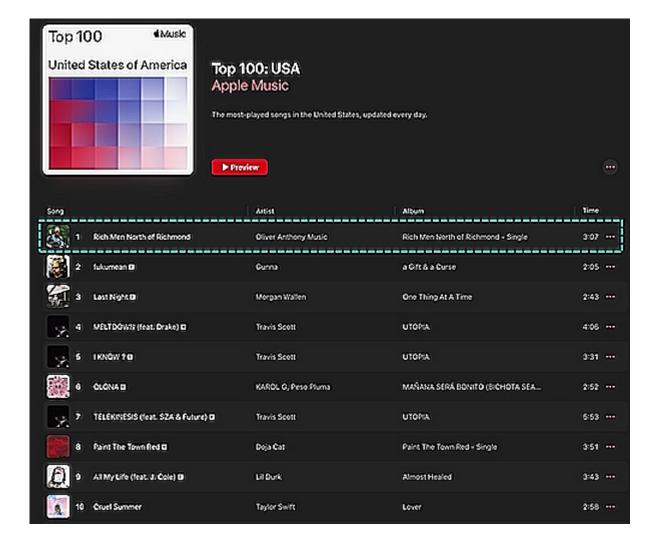
'Rich Men North of Richmond' Artist Turns Down \$8 Million From Stunned Music Execs, Says "Nothing Special About Me"

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by <u>Tyler Durden</u>, <u>ZeroHedge</u> August 18, 2023

Nine days ago, Oliver Anthony's gritty coal country ballad "Rich Men North Of Richmond" was published on YouTube. The song has become the blue-collar political anthem for millions of Americans ahead of the 2024 presidential election cycle.

On Thursday, Anthony revealed his real name is Christopher Anthony Lunsford. He said the viral response to the song blew him away and only anticipated it would get hundreds of thousands of views, not millions. As of Friday, the song ranks number one on iTunes.



Lunsford is a former factory worker and lives in the forgotten part of the US, Appalachia, an area plagued with an opioid crisis and abandoned factories. The song tells the story of working-class folk who struggle daily while being ignored and mocked by political elites just north of Richmond.



Lunsford detailed in a <u>lengthy Facebook post</u> that he turned down a \$8 million deal from stunned music industry executives:

People in the music industry give me blank stares when I brush off 8 million dollar offers. I don't want 6 tour buses, 15 tractor trailers and a jet. I don't want to play stadium shows, I don't want to be in the spotlight. I wrote the music I wrote because I was suffering with mental health and depression. These songs have connected with millions of people on such a deep level because they're being sung by someone feeling the words in the very moment they were being sung. No editing, no agent, no bullshit. Just some idiot and his guitar. The style of music that we should have never gotten away from in the first place.

Since going viral nine days ago, he has received over 50,000 messages from people reacting to the song. He said some messages include stories about "Suicide, addiction, unemployment, anxiety and depression, hopelessness and the list goes on."

Lunsford provided more details about who he exactly is...

My legal name is Christopher Anthony Lunsford. My grandfather

was Oliver Anthony, and "Oliver Anthony Music" is a dedication not only to him, but 1930's Appalachia where he was born and raised. Dirt floors, seven kids, hard times. At this point, I'll gladly go by Oliver because everyone knows me as such. But my friends and family still call me Chris. You can decide for yourself, either is fine.

In 2010, I dropped out of high school at age 17. I have a GED from Spruce Pine, NC. I worked multiple plant jobs in Western NC, my last being at the paper mill in McDowell county. I worked 3rd shift, 6 days a week for \$14.50 an hour in a living hell. In 2013, I had a bad fall at work and fractured my skull. It forced me to move back home to Virginia. Due to complications from the injury, it took me 6 months or so before I could work again.

From 2014 until just a few days ago, I've worked outside sales in the industrial manufacturing world. My job has taken me all over Virginia and into the Carolinas, getting to know tens of thousands of other blue collar workers on job sites and in factories. Ive spent all day, everyday, for the last 10 years hearing the same story. People are SO damn tired of being neglected, divided and manipulated.

In 2019, I paid \$97,500 for the property and still owe about \$60,000 on it. I am living in a 27' camper with a tarp on the roof that I got off of craigslist for \$750.

There's nothing special about me. I'm not a good musician, I'm not a very good person. I've spent the last 5 years struggling with mental health and using alcohol to drown it. I am sad to see the world in the state it's in, with everyone fighting with each other. I have spent many nights feeling hopeless, that the greatest country on Earth is quickly fading away.

He concludes with:

That being said, I HATE the way the Internet has divided all of us. The Internet is a parasite, that infects the minds of humans and has their way with them. Hours wasted, goals forgotten, loved ones sitting in houses with each other distracted all day by technology made by the hands of other poor souls in sweat shops in a foreign land.

When is enough, enough? When are we going to fight for what is right again? MILLIONS have died protecting the liberties we have. Freedom of speech is such a precious gift. Never in world history has the world had the freedom it currently does. Don't let them take it away from you.

Just like those once wandering in the desert, we have lost our way from God and have let false idols distract us and divide us. It's a damn shame.

Meanwhile, the <u>political left is triggered by this song for speaking the truth</u>. And the country music industry is "confused by man actually from the country making actual music."

<u>Country Music Industry Confused by Man Actually From Country Making Actual Music</u>

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TCTL editor's note: See the touching video compilation below of individuals listening to Oliver Anthony singing The Rich Men of Richmond. Many with tears in their eyes and all responding with emotional recognition of the truth in his words. Below that is the YouTube link to the song, followed by the lyrics.

This is heartwarming □

pic.twitter.com/oeQnnMlYp8

- Benny Johnson (@bennyjohnson) August 17, 2023

Rich Men North of Richmond by Oliver Anthony Lyrics:

I've been sellin' my soul, workin' all day

Overtime hours for bullshit pay

So I can sit out here and waste my life away

Drag back home and drown my troubles away.

Pre-Chorus:

It's a damn shame what the world's gotten to For people like me and people like you Wish I could just wake up and it not be true But it is, oh, it is.

Chorus:

Livin' in the new world
With an old soul
These rich men north of Richmond

Lord knows they all just wanna have total control
Wanna know what you think, wanna know what you do
And they don't think you know, but I know that you do
'Cause your dollar ain't shit and it's taxed to no end
'Cause of rich men north of Richmond.

I wish politicians would look out for miners

And not just minors on an island somewhere

Lord, we got folks in the street, ain't got nothin' to eat

And the obese milkin' welfare.

Well, God, if you're 5-foot-3 and you're 300 pounds

Taxes ought not to pay for your bags of fudge rounds

Young men are puttin' themselves six feet in the ground

'Cause all this damn country does is keep on kickin' them down.

Repeat Pre-Chorus

Repeat Chorus

I've been sellin' my soul, workin' all day Overtime hours for bullshit pay.