

TECH COPY (CD Booklet)

street date: 01/25/2019

ARTIST: Pony Bradshaw

TITLE: Sudden Opera

LABEL: Rounder

UPC: 888072041639

1166100323

Produced by Jedd Hughes, Shani Gandhi and Gary Paczosa

Recorded by Gary Paczosa and Shani Gandhi

Recorded at Sound Emporium, Nashville, TN, assisted by Rachael Moore and Southern Ground, Nashville, TN, assisted by Preston White

Mixed by Gary Paczosa and Shani Gandhi

Mixed at Minutia and The Galt Line, Nashville, TN

Mastered by Gavin Lurssen at Lurssen Mastering, Los Angeles, CA

Settles Connection appears courtesy of tbd

Photography:

Package Design:

Thanks be to the King James Bible and Southern guilt for the creative stimulation, to Bek for the allowance of absorbedness, the belief and constant love; to Gary Paczosa, Jedd Hughes and Shani Ghandi for drawing out what they drew out and for being painstakingly patient, to everyone at Rounder Records, to Jeff Colvin for such wise counsel, to Neill Smith for taking a chance on a North Georgia hillbilly, to Elam and Muller at WME, to my mom for life and lungs, to my brother Colby for the conversations concerning art no matter how cantankerous and cavalier we'd sound if outed; to Hud, my beloved towheaded artist-in-the-making who galvanizes daily my decision to pursue this "way of life", to Coop, the sprightly prince of honesty and wielder of the most authentic, transparent love imaginable, to Cass, the giant genius who has gradually and unknowingly dug a cozy berth into my heart, to these, my three emboldening sons, I owe myriad thanks; to Flaubert, Cezanne and their ilk for prodding me ever forward, to Townes and Guy for inspiring me to care about each word, each syllable, each rhyme; to the 90s for impregnating my soul with melody; and lastly, to my dad, James R.R. Bradshaw, Sr. (8/12/1958 - 7/12/2018), I dedicate this record, *Sudden Opera*, for which he proudly and poetically took to his "grave."

ponybradshaw.net

rounder.com

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LABEL COPY (CD Booklet)

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1. **Van Gogh** (2:52)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: acoustic & electric guitar, harmony vocals
Paddy Ryan: drums, percussion
Tony Lucido: bass
Russ Pahl: steel
Charlie Judge: accordion
Sarah Buxton: harmony vocals

2. **Jehovah** (3:06)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, harmony vocals, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: electric guitar
Ian Fitchuk: drums, percussion, B3
Glenn Worf: bass
Rob McNelley: electric guitar
Shani Gandhi: harmony vocals

3. **Shame** (2:56)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: mandolin, 12 string acoustic & electric guitar
Ian Fitchuk: drums, percussion, keys
Glenn Worf: bass
Rob McNelley: electric guitar
Charlie Judge: keys
Sarah Dugas: harmony vocals
Shani Gandhi: harmony vocals

4. **Ain't No Eden** (3:29)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: acoustic & electric guitar, harmony vocals
Paddy Ryan: drums, percussion
Eli Beard: bass
Russ Pahl: steel
Charlie Judge: keys, celeste
Ruby Amanfu: harmony vocals

5. **10x10** (3:39)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: mandolin, 12 string guitar, electric guitar
Paddy Ryan: drums, percussion
Eli Beard: bass
Charlie Judge: keys
Ross Holmes: strings
Carmella Ramsey: harmony vocals

6. **Charlatan** (2:56)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: acoustic & electric guitar, harmony vocals
Ian Fitchuk: drums, keys
Glenn Worf: bass
Rob McNelley: electric guitar

7. **Didn't It Rain** (3:28)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: electric guitar, harmony vocals
Paddy Ryan: drums, percussion
Tony Lucido: bass
Charlie Judge: keys
Ruby Amanfu: harmony vocals

8. **Loretta** (3:59)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: electric guitar, drum programming, harmony vocals
Paddy Ryan: drums
Tony Lucido: bass
Russ Pahl: steel
Carmella Ramsey: harmony vocals

9. **Bad Teeth** (3:57)

James Bradshaw: electric guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: electric guitar, harmony vocals
Paddy Ryan: drums
Eli Beard: bass
Russ Pahl: steel
Charlie Judge: B3
Parker Millsap: harmony vocals

10. **Sippi Sand** (4:10)

James Bradshaw: national guitar, acoustic guitar, harmony & lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: acoustic guitar, electric guitar, harmony vocals
Paddy Ryan: drums
Tony Lucido: bass
Charlie Judge: keys, B3
Craig Pratt: electric guitar
Settles Connection (Odessa Settles, Calvin Settles Sr., Shirley Settles, Rick Jones): background vocals

11. **Gaslight Heart** (3:54)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: acoustic & electric guitar, drum programming, harmony vocals
Paddy Ryan: drums, percussion
Tony Lucido: bass
Charlie Judge: accordion
Ross Holmes: strings
Sarah Buxton: harmony vocals

12. **Josephine** (4:56)

James Bradshaw: acoustic guitar, lead vocals
Jedd Hughes: tiple, resophonic guitar, acoustic 12 string, electric guitar, harmony vocals
Paddy Ryan: drums
Eli Beard: bass
Russ Pahl: steel
Charlie Judge: piano, B3
Sarah Buxton: harmony vocals

OUTSIDE TRAY CREDITS

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2. **Jehovah** (3:06)
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[Rounder Records logo]

LYRICS

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Van Gogh

I had a dream that I was Van Gogh
Living like a vandal
In my tiny castle
I painted portraits of a morning
Coffee with my Lord
He's still missing his girl Mary

Oh, we're talking dirty now
I like it when we move like that
Oh, we're shaping little lies
On the tips of our tongues
Where you at?

She fancied herself a Rimbaud
Coming out that swamp slow
Her head up in the cosmos
She's got them absinthe eyes I told you
She's trying to break that **mold**, fool
I need a little strange fruit

Oh, we're talking dirty now
I like it when we move like that
Oh, we're shaping little lies
On the tips of our tongues
Where you at?

I drink the blues with my bourbon
Jimmy Reed's a sermon
"Little Rain" a' thundering
I stood up and started singing
I got all this feeling
I'm swinging from the ceiling

Jehovah

I went AWOL
Missed my curtain call
Now I'm running at the mouth like I do

Fake plastic poses
Nobody knows it
I'm just a bullet passing through
Run of the mill
Handshake the deal
Yeah, I'll be on my way
We go together like cocaine and time
Won't you go on and let it die

Wasteland baby save me from me
Death to ego cheap-talk lingo
I'm just a dope-sick liar
A dilettante on fire

We throw paint on the canvas
And call it post-modernistic magic
On my Christ-haunted shoulders
I carry Jehovah like a soldier
Ain't the past a killer
Just like the 'Thrilla in Manila'
All my words is filler
Narcissus in the Mirror
In the mirror, in the mirror

Wasteland baby save me from me
Death to ego cheap-talk lingo
I'm just a dope-sick liar
A dilettante on fire

Rubbing elbows with shit poets and winos
Who left the light on? - We're trying to save dough
I'm 'bout to plateau - Like I'm on death row
Who left the light on? - We're trying to save dough
I'm 'bout to plateau - Like I'm on death row
Put out a BOLO
Where is my Messiah?

Shame

This path it ain't righteous
Can't you hear them sirens
Raising up a ruckus
While they play the dozens
Hanging with the lions
Them boys that keep their findings
Who you calling virus
Just leave me to my vices

I saw you getting rhythm
I saw you getting rhythm

Shame, shame come on through
Walking on the water for the point of view
Shame, shame come unglued
Living on the fence cause we need that proof
I said who are you

This man he's done pining
Paradise in my mind, man
Firing pins in my hand, God
Damn - I'm mystified, son

I saw you getting rhythm
I saw you getting rhythm

Shame, shame come on through
Walking on the water for the point of view
Shame, shame come unglued
Living on the fence cause we need that proof
I said who are you

Come on, Come on
Come on let's get leveled
Come on, Come on
Come on let's be rebels
Come on, Come on
Come on let's be rebels

Ain't No Eden

This world was made for madmen
This world's a stage for the undead
And death finds you begging with the two-tongued sisters
Hissing in the back row
This world ain't nothing but a blindspot
This world's a lake of fire in which we are caught
And morphine licks her lips as she lays her knives
Into these sloe black hearts
These sloe black hearts

Run for the hills
There ain't no Eden
It's kill or be killed
For all us heathens

There ain't no Eden

This world's adrift with melancholia
This world's a baby crying for her mama
And your mistress is waiting in the hallway fading
Into nothingness - Oh, nothing

Run for the hills
There ain't no Eden
It's kill or be killed
For all us heathens
There ain't no Eden

'Neath them yellow pines
I'm sucking on the rind
Of the moon in your eyes
Of the moon in your eyes
Hanging on the wind
Like a long-gone friend
'Neath them yellow pines

Run for the hills
There ain't no Eden
It's kill or be killed
For all us heathens
There ain't no Eden

10x10

Hiding from that suicide
Painting houses - getting by
I read that book just like they said
Tried my best to raise the dead
But there's cracks in the walls in every room
Sweating and bleeding just like a wound
Just like a wound

Put me in a 10x10
And let me sit with all my sins
Cigarettes and dirty pictures
Dreaming of that forked river

You can't fill me up with your false hope
It won't never sink into my bones
I spoke them words just like you please
And tried my best to keep it neat
But there's holes in the floor right where we stand

Don't tell me bout your promised land
Your promised land

Put me in a 10x10
And let me set with all my sins
Cigarettes and dirty pictures
Dreaming of that forked river

Charlatan

Man, that sounds like the end of the world
Up in that valley where they hem and they haw
Singing that sexy gospel
Ear to the ground like the paranoid king
Nosebleed Crystal just passing it around
Singing that sexy gospel

I believe we're through
I believe the muse
Is a Charlatan, baby

Man, that sings like they said it would
Slipping that savvy all up under her hood
Singing that sexy gospel
Tennessee psycho licking my wounds
Hedonism hiding deep and dark in them woods

I believe we're through
I believe the muse
Is a Charlatan

So much for that southern charm
Why you acting so alarmed?
I believe we're through
I believe the muse
I believe we're through
I believe the muse
Is a Charlatan

(All hail the boogeyman - He gone take us to Jerusalem)

Didn't It Rain

Didn't it rain, Lord, didn't it rain
Didn't it rain for 40 days - 40 days
Didn't I say
I wish it would wash me away

Didn't I say - Didn't I say - Didn't I say
Wash me away
We're all just waiting 'round to die
We're all just waiting 'round to die

Oh, baby I believe in something bigger than me
Bigger than you - Bigger than we
But I don't know what to do with this time on my hands
Time on my hands
I said this time on my hands
I don't know what to do with this time on my hands
Time on my hands

I said this time on my hands
Didn't it rage, Lord, didn't it rage
Didn't it rage like the end of days - End of days
Didn't I say
I wish it would take me away
Didn't I say - Didn't I say - Didn't I say
Take me away
We're all just waiting 'round to die
We're all just waiting 'round to die

Oh, baby I believe in something bigger than me
Bigger than you - Bigger than we
But I don't know what to do with this time on my hands
Time on my hands
I said this time on my hands
I don't know what to do with this time on my hands
Time on my hands
I said this time on my hands

Loretta

Loretta, Loretta
This ain't no vendetta
Be my possession and I'll be your confession
I won't cast no stones

We can cool our heels in Baton Rouge
Get dyed in the wool in San Antone
Cry holy with the sinners
On the cobblestone
Pushing that fever deeper and deeper

Loretta, Loretta
With your skin like leather

Be my salvation and I'll be your protection
From the black moon blues

We can cool our heels in Baton Rouge
Get dyed in the wool in San Antone
Cry holy with the sinners
On the cobblestone
Pushing that fever deeper and deeper

Bad Teeth

Tell me goodnight
Lie to my face
I ain't afraid of your magic
Or the fire in your name
Free-fall dive through them muddy coffins
It's tombstones all the way down
All the way down

Like a boat in the night
Coming up the shoals
Bad teeth in the light
Shine like diamonds in the coal
Like diamonds in the coal

Dirty island
I know your kind
I ain't afraid of your panic
Or the blood in your eyes
Free fall dive through my dreams like knives
It's tombstones all the way down
All the way down

Like a boat in the night
Coming up the shoals
Bad teeth in the light
Shine like diamonds in the coal
Like diamonds in the coal
Tell me goodnight
Lie to my face
I ain't afraid of your magic

Sippi Sand

I was born in the Sippi sand
Papa was a Seabee - Okinawa, Japan
Whoa back boys we was pavement tramps

Now I'm pushing 40 in the Hinterlands
In the Hinterlands

Mama fell in love with the hoodoo man
Smooth as the devil
Eating out of his hands
Papa came home with a gun and a plan
Shot em both down then he took off in his van
Off in his van

There ain't no moral to a story that ain't never told
So practice what you preach
Unless you wanna end up cold
Just whistling bones
On the side of the road

Sister took a twister up to OKC
Found her a brother like to smoke them trees
Two for the money and one for the show
Now she's out on the streets pushing homeboy's dope

There ain't no moral to a story that ain't never told
So practice what you preach
Unless you wanna end up cold
Just whistling bones
On the side of the road
Just whistling bones
On the side of the road

Gaslight Heart

Shots ring out
From my mouth
I am a gun for hire
Follow me
Dead-end dreams
Don't you fall apart
Gaslight heart

Just a closer walk with thee
Open up the door - Let it breathe
Can't you see
You bleed for me and I'll bleed for you
Blood brother, blood sister, blood mother
Oh, father, oh, please

Low hum sound

From them hounds
I am the devil's choir
Gaslight heart

Just a closer walk with thee
Open up the door - Let it breathe
Can't you see
You bleed for me and I'll bleed for you
Blood brother, blood sister, blood mother
Oh, father, oh, please

I swear I'm not trying
To be something strange
I'm cold as winter water
I've been this way for ages
Ages I can stand upon

Like history in my veins
Just a closer walk with thee
Open up the door - Let it breathe
Can't you see
You bleed for me and I'll bleed for you
Blood brother, blood sister, blood mother
Oh, father, oh, please

Josephine

Taking turns around the bottle
'Til our needs become the gospel
Both us pining
We give up trying to find
Someone to love
Waking sweating
In the basement
Like we ain't got no care
Burning throats
Blood in our mouths
We're down to the bone
We're down
Down to the bone

Living like an infidel
Breathing smoke and coughing lungs
Waiting for that flood to come
'Til then you you've got serve someone

Oh, her name

Rings just like a bell
Inside my head
Josephine
I can't forget
She's gone
Gone with the dead
She's gone
Gone with the dead

Living like an infidel
Breathing smoke and coughing lungs
Waiting for that flood to come
'Til then you you've got serve someone
'Til then you you've got serve someone