

Mp3 John Lyle - Humors



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Poetic, soulful, psychedelic sound sketches by one of the best singer/ songwriters to bend to the muse. 8

MP3 Songs FOLK: Folk Blues, BLUES: Blues Vocals Details: Headed for a career as an English professor in the mid 1960s, John Lyle was broadsided by Bob Dylan and The Beatles. His degree went out the window, and so did he, playing in a series of bands and then performing on Canadian network television and radio as a solo act. He was also signed to two record labels during this era, but realized that because of his highly sensitive nature he was not cut out for the performing life. John returned to his home in the Vancouver area, and devoted himself to his family, supporting them with a career that may have been more dangerous than the performance stage. He became a postman. John Lyles wonderful body of work is evidence of a life lived on the streets and in the home, filled with all the love and loss and joy and despair that are part and parcel of being alive. The songs are vital, not written to imitate a commercial trend or to fulfil a contract, but to reflect the intensity of experience and to remain sane.

Feedback- 'John's songs are amazing!' Frazee Ford (The Be Good Tanyas).....'We love John Lyle. We listen to him all the time.' The Sumner Brothers.....'There's lots of nice stuff on there!' Paul Rodgers of Bad Company, Free and Queen).....Magnificent! Robert Altman.....John Lyle will take you gently to your safe place, and then sneak up on you with a song as uncompromisingly ferocious as a grizzly in a maternity ward. Dennis Albo, in his reality novel One Bullet Left'.....'The James Joyce of folk.'- Heywood Banks.....'Super, passionate stuff!' Mark Smith Lyrics for "Humors" 1. HOW ROMANTIC OF ME All locked into something the psychics cant control And the rainbow-fingered hordes are in a hole With all of their possessions, beyond grief and past the dawn While I work to hold back my yellow yawn How romantic of me, how romantic of me How romantic of me all along How romantic of me to have eaten my degree And passed it, Lord, I must learn how to ski How romantic of me to keep my interest in a

sack And how romantic to keep keeping track How romantic of me, how romantic of me How romantic of me, coming back All along the river inspectors take their counts While up the country gurus climb the mount Holy little brothers bathe their souls in burning bleach While I work on my music on the beach How romantic of me, how romantic of me How romantic of me not to preach

2. BLASTED IN HOPE In and out and out and in the ocean breezes blow I been waiting for that sweet ride, like an ordinary orphan in the sand Let me take my stand, soul dance in your hand To tinsel tunes from silver stars, oh baby Sweet low down and all around the lone star whistle blows I been trying to make connection with my fast and lonesome Southern dixie flyer, stream-lined and winding fire Stone-blown through the sky, to whats behind our lost tomorrow, baby Eat the flesh and suck the bone and drink my blood like wine Ill come crashing through your window Like a hot and heartless steaming Philistine Full out to break your spine, smash your dreams on the door To whats behind our lost tomorrow, baby Longing eyes are hypnotized inside the last sunbow Lets protect the same illusion, while the harvest moon is still a memory, Eventual ecstasys a blockade to the star And whats behind our lost tomorrow, baby

3. OH, MY WIND (John Murray John Lyle) Oh the wind is like a friend of mine, she is fickle to a fault One minute solid as a tree, and the next not worth her salt (Chorus) Thats why shes so fine, thats why shes not mine Think of all shes touched, still she gives so much Oh, my wind, where you been, I thought you said youd write Oh, my wind, where you been, I waited up all night Oh the wind is like a friend of mine, she has a temper like a carving knife She doesnt do it to be mean, but now and then shell take a slice Repeat chorus Some blue Monday Ill be under such a heavy cloud With no way to turn my lonely head but down Then my wind will blow on in and turn my life around Shell come runnin, Ill bet shes thumbin, just outside of town Oh the wind is like a friend of mine, her fatal flaw is her saving grace If she didnt get around, Id never see her lovely face Repeat chorus

4. I SAW GOD By accident I took a double dose of L.S.D. I saw God inside my mirror and He looked a lot like me Maybe two, three inches shorter, and a little sparse on top He was cleaning his glasses, He was cleaning his glasses With the blood of a lamb chop I said, God, what you doin hung out in my mirror He said takin a vacation, man, you never see me here I said, God, I see you now, and when I wanna shave Ill have to drop my razor, Ill have to drop my razor. Ill have to drop my razor and wave God said, what have you been eating I said Owsleys L.S.D. He said, go and count your marbles, kid Youre lucky you still see Theyre not here, theyre over there, He said So over there I go, and count my marbles Count my marbles, count my marbles slow When wonder piled on wonder up my alley I

can see God inside a cats-eye cleaning salmon with a key 5. WE MUST KNOW Chorus: We must know what really happened (gonna tell ya) We must know what really happened (I can smell ya) Mr. Hollywood came knockin at the door He said, whats a big star like you doin, baby Not working anymore Big star said, I dont know, maybe its my age Sometimes I think theyre laughing at me Then he flew into a rage Repeat chorus Big star spelled his drink and swore into the Montecito sun Mr. Hollywood said, baby, waitll you hear what I done Were on the red-eye to the apple, well get a limo to Times Square Well find a most outstanding mugging, the paparazzi will be there Youll save someone or other from the vicious junkie hordes And when the story hits the tabloids it will strike responsive chords Repeat chorus Now wait a little minute, said the big star as he hid His face behind his glass, he said lets not and say we did And thats what really happened, and thats why hes back to work And Ill bet you thought the big star wasnt nothin, Wasnt nothin, wasnt nothin, wasnt nothin but a jerk! 6. WHEN IM A P.H.D. When Im a P.H.D., no one will dare to question me Except the other P.H.D.s, but not when Im on TV Where everyone will worship me, oh Jehovah! P.H.D., P.H.D., I will be a P.H.D With a bona fide degree made out to me When Im a P.H.D., Im gonna share my salary With all my family for everything they did for me To help me finally get to be A P.H.D., P.H.D., I will be a P.H.D With a bona fide degree made out to me At our parties all us smarties will let down our hair Stand on a chair, bare as you dare, you can stare But we wont care When Im a P.H.D., no ivory tower will fall on me In my professional building by the sea Where Ill teach everyone to be A successful PHD like me, why dont you be like me 7. GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS This little bubble, this black cauldron of trouble The starry-eyed call mother earth Can blow all to hell, clean the air of the smell But thatll just add to my mirth Going through the moves, going through the motions Everything we choose is a preconceived notion There are no heroes and there are no villains Just us little computer children Going through the moves, going through the motions Every means is an end, every end is a potion Going through the moves, going through the motions Every means is an end, every end is a potion Fight fire with water, fight hate with love Wake up before push comes to shove No one deserves credit, no one deserves blame No one deserves a fortune, no one deserves fame No one deserves a great big mansion or a ghetto full of pain No one deserves what they get, but they get it just the same Going through the moves, going through the motions A new world awaits based on the notion We accept one another like the wind and the rain Free as the birds and bees in our chains 8. RANCHERO Refrain: We have ranchero, we have mucho dinero, In our world not a care-o, Ay yi yi yi yi yi We can depend on

our hacienda To defend us when the four winds blow No matter how bad the weather may be, We always
will have somewhere to go So when the clouds frown upon us And the rains try to drown us And the wind
is beating at our door Theres a song well be making While the snowflakes are flaking And it goes like this,
Senor Repeat refrain

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