

DOWNLOAD THIS ALBUM  
FOR FREE



Roger F. & The Structure







Hi, Roger.

I've just heard back from the inspector. I apologize but it turns out I missed something here!

The issue is actually not with the artist name casing. The current hold up is with your album title and artwork. Please read through the below information for clarification :

**We cannot accept this album title, as our distribution partners will not allow it. The partners we deliver to will be selling it with a price. Please change the album title and corresponding artwork.**

Here our artwork requirements for your reference :

- 3000 x 3000 pixels maximum; 1400 x 1400 pixels minimum
- PNG, GIF, JPG, or JPEG file type
- 72 – 300dpi (300dpi is the best)
- Less than 25mb
- RGB color scheme (not CMYK)

The content on the artwork has to be :

Unique to this particular title. We cannot accept artwork that has been used for another title.

The uploaded image must match your physical album cover artwork if CD Baby is distributing your physical discs.

You can also find these requirements for artwork [here](#) on our Help Center.

Per our partner guidelines, artwork cannot include:

- Website URL
- Contact information (i.e., email address, phone number)
- Pornographic images
- Pricing information
- Copyrighted images
- Scan of a CD (must be retail-ready artwork)
- Blurry or pixelated images

For a complete list of guidelines, please click [here](#) for a list on our Help Center.

I hope this helps!

you can't  
DOWNLOAD THIS ALBUM  
FOR FREE here



Roger F. & The Struc...

Jul 23, 2020, 10:11 AM PDT

Hi, Roger.

I checked in with the inspector to see if we could accept the following title : "You Can't Download This Album for Free Here".

They just confirmed that this would be alright. That said, unfortunately we cannot accept that image you sent over (with the green writing added in). We kindly ask that you make it look a bit more professional.

All the best,

That is great news, partially. Thank you!

Concerning the cover art: Maybe it has to be said that this album lives from punk attitude, and the decision to make it appear like that is very fitting for its content. But I am a bit confused and would need more explanation from your side: How do you distinguish aesthetic choices between being professional and not being professional enough?

thank you for your patience and have a good day!  
Roger

Jul 23, 2020, 11:42 AM PDT

Hi, Roger.

When I say "professional", I'm really just saying we'll need you to print in that green text that you added, instead of writing it by hand. Maybe "professional" wasn't the best way to put it, so I apologize for my semantics there.

Sorry to inconvenience you there, it's just the only way we'll be able to get this out! All this information is coming directly from an inspector.

All the best,

No problem! With „print in“, do you mean, it needs to be a computer font? If, for example, I write the green text with Comic Sans (which would be a quite unprofessional looking choice), but it would still be green and placed in the same way, would that then be fine? Or: can it also be in this handwritten style, but something else indicates some more „choice“, for example the use of a shadow, as you find in the picture attached?

Jul 23, 2020, 1:45 PM PDT

Hi, Roger.

No problem, happy to help here. Sorry to sound so particular!

I think you're safe to write the title in any font you would like via the computer. At the moment, that green text appears to be written on a phone.

All the best,

Thank you for your response.

I went over the problem with a graphic designer who previously helped with the cover ([www.marffy.ch](http://www.marffy.ch)). Although it appears to be very simple, we invested a lot of time into the conceptualisation of the whole artwork.

We want to remain with the handwritten letters, which are made in Photoshop. To make them appear more professional, we added some sparkling shine and texture. In that way, the green text merges with the other text, since the green sparkles go over the blue letters. So the „print in“ effect is met and at the same time it fits with the punk attitude of the album. I am very happy with this solution and I also think it looks much better than the first one I sent to you, which the inspection would have refused.

In attachment I send you the new image. Can you tell me, if we can go on with this one?

Thank you for your patience and have a nice day  
Roger

you can't  
DOWNLOAD THIS ALBUM  
FOR FREE here



Roger F. & The Structure







HERE I AM

Don’t want to be anywhere  
But here I am

ART MARKET

There’s a certain feeling  
And it’s here all night and day  
It might intensify specially in May  
Or was it June?  
Yeah ‘cause by that time  
Even the good people are making selfies  
In the mirror with the names written on  
Well they tell themselves:  
“Hey, that’s where I belong!”

I pretend to make art  
Still I try to make a living

I see us all being fucked by some businessmen  
Keep being nice to the rich  
Yeah they will help you make a living  
We got the time to read some books  
And think of the symbolic gesture  
Of putting a roof timber in the edge of that room  
And the winners are announced as such  
On a fancy website  
Website! Website! Website! Website!

There’s a certain feeling  
Mixed of jealousy and abstract promises  
And I am tempted to say:  
“We’d be better off together!”  
But that might be a concept  
Just as poor and weak as all the other concepts  
That we made up in our creative minds  
Still the winners are announced as such  
On a fancy website  
Website! Website! Website! Website!  
Art! \_\_\_\_\_ Market!  
Art! \_\_\_\_\_ Market!  
Art! \_\_\_\_\_ Market!  
Art! \_\_\_\_\_ Market!

I’M GLAD

Why care for a system that doesn’t care?  
So instead of doing nothing, I can as well do laundry  
Or buy myself some new socks  
‘Cuz all my socks got holes

Instead of being a depressed organism  
Striving towards its end  
I choose to be an organism in good mood  
It is easy to say that now because I’m stoned

I’m stoned  
I am glad  
Being happy is a choice here  
Yeah

I don’t have to feel like shit  
Just because the revolution isn’t happening  
If it happens I will embrace it and love it  
And most probably have the opportunity  
To feel like shit then  
I’m glad  
I’m stoned  
I’m glad

I’m stoned  
Being happy is a choice here  
Yeah

This is still an anti-life  
Find myself indifferent  
This is still an anti-life

2016 BABY (LA DÉCADENCE)

She’s tossing a coin whether with or against the world  
Dressed lightly with an analog camera around her neck  
Baggy pants flopping in the wind  
While he gives a lecture about structural violence  
Pictures of her father’s funeral  
Merge with the landscape  
The trees and the sky  
And she says: “We’re love-junkies, honey,  
We’re sitting in this train,  
So get ready for perfection.”

2016 baby  
And I am sitting on the balcony again  
Looking down onto others  
Regretting that I don’t have a band

“I have seen the future, brother, and I have left it behind.”  
He replies: “You mean because the supermarkets sell the morals  
along with the cheap stuff?”  
She just smiles and takes a picture of him  
Posing by the river with a coin on his nose  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
We will choke on our paradise  
Cause there’s no core to it  
And satisfaction ain’t satisfying  
Still it’s crucial for any karaoke party  
At which point you’ll play  
*Smells Like Teen Spirit*  
And I know it sounds odd and it’s said a million times  
You’re not alone and comparison sucks

2016 baby  
And we are sitting in the love train again  
Looking out of the window  
Seeing nothing but the reflection of ourselves  
The reflection of ourselves  
The reflection of ourselves

HURT NOBODY

You don’t give a shit about me anymore  
You don’t give a shit about me anymore  
And you’ve always been looking around for another one  
You said you warned me  
I said I have the right to feed the fire that burns me  
Who’s playing games with whom here?  
And there are  
So many possibilities!  
So many possibilities!

And no one wants to hurt nobody  
No one wants to hurt nobody

Kiss me with any of your tongues  
I want to caress your head as if it was a kitten’s head  
And I long for some kind of distribution  
If I could give you, let’s say a quarter of my love

Then no one would hurt nobody, a quarter would do  
No one would hurt nobody

No one would hurt nobody, just a little shift would do  
No one would hurt nobody

I am miserable and this will leave a mark on your skin  
You’re gonna lick your wounds and I’m gonna lick mine  
So many possibilities!  
So many possibilities!

And no one wants to hurt nobody  
No one wants to hurt nobody

I don’t give a shit about you anymore  
I don’t give a shit about you anymore  
Just want you to know  
I’m gonna buy a kitten

PROFILE PICTURE

So he changed his profile picture  
It doesn’t say „I’m a cool“ anymore  
It sais now: „Live is a struggle,  
it’s bare-knuckle boxing.  
With my back against the wall  
there ain’t no place to go  
but straight ahead.  
Dead ahead.“

WAS SOLLEN WIR NUR TUN?

Stillness  
The ringing in my ears  
And the vertigo I know so well

A quiet street  
Some people on bicycles  
So much time it runs so fast  
Muscles are stressed

Muscles just can’t relax  
And the world  
The world goes on  
Time will tell you  
To fuck off

Ears hurt  
And the vertigo I know so well  
I will always be part of the machine I despise  
Where is the sky?  
I want to push it away

Maybe shave my beard or take a shower  
I’m so tired and weak  
This symptoms they come back again

Muscles just can’t relax  
And the world  
The world goes on  
Time will tell you  
To fuck off  
Fuck off  
Push me somewhere else  
Push me somewhere new  
Muscles just can’t relax  
And the world  
The world goes on

Was sollen wir nur tun? Was sollen wir nur tun?  
Was sollen wir nur tun? Was sollen wir nur tun?

## PILE UP GUILT

My values, your values  
Your possessions, my decisions  
My possessions, my values  
Your decisions, your decisions  
Your inertia, my laziness  
Your decisions, my possessions  
My values, your decisions  
And our fear of confrontation

The law will sort it out  
We will be sick as fuck  
I hate you, you hate me  
But let's not show it and go on as usual  
Usually it all runs dry and dead

Your values, my values  
My possessions, your decisions  
Your possessions, your values  
My decisions, my decisions  
My inertia, your laziness  
My decisions, your possessions  
Your values, my decisions  
And what if I don't feel like compromising

But hey there's the law  
It is grown up and precise  
Just not made for anyone  
Let's pile up guilt until we puke!  
Let's pile up guilt until we puke!  
Let's pile up guilt until we puke!  
Let's pile up guilt until we puke!

# THE CUCUMBER SONG

The man enters the room  
And he sits on a barstool and he starts to talk  
About ethics and morals and how there is no god  
What does the woman do?  
What does the woman do?

Then another man enters the room  
Sits on a barstool and he joins right in  
He says: "I don't believe, I know."  
His eyes fixed on the jeans  
What does the woman do?  
Serving a drink or two  
Because the men are thirsty

When the third man opens the door  
The noise of the street is switched on  
And switched off as he sits next to the other two  
A line into eternity  
And he adds:  
“I don’t do anything to anyone  
that I don’t want anyone to do to me.”  
“No, I don’t do anything to anyone  
that I don’t want anyone to do to me.”

And then they start to smile  
Yeah then they start to smile  
As the woman bends down to the fridge  
Takes out a cucumber

And she takes a knife  
And she chops the cucumber into pieces  
And she takes a knife  
And she chops the cucumber into pieces  
Into tiny little pieces

## DEPRESSION

Been to Buenos Aires  
 Been to Berlin  
 Been high up on mountains  
 Been by the sea  
 Strove through Père-Lachaise  
 But all of the pilgrims kept me away  
 From that moment alone with Jim

Tried gim  
Tied yoga  
Tried Feldenkrais  
Tried to breath easy  
Been to the doctor  
She told me not to breath easy

Been to the analyst  
Been to the prostitute  
Been to the shaman  
Been to the dentist  
Convinced myself over and over again  
That I am superior in knowing that we're fucked

Thought if there is such a hell  
Then there must be a god

Stopped smoking  
Quit drinking  
Quit relations  
Faced waves of fear  
Quit relations  
Quit relations  
Quit relations

I don't know where to go to with it  
So I go on stage:  
Depression is coming  
It's coming right here from the stage  
And if it puts me down  
I'm gonna take some of you with me

FREEDOM

They say freedom  
Freedom is a good thing to have  
Uh yeah Freedom  
Freedom is a good thing to have  
But what is Freedom  
If you still got a job?

## WHERE IS MY TIME?

It was Friday the 11th of November 2016, 3:42 AM  
The sound of heavy rain outside mollified my mind  
And just before I fell asleep I thought, I won't put an alarm

And I woke up exactly 10:37 AM and I remembered the plan  
Started up my *MacBook Pro*, made some *Photo Booth*-photographs  
With me holding up a sign saying  
„Where is my time?“  
While I was trying to find the best picture  
Doubts arouse about vanity, stupidity  
And how they often come together  
And I feared that I would embarrass myself again  
But after I flipped some canvas horizontal  
I had only a minute left  
So I decided for the photo with the window in the background  
And I rushed to the login

And on my way I witnessed Cohen's death  
And I also came across several Tru\_\_\_\_\_

And then exactly at 11:11 AM on 11/11  
I posted it to my *Facebook* wall, saying:  
Where is my time?  
Where is my

Zoi was the first to like it  
I played *You Want It Darker*, the whole album  
And *YouTube* recommended some videos about US politics  
And I thought in my time there would at least be a program that  
Would detect and blur this fuckhead's face  
Zoöey wrote me a message saying time didn't belong to anyone  
And I felt ashamed and I thought that the clever part of my friends  
would despise my post  
I was tempted to write her back

But instead I washed the dishes  
Listening to Cohen's interpretation of *The Sound Of Silence*  
„Paul Simon, Wednesday Morning, 3 AM, 1964“  
Where is my time?  
Where is my

And I knew that this sentence would not have come up if Frank  
 didn't write *Where Is My Mind?* in 1987  
 And Lou didn't write *There Is No Time* in 1988  
 I sat down on the kitchen chair and I longed for some kind of  
*Hallelujah*  
 'Cuz I know it's never easy if you use possessive adjectives  
 But in this case it was more about the loss of a feeling of belonging  
 Rather than the urge to possess  
 I thought this could be an online protest  
 Everybody would hold up a sign, saying:  
 Where is my time?  
 Where is my time?

It goes viral!  
We will build a new society!  
No more distance, cynicism, powerlessness!  
Negativity is not reserved for the ruling class!  
And online hate!

[illegible]

# SLOWLY GOING MAD

- |                           |                                   |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. HERE I AM (1:54)       | 7. WAS SOLLEN WIR NUR TUN? (4:13) |
| 2. HOT MARKET (2:45)      | 8. PILE UP GUILT (2:08)           |
| 3. TIME SLIP (3:04)       | 9. THE CUCUMBER SONG (3:23)       |
| 4. 2016 BABY (4:08)       | 10. DEFUSION (2:00)               |
| 5. HURT NOBODY (4:53)     | 11. FREEDOM (0:34)                |
| 6. PROFILE PICTURE (2:11) | 12. WHERE IS MY TIME? (5:45)      |

ROGER F. & THE STRUCTURE DOWNLOAD THIS ALBUM FOR FREE TOTAL PLAYING TIME 37:02 MIN 33 RPM

SONGS AND LYRICS ROGER F. ARRANGEMENTS ROGER F. AND ANDREJ MARFFY ADDITIONAL ARRANGEMENTS REA DUBACH (4) AND KASPER DE SUTTER (5, 8)  
VOCALS, GUITARS, SYNTHS (1, 5), PERCUSSION (1, 4, 8), BANDURA (4) ROGER F. DRUMS, BASS (10, 12), UKULELE (8), FLUTE (8), VOCALS (6) ANDREJ MARFFY BASS (7, 11) FLORIAN KELLER  
VOCALS (6), SNAPS (10) MILENA KELLER MARIMBA, VOCALS, PERCUSSION (4) REA DUBACH VOCALS (9) ZOI MOUTSOKOU  
RECORDED BY LEE SCHORNOZ AT CALIBER CLUB 2.0 (3, 5, 7, 8) RECORDED BY ANDREJ MARFFY AND ROGER F. IN BERN (1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12)  
PRODUCED BY ROGER F. MIXED BY KASPER DE SUTTER MASTERED BY FREDERIK TACK

THANK YOU

LEE SCHORNOZ, ZOI MOUTOUKOU, REA DUBACH, MILENA KELLER, STEFAN SCHISCHKANOV, CHRISTINE HASLER, FLORIAN KELLER,  
ANNE SAUVAGEOT, SABAHET META, FABIAN EYER, KASPER DE SUTTER, FREDERIK TACK, GIORGIA PIFFARETTI, TANJA SCHWARZ,  
PAMELA MENDEZ, INE VAN HOREN, ROBIN RICKY, JONATHAN FREDERIX, MIRIAM MATTHYS, YOUFF, MILICA DUKIĆ



Kultur  
Stadt Bern

**SWISSLOS**  
Kultur Kanton Bern



Burgergemeinde  
Bern

**S U I S A ®**

THANK YOU FOR DOWNLOADING THIS ALBUM FOR FREE!