET

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VODKA TONICS ARE ALL THAT KEEP HIM SANE/WHEN MY SISTER ANGELINA USED TO SING IN MARTY'S BAR/HE'D SWEAR TO ME ONE DAY SHE'D BE A STAR/NOW SHE'S GOT A TATTOO ON HER SHOULDER, SHE'S GOT WHISKEY ON HER BREATH/SHE'S GOT BILL COLLECTORS CALLING WANTING HER LAST KNOWN ADDRESS/AND IF ANYBODY ASKS ME, I GUESS I'M HER NEXT OF KIN/I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE'S GOING BUT I SURE KNOW WHERE SHE'S BEEN...(CHORUS: WE WENT BARRELLIN' DOWN THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS LAST NIGHT/IN A TATTERED TOP CONVERTIBLE WITH A BUSTED OUR HEADLIGHT/IT'S THREE MORE DRINKS UNTIL MORNING WHEN THE SUN IS COMING UP/ON TWO LOST SOULS LOOKING FOR SOME BETTER LUCK)...SHE'S BEEN WORKING AS A WAITRESS AT A DINER'S GRAVEYARD SHIFT/IN A TOWN THAT DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE MEANING OF A TIP/AND THE MUSIC BUSINESS STIFFED HER ON HER WAY UP TO THE TOP/SHE LOST HER VOICE EVENTUALLY FROM YEARS OF SMOKING POT...(REPEAT CHORUS)...THERE'S JOLTIN' JOE DiMAGGIO WITH MARILYN BY HIS SIDE/JAMES DEAN AND ELVIS, THEY ALL WAVE AS WE RIDE BY...AS WE GO BARRELLIN' DOWN THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS AT NIGHT/IN A TATTERED TOP CONVERTIBLE WITH A BUSTED OUT TAIL LIGHT/IT'S ONE MORE DRINK UNTIL MORNING CAUSE THE SUN'S ALREADY UP/ON TWO LOST SOULS LOOKING FOR SOME BETTER LUCK/SIX LOST SOULS WAITING FOR SOME BETTER LUCK/TWO LOST SOULS LOOKING FOR BETTER LUCK

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