

Mp3 Daniel Gannaway - Bound And Suburban



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"It's like walking alone on the beach at night and seeing Jim Morrison and Jeff Buckley strumming and singing at the water's edge." - Jennifer Layton, Indie-Music.com 10 MP3 Songs ROCK: Folk Rock, FOLK:

Modern Folk Details: ----- Links, then reviews, then lyrics, below. ----- Albums by Daniel

Gannaway: Album 6 - 2005 - SUMMER STORM | A collection of ukelele ditties Album 5 - 2004 - darling one year Album 4 - 2001 - Bound and Suburban Album 3 - 2000 - Bootlegged at the Temple Album 2 - 1999 - flashback* Album 1 - 1998 - FINE BY ME + kidameIn Album 1 - 2004 - the kidameIn lo-fi

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----- Daniel's music is available from such online digital providers as: Mp3tunes.com/DanielGannaway AudioLunchbox; Apple iTunes Music Store;

Rhapsody; Napster; BuyMusic; Emusic; NetMusic; Sony Connect; Pure Tracks; EMEPE3; with more to come... ----- truly independent is happy to

announce that Daniels latest album, 'SUMMER STORM | A collection of ukelele ditties', is out! Check it out at: cdbaby.com/danielgannaway6 "Written and recorded in Hawaii and New Zealand, Summer Storm - Daniel's sixth solo outing - references laidback island life with the ukulele's nylon strings, while wrapping it up in the kind of dynamic folk/indie-rock/electronic feel..."

----- truly independent is happy to announce that kidameIn's debut album, 'the kidameIn lo-fi' is out, and available at CD Baby! Check it out at:

cdbaby.com/kidameIn ----- truly independent recommends you check out Daniels previous album 'darling one year' Check it out at:

cdbaby.com/danielgannaway5 AllAboutSurf gave it a huge review: "...A perfect blend of lyrics, emotion and rhythm...If your looking for some refreshing new music for the soul, I whole-heartedly recommend darling one year as a must have for your collection." - AllAboutSurf

allaboutsurf.com/0411/articles/gannaway2/index.php + Indie-Music.com "...Down to earth and laid back, it has none of the musical tension of trying too hard or the injection of false emotions. Suburban folky and bohemian chic, it [darling one year] ties up agreeably layered and distorted vocals into an angst-ridden, quirky pop as catchy as The Strokes but easily as mysteriously engaging as James Keenan Maynard..." - Indie-Music.com ----- Reviews

----- "...like walking alone on the beach at night and seeing Jim Morrison and Jeff Buckley strumming and singing at the water's edge..." - Indie-Music

"...Gannaway's music brings to mind an updated Velvet Underground..." - Splendid E-zine "...these tracks could well have been written by the love child of David Kilgour, especially (and use your imagination here) if the other 'parent' was David Byrne (Talking Heads)..." - NZ Musician Magazine

"...Daniel Gannaway combines a brooding, geographical view and a warm, visceral folk vocal to create a timeless and striking album in 'Bound and Suburban'..." - XTRAMSN "...Highly recommended stuff. If, this year, you let me point you in the direction of just one artist you've never heard of, do check this one out..." - TheLogBook

----- Full reviews below.

----- Daniel Gannaway combines a brooding, geographical view and a warm, visceral folk vocal to create a timeless and striking album in 'Bound and Suburban'. Deeply suited to acoustic performance and with cyclic, rhythmic backing, the lyrics strike a chord somewhere that you can't quite pinpoint. The songs occur sometime between sleep and consciousness, mumbling and breathing, winding over landscapes that exist mostly in the minds eye. 'the lights r'out (over caldor)' - evokes a yearning that stretches out over the horizon, organic and concise, like Rhian Sheehan meets Chris Whitley in terms of guitar work and sensual delivery. The tracks have the distance and out of control quality of unanswered phonecalls and the elongated quality of sleepless nights, layered over with personal and resonant verse; 'somewhere in japan (fishtank soul)' waits behind underwater dial tone with a view of the street through convex windows. With the clarity of black and white vision, there's enough diversity to capture and keep your attention, enough passion to convey the language of everyday conversations into the farther recesses of your imagination. Part of the new school of operatic singers that

has been born of Jeff Buckley's work (Muse, Coldplay etc), Gannaway offers effortless and intimate poetry with delicate and perfect musicianship. Representing cityscapes that could be anywhere in the Eastern or Western world, 'Bound and Suburban' travels both weary and tirelessly through a stripped down and homesick reflective road trip, the itch of the traveler's feet and the Zen tranquillity of the well traveled. With enough tension to make compelling music and ample performance-worthy soul brought on board, both a good place to cool your heels and a map of where Daniel's been (real or imagined?), this is quite a dizzying display of low-key artistry and fluently articulated escapism. Faith Hamblyn - XTRAMSN Entertainment ----- Best digested via headphones, Bound and Suburban is both ethereal and eerie. Gannaway's acoustic guitar coolly winds through subtle drum machine beats, eventually flowing into a turbulent pool that's punctuated with emotional intensity. While Gannaway describes himself as a singer-songwriter, he avoids falling into the cliché of the solitary man armed with an acoustic guitar, dousing coffee shops with his tired musings. Instead, he utilizes choice influences from the 4AD Records catalog and a touch of New Zealand's haunting indie rock scene, melding both into his own distinct sound. "Somewhere in Japan (Fishtank Soul)" swoons with a mechanized drum beat and effected vocals, both of which are eventually displaced by warm chords and a somber voice. "Not Your Lot" may be the most traditional track here; Gannaway scrupulously trades between spiraling vocal phrasings and plucked notes, letting each coyly play off the other. Once you've listened to Bound and Suburban, it becomes clear that Gannaway is a fiercely determined artist with a distinct and developed sound. Gannaway's music brings to mind an updated Velvet Underground, without the irritable exoticism of Nico. It's great music to drift off to, as once the lights are dimmed, Gannaway's delicate voice glides through the air, shaping a world all his own. Andrew Magilow - Splendid E-zine ----- I just walked my baby home through an argument to the steps before our door. She knows I won't sleep, no, I'll streetskate and burn my attitude off.... So begins Daniel Gannaway's fourth CD, Bound and Suburban, and after following the journey to the end, I'm still a little dazed. I slid into the first song like a warm bath and floated with him as he drifted from one song to the next. As is often the case with artists I review, I'm having a hard time describing this sound. Magic folk. Wafting acoustic dreams. It's like walking alone on the beach at night and seeing Jim Morrison and Jeff Buckley strumming and singing at the water's edge. You sit at a distance, not wanting to intrude, and the sounds that the wind carries over are mixed with night air and salt water. I wonder if Gannaway even

writes his songs down. They feel spontaneously inspired, like a Higher Power is using him as an instrument. He seems to be in another dimension, using that warm, wise-sounding voice to cast spells. He is confrontational on "Not Your Lot." He is lonely and lovesick in "Somewhere in Japan." His voice actually turns into a vocal sitar in "Y'Hold My Court." (How does he do that?!) And when he purrs seductively on "Bourbon," I feel it on my skin. You took a swig of my bourbon, and then you gave me that sideways smile, lookin' over that bottle, I think we caught an idea in kind.... Often Gannaway will fixate on one phrase, repeating it over and over like a mantra, slowing time down and melting surroundings away. When he's had enough of that, he startles the listener with unexpected outbursts from the drum machine. He can't stay still for long, and he definitely has no patience for songwriting formulas. The track "Slide" is a perfect example. We start with Flamenco folk with trippy effects on the vocal and then are interrupted by sounds from the Far East. Asia meets Mexico meets Mars. I can't shake this off. It's valuable, inspiring, and unlike anything I've ever heard. I feel like I've just come back from time travel. And I have the feeling that I'll go on a completely different journey when I play it again. I can hardly wait. Jennifer Layton - Indie-Music ----- I can only presume that Daniel Gannaway has made all the music on this album. No other musicians are mentioned - if so, that's pretty cool. If not, then it's still a pretty cool album. It's voiced in the notes, and reiterated on the back cover that it can be tough (particularly, financially) making music in this wee country of ours. Thank god that fact only stops a few. 'Bound And Suburban' has that home demo feel we seem to love. Production is great though, clean, leaving the floating ethereal mood that's consistent across all 10 original tracks, to waft like incense around the room. And speaking of clean, these tracks could well have been written by the love child of David Kilgour, especially (and use your imagination here) if the other 'parent' was David Byrne (Talking Heads). Romantic, dreamy, lush - all words one could use. I'd recommend instead just listening to it. Nice! Simon Sweetman - NZ Musician Magazine ----- This appealing self-published entry from New Zealand singer/songwriter Daniel Gannaway may be a low-key winner, but it's a winner nonetheless - actually, it's one of the best things that I've heard so far this year. Predominantly a one-man-and-his-guitar album with some drum machine and the occasional overdubbed keyboards and backing vocals, Bound And Suburban benefits from some self-assured musicianship and an excellent lyrical sensibility. In some ways, the best thumbnail description I can offer to the uninitiated is a combination of the lo-fi cool of the Finn Brothers or Sunglass and the hard-to-describe but distinct

sound of the world-weary Celtic minstrel. Gannaway isn't afraid to wax modern on several tracks either, with Y'Hold My Court standing out as a fine example of this. My favorite track on the album happens to be the first, the majestically wistful The Lights R'Out (Over Caldor), perhaps the most Celtic-sounding song of the entire set. It's easy to see why this one was the lead track - Gannaway's firing on all pistons here, with some outstanding guitar work, some light keyboards in all the right places, and vocals which are neither too thin nor too overpowering for the song. Other favorites include the appropriately slippery Bourbon, Slide, and the quirky Achilles. The entire album is relaxing, but never in a sleepy way. If there's one thing that Daniel could improve on in future releases, and I realize this is a difficult thing for any struggling musician to do with the limited resources that entails, would be to get some real drums in there, even if he's got to get someone else in to play them. The drum machine worked well on rockier entries like Image Kool, but as magnificently sweeping as The Lights R'Out (Over Caldor) already is, it could be positively magical with some real percussion in there. Some songs like Not Your Lot sidestepped the drum machine entirely or made only minimal use of it. Still, despite that, it says something that the songs weren't brought down by the drum machine - I just think some of them could be even better with someone hitting some real skins. Highly recommended stuff. If, this year, you let me point you in the direction of just one artist you've never heard of, do check this one out. Earl Green - TheLogBook

----- A pretty fascinating album from a New Zealand songwriter, whose vocals are remarkable, concentrating on the effects of the voice on songs, rather than so much on the instrumentals which drive them, those here a rather soft backing to the rest of the song. There are some outstanding tracks here, given the briefest of good introductions of what's to come later on the opening track "The Lights R'out (Over Caldor)", which is a very unusual song. As good as that track is, there are some significantly better moments here, including the remarkable title track, "Not Your Lot" my personal high point, "Achilles", which is where Daniel's voice really shows it's talent. Apparently this is the 4th album for Daniel, so it's no wonder there's such a depth here. Terry Allen - hEARd Magazine

----- Lovely dreamy folky stuff from this New Zealand-born singer/songwriter and global traveler (he sent this package from Amsterdam, but as of August 2002 he was planning a move to London). Several reviewers have compared Gannaway to Jeff Buckley, but I think he sounds more like Jeff's father Tim. Accompanying himself on acoustic guitar (programmed drums and synths occasionally intrude), Daniel sets a languid, shandowy, exotic mood, all patchouli and caftans.

His songs meander more than I'd prefer, but the atmosphere is entrancing and enveloping, just the thing for a beach campfire. Nice to see this thoughtful description of DU on his links page: "Music unheard is music unmade." Thanks, Dan! Jim Santo - Demo Universe -----

Lyrics to songs below. ----- 01 The lights r'out (over Caldor) music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 2001 i just walked my baby home through an argument to the steps before our door she knows i won't sleep no i'll streetskate and burn my attitude off amidst my slams and make man! that was a close call corner shop quick stop car park quarterpipe ollie slap grab to reverse then i grind these sleeping curbs and i circle these bottles that the boys sunk in six packs laying them down if you loop one you're a clown if you knock one down you're a clown i'm skating out under these lights are out over caldor caldor tonight the lights are out over caldor caldor tonight never had the illusion i was the most important person never wanted just one place but now i wear a local's face and the only time i really feel free is when i hit night speed and i'm riding the pavement of this town to the hoots of owls the lights are out over caldor caldor tonight the lights are out over caldor caldor tonight oh i'm fallen down but i'm a literate i'm a bum for all these rackets i'm so sold out on their scams all these master plans and daylight's bringing all these shackles all the hydes and the jeckles i'm so spun out by their lines but these freaks are holding no ties no not when the lights are out over caldor caldor tonight the lights are out over caldor caldor tonight the lights are out tonight the lights are out tonight

----- 02 Slide music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 2001 a season turns my eyes horizons divide these things can change my mind and pull me back from behind but if i could i'd slide on by if i could i'd just slide on by [start spoken] i could just fall off this cliff no one would ever find my body washed away but behind me questions lurking pulling me back to this living side [end spoken] and the quiet dusk before night white foam it breaks and it dies this stone won't wash away and these memories these memories stay but if i could i'd slide on by if i could i'd just slide on by if another person came stood in this light rain well there'd be two below the sky high i'm saying this and i'm questioning why? 'cause if i if i could i'd slide on by if i could i'd not question why? i'd not question why? i'd not question why? no i'd just slide on by -----

03 Somewhere in Japan (fishtank soul) music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 2001 with headlights on their shoes they glide past my door these people in the night they're moving so fast on their laser feet i'm in a phone booth i'm hanging on the line i'm dialing your number but i'm missing you every time this floor is made for sleeping

when you're curled up like a babe this light illuminates for writing i catch my words before they fade all
four worlds can see you're crying these four walls grandstand my tears i'm center stage in a master play
it's a fishtank soul sale i'm crying out for love love love love love your love i'm crying out for your love your
love these girls on parade they shelter me two nights in a row the others i walk in out of 'cause there's a
slip lock and i'm the one in the know give me an attendant we need to clean these walls and floor of ink
stain skin burn and the refuse of a deep deep yearn i'm crying out for love love love love love your love
i'm crying out for love love love love love your love oh your love your love love your love love your love
love love your love i'm crying out for you i'm lost somewhere here in Japan crying out for your love

----- 04 Image kool music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 2001 i
never wanted to show my face off just wanted to go anywhere wanted to look all my fears straight on then
walk right into them so far i've scared myself stupid yet i've not met every one seems the older i get the
more i meet and i might just die before i'm done never any good at shutting down negative energy but
time apart is time well spent and now you won't get the core of me see i can block you like a mirror send it
all back your way but don't think i'm not fragile mirrors break so easily oh you don't know oh you don't
know no no no you don't know you don't know no i don't think so you know i'm thankful you lend an ear to
my sorry mouth but you know i think you get your money's worth and i hear you been saying i'm just
about image and kool well that's ok hey it's just a small part of what i been through oh you don't know oh
you don't know no no no you don't know you don't know no i don't think so no you don't know no you don't
know you don't know no you don't know you don't know no you don't know what i been through i never
wanted to show my face off just wanted to go anywhere wanted to look all my fears straight on then walk
right into them so far i've scared myself stupid yet i've not met every one seems the older i get the more i
meet and i might just die before i'm done i'm done i'm done [sticks and stones might break my bones but
words will never hurt me] ----- 05 Not your lot music lyrics by

Daniel Gannaway 2001 you say that they don't respect your point of view that the voice behind your face
has them scared and whenever you make intelligent comment it has to come from someone else to be
heard seen but not heard and the whole shebang makes you feel like you should apologise for the way
you look whether you look ok or you just look like make i say forget that just use it it's what you got from
your folks you had no control it was just genetics genetics and it is not your lot not your lot not your lot no
it's not your lot don't let them treat you like a piece of meat no no you're telling me you realised this

environment is sucking away your sense of self worth you're right i can see that facade of confidence is a cover for a growing sense of mirth nothing like a bit of self mirth wisely you decide now to break away hey you've done other things but be careful now you've been pigeon-holed yeah well they'd all rather you act so pretty it's too bad if you're bored they think you should be seen seen but not heard seen but not heard and that is not your lot it's not your lot it's not your lot no it's not your lot don't let them treat you like a piece of meat no no you're all dressed up for their public don't let them treat you like a piece of meat no no it's not your lot not your lot not your lot ----- 06 Bourbon music

lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 2001 you took a swig of my bourbon and then you gave me that sideways smile looking over that bottle i think we caught an idea in kind you said we've been here before wasting all our time this evening our luck has changed you said i think it could be fine so fine you said come on lets take your bottle i'll help you drink it help you drink it right down then we'll exchange remnants of our pasts and all those towns so many towns where we used up our envy where we cast all our hate where we never found loving where we could not relate no you and i we are the same and when it all ends we will remain and when it all ends we're different but we're the same different but we're the same i asked hey will this be a big love? as it would be real for the very first time you read my palm and smiled up at the stars explaining how this moment had been forecast you said it had been forecast you took my hand placed it to your breast whispered close your eyes come on learn to touch you wrapped me up then you spoke in my mind cried out i've waited i'm the sand you said i'm the sand i'm the sand and you are the tide you said i'm the sand and you are the tide you said i'm the sand and you are the tide

----- 07 Y'hold my court music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 2001 oh it's ok keep talking i got nothing to say nothing that would interest you anyway no it's ok you keep on holding the court but you're lucky i don't get up and walk out it's not my way it all comes around one day you will not drown me out [start spoken] look! who are you? you sit over there you do that you expect the whole world to revolve around you dont you? (oh come on) that's the way you think it should be (no that's that's not true at all i think you've totally misunderstood i'm just doing my thing) well i don't care i don't like it i think it's a bloody racket! what about some covers? or some happy pop? (happy pop? well i got some poppy make on the way y'know) good! [end spoken] oh it's ok you rule i love your eloquence you've got me bound up in a word pool no it's ok you keep on go on pontificate but you're lucky if it was you up here i'd be more polite it's not my way it all comes around one day you will not drown me out it may well be

valid but i am wrapped up here i know i can't please you but i'd care to know why you're holding court
you're holding court you're king of the court now you're king of the court you're holding court you're
holding court ----- 08 Bound and suburban music lyrics by Daniel
Gannaway 2001 hey hope you guys are well and happy adjusting to life in those new surrounds must be
quiet it must be strange l.a. to pastures chickens and cows and how's little josephine last i saw her night
of her first birthday i guess she's speaking now she's gonna grow up wild and how how how crazy are you
guys? just up and moving on with your pay cuts but i can understand how northern california holds more
attraction than hollywood smog and such 'cause i'm feeling bound and suburban i'm feeling bound and
suburban i'm kind of all tied up i'm kind of all penned in like anywhere this city of sails ain't always a
breeze to live in i'm planning to get back i'll be stateside soon maybe i could visit on my way back to new
york spend a few days with you i read in the paper today this country's lost it's identity well i don't know if i
ever felt a part of that but i do carry something inside me i'm kind of all tied up i'm kind of all penned in
there's beauty here and people i love but i'm traveller in this heart i know so i'm planning to get back i'll be
stateside soon maybe anyone that goes off to roam runs the risk of knowing more than one home 'cause
i'm feeling bound and suburban i'm feeling bound and suburban [but not really]

----- 09 Achilles music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 2001 you find
my heel you tempt me you help me stand so wild and free you thrust that light onto my face fire up my
mind send me into space oh ow oh oh oh ow achilles like fur coats rubbed on my naked skin but without
killing any of them like falling down these waterfalls i'm terrified but consumed by the power of it all oh ow
oh oh oh ow achilles achilles i'm the moth to your fire oh how you swirl me in circles then you try to kill me
in desire if i was not wise you'd get complete control but i have other heels and they push and they pull oh
ow oh oh oh ow achilles achilles i'm the moth to your fire ----- 10

Where's the way? music by Daniel Gannaway lyrics by Daniel Gannaway / Richard Freeman 2001
closing my eyes afraid of the dark scared of the noise of my still living beating heart if i keep my eyes shut
will i stay safe? or will these questions keep pointing out it's all to late? show me the way come on show
me the way needing to cry out i turn on the light it's my safety net to chase away the night i ask how can
this be such a part of me? my fear is not the dark but my inability to see can you show me the way? come
on show me the way so i've these two bags which i unpack then i fill constantly moving i barely ever stand
still this desire to find the way of my changing path and the fear i won't keeps me moving so fast i'm

moving so fast now walking close to my temporary home i never felt so lost or alone but here away from prying eyes i know that i've grown and these people i meet don't pretend that they know me no like you they somehow unknowingly show me they show me the way they show me the way show me the way i think you've shown me the way so i've these two bags which i unpack then i fill constantly moving i barely ever stand still this desire to find the way of my changing path and the fear i won't keeps me moving so fast i'm moving so fast now moving so fast i'm moving so fast now i'm moving so fast now i'm moving so fast now -----

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