



CHERRY GLAZERR

CLEM - guitars, voc., synths, drum machine, screaming, humming, lying on the floor

TABOR - drums, percussion, synths, drum machines, wuritzer, chuckles, standing on chairs

DEVIN - bass, running around on his hands

CARLOS - production, magic sauce, synths, drum machine, oat milk

All songs written by Clementine Creevy. Produced and mixed by Carlos de La Garza at Music Friends Studios, Los Angeles, CA. Assitant engineers Spencer Lore, Andrew Mandell, Kevin Martin, and Daniel Smith. Additional instrumentation by Carlos de la Garza. Lead Guitar, "That's Not My Real Life". Delicate Stone Mastered by Emily Lazar at The Lodge NY. Assisted by Chris Allgood. Art Direction: Clementine Creevy. Design + Layout: Nataniel David Utesch. Cover Photography: Pamela Litsky. Additional Photography: Tabor Allen and Devin O'Brien. Management: Laurence Freedman and Evan Bright at Telegraph Road Management. A+R: Ben Swanson.

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Ohio

I walked until my face got red, I walked on
The light inside my head went dead, I turned off

I wish myself the best, but I'm broken
The light inside my head went dead, and I turned off

When you're moving, there's no ground beneath you
When you're moving, there's no ground beneath you
In the winter

She told me to stay, the same, I pushed her into my game
I'm full of the bad, bad problems, so
Just take me away (x5)

Daddi

Where should I go, Daddi? What should I say?
Where should I go? Is it okay with you?
Who should I fuck, Daddi? Is it you?
Is it you? Is it you?
Where should I go, Daddi? What should I say?
Where should I go? Is it okay with you?
Who should I fuck, Daddi? What should I say?
Where should I go? Is it okay to play?
Daddi, Daddi, Daddi

Don't hold my hand
Don't be my man
Don't hold my hand

What should I look, Daddi? What should I say?
What should I go? Is it okay with you?
Who should I suck, Daddi? What should I play?
Where should I go? Is it okay with you?
Who should I fuck, Daddi? What should I say?
Where should I go? Is it okay to play?
Daddi, Daddi, Daddi

Don't hold my hand
Don't be my man
Don't hold my hand

Smoking makes me taste like metal (x2)
To keep you away

Wasted Nun

Flesh and bones, giving in
I can't see the fog I'm in
But it's there, in my eyes
In my car, in the sky
I'm so tired, weekend in
I'm an unproductive sin
Special lady with her issues
You can sue me if I kiss you

I'm a wasted girl and I don't know how (x2)
I'm a wasted girl (x2)
I'm a wasted nun and I don't have fun

Turn over, turn over, turn over
Make myself tough, making my commotion
Going through these motions
Let me in through the door
I can't find it if you hide it
Under my skin, I need more
I won't mind it if I find it

I'm a wasted girl and I don't know how (x2)
I'm a wasted girl (x2)
I'm a wasted nun and I don't have fun

That's Not My Real Life

I can sit in misery like a proper woman
Easier to see
I can give you all I have, all my secrets
If that's what you want from me
I will be your naked tree
If that's what you want from me

I will be your naked tree
Take my leaves if that's what you want from me

I don't know what stuck me here in the ground
But I want to untie myself
The suits, they don't want me to go
They just want me to bare it all for all the women
Punish me, punish me, punish me, punish me, please

Self-Explained

I started reeking of the people I was with
I have no secret, I was freaking out a bit
I took a chopper 'cause I grew up with a lot of changes
I am alone a lot, I see this as my weakness
I am embarrassed of my solo, I don't know why
I don't want people to know how much
Time I spend alone (x4)

When I take you on, I try
When I take you on, I try (x2)

I put up cinderblocks to take away the pain
I separated from society today
I don't get close to anybody but my feelings
I cannot think when I am feeling
I think of people that I used to see who don't like me
I don't want people to know how much
Time I spend alone (x4)

Isolation

So isolated, I talk to the voice in my head
So isolated, my body is taking a leave
So isolated, I don't wanna let people see
My isolation is simple and stupid as me
Don't crowd 'cause I am not a shell
I burned myself when I was running hell

Don't let go (x2), everybody knows
Don't let go (x2), everybody shows

So isolated, I talk to the voice in my head
So isolated, my body is taking a leave
I sit alone, I hope that you can't tell
I'm dripping guilty, hide away and melt

Juicy Socks

I don't want nobody hurt
But I made an exception with him
I'm so lucky I can breathe
When the others
Cannot swim, no (x3)

Don't be nervous, don't be nervous
Don't be nervous, don't be nervous

I don't want nobody hurt
But I made an exception with him
I'm so lucky I can swim
When the others
Cannot breathe, no (x3)

Take me with you (x4)

Pieces

I just wanna touch you with my bleeding heart
I don't wanna skip past every little moment

I don't wanna be wrapped up in these pieces (x2)
Nobody is chasing us
Nobody is running

I hold my tongue so I don't repeat myself
Instead I beat myself
I don't wanna sit here thinking about you tonight
I don't wanna know what's wrong and what's right

Stupid Fish

Shocked us and tied
I want so badly to say what's on my stupid mind
I'm running out of sinking sand
I'm giving up control, I'm setting that aside

I don't wanna try to pretend
Like I know what's happening
I'm a stupid fish and so are you
Maybe I'm mad 'cause I see me in you

Me and you
I see myself in you
Me and you

Empty out my empty head
Stop pretending to see
I can't escape my one-dimensional mind
Hairy people trying not to die

Distressor

Violence in my head
I put my mask on like everybody else
But tie mine tight
So I can't feel pain
My house is a mess
I don't see nobody, anybody for three days
I wanna be alone
The jarring silence helps me see
Shut out the noise so I can just be

So I can just be
So I can just be, be
Be

Dig it in my makeup
Take a place away, from the main stage
Better than a traitor
Push up on the fader
I just wanna drown in my own noise
I just wanna drown in my own noise
Beneath time, the only faces I can see
Are the faces I pushed away from me



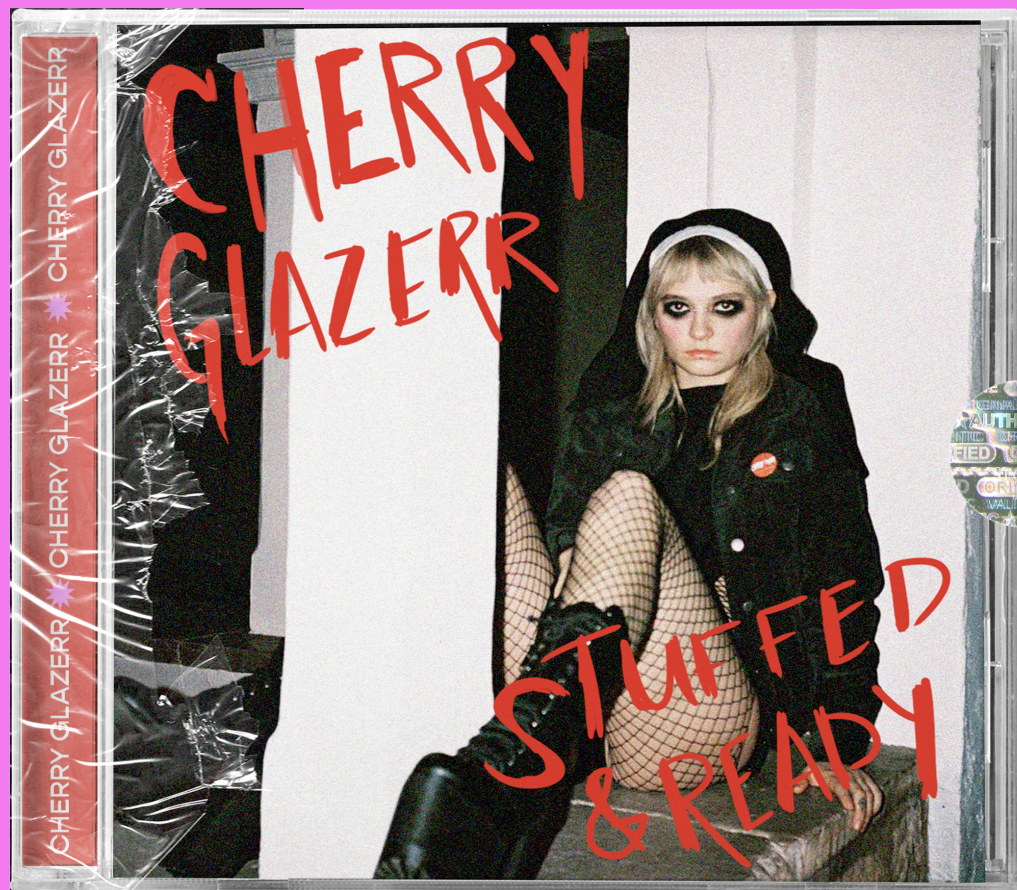
1.

Ohio
Daddi
Wasted Nun
That's Not My Real Life (ft. Delicate Steve)
Self-Explained

2.

Isolation
Juicy Socks
Pieces
Stupid Fish
Distressor







7 in. Vinyl Remixes



Side A



Side B