

Roots

Dan Bull

At eight or ten I wondered why my voice wasn't breaking yet
I was impatient to get from A to Z
So I'd break a sweat, play cassettes in my tape deck
Waiting for the day I could step to a stage
And get paid respect, paid a cheque
Maybe the other kids would even play with me then
It's great to pretend the tune was written for you
That's why you sing with the radio while it ignores you
You perform awful but feel a lot better
"Boom Boom Boom", "Here Comes the Hotstepper"
Even back then my preference was funky
But less funky house than House in the Country
Syncopation, soul, anybody ill with it
Other kids had Whigfield, I was feeling Bill Withers
And to this day I'm still with him
Because nothing beats a sweet voice on distilled rhythms

I'm digging up my roots for you
Cooking up a little tuneful food
Come to the garden for a barbecue
And chill with me

Before I even saw South Park on TV
I knew by heart the South Park CD
GTA: 1969 opened a life long affinity for Trojan
Return of Django, Skinhead Moonstomp
Music of Jamaican origin liberating my boom box
Too young for Appetite for Destruction
So The Offspring were my rock introduction
That was all I needed to be free
A CD with some power chords shredding like a power saw
"Fuck me, wow" I thought
How can plucked strings be this powerful?
But then I found another source of auditory debauchery
This naughty teen thought was sweet
I bought a CD by an Emine-MC
called "Hi! My Name Is Slim Shady"
I played it in my hi-fi daily
It never seemed to cease to amaze me
He'd say some crazy things
That were great for a teenager that needed danger
I'd replay the lyrics amazed
At the way the images would flicker in my brain so vividly
An outsider, a country bumpkin
Sitting inside with the Outsidaz bumping
There's something about rhymes
Nothing else quite does as well, I love it
Cypress Hill: Live at the Fillmore
I'm not going to lie, that film was raw
Each rap I heard, each film I saw
Inspired me to build my skills some more
So I bought more CDs to imitate
Believe me, back in the day it was great

I'm digging up my roots for you
Set the mood and feel those soothing grooves
Come to the garden for a barbecue

And chill with me

I had piano lessons after every last school day
But my patience was thinner than an anorexic
I didn't want to play ballads anyway
I had a daydream of breakbeats and a pen and paper
So I said I'd make the make believe real
And make some real reel to reels like B-Real
But the magic's made on computers today
So I used Magix Music Maker
Read the instructions, learnt all the book
Taught myself big beats like Norman Cook
Always cooking up a new track
Though with no microphone I couldn't actually do rap
That was too bad, but it wasn't too bad
'Cause I'd already forgot and had a new fad
Threw away The Source, bought a new mag
Made new mates, talked in new slang
I was a punk rocker now, proper loud
Would you believe I grabbed any opportunity to fuck about?
But what about the music? I've gone and lost it now
So I grabbed a guitar and started rocking out
Made a band with my mates called MatronsApron
We played around, made some tapes it was great fun
Full of belly laughs
Even received a brief mention in the Telegraph
Just a couple of kids, played a couple of gigs
And then my mates moved on but fuck if I did
Obviously too late, got a copy of Cubase
A lot of tunes made, now it's today
I've innovated, took my inspirations in and made them
Into an original addition to your playlist
So now I meditate about how to elevate
'Cause Safe was the safety net to let me levitate

I'm picking my best fruit for you
You're the one, and I'd like tea for two
Come to the garden for a barbecue
And chill with me