

Mp3 'Jerry Forney Blues Band' - Ice & Steel



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"Jerry delivers his songs in a Texas blues vein, with vocals and guitar riffs that separates him from the rest," Jo Mamma of KKFI radio Kansas City. Guitar playing that is thick and sultry. THE JERRY FORNEY BLUES BAND knows how to play the BLUES. 9 MP3 Songs BLUES: Texas Style, BLUES: Rhythm Blues Details: JERRY FORNEY BLUES BAND Jerry's playing began as a child in the 60's, learning the chords his Mother Kay showed him ... "Mothers are more in tune to the feelings and the sensitive side of things growing up sometimes, says local blues guitarist Jerry Forney, who covered J.B. Lenoir's blues classic "Mama Talk to Your Daughter" on his latest CD, 'POOR BOY BLUES'. "Sometimes women are in touch with things that men aren't." JERRY FORNEY BLUES BAND NOW AVAILABLE FOR DIGITAL DOWNLOAD!! flyingcoyoterecords 'FAT DOG BLUES' Fan Review: If I were a DJ on a radio station anywhere on the planet I would have to say add the CD 'Fat Dog Blues' to your Blues music library. My favorites are "Fat Dog Blues", "Down in Jo Town", and "Baby's So Fine". I really need to say that it has been a long time since I have listened to a great ballad and I fell in love with "The Ghost"; one of my favorite ballad signers is Gordon Lightfoot and I put this song in the same caliber. But I am not a DJ. just a gal that knows what she likes. Thanks again to Jerry and his Band for some great listening and dancin' tunes. Artist of the Week: Jerry Forney By Jonathan Houghton For Bluesman Jerry Forney, no recording can quite capture the sound of his band's live sound. But you wouldn't know that by hearing the Jerry Forney Blues Band's latest CD, POOR BOY BLUES. "We've yet to record an album that sounds like us when we perform," he says. "It's just an indescribable thing that happens live, that the people create." Forney, has had plenty of experience in front of audiences; he got started in music early, learning to play guitar well enough to start performing before he was even old enough to drive. "My first gig, my Mother had to haul us in a station wagon, because no one in the band had a license," he laughs. After graduating

from high school, Forney moved to Nashville to work as a sideman for other artists, including the great Charlie Rich. While there, cutting a CD with his Nashville band. "The Forney Brothers", recorded in 1979, was Jerry's first recording. The Nashville Tennessean quoted, "The album retains the live feel of seasoned players!" Austin, Texas, was Jerry's next move where he began working with many other artists and doing his own thing. He recorded his own style of blues with the album "Jerry and the Juke Giants" while working all the clubs from Antone's to the Kerrville Folk Festival. "I've been a player all my life, and in order to do that, you've got to play everything in order to make a living," he says. From an adolescence spent absorbing the sounds of AM radio to a career performing for audiences across the country, Jerry Forney has made a life of the blues. Q: How'd you get interested in music? A: My brother Ed used to go to the rock 'n' roll shows in the '60s. He'd go hear the Green Giants, the Chessmen, the local bands who played the R&B stuff, and I'd hound him to take me along. I started gigging in 1966, 1967. (Blues at that time) was mixed with the rock 'n' roll. The first stuff I really got into was Eric Clapton and his band. He was the one who really got me into it, he and B.B. King. Then, when I was 15 or 16, I saw Freddie King up in Des Moines, Iowa. That nailed it for me. Q: When did you start playing professionally? A: My brothers Phillip and Larry and I had bands in the late '60s together. We did real good; we traveled all over the country and ended up moving to Tennessee in 1975, and did an album down there in 1978. That album was really a variety of stuff, really kind of rock, that outlaw kind of sound; just trying to make a living playing what you could. Q: Who do you listen to in your spare time? A: I've got a favorite guy that's got me excited, Big Jack Johnson. He's just hanging out there in the Delta, playing the jukes. He's got that raw (quality) that I have. I'd heard of him, and a friend gave me some music, and I think he's going to be (performing) in Kansas City soon. You're never too old to keep checking into people, and learning from them. flyingcoyoterecords Musician Turns to Roots By Stephanie Stangl Posted March 27, 2005 ... Since then, Forney basks in such memories of playing alongside Sun Recording artist Charlie Rich, headlining Blues on Grand, in Des Moines, Iowa, and recording in Fame Recording Studio in Alabama. His fondest memory of the business wasn't scribbled down on a bar schedule or enclosed within the walls of a recording studio. "All the rest of my band members went back to the motel after a show in Oxford, Miss., but I decided to go to the bar instead," Forney said. "There was a guy playing the clarinet and another playing an acoustic guitar, so I just decided to grab my guitar and played along with Duke Meric and The Millionaires." Forty-plus years, five albums and countless gigs later, Forney continues to write and

perform music. ... Over the years, Forney teetered between country and blues music but finds himself always coming back to blues because it feels 'more at home'. Inspiration for a song strikes Forney in a way common to most artists. "I am moved to write a song when I am either extremely depressed or feeling really good," Forney said. "I don't like to listen to anyone before I start to write a song though, because it really goofs me up. I have a definite sound of my own and always want to do things my way." Local fans have gushed to Forney that "Burlington Railroad Blues," a song describing a railroad he and his brothers used to play on and around while growing up in Hopkins, is their favorite tune because of the memories it stirs within them. "I think people like that song the best because of how much they can relate," Chris Irwin, Forney's neighbor, said. "I love his music; it tells so much about him." When it comes down to it, Forney's favorite things are the simple things. "What I really want to do is just drive my bus and play my music." ... A chrome-lined vintage tour bus which he is restoring to take his unique sound on the road ... Jerry Forney Blues Band Fan Review: I have been listening to the CD 'ICE STEEL', by Jerry Forney Blues Band since 2002. Number one on my list is "El Diablo" with "Hard Times Ahead" a close second. At our staff Christmas Party we played "El Diablo" and "Red Headed Woman", the dance floor was happening! Look forward to hearing more from this band ... I think Stevie Ray Vaughn would have been impressed. Rock on from beautiful British Columbia, Canada. And ... Guitarist Phil Vandel said in a interview with Jonathan Houghton: "I enjoy the fast stuff, but I enjoy guys who play from their heart and not from their head. I was working on a record with Jerry Forney one time, and I was playing a million notes to his one, and he said "Son, you'll be a pretty good guitar player; some day when you learn to play the notes that count." And ... At the First Ward House's weekly blues jam, guitarist Jerry Forney takes a different approach to running the proceedings, says bar manager Jerry Vanderpool. Forney stays onstage most of the night, with other musicians sitting in or trading back and forth during songs. "Sometimes, all the musicians aren't world-class musicians," Vanderpool says. "But Jerry Forney IS." JERRY FORNEY BLUES BAND NOW AVAILABLE FOR DIGITAL DOWNLOAD!! flyingcoyoterecords ICE STEEL EL DIABLO (Lyrics by Jerry Forney George Coutts) Stranger rode out in the desert one day. Far from the village of Sonora they say. In search of silver and yellow Inca gold. He vowed to find the place of treasures untold. El Diablo, the devil stole my soul. El Diablo, for a pocket full of gold. El Diablo, Satan stole my soul. El Diablo, for a pocket full of gold. He came across a man, he said you know my name. He spit upon the ground and it burst into flame. Now if it's Inca gold you seek, well I know just the place.

Come my friend and you'll soon be a man of wealth and fame. El Diablo, the devil stole my soul. El Diablo, for a pocket full of gold. The devil led the stranger to walls of yellow gold. The stranger filled his pockets with all that they would hold. But as he shook the hand of death little did he know. That he would never leave the mine of El Diablo. El Diablo, the devil stole my soul. El Diablo, for a pocket full of gold. El Diablo, Satan stole my soul. El Diablo, for a pocket full of gold. Lyrics by Jerry Forney: ICE STEEL Ice Steel, my Baby's cold to me. Ice Steel, my Baby's leaving me. She's leaving me .. free and all alone. I've done wrong .. I'm taking all the blame. It's all my fault, I'm bearing all the shame. She's leaving me .. free and all alone. Ice Steel, my Baby's cold to me. Ice Steel, my Baby's leaving me. She's leaving me ... free and all alone. I've done wrong, I'm taking all the blame. It's all my fault, I'm bearing all the shame. She's leaving me .. free and all alone. Ice Steel, my Baby's cold to me. Ice Steel, my Baby's leaving me. She's leaving me .. free and all alone. RED HEADED WOMAN Yeah, Standing on the corner And she went by. Red headed woman went flying by. She pulled her throttle and her motor knocked. Her pistons rattled and she really rocked. Red headed woman She's my red headed woman. I got a red headed woman, Red headed woman so fine. Well, she pulled over and I jumped inside. Red headed woman gave me quite a ride. She pulled her throttle and her motor knocked. He pistons rattled and she really rocked. Red headed woman She's my red headed woman. I got a red headed woman, Red headed woman so fine. We spent the night in a small motel. A little place that I remember well. Well, we got married and we settled down. We got a daughter and a crossed-eyed hound. Red headed woman. She's my red headed woman. I got a red headed woman, Red headed woman so fine. She's my red headed woman. I got a red headed woman. She's my red headed woman. I got a red headed woman. I got a red headed woman, Red headed woman .. so fine. HARD TIMES AHEAD We review what we heard today, We went and threw our own thoughts away. Acting like a mockingbird, We go repeating every word. The day is coming when it won't get us by. Jesus Christ, he tells me why. We've got hard times ahead. Don't be afraid to let your feelings show. Love wasn't meant to hide, you know. Pay no mind to what the others do Oh, be the one that's right for you. The day is coming when it won't get us by. The Lord above, he tells me why. We've got hard times ahead. I believe we do. So take your brother by the hand, And try to make him understand. We can't go on living long like this. This old world it's in a mess. The day is coming when it won't get us by, Mahatma Gandhi tells me why. You got hard times ahead. I believe we do. MEAN LOW RIDER Raise her hood, I wanna feel her coil. Check her tyranny gonna give her oil. Charge her battery and I made her

fire. Mean Low Rider. Mean Low Rider. Come on over and she's dressed to kill. Over sized motor gives them quite a thrill. I push the starter and I make it fire. Mean Low Rider. Mean Low Rider. Forty-nine scooter, old pan head. Women like to ride on the back of my sled. I kick the starter and I make it fire. Mean Low Rider. Mean Low Rider. Raise her hood, I'm gonna feel her coil. Check her tyranny, gonna give her oil. I push her starter and I play with her wires. Mean Low Rider OLD NUMBER 39 Charlie Jones, the engineer, said boys release the brake. And old steam train 39 had one more run to make. She smoked and she bellowed, she bellowed and she smoked, And finally she began to roll. Charlie Jones, the engineer, said shovel on a little more coal. Just a little more coal. You can feel the rhythm of the steel rails roll beneath your feet. You can hear that lonesome whistle blow, From a boxcar where you sleep. And only a hobo would appreciate .. The sound the last steam engine train would make. Switchin' yard in Denver the hobos gathered 'round. For one last ride on 39 to hear that lonesome sound. The hobos softly spoke that night of things and days to come. When no more hobos rode the rails had vanished in the sun. 39 went out in style, they talk about it still. She rolled down the mountain that night, 49 were killed, up on Sherman's Hill. You can feel the rhythm of the steel rails roll beneath your feet. You can hear that lonesome whistle blow, From a boxcar where you sleep. And only a hobo would appreciate .. The sound the last steam engine would make. You can feel the rhythm of the steel rails roll beneath your feet. You can hear that lonesome whistle blow, From a boxcar where you sleep. And only a hobo would appreciate .. The sound the last steam engine train would make. The sound the last steam engine train would make.

JUANNITA Juannita, you know my love is true. Juannita, I tell the world I do. Well, I ain't got no money, But all I have is love for you. Juannita, please let me take you home. Juannita, I want to take you home. Well, I ain't got no money, But you can play my slide trombone. Juannita, I love you as you are. Juannita, I want you like you are. Well, I ain't got no money, But you can ride in my black car. Juannita, you know my love is true. Juannita, I tell the world I do. Well, I ain't got no money, All I have is love for you. I love you Juannita. Juannita, I want to take you home. Juannita, please let me take you home. Well, I ain't got no money, But you can play my slide trombone. ROLL ON I was made a rebel kind, Always runnin' on mind. I'm rollin', still rollin'. I had a love so true and fine, She left me a long, long time. I'm rollin', still rollin'. Let it roll, let it roll. Flood my soul, let it roll. Let it roll, let it roll. I was made a lonely kind, Always searchin' on my mine. I'm rollin', still rollin'. I had a love so true and fine, She left me a long, long time. I'm rollin', still rollin'. Let it roll, let it roll. Flood my soul, let it roll. Let it roll, let it roll. I had a love so true and fine. SOUTH

BOUND Well, I'm south bound, Baby I'm coming home to you. Yes, I'm south bound, Baby I'm coming home to you. So please don't hate me Baby, I gotta do what I gotta do. Yes, I'm south bound, this old town it makes me blue. Yes, I'm south bound, this old town it makes me blue. So please don't hate me Baby, I gotta do what I gotta do. There's a faded picture in my duffle bag, It's all I've got to remember of the love we had. And, I'm south bound, Baby I'm coming home to you. Yes, I'm south bound, Baby I'm coming home to you. So please don't hate me Baby, I gotta do what I gotta do. There's a faded picture in my duffle bag, It's all I've got to remember of the love we had. Yes, I'm south bound, Baby I'm coming home to you. Yes, I'm south bound, Baby I'm coming home to you. So please don't hate me Baby, I gotta do what I gotta do. I gotta do what I do. On down the road. JERRY FORNEY BLUES BAND NOW AVAILABLE FOR DIGITAL DOWNLOAD!! CD Baby Digital Distribution: Apple iTunes Arvato AudioLunchbox Bitmunk BuyMusic Choice Records Chondo Daiki Destra MOD Systems MusicNow WrapFactory PlayIndies Emusic Rhapsody PayPlay MPGreek MusicIsHere Sony Connect MP3-Extension MSN Music MusicNet Inprodicon GreatIndieMusic Liquid Digital Media LoudEye-OD2 PassAlong Interia DigiPie Flip Technologies, Inc. DigitalKiosk MP3tunes USEN BuyMusic NextRadio Puretracks QTRnote Ruckus Tradebit GroupieTunes flyingcoyoterecords Jerry's longtime and trusted friend, E-Mercial Media CEO George Coutts, created and designed web page for The JERRY FORNEY BAND and FLYING COYOTE RECORDS. When loading page you may experience a lag depending on the bandwidth or speed of your connection or modem. Please be patient! It will be worth your wait. ENJOY!!

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