Mp3 Jeff Luna - Skeletons And Whatnot



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Funny, honest, simple music that tells a story, creates an image, and cooks dinner while you listen. 13 MP3 Songs FOLK: Folk Pop, SPOKEN WORD: Comedy Details: Like tightly wound silk, soft and seamless, moving over you in careless caresses that ebb and flow with the rhythm of the surrounding air, a whisper of the dawn calling with hushes of serene tranquility, so was the feel and texture of the shrink wrap as I slowly and deliberately unwrapped it from the CD case of Jeff Luna's new CD, "Skeletons and Whatnot." I think it was some sort of polymer blend, but it felt like home. This was my introduction to the music of Jeff Luna. My first impression. You might be reading this and wondering how expositive of underlying musical quality shrink wrap can really be. It's only a thin translucent envelope, an easily removable barrier to the contents within, but beyond this defenseless rampart are promises of hope and expectation. I cast my memory back to years ago, to the first time. I think it was Billy Joel's, "An Innocent Man." I was only a young teenage girl at the time, innocent and nave. I told my mother I was going to the movies with Theresa and Sally, but there I was at the Vinyl Dreams music store, wild and uninhibited, and ready to take another step into modern womanhood. I had just bought a 5 disc carousel with money saved up from babysitting the Lichtensteins, having heard all about the musical revolution going on. Digital sound, no rewinding. I could listen to any track, at any time, all with the click of a button. At first it was awkward, I had no prior experience with CDs before. I clumsily tore through the shrink wrap, having not yet discovered its hidden pleasures. After unwrapping, the naked CD case and disc seemed embarrassed and ashamed at first, but as I took the disc out and inserted it into my carousel, we became one as the music penetrated my soul. It was like strawberry wine. Since then, I've purchased many CDs. Some have been good. Others...well...a good girl never tells. You never know, though, what's in store for you as you run your fingers over the shrink wrap of a new album. As I massaged the lustrous polymer

blend of Jeff Luna's "Skeletons and Whatnot," I was shaken and stirred by the possibilities, but I wasn't sure if the relationship would last. That was five months ago, and we have grown in love perpetually since that day. One never knows what tomorrow holds in store. Our time on earth is short. If it all ends tomorrow, though, I know that I can look back on my life and say, "'Skeletons and Whatnot' was a pretty darn good album."

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