

 **THIS WEEK'S PICKS**

BY JIM MACNIE

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Larry Kirwan's songs have always had a narrative sweep. The first time I caught **Black 47** — sometime in the late '80s at a pub on Manhattan's 2nd Avenue — the Irish-American rocker's were milking an aesthetic that had a theatrical slant to it. That narrative sweep became Black 47's signature over the years. Kirwan is more than a beer-fueled front man with a few good tunes — he's also a playwright, a guy who vigorously bites into the big issues of politics and romance. Now he's taken that talent one step further. *Green Suede Shoes* (Thunder's Mouth Press) is a new book that recounts how a boomer proud of his old country heritage became a Bronx boy with a load of ambition. There's also a "soundtrack" CD that accompanies it, *Elvis Murphy's Green Suede Shoes* (Gadfly) and, in typical fashion, its well-wrought tunes boast the edge-of-your-seat passion the band is known for. When they're flying high, they have the capability of raising the roof in bars like the Call (15 Elbow Street, Providence). Start your St. Paddy's Day parties right here. Call 751-CALL.