

## Timeism EP Lyrics and Stories

1)

### Netflix + Chill

Am I salty on your lips?

Well I dream you in the morning  
Ah, cuz I breathe you in all night  
And I write you in the sunset  
I light you by my side

Lemme go with you  
Should we Netflix or Chill first?

Well I thought you'd float away now  
But you're bobbing at the shore  
Ah, and you play my favorite music when I come around  
And leave me wanting more

**When I come around**  
**When I come around**  
**When I come around**

Well you twirl my rings like Saturn  
Now I'm dancing with the Sun  
And it might take two to tango  
But everyone knows  
To dance it just takes one

**When I come around**  
**When I come around**  
**When I come around**

Ah, that ever so special Netflix and Chill relationship. While finding a good N&C relationship may seem like an easy thing to do in the era of tinder, finding the proper balance of "I'm into you" and "but not like... that into you" can be tough. N&Cs are typically elusive as feelings are caught, interests are lost, or simply because Arrested Development is only 3 seasons long (or 4... if you're into that) and where is there to go from there? So when you find this balance, this comfort, this attraction, with another person, live it up while it lasts, because the scales are bound to tip one way or another in a matter of seasons. And if you're lucky, he won't remember to reset his mom's Netflix password.

2)

### Better, Worse

Call me often  
Had to make time  
Cash me in boy  
I'm such a dime

Under cover  
Like it's a crime  
Under covers  
Had to make time

I call the drummer  
Cuz he's so fine  
I kiss the drummer  
In my spare time

Syncopation  
Rappin' my thigh  
Roll a joint so  
We can stay high

**Well I'm just a piece of paper  
No better than a Dixie Cup  
Scorin' the ground for a pencil  
Tryna fill my pages up  
For better and for worse**

Here's a sure way  
To feel alive  
Let curiosity kill ya  
Eight times

Well I don't trust no  
Sky with no moon  
Cuz my stars all  
Fall out of tune

**Well I'm just a piece of paper (yep!)  
No better than a Dixie Cup  
Scorin' the ground for attention  
Tryna fill my ego up  
For better and for worse**

There's no resting  
For a sea shore  
Cuz the waves gon'  
Always want more

And I'm a tide so  
I'm gonna swoon  
Waver in waves  
That's what tides do

Mmmmm  
Mmmmm  
Mmmmm  
Mmmmm

As an artist it's my duty and privilege to sniff out adventure, make mischief, and splash in all the puddles. I walk through life seeking to understand and absorb the human experience; to uncover deeply personal sentiments, then transform them into music which resonates universally. I'm just a piece of paper, walking around hoping to document what I see in a way that others can relate to.

3)

Phone Keys Wallet

I'm foaming at the mouth to  
Play you a song  
Homesick for my fretboard  
Where I once belonged

Gin to keep my heart warm  
To intoxicate  
Searching for semantics  
While my tonic's away

**Oo I lost myself**

**Phone keys wallet**

**Is there anything else?**

I'm falling out my pockets  
Strewn on the ground  
Somewhere there's a world for  
My lost and not found

You ask me to remind you  
I already forgot  
Shuffled are the details  
Mismatched are all the socks

How much does free time cost?

**Oo I lost myself**

**Phone keys wallet**

**Is there anything else?**

Dust on my piano  
Graveyard of guitars  
Acoustic amputation  
Make sense of the scars

An audience before me  
The words were all gone  
Silent is the singer  
Forgotten are the songs

**Oo I lost myself**

**Phone keys wallet**

**Is there anything else?**

**Oo I lost myself  
Phone keys wallet  
Is there anything else?**

This song is about the parts of us we lose. For me, that was getting tendonitis and having to put down my guitar. An acoustic amputation, the loss of a limb. Without the guitar there was nowhere for my emotions to go, no outlet for my feelings. A year after putting down my guitar, when I was just about healed, I was encouraged by an audience of new friends and strangers to play some songs on my guitar. I took my place in front of everyone, and my fingers settled into a familiar G. But the next chord never came. I couldn't remember a single song I'd written. Smiling faces looked up at me, telling me I could do it. But really, I could not. The words were all gone. Finally, I sat back down, startled.

For A Good Time, Call  
**Do you want me live?  
Bore me 'till I die**

I don't get the zeitgeist  
Coachella's just a pricey place  
To photograph your sick life  
Hide behind my filter  
Quick! Take a pic!  
Then I'll make it look sicker

Damn, he's a hit though!  
Thousands on the 'gram  
Now he's up to a kilo  
Armed with a smart phone  
And a rockin' torso  
Sexy on the screen  
But he's boring as cardboard

**Do you want me live?  
Bore me 'till I die**

I crown this guy the worst  
I could count the questions  
He asks me on my fingers  
Great explanation!  
Wow! What'd I do to deserve this narration?

Countin' down the minutes  
Until this shitty date ends  
Pullin' out my phone when he  
Leaves me for the restroom  
Sendin' my location  
Dropped a pin and now  
She's headin' over this direction

**Do you want me live?  
Bore me 'till I die**

Waitin' for my girl to come and swoop in  
Save me quick before  
I resort to castration  
Boy I got my own sins  
So fuck your fornication  
50 shades of masturbation  
Your pleasure is so far from my obligation  
This conversation's so far from interesting  
This beer that I hold holds no more expectation  
I got other boys in town that I can call for lubrication

Do you want me...

Getting what I paid for  
I'm getting what I paid for  
Getting what I paid for  
Getting what I paid for

Getting what I paid for  
Yea getting what I paid for  
Getting what I paid for  
Getting what I paid for

Ladies, you know when you spot a boy from across the room and he is just smoldering? Tall, dark and handsome. Dreamy eyes. Sweet pecks. You finally get the chance to talk to him and discover, to nobody's surprise, that he is boring as a cardboard box. Yeah. I've let stereotypically handsome boys take up way too much of my time because I am fooled by their beauty. Sweet, boring boys, who believe we actually care about their lengthy stories describing how much they drank with their frat boys in college. Bless their hearts, they have no idea who they are.

5)  
Bailamos con el Humo  
Subiendo con la luna  
Siguiendo sus huellas  
Fumando la biblia  
Qué Dios nos bendiga!

Mi nombre en cursiva  
Escapa por tus labios  
Pasea el oscuro  
Y baila con el humo

Y bailamos con el humo

**You got my heart wide open  
Lemme know if you need it  
You got my eyes wide open  
And I like what I'm seeing  
Come around more often  
This is what I've been needing  
You got my lips wide open  
Lemme know if you're breathing**

Ey, tronco! El chisqueiro  
Pido desde el cielo  
Mientras mi cuerpo  
Alcanza el infinito

Ay guapo pero guapo  
Ya sé lo que quiero  
Anhele otro beso  
Que quemé mis huesos

I don't have to chase reality  
It always catches up to me  
And I've wasted enough energy  
On those who give no fucks  
Give no fucks  
Give no fucks bout me

**You got my heart wide open  
Lemme know if you need it  
You got my eyes wide open  
And I like what I'm seeing  
Come around more often  
This is what I've been needing  
You got my lips wide open  
Lemme know if you're breathing**

La luna llena, bailamos con el humo  
La luna llena, bailamos con el humo  
La luna llena, bailamos con el humo  
La luna llena, bailamos con el humo

*English:*

*Rising with the moon  
Following her footsteps  
Smoking the bible  
May god bless us*

*My name in cursive  
Escapes from your lips  
Passes in the dark  
And dances with the smoke*

*And we dance with the smoke*

*\*chorus\**

*Ey dude, the lighter!  
I ask from the sky  
As my body  
Becomes infinite*

*Handsome (but like... handsome)  
I already know what I want  
I crave another kiss  
That burns in my bones*

*\*bridge\**

*\*chorus\**

*The full moon, we dance with the smoke  
The full moon, we dance with the smoke  
The full moon, we dance with the smoke  
The full moon, we dance with the smoke*

On December 31st, 2017, I spent the day in Death Valley with one of my best friends and 5 strangers. We would spend the last day of the year walking into a beautiful canyon. Water trickled down verdant drapes of fern and sedimentary skyscrapers staggered and soared into the sky above us. After a day of adventuring and a heavy dose of giggles, we chased the sun out of the canyon. The bright orange setting star that once lit up the valley below us sunk behind the mountains, and the landscape was painted over and over with smokey orange, magnolia pink, and dusty lavender. As purple faded to a canvas of indigo, the full moon, round and glowing, soared into the sky. We knew it was coming, but it was still so unexpected. It was one of the most beautiful moments I've experienced. The full moon called to us, and we swayed our hips in return. Blasting music, we danced for hours in the trunk of his Dodge RAM. On the drive back to camp I sang Ultralight Beam with my head out the window. That night we sunk into hot springs and let our tired bodies disintegrate.