



Deborah Lombardi ~ On the Fringe

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Topic: Reviews

Artist: Deborah Lombardi

CD: On the Fringe

Home: Sound Beach, New York

Style: Country Rock

Quote: "What kept jumping out at me was the solid writing. Lombardi's twangy country/folk/rock songs are packed with vivid imagery, quirky lines, and unexpected descriptions."



By [Jennifer Layton](#)

This is one of those "wow" CDs where I'm faced with an artist who's so talented that I'm not sure where to start. Whenever I get a CD like this, I have to wonder why the artist needs to turn to an indie music site for press. Deborah Lombardi should be touring with the Dixie Chicks. Maybe if we indie writers raise enough chatter, we can get the ball rolling.

What kept jumping out at me was the solid writing. Lombardi's twangy country/folk/rock songs are packed with vivid imagery, quirky lines, and unexpected descriptions. (I want to thank her for including the lyrics with the CD. Plenty of times I snatched up the lyric sheet thinking, did she just say what I think she said?)

From "City Limits": "Somewhere there's a stench of laughter rising." When the town is as dark and dead-end as she describes, I can just smell it. Later, in an attitude-laden ode to a boyfriend with a wandering eye, she avoids the self-pity and goes right for the zingers: "Get a magazine and some privacy if you think that's better than the real thing." We also get a clever point of view in "My Dog's Life," knowing how much healthier she'd be mentally if she just looked at life she way the dog does, with no concept of time and no expectation of love being anything less than unconditional.

Then there's that voice. It grabbed me from the first note and captivated me all the way through. Kinda sweet, kinda husky, very twangy and sensual, with a steel spine beneath. Lombardi tackles a lot of sad topics and memories, but that voice never breaks. There's a bit of bitterness, some nostalgia, a few flashes of anger, but no whining.

If she were only allowed one song to represent herself, I'd recommend "City on the Potomac." This lovely piano ballad sums up everything that works about this artist. I immediately connected to this song about putting dreams on hold and still finding a place where she belongs and remembers fondly. Emotions don't always make logical sense, and as the song ends, she's moved to a safer place but still longs for what she had before. I like that she doesn't try to analyze it. She's just singing what's real, and the result is a heartbreakingly beautiful song. ("If I could not get by, how come each time I cry, leaving my city on the Potomac?")

I'm glad some big names are taking notice of this indie one. Her songs have been featured on Animal Planet, and she's placed in some pretty big songwriting contests, including VH1's Song of the Year Contest and the Billboard Songwriting Contest. So the chatter is getting louder. I'm adding my voice to it. Grab a copy of this CD and start getting the word out.

<http://www.deborahlombardi.com>

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