

Shilf – Walter (2011)

Satin Down Records, SIN 5411-3

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Credits

Martin Graf: Drums, Percussion

Philip Gallati: Bass

Nadia Leonti: Guitars, Vocals, Keyboards

Lucas Möschi: Guitars, Vocals

Piano, Wurli, Organ: Hans Feigenwinter

Pedal Steel: Oli Stangl

Choir: Leonti, Möschi, Graf and Bettina Schelker

Choir on 13 Skills: Elia Rediger

Guitarsolo on Mix It Up: Stef Strittmatter

Flute on Play It Safe: Jakob Künzel

Basictracks recorded by Daniel Herzig at Shilf's Basement

Overdubs recorded by Nadia Leonti at Bassbelle

Mixed and Mastered by Oli Bösch at Livingroomstudio

Produced by Shilf

Dogs on Americana are taken from Tod Trauer Trapani (Jeger/Klopfenstein) – Used by Permission

All Songs written by Möschi except Hell Hey written by Graf

Band Photography: Martin Graf | Cover Art: WOMM

Thanks to Oli Bösch, Hans Feigenwinter, Tom Gundy, Daniel Herzig, Ben Jeger, Jakob Künzel,

Elia Rediger, Bettina Schelker, Oli Stangl, Stef Strittmatter,

Lorenzo Trottmann and Valter. Special thanks to the crews at RFV and Irascible and everyone who has supported us over the years.

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Lyrics

Americana

Hard used, but not abused
Shilf riffs and shalala
There's still some life cracklin' out of
These old boots
As long as you pick up a card
You can turn two tunes into one
Making noise
Like a new born son
On our way up, our way back down
Always six feet out of town
Punkrock rules, punkrock is dead
It's still based on trust
In our european homes
As well as in the states
Saviour's words still set the pace
Got to find new rules

Pigeon Light

Just stranded and surrounded by paradise
Lapsteel tunes tickle the sea
Calling up storm – build on our own
A splinter of a song sticks in the air
A plan for a new day ahead
Guns and seafood for all – and new borderlines
Go and find me
Dangerous girls, dangerous cars,
dangerous words
Just blinded and banished by paradise
Painting last big words in wet sand:
«Are we not all drinking from the same font?»
(Pigeon Light®)
Go and find me
Dangerous girls, dangerous cars,
dangerous words
Go, go and save me from
smelly beards and aging hands
Go, go and keep me from
the holy past and romantic rust

Hole In My Pocket

Got a hole in my pocket
where I keep my sand
Where I try to hide my hands
for better days
There's a choir in my head
stuck in A minor
Can't figure out what's up
and what is not
But anger doesn't last long
And all failure – will soon be done and gone
On my skin, behind my back death rules
With your sunshine peeking through
There's one last grain of sand
for my skinny crows
And satan's still on my mind
(dressed up) in women clothes
But anger doesn't last long

And all failure – will soon be done and gone
On my skin, behind my back death rules
With your sunshine peeking through
There's a hole in my pocket
where I keep my sand
Where I try to hide my hands
for better days
And a mister on my heels is stealing time
Celebrating the past in your daily sunshine

Play It Safe

Sundays crime will be advertised
on saturdays eve
Thought you left for bed, found out you're
still beside me
With a shiver in your left eye, I can't make out
But what I see or don't is nothing to speak of
A muscle behind a black spot – a former life
And the wish to reach the chorus before
the verse
Let me turn the other way round – play it safe
To take a close look at my own eyes
bound in grace
You got a messenger in your right eye,
that won't find sleep
Caused by a constant smile, no one could
foresee
And first signs of aging all around
But what I see or don't is nothing to speak of

13 Skills

From a buick 66
From a train rollin' in vain, from a 21st floor
Whistles are blowing
Like wizards blizzards, five day dreams
«From one blinded town
two different grooves to choose ...
... but one leads straight to hell
as well as the other one will do»
Today the 5th of may
Tomorrow 12 sorrows and the hope
13 and one more will work
That's a damned new job for a damned new god
Hey – don't you agree? don't you agree?
13 skills – don't you believe in?
Based on dry old slivers and cotton sheets
We'll build a new home every eve
On the ruins of pulled down sixties dreams
We'll build a new home every eve

Mix It Up

Recovered cruel and poor – in black and white
still trying to find – a fertile heart
Nothin' to loose, nothin' to win – just stuck in
song and dance and ease ... to come around
Mix it up, one part man
and two parts desperate love
Mix it up, two parts home and stove
and a cover girl
Throw me off the scent and lets call it quits
Once we were nothin' but beautiful ideas,

without aims
Born to bring trouble – as soon as we down a
drink – we're going to glorify, all our sins
Mix it up, one part man
and two parts desperate love
Mix it up, two parts home and stove
and a cover girl
Mix me up, with spit and songs
and a shot of youth
Mix it up, it's up to you and two parts
homemade booze
Throw me off the scent and lets call it quits

Walter

Marmor, Amber, Walter
The experience of water, after Walter
Gorgeous nicotine between
Dishes for giants – framed proofs of snow
At Walters – walls melting into clover
Marmor comes closer – amber all over
Half a lunch – no end in sight
Marmor, Amber, Walter
The experience of water, after Walter
Gorgeous nicotine between
12 dishes and no choice – linger for hours
A faint effort slowly blurs away
Two halls and a large view – amber and marmor
Waltzing at Walters at noon

Mount Care

Mount care – admired fane
Swallows air – deals out pain
Mountain peak – always sports
A deadly view – without a choice
Mountain see, fortune is not ... equal
It's fickle and it's blind
Mountain see, fortune is not ... equal
Mountain ease – a big black sound
A golden find – on dead black ground
Mount glare – will be the one
Set us free – from liberty
Mountain see, fortune is not ... equal
It's fickle and it's blind
Mountain see, fortune is not ... equal
See, the troubled sea, mountain side,
a wondering sight, don't you weep?
don't you weep? won't you see?
The revolving sea, mountain side,
a wondering sight, don't you weep?
don't you weep? won't you see?

Paint Box

Choose a thorn, but take care
to pull the right one off me
You go high and low and with a smile
for your amusement only
And I will paint you scars
I will paint out your cards
in a yellow scale, from bright to bold
Choose a time to tease my skin
to ride me hard, 'till you're rid of me
At last in vain, it remains the same

I'm still on time if you want it
And I will paint you scars
I will paint out your cards
in a yellow scale, from bright to bold
I will paint you scars
I will paint out your cards
Just for fun and free of charge
I will paint out ...

Wicked Lily

High life is going to kill me
My favorites are all gone
Didn't we try to make it
Made up songs from six to nine
Tales still come up with free rides
Cover our shoes
With dust and homegrown horror
Standard masked as a blues
Cruel ways, down hills, our minds are blowing
Always, great days
Oh we've tried our best
My darlings and I
Chose a plan day after day
Wasted time and survived
And every lily's song –
still calls silly wicked needs
Every note just feigns – a golden meed
Cruel ways, down hills, our minds are blowing
Always, great days, won't you shoot for me?
High life is going to kill me
My favorites are all gone
Didn't we try to make it
Made up songs from six to nine

Pilot

God damned fate – my tincan and I –
ass ripped off, we flow
Can't afford to let it go – the way things'll blow
Wrong set up, set up is fucked up –
lack of gills
Small people, a few land, water kills
Spinning, spinning, way down – smiling – tight
on the markets bane
Our private hi-jack, our shiny gas war –
directed by fame
This seasons absurd sleep – you gotta break, you
gotta shake – till fuckin' awakening
In a friendly fire – you gotta fight, you gotta fly –
till you fuckin' waste it
Still high and blind, without a doubt –
sliding out of control
Facing the nations, facing the ground –
still save and sound
Wrong set up, set up is fucked up –
lack of gills
From winners point over losers bay –
to ceo hills
Oxygen mask, oxygen gas, oxygen pills
Small people, a few land, water kills
(thank you!)

Hell Hey

Hell hey you know
You're running out of time
and you've been dreaming for so long
Hell hey you know
The valleys on your face
dried out very long ago
This city made you grow up slow
This city give you a weak home
Hell hey you know
The pictures at your wall
changed colours, slow
Hell hey you know
You're running out of time
and you've been sleeping for too long
This city made you grow up slow
This city give you a weak home

Slow goes Slow

Slow goes slow – and the dark is my spark
I can't find out
In need of a serum to grow solid
to kick me out
A silver hollowed ground sports
A golden faint glow
No girls, no bums, no boxes
to keep me in
Got to be fast – got to grow
Got to go with the flow
Got to be a drag – got to be slow
Got to go with the flow
Dirty white speed darkens my dream
Five steps back
I'm killing consultants in my sleep –
(finally) fighting back