

INTRODUCTION

There are no greater truths than those learned through the miracle of song. All is exposed. A lyric may unearth a knowledge from your soul that you didn't know you had. A melody may strike you down with little warning and then raise you to a revelatory state. Songs are powerful and the truth will out, *even* if the words lie. Recordings attempt to capture this miracle, but in the end, they are simply documents of the past. It's the songs themselves that live and breathe.

Music is perhaps one of the oldest forms of human expression. It is capable of encapsulating the vast richness of the human experience in a single phrase or melody. Those who endeavor to harness this power are called songwriters. It can be a peculiar and even dangerous undertaking where many go unsung and unrewarded. Still, the miracle lives on. The song is the legacy that lives on long after it's author has expired.

It has been my privilege to have been able to make a living practicing the craft that I love for the past decade. This book reflects my journey in songwriting for those ten years. Indeed, it was a mere ten years ago that I first performed a set of my own songs on a tiny stage in a small town coffeehouse. I've traveled great distances since then, but have never forgotten the fundamentals of my mission: to challenge myself and grow as much as I can musically, and in turn, spiritually.

I've made many changes and walked down many roads. Yet, there are still so many more to explore. It amazes me when I think about it. Like many before me, I've made mistakes. I've experienced joyous successes and grave failures. I've sacrificed many things, but I regret nothing. It has all been worth it.

My sincere hope is that in some small way, I've enriched the life of somebody, somewhere. The ultimate goal of a song is to find a connection with another human being. In that respect, we can all be connected through song. In the faceless age of our digital world, it's important to keep these human connections alive and thriving. I believe songs have the power to do precisely that.

It is common belief that songs float around in the air. They live somewhere up in the atmosphere and attach themselves to those who are willing to extend their antennas. They are like birds; smooth and graceful, ever wary of human hands.

If you are fortunate enough to catch the elusive songbird, you must not merely stroke her feathers. You must feed her. You must nourish her. Eventually, you must set her free, so that she may sing proudly for all.

Humbly,
Jackie Greene
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