beginning of the 28-year-

old singer/songwriter's

return to the mainstream.

While the strong beat and

steady vocals are reminis-

cent of her hits "All You

Wanted" and "Everywhere,"

Branch's lyrics don't exactly

match the song, and her

voice, although powerful,

is sometimes overshad-

owed by the heavy, upbeat

guitar track. Yet the minor

discrepancies don't dimin-

ish the song's strong beat,

steady vocals and breezy

melody that help catapult

her signature sound into the

present day.-SM

NCH IV

Irvin

taken n popountry y-'00s

a new me, set er. Her Jusic," ed on Songs

ossible

hrysalis

ongleton

single off St. Vincent's forthcoming third cy, finds the indie chanteuse, as usual, all cally. St. Vincent's sole proprietor, multid odd beauty Annie Clark, opens with lectronica, as the song simmers with lyrsummer on my back" and climaxes into aos. Clark remains a study in opposites, at walk the line between sexual and groa surgeon/Come cut me open") in her voice. There's a groove somewhere in what could be the most sardonic dance iths. But the real paradox in "Surgeon" of funk guitars and far-out synths, turnelements into an appetizing sample of

"Mama" picks up the tempo Here" and "Breathe In, Breathe Out," with a steady train of hand claps and nimble percussion underscoring Kearney's Chris Martinesque delivery. The result is a song that is sincere enough to earn its "woo-hoos" in the chorus and ambitious enough to feature a full drum line in the track's video. "Hey Mama" might not bring Kearney universal recognition on the level of West and the Peas, but the light love song

from previous singles like "Where We Gonna Go From

I'm With You, "The Adventures of Rain

Dance Maggie" is at once a satisfying and frustrating new entry in the Red Hot Chili Peppers' singles catalog. The first taste of new music since the veteran group's 2006 double-album Stadium Arcadium, "Maggie" slakes the thirst of fans longing for Flea's funk-tinged bass, Chad Smith's assured cymbal-slamming and Anthony Kiedis' elliptical storytelling return. Josh Klinghoffer also makes a smooth slide into John Frusciante's vacated guitar slot, with his screeching ax supporting Kiedis' mantra, "Hey now/We've got to make it rain somehow." The only problem with "Maggie" is the ambiguity it presents as a preview of RHCP's first album in five years: The track glides along without making a statement about the group's next musical direction. A solid if unassuming lead single, "The Adventures of Rain Dance Maggie" will undoubtedly have a greater impact when surrounded by the rest of I'm With You.-JL

has recently given him some play on Billboard's Adult Pop Songs chart.—AB



ROCK

SLEEPER AGENT Get It Daddy (2:25)

Producer: Jay Joyce Writers: T. Smith, Sleeper

Agent

Publishers: Sleepaway Camp dba Mom+Pop Publishing (BMI)

Mom+Pop Music

"Oooh, I'm not a baby no more," garage-pop band Sleeper Agent sings defiantly on "Get It Daddy," the first single from the group's debut album, Celebrasian. The Bowling Green, Ky., sextet's coming-of-age track packs in energy, angst and ferocious instrumenta-

tion in slightly more than two minutes. The song begins with a single guitar line and builds quickly with layers of forceful drums, Alex Kandel's youthful vocals and a nimble bassline. In a surprising turn, the band switches up the groove for the bridge with a slowly descending guitar riff. Guitarist Tony Smith takes on the vocal duties and stresses that he's all grown up-and drops a reference to Pavlov's classical conditioning experiment to prove it. "I'm sick of drooling every time I hear your bell ring," he sings over a cowbell.—ET

EGEND & CREDITS

EDITED BY MITCHELL PETERS (ALBUMS) AND JASON LIPSHUTZ (SINGLES)

CONTRIBUTORS: Alec Boialad. Phil Gallo, Gary Graff, Jason Lipshutz, Jillian Mapes, Sarah Maloy, Kerri Mason, Erica Thompson, Carly Wolkoff, Mikael Wood

All albums commercially available in the United States are eligible. Send album review copies to Mitchell Peters at Billboard, 5700 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 500, Los Angeles, CA 90036 and singles review copies to Jason Lipshutz at Billboard, 770 Broadway, Seventh Floor, New York, NY 10003, or to the writers in the appropriate bureaus.