

Roots Highway (Italy)

By Marco Restelli

There are rumors that do not need much time to make a mark in our hearts. Indeed, to be honest, the just a little more than a moment, just a hint to the first verse of a piece, to enchant. This is the feeling I had listening to the debut album of Brant Croucher, another Texan cowboy, originally from Houston, but real globetrotter overseas (since 1999 has changed the city "only" 31 times). Of his wanderings, perhaps, he's also helped his artistic inspiration, as in Blanco County Line gives evidence of being able to ride different interpretations of a kind, like the American, who - representing a hybrid - not always possible tame as it should. The skill of Croucher is in the know, from time to time, closer, or farther away from the more traditional folk, depending on the needs of the song, but never lead to that silly alt country, *iperprodotto* and ranking, which I personally hate. In contrast, however, unable now to excite, as mentioned, already with When You Come to Me, sweet and simple existential ballad that opens the album.

To serve our Brant few instruments: an acoustic guitar, a violin and a piano to describe images of a highway that runs often, with a side cedars and oaks, while various feelings and thoughts through, sadly, the mind. In the background, then, do not go unnoticed the harmony of the chorister Lainey Balagia. After a couple of chunks - the up-tempo Doing Well and a kind of nice lullaby (Drink), in which stands the remarkable dobro Lloyd Maines - the puck goes in the most aesthetically significant with a trio of songs heterogeneous high level . It begins with the *stradaiola* Time I Walk Away (lap steel sharp Willy T. Golden and electric guitars impeccable Sam Austin) in which the author speaks to his wife, letting her know that it is ready to be brought into question, as long as she demonstrates really want (*If you want to brave a fire-fight I'll go down in flames - but if you want to keep on running it's time I walk away*). Enthralling. Closely followed by sweet and magnetic title track, built on the sound of the piano and the violin Croucher Eleanor Whitmore (The Mastersons) that, together, draw a soft and dreamy melody. It is a song full of regrets of love in which there seems to be room for *hope* (*Yeah, it's true, some decisions change everything, and all the ones I did not make made a mess of me and you*). To mention, even the nice cameo voice of the now "friend" Matt Harlan who told me (via FB) to listen to this album all the time, for weeks, along with his wife Rachel.

The *trptych* ends with another pearl named Theodora, this time with the violins play a more collective. The piece dedicated, apparently inferred from credit disk, the grandmother and the grandfather of Brant, reveals his gentle soul, evidently linked to the values of the family as well as the ability, I would say innate, gently describe people's feelings (*Face to face at a church east of the Yazoo River They made a promise on a clear September day Hand in hand, wedding bands heading back to Houston*). The second side of the disc still has other interesting songs like the rocking unleashed and 84 Boxes, or the approach honky-tonk saloon of Joie de Vivre, but especially with the dui romantic lenses Free Will (the irreversible end of a love relationship) and the final film and Greenville Avenue, which chills leave, again, the pleasant sensation on the skin. I am sure that in the future we will try it again, especially if Brant Croucher will continue to share with us the emotions of his life, telling her with sincerity and enviable ability composition shown in Blanco County Line. Congratulations indeed.