

## **Shilf – Out for Food (2004)**

Ulftone / Edel

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### **Credits**

Martin Graf: Drums, Percussion, Grandpiano

Philip Gallati: Bass

Daniel Herzig: Guitars, Organ, Lapsteel, Grandpiano, Wurlitzer, Percussion

Nadia Leonti: Vocals, Grandpiano, E-Bow Guitar, Percussion, Sampling, Melodica

Lucas Mösch: Guitars, Vocals, Lapsteel, Grandpiano,

Sämi Schneider: Guitar, Banjo

Martin Abend: Pedalsteel Guitar on Not Kind

Caroline Fahrni: Violin on Out for Food and Tailor Made

Jakob Künzel: Saxophone on Day

Dino Tereh: Finger Cymbals on Rimbaud

Produced by Chris Eckman

Recorded by Janez Krizaj and Chris Eckman at the BaselCityStudios Switzerland

Overdubs recorded by Nadia Leonti at Bassbelle Studio Basel Switzerland

Mixed by Janez Krizaj and Chris Eckman at Metro Studio Ljubljana Slovenia

except «Thank You» mixed by Jakob Künzel at Bassbelle Studio Basel Switzerland

Mastered by Tom Müller at T.T.M. Mastering Berlin Germany

Management and booking: Flowershop Music Management Basel

All songs written by Lucas Mösch © 2003/2004 and arranged by shilf

Thank you: Alec, Andreas, Annette, Anja, Capri, Caroline, Chris, Cla, Dino, Fabio, Felix, Fonzi, Guy, Janez, Jakob, Kai, Martin, Marko, Rembert, René, Stefi, Tino, Tom, Tom, Ulftone

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### **Lyrics**

#### **Out for Food**

the rain had washed the sun, let you glint  
give birth to new daydreams  
one hand in your hair, designer like  
tomorrow will bring goods for free  
fragile minds will turn, our world into  
a star – dead but shining  
and i'll fade, i'll flee, for your cloudy chords  
and bring you pure joy to cure  
and we were out here in our new boots  
we were out in black, standard suits  
we were out here for food

#### **Constant Blue**

constant blue  
you gave me, what belongs to me  
all time you, red-eyed and chained  
similar as i'm, a perfect blue  
constant dry, and so bound by  
the devils we've made for a lifetime  
this heart of mine, so pure  
will always cheat my mind, for a bit of you  
constant blue  
i gave what i could but i will never be  
constant blue

#### **Day**

left to right, out of time  
my favorite t-shirt, my new love  
not made for the road, not made for my day  
everything seems to be old  
right to wrong – nothing counts  
i'm sleeping calm and close between  
your mighty world and my daily dust  
in a way all naked in being overdressed  
and you know my day  
you can make me stay at last  
right to left, time out of mind  
my favorite love, my new shirt  
the road's not made for me, not today  
nothing around here really hurts  
right to wrong – nothing counts  
i'm sleeping calm and close between  
your mighty world and my daily dust  
in a way all naked in being overdressed  
and you know my day  
you can make me stay at last

#### **Hunter**

long before you came in storms and cracked  
my signs  
i was already lost and bound in a spiral  
what should i grab today to escape with  
a little affair, a cheap fuck, a gorgeous kiss?  
you just spoke to me your bullets – with speed  
and i let it slide into lust – well, lust to dust  
pretty soon my heart will be a bleeding one  
but not cold

you took all my skin and meat –  
i gave you my soul, so c'mon –  
let me be beside you, right beside  
c'mon – if you need me for a ride  
let me slide  
my hands are growing younger –  
seems we're already close to the sea  
so c'mon, c'mon, c'mon gimme lead  
gimme eternity  
and rush me away like quicksand –  
wash me from my sins and  
c'mon, c'mon, c'mon make me dead –  
hunter – make me new

#### **Rimbaud**

you should not rimbaud all your time  
you should not believe me when i'm sad  
in our songs we are bold and strong –  
golden 'n' smart  
in our songs we keep the faith  
you should not rimbaud all the time  
you should not leave me this spring  
we woke up every morn' without poems  
and all the good things  
we woke up weak and small and tired  
you should not rimbaud all the time  
you should not believe me when i'm sad  
i used to live beside the railroads –  
but i don't move  
you used to speak too much to prove  
you should not rimbaud all your time  
you should not rimbaud

#### **Coney Island**

darling well, all that could be  
if we were intended to be one  
and if spring will follow our summer's eve  
will you be as patient as you've been in my dreams  
coney island – it's just my wish  
white painted tropic woods and fishes  
in a room so tall – so small  
a perfect place to fall  
well down there once rests a carney  
by the deep dark fountain of all life  
will you shoot me with bullets of silver  
or can i be your friend for a night  
coney island – it's just my wish  
white painted tropic woods and fishes  
in a room so tall – so small  
what a perfect place to fall

#### **Thank You**

i'm not your favorite pain  
you let me knock on tin  
i'm not your favorite one  
you will never let me know  
in a way your straight roads  
leading me straight down  
in a way i'm in hell  
but you are in my fire  
if i die with a smile

one for you, one for me, one for her  
thank you

### **Not Kind**

again i found your lonely roads  
as a kind of mirror – as if you're near  
and even when you're kidding me, i'm still here  
every ground has left my place today  
gave space to the beasts i made  
will your sickness cure mine, and lead me  
through  
almost around, almost real, you're not kind  
just almost here, almost sin, almost naked  
lonesome days don't count for me  
it's just all i know and it sets me free  
i got a weak line – got the hope, someday to see  
get me the good – lead me to the light  
your nice world drives me mad  
gets me a strong wheel that will lead me again,  
close to you  
almost around, almost real, you're not kind  
just almost here, almost sin, almost naked

### **Mahogany Box**

mahogany box  
and winter is still around  
small fire and a little love  
a small crack by your neck  
let me be your favorite partner  
let me be your saint  
wherever the snow falls  
i'll lay by your feet  
mahogany three  
and i still remember  
carpet tales, carpet highs, carpets by the fire  
when i know you as well as i know  
my wooden bed of greed  
at my big table for two  
i'll wait with anointed feet  
and nothing will remain for my hurting hands  
mahogany box  
going so slow  
into the small fire  
someday i'll follow  
and nothing will remain for my hurting hands  
will you wait for me – by the burning sea  
will you wait for me – by the burning sea

### **Tailor Made**

we'd come to get a fire, not a deal  
and we just got silly patterns, nicely draped  
still i see our hope swells and takes place  
between a raincoat and your snowwhite lace  
and this mess we are in is quiet as a home  
this mess we are in is a kind of stone  
it's made to last through time, but don't be afraid  
it's tailor made  
now we got some flaming red suits to prove our  
love  
and scars near our bellies, scarves in our minds  
still hope swells and takes us by our place

beside our lame new world, without grace  
and this mess we are in is quiet as a home  
this mess we are in is a kind of stone  
it's made to last through time, but don't be afraid  
it's tailor made

### **That's a Start**

social life, come and carry me  
whatever might be, should bury me  
today i saved a fine drawn line, for my love  
everything is perfect, everything is sad  
little victims are daily and nothing else to keep  
tonight i had to create a thin red wire, for my love  
spring air fills my day anew,  
so thirsty, so dry – i can't drive a line,  
today i'll earn a weak little smile, from my love  
today i saved a fine drawn line  
tonight i had to create a thin red wire  
today i'll earn a weak little smile  
from my love

### **Part of a Song**

i know you could hum it  
and that you finally will see  
the movements of your lips  
down my hips,  
become a song  
a beautiful lala, a wet poem  
fuel for the engine, that gets us a home  
blues is today  
and tomorrow it will be doubled  
we got hands full of rain  
and sounds of bad weather  
lots of stormy days, war for your hair  
plain d has been our first love  
and it will be our last  
between a half and no idea  
a sleepy afternoon  
a part of a song, a part of a life  
won't you be a part of me