

Mp3 Nathan Ryan - Vincible



[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

An indie/folk/country implosion explosion that rings in your ears. 10 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Country Rock, FOLK: Folk Pop Details: ***Vincible was chosen as a top 10 Local Album (Seattle) during 2003 by KEXP.org's John Richards*** ***Named a Top Album of 2003 on Promontory Artists' Looking Closer- Jeffrey Overstreet*** ***The song: "soundtrack title IX", was featured on a documentary film entitled: Playing Hardball: Gender Equity in College Sports- which won national awards.*** ***Vincible has received airplay on college stations around the nation.*** "Nathan Ryan's solo debut Vincible is a work of heartfelt songwriting, a softer sort of Pedro the Lion. . .this album is strikingly personal and honest. It is full of simple expressions of faith in the midst of relationship turmoil. I am curious to see how Ryan grows from this confident foundational recording." - Jeffrey Overstreet of Looking Closer "Downbeat, morose, and lovelorn, Ryan strips his country-folk-blues agenda stark naked with the benefit of affectation so that all you're left with is Ryan's plaintive voice and his jangling acoustic guitar. Alt-country fans would do well to take note of Ryan's bold and confident reliance on nothing more than a threadbare song." Kevin Mathews- The Phantom Tollbooth Recorded in his 2 bedroom apartment with one microphone and a four track recorder: Nathan Ryan's debut album Vincible is a simplistic and melodic album, and yet is complex in the storyteller's dilemmas with inner and relational turmoil. For all the lyrics to Vincible visit nathanryan.net- but here's a sampling: *Preacher, Priest, Liar, Thief* I can paint the outside, but the inside of the house of my heart is still a wreck. I can invite you in once a week to fix this mess, but love ain't a hire for rent. Honesty is sweet like a kiss on the lips, but how can I kiss the man in the mirror without being a hypocrite. When no one is there- it's easy not to have to share. I'm a preacher, I'm a priest, I'm a liar, I'm a thief, I'm a destitute, a prostitute, an adulterer, I'm a whore, and when the murder weapon's in my hand- and I cast the lots- I still don't understand why you love me. I wait for you in a room

where the paint is peeling- it's peeling in the shape of the state of Maine. I can speak ambiguously out of both sides of my mouth to avoid addressing the state of my pain. Words can cut straight through the skin- on the outside It looks fine, but it's a wreck within. If love isn't real- there's really nothing left to feel. I'm a preacher, I'm a priest, I'm a liar, I'm a thief, I'm a low-caste, an outcast, my only friend is grief. and when the murder weapon's in my hand- and I cast the lots- I still don't understand why you love me. Hallelujah (there's still hope for me). *Still* Who do you trust? When their iron-clad love has turned to rust? When you're so messed up you don't know the difference between love and lust. When wrong seems right and right seems so unfamiliar and unjust. Be still now- know love's name Who do you know- when everyone you know decides to get up and to go? They were on the sidelines pointing at you and now they're pointing out the things you did and didn't do- things you meant to. Be still now- know love's name. Where do I turn? When all the bridges I so carefully built have slowly burned. And you no longer thirst for life but you mournfully yearn. We see now but a poor reflection in a mirror, that hopefully soon will become clearer. Be still now- know love's name. * Farewell, L.s.* I walk a line that I paint whenever I'm with you. I have held sin in my hand as I've cupped holy water. And I told myself- why bother? Who really cares when you're all alone, and the needle's still in your hand? Who really cares when you're all alone, and I've made myself more less than a man? I swim rigid, frigid waters rather than in your warm pools. I write the rules then I break them as I choose. I told myself I've got nothing left to lose. Who really cares when you're all alone, and the needle's still in your hand? Who really cares when you're all alone, and I've made myself more less than a man? Now I could tell you that I'm sorry, but I'm tired of lying, because I've lied before. And I could write you a love song, but I'm tired of lying, lying on this floor. * Don't* Not exactly the best in social situations- you can tell he's uncomfortable by the billboard on his face. Not exactly blessed with social graces- but he's going to show her what she's been missing for the last two years. Don't -come around here looking for answers don't come around here looking for love. Well, two thousand miles is way too thousand miles away. So he got her number through a mutual friend. He fixes his hair in the mirror- even though it's the telephone- it's not a question of vanity, but it's a matter of being alone. Don't -come around here looking for answers don't come around here looking for love. He's looking good. He says he'll get a hold of her. Says he's gonna fly out to do lunch sometime. She doesn't understand. Stand Doesn't seem to mind the possibility of a husband's rifle- he's had to bite the bullet more than once in his life. Doesn't seem to mind the possibility that she could be another man's girlfriend- Doesn't seem to

mind that she's another man's wife. Don't -come around here looking for answers don't come around here looking for love.

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals: