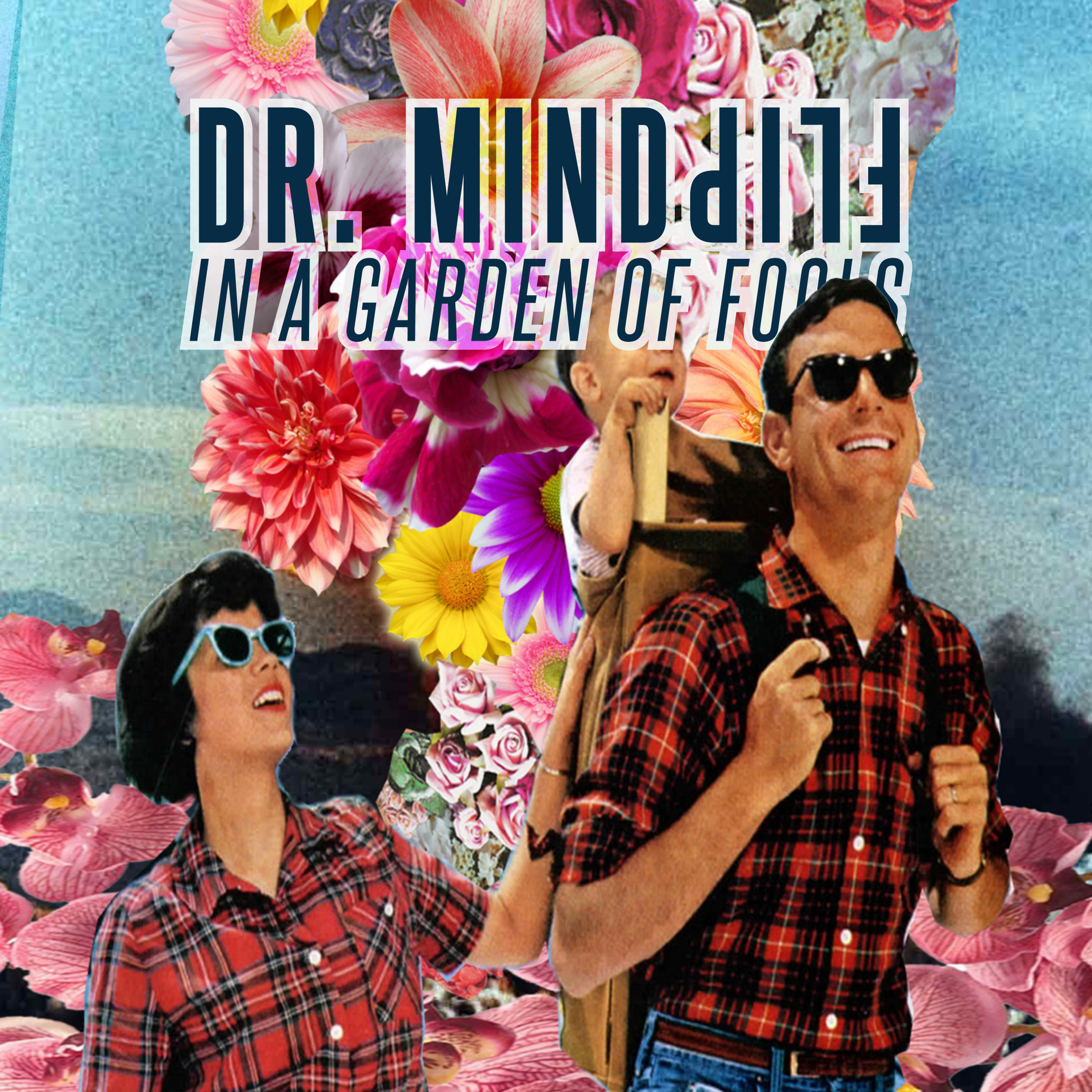
DR. MINDFLIP
IN A GARDEN OF FOOLS

RUDDERLESS HIPPIE, DR. MINDFLIP

vocals, damp attic piano, big filthy wobbly organs, 7am accordion

SUCH A MINION, AIDAN GUILFOYLE

vocals, claasss bass, so claasss, turf-black guitar, totally tubular bells,
tympanum-trembling timpani, bathycolpian banjo, feckin everything really

LOYAL SERVANT OF ARTHUR, SÉAN KENNY

vocals, skins n tubs, scotch consultant, games tzar

TOTALLY HAD THE BANTS WITH TOMMY WISEAU, STEPHEN SPIES

glistenin' strings

Produced by Aidan Guilfoyle, Dr. Mindflip, self-inflicted sleep deprivation and mutual masochism
Recorded & mixed by Aidan Guilfoyle at Rainwater Studios
Mastered by Richard Dowling at Wav Mastering

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This release is dedicated to the memory of Denis O'Grady - his unwavering kindness, love of music and sense of humour continues to inspire everyone whose lives he touched.

1 *WORLD OF YOUR OWN* 3:02

Never did no wrong
Never did enough
Ever make a song and dance
For fancy folk you thought were above you?
Throw your hat at it
Out hops a rabbit
He points a paw and laughs at your ceaseless pursuit of love
But oh those simple melodies
They put your mind at ease
Here in this world of your own
A world of your own creation

Give it all you got
Think you're fine, but you're not
Ambitions rot because you left them far too long on the shelf
Deep down you insist
That you're an idealist
Do you remember optimistic you, how good she felt? No?
Do you recall your altruistic view, your heart of wealth? No?
Then the simple energies
Are all that you need
Here in this world of your own

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If you're distracted by the bitterness you face
Kicking back against the rats within your race
If the world makes you struggle getting out of bed
Girl there's no trouble, make another one to live within instead
And get out of your head!

Now you gaze into the trees
And graze on twitching leaves
Here in this world of your own
All of your own

2 *CHEST BEATER* 3:29

Is this a mating display that's gone and lost its way?
Your little pantomime has wasted quite enough of my time
You know that needlessly striving, weakness-denying,
Steady degradation is worse
So don't you worry about the living and dying
Puking and crying
Just leave it to the experts

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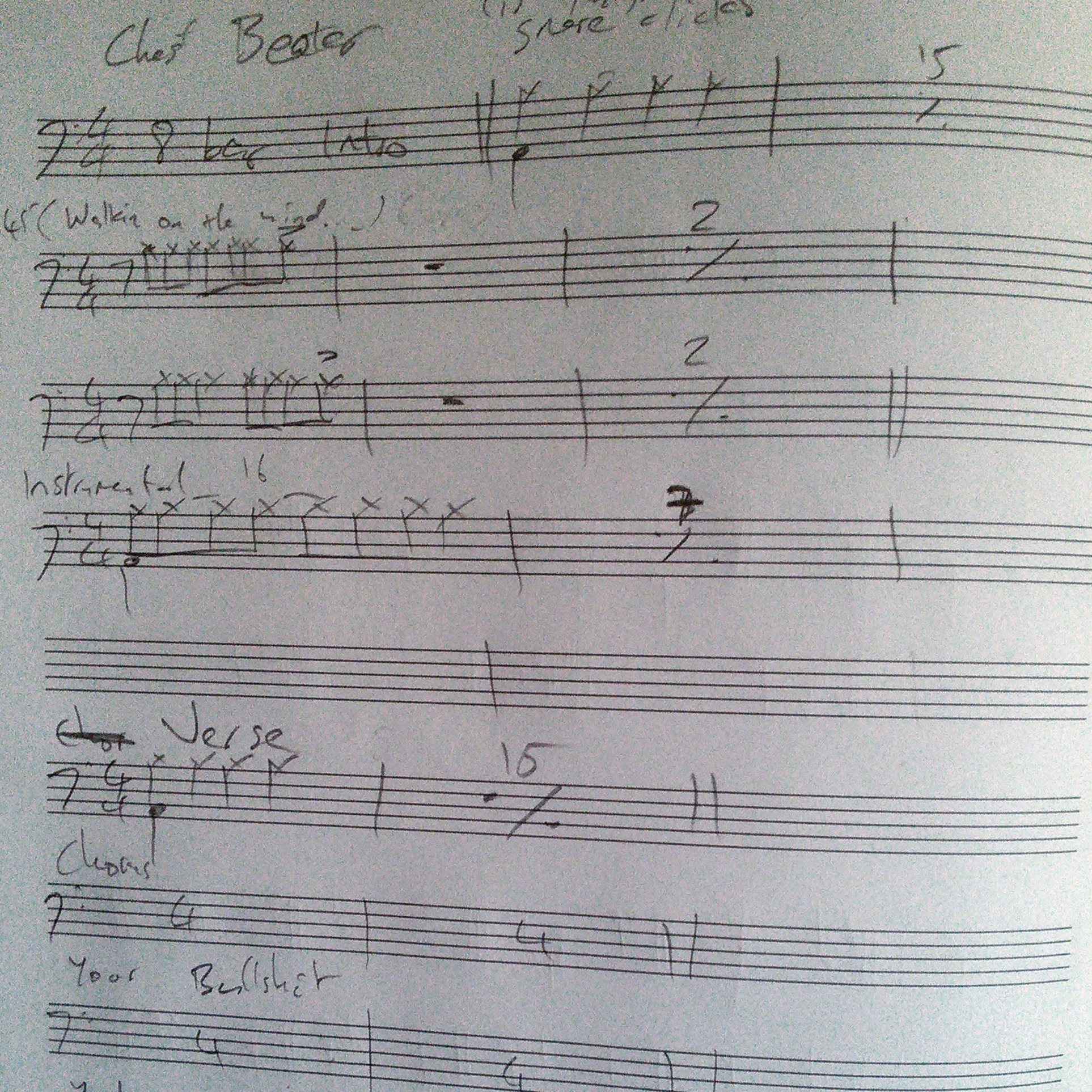
Chef Beater

(1) Snare clicks



Walking on the wind
Your words ain't coming in loud and clear
Cos you're talking nonsense
Truth it bends in a torus when the cracks appear

I don't care about your imagined conquests
Supposed banging-prowess
Your fickle outlook
How many merry go round routes you took
And while sea eagles are flying
You're ego-supplying
Shovelling your crumbling self-worth
Your grasp upon the monomyth's tenuous
Obscene, disingenuous
Your true emancipation will hurt

Walking on the wind
Your words ain't coming in loud and clear
Cos you're talking nonsense
Yeah, you've friends
But what makes you think that they want to hear your bullshit?

Cos I'm a chest beater - I'm a born leader

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I'm a dispute feeder
An affection needer
Let all the rest peter away their time
Neither standing here nor there
While I hide my despair beneath choreographed airs and graces
And Instagram faces
I'm bouncing off walls
Making you feel small and peaceful by comparison
It's embarrassing that this well-worn and jaded show
Is all I know

3 *WHOLE* 2:52

A silent blue electric sound
Arrests your ears, rolls around
And it consumes the empty fields between your thoughts
It feels serene, but you're not a bit immune
Or able to resist
It speaks the language of your soul
Takes you by the wrist
Pulls you from your hole
Into the night

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Fly in inverted castle dreams
Replace your eyes
It's not what it seems
It's not in you
No it's not
And it can't bring you away
From the life your heart wishes for
It speaks the language of your soul
Takes you by the wrist
Pulls you from your hole
Fills you with light

When it's over, you'll be older
And wiser too
With a strong head on your shoulder
Nice to climb into
Strike a balance
Let this challenge embolden you
And it's over before you know it
Its hold on you

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4 *PRECIOUS* 9:58

What's wrong with you?

Sitting on a precious mountaintop
Observing the trees
Swaying in the breeze
Doing just as they please
Your shadow peeps out from beneath a rock
And whistles a tune
"Your time is coming soon..."
Swap the sun for the moon

A plague of fantasies descends upon
This haven of mine
And though I know I'm fine
It's amazing to watch them dine
I'm tearing the horizon from the ground
It's cracking like ice
They're pulling me inside
Where nothing is born, or dies

We'll fashion a mask of all your paper planes

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groups
mono
stereo
pan
pan to groups
MUTE
input
SOLO
Rack out
Snare Top
OH left
Room mic1
Room mic2

(you love it too, don't you? love it)
Get passionless, bask in awe
Your growing pains hold sway in your head
Groundless and extreme
The source of your dread distressful dreams
If you don't love it
Why don't you chuck it out?

A hair emerges from my head
It's boldly grey amidst brown
As I swim in sound
To you, I'm just fucking around
But while the outside world is grey
My soul replays symphonies
I grab at them and squeeze a mountain
For you and me

A wondrous time was had by all concerned
(you know it too, don't you? know it)
The candle has died, both ends have been burned away
The friends that you keep love you as you are
Day ends and you sleep, your lover in your arms
If you know it

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Why don’t you show it now?

What’s wrong with you?
Don’t bother me
My heart’s abreeze
Treating myself like a precious object
Will make me

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DR. MINDFLIP FRYING UP A GREASY APPRECIATION OMLETTE FOR:

Michael Gregoire for his enthusiasm, encouragement and the awesome blocSonic, SndChaser for the epic Cerebral Rift and his kind words, Leithris, Synthesis Weekly, Alex O'Brien, Ryno The Bearded, Intangible23, Pheonix, Jamendo and Ojdo.de for their sweet reviews and plays, Kenny Smith for another smokin' cover, C-Doc and The Impossebulls for the funky collab, Dan for dancing for us in our hours of need, Bridie's magic pints, all of the ludicrously-talented loons we are privileged enough to call our friends, our supportive and patient families, the Weekly Beats crew for lighting a seriously productive fire, ekayi and James McGlynn for their crazy creativity, The Mammoth Book of Best New Erotica 11 for undisclosed reasons, Bitwise Operator and DollHead/Yan for the sick remixes, everyone who has recorded, released, downloaded, bought or shared a Creative Commons release, and YOU for checking out this weird little slice of sound - enjoy it, share it, and drop us a line if you dig it!

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MAPEX

MORE MINDFLIP, MORE:

http://blocsonic.com/artist/dr-mindflip

http://facebook.com/drmindflip

http://soundcloud.com/drmindflip

http://twitter.com/drmindflip

http://youtube.com/drmindflip

Do you understand life, do you?

info@drmindflip.com

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ALSO AVAILABLE BY DR. MINDFLIP

(click image to visit release page)

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Marshall
SHURE
THON
VENICE
Hand Hammered
18" Suspended 18"/45 cm
SABIAN

THANKS TO DR. MINDFLIP AND EVERYONE INVOLVED FOR MAKING 2014 AT BLOCSONIC INCREDIBLY WEIRD AND WONDERFUL! I LOOK FORWARD TO WHAT YOU'VE GOT COOKING FOR THE FUTURE.

- Michael Gregoire, blocSonic

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