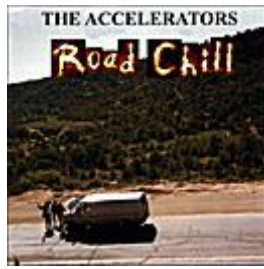


## Mp3 The Accelerators - Road Chill



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A mix of Jason The Scorchers, Buddy Holly and great Southern power pop with great melodies and hooks. 19 MP3 Songs POP: Pop/Rock, ROCK: Country-Rock Details: The Accelerators released three excellent LPs in the mid 80s to early 90s, and this CD compiles the best tracks from these three. The band also released a brand new CD in the early 2000s, and are currently working on new material for a brand new release. Liner notes from "Road Chill": For a glorious time in the American southeast, back in the latter part of the now-past century, an Accelerators show was the most uncommon of common occurrences. The Accelerators would come through town fairly often, Greenville, South Carolina or Athens, Georgia or Charlotte, North Carolina. The it was zero to 60, and a mid-sized community full of strip malls and asphalt could become the nations most special and anointed city, if only for a couple of hours. The band brought no tour bus to turn local necks or impress local girls, it had no corporate sponsors and no image to buff. Gerald Duncan and his group of mighty players would get to, say, Spartanburg's Dawg gone club with the summer sun still burning on softened, cracked pavement. Theyd emerge from a van, remove whatever instruments and grievances they had taken along with them, then sound check into dented microphones. Then theyd go check into a motel, return to the Dawg under cloak of darkness and put on a show that was as tough and wild as a dirt road street fight, sacred as church and college football and profane as drummer Doug Whelchels illegal smile. Suddenly, there was no such thing as Richard Marx on the radio, no such thing as single-sex dormitories with door alarms and hall monitors, no such thing as any such thing that got in the way of real-deal, fist clenched, open hearted rocknroll. Ask those who witnessed all this and they will smile and offer confirmation. Then theyll find the words to make a point and the point will be something like this: We knew what we were feeling, but we had no idea what we were seeing. What we were seeing was...well, its still hard to say. But it was

something like Chuck Berry circa 1956 and Sandy Konfax circa 1966 and The Ramones circa 1976 Beelzebub circa 666. No matter what record charts or radio playlists and concert promoters would indicate, this was the no-doubt big time. As big as it gets. Decades removed, we know that now. Decades later, we've never seen anything like it. And, decades later, sometimes there'll be a twinge of doubt. Could this band really have risen above broken promises, busted radiators, lineup changes, abysmal trends of the musical time and a thousand other factors and emerged with some of the most incredible, melodic, smart, hooky, memorable rocknroll ever to be roundly ignored by the public at large? And then, we put this music on, and we hear the things these people sang and played in studios long ago, and we marvel at the wonder of it all. This was not just the bar band of our recurring sweet dreams, this was not just the folly of youth. This was not, as Duncan sings, just "the first hunt for a blue tick pup". This was-and is cause we can listen RIGHT NOW-the absolute where-the-soul-of-man-never-dies stuff. It begins with some kind of rockabilly that gets waylaid and uplifted by a bass line as active and shifty as anything that dude from Elvis Costello's Attractions ever mustered. It moves through snarling, big-budget rock (thank you Profile Records) that remains as visceral and edgy as the things recorded for that tiny Dolphin independent label that gave The Accelerators a studio start. In "Regina", it proclaims to us that prejudice is dumb without ever telling us that prejudice is dumb. In "Jennys", it offers up a soundscape as pointed as the songs switchblade hero. In "Shes Not The One", it's lonely and unresolved as some high, lonesome bluegrass song, in "L.A. is falling", it's a furious, apocalyptic portrait of a man doomed to be "Working on the instrument of my destruction". If Duncan figured that instrument to be his guitar, then he figured wrong: the singer and the songs survive. They tell us of triple-bills, at the drive-in, of lost chances, of hang-ups of the emotional and telephone varieties, of manpower checks and Laundromats. They get all tore-up, they punch the sacred cow, they piss off the radio and live to tell the tale. They give us ways of the world, all the questions and the answers and the one true path, in three words and a contraction that ring louder than the First Baptist Church's Sunday morning bells: "Cmon baby, ooh whee". --Peter Cooper Senior Music Writer The Nashville Tennessean People who are interested in should consider this download.

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