

RELEASE INFO

Album: [Joyboys In The Grindhouse](#)

Artist: Name Sayers

Label: Self release

Release date: July 11, 2023

UPC: 198015849797

TRACK LISTING:

- 1. We Multiply**
ISRC: QZXEF2300001
- 2. Receiving Evil**
ISRC: QZXEF2300002
- 3. Lioness**
ISRC: QZXEF2300003
- 4. Reaper**
ISRC: QZXEF2300004
- 5. Standing Wave**
ISRC: QZXEF2300005
- 6. Gravedancer (ft. Chris Conde)**
ISRC: QZXEF2300006
- 7. Gravedancing Again**
ISRC: QZXEF2300007
- 8. Three Will Grow Back**
ISRC: QZXEF2300008
- 9. Other Lives**
ISRC: QZXEF2300009
- 10. 2 Go Missing**
ISRC: QZXEF2300010
- 11. The Oblivion Seed**
ISRC: QZXEF2300011



CREDITS

Devin James Fry // Vocals, guitar, keys, taishogoto, programming, Jitter Getter
Grant Himmler // Bass, keys, programming
Garrett Hellman // Guitar, piano
Marc Henry // Drums, percussion

Wayne Kramer // Guitar
Chris Conde // Vocals
E-Turn // Vocals
Nat Tate // Backing Vocals
Grant Eppley // Synths

Produced and recorded by Name Sayers, Grant Eppley, and Matt Gerhard at Hen House Recording in Austin, Texas. Mixed by Grant Eppley. Mastered by Steve Fallone & Greg Calbi at Sterling Sound NJ.

Photos by Dylan O'Connor

ABOUT

Name Sayers is thrilled to announce the July 2023 release of *Joyboys In The Grindhouse*. Produced by Grammy nominee Grant Eppley (for Spoon's "Lucifer On The Sofa"), the album marks a pop evolution for the band, incorporating elements of psych rock, hip hop, synth pop, and cumbia, and featuring guest appearances from guitarist Wayne Kramer of The MC5, Brooklyn rapper Chris Conde, and Orlando rapper E-Turn.

Name Sayers' personnel includes Devin James Fry on vocals and various instruments, Grant Himmler on bass, Garrett Hellman on guitar, and Marc Henry on drums. Where Fry's sprawling previous musical outfit Salesman offered snapshots of a gently psychedelic Americana that seemed to blur at the edges, Name Sayers snaps exuberantly into focus, wrapping tight, darkly offbeat pop arrangements around unlikely hooks.

"We made some brutal pop songs," says Fry, "and celebrated everyone's creative input along the way. *Joyboys* dips in and out of sonic worlds while still being very much a Name Sayers joint."

The band, which first began to gel in Austin in 2018, has a history of organizing, producing, and promoting successful destination shows, including supporting the Bonnie 'Prince' Billy and Matt Sweeney collaboration, Superwolves, in the towering main chamber of Longhorn Caverns, and the Black Angels' Alex Maas, in the picturesque desolation of a Texas ghost town.

The taut lyrics of *Joyboys In The Grindhouse* touch on sex, psychonautic tour experiences, self-medication for social anxiety, and the resiliency which can result from sustained political resistance.

The album's title nods to both a wry sense of camp that imbues the project and to Fry's hands-on profession as a surgical instrument sharpener. Fully 49 songs were written, demoed, and culled to the 11 that constitute *Joyboys*.

"In making a record, as in sharpening," says Fry, "you grind away what you don't need."

The album cover, meticulously photographed by Dylan O'Connor with the campy elegance of a Dutch Old Master, features such disconcerting preparations as a chocolate-drenched ham, dangerous utensils, wires suspended in melting Jello, a salad dressed with cigarette butts, and other details.

"It's a Carravagio of ruin, like life in America sometimes," says Fry. "You either laugh or die all the sooner."

Joyboys In The Grindhouse is available on CD, digitally online, and in 180-gram audiophile LP format.

ON THE WRITING OF REAPER

Devin James Fry

Reaper has to do with the sort of rock-bottom mirror moment that led me to the decision to quit drinking alcohol, which was killing me slowly and damaging my relationships along the way. It took me several rock-bottom moments, over a number of years, to finally make the decision, which has turned out to be one of the best of my life.

I may have a dark frame of mind. So to me, the question "am I what the reaper reaps, or am I the reaper?" is one of self-determination. Put another way, if I am going to die -- and I am -- I would like to stand a chance of that event taking place on my own terms. Likewise, if something begins or ends in my life, I would like to have a say in that. By drinking to intoxication -- "inviting the darkness," as Willie Nelson puts it -- as I did for years, I was willingly forfeiting my experiences, and increasingly my entire existence, hour by unrealized hour, letting it all become fodder for an anonymous, meaningless reaper.

I'd rather be my own reaper, thank you very much.

PRESS QUOTES

"Like Leonard Cohen on a DMT vision quest." - *The Austin Chronicle*

"Name Sayers has moved from a lighter sound to something more psychedelic, something heavier." - WBEZ Chicago

LYRICS:

WE MULTIPLY // You and you and you and I get a little high in the RV by the riverside and we multiply / Hold still, now keep moving, don't shoot, now keep shooting / Keep howling, wildlife with flashlights, we prowling the forest / You and you and you and I by flashlight in the glass eye we multiply, intertwined / Like with like, same with same, every neck has its quartz / Every dream has its brain, every beam has its source / You and you and you and I, so serious, in the glass eye, the four of us, delirious / Trees swaying, blood splashing, songs playing, fast fashion / Code talking, seeing tracers, Name Saying, light flashing / You and you and you and I, by flashlight, in the glass eye we multiply, we multiply / Trees swaying, blood splashing, Name Saying, light flashing / You and you and you and I, we multiply

RECEIVING EVIL // A little drop of blood starts signaling like it was a little songbird / Some of these days, my brain is all a raven on my shoulder / When I'm on air in a crowd, I tune it out, but you can't dial down that menace / For out of my thoughts, a green-eyed blackbird rises like antennae for receiving evil / Why's death always leaning close to me, like it was telling me a password / I've got places I'm supposed to be and an amygdala longing for disaster / When I'm on air in a crowd, I tune it out, but you can't dial down that menace / For out of my thoughts, a green-eyed blackbird rises like antennae for receiving evil

LIONESS // Take that name on the road with you, do not forget it / Make time to drop that note you've got, you won't regret it / I think that lioness is stalking you / I think that lioness is following you now / I think her home address is in your breast pocket / I think that lioness is stalking you / You want to stay out here so you can be a soldier / But you want to get back home soon so you can see her, don't you / My word, it's worse than we thought: "Captain, this one's distracted! / I think he's thinking 'How much damage could me and this creature do?'" / I think that lioness is stalking you / I think that lioness is following you now / I think you wouldn't protest if she would sink her teeth in / I think that lioness is following you now / Fly out to the far reaches of this brain space / We don't know what brings two people to the same place / Or four people, or eight people even / Is it just fate / Or is it some everlasting hunter, hunting us all for the thrill of the chase / I think that lioness is following you / I think that lioness is following you now / I think you wouldn't protest if she would sink her teeth in / I think that lioness is following you now

REAPER // My fear was growing arms; I know it meant to do me harm / I found it gnawing out my heart while I was sleeping / In the morning, in the mirror, it pulled me nearer, and told me "Once upon a time you were a dove, now you're a demon / Who has control?" / Am I what the reaper reaps, or am I the reaper / Who has control / From the beginning, the guilty preached forgiveness / Live and let live, and let live leaves me too livid, livid / Midday, in the haze of a trash fire hover neon mouths, saying "Once you were in love, now you're in fear / Who has control?" / Am I what the reaper reaps, or am I the reaper / Who has control?

STANDING WAVE // What's a little struggle, if I can breathe / She won't take what she don't need / I know this feeling / We know this game / I show I'm willing / She shows restraint / When we undertake to be so depraved / Then the two of us are a standing wave / We leave the world behind / On its glitching plane / Becoming intertwined / Like a standing wave / Like a standing wave / Knots are loosed, no purple bruises / Knots are loosed, no purple bruises / When we undertake to be so depraved / Perfect under strain, like a standing wave / Like a standing wave / When we undertake to be so depraved / In the tender ache of a standing wave / We leave the world behind / On its glitching plane / Becoming intertwined / Like a standing wave

GRAVEDANCER // If we left him in the border mud it'd be more than he deserves / Buried up to the neck for the ticks and the ants and the worms and the birds to find / I'm gonna have a little dance on his grave one day / Let him cross, let him beg for water, it'd be so richly deserved / Last seen in un piscina de sangre and it's none of my concern / I'm gonna have a little dance on his grave one day / Gravedancer / [Chris Conde:] I'ma moonwalk on your grave / Screaming Viva La Raza / I was born of native blood / In the land of the raspa / I'm the descendent of the people you want to / Leave 'cause you believe that / Land and seas can be conquered / And you believe that skies and trees can be bought / And I think you need to see that there's some fucking greed in your heart / And just like when there's an overgrowth of weeds in a garden / These things will squeeze your life and leave you bleeding to rot / But it's too late, you pay for the damage you make / And I hope you are comfortable since you are now sleeping six feet underneath / And I hope you remember why I am twirling and dancing on top of your grave / This for everyone of my people you chose to rape and enslave / [DJF:] Gravedancer / Gravedancer

GRAVEDANCING AGAIN // Since we only own our actions, we do a single-minded dance / Fill our bodies with compassion / Leave the rest of it to chance / We've got a calculated drag step / It's a coordinated spin / I guess we've always been the gravedancers / I guess we're gravedancing again / I guess we're gravedancing again / We've got a calculated drag step / We got a bloody hungry spin / I guess we've always been the gravedancers / I guess we're gravedancing again / And if we twist again like we did last summer / I'll see you in the street / I guess we've always been the gravedancers / Whole country's at our feet

THREE WILL GROW BACK // If they took my head, I know three would grow back / If they took my head, three would grow back / [Chris Conde:] I'm tired but I'm not gonna stop fighting / Got the rhythm underneath me to keep writing / Fatigue wants me to sleep but you see I am / In the middle of a storm thunder lightning / Rain pouring down all around us / Motherfucker you will never ever drown us / Or drown out our sound never doubt us / Won't stop 'til King Greed is crownless / Been at war for a long time / Blood shed from the bodies on the front line / But we repeat by three when we die / You'll see defeat retreat and comply / Your world is not yours anymore / As if it was in the first place / We're taking back all the land settling the scores / And make you pay in the worst ways / [DJF:] If they get my head, I know three will grow back / I keep baking bread and planting roses / Real power's built by teaching enemies to know that / If they take my head, three will grow back / [E-Turn:] Took in the habit, of hook and laddering / A good book out of a crooked labyrinth / I look mad, huh? Maybe cause I saw what all they took from Mahsa / Laugh it off, part of the path is having to wait / With the weight of a wave in the way all day / They scored an already-called game / Me, couldn't be more ready for the flame / Y'all caught up in hard luck, brought up as a martyr to Marduk / Offered the author of the plot of your own slaughter / All the product of your own thoughts / Be your own boss, meet me at the crossroads / We going off screen north of the Dark Kingdom / It'll start stinging when the shark's singing / With us and what they thought was an ark's sinking / From the weight of their own half-truths / It ain't like we don't have proof / And there ain't enough time to shift the consciousness / This time it ticks down to boom / Recipe's old, we're losing faith / In the news and the medicine they're choosing to make / Who does it benefit / You're losing momentum / The truth is slipping, getting looser by the day / [DJF:] (For every body lowered down / More fire going round) / And if they get my head, I know three will grow back / I keep baking bread and planting roses / It takes more than guns to kill a man, Joe Hill can show that! / If they took my head, three would grow back

OTHER LIVES // When I was a little girl I heard my voice singing back from the Arkansas River / Ever since I've been a man, I'm still hearing things / Now I wonder about other lives / Then I was an old, old man who let my young son die by an untied knot at sea / Ever since I was a boy, he's been following me / Now I wonder about other lives / Then I was a sandstone wheel, grinding, grinding what I don't need until only the sound remains / And when I'm gone, it'll keep spinning and giving me other lives / They're in the corner of my eye / Imaginary, but still / They're in the corner of my eye / Imaginary, but still / When I was a little girl I heard my voice singing back from the Arkansas river / Ever since I've been a man, I'm still hearing things

2 GO MISSING // If this is all supposed to be, why am I free to change it / Is it suffering to live, or somebody's entertainment / If I'm not the very wine-dark sea that sings me down, tell me is this shipwreck some musical arrangement / Will it ever be forgiven / Will my heart become a lake of fire / I've been trying to go missing / Do I have to crawl in love like backing into checkmate / Will my every hit-and-run one day be weighed against me / If I'm not the very summer sun I'm daring to stare at, was it someone else's blindness and was I just the middleman / Will it ever be forgiven / Will my heart become a lake of fire / I've been trying to go missing / Is there such a thing as a calling, and who decides if it's any good / Am I carrying this body / Will I ever get back to girlhood / If I'm not the very dream I wake up dreaming from, will I ever see the red flood humming down the canyon / Will it ever be forgiven / Will my heart become a lake of fire / I've been trying to go missing

THE OBLIVION SEED // Someone drive, someone keep them awake / "What do y'all think they called this place, before 'Talladega?" / My eight armed, eight eyed, eight legged deity / This is where we planted the Oblivion Seed / Eight armed, eight eyed, eight legged deity / You and me, we planted the Oblivion Seed / Did you see one, or was it really four / "Life could end tomorrow," said the last prairie warbler / Oh, life could end tomorrow, let's keep watering, please / It sprouts, it roots, it disappears: the Oblivion Seed / Oh my eight armed, eight eyed, eight legged deity / Do you remember planting the Oblivion Seed / Eight armed, eight eyed, eight legged deity / Didn't we plant it long ago, the Oblivion Seed / In tasting love, oblivion is the salt / In tasting love, oblivion is the salt / Everyone in frame, leaving their salt on the green / What do the monarchs come at dawn to taste with their feet / Oh my eight armed, eight eyed, eight legged deity / Do you remember planting the Oblivion Seed / Oh my eight armed, eight eyed, eight legged deity / Didn't we plant it long ago, the Oblivion Seed