

Fairy Tales in Yoghourt

Shape Mistakes

LP - sortie le 4 novembre 2022

Setlist :

- Mania (6:43)
- Lose this Disease (4:26)
- Campers (3:50)
- Shape Mistakes (5:34)
- If you don't Think (1:21)
- Pencils and Troubles (6:59)
- Wild Lovers (Animals) (3:01)
- Imitated Glow (3:30)
- Shocky Toppy / Visions of Emily Brontë (3:39)
- Find Them (3:31)

Crédits (EN) :

FTiY is Benoît Guchet

All songs written and performed by FTiY

Recorded by Olivier Ménard at Corner Box (Rocheservière - France) and at home between 2014 and 2020.

Mixed by FTiY except "Shape Mistakes" (Pierre Antoine Parois / FtY)

Mastered by Alan Douches at West West Side Music (NY) except "Find Them" by Joris Saïdani

Cover drawing by Enora Le Guillou

Layout by FTiY / Alizée Cormerais

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A billion candies to Nathan, Bertille, Akhenantoine, Damien, Sébastien, friends, bands, family that fed me,
bartenders that watered me

All kinds of kind people that have been kind for over a decade

Mania

When you were young and you were looking for someone
Someone thin, and it dropped me in
In your downward trend, it was evident
As I was sleeping, the bottom of my clothes has fallen
You shouted at me, fuck, it's a bloody religion
You would shock me then
You would shock me
Shock me

Soon we'll adore the kind of things we wanna forget
And be enough fair to write and share
Your irrepressible moans and your trips on your own as a pact
I'll try to love you, I'll try to undersatnd you, I'll try to be there, I will care
But you won't understand, and you're already landing
Elsewhere

Cause it's a mania
You slur

You drink a bit of Chimay now you're fine
Or depressed
The way the way you act is such a board game
Out of pity, you say you're not so chilly
With a lethargic touch
And your songs of monks are throwing everything to the trash

Peaches or the New Kids on the Block
Pick your thrill
I don't know don't know don't know i don't know who's to blame
But one day i'll be another gent
And I will grap your pills
McLean special hospital I'll be there just to finally get
What is the mania
You slur

(Pont)

It's a mania, bowling everything to the mine
It's a manic depression that you don't want to hide
It's the funniest beer that turns to be a suspicious wine
x2

Yeah you could be loving, what's that that you wanna get
Yeah you could be loving, what's that that you wanna get
...

Lose this disease

Got into the shop this evening
I saw it, I was not floored
I don't wanna lose this disease
I don't wanna cure it at all (x4)

On the TV show
There's a freak that's looking well
As Uncle Tom brings cynic jokes
And sexy chicks that rocks
And others funny things, and others funny things
I don't believe he's a wicked man but

I don't wanna lose this disease
I don't wanna cure it at all (x2)
Back into the shop I was drifting
Well I saw it, I was not floored
I could have checked him
I could have broken him but
I don't believe he's a wicked man

Back and forth upon a wave
Take up your forces, give your farewell
I was living in a marvel
Directed by a marvelous chief
I know this dead amorous leaf should come back
With one or two sorrows

I'm acting as a peeping man
Protected by a wrapping cellophane
He doesn't hear more blood in his thorax
He has no worm-eaten features
I've never seen a movie this boring
No more shiny defection
And now I'm staring at my failed first verse
And it's giving me pleasure

I don't wanna lose this disease
I don't wanna cure it at all (x3)
Forget the man in his ripening
Forget the man in his ripening
For we're sweeping up the crumbs of this ripening
All that time we haven't changed at all
But it's so rude, idle
It's so rude, idle
Oh well

Campers

Campers in the campfire
Risen up against those would could settle
The heathen is ready for the naked land
So ride your horse and travel
Your ultimate rehearsal, it's to my hands a glory
To walk you to this naked land

It's a walk with the mutiny, my mind is a fury
I knew this everlasting wave

You walked behind those anxious
Humble thin young men who'll never follow their leaders
And now you're all the kings of fate
You danced among the soundtracks
About some cherry you don't feel anymore your limits
And everything that's bound with it

It's a walk with the mutiny, my mind is a fury
I know this everlasting wave

Papapapa, easy listening
Papapapa, let the words sing
(Papapapa, papapapa)
This could never come back x 3
I am used, I am used

A small unknown rift will open
Nobody knows why
Evidence will untie
And a bloodshed will finish
Everything like it started first

It's a walk with the mutiny, my mind is a fury
I knew this everlasting wave

Papapapa, easy listening
Papapapa, let the words sing
(Papapapa, papapapa)
This could never come back x 3
I am used, I am used
Papapapa, easy listening
Papapapa, let the words sing
This could never come back x 3
I am used, I am used
To this dirty way.

Shape Mistakes

Born in the water, a feather inspecting two shadows
Milk is no use where a reptile's what you have to swallow

The bikes and the bruise and the garden refuse and its odours
The class of the evil, the liked, the football, the liars
All away

Hang on the wind please and catch up the milky way carrier
Soapy, delicious, the beginning of the pressures is flavoured
All the way
All the way

Youth is a fate is my dreams
But I'm not as strange as it seems
For every place and every chicks
You cross

And then monkeys are planning ahead
Monkeys in me as a trembling shed
At every level whatever the skills you own

Powder of eden blown as Baygon, wiping tomorrow
Keeping the moon in a consulting room, I will follow
Once again

And then monkeys are planning ahead
Monkeys in me as a trembling shed
At every level whatever the skills you own
And there's me and my eternal game
Who could discuss all those facts when I say that
At every moment there's always a prince who dies

If you don't Think

If you don't think about tomorrow and the future
Then you will get here anyway
And with the trombones of forgetting at their loudest
You'll never trigger no delay

Well I'm trying, I'm trying, I'm trying, I'm trying
Inside it's a new kind of dance
And i'm burying my sheets once again and anew
My plan is very clear
I have no time for any fear
And I'm asleep

If you don't think about tomorrow and the future
You'll never want nowhere to stay
Then you'll do things and you'll live stuff and you will rise but
You will be buried anyway
You will be buried anyway
You will be buried anyway

Pencils and Troubles

Fires and rainbows for free
Pencils, utensils
You don't understand what I see
Basil
Mint

Sail on high level detroits
Pencils that one breaks apart
The top of the nerves
Destroyed you descend
And lower than ever you aim

Paint cities on a teddy don't profane
(Thou should be turning me, turning me to top)
I'll be shaky 'til my knees are bones
(Thou should be turning me, turning me to top)
Don't get sit on my art and let the sun blind, blind
(Thou should be turning me, turning me to top)
Those who choose the wrong toy
(Thou should be tearing me, tearing me from troubles)

For the talk we've not had
For the realms you don't see
I'm not ready to ask
I'm not ready to ask
I'm not ready to ask
I'm not ready to ask

Thou should be turning me, turning me to top
Pencils and Troubles.

Wild Lovers (Animals)

Animals of the dazzling night
Starving or unconcerned
Wearing feathers or naked or waiting the tide
Animals of the sunrise

Some of them travel by moving water
Or by diving in reverse towards flying corals
For thousands of miles before reaching a place
Where they belong again

I've seen them all in books or in paintings
And I've listed their faces that I'll never touch
Cause I fear all of those animals that gaze me
And I feel them in my bones now
There is gossip all around now
And I try hard, I give up, I calm down, someone turns on the light
And I'm back in the whirlwind

Animals of a rain with no clouds
And of holy mountains
Animals of a single one and only house
That is well-tried for centuries, where they're running to death

They all are my wild lovers
I've seen them all in books or in paintings
And I follow their trails for afar
I'm a pimp
And I fear all of those animals that chase me
And I flee their immodesty
And their feet in the crap now
And their gossip all around now
And I feel that I feel I should meet them, at various times

And I'm mute as a dead mouse

Imitated Glow

Black dogs barking in your own backyard
Sunshine burns your beautiful postcards
All is imitated glow
All is imitated glow
Is it just what you need
Is it golden heaven
Will you never grope for some more

White girl sitting, in your head, in the sand
Sunshine beats your beautiful girlfriend
All is imitated glow

Black dogs barking in your own backyard
Sunshine burns your beautiful postcards
All is imitated glow
Will you never grope for some more

Real world is a tramp
Facing it is indecent
I warn you, I warn you
That's true

Shocky Toppy / Visions of Emily Brontë

Bring it to the many, check it to the many
Robots automatic landing in the waterfall
And you can feel the top and you can feel the shock
And you can feel the visions of Emily prone
And every body certain that he cannot speak
Choosing an easy road where every body sticks
And you can feel the top and you can feel the shock
And you can feel the top from above

From above and unto the mighty preacherman who shows up today
His mind floats away round the bend
And the jewels around that the fingers will shock
It is wind up away from the bend
It is wind up away from

Check it to the many bring it to the many
Robots automatic landing in the waterfall
And you can feel the top and you can feel the shock
And you can feel the visions of Emily prone
And you can peer visions of her
Vision of her in the mind of a sir ;
Fellas in the waiting room a'waiting for a doctor
Is trying to save my poor parents (x)

Everyone, the thrill is gone
Everybody for the second song
To save my poor parents to save my poor parents to save my poor parents to save my poor parents
Hearing for the second time a trigger for the second rhyme
To save my poor parents to save my poor parents to save my poor parents to save my poor parents
Everybody slicks too much affection is a risk to my reply
Riding in the mids I have to count each minor leads that you can find
And everybody took the son and you can fall a pit one morning

Hmm hmm hmm Hmm hmm hmm Hmm hmm hmm Hmm hmm hmm
I think, I mean, I'm fucked (x3)
I think, I mean, I'm (x2)
(x2)

Bring it to the many check it to the many
Robots automatic bending in the waterfall
And you can feel the top and you can feel the shock
And you can feel the top from above

From above and to the mighty fisherman who grows up today
And his mind floats away round the bend
And the jewels around that the fingers will shock
It is wind up away from the bend
It is wind up away from

Check it to the many bring it to the many
Check it to the many bring it to the many
Check

Find Them

I have to find them in the dark
I have to find them all
I have to move my head and dance
I have to walk alone with the storms
But now I'm thinking bout the past
About this time when we knew, when we drew,
When we were learning these compromising things

I want to stand and be adored by all the presidents
Abuse their girls and stay here
Waiting for the wind to turn on
But now I'm gazing back at last
Around this time when we drew what we knew,
When we were learning all these compromising things

And after all I'll be a pillar of the game
Smashing your heads, feeding my elbow in a van

Dance
Dash all your self-defense
And walk
Dance
Picture your heart in a dance
And walk, and walk, and walk

But now I take it all with pleasure as a compliment
For how much the hell I've tried
For how much the hell I've failed and learnt
But as the day goes by
I'm following it in its fall
And it's barely awaken
That I'm looking back for everyone

I used to sit there in the dark
I used to hear them all
Conversing bout their babies
Laughing about the lives they've had
But now I'm cheering they've all passed, and I'm on top
And I don't even care
And I don't even telephone them now

Their games and rules are now the last of all my plans