

I'm just a small-town guy, second youngest of nine kids to parents of the Greatest Generation. We didn't have a lot of money, but I never went hungry and our house was in constant motion. Mom ran the local bus station and started a small print shop, while Dad sold Pabst Blue Ribbon all around the Great Lakes as the regional sales manager. We lived at 215 Marion in a beat-up house not far from Mitchell Creek, which led to the Muskegon River that cut right through the middle of our little storybook town. Along with the neighbor kids, we had the freedom to escape via cow paths and trails stretching out to cliffs, sand hills, and the waterways that we considered our playground. Our clothes were torn and our shoes were muddy, but in my mind, it was a kid paradise with too many adventures to remember. My fondest place on any given summer day was sitting on an old wooden bridge with friends, dangling our legs over the creek. I remember how good the warmth felt on my feet from the sand and the smooth texture of the planks on the bridge as I walked to sit on the edge to overlook the rippling, splashing water.

I was lucky to have the brothers and sisters I had, and lucky to have a mom who saw something in all her kids. In my case, she saw music. I'm not sure I did but I'm glad she did, and she bought guitars, signed me up for lessons, and instilled her can-do attitude in me. Although I broke the first couple guitars, she eventually gave me an electric one for my birthday that really set my life on fire. It wasn't long before I moved on to a better guitar, practicing endlessly on the front porch of that old house. I started playing gigs with my brother's band in the eighth grade at weddings, high school dances whatever we could find. It was plug in and go! My favorite performances were the summer outdoor parties underneath the stars, on a lake or someone's backyard on a hot summer day. You name it, if music was needed, we were willing. We played quite often all the way through high school, even at concerts at the local park. We were regulars in the lineup, and it attracted quite a crowd of locals who supported a live scene. Always writing songs, always dreaming with my friends about a career in music, I ended up on a small overseas tour after high school, playing with a 28-piece big band. We had an incredible bass player from Chicago, a tasty piano player from Detroit, and a punchy horn section. As they say, it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing, and I'll tell you now, we could swing all day long. A week after I returned, I went to St. Petersburg, Florida, to join a much longer tour across the USA, Ohio to Southern California, in a rock band performing songs from the Billboard Hot 100. We did three shows a day at high schools and middle schools, and on Saturday night we would play a full concert to a capacity crowd. Thankfully, we had Sunday off.

After making my way back to my hometown, my two brothers and I soon started a power trio, performing in clubs throughout West Michigan and beyond. With another brother handling bookings, we rocked hard nonstop wherever the music would take us. In San Diego, while rehearsing for a gig in Hawaii, one of the brothers fatefully decided that he wanted to go back to college. I admit, I was heartbroken because I could visualize lying on the beach during the day

and soaking the sun. It changed everything but I was okay with it, and so we made the long trip back to the Midwest and our hometown.

It wasn't long after that I was back in California, in L.A. attending the Guitar Institute of Technology. This is where I learned what the term starving musician really meant. Later in San Diego, I had the opportunity to be involved in a project that required that I write an album. The only stipulation was that I use a popular Detroit band to track the songs. This was the real deal, a real studio, with seasoned players. We recorded what can be regarded as my first album, although it never saw the light of day. The process was so much fun that the guys invited me back to Detroit to start a new band. That top 40 rock band did quite well for a few years, playing all the big clubs in Detroit, southeast Michigan, and Canada, and eventually morphing into another band. It was then that I was finally in a band that focused much more on the direction that I wanted to go, which was the creation of our own music. There was such a spark from those many writing sessions with so many tapes full of songs. We finally got ourselves into the hands of one of the hotter producers in town and that started our push for bigger and better things. It was then that the production was taken to a national level, with a handful of exceptional songs playing in many radio markets, including a much-needed push from two of the biggest rock stations in Detroit. We did well, playing the biggest clubs in the city while doing occasional concerts. But like many other bands, we had tensions that spelled the end sooner rather than later.

New band, new project, clubs, clubs, clubs, until finally, I just wanted to stay busy writing and recording and living in the creative process. I stepped away from the club scene and bought an acoustic guitar and was inspired to write again. I found my sweet spot of writing and recording, and those songs ended up being my first solo album, This Side of Somewhere, recorded in Memphis and Detroit. I had a song called "Flip Flops" that did okay but didn't chart, so I followed that with another album and more singles off my second, Next Exit Paradise. Currently, we're promoting the song "With You" off my latest album,

Sonic Tunesmith, to radio nationwide For several years, I've also enjoyed the opportunity to do shows one of the guitarist for the legendary rock band Brownsville Station. Charting several songs, Brownsville had a smash hit at # 3 on the Billboard Hot 100 with Smokin In The Boys Room. That's it in a nutshell, that's my story!

Thank you

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