

PORTUGAL. THE MAN CENSORED COLORS



JOHN BALDWIN GOURLEY
Vocals, Guitar, Organ, Machines

ZACHARY SCOTT CAROTHERS
Bass, Percussion, Vocals

JASON SECHRIST
Drums and Gang

RYAN NEIGHBORS
Piano, Rhodes, Organ, Synth, Vocals



MIXING AND ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION • Paul Kolderie

RELEASE DATE • September 9, 2008

LABEL • A partnership between Approaching AIRballoons
and Defiance Records



(Under the mainstream radar, Alaska's favorite sons, PORTUGAL. THE MAN is a band that has been steadily building a devoted fan base and amassing kudos from an array of media outlets like Filter ("Portugal. The Man hasn't merely evolved from the avant-garde, neo-soul that shaped their earliest works, they've transcended it."), AbsolutePunk ("Portugal. The Man is one of the most unique and original groups of current time."), and ("...it's the songs that truly set this band apart.") Alternative Press.

Portugal. The Man's unique sound has its roots firmly in front man/songwriter Gourley's abstract vision and unique upbringing. Gourley was raised in a remote log cabin on the outskirts of Wasilla, Alaska that was powered by a generator and had no phone. His mom and dad doubled as a team of dog sled mushers. Add in an extended period of homelessness, a love of science fiction and a desire to make music that does not sound like every other band, and the genesis of Portugal. The Man was formed. Gourley and childhood friend Carothers formed PTM in 2003 with Portland, OR's Jason Sechrist joining in 2005. To this day, PTM employs a rotating cast of guest musicians outside of the core four. Gourley is also an accomplished visual artist having created the stunning artwork for the "Censored Colors" package as well as P.T.M.'s previous releases, tour posters, t-shirts and other items.)



Whether it occurs consciously or otherwise, preachers preach. Pilots pilot. Destinies destine. Censors censor. Colors color. And bands band together. Naturally, each possesses virtues outside the limits of those slim realities. But none can be without the element that drives it. Portugal. The Man is a band. So, you know what they do. But to truly understand them, you must know what they are. And it would be devastatingly limiting to label this unpinable Portland-via-Wasilla, Alaska quartet as a mere band. Which they are. But they are also fluid, chameleon, inimitable, complicated, simple, disarming and unconscious.

Stagnant, however, they are not. That concept has no place in their

stable. The band – vocalist/guitarist/songwriter John Baldwin Gourley, bassist Zachery Carothers, keyboardist/vocalist Ryan Neighbors and drummer/percussionist Jason Sechrist – tours relentlessly from lands shrouded in seasonal darkness on to destinations of foreign custom and dialect, and all points in between. Since forming in 2005, they've conceived an album annually, never repeating paces in the process.

"Ever since we first started, this is exactly what we wanted to do," explains Gourley. "An album-a-year, tour, and always challenge ourselves by pushing in different directions and trying to do things we haven't done before."

Portugal. The Man's newest album features fifteen fiercely transcendent vignettes. The band calls the collection CENSORED COLORS – side one is a half-dozen single tracks, while side two consists of a long suite of compositions, segued together into one seamless presentation. The music materialized in January 2008 quickly, born from the band's ravenous creative appetite, many months of dedicated touring and their rare commitment to challenging songcraft, all set against a canvas of Seattle winter skies. They did it without outside financial backing and label support; content instead to rely upon their faith in each other, their music and the steady guidance of friends/multi-instrumentalists/producers Phil Peterson and Kirk Huffman (two-thirds of the genre-defying Seattle trio Kay Kay and His Weathered Underground).

Describing the product of that faith is no impossibility. But, like quantifying an emotion, merely articulating CENSORED COLORS' countless aesthetic graces is not the optimal way to take its measure. "We've always wanted to make a really heavy record mellow," reveals Gourley. "And I think this time we did it."

True, without question. But the shades that coat CENSORED COLORS reveal much more. Drawing on the sounds of Gourley's youth – from classic Motown to airy Beatles numbers and the blissful melodies of



vintage Zombies ballads – and, indeed, shrouded in the singer’s visual art, Portugal. The Man shaped an organic album that stands, sways and, indeed, beckons as an assured departure from the undeniable rock stomp of 2007’s CHURCH MOUTH and the band’s kaleidoscopic 2006 debut, WAITER: “YOU VULTURES!” Mixed and lavished with additional production by renowned boardsmen Paul Q. Kolderie (Radiohead, Pixies) and Adam Taylor (Muse, The Dresden Dolls) and featuring supplementary vocals and instrumentation by divergent talents like Zoe Manville (Schoolboy Error) and Anthony Saffrey (Cornershop), it is CENSORED COLORS by name. But also challenging and comfortable. Familiar and new. Blasphemous and gentle. Undeniably awash in here-and-now scepticism, it is nonetheless hopeful, plump with as many as appropriately imperfect moments as immaculate ones. It is the music of Gourley’s childhood, made artfully profane by modern experience, coming of age and a quiet caterwaul against contemporary living. CENSORED COLORS.

“Lay Me Back Down” bathes in buoyant, lilting melodies that both underscore and subtly betray its post-gospel doo-wop. “Colors” poetic meditation on all in life that invariably changes and all that inevitably will not; at times whispered in earnest, while in others, belted out through a chorus of voices, deep with conviction. “Hard Times” crashes and climbs a spiralling wave of discordant guitar slams and brass blasts as its hypnotic bass drone grips it against Gourley’s cathartic wail. And on “1989,” Gourley delivers a ballad that amplifies the

album’s richest themes through a tender whisper, echoing the passion of yesterday’s war hymns in the face of today’s wintry indifference. It’s a particularly heartfelt anthem of confession and resignation, cast gently against Gourley’s own childhood recollection of the Gulf War. On an album lush with artful hues, it is perhaps Portugal. The Man’s most singular, unconscious shade to date – despite the fact that its conception may stand as CENSORED COLORS’ most considered.

“That song took a little longer than all of the others,” intimates Gourley. “Something about it stayed with me and I spent longer writing its lyrics than on any other. I just wanted to get it right – to say what I wanted to say exactly how I said it.”

To keep censors, whether of outside or insular nature, from serving their function. To fill the ponderous, pretty and sometimes profane space that Portugal. The Man occupies among artists whose work serves only to stand as the unfiltered expression of its authors. To be... themselves.

“We love it when people respond to our music in a passionate way,” says Gourley. “And we’re grateful to everyone who supports us and comes to see us play. We love to fill a room with a lot of people. But we really just do this for ourselves. We always have, and we always will.”



L Y R I C S

AND I

Some were reborn
some were simply shaken free
and some were the colors
that took to the streets

they found in their later years
yeah, they see what we need
It's love for each other
and every living thing

and All my time
is used
all my only
and lonely time too

Some simply shaking free
some were the colors
that poured through the streets

They thought in their younger years
they knew what to do
knew what to say
had nothing to lose

Now pick up and pack up
the place you were pink
and falling around
dripping and crawling and
clawing and inside
you're missing some sounds

the ones that float , carry
and dance about time
and space that it lends

room to be free like the sun and the moon
save for the sounds

we'll be reborn
we'll simply be free
and we'll be the colors
that pour through the streets

And find in our after years
that we're all the same
we're all made of colors
and pour through the streets

LAY ME BACK DOWN

I remember things, not many things
I don't remember where my feet touch the
ground
but I remember every word and every sound

I remember things, not many things
I don't remember when the ships hit the sea
but I remember my name and what they paid
for me

they placed me in the bed with the cold
hearted people
divided into space.
Lay me back down
in the holes and the warmth that we've
warmed up
pour me on in
Lay me back down
Lay me back down
Aahhhhh....

I remember things, not many things
I don't remember presidents or what they did
but I remember the wars and just who profited

I remember things, not many things
I don't remember place in times
but I remember the love and just who gave me it

In the bed with the cold hearted people
and listen to them working too hard
Lay me back down
in the holes and the warmth that we've
warmed up

I hear them calling me back to the ground
I hear them calling me back where I belong

COLORS

Ahhh Ahh ah
All the needy still need
and all the losers still lose
all the preachers still preach
but they ain't bringin no change

I'm not afraid to die
'cause all these colors will change

All the low is still low
and all the high still get high
how I wish we could dance
but all these rhythms don't seem to match up
seem to match up

I'm not afraid to die
'cause all these colors will change



ohhhh ahhh ohhhh
Ahhhh ahhh ahhhh

Bits and bits of cane, burning burning burning
bit by bit away
they grow as people grow
and glow as people glow

I'm not afraid to die
'cause all these colors will change

SALT

My legs are all buried in salt, the way
as my lips move out all of my words, the way

But this can't be all the we have to wait

pressing pulling this pains, the way
they listen and listen for all the way

but this can't be all we have to wait

do you hear the wind child?
calling out the salt plains
listen to the wind child
its calling, calling out your name
I was born of sun beams
warming up our limbs
born up from the earth, child
ahhhhhh ah

No I'll never come back down, down from here

CREATED

I don't know how we were created
but I know we all die

go pick up all your tools and build a roof
I'll pick up all mine and build one too

I just do as I do
That's' all I can do

listen to the cars just passing through
help out all those friends that helped you too

you just do as you do
That's all you can do

open up your arms and hold on to
everything you own that owns you too

and just let it all go
because that's all we can do

and that's all we can do

OUT AND IN AND IN AND OUT

Hear that outside? Go feed the dogs
they're begging barking bashing at their homes
cold and wet and dirty like the earth
that mashes molding muddy marching boots
now rain is beating beats and beading down
the view
that foggy hazy drumming of that rain

Hear that outside? They're coming in
they're banging knocking shouting at the door
fists are heavy pounds of pounding placed

firm and steady rhythms that they pace
in and out and in and out we named
everything and everyone we've known
i

Hear that outside? We lost our homes
given up in loans and time we paid
worth more to us than them, so we will end
our lives with backs that strained to find
a pretty place and life to call our own
a place that we well never ever know

Hear that outside? We lost the war
how easy it is done if we never knew
it started back before I was born
all of us were other souls
we borrowed life and shared it with our own
and now we need to stretch and find our own

Hear that outside? Go feed the dogs
they're begging barking bashing at their homes
cold and wet and dirty like the earth
that mashes molding muddy marching boots
now rain is beating beats and beading down
the view
that foggy hazy drumming of that rain

Hear that outside? It's changing airs
and bleeding out the colors of the world

NEW ORLEANS

I slip back down where we found
a meter milling maze
and the rest that we find sound
will it find us on the bottom
will we find our way
will we fall apart useless
machining the made
Find that sleep that we've lost

fair and tired living lives like little lifted leans
shaking heads under the shade of them bright
bright bright sweet pear trees
mine is gone with the day
never miss a beat never find a home

mine is gone with all time
will we find our loves lost
will we ever make it back
will we ever need more than
the fill that we can get
lets find that sleep that we lost

Mother, father, brother sister, son daughter
we are the rabbit that let the fox lead us
out in the sun with the cold war fever
don't need to beg for your money just please
don't eat us

Deaf like the big guns foaming at the mouth
their gnashing
Quiet like our words that roam and roll about
Lets march a train of thought to crack the
boards that keep us out
then we'll find the sleep that we lost

NEVER PLEASED

No I'm not jesus, but I'm more than a man
I'll never grow older, lonely or sad
still I'm never pleased

from the corners until
I wake up walking as careful can be
careful to miss out on all that I see
Just be common like I

I know that you know that I know that you
know I try
I carry myself around missing the teeth we
once had

mornings all melt about like lively seeds
that own you, they own you, they own you
and they're never pleased
So sleep like those giants that never know
and lie like the liars tell you its so

SIT BACK AND DREAM

I hear them calling me back to the ground,
back where I belong
I take my time with summers slowed
Share me with the bread and blood digging
deeper than the world that I belong
lazing back down these rickety roads

Just Take me back to warmer times where I
know everybody needs me

I see them falling in, all the places placed in
the place they should
but my bellies burden bellows like a bucket
full of bees
just be where you are, coming down in tens
falling back to the one
sixes from the sevens come on back to the tens

Just limit lies to one per line and share them
with all those who listen
Please take me back to warmer times where I
know everybody needs me
Just Take me back to warmer times where I
know everybody needs me

Oh, I sit back and dream
Oh, I sit back and be
Oh, I sit back and see
Oh, I sit back in need

HARD TIMES OUR TIMES

I was shaking from the neck down,
shaking down to my toes
Wondered if I'd ever feel that cold again
if I'd ever see that snow

Because
People always talking and moving about
People always moving and talking about
Hard/Our times

I was a little older now but I still need
Everyone I know
Money means a little more and more
Yeah we all need it, at least they tell me so

Because
People always talking and moving about
People always moving and talking about
Hard/Our times
Talking about Our times
Talking about hard times



I think about all the times that have passed and
all the times still to come
Will we ever ever live together again
or did we ever at all

Because
People always talking and moving about
People always moving and talking about
Hard/Our times
Talking about Our times
Talking about hard times

ALL MINE

they lead us out from our zoos
a fixed escape still, we didn't know just what
to do
it was steps and steps on missing backs
And our hands had been bent backwards to
match

It's all mine, All mine

A pacing pace that races through
our will and bones that never knows just what
we do
oh how we run around and forget about love

A million people in their beds

a million more in other peoples beds
one hundred stuck stayed
while a million more just played
mixing stories came down from above

Its all mine, All mine

I shed my skin and just crawled around
my body ached as I was rolling rounds
felt it as I slipped away
making parts and mixing up with the stars

1989

I was born in nineteen eighty-nine
all we could do
no shakes or coughs or burst relief
or lists of all our things
just minutes making minds
I was born in nineteen eighty-nine
all we could do
but the making never made
the comers never came
but I still felt the awful news

It was patience that we had
and the miles we had left
that held us there
until we could let go

I was born in nineteen eighty-nine
and it'll be over soon
no moon children or peoples sun
or ringing in my ears
when I felt that awful news

But we found that we were always lost... in
space
and we will never find our way
We felt that we would always find our way
if our minds ever come around

I was born in nineteen eighty-nine
all we could do
not in birth or body
but only in our minds
I was shaking to through my eyes
and living through each breath
I still felt that awful news

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY
John Baldwin Gourley

PUBLISHED BY
Approaching AIRballoons/ASCAP



2008 EUROPEAN TOUR DATES

SEPTEMBER

- 10 Schlachthof, Wiesbaden, GER
- 11 Albart, Zurich, SWI
- 12 Substage, Karlsruhe, GER
- 13 Kulturladen, Konstanz, GER
- 14 Waldsee, Freiburg, GER
- 15 Kleiner Club Garage, Saarbrucken, GER
- 16 Schocken, Stuttgart, GER
- 17 59:1, Munchen, GER
- 18 WUK, Wien, AS
- 19 Postgarage, Graz, AS
- 20 Kino, Ebensee, AS
- 21 AKW, Wurtzberg, GER
- 22 AKW, Wurtzberg, GER
- 23 Paradiso, Amsterdam, NET
- 24 Ekko, Utrecht, NET
- 25 Gebaude 9, Koln, GER
- 26 Reeperbahn, Hamburg, GER
- 27 Lagerhaus, Bremen, GER
- 28 Lido, Berlin, GER
- 30 Beatpol, Dresden, GER

OCTOBER

- 1 Glanz & Gloria, Osnabruck, GER
- 2 Rotwon, Rotterdam, NET
- 3 Visions Party, Bielefeld, GER
- 4 Visions Party, Dortmund, GER

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