
Sigara içm
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kanserine
olur.
Sigara ma Danışma Hattı
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hem
Philip
Türkiye
arım ve
akanlığ
üreti
ro

gündüz

Taksim is a 3d city cow on billboard is in 2d cow in country is in 3d shingles fall across that city/action makes a pretty dizzy satisfaction blows right through me chain reaction just might chain me even the locals get lost/ ...in the first person fraction of a first person omniscient third person autographic, auto-fear-grip/ghosts haunt the square ghost voices there/rates and rents have reached the tideline dodgy lift, lifts you to skyline mass slums skirt a heedless eyeline move on up that blade, runner!/recrane the skyline desecrate the timeline guess it ate this city avaricious, çok da fifi!

Auto-Moral i have this moral correct and it makes me suspect yeah this moral correct whose morals do i reflect?/i threw away my phone for reasons i can't disclose for the species porn let me be reborn!/and i'm back on my own for reasons i can't disown and these thoughts are my own for reasons i can't disown/i hate this moral correct /auto-moral (moral correct)

Teşekkürler my friend he's walking through the store he could hardly speak the language but when he was done shopping got close to the door politely he did his best to say he said:/"….." no teşekkürler sağ ol/later they hit the bars around mis sokak for that indirimli içki saati he and his friends they were feeling really rather naughty his friend had the bar wine he liked to roll the dice but when his yetmişlik arrived he tried to say something nice he said:/"….." no teşekkürler sağ ol/now we got lost as all good people do so we saw this man and we said"abi, Talimhane nereye?" "merhaba. önce düz gidin sonra sağ yapın sonra sol… tam karşınızda!"and even though we were more lost than before my friend he tried to say thank you once more he said:/"….." no teşekkürler sağ olun/thank you sağ ol

Cup of Joy! (gündüz) alafranga alaturka cup of joy!

Salaş ağzıyla kuş tutmak gibi!/salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, slosh!/we don't like to show our faces in those high falutin places tavla players give their tosses when it pours we wear galoshes/salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, slosh!/13 to 1 numbers given who can even scratch a living? a machine well off it's axis gouge our taste with your sin tactics/salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, salaş, iki kuş bir taş!

Bar Wine (song for Trong) roll the dice you're buying war wine it's a gamble/it's your ruin in the end/in the land of the vine you're taking a chance/ok yaydan çıktı (your hands are empty)

gece

End of Cars plastic oil bent corrosive shells of man/ Smash-crash spray in fumes just to move/ End of cars no more streets back to on our feet/ Peel-squeal make'em bleed i can't even breathe/ Anger amplified rage justified run 'em over for an order/ Turkey's sacred animal. *Song by $ollar$

Cheap Rasta İstanbul'dan Olimpos'a hareket etmekte olan Egzoz Turizm yolcuları, lütfen yerlerinizi alınız 21:45 otobüsünüz hareket etmektedir… Egzoz Turizm yolcuları, Olimpos!/Erdem? Yeah? you gonna go back to Olympos? No! Erdem, Olympos? no, no/cheap rasta fucked up my hair i, i, i, i ain't ever going there again!/cheap long dreads on a jet ski cheap long-ing on a tourist sea well that's a youth in the south of Turki-ki-ki-ki-ki-ki-ye!/ Olympos, no, no Olympos, no, no, no, no chemical bro! Olympos, no, no, no, no chemical zone! cheap rasta pulling his stunts fentanyl blunts chemical stare fucked up my hair!

Entegrasyon beraber/now you write about it go to lengths about it go to war about it just gets in the way fight about it make a truce about it lose your wits about it just gets in the way/ now you read about it and you shout about it and you sing about it just gets in the way hype about it make your choice about it go to war about it just gets in the way/ .. ich möchte ein Smoking Jacket kaufen .. /now you weep about it have a joke about it and you stream about it man gets in the way work about it go to floors about it pay your rates about it just gets in the way/now you read about it and you shout about it and you sing about it just gets in the way fight about it make your place about it give a damn about it just gets in the way.

Cup of Joy! (gece) i can't tell the bile from the gold i can't tell the violence from the joy/alafranga alaturka cup of joy!

SlightlyDelic do you partake? yes we partake! do you indulge? yes we indulge! do you like skins?/i dreamt i saw Mert Hallı it was by the Pendor stage the first band was synthesizers Supi was enraged Mert he spoke to me of islands before pahalıymış and exaggerated and a Kadıköy of hesher hovels before it looked like Vegas!/dreamt i was deep inside a porn set having dreaded second thoughts the crew had worked for hours film school nerds composed the shots i knew i was an actor i knew this was my scene but i've come in front of a score of people and they were not in that dream!/is your life/love complicated? yes it's complicated! are your songs? no!/.. in a place that's now defunct with an aging Turkish playboy with a taste for white boy funk "moruk" he greeted me "what are you doing in this relic?" i said "here's a jar, the piss has dried, a crucifix inside if your feeling SlightlyDelic!"/ and the small mouth of the small man on the small ornament like Pendor bathroom breath thus began to speak: "leave the sad deeds behind!"/now we've come to the bridge yes to the bridge! do we really need a bridge? fuck it take a boat!/dreamt of Hallı's forehead in the twilight Taksim mist spawned from Penn State canisters Jamestown assemblist those birds they fell from Taksim skies those cats they licked their lips and the lusters chased lovers into the dark the smart ones moved their hips/we were watching local tour bands who play music like tourists noel-size-beer-target-fans i-spot-defy-delist his brain it sprouted fingers turned into a hand i dreamt i saw Mert Hallı i was inside his band/ günden güne

Smoking Jacket i've got a smoking jacket/breathing in, breathing out/foil, crease, packed in! close, sealed, strapped in! breathe in and out i just can't hack it, no matter how you stack it, i've finally found my racket, it is a straight jacket! all that i need is the air that i breathe











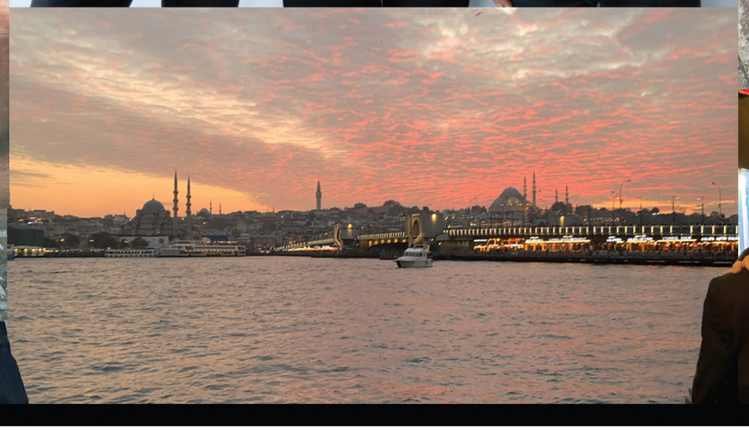













Smoking Jacket by Chris Sollars
Label Stars: Eda Sütunç (gündüz), Erdem Eroğlu (gece)
Back cover and label photos by Emre Başak

Büyük teşekkürler: Yelin Mckay, Mert Akgül for Russian voice on Entegrasyon, Ed Caudwell for fender loan, & Clint Willey for banking on the LP.

Teşekkürler: Nora Byrne, Ayberk Çanakçı, Felat Delibalta, Ronan Dockery, Gregory Dziedzic, Gate 27, Ali Balkı Gülün, Bengü Gün, Tim Hallam, King Riff, Trong Gia Nguyen, North Studio, Onat Önol, Cemal Fatih Polat, Eda Sütunç, Tampon/Steffi, Güray Topaç, Büşra Tunç, Bilal Yılmaz

Archie McKay (Vox), Chris Sollars (Guitar, Vox, Lighter), Erdem Eroğlu (Drums, Vox & Megaphone)
All songs written & recorded by Egzoz in Istanbul at North Studio & Gate 27, Nov 2021.
Mixed by Eric Bauer & Chris Sollars. Mastered by Carl Saff.



ich möchte ein Smoking Jacket kaufen