

BENJAMIN MYERS
SINGER. SONGWRITER.





ABOUT BENJAMIN MYERS

Born in the United States and raised in Spain, Benjamin Myers' background is as diverse as his music. Blending folk, acoustic, and indie, his songs impact the heart and intrigue the mind, covering the emotional spectrum from love and loss to hope and forgiveness. As a designer, Benjamin recently shifted his focus from the corporate world to his first devotion...the guitar.

In 2009, Benjamin released eleven of his original songs on his first solo album, *Colorblind*. Having written songs in English, Spanish and German, Benjamin's music captures the essence of his extensive cultural experience. Now based in San Diego, he has completed more than 40 original songs since 2008. His music is clean, fresh, and above all, insightful.





BENJAMIN MYERS PERFORMING LIVE

“Empty Your Pockets”

PRODUCED BY BENJAMIN MYERS, 2009

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0YFCWpQJomE>

“Memories”

LIVE AT BUFFALO BROTHERS, SAN DIEGO

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0VkOY-3NJJu8>

“Tell Me Why”

LIVE AT E STREET CAFE, SAN DIEGO

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iyq4OHBfnlg>

“Little Girl, Little Girl”

LIVE AT E STREET CAFE, SAN DIEGO

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QEG4VPTfcGw>

SAMPLE LYRICS

GOODBYE

Oh, here we go again, whispers of malfunction
Contaminate the air as I breathe in
And now, pretending to be different,
uniqueness your disguise
You only want to live on the outside

Someday you will see the light
As the scales peel off from your eyes
But until that day arrives
Please forgive me as I waive and say
goodbye

So let's talk about seclusion as you put
me in a box
Inclusion could be dangerous
It could break your train of thought
Ubiquitous opinions, can't you taste the
rust?
Rips of thread that form a lattice straight
into your thoughts

Someday you will see the light
As the scales peel off from your eyes
But until that day arrives
Please forgive me as I waive and say
goodbye

Goodbye.....goodbye.....goodbye.....
goodbye

GET THROUGH

There you go, nothing is going to stop you
And there I go, trailing right behind you
Cause all I want to do is hold you in the
morning
But all you want to do is worry about
tomorrow

Someday I'll get through,
I'll get through to you
Someday I'll get through to you
I swear I'll get through

There I go, as if it never happened
And there you go, asking for forgiveness
Cause all you want to do is tell me that
your sorry
But all I tend to do is tell you not to worry

Someday I'll get through,
I'll get through to you
Someday I'll get through to you
I swear I'll get through

I swear I'll get through
I swear I'll get through

And there we go, there we go
Nothing is going to stop us

SPEECHLESS

Contorted thoughts making rivers in my
mind
Running through the maze of my desires
Put a filter on my heart, catch them let
them drown
I don't need them where I'm going
I don't need them where I'm going

Pour water on my soul
Black and gray collide
I'm speechless one more time
Pour water on my soul
Impurities aside
I'm speechless one more time

Can't help but notice a translation is
required
I used to know the language, I guess it's
been a while
Shades of white forming shadows I can
hide
I am speechless one more time
I am speechless one more time

Pour water on my soul
Black and gray collide
I'm speechless one more time
Pour water on my soul
Impurities aside
I'm speechless one more time

SIMPLY BENJAMIN MYERS

By Marlise Kast

Tapping his feet to a drum-less song, Benjamin Myers runs his fingers up and down the neck of his custom made Angus. The guitar's body shows signs of merciless strumming, although if you ask the artist, he'll tell you that finger-picking is his forte. It's a small crowd at the bar, no more than forty in the room. The sugary scent of watermelon and rose waft through the air, colliding with visions of troubled youth puffing on hookahs. They are too young to appreciate talent, even if it were packed into a bowl and smoked to powdery ash.

Hollow conversations and nervous laughter drown out the musician who is blocked by passing waitresses and clouds of exhalation. Oddly enough, Benjamin doesn't give a shit. He closes his eyes, taking pleasure in his own creations. A manager from the bar motions the singer to bring it down a notch, claiming his music clashes with the Persian pop in the neighboring room. With a polite nod, Benjamin waits for the man to exit and then turns up the sound.

"This next song is called 'Speechless'," Benjamin tells the crowd. In Nick Drake fashion, he plucks the strings, harmonizing multiple notes as if two guitars are on stage simultaneously. Like poetry, his lyrics speak of, "contorted thoughts making rivers in my mind, running through the maze of my desires." Commotion in the room briefly fades as he hits the bridge, a bold gypsy-like-cry unique to his style.

The song ends and a couple immediately approaches the stage. They buy his CD and tell him they're on vacation from Spain. Benjamin's voice echoes into the mic, "No jodas tio!" (Spanish slang for "You're fucking with me dude") Their body language suddenly relaxes, taking on a united-by-culture form of communication. They compliment his music and tell him he should be opening for Jack Johnson. Benjamin laughs. They do not.

That night, the singer leaves the bar smiling, for the simple fact he touched someone with his music. At 32 years of age, live performances are still relatively fresh for this experimental artist. Until 2008, he had been working professionally as a graphic designer, creating brand identities for everyone from Honda to reality shows. Prior to the economic downturn, he served as Art Director for a start-up television network that went bankrupt in October 2008. The involuntary change gave Benjamin the opportunity to shift his focus from the corporate world to that of his first devotion, the guitar.

In 2009, the San Diego-local wrote nearly 40 original songs covering the spectrum from love and loss to hope and forgiveness. Paying his dues, he started hitting the open-mic circuit, playing three times a week for nothing more than compliments and stage-time. In the first six months, he attracted some 400+ Facebook fans as well as invites to perform at local venues including Brick by Brick, O'Connells, and Swedenborg Hall.

From a pool of 200 other Singer/Songwriters, he made it to the top five in the 2009 So Cal Music Live Competition. As a designer by trade, Benjamin understands the importance of branding. Always dressed in Italian boots and black jeans, he has a European-style that makes women flirt, men jealous and gay men cry.

Raised in Spain, schooled in Germany, and living in California, Benjamin's background is as diverse as his music. At three months of age, he was uprooted from Texas to Africa where his parents planned to serve as missionaries. Other than his blood-curdling cries, Benjamin was unable to communicate for the first few years of his life.

"There was a lot of violence and political unrest in Zimbabwe where we lived," he explains. "I was horribly sick as a child and some people believed a demonic spirit was attacking me. My parents begged God for a miracle."

In an attempt to cure their son, the family moved from Africa to Spain where he was raised with his three younger siblings. By the time he was five, Benjamin had not only learned to talk, but he was bilingual. Speaking English in the home and Spanish at school, he embraced the culture now reflected in such songs as "Bonita" and "We Lied," a tribute to his brother about growing up in Spain. In between Sangrias and cigarettes, the young rebel picked up a love for the guitar at the age of 17.

SIMPLY BENJAMIN MYERS CONTINUED

By Marlise Kast

"Ben used to study my fingers whenever I played at church," recalls his father David Myers. "The day I gave him my guitar, it was like he was instantly hooked. We didn't have money to pay for lessons, and we never pressured him to become a great musician. He simply played because that's what he wanted to do."

Claiming spiritual burnout, the family left Spain in 1996 and headed to Seattle with no intention of turning back. Although American-born, Benjamin suffered culture shock and looked for an escape from the United States. After graduating from high school, he moved to Germany where he attended Bible college and later managed the school's music team. It was there that he wrote 25 original songs (some in German), many of which were recorded and licensed by the school.

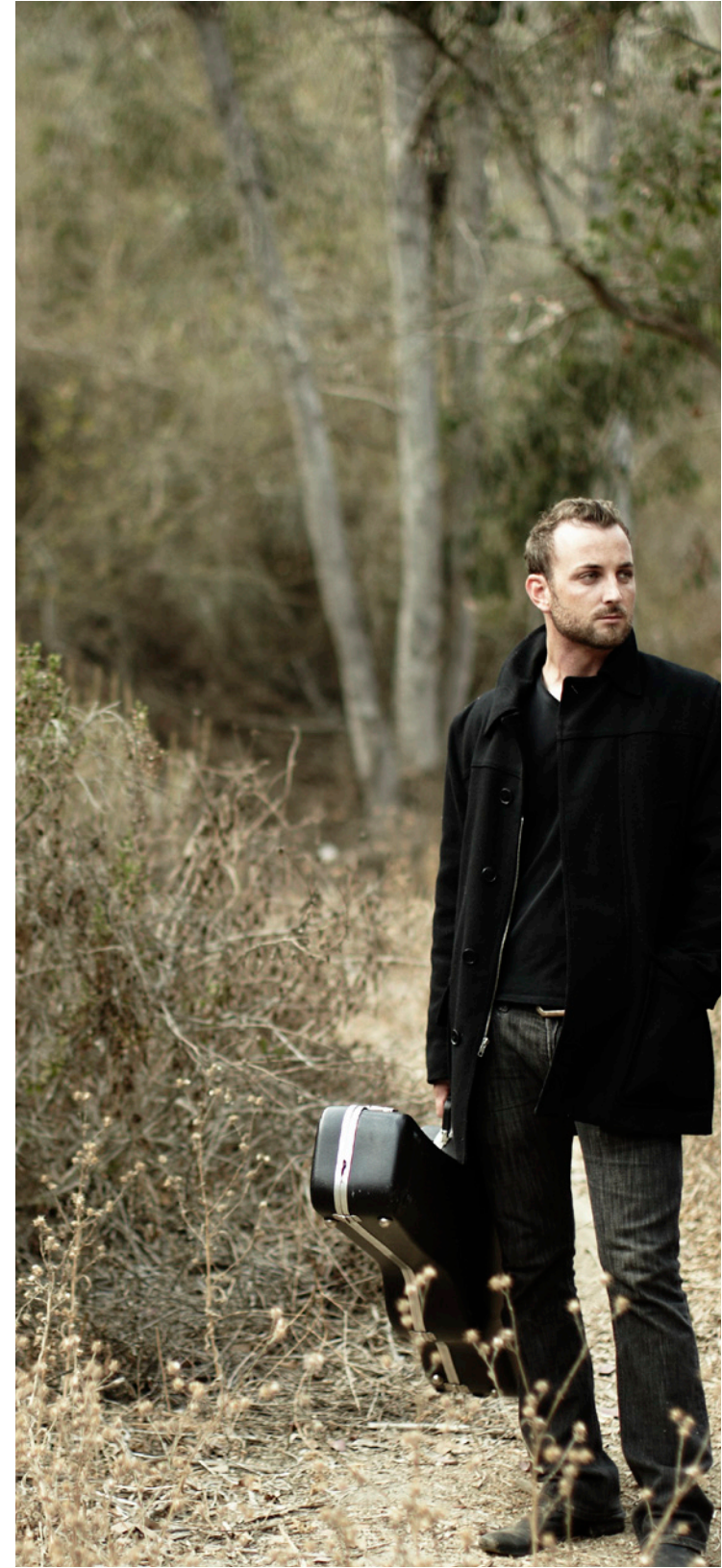
"I look back at that time as a key part of my musical training," he says. "It was there that I really started experimenting with sounds and rhythms, and was able to write parts for other instruments. Sometimes when I play solo gigs now, I can hear the drums and bass kick in, and then a cello or maybe a violin. It's frustrating because I know what my music could be if I had the resources."

In December 2009, the songwriter finally had a taste of collaborating with other artists. He laid down several tracks with acclaimed drummer Rock Deadrick who has performed with such artists as Ben Harper, Tracy Chapman and Kenny

Loggins. With help from producer Sid Greenbaum, they recorded Benjamin's first solo album, *Colorblind*. Blending folk, acoustic and indie, the album features eleven of his original tracks written in English and Spanish. Nearly every song is movie-soundtrack material and has the annoying quality of getting stuck in your head.

To this day, Benjamin cannot read music, nor will he ever play covers. His style is beautifully unclassifiable, making it difficult to pinpoint his influences or group him with a specific artist. You may notice a hint of Iron and Wine sprinkled with a bit of Dave Matthews, but probably not. Each song is completely unique from the last, as if written by a different mind. His goal he says, is not to be a famous singer, but rather to be a published songwriter whose music can be used to impact the world. Soaked in emotion, his lyrics offer a profound depth that is lacking in much of today's mass-produced artists. Benjamin Myers is what music used to be.

"Someone recently told me my music is reminiscent of Simon and Garfunkle," he admits. "I'd like to think that one day, my music will simply be reminiscent of 'Benjamin Myers'." †





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