

ALBUM REVIEW - Win When You're Sinnin'

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The Idle Hands – All Night Sinnin' cd

Mention The Blues and many people think instantly of musical misery; a wailing man lamenting the agonising loss of his woman – or, even worse, his dog.

Anyone holding this misconception is in for a shock akin to licking an electric fence if they drop the latest album from The Idle Hands into their hi-fi. The Chesterfield blues-rockers have been together a staggering 20 years and their All Night Sinnin' record shows they've used those two decades to hone their craft to perfection.

The album opens with the orgasmic intro to *I Ain't Broken*, managing to sonically name-drop both Hendrix and Whole Lotta Love into the avant-garde soundtrack to a top-shelf DVD. Then the band jumps in with a laid-back boogie blues riff, and guitarists across the land hang up their picks in shame as Dave Robinson unleashes his six-string.

There are those who play guitar and those who are guitar players and the Idle Handsman definitely falls into the latter category. Like a bareback rider on a bucking mare, his tumbling lead lines seem about to unseat him at any moment, but he miraculously stays in total control.

The album boasts more shades of blue than a Dulux colour chart, from the Money For Nothing twang of *The Stroll* - complete with great harmony vocal breakdown - to the funky sleaze feel of *Personal Demon*. *Things Move On* offers a slide guitar lament featuring a harp crying out like a forlorn train in the distance, while *Testify* is a rollickin' rocker with Jimmy Page's fingerprints all over it.

The rhythm section is locked closer than a couple of cousins from Arkansas, and frontman Phil Allen even convinces in his Gareth Cheeseman moment when he tells us on the title track *All Night Sinnin'* that he's a tiger. Raar!

Many producers spend far too many late nights in the studio, their eyes tight shut, endlessly fiddling with their knobs. The urge to tweak and polish tracks may well give them lustre, but it leaves them with all the life of a Michael Jackson comeback tour. By contrast, this album crackles and fizzes like a mouthful of Space Dust; it has the clarity and tone of a studio cut, with the vim of a live album. And there's not a dead dog in sight....

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All Night Sinnin' is available from the band, through Paypal at their website www.the-idle-hands.co.uk

The full article contains 421 words and appears in a national newspaper.