

WILL COPPAGE

MISSISSIPPI DELTA

Singer-Songwriter | Multi-Instrumentalist | Author

Mississippi Arts Commission Artist Roster (2026–2029)

2026 COMPREHENSIVE PRESS & MEDIA KIT

Discography • Bios • ISRC • Release Notes • Links

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BIOGRAPHY	3
Short Bio	3
Long Bio	3
MEDIA & PERFORMANCE LINKS	4
COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY	5
HONEY DRIPPER BLUES	5
Credits	5
Overview	5
Short Release Description	5
Lyrics	6
Track 1 — Honey Dripper Blues	6
RIVER SONGS, VOL. 1	7
Credits	7
Overview	7
Short Release Description	7
Track List & ISRCs	8
Lyrics	9
Track 1 — Hell Is High Water	9
Track 2 — Burn Our Family Tree Down	11
Track 3 — Coming Home Sick (Live)	12
Track 4 — Burn Our Family Tree Down	13
LAY ME DOWN	14
Credits	14
Overview	14
Short Release Description	14
Track List & ISRCs	15
Lyrics	16
Track 1. Tell Me Momma	16
Track 2. In The Willows	18
Track 3. Keep On Running	20

Biography

Short Bio

Will Coppage is a Mississippi Delta-born singer-songwriter, multi-instrumentalist, and MFA-trained author whose music fuses cinematic storytelling with indie grit and Delta swagger. In 2026, he released the narrative-driven EP *River Songs, Vol. 1* followed by the raw, intimate single *Lay Me Down*. A U.S. Air Force veteran and Mississippi Arts Commission Artist Roster member, Coppage delivers high-impact performances shaped by cinematic lyricism, dynamic guitar work, and years of touring.

Long Bio

Raised in the Mississippi Delta, Will Coppage is a singer-songwriter, multi-instrumentalist, MFA-trained author, and visual artist whose work bridges literary precision with raw, indie-forward energy. His sound moves between alt-folk intimacy, groove-driven Americana, and stripped-down grit — anchored by sharp lyricism, driving rhythm guitar, and a cinematic sense of narrative motion.

In 2026, Coppage expanded his solo catalog with two defining releases. *River Songs, Vol. 1* captures themes of identity and place, pairing narrative depth with dynamic arrangements. The follow-up single *Lay Me Down* reveals a more intimate side, marked by restraint, vulnerability, and vocal immediacy. These releases build on the momentum of his 2025 single *Honey Dripper Blues*, which reimagined roots tradition through a modern indie lens.

Beyond his solo work, in 2025 Coppage toured nationally and internationally with Mississippi blues legacy Stud Ford, the grandson of bluesman T-Model Ford. While his solo material leans indie and genre-fluid, this experience sharpened his live intensity, scope, and command of the stage.

A U.S. Air Force veteran and award-winning writer with both a BFA and MFA in Creative Writing, Coppage brings discipline, structure, and emotional clarity to his songwriting with an authenticity of lived experiences. He is a member of the Mississippi Songwriters Alliance and the International Singer-Songwriters Association, with compositions represented by ASCAP.

In 2026, Coppage was appointed to the Mississippi Arts Commission Artist Roster, recognizing both his artistic excellence and his commitment to arts education.

Whether performing solo acoustic sets or full-band indie-leaning shows, Will Coppage creates immersive, story-driven performances rooted in place but pushing forward — honoring tradition without being confined by it.

Media & Performance Links

Website

www.williamluskcoppage.com

Sizzle Reel (YouTube)

<https://youtu.be/3ZSP9Ks4nx0>

Featured Live Performance (YouTube)

Burn Our Family Tree Down (January 2026)

https://youtu.be/o_Czm9RyOyc

Wanted Man (January 2026)

https://youtu.be/lzuM_Ej0-Xw

Spotify

bit.ly/WillCoppageSpotify

Social Links

<https://wcoppage.fans.link/willcoppage>

Press, Media, EPK Assets Kit (Google Drive)

bit.ly/WillCoppagePressMediaKit

Booking / Contact

info@williamluskcoppage.com

Complete Discography

Official Release One-Sheets, Credits & ISRC Information

HONEY DRIPPER BLUES

Credits

Will Copping

Mississippi Delta

Indie / Alt-Folk / Indie-Americana

Single: *Honey Dripper Blues*

Release Date: September 17, 2025

Label: Neon River Records

ISRC: QZZ7T2552519

Time: 02:26

Written, performed, produced, recorded, mixed, and mastered by Will Copping

Overview

“Honey Dripper Blues” introduces Will Copping as a modern Delta storyteller rooted in rambling tradition but driven by indie grit. Built on swampy rhythm, layered string textures, and a restless vocal delivery, the track blends classic Southern blues themes with contemporary Americana edge.

The song explores love as both nectar and venom — sweetness that draws you in and a sting that won’t let go. Copping plays every instrument on the track, reinforcing his reputation as a self-contained Delta craftsman.

Raw, playful, and rhythm-forward, “Honey Dripper Blues” marks the first chapter in a series of releases documenting Copping’s Mississippi-rooted sound.

Short Release Description

“Honey Dripper Blues” is a rhythm-driven Delta indie single blending blues swagger with Americana storytelling. Written and performed entirely by Will Copping, the track captures the push-and-pull of love — honey sweet but sharp with a sting.

Lyrics

TRACK 1 – HONEY DRIPPER BLUES

Well, I ramble
Yes, I ramble
To make a few dollars
So I can get home to you

And I'm drinking
So much drinking
Enough to fill the Mississippi
And give me the blues

Honey in the pot
Shake what you got
On over to me
Honey in the hive
The deeper I climb
On your sugar tree

And I'm crying
Yes, I'm crying
Like a pent-up hound
Hollering at the light of the moon

Honey in the pot
Shake what you got
On over to me
Honey in the hive
The deeper I climb
On your sugar tree

You might be sweeter than honey
And taste like a flower in spring
But when you get my heart buzzing
I got to watch out for that sting

And I'm gambling
Yes, I'm gambling
On the love we had
So I can win it back from you

RIVER SONGS, VOL. 1

Credits

Will Coppage
Mississippi Delta
Indie / Alt-Folk / Indie-Americana
EP: *River Songs, Vol. 1*
Release Date: January 13, 2026
Label: Neon River Records
ISRC: See Track List Below

Written, performed, produced, recorded, mixed, and mastered by Will Coppage

Featured contributors:

Missy Coppage – Background Vocals
Lyla Jane Coppage – Tambourine
Chris Hartfield – Mixing & Mastering (Track 4)

Overview

River Songs, Vol. 1 is a four-song collection rooted in Southern memory, floodwater history, and inherited reckoning. Drawing on Delta landscapes and generational stories, Coppage builds cinematic narratives that move between confession, myth, and lived experience.

From the rising tension of “Hell Is High Water” to the outlaw lament of “Burn Our Family Tree Down,” the EP balances full-band arrangements with stripped acoustic vulnerability. The live recording of “Coming Home Sick,” captured at Grill & Grocery in Hattiesburg, MS, adds immediacy and authenticity to the project.

Family voices appear throughout — background vocals and percussion woven into the arrangements — grounding the EP in lived, local reality rather than stylized nostalgia.

River Songs, Vol. 1 feels less like a studio project and more like a document of place — heavy with river air and personal consequence.

Short Release Description

River Songs, Vol. 1 is a Delta-rooted indie Americana EP exploring floodwaters, family history, and personal reckoning. Blending full-band arrangements with raw acoustic moments, the project documents the Mississippi landscape both literal and emotional.

Track List & ISRCs

1. Hell Is High Water (03:20) – QT6F92568407
2. Burn Our Family Tree Down (03:02) – QT6F92568408
3. Coming Home Sick (Live) (03:08) – QT6F92568409
4. Burn Our Family Tree Down (Stripped Version) (03:06) – QT6F92568410

Lyrics

TRACK 1 – HELL IS HIGH WATER

The levee's still holding
But send the kids to Ma
Sandbags won't save us
And Percy's men are armed

Forget all the dishes
But grab the photographs
Soon we'll need the memories
Of the good times and laugh

If there's a Heaven
It's not around
My hell is high water
And it's bringing me down

The river is an angel
But she flows down from Hell
The Devil's all around us
From what I can tell

Now another foot of water
There's another storm cloud
Feels as if I'm drowning
All alone in my town

If there's a Heaven
It's not around
My hell is high water
And it's bringing me down

And the rowers keep on rowing
From town to farm
We can't save the livestock
Their grave is the barn
And we might never make it
Yeah, we might lose this town
But my hell is high water
And it's bringing me down

Last time I saw you
Waving me goodbye
I promised you, my darlin'
That I wouldn't die

But when that levee broke
The mud came through the trees
The water dragged me under
Till I couldn't breath

If there's a Heaven
It's not around
My hell is high water
And it's bringing me down

And the rowers keep on rowing
From town to farm
We can't save the livestock
Their grave is the barn
And we might never make it
Yeah, we might lose this town
But my hell is high water
And it's bringing me down

My hell is high water
And it's bringing me down

TRACK 2 – BURN OUR FAMILY TREE DOWN

Meridian wasn't good to me
Neither was Tupelo
The car chase down Main Street
Well you could hear it on the radio
There were two shots fired
One officer down
Before I could clear town
Yeah I'm sorry Momma
I'm burning our family tree down

Well little Lyla had a Dad
Before work got slim
Late at night under the streetlights
I started drinking with those men
They promised me diamond rings
But rust was all I found
Yeah I'm sorry Momma
I'm burning our family tree down

Somewhere south of Clarksdale
I found me the last pay phone
My father said turn yourself in
You ain't a child no more

So I found me a spot on the river
I'm gonna take morphine and drown
Yeah I'm sorry Momma
I'm burning our family tree down

Yeah I'm sorry Momma
I'm burning our family tree down

TRACK 3 – COMING HOME SICK (LIVE)

My grandpa back in Mississippi
He handed me three nickels and a dime
I sat with him there in that old barber chair
Eating Moon Pies and smiling the whole time

I'm coming home sick
Pass the roadside crucifix
This train in my veins pushes along
I coming home sick
I've taken all my licks
And these old ghost they keep hanging on

October those fields are barren
They're cut down by man and his machine
For 35 years I thought nothing was here
Now Momma I know it was me

I'm coming home sick
Pass the roadside crucifix
This train in my veins pushes along
I coming home sick
I've taken all my licks
And these old ghost keep hanging on

I once found a spot on that old levee
I swear that I saw water seeping through
Well nothing like the days in '27
But enough to darlin' make me think of you

I'm coming home sick
Pass the roadside crucifix
This train in my veins pushes along
I coming home sick
I've taken all my licks
And these old ghost they keep hanging on

I'm coming home sick
Pass the roadside crucifix
This train in my veins pushes along
I coming home sick
I've taken all my licks
And these old ghost they keep hanging on

Yes these old ghost they keep hanging on

TRACK 4 – BURN OUR FAMILY TREE DOWN

Meridian wasn't good to me
Neither was Tupelo
The car chase down Main Street
Well you could hear it on the radio
There were two shots fired
One officer down
Before I could clear town
Yeah I'm sorry Momma
I'm burning our family tree down

Well little Lyla had a Dad
Before work got slim
Late at night under the streetlights
I started drinking with those men
They promised me diamond rings
But rust was all I found
Yeah I'm sorry Momma
I'm burning our family tree down

Somewhere south of Clarksdale
I found me the last pay phone
My father said turn yourself in
You ain't a child no more

So I found me a spot on the river
I'm gonna take morphine and drown
Yeah I'm sorry Momma
I'm burning our family tree down

Yeah I'm sorry Momma
I'm burning our family tree down

LAY ME DOWN

Credits

Will Copping
Mississippi Delta
Indie / Alt-Folk / Indie-Americana
EP: *Lay Me Down*
Release Date: February 20, 2026
Label: Neon River Records
ISRC: See Track List Below

Performed, produced, recorded, mixed, and mastered by Will Copping
Recorded live outdoors in the Mississippi Delta, January 24, 2026

Overview

Recorded live outdoors in the Mississippi Delta at approximately 1:00 a.m. during a rare January ice storm, *Lay Me Down* is a field recording in the truest sense.

Captured under a carport by a single microphone — no overdubs, no second takes — the EP documents three songs performed in one continuous winter night. Illuminated by streetlight and moonlight, the recording preserves wind, air, and silence as part of the performance itself.

The songs confront war memory, moral reckoning, love, death, and survival. “Tell Me Momma” unfolds as a stark confession. “In the Willows” blends romance and fatalism into Southern folklore. “Keep On Running” wrestles with debt, temptation, and inevitability.

Rooted in Delta tradition but framed with indie minimalism, *Lay Me Down* collapses weather, place, and performance into a single unfiltered document.

This is not a studio production.
It is a moment captured.

Short Release Description

Lay Me Down is a live field-recorded EP captured outdoors in the Mississippi Delta during an ice storm. Performed under a single microphone with no overdubs, the project preserves a raw winter-night performance rooted in Southern storytelling and unfiltered atmosphere.

Track List & ISRCs

1. Tell Me Momma (03:23) — QZHN72619194
2. In the Willows (03:36) — QZHN72619195
3. Keep On Running (03:50) — QZHN72619196

Lyrics

TRACK 1. TELL ME MOMMA

I was a rambler by birth
Like my father on this earth
He had a family
In ever shit town
So he left it up to me
And I joined the military
So tell me momma
What do you think of me now

It was from Uncle Sam
That I learned to be a man
I shot my rifle straight
Round after round
I was killing for the Lord
And I watched the blood pour
So tell me momma
What do you think of me now

Soon the demons found my brain
A little shrapnel with the pain
But the doctors had
The best morphine around
Now I'm living in a haze
With a pension from the VA
So tell me momma
What do you think of me now

Somehow I found a bride
And my habits I had to hide
For awhile I thought
I'd made a little ground
She sang. I played guitar
And we burned brighter than the stars
So tell me momma
What do you think of me now

It was on Christmas Eve
When my true love said to me
I can't take this shit
You always where a frown
She said our loves a lie
She woke the killer deep inside

So tell me mamma
What do you think of me now

Yeah, tell me mamma
What do you think of me now

Yeah, tell me mamma
What do you think of me now

TRACK 2. IN THE WILLOWS

If you sleep in the willows
I promise not to tell
It's cold and lonely beneath the wind
But it's warm under your spell
See I followed you for six nights
But on the seventh I left town
And then I dreamed of you
Yeah, all night long
Because in the willows
Well, you laid me down

If you wake up in the willows
What will you find?
Well, little girl, little girl
Just the way you treat me
I don't have the time
You see my pocket watch is broken
Where you buried it deep in the ground
But in the morning light
Yeah, I'll be there
Because in the willows
Well, you laid me down

Because the rich are rich
And the poor are poor
But girl I love you so much more
Let me lay my head on your breast
While we watch the stars set in the west
And no one can hear us now make no sound
Because in the willows
Yes, you laid me down

Well, if you find me in the willows
Gold coins on my eyes
Let your lips, like fingertips
Cover me with goodbyes
You see I tried
To buy you that diamond ring
Took my gun, I went to town
But the sheriff, he was waiting
Yes, in the willows
Well, he shot me down

Because the rich are rich
And the poor are poor
But girl I love you so much more
Let me lay my head on your breast
While we watch the stars set in the west
And no one can hear us now make no sound
Because in the willows
Yes, you laid me down

Because in the willows
Yes, you laid me down

TRACK 3. KEEP ON RUNNING

Well, Poor man dies the same
As a rich man in the grave
A million dollar headstone
With the money he done saved
None is the wiser
Is the wiser of the two
And none can do the things girl
That I'd like to do to you

But for now I keep on running
You keep nipping at my heels
And we're carving out mountains
With those ten dollar bills
No matter how fast I can run
It's not fast enough for you
You're always right behind me
When I believe my day is through
You say, I'm your only man
I don't believe that's true
Because the devil never chooses sides
He just takes what he is due

Well, it's all just a race
Like the tortoise and that hare
I'll take the low road
Tell that devil, I'll see him there
Well, given all I know
And all the things that I forgot
Yeah, it will be the grave
That will tell me when to stop

But for now I keep on running
You keep nipping at my heels
And we're carving out mountains
With those ten dollar bills
No matter how fast I can run
It's not fast enough for you
Well, you're always right behind me
When I believe my day is through
You say I'm your only man
I don't believe that's true
Because the devil never chooses sides
He just takes what he is due

It's that same old story
It's the one you told before
You never really loved me
Till I walked out the door
It's the stars up in heaven
That are always out of reach
And the preacher on the TV
Telling me life is just a bitch

But for now I keep on running
You keep nipping at my heels
And we're carving out mountains
With those ten dollar bills
No matter how fast can I run
It's not fast enough for you
Well, you're always right behind me
When I believe my day is through
And you say I'm your only man
I can't believe that's true
Because the devil never chooses sides
He just takes

Yeah, he just takes
What he is due