



FRIENDS OR WHATEVER



Friends or Whatever has arrived

blocSonic is quite proud to present to you the self-titled debut by Richmond, Virginia artist Friends or Whatever. With its fusion of shimmering electronica and a raw rock vibe, FoW proves to be a very engaging listen. At times quiet and contemplative... at other times beat-driven and laced with distorted guitar and melancholic vocals. All the while a bit challenging to put your finger on and yet it's quickly familiar. It's that very enigmatic nature that's sure to pull you in.

On a side note, I just wanted to give a shout out to [Just Plain Sounds](#). When I first heard early versions of some of the FoW music, I had not known that it was originally set for a JPS release. After approaching Mark Herbkersman (aka Friends or Whatever) about a blocSonic release, I found out. I have to give props to [Anthony Gillison aka Just Plain Ant](#) who was gracious enough to allow us the pleasure. So thank you once again Ant!!!

Thank YOU for downloading and listening, I hope you'll enjoy it every bit as much as I do. Remember... as always... share it... podcast it... blog it.

Peace

Mike Gregoire

Founder/Curator blocSonic.com



All songs written, produced & performed by Mark Herbkersman
<http://friendsorwhatever.com>



the burns we earn

we shot the actors; left 'em face down in the dirt. they like to pretend, like to fake it, they can't show you where it hurts. and all the answers to your questions left the end of that gun barrel. and all the black holes that surround your love have faded out forever. they're the burns we earn, now i'm kissing 'em clean, in a light shining down, impossible to see.

piss test

the outside world is a piss test, we all get judged by the shitheads. the outside world should release us. don't mind white noise on your ear drums, the bands all stop when the cops come. our leaders lie to save their asses, ain't got no respect for the working classes. so the banks go down in flames, oil in the hurricanes. so much more to worry about today. every time you call my name, nothing ever feels the same.

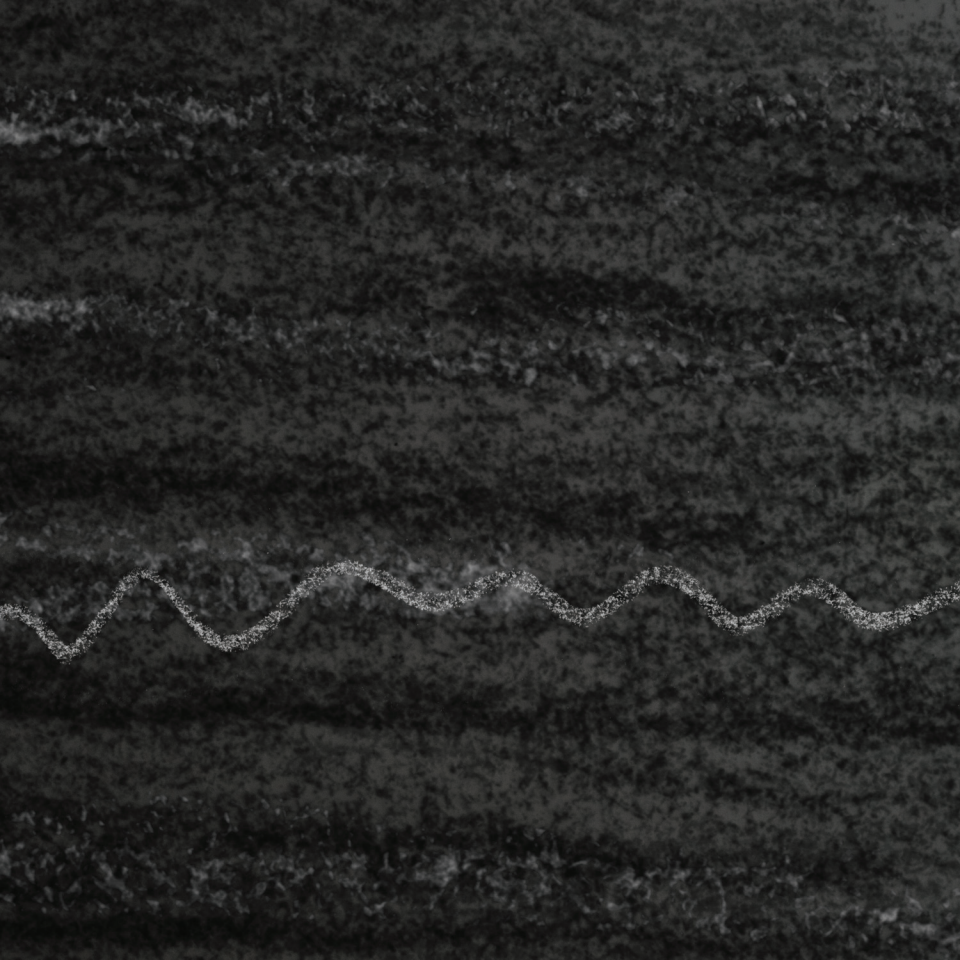


walk through walls

we're not gonna walk through walls to meet you. we lost and found these sounds like ballpoint pens and lighters. you wrote your number on my hand, you're sure i'd be delighted. we brainstorm all these worlds then crush 'em into pieces. there's something wrong with every one, that's all that i believe in.

no excuses

no excuses for my passion, all these chords are everlasting. i saw your car parked there today. i just gotta make it happen, i see you talk (so much to say). i watch you drift and fade away. and you know that i get so tired, but i can't stop waking up with you. i just gotta let it happen. but i can't stop waking up next to you. no excuses, no no.





stuck in my soul

i can remember all the lies you used to hold. they fell from your hands like shattered glass onto the floor, getting stuck in my soul. and it won't go. i can remember all the lies you used to tell. they won't wound me now, pull out the arrows. none of my blood getting stuck in my soul.

everybody stopped calling me

everybody stopped calling me, cause i dropped my telephone in the river. everybody stopped picking up because these narrow threads only need to fray a little.

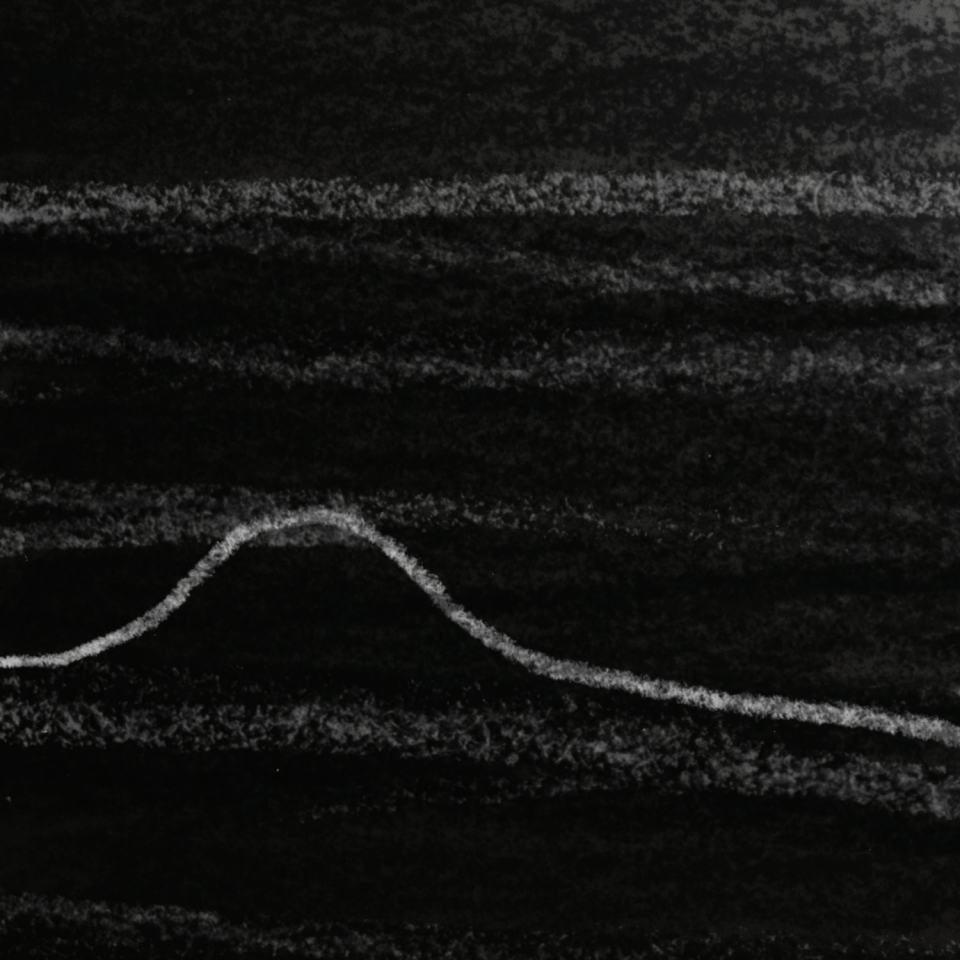


be on something

we keep coming back to nothing. we keep trying to be on something. i need speed. i need the movement from dream to dream. i need it all surrounding me. this electricity sticks to me.

if everybody here knew me

if everybody here knew me, they'd be surprised at what they'd see. the sharpest knives have lost their gleam. bystanders leave, and that's the way you seem to like it. if everybody here knew me, it'd be so bright i could hardly see, the spotlight shining down on me, we cut the scene. do you believe in all we've wrote? in all we've said, i found a home inside your bed, and you left me there, and that's the way you seem to like it.





smoke floats

you left me like smoke floating up in the air, not a trace or care.

the death knell of our afternoon

blitzed in the sunshine, we're wasting all our time. the nightfall has gotta come soon. pissed hours away like we did yesterday, it's the death knell of our afternoon. not a lot to do when you're broke. half a pack of cigarettes to smoke. and all we're gonna do is sit around telling jokes about people we used to know. (and we don't like 'em anymore)



modern jokes

now the pyramids have crumbled, riverbeds remain. the magic markers all dry up with half a portrait made. what do you do when all these meteors come rainin down upon your monuments to apathy, right where we belong? i don't know what to tell you, i can't remember any prayers you ever offered up in the middle of hailstorm, falling down the stairs. now the parking lots are vacant, the street lights flicker, fade. these modern jokes are stupid cause the punchlines never change. what do we do when all we try to taste ends up so bittersweet? a little bit of loneliness is all i ever need.

shattered

set fire to the warehouse, let it burn. now it's not the eye of my concern. see the flames, tell me what's there left to learn? you all shatter on the outside.





maybe

and maybe we could take these blindfolds off, and let this city sleep, and return all the rent. and maybe we could take down all these walls, and leave you underneath the rubble that you've made. and maybe we could be friends, or whatever.

richmond is killing us all

nerve gas and volcanic ash in the air. hurricane season is coming to bear down on our town like an anvil to fall. richmond is killing us all. mercury poisons the water supply. belle isle is scorched earth and the james has run dry. and all of your feelings adjusted with pills. richmond is killing us, and it always will. end all your friendships, the weak and the strong. erase all your memories, short term and long, cause there's not much time before everything's done. richmond is killing us all, every one.



Special thanks to: Adam Ferriss - Anthony Gillison - John Laslett - Will Metcalf.

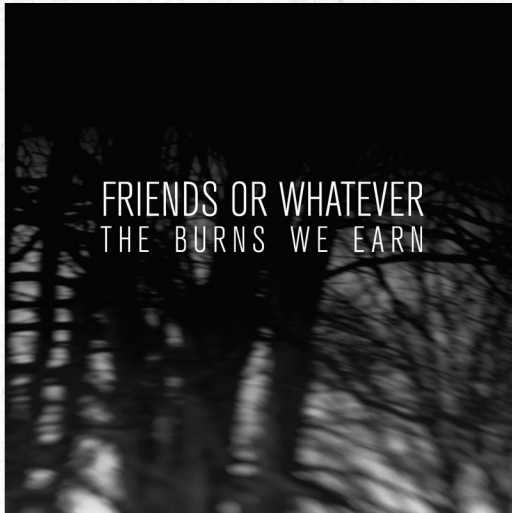
Cover photograph courtesy of Adam Ferriss

<http://www.adamferriss.com>
<http://adamferriss.blogspot.com>

Other photographs courtesy of John Laslett

<http://anguslaslett.blogspot.com>

Also available by Friends or Whatever



Coming Tuesday, June 8th 2010 — "Stuck In My Soul"

Also available from blocSonic



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JUST **PLAIN**
SOUNDS

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