

CHRISTOPHER WYZE & THE TELLERS



LIVE
IN CLARKSDALE

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK & DVD SET



After the show: Mark, JB, Irene Smits, Christopher, Murph, Doug. Behind the camera: Ralph Carter.

CHRISTOPHER WYZE & THE TELLERS

LIVE IN CLARKSDALE

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ABOUT CHRISTOPHER WYZE & THE TELLERS, AND... LIVE IN CLARKSDALE

Not that long ago, a new group...stocked with a “seen and done it all” producer and players showed up, out of...well, nowhere in particular. Armed with a clutch of original blues story-songs from the pen of frontman Christopher Wyze and his tunelessly canny co-writers, the unnamed band took to studios in Muscle Shoals and Clarksdale to record it all. And that was that...

*...until, without much fanfare, the newly named and label-signed outfit, Christopher Wyze & the Tellers sprung loose. Big Radio Records out of Memphis released their *Stuck in the Mud* album in July 2024. And to the band's utter delight and surprise, blues lovers listened, really listened.*

*Within a week, *Back to Clarksdale* hit #1 on the RMR worldwide blues radio play single chart and *Stuck in the Mud* hit #2 on RMR Blues Album chart. Then, all heck broke loose. The album and multiple singles landed on charts all over the place (spanning 22 weeks and counting as of this writing). CW & the fellers (the Tellers) landed on: The Big Blues Chart (Global), IBBA Top 40 (UK), Junior's Jukebox (USA), Blues Actu Radio (France), Collectif des Radios Blues (France, Belgium, Quebec), International Blues Airplay (Australia), North American College & Community Radio, Global Blues Radio. Eight singles from *Stuck in the Mud* snagged blues chart positions.*

*And reviewers weighed in with praise for the album – *Living Blues* (US), *Blues Magazine* (Netherlands), *Big City Rhythm & Blues* (US), *Era Jazzu* (Poland), *Blues Music* (US), *Blues in Britain*, *Metronome* (US), *Blues Matters* (UK), *Blue Monday Monthly* (US), *Blues in the South* (UK), *Zicazac.com* (France), *Blues Blast* (US), *Historia Del Blues* (Colombia), *Chicago Blues Guide* (US), *La Hora Del Blues* (Spain), *Rocking Magpie* (UK), *Blues Roadhouse* (US), *Southland Blues* (UK), and a bunch more.*



On the Juke Joint Chapel stage, Bubba O'Keefe of Visit Clarksdale welcomes the band– October 1, 2024.

L to R: Mark Yacovone, Christopher Wyze, Douglas Banks, Bubba O'Keefe, John Boyle, Ralph Carter, Gerry Murphy

*All of a sudden, the band is back in Clarksdale...performing live in the Juke Joint Chapel at the Shack Up Inn, October 1, 2024 – and captured as it happened on film and audio. Take a listen and watch the show. Wyze & the Tellers perform eight tunes from *Stuck in the Mud*, plus special performances of two blues standards: *How Long*, *How Long Blues* and *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*. Immortalized by 1920s blues luminaries Leroy Carr and Scrapper Blackwell, the songs have been covered by a who's who of artists, including: Lead Belly, B.B. King, Eric Clapton (both songs). Bessie Smith, Sam Cooke, The Spencer Davis Group with Stevie Winwood, Tedeschi Trucks Band (*Nobody Knows You...*). Blind Lemon Jefferson, Ray Charles, T-Bone Walker, John Lee Hooker (*How Long...*). Blues enthusiasts know Carr and Blackwell originally recorded both songs in their hometown of Indianapolis, Indiana, USA, which happens to be the hometown to Christopher Wyze and two Tellers.*

*Finally, don't miss the bonus DVD segment: *Wyze in Clarksdale*. Coop (and his video gear) followed Christopher around town to show you the Juke Joint Chapel, Shack Up Inn and a few other interesting, favorite places around Clarksdale.*

And now...Christopher Wyze & the Tellers...Live in Clarksdale...

Three Hours from Memphis

Headed south, on my way
Started out years ago there today
Said you wanna make it, you gotta play
Down in Memphis – where you make your hay.

I had big dreams to be a big thing
Whiskey and women my full-time fling
They talked about me, said this kid can sing
But he ain't Elvis – he won't be the next King.

Three hours from Memphis, a million miles
from home
Fifteen years of paying dues, I did it on
my own
Gonna be makin' hit songs, yeah, that's a fact
I'm three hours from Memphis, and I'm not
turning back.

Kids don't dig those Blue Suede Shoes
The rappin' beat that's what they choose
Ya' ask me that groove's old news
I sing the real stuff, I sing the blues.

Mr. Music man you know we haven't met
You said you liked my YouTube set
And what you see is what you get
So, sign me up you won't regret.

Three hours from Memphis, a million miles
from home
Fifteen years of paying dues, I did it on my
own
Gonna be makin' hit songs, yeah, that's a fact
I'm three hours from Memphis, and I'm not
turning back.

City lights twinklin' in the distance
Those Beal Street neon lights are gonna shine
for me.

On the road in my run-down car
In the back my run-down guitar
Said I wouldn't get here, I wouldn't go far
But I'm almost to Memphis – gonna be a star.

Three hours from Memphis, a million miles
from home
Fifteen years of paying dues, I did it on
my own
Gonna be makin' hit songs, yeah, that's a fact
I'm three hours from Memphis, and I'm not
turning back.

*Written by Chris Wirthwein and Ralph Carter
–Christopher Wyze Music LLC (BMI) and
Working Stiff Music (BMI)*

Back to Clarksdale

Did things I shouldn't tell
Got sick, ain't well
Watched it all go to hell
So, I hide inside my shell.

When I'm gone, I disappear
Where I live, second tier
Had another bad year
Don't know why I live here.

Here it's all what I lack
So, memories I unpack
Of a Mississippi shack
Sayin' come home, come back.

Only place I really know
Only place I wanna go
Not New York or Tennessee
Only place that knows me
Slow down, exhale
Goin' back, goin' back to Clarksdale.

Time is on a slow roll
Feelin' free, no toll
Delta air make you whole
Fill you up, fill your soul.

When I pay my dues
My life is what I lose
Just lay me down in those muddy shoes
Down in Clarksdale, play the blues!

Only place I really know
Only place I wanna go
Not New York or Tennessee
Only place that knows me
Slow down, exhale
Goin' back, goin' back to Clarksdale.

*Written by Chris Wirthwein and Gerry Murphy
-Christopher Wyze Music LLC (BMI)
and Gerry Murphy (BMI)*

Money Spent Blues

Hey Mr. Advertising Man,
I bought your cigarettes
Tried a pack, smoked a few, ain't quit 'em yet
I got the blues, got them money spent blues
Buy everything you want to sell me,
from my head down to my shoes.

Give me fifteen minutes baby,
then you'll have my full attention
Gonna save fifteen percent,
you know I have the right intention
And the blues, got them money spent blues
When you make a proposition,
you know I can't refuse
Got them money spent blues.

I was always kinda partial to product
information
I see a new commercial
and I won't change the station
Fifty bucks at Wal-Mart
could get me through the week.
But I'm broke, I'm down, I'm busted,
on a monetary losing streak
I got the blues, I got them money spent blues
Buy everything you wanna sell me,
from my head down to my shoes
I got the money spent blues.

You may already be a winner,
two for one ends right away
My spending habit ain't my fault,
there's a sucker born every day
I got the blues, I got them money spent blues
When I buy the latest gizmo,
you know it's hardly news
Got them money spent blues.

Gonna buy you a diamond, baby, what I'm
gonna do
But I gotta call by midnight,
cause they're gonna send me two
I got the blues, I got them money spent blues
Well, I go out to buy you jewelry
come home with bowling shoes
I got them money spent blues.

Now honey, if my phone rings over there,
don't pick that up
We gotta wait for that check to clear,
so that'll be OK
And you know another thing
I want to sort of bring up,
You know that preacher did say this thing
was for better or worse, right?

And wait a minute here...oh yeah...
and for richer or poorer
So, you kinda knew what you were
getting into.

*Written by Chris Wirthwein and Ralph Carter
-Christopher Wyze Music LLC (BMI) and
Working Stiff Music (BMI)*

Hard Work Don't Pay

Well I once had a job
Work hard every day
Oh well I once had a job
Work hard every day
Gonna tell you what I learned
Hard work, it don't pay.

You sell your soul to the man
Lose your sense of right and wrong
You sell your soul to the devil man
Lose your sense of right and wrong
Well I done cashed me my last paycheck
Sat down and wrote this song.

Break your back, it'll break your soul
Coal dust take your life away
Break your back, it'll crush your soul
Coal dust take your life away
Well I'm through workin' in that hell hole
I done made my get away.

I'm gonna go up North.

Well I once had a job
I worked hard every day
Oh well I once had me a job
I work hard every day
Gonna tell you, tell you what I learned
Hard work, it don't pay.

Hard work, it don't pay.

*Written by Chris Wirthwein and Gerry Murphy
-Christopher Wyze Music LLC (BMI)
and Gerry Murphy (BMI)*

Stuck in the Mud

No steps forward, no steps back
Struggle now and have a heart attack
Broke and busted, don't have a dime
I'm goin down slow, Lord I'm doin' my time
After the flood, I'm stuck in the mud.

Stuck in the mud, stuck in the mud
I said I'm stuck in the mud,
said I'm stuck in the mud
After the flood, I'm stuck in the mud.

Stuck in the mud, stuck in the mud
I said I'm stuck in the mud,
said I'm stuck in the mud
After the flood, I'm stuck in the mud.

Tried and tried, ain't nothin' brewin'
Nothin' to show, but my undoing
Pulls ya down, down below
Under the ground, nowhere to go
After the flood, I'm stuck in the mud.

Stuck in the mud, stuck in the mud
I said I'm stuck in the mud,
said I'm stuck in the mud
After the flood, I'm stuck in the mud.

Out of gas, I admit
I'm done fightin', I quit
Six feet down, no denyin'
End of the show, I'm done lyin'
After the flood, I'm stuck in the mud.

Stuck in the mud, stuck in the mud
I said I'm stuck in the mud,
said I'm stuck in the mud
After the flood, I'm stuck in the mud.

*Written by Chris Wirthwein and Cary Hudson
-Christopher Wyze Music LLC (BMI) and MALACO
WORLD MUSIC (BMI)*

Cotton Ain't King

Have you been down to the Delta?
Have you seen the cotton grow?
Spreading out on wide horizons,
almost hear it, ain't it so
But close your eyes and listen
for the truth that can console
Close your eyes and listen to the blues,
it makes you whole.

Sprouted down near Clarksdale,
in the rumblin' Delta soil
Sprung up from fertile ground,
and heat, your blood'll boil
But close your eyes and listen
for the truth it can unspoil
Hear the sound of cotton,
music wrung from pain and toil.

Can you hear it growing
Echoes through a cotton boll?
Songs of blue, restoring life
Crying from the soul.

Can you hear it growing
Echoes through a cotton boll?
Songs of blue, restoring life
Crying from the soul.

The work it had a lyric,
rockin' gentle, movin' slow
The work, it had a rhythm,
bale hook and a hoe
But close your eyes and listen,
for the truth that can bestow
A life worth stickin' round for,
for music, free from woe.

Now looking back on hist'ry,
a life and time of lore
An old world built from cotton,
mostly gone, so most ignore
But close your eyes and listen
to the stories from before
The lasting bounty men raised up
is the blues forever more.

Can you hear it growing
Echoes through a cotton boll?
Songs of blue, restoring life
Crying from the soul.

Cotton ain't king

Blues is the king.

*Written by Chris Wirthwein and Ralph Carter
-Christopher Wyze Music LLC (BMI) and
Working Stiff Music (BMI)*

Looking for my Baby

I'm lookin' for my baby, fellas don't mean
maybe
Been searching for a long, long while
I'm guessing that she's here, wish she
would appear
Then you gonna see me smile

She may not be around, she's just waitin to be found
I'm looking for my baby, hope she hasn't left this town.

Have you seen her fella? Wearing something yellow
Cutest girl you've ever seen
Man, you just can't miss her, I can't wait to kiss her
I'll be the King. She'll be my Queen
I search both night and day, but there's no girl that got away
I'm looking for my baby, cause I ain't never had a girl, hey, hey.

I'm lookin' for my baby, fellas don't mean maybe
Been searching for a long, long while
I'm hoping that she's here, hoping she'll appear
Then you gonna see me smile
She may not be around, but she's just waitin to be found
I'm looking for my baby, hope she hasn't left this town.

*Written by Chris Wirthwein and Ralph Carter
-Christopher Wyze Music LLC (BMI) and
Working Stiff Music (BMI)*

Good Friend Gone

I was born in Indiana, cross the line from Illinois
I was born in Indiana, cross the line from Illinois
I wasn't such a good kid

Me and my friend were bad boys.

We didn't listen to our teachers,
didn't listen to his Dad
Didn't listen to our teachers,
didn't listen to my Dad
Didn't listen to our preachers
We had the blues, we had 'em bad.

Good friend gone
Good friend gone
Good friend gone
Good friend gone.

Those teenage blues, they drove us crazy
We didn't do the things we should
Didn't do the things we supposed to
But we sure did the things we could.

Didn't take up no profession
He started selling nasty stuff
Hangin' out with nasty people
They were mean and they were rough.

Good friend gone
Good friend gone
Good friend gone
Good friend gone.

There's a moral to my story
There's a lesson to my tale
You get a choice 'tween death and prison
You damn sure better choose that jail.

And now that it's all over
All I can do is go alone
I can't see my buddy now
But I'll see him when I get home.

Good friend gone
Good friend gone

**Good friend gone
Good friend gone.**

*Written by Chris Wirthwein and Eric Deaton
-Christopher Wyze Music LLC (BMI)
and Eric Deaton (BMI)*

How Long, How Long Blues

**How long, baby how long
Has that evening train been gone?
How long? How long?
Baby how long?**

**I can see the green grass up on the hill
But I ain't seen a greenback on a dollar bill
In so long, so long
Baby so long.**

**How long, baby how long
Must I keep my clothes in pawn?
How long? How long?
Baby how long?**

*Written by Leroy Carr, 1928. Original recording:
Leroy Carr, vocal and piano; Scrapper Blackwell,
guitar. Recorded June 19, 1928, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Released on Vocalion 1191 (Source: The Blues
Foundation, Memphis)*

Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out

**Once I lived the life of a millionaire
Spent all my money, didn't have any care
Took all my friends out for a mighty
good time
We bought bootleg liquor, champagne and wine.**

**Then I began to fall so low
Lost all my good friends, had no place to go
If I get my hands on a dollar again,
I'm gonna hang onto it, until that eagle grins.**

**Because, nobody knows you
When you're down and out
In your pocket, not one penny
And as for your friends, you haven't got any.**

**Nobody knows you
When you're down and out
In your pocket, you ain't got one penny
And as for your friends, you haven't got any.**

**When you get back on your feet again
Everybody wants to be your long-lost friend
I said it's strange without any doubt
Nobody loves you when you're down and out.**

*Written by Jimmie Cox, 1923. Scrapper Blackwell,
vocal and guitar, recorded July 1961, Indianapolis,
Indiana. Released on Mr. Scrapper's Blues,
Bluesville 1047 (Source: liner notes)*

**Also on
Big Radio
Records**



**Band info, lyrics and more, at:
www.ChristopherWyze.com**

CHRISTOPHER WYZE & THE TELLERS

LIVE IN CLARKSDALE – OCTOBER 1, 2024

Christopher Wyze – *Lead vocals, harmonica*

John Boyle – *Electric guitar, slide guitar*

Gerry Murphy – *Electric bass*

Mark Yacovone – *Keyboards*

Douglas Banks – *Drums*

Ralph Carter – *Backing vocals, percussion*

Irene Smits – *Backing vocals (Stuck in the Mud)*

Musical Director and Producer

Ralph Carter

Recording Engineer

Levi Land

Recorded

**Juke Joint Chapel, Shack Up Inn
Clarksdale, Mississippi**

Mixed

**Michael Shane Wright, Ivy Manor at the Shoals
Sheffield, Alabama**

Mastering

**Brian Hazard, Resonance Mastering
Huntington Beach, California**

Videography & Editing

Coop Cooper, Clarksdale, Mississippi

Album Cover, Packaging, Booklet & Audio/DVD Disc Design

Scudder Creative, Noblesville, Indiana

Photography

**John Boyle, Gerry Murphy & Christopher Wyze,
Indianapolis, Indiana**

Coop Cooper

Clarksdale, Mississippi

Publicity

**Betsie Brown, Blind Raccoon
Memphis, Tennessee**

And a big thank you to Bill, Mary, Patsy and Hamp at the Shack Up Inn. And to Levi Land and Coop Cooper for capturing the sights and sounds of Christopher Wyze & the Tellers - *Live in Clarksdale.*

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Band info, lyrics and more, at: www.ChristopherWyze.com