



GOODTIME BOYS - ARE WE NOW, OR HAVE WE EVER BEEN



Release Date: May 30th 2011
Format: 10" Vinyl
Label: Tangled Talk Records

Goodtime Boys are:

Taliesin Leboutillier - Drums
Samuel Phipps - Guitar
Alex Pennie - Vocals
Matthew Fidler - Bass
Kai Woolen-Lewis - Guitar

Side A

1. Wake (0:20)
2. Daylight (3:51)
3. Harrow (3:20)

Side B

4. Bliss (4:14)
5. Sleep (3:29)

More Info: www.tangledtalk.com/releases

RELEASE INFORMATION



Having spent what seems like the vast majority of 2010 on tour around the UK, **Goodtime Boys** finally deliver their long awaited EP, *Are We Now, Or Have We Ever Been* via Tangled Talk Records in May 2011. Recorded by Lewis Johns at The Ranch Production House in Southampton, the record marks a significant departure from their debut split with Solutions, containing five impassioned tracks that tread a line between the aggression of hardcore-punk and the frail intensity of melodic screamo, drawing frequent comparisons to bands like La Dispute and Defeater.

Are We Now, Or Have We Ever Been is released on 10" vinyl on May 30th 2011. Pre-orders are available from Tangled Talk Records and include an instant download of the full release. Limited to 250 copies on vinyl and available from all major download stores. Goodtime Boys are currently on a UK tour with Bastions and will be touring UK/Europe with Dangers in July.

PRESS



"Swinging vigorously between frantic aggression and bleak fragility, each track on 'Are We Now...' is layered with tension. Rolling smoothly between heavy instrumentation and patient pauses, Goodtime Boys have a well crafted and distinct sound that hits as hard as Converge with the delicate musicianship of This Will Destroy You. 4.5/5" - Alter The Press

"Goodtime Boys are an alarming mix of fast-paced aggression and calm, despaired ambience. They succeed in both, one second conveying desperation and hope and then dispersing into bleak soundscape." - Audioscribber

CONTACT

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LINKS

GOODTIME BOYS

<http://goodtimeboysband.bandcamp.com>
<http://goodtimeboys.bigcartel.com>
<http://facebook.com/goodtimeboys>
<http://twitter.com/gdtmboys>

TANGLED TALK RECORDS

<http://www.tangledtalk.com>
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TANGLED TALK

LYRICS

Daylight

I'm terrified because the line's been set between sheer hopelessness and mere regret. I'm scared to death as this horizon's setting on emptiness or simply just forgetting, inside my mind I see the eyes of loss that show my future is all used up. I am standing here at the gates as they are closing with a flash of light, I gasp in awe. Burning, burning so brightly clutching at straws, climbing the highest mountain to claw the face I forgot. These arms unfold and cross my palms with fear "Was I ever, ever really welcome here?" these eyes unfold and cross my palms with reason, I am held still and condemned a heathen that cannot move and cannot think, that tries to speak seeing the missing link, searches for the words till they fade away then takes this breath but has nothing to say. I, I find solace in this night, inside my mind, another weigh less sigh, behind these eyes I am left behind searching for promise in a hell, and as I die these arms unfold, palms will uncross, futures will be told. Never the scapegoat nor the crutch because as I die I just wake up.

Harrow

If I lived alone living in "sin", I wouldn't know where to begin. Scratching at the walls, tearing through the dirt nails buried deep in the ground. I lift up my body and failing to stand I fall with a smile as the struggle ends. Content in my defeat, swallowed whole. I am a statement, that digests over time, no luxury for me, sense hold, I grip my skull to clear your name from my mind, the last convulsion as I let go, with open eyes I realize, everyone forgets sometimes, everyone forgets themselves, everybody battles with time, as we lose we cry "at least I tried". Nothing is worth it unless it swallows you whole. Nothing is worth it unless it consumes you whole, I hope it's worth it. Deep inside our fickle skulls we leave footsteps and bury answers in the walls. Choking young lungs (tight in it's grip) The discovery saves us from ourselves. Save us from ourselves.

Bliss

I got really tired of hiding everything we're hiding when we really should be fighting for everything we had, because everything we're hiding, away from all this fighting might be all we have. I don't seem to have the same stomach as you, living life in all that you do, trying to keep up just dragging feet on the line. This deceit pulls me further, further behind. When all the things that we really shouldn't do are all the things that we really wanted to. Staring into these eyes, I wish it was you I wish it was you I wish it was fine losing inches of precious sleep, trapped here watching you breathe. Blistering every knuckle, screaming from every pore "I want more". Four years two minds one heart each day lungs further apart. Eyes prized so wide open stretching out the skin as this groping city is caving in, I must be starving to quench these thirsts so terrified now, now nothing hurts. Nothing hurts nothing so nothing ever hurts.

Sleep

A complex product of the age, eyes loses focus with bowels weak. I cannot stomach all of these lies, each and every cliché I speak. I am left weightless, lacking a mooring. No anchor forged to condemn, me to the ground. I am left weightless, lacking a mooring. Nothing can hold me down, into the ground. Swollen. I'm swollen. Swollen with ego, Swollen with time, with mother's blurry words and the slogans that litter my mind. And as I stare, through painted faces into your bleached out cheeks, forget your name, forget a face. Boundaries pale to memory as we embrace. Try to remember nothing has changed, Here in these arms, this is my home. Here in these arms, all that I have. Here in these arms, I sleep.