

Mp3 See Me River - Folk: Modern Folk

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A spectacle of acoustic guitars, looming vocals, haunting organs and welcoming incidentals. 11 MP3 Songs FOLK: Modern Folk, COUNTRY: Country Folk Details: In elementary school, I new this kid named Gene who was dirt poor. A really greasy kid that wore the same clothes every day and had really dirty hair. We used to poke fun at him and push him around on the playground. I take total blame for scarring him with the nick name "Hygiene". Looking back on it, I feel kinda bad about it but kids are cruel and that's life. Maybe he made it out ok. Maybe he committed suicide years ago. He was really the only kid worse off then I was in the matter of finances. I'm sure most of the negative attention I gave him was a kind of subconscious denial of my own poor state of affairs. I also kinda hated his name as I share it with him as my own middle name. I never realized how broke we were growing up until I was telling a friend how my family would pick daffodils from a cow pasture near my house and sell them by the side of the road. Which led me to wonder about some other events that took place in my life. My family salvaged lots of things growing up. Trees from construction sites that were planned to be cut down. We'd chop them up and sell them as fire wood. We'd also grab what ever copper wiring/pipes/fixtures that were "laying around" the site to sell at the junk yard. Wood "scraps" from behind the furniture store were cut up and bundled with inner tubes, cut into bands, that were found behind a tire shop. We'd sell those as kindling. I never questioned why we did all our salvaging at night or on sundays until recently. I guess you do what you need to do to keep food on the table. One time our computer suddenly disappeared and if anyone came around asking about it, "we never had a computer". We needed one for school though and shortly after, it was replaced with on older one. Since i'm divulging my criminal upbringing, I may as well add, I may be half black. I've kinda always had an inkling about this as my parents lived two states away from each other when I was conceived. My mom used to call me her little indian baby or her little brown bear. After the World Trade Center bombing, my mom even called me to warn me that middle eastern people were being randomly beaten in the streets and that I should be careful. There is a series of other clues pointing to this conclusion but hands down, the most affirming is the confession from my dad to a close friend. Telling her that "I may be half negro for all he knows". I'm also constantly mistaken as a jew...

because maybe I am. I've been reprimanded by a jewish friend for having been tattooed. Telling me that now I could never be buried in a jewish cemetery. I've been confided in by a jewish accountant in Los Angeles because he new that he could trust another jew to watch over 'the bands finances'. I've had anti-semitic jokes thrown at me by friends as a below the belt dis. And I have been asked two years in a row to be Hanukkah Harry at a holiday party. (One year I did it. It was a blast.) I will admit, being a black jew, you can say pretty much any racial slur you like and get away with it. I even invented a holiday at the bar where I work called "Day Of The Racist". It's on the same day as "Day Of The Race"... I think sometime in November. We spent some time on an online racial database to make sure that we were equally discriminating against all races. I particularly like "Cans" because it covers a lot of bases. I had a shop teacher in middle school that was stopped at the Canadian border with a hunting riffle in his truck. When the mountie asked what he was planning on doing with the firearm, my teacher replied, "Gonna shoot some cans... Africans, Mexicans, Americans, Puerto Ricans...". I don't think this ever really happened and I'm not sure why he wasn't fired for repeatedly telling this joke. He liked to talk about Jesus too. October 26th, 2001 the United States president signed into law an act known as the "Patriot Act". It gives the government permission to spy on its residents that are believed to be a compromise to national security. Phones are tapped, mail is confiscated and e-mails are watched. When used, certain key words are "red flagged" and put under surveillance. (Maybe you're familiar with it.) I'm sure that Ive used at least ten of those key words here. Big Brother is watching.

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