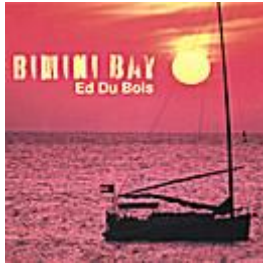


## Mp3 Ed Du Bois - Bimini Bay



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Island Pop music celebrating singer/songwriter Ed Du Bois' tributes, tragedies, loves, and fantasies inspired by a Bimini, Bahamas lifestyle. 9 MP3 Songs WORLD: Island, POP: Folkly Pop Details: Bimini Bay is Album 2 in the Island Trilogy Series. Album 1 is The Islands Cried and Album 3 is coming soon. The Album title song glorifies Bimini and the beautiful water body that is its Eastern boundary, Bimini Bay. It is also the name of Biminis newest resort and casino the Bimini Bay Resort. All of the songs in this Album were inspired by the Artists family and friends including his extended family the Out Island People of Bimini. The songs were written and performed by singer/songwriter Ed Du Bois at his home in Port Royal, South Bimini Bahamas. For lyrics and more information on the songs, and the stories behind all of the songs, including pictures and products go to our websites and IslandHomeRecordsor eddubois.com. Music is magical. I have always loved music. It moves me like nothing else. Instantly it takes me places, fulfill my fantasies, changes my mood, makes me laugh, and makes me cry. Ill never forget that day many years ago when I realized what music did to me-it was in the late fifties. I was at a friends house and he had a new 45 record player and a stack of records, very exciting! I had never seen or heard of anything like it. Several records were played and then there was Fats Domino singing Blueberry Hill. I was hooked, blown away. We played it over and over maybe thirty or forty times. The inflection in Fats voice, the story, the piano, and the lyrics moved me like nothing Id ever known before. When this total stranger sang that verse, The wind and the willows played loves sweet melody and all of those vows we made were never to be. I would tear up and try to hide it from my friend because real men didnt cry over songs. Finally, he looked at me and saw the emotion in my face and at that point I didnt care, I just cried. Im not sure how many people have ever cried over Blueberry Hill but it did it for me and opened up a musical treasure chest for the rest of my life. Eagerly I joined the school orchestra and marching band and tried to further

my interest in music. In August of 1960 I loved the ballads and music of the Kingston Trio and was dazzled by Bob Shanes guitar, a Martin D28. At a summer job I saved up \$ 400. I walked into an Ace Music store in Miami and there it was hanging on the wall, a D28 just like Bob Shanes. It was beautiful, shiny and reeking of the smell of the Brazilian rosewood of which it was made. The price was \$ 325. Without hesitation I bought it, took it home and played it for hours. It was wonderful, like a new girlfriend, new baseball glove, a 1957 Chevy. That night my dad came home and found me still playing my Martin, he peppered me with questions. When he found out that I had spent most of my summer job money on a guitar he said Son, you will never make anything out of yourself because you dont know the value of a dollar! It felt like he had just cut my heart out. Hes gone now, my Martin is still here, and I did all right. It has been my lover, best friend, confidant, psychiatrist, time capsule, allowing me to express joy, sorrow, endure death, explore love and pursue fantasies. That guitar is now a collectors item worth much more than the price that I paid, but the immeasurable value is the impact that it had on my life. I wrote a few songs throughout high school and college then there was a creative shutdown. I put my guitar aside for awhile. It was lifes crunch time; officers candidate school, pilot training at Craig Air Force Base, marriage and three children. Then things changed, my wife died and I almost died in a plane crash. Suddenly, these songs started flowing out of me. When I didnt acknowledge them, they banged on the door of my psyche warehouse demanding to be freed and loved. I dreamed about them. Finally I began to compile a song book. I didnt care if the songs were not genre specific or if anyone was going to like them. They were my private cache of friends. At the time that I developed each song it was always my favorite. When I replay my songs I am always taken back to that time and place when I wrote them. I relive the feeling that inspired the songs, the person, the smell, the mood, the fantasy. It is there forever, Pure Magic!

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