



Astrid & Alexander

[romantic music plays loudly]

*We made an LP!
Largely without having really intended to.*

Of course, it's a perilous undertaking. There were whole tracts of time when we were quite unsure where it was all heading. Themes bubbled up, ideas emerged, #inspo was felt. Making a record remains somewhat mystifying, like going skiing by accident – but in a good way.

Anyway, in lieu of the humbling expense of making 'a vinyl' and eschewing the retro modishness of cassette tapes you won't be able to play, we've provided this, a book of lyrics (with supporting imagery).

Words, they're evergreen, we reckon. They look good on a page, all written out. So, have a peruse as you listen. (There's a QR code at the back that'll take you to the album). Then you can leaf through the following pages, and fancy yourself someone from the 1970s, lying on a sofa with a periodical. Check you out, you snazzy one...

*We hope you enjoy the music!
A & A x*



EXT. DAY. LOS ANGELES

A mansion, high up in hilly Pacific Palisades.

A well dressed male figure stands by the pool in a pale blue shirt, holding a glass of champagne.

He might be expecting guests for a pool party.
Startled by a sound, he turns to face the camera.

A number of men emerge from a battered van.
They fan out silently and approach the entrance.



I am a businessman

please don't take my life

I do apologise, this is not my wife

The pool is new, I have money here

What can I do? Please don't take my wife

I am the President, follow my every word

I speak in bites, and wear a sword

On occasions grand, the crowds perspire

Someone writes my script, then yells "you should retire!"

It was a hit, man, a clinical and bitter plan

It was a hit, man, a clinical and bitter plan

And they always run away

Yes they always run away

Unlikely odds and sudden friends

The product's off, is this our journey's end?

Don't point that thing, I will triumph here

(Believe me officer, this is not my car)

A blazing day, so much to do

The swimming pool's on fire

It was a hit, man, a clinical and bitter plan

This artful twist, and skyfall kiss

A hopeless arrangement

It was a hit, man – a clinical and bitter plan

And they always run away

Yes they always run away

And they always run away

Yes they always run away

*"What if love is only questions?" she asked me once, that sunny day
At a loss, the silence gathered, and then the answers we hid away...*

The silver foil of high end paper
The imperfect smile of a perfect stranger
That time we found that whip in a basement
That ice coffee they sell in Albania
Your smile or mine, whichever is greater

What else is good?

The public hanging of Sir Paul Dacre
The horoscopes in your local paper
That novelist who turned out a traitor
The doomed picnic we shall attend later
(The speed at which my reputation cratered)
What else is good?

She came by way of Berlin and France
Took my breath away as we'd start to dance
Could I keep up, with her darling mission?
Her curiosity was all ambition
To the coolest hopes her heart was tied
The quotidien we would quite elide
That afternoon we killed 'would' or 'should'
As she whispered 'well, what else is good?'

The fool that became love's agitator
The groove that moves underneath the faders
The horse that bested those sad spectators
That new rocket that won't return later
Retirees who decry the haters

What else is good? (I keep asking)



Did I catch your eye?
As I blinked into the light
“Unintentions can lead you to the heights of such delight”
It said that on a billboard...
Said that on a billboard

Did you catch my drift?
The features on the side
The salient points, my tainted love besides
I put them on a billboard
Put them on a **billboard**

With a smile, did you subvert,
this cold advert that I'd become
Behind the claim, this calm expert,
A smiling face under the summer sun (pretense undone)

Did you buy my drink?
The conversation to unwind
The radio plays a terrible song we like
Our faces on a billboard
Faces on a billboard

Did I find the key?
To a largely broken door
Now tidy of mind as we skip across the floor
You'll find me on a billboard

Billboard, find us on a billboard
Billboard, find us on a billboard
Billboard, find us on a billboard
Billboard, find us on a billboard



I've been everyone you've seen, today
I've met everyone you seek, they say
We'll take everything that life, brings our way
Immortalised, in thoughts, you can't escape

Pause, wait, satiate

Catch me in the mirror

Touch, repeat, ingratiate

I am your **public figure**

I've been everywhere, you've read, about

And if I share, it's read aloud

Well life's a dare, a blur, a dream

We all agree, as we make, these memories

Dance, smile, initiate – this endless conversation

Hope, dream, recreate – our distant hyphenation

Pause, wait, satiate - catch me in the mirror

Touch, repeat, ingratiate - I am your public figure

Resist me not, you'll not abide, a world without my traces

Don't be scared, if in the night, all that you see is faces

Cold to touch, beneath the glass

A world of joy, but a ghost of the past

Introduced, hands unseen


A distant wave, this everything

chorus repeat

I am your public figure

I am your public figure





I was in the centre ground
Underkissed and out to sea
When through the mist I found
A new possibility
You annoy but to persuade
It's a strange ability
They said the theory was unsound
All putdowns and weaker tea

What are you like boy?

What are you like boy?

What are you like boy?

— I don't know

Tell me a new one

Make it a good one

Make it a great one

— I'm unsure

What are you like boy?

What are you like boy?

What are you like boy?

— I don't know

Why do you like me?

Why do you like me?

Why do you like me?

— I don't know

You'll find me on the phone, at the bottom of the garden
Standing still but unalone, hopes up and my guard down
You set fire to our coats, the joy is in the danger
We build it all on hopes, that, and a handsome stranger

It's an everyday, mystery
Nothing new, here to see
Penny drops, without a sound
Your blue-eyed dream, is underground
chorus repeat



An unbelievably appealing sound
Reappearing after landing on the ground
Doing twice the speed that I had made before
A taste of something new under the door
A brew that's new that everyone needs
A flower found so tall among the weeds
Appearing two where once was only me
The new phase no one said that it could be

I **woke up**, it's a mystery
All shook up, there's no mystery
Beat the clock, didn't think we'd come this far
In this dress, well you've gotta say
My big address, vote for me today
You came through, like a shining star

An inconceivably unlikely turn
Events, dear boy, but will I ever learn?
Idyllic though as if a twist of fate
If the art is simply making the mistake
The word was never really "friends"
Intention's overrated in the end
Don't blame me if a new day has to dawn
We'll only make it up, s'we go along

*We'll meet then in that old village square
Two faces and a new taste for the air
Whoever said I disappeared that day
Never met me when I feel this way*

I woke up, I woke up



*We stood outside the town hall,
Waiting for the clock to strike
Didn't think I'd still be here
Staring up at moonlight*

Now, where were we, amid something good
There's a trace of hesitation
In your face, it's understood

Now, where were we?

For all this time

I've been hiding something special
Gently hoping you'd be mine

Should we walk? Do you speak?
Could we talk? With our feet?
D'you approve, this advance
Do you laugh, do you dance?
I'm not sure that you could
But I just think that you should

Now and then we will pause for air
It's a moment punctuated,
By the spirit of the stairs
Now, well will we, this unlikely step
There's a trace of trepidation
In your gait out on the ledge

Are you maths? Do I dream?
Are we only on screen?
Can you touch what is new?
To let go and undo
I'm not sure that you could
But I just think that you should
Should we walk? Do you speak?
Could we talk? With our feet?
D'you approve, this advance
Do you laugh, do you dance?
I'm not sure that you could
But I just think that you should

*Persuasion is a subtle art
Reaching out across a space
Fear the dart, that pulses race
That stills your heart, another day
We stood outside the town hall
Waiting for the clock to strike
Didn't think I'd still be here
Staring up at moonlight*

New pumps for the spring, put a spring into my heels
Something new to sing, and a heart that could freewheel
'J' wasn't 'G', but still germane to conversation
A twenty something madness, all blinding realisation (oh yeah...)

New hope sunlit found, the pumping sound of the summer bound
We'd track our progress daily, hand in hand as we did the rounds
What could go wrong, the crazy makes the possibilities
But never trust a song, that takes the beat into insanities

Cheat sheets, lying to your pillow,

I get disarmed after dusk
The poets only write the saddest lines
Yet we were on the cusp

The party was a bust... but our first chat the full reveal
This smile is now unseen, yet there was so much left to feel
Darker as I would find, when July left all that hope behind
Paris to Berlin, start at the end, then rebegin (oh yeah)

Cheat sheets, lying to your pillow,
I get disarmed after dusk
The poets only write the saddest lines,
Yet we were on the cusp
Cheat sheets, crying like a willow
When we do just what we must
The lines learned only in the shadow
Of the one you couldn't trust



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S. KIERKEGAARD
EITHER/OR VOL. I

gaard
er/or



You said we should worry and not give it a try (well that's you)
You said we should worry, its proof you're alive (well that's true)
You said we should hurry, if only to make some time (something new)
I'm not sure of these instructions, partial reductions in view

Hurry up and sing

hurry up and sing something I've never heard
Hurry up and bring, hurry up and bring, a hope without a word

You said we should park here,
and pause underneath a grey sky (well that's you)
Your words misdirections, enigmas punctuated
by sighs (well that's you)
You said we should wait for
the latest of stars to align (well who knew?)
(But) I'm not sure this advice would
compel most to sign on a-new

Hurry up and sing, hurry up and sing something I've never heard
Hurry up and bring, hurry up and bring a hope without a word

*And if my eyes do state
One truth you can't escape
Dawning as you awake
That I have gone
For hope's a smart move
To cheap music's dance groove
A new self, a smart suit
Love must be a song?*

Un âge, une approche, un non-retour
Je te veux, je t'agace
Et je m'agace, à quoi bon
Le rapprochement
Si c'est pour qu'on se cogne, mais à quel prix
Nos saloperies, nous ont unis

Le rêve était réel
Dans c'monde de l'usuel
Pris au piège en scène
Le défi du désir

Je me dis, "c'est fini"
Je me le dis, et ça ne m'ennuie
Aucunement, et je me mens
Malencontreusement
Je repousse le moment
De dépôt, le fameux moment de tourment.

Le rêve était réel
Dans c'monde de l'usuel
Pris au piège en scène
Le défi du désir

Unis, séparés, commencés et finis
Je t'aime, j'ai besoin de toi qui me quittes

Non-retour

Non-retour

Unis, séparés, commencés et finis
Je t'aime, j'ai besoin de toi qui me quittes
Non-retour
Non-retour



It's Friday night,
And the posh boys are crying, suddenly denying,
What they know to be true

It's **Friday night**,

And the posh boys are sighing, the party so trying,
A mood of utter blue

It's Friday night,
And the posh boys are crying, her logic mystifying,
When all else is well-to-do

It's Friday night,
And the posh boys are trying, accidently rewiring,
Their sense of the truth

It's Friday night,
And the posh boys are resigning, (their) profits declining,
The BPM starts to reduce

It's Friday night
And the posh boys are crying, dreaming and pining,
But faced with the proof

It's Friday night
In which delight descends
In which delight descends
In which delight descends





Astrid & Alexander

[romantic music plays loudly]

Vocals: Astrid Rostaing

Backing vocals: Astrid Rostaing, Alexander Mayor

Drums and percussion: Mike Monaghan

Trumpets: Mike Monaghan

Bass: Harry J. Deacon, Alexander Mayor

Guitars: Alexander Mayor

Programming: Alexander Mayor

Produced and mixed: Garo Nahoulahkian

•

All songs written by Alexander Mayor, except
'Non-retour' by Astrid Rostaing/Alexander Mayor

Thank you et merci pour tous:

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www.astrid-and-alexander.band



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