



peace and magic

foxygen

Get a load of these guys. These two young guys in the corner booth of a small bar. Classy joint. Beautiful ugly woman sits at the taps. Frail handsome man with a rag mops around her drink. Collectin' the dust. There are other people in the bar is what I'm saying but forget them we wanna focus on the men in the booth. There's something about these two guys. Some sort of exotic mystique. They got an air of show business about em. Like talented actors. Like they've seen triumph and scandal and delirium. How old are they? Could be 37-year-olds playing 25-year-olds. Could be kids dressed as adults. All I know is these two young guys are lookin' good and bored and ready for some kinda seismic activity.

The tall one name of '**France**' gets up goes to the bathroom. Comes back with a condom from the machine. Stuffs it in his wallet where the other one used to be. He's muttering his debut novella to Himself. The other one, all cheekbone structure and hair goes by '**Rado**'. He's tapping out a rhythm with chopsticks up against the table which he's muted with a napkin. Erratic thuds. **Rado**'s just now written an album in his mind and he's ready for a milkshake. They've each got different hair styles. Different builds. Different ways. But they seem to move as a unit. Like a two-legged dog attached to some kind of cart mechanism that follows the drifter around. Snarls when I try to pat it. They don't seem dangerous but they could be the guys they were talking about on the news. Is that why they turned the TV off when they came in? Bartender didn't bat an eyelid when the **Rado** one yanked the power chord out.

These guys are American, that's for sure. West Coast Vampires. They're in the entertainment business. Immigrant ancestors. Real mix of blood types. Gamblers and magnates and Hustlers and POWs. All distilling down to true lyrics and songs that matter in the San Fernando valley and every other place too. Real operators. Kinda guys that discover young talent and harvest it into superstar outfits. Kinda guys that assemble the most talented musicians they could find from LA to Long Island for things like exotic show band arrangements and ambient beauty. Real guys. Guys that make moves. From one place to another.

Besides, **Foxygen** was never just one band.



Foxygen is the Big Bang of two combusting minds. It's the splayed Galaxy of polar geniuses **Sam France** and **Jonathan Rado**. It's a handshake with a knife behind your back. A cosmic, Californian death-game of highway chicken. A sleepless night in a five-star hotel. Truth or dare. **Foxygen** is the risk of pushing your best friend off the ledge just to see if they can fly. You listen to this album properly. You take in each moment. Each new melody that threads forward from the fingertips of one of this generation's finest piano men in **Jonathan Rado**. And you fall in line behind **Sam France**'s sprawling and reckless lyric. Witness his mastery. Feel them struggle against the walls of their own creations. Follow them there. To the perimeter. To the exit sign. And let your eyes fog up with thoughts like 'For at least this moment I understand how cold blooded and beautiful I am.' Notice that the two young guys aren't there anymore. They're outside looking for another joint to haunt. They're already out of sight.

And now you're on a train. Facing the wrong way so the trees are passing in front of you. And you're looking forward but everything is getting further away. These nowhere towns somehow sound good. Like the city is heavy, but out here we float a little bit. America is too big of a boat to sink. Don't sink, baby. Hang.

Enjoy this album, then check out **Foxygen**'s new album, **Hang**, out now.

	sides	tracks
side A		A
<i>In The Darkness</i>	2:01	1. <i>In The Darkness</i>
<i>No Destruction</i>	4:57	2. <i>No Destruction</i>
<i>On Blue Mountain</i>	5:51	3. <i>On Blue Mountain</i>
<i>San Francisco</i>	3:48	4. <i>San Francisco</i>
<i>Bowling Trophies</i>	1:48	5. <i>Bowling Trophies</i>
side B		B
<i>Shuggie</i>	3:22	1. <i>Shuggie</i>
<i>Oh Yeah</i>	5:17	2. <i>Oh Yeah</i>
<i>We Are the 21st Century Ambassadors of Peace & Magic</i>	4:27	3. <i>We Are the 21st Century Ambassadors of Peace & Magic</i>
<i>Oh No</i>	5:22	4. <i>Oh No</i>

in the darkness

so maybe later, man
there's an elegant land
in the darkness
and maybe in the mind
it's a hell of a time
in the darkness
and maybe in space
there's an alien race
I wouldn't be surprised
so without further ado
we'd like to introduce you to
the darkness
standing in the countryside
with soda pop and Montebay
he's always standing outside, looking in
they smile but they don't look at him
they say that it may take a while
to put more diamonds in my smile
and maybe I won't even go to work that day
I don't care if I'm in trouble at all
I'll just sit on this hill
with my fingers in the still
of the darkness

I'm sending you this photograph
of me in my new car
but I hate to say I miss you
'cause you don't need me anymore
you politely say, "I miss you"
but we know you don't mean that anymore
like when the doctor thought he caught you
then you weaseled through the door
through the door of consciousness
San Francisco
oh you think it's over
oh you think it's over to me
someone who smokes pot in the subway
pot in the subway, to me
oh, Destructo, you're so destructive
oh, you're so destructive to me

no destruction in the waking hour
no destruction in the waking wind
no destruction in the waking hour
there's no corruption in the waking moon

no

destruction

I'm talking to my grandma who lost her arms in the war
the aliens and armory that bombed her cigar store
now you think that I don't know but I know you to know quite well
that I caught you sipping milkshakes in the parlor of the hotel
there's no need to be an asshole, you're not in Brooklyn anymore
you may take what you are given but you leave it on the floor
and I know they're gonna try to take my big mouse
take the panels off my greenhouse

oh, but the door of consciousness isn't open anymore
oh you think it's over, oh, you think it's over to me
someone who smokes pot in the subway
pot in the subway with me
oh Destructo, you're so destructive
oh, you're so destructive to me

no destruction in the waking hour
no destruction in the waking wind
there's no destruction in the waking hour
there's no corruption on the mountain hour
no destruction in the waking hour
no destruction in the waking wind



on blue mountain

I was looking through the Bible
I was looking at a code
if you try you can't remember
that what you see is just what you know
so I hide my feelings for you to find

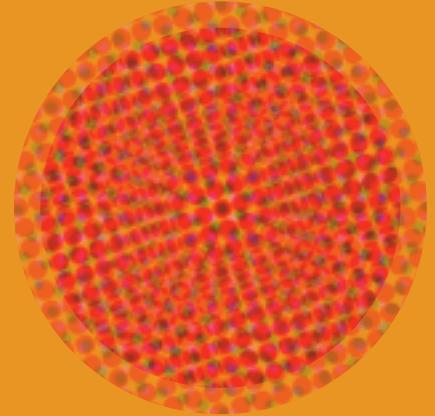
I was climbing up Blue Mountain
say, "I need someone," that train just said, "I need someone"
(I need it. I need it. I need it. I need it.)
wherever you go, whatever you do, I'll be waiting
wherever you go, whatever you do, I'll be waiting for you

we can live on Blue Mountain, like living in a sunset
we can live honestly and true
we can live on Blue Mountain, like living in a sunset
I wanna live on Blue Mountain with you

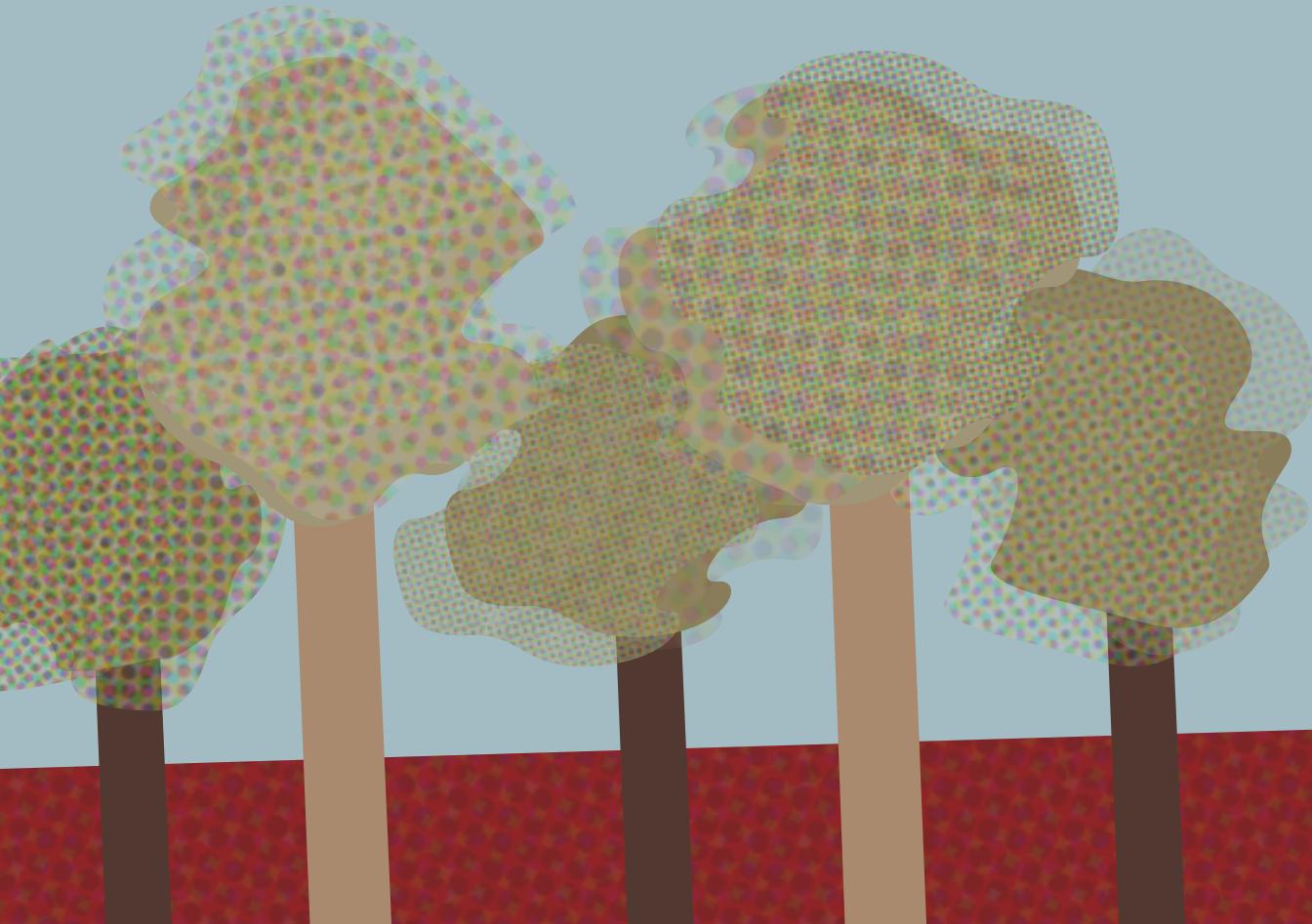
I was looking through the Bible
I was there at the show
some of the early morning blues music on the radio
yeah, yeah, ye-ah
yeah, yeah, ye-ah
yeah, yeah, ye-ah, for you to find

we can live on Blue Mountain, like living in a sunset
we can live honestly and true
we can live effortlessly, like children on a swing set
I wanna live on Blue Mountain with you

on Blue Mountain, God will save you
put the pieces back together
(on Blue Mountain, God will save us
put the pieces back together)



san francisco



up in San Francisco where the forest meets the bridge

I thought I saw you standing there
and then you fell into the well
but that was many years ago
and I am so much older now
my brother is a soldier now
I can't see him anyhow on hilltops in the wind
and you swimming up tide or just tuning into radio stations

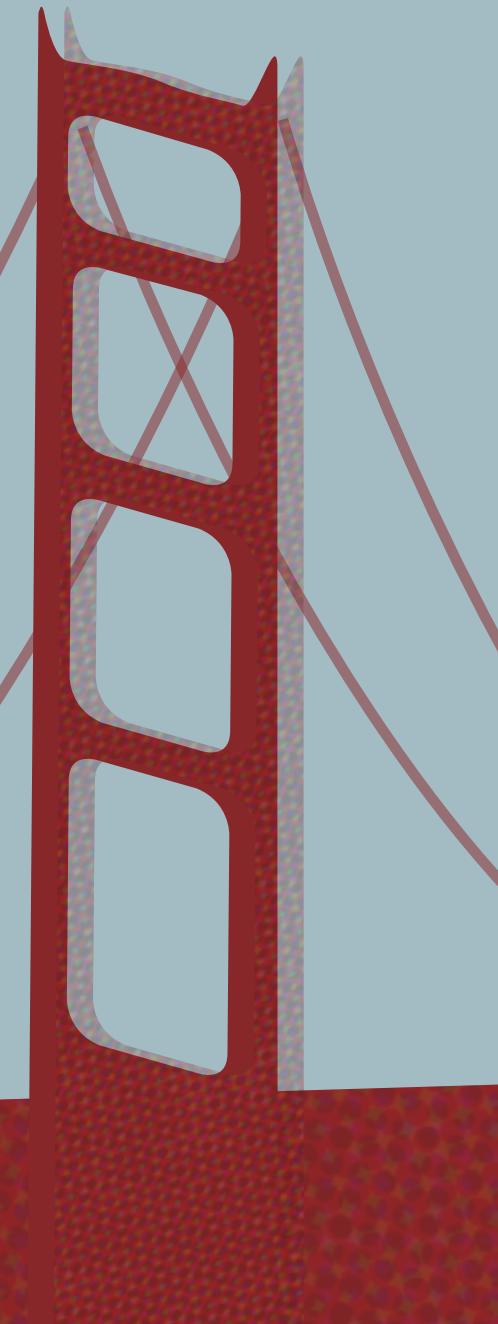
I left my love in San Francisco (that's okay, I was bored anyway)
I left my love in the room (that's okay, I was born in LA)
I left my love in San Francisco (that's okay I was bored anyway)
I left my love in a field (that's okay, I was born in LA)

and we were stating on this hill that Jesus came from Israel
Isaac 'bove a sacred cow
so not to wake a sparrow's splashing

but that was many years from now
and I hope from here on out
I always seem to want to shout
your eyes are like a cup o' tea
ascend into the sun with me

you swimming up stream or just tuning into the new sensations
I was broken you were broken

I left my love in San Francisco (that's okay, I was bored anyway)
I left my love in the room (that's okay, I was born in LA)
I left my love in San Francisco (that's okay, I was bored anyway)
I left my love in a field (that's okay, I was born in LA)





*bowling
trophies*

shuggie

I live in the parlor but I'm down the street
seeking the flowers off the floor and drinking tea

but you don't love me, that's news to me

I met your daughter the other day, well that was weird
she had rhinoceros shaped earrings in her ears
but, hey man have a soda, it's on the house
remember what I told you about the rooms inside this house

but you don't love me, that's news to me
that's news to me, that's news to...
I think you and I could be in love

if you believe in yourself you can free your soul
my heart is breaking in two and I don't know what to do

but you don't love me, that's news to me
that's news to me, that's news to...
I think you and I could be in love

if you believe in yourself you can free your soul
my heart is breaking in two and I don't know what to do
you were right with the world, you can make it feel good
I'm happy if she's happy

*oh
ah*

yeah

put your left hand out and shake it all about
'cause it's arms and legs, bacon and eggs
and you can rearrange your mind if it makes you feel fine
and you can lose your faith if it puts you in your place
and you can chew on gum if it makes you have fun
and you can drink green soup on your way from the kitchen
my roller skates are bitchin'

how come you've got to make a fool of me
when you know it's not true to me
how come you gotta go and step on my heart
when you know that's no way to start
how come you've got to make a fool of me
when all I ever seem to do is scream
you go and try to make a fool of me
oh yeah

I've got the movies and the discotheque inside my mind
all the time, all night
I'm feelin' groovy on another one's dime
and if you wanna be the all-time bummer of the summertime
then baby, why don't you keep whining all night
because you're freaking me out and bringing down everyone's vibes
oh yeah

well, you can change your mind
if it makes you feel fine
and you can scream and shout
if it makes you feel happy, singing
oh yeah, I left my baby
oh yeah, yeah, baby

how come you've got to make a fool of me
when you know it's not true to me
I don't know where or when you'll ever see
but your plan keeps fooling me
how come you've got to make a fool of me
when all I ever seem to do is scream
you go and try to make a fool of me
oh yeah





we are the 21st century ambassadors of peace and magic

free, free

well, it really isn't even too hard to be
in the twenty, twenty, twenty-first century
we are the twenty-first century
it really isn't even too hard to be
(say it again)

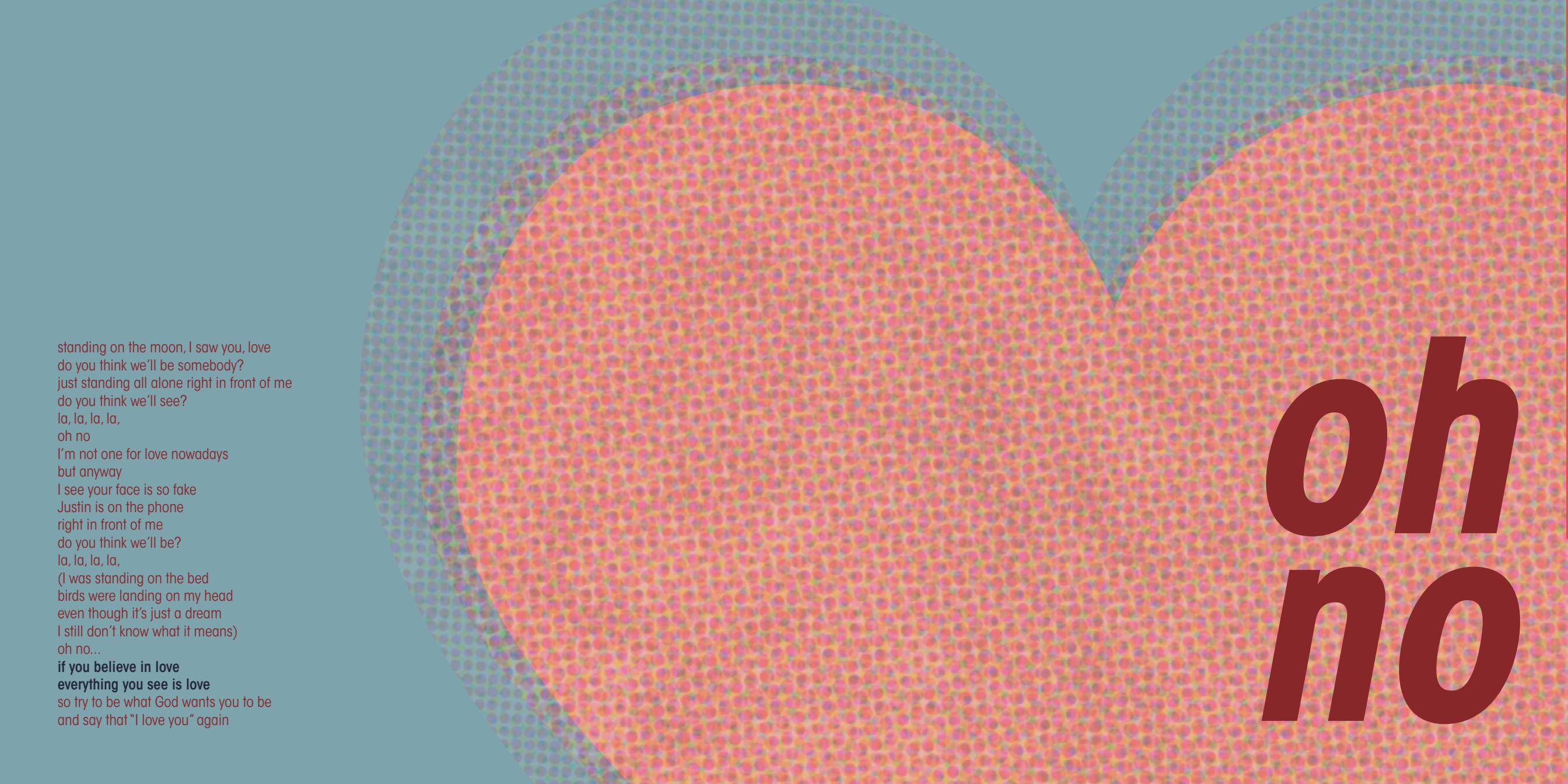
we are the 21st century ambassadors of peace and magic
(fish man)
we are the 21st century ambassadors of peace and magic

see the big orange slug in the purple grass
well, if you ain't ready for it to pass
if you're really really really really not ready to pass
well, the twenty-first century's gonna kick your ass, boy
(say it again)

we're the twenty, lots of money
philosopher ambassadors of peace and magic

but if you're not in class then you cannot answer
you can't be funny if you want to make money now

we are the 21st century ambassadors of peace and magic
we are the 21st century, we are the 21st century
we are the 21st century ambassadors of peace and magic
on Blue Mountain, God insists you
put the pieces back together
free to live, free to do what I want
go out and get it



standing on the moon, I saw you, love
do you think we'll be somebody?
just standing all alone right in front of me
do you think we'll see?
la, la, la, la,
oh no

I'm not one for love nowadays
but anyway

I see your face is so fake
Justin is on the phone
right in front of me
do you think we'll be?
la, la, la, la,

(I was standing on the bed
birds were landing on my head
even though it's just a dream
I still don't know what it means)
oh no...

**if you believe in love
everything you see is love
so try to be what God wants you to be
and say that "I love you" again**

**oh
no**



JAG

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