

ROSE

NEW ALBUM

Les souvenirs sous ma frange

Release: October 19th 2009

When Rose asked me to do her biography, I was flattered but I said “no”.

Because it’s hard to write about a girl who talks about herself and the rest of us so well. I said “no” to avoid being caught writing pretty sentences and then being floored by her incredibly clear and precise choice of lyrics. She has the boldness to find the right ones without putting on airs.

Which is why when you listen to her you sometimes get the impression of hearing yourself think, only better.

I backed out because I’m hopeless at dates and incapable of putting events in chronological order. People expect that kind of information in a biography.

Music apart, she’s been a busy girl. So, in no particular order, here are a few facts: primary school teacher, law, travel to Israel, married but not for long, has written songs since the age of eight, real first name Keren, managed to figure out the whole of Diane Tell’s song *Si j’étais un homme* on her own, has a stronger right than Mike Tyson, had her mid-life crisis at age 30, buried her mother’s jewellery in a cardboard box when she was a little girl but can’t remember where.

Then came was her first record, *Rose*; Keren with her songs under her arm discovering the world of music.

When it was released, she was amazed to sell 200 copies a week. Fast forward. More than 500,000 people went to their record shop, carefully took her songs off the shelf, went to the cash desk, said “hi” to the cashier, and went home to listen to her.

La liste was a blockbuster followed by another, *Ciao Bella*, and concerts, a lot of concerts. She had become Rose; and Rose knows what she wants.

So for her new release *Souvenirs sous ma frange*, she’s doing her own arrangements. She picked up an electric guitar, wrote thirteen songs and came out with a record that grabs you from the first chord and that you will not want to take off the deck before you’ve heard it through.

From the opening track, *Comment c’était déjà*, it’s immediately obvious — though she has grown up — why we’re so fond of Rose. The Sunday morning, the house, the little ray of sunlight, the smile, even if you haven’t lived them, you’ve definitively dreamed of them. She sings of “memories that count” and they could be mine.

So, no biography. Period.

Because Rose wrote *Yes we did*. This song, starting like a little sweet’n’sour diary for 2008, ends like a hymn to all the foolish things we’ll have done and that we should hold up our hands to and admit. The “LalaLaLaLa” chorus will be with us for some time.

More than that, the girl not only has songs, she's found a sound, forged with two boys, Thibault and Jérôme, from a group called 1973. The trio has come up with incredibly rich arrangements from the uncluttered Hanna to a Dixieland arrangement of *Ma corde au clou*. Violins, backup vocals, each tune has you pulling your hair out trying to pick a favourite (so, like Ah say, try listening to the whole album).

Anyway, I'm not going to write her biography, because, when I hear her songs, I get the impression I can hear the girl in me. And I like what I hear a lot. Because Rose has the nerve to tell us about herself in her songs without ever dipping into emotional exhibitionism.

Above all, because with girls like that, you get the feeling that sun only shines on them. She may not realise it, so help me convince her.

A great album. Yes she did.

Tracklist

- > 01 - Comment c'était déjà
- > 02 - Chez moi
- > 03 - Yes we did
- > 04 - De ma fenêtre
- > 05 - Ne partez pas
- > 06 - Comme un marin
- > 07 - Hanna
- > 08 - Ma corde au clou
- > 09 - J'ai 18 ans
- > 10 - Quitte-moi
- > 11 - Le mal de l'aube
- > 12 - Sous ma frange
- > 13 - Qui peut dire?