

Mp3 Ian North - Theory Of Your Life



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"Unusually vivid first-person narratives..., a strong and distinctive voice and a penchant for clever chord changes ... keep his odd melodies in a state of ungrounded suspension somewhere between acoustic pop and jazzy folk." Toronto Star

11 MP3 Songs FOLK: Modern Folk, POP: with Live-band Production

Details: Theory of Your Life is a collection of 11 original songs, sewn together by the theory that dying is easy, comedy is hard. Lets think of dying as a kind of falling -- like leaves in autumn, like an angel from grace, like the mighty never do, like a shaky skater, a guilty thief, or an army deserter. Lets think of comedy as a kind of rising -- on a thin line, on an angels invisible wings, on the glory of a Tin Pan Alley song, or the freedom of the road. Theory of Your Life documents these risings and fallings with empathy for, and insight into, our human frailty. We all live our lives according to some sort of theory; North finds the places and the states that we end up in as a result

The Songs Skates You run rings around my heart right in front of my face. Love and vulnerability. About a figure skater North once knew -- and married. This is one river you dont get to skate away on. Bobby Wiseman on accordion. Mighty Fall Who cares, who cares if the mighty never fall? An awesome, spittin rap hidden in the guise of a (harmless?) folk song. Putting out the jargon, but all the big words cant hide whats real. Thin Line We are held here by a thin, thin line. Memory, breath and other fragile bonds. The ones that hold the moon in the sky, connect the departed to the living, bring two lovers together, in the leaves that fall and fall. Prediction is Easy We are all hoping to wake to a beautiful day. Sure we are, thats predictable. And we all know which way the wind is blowing. Maybe its all too easy to listen to, and follow, your own predictions. The Ballad of Stephen Reid I am the guilty man and the jury did agree. Inspired by the true story of a Vancouver bank robber. A guilty criminal wants to get it off his chest so he can sleep at night. One way or another, were all thieves -- of time, money, love, or our own fleeting lives. Theory of My Life When my sins get up and walk

they're in the same skin that I'm in. Can't separate them from the sinner, even though we're told to love one and abominate the other. A down n dirty blues with a killer guitar solo. Nice Jesus/Elvis joke in the first verse. You Make Me Blue Nowhere to turn when I need somebody's help, except to you, who made me feel this way. A classic country weeper in 4/4 time. Timeless, gorgeous, inevitable. Listen for one of those lovely chord changes when he sings I was okay before. Not now. Martin Skrzypczyk on slide guitar. Meticulous I'll meet you on the moon. Now we can build a ship to get you there. Just fill in the cracks and measure out the days, or the stars. Check for another unexpected and captivating set of chords behind the extended moon sung in the chorus. Michael Johnston on piano. Leaving Buffalo I'm still all for freedom no matter what you say. Based on the story of a hitchhiker North encountered. A pilgrim's progress from pillar to post, through the army, orchards, streets, factories and jails, ending up homeless. Don't feel sorry, though -- freedom is its own reward, and we're all just passing through, anyway. Fallen Angel I thought you were an angel whose wings were melted in the sun. Try to petition the lord with prayer, see what happens. Pursuing one holy breath before we're called to shuffle off this mortal coil. Ah, but the angels are all wingless here. Don Kerr on cello. Tin Pan Alley There is a secret key in a Tin Pan Alley song. If the song you sing won't ever get to a radio, and it's growing faint anyway, you may as well sing it as strong as you can -- especially if you want it to rise above quiet voices and loud noise. Bob Wiseman on accordion, Michael Johnston on piano.

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