

Équipe de Foot



Geranium

GERANIUM

PRÉSENTATION, PAROLES ET COMMENTAIRES

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A PROPOS DE GERANIUM

Geranium est notre troisième album, il succède à *Chantal* (2017), un album spontané aux chansons 'dans ta face' sur le thème de l'Amour (et donc de la rupture) et, à *Marilou* (2019) dont les titres font état d'un constat assez banal : « on va tous mourir, c'est relou, on fait quoi ? ».

Chantal un album pop, rock voire garage ; *Marilou* est également pop et rock, c'est un album lourd et plus sombre.

Notre formation sur scène 'duo guitare-batterie', la production de nos deux premiers disques sont certainement à l'origine, à nos yeux, d'une sorte d'incompréhension vis-à-vis de notre projet : pour nous Équipe de Foot est une sorte de cour de récréation pour trentenaires, traversée par une liberté non négociable. Nous ne nous considérons pas seulement comme un duo garage, notre amour premier est la pop, les chansons. Nous sommes tous les deux fans de *Blur*, de *Sparklehorse*, des *Beatles*, de *Nirvana*. Depuis quelques mois on se permet même de se dire que « franchement Oasis y'avait des trucs bien ». De plus, on s'est toujours dit en rigolant que notre 5^e album sera un album de rap mais en vrai rien ne dit que nous en le ferons pas.

Cela nous amène à *Geranium*, qui ne serait-ce que par son titre qui, ça ne vous aura pas échappé, n'est pas un prénom féminin, ouvre un nouveau volet dans notre discographie. Que ce soit en terme de thématiques, de production, de réalisation, *Geranium* est pour nous notre album le plus intime, le plus libre et le plus abouti.

Le plus intime car traversé, par exemple, par les longues conversations avec ma psy Géraldine, ou encore par le quotidien de Michaël qui attendait alors son premier enfant. C'est un garçon, il s'appelle Félix, il est magnifique.

Le plus libre car contrairement à durant la composition nos deux premiers albums nous avons vite refusé de penser à la transposition des chansons que nous composons en concert. Nous sommes deux sur scène mais l'album devait avant tout être un bon disque peu importe le nombre de mains en action sur chaque chanson.

Par ailleurs, nous avons été obligé de prendre plus de temps que prévu, contraints d'essayer de nouvelles choses comme par exemple de composer à distance durant la pandémie, Michaël vers Bordeaux, moi sur Paris. Cela donne des titres parfois composés en aller-retour via l'internet ou encore, par exemple, la chanson numéro 7, *Love, Beers And A Queen Size Bed* en très grande partie enregistrée dans mon 30m2 avec une guitare folk, un micro et un ordi, pendant qu'un camion poubelle se faisait klaxonner par des gens légèrement vexés de payer 1500€ de loyer et 8€ pour une bière qu'on ne leur servirait pas vu que les bars étaient fermés.

Côté production on a voulu reprendre la main et on a méga maquetter le disque. On a voulu

laissé le moins de place possible aux doutes en studio. On est arrivés chez Johannes Buff, au Shorebreaker Studio, 80% du disque était déjà prêt. Toutes les pistes enregistrées, la tracklist définie. On s'était mis d'accord avec Johannes sur le fait qu'on allait pas tout refaire, que nous voulions qu'il mixe nos titres et qu'on ne réenregistre que ce qui était nécessaire. Johannes a tout de suite accroché à cette idée de garder l'ambiance de chaque titre et d'optimiser le tout. Au final, on a passé deux semaines en studio à regarder Johannes faire de la magie avec nos chansons. On a réenregistré assez peu de choses. Personnellement j'ai dû passer 4 minutes à faire de la guitare, 10 minutes à chanter. Ça a d'ailleurs été une source d'angoisse lorsque je me suis aperçu que certains passages de chant présents sur l'album sont en fait la première et seule prise qu'on ait enregistré en guise de chant témoin, un café à la main, lorsque nous composions l'album.

Enfin, la production de *Geranium* nous a forcés à mettre encore plus les mains dans le cambouis lorsqu'il a fallu mettre notre casquette 'label'. Nous avons beaucoup beaucoup bossé pour financer le disque qui est d'ailleurs soutenu par le CNM.

Bref, on est fiers de ce disque, on espère qu'il vous parlera ou du moins qu'il vous fera pleurer de bonheur.

Alex & Michaël
Équipe de Foot

01. AN EMPTY SPACE IS NOT JUST FILLED WITH AIR

Une chanson qui évoque le fait qu'un endroit vide rappelle surtout que quelqu'un aurait dû s'y trouver.

It's been a while
Well I've been away
Somewhere in the woods
I've got a place to stay

I don't know how
Long since I've seen the light of day
I can't seem to remember the rules but I want to play

I'll be quiet I swear
You won't get mad
I won't make you roll your eyes this time

You know I'm aware I'm not that bright
But I like to pretend I am
When you're around

It's easy to let go of something you want to throw away
But you know that an empty space is not just filled with air

I feel your grasp, you won't let it slide if I say
That sometimes I don't know if I'll get through the day

I'll be quiet I swear
You won't get mad
I won't make you roll your eyes this time

You know I'm aware
I'm not that bright but I like to pretend I am
When you're around

02 - COSY NOTHING / MOVING COFFIN

D'abord envisagés comme deux mini-chansons, Cosy Nothing / Movin Coffin sont finalement regroupés au sein du même morceau et la ligne de flûte fait le lien entre deux thématiques pas si proches mais pas si éloignées non plus. D'une part, la première partie parle du manque de dialogue dans un couple, de la nécessité de poser des questions, d'accepter qu'on nous en pose et de se donner la peine d'y répondre. D'autre part, un type en angoisse vis-à-vis du temps qui passe et de la vacuité de la vie. Nos corps comme des cercueils mouvants. Souvent quand on est pas bien dans son couple, le reste du monde c'est de la merde.

You're not freezing
Well I am but you're not asking
You'll keep on walking
And I won't but you're not asking
Why am I even whining?
Nobody asked me to be standing here
Would it be odd if was crawling
Maybe i'm drawling cause i'm not into talking

Try to convince myself
Time is not running
It's got no sneakers
And it's not even sweating
It's got no sweatshirt
But i swear i've seen it sneaking

Are you ok with the fact that you won't know what will follow ?
Please send me a text when it comes to my own death

Try to convince myself
Life's a never ending journey
I saw the news today I never understand what they say
Bad script, lame actors
Not winning awards anyway

Are you ok with the fact that you won't know what will follow?

Anyone smart enough to tell it's gonna be tough?

Try to convince myself
Time is not a thing
But it's long
It's staring at me and I'm getting weak
I'm not that strong

I'll turn my days into a cosy nothing

Speak speak speak speak speak

Find relaxing lies

I guess a lot of brains before mine never found out why

We're locked in a moving coffin

(it's full of bones, water, beer and loneliness)

03. A SILLY SEAL ASLEEP ROLLING DOWN A HILL

Glisser sur la peau de banane d'un autre, se vautrer et se sentir trahi. Ce titre retranscrit l'explosion de haine et de désespoir que l'on peut ressentir vis-à-vis de l'être aimé lorsqu'il nous a trompé.

I slipped on his banana peel
Yellow brown thing on a white white floor
My eyes didn't warn me that it was here
Don't really want to discuss it anymore

I slipped on his banana peel
I try to think that it's better this way
I wouldn't have make you laugh any other way
Lying down on the floor I think my mind is gonna sleep here

I did buy the wallpaper
I did put it up in the kitchen
I want it back
Do you mind?

Yesterday i was thinking
It's been 2 years without loving
I want them back
Do you mind?

I slipped on his banana peel
It's no big deal, you don't understand how I feel
I'm like silly seal asleep
Rolling down the hill
I dramatize, you should do likewise

I'm pointless like a pigeon in a big city,
A pop song since the white album was released
Can't find a way
To tell you how it hurts and how I wish you had left instead

I did buy the wallpaper
I did put it up in the kitchen
I want it back
Do you mind?

Yesterday i was thinking
It's been 2 years without loving
I want them back
Do you mind?

Another day thinking I'm in hell
When I'm really just sitting on the radiator
It's finally not so bad
Really it's fine

I find it hard to believe that my red butt
Is happening literally at the same time that people
Are making love, somewhere in an another country

They're speaking in gibberish and smiling at each other
When I cry alone in my kitchen and speaking to myself
Using french cursing words

I did buy the wallpaper
I did put it up in the kitchen
I want it back
Do you mind?

Yesterday i was thinking
It's been 2 years without loving
I want them back
Do you mind?

04. QUATRE-VINGT-QUATORZE

Quatre-Vingt Quatorze est une lettre à un père vieillissant et malade. Il est évident que certaines discussions n'auront jamais lieu. Ce n'est pas forcément grave si on l'accepte et puis on peut toujours en faire des chansons.

I'm not good at saying things
(I never was)
You're not good at listening anyway
(Because)
Nobody made you feel
You were awesome
But you were

Can't stand here quietly waving
(Anymore)
My bones are hurting
I can't feel my skin
You failed to make me feel
I was awesome
But I was

Walls didn't listen and
I swear dust will never speak
Like You

Dad, I've always been sad
Always wearing my decent smile
I think I want a little more
I'm glad not to be sadder

Dad, I've always been sad
Always wearing my decent smile
I think I want a little more
I'm glad not to be sadder

I was a child, I became a man
(In a blink of an eye)
Didn't have the teen bright time I deserved
That's ok
I don't blame anyone
I need to deal with it alone

It's no surprise that I need love
(Love, care, love, touch, love)
Like the boy I was in 94
(Love, care, love, touch, love)
Sometimes I saw you thrilled
To see me thrilled and that was cool

Walls didn't listen and sadly
Dust will never speak to me

Dad, I've always been sad
Always wearing my decent smile
I think I want a little more
I'm glad not to be sadder

Dad, I've always been sad
Always wearing my decent smile
I think I want a little more
I'm glad not to be sadder

I am diving in my memories
Alone
Well in fact I'm not alone
We're two or three or more

It's a billion pieces puzzle in my head
Sometimes I lose it
Cause nothing fits
Nothing there

I've never been one of the best in anything
Sorry
It always felt cosy
To be average
Everyday
To look like anybody else
To play the guitar more or less
To love her the best I can
And that's a lot I swear

You know when I get too smart or sensitive
My brain gets fuzzy, the fireworks begin :
"What am I doing here?"
"Did I feed the cat today?"
"How come she's in love with me?"

Then I get tired
I drink not do be sadder

Want to feel something again
Want to feel something again
Want to feel something again
I just want to feel something more
But i'm glad not to be sadder

05. MELANCHOLY EYES

Melancholy Eyes parle du taff entrepris avec ma psy. Du bordel que cela provoque dans ma tête, du brouillard de questionnements que l'on agite et qu'il faut traverser et dissiper. Parfois je me dis que j'étais mieux avant quand je niais les choses. Parfois je me dis qu'elle m'a aimé parce que j'avais des yeux mélancoliques et j'ai peur de les perdre.

Fixing my mind is a bit like dancing
3 steps forward, 2 backwards, 1 sideways
Everyday I pick one belief and undo it
Everyday it's hurting, I'm trying to forget about it

It's quite a mess!

I can't tell what I did or what I'm really thinking
I got little bugs snacking on my feelings
My whole body plays hide and seek
I'm not invited
I can't tell anymore where I am or why I'm doing things

It's quite a mess!

*I'm in a giant grinder something's gonna smoke me
I don't want to end as ashes in a trashcan
It's ok if I burn if I make someone happy but I don't want to end as ashes I mean it*

I miss the days I was alright
Demons in a box I didn't fight
Everything so foggy in my mind
I need to need something or someone

People are sad
People are mad
People are people
But people aren't bad
You picked me cause you saw I had melancholy eyes
I've always known one day I will go mad
But I'm not bad

I miss the days I was alright
Demons in a box I didn't fight
Everything so foggy in my mind
I need to need something or someone

06. SLVOTE

Une chanson d'amour qui parle de la rencontre avec ma petite amie, devenue depuis bien plus que ça. Et qui met l'accent sur la facilité de rater ce genre de rencontre et de vivre dans une version du monde bien moins chouette.

It feels so far
Memories come and go
The longest day of all
I was in love, were you so?

I want to go
Back to where you started
Singing songs to me
Was I small or were you tall?

Through the curtains sunlight tried
To send a message
You're not supposed to be here
This time of day

My eyelids fighting gravity
They eventually lost
The next day
It feels so far

Memories come and go
The longest day of all
I was in love, were you so?

I was reaching for your hand
To send a message
We're supposed to be here
Until the end of our days

It seems we could easily have missed each other
I guess it would have led to some lame version of the earth

07. LOVE, BEERS AND A QUEEN SIZE BED

Durant les deux années qui viennent de s'écouler, on a tous dit beaucoup de conneries. Cette chanson parle de ce trop-plein de paroles, de ce flot d'avis qui ne sont réellement que des prises de positions mal éclairées. Par chance, parfois on peut poser sa tête sur une épaule accueillante et éteindre le monde.

They've all got something to say
I don't
What's the point in making a point these days
I won't

I need love, beers and a queen size bed
I need to give my head a rest till I'm dead

Let me land my head on your shoulder
Turn the world off
They'll fight on air
I'll be on the ground
I'll sleep tight

You think you've got something new to say
You don't
Nobody asked you to poorly quote
A book you never read

It's crystal clear life doesn't make sense
Think about that if you got a chance

Let me land my head on your shoulder
Turn the world off
They'll fight on air
I'll be on the ground I'll sleep tight

08. GERANIUM

Géraldine, ma psy, m'a appris une chose : il faut que je parle car ma perception des choses doit être discutée et se confronter à la subjectivité des autres. Pas simple. Parfois je me sens seul, parfois je me sens con, parfois je me sens trahi et v'la comment c'est difficile de l'exprimer. *Geranium*, parle de ça.

I got anger
Towards
The words
That won't come out of my mouth

I'm two thirds
Empty
One third
Is mud
Old sticky stuff

The less I speak
The more you get it
I use to drown in letters
My tongue is far too heavy

The less I blink
The more I see you
I get watery eyes
I know one day I'll be blind

My shoes do not fit but they never did
Go and buy a new pair, bigger size, blinking lights
My shoes do not fit but they never did
Your toes won't grow overnight

I got anger
Towards
My friends
They won't let me collapse
I'm two thirds
Stupid
One third
Stupid
Yes

The less I think
The more you get it
Time makes it all fuzzy
My brain is far too lazy
The less I blink
The more I see you

I get watery eyes I know one day I'll be blind

My shoes do not fit but they never did
Go and buy a new pair, bigger size, blinking lights
My shoes do not fit but they never did
Your toes won't grow overnight

09. 15 OCTOBRE

Le 15 Octobre 2020 j'ai vu clignoter un petit point blanc sur un petit écran en noir et blanc. Quelques secondes plus tard, on m'apprenait que ce petit point blanc était en vérité le cœur de mon futur fils.

Les mois qui ont suivi j'ai vécu avec l'idée de ce petit point clignote en train de se transformer en enfant et j'ai cherché son nom.

Depuis il est né et c'est un être humain formidable.

Is there something here?
A thought 's not real
Are you?

I guess you're next in line
But I'll show you around
Don't you

Think you're brave enough
To go through these immeasurable things

I'm not bright enough to plan anything

The whole world is blinking at me and
I start to feel a little bit scared
There's a countdown printed in the sky
In capital letters, such an eerie sight

Do you believe in ghosts?
Can you grab your thoughts by the neck?

I shit my pants and I cry
Would you squeeze my arm when it's gone?

I have to call a scientist
Give me tangible shit, statistics
I saw a movie about you, now
It prevents me from sleeping

We're too busy drowning in each other's eyes
To hear the rumble growing behind our backs
In time

It'll slowly turn into our favorite song
A lovely lullaby into the void

The whole world is blinking at me and
I start to feel a little bit scared
There's a countdown printed in the sky,
In capital letters, such an eerie sight

I guess it is time for me to know your name.
What do they call you when they whisper in my ear?
I decided I'd be free from shame
Turns out it doesn't work like that

10. THINK BLINK BREATHE BLINK SPEAK BLINK BREATHE

Think, Blink, Breathe, Blink, Speak, Blink, Breathe est écrit par un cerveau en surchauffe, quand on n'est pas loin de l'écran bleu Windows. Cette chanson est une sorte d'exutoire qui saisit les pensées comme elles viennent et les recrache, disons-le, avec panache.

I'm half a child
Half a boy
Half a man
It's quite hard to make these 1 into my brain

Don't worry if you see a blue screen in my eyes
My head must be cooling
Have a cookie, I'll be right back in a sec

I found love, I found a home, I sing songs
I should be glad but my soul is more like a stone

I got fears
I got dreams
But I wonder
Do they belong to me or not?
Were my parents that sad?

A year ago, life was a crazy mess
Now it's a crazy mess with people dying in it
People die all the time but I'm not near them
I find they're not really good at discussion

If you're dead I'd be better if you understand
I don't believe in ghosts but I'm afraid of them

My shrink thinks my fear is not about a man
Or a woman
Or a something
Having fun with bed sheets

Please
Don't try to talk to me or I would die myself
I've never been into
Scaring
People
Anyway

I'm not asking for help neither
To anyone

Anytime
Anywhere

A year ago ghosts were scary as hell
Now they're scary as hell but they're coughing in their sheets
I feel the mystery of life is just a headline
Yet the mystery of death remains untouched

Our brains a mazes but no one's got the map
Just exit signs in every single directions
I just wanna stop and grab a sandwich but
Eventually I remember I planned to get out

I try to dream but I think about the next chord
Must be a G but I'm going for a D

I wallow in my unexpected memories
Sometimes I cry
Most of the time I drink

I think blink breathe blink speak blink breathe
Then I drink drink drink drink drink
And then I sleep

Somebody said I should live in a bigger house
Somewhere I could rest
More pictures on the walls

There I could blink drink blink drink blink drink
And then I'd drink drink drink
Life is balanced and smoky

A year ago houses were places where we lived,
Now they're places where we watch boring livestreams
I read a really good book about life and stars
And if we scream loud enough we might be blackmailing

An invisible threat with a gun in our mouth
Now I watch the night sky and give it the finger
You can make me feel like shit but you can't prevent me
From eating comfort food and watching TV.

A year ago a cloud in the shape of a dog
Was a bit funny now it looks like it's gonna bite me
Maybe next year we'll all agree this was a wolf
All along All along

Last summer I swam in a pool, It was nice
I swear I didn't know what was coming
Life is funny that way,
Life is bad, Life is good
It all depends what game we play

11. DRUNK AT BEST

Chanson mélancolique à souhait, Drunk At Best se situe au fond du gouffre. Ça ne va vraiment pas, les amoureux sont des menteurs, mais toi je t'aime tellement.

Feeling low
Feeling lonely also

I'm waiting for
Someone to love
Then I'll let her go

Cruel cruel soul
Why do you think this is alright ?

I dig, I dig, I dig, I dig

Lovers are liars
Lovers are liars
Lovers are liars
I love you so

Half-deaf, half-blind
Half-half, half-mad
Rest is no rest
I'm drunk at best

Lovers are liars
Lovers are liars
Lovers are liars
I love you so

Lovers are liars
Lovers are liars
Lovers are liars
I love you so