

Long Bio

Queen Porter Stomp use their dirty swamp magic to shirk those Prohibition blues – swinging skirts and scuffed shoes for hardwood and concrete dance floors alike. This is jazz where swing is the key you play, Melody is your gypsy mistress, and signature is what you're trying to avoid committing to paper until you have a shot of bootlegged whisky.

They pack horns that scream straight into your soul, squeezed tight into a caravan they've taken up and down and through the smoke and mud of the festival circuit (like the Falls Festival, Woodford Folk Festival), supporting the hardened and never weary (like Charles Bradley).

Swagger comes from a rhythm section borne of cut-throat jazz chops and a banjo that can exorcise demons on the wrong side of midnight. Amongst all this well honed haze comes the clarity and seduction of the ukulele songstress upfront. Shine those shoes and undo that top button – if you're just tapping those toes, then you're in the wrong bar.

This is Queen Porter's joint.