

Mp3 Eacret And Ledebøer - Offspring



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OFFSPRING--a CD of parental experiences. Rhythmic, guitar-based alt pop bridges folk, pop and jazz, storying the feelings of parenthood in its lyrics. 10 MP3 Songs POP: Folkly Pop, KIDS/FAMILY: Children's Pop Details: Alan Eacret, born and raised in the Midwest, is a true original who has somehow managed to put into music what I and anyone else might be feeling. His music is influenced by his early interest in the Beatles and later other bands such as XTC. His poppy song structure is underscored by a range of chord changes more reminiscent of jazz, and a rootsy groove, perhaps due to the years he spent playing bass around the Midwest in various popular bands such as Boys Night Out. Caroline Ledebøer was born and raised in the Netherlands. Her interest in American music is reflected in the somewhat folkly bent of her writing. With an M.F.A. in Nonfiction Writing from the University of Iowa, she is naturally more focused on the lyrics but has enjoyed the musical collaboration with Eacret, in which her words appear to move across a soundscape. Formerly with the folk-rock band The Bean Angels from Iowa City, she now teaches English as a Foreign Language and takes care of her two children. Some of Eacret and Ledebøer's thoughts and life are most clearly presented in their lyrics of which follow two examples: from Oh Willa (A. Eacret) Oh Willa will I ever see you Will I meet the one I know I've known before Oh Willa will I see your mother Smile in that special way reserved for you But don't hurry if you feel you just can't make it And don't worry you know I'll understand But if one morning I find you on my doorstep I'll do the best I can Oh Willa, are you talking to your mother Are you listening to what she has to say Oh honey I understand the problem But I'm afraid I just can't intercede this time But don't hurry if you feel you just can't make it And don't worry you know I'll understand But if one morning I find you on my doorstep I'll do the best I can Oh Willa, I don't want you to see me crying But this time of year it's hard to not feel blue Oh Willa, I try and hide it from your mother But she's smart enough to read between the lines But don't hurry

if you feel you just can't make it And don't worry you know I'll understand But if one morning I find you on my doorstep I'll do the best I can Oh Willa, are you talking to your mother Is she listening to what you have to say from Your Father's House (C. Ledebauer) We found a seed in the ditch by the side of the road where the field stretches brown and cold Gravel turns to dust And an old car rusts Near the house where Your father grew old And in your eyes I'm laughing And I can see where you played Your brothers and sisters And the home you made In the folds of a mohair blanket grow dim In a hair shirt grow strong and feel the wind The leather straps across my shoulders Grow tight like a second skin A wristband of gold or silver Lies lost on the sunlit plain I've worn bracelets of gold or steel But they feel the same Now that there's no more ties save one He's got your smile, But his eyes are like mine I see the fields empty And I see them full The corn rises like a wave over time I wish for him an Iowa dream Like the one still in my mind And in our eyes he's laughing And I can see where he plays Your brothers and sisters And the home we make We found a seed in the ditch by the side of the road where the field stretches brown and cold...

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