

# THE FLAMING LIPS OCZY MLODY



When asked (about our newest album Oczy Mlody) what does your new stuff sound like...?? My current response has been that it sounds like Syd Barrett meets A\$AP Rocky and they get trapped in a fairy tale from the future.. Ha.. Knowing full well that if you know who Syd Barrett is.. (original founder of classic rock/space opera group Pink Floyd) you probably DON'T know who A\$AP Rocky is (current badass psychedelic rapper).. and if you know and like A\$AP Rocky you probably don't care or wouldn't like Syd Barrett.. Ha..

So yeah.. I think, perhaps, it is only within The Flaming Lips world that these 2 (Syd and A\$AP) could accidentally find themselves, like Dorothy stumbling upon the scarecrow as she wondered down the yellow brick road towards Oz.. (not sure which one is Dorothy and which one is the scarecrow in this scenario..) But somehow they have gone through a hole in the night sky and arrived in a fucked up, day glow, fairy tale world in the future.. A future where Oczy Mlody is the current cool powerful party drug of choice and sleeping is the ultimate cure for everything.. sleeping for, like, 3 months.. Yeah sleeping.. So if you want to lose weight.. Ping!! You are put to sleep for 3 months and you wake up thin.. If you are addicted to drugs.. Ping!! You sleep yourself out of withdrawals and cravings and wake up sober.. Ha.. And it all takes place inside a gated community that has been made into a replicant fantasy fairy tale city where the mega-mega rich folks live and have self indulgent psycho parties (maybe I've been spending too much time around Miley Cyrus) where everyone takes Oczy Mlody (the drug uses your own sub-conscious memories and transports you to your perfect childhood happy mind) and everyone has sex while riding unicorns.. There are frogs and wizards and spiders and painful emotional therapy sessions where every primal desire is allowed and encouraged. Darkness in the dark while we listen with demon eyes on our way back home to our family.. WTF..

We began, what now has become, Oczy Mlody as far back as January 2015. The opening track called Oczy Mlody ([watch a video: Wayne's Explanation of Oczy Mlody](#)) was haphazardly conceived one night from two recording session . The descending bass and slow drum machine stuff from one night and the magical crystalline melody synth line that was recorded the next night. It was just an off the cuff little moment but it kept haunting me (in a good way).. Ha.. I would keep returning to this simple, really nothing, of a track. It (the Oczy Mlody recording) has a kind of mellow suspension about it. Something soothing and soft and science sleep experiment sounding about it. It is all vibe vibe vibey. My attempts to actually turn it into a song never worked and it remained this moody piece of wordless music and sound that compelled me. Maybe it is, or was, the type of mood or mindset I had been searching for but only knew it subconsciously. I think that must be music's greatest power.. it somehow swirls around in your mind and touches things and opens things that you could never consciously touch or open.. It's a motherfucker..

About five years ago I found a little paperback book in a used bookstore. ([watch a video: Wayne shows the book](#)) I liked the cover, a painting of a woman that looks like Eryka Baddu crying and sweating, and the title Blisko Domu. I didn't know what it meant. It's written in Polish (Blisko Domu means Almost Home).. But I didn't care. I liked it and it is one of the books I have in the studio that I would look at all the time in between mixes and slow recording times. I would read it as a kind of meditation. Meaningless (well, meaningless to me. I don't speak Polish) sentences and paragraphs. I would flow over the text like I was reading but It would never alight any story.. occasionally I would stumble upon cool sounding words and phrases not having any idea of their real meaning and I think I would allow the words to trigger something, maybe something subconscious, in my searching mind. I stumbled upon the words "Oczy Mlody".. they struck me as sounding like Oxy (as in Oxycodone) Melody and, as my imagination ran away with it, also the name of a drug made in the future. Every time I would pick this book up I would, kind of, add to the made-up meaning that I had given to the words that I liked.. The actual meaning of "oczy mlody" is something like "eyes of the young".. which we (Steven and Dennis and I) thought was great.. Eyes Of The Young is not really a title that appealed to us but Oczy Mlody meaning "eyes of the young "greatly appealed to us.. Ha.. Who knows why.. And so we began to realize we were starting to make a record with this kind of removed, abstract substitute meaning.. or a record that we followed what meaning the initial sounds triggered.. . Sounds of words. Sounds of music. Sounds of beats..

Peace,  
Wayne



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# THE FLAMING LIPS E24 M104



## HOW??

White trash rednecks, Earthworms eat the ground  
Legalize it, Every drug right now

Are you with us.. Or are you burnin' out??  
Kill your rock n roll.. Motherfuckin' hip-hop sound  
I tried to tell you but I don't know how!!  
I tried to tell you but I don't know how!!  
How??

A thousand suns are in the sky right now  
Let them shine now shine for just one hour  
I tried to tell you but I don't know how!!  
I tried to tell you but I don't know how!!  
How??

Back when we were young.. We killed everyone  
If they fucked with us.. With our baby guns  
We were young with our baby guns  
We were young with our baby guns  
A bird is singing.. Singing really loud  
A jet is flying.. Flying through a cloud..

The initial recording started off as a longish back-n-forth jam session. A low key synth jam.. Ha.. with Steven and Michael. They were in studio B while Dave and I were in studio A mixing.. Then Steven took it and

added an emotional and strange melody. I think the melody was a recording of small little section of Steven singing and mumbling a couple of the melodic notes and then he would pitch-shift and time-stretch these little bits to extend and more fully realize the melody.. really jus putting it together willy nilly..

I think I heard it as he was still building and creating it and already thought it would make a great song.

The lyric is all stream of consciousness emotional syllables and fucked up junk-sta position of words and mood to create (accidentally) the mysterious, epic meaning or meaninglessness of the song. And maybe that's why it works.. The lyric "I tried to tell you but I don't know how!!".. Is really what the main power and dilemma of the song is.. which is often how we communicate with each other in real life situations all the time.. and in real life we struggle to find the right words to say some "all encompassing perfectly meaningful statement" and, on an emotional level it does communicate and then we fuck it up with words.. Ha

## THERE SHOULD BE UNICORNS

Yeah there should be unicorns.. Ones with the purple eyes  
It should be loud as fuck, Hope the swans don't die  
There should be burning sun, And naked slaves  
And if the police show up..  
We'll give them so much money it will make them cry  
And forgive us.. Yeah there should be unicorns  
the ones with the purple eyes not the green eyes  
Yeah there should be day glow strippers  
Ones from the Amazon  
Some edible butterflies.. We put ketchup on  
Some motorcycle stunts.. That always crash  
And if the police show up we'll bribe them  
into helping us steal the light of love from the rainbow  
sluts that live next door  
Yeah there should be unicorns  
Ones with the purple eyes.. Not the green eyes..

At first there should be unicorns. The ones with the purple eyes not the ones with green eyes. Whatever they give them, they shit everywhere. And it would be great if the moon was almost down... in a very red/orange state... Let's leave it like that for at least three hours... Hovering just above the horizon. And if the police show up we will give them so much money that they can retire from their shitty, violent jobs and live the greatest life they've ever lived. And we will be high. And the love generator will be turned up to its maximum. And we'll get higher when, at last, the sun comes up in the morning and we will collapse under the weight of the ancient earth. And it will be inside me and it will be inside you... and it will be the end of the world and the beginning of a new love...

The music started to come into being because of this funny drone machine at Dave Fridmann's studio. The first bit of the recording happened quite fast. We added a drum beat and some thick bass synth stuff to the drone and we started to like the track. At first the idea was to have no lyrics but only have the spoken word part (the Reggie Watts part). It is meant to be a kind of "wish list" that someone is reading off to a party planner.. "At first there should be unicorns.. "as if unicorns are something you can just order to have at your party. So.. I quickly wrote it and texted it to Reggie (who I had been trying to get on one of our records for a while) and he said Yess!!

In between the time that we sent it to him and when was able to record it and get it back to us we kept fucking with the song. We felt like maybe it needed an emotional hook in it and we put in the part that is now like a chorus "yeah there should be unicorns the ones with the purple eyes.. not the green eyes" The lyrics implying that you can choose which unicorns you prefer.. the purple eyed ones or pink eyed ones or green eyed ones.. Ha..

And do I believe it just built from there and we couldn't stop ourselves from turning it into a song..



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# THE FLAMING LIPS E2Y M10A4

## SUNRISE

The sunrise insists on gladness..  
But how can I be glad  
Now my flower is dead  
Oh, sun  
I see you happy  
You've made the morning dew  
Now you're showing me the truth but I don't want to  
believe you.. The sunbeams  
Burnin' my child dreams  
The machine that brings me joy,  
now it's just a stupid toy  
Oh, if I could  
Go back and find you  
I'd kiss your glowing head  
And hear the things you said  
And always believe you...  
Oh, the sunset  
Is fuckin' with my head  
Feels like a dying love in the eyes of the young  
Tell me love is neither living or dying  
It's a power in your mind  
I think it's with you all the time  
It only hurts when it leaves you.

The first verse of this song is the same as the Miley Cyrus and Her Dead Petz version. It's in its original key (we made it a slightly higher register for Cyrus) and has the same melody and chords but with a radically different vibe.. the other verses are a kind of philosophical take on the struggle and acceptance of death, the death of love, the pain of living in the face of sadness.. but it is, I think, also about being in awe of beauty and power and just the weirdness of existing.. Ha..

The passages between the verses is based on a melodic cycle that Steven was fucking with. I believe we edited a couple different, at first, unrelated sections of Steven's recording. We piled 5 or 6 harmonies (all Steven) on top of it and we really loved the cinematic way it opened up and became the epic counterpoint to the more longing slightly sad verses.

## NIGDY NIE

Never no no  
No no no never  
Never no no  
No no no never  
Forever ever yeah  
Yeah yeah forever  
Forever ever yeah  
Yeah yeah forever  
Na na na na na na

## GALAXY I SINK

I saw the universe in your giant Eye  
I want to touch your mind hole and go inside  
Last night  
Last night  
And when I look at you it's like the sun  
I understand how space and time begun  
Last night  
Last night  
Your face I sink  
In time I sink  
And I will never reappear  
Your love I sink  
You're everything I sink  
The threat that you'll disappear  
And with the floating specs  
In my tired eyes  
I can see all dimensions of my life  
How can the stars really know me now  
When I fear their light will burn me up  
Hmmm...

## ONE NIGHT WHILE HUNTING FOR FAIRIES AND WITCHES AND WIZARDS TO KILL

One night while hunting for fairies  
and witches and wizards to kill  
I came across a hole in a tree in the forest  
I climbed inside the tree hole with small fear  
and loaded my gun  
I should have heeded that small fear  
I walked towards the wizard's cave shooting to  
shoot out his wizard brains  
With a wave of his hand he created a force field  
My bullets all ricocheting, bouncing around his old cave  
One of them shot through my temple  
and severed my eyes  
Blinded by my own gun I got up  
and turned around to run  
Stumbling and tripping I fell blooded on the ground  
The wizard and fairies and witches all came with their  
medicines to my side  
They sprinkled some frog dust on my face  
I saw death's face, but somehow his bad grip let me go  
I awoke in a strange room with new eyes and that's  
when I saw her

## DO GLOWY

Glowy Glowly glow  
Let's get together yeah  
Glow glow glow glow  
Glarey and glarey yeah  
Doin' it right, doin' it like you care  
Under the tree where the spider got in your hair  
and I thought we should spend the night together..

Dewy dewy dew  
Let's get together yeah  
Drip drip drippy glow  
Glowy and drippy yeah  
Dewing in it right, dewing it like you care  
Runnin' all night through the flowers that eat us there  
and I thought we should spend the night together...  
Thought we should spend the night together  
Glowy Glowly Glowly Glowly Glowly Glowly glow...

## LISTENING TO THE FROGS WITH DEMON EYES

Glistening in the moonlight  
Listening to the frogs  
Hiding ourselves in the trees  
Watching with demon eyes  
Here we go again, here we go...  
Have you ever seen someone die  
in the summertime...??  
Is that what your demon eyes see...??  
Have you ever gone through the hole  
in the night sky...??  
I can't see the moon though I know it's there  
I can't see the end but I know it is there  
I can't see the sun but I feel it's there  
I can't see your love but I know it is there..  
I know it's forbidden  
We can squash the stars  
New holes in the darkness  
Darkness in the dark  
Yeah here we go again  
Here we go.  
Have you ever seen someone die  
in the summertime??  
Is that what your demon eyes see..??

The title Listening To The Frogs With Demon Eyes goes back to 2012. I had posted on Instagram (maybe it was Twitter back then) of our little dog sitting by the creek in the park late one night. I had used the flash from my phone and so it gave the dog camera flash red eyes (so I said Demon Eyes). And.. we were actually listening to the frogs singing and croaking in the creek .

The first section is literally about that night in the park. The second section is loosely based on another real life experience. I was driving and noticed just up ahead ambulances and police cars. There was something happening inside some old apartments off to my left. And as I slowly drove by I could see inside (the door was open) and there was a huge bloated and obviously dead man laying on a bed. I remember he was really red. And it was a very hot summer evening. So yeah the "have you ever seen someone die.. In the summertime "part of the lyric is based on that.. The third section is, I think, different Tarot Card sayings, sort of, thrown together which,



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# THE FLYING LIPS E24 M104

in the flow of the song, is really deeper than I intended. Haha.. But, luckily, it works really great in its mystic way.

The song was recorded, I believe the next couple days. I think it was me discovering this great weird-ass bell sound and drum machine pattern thing on a synthesizer that Steven had just bought.. It was late in the night, maybe on the Fourth of July.. I remember no one was around just me sittin' in the studio for a couple of hours. The eerie vibe of those disconnected chords made me sing the words and Steven, I think the very next day, set it all to a very expressive melody.. "glistening in the moonlight.. Listening to the frogs.. WTF.. Ha..

Steven and I are always very manic when we are connecting bits of our songs (that we kind of write by ourselves) together into one bigger song.. I think Listening To The Frogs With Demon Eyes is actually 3 different songs crammed together with a short attention span.. We (Steven and I) would be quickly satisfied and then move on. I think we were both working frantically knowing that we had to leave the next day or something and we would do a section as quickly as we could get it recorded and think "ok it goes like that.. Like a sketch.. and then go "well what's next".. we both probably felt, in the moment of recording it, that we would revisit it and flush out the very sketchiest bits later.. So..

When we were finally able to listen to it I don't think we remembered that we were gonna flush it out. We listened and really loved how spastic it was and how a lot of it just floated along. We accepted it as a great gift from the universe and never questioned the song again..

## THE CASTLE

Her eyes were butterflies..  
Her smile was a rainbow  
Her hair was sunbeam waves..  
Shining round like a halo  
Her face was a fairytale..  
that has a poison apple  
Her skull was a mighty moat..  
Her brain was the castle  
And the castle gets mistaken for a ship  
that is floating in the clouds  
And the castle is brighter than  
a thousand Christmas trees  
And the castle can never be rebuilt again...  
No way... One day a strange storm rolled in while  
she was riding on her dragon  
The mushrooms and the bumble bees told the  
flowers how it happened  
She was lost in the invisible war..

## Fighting in the battle

Her love is still buried there in the ruins of the castle  
And the castle oscillates to the beating  
heart of her mind  
And the castle is taller than the northern lights  
And the castle can never be rebuilt again...  
No way...

An embarrassingly pure little song.. Ha.. I say embarrassing because as I wrote it (just a couple of lines, that didn't end up in the song, and the one chorus line "and the castle can never be rebuilt again.. No way.." I was truly sad and I was singing and writing about this sad sad situation (a friend of ours had committed suicide) and felt like I was doing what a songwriter should do.. be real and let it flow.. Ha.. But the next day when I listened to it.. I thought it was really boring and approached the song as being about the person (who had killed themselves) instead of it (the song) being about me.. So yeah.. I'm embarrassed about that part .. But I think songs work like that.. They let you get something out.. And I think this delicate whimsical song really came to life as soon as I sang (into my phone .. It was the only recording device I had in that moment) the very first lines.." Her eyes were butterflies her smile was a rainbow .. I still heard it (the song) as being very very sad and so, to me, because I was convinced of its power (the power of this sadness.. which, I think, was just me being still sad about the real life situation) it allowed me to sing these utterly silly romantic lyrics as a way of masking something horrible and brutal and fucked up and unspeakable.. it's a motherfucker.

## ALMOST HOME (BLISKO DOMU)

Oh, we're almost home  
Oh, oh, almost home..  
Oh, we're almost home  
Home...

The thought soon becomes the word  
The word then becomes the deed  
If the deed is evil blame the thought is the seed  
Change the spark that makes the need  
Did your mind invent your mind??  
The insect crawls out on the leaf  
The leaf falls into the fire  
Burning up my fragile dream  
of how the world is full of love.  
It's not what I thought it was.  
Hurting us until we're dust.. Us, us, us  
The action needs its energy  
It takes it from your hate and greed  
Makes you scared there's gonna be  
a stranger grabbin' you by the throat...  
or is it someone that you know.  
You fear revenge from those you've hurt...  
Haha

The first part of the track started off as an instrumental.. I think we just really loved that synth/drum machine pattern and the sudden shift to A, kind of, symphonic folksy thing.. Right at the end (of recording and mixing the record) I added the lyrics "oh We're almost home.. oh we're almost home" ..

The second part just happened one day as an after thought to, what ended up being, the 7 inch single B side called Jest (There Is).. we turned, what was, in that song, a bass line into a bell and vibraphone sound and as it went by, I think almost the first time, I wrote down the lyrics. I think I saw a Buddha quote on Instagram and I just kept the parable going..

## WE A FAMILY

It's been a long cold winter  
Feels like it's been forever yeah...  
We both travelin'...  
I'm somewhere south of Wichita  
You're somewhere up there under the moon  
I can't see you  
Flying along the engines hummin'  
Jesus and the spaceships comin' down  
Oh and I just can't imagine life  
without you could ever happen now!!  
It's you and me..we a family..  
It's been a long hot summer  
I miss you, it's a bummer yeah  
We both travelin'  
You're somewhere south of Wichita  
I'm up here somewhere under the moon  
I can't see you..  
Flyin' along the engines hummin'  
Jesus and the spaceships comin' down  
Oh and I just can't imagine life  
without you ever happen now  
It's you and me... we a family



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