

The Story

In the middle of the middle of the Midwest - way, way, way under the radar - lives a merry band of bohemians who fancy themselves The Belle Rangers. They are led by a bedazzled and feathered crone, who conned them all into giving up their gig money to further their “art,” despite it being a doomed financial venture. You may find them around the dining room table under a dusty, green chandelier, over-indulging in rich, home-cooked meals and cheap red wine. Perhaps you’ll find them crammed into the corner of a foul-smelling dive bar, baring their souls to hordes of over-served patrons. The next morning, while huddling over their instruments with steaming mugs of coffee, they’ll wrack their hangover-addled brains to write yet another song to toss into the abyss. Why do they do it? It’s more likely for love than money, and it’s the best thing they have to offer. So, whether you happen to stumble upon them in the nether reaches of the internet, or in your neighborhood bar, The Belle Rangers hope their humble offerings bring you great pleasure.