



CRYING IN PUBLIC

Take all my defenses in two words
And throw them away
Tell me, what kind of monster
Have I been today?

But you smile and call me "tough guy"
To the opposite effect
It's a flamer in the gun
And your tough guy's a wreck

Long I'm crying in public this way I'm
Faking for you I'm faking for you I'm
Faking I'm causing a scene on the train I'm
Faking for you I'm faking for you, ah.

Love will be the bridge
Over the sand
Love will be the key
From hand to hand...

Like the peach you split open
With two thumbs

I'm the halt without a stone
And my heart is a hollow
With a space for your own
(or whatever you want to do with it)

And I'm blaming all beauty upon you
From the birds at my feet
To the breakdancing boys
And their boombot's beat, beat, beat

Each autumn leaf and passing breath
Each antidote to broken death
And there we are
And who'd've guessed
That there it is, just like that
Forgive me

OTTAWA TO OSAKA

Ottawa to Osaka
No lesson to learn
Racing beyond the islands of
Desire and time

Ottawa to Osaka
I live to move you
Chasing the rising tide
I am the light at your side

All we need is gas and water
Gasoline and a stick of butter

Now, everyone's asking why we
don't look like freeness
Now, everyone's asking why we
do not talk like freeness..

All we need is
Masca
Incognito
Tuxedo

Now, everyone's asking why we
don't look like freeness
Now, everyone's asking why we
up and left for

Ottawa to Osaka
No lesson to learn
Racing beyond the islands of
Desire and time...

Ottawa to Osaka
I'll listen to you
I am the operator of
The marmalade slug

Violin by Emily Holden
Spoken Vocal by Juri Onuki
MPC, Bass, and Synth by Patrick Wimberly
Vocals, Synth, Sampling, and Bass Arrangement by Caroline Polachek

MOTH TO THE FLAME

I should know better than to
Take your love letters to heart
When the game's already lost
Before it starts
But hope hides inside the cliché
Like a nod of understanding
From the poet who first felt this way...
How can I turn away?

I can't help it
I'm a moth to the flame
(He's that kind of man, mama)

But every little pull at the
End of the golden rope
Fills my foolish heart with foolish hope
That maybe you might feel the same
As if feeling the same was the
Name of the game, the name of the game
I shouldn't be playing

I can't help it
I'm a moth to the flame
(He's that kind of man, mama)

Close enough, close enough
Close enough to you I can't get
Close enough, close enough
Close enough to you I can't get
I shouldn't be playing

Guitar by Joel Van Dijk
Additional Drums and Percussion by Robin Hannibal
MPC, 808, Hi-Hats, Programming, Percussion, and Synths by Patrick Wimberly
Vocals, Bass, Synth, Drum Programming, Bongos, and Laptop Mic Percussion by Caroline Polachek

SHOW U OFF

Take a break from moung mountains
I wanna show u off
Laying low at home, whatever
I wanna show u off
To the boys who think they're clever
I wanna show u off
So that they see
Who's finally saying yes to love

You can trust this
You can have this
I'm not playing a game
I wanna preach this
Unleash this, and not be ashamed
Ooh they don't make them
like you anymore

Cause if you got it like we got it
It it's real and it you want it, baby
Show it off
Let 'em see how you get on it
Roll my window down to flaunt it baby
Show it off
Show it off

See I can be a discreet lover
But I wanna show u off
Can't keep this undercover
(It was fun but, come on...)
And if you wanna bring your boys around
Then you can show me off too

I, I, I, am past the point of asking why
Why I, I, I wanna let the whole world
know you're mine

Guitar by Joel Van Dijk
Bass by David "DJ" Ginyard
Saxophone by Danny Meyer
Keyboards, Drums, and Percussion by Robin Hannibal
Drums, Guitar, Synth, Programming, and Percussion by Patrick Wimberly
Vocals, Synth, and Piano by Caroline Polachek

Guitar by Joey Postiglione
MPC, Bass, Guitar, and Synth by Patrick Wimberly
Vocals, Synth, Sampling, and Bass Arrangement by Caroline Polachek

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

I told you why I have to go
And I pretend I really know
I got my ticket to the center of the storm
With your name still carved into my bones

My sister pale, wind in the sail
Calls me senseless to her side
But on the plains
Between the trains
You'll be a star within my sky

~~Unfinished business~~
~~Unfinished business~~
I'm not finished with this
This thing between just you and I

But for now, don't wait for me
Cause I'll see you in my dreams
You'll be wearing red and I'll be wearing green
But for now don't wait for me

~~Unfinished business~~
~~Unfinished business~~
I'm not finished with this
This thing between just you and me

Oh the voices we eat on
They are still there right now
They are still there right now...

Snare Drum by Dustin Schletzer
Bass, Synth, Percussion, and Guitar by Patrick Wimberly
Vocals, Synth, FX, Snare Arrangement, and Synth-Oboe by Caroline Polachek

Saxophone by Danny Meyer
Modular Synth by Joey Postiglione
Bass by David "Dj" Ginyard and Patrick South
Guitar by Kurt Feldman
Drums, Synth, Programming, and Horn Arrangement by Patrick Wimberly
Vocals and Synth by Caroline Polachek

NO SUCH THING AS ILLUSION

There is no such thing as illusion

To walk around in circles
And now I have the story straight
And raining down a mountain
Tears of gold raining down my hand

To wake up from a nightmare
To your warm familiar face
Oh love can be as simple
To your hand wrapped around my waist

After all I thought I wanted
Ripped in two while on display
After all you're my permission
To unloop and walk away

And after all the crying is done
But won't come free
You know the status quo of nature
The strong eat the weak

I'll tell em all the expectations
Were lost along the way
I'll tell em all I ever needed
Was your arm around my waist

There is no such thing as illusion

Don't tell me that it's fleeting
Don't tell me it's a honeymoon
Don't tell me that this feeling
Comes and goes,
Yeah I know what they say

This ain't no new-car leather
There's no return it it breaks
This can be everlasting
But don't go
When I get the shivers

After all I thought I wanted
Ripped in two while on display
I'll tell em all I ever needed
Was your hand around my waist

There is no such thing as illusion



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Except tracks 4, 7, 8 Produced by Chairlift and Robin Hannibal

All songs Engineered by Miles B.A. Robinson, Jake Aron, Yale Yng-Wong, and Patrick Wimberly at The CRC (Brooklyn, NY)
Except: "Ch-Ching" and "Show U Off," Engineered by Miles B.A. Robinson, Jake Aron, Yale Yng-Wong, Rob Cohen, and Patrick Wimberly, assisted by Chad Wilson, at The CRC (Brooklyn, NY), Westlake Studios (West Hollywood, CA), and The Fine Young Hannibal's Studio (Los Angeles, CA); "Moth to the Flame," Engineered by Miles B.A. Robinson, Jake Aron, Yale Yng-Wong, Rob Cohen, Patrick Wimberly, and Caroline Polachek, assisted by Chad Wilson, at The CRC (Brooklyn, NY), Westlake Studios (West Hollywood, CA), and The Fine Young Hannibal's Studio (Los Angeles, CA)

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Mixed by Mick Guzauski at Mick's Room (Woodland Hills, CA)

"Crying in Public" Mixed by Tom Elmhirst, assisted by Joe Visciano, at Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY)

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Chairlift is Caroline Polachek and Patrick Wimberly

All music written by Chairlift, except "Crying in Public" music by Chairlift and Joey Postiglione, and "No Such Thing as Illusion" music by Chairlift, David "Dj" Ginyard, Joey Postiglione, Kurt Feldman, and Patrick South

All lyrics by Caroline Polachek, except "Ch-Ching," lyrics by Caroline Polachek and Patrick Wimberly

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In loving memory of Melissa Carroll,
whose bravery will forever inspire us.



THANK YOU:

Our loving families, our tireless studio team and all the talented musicians who contributed, Mookie Singerman, Jason Foster, Marley Harmon, and Jake Friedman at We Are Free, Dan & Blu at Audio Power Tools, Gautam Dua, Zardo and Luke Wyatt videos, Solange & Beyoncé Knowles, Dan Carey for forever changing how we make records, Rob Stringer at Columbia Records for believing in us, and New York City for keeping us on our toes.

From Patrick: Thank you to my wife Jill Martinelli, Miles Robinson, Molly Hawkins, and Jason Klauber.

From Caroline: Thank you to Ian Drennan, Maayan Zilberman, Pam Kuhn, the Montreal loft crew, David Mancuso, and The Loft for the inspiration and support.