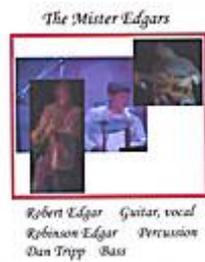


# Mp3 The Mister Edgars - Rock: Progressive Rock



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Guitar, Drums, Bass and Vocals, with lyrics that your eyes would lick if they had tongues. Great value: every song guaranteed more than three chords. Songs about water and space. 9 MP3 Songs ROCK: Progressive Rock, FOLK: Power-folk Details: Three A.M. tar black night between the stars, and down below the water smoothed with engine oil is thick and impenetrable. A burr of light enters from the top of the screen, tilt head up from the reflection and flames from the Cape Canaveral moon push into the bifurcated sky-scratch as the thunder arrives and has a direct chat with your skeleton. Sound and image, humidity and poetry. A triangle of Canaveral, New York and San Francisco form a constellation that is the form of this album. A basic lineup of guitar, bass, drums and vocals deliver all the poetry and music per sentence and measure that will fit across the groove. Robinson Edgar opens his black stick carrier and produces wire brushes. Pulls back the hood, rubs them into the snare head; McBeth's witches preparing their broth. Dan Tripp walks his bass from chord to chord, testing the way, anticipating the direction, falling back to retrace steps then running ahead to confirm the migratory vector. Robert Edgar, no cowboy and for damn sure not a minister, maps the landscape and paints the music. Two of the songs on this album--two of the best--have lyrics by Ethan Place, Silicon Valley writer with eyes of a 52 Chevy. Robert and Ethan stand on the beach, proscenium of missile arch painted wet from land to ocean, heat lightning defines the horizon, but waves roll in instead of thunder. Words roll of the tongue but the tongue's in a parrot, and the men have disappeared. If you're looking for the music, start here.

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