

# Mp3 Daniel Gannaway - Flashback\*

daniel gannaway  
flashback



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"A fine accompaniment to those quiet beach sunsets when you've got the time and inclination to really take in your surroundings - aural or otherwise - falling somewhere between Jeff Buckley and Jack Johnson..." 12 MP3 Songs ROCK: Roots Rock, ROCK: Folk Rock Details:

----- Links, then reviews, then lyrics, below.

----- Albums by Daniel Gannaway: Album 6 - 2005 - SUMMER STORM | A collection of ukelele ditties Album 5 - 2004 - darling one year Album 4 - 2001 - Bound and Suburban Album 3 - 2000 - Bootlegged at the Temple Album 2 - 1999 - flashback\* Album 1 - 1998 - FINE BY ME + kidameln Album 1 - 2004 - the kidameln lo-fi

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----- Daniel's music is available from such online digital providers as: Mp3tunes.com/DanielGannaway AudioLunchbox; Apple iTunes Music Store;

Rhapsody; Napster; BuyMusic; Emusic; NetMusic; Sony Connect; Pure Tracks; EMEPE3; with more to come... ----- truly independent is happy to

announce that Daniels latest album, 'SUMMER STORM | A collection of ukelele ditties', is out! Check it out at: cdbaby.com/danielgannaway6 "Written and recorded in Hawaii and New Zealand, Summer Storm - Daniel's sixth solo outing - references laidback island life with the ukulele's nylon strings, while wrapping it up in the kind of dynamic folk/indie-rock/electronic feel..."

----- truly independent is happy to announce that kidameln's debut album, 'the kidameln lo-fi' is out, and available at CD Baby! Check it out at:

cdbaby.com/kidameln ----- truly independent

recommends you check out Daniels previous album 'darling one year' Check it out at:

[cdbaby.com/danielgannaway5](http://cdbaby.com/danielgannaway5) AllAboutSurf gave it a huge review: "...A perfect blend of lyrics, emotion and rhythm...If your looking for some refreshing new music for the soul, I whole-heartedly recommend darling one year as a must have for your collection." - AllAboutSurf

[allaboutsurf.com/0411/articles/gannaway2/index.php](http://allaboutsurf.com/0411/articles/gannaway2/index.php) + Indie-Music.com "...Down to earth and laid back, it has none of the musical tension of trying too hard or the injection of false emotions. Suburban folky and bohemian chic, it [darling one year] ties up agreeably layered and distorted vocals into an angst-ridden, quirky pop as catchy as The Strokes but easily as mysteriously engaging as James Keenan Maynard..." - Indie-Music.com ----- Reviews

----- A friend gave me FINE BY ME while I was travelling and it seemed to click with exactly where I was at, wherever that was, becoming a kind of 'processing' album for me. It was at least six months later that I actually met Daniel when he played a support to Carla Werner at the Hopetown Hotel in Sydney. It was a heartfelt and intimate live experience hearing live versions of those songs I'd gotten to know so well interspersed with songs from a new album he'd brought with him, 'flashback'. Needless to say, flashback went into immediate rotation on our car stereo. flashback was, like FINE BY ME, a sleeper album. It definitely took a few listens before we caught ourselves knowing lines and humming along. While it was still an album predominately based around Daniel's voice and acoustic guitar, flashback definitely had an edgier and more varied feel from it's predecessor. There was a sense of adventure, a feeling that you were learning new things along with him. Daniel's songwriting had become cheekier, more socially observant and less apologetic in some way. Starting with the clip clop tribute to a friendship song 'His name's Tom', the distortion tinged pleading of 'Sarah', the quiet/heavy/quiet of theft song 'Good job?' and the acoustic semi-pop bounce of 'Boy racer car sale', flashback immediately sets a few different tones. It then drops into the melancholy strum of gambling addicted 'Your winning way' and the ever so gentle mourning tone of 'Rest'. The much needed lift back up comes in the form of trippy title track 'flashback' and the high energy run of 'Look Mama!' [apparently using the text from a postcard to his mother] which leads into the lyrical loping [around what I'm sure is Bondi Beach] of 'Her piano', this song also gives a hint that Daniel at this point had set upon defining his own course for that immediate future music wise. Quirky harmonica laced 'A french girl' brings things back up to a quicker stroll with the happy remembrance of an exotic past love and the

bluesy, story telling style of 'Not a candidate' carries you into the album ending and curiously titled 'Fuck the gardeners' [an obvious play on gardeners being the advocates of the 'tall poppy syndrome' - a NZ/Australian phenomenon - in their cutting down of anyone standing taller than the accepted status quo]. After this up and down ride it's a driving and motivating end to the album, leaving you with the feeling to go out, stand tall and be proud. Inspiring to see that Daniel is following that feeling himself. Lucy Cooper ----- Lyrics to songs below.

----- 01 His name's Tom [song from that desert campfire] music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway i met a man who did not stand but soon turned out to be my friend amidst a world of mock and a world of false soul he stood by me even though he was told don't hang out with him he does not fit in no not into our scheme of things 'cause he does this and you know that he does that he does not fit into all the parameters we've set now i think we're about as far apart as these oceans are wide and it's not too often we float side by side you know life changes rearranges we all go through such different phases he don't see much of them anymore doesn't concern himself with their scene at all i hang out with him he does not fit in no not into they're scheme of things 'cause he does this and you know he does that does not fit into all the parameters they've set well it never bothers him because he can still turn he makes up his own mind does whatever he likes 'cause he is a man he is a man he is a man that does not walk within a flock of sheep all talking in unison he is a man decides for himself he does not listen to everybody else oh he is making his own lines on these different waves he is not stuck up on these fashionable things oh he is turning in his own way riding fat sticks on his knees he is a man does not stand he don't fit in i'm proud to call him my friend ----- 02 Sarah

music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway oh come on sarah pull us together we're not defunct just under weather and i'm not the man for this job no i'm not the man for this job oh come on sarah tell me it's not true you've the strength of will to carry us through and i'm not the man for this job no i'm not the man for this job i'm a man who used to land jet aeroplanes solely responsible for three hundred lives but somewhere out there my abilities crashed to the ground my nerves put me off you know they've never been found oh come on sarah don't run off on me now you're the one way i handle what's going on in my world and i'm not the man for this job no i'm not the man for this job i'm a man who used to land jet aeroplanes solely responsible for three hundred lives but somewhere out there my abilities crashed to the ground my nerves put me off you know they've never been found sarah sarah sarah sarah i'm that man used to land

jet aeroplanes and when we made love i swear we'd burn in flames oh but somewhere out there my abilities crashed to the ground my nerves put me off they've never been found no no no no sarah sarah sarah sarah am i still your man? am i still your man sarah? am i still your man? am i still your man sarah?

----- 03 Good job? music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway you have done us wrong and you have stolen our stuff and gauging from the talk around here if you get found out you'll get messed up now i can't do physical but i'd like to get inside your head figure out if it was for survival or if you're just a low-life and a dreg is that all that you are? are you spit in a glass? are you just a thief? steals others keep well bethells is a fine place wild and black on the sea where people should chill out without anxiety but you smashed the car ruined a day in the sun you took my personal thoughts and all of our possessions are you just a fucking thief? are you just a thief? are you just a thief? are you just a thief? oh you're a thief oh you're a thief oh you're a thief oh you're a thief well bethells is a fine place wild and black on the sea where people should chill out without anxiety but is this all you are? just spit in a glass and though i feel invaded i'm gonna leave karma to take a glance [was it a good job?]

----- 04 Boy racer car sale music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway you got me trapped in a car and i know just who the hell you are you're trying to turn me on to something better offering me better driving pleasure [see i don't like these little japanese cars with a suped-up engines i just feel claustrophobic in them oh no!] well hey get out of my face i've not yet bought into your race i do not need to go the fastest i do not need to look the best i'm not a boy racer i'm not a boy racer [race your car rev your engine and race your car] well you can put me in the pedestrian zone i drive my van about as slow as it goes i think about passing these slow old folks and mothers but it's six of one it's half a dozen of these others i'm not a boy racer i'm not a boy racer i'm not a boy racer i'm not a boy racer boy racer boy racer boy racer i'm the guy with a blue kombie van i'm just tripping along about as happy as i can be so often i catch these envious glances from people caught in the fast lane's advances

----- 05 Your winning way music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway tab's your solitary you lock yourself away you lock yourself away walking down queen street after closing time hoping tomorrows another day you'll get your winning way and when you get home you lay nothing on the table nothing i can count and then we scream and shout you know i love you baby but will you ever learn not to bet your rent on the races on your winning way your winning way your winning way your winning way remember '93 our long distance fascination grew so i sent you the money to meet me in fiji but you

bet your ticket on a sure one could of been the third of the day you lied you'd given up on gambling you'd given up your winning way your winning way your winning way your winning way i'm asking you are you winning now? are you winning now? when will you admit it's a disease you got when will you admit you're hooked if you can't realise this now it's the last time i say goodbye for i can't solve this problem of your winning way your winning way your winning way your winning way i'm asking you are you winning now?

----- 06 Rest music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway a thousand butterfly lights set free tonight a rainbow crossing a sky set abright you were my love you lit the candles and you kissed my bruised chin late at the table i said rest rest your eyes rest rest your mind rest rest your eyes rest rest your mind sleeping silences and in between you told me how you'd leave me soon leave me soon and open open me like a cavern empty of touch and feel i would be still and then overflow your silences would show so rest rest your eyes rest rest your mind rest rest your eyes rest rest your mind i said i said come to me before you leave me soon come to me with your eyes to tired come to me with fireworks for tears come to me silent in your head oh won't you rest rest your eyes rest rest your mind rest rest your eyes rest rest your mind rest my sweetheart rest my sweetheart rest

----- 07 Flashback music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway one of those pre-dawns where you shock sleeping seagulls into flight with your mini-snap camera you try to infiltrate a flock you've come down for sunrise in a pronounced acid high and you chase these hazy moments hoping you'll translate your mind but will you see it again as you are seeing it? but will you see it again as you're coming down? down the beach plunge your friends aeroplanes heading into swim amidst laughter and tumbling you're all down to bare skin how do you describe mother ocean? as she rocks you uncertainly a wild turquoise that envelopes then leaves you phosphorescently what of the sun signalling a new day's begun? gently lending you a delicate glimpse soon she'll breath fire from her lips but will you see it again as you are seeing it? but will you see it again as you're coming down? down down down you never want to come down wrapped up in a blanket on a balcony a hot cup of tea it all seems to be a dream can any of it be reseen? ----- 08 Look Mama! [a postcard

from NY] music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway i yelled look mama no hands! as i was riding down mount airy road and i know you were not there but you'd have shaken your head i'm just a dreamer mama still riding my bike i'll be middle aged soon mama i'll still not be grown up i'm the reject of many relationships mama i'm difficult and better off on my own i'm the reject of many job prospects mama any skills i have this

world's outgrown i know you wish i'd steady on there mama but balance is something i've never never known i'm just a dreamer mama still riding my bike i'll be middle aged soon mama i'll still not be grown up i was yelling look mama! look mama! as i was riding look mama! as i was riding look mama! as i was riding look out son! look out son! then a state trooper cited me for peddling reds said i could of been hit by an oncoming flatbed mama i been dabbling in things i shouldn't a had all of my life for the thrill of it

----- 09 Her piano music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway you know i'm walking along the footpath the sun is flickering down on me beneath the trees there's not too much on my mind i'm happy i'm going to a strangers to be friends i'm checking out ants in the cracks in the concrete dogs bark through a haze over the city i reflect on several waves i rode before eight down at the beach this morning friday thru sunday this place is like a hell hole a little bit like another love the cross 'cept it's all out of place here beside the ocean unlike this smile that is just now crossing my face see i'm off to her piano i'm gonna lie around on a couch gonna revell in something classical it's a shared love it's a shared love it's a shared love of music music met a record executive today a very kool guy who i think i read right you know he held a ticket but i'm in no desperate hurry to take just any ride i said i'm thankful friendly and i like to laugh but don't fuck with me now 'cause when my mouth closes it might just take your head off [i don't mean that literally] oh well i'm off to her piano i'm gonna lie around on a couch gonna revell in something classical it's a shared love it's a shared love it's a shared love of music music such complex rhythms and melodies i'm just a strummer and i feel in awe of the way she graces those keys she graces those keys you know i'm walking along the footpath the sun is flickering down on me beneath the trees theres not too much on my mind i'm happy i'm going to a stranger's to be friends to be friends [and it's all because of music] ----- 10 A french girl music lyrics by Daniel

Gannaway i was down and out in that far away place when i met a french girl with a smile on her face she spoke perfect english with a continental twist she had me laughing off depressions mist she said the clouds don't know why they float up in the sky but you know why you feel to die you're missing love through and through and i know just what it is we need to do a french girl loved me she really loved me a french girl loved me she really loved me you say i sing of girls it's the same old song but i love the way they make you feel you belong to this human race we're not lost in space that's how i felt waking up in her place this french girl loved me she really loved me this french girl loved me she really loved me as it happens we saw each other a while she taught me some french and taught me to smile she said live for

the moment in your every day and now that you're happy you must be on your way see she had things to do great paintings to view a deal on her art a big city start there was too much to her that did not meet the eye now she's my friend but i remember the time this french girl loved me she really loved me this french girl loved me she really loved me ----- 11 Not a candidate music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1999 seems i once met a girl knocked my head under my heels now i step back i hate to admit but i know why i was so into it she stripped my thoughts naked but i was mistaken i could never have found love with her looks had simply made me go ga-ga funny how my feelings changed when she liked one of my friends it taught me a lesson i could only learn the hard way one more lesson in life's great big play i thought honey it's one of two and i've nearly waited for you but there's too many fish in this great big sea now i'm ditching in i guess i'm gonna swim free oh i fell in love with the idea of love oh i fell in love with the idea of love oh i fell in love with the idea of love oh i fell in love with the idea of love when it was just lust lust lust lust a week passed and he dumped her then she came a calling silly girl said i was a new candidate but i'd moved on or did i not state that? her beauty was a stunning thing but in the end what did it mean? she was so pretty but there was nowt to say yet somehow i nearly made the same mistake her body was so fine but then i had rediscovered my pride i thought who am i second best? i said no no no you better take a ride honey yeah go on and take a ride honey yeah go on and take that ride oh no won't be any more hot loving oh well that loving wasn't real anyway see i fell in love with the idea of love i fell in love with the idea of love i fell in love with the idea of love i fell in love with the idea of love when it was just lust lust lust lust ----- 12

Fuck the gardeners [tall poppy syndrome] music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1999 it's not luck in my life that my friends want to move on they don't care for this syndrome and they stand tall they say do the best you can don't matter if you fuck up but don't listen to those gardeners they're just out to cut you down they want to cut you down they want to cut you they'll cut you down they want to cut you down down fair bit of mockery goes down around their house i don't see them much but when i do there's no where else you can laugh your head off or admit you messed up without some gardener there just poised to cut you down they want to cut you down they want to cut you they'll cut you down they want to cut you down down they want to cut cut cut any poppy they want to cut cut cut any poppy they want to cut cut cut any poppy they want to cut cut cut any poppy so many gardeners here i had to see the world i ain't seen enough yet but enough to tell you there's so many people proud and out to help they're gonna walk all over those who

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