



ENTRE *Marta* CADA *Gómez* PALABRA

María Mulata

(Lando, Peruvian rhythm)

To Natalia y Camila for letting me be with them the first time they saw the sea.

In the city of Santa Marta, in the northern coast of Colombia there is a little black bird that everybody calls "María Mulata". The bird itself is very shiny and beautiful except for one thing: she will steal your food in an instant when you look away. This is the story of María Mulata.

Doña Luisa

(Chamame, Argentinean rhythm)

In my song "El pueblo" I briefly mentioned the story of three regular people of any Colombian town: Don Chucho the tailor, Don Pepe the fisher man, and Doña Luisa, the woman who dances and sings collecting the coffee in the mountains. I fell in love with this character and I thought she would like to have her own song; and so that is how "Doña Luisa" was born.

De Amarillo Se Viste La Tarde (The Afternoon Dresses In Yellow)

(Vals, Peruvian rhythm)

To Hernando and Lucy Tejada.

The most clear and real memory of Cali, the city where I grew up, is the yellow color of the sky at 6 pm. It was precisely at that time when the wind started to blow, preparing the city for the night, that was always full of music. The yellow of the sky matched perfectly with another strong memory of my childhood: a big bronze cat sculpture made by one of my favorite artists: "Hernando Tejada". He and his sister Lucy, also an incredible painter, took Cali as their main inspiration for their wonderful art. Now it is my turn to pick up those memories to make this song as my homage to them.

Mar Adentro, despacito (The Sea Inside, Slowly)

(Flamenco, spanish rhythm)

Inspired by the spanish movie "The sea inside" directed by Alejandro Amenabar and masterly acted by Javier Bardem. dedicated to the life and joy of Ramon Sampedro who lived tetrapleijic for 26 years. They say a moon is tangled in your hair but somehow my fingers just can't take it away. It's just that I have the sea inside, inside my chest, perhaps that is why it's so hard for me to breathe. I walk slowly inside the sea without touching the sand...I wake up inside the sea trying to find a way to touch your voice, to touch your scent...but I can't. I think I feel the sun right here, warming my body, perhaps that's why it's so heard for me to wake up. I think I see the sea, the sea behind the mountain but why is it so hardfor me to find?

Casi (Almost)

(Bambuco, Colombian rhythm)

Almost imperceptible is the look of your eyes when you pass by the corner of my soul.

Almost suddenly goes my smile after your shadow without stepping on it; and almost, you run away. Almost my solitude is accompanied by your presence. But that "almost" is never enough for me.

Un Pedacito De Tu Amor (A Piece Of Your Love)

(Ranchera, Mexican rhythm)

Imagine a hot night in a Mexican town, imagine you are madly in love and had a little too much tequila and then you are ready to give your first serenata to the woman you love, ideally with a group of mariachis, but a trio of boleros will do fine as well, depending on how nice her father is. You will try to find the right window and close your eyes to find your tune as you sing "I will give you the sea and the sky if you give me a star, I will give you the whole world if you promise me you will be my least try, to love me back. You don't have to love me all the way, just a tiny bit of your love is enough for me."

¿Quién Se acordará? (Who Will Remember?)

(Candombe feel, Rhythm from Uruguay)

This is the story of a man who works cutting sugar cane every day, as many men and women do in the world. He wakes up very early, when it's still dark, and walks many miles to the fields. He prefers singing and counting stars than thinking why he is there and what happened to his dreams, or asking himself: "who will remember me"?

Esta Linda La Mar (Beautiful Is The Sea)

(Cumbia, Colombian rhythm)

To my aunt Olga Cecilia and my nieces Natalia and Camila. When I was a little girl, my aunt Cecy gave me a poem written by Ruben Dario called "A Margarita Debayle". I loved it so much that I learned it by heart and it has been in my memory all these years. Now that I am an aunt myself, I can feel that beautiful way of loving that can only exist between an aunt and her niece. Based on that poem I composed this song for them.

Lucía

(Son, Cuban rhythm)

To Lucia Sabarros, my 9 year old friend and to the city of Tucuman when it slept each day during the siesta, so I could go visit her. When everybody is taking the siesta and the night is getting closer I will come to be with you Lucia, to sing with you, Lucia, I will come. When everything suddenly changes, and your world spins slower, I will come to tell you Lucia, a story, Lucia, I will come. When the cold hugs you strongly, and winter looks right at your face, I will come to sing to you, Lucia, to hug you Lucia, I will come.

Negríto (Little Black Boy)

(Torlada llanera & joropo feel, Venezuelan rhythms)

This is the story of a little black boy who painted his face all white thinking he would have a better life as a white boy. The night comes and he regrets his decision when he looks him self in the mirror and as he can not take the painting out he regrets wanting to be someone else.

Cielito Lindo

(Ranchera, Mexican rhythm)

This is a traditional Mexican song that has been sung by many singers in many languages and does not seem to grow older with time. I knew this song for many years and until very recently I decided to give it a try and do my own version of it. It was only when I made it mine that I discovered the real beauty behind "Cielito Lindo" and I finally understood why it is so well known around the world. Cielo was also the name of my grandmother and this is my gift to her.

Como Un Secreto (Like A Secret)

(Rococho, Franco's rhythm)

I keep you hidden in my voice, like a kiss. I give you my hug like a gesture, I offer you my dream, like a night, like a secret. I let myself rain like a cloud, fall like the rain, get lost like an instant, like a secret. I offer you the whisper of the sea and the death of the wind. I give you the smell of the sun and the whistle of a tale, I offer you my ear and in one word, I give you my silence, like a secret

Entre Cada Palabra (Between Each Word)

(Zamba, Argentinean rhythm)

To Franco

There is a silence hidden between each word we say, between each laugh and each song. Some people think we waste our lives on those silences. I actually believe that those moments are what life is made of.

Peccito De Agua (Little Fresh Water Fish)

(Cumbia, Colombian rhythm)

To Gloria for giving me the idea to write this song. Those that live close to a river know that no one can keep a secret better than the river itself. When you tell something to the water, it gets lost in the stream and no one else is there to hear it. No one, except for the little fresh water fish that lives in its borders. He hears your secrets and puts them in his scales, one by one, and takes them far away.

Thanks

-I would like to thank the musicians for playing and singing so wonderfully: Fer, Julio, Franco, Ale, Manolito, Yulita, Evan and Anat: I will always be grateful to you!

-I also want to thank Chesky Records for trusting in my music once again and for giving me so much freedom to work.

-Thanks to John and Adriana Rojas for their friendship and help translating these words.

-To Betto Arcos for his help and advice.

-To my friend Gustavo Carvajal for being an inspiration in my life.

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-To Augusto Salinas, Leah Miller, Alejandro Ussa and Paola Castillo for being a huge part of this project.

-To Tracy Mann and Mark Gartenberg at MG Limited for their wonderful friendship and hard work.

-A Glorita Loaiza por tanto, tanto amor.

-A Flora Rengifo, como siempre

I dedicate this music to the love I feel from Franco, from my parents, my brothers, my nieces, my friends and my family (both in Argentina and Colombia): This is my way to love you back.

A percentage from the sales of this album will go to Marta's foundation "Agua Dulce" to help Colombian children.

All Songs composed by Marta Gomez, ALUNA World Music / Chesky Productions [ASCAP],
(except track #12, by Quirino Mendoza y Cortes)

Credits:

The group:	Special Guests:
Marta Gómez: lead vocals, small percussion and second guitar on #7	Alejandra Ortiz: background vocals
Julio Santillán: guitar, arrangements and background vocals	Evan Harlan: Accordion
Franco Pinna: Drums and percussion	Anat Cohen: Clarinet
Fernando Huergo: electric bass	Recorded at Saint Peters Church NYC Sep12-15, 2005
Yulia Musayelyan: Flute	

Producers: Julio Santillan and David Chesky • Executive Producer: Norman Chesky • Associate producer: Charles Carlini
• Recording, Editing and Mastering Engineer: Nicholas Prout • Second Engineer/production coordinator: Rick Eckerle • Session Assistants: Milton Ruiz and Matt Epstein • Project Director: Lisa J. Marks • Production Assistants: Matthew Epstein and Lisa Hershfield • Art Director: • Alejandro Ussa • All Pictures by Leah Miller and Augusto Salinas • painting by Andrea Paola Castillo®

Yo le canto al silencio.

I sing to the silence

A ese silencio que existe

that exists

entre cada palabra que sale
de mi boca.

between each word that comes out

of my mouth.

Le canto al silencio,

I sing to the silence

porque es allí donde se esconde

because it is there where my voice is hidden,

mi voz, y la voz de quien no

as are the voices of those who can't sing

Sabe o no puede cantar

or don't know how to do it

Marta

CHESKY

PALABRA
CADA
Gómez

Marta
ENTRE

JD301

- 1. Maria Mulata 3:29
- 2. Doña Luisa 2:57
- 3. De Amarillo se viste la tarde 3:32
- 4. Mar Adentro, despacito 4:56
- 5. Casi 3:34
- 6. Un pedacito de tu amor 3:42
- 7. ¿Quién se acordará? 3:55
- 8. Está Linda la Mar 3:35
- 9. Lucía 4:31
- 10. Negrito 3:43
- 11. Cielito Lindo 3:57
- 12. Como un Secreto 3:08
- 13. Entre Cada Palabra 4:44
- 14. Pececito de agua 4:19
- Total Time: 58:00



Producers: Julio Santillan and David Chesky
 Executive Producer: Norman Chesky
 Recording Engineer: Nicholas Prout
www.martagomez.com

ALL SONGS COMPOSED BY MARTA GÓMEZ (except #12 BY Quirino Mendoza y Cortés.)

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