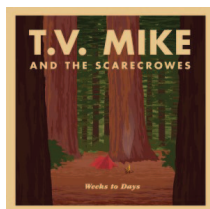


INDIE SCENE

T.V. MIKE & THE SCARECROWES

*Weeks to Days*

bravescarecrow.com

Among urban rustics, there's a tendency toward dourness and musical purism. Witness all those bearded dudes in flannel shirts singing murder ballads. Led by three Indiana transplants, this San Francisco group does the opposite. They've got a slide guitar and banjo and harmonies to boot, but their second album veers off the wagon trail and lands someplace—get this—fun. The most hootenanny-like cut, the inspirational knee-slapper “Put Stuff in the Ground,” isn't far removed from the twang-disco groover “Hallelujah” or “Honey on the Dance Floor,” a sweet and thick blend of rubber-band bass and *Beggars Banquet* Stones riffing. T.V. Mike says it best: “The songs that we write / Gotta come up with something bright.”

‘This San Francisco group has a slide guitar and banjo and harmonies to boot, but their second album veers off the wagon trail and lands someplace—get this—fun.’

