

# THE GUNSHY SOULS



Listening to The Gunshy will make your hair stand on end: the music is raw, sincere, and mesmerizing. The basis of The Gunshy is one man, his guitar, and a forthright purging through his lyrics. Nevertheless, the end result – Matt's writing and playing combined with a layering of several parts, instruments, and the support of fellow musicians – is anything but simple. The Gunshy's sound can only be described as, well, let's just say this is what happens when you grow up revering and emulating punk troubadours of previous decades...and you have a hell of a heart.

The road is the main inspiration behind *Souls*. The road brought Arbogast to his current home and the road is teaching him about life. On *Souls*, the sound is intense and emotionally evocative. One is reminded of the raw weight behind songwriters like Shane McGowan, Tom Waits, Nick Cave and even Ian McKaye (if he drank whiskey and smoked five packs a day).

Though the first thing that catches the ear is the voice, upon closer inspection the instrumental arrangement is shown to be intricate and deliberately well balanced. For example, the trumpet intro to "Remember These Chords In the Morning" is perfectly placed, and strain-by-strain the drums, piano, vocals and others join in to create a lovely ensemble. Throughout listening to *Souls*, it is clear that the intent to write and perform honest music is genuine.

The Gunshy began as Matt Arbogast touring the country in his hatchback with guitar in hand, playing small clubs and house shows. The project has evolved into Arbogast and a rotating collection of musical friends from across the country. Matt began writing songs years ago in his hometown of Lancaster, PA, and recorded whatever he could get on tape. He started touring as The Gunshy almost four years ago when his first self-released album, *To Remember/To Forget*, was finished. His road experiences opened a whole new world of collaborations trading shows, tourmates, and friends. After several self-booked tours, Arbogast decided to leave Lancaster and moved west to Chicago to be closer to many of his musical friends.

In 2004, after signing with Latest Flame Records, The Gunshy put out his second album, *No Man's Blues*, which was praised by both fans and critics. He followed its release with a year of almost constant touring, including shows with Elliott Smith, Pedro the Lion, Mountain Goats, Ida, Magnolia Electric Co. and about 500 others.

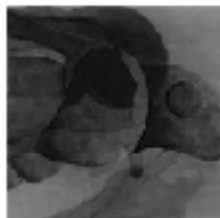
Now The Gunshy presents *Souls* for all to hear and enjoy. And he'll probably bring it to your town at least a time or two as well.

**CATALOG #: LF-11**  
**SUGGESTED LIST PRICE: \$7**

**DISTRIBUTION:**  
Southern Distribution  
P.O. Box 573375  
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#### Track Listing:

- |                               |   |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 01. i am not who i used to be | 06 remember these chords in the morning |
| 02. last songs                | 07 stop singing                         |
| 03. my nicotine, my whiskey   | 08 spanish girls                        |
| 04 call me home               | 09 souls                                |
| 05 \$4 pabst                  | 10 let there be no mournful tears       |

#### POINTS OF INTEREST:

- Nineteen US tours in past 3 1/2 years.
- Shared stages with Elliott Smith, Magnolia Electric Co., Pedro the Lion, Mountain Goats, Ida, and many others.

#### SELECT REVIEWS:

"If Matt Arbogast's debut as the Gunshy wasn't enough to catapult him into the storytelling ranks of Destroyer's Dan Bejar and Silver Jews' David Berman -- those kings of self-referential literariness -- his sophomore LP, *Souls*, will." - Spin.com

"Arbogast is now and has long been the kind of song making hero who seems incapable of doing anything less than living the songs he writes and *Souls* is just one more step toward making us realize that." - F5 Wichita

"Head Gunner Matt Arbogast gets nailed for aping Tom Waits so much, but that misses the whole point because he does it so well. When you do it as long and as well as he does, the purloined style eventually becomes all your own. And on this album, it finally does." - Metro Times Detroit

"All the damaged vocal chords in the world can't sink an album this strong." - Splendid

