



# Comet Gain

## Tigertown Pictures

November 22, 2024

LP / CD / digital



**COMET GAIN** had actually disbanded in 1997 but David Christian didn't want to let the dream die and carried on. Old name, new band. And a new album! 'Tigertown Pictures' was first released in 1999 by Fortuna Pop/Where It's At Is Where You Are in the UK/EU and Kill Rock Stars in the USA and is now being reissued worldwide by Tapete Records. Tigertown Pictures is a wild ride through all things post-punk, diy, Indie POP, international pop underground, lo fi, garagebeat and folk & rock. Boy/girl vocals, scratchy guitars, sweet noise and rough melodies, enthusiasm and pain, even some unidentified electronic stuff. It's all there. Tigertown Pictures is one of those records you put on and finally feel alive again.

Start.

Listen to the sad songs – filtered thru your headphones they say save US Mr. Songwriter, with words of conviction; of art and hunger they say, "I love you, it's you that holds back the tears" but I don't wanna hear your record collection in my brain anymore a boy who paints with no colours sings songs about cheap lovers & skinny wolves invite you to parties, surround with fake heartbreak they are the scum beside the pretty, the dirt under perfect feet. You try and drink from your mind but all the time it's there – makes it hard to even think about tomorrow, I worry & she knows but does she knows the nature of this tension; this paranoid dimension. 1/2 mumbled language like a bleeding forcefield. Just once I'd like for her to know it/show it. I recall that man who said in an interview how he wrote a whole album about a girl he was briefly in love with. That's how I feel about Tigertown, about the forcefield, about those shackles that surround me, and Jack Nance was lost inside this song. For these last few days (yes?) please just leave me alone \* Crippled on the outside, terry & the idiotside, burn with me – deficiently. And I need a shotgun to feel more dangerous, a girl and a gun is much more serious big man with a tiger-masked machine gun cradled arms; the base in the veins the basement brains drunk alleyway 'guts' – a terrorist act with a cigarette. It's not a whistle it's a signal. German documentary maker, flees from Munich – makes a film about Bells Hill estate – sees it in a different way, the post war architecture, building modern homes for modern lovers to live in, tells a different story, suburbs catching fire, the rising of the poor post war. I will never vote labour again. And all at once I felt your grip on my heart, but then you became a different person. Never to see your home again. Walk away from you, never again. Tigertown is somewhere, you'll find it – don't worry. When you get there you'll know it. Cinema is closing and all your best friends are leaving. I know where I am: alone – gonna leave & find it's all the same (But) further on is stronger, further on is higher. And nothing's been the same since Sam the Lion died. I've got a right to slip away but I'll write to you all one day. It's just a story I dreamt to keep my mind from breaking \* Those King's Cross Scum beat down on me. I just feel alright (you know you can). Electric train & pony, the lights around your city, boy it sure looks pretty and it's bringing me here. See the man on the telly with a bullet in his belly. The aesthetic is you get it & you use it; the wheelchair scene is "Kiss of Death" (50's version), the drugs that make the artist work – the perfect hums of death. Said the artist to his lover in a letter, "I'd paint gluesniffers if I thought they'd make my work look better, I keep a close watch on this art of mine." For Mathew F dial turned to left & Hazel J who went away & the spiky cruels of your old schools & for the paint inside my heart I walk this line \* You beautiful, poetic cracked up in the street in this final picture show, the rainbow at the end of the snow. I can't stand this generation not consumed by fight, it keeps me up all night. I apologize to all my friends, I tried to do my best & one of these days T'll find peace in my heart I hope, before I die. Stop.

### Tracklisting

- A1** Record Collection
- A2** Skinny Wolves
- A3** Jack Nance Rising
- A4** Deficient Love
- A5** Germ Of Youth/Ghosts Of Sulphate
- A6** Radar
- A7** Transmission Lost
- A8** Hate Soul

- B1** When You Come Back I'll Feel Like Jesus Coming Off The Cross
- B2** Dreaming Of Tigertown
- B3** Saturday Night Facts Of Life
- B4** The Ballad Of The Arms Of Cable Hogue
- B5** Jasper Johns
- B6** The Final Anesthetic

### Promotion

Sean Newsham  
+49(0)40-88166663  
sean@tapeterecords.de  
www.tapeterecords.com

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4015698821734  
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4015698936247

