



info@markwest.in
www.markwest.in
facebook.com/markwestinmusic

MARK WESTIN TALKS ABOUT *THE MOJO BLADE*

2020 was a helluva year. I lost a dear friend to COVID as well as my beloved cat Leo. On top of that it seemed like everything broke, both in my house and in the real world.

I'm sure I'm not the only one feels like now isn't a time when people are seeking deep introspection or somber shoe-gazing in their entertainment choices. So I decided to release *The Mojo Blade*, a 2-song record intended to put a smile on people's faces and get them back in the groove.

The Mojo Blade features funky swamp stompin', slide-guitar driven tunes with a few lyrical twists, accompanied by clever videos. Check them out here:

Locate My Mojo: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UY8QinMHICc>

Blade House: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GFwoYNpuZPk>

To download the record, please visit: bit.ly/mojoblade

For media, complimentary downloads are available. Please email info@markwest.in.

CREDITS

Mark Westin: Lead and backing vocals, all guitars, bass guitar on "Locate My Mojo"

Dan Fisherman: Drums on "Locate My Mojo"

Jay Nicholas: Bass guitar on "Blade House"

Dave Rodway: Drums on "Blade House"

Produced, Recorded, Mixed and Mastered by Mark Westin at
The Funky Farm, New Windsor, NY



info@markwest.in
www.markwest.in
facebook.com/markwestinmusic

LYRICS

Locate My Mojo

Had a little lady we was takin it slow
Still not really sure if she was friend or foe
Had me on a string up and down like a yo-yo
Now I'm just tryin to locate my mojo

Talkin to my friend and then his voice got low
Got a sudden feeling like a storm bout to blow
Said 'I gotta tell you something you don't know, bro'
Now I'm just tryin to locate my mojo

I felt like a stooge, Curly Larry or Moe
She walled up my heart like Edgar Allan Poe
She just told me think of it as quid pro quo, so
I'm just tryin to locate my mojo

It's gotta be somewhere close I'm sure I left it round here
Cause I ain't been outta this town Since July of last year

Falling outta love is just like stubbing your toe
Hurts a little while then you get up and go
That's how you can tell a rookie from a pro, though
I'm still tryin to locate my mojo



info@markwest.in
www.markwest.in
facebook.com/markwestinmusic

Blade House

They say she killed her mother here
She did it with a hatchet
When daddy came to see what's wrong
She smashed his skull in with his ratchet

The trial was a circus and it lasted just one day
Before the town decided she should just be put away
The house was standing empty so I bought it for a song
And now I run a B&B to satisfy the morbid throng

They call it the Blade House I'll tell you the tale
You can sleep in her bed, every item's for sale
And you'll spend for the pleasure with fervor and haste
And I'll rake in the treasure just feeding your taste

I have both of her weapons here
On velvet in a nice display
The dried blood's still all over them
Helped out a little by some spray

They say the bedroom's haunted and I'll say what you believe
Cause everywhere you turn in here I've got a new trick up my sleeve
They call it the Blade House...

I'm told she died of consumption
In prison alone and afraid
In some ways her passing was tragic
But along with her legend my fortune was made

They call it the Blade House it never gets old
I can turn a fast buck turning torment to gold
Cause you'll spend for the pleasure with fervor and haste
And I'll rake in the treasure just feeding your taste