

VOLUME 3. JAZZ CHUMP ON LOST LOVE

ARTIST STATEMENT

This record lives in the quiet between heartbreak and healing — in the moments when the room is empty, the night runs long, and you can still hear the echo of what used to be love. It's the sound of someone talking to themselves after everyone else has gone home.

Every song here carries a different shade of goodbye — the kind that burns, the kind that fades, and the kind that just slips away. *Jazz Chump on Lost Love* isn't about romance so much as the aftermath of it — the long silence after the laughter, the soft ache that comes when memory outstays its welcome.

These standards have been sung a thousand ways before, but I wanted to play them like I lived them — slower, quieter, stripped down to voice and piano. The blues of the South sits underneath it all, shaping the phrasing and space between notes. The swing is subdued, the edges softened, but the emotion stays raw.

I didn't want to chase nostalgia or perfection. I wanted to tell the truth — that love can be beautiful, foolish, selfish, and kind, sometimes all in the same verse. That we fall too easily, hold on too tightly, and learn too late.

In the broader story of *The Birth of Forest Chump*, this volume isn't about loss — it's about recognition. The realization that even broken love leaves something worth keeping: a melody, a memory, a reason to keep playing.

Because somewhere between heartbreak and forgiveness, between the last drink and the first light, the music still lingers — and that, in itself, is a kind of love.

ABOUT THE ALBUM

Jazz Chump on Lost Love was recorded the same way most heartbreaks are remembered — quietly, alone, and a little out of time. Every track was captured in a single room with nothing but voice, piano, and the kind of silence that tells its own story.

The goal wasn't to recreate the golden age of the American Songbook, but to reinterpret it through the lens of Southern soul and lived experience — to let the phrasing lean, the tempo breathe, and the imperfections carry weight. These songs were never meant to be polished; they were meant to be felt.

The arrangements move between torch-song intimacy and Southern restraint, sometimes bending the harmony just enough to suggest the blues. You can hear the ghosts of gospel phrasing, late-night barroom jazz, and a little country ache underneath. Everything is slowed down — not for effect, but for truth. Love doesn't rush when it hurts.

In sound and spirit, this volume stands as the emotional heartbeat of *The Birth of Forest Chump*. Where the earlier work searched for identity through defiance, this one finds peace in acceptance. The focus isn't on the end of love, but on what remains — the tenderness, the humor, and the quiet dignity that follow.

The piano becomes a companion here, not an instrument — responding, sighing, sometimes saying what words can't. It's a conversation between memory and melody, between what was said and what was meant.

Because in the end, love may fade, but its echo — like music — never truly disappears.

TRACK NOTES

Improvisation is the heart of this album. I didn't come in with polished arrangements or fixed ideas. I let the songs unfold in real time — reshaping melodies, bending chords, rewriting forms on the fly. Sometimes I changed the structure. Sometimes I just change my mind.

This is less about honoring the canon and more about challenging it — not out of disrespect, but because these songs deserve to keep growing. I wasn't trying to preserve anything. I was trying to feel something.

“STORMY WEATHER / SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE” *by ARLEN & KOEHLER / BELLE, LEONARD, RHODES & PRIMA*

A medley of turbulence and longing. *Stormy Weather* aches with the weight of love's unpredictability, while *A Sunday Kind of Love* dreams of something steady, warm, and lasting. Together, they form the full weather report of the heart — thunder followed by hope.

“DON'T GO TO STRANGERS” *by KENT, MANN & EVANS*

The plea here isn't desperation; it's understanding. It's someone who knows the ending but still asks to be remembered. The phrasing leans forward, then falls back — like holding out your hand and realizing it's not going to be taken.

“MEAN OL' MOON” *by WALTER MURPHY & SETH MACFARLANE*

Seth MacFarlane's modern standard feels timeless here. The moon becomes a witness — the only one who sees both sides of heartbreak. There's humor in the loneliness, a wink through the tears. Not all sadness has to be tragic. Sometimes it just needs good lighting.

“I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU” *by JIMMY VAN HEUSEN & CARL SIGMAN*

Some truths come too late to change anything. This song carries the weight of hindsight — the ache of someone who saw the ending coming but fell anyway. It's sung not with regret, but with affection for the fool who loved too much.

“CRY ME A RIVER” *by ARTHUR HAMILTON*

A classic torch song turned confession. Instead of vengeance, this version finds release. The tears aren't a demand — they're proof you felt something real. It's less about crying and more about cleansing.

“I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY” *by JULE STYNE & SAMMY CAHN*

The most honest song on the record. It admits what we all try to hide — that some of us are built to hope. Every phrase lands like a sigh that already knows better. Falling in love again isn't a mistake; it's a compulsion, and maybe a kind of grace.

“YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS” *by GENE DE PAUL & DON RAYE*

The heart of the record. Raw, direct, unflinching. This is the song that understands how love teaches through pain. It’s not angry — it’s exhausted. The final chord hangs in the air like truth refusing to fade.

“THE THINGS WE DID LAST SUMMER” *by SAMMY CAHN & JULE STYNE*

The season ends, the memories don’t. This closer looks back with warmth instead of sorrow. Love passes, but nostalgia lingers sweetly. It’s a reminder that even the most fleeting connection leaves something worth keeping.

“THE THRILL IS GONE” *by ROY HAWKINS & RICK DARNELL*

There’s a quiet dignity in acceptance. This one isn’t about bitterness — it’s about that slow exhale when you finally stop fighting what’s already gone. The tempo drifts like smoke. Every chord sits in the space between memory and mercy.

RECORDING CONTEXT

These songs were recorded live — one mic, one piano, and no safety net. I played a modeled Bosendorfer 280VC using Modartt's Pianoteq plugin, which gave me the depth and dynamics of a concert grand in a space that didn't have one. **James Viega** tracked the session — capturing the bare stripped down nature contained within.

There were no charts, no overdubs, no vocal comping. Most takes were done in one or two passes, guided entirely by feel. I didn't edit out imperfections — I leaned into them. The air, the breath, the hesitation — it's all part of the story.

This isn't how most people approach *The American Songbook*. But for me, improvising with no plan and no polish was the only way it felt honest.

A PERSONAL NOTE

I didn't record this to mourn. I recorded it to remember. Because even when love ends, the sound of it lingers — in the way a chair still feels warm after someone leaves the room. These performances are the echoes of that warmth.

There's a kind of mercy in turning pain into melody. Somewhere between the chords and the quiet, I started to see that love isn't measured by how long it lasts, but by how deeply it was felt. Every song on this album is a confession — not of regret, but of gratitude for having felt anything at all.

So if you've ever lost someone, or watched a love fade and wondered what to do with the ache it leaves behind, this one's for you. Pour a glass, stay a while. Let the music talk while you just sit and breathe.

Because in the end, that's what we do — we turn our stories into songs, our heartbreak into art, and our endings into something worth listening to.

Thank you for listening.

— Forest Chump