

Learning my name again
A slow fade and then...
I saw you turn into a whisper

Remember
Look into the mirror and see it
Who is it?
I reach out so I can feel it
No feeling
Cut my hand but there's no bleeding
Don't do that
At least its warmer in the winter baby

I touch my hand again
A slow fade and then...
Now I turn into a whisper

Your loved one
Touch their breath and hear their breathing
Is someone
Read their eyes there's no translation
Don't do that
10,000 nights and there's no dreaming
Don't do that
At least its warmer in the winter baby

*I touch my hand again
A slow fade and then...
Now I turn into a whisper
My words are broken glass
This fabric can't be fixed
Now we turn into a whisper*

Vacant like a baby, before the mind can see
Trapped inside the blanket of the mouth that makes you free
Turning into language like a breeze outside
The words I can't remember
The faces turn to night.

Faceless
Erased
Nameless
I'm Replaced

Now I can't remember the images I've seen
The terror of the blankness makes my ears scream
Underwater ringing, my voice can't speak at all
I end at the beginning I am learning how to crawl

Faceless
Erased
Nameless
I'm Replaced

*They woke up while rolling over
They lived in the interior then
Waxman was looking duller*

And when he thought it too much
*She took him for a ride
She took him to a ride
Where the glass was unbroken
And he could see inside*

She placed a wrapper on his melting molar
Stuck herself inside it again
She can't remember where it was
When she lost the love he left outside
La La La La

What would you say if you could speak like yesterday?
Would you take me for a ride?

La La La La
La La La La

The Waxman is moving his shoulders
He walks down reading the paper
But the tar sticks, top of the feet
Like a neighbor he yells in the street
And he's a dead Palm still on the beach
But his hair is gone, a bottle of bleach
In the water the news was printed on his arm all along

*Sliding thru the open air
Hands are placed into the dirt
Feeling round for something
He is always there*

I'm getting closer making my way to him
Older, I'm much too young for him
He can take my skin and replace the wax so he won't melt on down
I'll give him all of my feelings
If I'm dead now it was worth seeing
If he would let me live inside his mind for a while

*Now I'm sliding thru the open air
My hands are placed into the dirt
Feeling round for something
I am always there*

All I want to do is play
When I get all my work done
Learning the pros and the cons
of the systems that everyone hums
I can go outside and am allowed to play
All I want to do is play
Maybe I don't mean what I say
But if I say it I'm allowed to play

Watch the words slip, drip and roll down
From the sound to the tip of your tongue now
I wanna hear you touch my ear drum
I wanna hear our tongues make friction

*It doesn't matter what were saying
It doesn't matter what were saying*
Existing freely and Harmonizing
Inventing notes to form a language
A chord together, now harmonizing

I realize I've never heard before
We don't need a pitch to make the perfect chord
I wanna hear our tongues make friction
I wanna speak our songs and sing them

*I saw a picture but it's gone again
In my memory
It's a picture of the summer rain
I feel nothing
And in the winter I am hearing it then
It is obscured and toneless
I need to reach out and watch it roll down my hands
But I won't let me live my memory*

I want to accept and be there when
I feel beginnings
And change the way I treated you then
But I won't let me live my memory

*I made a picture so I could see you again
Just like you showed me
It's a picture of the summer rain
When it was flooding
And in the winter I am at home again
And he is eating
And in the winter I am at home again
In my memory*

Looking out I see new contours
Voice was high but now it's another
I reach out and see it again
And now it's finally changing contours
And when I'm being I am free
New perspectives seen
Now I'm breathing in all I see
New shapes exist in me
I want to be all the contours that I've seen
And all the others inside of me
And breathe in what I'm seeing
Now I'm listening fully

I know you see me
You look at me deeply
Don't be afraid
I can show you the way

I'll be your right hand
You've been invited
Shy but excited
Don't feel ashamed

We can try out new things
And see if we like them
The way that you touch me
Shows me you're trusting
I'm open to anything that you do
And I'd like to go further
Being with you makes me feel good
When we love like we should
Perhaps you could slowly

Do what you've only
Dreamed of before
And we both can explore
Possibilities endless
Somewhat discreetly
You say to me sweetly
I make you feel good
And you feel understood
I tell you the same things
Being with you makes me feel good
When we love like we should
Playing with you makes me feel grand
I'll supply you if you demand
Now I must impose
I'd like you to expose
The desires you feel
That you've been keeping concealed
I think its time to release them
We can be open
Nothing unspoken
I'm here to stay
You're not going away
We can lay here forever

Recorded at HARMONIZER STUDIOS
in Topanga, CA by Cooper Crain

Produced by Cooper Crain and Ty Segall

Mixed by Cooper Crain and Ty Segall

All songs written by Ty Segall except for
"Feel Good" lyrics by Denée Segall
"Waxman" lyrics and vocal melody by Ty and Denée Segall

Piano on "Play" recorded by Ben Boye

Ty Segall - drums, guitar, bass, synth
vocals, percussion, harmonizer

Denée Segall - lead vocals track 9

Charles Moothart - drums and percussion
tracks 4, 5, and 9

Mikal Cronin - bass tracks 2, 5, and 8

Emmett Kelly - guitar tracks 2, 5, and 8
and vocals track 2

Ben Boye - rhodes track 2 and piano track 8

Cooper Crain - synth track 9
and general modulation overall

Photography and artwork by Denée Segall