The Journey Man's Tales

The collection of songs that comprise *The Journey Man's Tales* spans three decades. Because of its unusual makeup, I thought I would share the stories behind the songs.

"Little by Little" is one of two songs on this album that is a collaborative co-write. I was working with a new artist in Nashville. I was also producing our pitch package, and it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to feature this artist as a co-writer. We ended up writing several songs for that project, and we especially liked this one. However, it didn't make it onto the album because the powers that be decided that "Little by Little" was too pop for their tastes. I'm glad I've been holding onto it all these years, because now I get to share it with you.

"It's Time" is a song about conducting a personal inventory. The point of view acknowledges that what we all have in common is that we face certain challenges, and that we must embrace change in order to grow and better ourselves. After all, life is about change and learning how to be okay with that.

"Ain't That a Shame" is about unrealized dreams; however, I offer a word of hope at the end because I believe that hope springs eternal and that each day is an opportunity to start anew.

"It Was You" is a song that came to be because of my niece. When she asked if I would sing at her wedding, I found myself blurting out, "Sing? Hell, I'll write you a song!" As soon as those words came out of my mouth, I panicked. It took about two weeks before I calmed down enough to even attempt writing the song. Since I have never claimed to be an authority on marriage, I decided to write a love song–because love is something all of us can relate to–rather than a wedding song.

"Lead The Way" was a wedding gift to my oldest daughter. I'll never forget when she called me, over-the-top excited because she had just accepted a wedding proposal from the man she loved. "You know what you have to do, right?" she asked. I had a hunch. "Write you a song?" I replied. "You got it!" Once again, being keenly aware that marriage wasn't my strong suit, I had to think about this. Marriage? Maybe not. But love? Yes, I could do that. I could write about love because I believe in love. Once again, love led the way.

"Daily Parade" reveals so much about me. I am a hopeless dreamer who is always on the lookout for a silver lining. If I could paint a landscape with words, this song would be my painting. The verses are metaphorical and the choruses speak to my interpretation of the human condition–including the fact that with each new day, the parade continues.

"She Takes My Breath Away" is the one who got away. Even after all this time, I still recall the hypnotic effect of her fragrance on me, and how I was putty in her hands. Even now, sometimes late at night her memory comes to me and it lingers, prompting ruminations of where she is now. She's my Bridges of Madison County.

"The Long Run" is the other co-write on *The Journey Man's Tales*. I wrote it with my dear friend Rob Crosby. This song is a tribute to our parents. His parents and mine came from the generation that married for life. It's a snapshot of the environment that Rob and I were so lucky to grow up in. When our parents said "I Do," they did. This is the least-produced of all the songs on this album, which probably indicates that it came out straight as an arrow, straight from the heart.

"All We're Missing" is as close as I'll ever come to using my art to make a political statement. My inspiration was "What the World Needs Now," and this rewrite of a classic is my attempt to express those sentiments in 21st century terms. It's a song that asks questions, but it ends with my version of an answer. For me, the answer always lies in positivity, and hope, and dreams of what might be.

Well, there you have it. I am especially proud of how this album turned out. What matters to me more is what *you* think of it. I sincerely hope you find something in *The Journey Man's Tales* that resonates with you. Nothing could please me more.

Namaste,

Spady