

Mp3 Greg Burgess - Brother Blues And Me



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Blues with vocals, piano, bass and drums. 14 MP3 Songs BLUES: Piano Blues, BLUES: Blues Vocals
Details: Brother Blues and me, were two good lifelong friends. He can depend on me, and I can depend on him. from Brother Blues, Nos. 1 and 2 Copyright 2003 Greg Burgess When youre in trouble, the blues is your best friend, sings Otis Spann in the archeological blues number, Where Do the Blues Come From? And so, sometime between 1955 and 2003, decades after and several states away from Mr. Charlies farm down in the Delta (answer to the above), I too discovered the same thing, despite our different backgrounds, as my first piano and vocal mentor had long before me. How do you write a blues song? In a sense you dont. One blues is every blues, communal in its essence. The great African-American art form has been documented for nearly a hundred years now, with songs enough to content anyone for a lifetime. I never considered penning a whole album of my own until I was hired, with Steve and Andy, to play at the 2003 Billtown Blues Festival in Hughesville, Pennsylvania, and thought to myself better do some original material. Yepper, I wouldve found as much camaraderie in singing unlock the door and let me in (by Jimmy Nelson) as if youve ever pounded on the door (from Weasels in the Coop), except that I felt a responsibility to the hiring committee to be, you know, top-notch. But one blues isnt all of the blues either. Jelly Roll Morton long ago could say Michigan water tastes like sherry wine, the Mississippi water tastes like turpentine but in the 60s Buddy Guy felt the need to reply I think Ill go back down south, where the water tastes like wine; this Lake Michigan water tastes like turpentine. Long ago the inventors of the music all woke up in the morning, caught a freight train to ride, and put on their walking shoes. But in The End of the Blues, the man wakes up and doesnt do either: I looked around and my baby was still at my side. Nor does he feel like Robert Johnson. Its soon in the morning, and I will not dust my broom; the suns as big as China in our 12 by 14 foot room. In the 50s Percy Mayfield prayed

Heaven, please, send to all mankind, understanding and peace in mind, but if its not asking too much, please send me someone to love. In 2003, a man listens to his wife recite the latest claims of tabloid journalism: Whats this, baby, can I believe my ears? Someone built a car that runs on air? Someone learned to make gold from lead? And tonight you want me up in bed? That would be nice. The homage in my tunes is not always so obvious. Take Otis Spann singing I aint educated, I can hardly read and write, Jimmy Witherspoon singing Gee, baby, aint I good to you, and Charles Brown singing simply Gee, and you come up with Gee, Gee, Gee, about a man who acknowledges tongue-in-cheek to his domineering wife that hed be lost without her, that she taught him everything he knows, even how to spell his own name: Gee, gee, gee. There are three Gees in my name. But if you tell me theres four, Ill believe that just the same. Im a man. Im the hootchie cootchie man. Im the one they call the seventh son. I am the blues, sing Muddy Waters and Willie Dixon. Its not far from these declarations to Im a big, brown panther, a song about the supposedly extinct brown panther, or mountain lion, of Appalachian Pennsylvania. I like rabbits and squirrels for lunch, or anything from a garbage truck. I even eat dogs, coyotes, and fishes. I got long, sharp teeth and a tail that swishes. So you see its all one thing, but its not one thing too. If you cant sleep, Brother Blues will be there in a blink. Hell meet you down at the bar, buy you all you need to drink. -- Brother Blues Its the end of the blues. Baby, I do declare our blues are gone. My baby up and left me, but shes still got my bathrobe on.

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