



Closer to the Bone

At the age of 73, country music legend Kris Kristofferson is still capable of producing albums of such a high quality of songwriting, it puts most of modern music to shame. Not just modern country, I mean most of music in general. His songwriting is just as good now as it was when he first released *Silver Tongued Devil and I*, which is one of my favourite albums.

Before I get onto the music I've got to mention how impressed I was with New West's effort with this album. The cover art is fantastic, and the album is boxed in a fold-out cardboard sleeve which also houses a lyrics booklet as well as a neat poster. The biggest surprise was the inclusion of a 8 track live album recorded in Dublin in early 2008. It features a range of songs from classics such as *Why Me*, to more recent tracks from *This Old Road*. It's things like this that make buying the actual CD much more rewarding than downloading.

With a 3 year absence, his voice is even rougher than on *This Old Road*, but I don't think the quality of the music suffers for it. His voice now has a very rustic and reflective style associated with it, which only legendary artists such as Kristofferson can pull off. The songs are personal resemble poetry in their structure and meaning. This is something encapsulated by the title track *Closer to the Bone*. Everything is indeed sweeter closer to the bone.

Many of the songs are mysterious - I don't know exactly what *Sister Sinead* and *Good Morning John* are about, but they're still good songs to listen to. *Hall of Angels* is a very beautiful song - the lyrics glide delicately across the feelings of someone who loses one of their children. I believe the song is dedicated to the lost child of *Eddie Rabbit*.

There is also somewhat of an unofficial song on the album disguised as track 12 but left untitled. It's Kris Kristofferson's very first full song, which he wrote at the age of 11. It's short, but very funny lyrically. If this somehow turned out to be his last album (which it probably won't), that song is the perfect way to end a fulfilling career: a 73 year old man looking back on all the successes and hardships of his life, finally singing the first ever song he wrote, 62 years in the making.