

Summary: *Landon expresses strong disdain for modern pop music, particularly criticizing Carrie Underwood's song "Before He Cheats". He believes that today's music is shallow and formulaic, created by the music industry for mass consumption rather than artistic expression. He feels that many contemporary artists rely on clichés, lacking originality and depth, and that the music is targeted at listeners who don't question its lack of substance.*

They reminisce about a time when music possessed real meaning and could evoke genuine emotions. The author sees Underwood as a product of the industry, crafted to appeal to listeners without any authentic talent behind her songs. They feel that people are easily swayed by corporate-produced music, failing to recognize its repetitive nature.

Landon criticizes the common reception of songs like "Before He Cheats", pointing out its misogynistic themes that shame women while justifying men's behavior. He argues that promoting female empowerment should not come at the expense of other women, noting that the song reinforces harmful stereotypes.

He expresses frustration over society's acceptance of this type of music and concludes by questioning whether such commercialized music is more harmful than beneficial. He seems to grapple with his own reality, realizing he is critical of music that others enjoy and pondering the implications of this corporate-driven culture on genuine artistry. Ultimately, they

suggest that the music industry's focus on profit over substance is damaging.

Fuck you, Carrie.

God, I can't believe the radio garbage they call music these days. This artist and "Before He Cheats" are total crap, just pseudo-artistic, corporate contrivances shoveled to the unthinking masses.

It's always the same tired clichés—some sappy acoustic guitar strumming, then the über-washed vocals of some pseudo-country "diva" crooning about how her man did her wrong. Boo-hoo, cry me a river, you corporate sell-out. If you're half as talented as your record company says, maybe you'd write something remotely original instead of this radio-friendly dreck.

But that's the problem, isn't it? The music industry doesn't care about art. They just want whatever shallow, formulaic crap the brain-dead populus will latch onto. "Before He Cheats" is the perfect example—three minutes of angsty pseudo-poetry set to a pretty melody and a catchy hook. It doesn't matter that there's no real meaning or substance to it, as long as it gets sampled on Spotify playlists and sells millions to the clueless teenagers.

I remember when music actually meant something. Back when artists poured their hearts into every song, every lyric, every chord progression. When a three-minute single could make you feel the full spectrum of human emotion. Though sometimes, that didn't happen.

Now you're lucky to get a song that makes you feel anything beyond mild annoyance and a vague sense of "Haven't I heard this shit before?"

Like this Carrie Underwood chick. I bet she can't write an honest song. She's a product, a cash cow for the record execs. Dress her up in some tight jeans, have her belt out a "powerful" pop rock ballad and suddenly you've got radio gold. Never mind that it's been done a million times before.

But hey, the idiots eat it up. They gobble up whatever slop the industry feeds them without a second thought. Precisely what the corporations want—an army of brainless drones shelling out cash for their latest musical Frankenstein.

And don't even get me started on the crowd. You know, the ones who live in the city but still cling to this "down home" image. They lap this shit up like mother's milk.

"Oooh, she's so brave for writing about cheating men! Such a strong female statement!" Give me a fucking break. It's the same "story" that's been told since day one. You'd think the human experience was more complex than that.

I swear, people are getting dumber by the day. Or maybe they're just too apathetic to care.

Sometimes, I wonder why Mom even listens to this music anymore. Guess that's just further proof I'm losing my grip on reality.

I actually had a semi-original thought today, believe it or not. I was listening to "Before He Cheats" (yes, I know, shut up) and the lyrics really started to annoy me. "Right now, he's probably slow dancing with a bleach-blonde tramp..."

Isn't that a little... misogynistic? I mean, shaming the other woman for her hair color? Come on.

But then it hit me—that's the whole point of this crap song. It's not about female empowerment or whatever. It's about demonizing the "slut" who dared to steal another woman's man, that caused him to cheat on Carrie in the first place.

Because God forbids a woman to act on her own agency and desires. If she does, she's a "tramp" or "whore". But if a man cheats, he's just "a man being a man" or whatever bullshit.

I thought we were past this caveman, degenerate crap. Apparently not.

And don't even get me started on the "digging her keys into the side of his pretty little souped-up four-wheel drive" bit. So now she's a crazy bitch too?

But you know what the worst part is? People eat this shit up. They heard a "strong female anthem" and swallowed it hook, line and sinker.

Newsflash: there's nothing strong or feminist about shaming and demonizing other women. That's just feeding into the same patriarchal bullshit we're trying to dismantle.

I'm probably just reading too deep into this. "Before He Cheats" is just a dumb pop song after all. Sometimes, I wonder if all this corporate pablum is doing more harm than good.

Guess that's the price of selling out.