



Eclectitar

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This CD encompasses a wide range of musical styles. It starts out softly with some acoustic pieces then moves into some jazz & blues & ends up with some driving rock pieces. I spent many hours on this project. Dozens of “takes” working to tighten up my guitar playing. Even as I listen to it now, I can hear several places where I’d like to go back & tighten up the guitar some more. But alas, being a nearly one-man band & only so many hours in the day, I eventually reach a point where I have to say “OK, it’s good enough”. My hope is that at least one song on this CD will reach you. A special thanks to Chris, Robbie, Wayne & Murray. Thanks to Beta Monkey for some rockin’ drum loops.

Ann's Song

Dave: Taylor T3B, Piano.

Inspired by my girl Ann. You Rock Ann!

Show The Way

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Dave: Arrangement, Taylor 814ce mic'ed.

The "Amazing" Murray Schatz: Vocals.

I've always really liked this David Wilcox piece.

Offertory in Em

Dave: Taylor 814ce mic'ed.

An improvisational guitar piece I played at church. First time I played for a live audience in 25 years.

Meditation

Dave: Taylor 814ce mic'ed, Keyboard/Synthesizer.

A song that came out of nowhere. I had a notion of a Yoga song when I sat down at the keyboard. What came out was more meditative. I recorded this in about two and half hours on a Sunday afternoon.

Show The Way

Due to copyright law restrictions, I am unable to "print" the lyrics. You'll have to go to the internet.

Jamie's Song

Dave: Taylor 814ce mic'ed, Taylor T3B jacked into a Mesa Mark V, mic on a 2x12 cabinet, Lyrics, Vocals.

This is a tribute song to my lifelong friend, Jamie McAuthor. I've known Jamie since second grade. Jamie passed in a tragic traffic accident in July 2010. Here's a photo of Jamie from 2002 resting with their cats. Michelle, Jamie's wife, wrote this beautiful note for his funeral service, which formed part of the inspiration for the song. Conceived and written in Ouray, CO, August 2010.



A note to those who loved him . . .

My dear Jamie was so very special. I used to tease him that he was raised in "Mayberry RFD," rather than Grand Haven, Michigan. He was nurtured by not just two, but four parents: his mother and father, his "Aunt Bunt," and his widowed grandmother, "Nanny." Jamie played outside from dawn to dusk in idyllic places with names like Duncan's Woods, and Rosy Mound. He met his neighborhood friends at the "knock-down tree," returning to the house on Gladys Avenue to home-cooked meals, lovingly prepared by a doting grandmother. There was so much love laid into Jamie's foundation, that it was second-nature for him to share it.

Jamie's family called him "Old James," from the time he was a small child, despite the fact that he was the youngest of three boys. The name seemed strange to me, at first, but eventually I came to understand it. Jamie moved on "Jamie-time"—governed by an internal clock that moved at half-pace. That's not to say he was slow—but rather that he never saw a reason to hurry, never felt obligated to wear a watch, and that he savored simple moments as precious gifts. He had time for everyone.

Jamie had the softest heart of any man I've ever met. He was constitutionally incapable of disciplining his children. He fed the dogs from the table (when I wasn't looking), talked to the chickens (in their own language), and hand-grazed the pony when the vet said to limit her time in the pasture. My horse, Jay, followed Jamie around the property, resting his head on Jamie's shoulder. Jamie made sure to adjust his pace so the horse could comfortably amble along behind him, his massive head no burden to Jamie.

When we lost two trees to a lightning strike this spring, Jamie mourned them like friends. And when it was time to say goodbye to them, he carefully and methodically felled them, stopping frequently to sigh at the sadness of their loss.

Jamie didn't need anything, and was pleased with the simplest things that life offered him. He wore his brothers' hand-me-down clothes, not because his parents couldn't afford to buy new ones, but because he liked the comfort and familiarity of his brothers' things. He carried the same wallet until the leather could no longer hold its contents, because it was gift from his dear friend, Henry, and he couldn't bear to part with it. He rode the same bike for thirty years, claiming that the smoother gears and a high-tech suspension of a new bike could never hold more value than the memories associated with his old one.

My neighbors' little girl, Morgan, always called both of us "Jamie" (she must have preferred Jamie to me). After numerous corrections from her embarrassed parents, she started to call me "Jamiéchelle" (a practice which continues to this day). I used to correct her. But from now on I'll be proud to be Jamiéchelle—a Michelle improved by having spent twenty years with Old James. I will try to be both Jamie and Michelle to our children. To Jamie's family. To our neighbors and friends.

Without a doubt, my efforts will fall short.

Michelle

Jamie's Song

Old James where have you gone?
Hide 'n seek in Duncan's Woods
Hiking a dune at Rosy Mound
Climbing a tree that was knocked down

Chorus: (He's)
He's running on Jamie time,
He's running on Jamie time,
He's running on Jamie time
No reason to hurry
No use for a watch
When you've got a half paced clock
He's running on Jamie time
He's running on Jamie time
He's running on Jamie time

Old James where have you have gone?
Ramblin' on late into the night
Gin & jazz & backgammon
We drove the landscape Copper Country cruisin'

Chorus: (I'm)

Old James where have you gone?
Heaven holds a place for hearts like yours
Jay saw the light burned within
And with Michelle you did begin

Chorus: (We're)
Instrumental

Old James where have you gone?
Taken away before your time
There's a hole in world where you belong
And we shed a tear and say so long

Chorus: (He's, I'm, We're)

Sock Monkey

Dave: Vocals, Piano, Taylor T3B.

Ann: Lyrics, Vocals.

This is a silly song. I owned a Melanzana polar fleece sweatshirt. When I met Ann, she started calling it a sock monkey. I didn't even know what a sock monkey was at that point. I later bought one of these sweatshirts for Ann. After a while we had this "Sock Monkey" thing going & I off-handedly said "We should write a song..." Ann wrote down the lyrics on a bunch of sticky notes - and here we are. Photo below & to the right is Ann & I in "Full-Monkey" as she says. Oo oo oo ah ah! :)



Life Of Your Night

Dave: Taylor T3B jacked into a Mesa Mark V, mic on a 2x12 cabinet. Inspired by Carlos Santana. This song has been kicking around since 2003.

Sock Monkey

Sock monkey turn your cartwheels at the dance
Find a girl who's a sock too, take a chance
Let's change into thinner socks & show our lumps
Hook our tails together through life's little bumps

Sock Monkey brings you roses, put's 'em in the corner
My big red smile tells you he's I'm Jack Horner
My thumb might come up empty but I'm a good boy none the less
I'll pretend's your dog scares me so I can climb up in your dress

Saw Sock Monkey walkin' down the road
She looked cute but a little bit cold
I pulled right over, said "Wanna ride?"
She jumped right in and things got wild

Sock Monkey peel off that second skin
Let yourself out & let me in
Taught me to drive my 4x4
Took over the wheel & now I'm want'n more

Said his last old lady wouldn't let him fast & free
Wonders if the same things gonna happen with me
Can I push aside your yarn & nestle deep?
Won't sit on my shelf but he might be mine to keep

Sock Monkey turn your cartwheels at the dance
I will my Socky, lets grow our romance
Say it out loud, I'm sock & I'm proud
Were hooked & were shnooked & liven' out loud

ASIC Designer Blues

Chris Giles: Lyrics.

Dave: Lead guitar - Fender Stratocaster jacked straight into GarageBand.

Robbie Kalinowski: Vocals.

Wayne Vinson: All other guitar work - GMW jacked straight into GarageBand.

This was a collaborative effort with friends from work & engineers I've known for many years. So one day at work I was lamenting our job with my boss Chris Giles & I off-handedly said "We should write a song - "ASIC Designer Blues". 15 minutes later these lyrics showed up in my email in-box. Chris is amazing. Thank you to Wayne, Robbie & Chris - it was a blast. GarageBand put down the drums, bass, organ & harmonica, we did the rest.



ASIC Designer Blues

Woke up this morning,
Sat on the commode,
Tried thinking over,
That damn bug in my code.
I just couldn't find it,
I've tried this or that,
And then it hit me,
I'm still using always@!

I got the blues,
Those ASIC designer blues
There's nothing that will cure them
'cept a brand new suite of tools

Can't make timing closure
I've tried through and through,
My constraints are mess
I've got too much clock skew
We tried different buffers,
Traced paths from start to end,
I just can't decide
if clock skew is foe or friend

I got the blues,
Those ASIC designer blues
There's nothing that will cure them
'cept a brand new suite of tools

I've solved all my problems,
My design works all done,
Now my architect tells me,
That he's got another one.
He looked at our FIT rate,
So he challenges me,
That despite breaking timing,
I've got to wedge in ECC

I got the blues,
Those ASIC designer blues
There's nothing that will cure them
'cept a brand new suite of tools

Johnny B. Goode

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Dave: Arrangement, Taylor T3B jacked straight into GarageBand, Vocals.

There are two rhythm guitar parts and two lead guitar parts with a little nod to Michael J. Fox in "Back to the Future" (Yes, I know Michael didn't actually play the guitar. See http://backtothefuture.wikia.com/wiki/Johnny_B._Goode and http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Johnny_B._Goode). My first cover piece - what can I say? Go Chuck! (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chuck_Berry). I wanted to do it trying to capture Chuck's classic guitar style with a modern twist.



Johnny B. Goode

Crawler

Dave: Les Paul jacked straight into GarageBand, Bass and Piano.

Another blues tune that has been kicking around in my head since 2005.

Wayne & Dave Jam

Wayne Vinson: GMW jacked straight into GarageBand, Organ.

Dave: Les Paul jacked straight into GarageBand.

This is a collaborative effort with Wayne Vinson & I after recording the guitars for "ASIC Designer Blues". Just messing around. We recorded this in about an hour or so. This is all Wayne on guitars & keyboard! I added a minuscule amount. I played the second opening section of lead, though it's tough to tell where Wayne ended & I started, plus I played the lame guitar flurry at the end.

Johnny B. Goode

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BPG

Dave: Bass, Piano, Taylor T3B (Bass, Piano, Guitar).

This song was a late arrival and somewhat experimental - trying to showcase my fledgling Bass player skills (not!). I had recently bought a Squire Jazz Bass so I didn't have to "fake a Bass" anymore (anywhere else on this album where it says Dave played Bass, I really played on a guitar & then "pitch shifted" down to make it sound like a Bass (Lame, I know). For the guitar part, the guitar was plugged into my Roland Micro Cube 2 watt practice Amp (Yes way dude) & mic'ed. So the notion of this one is a kinda interplay between the Bass and the Piano. More cowbell :)

Rock On Peace Out

Dave: Les Paul jacked straight into GarageBand & Synthesizer.

Inspired by "Wayne & Dave Jam" and Russell Stuber. I used to work with Rus & he'd always say "Peace Out".

Never Give Up

Dave: Les Paul jacked into a Mesa Mark V, mic on a 2x12 cabinet.

This song has a little bit of everything, with an almost disco start, it launches immediately into a fast-paced high-gain rhythm part inspired by The Offspring. The lead however is decidedly "classic rock" style.

No matter where we come from or what we've been through, I believe it's important to remember those that love us & inspire us. Though we may have a bad day or a series of bad days, we must persevere - life is a gift, it is always worth living. We are connected to so many - Never Give Up.

God Bless