

## Mp3 Colby Stead - So It Goes



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"Simple music for a complex mind." 11 MP3 Songs FOLK: Alternative Folk, ROCK: Acoustic Details: I was born in the early afternoon of May 11th, 1976. I didn't cry upon entering the world. Though I would cry later. My mother got pregnant while on her period. She considered my birth a miracle. My father was grateful. I was (and still am) their only son. I was held tightly by my two older sisters. Slowly I grew. Sleeping only when the sun shined. I loved looking at the moon. My parents filled the home with happiness. Honesty. And music. Two giant wooden speakers ten feet in the air. Boz Skaggs in the rafters. Carly Simon on the ceiling. Melodies made me cry. Adjustments to my body mind. Puberty was inevitable. School shredded the fabric. A tapestry of thought was torn by teachers. Often I would disappear into a canyon. Or sit by a river. Alone. Nature made me cry. Despite my disappearing. I had many friends that wanted to be close. Until they found a friendship with drugs. While I found a friendship with drums. Rhythm I didn't know I had. Rolled from my heart. Pounding away the pain with very small sticks. I never joined a band (or a religion). Praying made me cry. College wasn't colliding with my course. Still I studied. Learning about longing, love, life. I once fell in love. But I didn't fall far. Many odd jobs and many odd thoughts passed. Still living with the parents that gave birth to me. 25 years ago. Dysfunction, dependency doubt. Circumstance made me cry. Until the day a guitar was given as a gift. Then everything changed. Songs streamed from my spirit. Choruses called from my core. Never writing the words. Instead I walked beside them. We guided each other closer to ourselves. Closer. Capturing the emotions that run through us all. Over and over and over. Diving into the deepest depths. I found myself. Discovery made me cry. 20, 40, 80, 100. Many songs were written while staring out of a window. Looking at the world with open eyes. I only shared my songs with my mother. One birth traded for another. Until. I was placed upon a stage. Eyes, ears hearts were open wide. Waiting for words. I spoke with a silent

scream. Begging for empathy. "Me too" or "I understand". Relation was formed and applause was given. Trust made me cry. Trying to recreate the impossible. I stamped my soul onto plastic. Digital delivery of desire. Trying to market something of such little value. Authenticity. Many more stages stood upon. From one coast to another. Traveling slowly trying to feel the breeze. Five years have passed. Now what? Savings spent on more songs sung in a studio. There is still hope. Hope is still there. I see it every time that I look out of a window. People who are interested in Ani DiFranco Andrew Bird should consider this download.

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