



OLA
FRESCA



TO UNDERSTAND Jose Conde's music, and by extension his salsa orchestra Ola Fresca, you first need to know where he was raised and how that influenced his art.

As a youth in South Florida, Conde tells us he "came into daily contact with the mix of sounds—son, funk, rock, rumba, Haitian compas, cumbia from Colombia, guaracha from Cuba, samba from Brazil... a wealth of sounds, tastes, and flavors." He goes on to relate that "Miami is a multicultural Mecca," and his early influences before pursuing music "include the tropical heat, the pervasiveness of water everywhere, and the serenity of the daily masterpiece: the south Florida sky, sunrise to sunset." Interestingly enough, Conde admits his vocabulary of music "comes not just from listening to other musicians. It comes from how my mother scolded me with mambo sensibility or how a sexy girl walks so rhythmically—a slow funk twitch—or how you pull up to a counter and order "un cafesito por favor!" It's the feeling of a light breeze on your sun-drenched skin and the rolling murmur of the waves... This is all music and is what I listened to and observed unconsciously growing up." This is the natural poetry of his surroundings and roots that the name Ola Fresca (translated as "Fresh Wave") deftly conjures up, so it makes perfect sense that he has been sensitively attuned to subtle, non-musical forces in his life, and each album reflects this awareness in plentitude.

FAST FORWARD TO today and we find that Conde has been pursuing a storied career in New York for some time now, bringing all of these influences to bear with both Ola Fresca and his solo work. Right now seems the hottest period of creativity for Conde where his art has matured to its highest state yet, and

his reinvention—or fine-tuning—of Ola Fresca is the most exciting development for salsa in La Gran Manzana (The Big Apple) in years.

THIS IS BECAUSE there is nothing quite like Ola Fresca in New York, or elsewhere for that matter. It is a precious gem of a band that keeps morphing and solidifying during its evolution, turning in the light and catching more and more of the sun's fire as it revolves, heaving up from the depths on a shaft of molten magma and passing from carbon crystals to hardened jewel, honing its craft over time, the details sharpening in definition, its facets being polished more and more, bringing its sound and message ever sharper into focus with each passing year. Like a diamond, this band is hard and it is pretty, it can cut and it can cure, and it shows us a reflection of ourselves refracted into multitudes of angles.

IF OLA FRESCA was a diamond in the rough with the first album Ayl Que Rico, then by the second, (R)Evolución, its gemstone beauty began to shine through the rubble generated by its creation and polishing. Now, in its third stage, Ola Fresca has emerged fully formed, honed to a deep luster by master jeweler Jose Conde, shattering all expectations with rainbow rays of pure light reflected off its obsidian and quicksilver surfaces.

OVERALL THE SOUND of the new album is progressive urban trombone-led salsa dura in the realm of classic Eddie Palmieri and Willie Colón, yet there is an astonishing diversity of sound and song form when you drill down, from the carnival sounds of the conga and rumba to the Puerto Rican plena, you can find the full spectrum.

THERE IS A TIGHTER approach to this album and different instrumentation from previous Ola Fresca outings. Conde relates that with (R)Evolución he wanted a loose, 'jam band' approach but the arrangements he wrote conflicted with this idea. He continues: "We were all over the place and unfocused stylistically. I realized that I am very happy arranging music. Open jamming is another thing altogether and I love to do that, but now Ola Fresca plays arranged music."

THE LYRICAL AND RHYTHMIC Cuban heart of the record is both old and new, son cubano and timba, an invigorating mix evidenced in tracks like the humorous "El Niño de La Clave." There is an element of the nueva trova of Silvio Rodríguez and Pablo Milanés as evidenced in the number "Mulata," and with that, the socially conscious poetic lyricism of 70s salsa compositions by Tite Curet Alonso and Rubén Blades, as in "Bandera" and "La Mano Del Rumbero."

LIKE MANY OF CONDE'S previous efforts, the main philosophy is an egalitarianism and sensitivity to fellow humans and the environment they live in, eloquently carried in songs like "Elixir," "Convivencia," and "Bandera." This is coupled with the sensuality and humor that also has informed Ola Fresca's last two albums—just listen to "Pollitos de Primavera" or "Bizcocho" for instance. Whether feeding the mind or the body, sustenance is essential for the survival of the soul, and as Conde says of "Bizcocho" where the character "has searched all over and is looking for the best biscuit maker in the world and only needs just a little taste of her bizcocho"—we find our elixir where, how and when we can.

ONE OF THE CENTRAL themes of the album, and this is very refreshing to hear from a Cuban musician, is that music belongs to everyone, and anyone can make it, and boundaries are for people caught up in the illusion of nationalism. As Conde says, "starting off the album with 'Elixir' I very specifically attack this nationalism and expose art (music) for what it is—a magical potion that belongs to no flag, and is available to all who seek it out. Music is a natural element available to all who wish to pick from the tree of life!"

AGAIN IN THE REALM of nationalism, boundaries and borders, Conde and Ola Fresca tackle the important issue of immigration, and being the son of immigrants himself the way so many Americans are, Conde feels especially passionate about this subject. In "Bandera" he was inspired by the "powerfully nightmarish vision" that still "festers in [his] soul" of the "thousands of immigrants found dead in the desert after climbing the fence" between the U.S. and Mexico.

BUT OF COURSE the album is not a somber experience, far from it. In the authentic Caribbean tradition of saying one thing and meaning another, of putting sad or serious lyrics to an infectious beat and a happy arrangement, there are plenty of upbeat numbers about drumming, eating, and sex. It's what every good dose of medicine should be (but often isn't): tasty and good for you, all the while transporting you to a better place.

—Pablo E Yglesias aka DJ Bongohead



Photo by Ed Satterwhite

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1 ELIXIR - 4:30

2 LA MANO DEL RUMERO - 5:16

3 BANDERA - 3:33

4 POLLITOS DE PRIMAVERA - 5:45

5 MULATA - 4:47

6 EL NIÑO DE LA CLAVE - 4:48

7 CONVIVENCIA - 4:10

8 BIZCOCHO - 5:47

9 AMOR CICLONICO - 3:15

OLA FRESCA MUSICIANS:

JOSE CONDE - voz, maracas (6, 7), guiro
(2, 6, 7), coros

OBANILU IRE - congas (1-7, 9), pandero,
shakers, guayo, agogo (3), coros

GABRIEL "CHINCHILITA" MACHADO
- timbales, bongos (1, 7, 8), congas (8),
campana (7)

REY DAVID ALEJANDRE - trombon prima

JOHN SPECK - trombon segundo (1, 4, 6, 8)

DENNIS HERNANDEZ - trumpet

PABLO VERGARA - piano

JORGE BRINGAS - bajo (1-3, 5-9), coros

ROBERTO QUINTERO - direccion ritmica
(2, 3, 4, 5), conga dos (4), tumbador (9),
maracas (2, 5), guiro (4, 5), campana

JUAN CARLOS FORMELL - bajo (4)

ROMAN DIAZ - quinto, claves (9)

JOSE DAVILA - trombon segundo (2, 3, 5, 7)

ELIXIR

(Jose Conde)



Aqui hay pelea
De terminologia
Cada pueblo tiene ejercito
Y espia
Buscando el oro
Del derecho creador
Cuando el uso es libre
Para todo el exterior
La musica esta en el aire
Y es pa todo el que la inspira
Asi que escucha mi lira
Y entra e el vacilon
Con la salsa
Y con el son

Llamale lo que le llames
Dile lo que tu quieras
Es un elixir
Y es de primera

Es una medicina
Para todo el que la quiera
No importa de que color
Este pintada tu bandera

La musicita buena
Esta en el aire
Pa ti y pa mi
Cogele el estribillo
Y no te quede afuera

Algo rico de verdad
Curamiento natural
Sabroso como fruta buena
Arrancalo cuando quieras
En Nueva York tocando
Tocando el dulce son
Oye la Ola Fresca a ti mama
Te trae tremendo rumbon oye

"Es de primera"
Sabrosito
Sabrosito pa ti
Rumbita o son
Salsa o changui
Llamale
Lo que tu quieras
Oye mira para ti mamita
Linda yo se que tu eres ay ay
Tremenda rumbera....
Y no te quedes afuera
Goza con la Ola
Que es de primera pa ti
Y de primera pa mi....
Llamale



Jose Conde voicing tracks; photo by Alex Leroy

ELIXIR

(Jose Conde)



There is a fight here
Over terminology
Each culture has an army
and spies
Seeking the gold of
creative rights
When usage is free for the
world at large
Music is in the air
And it's for all who
breathe it in
So listen to my lyric
and enter
Into the fiesta
With salsa and with son

Call it what you want
to call it
Say of it what you will say

It's an elixir
And it is oh so good
It's a great medicine
For anyone who wants it
Doesn't matter what colors
Your flags are painted with

Beautiful music
Is in the air
For you and me
Catch its swing
And don't miss out
Something truly delicious
A natural cure all
Tasty like good fruit
Grab it when you want

In New York playing
Playing the sweet son
(Cubano)
Ola Fresca brings you
A great rumbon (fiesta)

"It's a #1"
Tasty, tasty for you
Rumba and son (Cubano)
Salsa or changui
Call it
What you want
It's for you pretty baby
Because I know you are
A serious rumbera
So don't stay away
Enjoy with la Ola
'Cause it is a #1 for you
A #1 for me
Call it...



Ola Fresca horns session 2

LA MANO DEL RUMERO

(Jose Conde)



Creeme
Lo que voy a decirte que sale
De la experiencia
Y mira bien
Que no todo en la vida mama
Te lo explica la ciencia
Lo bueno de la vida corazon
No se logra facilmente
Eso es asi como la caña
Con el tiempo se convierte
En aguardiente

La mano del rumbero es el cuero
El cuero de su tambor
Y el cuero de ese tambor
Es la mano de ese rumbero

Escucha lo
Ese repique que habla
En lengua antaña

Y mira lo
Como conversan el quinto y el bailador

Es algo de belleza ver las flores
De la historia
Resplandentes

En ese ritmo del solar
Profundamente elemental

Llamado guaguancó
La mano del rumbero es el cuero
El cuero de su tambor
Y el cuero de ese tambor
Es la mano de ese rumbero

CORO 1:
Abre camino pa ese rumbero
Pa que toque su cuero

Hay pa que toque por aqui toque por alla
Toca ese ritmo con sentimiento

Pa que toque y pa que te provoke
Cuando te sofoque el jaleo

Que a estudiado y se a preparado
Y trae su ritmo ancestral
Bien cocinao

Con calidad exigente
Lo que trae es mas fino que un buen
Aguardiente

Es que tu sabes que yo
Me curo con rumba
De la cuna a la tumba
Me curo con rumba

Te esperan
A ti rumbero
Pa que toques tu cuero

CORO 2:

Abre camino

Abre que abre camino
Hay pa que siga su destino

Hay esa rumba buena y el ritmo
Llamado guaguancó

Abre paso mi gente que llega
Ya viene el tamborero

A repicar y hablar con sus manos
Que son como cueros

Apurate rumbero que quieren bailar
Hasta que tiemble el suelo

CORO 3:

Y ahora que llego
Que suene la rumba
Que suene el calor
Que suene la rumba buena
Que suene el tambor

Que suene suene que suene....
(Que suene el tambor - repite)

Ese ritmo caliente que pone a la gente a gozar
Hay que la rumba buena es despojo profundo
Hay para ti para mi para todo el mundo
Y dale la mano a ese hermano rumbero
Y tu aprenderas y sentiras ese cuero

THE HAND OF THE RUMERO

(Jose Conde)



Believe me

What I'm going to tell you
It comes from experience
And look closely
Because not everything in life
Can be explained by science
Good things in life me dear
Are not achieved easily
It's like the sugar cane with time
Becomes aguardiente (pure cane alcohol)

The hand of the drummer is the leather,
The leather of his drum
And the leather of his drum
Is the hand of the drummer

Listen to it
That crackle that speaks
In ancient tougue

And watch it
The conversation between
Quinto (high conga) and dancer

It is a thing of beauty
To see the flowers of history
Resplendent

In the rhythms of the barrio
Profoundly elemental
Called guaguancó
The hand of the drummer is the leather,

The leather of the drum
And the leather of the drum
Is the hand of the drummer

CHORUS 1:

Open the way for the rumero
So he can play his leather skin
So he can play here, play there
Play the rhythm with deep sentiment

So he can play and provoke you
When you are choking in the daily madness

Because he has studied and prepared
His ancestral rhythm
Which is finely cooked

With a demand for quality
What he brings is finer
Than the best aguardiente

Because you know that I
Cure myself with rumba
From the crib to the grave
I cure myself with rumba
They wait for you
Rumero
So you can play
Play your leather skin

CHORUS 2:

Open the way
Open open open the way
So he fulfills his destiny

Oh with the good rumba and the rhythm
Called guaguancó
Open the way my people 'cause he is arriving
Here comes the drummer
To crackle and speak with his hands
That are like the leathers

Hurry up rumero and come and play
Until the earth shakes

CHORUS 3:

Sound the rumba
Sound the heat
Sound the good rumba
Sound the drumbeat

May it sound and resound
That hot rhythm that makes people dance
Because the good rumba is a deep release
For you for me for the whole world
Reach out your hand to your brother rumero
And you will learn and feel that leather skin
of his drum



Obanilu Ire in the studio

Desde el 2001 se ha encontrado los cadáveres de por lo menos 2200 inmigrantes en Arizona cerca de La frontera entre EU y Mexico.

BANDERA
(Jose Conde)



El hombre con su noción
De propiedad por divina estrella
Sobre lo natural
Subraya su ilusión de barreras
Meticulosamente
Dividiendo su conquista
Hasta que la muerte llega y le enseña su sonrisa

Bandera, bandera
Que está pasando en la frontera mi bandera

En nombre de la nación
Alzan una pared
En vez de ir pa lante
Están virando al revés
Porque donde hay motivo
Siempre Habrá manera
Y están riesgando la vida al cruzar
Y tropesando con carabelas

Bandera, bandera
Que está pasando en la frontera mi bandera

Cultura si, barreras no!

Since 2001 the remains of at least 2200 migrants have been recovered in Arizona near the US/Mexico border...

BANDERA

(Jose Conde)



Man with his notion
Of property by divine stars (manifest destiny)
Over a natural landscape
Draws an illusion of boundaries
Meticulously dividing his conquest
Until death arrives
And shows him its smile...

Flag, flag
What's happening on the border my flag?

In the name of the nation
They raise a wall
Instead of moving forward
They turn and go backwards
Because where there is a motive
There will always be a way
And they are risking their lives in crossing
And running into cadavers (of those that came before)

Flag, flag
What's happening on the border my flag?

Culture yes, barriers no!

POLLITOS DE PRIMAVERA

(Jose Conde)



(REFRAN)

Pollitos de primavera
Algo nuevo nos espera
En la parrilla despues de invierno
Bien sazonao y tierno

No hay pena que resista
El calor del patio ardiente
De la fiesta y amigos
Bajo el sol de primavera
Algo nuevo en el ambiente
Hasta un muerto renaciente
Bailara y gozara
Y se olvidara las penas

(REFRAN)

Ayer le entrege
Mi dulce corazon
A un pollito que conmigo
Baila siempre el son
Y yo si la quiero

Y siempre espero
A poder le hablar
Y hoy le voy a cantar
Que si tu quieres regresar
Y bailar conmigo un poquito
Tu seras mi pollito
Por toda la vida entera....

Mi...

(REFRAN)

CORO 1:
Pollitos de primavera
Venga el que quiera
A comer un pollito
Bien sazonao y rico que esta
El pollito asadito
Con su yucita y su mojito
El ambiente con mi gente
Suavecito
Asi que tumba la candela tumba
la candela
Que la noche esta
Esta bien buena

CORO 2:

Ay yai yai yai
canta y no llores...

Canta conmigo

Alza tu voz

Mueve ese cuerpo y los pies
Que la vida es bella

Canta con alma

Aunque quieras llorar
Hecha pa lante

Canta

Y sigue cantando



Jose Conde recording vocals; photo by Alex Leroy

SPRING CHICKS

(Jose Conde)



Something new awaits us
On the grill after the winter
Well seasoned and tender

There is no pain that can
make you resist
The heat of a warm yard
And a party of friends
Under the spring sun
A newness in the air

Even a dead soul will be reborn
Dance and and enjoy
And forget all pain

(REFRAIN)

Yesterday I gave
My sweet heart
To a girl who with me
Always dances son
And I do love her

And always wait
To speak with her
But today I will sing...

If you want to return
And dance with me a while
You will be my little chicken
For all the rest of our days

My...
(REFRAN)

CHORUS 1:
Chicks of Spring
Something new awaits us
On the grill after the winter
Well seasoned and tender

Come one and all
To eat a little chicken
Well seasoned and tasty
Those roasted chicks
With yuca and marinade
Your gonna say ooh it's so good
The ambiance with my friends

Easy
So put out the candles
Because this dark night is so good

CHORUS 2:
Ay ya yai yai
Sing and don't cry...

Don't Cry any more
Don't cry for your errors
Sing and keep singing
Because life is made for joy

Sing with me
Raise your voice
Move your body and feet
Because life is good
Sing with your soul
Even if you feel like crying
Move forward
Sing
And keep on singing

MULATA

(Juan Carlos Formell)



Te dicen Mulata
Porque llevas en las venas
La rumba y el guaguancó
Y tu gran movimiento
Inspira a los hombres a cantarte un buen son
Y tu gran movimiento
Inspira a los hombres a cantarte un buen son

Es que tu sabor
Es mas que un simbolo
Es el guarapo de mi dulce caña
Y tu representas con ezmero
A la mujer cubana

Te dicen Mulata
Pues no hay quien
Guarache eh ...
Como tu este son
Y tu eres el verso, la cancion y el cuento
Que canto yo hoy
Y tu eres el verso, la cancion y el cuento
Que canto yo hoy

CORO 1:

Rumba y guaracha es la mulata
Ritmo de rumba y guaracha tus venas
Y ojos que calman las penas

Ella es un cuento de la historia
Mas que pura sensualidad

Es la hija de Ochun
Semilla de Africa

Songo roco songo de mamey
Un poquito de congo y un poquito de Hatuey

Rumbita y guaracha y mucho mas
Es la mulata que me arrebata

CORO 2:

Tu eres guarapo de caña, un dulce mezclao
Azucar morena, un rico melao

Es guarapito de caña
Que tiene el mundo fascinao
Hay camina con orgullo mulata no de medio lao
Porque tu tu tu tienes tumbao tu tienes tumbao
Y no hay quien guarache-eh como tu
Este rico son, mi dulce morena

MULATA

(Juan Carlos Formell)



They call you Mulata
'Cause you have in your veins
The rumba and guaguancó
And your grand movement
Inspires men to sing you
A good (Cuban) "son"

It's that a taste of you
Is more than a symbol
It's the juice of my sugar cane
And you represent
With zeal
The Cuban woman

They call you Mulata
Well there is no one who swings
This sweet son like you
And you are the verse, the song,
and the story
That I sing today

CHORUS 1:

Rumba and guaracha
Is the Mulata
Rhythms of rumba
and guaracha in your veins
And eyes that calm pain

She is a historic story
And more than mere sensuality

She is the daughter of Oshun
Seed of Africa

Songoro cosongo de mamey*

**(verse by Nicolas Guillen)*

A little congo, sugar, and Hatuey*

**(legendary Taino chief from Cuba)*

She is that and much more
The Mulata which
makes me crazy

CHORUS 2:

She is the juice from cane, a
sweet mixture,
Brown sugar, a rich melao*

**(a brown sweet liquid sugar dessert)*

Oh sweet cane sugar (rico melao)
Who has the world fascinated
Walk with pride Mulata
You have serious groove
And no one can swing the son
Like you my sweet brown sugar



Juan Carlos Formell

EL NIÑO DE LA CLAVE

(Alex F. Fox)



El dia que yo naci
Los medicos se reunieron
Porque en mi cunita oyeron
Una irregularidad

Una pe-cu-liaridad
Una arritmia cardiaca
Me sacaron una placa
Y me tomaron la presion

Y cual fue la situacion
La que a mis padres los enfermo
No sabian que hacer conmigo
Porque mi clave los confundio

Es que mi cardio-monitor
Monitoerando mi corazon
Mientras los otros hacian
Pin pin pin
El mio decia asi...
Tuk tuk
Tuk tuk tuk

De pronto las enfermeras
Se empezaron alborotar
Y en la sala de recien-nacidos
Comenzaron a bailar

Mandaron un especialista
Cardiologo pediatra
Y en lo que solto la pata
Llego a esta conclusion

CORO:
Ese niño tiene swing
Ese niño tiene clave
Ese niño tiene swing, camara
Ese niño tiene clave

Brincando llego
Listo pa guarachar
Casi bailando estaba
Antes de hablar

Tiene que tiene que tiene
En la sangre en la dna
El ritmo poderoso criollo (palpitando)
De la salsa y el cha

El cardiologo pediatra
Y la enfermera hechando un pie
Monitoriendo el corazon de son
De ese bebe

CORO2:
"Tremendo swing"
Swing swing swing
Tiene mucha clave

Que es lo que tiene ese niño
Algo bueno ya tu sabes
Tiene la llave
Aunque toma leche en vez de ron
Tiene que tiene que tiene compadre
Nacio con algo en el Corazon
Ritmo africano
Swing que swing



Recording session catering by Pilar Cuban Eatery

THE CLAVE KID

(Alex F. Fox)



The day I was born
Doctors gathered round
Because in my incubator they heard
An irregularity

A peculiarity
A cardiac arrhythmia
They took an x-ray
And measured my pressure

And what was the situation
That made my parents sick
They didn't know what to do with me
Because my heartbeat
confused them

It's that my cardio monitor
Monitoring my heart
While the others (newborns)
Went pi pi pi
Mine went like this...
Tuk tuk
Tuk tuk tuk

Suddenly the nurses
Started going mad
And in the newborn wing
of the hospital
They started to dance

They called for a specialist
Cardiologist pediatrician
And while he let his feet go
He came to his diagnostic conclusion

CHORUS 1:
That boy has swing
That boy has clave
That boy has swing dammit
That boy has clave

He arrived jumping
Ready to jam
He was almost dancing
Before he could speak

He's got
In his blood and his DNA
A powerful Creole rhythm
From salsa and cha

The cardiologist pediatrician
And the nurse dancing
Monitoring the heart of Cuban son
Of that little baby

"Tremendous Swing"

CHORUS 2:
Swing swing swing
He's got a lotta of clave

What does that boy have
(He's got a lotta of clave)
Something good you know
He's got the key
Even though he drinks milk
instead of rum
He's got it my brother
He was born with something special
In his heart
African rhythm
Serious swing

That boy has swing
That boy has clave
That boy has swing dammit
That boy has clave

CONVIVENCIA

(Jose Conde/Pablo Moya)



Cantando y dejando cantar
Intonando y dejando intonar
Expresando y dejando expresar
Gozando

Tocando y dejando tocar
Rumbiendo y dejando rumbear
Inventando y dejando inventar
Guarachando

Bailando y dejando bailar
Meneando y dejando menear
Dibujando y dejando dibujar
Disfrutando

Amando y dejando amar
Abrazando y dejando abrazar
Besando y dejando besar
Coqueteando

Hablando y dejando hablar
Pensando y dejando pensar
Opinando y dejando opinar
Respirando

Tomando y dejando tomar
Fumando y dejando fumar
Pecando y dejando pecar
Aliviando

CORO:
Convivencia
Porque hay que convivir
Convivencia
Junto a todo existir
Convivencia
En un mundo de tantas cabezas
Convivencia
Intereses y fuerzas opuestas
Convivencia
El hombre y la naturaleza
Convivencia
Si no aprendemos a respetar
Convivencia

En vez de tirar balas hablar
Convivencia
El final vamos acelerar
Convivencia
Si no tenemos conciencia
Convivencia

Boten la artilleria
Basta ya la guaperia
El prejuicio y la descriminacion
La violencia es la perdicion
De todo hombre y nacion
Siembren semillas pa que brille un
Bosque de flores de multi colores



Gabriel "Chinchilita" Machado

COEXISTENCE

(Jose Conde/Pablo Moya)



Singing and allowing singing

Intoning and allowing intoning

Expressing and allowing expression

Delighting

Playing and allowing playing

Rumba-ing and allowing rumba

Inventing and allowing invention

Jamming

Dancing and allowing dancing

Wiggling and allowing wiggling

Drawing* and allowing drawing

**(as with the body)*

Enjoying

Loving and allowing loving

Hugging and allowing hugging

Kissing and allowing kissing

Flirting

Talking and allowing talking

Thinking and allowing thinking

Opinionating and allowing opinions

Breathing

Drinking and allowing drinking

Smoking and allowing smoking

Sinning and allowing sinning

Alleviating

CHORUS:

Coexistence

Because we have to coexist

Coexistence

Here, with everything exist

Coexistence

In a world of so many heads

Coexistence

Interests, and opposing forces

Coexistence

Man, and nature

Coexistence

If we do not learn to respect

Coexistence

Instead of throwing bullets, to talk

Coexistence

The end we will accelerate

Coexistence

If we do not act with conscience

Throw away the artillery

Stop the bullying

Prejudice and discrimination

Violence is the perdition

Of every man and every nation

Plant seeds of love

So a forest of multi-colored

flowers will bloom



Ola Fresca horns in action!

BIZCOCHO

(Benjamin Lapidus)



Mucha gente me han hablado de ti
Y dicen que tu eres
La mejor preparadora de
Las cosas dulces y buenas

Yo e corrido todo el mundo
Ay para seguirte
Con un solo deseo
Que yo quiero pedirte
Con un solo deseo que

CORO 1:

Dame un pedacito de tu bizcocho mi amor
Ay quiero probarlo por favor

Hay nena dejame provar un poquito
De ese bizcocho
Que vengo desde muy lejos
Con mucha ambre
Y yo se que esta sabroso

En el mundo entero
Hay mucho que sabroejar
Pero el gusto criollo que tienes tu
Como ese no hay igual

CORO 2:
Fresa y chocolate y vainilla

Sirveme un poquito amor
No seas mala
Que tu vas a gozar mucho mama
Cuando veas la sonrisa en mi cara

BIZCOCHO

(Benjamin Lapidus)



Many people have told me about you
And they say that you are
The best preparer
Of things sweet and good

I've run all over the world
Oh just to follow you
With only one desire
That I want to ask of you
With only one desire
That I want to ask of you

CHORUS 1:
Give me a little piece of your pastry love
Oh I want to ask you please

Oh girl let me taste a little
Of your little pastry
'Cause I've come from very far away
And I know it is oh so tasty

In the whole world
There is a lot to savor
But the Creole taste that you have
Like it there is no other

CHORUS 2:
Strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla

Serve me a little love
Don't be bad
You will enjoy it a lot mama
When you see the smile on my face



Jose Conde in the studio; photo by Alex Leroy

AMOR CICLONICO

(Jose Conde/Roman Diaz)



Como un proyectil ciclonico
En una noche de tormenta
Cuando menos lo esperaba
Tu amor golpeo en mi

Llego con un impacto ironico
Estrallo tu pura belleza
Con indudable fuerza
Tu amor golpeo en mi

Humeda figura electrizante
Mensajera del encanto tropical
Como torbellino enamorado
Tu amor golpeo en mi

Humeda figura electrizante
Mensajera de deleite tropical
Como bella ola refrescante
Tu amor golpeo en mi

Peligra la sequia del amor
El viento danza a tu favor
Borrando duda la lluvia
Tu amor golpeo en mi

CYCLONIC LOVE

(Jose Conde/Roman Diaz)



Like a cyclonic projectile
On a tormented night
When I least expected it
Your love hit me

It arrived with ironic impact
Your pure beauty crashed into me
With an undoubtable force
Your love hit me

Moist electrifying beauty
Messenger of tropical enchantment
Like a lovesick whirlwind
Your love hit me

Moist electrifying beauty

Messenger of tropical delights

Like a beautiful refreshing wave

Your love hit me

Danger of love drought

The wind has come in your favor

Erasing doubt with the rains

Your love hit me



Maracas y guiros

Produced by Jose Conde and Andy Taub

Mixed at Brooklyn Recording Studio

Mix Engineer Andy Taub

Assistant Mix Engineer Nick Nagurka

Mastered by Carl Rowatti at Trutone Sound

Recorded at The Bunker

All coros and some overdubs recorded at PiPiKi Studio, Brooklyn

Editing by Jose Conde; arrangements by Jose Conde

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For tour info, merch, or to just keep in contact
and say hola, sign our mail list or follow us on
Facebook at www.OLAFRESCA.com

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