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She's a Woman

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Fitzgerald: She's a Woman

She's a Woman

Benjamin Fitzgerald

I have the soul of a musician. I thrive on the vibrations of tightly wound nickel and steel over a solid-framed wooden body. A few notes, a single song, and my body will tingle for hours. My thoughts echo guitar chords and bass lines, drumbeats, harmonics and melodics and interplay, pitches and rhythms, the harmonica riff from "Love Me Do." My fingers sing the notes and progressions of the guitar frets in empty space, twitching and itching for a release, for a fret board and a guitar pick and a loud amp and plenty of time to practice, for heavy guitar chords and blues licks and walking Egyptian themes from old video games.

I can hear in my head the jarring high-fret E7-D7-A7 staccato progression that opens The Beatles' "She's a Woman." My body tremors and shakes with excitement; my shoulders tense and pulsate with the screeching, crashing, cacophonous sound. I hear the drums crash in and the bass line roll, and I want to scream, shout, holler, yell, squeal, sing, roar, whatever it takes to proclaim the message: "She's a woman! She's a woman! She's a woman!" McCartney's soulful tenor vocals wail "My love don't give me presents," while Lennon provides the ever-present clamor of his stuttered, grinding guitar.