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around-stupid tracks like W.Y.G.D.T.N.S. - Schoolboy skewers our obsessive need more (W.Y.G.D.T.N.S. means when you're going to drop That Shit), but more importantly, he says a bunch of shit, says a bunch of bad things, that occurred in America, and oscillated between muted-thoughts, a stream of consciousness retreat, and a brief foray biting the growl that became his signature. First, it feels like an outro, but it's fast fact something more than a disposable stone. It's a track that plays with time and expectations and comes out the other way as a compelling collaboration between two rap greats. -Sam Hockley-Smith Starcrawler, Bet My Brains Previously Vulture profile describes Starcrawler's scuzzy gang, which evokes the teenploitation of 1970s films and that decades of street-level Hollywood debauchery. You can learn their sound from the 2019 adaptation of Jason Clark's Pet Sematary. A film that I personally initiated as someone whose children's bedroom looked at the garden of a dead petz (including one albino guinea pig named Chloe). The young pop-punk band is known for its high-octane live performances and at the same time funny and naked music videos; Bet My Brains' latest release is no exception. In the video, singer Arrow de Wilde makes clown makeup great again while practicing her exorcist routine. Meanwhile, the boys look as if they have ambushed a Depop store. They seem cool. -Corinne Osnos Brockhampton, I Been Born Again Even when Brockhampton is making low-key or overwhelmingly dark tracks, a rap group that chooses to call itself a boy band tends to lean toward cartoonish. This is usually manifested in brightly colored videos, or moments of child abundance. I Been Born Again, which is accompanied by black and white video members rolling around and doing push-ups on some sidewalk somewhere, is relatively muted rather than cartoonish at all. Instead it seems designed to rebuke those who felt like Brockhampton rode the boy-band trick too hard - it's a sheer strong, unfluffy mid-album rap track recontextualized as a single. It's vibe music and there's absolutely nothing wrong with that. Sam Hockley-Smith Taylor Swift, Archer is Called Growth, People (Kelly's signals from the gesture of the head of the Growth Of Unsafe), Taylor Swift's melodic new single, The Archer, is one of the most self-aware tracks from the songstress yet. Finally, at last, Taylor will allow her vigilance and rest - a struggle so tiring. Part of the thing with therapy and healing is acceptance - acknowledging that you can be an archer as well as mining and looking at your mistakes as critically as your enemies, and finally heal. In addition to the song sounding eerie as a reputation delicate, we are also blessed with some Old World Taylor images: As her anxiety envelops her she sings: I wake up at night, I walk like a ghost, room on fire, invisible smoke. In The Bridge, Taylor's self-realization, they see right through me... Can you see it right through me? ... I saw light through me? ... I see right through me. It must have been a breakthrough during her therapeutic songwriting sessions, or at least we hope so. Here's hoping that the rest of the album is as honest as The Archer. -Clare Palo Chance the Rapper feat. Death Cab for Cutie, Do You Remember Well, Summer Features Came to This: Chance The Long-Awaited Album, Big Day, just dropped, and the second track has none other than... Ben Gibbard? Yes, Ben Gibbard! Death Cab for the Cutie frontman, using his unmistakable, soulful white while presumably wearing a 3 cap over his floppy hair, sings: Do you remember how when you were younger/Summer everything lasted forever? Gibbard is an archer, and I am a victim; The line pieces me the way the photo album may be sensitive 16-year-old self all those years ago. Chance is certainly excellent on the track as well, romantically recalling past days (sticky shoes) and not-so-past (Will Smith as Genie). The song melts away in one long summer - maybe even 500 days of them? -Ray Rahman 1975, The 1975 You Wonder If Matthew Healy likes to be the millennial that baby boomers like (lyrics from last year's Give Yourself a Try). This is the most powerful position. He has a diverse audience at the bottom of his chair, and he's not going to spend it. In the great tradition of rock 'n' roll, his band - 1975 Manchester, England - has reached a point where they all want to put the cause first, because last year's Brief Inquiries into Online Relationships certainly proved that they have musical significance, that they have cultural significance, and that people listen. Unlike the great tradition of rock 'n' roll, they're not interested in cashing in on what might be their most defining moment as they prepare to release their next effort, Notes on Conditional Form, this year. 1975 did the punk-becoming-pop thing, they did the narcissistic crisis thing, and now they're doing an all-fucked-so-we-can-as-well-save-the-world thing. Notes on conditional form then begins, like all their other albums - with a track called The 1975. Except this time, 1975 did not take the left. Greta Turnberg, a 15-year-old climate change activist, knows. I was sent this a week before his release while in the swamp of extreme anxiety about a whole load of personal nonsense that doesn't really matter. When I listened to what Turnberg said, when I heard 1975 interact with my audience, when I imagined Matthew Healy giving his stage to another leader at half his age, because she thought we still had time to make a difference, it really calmed me down. All the money received from this song will go to the climate change movement Extinction Rebellion, and the instruction is that we all wake up! There's a lot to work on. Let's do it. -Eve Barlow DIIV, Skin Games While I am fully aware that the phrase was all beautiful and nothing hurt was to be ironic in the era of Tumblr, I feel like we as a society are only now faced with the reality that so many of us suffer in silence. But people no longer need to hide alone in their pain; You can find support through the fight and this is the beauty of the Leather game. For me, the most chilling line of Holding's hiding my head / Everyone respects respect - reminds me of all the lives that were lost too early from an overdose. (RIP Mac Miller and Lil Peep.) DIIV's upcoming album, Deceiver, delves into the vicious circle of addiction and unpacks many aspects of the disease. There is no better time to start a dialogue; this topic is extremely relevant. -Sydney Gore PJ Morton, Ready A Lot of people thought I did. Part of this documentary is to show everyone what I did do. Work on this new record in the mountains, and this is my best work. I was so focused. Not only physically, you can see that it's crystal clear, but it's not just about that. I'm a musician ... We're going to touch everyone, I mean, kids, grandmothers, teens, twenty-somethings, thirty-something, forty-something, and fifty-something, black, red, yellow, white, green, blue, purple. Especially purple, we're going to touch a lot of people. I think it will be a worldwide phenomenon. So begins the conversational introduction to Ready before launching into tropical funk. Girl let me take you on a journey, PJ Morton begs his love interest to go steady. New Orleans artist and songwriter passes the test with aplomb. Can you finish the summer with the same confidence. -Corinne Osnos Beyonce ft. Jay-Z and Baby Gambino, MOOD 4 EVA Beyonce's Hard Bar, Her Biggest Line, Her Sick Burn, it's just her rant to her government name: I'm Beyonce Giselle Knowles-Carter, releasing every syllable with a growl-like threat and promise all at once. (Obviously she follows that by listing her royal resume: I am Nala, sister of Yoruba/Oshun, queen sheba, I am a mother.) EVA on MOOD 4 EVA is a mother I've never had. (For my actual mother and Laurie Metcalfe's Lady Bird: Please don't read this.) She's the sister everyone would like. She's the friend everyone deserves. I don't know a better person. I don't know a better person! -Hunter Harris Vivian Girls, Sisk And Now for an indie rock reunion that doesn't feel like cheap nostalgia, or maladrofit play for your purse. Vivian Girls, pupils of 2000s noise-pop implosion, have embraced their love for the joyous girl-band Harmony, the Ramones, and the bright, blown-out guitar fluff and transformed into an extraordinary mp3 blog feed. Except, of course, their songs were timeless compared to the forgetful riffing that dominated New York Warehouse Centers and College Radio in 2009, and as women in the DIY network ruled duodes, they were the progenitors of any progress the space faced in the years after their dissolution. Sick is the lead single of their upcoming full-length, Memory, their first LP in eight years, and it's as if time has passed - but it has and they just aged into it. If Sick is any sign, Vivian Girls' sound is still the hedgepodge of all its musical touchstones, promiscuous under the haze, constantly colliding and morphing into something much, much grander. Maria Wilco, Love Everywhere (Beware) What an easy fresh and beautiful new song from Chicago great Wilco, whose 14th (I) studio album, Ode to Joy, is due out this fall. Jeff Tweedy and Co. tend to work in two amorphous modes: melodic, melodic folk-rock and a type of left-field experimental alchemy that made the 2000s classic Yankee Hotel Foxtrot so striking. On Love Is Everywhere (Beware), they are firmly in the same mode, with a spinning and hypnotic guitar line faltering behind Tweedy's muted vocals - like a stone skipping across a lake, gently devastating in his meditative serenity. -Larry Fitzmaurice Charlie XCX and Christine and the queen, the besed British pop villain Charli XCX has become as much a taste provider as she is a pop star in her own right. Her upcoming third album, Charl, is all about finding strength in collaboration, and Carried is undeniably her greatest collaboration to date. The carried out manages to capture the qualities of both artists without shrinking either. It's the perfect marriage - a bull song that serves to house and protect both of their struggles. On One, Charlie and Chris separately beat about the frustration in human relationships, about the loneliness of having to rely on themselves. It is perhaps a consolation for them that they are aligned in this experience. However, apart from their related narrative, there's nothing they can do to free each other from these shackles - or even the ropes they're tied to the machine in a sensorially autoerotic video of the song. This increases the voltage and releases the titanic production of the track. Its drums sound like fireworks running inside a closed steel container. This is what it is like to be terrified of telling the truth, and at the same time not being able to let these truths eat you inside. I feel so unstable, hate these people / How do they make me feel late, charlie sings, in her most vulnerable state ever. Chris's open wound songs are clearly crying on Charlie, while Charlie zero gives out the aspirational vision lent Chris her hard half-filler yet. Gone is a song to beat this year. -Eva Barlow (Sandy) Alex G, Hope (You) Alex G Hope starts with a few devastating short lines: He was my good friend /he died / Why write about it now? / Gotta honor it somehow / Saw some people crying that night / Yes, Fentanyl took a few lives out of our lives / OK. It's a brilliant moment that manages to capture the frustration of facing down death, the helplessness that gives way to hope, and the loneliness that comes with consumed shock and grief. Hope is one of the many wonderful songs by (Sandy) Alex G, who has gone from a bedroom artist to a collaboration with Frank Ocean, but he stands out as maybe his best to date for the way he plays the gloom of the song from the almost inflatable acoustic guitar strum, making for a kind of secretly sad audition Song closes with residents of the house, the head name of the name dead friend, throwing bottles out the window. It's a snapshot of American life and American death, and it's beautiful and sad, and like the perfect portrait of the devastation that could exist. -Sam Hockley-Smith Oso, The Impossible Game of Long Beach, New York, Jade Lilliri's Oso Oso was one of the worst secrets of emo and indie rock (two sub-unders of rock music, which in 2019 are almost the same) since its release in 2017. The Yux Mixhontape, have made the rounds. A follow-up such recording, Basking in the Glow, is due out next month, and Impossible Game may be his strongest single yet - all charging power-pop guitars and Lilyrte affecting vocals, brooding and soul-searching in the way the music that sounds so can be at its best. -Larry Fitzmaurice Whitney, Valley (My Love) Whitney (My Love) Press Release for The Valley (My Love) explains that the song is about anxiety being away from a loved one, and it's pretty clear from the first line that the guys at Whitney - the most comforting sounding band we have - feel that anxiety is pretty hard. The song starts with a line: There has to be another way, but instead of too hung up on what another way maybe, or the fact that there's perhaps no other way for a bunch of touring musicians, Whitney does what Whitney does best, that writing songs that manage to call Van Morrison without sounding at all like Van Morrison, and I mean that as a huge compliment. Van Morrison, at his best, writes brooding songs that feel almost evaporated. You don't listen to his music as you live in it. Valley (My Love) acquires a similar intangible but emotional quality. Even without knowing what this song is about, you'll hear melancholy in every liting horn or ripped off string. It's the kind of track that you can play for anyone, anywhere, but it will still do all the stopping what they're doing and get reflective. -Sam Hockley-Smith Wave Racer ft Kwame, Summer Rain Your Last Guilty Pleasure Has arrived, courtesy of Australian producer Wave Racer. Summer Rain features fellow Aussie rapper Kwame, who serves up mildly meaningless, totally delightful rhymes. I saw you dancing in the summ'r rain. You looked weird, you were wearing a little weird. Don't know what it was, but it would have known your name. Kwame ramps up maximalist beats: The sound that he throws, the festival season, and the shorts that stick to you in the hallway. -Corinne Osnos Anna Meredith, Paramour British composer Anna Meredith, Paramour British composer Anna Meredith was around for a minute, but you probably heard her music without even knowing it. Her intense, electro-acoustic compositions pretty much sound like the best of the best. Beau Burnham's hilariously touching coming-of-age comedy from last year, Meredith's prickly, hypnotic touch guarantees nothing but drama, and Paramour, the first taste from her upcoming sophomore album FIBS loaded with good material, with melodic lines that tickle the spine and end and rush back in it is possible to pull yourself away from Anna. -Larry Fitzmaurice Jenny Hval, Ashes in the Ashes by Norwegian avant-garde-funk master Jenny Hval, Ashes in the Ashes by Norwegian avant-garde-funk master Jenny Hval has charted a prolific and fascinating career over the past decade with releasing winding toward both sides of affordability, embracing high conceptual arcs on femininity and personal politics. A friend recently remarked that sometimes it's more fun to read about your music than to actually listen to it - an argument that I don't quite agree with, but Ashes in ashes can nonetheless be appreciated by anyone with two ears and an open heart. The first taste of her upcoming Practice of Love pulsates electronic music, crescendo to a celestial peak while Hval reflects on the act of songwriting itself, comparing it to how I dreamed looking / Before I knew how. -Larry Fitzmaurice Sampa the Great, OMG Sampa the Great left a huge impression on me during a performance in Australia very own XSXW, as well as the Big Sound Festival, back in 2016. She bared there while being a student through Botswana. So when a typo from the London label Ninja Tune appeared this week with news of her debut album, I was very intrigued. OMG more than I expected; a short, edgy teaser that plays more like a theme tune than a lead one. It's filled with so much attitude that's full of live showcase, providing a taste of her non-clutter rap style and hunger to infuse the rhythmic feedback sounds of her roots (with the help of producer Kwest) with the edge of modern hip-hop. -Eve Barlow Lily Eilish, Bad Guy (Justin Bieber Remix) Even after Justin Bieber (mysteriously) hinted at a collaboration earlier this week, he's the last person I thought I'd hear on a remix of Billy Eilish's Bad Guy. But there he was on Instagram: a throwback photo of Eilish standing in front of a wall of posters of Bieber announcing the collaboration. At first listen, Bieber didn't quite belong on the track. Gold teeth, my neck, my wrist stiffened (So icy) / I got more ice than snow / This guy does not act as you do not know / This guy is so critical (Skrrt), he sings in his first verse. Part of Bad Guy's magic is its dark subtext performed by Eilish's airy voice. This girl, who suspended herself on a floating bed throughout her tour, exclaimed a combination of xanthan gum mixed with a charcoal of water for the clip, and wiped blood on her face in her Bad Guy music video. Behind the video that gave us Ocean's Eyes and Sukri's Broken Hearts is a 17-year-old who isn't afraid to get weird. Justin Bieber's feature doesn't quite give us that. Impeccable voice? Are you sure. Matching Eilish's penchant for creepy on a song where she repeatedly warns us that she'll make your girlfriend a crazy type/Can seduce your father type? Ok... Lol However, the song is a victory for both teams. Bieber's last album was released in 2015. Meanwhile, once called Bieber her first love in with Maria Claire (I've been in love before, and it's been with him), Aside from the actual song, this remix proves how far a teenager has come - and in such a short space of time. Eilish said that best of all, OMGFFFFGGG is something REALLY MAN. It's especially possible if you're Billy Eilish. -Daise Bedolla J. Som, Tenderness The first single from indie wunderkind J. Som's upcoming Anak Co., Superlike, was a slab of beautiful and drifting shoegaze sounding both indebted to the rock subgenre in the 90s peak and completely from our days. But anyone who adored Melina Duterte's latest album, 2017's Excellent Everything Works, knows that her sound contains plenty - so Tenderness is another left-wing twist for the shape-shifting artist. It's a smooth, disco-y melody made for the dance floor, with a chorus that falls into the literal heart of Duterte's expressive indie rock: Tenderness is all I have. -Larry Fitzmaurice Blood Orange ft. Thoreau y Mo, Dark and Beautiful Blood Orange Is the New Mixtape, Angel's Pulse, Dev Hines collaborates with chillwave artist Thoreau y Mo on the single Dark and Beautiful, a self-aware, sad anthem. In the chorus, Dev criticizes his naively: Nothing lasts forever, and I told you. He admits that he losin' touch everything I know, prayin' for my heart to turn to stone, asking for his grievances to be punished. And if you haven't started to tear up, he pays tribute to Mac Miller (Cryin for the ones I lost in '18), with whom he worked closely. Thoreau y Moi comes on the second verse, rap the title of the track and self-deprecates, Don't be actin' stupid, the cookies are going to collapse... Happens all the time, plus I'm dark and beautiful. This song makes me feel like I came out of a very intense meditation therapy session with my psychiatrist. Do your therapy homework y'all or you'll have to do it all in one hour! Forget Hot Girl Summer; This is The Garden Girl Summer. -Clare Palo Chastity Belt, Ann's Jam There really isn't enough ode friendship out there - maybe it's because we're told to make more acquaintances rather than strengthening the bonds of our inner circles? Gabby's world once sang about how nothing in this world is more sacred than friendship, and where is the lie? Either way maybe I appreciate the feeling behind the chastity belt of Ann's Jam's new single. No one ever wants a group to go on a break, but disaster often comes from not realizing that breaks are perfectly healthy and should be normalized in our culture. We are not encouraged to have our own space and use the time we spend apart to figure out the best method to restore the foundations of our connections. This soft, laid-back track is the lead single from the highly anticipated fourth studio album Chastity Belt, which is co-produced by Melina Ma Duterte, a.k.a. J.Som Save date on September 20th! -Sydney Mountain Post Malone Ft Young Thug, Farewell To Fifth Stage Life Under Malone's Post Is and it seems like our ours The pop king has worn out many skeptical listeners over the past year (his perpetual chart presence is at least more than confirming this). His latest single, Goodbyes, likely didn't topple the still-dominant Old Town Road from the top of the Hot 100 - but it goes down so easily that you'll probably hear it in a few months, regardless. Young Thug sounds like just another instrument in the sound world of fasting, and even Mr. Malone himself can disappear too well in the background on Goodbyes. But this music is practically made for the pop atmosphere, and in this regard, the duo gets the job done. -Larry Fitzmaurice Lily May, Terlingua Girl After the first audition, I heard the lyrics as terra lingua. As in, he is fluent in the earth. Although May wrote the song as a teenager in her hometown of Turlingua, Texas, the song functions as a love letter to the South Texas desert and a portrait of the girl who left it behind. Lily May is part of a new generation of country singers. Honey vocals and serious reflections remain the focus, but the artist's own image is grittier, the stories darker, and the characters are relatable on a more visceral level. The verses may be singing about are darker, more elusive than first dates and Friday nights. Terlingua Girl read: You have other girls for this, May's mesmerizing meditation on cheating released earlier this summer. May is a trained guitarist and pianist, but this is the violin she plays with. I wonder why you are so afraid, wondering what you are running away from. You can't run away from this world, Turlingua. The face of a stranger, the eyes so familiar, - she sings, ode to leave the house, to return, and everything in between. -Corinne Osnos Bad Bunny and J Balvin, CUIDADO POR AH Rumors have been swirling around for months about the joint album from Bad Bunny and J Balvin, and reggaetonos finally confirmed the chatter last night with an unexpected announcement on Instagram: Oasis, an eight-song set, dropping at midnight. The pair met through DJ Luan in 2016, and since then both have built a huge career. But from their first collaboration in 2017, Si Tu Novio Te Deja Sola, it was obvious that the duo fit well with each other, their voices mixed in and how they are built on each other's poems. The same thing is evident on CUIDADO POR AH (Beware there). The song beat the spooky and heavy with anticipation. It's a song that hypes you on the way to the party, and it's sure to be a lot of summer playlists. Their voices are low, weaving around each other to the point where each individual artist is almost indistinguishable. Welcome to Oasis. -Daise Bedolla Thom Yorke, Dawn Chorus Radiohead's Kid A has taught us anything, it's a lot of emotion - anxiety, fear, defeat, despair, and twisted, ecstatic joy - can be wrung from vagueness. This album succeeded because it captured everything Radiohead was great at, while emphasizing one of Tom Yorke's frontman's Strengths: He's good at nailing a concrete vibe, even if he's not one sure exactly what he's saying. Kid A looms large over the band that they released a lot of great records after it, but no one has pushed their sound so far in the future), but it looms the biggest on Yorke's solo career, which includes steady stripping back of the chaotic elements of Kid A, only to get to Anima, the nearest Yorke'll probably get to making a traditional singer-songwriter, but with an acoustic guitar switched to a blue laptop glow or a lone synth ripple through the cobblestones of the street. The album's best moment - there are many very good ones - comes in the form of the Dawn Choir, a percussion, almost ambient meditation on death and regret and loss. Over the lone echo of the synth, Yorke half-sings, half-talks in a mixture of overloaded phrases like Come On, Chop The Chop and Come On, do our best, while breaking into thrilling moments of epiphany. Hearing the exhaustion in his voice when he sings antagonistic phrases like the Big Deal, so what? Please let me know when you have had enough to shock you to silence. The Dawn chorus is great because of what it's supposedly about, but it's memorable for the way it slows time down, with its way foreboding calm overtakes everything. The song is his own special world and one of the best things York has done without the rest of Radiohead. I hope he never makes another song like him. -Sam Hockley-Smith Brittany Howard, History repeats I don't make too many hyperbolic statements about music on the Internet, but I'm sure of one opinion: Brittany Howard is our greatest living vocalist. Alabama Shakes front woman can sing with the thunder and soul of Aretha Franklin, but what impresses me most is how the same power translates, even when she tames the beast with her voice. On History Repeats, the lead single from her upcoming debut solo album Jaime (named after her late sister), her voice is malleable. The performance is not the main attraction. Instead, her voice is softened and distorted, melted in free-form funk instruments. There aren't many verses either, but this one is a feeling repeated in several ways: You won't catch her reliving the same story over and over again (I mean, I've already been / I've come and gone / I've washed my hands with it / I don't want to do it again). Brittany Howard won't do what was expected - even if it means putting Shakes on hold to challenge herself on her own. She's restless. And I'm ready for everything Jaime has. -Dee Lockett Chastity, Sun Poisoning Have You Ever Found a Song That is a Combination of All Your Favorite Bands From High School? That's what happened to me when I was listening to Chastity's new single, Sun Poisoning. He filed me with so much joy that my tingling for hours after listening to him and about Warped Tour came flooding in, and melancholy, I was directed to the Portuguese term saudade, which the Portuguese writer Manuel de Melo once described as a pleasure you suffer, a disease you like, and I think this is the most accurate description for Sun Poisoning. The emotional track is shown on the band's Ontario album, Home Made Satan, which will be released on September 13. (I'll save you time and confirm that the release date is Friday the 13th.) -Sydney Gore MUNA, Who Well Thank Goodness MUNA has returned to announce his second album with a positive mental attitude slapper called The Number One Fan earlier this month because its follow is catastrophically sad. Who is whodunnit, sort of. It's an appeal to a former flame who had a rock heart and never let his feelings show, and yet said that an emment-edent ex sings a song about love for someone else? The chorus comes and singer Katie Gavin asks the same question you ask: Who? That? Who are you singing about? With the frog, still on his chest. By the middle of the section she draws herself after hearing this sweet melody for the first time and realizing that she wasn't meant for it. Guted. But also - as Gavin love - there is a necessary lesson to be learned. And it's all wrapped up in a sweet MUNA melody of its own, including cascading drums and a dramatic chorus production that must die for. To be completely frank Who is probably ten times the song about which it was written. -Eve Barlow Lucy Dacus, Forever Half Mast Political Songs are hard to pull off. Get too specific about who you sing about and you run the risk of come across as didactic or fussy; take a more general route and you can also be Lee dam Greenwood. It takes a deft, wise hand song to hit that sweet spot, and as it turns out, Lucy Dacus is just a songwriter for the job. The Richmond, VA indie rocker broke out with her Matador History debut last year, and she has since released a series of holiday-specific singles that will be collected in one release later this year. Forever Half Mast arrives just in time for July 4th, and it's the perfect anti-political anthem at a time when more people than ever don't exactly feel that political spirit. They were wrong when they were told to forget the past, she sings over a light guitar before suggesting we leave the stars and bars into the titular position - not exactly love, not quite hate, just that miserable in between feeling that isn't going to go away anytime soon. And it makes it sound so good, too. -Larry Fitzmaurice Alti Barter, Backseat Chick rock hard genre for nails. Veer to the pilot and you run the risk of turning off the main listeners. Too soft? Sellout. Australian singer-songwriter Alti Barter hits it straight on Backseat, the first track released from her sophomore album Hello, I'm Doing My Best. In the clip Backseat Barter plays a clumsy cool girl (subset of the Cool Train and attracts the attention of male men Player. I know you play in groups she squeals-sings on repeat in her four tones strapped to the rhythm of her electric guitar. Barter's take on love, one that is clumsy, cute and a tad creepy, brings back memories of the first crushes and school dances. And like any good suburban love story, it begins and ends with a license: In the last scene of the video, Barter and her new beau sit side by side in her Triumph TR4 double. -Corinne Osnos Drake feat. Rick Ross, Money in Drake's grave is a new single stuck in my head all week. The Toronto native released Money in the Grave after the Raptors won their first NBA championship, and while it didn't hit me completely at first, I'm glad the song is now because I've become totally obsessed with it. Amid the steady, bass-heavy rhythm, Drake raps about how rich and on top of his game he is. It's not his best from a lyrical point of view, but it's still catchy, and sometimes that's all you need. Rick Ross's verse comes a little later, and his voice is as memorable as it always was. It reminds me of the fire, in that it's warm, but gravel-like embers light you up in flames if you get too close. I love it. -Alexia Lafata Florist, Time is a dark feeling You probably heard the music of Emily Sprague without even knowing it. Earlier this year, part of her work as a florist - particularly Thank you, from the excellent 2016 album The Birds Outside Sang - was used in Beyonce's landmark live film Homecoming. Florist's music (Sprague also produces ambient music on its own) is intimate, tender and reminiscent of the raw materials from Phil Everum's Microphones - a type of indie pop with a soft focus that admires the particles that make up the world around us, even when melancholy is plentiful. Time Is a Dark Feeling is taken from the upcoming album by Florist Emily Alone, and it remains true to the title of this album; The song is little more than Sprague's subtle vocals and gentle fingerpicking, especially for those quiet moments between thrush modern life. -Larry Fitzmaurice Purple Mountains, Margaritas in the Mall No doubt the first time I felt like a real adult when, in my early 20s, I got stuck at the airport and did nothing. I killed time by drinking at an airport bar. In hindsight, it's kind of messed up that my brain equates adulthood with carefully portioned whiskey at the airport bar, a place that no one ever wants to be. David Berman's music, whether recorded as Silver Jews or here, with members of woods' band like the Purple Mountains, always evokes the same feeling in me: a strange combination of sadness and weight that is appealing because of the clarity he can provide. Sometimes personal epiphanies come in the form of good whiskey at the airport, or in this case, drinking margaritas in the mall. (Darker or less dark than drinking at the airport?) In David Berman's world, sometimes the best to question the existence of God and the future of our planet is a chain bar in the mall. Something similar probably happens every day in other malls in the US. What David Berman is capable of doing is sounds noble (but still sad) is a great skill. -Sam Hockley-Smith Hobo Johnson, Typical Story Master of Manic Poetry is back. In the music video for its latest release Typical Story, we find Hobo Johnson raving by the pool among bikini-clad goblins, bodybuilders and other losers. Although lively, the typical story is meditation on the struggle: from a father who loses everything to a dog who wanted to escape until he learned that his life is much safer inside the cage. And for 24-year-old Johnson, who endured a difficult upbringing that led to homelessness and incarceration during his formative years, the struggle is perhaps more familiar than his budding (internet) fame. Compared to his original hit Peach Scene, Johnson manages to wander less on typical history without sacrificing his trademark erraticism. The Californian artist doesn't shy away from wacky, but his lyrics often carry more weight than his videos suggest. It may be the story of a child who clearly won't know what to say, but Johnson lets us into his anxieties. When he raps the line: I'm afraid everything stays the same or gets worse / So what's the point of finding calm when calmness for me is anxious, it moves in slow motion, his eyes wide open before the rambling scene covers him again. -Corinne Osnos Lil Nas X, Panini Let's just go straight to it. Lil Nas X's new EP is a hot mess and he can never make a better song than the one he's known for. Sometimes we're wrong. Early on, rap happens. However, when Lil Nas X may already be running out of roads, the young NYC-produced duo Take Daytrip are just beginning to find their stride. The first track ran for a last summer with Shrek Wes viral Mr Bamba and have now scored double placement on the Lil Nas X EP, producing two of their best non-OTR songs. Panini and Rodéo. (And that's not just a rapper elsewhere on the draft.) Most of the songs on the EP sound as if they were in the studio a few seconds before release. Panini has been looking for a while though, first debutting back in April. (I've even heard he played live on the radio twice since then.) Lil Nas X does what he's best at, putting a rapper's rap songs and rap lyrics into a single. He gets excited at the end. Rodéo, Cardi B, because she's not as adaptable as he thinks. But in Panini, more booming 80s and some Western parodies whistling, singing about how waiting is just waiting, it sounds in your bag. -Dee Lockett Taylor Dayne, Heaven Haint It's been five years since Hold Steady released a new album, but a hard time that the Craig Finn has released a bunch of solo albums, and the band has released several singles here and there. Over there, bands go on hiatus, but with Hold Steady it made a little more sense. Each song in its short story: a collection of mislaid nostalgia transmuted into tiny details that evoke a sense of sentimentality. It's a track that pull off, but Finn is such a great writer that he always seems to be working well. So even if the band is gone for a while, you don't know, because Denver hailcut is a prime Hold Steady - characters drug-induced hallucinations, longing to avoid the place where they live. Listen to Metallica, get robbed, and go through personal transformations at the airport. It all happens in just a few minutes and it's a lot to absorb, but one lyric stands out above the rest: Find a man with a handful huddled over some car keys/it doesn't have to be clean, it doesn't have to be perfect/just kind of should be worth it. Sure, Finn sings about drugs, but there's no line more heartbreakingly real and applicable on a wide range of experiences than just kind of should be worth it. -Sam Hockley-Smith Clox X Halle, think of me Hot Girl Summer come, of course, but it's primarily a way of life. These are the bad bitches living their haddest bitch of truth. Now of course Clox X Halle is a little more helpful in their portrayal of this relationship because they are 19 and 20, but if you've seen them on adult-ish, you know they're also about this life. (As they said on their debut album, if I'm in the mood, I'll get as rattling as I want.) The duo released two new songs for the show. One is a very beautiful ballad about catching feelings; the other, think of me, is full on the flex about catching the attention of guys. It's about guys. It's about guys. It's about toying with some boy's emotions and messing with your head for shit and giggles and boosting confidence. (When you say I want, I'm cured, my girl says: Hold on, don't hurt em lol.) It's some true bastard behavior, honesty, but you won't catch me judging! -Dee Lockett Mark Ronson ft Angel Olsen, True Blue Mark Ronson locked in some co-power for late night feelings, but True Blue is the winner of the bunch because it's so unexpected. There's no better person to dial for a timeless breakup record than Angel Olsen, and I didn't know I wanted her to go pop until now. Now that we're here, I need more! As the modern classic starts with Fucking around, I fall in love / Saying goodbye because you give it / Everything you've been, everything you've lost / Who ever thought that came with a price. I can visualize disco balls to get into the rotation. Is anyone else planning to text their next love goal as you read my eyes or is it just me? -Sydney Gore yellow days, Just when Atlanta fans can recognize the yellow days - aka 19-year-old British artist George van den Bruk - from the season two trailer show that features the song Gap in the Clouds. On its latest just when release, den Brook delivers another one it's as moody as it's bland. His dexterity? Writing songs about feeling exhausted, that sound decidedly unbothered. And only when I think it's all right / Cloud comes along and it pours with rain / And I can not help but feel like I'm wasting away / And I know that you love me baby and it must hurt to hear me say that, yes van den Brooke croons over reggae-inspired beat. -Corinne Osnos E-40 F. Cuavo, Roddy Ricch, as soon as possible Ferg, and schoolboy, Chase Money E-40 did it for himself. He has been so insanely prolific in recent years that it's hard to find the time to absorb his music before he moves on to the next thing. Still, line over the line, he's one of the funniest rappers to listen to - his voice is full of spades and valleys, and he can fit almost any phrase into any rhythm. There's a reason that he's got other weird voiced guys on this track - as soon as possible Ferg and a schoolboy should have a significant bid to 40 - who did having a strange look at almost everything under the sun market skills. Chase the Money, which is the song's title, and the name of the guy who produced the song (you can admit it's an infectious money chase drop with about 65 million other songs), is a kind of sleeper. At first it seems to run a milling single from a bunch of big names, but then all of a sudden you play it over and sing along to Roddy Ricch's chorus of driving down Fairfax. -Sam Hockley-Smith Floating Glasses, LesAlpx When Sam Shepherd erupted as a floating point at the turn of the decade, his sound was pure, expansive techno - the type that caught the ear of influential left-field listeners like Radiohead's Tom Yorke, melodic and winding as a staircase built of synths. On 2015's wonderful Elaenia breakthrough, he took his compositional know-how to new levels, developing jazz and psychedelic electronic music that was less made for the dance floor and more for contemplative headspaces - but on his new single LesAlpx, he came back with a beat, and both. It's the most bodymoving one he's put out since 2010, with persistent beat and trickles of tunes merging with Vangelis-esque synths. The melody works for just under five minutes, but in the right groove you can imagine listening to it for hours on repeat. -Larry Fitzmaurice Michael Kiwanuka and Tom Misch, Money It is fitting that the return of Big Little Lies synchronizes with the release of Michael Kiwanuk. That he collaborated with fellow Brit Tom Misch to serve some sinister funk almost too much. On Money, Kiwanuka experiments with falsetto notes while YEBBA promotes backup vocals. In an email exchange with FADER, Misch chattered out their common love for 80s and disco. The premise of Money is that, at first, listen, it's a song about money and how much I want and love it, Kiwanuka said. I want to use the money to play with people and being around people people There's a lot. But as you listen closer, it's really about how too much love for money can be dangerous. - Corinne Osnos Metronomy, Salted Caramel Ice Cream Metronomy is a five-piece lovechild of producer, songwriter and performer Joseph Mount, and for those who know they're the chicest band around, capable of navigating from their nu-rave roots to classic disco and grooves. Coming into melting after Mount's recent joint effort with Robin on her LP Honey, Salted Caramel Ice Cream could be the pinnacle of all Metronomy experiments so far. He marries Mount's clever nods to the past (hello, Lipps Inc. in Funkytown) with his English debt dad, likening the object of love to salted caramel ice cream. Oh my God, she's coming, don't look up! Go lyrics, hissing with a heart murmuring early stage crush. I'll have another scoop, please. -Eve Barlow by Caroline Polachek, Door Dear gone her synth-pop heroes Chairlift always underestimated for how strange they could sound - an expert mixing weird and accessible as Caroline Polachek and Patrick Wimberley fiddled in the studio like crazy synth-pop scientists. On her own, Polachek has previously gone headlong into wild territory as Ramona Lisa, but her new solo single under her own name is the perfect fusion of The Skyscraping Approach Chairlift and her more unfathomable tendencies. The door skips and glides like a trail of smoke before opening into an expansive chorus, with tons of produced gaw-gaws buried in the mix. It's fascinating and endlessly repeated, and it's interesting to us what else Polachek has up his sleeve, too. -Larry Fitzmaurice Kal Wais, Mack Miller, and Free Citizens, Time Anderson. Paak's The Free Nationals and Kali Uchis released the track with the late Mac Miller, leading as a single for the band's upcoming self-titled album. Time is Mack's first song since his death in September 2018. Over Kali's hazy chorus and jazz band rhythm, Mack raps about his struggling relationship, asking his partner not to leave him. We just need some time. He starts pessimistic, referring to a line from his 2018 album Swimming. Well, I'm not traveling, but I'm slipping. I'll fall, but promises that everything will work, in the end, everything will be fine, it's by design. Although this is the first music released after Mack's death, we can probably expect the late rapper to give his voice more tracks in the future. -Claire Palo Benny Butcher Foot Pusha T, 18 Wheeler Pusha T, in the wheeler Pusha T, after Clipse rap career was fascinating. By all the usual indicators of popular rap music, it shouldn't be as popular as it is because Pusha is a rapper rapper. He raps everything pretty much exactly the same speed, and as some menacing but not particularly emotional Godzilla, he destroys everything in his path. In the wrong hands, his rap style - dead-eyed drug talk and steel-mouthed dirt combined with for not flaunting what he has - there will be a replay. In The Hands of Pusha, it's the kind of stream that could ruin Drake's summer. Now, just over a year after Daytona's release, Pusha is linked to Benny Butcher, a gravelly voiced Buffalo rapper who sounds like the kind of dude to be called Benny Butcher. In other words, he's a mercenary, which means he and Pusha play well with each other. 18 Wheeler should listen while standing in the general vicinity of the cemetery on a cold February day. Okay, well, it's almost summer, but that doesn't mean you can't throw on bubblegome and go lurk around some crumbling tombstones with this in headphones right now. -Sam Hockley-Smith Finneas, Angel Finneas Angel is not your typical song of the summer. The sullen ballad, written while touring with his sister Billy Eilish in November, isn't what you turn to on a blazing summer day on your way to the beach, but it's a song you play when you're in the back of a car, sleepy, slightly tanned, on your way home. In other words: You'll probably feel a little sad after listening to it, even if the song is about falling in love with someone and feeling so excited about them that you wonder if they're even real. I bought a house to live in / But you're home I missin', he croons. Nothing good lasts forever / But nights with you are better. As a follow-up to his April release I Lost a Friend, O'Connell continues to strengthen his space not only as a producer and writer, but also as a singer in his own right with an intensely personal sound. He may have just landed himself, at No.1 no less, on Billboard's first Hot 100 songwriters and Hot 100 Producers chart, but I'm personally waiting for the moment when he lands at the top of the Billboard 200 album chart. -Daise Bedolla GoldLink (feat Tyler, The Creator and Jay Prince), U Say D.C. beloved rapper GoldLink is back with his latest release, Diaspora. Packed with plenty of features - from Pusha T, Tyler, Creator, Khalid, Bibi Bourelly, and more - the debut album (others were technically mixtapes) is a certified pop. It's hard to pick one big track on this album, as each song blends seamlessly into the perfect dancehall playlist, but U Say is an outstanding single. THANKS Tyler, The Creator and Jay Prince, this song will boom loudly on every block this summer. It's like a big part of a song about that steamy summer romance as it is about falling in love with your dance partner at a club. GoldLink, thanks for the perfect summer vibe. -Clare Palo The Appleeased Cast, Chaotic Waves More Multifaceted Than You Think, The Sound of Emo may have become the predominant style in indie rock over the past five years - in other words, the perfect time for the Appleeased Cast to return. Long-term Lawrence, Kansas, outfit has been on him for two decades, mixing knots prog and epic rock sweeps with The first wave emo means a glorious effect. Chaotic Waves is the first single from Fleeting Light of Impermanence, the first album in six years. From the sound of it, they didn't miss the beat, with a gorgeous and cascading guitar line punctuated by Christopher Krishna's expressive vocals. This is a great entry point to the dense Appleeased Cast catalog; if you haven't known each other before, now is your chance to catch up. -Larry Fitzmaurice Vagabon, Flood Hands Vagabon is one of the most progressive artists that you probably don't know about, but the power of the Flood Hands anthem is about to change that, along with the rest of the material from her second album. I know even if I run away from it I'm still in it / I know in my heart. It's the most pop song we've ever heard from Vagabon, but it doesn't sound out of its element at all. Letizia Tamko is changing the musical landscape in the way we know it, remember her name and follow her example now. -Sydney Gore Your Smith, Wild Woman Los Angeles pop star Caroline Smith (now known as Your Smith) has another Caroline Smith in it. And she comes at night just as the singer is about to give up and go to a head. This other man is loud and unpredictable. You can't take it anywhere, and yet... There's something about her that can't be tamed, and that frees her. Don't we all have a wild, wild woman inside us? If not, why not? We're damn good. Smith's latest single is a delightful, synth-pop injection of pure funk that eventually descends into a minimal, sexy breakdown. If the song was really human, you'd be crazy if you gave up a night on the tile with it. -Eva Barlow Banks ft. Francis and the light, Look what you're doing to me I always forget that I'm a fan of Francis and the light until he puts something new. This new single from Banks could be my favorite collaboration she's ever done? You've got my attention again, Gillian. I'm actually addicted to it, please send help! -Sydney Gore Freddie Gibbs and Madlib Ft Anderson. Paak, Gianni If you've spent any time listening to new music on YouTube, you'll probably come across a visual tool that everyone loves to use right now: still an image with the slightest movement to keep your attention. In the case of Gianni, the latest single from a fruitful collaboration between psychedelic, perma-stone producer Madlib and Freddie Gibbs, one of the best technical stylists we have right now, the visualizer feels particularly effective. Sometimes these things are a complete repetition: it will be like, some salt and pepper stain inside the letter or some other tiny movement that gestures to the fact that we are not looking at yet the image. Here we get Jeff Yung's animated loops of the alter ego of Madlib Kwasmimoto smoking joint, holding a brick, and staring at Spinning. It's hypnotic, which has to be a point, a point, it perfectly illustrates the circular path that Gibbs and Madlib work together. Madlib works with loops, but there is often other extraneous noise in its samples, usually due to the rough kick of the chop or the surrounding record crackling - this creates the illusion of change where perhaps not so much. Here, there's some of this, but mostly there's Gibbs, switching his flow rather than so much a barrel through the beat as riding it, pitching his sound against the rise and fall sample. Like many of Freddie Gibbs's songs, with and without Madlib, he presents a non-stop flurry of images: something about Dora the Explorer, something else about Ace Hood (sidenote: Ace Hood is far more prolific than people realize. Paak ed on a melodic rap that calms things down and closes the song. -Sam Hockley-Smith Jacob Collier, Moon River In a cramped recording studio in Soho, without Jacob Collier's shoes hits the play. A handful of critics, friends and staff form a crescent moon around the 24-year-old Briton. Some recline on velvet sofas, while others sit cross-legged on the floor. Barely audible is the chirping of birds to float on the airy vocals that grow in furs, weakening the listener in Collier's world. Nine minutes and 5,000 vocal parts later, the curtain falls. While Collier isn't the first to try his hand at Andy Williams' 1960s original (Frank and Frank produced notable versions), Collier adds something new to the mix. She turns a sedate lullaby into a live choir that sticks to you long after its last note. It is built in a cacophony of voices (144 in total) singing overlapping, elongated parts. Collier reached out to featured employees with a simple ask: record your original singing the moon in a B-flat and send a video clip of its way. The fact that he managed to get Chris Martin and Ty Dolla Sign on the same track is reason enough to push the play. -Corinne Osnos BTS and Charli XCX, Dream Glow Today in things I do not know my soul required: BTS and Charli XCX, leaders of the pop-free world, collaborated. And while it could have been completely rang in - as gimmicky as the band's new mobile game, which the song was made to promote probably is (sorry, don't come for me!) - but BTS and Charlie do nothing without intent. They are, accordingly, incredibly prolific and at the same time rarely sacrifice quality in saturating the world market. Their first collaboration was produced by Stargate, the legendary Norwegian duo responsible for some of the best hits of Britney, Rihanna, Beyonce and Katie. BTS and Charlie didn't fuck. This is arguably the most straight-forward built pop song BTS has ever made (note that it only has vocals from Jungkook, Gene, and Jimin - not rap - although it's credited to all BTS), a product of Charli-Stargate Midas touch. (These larger-than-life synth swells the DNA of Scandinavian pop production, and this song.) BTS have zero need to bend to trends to make more accessible to the English-speaking world (which is why those Halsey and Nicki Minaj collabs have always felt kinda forced), so it is not appropriate to observe them doing what tired the school of thought industry works for them, and not vice versa. This is the best Western BTS collaboration to date. -Dee Lockett Randall Park, I hit Keanu Reeves Last Friday night, while I was eating a chinese food that tastes absolutely nothing like Sasha Tran (Ali Wong) Korean cuisine in Always Be Mine, maybe I found Song of Summer. Right, Randall Park dropped the hottest song this week. In a film that vulture will essentially be in everyday life, Park plays Marcus Kim, the lead singer of Hello Peril, okay? San Francisco is a local band that has exactly one hit. The track, which was recently released on the movie soundtrack, has three (maybe) Hi Dangers songs, a hit Mariah Carey song that inspired the film title, a sexy D'Angelo track that makes a legitimate cameo in the film, and more. But obviously the highlight is Hello Peril's I Punched Keanu Reeves, which comes from a riveting scene where Park punches real-life Keanu Reeves in the face, at Reeves's request. The impact was better than any scene you could see in speed that I can confirm is actually true. Something about having a Reeve being asked to be a hit is very delusional. -Clare Palo Jai Paul, It's harder than ever to wonder anything these days, but the sudden return of British musical polymath Toy Paul last weekend was one of the most truly shocking



felt quite right for her, she inevitably finally sounds like herself. The Orange Trees was painted in honour of the Greek island of Lefkada, where her family originated, so while it carries the same light lightness that Instagram models sipping Sangria by the pool on their sponsored vacations are definitely trying to imagine - every note of this virtually sun kissed - it still maintains the spirit of the house. -Dee Lockett Jlin, No Name For Artist, as consistently forward thinking as Jlin, is an adult swim one-off almost rings nostalgia. Candy-crusted synths, hi-hat explosions, and (thin) bass drops bring me back to the early Skrillex singles that mined YouTube when YouTube wasn't yet a repository for Propaganda. Of course, Jlin is ahead of Skrillex and his web local millennial men per mile in terms of technical agility. No Name maps the irreverence of late aughts dubstep on the razor sharp sensitivity of one of the most interesting and accurate modern manufacturers as xenomorph wearing bear skin care. -Sasha Geffen Rosala and J Balvin f El Guincho, Con Altura Before she even had the opportunity to flex her versatility, it seemed that the Spanish singer Rosalia had already been in a box in some neo-classical Latin genre that a certain type of purist craves. She makes flamenco available for a new generation, yes, but even Rosal herself isn't so sure that's all she just had. Her new song, Con Altura, proves that it's certainly not all she's capable of: When I was younger, I loved listening to reggaeton, and it might be natural for me to make a song like this before, but I don't like to force anything,' she explained in a statement. The collaboration thus offers a more organic step in a new direction, which is exactly what happened when she joined the forces of J Balvin, producer Frank Dukes, and Spain's El Guincho. Together they created Rosal to take on cross-regional reggaeton. It sounds unique, fresh, and a challenge for any other artist to reproduce, at a time when so few songs ever do. -Dee Lockett Show Me Body, Not for Love #20ninescene've Never Been More Alive Now that Show Me The Dog Whistle Body is officially out. The album is 28 minutes of bitter bliss as a New York band tackles the devastation of loss by appealing to their community for support. Not For Love reminds me of the golden days of high school, when friends were motivated to do things solely for the thrill of it. (With that said, I'm basically referring to things like going to a warped tour.) The last 16 seconds of this track, where all the noise disappears and all you can hear is the screams of Julian Cashwan Pratt, going into breathless, cooling me to the bone. Open that hole, all of you. -Sydney Gore Georgia, about the work of the dance floor Georgia Barnes was around for a minute: her self-titled Domino's debut in 2015 was a nice grab of a bag au courrant and pop-adjacent sounds that offered more talent lying underneath. Consider the work of the dance floor that promise fulfilled, then - this bold, radiant electro-pop with flashy, house-debt-produced touches and a hell of a synth-led earworm makes up its beating heart. It evokes nostalgia at its core, not in the 1980s - rather, about five or six years ago, when every band and artist goes out seemed committed to reviving the slick and strange synth-pop sound that the knife froze in amber with their 2000s classic Silent Shout. Barnes clearly keeps the dream alive. -Larry Fitzmaurice Melia, Trip There are some songs created, almost as by algorithm, exclusively for the soundtrack of IG villains content. It's, from the Harlem rapper/singer/ is that. That we are here mishmash meaningless words -- one of many of the new project, phAses - which serve no other purpose than make Melia, and anyone who listens to Melia (woman especially) feel like absolute crap, even if it may be further from the truth. (I fuckin mental /No random /speedin' at the box office.) It's like you woke up hungover with a dollar in your name, but nonetheless, no one can tell you anything. You're that bitch. I classify this genre as a social media spiritual and I want 1000 more like it. -Dee Lockett Foie Gras, Psychic Sobriety Between Billy Eilish, new song Palehound, Sky Ferreira comeback single, and Foie Gras Mental Sobriety, 2019 is shaping up to be the year of Girl Creep: a gender archetype defined by excessive female desire, intrigue and menace. I'm lying badly, but I want you/ I want you to choke me until you love me, this latest installment starts, a big couplet that only gets better as the song progresses. I'm lying badly, but I'll keep you safe / In my asht-ray, she continues, a couple of lines that kick me back into placebo on their acid glam heyday. No, I won't perform well, but yes, I'll get what I want, and God help whoever tries to stop me. -Sasha Geffen Windwaker, My Empire Reminds Linkin Park in Numb, a moody, ambient opening precipitated by a screaming chorus in My Empire. Where the LP was a boy band masquerading as a punk band (remember Lil J?) , Windwaker feels different (Meet the Pretty Reckless). The all-male quintuplet that make up the Australian metalcore band Windwaker got their start inland, in the town of Wagga Wagga. And for punk, nervous, this is one of the most enjoyable tracks of the band. They will never give you a way out / They will rise like kings / The call of oppression / Held on a whim to live, shouts vocalist Will King as the guitar-heavy build-up reaches an belated climax. Whispers loom in front of the implicit growls; the contrast is nothing short of magnetic. Aggressive vocals have not been muted in production to appeal to the Top 40 crowd (I'm looking at you, Future Islands). These Triple J cutes are worth keeping their ears on in 2019. Lizzo foot Missy Elliott, Tempo There is no one churning out BBW anthems better than the queen of the fat bitch nation Lizzo. But before her, there was Missy Elliott as her lone delegate, as far as the music industry allowed plus-size black women, anyway. With Lizzo as Missy's heir apparently, the two were destined to cooperate. Their resulting track together, Tempo - from Lizzo can't miss the upcoming major label debut - makes for a seismic shift in how luscious bodies should be served. As Lizzo says, Slow Songs, they're for skinny hoes/can't move it all here to one of them. And who better to place Lizzo's divine right to rotate without being smothered by barely twerking bops bored clubs (shockingly almost always made by men) than her damned it is a woman's job to represent herself, to be seen. In the true spirit of Missy, who Here is mainly as an advertising woman, Lizzo even invents the word for what she does on this track: Mine is not accessarary - not a trend, not an afterthought, and certainly not a little. -Dee Lockett The Cranberries, Wake Me When It's Over When I Feel Aggravated by Some Men, I sometimes say that cranberries are my favorite grunge band. Songs such as the zombie use in the same extremeness as Soundgarden or Stone Temple Pilots, and Wake Me When It's Over, recently released a song from the upcoming band After All, bristles in the same vein. The texture of Dolores O'Riordan's voice, as well as the band's use of pure guitar and reverb along with the classic power cleavage chord, keeps this song from serving as a time capsule. It's not nostalgia, but it's one of the last places where we'll hear the voice of the late O'Riordan, which gives it an atmosphere of scarcity and therefore urgency. Basically it's a sharp hook with a hard kick behind it, a couple up a bit of brooding - all great about cranberries then and now. -Sasha Geffen Flume, How to build a relationship foot JPEGMAFIA I didn't expect Flume to surprise the drop mixtape soon, but I finally got around streaming Hi It Flume and, well, thank you very much, Harley Edward Streten. And as it happens, while I was hiding from the world at the Treefort Festival this week, I managed to catch JPEGMAFIA throwing his vest protected body around on stage in front of a predominantly white youth in the middle of Boise, Idaho, and I was amazed at how they were losing their minds over it. But back on the track ... Social climbers really get you in a cold mood and sometimes you need to express yourself about it! Maintaining a healthy relationship as an adult way is harder than it should be, so instead let's directly focus on JPEGMAFIA's useful flashes of laughter and manifest that energy instead. - Sydney Gore Kate Le Bon, Daylight Matters Welsh singer-songwriter Kate Le Bon is getting weird in her little corner of the world for a moment, but she rose to prominence this year through her worthy contribution to Atlanta's gentele aggressors Deerhunter's latest LP Why hasn't everyone already disappeared? In other words, the perfect time for another solo album from her - and poppy gait Daylight Matters, from her upcoming Reward, carries the art-rock charms that Deerhunter often possesses just the right amount of off-kilter sound she has become known for. It sounds like spring, and the Lord knows we could all use a little more daylight these days. -Larry Fitzmaurice Ryan Polley, Aim Slow Formerly known as the Los Angeles Police Department, Los Angeles-based singer-songwriter and bedroom producer Ryan Polly has recovered from a cancer diagnosis in 2018 and made a new batch of material while in recovery. The first piece, Aim Slow, decides not to shy away from this recent personal story, complementing videos from Polly's childhood next to him in his room in the hospital room, smiling amid life's problems. The song itself presents in the spirit of classic Californian melodies, a series of moderately traveling piano chords that reveal Polly's gentle vocals, while a small guitar line adds a smidgen of soulful groove to an otherwise philosophical march steeped in questions about religion and mortality. Although I strive slowly, my god is insane, he repeats. -Eve Barlow Lydia Ainsworth, Tell Me I Exist Tell Me I Exist, from Ainsworth's upcoming album Phantom Forest, speaks of an all-too-familiar millennial anxiety around the role outside vetting plays in a digitized world. Tell me I exist / Look what I've become / Prove that I'm still here / Prove that I'm enough chorus coming; equal parts of pleading and self-criticism. The song finds Ainsworth revealing her desire to overcome loneliness as well. I fantasize about my personal life/With my DNA unsigned contracts, she admits, one of several half-baked introspection woven throughout the song. Influenced by string and multi-layered vocals, obsessively echoes over frenetic chords. It's a powerful combination of synth-pop and existentialism, straight up. -Corinne Osnos Weyes Blood, Cinema Natalie Mehring has spent the last decade navigating the psychedelic folk desert as Weyes Blood, and Cinema - the latest single from her upcoming debut Sub Pop Titanic Rising - is basically her big close-up. Throat-tickle synth arpeggio runs all over before smashing into scraping strings and pounding drums, but Mehring's voice is bubbling through the chaos. Movies that I watched as a child / Hopes and Dreams / Don't give credit to the real things she believes before turning what sounds like a negative feeling into a pure positive: I love movies. Nothing satisfies more than a twist ending. -The Larry Fitzmaurice Institute, Dazzle Paint Dazzle Painting, for those who don't know the naval folk - including me before writing this promotional video - originated in World War I as a new, cunning, geometric-shaped military camouflage ship designed to disorient enemies with bold, zebra-like patterns. (You know, the opposite of the purpose of camouflage.) As technology advances, the need for adversaries to travel with M.C. Escher-like confusion has ceased to exist, but the metaphor remains apt for Austin, and now the New York Institution of Post-Punks, and their perception of society. Cleverly critical and undeniably furious with the political world around them, Dazzle Paint offers solutions offered by even superficially progressive candidates just now: surface level, temporary, short-sighted, razzle-blindness. The first single from the band's upcoming third album, Dazzle Paint is short, brooding, dare I say snarl, and chock full of riffs that can't quit. And I can't stop listening to him. -Maria Sherman Lennon Stella, Bitch I'm a bitch. You're a bitch. We're all. And that's bitch nom bitch -- As Canadian teen pop singer Lennon Stella sings in his new single Bitch. Known for her starring role in Nashville, Stella is one steamy upbeat pop vocalist to watch. Her solo EP Love, Me, including the soft singles Bad and Fortress, demonstrates her ability to have honest, meaningful pop music. (Her other recognizable feat is her viral 2012 YouTube cover Robin Call Her Girlfriend.) Bitch is the track you DM, that dude who called you a bitch, or your frenemy who makes those backhand compliments, or the girl in the gym who steals your spin bike. There's no time for that, bitch. Stella is a teenager who sings about teenage things, hitting every note and every vulnerable, ephemeral feeling at its core. -Claire Palo Anohni ft Jade Bell and J. Ralph, Karma I got so used to hearing Anohni's voice hovering over chaotic electronic landscapes that it's actually a surprise to hear her accompanied by a guitar again. Karma brings me back to her work with the Johnsons, where I first heard her, where order above all else was as soft as possible. The way her voice cascades through audio channels when she repeats words just to let go is a testament to her power as a vocalist who depends on the interaction between delicacy and power. It's an advantage of one for Jade's children, a nonprofit aimed at shielding young people from the risks of substance abuse by getting them involved in art, and it suggests that the light that sometimes appears at the bottom of the cliff: the sudden realization that, in the end, the doors seemed to close, there is a way forward into the world that the human animal is infinitely malleable and capable of growth, that this life is bigger than anything that it was so far away. -Sasha Geffen Nleifer Yanya, Unenced Sometimes my colleagues try to tell me that rock is no longer good, and I feel that my blood is starting to boil, because if they knew women like Nleifer Yanya, they would know the truth! Our attention spans are shrinking by the minute, so the fact that Miss Universe runs 17 tracks in length is a high risk, but it's one of the most polished projects I've heard in months. The distorted guitars are tempting enough, but when Jana chanting: Look at you, I can't look at you/ Standing there, all your problems are solved with complete control, I really lose it. Don't keep in mind that I'm drifting here and drowning in a sea of my emotions. I could go on and on about how talented Nleifer Yanya is, so I'll just shut up and let you listen to the recordings. - Sydney Gore Shura, BKLNLDN, It's been three years since British songwriter and producer Shura put out her debut synth-pop album Nothing's Real, so to have her name pop up back time is as beautiful as a surprise knock on the door from an old friend. The first single from her next album is the beginning of a new and the benefits of a generous incubation period. He possessed all the slow-jam broodiness of the late 90s Janet Jackson's deep cut, inspired by a sudden rush with a in all his breath theft of rapid heartbeat and mental paranoia. It's love, it's an emergency! A choir comes to talk about Shura's move to Brooklyn from London to be with her partner. The last minute shows a playful move to the uptempo to beat signifying her Stateside arrival. He misses with glee to new beginnings. -Eve Barlow Maren Morris, Make Out With Me On Friday night when I was going about my weekend and doing nothing in particular, I started laughing hysterically thinking about what Leonardo DiCaprio was doing when he was, say, on a pregame and someone's iPhone shuffled to a Rihanna Higher song. Is he going to break? Is he sitting in silence, zipping up his hoodie? And does Tobey Maguire roll his eyes and make an excuse for a gaggle of 20-something that perm-set wherever Leo DiCaprio lives? Lucas Haas just point to the speaker and ask someone to skip the song? Truly, I'd like to know. Anyway, a song that is very similar to Higher, but not quite like Higher is Maren Morris's new song, Make Out With Me. It's a brief ode to being a bit drunk and a lot, and it sounds like we arrived late to a drunken rambling poet, unconverted. Come put your stuff down, I order to endure / No more to say now, babe, just to develop with me, Morris sings. Yes. -Hunter Harris Holly Herndon, Eternal Holly Herndon has made her upcoming third album Proto in concert with a piece of software she trained to sing. Her latest single from this record, Eternal, throws in a mess the impulse to find the human part of the given sound. It is impossible to tell where Herndon ends up and her car begins; Processed voices are rolled up and scattered throughout the rhythm, making use of a string chord that sounds like the old tone of a Windows error. If humans, as a species, are defined by our use of technology, what use in strengthening the false binary between man and machine? We extend to devices that we use daily. In the late 90's I read an online guide to Vicki, which included spells for cleaning and protecting home computers as if they were bodies or expanding bodies. Perpetual tracks that flow. -Sasha Geffen Gus Dapperton, Fill Me Up Anthem As a mo0o0o0dy teenager, you couldn't convince me to slow down the dance. I found the whole idea of his eyes rolling in a back-of-my-skull boring, confused about how someone would have the desire to invade someone else's personal space while waddling like a pair of clumsy penguins with nowhere to go. Post-pop singer Gus Dapperton's latest single sees him leaning further into his cinematic tendencies with a charming slow jam about the kind of bland, gushy love that I swear exists only in 80s movies, a time when slow dancing wasn't so cringe worthy, because it really meant SOMETHING like everything worked their magic in a toxic atmosphere contaminated by social stigma. Path Path Dapperton straps out I just hope he does' because my hoe brings home bacon a bit like the growl of King Krul, which also really takes me to me. Auto also hits me hard in the gut as he repeats variations of the line Fill Me Up and Kill Me Gently like a True Novel. This time, I feel a little less empty inside. -Sydney Gore Grace Ives, Mirror Up to this point, Grace Ives came across as a bit weirdo. Astoria's captivating debut MINI-album Homebody, 2016's Really Hot, contained fragile dead-eyed parts of Suicide, John Mouse's oscillating synth ejection, and left-wing indie pop, once associated with legendary indie label K Records. (Sample song name: Weirdwordsworms.) At the Mirror, Ives retains the closeness of her previous work, embracing a distinctly poppier sound, crisp backbeat and watery melodic mist serving as the basis for her brooding vocal take. I think I finally got it f-ing, Ives sighing in front of the Mirror's breakbeat-explosion chorus - a statement that is much relatable to millennial desire as it tilts toward its further artistic maturation. -Larry Fitzmaurice Best Songs of the Week: Tam Impala, Weeknd, Read More

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