

## Mp3 David Gann - Back Again



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Haunting intelligent melodies rich with classic guitars, violins and cello. 10 MP3 Songs POP: Folkly Pop, EASY LISTENING: Soft Rock Details: I write for a new civilization. I think we really need one. The recent events have brought many to the understanding that something is not quite right on this ole "Planet Earth". I do hope you enjoy the music. The message that I like weaving into these aesthetic melodies, is one of hope--that somehow, we as spiritual beings, imprisoned within bodies and struggling for some sense of meaning, that we will eventually make sense of it all. I am writing new songs. Two more CD's are written, one should be recorded soon. The theme is still, music to free the "Spirit". Some one asked me the other day, "What's one of your favorite songs". I told them I have always liked "Man". It may not be the prettiest of the tunes but I like the way it cuts through the current insane viewpoint of who man is. Its roots go all the way back to when I was growing up on a mile-wide family farm. On warm summer nights, after all the chores were done, Homer (my dog) and I would stroll out into the middle of freshly cut hay fields. Homer would curl up next to me and we would both just lie there starrng upward into those endless Missouri skies--nothing but stars from horizon to horizon. I had this game--As I laid there looking out into those vast galaxies, planets and twinkling points of light, I would try to get the idea of never before existing. (You should try this sometime, especially if you are out in the desert or somewhere you can see nothing but stars). It was completely impossible for me to get the concept of not being aware. I would sort of float right out of my head. I just couldn't get the idea of not being. How the hell can you not be? So, that's when this thing, this viewpoint started, right then and there, lying on my back with my best pal Homer. I knew that I had always been alive, I had always been somewhere, always. Because when I would float out of my head, I just knew that all those twinkling points of lights, those were places, places I had been; old homes, old haunts. So the first time a grade school teacher drone on and on about man

being just another animal that had evolved from some ancient protoplasmic glob, I thought, no way! Who came up with that silly idea? "I came from out THERE!" I knew that if I could just find that guy, the one who authored that craziness about evolving from the monkeys, . . . well, as soon as I could get him to come over to my house . . . and the moment Homer and I pulled him out in the middle of the hayfield, . . . bang, he would float right out of his head too. Music is a magical universal language. It crosses all boundaries, it bridges cultural differences and it opens new horizons. An artist's purpose is to paint the future. I choose to paint one that includes men and women as spiritual beings regaining abilities, which I believe, were once native to each of us. Thanks for listening and let me hear from you. Love, David Gann

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