



Lee Pons

Spreading the *New Orleans* sound as far as the Internet will take it.

Picture it: a run down, beat up juke joint a stone's throw from the Gulf of Mexico. Low ceilings, holes in the floor, the air so dense with cigarette smoke that you have to push it out of the way with your hands. **The place is packed**—and it's only a Sunday night.

Then you hear it—**that piano**. The driving, balls-out, wall-shaking piano music that cuts through the smoke and hits you right in your kidneys. You listen for a minute, trying to figure out who's playing—a bit of Ray Charles, a little Professor Longhair, with some Dr. John thrown in for good measure. But there's something else in the mix, something more to it. **Who is this guy?**

If you can push your way through the crowd and make it as far as the stage, you'd see the wild beard, the weatherbeaten hat, the trademark skull tattoo, the look that every Tampa Bay blues fan knows is the quintessential Lee Pons look. And you'd smile, because you should have known it all along—**nobody plays that New Orleans blues boogie piano like Lee Pons** does. He's been doing his thing for years, winning awards left and right and watching imitators sprout up like weeds after an August thunderstorm.

But there is only one Lee Pons. And this is his website. *Welcome.*