

## Mp3 Hot Heels Records - Ep



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"Passionate vocals complemented by excellent guitar and Dylanesque harmonica work. This is a terrific debut by an artist with a poetic sensibility and real promise for the future." -New Classics 8 MP3 Songs

FOLK: Modern Folk, URBAN/R&B: Soul Details: Hot Heels Records (band name). This is the solo debut ep of Chicago-based songwriter, Brandon Seyferth (pronounced 'Cypher-th'). In response to questions posed as to why he named, and later formed a band whose name could be confused as a record label, he quotes Albert Camus' "The Plague; "I chose to be blindly obstinate, pending the day when I could see my way more clearly." His next release (with the newly formed Hot Heels Records), entitled "The Hi-Jacked Generation" is due out late December 2006. To receive tour updates, exclusive mp3's, and to contact this artist, click "email Hot Heels Records" on the left of your browser window.

Hey, Little Sister  
I've been watching tv a lot  
Brown and blue shows into news;  
Beginning to think that all the characters  
have been formed  
In this world  
On these grey streets  
Hey, Little Sister  
Why were you never born?  
There's pictures of you in my grandmother's house  
Warm as the breeze through the hayfield outside  
Yellow like the light in her white hair  
And these days I've been cold a lot  
mm mm mm  
And these days I've  
been cold a lot  
And I've got nothin' to say  
You coulda' helped me keep the wrong girls away from my  
heart  
You coulda' helped me keep the wrong girls away from my heart  
You coulda' helped me keep the  
death from my family  
You coulda' helped me keep my legs under me  
You coulda' helped me keep my  
father standing -----  
Steam (wrought iron kings)  
I'm standing up, you're screaming  
At a trail of dust on  
a gravel road  
The saint on your necklace is full-blown leaving  
In a pack of smokes in a silent Ford  
And the  
strobe lights at the back of the dawn  
Have come through me like a broken bone  
And the fourteenth floor  
above New York,  
Its empty chairs watch the moon drift away  
And the wrought iron fences stand like kings  
As steam rises off the streets  
The strobe lights at the back of the dawn  
Have come through me like a

broken bone Oh and these days are leavin' these days are leavin' these days are leavin' ----- D Road  
(found poem) "Found I had more in common with people who just plain cared about stuff." ----- Home  
Oh baby baby baby I need to Hear you say you need to hear me Oh baby baby baby Chicago Ain't that  
far away by train There's no such thing as goin' home No such thing as goin' home No such thing as goin'  
home Oh baby baby baby New England Left a boarding pass on your shelves Its corners smell like  
drowned-out fire Its penmanship from someone slowed down There's no such thing as goin' home No  
such thing as goin' home No such thing as goin' home ----- Hands They come out bold on the bridge  
but how'd this city get so dead With its pocketwatch fences singin' a funeral march to the grocery store  
bread? And Little Suzan thinkin' pride comes with change for a ten Says it makes her love herself but in  
paragraphs she never mentions her friends I raise my hands at the sign of the times I raise my hands I  
raise my hands at the sign of the times I drop my eyes Faye logs on to the printing press, says she's  
lookin' at polls But a change of heart seems so far away as the time goes... I'm gonna' go anyway. I raise  
my hands at the sign of the times I raise my hands I raise my hands at the sign of the times I drop my  
eyes ----- ----- For Tao Tao Well I got everything That I can handle But I miss your laugh like I Miss  
the bus And I've got millions of days to Pay your rent. ----- EP CREDITS: All songs by Brandon  
Seyferth except "These Days." "D Road" orchestrated as found poem by Brandon Seyferth. Ep produced  
by Jon Roberts, Brandon Seyferth and Brian Thomas. Brandon Seyferth: vocals, guitar, harmonica, bass  
Jon Roberts: percussion, bass, guitar \_\_\_\_\_ BIOGRAPHY: Chicago. Sweet home before  
Alabama grabbed that title with its smudgy, hard hands and its affinity for putting aircraft on poles.  
Brandon Seyferth (pronounced cypher), a newcomer here, is releasing his first EP in March of 06 under  
the pseudo-band-name Hot Heels Records. After coming off a stretch of being assigned to the  
fame-seeking dilettantes who crawl over the music and art scenes of so many cities, I'm suspicious of him  
even as he walks in to meet me at the diner he had suggested on the corner of California and Milwaukee.  
That suspicion was my fault, my bitterness, and I knew it. But through all the pop stars and television  
smothering that presses down on us I miss artists. Real artists. People with something to say aside from  
hey everybody, look at me! I believed in his music. I was waiting for him to fall short. A waitress interrupts  
our hellos with a flashed smile and a pot of coffee as Brandon sits down, keeping his leather jacket on,  
setting a collection of poems by Joseph Brodsky and John Steinbecks East of Eden in the seat next to  
him. I wasn't impressed that he brought books. A lot of people do that. I would learn over the next hour

however that Brandon is not a lot of people, and that I would not be disappointed. He looks out the window. Its starting to get cold. I knew enough about him already to know he is twenty-six, an award-winning poet at twenty-two. Nothing about how he looked told me that he had wandered China without a penny or a plan for more than a year, or that he had lived in an oxygen tent for the first part of his life. Nothing told me he had worked and traveled the U.S. East coast with a carnival, but he had. I would find out later that night that seeing him perform makes his eclectic background stick out in a distinctly educated American way. Live, hes part jazz hustle-bustle, part folk-poet, looks like James Dean or Jack Kerouac, will play a punk-influenced song next to a Motown one, make them both sound like songs drug out from Woody Guthrie's Great Depression and clap an immediacy on them with lyrics that look at present times and hearts with a clear and honest eye. His songs are catchy, relevant, mature, and he never lets you know whats coming next- on guitar hell get you watching his right hand and slap you with the left even if you choose to turn a closed ear. He is a professional and an artist who cares deeply about his audience. In conversation, he is perpetually and frustratingly the devils advocate. Yeah, there was snow on the ground yesterday, I said. I spun my coffee cup in place and asked him about his childhood. He answered with a string of lies. I called him on it. He chuckled. I hadnt been interested in folk music until I came to Chicago and saw some cats from the Old Town School playing standards at an open mic. I had been into soul, blues, motown, rockabilly, jazz before. Jazz taught me to improvise, soul taught me to make damned sure that improvisation didnt make the night sterile. I picked up playing the harmonica on a rack about six months ago and started getting compared to Bob Dylan all the time. I liked that- took it as a compliment. I figured Id take it as a cue to start lying my ass off- seemed to help him, start of his career... there's a great line by Joseph Brodsky in one of his poems: "I proudly admit that my finest ideas are second-rate, may the future take them as trophies of my struggle against suffocation." I think my generation can relate to that- we live in a homeless land. Brandon pulls out a roll of quarters from his left jacket pocket to pay the bill, smirks at me. I chuckle, "let me get this one." -James Venerky

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