

Christopher Carithers

"THE MOON DON'T LIE. AND IT'S BRIGHT TONIGHT.
DARLIN, LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND HOLD ON TIGHT..."



Coal towns, ghost towns, old men re-telling old stories—

Christopher Carithers brings an old soul's perspective to each of his songs. Each word has been lived and earned. Real stories from real people-- seasons of weakness, riddles in dreams, corner bars and fire halls, doctors, saints, and bombardiers... Christopher Carithers invokes Steinbeck & Salinger; walks us past painted porches and familiar faces; pauses beside rusting bridges. He lays us down beneath shooting stars.

Chris, a rust-belt writer and self-taught guitarist, is a life-long lover of roots rock, modal jazz, and improvisational performance.

A native of the coal fields of Eastern Pennsylvania, **Chris brings the boom and bust of his own story into his music.** The high school kid with a guitar discovering Nirvana's "Nevermind", learning harmony and pitch the way that only deciphering songs by ear can teach... the young man penning poems and short stories for the college journal, a record review or two for local papers... improvising in jam bands, paying dues... a brief stint as a pro guitarist, playing road trips to pay the rent... discovering the Dead and Dylan... reconnecting to family roots in bluegrass and folk to come full circle... a seasoned player putting down the electric guitar and unplugging the effects pedals.

Chris now plays clubs, outdoor stages, breweries, and bars—anywhere you can let your hair down-- accompanying his lyrics on guitar.

Chris also performs with a rotating line-up of fellow travelers, old friends on acoustic instruments such as the mandolin and string bass. His self-titled CD is an artifact of many journeys— rich with **lullabies, waltzes, and prayers:** the spirited "Wild Rose", an invitation to take fate by the hand; "The Spokes of the Collapse," a fever dream smoldering in dark harmonics; "Isabella," a buoyant, finger-picked instrumental celebrating a newborn life; and "Tear Down the Wall of Sound", reconciling a young mans heart with an adults reality.

Some songs can only be written if they're true-- someone somewhere has to live it.

We've all weathered storms, and when you live a story it resonates. Check out Chris's schedule at www.christophercarithers.com.

Take home the wild rose. Climb into your thunderbird. Waltz down coal town streets.

Lyrics are for living... Maybe Christopher Carithers will tell your story.



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www.christophercarithers.com
www.facebook.com/c.r.carithers
(570)447-1120