

Nr. 01/2014

INVISIBLE



untitled_rgb/rhab+

Malmö 2014

miguelganzo.com

randomheartanalogbugs.tumblr.com

Invisible y paso a paso
Elegiendo el color que más te gusta
Hasta encontrar ~~el tuyo~~ ese, justo ese

Step by step
Invisible
Choosing that single color that you like most
But then you find ~~your own~~ that one

Steg mot steg
Osynligt
Färgerna kommer till dig
En hittar rätt och stannar

Music & Lyrics: Miguel Ganzo
Guitar & Voice: Miguel Ganzo
Cello: Clara Ljungkvist
Art & Craft: Dijana Mijatovic

BEYOND THE CROSSROAD

THREE SONGS FOR THE ROAD
TRES CANCIONES CRUZANDO CAMINOS

DON'T BE SHY (april 2013)
THE ROAD TO GATA (april 2013)
I WILL DO IT' (september 2013)



my_love_is_deep_blue_sea/rhab+

DON'T BE SHY

Don't be shy but don't be in a hurry
Don't be shy but don't be in a hurry
Don't be shy but don't be in a hurry
Don't be shy, don't be shy, don't be shy

Don't be down but cry your heart out
Don't be down but cry your heart out
Don't be down but cry your heart out
Don't be down, don't be down, don't be down

And that road that starts in your house
It will take you to a guesthouse
In the middle of a crossroad
That is yours, that is yours, that is yours

In the morning of the fifth day
You will wake up with the sunrise
And your eyes will bring the silence
And the calm to the palm of your hand.

You will touch, you will be touched
You will eat, you will be eaten
You will give and you will take
And you'll leave by the end of the day.

May the night be warm and moist
May the stars be more than hundred
May your steps walk through the crossroad
Knowing where, knowing how, knowing why

Don't be shy but don't be in a hurry
Don't be shy but don't be in a hurry
Don't be shy but don't be in a hurry
Don't be shy, don't be shy, don't be shy
Don't be shy, don't be shy, don't be shy

THE ROAD TO GATA



fresh_face #1/rhab+

In the summer 2013 I visited the beautiful Sierra de Gata. It is located in the west of Spain, very close to the border with Portugal. In the song “A contratiempo”, with lyrics by Agustin Garcia Calvo and music by Chicho Sanchez Ferlosio, Sierra de Gata is referred as the place where a very famous wood was taken from. The wood used to construct the ships that Christopher Columbus used to travel to America. In that songs the singer ask to the ships to not arrive in America, to come back to Spain and make the trip back to Sierra de Gata, not sailing but walking as pilgrims, traveling back to the mountains to be transformed again in the trees that they once were.

Today was the day to take the road to Gata
Today was the day to take the road to Gata
Today was the day to walk beyond the crossroad
Today is the day to leave behind the sorrow

I wrote it should be in the morning
I knew it would be in the night
And with the shadows of the ancient stones
Looking after me and taking care
There's no sight of any promised land
Only sun and dust and noble trees
I see the apple and I see the snake
But I will take good care of it
I just wonder how it feels

Today was the day to take the road to Gata
Today was the day to take the road to Gata
Today was the day to walk beyond the crossroad
Today is the day to leave behind the sorrow

It seems it's getting uphill from here
I guess I've lost the fear for falling
Getting 1000 points of boredom
Released by the sunset in the old town
It would never be today
It would never be like this
It would never be just me
But I don't,
I don't
I don't regret to be here
I'm surprised about how it feels

Today was the day to take the road to Gata
Today was the day to take the road to Gata

I WILL DO IT



pink_sea/rhab+

I will do it
Is my plan
I will do it
I can tell you that

I will do it
Don't ask why
I will do it
I'll be fine

I will do it
All the way
I will do it
Every day

I will do it
Over here
And the red scars
Turn it real

I'm so broken
In this trip
But I'll be standing
Over all those tears

Like a beaver
With no teeth
Like a monkey
Bringing down a tree

I will do it
Don't ask why
I will do it
Thousand times

In the meantime
I will get
Hearth and muscles
To be brave

I will do it
I'll be back
I will do it
And it will be fun

I will do it
Don't ask what
I will do it
Don't say I just can't

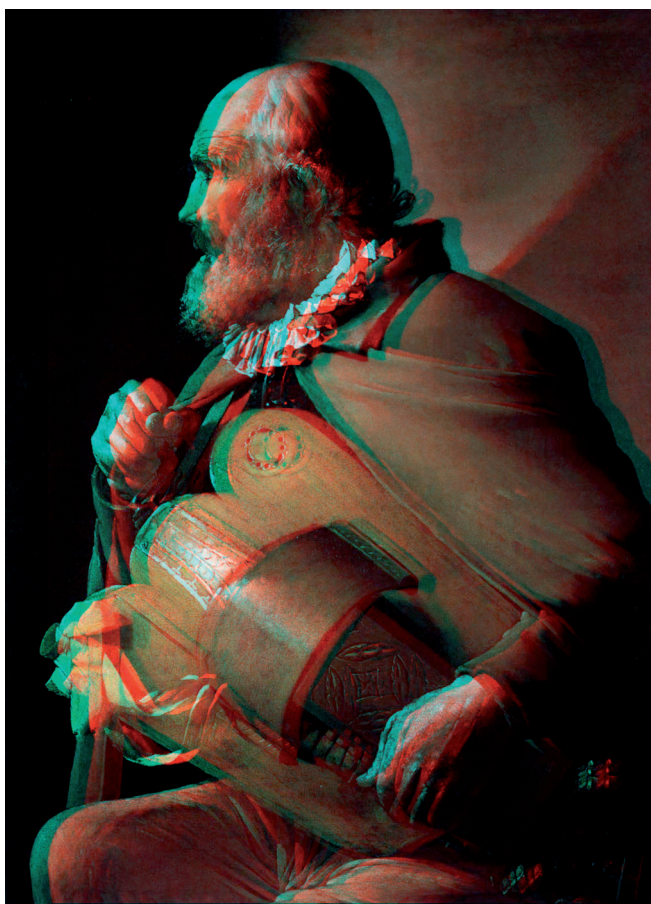
In the meantime
I will unfold
Like a story
To be told

I will do it
Bring your friends
May I wonder?
What is next

I will do it

TROUBADOUR: SINGING THE NEWS

Singing the news is an old business. Here we can see a hurdy-gurdy player, painted by Georges La Tour in France* around 1620-1630:



*3d version/rhab+

La Tour made several paintings of the same Hurdy-Gurdy player, and in other paintings we can see him both playing and singing, but I like this picture most. Which songs did he usually sing is a mystery, at least for me, but probably there are some people out there that had studied that, the greatest hits of the Hurdy-Gurdy players in the France of the 1620s.

It was an everyday life without newspapers, TV, radio or wikipedia, with an illiteracy rate of more than 75%. And I like to imagine this Hurdy-Gurdy player writing poems and songs and traveling with them. Singing for the people in Lunéville the story of that wise old man from Nancy that sold his soul to the devil in exchange for being alive one more week, just one more week. Or singing for the people from Nancy about the epidemic in Lunéville that took the life of his good friend George La Tour.

And almost 400 years later, here in Malmö, or in Madrid, or in between, I've started to write and sing my own news-songs. Now we that we receive news from everywhere, non-stop and simultaneously I like to choose a new and read it two, three or even five times. And then writing a song inspired by it.

Here I present three of those songs: Ayer soñe, Maneras de hacerse invisible and 7 de Enero en Madrid.

página invisible

AYER SONÉ

Brain scans decode dream content

Researchers have decoded the content of people's dreams using brain scanning technology.



untitled_acronym/rhab+

[http://
www.theguardian.com/
science/
neurophilosophy/
2013/
apr/05
/brain-scans-decode-dream-content](http://www.theguardian.com/science/neurophilosophy/2013/apr/05/brain-scans-decode-dream-content)

E B

A E

E B

A

E

Ayer soñé que alguien miraba dentro

Más oscuro de mí sueño.

G#

$$C\#m$$

A

E

G#

C#m

A B

Ayer, soñé que mi sueño

Ayer soñé con José Luis Sampedro

Las ventanas de mi sueño

Ayer soñé que mi canto era de agua
Y a los peces de colores
Los mecían mis palabras

G#
Los sueños que pasan
C#m
Los días que los borran
A
Mi cuerpo cansado
E
Mirando hacia otro lado.

G#
Los sueños que pasan
C#m
Y vuelven a pasar
A B
Y de repente, se van

MANERAS DE HACERSE INVISIBLE

Scientists unveil invisibility cloaks that hide objects and data:



fresh_face #2/rhab+

[http://
digitaljournal.com/
article/
351864#ixzz2kuLXofRf](http://digitaljournal.com/article/351864#ixzz2kuLXofRf)

Te han borrado de todas las listas
Te han sacado de todos los puestos
Te han quitado todos los regalos que te dieron
Te han dejado solo con lo puesto

Con todo lo que tú eras
Con todo lo que tú eras

Y sin más aviso que una nota escueta en tu buzón
Te anuncian que no cuentan contigo
De un día para otro te han borrado de la foto
Te toca volver a empezar

Te han cambiado las cosas de sitio
Te han embarullado los recuerdos
Y has buscado en todos los rincones una pista
Que te explique quien es ese del espejo

Porque algo raro está pasando
Algo raro está pasando

Cuando una mañana te despiertas a las diez
Y es de noche y las tiendas están cerradas
Y unos jóvenes amables te saludan y te besan
- Abuelo, que haces fuera de la cama

Has pagado todas tus facturas
Has regado todas tus macetas
Has mandado cartas a los unos y a los otros
Y ya tienes lista la maleta

No sabes muy bien a dónde vas
No sabes muy bien a dónde vas

Quizás un tren nocturno entre Cómala y Macondo
Quizás una semana en Torre Vieja
Quizás el Mar del Norte o quizás el Alto Tajo
Invisible de los pies a la cabeza

SIETE DE ENERO EN MADRID

Every year, on the 7th of January starts the sales in the clothes shops in Spain. The 7th of January is also the day after of one of the most famous lottery games in Spain: El Niño, so every year, on the 7th of January there's millions of Spaniards that again have NOT won the lottery. So this is a song of two recurrent news. At the end of this short song we can hear also the beginning of a love story. Also a recurrent tradition in all times and places.



wrong_nature@seabreeze/rhab+

D F#
7 de Enero en Madrid
Bm
Y no me ha tocado El Niño
G
Fijate si lo elegí con cariño

Tampoco me tocó
El Gordo de navidad
Y mira que le puse ganas y velas
Y lo vi en la tele nueva

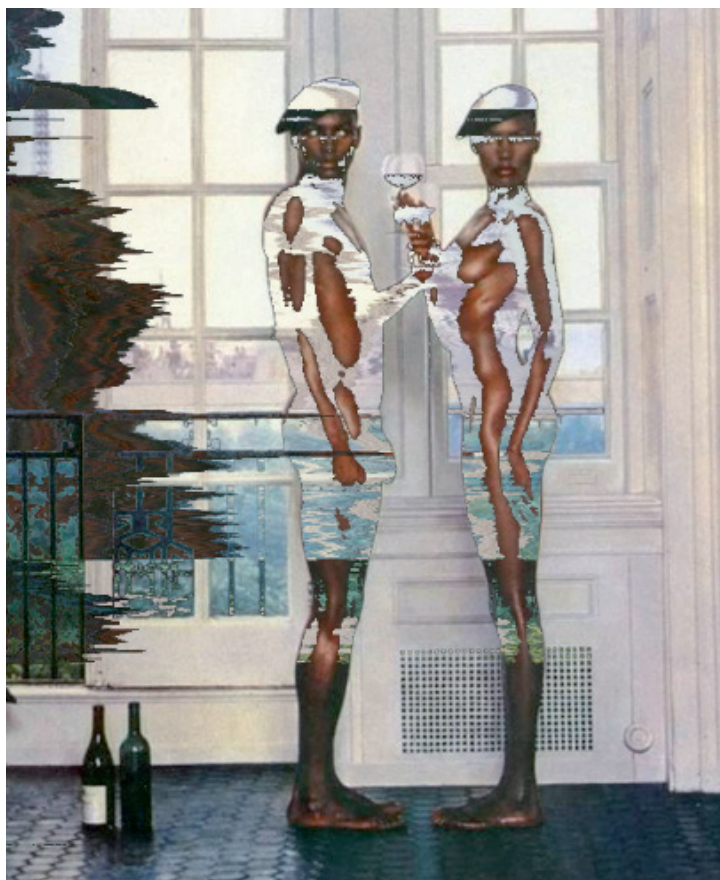
7 de Enero en Madrid
Otra vez a las rebajas
Que no se ni lo que compro
Pero da igual
La cosa es gastar
Un día es un día
Y no se hable más
7 de Enero en Madrid
En la cola del Zara
La del probador

Hay montada una muy gorda porque un abuelillo se ha fumao un cigarro.
Y el dependiente ha dicho vayase usted a fumar al asilo.

Y una señora alta
Con muy mala leche
Se ha puesto roja
Qué ya está bien de acosar fumadores
Y además, un respeto a los mayores

Y te has reido
Y me has mirado
Y el mundo entero
Se ha esfumado

ALMOST
V
SOUNDS LIKE SWEDISH



untitled/rhab+

MINST LIKA MYCKET

Inte vore roligt
Inte är du nyfiken C F G
Inte minst lika mycket som jag

Inte en stor grej
Inte tänk om imorgon
Inte mer eller mindre klok

Inte alla stora och tunga tankar som bitter sig fast
Inte så kronglit som ibland tänker vi att det ska va F G

Inte vore dumt
Att inte vara rädd
Att inte tänka hur det ska gå till

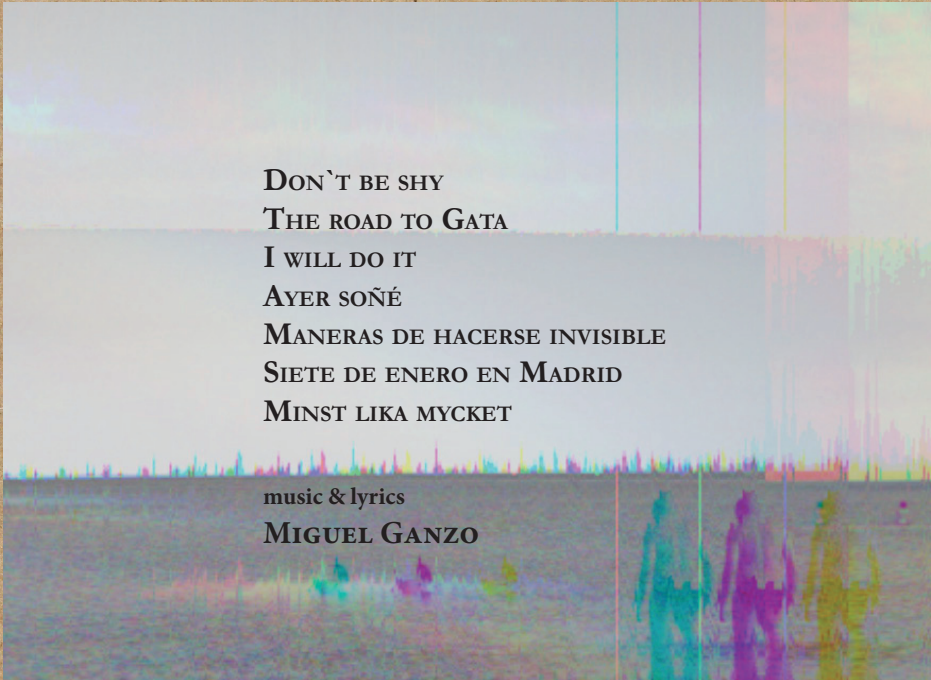
Inte mera dörrar
Om inte de är öppna
Inte vänta två minuter till

Inte alla stora och tunga tankar som bitter sig fast
Inte så kronglit som ibland tänker vi att det ska va

Inte alla såna regler som inte går att lära sig C Em Am D
Inte mer och inte mindre men varför inte lite mer
Inte redo för att lämna festen F G G
Inte redo för att åka hem

work in progress

work in progress



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THE ROAD TO GATA
I WILL DO IT
AYER SOÑÉ
MANERAS DE HACERSE INVISIBLE
SIETE DE ENERO EN MADRID
MINST LIKA MYCKET

music & lyrics
MIGUEL GANZO

download the songs
at miguelsingano.com

