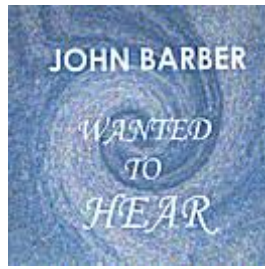


Mp3 John Barber - Wanted To Hear



[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

A fresh, raw, mystical, improvisational and personal exploration of sound and meaning utilizing various styles including experimental forms and humor. 20 MP3 Songs EASY LISTENING: Crooners/Vocals, JAZZ: Jazz Vocals Details: Here are a few of my songs. I hope that you like them. Here are some of the thoughts that I have had while listening to my songs. My thoughts can be considered a kind of autobiography. My life looks different every time I look at it. My songs sound different every time I listen to them. Precision wrestles with chaos. Tomorrow colliding with yesterday. I dont care about what they say about what I say. I dont care about what happens in the world. I dont care what happens to me. I dont care what they say about me. Please dont try to make a liar out of me. I am just trying to deal with the daily social fear. I dont want to worry about anything. Dont accuse me of backpedaling. I dont care about what they say about anything. I see the world turning round and round sound and more sounds of people offering, demanding and living and dieing for what is said. I hear many opinions. I care about the world. I do not want what I care about to make me feel bad. I am not a particularly social person. To know me is to like me. They cant like me without knowing me. Sometimes, I would like to care less about what people say about me. I dont expect my songs to be true all of the time. They are creatures in my dreams. I do care when nice things are said about my mind. Everyone is in my mind. Sometimes, I must not care about what others say about anything. I must be free to do what pleases every aspect of my being. I will not be bound by truth. I will not be enslaved by lies. Words are wonderful when they serve a pleased purpose. I care very much about what happens in the world when I feel good. I care about what people say when they truly feel good. You wanted to hear more about your life. You wanted to see me. You cared about what I had to say. You wanted to hear what I had to say about you. The world was turning round and round. The sounds wanted to be with me. You were a sound. You wanted to hear something that would

take away all of your fears. Your knowledge was incomplete. You wanted to be in the present. I was now. You were now. You wanted to be told that you were real. You wanted to act like you were real. You liked being with me. You loved being present. Somehow, you wanted to be the world. You wanted to be what I see. You wanted to hear about what I loved. You appreciated my stability. You shared our reality. You wanted to hear about what dear to my heart. You wanted to hear about what was real. In the dark hole, who are you? Imagine loving who you are. What whole do you seek? You would like to imagine loving everyone. Whats it like when your fear is almost gone? Avoid trouble. Imagine loving how you feel. See yourself liking everyone. It doesnt hurt to dream. Dreams are painless. They can be frightening. Imagine how you feel. See yourself loving everyone. You dont have to believe anything to do that. Imagine becoming the strength in everyone. Your awareness is standing where you can see it. Try to understand your thoughts. Imagine understanding all parts of your mind. See yourself understanding everyone. Personalities are always becoming. This is and is not who I am. Feeling intelligence in everyone is a very good thing. You can improve everyones existence person by person. I tell myself to improve everyones existence. I do not have to make sense all of the time in order to do that. I can help others by being satisfied by dreams. I can help everyone by concentrating upon the love in every heart. My awareness is a form of understanding. There is truth in everyone that I can hear. I do not know what is good for everyone. I do not always know what is good for me. What is intelligence? How do intelligent people act? I feel intelligence. The world became colored by a peculiar substance. The substance was like blood but it was not blood. It was coagulated. Black rain fell. Brilliant screens were filled with false promises. The news was often dire. We arranged a meeting to discuss decades of illusions. The dust in the atmosphere was lies. The previous chapter was not yet understood. It was too terrible to contemplate. It was too necessary to be social. Errors can be beautiful. What was I thinking? Some horrible things are fascinating. Is it necessary to determine what will be? A calm vision protected her from indifference. She waited for her fear to dissolve. Many people jumped off mental cliffs. They refused their choices. A face offered a grim reminder. The dragon had to be fed. A long time ago, fools were punished by nature. Chances were huge. Who is willing to admit that they have lost control of the situation? A horrible death is not so horrible if it is quick and over. In her house, all could be forgiven. We waited for fear dissolve. There was nothing else to choose from. There were not any important actions. We had found our way to live. We took huge chances with our philosophical positions. A healing grace was something to desire.

Diseased elements conquered the landscape. It was easy for the artists that refused see. People were more than images but they did not see it that way. Memories were searched for a source of power. Everyone needed their simplicity. Some disciplines created great sorrow. You wanted to be rewarded. A measured grace faced the moment. There was no central meaning. That lesson can be agreeable. Human form was a matter of chance. Only by chance were we where we were. A herd of beasts was heard singing about the natural order. By chance the music made everyone tolerable. By chance, certain individuals liked the music. Another day, they would not have liked it. Colors varied in proportion to chance and memory. The appropriate actions were not really known. We thought that we were resting. Two things were very alike by chance. Luminous objects caught our first sight. Only by chance did we think that certain things were special. A luminous atmosphere made all things special. The space between the meetings of two faces was the only reality. Nocturnal animals dealt in darkness. One eye can see many things. Do two eyes see more? Our darkness was subtly luminous. On morning, she awakened from a troubled dream. One morning, he awakened from a troubling dream. They took you back to where you were. It was a morning for transformation. Your thoughts are dead. You have been fed upon reasoning. There are many reasons for you to check your thoughts at the door. Your thinking is all about believing. Thoughts of failure frighten you. I might be speaking to myself. I am always speaking to myself. I am everyone. The potency of my thoughts does not depend upon being understood. Check the artificial. Investigation of life is most effective when we risk reality. It was a lighter color. Everything was chemically altered. Everyone was chemically altered. It is not as great as we imagine it to be. You feel me through your world. You have a desire to throw away all of your useless things and activities. Gaze out your window. See your new voice descending and ascension. Our dreams can always be comfortable. You feel everyone. I am not dead when my thoughts are dead. What am I? Why? Global consciousness belongs to no one. Global consciousness may determine a higher consciousness. It may determine mass insanity. Increased existence is easy to believe. Some futures are easy to predict. Global consciousness is uncertain. What happens when we serve global consciousness? What is to be gained by increasing existence. What are you paying attention to? Random numbers can predict the future. How many different kinds of global consciousnesses are there? One for each individual? Not conforming to any standard is not perverse. It might be a source of abnormal ability. An infinite number of things are left to be discovered. Leave some concerns to those who grope in the night. The sky sings for me. How and

why are always newly discovered. Ambition distorts all purpose. I like to think that my songs can always say something different. That is because that is how it is. How is how like why? Ambition can be wonderful. We desire an infinite number of things. Those intellectual acts of imagination are multiplied by acceptance. Facts are often important. Facts are often a prison. What are you permitted to say? Who is giving you permission? What are you permitted to think? Who punishes you when you do not think the right thoughts? I believe in time. I dont know why I believe in time. I believe that time will make me believe many things. I will believe that I worship time. Where would we be without time? What time is it? What is it time to do? I talk to time. Time talks to me. In the darkest parts of your explorations of memories there appear all of the things that you want to forget. All people that have frightened you live somewhere in the continuity of your life. Is continuity of life such a good thing? Your friends were amazed by your courage. It was always frightening to open that door. Knowing people who have died is one of the advantages of growing older. Is anything certain? That gate does not belong to any civilization. We left them stranded where nothing was clear. Humans are often tortured. They are tortured by what they did not know. There are some that are destroyed by any particular civilization. For them, civilization is not the greatest experience. No matter how beautiful you are, there is usually someone who thinks that you are ugly. What if there would never be a devil? Respect honesty. What if we really cared about what was happening to our world? What if we could change the ways that we look at the world? That instrument of reason asks us to agree. All speculation embraces an assumption of stability. The appearance of stability is only appearance. We have to agree. Individual consciousness marks a supremacy that often demands agreement by reasoning. Humans fear instability. Reason is often wrong. Before you forget who you are, allow me to show you a way to leave all of your troubles behind. Your perceptions are not your problem when you summon pleasure from the darkest and lightest parts of your being. These songs are a journey. Let me show you how to listen. Before you allow yourself to forget who you are, open your door and look outside and see who is waiting for you. Remember how you got here.

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals: