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The Sportswriter**S**

“I'm fascinated by the way classic pop songs pack an emotional nuclear bomb into three-and-a-half minutes, so you wake up the next morning unable to get the hook out of your head. The best ones become a soundtrack for your life, because they nail key moments and emotions that we all share. That's what we're aiming for. You're embarrassed to want so much, but how else are you going to justify all your failure and your effort?”— John Brownlow

John and his gang are dropping bombs like they've been touring for decades. The craftwork is truly extraordinary; the stories, the vintage pop-rock style, the arrangements, and the delicious restraint and control exhibited by his crew is sublime. You don't just find players that reflect light into your songwriting everyday. This is a perfect rock quartet.

— **Drew McIvor, Artist**

We were all spellbound. The band John has assembled is a perfect fit... a delectably intense and sympathetic soundtrack to John's singing and guitar playing... the perfect blend of sophistication with raw, universal emotions, that will leave you humming great melodies and remembering powerful lyrics. Our audience simply loved it.

— **Robert Menzies, SOUNDS**

Showcasing the acclaimed songwriting of leading Hollywood screenwriter **JOHN BROWNLOW**, the Sportswriters' soulful, hook-driven power-pop draws on influences from three decades of classic pop, rock and soul -- from the Zombies and Byrds, through Bacharach, Neil Young, Elvis Costello, Squeeze, Al Green, Wilco and Blur, all the way to the stomping neo-soul of Cee-Lo Green.

John's background as a veteran of the UK Brit-pop scene brings a memorable edge to both music and lyrics, sweetened by a classic pop sensibility and a knack for writing earworm hooks and gut-punching lyrics.

The influences may be classic but the sound is anything but retro. Stop-on-a-dime arrangements and unexpected melodic twists and turns are highlighted by pyrotechnic guitar leads, while the thunderous — and real! — hammond organ creates a genuinely stadium-sized sound.

Sportswriters are currently looking for showcases, support slots and headline opportunities. We can play anything from an intimate acoustic venue to a full festival stage, with sets that range from 30 minutes to 2 x 45m. All material is original: please check out our demos at the link below.

CONTACT JOHN BROWNLOW 519 538 0283 • JOHN.BROWNLOW@GMAIL.COM

PIX/VIDEO:
DEMOS:

[FACEBOOK.COM/SPORTSWRITERS](https://www.facebook.com/sportswriters)
[SOUNDCLOUD.COM/SPORTSWRITERS](https://www.soundcloud.com/sportswriters)

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Standard 45 min set (full band)

Don't Fool Me
Darker Shade of Blue
Hundred Dollar Suit
Your Ball and Chain
On Valentine's Day
Sunblind
Miss America
Can't Have Love
You and San Francisco

Acoustic/intimate venue 60 min set (solo acoustic upwards)

Don't Fool Me
Your Ball and Chain
On Valentine's Day
Sunblind
The Sun Still Shines
The Pink Raincoat
Way Back When
Miss America
Can't Have Love
You and San Francisco

Full 2x45 min set (full band)

Don't Fool Me
Hundred Dollar Suit
Your Ball and Chain
From the River to the Sea
On Valentine's Day
Sun Still Shines
Sunblind
Town With No Pity
Can't Have Love
- - - break - - -
Darker Shade of Blue
Get Your Groove On
This is the Summer
Pink Raincoat
Sunblind
How'm I Going to Get Over?
Miss America
Can't Have Love
You and San Francisco



Line-Up

John Brownlow - Guitar, Vocals
Mike Wright - Guitar
Jason Palmer - Bass, Vocals
Darrell Dennis - Drums, Vocals
John Hume - Rhodes Piano, Hammond Organ, Vocals

Stage Setup

Our full stage set-up includes Hammond organ and Rhodes Piano. If space is limited we can use a sampler keyboard. We can also provide a full professional PA suitable for both indoor and outdoor use, a complete lighting package and full event support including FOH mixing, staging and projection.

Why are you called 'Sportswriters?'

Because Richard Ford's wonderful novel 'The Sportswriter' is all about love, hope, regret, and second chances, and so are we. Go read it!

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SAMPLE SONGS

If you've not see or heard us, here are some sample lyrics to give you the idea. Links at the bottom will take you to high-quality demos.

YOU AND SAN FRANCISCO (rootsy power ballad)

Never been to Memphis, but I've seen the lights of Harlem
New York City Skyline turning slow beneath my wings
And I've never been to Nashville, but I've seen the Blue Ridge Mountains
Mighty Shenandoah shining silver in the sun

It's raining in Hollywood, and Big Sur's on fire
On the Santa Cruz boardwalk the surf's getting higher

But I, I'm coming home to you
And San Francisco, San Francisco
Cause I, I'm still in love with you
And San Francisco, San Francisco

Carolina killed me with a noose of Spanish Moss
Montreal chilled me, and Vegas is lost
I walked the length of Broadway and the streets of Bakersfield
Stood at the bend in the river where Custer's fate was sealed

It's raining in Big Sur, and Hollywood's on fire
On the Santa Cruz boardwalk the surfers get higher

But I, I'm coming home to you...

I can still remember, when we crossed the great divide
I felt a new world open up inside
There's a rose in Spanish Harlem who never was revealed
The ghost of Bucky Owen still stalks the streets of Bakersfield

It's raining in Bel Air, South Central's on fire
On the Santa Cruz boardwalk, they're building funeral pyres

But I, I'm coming home to you
And San Francisco, San Francisco
Cause I, I'm still in love with you
And San Francisco, San Francisco

<https://soundcloud.com/sportswriters/youandsanfrancisco>

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MISS AMERICA

(country-rock tinged post-9/11
drunk dialling breakup anthem)

I miss bubblegum
Peppermint and California sun
I miss the girl next door
I miss that dress you wore
I miss that Jackie O smile
Seems it's been gone for a while

It ain't easy, no it ain't easy
But most of all, I miss you
Miss America

I miss the way you talked
I know your tongue was forked
I still miss that slow Southern drawl
Telling me about nothing at all

It ain't easy, no it ain't easy
But most of all, I miss you
Miss America

And I know it was only half-true
I fell in love with a postcard of you
But it was something beautiful and new

I know I was never enough
I know you like to act tough
I know times were never that good
I still miss the things we lost in the flood

It ain't easy, no it ain't easy
But most of all, I miss you
Miss America

I miss America

<https://soundcloud.com/sportswriters/missamerica>

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BALL AND CHAIN
(tearjerking blue-eyed soul)

Baby, don't say a word
'Cause I already know,
You're ready to go
And I don't want to be
Your ball and chain
No harm, no shame
I know for you the thrill is gone

So hold me one more time
Pretend that you're still mine
I know it's over
But I don't know how to say goodbye
Didn't we have a ball?
Didn't we show them all?
I know it's over
But it's too late to say goodbye

Baby, I know
How hard you tried
How hard you cried
I know someday soon
I'll walk into a room
And smell your perfume
And I'll remember
You don't love me no more

So hold me one more time...

God knows I don't want to be
Your ball and chain
No harm, no shame
So hold me one more time
Before we say goodbye

Didn't we have a ball?
Didn't we show them all?
I know it's over
But I don't know how to say goodbye

<https://soundcloud.com/sportswriters/ballandchain>

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