

**HYENA**



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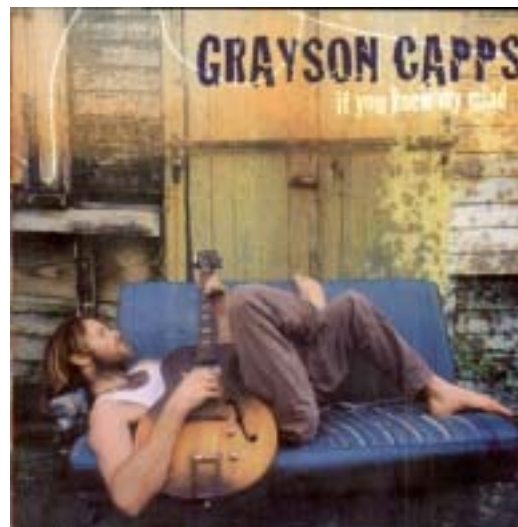
**Grayson Capps**  
***If You Knew My Mind***  
Hyena Records

Most singer/ songwriters that are described as “Artists” by their label evoke an instant gag reflex from critics who are often already deluged with the tepid, muddy floodwaters of crappy folk music.

Sometimes though, a CD from that leaning pile of...stuff gets thrown in the tray, and before you know it you’re not doing your laundry or playing video games while half an ear does it’s best to pay attention.

Instead, you stop and listen because the music *makes* you listen.

New Orleans native Grayson Capps does just that, and more on his newest CD *If You Knew My Mind*. This is pure blue-collar backroom blues and folk, spiced with that unique Louisiana sound that combines modern lyrics with traditional melodies, and boy is it tasty.



Tracks like “Graveyard” and “How’s I To Know?” speak about heartbreak and loneliness without the mawkish maudlin self-sorrow of most songwriters, and Capp’s guitar playing is simply perfect, moving from a whisper to a defiant, quiet roar like a living thing.

Comparisons have been made to other musicians like Tom Waits, but that’s really cheating the creative skill shown here.

Even the lyrics hit the note, painting images with words that any 40-hour-a-week schlep who’s just fightin’ to pays the bills instantly knows with a shake of the head and a tight-mouthed smile. Take this line from the first track “Get Back Up”: *Here comes the power man with the water man by his side/Looks like the telephone man gave them a ride/ they killed my house and left me this way/I bought a kerosene lantern and baby you know I don’t bathe /cause they try to drag me down but I get back up again.*

Grayson has a rather eclectic resume in addition to his considerable musical talents, including an appearance in the 1997 Shinee Gabel documentary *Anthem*, which eventually led to his father’s unpublished novel being turned into the motion picture *A Love Song For Bobby Long*. Grayson had a cameo and wrote four songs for the soundtrack.

Levees break, homes are washed away in the darkness, echoing with silent, unanswered cries from within that can weigh so heavy it seems like an entire city might break...but if Mr. Capps is any example of the people of New Orleans, they will sing again, and rest assured: they will get back up, baby, oh yeah...

They will get back up. [www.hyenarecords.com](http://www.hyenarecords.com) —Brandon Whitehead