

Mp3 The Amoreys - Tasty Frieze



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The Amoreys - Unsafe at any Quicken (33.3, 45, 78 rpms- Freakin' the Blues- Funkin' the Folk- and Jazzin' your Jugular- any more life-threatening they'd compel a label. Caution Odd and odd-acious.. 8 MP3 Songs ROCK: Funk Sway ROCK: Roots Rock Tasty Frieze Songs Details: AMOREYS HISTORY (CONDENSED VERSION) Dear Music Lover and Big shot "make or break" media genius; This is to introduce you to THE AMOREYS -a FOR PEACE band outta Chicago. Spiritually derived and deranged from the uplifting Dean Martin hit of a similar spelling (we especially like the part where "stars make you drool just like pasta fazool- boy can we relate!) The AMOREYS are about spreading the LUV by ANY means necessary. After suffering on the listening end for too long to one depressing moaner after another droning on and on trying to convince us and the rest of their audience that life is over- We AMOREYS, who have lived a little, scoffed and decided to take matters into our own hands- WE LAUGH AT DEATH- Hardy har-har! It began in a bar, as most good stories do. One sweltering summer night after rehearsal the HARD WORKIN' AMOREYS (be sure to capitalize us, as we are very case sensitive!) were talkin' R&B over a pitcher of WEISS. As we sucked on our respective lemons, we had a moment of transcending brilliance. We realized some profound truths; 1. Just because you hit an occasional sour note, don't mean you suck! And the corollary... 2. When life hands you lemons, quarter them and order another pitcher of WEISS Primary matters settled, we rehearsed more and more; night becoming day and vice-versa.. There are currently Four AMOREYS named Andy, Bob, Cory, and Rich. Andy (harmonica vocals)- writes many lyrics reflecting his profound devotion to dialectical materialism, cracked crab and the endless boogie. He HATES nostalgia. Bob (guitar and vocals): Bob came to Chicago from Ohio to fulfill his destiny-teach guitar (at the Old Town School of Folk Music) and gig. You can often see him hiking up and down Lincoln Ave., Tele slung over his shoulder, ready to make music. He HATES to get

