

Mp3 Peanut Albinos - Falling From The Saddle Of A High Horse



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'Imagine a band that look like a bunch of old-fashioned tinkers, who play skiffle banjo, mandolin and brushed drums with a masterful depth of dark gothic and celtic soul.' 6 MP3 Songs in this album (25:01) !

Related styles: FOLK: Alternative Folk, FOLK: Modern Folk People who are interested in Tom Waits Jeff Buckley Gomez should consider this download. Details: 'Imagine a band that look like a bunch of old-fashioned tinkers, who play skiffle banjo, mandolin and brushed drums with a masterful depth of dark gothic and celtic soul, but are mercifully devoid of any carousing Irish accents... Peanut Albinos, in soft, battered, slept-in suits and hats, have an English take on longing, regret and coming to terms with consequences, all while making you think you are in a late night lock-in with Tom Waits on the Kilburn High Road.' Paul Carrea - Nightshift, Issue 152 'Truly enthralling... Believe me they are great.' 2000trees Festival The Peanut Albinos offer a compelling mixture of speakeasy jazz, Pogues-style aggression and beguiling ol timey country. For some reason, I found them rather scary; perhaps it was the beards and hats, or the rasping king-of-the-drunks excellence of the singer, but there felt an undercurrent of evil about some of the songs, especially the jazzy ones with their funereal banjo and air of mocking world-weariness. When the Great Depression hit and banker after banker took the plunge from the forty-first floor, you can imagine the Peanut Albinos playing away on the street corner as the emergency services searched the sidewalk for all the body parts. This sense of menace dissipates on the country songs where note-perfect harmony (with a spirit not far from The Bands Rockin Chair or even the odd track by our own Epstein) and instrumental tenderness are the watchwords, although the chord progressions are a little more sophisticated than in most country tunes. Still, even with these lyrical interludes I couldnt help thinking that the Peanut Albinos appearance may be a harbinger of hard times

ahead, as if they were a group designed for some future Perfect Storm: Sub-Prime, Credit Crunch, Stock market Crash and Beckham being picked for England again. Put it this way, if they succeed, it probably means the rest of us are in the shit. Colin MacKinnon 'No peanuts, no albinos. Lying bastards. Dead good though.' unpeeled.net RECENT REVIEW OF 'FALLING FROM THE SADDLE OF A HIGH HORSE':

Authenticity, theres a vexed musical issue. How much does it matter when appropriating sounds and techniques, and at what point can doing something inauthentically become a tradition in its own right? If you want a handy analogy, try the British curry house: despite claims to the contrary stencilled in the bottom of restaurant windows, we all know that the madras you buy on a Friday night is not quite like what has been prepared in Madras for generations, but would it be wrong to say that the British curry menu is now a culinary heritage in its own right; and anyhow, if it tastes good, does it matter? These thoughts float in the back of the mind as the Peanut Albinos EP opens with The Most Insignificant Things, a gorgeous concoction of bass, percussion, mandolin and bowed saw with a distinct North African flavour. However, although its probably nothing like what might get played in Tunis on an average evening, it does fit seamlessly into the 60s spy theme exotica sub-genre think The Man From UNCLE visits Marrakech and could easily be drawn from the dusty depths of some Ninja Tune artists crate marked Obscure Samples. Like a good prawn balti, the really significant fact is that its deeply satisfying, the bass creating a rubbery backdrop for some plucked strings so clipped and sharp they sound like needles dropping into lakes of crystal. The whole piece exhibits the most wonderful poise and delicacy, when it could so easily have become a knowing pastiche. Follow up To Be A Number introduces some vocals and ups the drama quota, but could have come from the same imaginary soundtrack. Just Another Days unexpected banjo lope drags us unexpectedly across the globe to some sort of hillbilly campfire, where the rest of the CD seems content to kick back and relax except the unexpected encroachment of some drunken lumberjacks on the chorus does break the spell somewhat (although the Albinos somehow get away with it). From hereon in were in the world of the backyard country ballad, all brushed drums, finger pickin banjos, guitar strums and world weary laments. Once again, the sense of restraint and control is quite astonishing, and almost unheard of at this level, but perhaps the compositions are somewhat pedestrian: only How Do You Sleep, My Dear? makes any sort of bid for the listeners memory on the EPs second half, resembling something Springsteen might knock off in one of his quieter moods. Still, despite the feeling that it slopes off rather unobtrusively after it had started with such colour and tension, this

record is still a real treasure with an understated style that's as unexpected as the melange of influences. If they could get a bit of Tom Waits grit into the vocals we could have one of the most intriguing live acts around. Note to self: go to Peanut Albinos gig. By David Murphy

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