## Songdog



## A Life Eroding

ONE LITTLE INDIAN

## Captivating *noir* trio go widescreen on budget.



Despite props from Bruce Springsteen – he covered 2003's Days Of

Armageddon - the phrase "cult band" has long been synonymous with Songdog. This fifth album from the Blackwood, South Walesformed act seems both milestone and progression, however. Lyndon Morgans' lyrics are as evocative as ever, but his graphic, oddly magical songs haven't previously enjoyed such well-plotted arrangements. Acoustic guitar, banjo and accordion are the enduring Songdog staples, while harp, alt-country strings and tunedbottles are among the stirring new flavours. So teamed, our host/award-winning playwright's long-standing

facility with drama and poignancy pays extra dividends, especially on the mesmerising Gene Autry's Ghost and the delicate meditation upon ageing that is the title track. "Sometime later I took an evening job selling crap from a suitcase round the semis..." intones Morgans on the Johnny Cashindebted Elaine. You'll be with him all the way.

James McNair

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