

## ISIS Records

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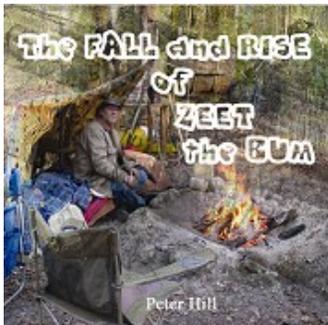
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## ALBUM INFORMATION



# The FALL and RISE of ZEET the BUM

The album tells the story of 'Zeet', a guitar hero who hits the road to become a rock star, finds fame and happiness in the Florida Keys before drugs ruin his dreams and leave him down and out. With love for guitar music as his saving grace, Zeet returns home to find himself again and rises to stardom once more, but stronger, older and wiser this time.

With no less than seventeen of Pete's own songs ranging in styles from Jimmy Buffet through to Metallica and everything in-between, the album was recorded in the Biggleswade studio during August and September this year and features a host of local musicians supporting Pete.

### Track Listing:

- |                                  |                           |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Social Vine                   | 10. Forcin' my Broom      |
| 2. Trying to Get Off the On-Ramp | 11. Nuclear Powered Blues |
| 3. Zeet the Bum                  | 12. Home Invasion         |
| 4. Dedication                    | 13. Hitch a Ride          |
| 5. Captain Uncle John            | 14. Livin' Lovin'         |
| 6. Missed Again                  | 15. The One and the Two   |
| 7. The Three and Three           | 16. Mashed Potatoes       |
| 8. Dog Damn Day                  | 17. Brother               |
| 9. I'm on Drugs                  |                           |

## Synopsis:

**Zeet was a God**, a guitar God. Since before he could remember, he was blasting killer licks in his bedroom all hours of night and day. He lived, breathed and craved guitar riffs with young bands. This didn't really make him fit too well in the "*Social Vine*" and it wasn't long before he dropped out at the age of 17 and hit the road to make it as a rock star, or die trying.

**Zeet went South**, because he liked the sun on his back in the day and the stars in a clear sky at night. He hung out with cool people. He was often seen "*Trying to get off of the on-ramp*" hitching from place to place down in the Keys, guitar on back, trying to keep out of trouble with the cops.

**Zeet was a "bum"**, but a cool bum, hanging out with his guitar at parties and making a serious name with the best bands in town. Everyone wanted Zeet to jam with them so they could be cool too. Zeet loved the lifestyle, he liked being a bum, getting free food and drink just for playing - what a life. He loved the friends who supported him to the hilt and wrote them a "*Dedication*".

**Zeet loved boats** and the sea and if he wasn't tied to his rock-star lifestyle, would have gone to sea with "*Captain Uncle John*". Sometimes he would think of that in the quiet nights and also dream of the girlfriend he had left far behind and wonder if he had "*Missed Again*" in life. Things usually came in "*Three's*" to Zeet, guitar licks, girls and bad luck.

**Zeet sank deep** when things took a dive on 9/11, that "*Dog Damn Day*". The spirit left the world for Zeet. The "*Drugs*" he could always handle in his stride had taken over and were killing him and his music and his spirit. His two latest songs "*Forcin my broom*" and "*Nuclear Powered Blues*" failed to make it.

**Zeet was a pariah**, shunned by the friends who had pumped him up just to see him fall. Deserted, Zeet resorts to dumpster-diving for scraps up and down the old dirt boulevard and is hurt escaping a "*Home Invasion*". Under a lonely bridge, Zeet has given up on life. A trucker stops and Zeet hears a bootleg of "*Social Vine*" on the cabs radio - It's a Sign! His lifeblood courses through his veins. Zeet remembers how free he was in those early days and "*Hitches a Ride*" back North to find himself again. He can do it. He finds his old band still gigging and guests with them, rocking on "*Livin Lovin*".

**Zeet is a star again**, but wiser this time. He knows all in life is one thing or the other, just "*The one and the two*". Zeet is clean and has grown. Back with his family for thanksgiving he writes his "*Mashed Potatoes*" hit for the people he loves. He reflects on his lifetime, he thinks of it as "*The Fall and Rise of Zeet the Bum*" and writes "*Brother*" can you help me.

**What's next for Zeet?** – Watch this space.

## The Artist:

Peter Hill (Also Known As "Jam Dude") lives in the Tampa Bay area of the USA. Pete is a full-time songwriter, musician and entertainer of outstanding quality. Pete has played guitar since before he can remember and honed his skills in various hard-hitting rock outfits before concentrating on his solo career. All songs written and performed by Peter Hill, and ..

## Project Credits:

		
Aiden Davey – Drums, Congas and percussion	Gemma Erskin – Backing vocals	Peter Hill – Vocals, Guitars & Compositions.
		
Barbera Burton - Accordian	Julian Hirst – Drums	Phil Banks – Artwork
		
Bob Goodwin – Synths, Mix and Mastering	Lee Tapper – 7 string guitar	Roger Banks – Bass, Recording and Mixing



Charlie Luscombe –  
Ebow guitar



Mark Johns – keyboards



Sallyanne Scarbrow -  
Vocals and backing



Gemma Batt – Backing  
vocals



Neil Mapletoft - Trumpet



Sandra Grant – Tenor  
sax, Alto sax, Flute



Vycki Leptourgos –  
Photography



Custom Sound Studio -  
Recording



iSiS Records – The Label

## **Producers Notes:**

"The FALL and RISE of ZEET the BUM" involved a good deal of hard work from many people. The tracks cover a wide range of musical styles and sounds, which presented a greater challenge than most CD projects.

The fact that the album depicts a story (through its presentation of no less than 17 songs) was part of the creative challenge and led us to incorporate some peculiar nuances into the tracks. So these notes will explain some of the rationale for these.

Pete presented his songs to us as guitar-and-vocal-based recordings with guide bass and drums using his own production ideas wherever possible. Pete gave us many recorded layers to work with, using both acoustic and electric guitars on all tracks. A variety of guitar types and sounds including various Stratocaster, 335 and 12 string models was included.

The sequence of tracks on the CD was chosen to mirror the story of Zeet's fall and rise. As such we wanted the first part of the album to convey the happy, party, carefree, beach times. At the same time, the mood of the first track is critical to the listener's immediate perception of the album and determines how the rest will be received by them. So we aimed for "Social Vine" to provide a good introduction to Pete's mainstream sound, emphasising his guitar and vocal skills on a track that motors along nicely and promises 'more good stuff is on the way'.

We then get into the cheeky, happy feel of the album. These first few tracks pretty much looked after themselves as they took shape. The discerning listener will notice some long distortion guitar tails at the ends of these. Whereas many producers would wish to remove these, we chose to emphasise them as an indicator of Zeet's disturbed alter-ego. These may be happy times but Zeet is heading for self-destruction.

We viewed "Missed Again" as a pivotal track on the album and a chance to illustrate that there was undoubtedly a female perspective on the self-centered life of Zeet. Once more the ending has a purposeful tail-off i.e. "It's OK" – err, but its not really.

Building on the gradually 'more disturbed' theme, we use Sandra's alto sax to good effect in the undercurrent of "The Three and Three". Taking us into the darker part of the album where the drugs lead to Zeet's decline. Far from making "I'm on Drugs" deep and dark however, we chose to keep it upbeat in order to signify the sense of false well-being that accompanies the drug abuse.

We then move into a part of the album that seems to get rather stuck in the mud for a few tracks. This was a purposeful move on our part to signify Zeet's struggle to get out of the rut and realize he has to change his life.

In the run-up to the end of the album we then treat "Livin Lovin" and "The One and The Two" as typical rock tracks. We then come full-circle to happy party times again with "Mashed Potatoes".

"Brother" was always likely to be the signature track for the album in one form or another. Pete had written such a versatile song, that the challenge was always going to be choosing how to treat it. We had recorded several guides in different styles and tempo's which provided a wide range of material to work with. We decided to go with 'disturbed' again because it fitted with the whole album concept. The track is purposefully created to be subtly difficult to listen to, with the ebow, sax, synths and open hi-hat providing a mixture of bitter and sweet.

Our special thanks to all the contributors on the project. We could not have done it without you all.

Hope you enjoy it.

Bob and Roger.  
[www.isis-records.co.uk](http://www.isis-records.co.uk)

For more information please visit our website [www.isis-records.co.uk](http://www.isis-records.co.uk) or Email [sales@isis-records.co.uk](mailto:sales@isis-records.co.uk)

Roger Banks & Bob Goodwin, ISIS Records

## Social vine

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Roger Banks: Bass

Just trying to get ahead in this social vine  
I feel some day I'm going to run out of time  
Always get into the same old bind  
I'm losing my mind in this social vine

Seventeen I left my home  
I stuck my thumb out and I hit the road  
Nobody told me that I'd be living alone  
This social vine will cut you right to the bone

23 years I've busted my ass  
whole lotta work for just a little bit a cash  
ain't no use of us all living in the past  
this social vine will kick you right in the ass

45 years I'm still standing today  
all this time and I still love to play  
ya I know some day we'll all pass away  
this social vine will send me right to the grave

## Trying to get off of the on ramp

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Bob Goodwin: Synths, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals,  
Neil Mapletoft: Trumpet, Roger Banks: Bass, Sandra Grant: Alto Sax.

Trying to get off the on ramp  
Not far police cars will watch me  
At night I just try to make camp  
I know this, I know that, I know this you see  
'cus I'm a bum (he's a bum)  
having fun (in the island sun)  
and I'll come when I want to come and  
I'll do what I want to, I want to be dreaming now.....

Standing at the on ramp I day dream  
Of islands and sunshine and blue sea  
Some day I will own a sailboat  
I'll come here I'll go there I'll do what I please  
I'll have fun (he'll have fun)  
In the sun (in the island sun)  
I'll be one (yes and he'll be one)  
With the surf, and the sun, and the women will come  
Alright now

Some day I'll probably get married  
To some girl I met in the keys  
Then she will probably divorce me  
She'll take all my money and I'll be a bum  
Just a bum (he's a bum)  
Having fun (in the island sun)  
And I'll come,.. when I want to come  
And I'll do what I want to, I want to be dreaming,  
I know that it's true, because I'm just a bum ay-e-ya

## **Zeet the bum**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Roger Banks: Bass.

Well I'm  
Zeet the bum, would you like to mu mu mu mu meet the bum  
Zeet the bum, won't you come on, won't you come along and meet the bum

Cus' I'm zeet (he's a bum) that's right, I said I'm having fun in the island sun  
And you know that I got no special place to go  
So if you really wanna see me take a walk down the road, ay-e-ya

Zeet the bum, would you like to mu mu mu mu meet the bum  
Zeet the bum, won't you come on, won't you come along and meet the bum

Ya I'm up I'm down, I said I'm all over town,  
there ain't no body gunna give me a frown  
I'm sittin' cool happy as can be,  
Sippin' my drink under a coconut tree ay-e-ya

Zeet the bum, would you like to mu mu mu mu meet the bum  
Zeet the bum, won't you come on, won't you come along and meet the bum

Zeet the bum X - 9

## **Dedication**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Mark Johns:  
Keyboards, Roger Banks: Bass, Sandra Grant: Tenor sax.

This is just a dedication, to all my friends with recollections of old keywest  
Casa marina and Donnie sailing into the sun  
Shane showed up with his friend zeet the bum  
We all agreed that Donnie should have won

This is just a dedication, to those who gave me inspiration to write these songs  
And I'd like to thank you everyone  
Cus' I'm really having so much fun  
Give me another drink of rum

This is just a little warning, for those of you who have a yearning, to hit the road  
You see I've been there time again  
And that long long road it has no end  
And all the time I was looking for a friend

This is just a dedication, to all my friends with recollections of old keywest  
Casa marina and Donnie sailing into the sun  
Shane showed up with his friend zeet the bum  
We all agreed that Donnie should have won

## **Captain Uncle John**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Barbera Burton: Accordion, Roger Banks: Bass.

There once was a captain, a great sailor man  
Sailed on the water, got drunk on the land  
Walking the wharf with his bottle of rum  
Ye all give an argh for captain uncle john  
Argh.....

Well he loves his lobster, and misses his horse  
But without his rum, yes he'd surely be lost  
To ol'e booth bay harbour he brought everyone  
So let's all give an argh for capt. Uncle john  
Argh.....

Everybody's aboard, the anchor is weighed  
In a couple of cottages, everyone stayed  
Too many names to sing in this song  
Ay ya all give an argh for capt. Uncle john  
Argh.....  
Argh.....

Well it's time to go home now, the ship has set sail  
And to everyone I will send an e-mail  
With all of the pictures, and my one little song  
So let's all give an argh, for capt. Uncle john  
Ya let's all give an argh, for capt. Uncle john  
Argh.....  
Argh.....

## **Missed again**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Bob Goodwin: Synths, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Roger Banks: Bass,  
Sallyanne Scarbrow: Lead Vocal.

Oh lord the times, we were apart  
My dreams slipped my mind, but it's really part  
And the times between us, sounds so far  
I wasted all my precious time, chasing a fleeting star

I missed again, I know I've been mistaken  
But that's ok, yeah.....

Little horses they talk to me, in the middle of the night  
Walking over a solid sheet of, really thin ice  
I guess I missed it one more time, my chance I thought I could breath again  
I'll just keep moving on, keep moving on my friend

I missed again, I know I've been mistaken  
But that's ok, yeah.....

I missed again, I know I've been mistaken  
But that's ok, oh, kay.....

## **Three and the Three**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Roger Banks: Bass, Sandra Grant: Alto sax and Flute.

oh my God, I've missed again, help me now cus' you're my only friend  
too many foot prints lying in the sand, on a journey to a place where I've been  
I remember all the things that I did, now I find that this is, just the end of all we're doing

Follow me to, another place, where beauty isn't just another face  
Freedom's using you for, just in case, just in case you fall and  
Wanna get up, in case you have a chance in passing the cup. And if you ever wanna  
Be a part of something special, yea

Pray to God you're not the, only one, who has to get up early, ever morn  
To catch a ride some where you've, never gone,  
you can always take a ride on the bus, or catch an early train to miss all the fuss  
and just be happy that you're not alone and on the road like meeeeeee

## **Dog damn**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Roger Banks: Bass.

It was a dog damn day from hell  
It was the hottest day since the big city fell  
And all of the people remember  
When the sun didn't shine, life was unkind  
And dust and debris and the ones left behind

And it's happened again  
One more time for the history man  
Write it all down, don't miss a word  
Don't you forget what you've seen and you heard

What if this really's the end  
And there's no one left to remember again  
All is gone, darkness upon  
The face of the earth, so the spirit moves on and on

It was a dog damn day from hell  
It was the hottest day since the big city fell  
And all of the people remember  
When the sun didn't shine, life was unkind  
And dust and debris and the ones left behind

What if this really's the end  
And there's no one left to remember again  
All is gone, darkness upon  
The face of the earth, so the spirit moves on and on

## **Forcing my broom**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Roger Banks: Bass.

Well I'd love to come right in and sit right down  
Cus' I got no special place to, hang around, around  
'round 'round and 'round 'round 'round try to take for a ride  
I'll be hanging in around your room  
Sneaking out, forcing my broom to fly

Well I'm, forcing my broom to fly, yes I'm, forcing my broom to fly,  
yes I'm, forcing my broom to fly, yes I'm, for---cing my--self  
up off this chair, try to figure out what is wrong  
will you be still in the night when I get,  
back from the fight with the wall

some times the sun don't shine, some time the moon ain't mine  
some times the seas are rough, some time my dog will bark  
and she'll say to me, come along and play with me  
throw my sandals, into the sea  
well will you come along with me, if I tell you that you're special  
guess I will, I said I guess I will, to---night.....

uh-yeah

## **Nuclear Powered Blues**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Mark Johns:  
Keyboards, Roger Banks: Bass, Sallyanne Scarbrow: Backing vocals.

Oh no----- I'm shaking in my shoes  
Got nuclear, powered blues  
So if you're shaking in your shoes  
I guess you got, the nuclear powered blues

Oh no----- my skin is turning green  
Open up your eyes sucker see what I mean  
The world is shaking in there shoes  
I guess they got, the nuclear powered blues

Oh no----- the world keeps spinning 'round  
Take a look, the sky is falling down  
We all are, shaking in are shoes  
I guess we got, the nuclear powered blues

## **Home invasion**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Roger Banks: Bass.

Oh my God, I was at home ya asleep like a log  
When some noise come a waking my dog,  
I jumped from bed lord to see what it was  
Jumped to the window and good good lordy, what did I see  
A dirty man with a magazine, his gun a pointed at me

And the whole damn worlds just come undone  
I pray to god and I know I'm not the only one  
I hope the man some day he say's here I come

Listen here, I had a thought while I was drinking a beer  
The universe is both far and near,  
Seems at each end you get kicked in the rear  
Got my soul up in outer space, got a man in my head  
I better come down to earth some day and get my daily bread

And the whole damn worlds just come undone  
I pray to god and I know I'm not the only one  
I hope the man some day he say's here I come

And the whole damn worlds just come undone  
I pray to god and I know I'm not the only one  
I hope the man some day he say's here I come

Oh my God  
Oh my God  
Oh my God

## **Hitch a ride**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Mark Johns:  
Keyboards, Roger Banks: Bass.

Once I had an open road to travel on  
Hitched a ride into the night I'm gone  
My destiny is to travel all alone  
I don't I really wanna be here, it's getting late  
The driver turned and asked my now, is this your fate  
I said no

Tunes in my head I started banging on the dash board  
The driver turn and asked me is this your last word  
The only thing I thought of was man this guy was a nerd  
I don't think I really wanna be here, it's getting late  
Bad juju flying all around me now, I'm in an awful state  
I'm in awful state

Now I'm on the road and my past is just behind me  
Try to move ahead and forget this bad dream  
The only thing that matters is how I'm still clean  
Now I really think I can be here, it's not too late  
Bad juju's all behind me now, and I think it's great  
I think that's great

## Livin lovin

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Julian Hirst: Drums, Mark Johns:  
Keyboards, Roger Banks: Bass, Sallyanne Scarbrow: Backing vocals.

Hey there \_\_\_\_\_ looking at me  
There's mud in my hair and blood on my knees  
Scraping, scraping for what I can get  
Working, slaving breaking my back  
It's all over but the bill isn't paid  
I don't care cus' it's good for today

Livin' lovin' (Livin' lovin') I still keep chugin' (still keep chugin')  
Livin' lovin' (Livin' lovin') I still keep chugin' (still keep chugin') ooh yea.....

Alright everybody hear what I say  
We're all working for the end of the day  
Sweatin', frettin' all of the things  
Working our jobs, thinking of bling  
When it's over ya you all come 'round here  
And let's start working on us all chuggin a beer

Hey there \_\_\_\_\_, now you all know  
How I handle, the ebb and the flow  
Ain't no bitchin gonna save any soul  
From heaven or hell or any place you can go  
So just work it till the end of the day  
And keep chuggin' till we all pass away

## The One and the Two

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Roger Banks: Bass.

lots of people always crying the blues  
walking around in their so sad shoes  
give them a minute see what they do  
I bet they turn around and start singing the blues, to you  
It's the 1 and the 2, to you..... see what their gonna do.....  
With the 1 and the 2

I've been walking on the planet so long  
I been hoping that it wouldn't go on  
Watching people do the things that they do  
Over and over and over and over it's true.....  
It's the 1 and the 2 it's true.....see what there gonna do.....  
With 1 and the 2

I've been places where the weather ain't grand  
Happy just to have a place I can stand  
Other people never lending a hand  
Turning there backs and just stand and just stand is it you...  
It's the 1 and the 2..... It's you..... see what you're gonna do  
With the 1 and the 2

I've been walking on the planet so long  
I been hoping that it wouldn't go on  
Watching people do the things that they do  
Over and over and over and over it's true.....  
It's the 1 and the 2 it's true.....see what there gonna do.....  
With 1 and the 2

## **Mashed potatoes**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Gemma Batt: Backing vocals, Gemma Erskin: Backing vocals, Julian Hirst: Drums, Mark Johns:  
Keyboards, Roger Banks: Bass, Sandra Grant: Tenor sax.

Well it's thanksgiving, gonna have us turkey  
I said it's thanksgiving, gonna have us turkey ya  
Uh-mmmmmmm- mashed potatoes and gravy

Got my paper plate, plastic spoon got my little napkin guess what I,m gonna do now

it's thanks giving, gonna have us turkey  
I said it's thanks giving, gonna have us turkey ya  
Uh-mmmmmmm- mashed potatoes and gravy

Merry Christmas, happy new year, if you wanna eat some turkey better come over here

it's thanks giving, gonna have us turkey  
I said it's thanks giving, gonna have us turkey ya  
Uh-mmmmmmm- mashed potatoes and gravy

Got my paper plate, plastic spoon got my little napkin guess what I,m gonna do now

it's thanks giving, gonna have us turkey  
I said it's thanks giving, gonna have us turkey ya  
Uh-mmmmmmm- mashed potatoes and gravy

Uh-mmmmmmm- mashed potatoes and gravy

Uh-mmmmmmm- mashed potatoes and gravy

## **Brother**

Written and performed by Peter Hill vocals and guitars, with:  
Aiden Davey: Drums, Bob Goodwin: Synths, Charlie Luscombe: Ebow guitar, Lee Tapper: 7 string guitar,  
Roger Banks: Bass, Sandra Grant: Tenor sax and Alto sax.

Stone cold and sober, that's how I used to be  
Drunk and disordered, that's what became of me  
Now it's all over, now it's all history  
Brother can you help me understand  
Brother can you help me find the man

Tossed by the wayside, people forgetting me  
Stranded in my eye, that's for beholders to see  
We're living like statues, standing like olden trees  
Brother can you help me understand  
Brother can you help me find the man  
Brother can you help my misery  
Help me find the man I used to be

Knights in a forest, waiting for kingdoms to be  
For ever and ever, standing there endlessly  
Living their last days, fulfilling their destiny  
Brother can you help me understand  
Brother can you help me find the man

Stone cold and sober, that's how I used to be  
Drunk and disordered, that's what became of me  
Now it's all over, now it's all history  
Brother can you help me understand  
Brother can you help me find the man  
Brother can you help my misery  
Help me find the man I used to be