

The Sounds of Social Distancing



The 42nd album by BipTunia

All music and words and voice by Michael W. Dean.

BipTunia website: <https://biptunia.com>

Cover photo by Cover photo by [Andrea Piacquadio](#). (Budapest). Crop and layout by MWD.

Album run time: 63 minutes.

Release date: March 21, 2020

TRACK LISTING:

1. Haunted House
2. Cats Have Always Loved Me
3. Just Intonate Me Baby
4. Intergalactic Squats
5. Killin' Time
6. The French Have Always Licked Me
7. Li'l 25
8. She's Droppin' Beam Tears
9. That Girl at That Squat in Berlin
10. Squeaking Sgwadish
11. When They're Eating Each Other's Skin

Microtonal songs and their tunings:

Cats Have Always Loved Me: 5 TET, 10 TET

Just Intonate Me Baby: Just Intonation 12coh

Intergalactic Squats: 5 TET, 10 TET (and 12 edo)

Killin' Time: 5 TET, 10 TET, 15 TET, (and 12 edo)

She's Droppin' Beam Tears 23 TET, 10 EDphi, 8 ED3 (and 12 edo)

That Girl at That Squat in Berlin Hijaz Tetrachord 7-Limit, 4 EDphi

This album is mostly instrumental. A few of them are remixes of older BipTunia songs, but such drastic remixes they're really new songs. The reason I'm remixing is that Phil left the project and there are some songs he was on that I think would sound better as instrumentals.

The versions with him are still out there, but I am remixing them without lyrics.

LYRICS:

Killin' Time

I'm just killin' time, in the meantime time is killin' me.

I'm just killin' time, in the meantime time is killin' me.

I'm just killin' time, in the meantime time is killin' me.

I'm just killin' time, in the meantime time is killin' me.

Li'l 25:

Little blond boy watched the Vietnam War

all a-cross legged on his mommy's floor

25 years around the sun and it

still feels like a sucker punch

I met you on a sunny day

your smile cut through the clouds

holding broken crayons for to

cut a new swath in the clouds.

CHORUS:

Only the sun can mix the colors of your eyes

Only the sun can mix the colors of your eyes

Well I'm a 2-bit baby boy boppin'

all up town all around Outta town

screamin' for my next mommy.

Looking up and any utchin' any skirt that
slishes by.

Frankincense thighs
New Orleans eyes
Stayed up all night,
made love with God
transfixed as that church burned down.

All I've got right now
is blood and saints and sinners
the race is won but I can't leave
'til I've beat all the winners.

short CHORUS

Middle 8.

When They're Eating Each Other's Skin

Coronavirus day 9.

California is on lock down.

10 years ago my wife and I left Los Angeles and moved to Wyoming. People I knew called me crazy and worse.

They made fun of me because I got into self-sufficiency and self-defense. They said I was stupid, & said a litany of other mean, vicious things about me.

I went on the social network of one of these former friends and gloated.

All his posts were about race: "There is race, people are racists, oh my god look out for racism!"
I told him "Skin color won't matter much in a month when people are eating each other's skin."

hmmmm.....