

Mp3 Goodbye Sons - Endings With No Story



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Americana Rock 13 MP3 Songs ROCK: Americana, COUNTRY: Country Rock Details: Goodbye Sons, a band centered in Grassy Cove, TN, has just completed its second full-length CD, "Endings With No Story," a studio project 6 months in the making. The band plays a blended style of rock that comprises the strains of many forms of traditional music from the South. "Our sound overlaps many classifications or genres, and I think that makes it accessible to a larger cross-section of listeners," said Christopher Miller, drummer for the band. "I sure wouldn't label it southern rock, nor alternativecountry or any other fusion style, just good music with a southern accent." The band was founded in 2001 when brothers-in-law John Bristow and Christopher Miller began playing together on the weekends. Then, after practicing in the attic of an old tarpaper shack in Grassy Cove, working on original material, they began to brainstorm for a name. "I liked the words 'goodbye sons' because it's somewhat ambiguous," remarked Bristow, guitarist/singer. "There's the pun with 'son' and 'sun' and there's also that off-to-war imagery. Plus, we're all sons, but kinda saying goodbye to that role as we develop the larger roles of adulthood, so I appreciate the transition the name implies." Goodbye Sons had plenty of material, even in the early days, as Bristow had been recording songs for quite a while, four-tracking all the different instruments himself. But now that the band was officially a band, additional members were needed. Enter Greg White, bassist. "I was interested in the group because they were playing mostly original songs, not the standard bar tunes, and at this point they were only guitar and drums, so it was something that I could fatten up, something I could add my own signature to," White said. In addition to the initial songs by Bristow, both original members had written new songs, hashed out during practices. Excited by the sound they were creating, it was decided to record a CD for posterity. White's friend, Joshua Hall, a multi-instrumentalist who plays a mean banjo, then in the Knoxville band Blackgrass, was asked to come aboard in time for

the recordings. "I feel fortunate and proud to be able to live where I do and to play with such a group of talented guys who are also great friends," Hall said. "I love to play my banjo with Goodbye Sons and I also have the freedom to play things with keys as well as things with strings." The band chose the logical setting for recording: Click Studios in Crossville, TN, where Bristow was employed as recording engineer. The process lasted several months, and the album was eventually released with the title "March," named after the month in which it was born and to add to the "off-to-war imagery." Promotion of the CD was minimal, having no record company to push it, but hundreds of copies sold in a dozen countries, buoyed mostly by word-of-mouth from various online communities. It was hailed by listeners as "fresh," "beautiful," and "the best music to come along in ages." CD's were distributed, shows played, and as time went on, the band began to gel solidly as a unit. Guitarist David Sojka, a cousin-inlaw to Bristow and Miller, had been invited to hop aboard, and the group's sound became thicker and more intricate, as each member conjoined his own particular musical influences to the mix. "John and I switch up rhythm and lead guitar, so it's certainly never boring," says Sojka. "And I prefer the dynamic of a two-guitar lineup because it really shores up the music. It's full-bodied rather than disjointed." Both Bristow and Miller were continuing to write lyrics during this time, with the entire band or Bristow alone putting music to them. The songs began piling up, and soon it was realized another CD would have to be made. Fast-forward to today: "The songs on our new CD are richer, more stylized," said Miller. "We grew as individual musicians, and we grew as a band, and we grew as songwriters, and John's skills in the studio are just amazing. So this record reflects all that improvement. It's more listenable, more professional-sounding but it ain't no sellout venture. If anything, it's even less compromising!" "We took more time and more risks, and we cut fewer costs and corners. We wanted it to be worth the trouble," Bristow states. "We wanted to make something we'd always be proud of. "Endings With No Story" is a complete collection of songs, not the normally assembled hodgepodge that tends to devalue a package. Not all themes are identical, and each song sounds different than the previous, but the flavor and personality are consistent, like a musical road trip. You can't just pop this CD into the stereo and play it in the middle; it's one of those infrequent beginning-to-end CD's. The CD begins with an instrumental, "Corridor Blanco," a despondent melody reminiscent of a New Orleans funeral march, leading into the strident furor of "Down to the Wire," genuine full-rocking romanticism. This takes us to "White Knuckle Ride," the racous tale of an ill-advised shotgun seating, joy-riding with a man who's not looking out for our best interests. Next is "Kisses on the Ground,"

the apparently normal forlorn portrayal of love's illusion, until the rising flutter of a horn section reminds us that the cup really is half full. Then "Thin Air," a melancholy (but bouncy) recount of love that seemed to disappear. Followed by "Good For You," apologetic but confident, and "Come Home With Me," concerned with the satisfying realization that ya gotta be yourself. The strong slide guitar and hefty spine of "Barstool Policies" underscores the simple admonition to leave the past behind. "Along Those Lines" tells the story of a rambling woman, liable to pick up and leave at any time. Next is "Divide the Blue," a curious but musically compelling description of airplane contrails. "I'm Not Dreaming" picks the pace up again, about a guy who can't believe what he's got is actually real. Then the title track, "Endings With No Story," pseudotraditional mountain music about a body or two that have mysteriously turned up. Finally, to put the CD to bed, a frolicking yet bemoaning song of soured love, "Need is a Selfish Reason," with an alternating crunch and horn-section that commands your toes to tap. It's the perfect climax to a CD that simply invites us to tag along. The music is challenging, the lyrics are attractive, and the sense of entirety within the CD is refreshing.

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