

VOLUME 5. ELECTRONIC CHUMP

ARTIST STATEMENT

This is what happens when a fifth-generation Texan wires a honky-tonk to the mainframe, fires up a MIDI keyboard, and lets two Nashville heavyweights loose on the rhythm section. Two-time Grammy-winning drummer **Derrek Phillips** brings the heat on a Roland SPDx, while **Harmoni Kelley**—bassist and vocalist for **Kenny Chesney**—lays down an electronic low end that thumps like a diesel engine on the dance floor. At the console, **James Viega**—longtime engineer and producer for **Garth Brooks** and **Trisha Yearwood**—brings the polish that ties the chaos together, without ever taming it.

ELECTRONIC CHUMP is still country swagger with breakbeats, still satire with a side of swag—but now it's got a few more miles on the odometer and a lot more horsepower under the hood. For *Sebastian's Theme*—an electronic reimagining of one of my classical compositions—I traded the MIDI rig for a nine-foot concert grand Steinway, brought in just for the session at **Yellow Dog Studio**. Because sometimes even the ghosts deserve a dance remix.

After the wreckage of Volumes 1 through 4—the grief, the heartbreak, the shadow work—I needed to make something that moved. Something loud enough to drown out the past, and ridiculous enough to make me laugh in the middle of it. These songs are exaggerated, electrified versions of my reality: the pain's still there, but now it's wearing rhinestones, strobe lights, and the occasional cowboy hat.

Think of it as CountryCore 2.0, or Bonnie and Clyde in the year 3000. The beat goes hard. The boots still got spurs. And I'm still singing—just with a few more vocal FXs and a lot more reasons to move.

ABOUT THE ALBUM

This one's for the disco cowboys, the space outlaws, the ones two-stepping under neon lights. Volume 5 is the comic relief in *The Birth of Forest Chump* — but it's still serious music. These are my originals, electrified: breakbeats, trap hats, disco synths, and country swagger all colliding in one big, glittery crash. There's humor here, but also exhaustion — from fame culture, from genre rules, from the idea that you have to suffer to be taken seriously.

Most of this album came from me, a MIDI keyboard, and a willingness to get ridiculous. But for *Sebastian's Theme* — an electronic reimagining of one of my classical compositions — I stepped away from the rig and sat down at a nine-foot concert grand Steinway, brought in just for the **Yellow Dog Studio** session. It's my ghosts in 4/4 time, dressed for the dance floor.

Two-time Grammy-winning drummer **Derrek Phillips** plays the Roland SPDx on some tracks, bringing human swing to synthetic chaos, while **Harmoni Kelley** — bassist and vocalist for **Kenny Chesney** — drops an electronic low end that rumbles like a freight train headed straight for the club. Over it all, **James Viega** — engineer and producer for **Garth Brooks** and **Trisha Yearwood** — adds the final polish, letting the grit shine without sanding down the edges. Nothing here is too clean, too cool, or too controlled. That's the point. This is the volume where Forest Chump finally stops caring what anyone thinks — and just dances.

TRACK NOTES

Volume 5 trades the shadows of the South for the strobe lights of the future. These tracks don't unpack trauma — they light it on fire and dance through the smoke. I'm still telling stories, but this time it's through synth leads, sub-bass, and breakbeats. Think: country boy meets Daft Punk in a truck stop bathroom. There's swagger, satire, and a whole lot of distortion — both sonic and emotional. This volume revisits some earlier themes (CountryCore returns with a vengeance) but flips the mood: less confession, more confrontation. It's Bonnie and Clyde in the year 3000, armed with 808s and auto-tune. Every song here is a grin with a gold tooth.

“COUNTRYCORE” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Pure satire — but not just a joke. I wrote it to poke holes in the formula of modern country pop: the brand drops, the fake blue-collar cosplay, the algorithmic patriotism. Beneath the humor, there's frustration. I've lived the struggle these songs pretend to represent, and I know what a real country looks like — it doesn't come with a marketing budget.

“EGO” *by FOREST CHUMP*

A confrontation with the voice in your head that never shuts up — the one that calls you a failure, fraud, and joke. For anyone battling mental illness, that voice is relentless. This is my fight song. Raw, blunt, unapologetic.

“FEELIN' RECKLESS” *by FOREST CHUMP*

A moonshine-fueled mission statement. Part Houston hurricane, part rodeo clown in orbit, it's built for big bass and bad decisions. Loud lyrics, punchline-heavy beats, proudly unhinged energy. Not about getting it right — about turning it up, knocking it down, and waking up grinning with no regrets.

“WATCH OUT FOR TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Written when the spell broke. About the kind of person who makes you fall fast, then drains you dry. Funk-boogie basslines and disco beats mask a warning: some charm is weaponized.

“DOUBLE WIDE ROCKET” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Neon space outlaw anthem. Deep-fried sci-fi with glitter on the boots. Two disco-damaged lovers blasting through the galaxy in a double-wide — a 31st-century Bonnie and Clyde with zero F's to give in zero G's. Chaos on purpose.

“KISS KISS BANG BANG” *by FOREST CHUMP*

She's got charm weaponized and bad news in heels. This came from that dangerous border where lust and trouble live side by side — and sometimes share a bed. Playful, loud, and a little unhinged, with a warning baked in: the second you're pulled in, the damage is already done.

“KILLIN’ JIM MILLER” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Swagger and shadows in a pulsing, electronic outlaw ballad about Texas’s deadliest man. Jim “Killin’ Jim” Miller — church on Sunday, murder for hire by Monday. 808s like gunshots, a stalking bassline, and lyrics painting him as the Lone Star devil in disguise.

“COWBOY DISCO” *by FOREST CHUMP*

Pure yeehaw-meets-EDM. Kicks the saloon doors open at 115 BPM with a bassline built for trouble. The neon-lit cousin to *Double Wide Rocket*, blending outlaw swagger with club heat. Simple lyrics by design — it’s about release.

“SEBASTIAN’S THEME” *by FOREST CHUMP*

An electronic reimagining of one of my classical compositions, played on a nine-foot concert grand Steinway at Yellow Dog Studio. Harmoni Kelley joins on electronic bass, giving the piece a pulse that blurs the line between recital hall and dance floor.

“ROLL THE DICE” *by BUKOWSKI arranged by FOREST CHUMP*

A one-minute musical rearrangement and distillation of Bukowski’s poem. The grit of his words meets my cowboy-electronic hybrid sound — part spoken-word saloon, part neon-lit confession booth.

RECORDING CONTEXT

Volume 5 was produced with zero acoustic instruments — except for one glorious exception — and 100% attitude. Most of these tracks were built with a MIDI keyboard inside a DAW, not a cabin: no rules, no filters, no one looking over my shoulder. Just me, a laptop, some beat packs, and a twisted sense of humor.

Every sound you hear was programmed, chopped, or warped into place — drum machines, modular synths, pitch-shifted vocals, auto-tuned hooks, trap hi-hats, and basslines fatter than a county fair corndog. Some vocal takes were recorded straight into a laptop mic, then mangled until they fit the aesthetic. A few tracks feature the Roland SPDx in the hands of **Derrek Phillips**, a two-time Grammy-winning drummer who somehow made a drum pad sound like a stampede of disco horses.

The lone acoustic moment comes on *Sebastian's Theme*, where I stepped away from the MIDI rig and onto a nine-foot concert grand Steinway, brought in for me at **Yellow Dog Studio**. **Harmoni Kelley** — bassist and vocalist for **Kenny Chesney** — joins me here on electronic bass, blurring the lines between recital hall and dance floor.

At the console for this volume — and all six volumes — is **James Viega**, longtime engineer and producer for **Garth Brooks** and **Trisha Yearwood**. His role: add the polish without taming the chaos. I didn't make Volume 5 to win any purist points. I made it because I needed to move again — physically, creatively, emotionally. The acoustic piano gave way to synth bass and space noise, and somehow it still sounds like me. Just... chompier.

A PERSONAL NOTE

After all the grief, the gaslighting, the ghost towns and breakdowns... I needed to have a little fun.

Volume 5 isn't about healing — it's about hijacking the getaway car. It's a sonic joyride through everything I wasn't supposed to feel: swagger, sarcasm, seduction, and straight-up absurdity. Most of it came from me, a MIDI keyboard, and the stubborn refusal to sit still. On *Sebastian's Theme*, I traded that setup for a nine-foot concert grand Steinway at **Yellow Dog Studio**, with **Harmoni Kelley** on electronic bass and **Derrek Phillips** on Roland SPDx — a reminder that even my ghosts know how to dance. And through it all, **James Viega** was at the console, adding just enough polish to let the grit shine.

These songs gave me room to laugh again, even if it was through gritted teeth and vocoder. There's real pain behind the glitter, but I didn't want to wear it on my sleeve this time — I wanted to wear sequins.

If the earlier volumes were about survival, this one's about reinvention. A disco ball cracked in half, reflecting a thousand versions of me. And if some of them are outlaws, clowns, or cowboys in space... so be it. I earned the right to play.

— Forest Chump