

JP3 writes:

So, dear reader, you hold in your hands the new album by **Leo Trout**. Congratulations! Feels good, doesn't it?

Now you might have some questions like...

Question: Is this the new Wednesday Club album?

Answer: No, of course not, the Wednesday Club has Max.

Question: Was Nir Graham ever in Leo Trout?

Answer: No, he got confused one time and thought he was, but it was a different band.

Question: Why should I listen to this? You put out a million albums.

Answer: *Because it's GOOD.*

Leo Trout is not a band. It is a tribute act to our 20-year-old-ish selves. Back then, the world seemed big, and Adam wanted to be Flaming Rev and I wanted to be Aphex Beefheart, or something like that. We were very twee, and we took ourselves very seriously. Adam wrote the songs, and I sang the words and... it didn't really work. We became a band. We fired me. We carried on. We split up. The end.

So, Adam gave me a collection of songs to finish in 2018 and [I did](#). We called it Leo Trout. It seemed funny. Then he gave me some new songs to finish in 2019. I couldn't. I don't know why. I just couldn't. Now I can. We are very proud of the songs but then the new thing is always the best thing, isn't it?

I like to think our 20-year-old selves would dig this though, you know? And that's what counts, surely. Making hypothetical past-selves proud. Put it on yr gravestones, buoys.

1. **How's The Dusts Taste?** – Song 2 on [Transit Songs 2](#) but it turned out to be the best song on this, so it's song one. I like songs where I sing from the point of view of a jerk. Then I reveal the jerkiness is because of pain. Plot twist!
2. **Hey SK** – Placeholder lyrics. See Track 13. Motorbikes are hilarious to me as symbols of toughness. The chorus is about the time in a pub a person, who shall remain unnamed, pointed out that no one knew who I was. He then called out to someone sitting near us and asked if they knew who I was. They did not.
3. **(ii)** – Devil's interval. Satie-core. After 36 hours of puking. Max eats cereal at the end. Birds from my bedroom.
4. **Micro Damage to The Lungs** – The ballad of John and Adam's parents. Chorus about impending environmental catastrophe and how young people are supposedly the idiots. Spoken word section homage to Ink Spots' *I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire*.
5. **(vi)** – Munchkin version of (v).
6. **(iii)** – A Diogenes sandwich with Socrates bread. Just quotes.

7. **The Bodhi Keeps the Score** – Wondering about other people then turning the spotlight back on myself.
8. **(v)** – instrumental version (vi).
9. **The Bicameral Mind** – I imagine my funeral occasionally. I want to transgress this world. The chorus means be as in exist. I hope you got this.
10. **(i)** – throat singing in the bathroom into my phone.
11. **Paperclip Max** – AI. Monomania.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Instrumental_convergence . The end is from Borges's *Zahir* verbatim.
12. **(iv)** – delay plus <https://www.ministrymatters.com/all/entry/9501/the-zen-master-the-thief-and-the-moon>
13. **The Only Thought** – I kind of hate Alan Ginsberg. I also pretend I don't develop my ideas. Funky, right?

AJeM writes:

Did Leo Trout ever die? Does *anything*?

Apocryphal: *John and Adam went to the same school but were in different years and didn't really know each other that much. Adam spent an ill-advised year failing Loughborough Uni and then had to go home, where he no longer knew anyone until he met John proper, like. They'd get drunk and record long-spontaneous-rambling 'music' and a year later found themselves both at Leeds Uni. The next logical step was to start a band named after a key character in Kurt Vonnegut's novels. They made a lil' record called Yes Please To Saturday and sang songs at open mics. One day they got an email from London asking them to play a gig. A real gig. They thought it was someone playing a prank on them. It wasn't. John couldn't go so Adam went with some other people. Somehow, they got invited back and John went this time and they had a drummer and everything and they rocked. Other people drifted in and out of the band and then Adam was a dick and fired John. If Leo Trout had a spirit, then that killed it. But, like all things pure-of-soul, one day, Leo Trout was destined to be resurrected. And so it was.*

What's more: *And/but/so you're now reading some notes about a new Leo Trout album. The 2nd post-reformation effort. We really are mega-proud of this record and hope you enjoy it too.*

Leo Trout, *f o r e v e r* !