

# Mp3 John Lyle - Bootleg Powerhead

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Jazz tinged poetic rural folk psych featuring a unique singer whose penmanship is rivaled only by his voice. 12 MP3 Songs FOLK: Modern Folk, BLUES: Blues Vocals Details: Bio- Headed for a career as an English professor in the mid 1960s, John Lyle was broadsided by Bob Dylan and The Beatles. His degree went out the window, and so did he, playing in a series of bands and then performing on Canadian network television and radio as a solo act. He was also signed to two record labels during this era, but realized that because of his highly sensitive nature he was not cut out for the performing life. John returned to his home in the Vancouver area, and devoted himself to his family, supporting them with a career that may have been more dangerous than the performance stage. He became a postman. John Lyles wonderful body of work is evidence of a life lived on the streets and in the home, filled with all the love and loss and joy and despair that are part and parcel of being alive. The songs are vital, not written to imitate a commercial trend or to fulfil a contract, but to reflect the intensity of experience and to remain sane. Feedback - 'John's songs are amazing!' Frazee Ford (The Be Good Tanyas), 'We love John Lyle. We listen to him all the time.' The Sumner Brothers, 'There's lots of nice stuff on there!' Paul Rodgers (Bad Company; Free; Queen), Magnificent! - Robert Altman, 'John Lyle will take you gently to your safe place, and then sneak up on you with a song as uncompromisingly ferocious as a grizzly in a maternity ward. Dennis Albo, in his reality novel One Bullet Left, 'The James Joyce of folk'- Heywood Banks, 'Super, passionate stuff!' Mark Smith "Bootleg Powerhead" lyrics- 1. RIVERS OF STONE Neon Bride, please come inside, youve sanctified the street Now kiss my doors and bless the boards that run beneath my feet Neon Bride, please look alive and leave these streams of stone And search my banks and breathe your soul into my telephones Cant you hear the silver sirens scream at sickle moons? Electric tyrants make my life a room and a road that leads nowhere Neon Bride, forget your pride and pave the paths to hell The street of lies runs through your eyes And the darkness knows you well Neon Bride, youre not alive, your veins are coursed with gas Your life is light and like as not your light might never last Cant you feel the fires burning all along the dream Glass hearts yearning by a silver stream Laid of stones that roll nowhere 2. LIVING THROUGH THE BLUES Missed a lot of lovin down in Tennessee It takes a lot of

lovin for a fool like me Livin' through the blues Im like a fricasseed chickadee Smoked a lot of dope and Im an aeroplane Im never gonna see things quite the same again Livin' through the blues Im like a fricasseed chickadee See the little lady, boys, she sets my soul on fire Im the kind of shady toy should be her pacifier If I run out of atoms on the Santa Fe Think Ill pretend Im Jimmie Rogers in a Chevrolet Livin' through the blues Im like a fricasseed chickadee Had eternal contacts til they disappeared Guess theyre somewhere in the middle of the hemisphere Livin' through the blues Im like a fricasseed chickadee It blows my mind to find that Im still on parole Im dreaming on the outskirts of my only soul Livin through the blues Im like a fricasseed chickadee

3. KATHERINE ROSSS HOSSSES I wish that I was one of Katherine Rosss hosses Wed ride the range to the silver strains of me Shed ride astride and Id feel obliged to wander Wherever she might want the range to be Cant you see me now? I aint no plow horse Im a saucy, tossy Ross horse With my mistress mounting me so wild and free And if my libidos showin, bet your spurs Ill be growin Palomino, pal of mine, youre gonna do me proud I wish that I was one of Katherine Rosss hosses From Tinsel Town to the sylvan mound wed roam Wed stake our claim and shed call my name- Flame Wonder, My five-card pard, youre never gonna let me down Cant you see us now, aint we a picture Worth a thousand story-book words? Saddle pals with saddle bags of saddle songs cause that long, long trail gets dusty and it helps To have a trusty saddle tune or two to fun the miles away I wish that I was one of Katherine Rosss hosses No hitchin postsd come between her steed and her We wouldnt ford loves stream, wed ride her sparkling clean True waters into the setting sun for ever more Cant you see us now, aint we a western, fairy-tale dream Were the best one to slip out of here in such a lonesome time And if horses could get married to a starlet, not to a carriage Wed no longer wander shamelessly in

4. LIES ARE ONLY LETTERS Reverberating into the innermost reaches of his private brain Hal Humble tests the sad, sad state of his joke; fully realizing Lies are only letters to your heartsick mothers Lonesome baby child, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no! Complicating matters in the strangest way but with a sense of flow Hals Hannah smiles a quick Hello! I know you know I know. Fully realizing lies are only letters to your heartsick lovers Lonesome baby smile, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no! Calibrating constancies across the room and through the great divide Hal Humble hears his Hannah sigh, I guess Im still alone. Fully realizing lies are only letters from your heartsick lovers Mothers broken child, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no! Mitigating circumstances with his hands and with his sounds of love Hal Humble makes his special love across his Hannahs eyes; Fully realizing lies and ties and alibis intensify Your lullaby of love- oh no,

oh no, oh no, oh no! 5. WAVES OF LOVE Waves of love come rolling in But I just drag my feet And point to whats around me Can there be no real relief? Maybe up and ins the only way to move But down and outs the only God damn way to go Now and then my lover bends to take in whats inside Flying over promises that leave me satisfied I stand and tremble mutely As this death of days goes on I could not change my visions Until I had turned them round The circle keeps on opening and closing on the past Will the city be the place well meet and leave at last? 6. COME ON OVER Here I here I here I come, right back where I started from And I dont even know where Ive been Singing crazy songs to you to pass the time were going through And I cant even say, no I cant even say what Im seeing Be what Im being, get where Im going to, way beyond the blues Here I here I here I am in the same old space Im always in Looking for that same old lost corral Playing saddle stoned with you the game of what were going through And Im saying to you, Id like to see you near Being what youre being, getting where youre going to Way beyond the blues Here I here I here I swim in the same old stream you found me in Sinking through the stone-blown blue moon sky Saying good-bye to the same old tune. so long now, and Ill see you soon Far and wide and here and in between Being what were being, getting where were going to Way back home with you Its a long its a hard its a happy time and Im trying to make it through True blue 7. KEEP THE BANNERS FLYING My hearts been sent to heaven and the same old used to be Still lingers on beside the riverside That holds a line on me, holds a line on me The dream is an illusion and it never comes again Until the ocean tries to take you back To where youve always been, where youve always been Chorus- And when the cave on sugar mountain Is the only home I count on, Im a fool And when the grave beneath Death Valley Is my mind inside an alley, Ill be cool A series of explosions from the leftest field there is Has come and left me with a big desire to break into the biz Break into the biz The scenes are always changing and I havent found the key But when I sing this song the ghost of God Comes sailing home to me, sailing home to me 8. HELLO, BUDDY Well, I know your lazy susans, and I know your easy chairs And I know your swinging hammocks sleepy-two time your despair And I know the hours you kill spending seconds splitting hairs Cannot keep you from your purpose, cannot keep you from the stair And I wish that I could organize my mind Well, I know that your polemics, comprehensive and bizarre Could get me on your band-wagon if I was a movie star But Im having trouble shaking, I no longer have a car And my best friends wife has left me in this lonesome, homely bar And I wish I had a dollar for a dime cause Im still a little thirsty and theres still a lot of time cause those big, old hands keep slowin and

stopping on my dime And the world owes me a drink and I just want what is mine And Ill hate the man who says youre not my friend Well I think my stool is screwing me up into my hair And is that our old bar-tender with his arm up in the air? And is that a knife hes holding? Well its just not hardly fair After all the time Ive spent here and with all Ive had to bear Do you think you have somewhere that you can spare? 9. DEATHLESS SONG If the sun dont burn the tears away from all our ragged dreams Ill be the one to try to prove that I am more than what I seem If the steel, insane insistent rain from my old, lost guitar Can be a groove for me and a tune for you, help me raise the bar Loves a wicked word when youre a crazy cagey fool Beneath the silver wires and diamond knives in time Left alone and stoned into the heart of Emmots Zone I know that everything thats passed aint left behind And so Ill meet you in the countryside a love affair from now You know, I pray the breeze that feeds the trees Will hold us there somehow New bluebirds and old blue-devils war inside of me I guess a deathless songs the only way I have to set you free Feel the blue cool burn of frontier justice in the yearning That were yearning every time we want to cry Im the part of you that wants to be the part of me That wants to come into the sky while Im alive If the sun dont burn the tears away from all our ragged dreams Ill be the one to try to prove that I am more than what I seem 9. DEATHLESS SONG If the sun dont burn the tears away from all our ragged dreams Ill be the one to try to prove that I am more than what I seem If the steel, insane insistent rain from my old, lost guitar Can be a groove for me and a tune for you, help me raise the bar Loves a wicked word when youre a crazy cagey fool Beneath the silver wires and diamond knives in time Left alone and stoned into the heart of Emmots Zone I know that everything thats passed aint left behind And so Ill meet you in the countryside a love affair from now You know, I pray the breeze that feeds the trees Will hold us there somehow New bluebirds and old blue-devils war inside of me I guess a deathless songs the only way I have to set you free Feel the blue cool burn of frontier justice in the yearning That were yearning every time we want to cry Im the part of you that wants to be the part of me That wants to come into the sky while Im alive If the sun dont burn the tears away from all our ragged dreams Ill be the one to try to prove that I am more than what I seem 11. LOSE i cant read between the lines between the lines i cant say the words that touch off a good time only stop myself from having a good try at the fly ball that is lost up in the sky the limits known to me alone all by myself in emmots zone you can rock the night away and say your prayers you can throw the key away and say you care about the wheres and hows and whys youre not there and why you dont believe that its not fair for me to care about you, for me to

share what i lose think ill close my eyes and dream another song after all ive memorized it wont be long before some new someone else happens along and i get a chance to prove im always wrong for you and your friends, tell me the truth, dont I lose? i cant see between the brackets of taipan but i have a very special friend who can she looks in on jack the ripper in between and paints self-portraits of the many things shes seen like something dark, and noahs ark, that block the stream, confuse her dream she cant see as far as she has never seen she cant be as far as she has never been but she sure as hell can push you off the boat yes and seal her plastic hands around your throat she brings ice-box blues and sad good news worn out toys for broken boys used to be that we all slept around her bed with the dreams of her dead lovers for our head of the crowd that melted rosebuds on the sleigh and washed the guts of fallen angels down the drain we have had enough, she played too rough weve lost the pooh, now were all through 12. LOST IN THE DREAM The day of grace was up today, Im shipwrecked in your arms All my false alarms ring true, old buddy, Im blue Dereks bass can fill the space between our tear-stained eyes Above the seizing lies we knew, oh, old buddy, I knew And you know, I love to play the fool, Capsized and baptized and scared to be in school But if youre gonna leave me, you better leave me paralyzed cause Im telling you now, Im in love with your eyes I think its the truth, Im in love with your eyes Love to be the shooting star to suck you to the screen Just like Eddie Dean come true, oh, old buddy, come true I can sing a wave length out beyond the no mile reef Because of my belief in you, oh old buddy, in you Undertow, drag me to the deep Wrap your arms around me and rock my brain to sleep But I dont guess a coma gonna keep me crystallized cause Im telling you now, Im in love with their eyes I think its the truth, Im in love with your eyes Its hard as nails to try to find a silver thing to say When youre a shipwrecked castaway Like me, oh, old buddy like me

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals: