

# Rob McGilton EPK

## Rob McGilton Press Release

My Undivided Attention, an album of 10 vocals in pop-jazz style, will be released February 10, 2026 by Rob McGilton, Spokane-area singer-songwriter-pianist.

The album was produced by Portland jazz pianist and educator Randy Porter, whose many awards include a Grammy nomination for Porter Plays Porter with Nancy King.

Porter plays piano on all tracks and co-arranged the songs with McGilton. David Evans, veteran Portland reed player, wrote horn arrangements and played tenor sax and clarinet. Other top jazz musicians on the album are drummer Todd Strait, known for his long association with jazz vocalist Karrin Allyson; Jack Radsliff, guitar; Patrick Golicnik, and Dan Dean, bass; Dick Titterington, trumpet; and Dmitri Matheny, flugelhorn. Erin McGaughan sings harmony vocals.

The album offers several love songs, including I Always Had a Thing for You, by lyricist Lorraine Feather and composer Shelly Berg. Some of the other tunes are humorous with a serious message, using the “untrustworthy narrator” to comment on human foibles and 21st-century issues.

Examples: a short-lived Supermarket Love Affair, a guy whose complete history from the Department of Lies totals 30 boxes, a cell phone-obsessed dude whose “Undivided Attention” is anything but. An older man has a Bucket List focused on life’s “small, sweet pleasures,” a radio guru reveals the three magic words for getting unstuck: Do It Anyway, and infatuation with a Little Plastic Card turns to desperation.

In his small hometown of Snoqualmie, Washington near Seattle, McGilton grew up loving the “Great American Songbook,” late-night jazz radio from San Francisco, and Broadway musicals. He credits Dave Frishberg, Lorraine Feather, and Randy Newman as key songwriting influences.

Living in the Seattle area for many years, McGilton never considered himself an accomplished jazz musician but was fortunate enough to play gigs with a few, including bassists Chuck Deardorf, Chuck Metcalf, and Rufus Reid. But at Northwestern University he’d found he had a knack for songwriting. In 2015 he wrote the book, music, and lyrics for a (still un-produced) musical, The Goshen Country Club, set in an illegal, after-hours honky-tonk roadhouse.

He also used his PR abilities to co-produce concerts, including a big band jazz series with the Maynard Ferguson, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, and Buddy Rich bands; Dave Brubeck and sons; and three concerts by classical flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal. He remembers Rampal’s pianist sight-reading the score for Claude Bolling’s Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano Trio at dress rehearsal.

On his own he presented Lena Horne, a classic guitar series, fiddler Mark O'Connor, and four seasons of the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival in Seattle. He also co-produced a show with a very young Kenny G. "We each made \$154," he said.

An EPK with information about the artist, album, and musicians are available at [RobMcGiltonMusic.com](http://RobMcGiltonMusic.com). He can be contacted at [rob@robmcgiltonmusic.com](mailto:rob@robmcgiltonmusic.com).

## **Rob McGilton Long Bio**

Rob McGilton's new jazzy-pop recording, "My Undivided Attention," shows the influence of musicians he admires: Randy Newman, Dave Frishberg, and Lorraine Feather—songwriters who use humor, the "unreliable voice," and quirky characters to satirize human foibles and comment on social issues.

His debut album's nine original songs cover topics such as lying, fatal attraction in a supermarket, smartphone obsession, procrastination, an anti-bucket list, a love-hate affair with a credit card, and of course love. There's also a cover of "I Always Had a Thing For You" by Shelly Berg and Feather.

The album was produced and co-arranged by Portland jazz pianist Randy Porter, two-time Grammy nominee. Other top musicians on the album are drummer Todd Strait, guitarist Jack Radsliff, trumpet and flugelhorn players Dick Titterington and Dmitri Matheny, bassist Patrick Golicnik, and saxophonist David Evans. Evans wrote horn arrangements for the album.

It's been a long road to this album by McGilton, who discovered songwriting in college as music director of a musical comedy at Northwestern University. After college he learned that playing for a drunk, rowdy audience in a rural roadhouse was good for a couple of fights every night, and if you kept people dancing you wouldn't be dodging empty beer bottles.

Back in Seattle after two years of music dream-chasing in LA, McGilton began a stretch of 15 years playing bars, hotels, and casual dates. Despite his pianistic limitations, he was able to work with some great bass players: Chuck Metcalf, Chuck Deardorf, Rufus Reid, Bruce Phares, Phil Sparks, and David Friesen, who laughed out loud at his bad piano chords.

McGilton studied with a legendary local jazz pianist who told him "the gigs you're playing are not part of the music business—it's the hospitality business." He was right. "I heard you play last night," he added, "so I know why you've always been a bad player. Here you are back from LA with long hair, a beard, and hip clothes—but playing Teddy Wilson 10ths in your left hand." Ouch, but the painful truth was good motivation.

In the late '70s Rob started writing songs again, but continued a pattern of finding other career choices when success wasn't instant. He and veteran Seattle promoter Burke Garrett staged concerts by Dave Brubeck; the big bands of Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Buddy Rich, Maynard Ferguson, and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, plus French flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal. On his own Rob presented legendary singer Lena Horne, fiddler

Mark O'Connor, classical guitarists, and the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival in Seattle.

For 20 years he ran his own PR agency, taught creativity classes to University of Washington MBA students and corporate employees, and produced a national Neighborhoods USA Conference for the City of Seattle.

When Rob and his wife moved to a small Eastern Washington town in 2013, he found a new work ethic, inspired by books on the creative process by best-selling novelist Steven Pressfield: "The War if Art," "Do the Work," and "Turning Pro."

From this discipline came the script, music and lyrics for "The Goshen Country Club," a musical set in a small town with a honky-tonk roadhouse. Entered in a New Works Festival that attracts 200 entries every year, it didn't make the cut, but Pressfield was proved right: if you don't buy into Resistance - that persistent negative voice in your head—your Muse will reward you.

## **Rob McGilton Short Bio**

Rob McGilton's new jazz-pop recording, "My Undivided Attention," shows the influences of musicians he admires: Randy Newman, the late Dave Frishberg, and Lorraine Feather—songwriters who use humor, the "unreliable voice," and quirky characters to satirize human foibles and comment on social issues.

His debut album's nine original songs cover topics such as lying, fatal attraction in a supermarket, smartphone obsession, procrastination, an anti-bucket list, a love-hate affair with a credit card, and of course love. There's also a cover of "I Always Had a Thing For You," a ballad by pianist Shelly Berg and Feather.

The album was produced by acclaimed Portland jazz pianist Randy Porter, a two-time Grammy nominee. Other top musicians on the album are Todd Strait, longtime drummer with Karrin Allyson's band; guitarist Jack Radsliff; trumpet and flugelhorn players Dick Titterington and Dmitri Matheny; bassist Patrick Golcinek; and reed player David Evans. Evans wrote horn arrangements for the album.

McGilton, a pianist who gigged for decades in Seattle, also wrote script, music and lyrics for "The Goshen Country Club," an unproduced musical set in a small town with a honky-tonk roadhouse. He now lives in Chewelah, a small eastern Washington town.

Comments on his work include: "We need these words of yours; I was deeply moved" (Claudia Castro-Luna, former Washington State Poet-Laureate); "You really are a wonderful composer" (Cayman Ilika, NYC-based musical theatre vocalist); "Very nice lyrics, and I'm pretty picky when it comes to lyrics" (Jackie Ryan, jazz singer).

Visit [www.robmcgiltonmusic.com](http://www.robmcgiltonmusic.com) for song samples from "My Undivided Attention," photos, reviews, and a blog with poetry and essays about his jazz world experiences.

## Quotes and Reviews

### **Dmitri Matheny, Jazz Flugelhorn Artist**

“A delightfully clever vocalist/ songwriter, somewhat in the vein of Dave Frishberg.”

### **Claudia Castro Luna, WA State Poet Laureate 2018-21**

“Thank you so much for ‘Peace Fire.’ We need these words of yours. I was deeply moved.”

### **Cayman Ilika Jacobs, Musical Theater vocalist**

“You really are a wonderful composer. I am so looking forward to hearing the full recordings of your show.”

### **Jackie Ryan, jazz vocalist, on “Unspoken”**

(Music by Randy Halberstadt)

“BEAAUUUUUTIFUL! Very nice lyrics too, and I’m pretty picky when it comes to lyrics. Nice job.

### **Joni Metcalf, Seattle jazz pianist/vocalist.**

on “The Goshen Country Club” music

“How wonderful it made me feel, the variety of feelings it produced. I was in a whole new place at the end.”

## “My Undivided Attention” Liner Notes

Rob McGilton’s new jazz-pop recording, “My Undivided Attention,” shows the influence of musicians he admires: Randy Newman, the late Dave Frishberg, and Lorraine Feather—songwriters who use humor, the “untrustworthy voice,” and quirky characters to satirize human foibles and comment on social issues.

The album’s nine original songs cover topics such as lying, fatal attraction in a supermarket, cell phone addiction, procrastination, an anti-bucket list, a love-hate affair with a credit card, and of course love. The record ends with a cover of “I Always Had a Thing For You,” a lovely ballad by Shelly Berg and Lorraine Feather.

The album was produced and co-arranged by Portland jazz pianist Randy Porter, two-time Grammy nominee. Other top musicians on the album are drummer Todd Strait, guitarist Jack Radliff, trumpet and flugelhorn players Dick Titterington and Dmitri

“Matheny, bassists Patrick Golicnik and Dan Dean, and saxophonist David Evans. Evans wrote sparkling horn arrangements for the songs.

McGilton says most of the nine originals on the album popped up as a title or image while he was dreaming, waking up, driving, or reading. Two are traditional love songs. In others, the characters struggle with challenges or find redemption in life’s “small sweet pleasures.”

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## **Lyrics – “My Undivided Attention”**

### **Do It Anyway**

Well, that’s it for my show here on WUWU.  
Stay tuned for the Radio Guru,  
tonight the topic is...procrastination.  
Hey, thanks for calling the Guru Line.  
Caller number one, what’s on your mind?  
You’re procrastinating? I knew it!  
Something needs doing but you don’t wanta do it.  
Don’t wanta do the laundry or practice your guitar,  
clean the kitty box, wash your filthy car.  
Work on your book, you began it last fall.  
Bite the bullet, make that break-up call.  
You got awesome excuses, you got cool alibis.  
But you need a better mantra than “life is a bitch,”  
and if you’re feeling guilty, step away from the fridge!  
You know you gotta do it anyway. Do it anyway.  
A little voice is saying “take a break and stay in bed.”  
Honey, that’s a monkey talking trash in your head.  
Do it anyway, do it anyway. Do it, do it, do it, do it anyway.  
Do it, do it, do it, do it anyway. Do it, do it!  
Dude, could it be you’re a masochist?

Would you rather suffer than tackle the list  
of the things you're avoiding? Get to it,  
gonna feel better if you step up and do it.  
See the dentist, get the root canal,  
pay your bills, take your pills, visit Uncle Al.  
Talk to the neighbor about her damn dog,  
find the grit to quit your dead-end job.  
You're binge-watching old Star Treks,  
texting all of your friends.  
Did you notice that gorilla, he's right over there,  
and you're smoking ganja in your Lazy Boy chair.  
You know you gotta do it anyway. Do it anyway.  
You say you want the magic words to get your life in gear?  
Baby, here's the only three you'll ever need to hear:  
Do it anyway, do it anyway. Do it, do it, do it, do it anyway.  
Do it, do it, do it, do it anyway. Do it, do it, do it!

### **My Undivided Attention**

Hey man, long time no see, whatcha been doin' since 2003?  
Pull up a chair, don't spare me any of the details.  
I'm into Crypto workin' from home.  
Hey, whattya think of my new I-Phone?  
Pal, just keep on talking while my fingers do the walking,  
I've got spammers who need blocking in my emails.  
Please go on, don't wanta miss anything you mention.  
You have my undivided attention.  
I track the trending trends,  
always amazing my Facebook friends,  
texting important guys like my attorney Murray.  
That's probably enough on me,  
let's toggle back to our repartee.  
Maybe I'm e-Baying or a cute cat video's playing  
but I'm catching all you're saying, not to worry.  
Don't surmise I'm hypnotized by this cool invention.  
You have my undivided attention.  
There is no limit to the info up for grabbing off the Internet.  
In all modesty, I am considered an exceptionally  
well-informed dude, just ask my mother.  
But when I'm posting my opinions  
it's incredible how mad I get.  
You have no idea how many people are stupid, arrogant

and really rude. Oh no, you're out of here?  
Can'tcha hang out, maybe have a beer?  
Geez, let me know if I said something to upset you.  
All right, where was I then? Oh yeah, logging in to Instagram.  
Man, that guy's a doofus, talking to him was useless,  
the dude's computer clueless I would bet you.  
And his old flip phone's beyond my comprehension.  
You only see those now at an AARP convention.  
But if you Zoom me live in this 3x5 dimension,  
You will have my undivided attention, I promise.  
You will have my undivided attention.

### **Bucket List**

My buddy Sam retired, he wants to go sky-diving.  
If he survives he'll cross it off his bucket list.  
My sister's off to Fiji to swim with friendly sharks.  
An awesome thrill she says so really, how can she resist.  
Well, I've got a list of my own,  
It checks every box close to home.  
Watch a sunset paint the sky,  
sail my boat around the river bend,  
give thanks for my blessings every day,  
feel calm and quiet again.  
I did my wild and crazy, stuff I'll never miss.  
Now things that fill my heart fill my bucket list.  
Some folks say I should travel, see churches and museums,  
or cruise on ships that satisfy all my desires.  
My cathedral's in the mountains, the Redwoods  
are the spires. My greatest joy  
is friends and family by a fire.  
My bucket list isn't long but everything  
feels like a favorite song.  
Play Captain Hook to thunderous applause,  
teach my grandkids how to cast a fly,  
read in the hammock 'til I doze,  
find the joy in living this good life.  
I won't be bored with my ordinary life,  
the small sweet pleasures. The magic surprises  
I never thought I'd find, the lasting treasures.  
Watch a sunset paint the sky, sail my boat around  
the river bend, give thanks for my blessings every day,

feel calm and quiet again.  
I did my wild and crazy, now I've found my bliss.  
Things that fill my heart fill my bucket list.

### **Little Plastic Card**

I'm ready to step out on the town.  
Whatever is up, man I'll be down.  
A nice dinner is pricey but paying the tab's never hard,  
I grab my little plastic card.  
Smart little card, you really rock.  
But honey, I think we need to talk.  
Here's the reality, you'll be the death of me yet  
when I am buried deep in debt.  
I took you out and you seduced me,  
said "I'm easy baby, use me, I'm gonna make you mine  
from head to toes." You were telling me the truth,  
my monthly statements prove your interest in me  
grows and grows, and grows and grows.  
We're probably co-dependent, I'd guess.  
Whenever I want to spend, you say yes.  
You're cool and innocent, I'm just a fool  
for a charge. I'm on to you, my clever little card.

I'm in credit purgatory, it's a love-you-hate-you story,  
sometimes I wish we'd never met.  
This sticky situation's driving me to desperation,  
I hope I don't do something I'll regret.  
Thinking of all the good times we had,  
your beautiful cremation was sad.  
I didn't laugh to see you cut in half  
and all charred. I'm really sorry, dear departed card.  
Temptation to pay later might last  
so I'm stuffing my billfold full of cash.  
Using real paper dough, happy although slightly scarred,  
without my little plastic—it really feels fantastic,  
rest in peace, my little plastic card.

### **Department of Lies**

There's a big-ass delivery truck in my driveway  
and a big buzz-cut driver at my door. He says  
"Sir, where do you want your boxes unloaded?"

Boxes? Boxes? Man, are you sure?  
“Well yeah,” he replies, rolling his eyes,  
“there’s gotta be thirty or more –  
like all them reports you wanted.”  
Now I remember Letitia at the D.O.L.  
she took my payment a couple of weeks ago.  
I ordered my complete history, but not for my driving.  
See, L in DOL’s not for “license,” oh no.  
This tattooed guy with massive arms and thighs,  
he’s from the Department of Lies, that’s l.i.e.s., lies.  
Lies, lies, lies, you’re such a liar. “Isn’t everybody?”  
Everybody? Liar, liar, liar, your pants on fire.  
“Sometimes it’s necessary.” Necessary? Uh-huh, Uh-huh!  
I expected a letter, maybe two or three pages,  
not a frickin’ truck and a guy paid Teamster wages.  
He fills my garage with all these stupid boxes,  
then he shoves a clipboard in my face.  
I can’t believe this shit, how could there be so many?  
He says “that’s it, just need your John Henry.”  
I ask him “are you really sure these’re all for me?”  
Maybe somebody in your office made a giant mistake.”  
He takes a dip of chew and says “I wish I had a  
buck for every time I’ve heard that  
from you Boy Scouts and saints.  
People think they’re so damned truthful.  
Pal, you better believe me, they ain’t.”

Lies, lies, lies, you’re such a liar. “You fact-checking on me?”  
Think we should be? Liar, liar, liar, your pants on fire.  
“Not intentionally!” Seriously? Uh-huh, Uh-huh!

The driver says “no offense, but let’s take you for example.  
You got one box each of your Falsehoods, Deceptions, Exaggerations, Omissions,  
Fabrications, Denials, Hypocrisies and what’s this, oh yeah, Expedient Stretchings of  
the Truth.”  
He taps on the clipboard. “It’s right here  
if you want proof.” “Lies, lies, lies.” Shut up!

“Hold on” I say, what’s that stack of boxes  
over by the workbench?” I take a closer look,  
they’re labeled L. Y. T. Y.

He grins at me and says "my dad always told me  
those are the worst ones for your health.  
They are the half a million little lies... you told yourself."  
He spits his chew in a paper cup, he turns to walk away.  
"Sir," he says, "you have a nice day."  
OK, I did fudge on my income tax, but only a couple of times.  
And yeah, I told a couple of women "I love you"  
when I didn't, but in a passionate moment,  
well, you might say anything.  
And did I really say I'd pay my parents back for that loan?  
And the times I called in sick? What was wrong with playing a little golf because I felt  
better?  
You know, I don't feel like opening these boxes right now.... I'll do it tomorrow. Yeah, I'll  
do it tomorrow.

### **Foolin' Around**

After one slow dance I knew we'd be sympatico.  
Ah, but love deserves a chance to blossom and grow.  
Let's slip away tomorrow, to a cool tiny town,  
spend the whole damn day foolin' around.  
While his sailboat drifted, Einstein got ideas.  
Da Vinci filled seven thousand pages finding his.  
If there's fire in our first kiss, if we feel like a perfect fit,  
how can we resist foolin' around with it?  
Under the sun you're the one I'd love to fool around with.  
The one to let my hair and my defenses down with.  
Dancing, walking, touching, talking 'til we're unwound,  
a lovely, lazy time foolin' around.  
Like Alice, let's believe in a Wonderland of crazy things.  
Fill our canoe with questions, glide by the easy answers.  
Be like the songbird, joyful as she sings.  
Be free as the clowns, the jugglers, the dancers.  
Darlin' I'm tired of hiding this crush on you.  
The light in your eyes says you might be feeling it too.  
Let's fill the night with magic 'til the stars fade out,  
We could fall in love foolin' around.  
Under the sun you're the one I'd love to fool around with.  
The one to let my hair and my defenses down with.  
Dancing, walking, touching, talking 'til we're unwound,  
tonight we might fall in love foolin' around.

## **A Real Bad Day**

You're having a real bad day. Your new Mercedes overheated,  
the IRS believes you cheated. Your lawyer says your ex  
wants bigger monthly checks, there's gonna be hell to pay.

It's making your hair turn grey.

Your stocks guru, who drives a Beamer  
turned out to be a Ponzi schemer.

The freeway's a zoo from Malibu to downtown L.A.

You're having a real bad day.

Yeah, you're having a real bad day.

Your wife is wary and suspicious  
your secretary is your mistress.

Your daughter feels hurt 'cause all you do is work  
so you forgot her high school play.

Your life is in disarray. Your doctor said he wasn't joking,  
you're gonna die if you keep smoking.

Oh no, the market corrected and brutally affected  
your IRA. You're having a real bad day.

On the radio there's an interview with a man in Zimbabwe  
whose life sounds kind of rough. He has enough  
you'd guess, though it's likely even less than  
the value of the stuff you throw away.

"I'm a lucky one," he says, "I grow the food to feed my family  
so I'm blessed in every way, and that is why I say  
my prayers of gratitude each day."

That sounds like a lame cliché. But you remember  
how in grade school your parents taught you how to make do.  
When your stash of college dough was not enough to go,  
they stepped up to pay your way. You drove an old Chevrolet.  
Lord knows that kid was always thankful  
he could afford to keep the tank full.

His life was juicy as a peach, with nothing out of reach,  
all he did was love and play. He rarely had real bad days.

Now the traffic starts to move and for a moment anyway  
everything is in the groove of that dude in Zimbabwe  
and you know that any day...could be a real good day.

## **As Much As You**

You're still asleep this cozy and warm Sunday morning.

So I'll sit here remembering my favorite love story.

The one where you and I under an azure sky

began the lovely life we live together.  
On a golden beach you sat all alone on a blanket.  
Too stunned by your beauty to speak,  
I wrote "hello" in the sand.  
I asked "were you waiting for me?"  
You smiled and said "maybe, we'll see."  
And with that smile you held my heart in your hand.  
On the shore of that deep blue water so many days ago  
there were things I thought I wanted  
to be and have and do. But there is nothing in the world,  
even then I knew, that I could ever want as much as you.

If you weren't here I'd fear when the surf pounds and surges.  
I'd feel the constant pulling of tides and old urges  
to welcome darkness in, to say my life has been  
a disappointment full of doubts and shadows.  
Murmuring my name, you're reaching your arm to my pillow.  
So I slip back into bed against your body so warm.  
I ask, "are you waiting for me?"  
You whisper "I might be, we'll see." I hold you close  
and know we're safe from the storm.  
I love the rhythm of your breathing, the music of your laughter, our loving pleasures, all  
the ways  
you make me new.  
There's so much I'll never know. This I know is true--  
there's nothing in the world I ever wanted as much as you.

### **Supermarket Love Affair**

She was holding a head of iceberg lettuce  
in the produce aisle. She dazed me with her bedroom eyes and tazed me with her smile.  
She asked me "is this ginger root a thing you've ever bought?"  
I said "that ginger's just like you, spicy and oh, so hot."  
An angel choir was warbling "beware, oh beware"  
but in my ears it sounded like "she cares, oh she cares."  
So both of us knew we'd found The Perfect One  
right then and there, at the start of a supermarket love affair.

When I grabbed some turkey sausage and a six-pack  
of German beer, she promptly put them in her cart  
and whispered in my ear: "Despite your paunch  
I have a hunch you might be Mister Right. We'll see

how well you measure up at dinner with my folks tonight.  
My step-mom is a trophy wife, Daddy's a C. E. O.  
I peg you for a liberal but you'll change, I know."  
Well, suddenly my big fantasy balloon was leaking air  
at the peak of a supermarket love affair.

Her side of the cart was filling up with nasty things:  
pickled pigs feet, corn dogs, spicy onion rings.  
She was making frowny faces at the stuff I piled in mine:  
tofu wieners, broccolini, huckleberry wine.  
"A real man would not buy that crap," she sneered.  
"Oh yeah?" I said, "to me your food seems weird."  
In the checkout line, caution lights were flashing in my head.  
I'll bet she loves Ted Nugent and hates the Grateful Dead.  
I should have known before she dumped my food on the floor...the only aisle we'd ever  
walk down  
is here in the grocery store.  
Oh, love can be so cruel, life can be so rude  
and it's a basic problem if you can't agree on food.  
So I said "Tell Daddy I'm not free tonight, I'm playing solitaire," and that was the end of a  
supermarket love affair.

(All lyrics by Robert Nein, © 2025 Old Coyote Music, BMI)