



RIGHT ARM RESOURCE UPDATE

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3/11/2026

Johnny Blue Skies & the Dark Clouds "Situation"

From Sturgill Simpson's new album *Mutiny After Midnight*, out this Friday Immediate adds at WXRV, KCSN, WNCS, WRSI, WCOO, WOXL, WNXF, KTSN, WAPS, WEHM, KTAO, WUIN, KRML, WCBE... Incredible reviews GQ: "An instant contender for Album of the Year" Pitchfork: "A soundtrack for the best party at the end of the world" Consequence: "An album for activities best done in the dark."

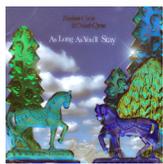


Tyler Ballgame "Matter of Taste"

The new single from *For The First Time, Again*, out now Early: SiriusXM The Spectrum (Spectrum Certified), WFUV, WXPB, WBPT, KLRR, KRML, KNBA Just played this on Jimmy Kimmel Live last week See him perform at The NON-COMMvention On tour this month with St. Paul & The Broken Bones World Cafe airing soon Headlining shows and festivals still to come

HAPPY LANDING "Machines"

From their sophomore album *Big Sun*, out now Over 800K on Spotify already New: KVYN, KMMS, KCLC, WFIT, WCBE, WESD, KRFC Early: WRAL, KNBA, WJCU, WBSD Headlining tour kicks off 4/1 They've shared the stage with The Head & The Heart, Judah & the Lion, Wilderado and more "...part Black Keys grit, part Twenty One Pilots pulse, and part Foster the People shimmer" - Living Life Fearless



Braison Cyrus & Noah Cyrus "As Long As You'll Stay"

From Braison's EP *Looking Forward To The Past*, out now New: KCSN, WBPT, KPND, WAPS, KTSN, KVYN, WCLX, KROK, WCBE, WFIT, WBSD, KSMF Early: WRLT, KUWP, KRVM Over 800K on Spotify Braison opened a number of Noah's dates last fall "Together, the pair land on a modern indie-folk sound that feels warm and familiar, yet crisp and current." - Music Talkers

U2 - Days of Ash EP (feat. "Song of the Future")

Their surprise EP, out now Mediabase 19*, Billboard 22* "SOTF" new at: WKLQ, KNTU, WTYD, WSGE, WLIW ON: SiriusXM Spectrum, KBCO, WXRV, WFUV, WXPB, WXPB, KCSN, WRLT, WERS, WTMD, WFPK, KRVM, WCLX, KVOQ, WNCS, WYEP, KUTX, Music Choice, WNRN, WOXL, WQKL, WRAL, WEXT, WBPT, KTSN, KPND, KTBG, KJAC, WAPS... "American Obituary" also on WXRT, KCMP, KUTX WDST

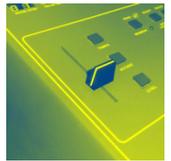


Suzanne Vega "Alley"

From her latest album *Flying With Angels*, out now "A song about transcending the sorrows and suffering of the world." - Suzanne New: KROK, KKAL, KRML, KUWP ON: WUKY, WDSE, WSGE, WMVY, WNCW, WBJB, KRCL... "On 'Alley,' Suzanne Vega leans into her lyrical precision, performing lines that land like poetry... The soft guitars and light percussion is the kind of arrangement that doesn't pull focus but makes space." - MXDWN

They Might Be Giants "Wu-Tang"

From the new album *The World Is to Dig*, out 4/14 ON: WFUV, KCSN, WERS, WFPK, WEXT, KCLC, KRSH, KMMS, KROK, KRML, KNBA, WMWV, WLKR, KDTR, WUKY, WCBE... Spring tour with multiple shows in each city! John Linnell on the song: "Many years ago, we discussed the idea of celebrating an artist or a style of music, but in the form of a completely unrelated genre of music."



Noah Kahan "The Great Divide"

The title track from his new album, out 4/24 #1 for the third straight week - thank you radio - fastest #1 in 10 years! His stadium tour this summer is completely sold out - also headlining Bonnaroo Over 30MM monthly listeners on Spotify + over 17 billion career streams This has been the biggest streaming debut of Noah's career Netflix documentary coming

Dermot Kennedy "Funeral"

From *The Weight of the Woods*, out 3/27 Mediabase #27, Billboard 25*! New: KCSN, WKLQ, KBAC, KKDG ON: WXRT, KBCO, KINK, WXRV, WRLT, WFUV, WMMM, WNCS, WRAL, WQKL, WERS, WEXT, WYEP, WFPK, WZEW, WBPT, WAPS, Music Choice, KTSN, WOXL, KNTU, WCOO, WCNR... US tour dates announcing soon Produced by Gabe Simon (Noah Kahan, Lana Del Rey) 10MM+ monthly Spotify listeners



The Lone Bellow "I Did It For Love"

From *What A Time To Be Alive*, out now Mediabase #39, Americana Top 10 singles and albums New: WMMM, WYCE, KAXE... On tour now ON: WRLT, WXPB, KCSN, WYEP, WFPK, WNRN, WRAL, WAPS, WCLX, Music Choice, WERS, WRSI... "This record encapsulates everything we love and respect about each other. It's a snapshot of the friendships we've built over the last decade-and-a-half, of how far we've come and how much we've grown." - Zach Williams



Mon Rovia "Heavy Foot"

From Bloodlines, out now Mediabase 5*!! New: KINK, WTTS, WZEW, WTYD ON: SiriusXM, WXRT, KBCO, WFUV, WXPX, WXPXN, KCMP, WXRV, WRLT, WMMM, KXT, WTMD, WYEP, WRAL, WFPK, KCSN, WOXL, WAPS, WERS, WNRN, Music Choice, WBPT, KJAC, WEXT, WYMS, WNX, KVOQ, WQKL, WCLZ, KRVB, WKLQ, WNCS, KTSN... "Mon Rovia's mission: staring down the worst of humanity's violence and meeting it with peace." - Pitchfork

Stephen Sanchez "SWEET LOVE"

From his sophomore album LOVE, LOVE, LOVE, out 5/8 Mediabase 2*, Billboard 2* ON: SiriusXM, KBCO, KINK, WRLT, WTTS, WXRV, WXPX, WFUV, KCMP, WMMM, WQKL, WKLQ, KCSN, WXPXN, WYEP, KXT, Music Choice, WTMD, WNCS, WFPK, WBPT, WAPS, KJAC, KTBG, KRVB, WCLZ, KTSN, KVOQ, WRAL, WZEW, WYMS, KPND, WCNR... Watch the official video, co-starring his grandparents, on my site now Nearly 20MM monthly listeners on Spotify



Flea "Traffic Lights (feat. Thom Yorke)"

From his jazz album Honora, out 3/27 via Nonesuch ON: WFPK, WAPS, KVOQ, WEXT, WDST, KBAC, WSGE, KRCL, KKDG, WHRV, KSUT, WYSO, KSMF, WFIT, KRFC, KDNK, KHUM, WBSD, WUTC The album title takes its name from a beloved family member Flea composed and arranged the music, and plays trumpet and bass throughout the project with an elite crew of fellow musicians The album also features a track with Nick Cave Tour dates in May

Alexa Ray Joel "Heavy Eyes"

From her forthcoming EP Tales From A Winding Tower ON: KINK, WXRV, WCLZ, WBPT, WNCS, WOXL, WRSI, KVVN, WAPS, KCLC, WCOO, KROK, KRML, WYSO... Alexa Ray: "I really wanted a '60's style sound, and this is my own way of paying tribute to my favorite 1960's showgirls. I grew up loving Irma Thomas and Etta James, Ronnie Spector and Dionne Warwick." Watch the video on my site now



Clay Street Unit "Drive"

The new single from Sin & Squalor, out now via Leo 33 Great press! New: WUTC ON: WBPT, WAPS, WFPK, WRAL, WEXT, KVVN, KRSH, WUIN, KMTN, WCLX, KYSL, KRML, KBAC, KKDG, KROK, KCLC, KNBA, WUMB, WMOT, WCBE, KRVM, KFMG, WDVX, KHUM, WYCE, KRFC... Top 10 Americana album Included in Holler's "10 New Up & Coming Americana Artists You Need To Know" Headlining tour now, playing Red Rocks in July

Boy Golden "Cowboy Dreams (feat. Cat Clyde)"

From Best of Our Possible Lives, out now via Six Shooter Records Mediabase 39*, JBE Albums #21 Great album reviews New: KTAO, WUTC ON: WFUV, WRLT, KCMP, WXPXN, WYEP, KXT, WRAL, WFPK, KUTX, WNRN, KTBG, WOXL, WRSI, KCLC, WCLX, WEXT, KJAC, Music Choice, WDST, KRSH... Tour dates this spring with Cat Clyde Produced by Robbie Lackritz



SLUG Magazine has a lot to say about Mon Rovia's Bloodline

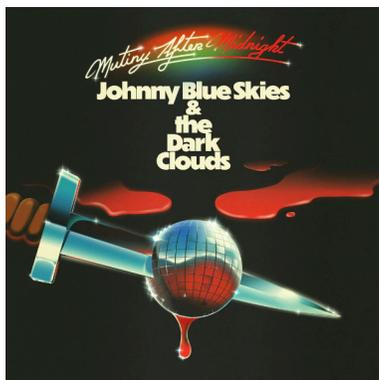
"Janjay Lowe (AKA Mon Rovia) is a Liberian folk artist who grew up during the West African civil war and was adopted by a white family in Tennessee. He started out making R&B, but began incorporating his inspirations of Bon Iver and Fleet Foxes and introduced ukulele in his sound. I can't help but feel a tender sweet spot for the longforgotten millennial tradition of hopecore that was shown in music like Mumford & Sons and The Lumineers. Over time, he blossomed into a spot within the Afro-Appalachian music ecosystem. The roots of folk and country music sprouted from Black Americans inhabiting the countryside. Many Black and Brown artists are reclaiming the style of Americana, for evidence look no further than the last two years of Super Bowl Halftime shows or Beyonce's country album. While it's no secret that all American genres are traced back to Black artists, folk and country have been viewed as by and for white people. This reclamation made by an individual who is not native born but is American raised is refreshing, it offers perspective that ties in an understanding of war and violence that is often missed by artists who haven't had to witness such subjects firsthand.

The exchange of interaction and attention is one that can be both liberating and diminishing. If you aren't favored by the algorithm, nobody sees what you're putting out there. However in comparison to the old ways of the industry, this is theoretically much more democratized. So how did we get from Bob Dylan to Jesse Welles? The answer Lowe holds is an earnest belief in one's self and a better future. One of the most consistent ways he went viral was by posting his songs alongside some variation of the caption, "What radicalized you? I thought war was dumb as a child." This seemed to resonate with people who are all witnesses to political and economic structures crumbling before their very eyes. Somewhere in between grassroots efforts and digital footprints, there is very real room for widespread mindset shifts about what is possible in terms of collective peace. Lowe has had to make a name for himself the same way many independent artists do in this day and age-online with short clips to catch a prospective audience's attention.

Lowe chose his stage name after the capital of Liberia. We hear a sample of a newscast at the beginning of "Pray the Devil back to Hell" which eases into divine strings and a soft balladry describing a young Lowes memory of his home country. The lyrics, "The gun strap and boots that don't fit right / The kids left to fight the war again," reveal the heartbreaking reality of violence in living spaces. "A Foreshadowing" covers the mind like a soft blanket of fog, the layered vocals during the bridge sound like a chorus of ghosts warning you about the past recreating itself. Inching along the tracklist, "Little by Little" uses guitar finger strumming and violin to paint the air with hope. The song itself tells of how change doesn't come in a day but slowly over time, both in ourselves and in the greater world. The most nostalgic sounding of the album, "Whose face am I" gives more insight into Lowe's feelings about being diasporic from a young age. Not knowing his birth parents before adoption has clearly left a mark on his soul and memory and the song comes from his heart regarding said topic. The haunting yet angelic track, "Somewhere down in Georgia" starts out with the lyrics "Cotton fields turned parking lots / Steel and stone can't hide these stains / History still grows in the cracks when it rains." The rest of the lyrics play around with the notion of Southern culture and shine a light on the covert cultural impacts from its history. My personal favorite, "Code of many colors," makes clever world play out of an old Bible parable and reference to Dolly Parton's story. The coat of many colors represents hardship being given in the form of a vibrant gift. Lowe's talent, while it creates the ability for him to make beautiful music about living in a difficult time period, also comes with the cost of divisiveness. Lastly, "Heavy Foot" is most likely the song you are familiar with as a stomp-clap anthem about disillusionment and panic, as well as about the alternative ways to respond to the distress. The lyrics discuss homelessness, war, false media, institutionalized racism and corrupt politicians yet presents these heavy topics with an air of optimism.

The resurfacing of politically charged folk in this new context is strange and exciting. When the day-to-day interaction with social media is often floating between sweet videos of dogs, horrific news about the current administration, violence being incited on civilians, silly hot takes on pop culture and people asking viewers to donate to their gofundme, you're bound to feel disillusioned and angrily hopeful. The digital landscape has taken the place of the neighborhood boulevard. We are connected with no one and everyone, we know everything and nothing, our visions are blurred by a pseudo-reality that ends up impacting our real lives. Have you ever scrolled Instagram or TikTok and come across one of those videos of a musician saying something along the lines of, "stop and give a small artist a chance." The reincarnation of "did I just make the song of the summer!?" clickbait is usually not a great sign of an upstanding artist. But in a world of surviving humiliation rituals by posting online for the sake of exposure and hope for fame, there are some true gems. This is exactly how I came across Mon Rovia and I feel grateful for the serendipity of algorithmic luck." - SLUG Magazine, 2/2/26

Paste has nothing but praise for the new Johnny Blue Skies album



“Sturgill Simpson plays his Gibson ES-335 like he was born upside down. He came in shit-hot with a dynamite honky-tonk sound in 2013 but quickly pivoted to acid country on Metamodern Sounds in Country Music a year later. By 2016 he was channeling the psychedelic soul of Marvin Gaye and Al Green on *A Sailor’s Guide to Earth* before going full anime synth-rock for *Sound & Fury*. But no one expected him to drop three consecutive bluegrass albums after that (two of which feature only Scruggs-and-Flatt-style reimaginings of his old songs), only for *Passage du Desir* to turn those ‘grassers into cosmic, midlife-crisis Americana in 2024. All these songs about psilocybin, walking on Legos, and a good ol’ pooch named Sam strewn over the last decade speak to the genius of this Kentucky bedlamite with “Hunter Biden energy.” It’s like he has a telepathic bond with everyone from street pickers to old souls to the almighty himself. Bob Dylan once said Roy Orbison’s voice could “make you want to drive your car over a cliff,” but Simpson’s makes you want to wrap your Camaro Z28 around a tree.

When Simpson shared last month that he and his Dark Clouds bandmates (guitarist Laur Joamets, keyboardist Robbie Crowell, bassist Kevin Black, and drummer Miles Miller) wanted to “make an album centered firmly on groove” in retaliation to America’s embrace of fascism—a “protest against oppression and suppression” powered by “pure, unfiltered, unapologetic, relentless disco-hedonism”—I didn’t dare try to guess how deep his dance would run. Not knowing a lick about *Mutiny After Midnight* beyond what Simpson shared about it online, I imagined the songs stomping

like Jerry Jeff Walker’s “Jaded Lover,” or cruising and curling like Eddie Rabbitt’s “Drivin’ My Life Away.” Upon landing on YouTube last weekend without warning (after being announced as a physical-only release), the album sounds exactly as it was described: uncensored, depraved, and totally batshit—concocted not by a record company, but by an outlaw who excels in the explicit art of not giving a single “fuk.” Think *Sound & Fury* burnouts done up in *A Sailor’s Guide to Earth* brass and 20-year-old college boy wall-hanging phrases, or Nile Rodgers in ZZ Top drag. I think @KingLazyEye may have said it best in the album’s rowdy YouTube comment section last weekend: “Im drinkin wild turkey and building improvised explosives in the woods.”

Simpson and the Dark Clouds are on a country-funk tear in *Mutiny After Midnight*, as if they cleaned up a Nugs.net recording from one of their many three-hour shows for a wide release. Dickey Betts once tried explaining the difference between the Allman Brothers’ jams and the Grateful Dead’s jams. What he came up with was: the Allmans force the magic to happen, but the Dead wait for the magic to happen. Simpson and his “Reckon Crew” do both, gliding from one song to the next, letting muscular guitar riffs defrost into mirror-ball rhythms and vibe-driven sustains. “Viridescent” and “Situation” both spin out in total disco meltdowns. The conclusion of “Everyone Is Welcome Here” flirts with “Get Lucky” territory until Raw B’s febrile saxophone uncorks. Recalling the Silver Bullet Band à la Stranger in Town, “Excited Delirium” cuts in with high-speed exploits, snaring slide-guitar rowdies, saxophone convulsions, and fat kick drums in abundance. The tongue-in-cheek “Stay On That” is a high-def sex caper full of funky blasts, joke-book come-ons, and Lowell George-style innuendos like “baby, let me be the banana and you can be the split” and “stay on that D, baby, ‘til you hit that G.” Simpson reaches carnal activation in the orange-white flames of “Situation,” talking about bodies that are “hotter than a brothel in Guam.” And, of course, “Make America Fuk Again” is pure dance-music medicine on steel blades.

I usually have a distaste for most “Make America ___ Again” slogan substitutes, but the way Simpson excitedly sows his libidinous oats with bratty, strung-out winks on “Make America Fuk Again” is a roadhouse rave-up for the ages. He substitutes the middle-aged pinch of *Passage du Desir* with vertical ramblings of ketamine therapy, “doing dark shit in dark rooms,” and “mak[ing] a hooker fuck around and fall in love.” Simpson prattles through cornball missives, like the one about going to Mars but only if the spaceship’s got Black people on it and the “wanna get you wet, wanna make you sweat, wanna make the walls in the room drip with precipitation” verse in “Situation,” but Simpson’s smoky, outlaw-country delivery is measured in centuries and his bandmates back him up with a wild, gritty, workingman’s pocket.

Simpson doesn’t traffic in polished advocacy speech on *Mutiny After Midnight*, nor does he posture himself to be some great white hope. Instead, he abjectly lists off all the shit he doesn’t believe in: relevance, the game, narrative, name, regret, shame, blame, anything anymore. He argues that sex is an antidote to fascism just like Marvin Gaye argued on *In Our Lifetime*, that we need to question “how the hell are all these guys not in jail for treason” while making life a hot-rod party where “everybody cums” and the cops can’t come in even if they’re called. The record begins and ends with unfiltered, uncomplicated politicking about “hegemonic systems,” manufactured chaos, and content creators under authoritarian rule. “Take the constitution, systematically dismantle it,” he lets out in an urgent growl on “Ain’t That a Bitch.” “Rebuild your agenda, sit back and admire it. Keep the peasants scraping by on minimum wages; lock up all the minorities, put their babies in cages. Anybody speak out, you simply dismiss them.” You can’t lampoon cruelty, so Simpson sings it like he sees it—like we all see it.

He knows when to rein in the horn-dogisms, too. When he’s not comparing his dick to a lollipop, he’s “weaponizing [his] autism to shit out an opus,” tearing down ICE, living through George Floyd’s final minutes, entertaining nihilism on the doorstep of an apocalypse, and singing love songs. Side one’s “Don’t Let Go,” a spiritual sibling to “Just Let Go” from *Metamodern Sounds in Country Music*, is a kind, swooning tribute to Simpson’s wife, Sarah. “I swear to God time slows down every time you walk in the room,” he croons above a medley of piano, slide guitar, and saxophone. “For a while it felt like we were dying but now we’re starting to bloom.” All of Simpson’s records have immediate standouts—this decade alone has given us “If the Sun Never Rises Again” and “Jaunita”—but I don’t think Simpson’s made a tune with this much verve or heart in ten years. The love story culminates in side two’s smoldering “Venus,” a goddess-worshipping, bar-cage romp that casts Simpson’s wife as the daughter of Zeus whose “celestial shit” brightens the heavens: “Even Van Gogh painted your star on the right.”

There seems to be a lot more city cowboys in designer jeans than hillbillies with Telecasters across their backs and longhorns nailed to the grills of their Cadillacs these days. The former is what gets called “country music,” anyhow. If authenticity was still a valuable currency in this worried old world, most of those boys wouldn’t have a pot to piss in. Country music never got bad; worse voices just started talking louder than the ones we needed to hear. Sure, people are going to hear this record and call Simpson a commie or a libtard more than they already do, or they might post on Facebook that he’s been infected with the woke mind virus. But I wouldn’t pay the ghoulies any mind. This is the guy who won Best Country Album at the Grammys, tossed the brass in his empty guitar case, and, as a “struggling country singer,” busked for ACLU donations outside the CMAs. He’s allowed to talk his shit however he pleases—like calling Donald Trump a “bad cartoon in an ill-fitting suit grabbing women by the poon,” or comparing the torture of waterboarding to sitting by Katy Perry on *Blue Origin NS-31*.

Mutiny after Midnight is not some No Fences, reach-across-the-aisle sedative, but a look at where country music can go if the right hearts get all the attention. It brings to mind the chicken-fried grooves, CB-radio prose, and backwoods picking that cleared a path for Hank Williams tunes and redneck rock to travel side by side. It’s brand-new music that already sounds like a linchpin of mid-century America. 50 years ago, players like Jerry Reed and Clarence White lived in-between the margins of Merle and Jones, wandering genius Gram Parsons taught a couple Los Angeles boys how to dose their roots with some Georgia psychedelia, and Johnny Cash showed up at the White House to sing “What is Truth?” to an irate Richard Nixon. In the cosmos of all that shit exists Simpson, whose maverick sexuality and pill-popped dissent may as well be some sort of rabid glossolalia to those Nashville kiss-asses who make records for the “patriotism and Christianity” party. But I prefer Simpson when he’s a manic, daredevil creature like this, not some porch-swing preacher. There’s no time for an identity crisis or a mainstream-country-friendly about-face when the boogie’s in your blood. Rating: A- - Paste, *Mutiny After Midnight* is uncensored, depraved, and totally batshit, 3/4/26

Coming up... 3/23: Ziggy Marley “Racism Is A Killa”... 3/30: Tedeschi Trucks Band, The Jaws of Brooklyn

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