

Mp3 Brandon Pruitt - Red Dirt, Blue Country



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Brandon Pruitt's debut release. With a combination of Honky-Tonk, Rock, Red Dirt this album truly captures Brandon's Oklahoma roots. A must have for the Texas Country, Blues, and Southern Rock lover. 12 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Country Rock, ROCK: Roots Rock Details: Sony Publishings Brandon Pruitt, Freshman Release Nashville, TN For the past two years, Sony ATV singer/songwriter, Brandon Pruitt, has enjoyed fan and industry recognition throughout the South and Midwest. After hooking up with Sony Publishings Mike Whelan late in 2005, Brandon immediately began work on his freshman album, Red Dirt, Blue Country. The album has been well received by the Texas internet radio community. Lead off singles Country Boys and Oklahoma Way are currently in heavy rotation with RedDirtRadio.net. With this breakthrough album, Brandon hopes to spread his red dirt roots, and continue to broaden his fan base across the nation. Hailing from Oklahoma, Brandon is an accomplished singer/songwriter and musician. With the dynamic fusion of honky-tonk country, blues and rock, Brandon has forged his own unique sound in today's music scene. His influences include such legends as Johnny Cash, Keith Whitley, and Hank Williams. With heartfelt vocals and soul-searching lyrics, Brandon Pruitt is destined to become a leading force in American country music. More info: BrandonPruitt.com Tour Manager: (615) 830-5319, Mike Whitaker Booking: (603) 475-3967, Heath Baumhor Booking@BrandonPruitt.com BRANDON PRUITT Red-dirt troubadour Brandon Pruitt has a voice smothered by whiskey. It's a voice that can turn any Oklahoma lullaby into a raspy hymn about life's muted tragedies. Raised on hardscrabble American roots music, blue-collar revolutionists like Johnny Cash and Hank Williams, Pruitt's material covers the dark subject matter of his predecessors with songs about lovers done wrong to Christian ethos on heaven and hell. People need to be dark, Pruitt says, I'm a firm believer in that saying of you have to be unhappy in order to be happy. Pruitt is sitting in his Nashville duplex kitchenette, smoke lingering over his table like

a daylong haze. There's a grimy poster of immortalized Johnny Cash tacked firmly to the living room wall and beer cans scattered helter-skelter on the front porch. The crimped Budweiser cans have been used for target practice and have the smarting pockmarks to prove it. Growing up in Oklahoma has affected my music by always keeping me rooted and grounded in reality, Pruitt continues. It has shaped my songwriting and every aspect of my life. From religion to sin, I owe everything to the red-dirt I grew up on. Pruitt pauses, while downing a longneck of Budweiser, its label peeling off the bottle in wet tufts. His life story comes together in patches, the fabric woven very much like the lifeblood of his visceral story-songs. Pruitt tells of his initial fascination with music, listening to 50s rock on his mother's car radio as a 5-year-old kid: It's strange. I find myself going back and using those same oldie rhythms in my songs. A self-taught guitarist at the age of 17, Pruitt says he floundered at a neighboring dustbowl community college for a year or so before pegging Middle Tennessee State University's nationally renowned recording industry program in Murfreesboro, Tenn. as a transitory benchmark. While at MTSU, Pruitt's baptism-by-fire music biz education carried over to the streets of the pastoral college burg where he fronted Americana roots-rock bands in a localized music scene largely dominated by its Pitchfork readers and MySpace page wielding emo-rockers. His manager's persistent bookings at Murfreesboro's Temptation Club, a rumpled watering hole where men haunch themselves over pool tables with a steady precision, attracted a word-of-mouth following for Pruitt and his band. The regular crowd matured into a 350-strong patronage of Pruitt apostles who advocated for their red-dirt underground iconoclast with near jam band devotion. The Temptation Club was nothing short of a weekly fire hazard. Brandon Pruitt, country rabble-rouser in a town where indie boy wonder Conor Oberst was treated as a mod demi-god. In fact, to hear Pruitt tell it, it was at a small bar in Murfreesboro, TN that Pruitt unwittingly impressed the right person, Sony/ATV liaison Michael Whelan. I visited Mike within the next few days. He called a couple of weeks later, said, Yeah man, I think we've got a place for you here. And I went up to Nashville the next week and they offered me a writer/artist spot on Sony/ATV. But as for now, though, Pruitt's watery longneck has been downed in quick gulps. The bottle is nearly empty, and while most of the world is closing up shop at 10 p.m., Pruitt is off to work on another song for his next journey onto the stage.

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