

<http://countrymusicnewsinternational.blogspot.de/2013/02/barry-p-foley-rubys-cafe.html>

This was a very difficult album to review. It wasn't that it was lacking in musical talent. It wasn't that it was lacking in poetic lyrics. It wasn't that the various artists on the album didn't correctly complement one another. It wasn't difficult to review because it was missing that special sound battering empty beer bottles at honkytonk bars one night, then raising thousands of hands in the air the next. It wasn't hard to review because the songs didn't perfectly place that hat on my head or put that bull between my legs; not because I couldn't feel that cold wind pushin' as those lonely railroad crossing bells stung my ears; not because I couldn't taste that Puerto Rican Rum burning through my sun drenched body while swingin' in my hammock; not because I couldn't smell those fresh pine needles meshing with the springtime breeze off the Blue Ridge Mountains. Rather, this was a very difficult album to review because it wasn't lacking any of em'. It was a very difficult album to review because I could smell, hear, taste, touch, and feel each and every one of em. That was my empty beer bottle. Those were my hands in the air. That was my pickup truck stopping as the gates dropped and the crossing lights began to flash on that winter night. That was my youth trekking those trails on the Blue Ridge. That was my fifth of Puerto Rican Rum. That was, and still is, my hat tilted forward resting on the bridge of my nose. So that, I it, while swinging amongst the palm shadows

Expecting some blaring guitar and screeching vocals, I prepped my teeth to grind. I assumed the position that I've gotten accustomed to. I sat back, as comfortably as I could, strapped the headphones on, cranked the volume as loud as it could go, and pressed play. Track 1 (*Ruby's Cafe*) began and I braced myself. All of a sudden I felt warped into another world. A world I know all too well. I was transported to the islands; a very nice, mellow, acoustic vibe. The more I listened, the further I became immersed in the story. I found myself meeting a friend at Ruby's Café.

Track 2 (*Down To The Islands*) kept me at the islands with a nice piano, a little calypso, a few shots of tequila, and the bitter understanding that it was just a dream. That cold blizzard of reality painted the streets white with snow. Track 3 (*Mama's Biscuits and Gravy*) brought the aroma of breakfast cooking on a wood stove and momma flashing her cap as captain of the hearth. The fiddle played and began to really bring out the biscuits and gravy, or the deep country of the album. But, this is where the album transforms into a difficult album to review. On Track 4 (*When All Your Dreams Come True*) you believe that you've got it figured out. Just as you think you know what to write, you've found yourself in Texas with a duet. An amazing voice comes in to ask, "What do you do when all your dreams come true?" This just adds much more depth to it all. You realize that these are real tried and true musicians. They've got the blues to prove it

Track 5 (*Never Leaving Texas*) keeps that big Texas country sound. And, like I said just when you think you've got it figured out there is another amazing duet on Track 6. Track 7 is a great tribute to Johnny Cash. The way the bass lays it down you can hear that train running down the tracks. The most incredible tracks on the album are Track 8 and Track 14. Though, Track 12 is another beautiful duet.

The album and the creative artists behind it have incredible skills that'd fit any musical genre. I can't say that I'd suggest it completely because I found myself enjoying the first two tracks better than the rest. Others may listen and thoroughly enjoy the deeper country tracks, and even others may enjoy the duets more. This is simply a difficult album to review because it spans a lifetime or

two (maybe three or four) of stories witnessed along the way. I found it to be put together in segments, and a few of the tracks discredit other singers for just being “record label shows.” It almost saddens me to say that those tracks may have been placed there by the same record labels they seem to stand against. I personally wish they had been left off. But, who knows, maybe even still others would enjoy those tracks. Maybe, and this is just a maybe, they would rather listen to those tracks more than any of the rest.

Jeremy Frost

I thank Mr. Frost for his basically positive review. I don't know him, so it's his honest opinion. He does not know me, because if he did, he would know I'm totally independent of anybody. The Coates Cat Label is just another musician's Label Code...no influence there. I wish he had pointed out, I'm the writer on each of the songs, some better than others. As far as the singers, these are the exact voices on I wanted on each of the songs. In several cases I waited over a year to get their voices on those tracks! I'm delighted that Mr. Frost found two tracks he really liked! There's all my favorites!

barryp