

Mp3 Leroy Tannamount - Tannamount To Every G.i.



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Rips down the fences between rock, country, soul, and pop/dance/disco. LeRoy hates playing the same thing over and over. Purists beware, he uses a synth. (GASP.) Maybe it's time to adapt. He travels the country in a pickup, plays in honky-tonks. 15 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Modern Country, ROCK: Roots Rock Details: Artist: LeRoy Tannamount CD: TANNAMOUNT TO EVERY G.I. I don't know what to tell you about this kid. He makes you laugh, he makes you cry, all in one album? That's entertainment. Neil Sartorian Shulamith Relations THIS GUY HAS A TREMENDOUS TALENT! HE IS AN EXCELLENT SONGWRITER, A VERY INTERESTING SINGER, AND THE SONGS ARE VERY CLEVER - - - THE GUY REALLY HAS TALENT. - - PLEASE KEEP ME INFORMED REGARDING THE PROGRESS OF THIS CD. I THINK THERE IS GREAT POTENTIAL! I ESPECIALLY LIKE CUT #4!! VERY CLEVER, VERY FUNNY. WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK WITH THIS. THIS MAN HAS TALENT!!!!!! IF THERE IS ANY WAY I CAN HELP YOU, LET ME KNOW. SHAD O'SHEA AND THE GANG FANTASY RECORDS CONTACT INFO: Ric Marshall, LRT, Inc. speaker1 @ sbcglobal Save your pfennigs, use e-mail. Send me your phone number and proposal - I'll call you! No, really, I WILL! The kid's ready to rock! COMING SOON: TANNAMOUNT TO A COLLEGE BOY (15 songs) TANNAMOUNT AUX LES FEMMES (14 songs) TANNAMOUNT TO A MUSICIAN (14 songs) EXCERPT FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH LEROY TANNAMOUNT: Why I'm writing and singing now, I've always -- since I was a kid, been singing, writing poetry, writing songs. Kinda fell away from it after my parents died. The nuns at the orphanage said I was studying to be catatonic, for a while there. I guess I was a little moody the first year. - - You want to make a NUN leave you alone? She comes in your room, just say: 'Look, I'm fourteen years old, I'm havin' PUBERTY, you gonna HELP me with this?' She'll be gone so fast, there'll be a WAKE in the CARPET, look like a SPEEDBOAT went down the HALL! - - My great aunt died, and she left

me a house full of music, her record collection went back to the '20's. You have to play these big old quarter-inch-thick records on a wind-up victrola. She had everything, Cab Calloway, Count Basie, Paul Whiteman, early Satchmo, Dizzy Gillespie. I got a record of Bing Crosby while his voice is still changing. I got everything, Paganini, Mozart, Wagner, Rossini, Glenn Miller, Dorsey Brothers, Spike Jones, Doris Day. So while I was in the orphanage, I gave myself a musical education every night. The little kids would all dance in the hallway outside my room. I even saw Mamma Superior tapping her foot once, but I'll never tell the Pope. Thing is, it was all selfish, it was all for me. See, on 9/11 everything changed. I was living on a houseboat down on the still water with a friend of mine, we were working carpentry jobs in the bayous. (Sure, like some Cajun's gonna pay us to do something he's been doin' all his life-but now and then somebody'd give us two twenties to cut the branches off a tree so the sun would dry off his house.) Then one day the mailman comes by, says: 'Here's yo' mail, by the way, the country's at war, hope you boys don't get drafted like I did.' So my buddy and I decided to pole the boat up to LaFourche and get a bus to where we could join up. Might as well beat 'em to the punch. First thing we find out, didn't nobody want us. Army recruiting sergeant says: 'I'd like to sign you up, boys, but the President says we supposed to go on living our lives, just pretend there ain't no war. Besides, if you haven't been playing video games for the last ten years, you ain't no earthly good to the army. We done phased out the bayonet charge, we don't do that no more.' So I tried a few other things and nothing worked. - - I ended up buying this old white pickup truck. Loaded all my tools in it, dropped some friends off in Shreveport and headed for California. Trouble started about ten miles inside the state line, this trooper pulled me over -- turned out I had black hair and three days' growth of beard, according to his profile that means I had a high potential of being an Arab terrorist or a drug dealer. He's going through four buckets of tools looking for cocaine. I said: 'Shoot, man, look at the Pelican on the license plate. I'm from Louisiana! All the drugs in Louisiana come FROM California. You're working the wrong side of the street, you supposed to be over there catching the OUTGOING traffic!' He said I had a uncooperative attitude. Hurt my feelings. I can't help it, I try to be a gentleman, but I always find myself raising my voice when I have to tell somebody older than me how to do his doggone job. I guess he didn't want to interfere with California's only export product. - - So, my Aunt Irene, she was great, big ol' fat lady, very charming, very social. Always having people over, always playing music, everybody had to get dressed up, 'oh, Company's coming! You might could MEET someone, it'll be GOOD for you!' That kind of thing. God help you if you were skinny, she'd force-feed you

right there. And she was always encouragin' people to have opinions, to ask questions. If you had an opinion about something, she wanted to hear you express it, but only in positive terms. 'No name-calling,' she'd say, 'That's for the white trash and common people.' She never wanted me to express a negative point of view. Like if I said: 'The President's a Pile of Poop,' she'd say, 'NOW, LeRoy, you're supposed to say: 'Here's what the President's doing, and here's what I WOULD be doing if I was President, and here's why MY WAY IS BETTER - - THEREFORE, the President's a pile of POOP. See?' She also made me recite poetry standing at the fireplace. It's the Scotch-Irish way, goes back a long time. They say my people came to Louisiana with Andrew Jackson. Andy went up east to be President, and we ended up south of the river, wondering where the next dollar's coming from. My producer says we already got enough material to do four more albums. I been writing a lot of songs. Says we have to sell the first one first, so go get everybody you know to BUY one, alright? Then we gonna buy some good equipment, bring in some stompers and pickers. The music can only get better. We're gonna rock the world, I am NOT jivin'.' End

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