

Girless & the Orphan – *Nothing to be Worried About Except Everything But You*



Tracklist

1. your chest is a snuggery
2. mein vaticampf
3. bad scene, your fault
4. the speechless one
5. cinnamon and arrogance
6. it's your job to keep class-worm elite
7. phony
8. the minute i talk
9. calleth you, mocketh i

Tommaso Girless Gavioli - voce, chitarra e basso

Franz The Orphan Coccia - chitarra

Michael Barletta - batteria

Davide Ramilli - basso

Andrea Muccioli - batteria in "Phony" e "The Minute I Talk"

Ivan Tonelli - chitarra in "The Speechless One"

Paride dei **RIVIERA** ha suonato la tromba in "Mein Vaticampf", "It's your job..." e "Phony".

Paride compare per gentile concessione di Sons of Vesta recordings, a cui a dire il vero non abbiamo chiesto il permesso, ma siamo certi che non se la prenderanno.

Bart dei **COSMETIC** ha suonato la chitarra alla sua maniera in "Calleth you, Mocketh I".

Bart compare per gentile concessione di La Tempesta International. Idem come sopra.

Fabio dei **DELAY_HOUSE** ha suonato un basso fretless con l'archetto in "Your Chest is a Snuggery".

Fabio compare per gentile concessione di Stop! Records, che per ovvi motivi non poteva romperci le scatole.

Registrato durante l'estate 2012 @ Stop! Studio, Rimini, da Andrea Muccioli.

Prodotto da Ivan Tonelli e Andrea Muccioli. Che lo hanno anche mixato e masterizzato.

Le grafiche sono state realizzate da Luca Zamagna (www.erratadisain.tumblr.com).

Tutte le canzoni sono state scritte da Girless & The Orphan.

Tutti i testi sono stati scritti da Tommaso Girless Gavioli.

Un ringraziamento particolare va, come sempre, ai ragazzi della Stop! Records e in particolare a Ivan e Andrea per l'aiuto, il supporto e l'amicizia.

A Luca Benni e a To Lose La Track. Ad Audioglobe per la distribuzione

A tutti coloro che hanno suonato in questo disco: Michael, Davide, Paride, Bart, Fabio.

A Nello di Molotov Booking (www.molotovbooking.com).

A Zama, per le sue solite splendide e ritardatarie grafiche .

Ad Alice, che è una componente aggiuntiva.

Nel corso di quest'ultimo anno abbiamo avuto modo di conoscere tante persone, tanti luoghi, tante band che ci sono rimaste nel cuore. Noi vogliamo bene a:

Verily So, Lantern, Time To React, Cases, Up There: The Clouds, Riviera, Fine Before You Came, Ratafiamm, Shelly Johnson Broke My Heart, delay_house, C+C=Maxigross, The Remington, Cosmetic, Talk To Me, Pocket Chestnut, Goldaline My Dear, Milhouse, Enrico Gardini, Mary In June, And So Your Life Is Ruined, Ed, Maraiton, Winterdust, She Said Destroy, Havah, Home By Three, Caso, Dimaggio, Small Giant, Penelope Sulla Luna, Are We Real, Indiepercui 103 e Stanze Soniche, Impatto Sonoro, Orazio e Gli Osservatori Esterni, MuroMag, Michele Montagano e Stordisco webzine, L'Atelier Discreto di Verona, il Loop Club di Osimo (AN), L'Amenàbar café di Vasto (CH), I Vizi del Pellicano di Correggio (RE), il Red Vibes di Castellina M.ma (PI), il Brainstorm di Fusignano (RA), il Circolo Lebowsky di Ragusa, il Rubik di Guagnano (LE), gli amici di Padova e dello Zoom Zoom festival, l'associazione Baccano di Leno (BS), il Bar El Paso di Fano (PU), Legno per le nostre magliette.
Grazie a tutti. E a te, che compri i dischi.

Questo disco è in parte dedicato a Tony Sly, che ha insegnato a molti di noi cosa significasse fare musica in maniera onesta e sincera.



YOUR CHEST IS A SNUGGERY

Home
This chest is a snugger
I have been searching for shelter a lot
I know it's humdrum
But I can't help finding all the things I missed

Again
I looked back in joy and evennesses
At all these days, and the ones yet to come
I found this assent
I found you
I found everything
And then

I found ourselves trapped in a minute
To live

Here
This place is sad, dirty and depressing
You shoulda not park your car here
I can't believe it's
The best place where I've ever been
For sure

I found ourselves trapped in a minute
And you were so blushed and clumsy
I found ourselves trapped in a minute
To live

I faked my life before
like saying there's nothing bad in cigarettes
they fresh your breath, causing no harm
you've given all the truth
but still there's nothing bad in cigarettes
nothing at all

MEIN VATIKAMPF

And if you're pleased while you read Mein Kampf
and you hate the homosexuals
you might be in the grace of the Vatican
you might as well be close to heaven

BAD SCENE, YOUR FAULT

Wake up, we all have friends, colleagues and parents
Who don't care where we're going, they keep feeding their faction
So we deserve the greatest swindle of all times
For permitting to vote half the voting population
You didn't have too many problems in trying to pop
Our dreams and balloons, you sent us to failure
I'm asking why the other countries make a change
They always rearrange
While we're praying hell to have nothing like you

And the world would never give a shit at all
Everyone is making fun of us

So if I'm red, and I am red, proud to be red
You can tell I'm a commie, but lemme ask you a question:
How did you choose to kill the anger of your youth
For a tie and a jacket and a chair in some clean fleshpot?
You didn't have too many problems in trying to pop
your dreams and balloons, you crashed against failure
I wonder why the other countries make a change
They always rearrange
While we're praying hell to have nothing like you

And the world would never give a shit at all
All the world is thanking hell
for having nothing like you
And you and your lap don't give a shit at all
While the world is making fun of us

You've got your right to spend the money you vomit
But you have taken ours to get what you wanted
And nothing you will do will save you from paying us
We're burning the bridges until you die in jail
And someday we'll take back what you stole us
we are nothing special, but now count us
we're more than you expected, so now fear us
'cause someday we'll take back what you stole us
our aim, our quite only aim is to have nothing like you

And the world would never give a shit at all
All the world is thanking hell
for having nothing like you
And you and your lap don't give a shit at all
While the world is making fun of us

THE SPEECHLESS ONE

Honey tell me once again why you're here in my room
Why you chose to love me
Why I'm not alone
This night, like every night, like every second, feels like home
and the kid I used to be
he never got old

And the moon shines over me
Dressed like a little boy
And all this feels like
I'm the speechless one who says hello

So stop to rub your eyes,
those precious eyes you use to roll
those eyes could be a covert,
a pallet, and more
I'll lay my tired bones upon your chest
And then I'll swoon
You'll kiss my forehead
I'll never get old

And the moon shines over me
Dressed like a little boy
And all this feels like
I'm the speechless one who says hello

CINNAMON AND ARROGANCE

Trying to kill you with cinnamon,
or trying to go back to everything
that used to keep our attention focused on bigger holes
Spitting insults up in the sky,
i gotta go back to everything
that used to make me convinced that there is solace in between

While everything is going down

Dancing at the sun with skeletons,
i shoulda gone back to everything
that used to tell me i'm not in debt with arrogance
So fuck you, do you mind if
i gotta go back to everything,
and try to have some good memories about the life we lived?

Are you gonna climb up the ladder
and have another chance to get asleep?
Are you gonna try to be better
and make this travel easier to my feet?

IT'S YOUR JOB TO KEEP CLASS-WORM ELITE

Dirt on your hands
They're tied with ropes by your companions
Nothing you say will never ever change the poll

I said no, I said no
For I feared to feel cold
I said no, I said no
For I feared hell

The words that you spit
Will never turn down my fever
The attacks that you move
Against the democracy we own

I said no, I said no
For I feared to feel cold
I said no, I said no
For I feared

And we woke up in a cabinet
With nothing to do, we curled up and died
I'm nothing more
You're nothing more
Than anybody else
Anymore
Nothing to do, we curl up and die

History and past have never taught
We weren't listening
And then once again
we didn't learn how to kick a ball

I said no, I said no
For I feared to feel cold
I said no, I said no
For I feared

And we woke up in a cabinet
With nothing to do, we curled up and died
I'm nothing more
You're nothing more
Than anybody else
Anymore

PHONY

Thank god we've got a heaven
so we can keep on shining our asses
Thank god we've got a pope
who can burn the damn jews away
But have you ever thought jesus was nothing but a phony?
have you ever thought god is nothing but a lie?

Thank god I've got an asshole
so i can keep myself virgin 'til wedding
Thank god we've got a prayer
so we all can be saved by the bell
But have you ever thought jesus was nothing but a phony?
have you ever thought god is nothing but a lie?

And when the carousel came to the city
we saw black sheep milking their titties
They probably think that this would save their lives
but not tonight

Thank god we've got abortion
but don't tell anyone we have done that
Thank god we can get divorce
but the family's still the first worth
But have you ever thought jesus was nothing but a phony?
have you ever thought god is nothing but a lie?

Thank god we've got muslims
so we can seem less rabid and racist
Thank god we've got gay people
so we can seem less pervert and sick
But have you ever thought jesus was nothing but a phony?
have you ever thought god is nothing but a lie?

And when the carousel came to the city
we saw black sheep milking their titties
They probably think that this would save their lives
but not tonight

THE MINUTE I TALK

The train is riding slow
the weekend ended with bright screens to look at
The image of your home it weighs a ton
i should've gone to rehab
The meaning of our calls
my eyes that roll
the little things that we have
they're coming all at once
don't miss that chance cause chances rarely come back

And you won't get that close to hear my voice
I won't shout for etiquette
I'd like to scream so loud
so everyone would know how much i feel glad
So blame it on the past, on me at last
it's just a simple forecast
Your eyes talk way too much
our hands can touch but words cannot explain that

If there's a minute i fail
well, that's the minute i talk

You're all the good on Earth
the holy birth
a pillow fight in my head
You're everything i learned
the storyboard of every step that i take
And it will take too long to prove me wrong
'bout the decisions i made
Don't find another one to kiss your smile
I'd kiss the bottle instead

If there's a minute i fail
well, that's the minute i talk

Keep breathing by my side
don't ask me why
just take life as we're not here
Forget the world outside
so black and white
we're made of colors my dear

CALLETH YOU, MOCKETH I

What if I don't mortify your arms and shoulders?
you won't feel the weight of everything,
the mast, the burden you owe to me
cause you chose another light
you believe another fake god
cause you chased your parents from your house
got yourself a chinese girlfriend
made love with the best intentions

Nothing ever made
a man
more pathetic
than I did
than the church that he built and called home