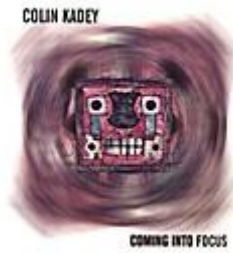


Mp3 Colin Kadey - Coming Into Focus



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Beat-influenced wordplay blended with jangly, free-wheelin' folk-rock grooves 10 MP3 Songs ROCK: Folk Rock, FOLK: Modern Folk Details: COLIN KADEY (KAW-lin KAY-dee) noun. Western-Canadian singer songwriter. Born: Vancouver, B.C. COMING INTO FOCUS (KUMing INto FOEkus) verb. becoming aware of the true nature of reality; opening the mind's eye. the players: COLIN KADEY- Vocals, Piano, Organ, Synthesizer, Harmonica JOHN KIESELHORST- Guitar BRIAN NEWCOMBE- Bass DARYL BURGESS- Drums ANGELA KELMAN- Background Vocals SHAUNA RAE SAMOGRAD- Background Vocals CATHY ST. GERMAINE- Background Vocals MIKE DOBSON- Condescending Platitudes Produced by Shaun Thingvold with C.W. Kadey John Kieselhorst. Recording Engineers: Shaun Thingvold, Tim Bavis Gina Mueller. Green Tea Sympathy: Sawami Saito. Mastered by Jamie Sitar. Recorded at the Institute for Communication Arts, Burnaby, B.C. Canada, Mixed at Hipposonic Studios, Vancouver. the songs: "blind man on the water"- existential musings over a driving boogie beat. "i was experiencing some angst over my wicked past, but it makes for a kickin' tune." Listen how the rhythm section digs in over the last minute of the track. orgasmic! "wreckage of my sanity"- "the story of my so-called career in three minutes and twelve seconds." the single was shipped to over a thousand stations in 2002 and many of them played it. breezy folk-rock describes life on the 'b' circuit, enhanced by some tasty brush work from drummer daryl burgess. "on the fringes of a dream"- 'through all eyes the future lies, through all minds the past...' is the kind of acid-inspired poetry that seems to be kadey's strong suit, and it works pretty well here with the trippy background vocals and some tasty guitar from co-producer john kieselhorst. "paranoid fantasies"- the idea here was to create a piece that barraged the listener with too many images to be absorbed at one listening, in an attempt to simulate the information overload that is so much a part of our daily lives. how to relieve the monotony of a non-stop avalanche of words? the song has over 20 key changes!

"formaldehyde street"- is really a bukowskian short story with a multitude of colourful characters, including a fisherman, a bartender, the mayor, his fat wife, and his slutty daughter. best of all is the tasty guitar and harmonica hook that ties it all together. "groovey tuesday"- the john lennon inspired peace anthem has been receiving some airplay, but only on tuesdays. "i was using 'groovey tuesday' as a metaphor for the day that everyone becomes wise, patient and understanding..." a utopian fantasy for sure, but listening to this sublime track makes it almost seem possible. "fear"- this three and a half minute monster movie song has it all: a driving beat, a wicked piano riff, a blazing guitar solo, cheesy sci-fi organ, and a spooky mystery guest. "love will light the way"- this is the track that makes everybody cry. a single plaintive voice and a sparse grand piano spell out the simple meaning of life in an honest and intimate way. "over"- good rockin' track with lots of tasty bits! "now i understand" an agnostic gospel tune, this poignant 7-minute ballad features the searing vocals of angela kelman and shauna rae samograd. enjoy! the lyrics: (All songs: words music copyright 2000 by C.W. Kadey) BLIND MAN ON THE WATER there's a blind man walkin' on the water/ a rich man owns the sea/ if there's a poor man with the devil's daughter- that would be me/ there's a mad man in a marble tower/ like an ad man on my TV/ but he doesn't have any answers for me/ i'm still here it's the same old story blind man- what do you see?/ i see a time in everyone's life when they shut off the power put out the light/ when no drug or machine that man can devise/ can put back the life in your dying eyes/ you can move through the mist like a blade through a fire/ shout through the flames as they carry you higher/ blind man- what do you see?/ there's a strong wind blowin' off the water/ where the blind man stands & calls to me/ i'm still here with the devil's daughter/ i been baptized in witch's water/ blind man- what do you see?/ i see a time when all that you do/ turns around to stare back at you there's nowhere to run you can't look away/ you can't change the facts as you made them today/ move through the mist like a blade through a fire/ shout through the flames as they carry you higher/ blind man what do you see? WRECKAGE OF MY SANITY been away in time forgotten/ led astray from top to bottom/ on a trail of missing dreams/ armed with insufficient schemes/ rode the highway of disaster/ screaming: "can't this thing go faster?" crashed upon the shores of time/ out of reach out of mind staring at the wreckage of my sanity/ just another victim of humanity/ just another hard luck story/ throw a dime & say you're sorry/ got my start in crimes of passion/ breaking hearts to keep in fashion/ spent a life in smoke- filled bars/ killin' time with lonely hearts/ broken drunks joyless sinners/ playin' games that have no winners/ 'til i find i reached the end/ out of reach out of friends staring at the wreckage of my sanity/

just another victim of humanity/ just another hard luck story/ throw a dime & say you're sorry/ oh- what a wicked web we weave/ no- i've got nothing up my sleeve/ nowadays i walk on crutches/ tryna dodge the reapers clutches/ still alive as far as i know/ if i died it doesn't show/ tryna put my past behind me/ don't know how it always finds me/ sitting in my silent gloom/ on a train that's bound for doom/ staring at the wreckage of my sanity/ just another victim of humanity/ just another hard luck story/ throw a dime say yer sorry... ON THE FRINGES OF A DREAM through all eyes the future lies/ through all minds the past/ beyond the waves of passing days through the minds own looking glass/ beyond the gloom within this room/ where fallen angels cry/ to taste the wine of a golden vine/ on the fringes of the sky... in a while from now i will crack a smile/ while my face begins to melt/ it's too late now to stop the game/ the cards have all been dealt/ with a stellar map of foreign shores we board the star machine/ we use our minds to drive the oars on the fringes of a dream... PARANOID FANTASIES you're runnin' late- grab a paper read all about the latest caper/ it's all lies, lap it up/ sip it from your coffee cup/ then you fight the cars the oxide fumes/ while lis'nin' to the muzak tunes/ past swarming hoards of human ruins/ traffic lights hypnotized salesmen with hungry eyes/ prostitutes in rented thighs/ customers with alibis/ muted truths screaming lies!!!! paranoid fantasies! paranoid fantasies...!!! electron beams neon dreams/ they fill your mind with worthless schemes/ in streams that seem to make no sence/ yet by a strange coincidence/ you're reaching for a chemical meal/ sold in some half-forgotten spiel/ on the radio- or in a magazine/ beside a picture (half-obscene!) of someone scoring happiness/ or finding love eternal bliss/ who do you think they're all talking too? they do it all for you... paranoid fantasies! a symptom of a mind disease! gotta put a stop to these paranoid fantasies... you can always tell an election year/ solutions to problems are everywhere/ as long as you vote for the man with the smile/ who shook your hand kissed your child promised to keep a stricter eye/ on those who deal in genocide/ but you can't escape you wouldn't try/ as you stop in for some coke fries/ then you spend the night on flourescent ice/ it freezes the mind makes everything nice/ with flying men talking mice bouncing breasts in paradise...paranoid fantasies! a symptom of a mind disease! gotta put a stop to these paranoid fantasies... at 11:00 o'clock it's the evening news/ when they show you all they've done for you/ and it must be right if it's on the tube/ but you wouldn't recognize the truth/ as they show you their view of reality/ as if there's only one to see/ they've captured some dope-dealing fiends/ who corrupt young minds with poison dreams/ and you smile think that all is well/ but you're so drugged that you couldn't tell/ drugged by the tools of society: government,

church industry! Paranoid fantasies... moses must have been pretty high/ when he talked to god on mt. sinai jesus must have been usin' his head/ when he fed a crowd with a loaf of bread/ charlie's will is man's son/ when mind control in the hands of one/ so wicked falls fed by fear/ proceeds to wreak his havoc here/ & when in the hands of those that feed/ upon the doctrine of greed/ sell sugar drugs in cellophane/ in flourescent supermarket chains...paranoid fantasies! a symptom of a mind disease! gotta put a stop to these...paranoid fantasies... FORMALDEHYDE STREET i know a man with a room full of clocks/ he's chronically late but he wears clean socks he's quick to point out/ with his hands on his face/ it's not always the quick who inherit the race my fisherman friend gets up before dawn searchin' for worms he tears up my front lawn/ with a bucket of bugs a hook in his nose an autographed picture of imela marcos barney the bartender, sleeping 'til noon, curses: "you woke me an hour too soon! don't open the till 'til i've counted my change" cleaning the grill whistles 'home on the range' it's all predetermined it seems so complete- all these things that i see on formaldehyde street...the mayor's got reams of reversible coats/ he's eager to tease he's hungry for votes/ "i never met a man," he said with a smile, "who i couldn't pretend to like for a while..." his daughter hangs out with the seediest thugs/ she spreads like parquet she lives for her drugs the only thing i'd point out in her favour/ is the total contempt that she holds for the mayor/ "i hate him!" she spits with a mouthful of seeds/ while the fisherman hunts for the worms that he needs/ and barney the bartender, cleaning the grill/ whispers: "i see the glass is half filled..." and it's all predetermined it seems so complete/ all these things that i see on formaldehyde street... the mayor comes in to the bar about 4:00/ he orders a gin slumps to the floor mutters to barney: "my life's in a rut. my wife's getting fat my daughter's a slut..." then in walks the fisherman with a bucket of trout/ trades one to barney for a bottle of stout/ then he walks to the back to get a quick kiss, sayin' "it doesn't get any better than this!" while the mayor keeps sobbing into his hands/ over all of his best laid ambitions plans i think i can see in the lines on his face: it's not always the quick who inherit the race...and it's all predetermined it seems so complete/ all these things that i see on formaldehyde street... GROOVEY TUESDAY woke up this morning fell in the groove/ looked at the earth i saw that it moved/ caught a reflection of someone like me/ i knew it was going to be a groovey tuesday/ groovey tuesday- on a cruise day- gone away on a groovey tuesday/ how in the world could i try to get by/ with both of my eyes closed all of my mind/ awakening slowly to sweet harmony/ fulfilling my own prophesy: a groovey tuesday/ truth is illusion/ nothing is real/ all is perception/ how do you feel? imagination can make you as

wise/ that's when you realize/ it's a groovey tuesday... FEAR what do you believe in? how do you know that it's real? have you seen it? did you chose it? what will you do when you lose it? what kind of fear do you live by? fear of the all final goodbye? fear of the opening blind eye? well i think about the mysteries/ the miseries/ the harmonies/ think bout the power/ the leaders on the brink of madness/ think about the idiots in places of authority/ affecting our lives with decisions that never reach our ears/ but it's nothing too unusual though/ is it doctor? is it doctor? is it doctor? no it's nothing too unusual/ it's distorted information/ it's all a very normal situation...but i'm afraid to laugh i'm afraid to cry i'm afraid to live i'm afraid to die/ afraid to go out of my own back door/ afraid of the cops the punks the war/ but it's nothing too unusual though/ is it doctor? is it doctor? is it doctor? no it's nothing too unusual/ it's just stress-induced psychosis/ some kind of chemical neurosis/ but what about the bombs the nuclear waste? everywhere i look i see fear in every face/ i this the end of humanities' race/ tell me is it doctor? is it doctor? is it doctor? (this is the emergency broadcasting network/ please remain calm. although a state of emergency may exist, there is no cause for panic. please remain in your homes, lock all doors windows stay tuned to the emergency broadcasting network for further information...) LOVE WILL LIGHT THE WAY maybe we can't change the world tonight/ maybe that's tomorrow's fight/ maybe you should just hold me tight/ make it go away...maybe we can't change the way things are/ but if you hold me in your arms/ life won't seem quite so hard/ love will light the way...tomorrow's just a mystery/ unraveling our destiny/ as long as there is you me/ love will light the way/ through the night/ through the dark of the night with you here/ i feel it will be okay/ love will light the way... OVER now that you see how it goes/ what do you want to do now? now that you see that it's close/ what are you going to do now? its over...over...now that you know how it is/ what do you want to do now? now that you see that she's His/ what are you going to do now? it's over...over...over... NOW I UNDERSTAND now i understand how a man can feel this way/ to have said it all have nothing left to say/ how the past can close like a steel trap on his mind/ leave the future suddenly behind/ i sang a song to a girl the other night/ when i was done i turned to hold her tight/ she faded like a vapour in the wind/ i know i'll never find that girl again/ now i understand/ what i wish i didn't know/ why the seasons change why the wind does blow i understand/ why the rain comes down: to wash our sins into the ground/ now i understand how a man can search in vain/ looking for a thing he can't explain/ how time will leave him once again alone/ left to face the darkness on his own/ a child asked me for a pill to ease his pain / i didn't even know how to explain/ there isn't any pill that we could

find/ to chase away the demons in his mind...now i understand... all lyrics copyright 2000 by colin kadey
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