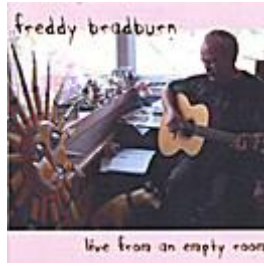


# Mp3 Freddy Bradburn - Live From An Empty Room



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Intellectual folk rock 15 MP3 Songs FOLK: Modern Folk, FOLK: Folk Pop Details: Co-writer of the winning song at the 2004 Mountain Stage New Song Festival. Freddy has had songs covered by David Wilcox and Cosy Sheridan and "Live From an Empty Room" showcases one of the most interesting songwriters around. Freddy writes songs like no one else in the world. They are like little movies with great special effects. He is insightful, touching and hilarious. He is also warped. Wonderfully warped. One of the best and most interesting lyric writers out there. And boy is he out there. The notes from the CD. Roundin Third Wave me through, wave me on, If I have to go down let me go down strong. If I have to die let it be known, I was roundin third and headed for home. Written the morning my father-in-law, Woodrow Roberts died. I also often think and dedicate the song to my father who taught me how to play baseball and my lifelong friend and teammate, Bill Kehler who committed suicide in 2003. Pink Flamingoes And what can be sadder than a broken trampoline. And maybe its the aimless snow around me blowing. Something that is nameless, something that is going, You never thought would go. Inspired by a chord riff in CGDGBD tuning. It was intended for Chelsea to sing (my Teenage singer) since it is a young girls story, but the chorus and the mood of it seems to give it a universal feeling of loss. Expect Nothing Less From Love Love in our life is like the sky. We look for our guiding star. Sometimes its invisible to our eyes, Sometimes it is too far. But I will say whoever you are. Expect nothing less from love. Just real life, I guess. As I see it. (in Dropped D tuning) My Frankenstein Wish I had somebody. I wish I had a clone. Then I could leave myself alone. Stuff him with sorrow. Give him a poets mind. Send him out into the world my Frankenstein. Oh beautiful monster. Sorrows flesh and bone. Now that I made you leave me alone. Sometimes when I have trouble coming up with something to write about I just try to come up with an evocative line or two. So when I got the line about having a clone I just followed it and thats how it

turned out. I love evocative lyrics that are specific but can be interpreted a variety of ways. Im not sure nor do I really want to know what this song means. Little Bo Men are men and sheep are sheep. Love me strong and hold me deep. Hold me strong and we will pass. Kiss me gone into the looking glass. I went to Las Vegas just to get to the Utah wilderness, but was struck how Las Vegas seemed like such a fake town, a cartoon town. People on the sidewalks handing out leaflets for hookers and such. I just combined the fairy tale cartoon side of Las Vegas with the darker side. The question is: Is she really Little Bo Beep?

Film Noir Outside the night grew blacker. As we walked to your room. You loved me like a trash compactor Placed in an ancient ruin. Im always looking for a new way to write a love song. This is another from the dark side. I just tried to build it around the most unusual similes and metaphors I could think of for love. The Film Noir chorus came a long time after I had the verses. More Than Meets the Eye

I wrote this one morning at the Wildacres Writing Workshop after talking to friend and poet, Rebecca McClanahan who I hadnt seen for awhile. She was one of my first inspirations as a writer. The song came out of the wonderful connections people make not often enough. The Beautiful Clich (The Idiom Song)

And its one for the money in the old rat race. Two for the show in the old goose chase. I was three sheets in the wind and a pillowcase, pillowcase. This song came out of a class exercise I do in one of my classes at the community college. I wanted to construct a song made up entirely of idiomatic phrases with a twist or two. Think Hard I looked deep. What did I want to keep? Did I love her all or just some. Its all moving too quickly, Oh my lips are all thumbs. Okay, she said, I could fall in love, Or I could fall from the sky. Are you going to catch me? Or watch me die? She was falling from deep inside. I wanted this song to be like a play. A dialogue between two people who are having one of those important conversations where the man knows the next thing he says could have dire consequences. Its a song in three acts. Time I Wasted

You said its just a game, so is everything else I do. At least the game had a name, and when I lost at least I knew. Like playing twister with my little sister, Well, I tell you mister. The time I wasted. Well, I do waste a lot of time. The board games were a way to unify the song. I have a fondness for the word Ouija. The Great Wide Open I pinched the statue of Venus. Right on her behind. Nothing there between us. The flesh and the divine. Nothing there between us, but the ocean of time. And the great wide open world.

Philosophically, this is it for me, I think. Ive got Cupids broken arrow lodged inside my brain. Inspired by Shakespeares Midsummer Nights Dream. Fly My Shadow Make my shadow out of stolen corpses from the paupers grave. Stitch their faces into the darkness. Make me a cross with a shovel and a spade. This

is another song driven by the first two lines. I had no idea where those lines would take me or what it meant. I teach a class in Southern Class where we do family history. I talk about the grandfather I never knew who was a poor dirt farmer in Madison County, N.C. who moved his family down to work in the Cotton Mill. My father worked at the mill when he was 14 and worked until his death at 63. I live in the house I grew up in and now I'm a grandfather. The song took me there in a way. Want What We Want Had an old dog. Dog had a bone. We lived in a big house all alone. I stole his bone. He called the law. He bit me on the ankle. I bit him on the paw. He got a rabies shot. I dug a hole. It was the best dog gone bone I'd ever stole. Finding satisfaction is not easy. I like the silliness of all this attached to the seriousness of the chorus. Nothing This Perfect Nothing this perfect. Nothing this sublime. It's always passing by us. On the outskirts of time. Written in the fall of 04 in the Gazebo at Wildacres Retreat. It just doesn't get much better than that. Busy Morning There's woodpeckers and Tit Mice So watch out boys and girls. The birdsong meets get it on. There's even a flying squirrel. A silly song that has a complicated story attached to it. What might a County Commissioners opposition to the distribution of condoms by the health department have to do with the rituals of spring when the animals become twitterpated (not sure how to spell this. It comes from Bambi. Live from an Empty Room Acoustic Guitar/ Vocals: Freddy Bradburn Electric Guitar, Electric Slide, : Steve Blanton Baritone Guitar Harmony Vocals: Lisa Stevens All Songs Written by Freddy Bradburn 2006 FreddySongs Recorded by Steve Blanton at Blantone Music Engineered, Mixed and Mastered by Steve Blanton Produced by Freddy Bradburn and Steve Blanton Photography by Susan Bradburn Graphic Design by Steve Blanton Duplication by Steve Blanton Thanks and Acknowledgments: This was a three person operation. Steve Blanton, who lives a mile from me as the crow flies (literally), I did not really know before we began this project, but we quickly became friends and besides his recording skills I love the fact that I have his guitar playing on the disc. It gives many of the songs a nice rock n roll edge. I brought in my good friend and singing partner, Lisa Stevens. Lisa and I have been a duo for several years and have been friends several years a long time. All the songs were done with a minimum of takes, usually two. I wanted them to have a live feel and to feel a bit loopy. Like my life. I want to thank my wife, Susan, and son, Orion and the rest of my family. Thanks to the many students at McDowell Technical Community College whose stories and lives weave in and out of these songs. Thanks also to The Wildacres Writing Workshop, Solatido Songwriting Workshop at Wildacres, Minnow Media, and Mike and the gang at the Crooked Door Coffeehouse. Special thanks to Steve

Blanton for working on and becoming an important part of this project, and thanks to Lisa Stevens for her soulful harmonies.

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