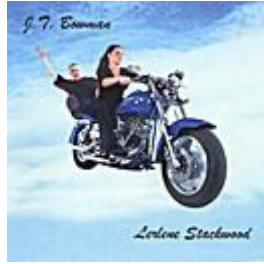


Mp3 J.t. Bowman & Lerlene Stackwood - Country: Modern Country



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Full-blown country-pop concepts prefabricated for your listening pleasure. 6 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Modern Country, COUNTRY: Country Rock Details: Rocketing out of the backwoods with a smile as large as the chip on the universe's shoulder, J.T. Bowman launches J.T. Bowman Lerlene Stackwood, six would-be country hits tracing the demise of a romantic relationship and its 21st-century after-effects. "I knew things were goin' bad between us," J.T. says, "but, hell... I was looking for the remote." "And I really tried to work it out," Lerlene shrugs. "Every woman knows marriage is truly sacred. But then I realized that I'd married... J.T. Bowman." The result? Real country music that could be created and played only in a place where the fun is superseded by, well, more fun. From the request-line groove of "Married to the Couch" to the misty regret of "You Never Loved Me," from the stadium chant of "You Ain't All That!" to the bittersweet longing of "What Part of This Is Love," from the misogyny of "Butt Ugly" to the misanthropy of "The Bleep You Song," J.T. Bowman Lerlene Stackwood lays out the naked truth next to the utility shed, in all its boobs, butts, bellies, and expletive-laced finales, and creates a tender chronicle of a man and a woman living a dream... until they wake up and tell you all about it. The point? Get your best relationship advice from yourself. Grab a Pabst Blue Ribbon, crank up J.T. Bowman Lerlene Stackwood, and get on with your life. Growing up in music's heady "hill country," and later schooled in its daunting "lower valleys," J.T. eventually came to rest between those verdant highs and lows, writing and playing what he now calls "the music of no fixed address." "I think the best songs live somewhere between the completely recognizable and the completely unknown," he explains. "It's that moment when you recognize something you've never seen before in your life.... That's a song." It's like that long line of trucks stacked up and waiting at the roadside diner. When you finally get inside, you're gonna eat it up... and you're gonna love

it. J.T. adds, "I might not be real Nashville, but my mother-in-law and one billion Chinese won't never know." ***** Liner notes: I watched her drive away. "Life ain't that complicated," I thought. "I've still got my bass boat, my beer, my old Hank Williams LPs... and whatever else she just left back in the trailer...." She said I never understood "who" she was... and you know what? She's right. Knowing too many things can make a man forget what's important. Women never forget. "Hey Mitch," I smiled as her taillights faded. "Let's get out the guitars." And we did. It's all about the last word. One for her and one for me. --J.T. Bowman, June 2004 ***** J.T. Bowman: vocal, guitar Lerlene Stackwood: vocal Mitch Renault: bass, piano, guitar Horace Teeter: drums Produced by Mitch Renault

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