

Austin American Statesman

Randy Weeks should be playing on everyone's radio. As a matter of fact, the Austin resident is such a fine vocalist and songwriter he should be singing directly to us. Opening for Jackson Brown at Red Rocks. Watching teenagers humming his songs and music scholars analyzing his breezy lyrics. Weeks splits the difference between unshakable pop and groovy roots-rock like few others.

Brian T. Atkinson, Austin American Statesman

Omaha Reader

Randy Weeks is a songwriter's songwriter. That is, the kind of knockout songsmith other songwriter's admire and turn to for material. Weeks' "Can't Let Go" became a spare, edgy rocker in the hands of Lucinda Williams, appearing on Williams' 1998 Grammy-winning disc *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road*.... With his solo debut in 2000, Weeks was one of the early artists unafraid to ignore the boundaries between rock, roadhouse country, blues and soul. He quickly became a favorite on the Americana/alt. country scene and among discerning music lovers.

BJ Hutchteman, Omaha Reader

Roughstock.com

It's not often that an artist is able to meld truly interesting lyrics with ear catching melodies. With producer Will Sexton, Randy Weeks has crafted one of the best albums I've heard in the past couple of years. It's a record that I can't help but play over and over again.

Going My Way album review - Matt BJORKE, Roughstock.com

Los Angeles Times - Artist to Watch

Randy Weeks has to be doing something right -- Lucinda Williams not only covered his song "Can't Let Go" on her breakthrough album "Car Wheels on a Gravel Road," but it's also become a cornerstone of her live shows. On his solo collection "Going My Way," coming Feb. 24, Weeks puts together a batch of consistently evocative, witty lyrics that he sings in a distinctively wry Lou Reed-meets-Willie Nelson voice. His country roots are strong enough that he's cranked out the instant honky-tonk classic "The One Who Wore My Ring," yet, like Peter Case, he also obviously knows his Lennon-McCartney songbook well enough to come up with the pure-pop bounce of "That's What I'd Do." His recent move from L.A. to Austin led to "Going My Way" being produced by Texas Americana ace Will Sexton, and probably at least partially explains the juicy New Orleans funk they've brought to "I Think You Think." That song and "I Couldn't Make It" showcase Weeks' love for language and his engaging wordplay.

Village Records

There's not a bad song on this disc and it grabs you the first time you spin it. Fans of Peter Case will fall in love with his style and approach to the melodies on this one...A near perfect album.

Album Review, Sold Out At The Cinema

Village Records

Weeks is back with another memorable album...Listening to this reminds me of the first time I ever heard the Jayhawks. The ebb and flow of the songs is relaxed and you'll find yourself humming along with the first listen. This is first rate material that we don't hear nearly enough of these days...This is the no risk disc of the month, everyone will like this one.

Album Review, Sugarfinger

Pulse of the Twin Cities

...the truth is (Weeks is) quickly stepping out of the shadow of some of his more familiar contemporaries and catching the ears (and typing fingers) of critics and blog-nuts across the world. Sugarfinger is a soul-satisfying, craftily-produced collection of backporch ruminations, love-sick balladry and barroom shufflin'...Musically, most of the material here is a gentle blend of countrified pickin', pluckin' an' slappin', while lyrically Weeks is, hands down, a genuine master....Most of these songs sound (or at least feel) like they could come comfortably crackling right out of a '60s-era AM radio, but the lyrics to the tracks hit home with such exhausted force that you immediately know they could've been written last month, or last week, or last night....

A warm, inviting collection of polished little musical gems that's just as fulla honey as its title implies and just waiting for the right ears (and hearts) to take in, appreciate and identify with. Hell, if Lucinda Williams herself calls him America's best songwriter, he might just be worth a listen, eh? But don't take our word for it—go to randyweeks.com and hear it for yourself.

Performing Songwriter

Overall, Weeks has fashioned a stellar album. The music is light and fun without being overly fluffy, and Weeks' voice goes easy on the ears. Let Sugarfinger sweeten up your mid-winter days — we're willing to bet you'll be satisfied.

Santa Barbara Independent

Like everything Randy Weeks turns his musical attention to, his live performance is an entity of substance. Weeks throws forth an offering of contemplative songs that wrench at the heart and service the soul. They make you want to cry and dance both at the same time.

Kingsport Times News

Sugarfinger is one of those timeless pop treasures — crammed to the gills with songs that lodge themselves in your brain.

Minneapolis City Pages - Rick Mason

A resident of Southern California for some three decades, Randy Weeks was such an integral part of the rootsy country-rock scene that he was often mistaken for a native. In fact, Weeks was born and bred in Windom, Minnesota, and spent some time in the early '70s playing with Minneapolis bands before heading west in search of fame and fortune. He found the likes of Jeff Rymes, with whom he co-lead the Lonesome Strangers through the halcyon days of the '80s and a handful of well-received twang-rock albums, and Dwight Yoakam, with whom he toured and recorded. He also encountered Lucinda Williams, whose version of Weeks's "Can't Let Go" on her Grammy-winning *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road* helped establish his reputation as a premier songwriter. Weeks moved to Austin a few years back, apparently to exchange California beach sand for Texas grit. Recently he released his latest solo album, *Going My Way* (Certifiable), produced by Will Sexton, and full of well-crafted charmers peppered with dusty pop hooks and tapping a panoply of roots sounds from honky-tonk and folk rock to touches of Memphis soul and New Orleans funk. Weeks's appealingly dry vocals fall somewhere between Lou Reed and Willie Nelson, while an impressive crew of pals including Tony and Eliza Gilkyson and Cindy Cashdollar lend support. With Molly Maher & Her Disbelievers, and Bob Manning & the Real Deal.

Sonicboomers.com

Every genre has someone who feels like they're the next one going to break through. In the rootsy world of Americana music--the loose knit amalgam of Wilco, Lucinda Williams, the Jayhawks, Dave Alvin and any number of other talented troubadours working in that coalmine--Randy Weeks is someone who everyone believes is ready to blast off. From his days in the Lonesome Strangers, he has distinguished himself mightily with a voice totally distinctive and songs to match. Weeks might have begun in the California country & western goldmines of the Bakersfield sound and beyond, but quickly finds inspiration in dreamy thoughtscales and a near-hallucinatory imagination. He has the touch of an original, and the way he sings recalls the warm San Francisco nights of Country Joe McDonald as much as Merle Haggard, which shows an utter openness on how modern music can be made. *Going My Way*

has a groove as big as the Golden State, even though it was recorded in Austin. There are no limits to what Weeks and super-talented producer Will Sexton will try, which allows the songs to veer from style to style with a sweet abandon, fueled by the exquisite lead guitar of Tony Gilkyson in a true star turn. "Black Coffee and Lifesavers" is a trip, like the title suggests, while "Hard to Believe" is a heartbreaker to beat them all. In between is a very talented artist's sweeping ability to take us somewhere we haven't ever been. *Going my way*, indeed.

Austin.com – Bryan Smith

Unbeknownst to many Austinites, a country music visionary has been living in their midst and with the release of his newest album, *Going My Way*, Randy Weeks will finally make his presence known. Three years after trading in the City of Angels for the city of live music, Weeks is once again poised on the edge of recreating something with which he is familiar: a country music sensation.

Once a member of the iconic Lonesome Strangers, Weeks has made a long-established career of recording songs that exemplify a musical genre, garnering many critical accolades along the way. This time around, with the help of such heavy hitters as steel guitarist Cindy Cashdollar and

music siblings Tony and Eliza Gilkyson, Weeks has created his most diverse sounding disc to date.

Going My Way is sure to become a fan favorite, especially the title track, which sets a laundry list of Weeks' past lovers to an infectious country-rock tune. With a voice that is at times reminiscent of Willie Nelson's familiar drawl, Weeks seamlessly pairs roots-driven rock ("A Lot To Talk About") with tales of honky-tonk heartbreak ("The One Who Wore My Ring") while still managing to create a cohesive and enjoyable album.

In "Black Coffee And Lifesavers," Weeks astutely draws comparison between the unpredictability of a weary, late night drive to a taxing and tumultuous relationship with an unnamed woman. Weeks offers the keys to maneuvering both successfully: "You just have to see the lines / You just have to see the lanes / You just have to get lucky / When the signals change."

No stranger to successful collaborations, having written and performed with the likes of Lucinda Williams, James McMurtry, and Joe Ely, Weeks' latest partnership—with the city of Austin—may be his finest. It is a standout that deserves a listen.

Blurt

Randy Weeks left Los Angeles for the verdant singer-songwriter climes of Austin in 2006, and this record is his first release since making that move. He had, he says, a musical motive for the move--to shake things up--but he spends part of his time here looking back, reprising to fine effect two songs--"The One Who Wore My Ring" and "Fine Way to Treat Me"--recorded by his former band The Lonesome Strangers, part of the great '80s SoCal roots resurgence.

As for the rest, it's a mix that isn't all that far from what Weeks has done on his previous solo efforts. "I Couldn't Make It," some tough, standard-issue rootsy rock that's shot through with stinging guitar, kicks things off, "That's What I'd Do" offers some breezy pop with beautiful harmonies from Eliza Gilkyson, "I Think You Think" marries a soulful vibe to a lyric constructed like one half of a lover's argument, "A Lot to Talk About" rocks and rolls while showcasing Weeks' great, reedy-voiced singing, and "Hard to Believe" is a smoldering hurtin' song that builds to a great finish.

His latest may be more of the same, notwithstanding his change of scenery, but in Weeks' case that just means he ain't messing with a good thing.

The Bluegrass Special

Following up his heralded 2006 release, Sugarfinger, Randy Weeks rolls out another stimulating exercise in fine songcraft and inspired playing on Going My Way. To call it '60s-style garage band country-rock is a compliment. Though well played, the music has a shambling, Band-like quality, mostly owing to the consistently busy drums sounding slightly off mic and the mix having a bit of a sludgy, extemporaneous feel. Over this soundscape, Weeks's Reedy (as in Lou Reed), unaccented voice, deceptively unpolished but always eager, earnest and, when appropriate, sardonic, is exactly right for the setting.

Uncommon Music

Going My Way, Randy Weeks' newly released, fourth solo album, brings a touch of the sunshine from his previous hometown of Los Angeles to his new digs in Austin.

The 12 track record flawlessly merge Weeks' own writing talents with the skills of guitarist Tony Gilkyson and Eliza Gilkyson on backing vocals as well as Cindy Cashdollar, Rick Richards and Mark Hallman and producer Will Sexton.

Though the lyrics are full of the honesty and wit you'd expect from the established songwriter the melodies have an extra air of happiness with effervescent solos and enticing choruses.

All of this is coupled with Randy's warm, almost Willie Nelson-esque vocals.

Not sticking to any one genre, the songs bounce easily from through a variety of styles.

There's the straight-up country on The One Who Wore My Ring and Hard to Believe, the more soulful swing of Fine Way To Treat Me and then it's off to the California folk-rock style of Going My Way and Little Bit of Sleep.

Honest Tune (The Southern Journal of Jam)

Southern California's Randy Weeks stretches his narrative powers on the beguiling release from Austin, Texas

No, this isn't the Bing Crosby film by the same name, and Weeks drives home the ambiance on the opening track, "I Couldn't Make It." Austin has surely influenced Weeks, and the song shakes along loosely, attaching directly to his Lou Reed- type delivery. "Fine Way to Treat Me" has deep grooving country twang and swing ala the Jayhawks, and the title composition is pure pop glory, full of character studies and bright, enticing harmonies.

Produced by Will Sexton, Going My Way benefits from guest appearances from Eliza Gilkyson, Cindy Cashdollar and Ruby Jane Smith. But, Weeks' backing unit of Mike Thompson on piano, Sexton on bass, Tony Gilkyson on guitar and Rick Richards on drums is what truly shines throughout the album, especially on the smoothly flowing centerpiece song trio of "That's What I'd Do," "A Lot to Talk About" and "Summer of Love."

With Going My Way, Randy Weeks joins the rarified ranks of music's best tunesmiths from both Southern California and Austin, Texas. It's a winner.

Houston Press – William Michael Smith

Going My Way, Randy Weeks's first Texas record since moving from Los Angeles to Austin, involves subtle changes from his likable albums Sugar Finger (2007) and Sold Out at the Cinema (2004). Weeks's pop smarts and adult plainspeak are still in abundance, but Going My Way has a straight-ahead feel and more muscle than before, thanks to bassist and producer Will Sexton, Austin ace drummer Rick Richards (Ray Wylie Hubbard) and lead guitarist/Weeks LP regular Tony Gilkyson (X). Weeks swerves smartly between summery, Tom Petty-ish pop-rockers like "I Couldn't Make It" and pretty love songs like "That's What I'd Do," to signature darker stuff like the tightly wound "Black Coffee and Lifesavers" and the bitter "Hard to Believe." Lots of Going

My Way sounds perfect for films (Weeks's songs are all over several Farrelly Brothers flicks), and "A Lot to Talk About" ("...but we ain't never gonna talk about it") and "Summer of Love," a brilliant followup to Weeks's 2007 L.A. radio hit "Transistor Radio," are obvious radio material. All in all, Going My Way is as solid and muscular an album as Weeks has ever made. Welcome to Texas, cowboy.

Austin Chronicle – Margaret Moser

The Los Angeles Times just picked Randy Weeks as one of the artists to watch in 2009, and Going My Way should guarantee all eyes and ears tuned in his direction now that he's settled in Austin. A former member of the Lonesome Strangers, Weeks first gained attention when Lucinda Williams recorded his song "Can't Let Go" on her breakthrough, Car Wheels on a Gravel Road. More than a decade later, he's still producing snappy compositions that crackle and pop with life ("Summer of Love," "I Think You Think"). The Will Sexton-produced My Way travels the Americana road with well-worn style and soft leather panache ("Black Coffee and Lifesavers," "That's What I'd Do"), Weeks' distinctive voice sometimes reminiscent of a young Willie Nelson. Since he's made an auspicious local debut, here's a reckless wager that Randy Weeks and Texas will be a match made in Lone Star heaven.