



"One of the most shiver-inducing singers on the planet, who gets his nickname by virtue of the unstoppable power of his vocal chords, Hancock embodies the spirits of Hank Williams, Ernest Tubb and Bob Wills in his ferociously swinging honky-tonk—outlaw country to the max." —**San Francisco Chronicle**

WAYNE HANCOCK VIPER OF MELODY

RELEASE DATE: APRIL 21, 2009

"I want to jump the blues and make the hard times swing."

So opens **Wayne The Train's** seventh full-length album, and fourth for Bloodshot, and it's a deft proclamation of his unwavering belief in the curative energy of juke joint swing. Since his 1995 debut *Thunderstorms and Neon Signs*, Wayne's fierce devotion to the giants in the county music pantheon and his staunch refusal to acknowledge the dross that has followed make his output and outlook downright radical.

Man, there ain't a problem that can't be salvaged by his brand of stripped down, intensely rhythmic amalgam of hillbilly, roadhouse blues, honky-tonk, rockabilly and hep-cat boogie. It's an infectious and unpretentious sound telling quotidian tales of driving your life away, throwing your money away, playing the slots and twisting one up with your friends, and rich with a strain of populism that shimmies all the way back to Jimmie Rodgers, one that makes the holes in your roof and holes in your shoes all part of our common humanity. It's all played with an old school musicianship and a stand-on-the-edge-of-the-stage immediacy that rockets out of the speakers.

Yeah, Wayne might be a throwback, but his conviction and energy kick to the curb any preconceived notions about what that means. Just check out that fuzzed out James Burton-styled guitar solo on "Dog House Blues," the straight up stand-up bass breakdown on "Throwin' Away My Money" or the jazz inflected git runs on "Freight Train Boogie."

Even when he sings on the hard times like "the rich folks call it recession, but the poor folks call it depression" in "Workin' at Workin'," this **Austin, TX native** does it with a big smile and keeps the dance floor full, calling out solos to crack players like a modern day Bob Wills. Hell, you can even dance to his murder ballads. Check out "Your Love and His Blood" and "Moving On #3" if you don't believe us.

Produced by long time collaborator **Lloyd Maines** (Joe Ely, Wilco, Uncle Tupelo, Dixie Chicks), *Viper of Melody* is a tick-tight organic affair full of first takes and a near telepathic interplay by the band. It's not surprising given that this band clocks in 200+ shows a year. If you live somewhere between Portland, Maine and Portland, Oregon, you're likely going to get a chance to see for yourself.

BIOGRAPHY

Wayne "The Train" Hancock was born May 1, 1965, and began writing songs around age 12. His family moved around a lot during his childhood, and often sang to entertain themselves. Hancock started playing juke joints around Texas as a teenager, and at age 18 won a prestigious talent competition, the Wrangler Country Showdown; however, he was unable to reap the benefits, having just enlisted in the Marines. After six years in the military, Hancock returned to Texas and began playing around the state wherever he

could, working odd jobs on the side to help make ends meet. Eventually tiring of his itinerant existence, Hancock moved to West Dallas in 1993, and shortly thereafter settled in the music mecca of Austin. In 1994, he got a part in the musical theater production *Chippy*, where he performed alongside progressive country legends Joe Ely, Butch Hancock (no relation), Robert Earl Keen, and Terry Allen. He also made his recorded debut on the soundtrack album *Songs From Chippy*. —*All Music Guide*

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