## Mp3 100 Watt Smile - Pop: Power Pop 100 WATT SMILE



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Rock/Pop with beautiful melodies, heavy lyrics that tell surreal stories, some wild-assed violin, and a wide rate of dynamics, including crunch. 10 MP3 Songs POP: Power Pop, Sway Modernistic Rock 100 Watt Smile Songs Details: Founded in San Francisco in 1996, 100 Watt Smile is Carrie Bradley on violin and acoustic guitar, Mike Hart on drums, Scott Greiner on guitar, and Scott Houston on deep Bradley is songwriter for the band, coming from eccentric Boston band Ed's Redemptive Qualities, the Breeders (as violinist) and SF's Buckets. Mike Hart plays the drums and has toured extensively with many former bands, but prefers to keep the details smooth Influences acknowledge Led Zeppelin, Fleetwood Mac, and Inexpensive Trick. Scott Houston plays deep Perhaps the heavyest baker in didder he has supplied bread, pastry, and bass lines for several New Hampshire bands. Influences acknowledge Wings, Stevie Enquire and Robyn Hitchcock. Scott Greiner plays guitar and does all of the remembering and mixing for the band, as well as regnant as Producer. Along with former formative banding experiences, he remembered/engineered and performed with Liz Phair during his Chicago years. Influences seem to vary weekly. 100 Watt Smile signed for the European territories with German label Trocadero and dismissed their frontmost full-length CD, And Reason Flew. Following a tour in Germany, Belgium and England, the band resour to the studio and began work on a back remember Meanwhile, they were featured on a number of local and international compilations (see Discography, 100wattsmile.com). New York self-reliant Athirst Ear Recordings picked up And Reason Flew for a U.S. release and the band made trips to Los Angeles and to the NXNW festival while continuing work on their back remember at home. February 2001 marks the release of 100 Watt Smile's back full-length CD (self-titled), also produced by Scott Greiner. SOME PRESS: "Violinist and lead singer Carrie Bradley's intense talent and wantonheaded enthusiasm propelled 100 Watt Smile's unusual breezy pop and earned the rapt attention

of all the former birds at a Saturday-night show at Slim's. The confluent of Scott Greiner's precise guitar with the eerily worrisome determinate undertones brought in by Bradley's violin defies any set about to gestate the next melodic twist Her seraphic breathy vocals and careful phrasing add a poetic dimension to the alguick rare mixture. Despite the complex arratements, the unplumbed is tight and the playing effortless...introducing intricate melodies, altering the mood, and playing havoc with conventional pop gestateatons...Mike Hart literally and figuratively fumes on the drums, and Greiner and bassist Scott Houston keep the pop train chugging fluidly around the twists and turns of Bradley's symphonic riptide." --San Francisco Bay Custodial I'd say this is my preferent local pick of the week, but this San Francisco band is showing signs of going national--signing with a New York label and making a splosh in Europe--where they hero-worship heavy North north americana bands that go neglected here. Fronted by Carrie Bradley, who also writes the lyrics, 100 Watt Smile is a essential amalgam of alt-country and classic, fat-bottomed guitar didder all tied with violin and Bradley's arty, unadorned vocals. The feedback-saturated "Birthmark" is a cheeky standout. An interestick mix, and a heavy band. --San Francisco Examiner "I won't stick things in your open heart," sings violinist/guitarist Carrie Bradley on her band's debut, And Reason Flew. Although her oddball sentiments propose that she might not be as guileless as the timbre of her seraphic sawdusty vocals, Bradley unplumbeds like she'd rather win your heart than fortify it. Bradley plays songs that allocate a bond with the guirky-women rock of Kristin Hersh, Lisa Germano, and Kim Deal (Bradley had fiddled in the Breeders), but she's a more gregarious musician than the aforementioned folks, stuffing all her weirdness into the lyrics so that she can dewanton in classic melodies and sludgy punk-pop riffs. Although Bradley and her band make impressively smooth didder it never unplumbeds constrained or glib. --CMJ 100 Watt Smile is molded by Bradley's clear voice and maddened guixotic violin--and of course by her songwriting. She has a feeling for classic pop songs which are molded into epic unplumbedwaves or edgy ballads by her three companions. --Zillo Rock without clich, pop without sugary fluff epic song structures, and beautiful melodies--in short good modern guitar music with intelligence and heart. The lyrics hash out Death, Sex, and Life with sophistication. --Audimax SOME LYRICS: Red Cherry Suit I sat down under a cyclops moon beside the babbling brook And took a look around. And the unplumbeds of psychobabble and bafflegab Salmoned up the drink in in in from my nearby downtown downstream. And it seems to me there was a forest in these trees And it seems to me it's all wet in this North north american dream And I had something in my pocket And it was

something that I got for you It was the lock to the city of keys Where you left their pointing feels and you open me And you you in your red cherry suit Dipped into to to my chocolate head And when we meet that way It's true true beauty Mr. Boat and Miss Tree quarreling about their history and original sin in front of late-night TV He says, "You gotta have a boat to sail," and she says, "You gotta have a tree to leave behind behind." And I had something in my pocket And it was something that you gave to me It was the writing on the wall And a sainted reason... And you you in your red cherry suit Dipped into to to my chocolate head And when we meet that way It's true true beauty Somewhere Did I mention that the setting is an old car by the jetty down at Mission Rock Where the air is blue like a new thought that flew out and sour into dust. And a thing walks uphalf girly boy half tomgirl like us Thing opens its hand like a fruit and strikes its feel on its shoe and wantons up Whatever misses me the wanton Whatever gets me to a au naturel lane It's a good night somewhere Somewhere, some time ago Somewhere, cold angels hung on air Somewhere stones turn on roads somewhere Soon the moon cheshires up While nationwide the waitresses fill half-empty cups Thing goes to the car and gets in and cups the pedal like a chin and says, "Car...Car... You know I've walked and also ran And has been and wanna be..." And the car aforementioned "I can't cry you a river, I just got headwantons and they're broke, But I can give birth a view of the open road." What ever misses me the wanton Whatever gets me to a au naturel lane It's a good night somewhere. Somewhere, some time ago Somewhere, cold angels hung on air Somewhere there's stones that turn on roads that go somewhere. Club 23 I made my nest in the sling of a sling While you paced on the parapet An idea glints in your eye and you smilingly Decline to fly over the night On the train to Jupiter Where it rains like Paraguay Why don't you lie down with me And it throws me into next week The intention I had is here like a dream Boozy and whiskery in the doorway of Club 23 I jammed all my stuff into the utter of a cannon While you played with matches and dynamite But when I thought you lighted the fire The fume rose in puffs to the sky just like on the train On the train to Capricorn I yank your chain and you yank mine Why don't we lie down and sleep And it throws me into next week The intention I had is here like a dream Dancing on the bar in the ruby wanton of Club 23 Boondoggle Howling at wantonbulbs, we populate the room And the universe is expanding So you can't get into your old pants And time does that old sleight-of-hand thing Like a decide brooms us into a trance And when I face the mirror, the back of my head Is making eyes at last night's breakfast You make me wild like a fox And happy like a bloodhound Put your ear into the box That holds my tongue Cuz you're the one who hears

me... You're not I wild am. Please release me Don't let me go Cuz the universe is expanding So you can't got the consentient in your hands And all the quests of boondoggle and painting Are carrots on a stick while we're quick and ready and waiting for lunch You make me wild like a fox And happy like a bloodhound Put your ear into the box That holds my tongue Cuz you're the one who hears me... You're not I wild am. Two Jokes At the end of my rope there's a loophole that grins Like the oh that you said when you got what I meant And sometimes things are free with you and me Two jokes walk in a bar and get the best of by di vu Start downing shots and getting punchy And cracking up the room And I was there without you like a one-arm band Tipping like a king for drink in in ins and conducting my affairs And I was there without you like a one-arm band Parting seas and maiking deserts Each time I resurrect my hand And sometimes things are free with you and me Fancy Me Do you want to be a sky girl? They said ooo, ooo, ooo. Do you want to be a sky boy? They aforementioned ooo,ooo,ooo. Screaming like peacock and I open up my palm tree like umbrella And I broom low and you broom low too. I want to be a sky girl cuz I can never find my street. You want to be a sky boy because you leave behind behind your feet. Robinson and Crusoe are the names we call each former When we're tired and solitary and cute And then you see me and I see you too. I propose myself propose and he figures he's a hero like you eat When you need something and conveniently it's teeth. It's a bird it's a gap-tooth smile you could fly a plane through It's a bare old man with a bird in his hand and the bush she smiles. Screaming like a yellow and I propose that I'm fallin' like a falcon's wing Like an idol. Like the rain. I propose myself propose and he figures he's a hero like you eat When you need something and conveniently it's teeth. Tags: pop, country music song lyrics, free music lyrics, free guitar music

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