

Road To Nashville
-Eric Paslay-
www.ericpaslay.com

Eric Paslay has something amazing to offer listeners. With his fiery red hair atop his 6'4" stature (without his cowboy boots), he stands out in a crowd. Eric describes his music as "real" with down to earth lyrics and sound that will take you for a ride.

Paslay has spent the past six years performing all over the world, in such places as the Bluebird in Nashville, TN, MoMo's in Austin, TX, The Duck Horn in Temple, TX, as well as Bangkok and Phi Phi Island, Thailand.

Eric was born in 1983 to Dave and Donna Paslay in Abilene, TX, but his hometown is Temple, TX where most of his family lived. Eric compares himself to his grandfather who was also a musician with a love for fishing, much like Paslay.

"My Mom's dad was a musician and even though he died when I was only two years old, I think he still rubbed off on me."

Paslay mostly performs on his own, but he did have a band in Texas called Native Tourist which consisted of a drummer, a bass player and Anthony Cappolino, who played guitar. Paslay did most of the songwriting, but Cappolino was involved in some of the co-writes. The group performed in Austin, Temple, Waco and College Station regularly.

Eric graduated from Temple High in 2001 and attended Temple College for two years before moving to Murfreesboro, TN to begin the recording industry program at Middle Tennessee State University. His interest in MTSU was spurred by a friend from Texas, Brian Gowan and his wife.



"Brian Gowan has been a big help to my career, he has introduced me to some great people and really taught me a lot about songwriting and the recording industry" says Paslay. "I remember the first time I ever stepped into a real studio was with Brian. I had recorded three albums in my home studio and had somehow avoided a real quality studio. I know God has a sense of humor now because that first studio I ever stepped into with Brian was Charlie Daniel's Studio in Tennessee."

Eric recently signed a publishing contract with Cal IV (cal4.com). I hope to touch people through my music and help them realize what we are really here for and have some fun along the way.

What prepared me to be a songwriter:

- Stories
- Poetry
- English
- Geography (if you write a song about a town, it better exist if that's the type of song you are writing)
- Music: Orchestra, Choir
- Theatre: (helps you get used to a stage)
- Encouragement from teachers, family, friends
- Social skills

What I thought when I started:

- All artists write their songs,
- I thought that making music as your job wasn't really possible
- I thought writing music was only about expressing my perspectives about life.

What I've learned along the way:

- Many artists don't write any of their songs; that's why there are songwriters.
- Few artists become overnight sensations. In addition to being a "star" you can get a degree and pursue a career in Music Business or Music Production (a desk job at a Record Label, Music Publisher, Artist Management Firm, Entertainment Attorney, etc.)
- I've learned it's good to listen to what people think of your songs even if they don't think it's the best song in the world. Not everything you write is great and even if it is, keep writing. It's a learning process.

Whatever you want to be you can if you keep trying. Patience is a great thing to have in life. Don't let anyone tell you that you can't do or be something if you truly believe you can.

Links:

www.trevamusic.com
www.nashvillesongwriters.com
www.myspace.com/ericpaslay
www.kargboys.com
www.theparkstudio.com
www.briangowan.com

Sample Lyrics:

"Home" (Paslay) ©2004
*Wish I had a bowl of chicken soup
The kind that I'd get every Sunday afternoon
Grandpa's house was never too far
We'd pull up in the drive; hear the acorns crack
Beneath the tires of my daddy's old fastback
I sure miss that car*

*I miss cookin' that only grandmas can make
I miss family, sweet tea, homemade poppy seed cake*

*Lost in the past right now
I'd go back there if I knew how
Home*

*I can hear my cousins laughing, my brother's cracking jokes
The grown-ups are talking while playing dominos
I'd play checkers on the tile floor
Everyday I miss it more and more
Wish I could walk back through that screen door*

*When I'm old and my mind is gone
When all I can remember are the days when I was young
Please remind me I'm getting close
Closer than I've ever been to home*

*My hometown was a sleepy place
But, on those Sunday mornings I managed to stay awake
At least through most of the hymns
Amazing Grace, How Great Thou Art, What a friend
I'll never forget when they said my home was up in Heaven*

*Halfway through the service I'd always doze off
Daddy'd nudge me, Momma'd whisper "Boy you better wake up"
They just didn't understand
I was dreaming 'bout the Promised Land
Home*