

Mp3 Daniel Gannaway - Fine By Me



daniel gannaway FINE BY ME

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An intense, raw and personal debut from indie kiwi singer/songwriter Daniel Gannaway. A solo acoustic/harmonica laced somewhere - between Tim Buckley, Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan. Bold, bare and honest... 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 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 + 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

----- It was a given that Daniel would turn up in Sydney with a surfboard. He hadn't seen a beach in a few years and we knew he was hanging out to get in the ocean. The guitar was a surprise. He called her 'Daisy' and it turned out he'd bought her a few months earlier, before leaving New York. With some mumbled words about having only learnt a chord or two, that was the last we heard about the it. We didn't see much of Daisy, it was a new relationship of a different kind for Daniel and he was keeping it pretty low key. Over the next few months you'd sometimes hear the sound of a guitar being strummed late into the night, but, when asked about what he was playing, it would always be "Oh nothing..." Finally, one humid Bondi night with the sweet scent of frangipanni hanging in the air, and following a good meal with plenty of wine, Daniel had sufficient confidence to ask us if we minded him playing a few simple tunes. Understated, as always, we should've realized the gravity of what we were about to experience. Inexplicably, you feel so much whilst seeing Daniel play. So much of his usually quiet, eccentric genius is revealed - a bold, and no doubt very difficult thing for him to do. The first song he sang us was a wandering tale from New York, called 'Avenues.' The tune quietly blew us away and remains a personal favorite to this day. We all sat in silence, mouths agape, with no awareness of anything else, just our friend, each note, each raw emotion, each lyric - unambiguous yet ethereal prose that any one of us could relate to. Daniel blended his own torment and success together with a passionately overwhelming delivery. Simple huh? Well, in believing that life is about simple pleasures, whether it be surfing or music, it became a regular thing. A meal would get cooked for a few friends, and Daniel - being broke - would play for his dinner. Our guests would sit back, mellowed out after eating, and enjoy the show. It was on these kind of nights, with everybody singing

along to a chorus with smiles and laughs, that someone would notice a new guest silent, completely stunned, as we had once been ourselves. Everyone would fall apart laughing because we'd neglected to even mention Daniel was going to perform. Needless to say, the dinners grew larger and the sets got longer. 'Fine By Me' is an album that contains songs we heard come to light over a Sydney summer. It's one of those albums you can put on and not think about, yet you might find yourself realizing the myriad of different aspects to each track throughout the album's course. It's a great late-night-after-party album for those who appreciate stripped-down singer/songwriter stuff - hooky in a weird way, with great little stories that pull you in slowly until you know all the words. They're lyrically intense personal political tracks like 'Fine By Me', the sad harmonica-inflected 'Radio songs,' or upbeat love and lost-love songs like 'Daisy' and 'When I Was A Schoolboy.' They're silly, humorous songs like 'Jetwash,' and then there's a song like 'Fireescapes' which seems to read as a straight-up confession of Daniel being scared to step-up and play his songs to people - to be himself - his fear taunting him through the chorus. The album as a whole reads like a flat-out representation of Daniel facing exactly that fear. He made it for the people encouraging him and freely admits that playing "a few simple tunes" that fateful night was the best thing anyone could have done for him. It's a privilege to have witnessed the start of what is proving to be a humble and prodigious musical journey. His freedom in expressing what all of us are afraid to say is both refreshing and compelling. On a final note, it should be added that one the quirky and coolest things about 'FINE BY ME' is that you really feel like he's somewhere in the room, strumming away a bunch of songs for you. Then, finally, as the album draws to a close, he yawns and says "Goodnight," and you go off to sleepyland 'with a crash and a boom....' Rich Freeman -----

Lyrics to songs below. ----- 01 Are you a free man? (letter to you friend) music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998 i'm sending a present of someone i like music you should hear in the dark or lying on your back in a spacious place like the desert or a park i thought you might like a wrist-watch but why remind you of time? we've talked enough of it running out you of yours and me of mine quarter century quarter century i try not to look and count but i check the scoreboard it's a quarter century hope you're near to knowing what you want i'm out of here soon maybe days i've seen a little and i've lived a lot they've cut my contract they cannot sell me they don't want to hear what i've got so i won't play for them i won't play for them i will not play for them i won't play for them but i'll play for you my flatmate left his steak on the floor lost himself in the night he drags me into all manner of things but i can't

blame him for my part well i'm gonna take a break now from microscopes and fakes i'm gonna lock myself up in a room gonna sweat it out and listen to what i won't play for them i won't play for them i will not play for them i won't play and maybe you'll hear me sometime if i see you again but don't ask for surprises because i'm empty of them i'm empty of them ----- 02 Avenues (NY NY) music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998 avenues they speak my name as i wander my merry way and i don't know just where it is i'm walking to getting there maybe all i ever know this man he said to me boy you better find a direction soon well now show me your mind point it's knowledge in a line and i'll follow it straight and true but just allow me a little room to waver along the way only then sir can i follow you i've given myself to the wind with wind i will fly lady standing on a street corner there's a plastic bag in her hand she says i need this to carry my family jewels and at night i see her hail a taxi cab a taxi cab to the stars i can see i can see we've shared similar scars she's given herself to the wind with wind she will fly and Benny down at the drugstore tells me of all his memories tells me of snow this high and goosebumps on his neck i say hey Benny i'm too young man too young to have remembered that he says son you're so much older than you look he says old soul my young man now don't you forget just where you've been i'm an old soul i'm still a young man i cannot forget just where it is i been been did i tell you about my friend that died? i watched him should have been the one that washed him clean spirit left his body and floated up in the sky he waved goodbye last breath left his body with a sigh he's given himself to the wind with wind he will fly these avenues they speak my name as i wander my merry way sunlight reflects off mirrored windows i can see i can see blue around the grey [i love these avenues]

----- 03 When i was a schoolboy music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998 met her in australia she hailed from america a native of the four cornered state of arizona she was sixteen going on twenty-five in the mind and if distance equalled street sense she'd have clocked a million miles well it was so typical of my life at the time i gave her my heart but i did not say it was mine sixteen and blowing out my mind oh she did not ask me to act like all these other boys in line but i cried out i was just a schoolboy i reached out like there was candy in store i found out the hard way the store did not sell that candy anymore to me to me to me blue green and yellow eyes if a cat could talk then you would know her voice once on heat we made love in a park on a jungle gym and on the beach after dark she was sixteen and matching anything in my mind and if fate had loved me better there would have been no good-byes sixteen and blowing out my mind if fate had loved me better there would have

been no good-byes oh but i cried out i was just a schoolboy i reached out like there was candy in store i found out the hard way the store did not sell that candy anymore to me to me to me

----- 04 Fireescapes music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998

since i met you i've been standing in fireescapes i've been screaming at the top of my lungs just to get it out but all it does is bounce up ten floors and back down stops in front of me says hey! daniel hey what is wrong? are you are you too scared to wear your face? are you too scared to use your voice? are you too scared to be yourself? are you too scared to be yourself? be myself be myself now when i walk out my door since i first had that little talk with you it's been following me like another in my head and upon my shoulder asking are you too scared to wear your face? are you too scared to use your voice? are you too scared to be yourself? are you too scared? are you too scared? well yes i'm scared are you gonna laugh and break my balls? yes i'm scared but this corner's getting too small yes i'm scared 'cause i don't want to be your window shopping you don't have to buy me no you can leave me hanging hanging hanging hanging hanging in fire escapes well yes i'm scared are you gonna laugh and break my balls? yes i'm scared but this corners getting too small yes i'm scared 'cause i don't want to be your window shopping you don't have to buy me no you can leave me hanging ----- 05

Fine by me music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998 jessie had the baby just last week she's so overwhelmed and we can't hear ourselves speak she says screaming's just another way to talk well i'm not one for babies and this noise makes me want to walk but i've been saddled up like a substitute dad i feel like an old man when i'm merely post-grad we all know it takes two to make a party but i can't find that guy so he can step outside with me mama says we're doing fine dad says we're doing fine jessie says we're fine and i got to complete this mama says we're doing fine dad says we're doing fine jessie says we're fine and i got to complete this so why is it everyone here is so uptight? like a pack of angry dogs we're ready to fight if we're so fine why are we chewing on each others shoes? we're snapping at each others heels provoking abuse you know i can't talk to my father he can't talk to his wife i can't talk to my mother jessie is all that she talks of she tells me i'm so lucky to be this young man god made it so easy now you understand you understand you understand why mama says we're doing fine dad says we're fine jessie says we're fine and i got to complete this rhyme mama says we're doing fine dad says we're doing fine jessie says we're fine and i got to complete this i got to complete this rhyme my life is a rhyme it's a fucking rhyme it's just a rhyme my life is a rhyme it's a fucking rhyme it's a fucking rhyme it's a

fucking rhyme beauty of life is you can live undercover seeming to be one way when you're really the other everything is covert like an old cold war policy but i'm one step ahead got no big brother watching me my eyes are so bloodshot from smoking up behind their backs they'd kill me knowing full well we are all hypocrites i'm doing everything that they have done i'm doing it sooner doing it better 'cause i'm their prodigious son mama says we're doing fine dad says we're doing fine jessie says we're fine and i got to complete this rhyme mama says we're doing fine dad says we're doing fine jessie says we're fine and i got to complete this i got to complete this rhyme my life is a rhyme it's a fucking rhyme it's just a rhyme my life is a rhyme it's just a fucking rhyme it's a fucking rhyme it's a fucking rhyme

----- 06 Daisy music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998 hey daisy you're my daisy chain wrap yourself around my neck again buttercup yellow you're so clean sheet white won't you roll on the grass with me tonight? hey daisy do you care? i'm just a normal man with fear i get scared that you'll fall free but i'm not scared for you no i'm scared for me see i love you daisy i love you daisy i love you daisy you drive me crazy daisy you're my daisy chain yourself to me daisy you're my daisy chain yourself to me yourself to me yourself to me yourself to me hey daisy why do you laugh at my jokes am i funny? or am i just a dope? another simple insecurity should i believe you when you say you love me? love me daisy love me daisy love me daisy you drive me so crazy daisy you're my daisy chain yourself to me daisy you're my daisy chain yourself to me yourself to me yourself to me yourself to me to me to me to me hey daisy you wrap me up so cushion me from the world's blows when things don't work out i run through fields of white and yellow to be with you ----- 07

Jetwash music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998 i drive bus or train out to these jet aeroplanes because practise makes perfect perfect for my day i browse the magazine racks think about duty free i shoulder my carry packed with inflight necessities 'cause anywhere from here is such a long way from home anywhere from here is such a long way to go i never get through the gate 'cause i've not yet bought my ticket security guard checks me out for all the sleeping pills in my pocket he asks hey what are these good for? you know you're not flying anywhere i say hey! practise makes perfect i don't want nerves or pre-flight fear anywhere from here is such a long way from home anywhere from here is such a long way to go anywhere from here is such a long way from home anywhere from here is such a long way to go long way long way long way long way landing and departing i've got my observers view i love the shimmer of jetwash and the smell of burnt jet fuel maybe i'll become a steward then i could have my

home in the air maybe one day i'll be a captain wear a cap with dash and dare anywhere from here is
such a long way from home anywhere from here is such a long way to go anywhere from here is such a
long way from home anywhere from here is such a long way to go

----- 08 Cloak dagger music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998

i've run out of ideas i'm escape free i've got nothing left with which to feed my smoke screen you're gonna
find out the truth about me fact is i'm not at all what you think you have seen so far yeah so far yeah have
you got a dollar? have you got some spare change? i could not find any in your secret place of hiding
you've been so kind nothing but charity but these questions must be lurking in your mind about me so far
so far so far so far the truth is you see the truth is i am not what you've seen i am not what you've seen i
am not what you've seen i am not what you've seen so far so far yeah i've run out i'm escape free got
nothing left with which to feed my smoke screen you've found out the truth about me yeah fact is i'm not
at all what you thought you had seen so far ----- 09 Radio songs

music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998 mom and dad have come home singing radio songs i'm five and
my sisters are six they sit play pick up sticks and i always lose i've got hand me down shoes anything my
cousin has got has got my name written on it because i'm a hand me down boy with hand me down toys
i'm a hand me down boy hand me down boy i don't think that they know or have the faintest clue because
everything's perfect when the radio is on come on let's all smile let's sing along these secrets are not hard
to keep but this one runs too deep i want to tell them just what they do but they would hit me for telling
untruths i'm a hand me down boy with hand me down toys i'm a hand me down boy hand me down boy
my bike is 2 years old it's been bashed around repaired and resold but i can still pull one good wheelie i
bunny-hop my neighbours dog every morning it's funny all of life's parallels gives you these mirrors and
stories as well you know i've only got hand me down clothes and toys i get treated like a hand me down
boy ----- 10 We'll speak soon music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway

1998 black as night you are your body's cold now tar and concrete these motors ran beside you and i cry i
cry as you fall winters day you took me in from the ice and snow i was so not there i was so not there but
you brought me back to where i should be and when i fell you picked me up when i fell now my tears fall
like you fall you fall down my tears fall like you fall falling down i wrote you this year but you wrote nothing
back to me now i have the answers now i have the answers but the newspaper is not where i wanted
them to be i ask why? do you fall like you fall now my tears fall like you fall you fall down my tears fall like

you fall they fall down down they fall down they fall down when i come back i can see such empty days
when i sit down in that favourite bar third avenue cafe conversations lost who knows what dimension we
might have crossed remember them as you fall for in the future we will speak of them all

----- 11 Zebra crossing music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998
eddie's old album's on the stereo my friend is at the stove food in the making we have returned in from
parisian cold the sting in my hands feels like needles of joy warmth is telling me it's tale over a red bottle
of wine candles in the corner won't you bare your flicker here? my bread lies half eaten accompanied by
my vacant stare here i am stumbling over my thoughts of you my mind is elsewhere stumbling over my
thoughts of you my mind is elsewhere my life in between one place and the other soon i return to finish
replace it with another i will sort through documents i will file away the hurt i'll sign over ownership and i
will leave without my heart a period of my life is at end you know i'm a zebra crossing standing on the
street edge i am ready to start walking i'm stumbling over my thoughts of you my mind is elsewhere
stumbling over my thoughts of you my mind is elsewhere my mind is elsewhere my mind is elsewhere
cats and their colors leopards and their spots and all the changes we don't think we're capable of well i
was a boy in the pacific yeah inside i think i still am i'm speaking to the seagulls i am standing in the sand
then there was no confusion with an ocean god as my sun the whales passing in the night on their
migratory run here i am stumbling over my thoughts of you my mind is elsewhere stumbling over my
thoughts of you my mind is elsewhere my mind is elsewhere my mind is elsewhere

----- 12 Midnight's gone music lyrics by Daniel Gannaway 1998
midnight's gone and i'm still awake i've a feeling this has happened to me before midnight's gone and left
me behind my duty seems to be to bring up the dawn i'm losing sleep to a chemical watching the man
swim in the moon trees trip up while lampposts walk gutters cluttered with the know of street talk midnight's
gone and i'm still awake and i'm still awake midnight's gone and i'm still awake and i'm still awake a word
to steven at 74 lets me in on the premise i'll take the floor so i spin a few with disordered pleasure yeah
then i hit the lounge to play mr undercover on steven's break we get on and off and out the rooftop is the
only place we can talk he says he knows a girl who's perfect for me then we both laugh loud and hard
'cause it ain't that easy midnight's gone and i'm still awake and i'm still awake midnight's gone and i'm still
awake and i'm still awake midnight's gone midnight's gone so i slide off down the fireescape feeling like i
got on me a mask and cape i want to fly this last floor but instead i decide i don't need a grave for a bed

just yet skipping along the boulevard my destination's become that tall tower i climb up and watch the
beginning of light you know the sun is gonna chase away the night next stop five and dimes lined up in a
row there's time for a snack before i head on my way home last stop before the sun is fully up last stop
before my eyes seal shut last stop before the sun is fully up last stop before my eyes seal shut midnight's
gone and i'm still awake and i'm still awake midnight's gone and i'm still awake and i'm still awake
midnight's gone midnight's gone my mouth is heavy with these tastes i bought my mind in chain letters
and unchained thought seems like too much to give up so soon but sleep comes on with a crash and a
boom -----

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